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THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

A REGIONAL REVIEW

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Loren Mozley

LANDSCAPE PATTERN: ROCKS

The Artist and the Beau Machine DIEGO RIVERA AT HOME IN MEXICO

By DON GLASSMAN

IN VILLA OBREGON, near Mexico City, there is a machine for living inhabited by a well-known artist, who habitually peeps through the eyepiece of his machine for seeing, a microscope. He is gathering material for works in his chosen field of fresco art.

A glimpse into the home life of the artist is ample assurance that one of Señor Diego Rivera's dominant interests is the machine. In a word, he is sacrificing the beaux arts for the beau machine.

He has interpreted the beau machine in a way which has awakened worldwide interest in his work, his thought, and latterly, in his life.

His house is the one opposite San Angel Inn, a small but fashionable resort. A thick wall of cactus surrounds the artist's plot. There are two buildings to his home: one devoted to dining and sleeping, and the other to laboratory work.

The entrance through the cactus wall is by way of a steel-framed door panelled with sheetrock. The Mexican who admits you bears a kind look on his face, albeit he seems a little uncomfortable. His feet wear native sandals and the usual sarape hangs over his shoulders. One sees pets in the yard, a three-foot lizard from Acapulco, a pair of black piggies, and to complete the triumvirate of pets, a Ford.

The houses stand on reinforced concrete stilts and they are connected by a high bridge between the adjacent roofs. To pass from the dining room to the laboratory you climb a flight of steps that seem to hang on cobwebs; and then across the bridge. The exterior walls are Mexican red and bright blue. The interior is neutral with a red tile ceiling.

But this is not the house you would imagine to be the maestro's studio. Iron rails, concrete floors, steel-frame windows—and no paintings on the walls! In fact, there is scant evidence of the beaux arts and abundant evidence of the industrial arts. The artist's soul is in a harmony with the soul of technics. A beautiful machine gives him genuine pleasure; the machine in Diego Rivera's dreamed-of Republic, sustains the physical, spiritual, and artistic needs of the community. Nothing is radically wrong with the machine, nothing save the system by which machines are made to exploit many in favor of few. The system of industry which had its roots in England. When he reads English history the artist scowls.

Señor Rivera's wide reputation brings him many visitors, especially Americans. However, their conception of what he is and what he thinks has left him more or less callous to their remarks. When American parties arrive before his house in sightseeing cars, the maestro usually escapes to some nook and lets his secretary receive them. Much to their surprise the visitors find no paintings hanging about, but they express "Ah's" and "Oh's" on seeing the interior of the machine-made house. Frequently, the maestro himself appears to face his visitors and invariably he wins them over by his humble cordiality, his guileless smile, and utter simplicity.

Señor Rivera's smile ripens into a childlike chuckle on provocation. Unostentatious, awkward, and ungainly. The American, finding himself in this strange environment, and faced by the Rivera about whom he has read so much, usually gropes for support. With Señor Rivera, the visitors take too little for granted. They see an artist who in no way resembles a clown or a caricature. He answers questions gladly and with alarming frankness. What a surprise! At length one of the visitors exclaims: "Mr. Rivera, your work is simply wonderful—your murals, I mean. They are the talk of my home town—I'm from Milwaukee. Have you ever been to Milwaukee?"

"No."

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"Oh, you should visit Milwaukee. The city is simply full of Socialists. They take charge of everything in Milwaukee. You are a Socialist, aren't you, Mr. Rivera?"

Señor Rivera smiles. They ask to see some of his work and he shows them a portfolio of sketches.

The tourists usually carry away very flattering impressions. "He is simply delightful! Charming! And so sincere in his work!"

"He must have changed a good deal in the past year," comments a man from the Middle West. "He didn't talk or act like a Red, did he?"

Frankly, Señor Rivera is at a loss to know why tourists burst in on his peace. He suspects the hotels of capitalizing on his presence, which is not far from the truth.

But the idea that he has changed his basic beliefs in one year is pure nonsense. What has taken him a lifetime to acquire cannot be dumped in so short a time. From the Chapel of Chapingo to the Art Museum of Detroit, he has remained faithful to his ideal.

Far from the heart of the Colossus of the North, which has become his second home, Diego Rivera sits in his laboratory and examines new materials for his works.

He is preparing to execute a series of frescoes on the walls of the School of Medicine in Mexico City, depicting the evolution of medicine.

Señor Rivera belongs to that school which sees our bodies functioning like machines. You need go no farther than his dining room to discover that the artist agrees more or less with the engineer who devised the only wall decoration. It is an ingenious colored chart, published by a patent medicine manufacturer, showing in cross-section the boilers, ducts, valves, chambers, fuels, gases, and wastes which make the human body what it is. Señor Rivera sees it every day as he eats or talks on the telephone. It is plain that he finds inspiration and even comfort in that decoration.

That house, in a sense, enlarges on Diego Rivera's concepts as well as his views on domestic architecture.

Follow him through a typical day: He rises at six o'clock in the morning and begins to paint until it is time to eat breakfast, about 10 a. m. "Why paint at seven in the morning, Señor Rivera?"

"At what other hour will I find time to work?" he answers.

Right true. The stream of visitors begins to arrive even before ten o'clock. Sometimes they keep him from his breakfast until noon. But since he derives enormous pleasure out of human company, he receives them cordially. The morning visitors ordinarily have interests which fall under the general term of art. One American visitor asks Señor Rivera to pass on a collection of drawings covering the Maya ruins. He incidentally employs the occasion to rail against the theft and vandalism which have been going on at Mexico's archaeological sites.

To Mexican students and professional artists, Diego Rivera is simply "Maestro." They come from all parts to seek his counsel and criticism. His assistant inquires about the preparation of paints and scaffolding. An American woman shows him samples of her own paintings, but he is sparing with criticism. Another asks his autograph. Another comes with a request for a book preface.

After breakfast, the Maestro may retire to the privacy of a small room where he can peep into the world of obscure things through the eyepiece of a microscope.

"Why do you need a microscope for your work? After all, you are an artist."

He seems surprised at such a question. "Because I want to know how a thing looks."

"What thing?"

"Everything."

Whether it be a social doctrine or a mathematical formula, "everything" captures his attention. Without making other comparisons, his interests are as wide and as diversified as Da Vinci's.

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Within a short interval he was telling me that Freudism is the scientific theory which aids and abets capitalistic fascism, and shortly after he was discussing the streamlining of Buckminster Fuller's three-wheeled automobile, the Dymaxion.

But uppermost in his mind is the tug-of-war between the proletarian and his antithesis, the capitalist. The anatomy and history, the virtues and vices of these gentry are Señor Rivera's particular oyster. And no day passes that he does not discuss or consider some phase of their relationship.

His nimble mind has developed a powerful faculty for x-raying every problem in the light of proletarian ideals. If you praise the charm of native Indian handiwork and express a hope that it will be saved from the onslaught of industrialism, he resolves the problem with such a remark: "I would rather see the Indians working at modern machinery. They would be better off."

It would be hasty to conclude therefrom that Señor Rivera has become "anti-art," along with anti-fascist. He is definitely opposed to good art superimposed upon false structures; he is against the Mexican taste for art on an Aztec background; he is opposed to Spanish tapestry in a meatpacker's home in Chicago; or to Gothic towers on commercial skyscrapers. But he concurs with the belief that the machine and industrialism can help to satisfy the aesthetic tastes and requirements of the masses, Mexican, American, or French.

When you mention machinery you speak of the maestro's first attempt at art, although it was unconscious. At the age of four, he sketched the puffing locomotive which snorted down the track in his native town, Guanajuato. The crude drawing is still preserved and is symbolic of the embryonic talent in Rivera as a child.

He was born of cultured parents, and their influence on his life was considerable. His father was an energetic gentleman with an original turn of mind and very diversified

interests. He had fought against the French invaders of Mexico in 1862, and then worked as a chemist, engineer, and educator. For a while Rivera's mother was a teacher. But on the death of Diego's twin brother, at the age of one and a half, she almost became insane, and on her doctor's advice to divert her mind, she undertook the study of medicine and became a midwife.

Diego Rivera's grandmother on his father's side was Ines D'Acosta, a Portuguese Jewess descended from a line of eminent philosophers. Although he is no more than one-fourth Semitic, Diego Rivera often refers to himself as a Jew.

His conduct as a boy served as a forecast of his later development. From his early interest in machines and mechanics, the neighbors predicted that he would undoubtedly become an engineer, which greatly pleased the lad.

Reared according to his father's notion that a child should learn from his own experience, young Rivera enjoyed a rare freedom of expression. At the age of five, he astonished worshippers in the village cathedral of Guanajuato by calling them silly idiots. In the furore which followed, the boy became an object of scorn for the devout churchgoers and a hero to the liberals, who rewarded him with a place on the "liberals" bench in the public square when the brass band played.

When he was not playing with toy locomotives, young Rivera cut figures of soldiers and cannon, and his military maneuvers with toys attracted his father's interest. At a tender age he was enrolled in a private school run by a Frenchman, Monsieur Jean Ledoyen.

At the age of nine young Rivera was discovered with some technical military plans which brought a flood of questions from his father. To tell the story in Rivera's own words:

"When my father asked me where I had copied the plans, I became furious and cried, 'Nowhere!' But scarcely able to believe that, my father took me before his friend

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Pedro Hinojoso, the Minister of War, who called in his staff generals. For three hours they grilled me on military tactics. Then I illustrated various army maneuvers on a blackboard. At the conclusion, they all embraced me with a hearty 'Camerade,' and said that destiny had placed me in a position to aid the development of Mexico.

"The generals advised me to go to the military school, even though I was under age. They promised to have Congress pass a special act authorizing my admission. But what pleased me most was the privilege I received of going into the military library. To see so many excellent pictures of cannon made me very happy."

By a special act of the Mexican Congress, Diego Rivera was admitted to the military school at the age of thirteen. But after a year, he began to loathe the military regimen. He resigned with the title of reserve lieutenant.

When he announced to his father that he wanted to study art, the parent was dismayed and unhappy. But the son had his way and before long he found himself in the company of such artists as Santiago Rebull, and Jose Maria Velasco, who was both a painter and scientist. But the chief influence in the young artist's career came from Jose Guadalupe Posada, whom Rivera calls the "greatest Mexican artist of modern times."

Enough has been told of Diego Rivera's early life to show how his mechanical interests were stimulated. Fresco painting is nothing but the handmaiden of architecture, which in turn, is a handmaiden of modern engineering. And fresco, the particular medium which he prefers, "is a process of painting that is essentially architectural."

He works with sand, steel, sheetrock, marble, and concrete, iron, manganese, aluminum, and copper—essential materials of engineering.

I have no doubt that if Diego Rivera had the choice of seeing a great collection of paintings or a new factory with the latest automatic machinery for the manufacture, say, of automobiles, he would choose the latter. For in the factory

he would see his own notions of art carried out with the superb daring and imagination which have made modern engineering supreme.

He can employ dialectics to prove that art, after all, is in the hands of engineers. "An automobile is beautiful only in so far as it fulfills its true function.

Mechanical inefficiency is bad engineering; it is also bad art. Machine design approaches mechanical perfection.

In Señor Rivera's home there is an odd assortment of books. Few are among the standard works of art; few are "literary." Many of the books have been sent as gifts, and autographed by the authors. I referred to a critical estimate of his work in a well-known book about Mexico. He had never read the book or the estimate. "Well, what do you read?" I asked.

"I never read what you call 'literature.' To me 'literary' books are made of words without much meaning. My chief tastes in reading are books on mathematics, engineering, history, and astronomy. And, of course, Karl Marx, Lenin, and Trotzky."

"And no Shakespeare, Dante, or Cervantes?—None of the great poets?"

"No. I don't like them."

By "I don't like them," Señor Rivera conveys his belief only in writings which further the social awakening. Printed words are like so many drops of ink on paper unless their content bores its way into the soul of the masses. Polished and honeyed phrases are anathema to Señor Rivera; his poetry is the rhythmic percussion of machines.

All forms of art must prepare the people for the revolution. In a fresco you should depict the degradation of the masses under the heels of their oppressors. You should point out, even name those who exploit their neighbors' weakness. You should stir resistance. You should reveal the glory and harmony of a single-class society. Those are, according to Señor Rivera, some of the ingredients of a first-class artistic undertaking.

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Science is the symbol of human release from the primitive struggle for food and shelter. But there can never be harmony in the human family until production passes into the hands of the people.

As for the machine itself, as an expression of beau art, one senses a unit of mind between such apostles of mechanical poetry as Rivera, Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect, Buckminster Fuller, the engineer, and W. Starling Burgess, the designer.

Frank Lloyd Wright, the illustrious father of modern architectural design, admits that his particular type of architecture is applied engineering. He introduced cantilever construction and streamlining in the home. And Buckminster Fuller, who has stripped architecture down to the barest essentials of engineering. And W. Starling Burgess, whose cup yachts are like nature's own patterns for speed.

All these men have achieved art through a quest for honest engineering.

Diego Rivera sensed this beauty of engineering before most of us. In machinery he finds motifs that are original, dramatic, and forceful. "What is your favorite subject for painting, Señor Rivera?" He answered immediately, "Machinery."

Now you would suppose that a man of art would seek a pastoral setting far from the crude noises of the city. But Señor Rivera merely marks time in his home at Villa Obregon. He would prefer to live in such places as Detroit, Pittsburgh, Chicago, or St. Louis. Because the drama of modern industry, even to the smoke and din, lures him powerfully. And not only the sight of dynamos, drill presses, and flywheels, but the operators of the machines themselves, fascinate him. For he counts them as the chief patrons of his art, whom he addresses in his work and they are the heroes and warriors of his frescoes.

Having achieved worldwide fame and drawn the attention of countless people to his work, Señor Rivera values the critiques of mechanics and stevedores more than of art

critics. He takes enormous pride in the fact that the beaux arts students of Detroit cried out against his "shameful" frescoes, while the factory mechanics threatened violence to anybody who would harm them. That, to Señor Rivera, is a paean of praise which no book of verse can match.

The highest tribunal in art is a group of mechanics, laborers, and machine hands. He is willing to abide by their opinion of what is good art. He would like to be one of them; therefore, he wears overalls at his work. Still he laments that he cannot be classed as a "worker." "They," he says, "receive a daily or weekly wage. I am paid for mine in a lump sum—it is different."

He shows no sign of transferring his lifelong allegiance to the workers. He has painted their lives and struggles on walls and ceilings all over Mexico. In the historic Radio City feud, he brought them into the foreground with crusading fervor, standing beside their machines.

But that episode is not finished. Recently Mexico City saw the whole Rockefeller mural painted as a curtain for a great gala performance of a burlesque entitled, "The Last Fresco of Diego Rivera," featuring the celebrated comic Roberto Soto, and a company of high-steppers. That fresco seems destined to live on, if not in actual fact, then in legend. It remains a definite project with Señor Rivera, and he intends to repeat it for posterity whenever a suitable wall presents itself.

He may change it slightly, for his ideas on painting and his insight into human lives is changing, but the fundamental motif will remain.

Although We Hear No Sound

By MAUD E. USCHOLD

In dark moist earth
there is no dearth
of mirth,
when dry roots wake
and slake
their thirst with rain,
and send pale gold
and green
for the lean
earth to hold;
so again
the signs of Spring appear.
In fertile ground
this burgeoning
is song,
although we hear
no sound.

A Night in Eden

By ALICE WILSON

Pale moths drifting through moonlit branches,
The music of night-hidden springs,
The sensuous perfume of tropic flowers
That drugs the dancing hours and brings
Forgetfulness of all unlovely things!
Here will we lie till night has gone—
Naked as Eve on a mossy bed—
And silence will cover us as a dream,
Till morning comes with a gleam of red
And night's last purple shadow has fled.

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Fire on Indian Creek

By ELIZABETH WATERS

THE WIND came up during the fourth night of the Mission Ridge fire. At dawn the sky was a diffused yellowish-grey, and the sun came out of the east smaller and redder than ever. Mrs. Keller, living next house but one to the head of Indian Creek, woke alone in the big double bed, conscious of a vague feeling of disquiet. She lay and wondered about it sleepily for a moment. Then her gaze focused on the window curtain. Lazily it billowed and fell before the open window. Mrs. Keller sprang out of bed and raised the shade. The great mushroom columns of smoke that had mounted with such fantastic slowness during three hot still afternoons were dispersed; there was an unmistakable smell of burning timber in the air.

"Wind's shifted," thought Mrs. Keller, and dropped the shade. She dressed methodically and went out into the silent kitchen. The fire was laid in the range; she touched a match to it, and filled up the teakettle. Then she took up the milk pails and unhooked the screen door. Outside the smell of smoke was stronger.

"Looks like the men won't be getting home this week," she said aloud. She looked speculatively at the mower as she passed the tool shed. Tom might come back to find the hay cut, at least. In twenty years on Indian Creek she had seen at least half as many forest fires. More than once Tom had got a bunch of neighbors together to battle some blaze here on the creek, before the forest service came in. Later, when the boys grew up, they had both taken their turns at fire-fighting; but this was the first time in years that every man in the neighborhood had been called out. Dave, her youngest son, had walked down from his ranch at the head of Indian Creek, four mornings ago, to ride the rest of the way with his father.

"The ranger sent Sammy Peterson up last night," he explained. "Truck's busted, so I hiked down." This last with a glance at his mother, as if he had read her thoughts, wondering why Tessie couldn't have brought him down. She slipped a couple of extra doughnuts in the lunch she was putting up for her husband; Dave always liked doughnuts, and he didn't have a lunch, that she could see. She'd always sent her men off fire-fighting with some home-cooked food the first day; maybe Tessie thought it was too much trouble. Or more likely she hadn't thought about it at all.

"How's the baby?" she asked while Tom was getting out the Ford.

"Pretty good," said Dave. "He's been teething, though—kind of fretful with the heat."

Mrs. Keller plucked a leaf from her porch begonia. She noted with unerring eye the missing buttons on her son's shirt, the clumsily mended tear in his overalls.

"We had a letter from Walter the other day," she said.

"Yeah? How are they getting along?"

"Fine. He said they were talking about building themselves a house."

"Looks like he's in the feed business for good, at that rate. Well, he can have it." He stared moodily out over the fields. "It's a cinch I had enough of town when I was in Spokane to last me the rest of *my* life."

"And brought back enough of it, too," thought his mother, but she did not say it. She could hear Tom cranking the car out in the shed. Dave leaned against the porch post, his hat pushed back, and she could see, paler than his brown forehead, the thin wavy scar he had gotten at the age of three when he had run into a barbwire fence. Memory carried her back twenty years—to Dave's solemn, frightened little face streaming with blood, Walter's terror-stricken wails. She smiled unconsciously, but a pang struck through her as she realized how thin and work-worn Dave looked now, how silent he had grown in the last two years.

"Do you ever go fishing any more?" she asked on an impulse.

Dave gave a half laugh. "With that ranch to look after? Haven't touched a rod since—since I came back"

"There's no sense in working so hard," said his mother.

He shrugged. "Hasn't hurt me any, I guess. Hope this fire don't last too long, though."

"It's a poor time for it, I must say. With wheat about ready to cut."

"It wouldn't be so bad," said Dave, half under his breath, "if we had a telephone."

Mrs. Keller was silent. Worrying about *her*, was he? As if plenty of other women, not so young and able-bodied as she was, hadn't had to stay alone before this.

Tom drove up then, and Mrs. Keller helped the two men get off. Watching their dust disappear down the road, she had had a moment's compunction. Probably she should have suggested that Tessie come down and stay with her. But what was the use? Tessie wouldn't have come anyway.

Drumming milk into the pails in a rich diminuendo, Mrs. Keller was thinking now how differently Dave's life might have turned out if he hadn't gone to Spokane that winter to work—if he hadn't met and married the thin-cheeked, scarlet-lipped, restless creature who was Tessie, if he had gone in with his father instead of taking up that barren homestead on upper Indian Creek. There was no use in thinking about it now, of course, but it was an old resentment which, like a decayed tooth, would not stop gnawing. She finished the milking and turned the cows out busily as she opened the chicken-house door. On the way back to the house she stopped and held up a moist finger in the breeze.

"Wind's from the east," she murmured, and stared doubtfully toward the ridge. It would be too bad if that stand of lodge-pole pine on this side should go. She was thankful the creek separated their land from the foothills of the ridge, though even that would be small protection from a crown fire. But she went about the business of sep-

arating the milk and getting her breakfast briskly, as though forest fires were the last thing from her mind. Her dishes washed, she set up the ironing board near the window and put the irons on to heat. She thought she might go out and pick enough gooseberries for a quart or so of jam after the ironing was done. Nowadays an ironing didn't amount to much; sometimes it seemed as if it would be more sensible to wash only every two weeks, now that both the boys were gone. But somehow on Monday the wash tubs always came out. Dave's wife, now—from what Mrs. Keller had seen, it looked as if *she* only washed when she took the notion. Mrs. Keller had gone up once on Sunday and found her hanging out the last of Dave's shirts.

Of course there was the baby, but that didn't seem to keep her from spending plenty of time fixing herself up whenever she drove to town or went to dances with Dave. At least she never tried to flirt with other men, though there were some who would have been willing; that was something to her credit. But there were other ways of making your husband unhappy; being restless and dissatisfied and fault-finding in the home he was trying to make for you was one of the best.

Hanging a freshly ironed apron over a chair, Mrs. Keller heard the telephone ring—two long, two short. It was Mrs. Peterson.

"Say," came her thin, urgent voice, "I just had a call from Mattie Lewis—said the ranger station called her and told her to tell the people on Indian Creek the fire's out of control and likely to be down on this side by noon. It's going like sixty in that pine between us and Rock Creek."

"Up above Dave's place!" said Mrs. Keller.

"Yes, and could you run up and warn his wife? I sent Sammy down to Parkins's this morning, or he could go. They said there'd be some up here this afternoon, but for us to do what we could and be prepared."

"All right—much obliged, Mrs. Peterson."

Her mind was flying as she hung up the receiver. Lucky she had turned the stock into the west field this morning. The buildings weren't in much danger, either, with a quarter-mile of alfalfa between them and the narrowest bend in the creek. The real danger was for Dave's ranch, scattered among the timber on the other side of the creek as it was. If the men got here in time, though, and the wind didn't freshen. . . .

She set her irons on the back of the stove, turned down the damper, and rolled up the rest of the clothes in the basket. Pinning her straw hat on firmly, she went out into the smoke-dulled sunlight. It was a ten-minute walk up to Dave's; the road was stony and rutted. The soil was no better in the wheat field she was passing. A sparse stand of meager heads showed for Dave's labor in breaking the twenty acres last summer. Still he had managed to buy a few head of cattle this spring; in a year or two he'd be getting ahead a little. Tom had always said his youngest son was a natural-born rancher.

Mrs. Keller paused a minute on the hill, panting. A temporary lull in the wind made the air oppressive. Back down the road she saw a dust cloud moving fast; it must be a car. Could it be Tom or Dave? She peered anxiously, but as it approached, she saw that it was a long low coupe, driven by a solitary man—no car that had ever been seen on Indian Creek. It passed her obviously, with a scatter of stones. She stared after it balefully and hastened her steps. Whoever it was going up Indian Creek evidently knew his way. She wished she had thought to look at the license; it might have been someone who knew Tessie from Spôkane. Her lip curled a little as the thought occurred to her. Anybody who'd been picked up in a ten-cent dance hall, who'd had a baby six months after she was married, would be likely to have some fancy friends!

She was crossing the creek when she happened to glance up at the crest of Mission Ridge and saw for the first time a reddish glow upon the low-hanging smoke pall. Her pace

increased, and turning the last bend, she saw the log buildings of Dave's place. Sitting out in the yard was the car which had passed her. It had a Washington license. The dog came running toward her, barking, and Tessie, surprised and hostile, appeared at the back door.

"Why—hello," she said, making no move to open the screen.

Mrs. Keller stopped till she got her breath back. She noticed a high flush on Tessie's usually pale cheeks.

"I just had a call from Mrs. Peterson," she began. "The ranger station called her and said the fire is out of control and likely to be coming this way by noon."

Tessie's eyes darted to the horizon, but the trees baffled her view; she seemed to look incredulously back at her mother-in-law.

"Come on in," she said at last, and turned back into the kitchen. Mrs. Keller, with a tightening of the lips, opened the door and went in. The man she had seen in the car was standing in the doorway to the other room. He looked at her suspiciously.

"This is Mr. O'Donnell," said Tessie shortly. "My mother-in-law." She turned around suddenly. "I don't believe it!" she burst out. "You just wanted an excuse to follow him up here."

Mrs. Keller looked at her steadily. "He can tell you he passed me half way up the hill. What's he doing here, anyway?"

Tessie's eyes flickered. "You mean the fire's actually coming down this way?" she exclaimed.

"Sure I mean it. You don't think I'm going to walk half a mile in this heat just to see what you're up to, I hope!"

"If it's so dangerous why don't they send some men up to fight it?"

"They're going to, this afternoon. But there's a wind today and this fire's travelling. You can see it on top of the ridge now if you'll go out and look."

O'Donnell made an exclamation. Tessie glanced at him quickly.

"We'd better get out of this," he said. "I'm not gonna be caught in any forest fire. Come on, get your things and the kid and let's go." He was a heavy, handsome-faced man with a slightly flattened nose, but he was paler now than he had been a minute ago.

Looking beyond him, Mrs. Keller saw a partly packed suitcase on the bed. "Oh," she said. "So you *are* up to something." Again Tessie's eyes darted to O'Donnell; then back to her mother-in-law.

"Yes, I am!" she said with sudden vehemence. "I'm getting out of this dump for good and all. You won't be sorry, I guess; you've always grudged me the air I breathe. Well, I won't be here to trouble you any longer. And you can tell Dave—"

"Stow it, Tess," said O'Donnell roughly. "Let's beat it before we're trapped in here."

"Don't be a fool," snapped Mrs. Keller. She turned to Tessie. "I can't say I think your running off is any great loss to Dave—it's about what I'd expect, doing it behind his back, I suppose you've waited a long time for a chance like this—but before you—"

"I have not!" Tessie's color was high. "I never expected Joe; he just came."

"How'd he know where you lived?"

"I wrote him once or twice, but what of it? I never asked him to come up here." Her voice rose. "I'm sick of it, I tell you! Sick and tired of working like a dog and never having anything look decent and seeing him slave away on this damn farm, getting so he never says a word—never any money or anybody to see—I belong some place where things happen once in a while and I'm going back there!"

From the window where he was watching, O'Donnell turned with an oath. "Jeez, look at that mountain! Come on, kid, we'll be roasted alive."

The two women ran to the door. The whole saddle between Indian and Rock Creek was outlined in flame.

"My God!" said Tessie. "Dave's cattle."

"Where are they?" snapped Mrs. Keller.

"Up in the spring pasture."

"Right in the draw below that saddle?"

Tessie nodded. She was pale. "And all the hay he cut last week is stacked in the upper meadow."

"Where are the horses?"

"Out in the barn lot."

"Can you ride?"

"Sure."

They had both started out toward the gate.

"You'll have to round up those steers and chase 'em down across the creek. Better gather up the milk cows, too, while you're at it; put 'em in that field of ours, not the alfalfa, you know the one. Can you do it?"

"I can try," said Tessie, almost running. "I'd better take Barney, he's the fastest. But all Dave's hay—that wild hay stubble's so dry—it'll catch the first thing—"

"Never mind that," panted Mrs. Keller. "You get the stock down. How far is the meadow?"

"Not very far—just through the trees there. Do you think the buildings'll go too?"

"Don't know. They're not in direct line—if the wind don't change. You'd better hurry."

Tessie had swung over the fence and was running after the horses.

"For God's sake, where's she going?" a voice said behind Mrs. Keller. She turned to see O'Donnell's black scowl.

"If you want to make yourself useful," she commanded, "get into that tool shed and turn that plow around."

"What in hell—"

"That plow—turn it around so I can get it hitched up. I can't lift it."

With a look of unbelief he went slowly into the shed. The horses came galloping up and she helped Tessie herd

them into the barn. She put the bridle on Barney, threw the blanket and saddle on his back; Tessie tightened the girth, swung herself up, and was gone. O'Donnell appeared in the door.

"Well, I've got the damn thing turned around," he growled.

"All right, help me lift this harness."

This time he took off his coat, hanging it gingerly over a saddle peg. When the team was harnessed and hitched to the plow, Mrs. Keller climbed into the seat and started off at a rough trot.

"Hey!" said O'Donnell. "Where are you going?"

"Going to plow a strip around those haystacks," called Mrs. Keller. "You don't have to wait, if you're scared."

He stared after her until she was out of sight, then went into the barn, put on his coat, and lit a cigarette. It was suddenly very quiet. He walked back toward the house, glancing over his shoulder now and then at the blazing mountain top. A few trees seemed to have caught on this side; he turned and watched in fascination. Suddenly he remembered the child they had left crawling about on the living-room floor. He went in, saw that he had fallen asleep, and put him in his crib. Then he sat down on the doorstep, his eyes fixed on the mountain.

An hour later Mrs. Keller drove back into the barnyard. Ten minutes more and Tessie returned up the road, hot, weary, her long hair blown wildly. They unharnessed the horses and turned them loose.

"I plowed a six-foot strip all the way around the haystacks," said Mrs. Keller. "I don't reckon anything can get across that. Doesn't look as if it's coming down this side so fast, anyway. Probably things'll be safe here now till the fire-fighters come."

They walked silently back to the house. O'Donnell threw away the stump of a cigar as he rose to meet them.

"It's about time," he grumbled. "I've been on the edge of making tracks for the last forty-five minutes."

Tessie went into the kitchen and washed her hands, took out a stub of lipstick and ran it over her mouth. "I've gotta change my dress," she said, and disappeared into the other room.

Mrs. Keller and O'Donnell stood wordless outside. Suddenly Mrs. Keller jerked open the screen door and went in—in to where Tessie was pulling a clean dress over her head.

"You still aiming to leave?" she asked.

Tessie's voice was muffled. "Sure. Why not?"

For the first time in her life, perhaps, Mrs. Keller did not know exactly what she wanted to say. "Why, I thought maybe—you doing all this for Dave, maybe you still—"

"Oh, yeah—you think I still love him. Well, maybe I do." Her head emerged, and she thrust her hair back from her face. "Maybe I always will—in a way. But Joe's different. I'm crazy about him. He's a punk and so'm I. Dave tried making me over, but he couldn't—I wasn't worth it. You knew that, I guess, and I've always sort of admired you for it."

She put a few things in the suitcase, snapped it shut.

"Dave won't mind, after a little," she said. "He fell in love with me because I was different, that's all; what he really wants is some nice girl who'll make this dump look like a home instead of a pig-sty—who'll *like* living up here in this God-forsaken quiet."

She waked up the baby to put on its cap. "Joe," she called, "come in and get this suitcase."

Mrs. Keller suddenly came to life. "You're not taking the baby, too!"

"Why not? You didn't think he was Dave's, did you?"

Mrs. Keller's eyes alone registered what was less shock than realization.

"Does Dave know?"

"Of course. Oh, he didn't know about Joe; he thought I was just a poor innocent country girl. I told you I wasn't any good."

"But—" said Mrs. Keller incompletely. She felt all at once old, tired, not very certain. She felt empty, too, as though something she had nourished a long while had been taken away. O'Donnell came in and took out the suitcase. Tessie glanced curiously at her mother-in-law as she picked up the baby.

"I should think you'd be tickled pink," she said.

"Because you're leaving?"

"Yes, and because you know the worst about me."

"Well," said Mrs. Keller brusquely, "maybe the best too." She went ahead of Tessie out to the gate, watched the two settle themselves in the car, the baby between them. She said, "I'll tell Dave you stopped to bring his cattle down."

O'Donnell, his heavy features impassive except when he glanced at the smoking mountain side, started the motor. The car backed around; Tessie raised her hand in a farewell gesture. Mrs. Keller moved her head in response. They jolted out of the yard into the road and disappeared around the bend. Mrs. Keller went back to the empty house.

Santa Fe Trail

By MAUD E. USCHOLD

With creak of saddle leather, clank of chains,
The groan of heavy-straining wagon gears,
A dusty wake enveloping the wains.
Choking the sun-parched oaths of muleteers;
Winding across the buffalo grass to roll
Into the hub-deep ruts and out again,
Eyes on the Spanish cities as their goal;
So passed the trains of fighting merchantmen.

Coyotes snarled 'round bloody buffalo meat
Their hunters left; the Indians stalked their track;
They cleared a way with rifles, set their feet
On and on—and never a one turned back—
Leaving a heap of stones to guard the dead,
As thwarted vultures circled overhead.

Am I Laughing?

By CURTIS MARTIN

SOMEHOW, sitting here, you always think of the same things. You sit and you think: I have to write this story. What can I write? I have written, but can I write again? Is there anything left that I can write about? You feel that there is nothing more to write. You have finished everything. You have written your insides out. You have poured everything over the keys.

Then you think: You have to be young to write, really write. But how can you be young and know enough things to write. You have lived twenty-five years. You have seen just so many things, and you have written those things already. You have already written them, but so badly that they will never be published. But they are out of you, and once they are out of you, you don't write them again, whether they were good or rotten the first time they came out. They come but once. There is no come-back for a story that once tried and flopped. At least not for years.

Then you think: Remember the first story you wanted to write. You started it when you were a Freshman at the University. It was like this: "Gliding over the floor they danced like feathers, floating together . . . Glen and Adele." You wrote that, you think, then you sat before the shaky table, holding the stub of pencil, and stared at it. Your head began to ache. The room was stuffy. You stood up suddenly and pushed the table over, flung your chair back and raised the window to its full height, although it was early spring and the north wind, coming directly in, was very cold. Then you set the table up, wadded the paper into a tight ball and tossed it in the wastebasket, and stood up before the wide mirror of the dressing table.

Your room was small. Three feet at the end of the bed, six feet at the side, and in that space the dressing table,

your study table, and in the tight closet your clothes; two suits, a sweater and an extra pair of pants, and your trunk. There was a tiny rag rug on the floor and you remember that night when Stuhl knocked on your door at one o'clock in the morning and sneaking in asked you if he might sleep on that rag rug. You said: "For Christ's sake get in the bed." And he did get in the bed and go to snoring, and you pushed in the single bed beside him and tried to contract your flesh until it did not touch him, thinking that you had known times when he was not exactly clean, wondering about the number of diseases you might catch from him, wanting to ask him what had happened. Why he had left his own room? Why he was wandering about at night? But you were silent. And in the morning he was gone. Gone from your room and gone from the University. Gone from everyone you knew, and you heard once that he had a store in the Indian village of Tierra Amarillo, where no white man would live for more than a week.

But then, you think, there is no story there. You can't write that. You can't do it right. But you go on thinking: You don't want to write, but you've got to write. Not like William Saroyan; firstly, because you can't, maybe, and secondly, because, who the hell wants to? But you've got to write. Why? Why have you got to write? No one forces you. You might write to make money. But God knows you would starve if you wrote for your bread. You think: In four years you made a measly twenty dollars writing. Although there are three or four other stories accepted, there was only the one you received the twenty dollars for. No, it isn't money. Is it fame? Could it be that? Could it be an inner-urge to see your name in print? Could it be that you want to see Robert Stevens, ROBERT STEVENS printed, published? Thousands seeing Robert Stevens, saying Robert Stevens? Could it be that? You think: Writing is a mighty slow and uncertain way, if it is merely that you want to see your name in print. Why, you say to yourself, sitting there, if I wanted only that, isn't there a quicker way? And

immediately you say: Yes, there is. For you have been thinking about it for a long while. Yes, you say, there is a more certain and speedier method. You could take your gun, it is there on the shelf, my rifle; there are thirteen shells on top of the cupboard. You could take your rifle and those thirteen shells, and walk in the darkness, down the center of the streets of this town. You think like this: Few people draw their shades at night in this town. They sit reading beneath the lights, reading and smoking and talking. Now you take your gun and the thirteen shells, it is odd that there are thirteen, but it is an absolute fact. You have counted them twice. You take them and load the gun carefully. It will hold seven shells in the magazine and one in the barrel, making eight shots you could fire within eight seconds if necessary. Put the other five shells carefully in your right-hand pocket, being certain that you take your knife and matches out first, so that you won't grab them by mistake in your haste. Prepare the gun carefully, then walk down the moonlit street, on the white, crunching snow. Go at eleven at night, because at that time people will be off the streets. They will be drugged toward sleep, and sitting sleepily under the lights reading and dozing.

On the street, going up, you will first pass Willard's house. And you know that certainly old man Willard and his son will be in the front room, sitting on opposite sides of a table, both reading, both rocking slowly in their chairs, and with the front shade rolled high. You know they will be like that, because they have been like that every night for twelve years. How many times have you seen them thus in those twelve years, as you passed along the street late at night? They will be there. In the street you kneel, slowly, coldly in the snow, glancing about you, up the road, down the road for cars, for persons on the sidewalk. There will be no one.

You rest the rifle in your hand across your knee, the sight glinting from the light at the corner. You can't miss at that range, even at night. Twenty yards, and you have

killed deer running at four hundred yards, not once, accidentally, but many times, in half-light too. You will not miss. You aim for the old man first because he is more active, quicker thinking than the son. He would be up at the crash as his son crumpled beside him.—You aim carefully, at the full chest of the father. There is not a chance that he will live, no need to aim for his head. Too often you have seen the side torn from a buck with one of these so-called mushroom bullets, which explodes and spreads as it strikes. Carefully at the wide middle you aim and fire, feeling the gun on your shoulder. A second after the first crash, the second follows and beyond the broken window glass both father and son slump in their easy chairs. The snow is white around you. The stars are high and cold, blinking silver.

You get up quickly, but not rushed, swinging the gun down beside your leg, moving it with your leg as you walk, and move off up the street. You are in no hurry, because you know this: When Mrs. Willard finds them she can do nothing but call the telephone office. There is no man there, only an old woman. At the office the old woman will begin desperately searching the town for the one marshal. He may be at home in bed, where there is no phone, within a mile. He may be prowling the streets in Old Town, but he will not be found in less than an hour. You are not worried about him. But there is another thing: Next door to Willard's lives William Gaspard. Mrs. Willard after calling the telephone office will rush to his door and beat there fearfully. But Gaspard does not wake easily. You remember well the night you tried to wake him to tell him that his garage was on fire. You beat at the window and shouted at him for fifteen minutes before he understood what you were saying. And now in fifteen minutes . . .

You are down the street to the next house where there is someone still up this late at night. It is Carloewe's, the old shoemaker. He is sitting before the wide front-window, staring over thick spectacles at the latest *Saturday Evening Post*. You will get very near him. At the yard fence you

will stop and see the white hair below his leather cap, which he wears even in the house.

You will shoot him in the head, and his wife, rushing out from the kitchen, you will shoot in the full-breasted chest. Now it is four. Enough certainly. But not enough to reach the very top, to reach the very ends of the earth. Not to make the headlines of every paper. So you go on. And on. On. Up.

When they catch you an hour and a half later you are sitting quietly near a street light, in front of the school house. The school you once attended, where you loved two girls. Where once, you even taught for a short time. You have one shell in your gun when they take you, the thirteenth. But you do not raise it against them, because you have done enough already to reach the heights of notoriety. You have missed with three shots, but nine people lie dead or dying along the streets you have passed. That is certainly enough, you think. You remember reading about the Slav who went wild in Washington, running amok. He killed four, and you read of him for weeks. Headlines. Your nine must be higher than any other has ever attained in these United States. This civilized country. Yes. Nine must be enough. Surely. Day after today it will be there. On pink sheets, on yellow, on white, all with black letters . . . ROBERT STEVENS. INSANE. NINE. NINE. NINE. Yes nine were enough.

You read what you have written, and the only thing you can think is: Why don't you make a story of that, and not merely sit and write that you are thinking about it? Have someone do that and there you have your story. I could do it. I could do that, but I won't.

Or you could tell them about Helen. Damn Helen. You have been thinking of Helen all night. You will always think of Helen and Aline. Those two you will be thinking of always. In the day a little, but mostly at night. You will think of them until the night you die. You could tell them of Helen that night in the old blacksmith shop, or that

night on the steps behind the church, talking, talking, into the darkness to Helen, sitting on the cold cement beside you. Talking until your voice was hoarse . . . telling her what? Telling her things partly true, honestly partly true, and totally true to you then, a kid of fifteen, talking to the girl you had loved first, and would always love, but who had scared you by asking you to marry her. Why did that scare you? It didn't. It only revolted you and you can never say how or why, only that it did. On the cold cement, sitting, you told her why you could not marry her; and your greatest argument was that too many other girls loved you. Loved you so much that you could not break five hearts or six by giving yourself to her. And you believed that, you damned fool, talking without taking a full breath for two hours. Telling her she could have you always, have your heart, spiritually, mentally, but not your body, not to be hers alone, because in the world there were things coming to you too great for you to be sacrificed on the altar. Crying you kissed one of her long, rolled curls, smelling the peculiar scent, which you believed to be spice-wood, and stumbled down the six steps, away in the night, and in the corner, Helen sat silently. Was that the last time I touched you?

But Helen, no more, than Aline. Aline at night in moonlight. On horseback. Alone in black mountains. Alone on the plains with moonlight for miles, rabbits leaping away from beneath clumps of bushes. Aline. Aline, let me go now. Can't you let your hold slip an instant and let me away? They tell me you live in Kansas now. I haven't seen you for five years. I saw you in Pocatello, Idaho, this summer five years ago. I had a full beard. You did not know me. I saw the man with you. Wasn't it your husband? What were you doing in Pocatello? God knows what I was doing there. Passing through, probably. What else?

Now you think: Why don't you tell them about Rohoveck? That would be something. You could tell them how you loved him. How he loved you. How you two lay

in bed talking at nights. You telling him about deer hunts, nights in cold tents in the mountains, beds made in snow banks and deer brought down, and he telling you about bobsleds in Wisconsin. About the times he and the other kids rode the runners of the horse-drawn sleds, up and down the streets of Fennimore, Wisconsin. That would be a story.

Or you could tell them about that cold day in Colmor, New Mexico, when you sat all day on the cold ground holding with your hands one rear leg of a calf, while with your feet you pushed wide the other rear leg, and Fred castrated, branded, de-horned and vaccinated one hundred and twenty-one of those poor devils. On four counts they received the works, and stumbled away in the coming snow storm. You might add that that many calves, for two men, is a record in these parts. Afterwards in the adobe house the Mexican's wife set a meal for you. The only garment she had on was a single-piece outfit, made of pieces of blue denim taken from the legs of her husband's trousers. Her husband heaped all the food in the house on your plate and sat blinking, telling you how he had been refused a job on the FERA, or relief of any kind, because he had a weak heart and could not work hard. You ate that food and wished to God you could get out. You had no money to hide under your plate. But you did have two bottles of beer in the saddle pockets on your horse and you gave them, unwillingly, wishing you had a ten dollar bill to give instead, because it was thirty miles to Springer and another bottle of beer, and the blizzard was howling then, as you whipped your horse into the wind.

But you don't write about those things. You sit here and you think there is nothing to write about. You curse and suck your broken tooth, and listen to the radio, and listen to the night, and hear the snow falling.

Today

By EUGENIA POPE POOL

The earth today was drab,
And lonely;
And almost stark
With bleaching bones.
No living things,
No homes, only
The caves where wild things
Stay till dark.

I cried,
"Is there no bit of beauty
To ease my aching heart?"
A voice within me said,
Explore your mind,
For there
Earth's beauty
You shall find.

A Visit to Kiowa Ranch

By JOHN C. NEFF

I AM NOT a native of New Mexico, nor do I live there. But from my home back here in Ohio I pass many hours thinking about the long weeks I've known in the Sangre de Cristos packing for four hundred miles, and the months I've spent on the flats south of Las Vegas in roundup time. There are many tales to be told, but today there stands in my mind the picture of my visit to Kiowa Ranch far above Taos where I went to visit Mrs. D. H. Lawrence.

During two previous winters, I had come to know John Middleton Murry, Lawrence's friend of the early years, now a brilliant man of letters. He would always have me tell what little I could about New Mexico and the country from which Lawrence got so much. He wanted to know about the Indians and their pueblos and the sun setting over the Jemez Range and the smell of wood coming through the air at night. But like every man who has not seen the land, he was only half impressed. He will never know what tied Lawrence there until he sees it for himself. Two years ago, when he learned that I was going to spend the summer near Santa Fe, he begged me to visit Mrs. Lawrence and bring her his best wishes.

That I did, though I wasn't sure that I had any right to go calling at a house I didn't even know. When I arrived in Taos from Santa Fe one morning I began to get cold feet. Almost, I wanted to chuck the whole business. But when I thought of the hundreds of miles I'd come for just this hour, I shoved aside all my inhibitions and walked boldly into a store to inquire the way to Kiowa Ranch. A young German woman overheard me and came to my assistance. "You go up, up, up all the way," she said, "and the road is terrible. But she'll be happy to see you, with your greeting from Murry."

A VISIT TO KIOWA RANCH

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This was a good start. I didn't concern myself about how terrible the road might be, but I was glad of the encouragement in the German woman's voice. Past the road to the Taos Pueblo I drove, and up and over the long winding road to Arroyo Hondo. The sky was a brilliant one, and the sun was very warm. Almost to Cristobal I went, and then turned off in the direction of the mountains, following the sign pointing to "Brett." The private road was bad. It was so miserable my car bounded from rock to rock, just missing the springy juniper branches. The twists and turns made the going hard, but in what seemed no time at all I found myself at the end of the drive.

There was the house. A long, low place with a gabled metal roof and fine colored shutters. A magnificent view of the westward-sweeping country spread before it, with the mountains rising strong behind it. Little wonder why Lawrence loved the place. Or why he loved to stand and watch the sun melt into the little gap where the road goes down toward Santa Fe. Or why he yearned to be back there during his last months in far away Europe. I had for many years been familiar with the beauties of New Mexico and had accordingly thought I understood Lawrence's love for the land. But not until I saw the view from Kiowa Ranch and the house itself did I fully realize what held him to the country and what in his last years made him say: "I think New Mexico was the greatest experience from the outside world that I have ever had."

But there was no one on the porch, and the house seemed empty. I found a little bell near the portico and was about to ring when some one called out, "Come in!"

A dark short Italian stood near the door of what I presumed was the kitchen. He bowed, asking what I wanted. When I told him, he spoke to some one I couldn't see, someone beyond the door. In Italian he said, "A young stranger wants to see you." A woman's voice in guttural Italian answered him. "Have him come in." And then the man swept his arm in the direction of the wall beyond the door. Step-

ping inside and turning to the right, I saw sprawled out on a bed a large, reddish, smiling woman. It was Frieda Lawrence, looking much older than I had expected to find her. She was wearing a long print dress and a colored apron. She greeted me hospitably, but when I mentioned that Middleton Murry had asked me to see her, she jumped from the bed and cried: "Ach! Murry! Yes? Murry! You know him?"

The ice was broken. Mrs. Lawrence was all smiles. Her lips stretched across her face, and she hurried about the room to bring a chair for me. All the while she carried on a conversation about Murry and his visits to America. How was he? Would you describe him? What does he think of America? Suddenly she went across the room. "Ach! Will you have some of my wine! It is very good." And without waiting for an answer, she poured me a long glass and made me sit by the table with the man who was glancing through a copy of an Italian newspaper. The table was covered with a red and white checkered cloth, and there was a large bowl of fresh dark cherries and another filled with cakes and cookies. I sat there with them eating and drinking and talking as though they had known me all their lives. It had been the most comfortable entry into a strange house I'd ever made. The Italian spoke with Mrs. Lawrence in his own language. He wanted to know what Murry I was talking about. When he was told it was Middleton Murry who had brought about my visit, he was satisfied and sank back into his chair with the paper.

But Mrs. Lawrence had been ill that winter and was easily tired. She went back to her bed and stretched out again, still talking about Murry. Presently she began on Lawrence, always using his last name. She told how he loved the Indians and their dances, how he used to go down to the pueblos and sit in the sun to watch them dance. How he used to stand on the porch of the house and watch the glowing sun sink deep behind the far mountains. And then she would exclaim in German and laugh. Sometimes her words

came sharp and quick, but there was always a twinkle in her eyes that made me laugh with her. She seemed the easiest person on earth to get on with.

In a little while the Italian got up and left the house. But she would not hear of my going, "after how far you've come!" We were not alone long, though, for soon her daughter and son-in-law who were visiting from England came in. Naturally, they were interested in hearing about Murry's lectures in this country and how they had been received. We talked about American colleges, contrasting them and comparing them with Cambridge and Oxford. They seemed to object to our system of education and our noticeable lack, as they put it, of worthwhile scholarships. The Americans were wonderful people, but oh so slow. The hundreds and hundreds of colleges, what did they mean? Too much sameness, too similar. Their graduates were so slow in grasping the real significance of a situation, they so easily misunderstood. They were thick like oil.

This brought Mrs. Lawrence into the conversation again. She put out a cigarette and began. "You must never read Lawrence while you are young. Too many young people read him, and they do not know what he is saying. It is so difficult, then, to explain to them what he is saying. You must have had experiences and bitter tastes of life before you can read him with intelligence." And she would smile and laugh in her jolly way. "He was such a great man."

The son-in-law interrupted to ask if I'd read *Sons and Lovers*. He thought, along with the rest of England, that it was his best book. But Mrs. Lawrence broke in, saying, "No, no, you must read *The Plumed Serpent*. All of Lawrence is in that book. Two years he spent writing it, one winter in Chapala and the next winter in Oaxaca." I admitted that though I liked the earlier book immensely, I thought *The Plumed Serpent* more significant. Sometimes while we were talking, I had chance to look about the room. It was like an old kitchen I had once seen in Munich. There were gaily colored plates on racks along the walls. Huge pots and pans

hung in the corner near the stove, and lively curtains were at the small windows. The daughter came round and filled our glasses with more deep red wine and passed the brown crock of cookies. These people were hospitable to their finger tips. But I could not wear out my welcome. Through the open door that looked down toward Taos, I could see great dark clouds hanging low over the mountains. A storm would be coming up at the end of the afternoon. I thought of the miserable road back to the highway. It was time to leave.

As Mrs. Lawrence walked with me to the gate, the wind caught stray ends of her fine long hair and whipped it across her face. Her apron sailed out in front of her and her eyes grew bright in the cooling air. When I turned to bid her good-bye, her real character seemed to come to me. She was standing on a little knoll near the gate and her head was dipped toward the lowering sun. The sun glowing on her made her a radiantly handsome middle-aged woman. But it struck me that she was at once very much like a small happy child and a woman of wide wisdom. Her eyes were twinkling and her mouth laughing, swallowing and laughing in turns. She raised her arm high above her head and waved her hand vigorously. "Good-bye, hmmm, good-bye. It was good of you to come. Good-bye!"

Folk Tales from the Spanish

By DOLORES HUNING AND IRENE FISHER

BLANCA FLOR

THERE WAS once a youth who went out to fish, and on his way home he intended to stop at a friend's house. However, he fished so late that it was dark when he started home and he lost his way. Instead of his friend's house he came to the House of Many Demons.

He knocked at the door and a beautiful girl answered his knock. When he saw her, the youth thought he would like to stay; so he asked for work. Blanca Flor or White Flower, the girl, told him to go into the house and ask her father. Her father said he would give the boy work, and he gave him a box filled with all different kinds of seeds: there were lentils, peas, wheat, corn, beans, and many other kinds.

He told the youth that he must sort these seeds in one day and if he did not finish them he would be killed. The young man told White Flower what her father had commanded him to do. She said for him not to be afraid, for she would help him if he would promise to take her away when the work was finished. The boy promised.

The next morning they started to work and separated the seeds in one day, because White Flower helped him. The youth went to tell White Flower's father and mother that he had completed the task. The girl's mother said that he could not have sorted the seeds in one day, and that White Flower must have done the work, but the father said,

"You always wish to think ill of my daughter. The boy knows how to work. That's what it is."

Then the *patrón* commanded the boy to plant the wheat seeds that he had separated from the others. He said the wheat must grow, be harvested, ground into flour, and made into bread, and all had to be done in one day. The boy went

to White Flower in despair, but she said, "Tell him you will do it." The father did not believe he could.

When the boy returned to White Flower the task was already completed. At the end of the day he went to the father and showed him the bread. The mother said,

"All the work that *peon* is supposed to do is being done by White Flower."

The *patrón*, however, told her no, that the boy knew how to work and that was all there was to it, and he said to the boy, "Now you must go to the mountains and bring back a young bull which is so fierce that he shoots flames of fire from his eyes."

The boy said he would do it, but he was afraid. White Flower told him not to fear, and to saddle the best horse in the stable.

"The horse is my brother, the saddle my mother, the stirrups my father, and I am the Quirt."

She got on the horse and went into the mountains, lassoed the bull and brought him back. The boy quickly went to the *patrón* and told him the bull was in the corral. The man and his wife became so ill from the shock of the boy's success that they had to go to bed. Then the man said it was all right, and now the next piece of work was to tame a very wild mare. The boy saddled her, and after it was tamed, the mother said again that it was White Flower's work. When he had finished, the *patrón* told him to take some little monkeys to the river and bathe them.

These little monkeys were some little devils and these little devils were the girl's brothers. The old man cautioned the boy that if these monkeys escaped he would be killed. When the boy took the little monkeys to the river and bathed them, he kept them from escaping by beating them severely, which White Flower had told him to do. After bathing them he took the little monkeys back to the *patrón* and said, "Here are your monkeys." The little monkeys told their father that the *peon* would not let them play. The *patrón* said that was all right.

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The boy now wanted his pay, and said he did not wish to work any more with him and that he wanted to go to his own country. The *patrón* paid him and bade him "A Dios." When he left, White Flower told him to take a mirror, a comb, and a brush. The boy did as she said.

"Now take the best horse and start. I shall catch up with you in a few minutes."

She went into the *zaguan* adjoining the room where her parents were, and spit upon the floor. Then she spit upon the kitchen floor and upon the ground in the patio. She ran out and caught up with the boy who had just started.

She had no sooner left when her mother called her. The saliva in the *zaguan* answered, "*Si, Senora.*" The mother called White Flower again and the saliva in the kitchen answered, but softly. The third time the mother called, the saliva in the patio replied more softly. The mother was very angry and said to the father, "These are White Flower's doings and I know she has left with the *peon*."

The father would not believe her and said she only wanted to talk about his daughter, but she started after the young people and followed them until she had almost reached them. White Flower told the boy to throw the comb down. The boy threw it and it turned into a high mountain with knives on the top of the mountain. The woman could not pass; so she was forced to turn back. Then the father started in pursuit and had almost caught up with them when the boy threw down the brush. It turned into a river of blood that the man could not cross. When he returned, the son, White Flower's brother, said he could bring them back. He started and when he got within a short distance of them, the boy threw down the mirror and it turned into a high, sheer cliff of rock. When the brother saw this he knew it was impossible to climb over it and he turned back home.

The young people soon arrived at the boy's home and the boy said, "We are almost at my house. Do you want to stop with us?" The girl, however, would not go in, and

said she would build herself a little house of her own for a few days.

"Go now to your house," she told him, "but do not let any member of your family embrace you. If you do you will forget me."

The boy promised and left her. He went to his house and each member of his family wanted to embrace him, but he would not let them. After a while, being tired out, he lay down to take a nap. After he fell asleep his mother went to him and put her arms around him. He forgot about White Flower.

White Flower knew what had happened so she bought two pigeons, a male and a female, and taught them how to talk in order to make the boy remember her. They learned how to converse with each other about the past events in White Flower's house and on the journey.

Then the pigeons flew to the boy's house and while he was sitting in the *patio*, the birds lighted near him.

The female pigeon said to the male pigeon, "Do you remember when I helped you sort the seeds and plant the wheat?"

"Coo-róo-coo-cóo, I don't remember," answered the other.

"Do you remember when I helped you bring that fierce young bull from the mountains?"

"Coo-róo-coo-cóo, I don't remember."

"Do you remember when I helped you tame that wild mare?"

"Coo-róo-coo-cóo, I don't remember."

"Do you remember when you took my brothers, the little monkeys, down to the river?"

"Coo-róo-coo-cóo, I don't remember."

"Do you remember when you asked my father to pay you, that you wanted to go to your house, and I told you to take the comb, brush, and mirror from the table?"

"Coo-róo-coo-cóo, I don't remember."

"Then," said the female pigeon, "do you remember when we started out and after awhile we saw my mother following us, and I told you to throw away the comb, and a high mountain with sharp knives on the rim appeared?"

"I seem to remember," said the male pigeon.

"Then you remember after we had gone a little farther we saw my father following us. I told you to throw the brush away, and an impassable river of blood appeared and my father turned back."

"I seem to remember," said the other pigeon.

"Do you remember when my brother followed us and you threw away the mirror and a very high and very stony cliff sprang up in his path?"

"I seem to remember."

"You remember also, little pigeon, as we were nearing your home, I told you not to let anyone embrace you? Then as you were taking a nap your mother put her arms around you and you forgot all about me."

"Coo-roó-coo-cóo, yes, I remember."

Then the pigeons flew away.

The boy listened to all this conversation and gradually the events of the past few days came back to him. He jumped up and ran to White Flower's house and begged her forgiveness. Soon afterward they were married, and that is all.

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CONRADO PIMPUM AND THE CRANES

CONRADO PIMPUN, after having passed some years away from his pueblo, in the army, returned to the village of his birth, accompanied by some remembrances of his marches and some money that he had saved. He had the sorrow of finding his mother near death. He received her last kiss and hearkened to her counsels that he should be pious, good, and honorable. She said that she would pray for his well-being, when she reached heaven. Conrado wept

bitterly and, after the burial, retired to his home where he stayed three months without going out.

The youth of the village were very considerate and respected his grief, but at the end of three months two of them decided to go to his house and take him out. They took him to a tavern where they gave him a great deal to drink. They then reminded him that before he left for the wars he had a *novia* in the neighboring pueblo, and they suggested going to see her that evening.

These two friends were bad men who had heard that Conrado had brought home a great deal of money from the wars, and the journey to the neighboring pueblo was a pretext to rob poor Conrado on the way. They had known for a long time that the girl had become tired of waiting for Conrado to return and had married and lived in a distant pueblo.

Conrado started out with his false friends toward the neighboring pueblo. They had traveled half an hour when they came to a thick wood. The two treacherous friends fell upon poor Conrado, threw him to the ground, and beat him. He made such a struggle against them that they injured him seriously. They also put out his eyes.

They tied his hands and feet and took him to the middle of the forest. They placed him on a piece of wood that was in the form of a cross and tied him to it. Believing that he was dead, they took all his money and hastily left the place.

The coolness of the night revived the poor soldier. He was not dead, but had been made unconscious from the terrible blows he had received. As Conrado knew the country very well, he realized where he was, even though he was now blind, and exclaimed, "Dios Mio! in spite of my misfortunes those fiends have remembered that I am a good Christian and have brought me to die on the cross. The Lord and His Holy Mother will come to my assistance."

He struggled for a while and finally untied himself. He knelt at the foot of the cross as best he could and prayed fervently. Having fulfilled this duty, he sat down on the ground because he was too weak to walk, and waited with resignation the conclusion of his sad adventure.

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As the clock of the village struck twelve he heard loud flappings of wings close to his head. He was badly frightened and crouched down at the foot of the cross. A few moments later he again heard the beating of wings, only much louder this time. He heard three large birds light on an arm of the cross, one at a time. They were three cranes who began to talk. Conrado listened closely to what they were saying, and the first one said, "What news have you this week, sisters?"

The second one answered, "I know a great deal. The daughter of the king in the adjoining kingdom is gravely ill. She is between life and death. All the doctors who have seen her do not know how to cure her."

"And you know how to do that?" asked the third crane.

"Yes, sister, I do. There lives in that pond in the next meadow a green frog that should be caught and burned. If the sick princess could be given these ashes mixed with wine, she would recover her health. The king will give her hand in marriage to him who does this."

"Well, I," said the first crane, "also know something noteworthy. Men would pay a big price in gold if they could know it."

"What is it?" the other two asked.

"It is, my sisters, that tonight and tomorrow night there will fall a marvelous dew. The blind man who will wash his eyes with this dew will instantly recover his sight."

"Well, I," said the third crane, "know that the adjoining kingdom is disappearing because of lack of water, and the king has promised his daughter's hand to him who will remedy the situation. A spring must be discovered that will quench the thirst of all his subjects, and water all the land."

"Now you see that your two discoveries are not so useful as mine. The frog is useful only for the king's daughter; the dew is useful only to the blind, but my discovery would serve to save a whole kingdom that otherwise will die of thirst, and to fertilize barren fields."

"How can this be accomplished?" asked the other two cranes.

"Nothing more easy, sisters. In the middle of the plaza of the pueblo there is a white stone. Beneath it at the depth of three meters, there is a rich spring that, whenever it is discovered, will be like a living well. There will come out a jet of pure sparkling water fifteen thousand liters per minute."

After this conversation, the cranes bade each other farewell until the following Saturday, when they were to meet again in the same place.

As soon as they flew away, Conrado gathered some weeds and washed his eyes with the dew that was on them. He instantly recovered his sight. He saw the moon and the stars. He knelt down and thanked the Lord for the benefit that he had received. Then he went to the pond and lifted the flood gates and let the water run out. He saw the frog and before he could go to his hole Conrado caught him and killed him. He made a fire with dry twigs and tinder and his flint, which he always carried with him, and burned the frog. He wrapped the ashes in a leaf and put them in his pocket.

He then went toward the capital where the king had his palace. He presented himself at the gates and asked to see the king. The porters and the guards wanted to prevent his entrance, but Conrado caused such a commotion that the king heard him. He ordered the man brought before him.

"What do you want?" asked the king in a displeased tone.

Señor," answered Conrado, "in my pueblo I learned, through the proclamations, about the illness of the princess, and the reward offered to the one who cures her. Because of that I beg permission of your majesty to see her and twenty-four hours in which to cure her."

"Because you are a simple citizen," said the king, "I will let you try to cure my daughter."

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The king accompanied Conrado to the bedroom of the princess, where she lay in a high fever. The youth asked for some wine. Placing the ashes of the green frog in the cup he mixed them with some wine and gave it to the princess. As soon as the princess had taken the wine she fell into a profound sleep, and in six hours her illness had entirely left her.

Filled with joy, the king offered Conrado a bag of money.

"Here you have a prize for the service you have rendered," he said.

But Conrado said to him, "Señor, I have not come in search of gold. I have come for the princess and will accept no other reward. Your Majesty offered that the one who should cure the princess would marry her, and I expect the fulfillment of that promise."

The king was much perturbed at the thought of giving his daughter to a humble workman, for he did not know Conrado had been a soldier. His word was given, but he sought a subterfuge in order not to keep it. After meditating for a time, he said with a show of interest,

"True, you have complied with the first part of the proclamation, but you should know that it contained two parts. The first one is complete. The second is missing. It is necessary that you furnish the pueblo with water to drink and the lands with water to make them fertile."

"Tomorrow," answered Conrado, "the pueblo will have water and the fields will be irrigated."

That night he cured a great many blind persons with the miraculous dew. There was not a single person in the pueblo who could not now see. The following day he directed an excavation in the plaza, the work of which was done by these people who had regained their eyesight. They showed their gratitude this way. At noon the depth of three meters was reached and the rich spring was discovered. The dry fields were abundantly irrigated and the people of the pueblo had all the water they wanted.

The king was obliged to keep his word and he allowed the princess to marry Conrado, having first made him a prince. The new marriage was happy.

A short while afterwards, while Conrado was passing through the fields, he encountered the two bad men who had mistreated him. They did not recognize him in his princely clothes, but he spoke to them, saying,

"I am your old friend whom you punished in such an infamous way, but God has permitted that the horrible crime committed against me should be the origin of my happiness."

They were frightened and fell on their knees before the prince, asking his pardon. He was generous and forgave them. He took them with him to the palace, gave them some food and some clothes. He related to them his adventures and how he had come to be the son-in-law to the king.

At evening the two bad men left him to return home and no sooner were they out of sight of the palace than they proposed to each other to pass the night beneath the cross in the hope of hearing something that would make them happy. They went to the cross and it was not long before they heard the cranes circling overhead. One of them said to the others,

"Listen, sisters, it must be that someone has overheard our conversation. The king's daughter is cured, the frog has disappeared from the pond, many blind have recovered their sight, and the adjoining pueblo has water in abundance for its people and its lands. Let us search for that curious one and perhaps we will find him."

They then flew down and saw two men who did not have time to escape. They threw themselves on the men, picked out their eyes and pecked them all over until they were dead. Some days afterwards, the prince, seeing they did not return to see him, and suspecting what they had done, sent someone in search of them. Only the bones were found near the cross.

This story shows us that goodness and piety have their reward and that badness and perversity suffer punishment early or late in life and above all after death.

Smoke Talk

CALIFORNIA REVISITED

"You've been to California? . . . Of course, it's not your first trip. You did all the usual things, I suppose—Hollywood, Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Catalina, and the glass bottomed boat, the Cocoanut Grove, and the homes of the stars. I don't mean you got in them—the homes of the stars. Didn't you have a friend who took you around? . . . You didn't see the homes of the stars? . . . And you didn't go to Catalina? . . . Not the Cocoanut Grove? . . . but everybody . . .

"You liked the Huntington Library! Oh, I see! It was that sort of a trip—highbrow. You think the place must have been full of drafts . . . and cold with all that marble. The picture of Mrs. Huntington with all those black veils and the hat . . . she wouldn't feel a draft! Cold as the marble! . . . And you didn't like all the other ladies with the hats, the Gainsborough and the Reynolds, the Lady Penelopes and Lavinias? You don't care whether Lady Penelope was a Pitt, the daughter of Baron Rivers and twice married, the second time to Private Smith of the Horse Guards, a plebian choice after Viscount Ligonier, husband number one! You'd rather see a Goya than a dozen Gainsboroughs . . . Well, I don't know anything about either, but I should think you'd like an English artist better than a Spanish! . . . You certainly saw something besides pictures . . . the Ellesmere Chaucer . . . and the furniture with all the marquetry and the ormolu . . . Well, let's get out of the Huntington . . . You stood in front of Grauman's Theater. I thought so. There was a pre-view? A second pre-view? You'd seen the picture before. Well, maybe the people in it hadn't . . . Alice Faye, she's really beautiful. I'm glad to hear it. The Hollywood stars so often leave their beauty in the studio . . . And Hollywood—you think it's growing up. Well, it gets older every year. So do we all! The pictures are getting worse but the place is devel-

oping? How do you figure that? You think maybe something more important than pictures will come out of Hollywood? How come? No pictures—no Hollywood! Bad pictures—bad Hollywood! . . . Ballet? Literature? Drama? Never heard of it—that is, about Hollywood . . .

You think everyone in Southern California ought to have an athletic mind? . . . Oh, you got that way covering ground around Los Angeles . . . stretching from place to place or did you say space to space? . . . The biggest stretch you saw was the Golden Gate bridge . . . San Francisco is the true mistress of the Pacific . . . wooed by the sea, by men, by the forests, by mist and sunlight! . . . You saw an oiler on the rocks and a Japanese freighter? . . . She's always killed the things she loves . . . Beauty has no heart . . .

Boulder Dam . . . beautiful? . . . Superb! . . . I must go up there. Like a trip to Mars? . . . Excellent; I've always wondered what Mars would look like . . . Our own world, you say . . . in the future . . . Everything from Boulder Dams . . . power, heat, security? . . . Maybe! . . . A hundred men killed . . . You think Los Angeles was worth it? . . . No! . . . The Edison Company? . . . No! . . . California? . . . No! . . . The Nation! . . . Yes! . . . The People . . . Yes!

T. M. P.



Los Paisanos

Junio

Saludo a todos los paisanos:

One of the most outstanding events of a very stimulating season was the recent series of lectures on music and literature given at the University of New Mexico by Reginald Pole, distinguished composer, critic, and actor. Mr. Pole was presented by the College of Fine Arts through the co-operation of the Dramatic Club and the University Debate Council. Brilliant discussions of Beethoven, Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, Strauss, Dickens, Turgenev, and Dostoievsky attracted townspeople as well as University students. Because of Mr. Pole's dramatic experience both here and abroad, the round-table conferences on the drama and theatre greatly interested the very active group of dramatic students "on the hill."

Among the famous "who passed this way" recently, and stopped for a visit with Ruth Hanna Simms were: Charles Dawes, and John T. McCutcheon. We don't know what the former vice-president's impressions of the Sandia School were, where both men spent some time, but we do know that the students will not forget the famous cartoonist, because he made a number of illustrations for them on the blackboards in the true McCutcheon manner . . . Another interesting guest at the Sandia School was Miss Estelline Bennett, newspaper woman of Chicago, Ill. Miss Bennett, former publicity woman for the Northwestern railroad, and the Y. W. C. A. of Chicago, is now, with her sister, Helen Bennett, doing publicity for the Sandia School, and the Fountain Valley School of Colorado Springs . . .

Thyra Samter Winslow, author of various books of short stories, and of plays and motion pictures, en route to Hollywood, was the guest of the "Jim" Threlkeld's for sev-

eral days last week . . . Lorraine Noble, a Hollywood script writer on her way to the coast from Washington, met a number of local writers at the New Mexico Book store recently, and gave them a great deal of practical advice on the technique of script writing . . . One of the most important book publications of the early fall will be *Fantasy and Fugue*, by Marina Wister Dasburg, which will be issued by Macmillan. Mrs. Dasburg is the daughter of the famous novelist, Owen Wister, and the wife of the well known painter, Andrew Dasburg, of Taos. According to Irene Fisher, whose lovely lyrics and sonnets are well known to the readers of the QUARTERLY, the forthcoming volume of Mrs. Dasburg's should have wide appeal to all lovers of poetry . . .

In between Master's Orals, "Comprehensives," "Finals," and rehearsals for "The Playboy of the Western World," and "Winter's Tale," drifts the talk of summer vacations. Nobody seems to be going places "because the palm trees wave" or "because the salt water is invigorating." Everybody is going "to get material" or "to finish a book."

Dr. John Englekirk will sail May 2th for Guatemala, where he will make a study trip through Columbia, Venezuela, and Puerto Rico. He will attempt to establish an exchange of publications between these countries and New Mexico in order to start a Coronado Memorial Library, as well as gather material regarding relations between the Americas and the history of Spanish-American literature . . . Dr. Dorothy Woodward will spend the summer in Mexico, where she will be connected with the Seminar of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin Americas. She will also do further research on the Penetentes, although she already has enough material for her publishers . . . Dr. and Mrs. Phillip Du Bois will combine a belated honeymoon with psychological and literary pursuits in Europe . . . Dr. St. Clair will spend the summer in Berkeley, working on his favorite poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson . . . Matt Pearce will summer on his Isletan hacienda working on a manuscript prepared by Mary Austin on Spanish Art for the Houghton Mifflin Com-

pany. Dudley Wynn will spend the summer in his patio finishing a manuscript on the work of Mary Austin . . . Dane Smith will hold down the English fort with the aid of several visiting instructors, and Edwin Snapp, who will resume teaching in June after a year's post-graduate work in the College of Fine Arts at Yale . . . Curtis Martin, whose short stories have been appearing regularly in *Story* is returning to the University for advanced work at the University this year. Mr. Martin will edit the August issue of the QUARTERLY, which will be a fiction number . . . Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Chant and small daughter have returned after a year's residence in El Paso . . . Mrs. Chant, former English instructor, is a frequent contributor to the QUARTERLY . . . Frances Andrews, of the class of '34, will arrive next week from New York for a short visit with friends . . . "Fran" is now Assistant Woman's Editor of the *Country Home*, a Crowell publication. Besides editing a monthly column, she selects and illustrates all the fashions for the woman's page . . . Elizabeth Shaffer, re-write editor for Capper publications, will leave the middle of June for Topeka, Kansas, where she will attend the Household Institute, all sessions of which will be held in the Searchlight, model home owned by the Capper interests. Mrs. Shaffer will later attend the Home Economics Convention, which will be held in the same city . . . Conrad Richter, well known novelist, has returned after a year in California and will spend the summer on the manuscript of his new book which will be published by Knopf's . . . E. S. Dillinger, prolific writer of railroad stories, has also returned from a winter on the coast and is "grinding them out" at his usual speed . . . Dan Burroughs, of the *Morning Journal* recently sold a "Western" based on one of New Mexico's most famous murders, that of Fred Halsey at Hope, New Mexico . . . Carey Holbrook, editor of the *Health City Sun*, has been approached by "big business" . . . We hope that the deal for the New York syndicate of his column goes through . . . Amy Passmore Hurt, well known newspaper woman, is now regular contributor to the *Sodalist*, a Catholic publication . . .

Harvey Fergusson is writing dialogue for the Fox Movies, and Erna is "doing" South America in the same manner that she did Mexico and Central America. Everything is being placed at her disposal from free railroad passes to research committees and guides . . .

One of the finest publications of its kind was recently issued by the University Press. The magazine is called *Research* and is a publication of the Associated Students of the University of New Mexico. It is to be issued triannually, in August, December, and April. According to Eva Israel, editor, "the magazine offers material which is of an investigative nature, and will be an outlet for the earnest work of students of our University, as well as a challenge to those who believe that graduate schools are not fulfilling their duty, or that research cannot be done by the young graduates in our schools." Among the first contributors were: Willis Jacobs, Murtel Dancer, Genevieve Carter, Bertha Dutton, Nan Ashton Glenn, Wayne Hornbaker, and Herbert O. Brayer. Mr. Brayer's article, "The Land Grants of Laguna," will be printed as a part of a book entitled *The Pueblo Land Grants of New Mexico*. To the Advisory Board, the Editorial Staff, and to the University Press, we extend sincere congratulations, with the hope that *Research* will receive the support which it sincerely deserves.

From Caldwell, Idaho, come the distressing details of the fire which completely destroyed the Caxton Printer's Plant recently. The QUARTERLY grieves with Caxton officials, but commends the spirit indicated in the following letter:

"While the fiercest fire in the history of Caldwell baffled firemen, Caxton officials, cheered by telegrams and messages which poured in from all parts of the country proffering assistance and encouragement, arranged the leasing of temporary quarters, the purchase of new equipment, and the continuance of operations to meet printing and publishing schedules. Plans were made immediately for the construction of a new and modern building upon the site of the old, and salvaging operations began while the ruins still smoked.

A member of the editorial staff rescued a soaked copy of the rare first edition of Vardis Fisher's *Toilers of the Hills*; but just off the press lay the ruined second printing of *Idaho: a Guide in Word and Picture*, edited by Fisher. In the bindery, soaked and charred, was stacked the important new juvenile, *Yellow Eyes*, by Rutherford Montgomery, author of *Carcajou*. Reva Stanley's forthcoming *Archer of Paradise*, the biography of the great Mormon leader, Parley P. Pratt, was also destroyed.

Of Caxton books already manufactured, however, the great bulk, stored in warehouses apart from the plant, was saved. Exact changes necessitated in the 1937 publishing schedule have not yet been ascertained, but April releases will be as previously announced.

Far from daunted by the calamity, Caxton officials maintain that the publishing house will rise phoenixlike from its own ashes and emerge larger and stronger than before."

Hasta la proxima vez,

JULIA KELEHER

Hija Bruja

By MELA SEDILÃO-BREWSTER

Una nube pesadísima me envuelve
 Que me ahoga todo aliento de vivir
 Y si grito solo se oye chisme pueril
 Que repite "por tu amar has de sufrir."
 Crespo, hueco, rudo, feo, chasco de alma
 El quererte hombre, macho de metal;
 Eres frío, eres nieve, eres acero,
 Eres cúspide de marmol inmortal.
 Mas te quiero. Y lo digo con franqueza
 Hija bruja que es nacida del odiar
 Vierte sangre que me dice a todas horas
 "En su muerte encontrarás el olvidar."

Chant to Beauty
(Indian)

By MANUELA WILLIAMS CROSNO

To beauty—
To beauty it is given—
To beauty it is given to make the world.
Here is the moon,
Here is the moon of many shadows,
Here is the many-shadowed moon above my hogan.
Here is the wind,
Here is the wind of many whispers,
Here is the many-whispering wind about my hogan.
Here is the earth,
Here is the earth of many colors,
Here is the many-colored earth beneath my hogan.
Here are the hands,
Here are the hands that hold all beauty,
Here are the beauty-holding hands within my hogan.
To beauty it is given to make the world.
To beauty it is given—
To beauty—.

Book Reviews

Guatemala—Erna Ferguson—Alfred Knopf—\$3.00.

"I was conscious of a direct chain, worn very thin, perhaps, but somehow, link by link, connecting these people with their antiquity. I felt what I was told many times by those closest to the Guatemalan Indians, that they know their ancient power, and hold what they can of their ancestral beliefs."

So says Erna Fergusson in *Guatemala*, her latest book, and through her descriptive powers, so she conveys to her readers the sense of time, of the continuity of the past and the present with the possibilities of the future, in the ancient-modern republic to the south of Mexico.

Her journey and the telling of it leads from modern Guatemala, the capital, the tourist's view of the city and little republic through all phases of Guatemalan life, to Antigua, the ancient capital, aristocratic in its olden splendor and in its isolation.

The story of coffee and of bananas, main exports of this country, of costumes and textiles, of fiestas and of archæology is told in some of the best interpretive description in modern books.

Guatemala today becomes imbued with the spirit of the ancient country, and its future is suggested at the end of the volume. In Guatemala, as in Mexico, Miss Ferguson finds the pressing problem to be the Indians. In a chapter headed "These Indians" she achieves a masterpiece of composite reporting on the subject from a native *finquero*, which roughly is a coffee plantation owner, a hotel operator, a young Guatemalan educated in the States, Protestant Missionary, city woman, German storekeeper, Ladino storekeeper, and padre.

If the Indians and their dark unknown past overshadow all Guatemala outside the cities, the "ladinos" color the town

life. Ladino is a word heard every day in Guatemala and often misunderstood. It derives from Latino, and originally meant Spaniard, but has been extended to include all town-dwellers. Ladinos are privileged classes, and Indians are country-dwellers and unprivileged.

Ladinos do no manual service; they own the stores, cantinas, and are quick to exploit the Indians. Life in the modern Mayan tribes in Guatemala contains many threads which run far back into the old culture. By searching out the villages in the hinterland, Miss Ferguson gathered much material and presents it here for the first time.

In her description of Mayan archæology, the science becomes as exciting as any outdoor sport in the world, a keen absorbing interest, and the solution of the origin of the Mayas as fascinating as the latest mystery story.

Miss Fergusson has in *Guatemala* continued the high standard set in *Dancing Gods* and *Fiesta in Mexico* and has produced a book both authoritative and colorful. Furthermore it is an adult and interesting volume of travel, a refreshing change from the super-adolescent Halliburton type.

IRENE FISHER.

Albuquerque, N. M.

The Sea of Grass—Conrad Richter—A. A. Knopf—\$2.50.

Conrad Richter's latest book, *The Sea of Grass*, has been likened by many reviewers to Willa Cather's *Lost Lady*. The similarity of theme reminds me of a talk with Miss Cather several years ago. I told her that I knew of a New Mexico story much like her *Lost Lady*, but in real life more melodramatic. Miss Cather said: "That's interesting. People have told me of *Lost Lady* stories in Colorado, Nebraska, Arizona and California. This makes me feel that I have recorded a story that would be true anywhere in the West."

Conrad Richter spent several years in Albuquerque reading old newspapers, books, archives and talking to old timers to get the true values of the New Mexican setting. Like Miss Cather, he came upon the universal theme of the emo-

tional conflict between a man and woman heightened by their adjustment to the desert environment. The prairie "Sea of Grass" becomes the third person in this triangle situation, holding the man who seeks to subdue it and driving the woman away. The woman is as evanescent as a desert mirage, beckoning, disappearing, returning. The man is the finite human being struggling against the elemental forces of nature, boasting that he has subdued his eye-reaching plains only to find that their life has subdued him.

The story begins in the open-range days when old Jim Brewton's word was law, not only on his own vast ranch but in all the western cattle country. A beautiful, fragile girl from St. Louis had come out to marry him, arriving just at the time when homesteaders swarmed in to take up land that Col. Brewton had imperiously controlled. Brewton fought stubbornly to save his cattle kingdom from the invaders, while Lutie Brewton felt that the homesteaders had a right to the land. Through the years Lutie made her home the one gay and gracious mansion in a lonely land, giving her children a memory of laughter and beauty in contrast to their father's ponderous seriousness. The conflict between the two was brought to a climax by the homesteaders' lawyer, Chamberlain, who tempted Lutie with urbane gallantry. Lutie fled from the terrifying Sea of Grass around her, leaving her husband, children and callow lover. After mysterious years she forced herself to return only because the black-sheep son had gotten into trouble.

The story is told by Col. Brewton's nephew, a lad who saw his uncle's forbidding sternness and Lutie's charm. I think the drama would have been heightened if it had been told directly, instead of through a superimposed viewpoint. But the breadth and force of the drama is as wide as the prairie, giving it a sweep of eternal verity.

I am always delighted to find that Mr. Richter has recreated the New Mexican scene with such truth and vividness. *The Sea of Grass* and his fine collection of short stories in *Early Americana* are some of the best things that have

been written about this country. Going back with his fifty years ago we relive the hardships and dangers of the early settlers. It is due to his sensitive imagination and skillful technique that we see this country in his fiction, not as the distance to the next filling station, but as the distance to saving the scalp in the nearest white settlement. When so many two-day visitors are dabbling in western romance I am grateful that Mr. Richter has lived in New Mexico and put the real feel of the country into his outstanding books. Let's hope that Hollywood won't grab him permanently.

RUTH A. LAUGHLIN.

Santa Fe, N. M.

New Mexico's Own Chronicle—Fulton and Horgan—Banks, Upshaw,
Dallas—\$3.00.

Various anthologies of southwestern literature have appeared from time to time emphasizing the interest in and extent of writings devoted to this region. But it is with keen anticipation that we review the latest contribution along this line, *New Mexico's Own Chronicle* by Maurice G. Fulton and Paul Horgan. This volume is unique in that it is an anthology of history, based, for the most part, upon first-hand sources, journals, diaries, and letters. A most interesting collection of these materials has been utilized in presenting a chronologically arranged story of the fascinating history of New Mexico.

The contents of the book is divided into periods that more or less coincide with the usual historical presentation. But quite colorful titles add zest to what might otherwise seem dull chronology. Frankly the authors are making an appeal to the casual readers and are not setting out to present a work of erudition. Some of their technique might well become part of the equipment of the professional scholar. Such general headings as "Explorers from Spain," "Taming Indians and Bad Men," and "Ranch and Range" are bound to arouse the interest of those not primarily concerned with local historical sources.

A calendar of the chief events of the periods about to be chronicled appears upon a single page entitled "Milestones" preceding the discussion of the events. This is obviously helpful for anyone not sure of the thread of happening in the long story of New Mexico.

Following the "Milestones" comes a brief, often too brief, summarization of the period, introducing extracts from the sources which follow. This method does much to unify and consolidate what might otherwise prove rather disconnected and unrelated material. The editors have frankly paraphrased and modernized certain of the sources; it is, however, an adaptation for popular appeal retaining the flavor of the source.

The emphasis throughout is upon social rather than political history, and in that the anthology lies in the trend of the times.

In spite of all these admirable qualities, however, one wishes for a more careful piece of work, as there are numerous errors and omissions. The proof reading must have been hastily done to admit the misspellings that unfortunately occur. Even upon the jacket cover G. W. Kendall's name is in error, while the Introduction contains several wrongly spelled words, and the date of the Pueblo Revolt is given as 1648 instead of 1688. In the acknowledgments the second initial of Lummis' name is incorrectly given. This error persists rather consistently throughout the book; in only one place is it Charles F. Lummis (p. 7). In the Table of Contents we regret the misspelling of Coues (p. xix), and the title "Diary" occurs twice as *dairy* (p. xxi and p. xxv). Another error is in the citation of materials on the Pueblo Revolt of 1688 when C. W. Hackett is inadvertently recorded as J. J. Hackett (p. 352).

It is unnecessary to continue pointing out similar errors that careful reading soon discloses. But attention should be called to the date of the Gadsden Purchase, which is 1853 instead of 1854 as given both places it is mentioned (p. 158 and p. 190). Also on page 38 a question mark follows the

founding of Santa Fe which has been pretty well established as 1610 in an article by L. B. Bloom, "When Was Santa Fe Founded," in the *New Mexico Historical Review*, IV, p. 88.

From the viewpoint of the historian the reference to sources and the bibliographical material is inadequate. No definiteness in citation is attempted, so where a work of several volumes such as R. E. Twitchell's *Leading Facts* is used the possibility of consulting the original is made most difficult. At other times no specific mention is made of the source quoted and a consultation of the "Notes" reveals no reference. This is particularly annoying where the summarization refers to a periodical such as *The Boston Pearl* not found in usual historical bibliography.

Many of these things, as well as omission of recent articles, periodicals, and monographs, might be overlooked, but failure to include certain of the more distinguished series of books which are sources of the southwest is to be deplored. The Quivira Society publications are barely mentioned and *Overland to the Pacific* is not included in any way. The former contains a volume, the Villagr  *Historia* translated by Gilberto Espinosa, the only translation available in print, as the Curtis work has never been published. The same may be said of the *Mercurio Volante*. Also the omission of any reference to the recently edited journal of Z. M. Pike, and the most distinguished volume on the life of Father Kino by Herbert E. Bolton detracts materially from the value of the chronicle.

Thus in concept and spirit one can laud this unique historical anthology with the hope that a revision may correct the errors and include a more workable and comprehensive use of sources.

DOROTHY WOODWARD.

*University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque.*

A Lamp on the Plains—Paul Horgan—Harper & Brothers, New York—\$2.50.

For this book Mr. Horgan has chosen what is perhaps the most appealing of all themes; that of the waif who arouses the interest of everyone he meets, and who is put on the road to a promising future. This story, in fact, has persisted from the beginnings of our literature, with no lessening of its perennial charm.

Toward the end of the war, Danny Milford, after his mother's death at the hands of a mob, is driven by hunger from a box car at the embryonic town of Vrain, New Mexico. He hides on the outskirts, stealing his food, until he is rescued by Newt Jimson, a young garage mechanic. Soon a pleasing and polished "professor," who turns up in Vrain with no explanation, takes Danny in hand, giving him his first taste of literature and the determination to better himself. The "professor's" past catches up with him, and he is arrested. Loyally, Danny engineers his escape, and gets him out on a train. Arrested himself, he is salvaged by Wade McGraw, the community's first citizen, who takes him to live on his ranch with his own children, Hank, Stephen, and Kitty. Danny and Kitty follow a precocious passion through; without knowing its full extent, McGraw realizes they had best be separated, and sends Danny (of whom he has become very fond) to the military school at Roswell with his sons. Kitty goes to her aunt in Chicago. Danny's treachery is surmised by Stephen, clever, charming, and spoiled, whose resentment and jealousy lead to serious trouble among the boys. Stephen is killed in a polo game after a fight with Danny. Hank, the "good citizen" and a Cadet Captain as well, in which capacity he has been forced to report Stephen's brutal hazing of Danny (a matter for expulsion) is confused and shattered by the whole affair. He loses his high standing in the school and turns against Danny, without suspecting the basis of his brother's shocking conduct. However, his natural fairness triumphs, he comes to realize the malicious destructive elements of the complex Stephen's

somewhat satanic nature, and takes Danny once more into his heart, with deepened respect for him, as Danny has never complained of Stephen's persecution. There is true pathos and penetration in this account of the emotional tangle between the three boys. The book ends before Kitty has returned, and before Danny's relation to his adopted family is worked out.

The merits of a poor book are seldom noticed and soon forgotten. The faults of a good book are doubly irritating, noticeable, and damaging to a man of exceptional talent and serious ambition, if he is no longer a novice. Mr. Horgan should be reminded of the fate peculiar to American writers who have got beyond "promise." He seems to be writing too fast. And he has earned the criticism of the most exacting possible standards.

This book will remain in the memory of its readers. It is imbued with Mr. Horgan's personal quality. If it is "regional" it is so in the best sense. His small world is not presented through a snobbish provincial emphasis on its difference. Mr. Horgan has so absorbed his environment that one feels it unconsciously in every sentence, yet Vrain belongs to the world we all live in. Nevertheless, the book has a tendency to softness.

Its worst fault is the uncertain grasp of narrative, which comes to a dead halt in the middle. The love-episode fails to set it in motion, and does not convince us on its own merits. Mr. Horgan seems to feel this himself, and attempts to establish through it a link with Danny's father, without, however, making this clear to a reader who does not know *Main Line West*. The pattern suggested is not carried out, and the episode remains implausible. After the tragic drama of Stephen's death the story again drifts to its inconclusive conclusion. There are many episodes which lack consequence in themselves, which lead us to expect developments, which do not develop.

Another flaw is a too-detailed, somewhat strained and obscure style, which however always disappears when some-

thing is happening. Then the language becomes smooth, expressive, and ripe. The characters are not wholly successful. It is clear that Mr. Horgan has charted them in his own mind, but they seldom get off the page. A triumphant exception to this is the "Professor," something new in fiction, who is done with a sympathetic irony, a subtle vivacity, which should keep him going for many years. The town of Vrain's first infatuation with him, and its final rejection, are acutely imagined; for it is not the common American distrust of intellect, nor the small town's hostility to "culture," though these are present. The "Professor," superior to any of them in charm, in perception, in scope, was still a rogue. Of this the instinct of Vrain was aware, but its motives and its reasoning could amuse even the disgraced "Professor," who had committed no sin in Vrain.

The dialogue could be more natural. Mr. Horgan has taken great pains to reproduce the illiterate speech of his locale, but the result is labored and fantastic:

"W' figg' warnt raght, sombitch. God-dayum' were dronk, boy haddi!" There is too much of this grotesque talk, a blemish in a book whose total effect is one of grave, luminous, and youthful beauty.

MARINA DASBURG.

Taos, N. M.

The Kachinas Are Coming, Pueblo Indian Kachina Dolls With Related Folktales—Gene Meany Hodge, with Foreword by Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge and with eighteen color plates of Kachina Dolls from original drawings by the author—Steller-Millar, Los Angeles—\$12.00.

A book delightful both in format and in content is *The Kachinas Are Coming*, by Mrs. Frederick W. Hodge. The soft two-toned tan cover is filled with cloud and rain symbols of Indian design, and the size of the book makes it possible to use easily-read, big type in the printing, suitable to the eyes of both the seven-year-old and the seventy-year-old, both of whom would enjoy reading it, and to illustrate with life-

sized drawings of the little kachina dolls, who invite a smile whenever one looks at them.

Who of us is not intrigued by the grotesque little wooden figurines of the Hopi Indians and the Indians of Zuni pueblo? When we are told that they represent figures of a multifold mythology, in which appear the Corn-Maidens, the Squirrel-Woman, the Beetle-Boy, the Deer-Man and many others, we immediately wonder in fascinated curiosity why the Duck-Woman? What do the marks upon her symbolize? What is her function in the creation of the Universe, etc., etc.?

In her beautifully illustrated book *The Kachinas Are Coming*, Mrs. Hodge answers some of these questions for us.

Indian mythology is esoteric. Much of it is shrouded in mysticism, which occasionally and surprisingly bursts into a simple tale, almost ludicrous by contrast—of why the tip of the turkey's tail is white, or the coyote has black lines running down from his eyes, or the "why" of some other everyday natural phenomenon.

It is often difficult for the White man to grasp the meaning of this mythology and to see its continuity. Mrs. Hodge has selected from this long involved creation myth of the village-dwelling Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, delightful bits each of which makes a complete tale in itself and each explaining in whole, or in part, the relationship of the Indian Kachinas and their representative effigies, the kachina dolls, to this great myth.

At the end of each story is a short explanatory sketch helping to clarify the story and to give its relationship to the life of the Indians and their elaborate ceremonies.

It is the first time that anything so elucidating and so delightful has been presented about the little Kachinas. And the charm of the book, of course, is greatly enhanced by the accurate drawings in true colors of the little snout-nosed creatures that are so endearing and so utterly "different."

Dr. Hodge, who has contributed so extensively to Pueblo archæology, says in part in his foreward: "There never was a time when interest in Indian subjects was so great as

at present, and, thanks to the progress made by serious students (one of whom is Dr. Hodge himself) in dispelling many of the fallacies pertaining to the aboriginal tribes of America, our young people have much less to unlearn than their elders." *The Coming of the Kachinas* will help to teach these young people much about their Indian neighbors, and make them realize that the little kachina dolls are not just "funny."

ELIZABETH W. DEHUFF.

Santa Fe, N. M.

Brothers of Light—The Penitentes of the Southwest—Alice Corbin Henderson, with illustrations by William Penhallow Henderson—Harcourt, Brace & Co.—\$2.50

There is no single topic which has been more exploited to make drama of this ancient state of New Mexico than Los Hermanos Penitentes. From the earliest accounts of nineteenth century Americanos down to the last Associated Press dispatch in Holy Week, the pageant of flagellation and the mimetic suffering of the Christ-path to Calvary has been surrounded with all that is thrill conveying and blood chilling. It is a sure theme to arrest the attention of a recent visitor or to center the interest of a gathering away from New Mexico. Yet very little of the real life of the Penitentes has been revealed by these news items or by the casual inspection of the rites.

Mrs. Alice Henderson's book is a friendly and picturing account of the Brothers of Light. She has not written to make melodrama of them nor to psycholalyze. Her intention is to present the folk-way of this very real experience by a vivid picture of it plus conclusions as to the European background and references to the developments of the cult in New Mexico. This she has done as only one living in New Mexico for many years can do—with respect and liking for the New Mexican scene and the life related to it.

Imagine as amphitheater a stretch of sun-bleached soil extending from the valley of the Rio

Grande to the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo mountains. The river itself is hidden by leafless, silvery-white cottonwoods, and from these the eye ranges across sandy hillocks up to a ridge of red cliffs cutting against blue snow-capped mountains. Over all is the bright clear light of an early spring day; and certainly nothing could be more open and free and remote from mystery than this level stretch of country bared to the candid light of the steady mountain sun.

So the writer sets the stage for the strange, unearthly procession which winds up the sandy ridge in the raw wintry air, the *pitiro* sounding thin reedy notes while black-veiled figures stagger under heavy crosses, and other men, bared to the waist, lift the yucca lashes at rhythmic intervals to come down across their flesh with a stinging thud. We go with the author to the morado and the ceremony of the *tinieblas*, the darkness and the rent veil of the temple during the hours of Calvary. We meet the Hermano Mayor at Abiqui. We learn of the fraternal and charitable services of the organization, and we learn that it is strongly inwrought in the life of the laity in the isolated parishes of New Mexico where the ministrations of priest or friar have never been as consistently performed as those of the brotherhood.

The author has not sentimentalized her report. She does not pretend to be or to have been part of this fellowship. Yet insofar as one not a Penitente can record the rites, Mrs. Henderson has succeeded and with appropriate deference to the initiates. William Penhallow Henderson is fellow to this interpretation with some unusual drawings in black and white which catch the play of light in scenes of dusk and day as light is always a factor of emphasis in this State which belongs to the Sun.

T. M. PEARCE.

Albuquerque, N. M.

BOOK REVIEWS

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Pecos Bill—James Cloyd Bowman, illustrated by Laura Bannon—Albert Whitman Co., Chicago, 1937—\$2.50.

With a keyboard spitting adjectives, and truthfulness thrown to the winds, author James Cloyd Bowman hurls himself into the telling of the story of Pecos Bill, the greatest cowboy of all times. Where Ananias left off at the peak of his career, author Bowman starts in, and produces a thoroughly readable history of the legendary character after whom his book is named.

Mr. Bowman, who is head of the English department at the Northern State Teachers College, Marquette, Mich., has his book set in 12 point Granjon type, which, we have found, is still too small to match the astounding feats of his hero. Two hundred ninety-six pages of 12 point Granjon are necessary to record the life of Pecos Bill from his modest beginning as the adopted whelp of a coyote pack, up to the point where he vanishes in thin air. And in between those two events is crammed the most amazing of super colossal and thoroughly unbelievable cowboy achievements that ever came from the fertile brain of a college professor.

Professor Bowman gives as his informant Tex O'Reilly, creator of Pecos Bill yarns. He acknowledges the aid of numerous other sources, including materials in the Harvard Library. These stories are frankly tall tales of the backwoods and frontier variety. Pecos Bill is one with the gargantuan Paul Bunyan, boss lumberjack of America in the years between the winter of the Blue Snow and the Spring Rain Came up from China. For the searcher after truth, who is looking for authentic information about cowboys and ranch life, Pecos Bill will prove a complete washout. But the reader who walks into it with his eyes wide open will discover many a chuckle, mixed with wonderment at the skill of an author who can make his prodigious prevarications sound so plausible.

Pecos Bill is illustrated by Laura Bannon who goes in for green cows, pink horses and illustrations almost as re-

markable as the text. Anyone who is interested in American humor will find the rollicsome, preposterous adventures of Pecos Bill and his horse, Widow Maker, a rare treat.

CAREY HOLBROOK.

Albuquerque, N. M.

Bugles Blow No More—Clifford Dowdey—Little, Brown and Company, 1937.—\$2.50.

The QUARTERLY reviewing policy is confined to the survey of books on the Southwest, on regional American life, on topics of general cultural and educational interest. *Bugles Blow No More*, a May publication of Little, Brown and Company, is a book about Virginia and the South of Civil War days. It is a book with a new point of view—not that of the slave-owning, patrician South, but that of the more democratic, reliable middle-class with their strong loyalties to a South which was neither all moonlight and magnolias nor slave ridden and impoverished.

I prefer this book to *So Red the Rose*, because it has better narrative continuity and because with the concrete picture of the stark horror of the war we see the searing cautery of the caste system the war performed. Brose Kirby, son of a druggist, had never met the daughter of the rich tobacco warehouse owner he worked for. The Wades were both mercantilists and planters and Mildred Wade knew only the scions of the rich cotton plantations or the aristocracy of the army. When the war levels the defenders of Richmond to the values of common humanity, Mildred Wade and Brose Kirby find a union which the pre-war South would have forever barred. The story of Brose and Mildred begins on Secession night and follows the fortunes of the war from the battle of Manassas through the successive sieges of Richmond to the last fight at Appomattox. The profiteering in war supplies behind the lines of both armies is a new and very significant development in the story. The use of quoted excerpts from the documents of the times, speeches

of Lincoln and Davis, letters and comments of actual personages, add a veracity to the fictional stream which is effective in a novel of so significant a period. We want fact with interpretation in our American historical fiction.

Mr. Dowdey has a bit of a flair, nevertheless, in his character writing. Brose and Mildred over-dramatize themselves in situations which do not require it. Author Dowdey definitely belongs in the romantic mold of writers of Southern fiction, but he has original material through his conscientious research and this reviewer found his novel one of the most interesting and profitable transcripts of American life. The map of Richmond inside the cover with the legend adapted to both events of the war and details of the novel is a further device of realism which is entertaining.

T. M. PEARCE.

Albuquerque, N. M.

TO BE REVIEWED IN AUGUST

Hitler's Drive to the East by F. Elwyn Jones. A sensational, though carefully documented, account of the Nazi drive towards Eastern Europe. E. P. Dutton Co.

Henry of Navarre by Marcelle Vioux, translated by J. Lewis May. A biography of Henry Bourbon that reads like fiction; that shows him first as an uncouth cad at the brilliant court of Catherine de Medici, then as the hard-fighting gascon dividing his time between his stern Huguenots and his many mistresses; and lastly as the king to whom "Paris was worth a mass," and sometimes a pretty face worth more than Paris. E. P. Dutton Co.

Personally Speaking

PEOPLE FORGET their youth, and are amazed at the lusts, rebellions, and fevers of others which once burned themselves. In the stolid forties they forget the anxieties and gaspings of their own pre-adulthood. This, at least, must be the explanation of both the contemporary and present maunderings over the diary of Marie Bashkirtseff, she who died about 1884 in her twenties—she who left behind her for publication the quick notes of her emotions. Now again through a life of Bashkirtseff by Dormer Creston, *Fountains of Youth*, citizens of respectable age are reminded of the nursed tears and longings of youth. They can read again of the confident solipsism of youth. Of the horror of ignominious death. Of the fierce ambitions, the ecstatic love, the world sorrow.

I hope that this time they do not repeat with Gladstone the fatuous cry of "Without parallel!" Surely by now—after a *Way of All Flesh*, after a *Dusty Answer* and a *Divine Fire* and of *A Human Bondage*—surely now even the most mole-like have recognized the piercing emotions of youth, whether young manhood or young womanhood. Is it possible that today there is one man or woman who feels words like these shockingly without parallel?

I was quite right, there is nothing excruciating but the sorrows of self-love, those have nothing hidden inside them and are worse than death. But all the others? . . . death, despair of love, absences! It is life all the same. Here I am on the point of weeping . . . O God, take pity on me! O God, must there be this deadful separation between me and the rest of the world

And this is youth without parallel! This is the diary whose audacity translated it into Hungarian and English and half a dozen other languages! This is simple youth. And the notoriety of this innocent and poignant diary reveals the abysses of ignorance and self-deception of adult society

in the late lamented last century. Youth was ever thus! It was the adulthood which suffered disease. Those blindnesses are surely gone?

On Journey, by Vida Scudder, is dedicated to the poet Florence Converse. *Collected Poems*, by Florence Converse, is dedicated to the Christian socialist, Vida Scudder. The autobiography is strangely analogous to the poetry. Like the poet's "happy swan"

Privileged to float upon
Waters ecclesiastical:
A hero in a charmed life

has been the life of the mystical Vida Scudder. Yet even the happy swan floats near a world with "industrial strife,"

... the awful dread
Of hungering for daily bread;

and so it was with the Vida Scudder who wrote for socialism. Has she realized though, one wonders, how her program of social amelioration has dissipated itself in mysticism, in nostalgia of the saints? *On Journey* is valuable in showing thought withdrawing into hallowed retreat. Where thought loses its force.

Autobiographies may easily become surprising things. G. K. Chesterton's is expected enough, Rudyard Kipling's is a step toward the fantastic, and Edgar Lee Masters' is utterly astounding. Only by abandoning his wit and his Catholicity would Chesterton have surprised; as it is, the *Autobiography* is a continuation of his natural prose and logical ideas: It is the same imagistic reading, the same Jesuitical ratiocination. *Something of Myself*, by Kipling, is surprising only because it is disappointing: it is, for one thing, incomplete, it is a hasty pudding, best relished for the recording of nineteenth century India and the meteoric flare of young genius across the British sky.

But *Beyond Spoon River*, by Masters, is almost revolting: not at all because of a vaguely scabrous personal life, not at all because of a steady deterioration into despair,

into even a Clarence Darrow nihilism. No, what horrifies a reader of this story is the stupid, unconscionable blind favoritism of fate. Here is a book which shows apparent to the slightest reader the shallowness of its author, the debilitation of his character, the mediocrity of his talent. And yet this is the man who wrote *The Spoon River Anthology*! This is the man who wrote "Ann Rutledge" . . . and *Beyond Spoon River* tells how this mediocrity was visited for some three months in a certain year by a staggering aspiration—some ineffable mood, outside his comprehension—and in those months made an American immortal of himself. The mystery and unreason of it is staggering. But it happened, Edgar Lee Masters did write *Spoon River*, and it is his biographical and historical tragedy that he went beyond it to reveal his shivering nakedness.

WILLIS JACOBS.

THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

A REGIONAL REVIEW

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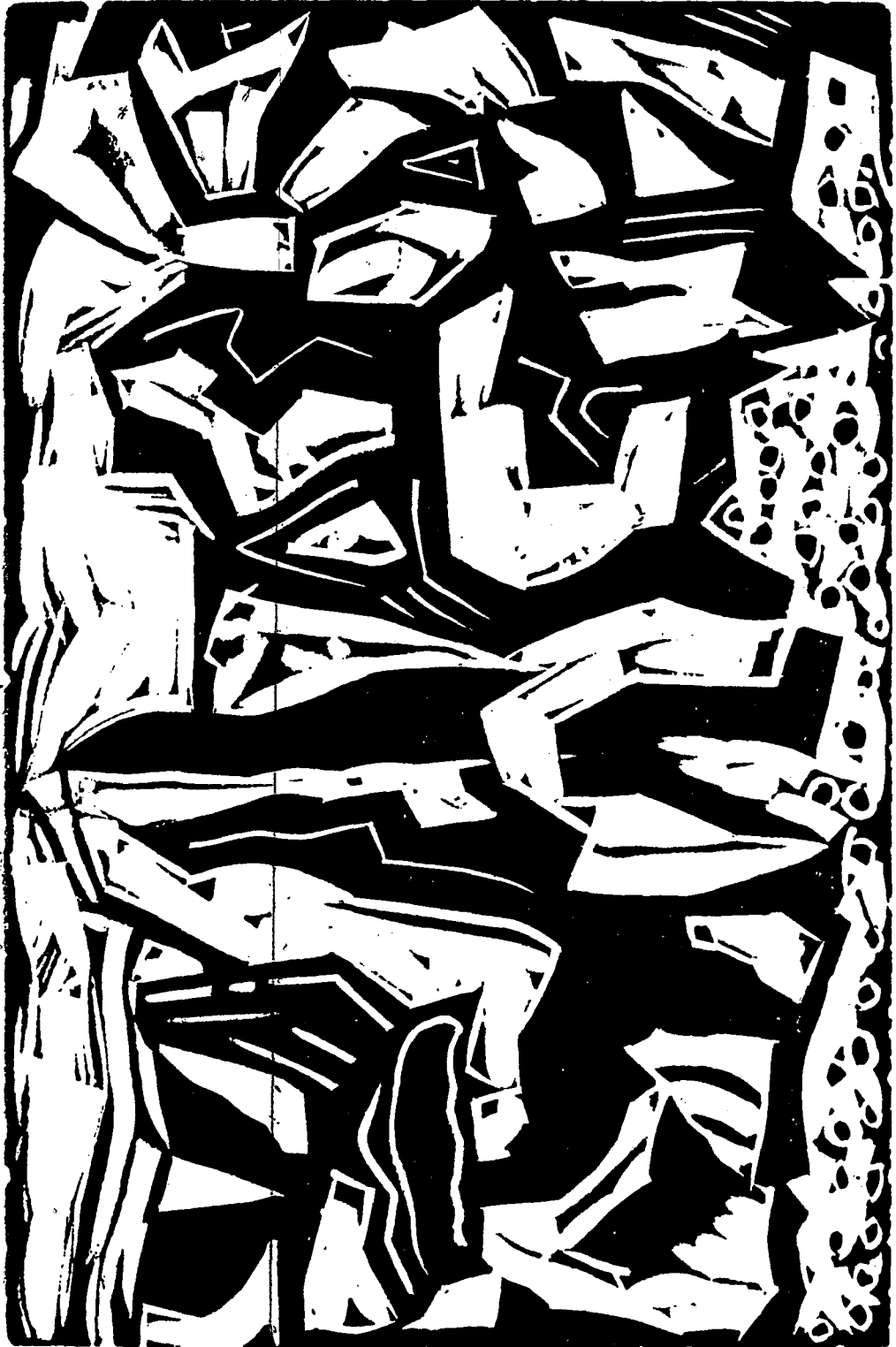
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Loren Mozley

LANDSCAPE PATTERN: ROCKS

The Artist and the Beau Machine DIEGO RIVERA AT HOME IN MEXICO

By DON GLASSMAN

IN VILLA OBREGON, near Mexico City, there is a machine for living inhabited by a well-known artist, who habitually peeps through the eyepiece of his machine for seeing, a microscope. He is gathering material for works in his chosen field of fresco art.

A glimpse into the home life of the artist is ample assurance that one of Señor Diego Rivera's dominant interests is the machine. In a word, he is sacrificing the beaux arts for the beau machine.

He has interpreted the beau machine in a way which has awakened worldwide interest in his work, his thought, and latterly, in his life.

His house is the one opposite San Angel Inn, a small but fashionable resort. A thick wall of cactus surrounds the artist's plot. There are two buildings to his home: one devoted to dining and sleeping, and the other to laboratory work.

The entrance through the cactus wall is by way of a steel-framed door panelled with sheetrock. The Mexican who admits you bears a kind look on his face, albeit he seems a little uncomfortable. His feet wear native sandals and the usual sarape hangs over his shoulders. One sees pets in the yard, a three-foot lizard from Acapulco, a pair of black piggies, and to complete the triumvirate of pets, a Ford.

The houses stand on reinforced concrete stilts and they are connected by a high bridge between the adjacent roofs. To pass from the dining room to the laboratory you climb a flight of steps that seem to hang on cobwebs; and then across the bridge. The exterior walls are Mexican red and bright blue. The interior is neutral with a red tile ceiling.

But this is not the house you would imagine to be the maestro's studio. Iron rails, concrete floors, steel-frame windows—and no paintings on the walls! In fact, there is scant evidence of the beaux arts and abundant evidence of the industrial arts. The artist's soul is in a harmony with the soul of technics. A beautiful machine gives him genuine pleasure; the machine in Diego Rivera's dreamed-of Republic, sustains the physical, spiritual, and artistic needs of the community. Nothing is radically wrong with the machine, nothing save the system by which machines are made to exploit many in favor of few. The system of industry which had its roots in England. When he reads English history the artist scowls.

Señor Rivera's wide reputation brings him many visitors, especially Americans. However, their conception of what he is and what he thinks has left him more or less callous to their remarks. When American parties arrive before his house in sightseeing cars, the maestro usually escapes to some nook and lets his secretary receive them. Much to their surprise the visitors find no paintings hanging about, but they express "Ah's" and "Oh's" on seeing the interior of the machine-made house. Frequently, the maestro himself appears to face his visitors and invariably he wins them over by his humble cordiality, his guileless smile, and utter simplicity.

Señor Rivera's smile ripens into a childlike chuckle on provocation. Unostentatious, awkward, and ungainly. The American, finding himself in this strange environment, and faced by the Rivera about whom he has read so much, usually gropes for support. With Señor Rivera, the visitors take too little for granted. They see an artist who in no way resembles a clown or a caricature. He answers questions gladly and with alarming frankness. What a surprise! At length one of the visitors exclaims: "Mr. Rivera, your work is simply wonderful—your murals, I mean. They are the talk of my home town—I'm from Milwaukee. Have you ever been to Milwaukee?"

"No."

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"Oh, you should visit Milwaukee. The city is simply full of Socialists. They take charge of everything in Milwaukee. You are a Socialist, aren't you, Mr. Rivera?"

Señor Rivera smiles. They ask to see some of his work and he shows them a portfolio of sketches.

The tourists usually carry away very flattering impressions. "He is simply delightful! Charming! And so sincere in his work!"

"He must have changed a good deal in the past year," comments a man from the Middle West. "He didn't talk or act like a Red, did he?"

Frankly, Señor Rivera is at a loss to know why tourists burst in on his peace. He suspects the hotels of capitalizing on his presence, which is not far from the truth.

But the idea that he has changed his basic beliefs in one year is pure nonsense. What has taken him a lifetime to acquire cannot be dumped in so short a time. From the Chapel of Chapingo to the Art Museum of Detroit, he has remained faithful to his ideal.

Far from the heart of the Colossus of the North, which has become his second home, Diego Rivera sits in his laboratory and examines new materials for his works.

He is preparing to execute a series of frescoes on the walls of the School of Medicine in Mexico City, depicting the evolution of medicine.

Señor Rivera belongs to that school which sees our bodies functioning like machines. You need go no farther than his dining room to discover that the artist agrees more or less with the engineer who devised the only wall decoration. It is an ingenious colored chart, published by a patent medicine manufacturer, showing in cross-section the boilers, ducts, valves, chambers, fuels, gases, and wastes which make the human body what it is. Señor Rivera sees it every day as he eats or talks on the telephone. It is plain that he finds inspiration and even comfort in that decoration.

That house, in a sense, enlarges on Diego Rivera's concepts as well as his views on domestic architecture.

Follow him through a typical day: He rises at six o'clock in the morning and begins to paint until it is time to eat breakfast, about 10 a. m. "Why paint at seven in the morning, Señor Rivera?"

"At what other hour will I find time to work?" he answers.

Right true. The stream of visitors begins to arrive even before ten o'clock. Sometimes they keep him from his breakfast until noon. But since he derives enormous pleasure out of human company, he receives them cordially. The morning visitors ordinarily have interests which fall under the general term of art. One American visitor asks Señor Rivera to pass on a collection of drawings covering the Maya ruins. He incidentally employs the occasion to rail against the theft and vandalism which have been going on at Mexico's archaeological sites.

To Mexican students and professional artists, Diego Rivera is simply "Maestro." They come from all parts to seek his counsel and criticism. His assistant inquires about the preparation of paints and scaffolding. An American woman shows him samples of her own paintings, but he is sparing with criticism. Another asks his autograph. Another comes with a request for a book preface.

After breakfast, the Maestro may retire to the privacy of a small room where he can peep into the world of obscure things through the eyepiece of a microscope.

"Why do you need a microscope for your work? After all, you are an artist."

He seems surprised at such a question. "Because I want to know how a thing looks."

"What thing?"

"Everything."

Whether it be a social doctrine or a mathematical formula, "everything" captures his attention. Without making other comparisons, his interests are as wide and as diversified as Da Vinci's.

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Within a short interval he was telling me that Freudism is the scientific theory which aids and abets capitalistic fascism, and shortly after he was discussing the streamlining of Buckminster Fuller's three-wheeled automobile, the Dymaxion.

But uppermost in his mind is the tug-of-war between the proletarian and his antithesis, the capitalist. The anatomy and history, the virtues and vices of these gentry are Señor Rivera's particular oyster. And no day passes that he does not discuss or consider some phase of their relationship.

His nimble mind has developed a powerful faculty for x-raying every problem in the light of proletarian ideals. If you praise the charm of native Indian handiwork and express a hope that it will be saved from the onslaught of industrialism, he resolves the problem with such a remark: "I would rather see the Indians working at modern machinery. They would be better off."

It would be hasty to conclude therefrom that Señor Rivera has become "anti-art," along with anti-fascist. He is definitely opposed to good art superimposed upon false structures; he is against the Mexican taste for art on an Aztec background; he is opposed to Spanish tapestry in a meatpacker's home in Chicago; or to Gothic towers on commercial skyscrapers. But he concurs with the belief that the machine and industrialism can help to satisfy the aesthetic tastes and requirements of the masses, Mexican, American, or French.

When you mention machinery you speak of the maestro's first attempt at art, although it was unconscious. At the age of four, he sketched the puffing locomotive which snorted down the track in his native town, Guanajuato. The crude drawing is still preserved and is symbolic of the embryonic talent in Rivera as a child.

He was born of cultured parents, and their influence on his life was considerable. His father was an energetic gentleman with an original turn of mind and very diversified

interests. He had fought against the French invaders of Mexico in 1862, and then worked as a chemist, engineer, and educator. For a while Rivera's mother was a teacher. But on the death of Diego's twin brother, at the age of one and a half, she almost became insane, and on her doctor's advice to divert her mind, she undertook the study of medicine and became a midwife.

Diego Rivera's grandmother on his father's side was Ines D'Acosta, a Portuguese Jewess descended from a line of eminent philosophers. Although he is no more than one-fourth Semitic, Diego Rivera often refers to himself as a Jew.

His conduct as a boy served as a forecast of his later development. From his early interest in machines and mechanics, the neighbors predicted that he would undoubtedly become an engineer, which greatly pleased the lad.

Reared according to his father's notion that a child should learn from his own experience, young Rivera enjoyed a rare freedom of expression. At the age of five, he astonished worshippers in the village cathedral of Guanajuato by calling them silly idiots. In the furore which followed, the boy became an object of scorn for the devout churchgoers and a hero to the liberals, who rewarded him with a place on the "liberals" bench in the public square when the brass band played.

When he was not playing with toy locomotives, young Rivera cut figures of soldiers and cannon, and his military maneuvers with toys attracted his father's interest. At a tender age he was enrolled in a private school run by a Frenchman, Monsieur Jean Ledoyen.

At the age of nine young Rivera was discovered with some technical military plans which brought a flood of questions from his father. To tell the story in Rivera's own words:

"When my father asked me where I had copied the plans, I became furious and cried, 'Nowhere!' But scarcely able to believe that, my father took me before his friend

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Pedro Hinojoso, the Minister of War, who called in his staff generals. For three hours they grilled me on military tactics. Then I illustrated various army maneuvers on a blackboard. At the conclusion, they all embraced me with a hearty 'Camerade,' and said that destiny had placed me in a position to aid the development of Mexico.

"The generals advised me to go to the military school, even though I was under age. They promised to have Congress pass a special act authorizing my admission. But what pleased me most was the privilege I received of going into the military library. To see so many excellent pictures of cannon made me very happy."

By a special act of the Mexican Congress, Diego Rivera was admitted to the military school at the age of thirteen. But after a year, he began to loathe the military regimen. He resigned with the title of reserve lieutenant.

When he announced to his father that he wanted to study art, the parent was dismayed and unhappy. But the son had his way and before long he found himself in the company of such artists as Santiago Rebull, and Jose Maria Velasco, who was both a painter and scientist. But the chief influence in the young artist's career came from Jose Guadalupe Posada, whom Rivera calls the "greatest Mexican artist of modern times."

Enough has been told of Diego Rivera's early life to show how his mechanical interests were stimulated. Fresco painting is nothing but the handmaiden of architecture, which in turn, is a handmaiden of modern engineering. And fresco, the particular medium which he prefers, "is a process of painting that is essentially architectural."

He works with sand, steel, sheetrock, marble, and concrete, iron, manganese, aluminum, and copper—essential materials of engineering.

I have no doubt that if Diego Rivera had the choice of seeing a great collection of paintings or a new factory with the latest automatic machinery for the manufacture, say, of automobiles, he would choose the latter. For in the factory

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he would see his own notions of art carried out with the superb daring and imagination which have made modern engineering supreme.

He can employ dialectics to prove that art, after all, is in the hands of engineers. "An automobile is beautiful only in so far as it fulfills its true function.

Mechanical inefficiency is bad engineering; it is also bad art. Machine design approaches mechanical perfection.

In Señor Rivera's home there is an odd assortment of books. Few are among the standard works of art; few are "literary." Many of the books have been sent as gifts, and autographed by the authors. I referred to a critical estimate of his work in a well-known book about Mexico. He had never read the book or the estimate. "Well, what do you read?" I asked.

"I never read what you call 'literature.' To me 'literary' books are made of words without much meaning. My chief tastes in reading are books on mathematics, engineering, history, and astronomy. And, of course, Karl Marx, Lenin, and Trotzky."

"And no Shakespeare, Dante, or Cervantes?—None of the great poets?"

"No. I don't like them."

By "I don't like them," Señor Rivera conveys his belief only in writings which further the social awakening. Printed words are like so many drops of ink on paper unless their content bores its way into the soul of the masses. Polished and honeyed phrases are anathema to Señor Rivera; his poetry is the rhythmic percussion of machines.

All forms of art must prepare the people for the revolution. In a fresco you should depict the degradation of the masses under the heels of their oppressors. You should point out, even name those who exploit their neighbors' weakness. You should stir resistance. You should reveal the glory and harmony of a single-class society. Those are, according to Señor Rivera, some of the ingredients of a first-class artistic undertaking.

Science is the symbol of human release from the primitive struggle for food and shelter. But there can never be harmony in the human family until production passes into the hands of the people.

As for the machine itself, as an expression of beau art, one senses a unit of mind between such apostles of mechanical poetry as Rivera, Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect, Buckminster Fuller, the engineer, and W. Starling Burgess, the designer.

Frank Lloyd Wright, the illustrious father of modern architectural design, admits that his particular type of architecture is applied engineering. He introduced cantilever construction and streamlining in the home. And Buckminster Fuller, who has stripped architecture down to the barest essentials of engineering. And W. Starling Burgess, whose cup yachts are like nature's own patterns for speed.

All these men have achieved art through a quest for honest engineering.

Diego Rivera sensed this beauty of engineering before most of us. In machinery he finds motifs that are original, dramatic, and forceful. "What is your favorite subject for painting, Señor Rivera?" He answered immediately, "Machinery."

Now you would suppose that a man of art would seek a pastoral setting far from the crude noises of the city. But Señor Rivera merely marks time in his home at Villa Obregon. He would prefer to live in such places as Detroit, Pittsburgh, Chicago, or St. Louis. Because the drama of modern industry, even to the smoke and din, lures him powerfully. And not only the sight of dynamos, drill presses, and flywheels, but the operators of the machines themselves, fascinate him. For he counts them as the chief patrons of his art, whom he addresses in his work and they are the heroes and warriors of his frescoes.

Having achieved worldwide fame and drawn the attention of countless people to his work, Señor Rivera values the critiques of mechanics and stevedores more than of art

critics. He takes enormous pride in the fact that the beaux arts students of Detroit cried out against his "shameful" frescoes, while the factory mechanics threatened violence to anybody who would harm them. That, to Señor Rivera, is a paean of praise which no book of verse can match.

The highest tribunal in art is a group of mechanics, laborers, and machine hands. He is willing to abide by their opinion of what is good art. He would like to be one of them; therefore, he wears overalls at his work. Still he laments that he cannot be classed as a "worker." "They," he says, "receive a daily or weekly wage. I am paid for mine in a lump sum—it is different."

He shows no sign of transferring his lifelong allegiance to the workers. He has painted their lives and struggles on walls and ceilings all over Mexico. In the historic Radio City feud, he brought them into the foreground with crusading fervor, standing beside their machines.

But that episode is not finished. Recently Mexico City saw the whole Rockefeller mural painted as a curtain for a great gala performance of a burlesque entitled, "The Last Fresco of Diego Rivera," featuring the celebrated comic Roberto Soto, and a company of high-steppers. That fresco seems destined to live on, if not in actual fact, then in legend. It remains a definite project with Señor Rivera, and he intends to repeat it for posterity whenever a suitable wall presents itself.

He may change it slightly, for his ideas on painting and his insight into human lives is changing, but the fundamental motif will remain.

Although We Hear No Sound

By MAUD E. USCHOLD

In dark moist earth
there is no dearth
of mirth,
when dry roots wake
and slake
their thirst with rain,
and send pale gold
and green
for the lean
earth to hold ;
so again
the signs of Spring appear.
In fertile ground
this burgeoning
is song,
although we hear
no sound.

A Night in Eden

By ALICE WILSON

Pale moths drifting through moonlit branches,
The music of night-hidden springs,
The sensuous perfume of tropic flowers
That drugs the dancing hours and brings
Forgetfulness of all unlovely things !
Here will we lie till night has gone—
Naked as Eve on a mossy bed—
And silence will cover us as a dream,
Till morning comes with a gleam of red
And night's last purple shadow has fled.

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Fire on Indian Creek

By ELIZABETH WATERS

THE WIND came up during the fourth night of the Mission Ridge fire. At dawn the sky was a diffused yellowish-grey, and the sun came out of the east smaller and redder than ever. Mrs. Keller, living next house but one to the head of Indian Creek, woke alone in the big double bed, conscious of a vague feeling of disquiet. She lay and wondered about it sleepily for a moment. Then her gaze focused on the window curtain. Lazily it billowed and fell before the open window. Mrs. Keller sprang out of bed and raised the shade. The great mushroom columns of smoke that had mounted with such fantastic slowness during three hot still afternoons were dispersed; there was an unmistakable smell of burning timber in the air.

"Wind's shifted," thought Mrs. Keller, and dropped the shade. She dressed methodically and went out into the silent kitchen. The fire was laid in the range; she touched a match to it, and filled up the teakettle. Then she took up the milk pails and unhooked the screen door. Outside the smell of smoke was stronger.

"Looks like the men won't be getting home this week," she said aloud. She looked speculatively at the mower as she passed the tool shed. Tom might come back to find the hay cut, at least. In twenty years on Indian Creek she had seen at least half as many forest fires. More than once Tom had got a bunch of neighbors together to battle some blaze here on the creek, before the forest service came in. Later, when the boys grew up, they had both taken their turns at fire-fighting; but this was the first time in years that every man in the neighborhood had been called out. Dave, her youngest son, had walked down from his ranch at the head of Indian Creek, four mornings ago, to ride the rest of the way with his father.

"The ranger sent Sammy Peterson up last night," he explained. "Truck's busted, so I hiked down." This last with a glance at his mother, as if he had read her thoughts, wondering why Tessie couldn't have brought him down. She slipped a couple of extra doughnuts in the lunch she was putting up for her husband; Dave always liked doughnuts, and he didn't have a lunch, that she could see. She'd always sent her men off fire-fighting with some home-cooked food the first day; maybe Tessie thought it was too much trouble. Or more likely she hadn't thought about it at all.

"How's the baby?" she asked while Tom was getting out the Ford.

"Pretty good," said Dave. "He's been teething, though—kind of fretful with the heat."

Mrs. Keller plucked a leaf from her porch begonia. She noted with unerring eye the missing buttons on her son's shirt, the clumsily mended tear in his overalls.

"We had a letter from Walter the other day," she said.

"Yeah? How are they getting along?"

"Fine. He said they were talking about building themselves a house."

"Looks like he's in the feed business for good, at that rate. Well, he can have it." He stared moodily out over the fields. "It's a cinch I had enough of town when I was in Spokane to last me the rest of *my* life."

"And brought back enough of it, too," thought his mother, but she did not say it. She could hear Tom cranking the car out in the shed. Dave leaned against the porch post, his hat pushed back, and she could see, paler than his brown forehead, the thin wavy scar he had gotten at the age of three when he had run into a barbwire fence. Memory carried her back twenty years—to Dave's solemn, frightened little face streaming with blood, Walter's terror-stricken wails. She smiled unconsciously, but a pang struck through her as she realized how thin and work-worn Dave looked now, how silent he had grown in the last two years.

"Do you ever go fishing any more?" she asked on an impulse.

Dave gave a half laugh. "With that ranch to look after? Haven't touched a rod since—since I came back"

"There's no sense in working so hard," said his mother.

He shrugged. "Hasn't hurt me any, I guess. Hope this fire don't last too long, though."

"It's a poor time for it, I must say. With wheat about ready to cut."

"It wouldn't be so bad," said Dave, half under his breath, "if we had a telephone."

Mrs. Keller was silent. Worrying about *her*, was he? As if plenty of other women, not so young and able-bodied as she was, hadn't had to stay alone before this.

Tom drove up then, and Mrs. Keller helped the two men get off. Watching their dust disappear down the road, she had had a moment's compunction. Probably she should have suggested that Tessie come down and stay with her. But what was the use? Tessie wouldn't have come anyway.

Drumming milk into the pails in a rich diminuendo, Mrs. Keller was thinking now how differently Dave's life might have turned out if he hadn't gone to Spokane that winter to work—if he hadn't met and married the thin-cheeked, scarlet-lipped, restless creature who was Tessie, if he had gone in with his father instead of taking up that barren homestead on upper Indian Creek. There was no use in thinking about it now, of course, but it was an old resentment which, like a decayed tooth, would not stop gnawing. She finished the milking and turned the cows out busily as she opened the chicken-house door. On the way back to the house she stopped and held up a moist finger in the breeze.

"Wind's from the east," she murmured, and stared doubtfully toward the ridge. It would be too bad if that stand of lodge-pole pine on this side should go. She was thankful the creek separated their land from the foothills of the ridge, though even that would be small protection from a crown fire. But she went about the business of sep-

arating the milk and getting her breakfast briskly, as though forest fires were the last thing from her mind. Her dishes washed, she set up the ironing board near the window and put the irons on to heat. She thought she might go out and pick enough gooseberries for a quart or so of jam after the ironing was done. Nowadays an ironing didn't amount to much; sometimes it seemed as if it would be more sensible to wash only every two weeks, now that both the boys were gone. But somehow on Monday the wash tubs always came out. Dave's wife, now—from what Mrs. Keller had seen, it looked as if *she* only washed when she took the notion. Mrs. Keller had gone up once on Sunday and found her hanging out the last of Dave's shirts.

Of course there was the baby, but that didn't seem to keep her from spending plenty of time fixing herself up whenever she drove to town or went to dances with Dave. At least she never tried to flirt with other men, though there were some who would have been willing; that was something to her credit. But there were other ways of making your husband unhappy; being restless and dissatisfied and fault-finding in the home he was trying to make for you was one of the best.

Hanging a freshly ironed apron over a chair, Mrs. Keller heard the telephone ring—two long, two short. It was Mrs. Peterson.

"Say," came her thin, urgent voice, "I just had a call from Mattie Lewis—said the ranger station called her and told her to tell the people on Indian Creek the fire's out of control and likely to be down on this side by noon. It's going like sixty in that pine between us and Rock Creek."

"Up above Dave's place!" said Mrs. Keller.

"Yes, and could you run up and warn his wife? I sent Sammy down to Parkins's this morning, or he could go. They said there'd be some up here this afternoon, but for us to do what we could and be prepared."

"All right—much obliged, Mrs. Peterson."

Her mind was flying as she hung up the receiver. Lucky she had turned the stock into the west field this morning. The buildings weren't in much danger, either, with a quarter-mile of alfalfa between them and the narrowest bend in the creek. The real danger was for Dave's ranch, scattered among the timber on the other side of the creek as it was. If the men got here in time, though, and the wind didn't freshen. . . .

She set her irons on the back of the stove, turned down the damper, and rolled up the rest of the clothes in the basket. Pinning her straw hat on firmly, she went out into the smoke-dulled sunlight. It was a ten-minute walk up to Dave's; the road was stony and rutted. The soil was no better in the wheat field she was passing. A sparse stand of meager heads showed for Dave's labor in breaking the twenty acres last summer. Still he had managed to buy a few head of cattle this spring; in a year or two he'd be getting ahead a little. Tom had always said his youngest son was a natural-born rancher.

Mrs. Keller paused a minute on the hill, panting. A temporary lull in the wind made the air oppressive. Back down the road she saw a dust cloud moving fast; it must be a car. Could it be Tom or Dave? She peered anxiously, but as it approached, she saw that it was a long low coupe, driven by a solitary man—no car that had ever been seen on Indian Creek. It passed her obviously, with a scatter of stones. She stared after it balefully and hastened her steps. Whoever it was going up Indian Creek evidently knew his way. She wished she had thought to look at the license; it might have been someone who knew Tessie from Spôkane. Her lip curled a little as the thought occurred to her. Anybody who'd been picked up in a ten-cent dance hall, who'd had a baby six months after she was married, would be likely to have some fancy friends!

She was crossing the creek when she happened to glance up at the crest of Mission Ridge and saw for the first time a reddish glow upon the low-hanging smoke pall. Her pace

increased, and turning the last bend, she saw the log buildings of Dave's place. Sitting out in the yard was the car which had passed her. It had a Washington license. The dog came running toward her, barking, and Tessie, surprised and hostile, appeared at the back door.

"Why—hello," she said, making no move to open the screen.

Mrs. Keller stopped till she got her breath back. She noticed a high flush on Tessie's usually pale cheeks.

"I just had a call from Mrs. Peterson," she began. "The ranger station called her and said the fire is out of control and likely to be coming this way by noon."

Tessie's eyes darted to the horizon, but the trees baffled her view; she seemed to look incredulously back at her mother-in-law.

"Come on in," she said at last, and turned back into the kitchen. Mrs. Keller, with a tightening of the lips, opened the door and went in. The man she had seen in the car was standing in the doorway to the other room. He looked at her suspiciously.

"This is Mr. O'Donnell," said Tessie shortly. "My mother-in-law." She turned around suddenly. "I don't believe it!" she burst out. "You just wanted an excuse to follow him up here."

Mrs. Keller looked at her steadily. "He can tell you he passed me half way up the hill. What's he doing here, anyway?"

Tessie's eyes flickered. "You mean the fire's actually coming down this way?" she exclaimed.

"Sure I mean it. You don't think I'm going to walk half a mile in this heat just to see what you're up to, I hope!"

"If it's so dangerous why don't they send some men up to fight it?"

"They're going to, this afternoon. But there's a wind today and this fire's travelling. You can see it on top of the ridge now if you'll go out and look."

O'Donnell made an exclamation. Tessie glanced at him quickly.

"We'd better get out of this," he said. "I'm not gonna be caught in any forest fire. Come on, get your things and the kid and let's go." He was a heavy, handsome-faced man with a slightly flattened nose, but he was paler now than he had been a minute ago.

Looking beyond him, Mrs. Keller saw a partly packed suitcase on the bed. "Oh," she said. "So you *are* up to something." Again Tessie's eyes darted to O'Donnell; then back to her mother-in-law.

"Yes, I am!" she said with sudden vehemence. "I'm getting out of this dump for good and all. You won't be sorry, I guess; you've always grudged me the air I breathe. Well, I won't be here to trouble you any longer. And you can tell Dave—"

"Stow it, Tess," said O'Donnell roughly. "Let's beat it before we're trapped in here."

"Don't be a fool," snapped Mrs. Keller. She turned to Tessie. "I can't say I think your running off is any great loss to Dave—it's about what I'd expect, doing it behind his back, I suppose you've waited a long time for a chance like this—but before you—"

"I have not!" Tessie's color was high. "I never expected Joe; he just came."

"How'd he know where you lived?"

"I wrote him once or twice, but what of it? I never asked him to come up here." Her voice rose. "I'm sick of it, I tell you! Sick and tired of working like a dog and never having anything look decent and seeing him slave away on this damn farm, getting so he never says a word—never any money or anybody to see—I belong some place where things happen once in a while and I'm going back there!"

From the window where he was watching, O'Donnell turned with an oath. "Jeez, look at that mountain! Come on, kid, we'll be roasted alive."

The two women ran to the door. The whole saddle between Indian and Rock Creek was outlined in flame.

"My God!" said Tessie. "Dave's cattle."

"Where are they?" snapped Mrs. Keller.

"Up in the spring pasture."

"Right in the draw below that saddle?"

Tessie nodded. She was pale. "And all the hay he cut last week is stacked in the upper meadow."

"Where are the horses?"

"Out in the barn lot."

"Can you ride?"

"Sure."

They had both started out toward the gate.

"You'll have to round up those steers and chase 'em down across the creek. Better gather up the milk cows, too, while you're at it; put 'em in that field of ours, not the alfalfa, you know the one. Can you do it?"

"I can try," said Tessie, almost running. "I'd better take Barney, he's the fastest. But all Dave's hay—that wild hay stubble's so dry—it'll catch the first thing—"

"Never mind that," panted Mrs. Keller. "You get the stock down. How far is the meadow?"

"Not very far—just through the trees there. Do you think the buildings'll go too?"

"Don't know. They're not in direct line—if the wind don't change. You'd better hurry."

Tessie had swung over the fence and was running after the horses.

"For God's sake, where's she going?" a voice said behind Mrs. Keller. She turned to see O'Donnell's black scowl.

"If you want to make yourself useful," she commanded, "get into that tool shed and turn that plow around."

"What in hell—"

"That plow—turn it around so I can get it hitched up. I can't lift it."

With a look of unbelief he went slowly into the shed. The horses came galloping up and she helped Tessie herd

them into the barn. She put the bridle on Barney, threw the blanket and saddle on his back; Tessie tightened the girth, swung herself up, and was gone. O'Donnell appeared in the door.

"Well, I've got the damn thing turned around," he growled.

"All right, help me lift this harness."

This time he took off his coat, hanging it gingerly over a saddle peg. When the team was harnessed and hitched to the plow, Mrs. Keller climbed into the seat and started off at a rough trot.

"Hey!" said O'Donnell. "Where are you going?"

"Going to plow a strip around those haystacks," called Mrs. Keller. "You don't have to wait, if you're scared."

He stared after her until she was out of sight, then went into the barn, put on his coat, and lit a cigarette. It was suddenly very quiet. He walked back toward the house, glancing over his shoulder now and then at the blazing mountain top. A few trees seemed to have caught on this side; he turned and watched in fascination. Suddenly he remembered the child they had left crawling about on the living-room floor. He went in, saw that he had fallen asleep, and put him in his crib. Then he sat down on the doorstep, his eyes fixed on the mountain.

An hour later Mrs. Keller drove back into the barnyard. Ten minutes more and Tessie returned up the road, hot, weary, her long hair blown wildly. They unharnessed the horses and turned them loose.

"I plowed a six-foot strip all the way around the haystacks," said Mrs. Keller. "I don't reckon anything can get across that. Doesn't look as if it's coming down this side so fast, anyway. Probably things'll be safe here now till the fire-fighters come."

They walked silently back to the house. O'Donnell threw away the stump of a cigar as he rose to meet them.

"It's about time," he grumbled. "I've been on the edge of making tracks for the last forty-five minutes."

Tessie went into the kitchen and washed her hands, took out a stub of lipstick and ran it over her mouth. "I've gotta change my dress," she said, and disappeared into the other room.

Mrs. Keller and O'Donnell stood wordless outside. Suddenly Mrs. Keller jerked open the screen door and went in—in to where Tessie was pulling a clean dress over her head.

"You still aiming to leave?" she asked.

Tessie's voice was muffled. "Sure. Why not?"

For the first time in her life, perhaps, Mrs. Keller did not know exactly what she wanted to say. "Why, I thought maybe—you doing all this for Dave, maybe you still—"

"Oh, yeah—you think I still love him. Well, maybe I do." Her head emerged, and she thrust her hair back from her face. "Maybe I always will—in a way. But Joe's different. I'm crazy about him. He's a punk and so'm I. Dave tried making me over, but he couldn't—I wasn't worth it. You knew that, I guess, and I've always sort of admired you for it."

She put a few things in the suitcase, snapped it shut.

"Dave won't mind, after a little," she said. "He fell in love with me because I was different, that's all; what he really wants is some nice girl who'll make this dump look like a home instead of a pig-sty—who'll *like* living up here in this God-forsaken quiet."

She waked up the baby to put on its cap. "Joe," she called, "come in and get this suitcase."

Mrs. Keller suddenly came to life. "You're not taking the baby, too!"

"Why not? You didn't think he was Dave's, did you?"

Mrs. Keller's eyes alone registered what was less shock than realization.

"Does Dave know?"

"Of course. Oh, he didn't know about Joe; he thought I was just a poor innocent country girl. I told you I wasn't any good."

"But—" said Mrs. Keller incompletely. She felt all at once old, tired, not very certain. She felt empty, too, as though something she had nourished a long while had been taken away. O'Donnell came in and took out the suitcase. Tessie glanced curiously at her mother-in-law as she picked up the baby.

"I should think you'd be tickled pink," she said.

"Because you're leaving?"

"Yes, and because you know the worst about me."

"Well," said Mrs. Keller brusquely, "maybe the best too." She went ahead of Tessie out to the gate, watched the two settle themselves in the car, the baby between them. She said, "I'll tell Dave you stopped to bring his cattle down."

O'Donnell, his heavy features impassive except when he glanced at the smoking mountain side, started the motor. The car backed around; Tessie raised her hand in a farewell gesture. Mrs. Keller moved her head in response. They jolted out of the yard into the road and disappeared around the bend. Mrs. Keller went back to the empty house.

Santa Fe Trail

By MAUD E. USCHOLD

With creak of saddle leather, clank of chains,
The groan of heavy-straining wagon gears,
A dusty wake enveloping the wains.
Choking the sun-parched oaths of muleteers;
Winding across the buffalo grass to roll
Into the hub-deep ruts and out again,
Eyes on the Spanish cities as their goal;
So passed the trains of fighting merchantmen.

Coyotes snarled 'round bloody buffalo meat
Their hunters left; the Indians stalked their track;
They cleared a way with rifles, set their feet
On and on—and never a one turned back—
Leaving a heap of stones to guard the dead,
As thwarted vultures circled overhead.

Am I Laughing?

By CURTIS MARTIN

SOMEHOW, sitting here, you always think of the same things. You sit and you think: I have to write this story. What can I write? I have written, but can I write again? Is there anything left that I can write about? You feel that there is nothing more to write. You have finished everything. You have written your insides out. You have poured everything over the keys.

Then you think: You have to be young to write, really write. But how can you be young and know enough things to write. You have lived twenty-five years. You have seen just so many things, and you have written those things already. You have already written them, but so badly that they will never be published. But they are out of you, and once they are out of you, you don't write them again, whether they were good or rotten the first time they came out. They come but once. There is no come-back for a story that once tried and flopped. At least not for years.

Then you think: Remember the first story you wanted to write. You started it when you were a Freshman at the University. It was like this: "Gliding over the floor they danced like feathers, floating together . . . Glen and Adele." You wrote that, you think, then you sat before the shaky table, holding the stub of pencil, and stared at it. Your head began to ache. The room was stuffy. You stood up suddenly and pushed the table over, flung your chair back and raised the window to its full height, although it was early spring and the north wind, coming directly in, was very cold. Then you set the table up, wadded the paper into a tight ball and tossed it in the wastebasket, and stood up before the wide mirror of the dressing table.

Your room was small. Three feet at the end of the bed, six feet at the side, and in that space the dressing table,

your study table, and in the tight closet your clothes; two suits, a sweater and an extra pair of pants, and your trunk. There was a tiny rag rug on the floor and you remember that night when Stuhl knocked on your door at one o'clock in the morning and sneaking in asked you if he might sleep on that rag rug. You said: "For Christ's sake get in the bed." And he did get in the bed and go to snoring, and you pushed in the single bed beside him and tried to contract your flesh until it did not touch him, thinking that you had known times when he was not exactly clean, wondering about the number of diseases you might catch from him, wanting to ask him what had happened. Why he had left his own room? Why he was wandering about at night? But you were silent. And in the morning he was gone. Gone from your room and gone from the University. Gone from everyone you knew, and you heard once that he had a store in the Indian village of Tierra Amarillo, where no white man would live for more than a week.

But then, you think, there is no story there. You can't write that. You can't do it right. But you go on thinking: You don't want to write, but you've got to write. Not like William Saroyan; firstly, because you can't, maybe, and secondly, because, who the hell wants to? But you've got to write. Why? Why have you got to write? No one forces you. You might write to make money. But God knows you would starve if you wrote for your bread. You think: In four years you made a measly twenty dollars writing. Although there are three or four other stories accepted, there was only the one you received the twenty dollars for. No, it isn't money. Is it fame? Could it be that? Could it be an inner-urge to see your name in print? Could it be that you want to see Robert Stevens, ROBERT STEVENS printed, published? Thousands seeing Robert Stevens, saying Robert Stevens? Could it be that? You think: Writing is a mighty slow and uncertain way, if it is merely that you want to see your name in print. Why, you say to yourself, sitting there, if I wanted only that, isn't there a quicker way? And

immediately you say: Yes, there is. For you have been thinking about it for a long while. Yes, you say, there is a more certain and speedier method. You could take your gun, it is there on the shelf, my rifle; there are thirteen shells on top of the cupboard. You could take your rifle and those thirteen shells, and walk in the darkness, down the center of the streets of this town. You think like this: Few people draw their shades at night in this town. They sit reading beneath the lights, reading and smoking and talking. Now you take your gun and the thirteen shells, it is odd that there are thirteen, but it is an absolute fact. You have counted them twice. You take them and load the gun carefully. It will hold seven shells in the magazine and one in the barrel, making eight shots you could fire within eight seconds if necessary. Put the other five shells carefully in your right-hand pocket, being certain that you take your knife and matches out first, so that you won't grab them by mistake in your haste. Prepare the gun carefully, then walk down the moonlit street, on the white, crunching snow. Go at eleven at night, because at that time people will be off the streets. They will be drugged toward sleep, and sitting sleepily under the lights reading and dozing.

On the street, going up, you will first pass Willard's house. And you know that certainly old man Willard and his son will be in the front room, sitting on opposite sides of a table, both reading, both rocking slowly in their chairs, and with the front shade rolled high. You know they will be like that, because they have been like that every night for twelve years. How many times have you seen them thus in those twelve years, as you passed along the street late at night? They will be there. In the street you kneel, slowly, coldly in the snow, glancing about you, up the road, down the road for cars, for persons on the sidewalk. There will be no one.

You rest the rifle in your hand across your knee, the sight glinting from the light at the corner. You can't miss at that range, even at night. Twenty yards, and you have

killed deer running at four hundred yards, not once, accidentally, but many times, in half-light too. You will not miss. You aim for the old man first because he is more active, quicker thinking than the son. He would be up at the crash as his son crumpled beside him.—You aim carefully, at the full chest of the father. There is not a chance that he will live, no need to aim for his head. Too often you have seen the side torn from a buck with one of these so-called mushroom bullets, which explodes and spreads as it strikes. Carefully at the wide middle you aim and fire, feeling the gun on your shoulder. A second after the first crash, the second follows and beyond the broken window glass both father and son slump in their easy chairs. The snow is white around you. The stars are high and cold, blinking silver.

You get up quickly, but not rushed, swinging the gun down beside your leg, moving it with your leg as you walk, and move off up the street. You are in no hurry, because you know this: When Mrs. Willard finds them she can do nothing but call the telephone office. There is no man there, only an old woman. At the office the old woman will begin desperately searching the town for the one marshal. He may be at home in bed, where there is no phone, within a mile. He may be prowling the streets in Old Town, but he will not be found in less than an hour. You are not worried about him. But there is another thing: Next door to Willard's lives William Gaspard. Mrs. Willard after calling the telephone office will rush to his door and beat there fearfully. But Gaspard does not wake easily. You remember well the night you tried to wake him to tell him that his garage was on fire. You beat at the window and shouted at him for fifteen minutes before he understood what you were saying. And now in fifteen minutes . . .

You are down the street to the next house where there is someone still up this late at night. It is Carloewe's, the old shoemaker. He is sitting before the wide front-window, staring over thick spectacles at the latest *Saturday Evening Post*. You will get very near him. At the yard fence you

will stop and see the white hair below his leather cap, which he wears even in the house.

You will shoot him in the head, and his wife, rushing out from the kitchen, you will shoot in the full-breasted chest. Now it is four. Enough certainly. But not enough to reach the very top, to reach the very ends of the earth. Not to make the headlines of every paper. So you go on. And on. On. Up.

When they catch you an hour and a half later you are sitting quietly near a street light, in front of the school house. The school you once attended, where you loved two girls. Where once, you even taught for a short time. You have one shell in your gun when they take you, the thirteenth. But you do not raise it against them, because you have done enough already to reach the heights of notoriety. You have missed with three shots, but nine people lie dead or dying along the streets you have passed. That is certainly enough, you think. You remember reading about the Slav who went wild in Washington, running amok. He killed four, and you read of him for weeks. Headlines. Your nine must be higher than any other has ever attained in these United States. This civilized country. Yes. Nine must be enough. Surely. Day after today it will be there. On pink sheets, on yellow, on white, all with black letters . . . ROBERT STEVENS. INSANE. NINE. NINE. NINE. Yes nine were enough.

You read what you have written, and the only thing you can think is: Why don't you make a story of that, and not merely sit and write that you are thinking about it? Have someone do that and there you have your story. I could do it. I could do that, but I won't.

Or you could tell them about Helen. Damn Helen. You have been thinking of Helen all night. You will always think of Helen and Aline. Those two you will be thinking of always. In the day a little, but mostly at night. You will think of them until the night you die. You could tell them of Helen that night in the old blacksmith shop, or that

night on the steps behind the church, talking, talking, into the darkness to Helen, sitting on the cold cement beside you. Talking until your voice was hoarse . . . telling her what? Telling her things partly true, honestly partly true, and totally true to you then, a kid of fifteen, talking to the girl you had loved first, and would always love, but who had scared you by asking you to marry her. Why did that scare you? It didn't. It only revolted you and you can never say how or why, only that it did. On the cold cement, sitting, you told her why you could not marry her; and your greatest argument was that too many other girls loved you. Loved you so much that you could not break five hearts or six by giving yourself to her. And you believed that, you damned fool, talking without taking a full breath for two hours. Telling her she could have you always, have your heart, spiritually, mentally, but not your body, not to be hers alone, because in the world there were things coming to you too great for you to be sacrificed on the altar. Crying you kissed one of her long, rolled curls, smelling the peculiar scent, which you believed to be spice-wood, and stumbled down the six steps, away in the night, and in the corner, Helen sat silently. Was that the last time I touched you?

But Helen, no more, than Aline. Aline at night in moonlight. On horseback. Alone in black mountains. Alone on the plains with moonlight for miles, rabbits leaping away from beneath clumps of bushes. Aline. Aline, let me go now. Can't you let your hold slip an instant and let me away? They tell me you live in Kansas now. I haven't seen you for five years. I saw you in Pocatello, Idaho, this summer five years ago. I had a full beard. You did not know me. I saw the man with you. Wasn't it your husband? What were you doing in Pocatello? God knows what I was doing there. Passing through, probably. What else?

Now you think: Why don't you tell them about Rohoveck? That would be something. You could tell them how you loved him. How he loved you. How you two lay

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in bed talking at nights. You telling him about deer hunts, nights in cold tents in the mountains, beds made in snow banks and deer brought down, and he telling you about bobsleds in Wisconsin. About the times he and the other kids rode the runners of the horse-drawn sleds, up and down the streets of Fennimore, Wisconsin. That would be a story.

Or you could tell them about that cold day in Colmor, New Mexico, when you sat all day on the cold ground holding with your hands one rear leg of a calf, while with your feet you pushed wide the other rear leg, and Fred castrated, branded, de-horned and vaccinated one hundred and twenty-one of those poor devils. On four counts they received the works, and stumbled away in the coming snow storm. You might add that that many calves, for two men, is a record in these parts. Afterwards in the adobe house the Mexican's wife set a meal for you. The only garment she had on was a single-piece outfit, made of pieces of blue denim taken from the legs of her husband's trousers. Her husband heaped all the food in the house on your plate and sat blinking, telling you how he had been refused a job on the FERA, or relief of any kind, because he had a weak heart and could not work hard. You ate that food and wished to God you could get out. You had no money to hide under your plate. But you did have two bottles of beer in the saddle pockets on your horse and you gave them, unwillingly, wishing you had a ten dollar bill to give instead, because it was thirty miles to Springer and another bottle of beer, and the blizzard was howling then, as you whipped your horse into the wind.

But you don't write about those things. You sit here and you think there is nothing to write about. You curse and suck your broken tooth, and listen to the radio, and listen to the night, and hear the snow falling.

Today

By EUGENIA POPE POOL

The earth today was drab,
And lonely;
And almost stark
With bleaching bones.
No living things,
No homes, only
The caves where wild things
Stay till dark.

I cried,
"Is there no bit of beauty
To ease my aching heart?"
A voice within me said,
Explore your mind,
For there
Earth's beauty
You shall find.

A Visit to Kiowa Ranch

By JOHN C. NEFF

I AM NOT a native of New Mexico, nor do I live there. But from my home back here in Ohio I pass many hours thinking about the long weeks I've known in the Sangre de Cristos packing for four hundred miles, and the months I've spent on the flats south of Las Vegas in roundup time. There are many tales to be told, but today there stands in my mind the picture of my visit to Kiowa Ranch far above Taos where I went to visit Mrs. D. H. Lawrence.

During two previous winters, I had come to know John Middleton Murry, Lawrence's friend of the early years, now a brilliant man of letters. He would always have me tell what little I could about New Mexico and the country from which Lawrence got so much. He wanted to know about the Indians and their pueblos and the sun setting over the Jemez Range and the smell of wood coming through the air at night. But like every man who has not seen the land, he was only half impressed. He will never know what tied Lawrence there until he sees it for himself. Two years ago, when he learned that I was going to spend the summer near Santa Fe, he begged me to visit Mrs. Lawrence and bring her his best wishes.

That I did, though I wasn't sure that I had any right to go calling at a house I didn't even know. When I arrived in Taos from Santa Fe one morning I began to get cold feet. Almost, I wanted to chuck the whole business. But when I thought of the hundreds of miles I'd come for just this hour, I shoved aside all my inhibitions and walked boldly into a store to inquire the way to Kiowa Ranch. A young German woman overheard me and came to my assistance. "You go up, up, up all the way," she said, "and the road is terrible. But she'll be happy to see you, with your greeting from Murry."

This was a good start. I didn't concern myself about how terrible the road might be, but I was glad of the encouragement in the German woman's voice. Past the road to the Taos Pueblo I drove, and up and over the long winding road to Arroyo Hondo. The sky was a brilliant one, and the sun was very warm. Almost to Cristobal I went, and then turned off in the direction of the mountains, following the sign pointing to "Brett." The private road was bad. It was so miserable my car bounded from rock to rock, just missing the springy juniper branches. The twists and turns made the going hard, but in what seemed no time at all I found myself at the end of the drive.

There was the house. A long, low place with a gabled metal roof and fine colored shutters. A magnificent view of the westward-sweeping country spread before it, with the mountains rising strong behind it. Little wonder why Lawrence loved the place. Or why he loved to stand and watch the sun melt into the little gap where the road goes down toward Santa Fe. Or why he yearned to be back there during his last months in far away Europe. I had for many years been familiar with the beauties of New Mexico and had accordingly thought I understood Lawrence's love for the land. But not until I saw the view from Kiowa Ranch and the house itself did I fully realize what held him to the country and what in his last years made him say: "I think New Mexico was the greatest experience from the outside world that I have ever had."

But there was no one on the porch, and the house seemed empty. I found a little bell near the portico and was about to ring when some one called out, "Come in!"

A dark short Italian stood near the door of what I presumed was the kitchen. He bowed, asking what I wanted. When I told him, he spoke to some one I couldn't see, someone beyond the door. In Italian he said, "A young stranger wants to see you." A woman's voice in guttural Italian answered him. "Have him come in." And then the man swept his arm in the direction of the wall beyond the door. Step-

ping inside and turning to the right, I saw sprawled out on a bed a large, reddish, smiling woman. It was Frieda Lawrence, looking much older than I had expected to find her. She was wearing a long print dress and a colored apron. She greeted me hospitably, but when I mentioned that Middleton Murry had asked me to see her, she jumped from the bed and cried: "Ach! Murry! Yes? Murry! You know him?"

The ice was broken. Mrs. Lawrence was all smiles. Her lips stretched across her face, and she hurried about the room to bring a chair for me. All the while she carried on a conversation about Murry and his visits to America. How was he? Would you describe him? What does he think of America? Suddenly she went across the room. "Ach! Will you have some of my wine! It is very good." And without waiting for an answer, she poured me a long glass and made me sit by the table with the man who was glancing through a copy of an Italian newspaper. The table was covered with a red and white checkered cloth, and there was a large bowl of fresh dark cherries and another filled with cakes and cookies. I sat there with them eating and drinking and talking as though they had known me all their lives. It had been the most comfortable entry into a strange house I'd ever made. The Italian spoke with Mrs. Lawrence in his own language. He wanted to know what Murry I was talking about. When he was told it was Middleton Murry who had brought about my visit, he was satisfied and sank back into his chair with the paper.

But Mrs. Lawrence had been ill that winter and was easily tired. She went back to her bed and stretched out again, still talking about Murry. Presently she began on Lawrence, always using his last name. She told how he loved the Indians and their dances, how he used to go down to the pueblos and sit in the sun to watch them dance. How he used to stand on the porch of the house and watch the glowing sun sink deep behind the far mountains. And then she would exclaim in German and laugh. Sometimes her words

came sharp and quick, but there was always a twinkle in her eyes that made me laugh with her. She seemed the easiest person on earth to get on with.

In a little while the Italian got up and left the house. But she would not hear of my going, "after how far you've come!" We were not alone long, though, for soon her daughter and son-in-law who were visiting from England came in. Naturally, they were interested in hearing about Murry's lectures in this country and how they had been received. We talked about American colleges, contrasting them and comparing them with Cambridge and Oxford. They seemed to object to our system of education and our noticeable lack, as they put it, of worthwhile scholarships. The Americans were wonderful people, but oh so slow. The hundreds and hundreds of colleges, what did they mean? Too much sameness, too similar. Their graduates were so slow in grasping the real significance of a situation, they so easily misunderstood. They were thick like oil.

This brought Mrs. Lawrence into the conversation again. She put out a cigarette and began. "You must never read Lawrence while you are young. Too many young people read him, and they do not know what he is saying. It is so difficult, then, to explain to them what he is saying. You must have had experiences and bitter tastes of life before you can read him with intelligence." And she would smile and laugh in her jolly way. "He was such a great man."

The son-in-law interrupted to ask if I'd read *Sons and Lovers*. He thought, along with the rest of England, that it was his best book. But Mrs. Lawrence broke in, saying, "No, no, you must read *The Plumed Serpent*. All of Lawrence is in that book. Two years he spent writing it, one winter in Chapala and the next winter in Oaxaca." I admitted that though I liked the earlier book immensely, I thought *The Plumed Serpent* more significant. Sometimes while we were talking, I had chance to look about the room. It was like an old kitchen I had once seen in Munich. There were gaily colored plates on racks along the walls. Huge pots and pans

hung in the corner near the stove, and lively curtains were at the small windows. The daughter came round and filled our glasses with more deep red wine and passed the brown crock of cookies. These people were hospitable to their finger tips. But I could not wear out my welcome. Through the open door that looked down toward Taos, I could see great dark clouds hanging low over the mountains. A storm would be coming up at the end of the afternoon. I thought of the miserable road back to the highway. It was time to leave.

As Mrs. Lawrence walked with me to the gate, the wind caught stray ends of her fine long hair and whipped it across her face. Her apron sailed out in front of her and her eyes grew bright in the cooling air. When I turned to bid her good-bye, her real character seemed to come to me. She was standing on a little knoll near the gate and her head was dipped toward the lowering sun. The sun glowing on her made her a radiantly handsome middle-aged woman. But it struck me that she was at once very much like a small happy child and a woman of wide wisdom. Her eyes were twinkling and her mouth laughing, swallowing and laughing in turns. She raised her arm high above her head and waved her hand vigorously. "Good-bye, hmmm, good-bye. It was good of you to come. Good-bye!"

Folk Tales from the Spanish

By DOLORES HUNING AND IRENE FISHER

BLANCA FLOR

THERE WAS once a youth who went out to fish, and on his way home he intended to stop at a friend's house. However, he fished so late that it was dark when he started home and he lost his way. Instead of his friend's house he came to the House of Many Demons.

He knocked at the door and a beautiful girl answered his knock. When he saw her, the youth thought he would like to stay; so he asked for work. Blanca Flor or White Flower, the girl, told him to go into the house and ask her father. Her father said he would give the boy work, and he gave him a box filled with all different kinds of seeds: there were lentils, peas, wheat, corn, beans, and many other kinds.

He told the youth that he must sort these seeds in one day and if he did not finish them he would be killed. The young man told White Flower what her father had commanded him to do. She said for him not to be afraid, for she would help him if he would promise to take her away when the work was finished. The boy promised.

The next morning they started to work and separated the seeds in one day, because White Flower helped him. The youth went to tell White Flower's father and mother that he had completed the task. The girl's mother said that he could not have sorted the seeds in one day, and that White Flower must have done the work, but the father said,

"You always wish to think ill of my daughter. The boy knows how to work. That's what it is."

Then the *patrón* commanded the boy to plant the wheat seeds that he had separated from the others. He said the wheat must grow, be harvested, ground into flour, and made into bread, and all had to be done in one day. The boy went

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to White Flower in despair, but she said, "Tell him you will do it." The father did not believe he could.

When the boy returned to White Flower the task was already completed. At the end of the day he went to the father and showed him the bread. The mother said,

"All the work that *peon* is supposed to do is being done by White Flower."

The *patrón*, however, told her no, that the boy knew how to work and that was all there was to it, and he said to the boy, "Now you must go to the mountains and bring back a young bull which is so fierce that he shoots flames of fire from his eyes."

The boy said he would do it, but he was afraid. White Flower told him not to fear, and to saddle the best horse in the stable.

"The horse is my brother, the saddle my mother, the stirrups my father, and I am the Quirt."

She got on the horse and went into the mountains, lassoed the bull and brought him back. The boy quickly went to the *patrón* and told him the bull was in the corral. The man and his wife became so ill from the shock of the boy's success that they had to go to bed. Then the man said it was all right, and now the next piece of work was to tame a very wild mare. The boy saddled her, and after it was tamed, the mother said again that it was White Flower's work. When he had finished, the *patrón* told him to take some little monkeys to the river and bathe them.

These little monkeys were some little devils and these little devils were the girl's brothers. The old man cautioned the boy that if these monkeys escaped he would be killed. When the boy took the little monkeys to the river and bathed them, he kept them from escaping by beating them severely, which White Flower had told him to do. After bathing them he took the little monkeys back to the *patrón* and said, "Here are your monkeys." The little monkeys told their father that the *peon* would not let them play. The *patrón* said that was all right.

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The boy now wanted his pay, and said he did not wish to work any more with him and that he wanted to go to his own country. The *patrón* paid him and bade him "A Dios." When he left, White Flower told him to take a mirror, a comb, and a brush. The boy did as she said.

"Now take the best horse and start. I shall catch up with you in a few minutes."

She went into the *zaguán* adjoining the room where her parents were, and spit upon the floor. Then she spit upon the kitchen floor and upon the ground in the patio. She ran out and caught up with the boy who had just started.

She had no sooner left when her mother called her. The saliva in the *zaguán* answered, "*Si, Senora.*" The mother called White Flower again and the saliva in the kitchen answered, but softly. The third time the mother called, the saliva in the patio replied more softly. The mother was very angry and said to the father, "These are White Flower's doings and I know she has left with the *peon*."

The father would not believe her and said she only wanted to talk about his daughter, but she started after the young people and followed them until she had almost reached them. White Flower told the boy to throw the comb down. The boy threw it and it turned into a high mountain with knives on the top of the mountain. The woman could not pass; so she was forced to turn back. Then the father started in pursuit and had almost caught up with them when the boy threw down the brush. It turned into a river of blood that the man could not cross. When he returned, the son, White Flower's brother, said he could bring them back. He started and when he got within a short distance of them, the boy threw down the mirror and it turned into a high, sheer cliff of rock. When the brother saw this he knew it was impossible to climb over it and he turned back home.

The young people soon arrived at the boy's home and the boy said, "We are almost at my house. Do you want to stop with us?" The girl, however, would not go in, and

said she would build herself a little house of her own for a few days.

"Go now to your house," she told him, "but do not let any member of your family embrace you. If you do you will forget me."

The boy promised and left her. He went to his house and each member of his family wanted to embrace him, but he would not let them. After a while, being tired out, he lay down to take a nap. After he fell asleep his mother went to him and put her arms around him. He forgot about White Flower.

White Flower knew what had happened so she bought two pigeons, a male and a female, and taught them how to talk in order to make the boy remember her. They learned how to converse with each other about the past events in White Flower's house and on the journey.

Then the pigeons flew to the boy's house and while he was sitting in the *patio*, the birds lighted near him.

The female pigeon said to the male pigeon, "Do you remember when I helped you sort the seeds and plant the wheat?"

"Coo-róo-coo-cóo, I don't remember," answered the other.

"Do you remember when I helped you bring that fierce young bull from the mountains?"

"Coo-róo-coo-cóo, I don't remember."

"Do you remember when I helped you tame that wild mare?"

"Coo-róo-coo-cóo, I don't remember."

"Do you remember when you took my brothers, the little monkeys, down to the river?"

"Coo-róo-coo-cóo, I don't remember."

"Do you remember when you asked my father to pay you, that you wanted to go to your house, and I told you to take the comb, brush, and mirror from the table?"

"Coo-róo-coo-cóo, I don't remember."

"Then," said the female pigeon, "do you remember when we started out and after awhile we saw my mother following us, and I told you to throw away the comb, and a high mountain with sharp knives on the rim appeared?"

"I seem to remember," said the male pigeon.

"Then you remember after we had gone a little farther we saw my father following us. I told you to throw the brush away, and an impassable river of blood appeared and my father turned back."

"I seem to remember," said the other pigeon.

"Do you remember when my brother followed us and you threw away the mirror and a very high and very stony cliff sprang up in his path?"

"I seem to remember."

"You remember also, little pigeon, as we were nearing your home, I told you not to let anyone embrace you? Then as you were taking a nap your mother put her arms around you and you forgot all about me."

"Coo-roó-coo-cóo, yes, I remember."

Then the pigeons flew away.

The boy listened to all this conversation and gradually the events of the past few days came back to him. He jumped up and ran to White Flower's house and begged her forgiveness. Soon afterward they were married, and that is all.

CONRADO PIMPUM AND THE CRANES

CONRADO PIMPUN, after having passed some years away from his pueblo, in the army, returned to the village of his birth, accompanied by some remembrances of his marches and some money that he had saved. He had the sorrow of finding his mother near death. He received her last kiss and hearkened to her counsels that he should be pious, good, and honorable. She said that she would pray for his well-being, when she reached heaven. Conrado wept

bitterly and, after the burial, retired to his home where he stayed three months without going out.

The youth of the village were very considerate and respected his grief, but at the end of three months two of them decided to go to his house and take him out. They took him to a tavern where they gave him a great deal to drink. They then reminded him that before he left for the wars he had a *novia* in the neighboring pueblo, and they suggested going to see her that evening.

These two friends were bad men who had heard that Conrado had brought home a great deal of money from the wars, and the journey to the neighboring pueblo was a pretext to rob poor Conrado on the way. They had known for a long time that the girl had become tired of waiting for Conrado to return and had married and lived in a distant pueblo.

Conrado started out with his false friends toward the neighboring pueblo. They had traveled half an hour when they came to a thick wood. The two treacherous friends fell upon poor Conrado, threw him to the ground, and beat him. He made such a struggle against them that they injured him seriously. They also put out his eyes.

They tied his hands and feet and took him to the middle of the forest. They placed him on a piece of wood that was in the form of a cross and tied him to it. Believing that he was dead, they took all his money and hastily left the place.

The coolness of the night revived the poor soldier. He was not dead, but had been made unconscious from the terrible blows he had received. As Conrado knew the country very well, he realized where he was, even though he was now blind, and exclaimed, "Dios Mio! in spite of my misfortunes those fiends have remembered that I am a good Christian and have brought me to die on the cross. The Lord and His Holy Mother will come to my assistance."

He struggled for a while and finally untied himself. He knelt at the foot of the cross as best he could and prayed fervently. Having fulfilled this duty, he sat down on the ground because he was too weak to walk, and waited with resignation the conclusion of his sad adventure.

As the clock of the village struck twelve he heard loud flappings of wings close to his head. He was badly frightened and crouched down at the foot of the cross. A few moments later he again heard the beating of wings, only much louder this time. He heard three large birds light on an arm of the cross, one at a time. They were three cranes who began to talk. Conrado listened closely to what they were saying, and the first one said, "What news have you this week, sisters?"

The second one answered, "I know a great deal. The daughter of the king in the adjoining kingdom is gravely ill. She is between life and death. All the doctors who have seen her do not know how to cure her."

"And you know how to do that?" asked the third crane.

"Yes, sister, I do. There lives in that pond in the next meadow a green frog that should be caught and burned. If the sick princess could be given these ashes mixed with wine, she would recover her health. The king will give her hand in marriage to him who does this."

"Well, I," said the first crane, "also know something noteworthy. Men would pay a big price in gold if they could know it."

"What is it?" the other two asked.

"It is, my sisters, that tonight and tomorrow night there will fall a marvelous dew. The blind man who will wash his eyes with this dew will instantly recover his sight."

"Well, I," said the third crane, "know that the adjoining kingdom is disappearing because of lack of water, and the king has promised his daughter's hand to him who will remedy the situation. A spring must be discovered that will quench the thirst of all his subjects, and water all the land."

"Now you see that your two discoveries are not so useful as mine. The frog is useful only for the king's daughter; the dew is useful only to the blind, but my discovery would serve to save a whole kingdom that otherwise will die of thirst, and to fertilize barren fields."

"How can this be accomplished?" asked the other two cranes.

"Nothing more easy, sisters. In the middle of the plaza of the pueblo there is a white stone. Beneath it at the depth of three meters, there is a rich spring that, whenever it is discovered, will be like a living well. There will come out a jet of pure sparkling water fifteen thousand liters per minute."

After this conversation, the cranes bade each other farewell until the following Saturday, when they were to meet again in the same place.

As soon as they flew away, Conrado gathered some weeds and washed his eyes with the dew that was on them. He instantly recovered his sight. He saw the moon and the stars. He knelt down and thanked the Lord for the benefit that he had received. Then he went to the pond and lifted the flood gates and let the water run out. He saw the frog and before he could go to his hole Conrado caught him and killed him. He made a fire with dry twigs and tinder and his flint, which he always carried with him, and burned the frog. He wrapped the ashes in a leaf and put them in his pocket.

He then went toward the capital where the king had his palace. He presented himself at the gates and asked to see the king. The porters and the guards wanted to prevent his entrance, but Conrado caused such a commotion that the king heard him. He ordered the man brought before him.

"What do you want?" asked the king in a displeased tone.

Señor," answered Conrado, "in my pueblo I learned, through the proclamations, about the illness of the princess, and the reward offered to the one who cures her. Because of that I beg permission of your majesty to see her and twenty-four hours in which to cure her."

"Because you are a simple citizen," said the king, "I will let you try to cure my daughter."

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The king accompanied Conrado to the bedroom of the princess, where she lay in a high fever. The youth asked for some wine. Placing the ashes of the green frog in the cup he mixed them with some wine and gave it to the princess. As soon as the princess had taken the wine she fell into a profound sleep, and in six hours her illness had entirely left her.

Filled with joy, the king offered Conrado a bag of money.

"Here you have a prize for the service you have rendered," he said.

But Conrado said to him, "Señor, I have not come in search of gold. I have come for the princess and will accept no other reward. Your Majesty offered that the one who should cure the princess would marry her, and I expect the fulfillment of that promise."

The king was much perturbed at the thought of giving his daughter to a humble workman, for he did not know Conrado had been a soldier. His word was given, but he sought a subterfuge in order not to keep it. After meditating for a time, he said with a show of interest,

"True, you have complied with the first part of the proclamation, but you should know that it contained two parts. The first one is complete. The second is missing. It is necessary that you furnish the pueblo with water to drink and the lands with water to make them fertile."

"Tomorrow," answered Conrado, "the pueblo will have water and the fields will be irrigated."

That night he cured a great many blind persons with the miraculous dew. There was not a single person in the pueblo who could not now see. The following day he directed an excavation in the plaza, the work of which was done by these people who had regained their eyesight. They showed their gratitude this way. At noon the depth of three meters was reached and the rich spring was discovered. The dry fields were abundantly irrigated and the people of the pueblo had all the water they wanted.

The king was obliged to keep his word and he allowed the princess to marry Conrado, having first made him a prince. The new marriage was happy.

A short while afterwards, while Conrado was passing through the fields, he encountered the two bad men who had mistreated him. They did not recognize him in his princely clothes, but he spoke to them, saying,

"I am your old friend whom you punished in such an infamous way, but God has permitted that the horrible crime committed against me should be the origin of my happiness."

They were frightened and fell on their knees before the prince, asking his pardon. He was generous and forgave them. He took them with him to the palace, gave them some food and some clothes. He related to them his adventures and how he had come to be the son-in-law to the king.

At evening the two bad men left him to return home and no sooner were they out of sight of the palace than they proposed to each other to pass the night beneath the cross in the hope of hearing something that would make them happy. They went to the cross and it was not long before they heard the cranes circling overhead. One of them said to the others,

"Listen, sisters, it must be that someone has overheard our conversation. The king's daughter is cured, the frog has disappeared from the pond, many blind have recovered their sight, and the adjoining pueblo has water in abundance for its people and its lands. Let us search for that curious one and perhaps we will find him."

They then flew down and saw two men who did not have time to escape. They threw themselves on the men, picked out their eyes and pecked them all over until they were dead. Some days afterwards, the prince, seeing they did not return to see him, and suspecting what they had done, sent someone in search of them. Only the bones were found near the cross.

This story shows us that goodness and piety have their reward and that badness and perversity suffer punishment early or late in life and above all after death.

Smoke Talk

CALIFORNIA REVISITED

"You've been to California? . . . Of course, it's not your first trip. You did all the usual things, I suppose—Hollywood, Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Catalina, and the glass bottomed boat, the Cocoanut Grove, and the homes of the stars. I don't mean you got in them—the homes of the stars. Didn't you have a friend who took you around? . . . You didn't see the homes of the stars? . . . And you didn't go to Catalina? . . . Not the Cocoanut Grove? . . . but everybody . . .

"You liked the Huntington Library! Oh, I see! It was that sort of a trip—highbrow. You think the place must have been full of drafts . . . and cold with all that marble. The picture of Mrs. Huntington with all those black veils and the hat . . . she wouldn't feel a draft! Cold as the marble! . . . And you didn't like all the other ladies with the hats, the Gainsborough and the Reynolds, the Lady Penelopes and Lavinias? You don't care whether Lady Penelope was a Pitt, the daughter of Baron Rivers and twice married, the second time to Private Smith of the Horse Guards, a plebian choice after Viscount Ligonier, husband number one! You'd rather see a Goya than a dozen Gainsboroughs . . . Well, I don't know anything about either, but I should think you'd like an English artist better than a Spanish! . . . You certainly saw something besides pictures . . . the Ellesmere Chaucer . . . and the furniture with all the marquetry and the ormolu . . . Well, let's get out of the Huntington . . . You stood in front of Grauman's Theater. I thought so. There was a pre-view? A second pre-view? You'd seen the picture before. Well, maybe the people in it hadn't . . . Alice Faye, she's really beautiful. I'm glad to hear it. The Hollywood stars so often leave their beauty in the studio . . . And Hollywood—you think it's growing up. Well, it gets older every year. So do we all! The pictures are getting worse but the place is devel-

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oping? How do you figure that? You think maybe something more important than pictures will come out of Hollywood? How come? No pictures—no Hollywood! Bad pictures—bad Hollywood! . . . Ballet? Literature? Drama? Never heard of it—that is, about Hollywood . . .

You think everyone in Southern California ought to have an athletic mind? . . . Oh, you got that way covering ground around Los Angeles . . . stretching from place to place or did you say space to space? . . . The biggest stretch you saw was the Golden Gate bridge . . . San Francisco is the true mistress of the Pacific . . . wooed by the sea, by men, by the forests, by mist and sunlight! . . . You saw an oiler on the rocks and a Japanese freighter? . . . She's always killed the things she loves . . . Beauty has no heart . . .

Boulder Dam . . . beautiful? . . . Superb! . . . I must go up there. Like a trip to Mars? . . . Excellent; I've always wondered what Mars would look like . . . Our own world, you say . . . in the future . . . Everything from Boulder Dams . . . power, heat, security? . . . Maybe! . . . A hundred men killed . . . You think Los Angeles was worth it? . . . No! . . . The Edison Company? . . . No! . . . California? . . . No! . . . The Nation! . . . Yes! . . . The People . . . Yes!

T. M. P.



Los Paisanos

Junio

Saludo a todos los paisanos:

One of the most outstanding events of a very stimulating season was the recent series of lectures on music and literature given at the University of New Mexico by Reginald Pole, distinguished composer, critic, and actor. Mr. Pole was presented by the College of Fine Arts through the co-operation of the Dramatic Club and the University Debate Council. Brilliant discussions of Beethoven, Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, Strauss, Dickens, Turgenev, and Dostoievsky attracted townspeople as well as University students. Because of Mr. Pole's dramatic experience both here and abroad, the round-table conferences on the drama and theatre greatly interested the very active group of dramatic students "on the hill."

Among the famous "who passed this way" recently, and stopped for a visit with Ruth Hanna Simms were: Charles Dawes, and John T. McCutcheon. We don't know what the former vice-president's impressions of the Sandia School were, where both men spent some time, but we do know that the students will not forget the famous cartoonist, because he made a number of illustrations for them on the blackboards in the true McCutcheon manner . . . Another interesting guest at the Sandia School was Miss Estelline Bennett, newspaper woman of Chicago, Ill. Miss Bennett, former publicity woman for the Northwestern railroad, and the Y. W. C. A. of Chicago, is now, with her sister, Helen Bennett, doing publicity for the Sandia School, and the Fountain Valley School of Colorado Springs . . .

Thyra Samter Winslow, author of various books of short stories, and of plays and motion pictures, en route to Hollywood, was the guest of the "Jim" Threlkeld's for sev-

eral days last week . . . Lorraine Noble, a Hollywood script writer on her way to the coast from Washington, met a number of local writers at the New Mexico Book store recently, and gave them a great deal of practical advice on the technique of script writing . . . One of the most important book publications of the early fall will be *Fantasy and Fugue*, by Marina Wister Dasburg, which will be issued by Macmillan. Mrs. Dasburg is the daughter of the famous novelist, Owen Wister, and the wife of the well known painter, Andrew Dasburg, of Taos. According to Irene Fisher, whose lovely lyrics and sonnets are well known to the readers of the QUARTERLY, the forthcoming volume of Mrs. Dasburg's should have wide appeal to all lovers of poetry . . .

In between Master's Orals, "Comprehensives," "Finals," and rehearsals for "The Playboy of the Western World," and "Winter's Tale," drifts the talk of summer vacations. Nobody seems to be going places "because the palm trees wave" or "because the salt water is invigorating." Everybody is going "to get material" or "to finish a book."

Dr. John Englekirk will sail May 2th for Guatemala, where he will make a study trip through Columbia, Venezuela, and Puerto Rico. He will attempt to establish an exchange of publications between these countries and New Mexico in order to start a Coronado Memorial Library, as well as gather material regarding relations between the Americas and the history of Spanish-American literature . . . Dr. Dorothy Woodward will spend the summer in Mexico, where she will be connected with the Seminar of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin Americas. She will also do further research on the Penetentes, although she already has enough material for her publishers . . . Dr. and Mrs. Phillip Du Bois will combine a belated honeymoon with psychological and literary pursuits in Europe . . . Dr. St. Clair will spend the summer in Berkeley, working on his favorite poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson . . . Matt Pearce will summer on his Isletan hacienda working on a manuscript prepared by Mary Austin on Spanish Art for the Houghton Mifflin Com-

pany. Dudley Wynn will spend the summer in his patio finishing a manuscript on the work of Mary Austin . . . Dane Smith will hold down the English fort with the aid of several visiting instructors, and Edwin Snapp, who will resume teaching in June after a year's post-graduate work in the College of Fine Arts at Yale . . . Curtis Martin, whose short stories have been appearing regularly in *Story* is returning to the University for advanced work at the University this year. Mr. Martin will edit the August issue of the *QUARTERLY*, which will be a fiction number . . . Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Chant and small daughter have returned after a year's residence in El Paso . . . Mrs. Chant, former English instructor, is a frequent contributor to the *QUARTERLY* . . . Frances Andrews, of the class of '34, will arrive next week from New York for a short visit with friends . . . "Fran" is now Assistant Woman's Editor of the *Country Home*, a Crowell publication. Besides editing a monthly column, she selects and illustrates all the fashions for the woman's page . . . Elizabeth Shaffer, re-write editor for Capper publications, will leave the middle of June for Topeka, Kansas, where she will attend the Household Institute, all sessions of which will be held in the Searchlight, model home owned by the Capper interests. Mrs. Shaffer will later attend the Home Economics Convention, which will be held in the same city . . . Conrad Richter, well known novelist, has returned after a year in California and will spend the summer on the manuscript of his new book which will be published by Knopf's . . . E. S. Dillinger, prolific writer of railroad stories, has also returned from a winter on the coast and is "grinding them out" at his usual speed . . . Dan Burroughs, of the *Morning Journal* recently sold a "Western" based on one of New Mexico's most famous murders, that of Fred Halsey at Hope, New Mexico . . . Carey Holbrook, editor of the *Health City Sun*, has been approached by "big business" . . . We hope that the deal for the New York syndicate of his column goes through . . . Amy Passmore Hurt, well known newspaper woman, is now regular contributor to the *Sodalist*, a Catholic publication . . .

Harvey Fergusson is writing dialogue for the Fox Movies, and Erna is "doing" South America in the same manner that she did Mexico and Central America. Everything is being placed at her disposal from free railroad passes to research committees and guides . . .

One of the finest publications of its kind was recently issued by the University Press. The magazine is called *Research* and is a publication of the Associated Students of the University of New Mexico. It is to be issued triannually, in August, December, and April. According to Eva Israel, editor, "the magazine offers material which is of an investigative nature, and will be an outlet for the earnest work of students of our University, as well as a challenge to those who believe that graduate schools are not fulfilling their duty, or that research cannot be done by the young graduates in our schools." Among the first contributors were: Willis Jacobs, Murtel Dancer, Genevieve Carter, Bertha Dutton, Nan Ashton Glenn, Wayne Hornbaker, and Herbert O. Brayer. Mr. Brayer's article, "The Land Grants of Laguna," will be printed as a part of a book entitled *The Pueblo Land Grants of New Mexico*. To the Advisory Board, the Editorial Staff, and to the University Press, we extend sincere congratulations, with the hope that *Research* will receive the support which it sincerely deserves.

From Caldwell, Idaho, come the distressing details of the fire which completely destroyed the Caxton Printer's Plant recently. The QUARTERLY grieves with Caxton officials, but commends the spirit indicated in the following letter:

"While the fiercest fire in the history of Caldwell baffled firemen, Caxton officials, cheered by telegrams and messages which poured in from all parts of the country proffering assistance and encouragement, arranged the leasing of temporary quarters, the purchase of new equipment, and the continuance of operations to meet printing and publishing schedules. Plans were made immediately for the construction of a new and modern building upon the site of the old, and salvaging operations began while the ruins still smoked.

A member of the editorial staff rescued a soaked copy of the rare first edition of Vardis Fisher's *Toilers of the Hills*; but just off the press lay the ruined second printing of *Idaho: a Guide in Word and Picture*, edited by Fisher. In the bindery, soaked and charred, was stacked the important new juvenile, *Yellow Eyes*, by Rutherford Montgomery, author of *Carcajou*. Reva Stanley's forthcoming *Archer of Paradise*, the biography of the great Mormon leader, Parley P. Pratt, was also destroyed.

Of Caxton books already manufactured, however, the great bulk, stored in warehouses apart from the plant, was saved. Exact changes necessitated in the 1937 publishing schedule have not yet been ascertained, but April releases will be as previously announced.

Far from daunted by the calamity, Caxton officials maintain that the publishing house will rise phoenixlike from its own ashes and emerge larger and stronger than before."

Hasta la proxima vez,

JULIA KELEHER

Hija Bruja

By MELA SEDILÃO-BREWSTER

Una nube pesadísima me envuelve
 Que me ahoga todo aliento de vivir
 Y si grito solo se oye chisme pueril
 Que repite "por tu amar has de sufrir."
 Crespo, hueco, rudo, feo, chasco de alma
 El quererte hombre, macho de metal;
 Eres frío, eres nieve, eres acero,
 Eres cúspide de marmol inmortal.
 Mas te quiero. Y lo digo con franqueza
 Hija bruja que es nacida del odiar
 Vierte sangre que me dice a todas horas
 "En su muerte encontrarás el olvidar."

Chant to Beauty
(Indian)

By MANUELA WILLIAMS CROSNO

To beauty—
To beauty it is given—
To beauty it is given to make the world.
Here is the moon,
Here is the moon of many shadows,
Here is the many-shadowed moon above my hogan.
Here is the wind,
Here is the wind of many whispers,
Here is the many-whispering wind about my hogan.
Here is the earth,
Here is the earth of many colors,
Here is the many-colored earth beneath my hogan.
Here are the hands,
Here are the hands that hold all beauty,
Here are the beauty-holding hands within my hogan.
To beauty it is given to make the world.
To beauty it is given—
To beauty—.

Book Reviews

Guatemala—Erna Ferguson—Alfred Knopf—\$3.00.

"I was conscious of a direct chain, worn very thin, perhaps, but somehow, link by link, connecting these people with their antiquity. I felt what I was told many times by those closest to the Guatemalan Indians, that they know their ancient power, and hold what they can of their ancestral beliefs."

So says Erna Fergusson in *Guatemala*, her latest book, and through her descriptive powers, so she conveys to her readers the sense of time, of the continuity of the past and the present with the possibilities of the future, in the ancient-modern republic to the south of Mexico.

Her journey and the telling of it leads from modern Guatemala, the capital, the tourist's view of the city and little republic through all phases of Guatemalan life, to Antigua, the ancient capital, aristocratic in its olden splendor and in its isolation.

The story of coffee and of bananas, main exports of this country, of costumes and textiles, of fiestas and of archæology is told in some of the best interpretive description in modern books.

Guatemala today becomes imbued with the spirit of the ancient country, and its future is suggested at the end of the volume. In Guatemala, as in Mexico, Miss Ferguson finds the pressing problem to be the Indians. In a chapter headed "These Indians" she achieves a masterpiece of composite reporting on the subject from a native *finquero*, which roughly is a coffee plantation owner, a hotel operator, a young Guatemalan educated in the States, Protestant Missionary, city woman, German storekeeper, Ladino storekeeper, and padre.

If the Indians and their dark unknown past overshadow all Guatemala outside the cities, the "ladinos" color the town

life. Ladino is a word heard every day in Guatemala and often misunderstood. It derives from Latino, and originally meant Spaniard, but has been extended to include all town-dwellers. Ladinos are privileged classes, and Indians are country-dwellers and unprivileged.

Ladinos do no manual service; they own the stores, cantinas, and are quick to exploit the Indians. Life in the modern Mayan tribes in Guatemala contains many threads which run far back into the old culture. By searching out the villages in the hinterland, Miss Ferguson gathered much material and presents it here for the first time.

In her description of Mayan archæology, the science becomes as exciting as any outdoor sport in the world, a keen absorbing interest, and the solution of the origin of the Mayas as fascinating as the latest mystery story.

Miss Fergusson has in *Guatemala* continued the high standard set in *Dancing Gods* and *Fiesta in Mexico* and has produced a book both authoritative and colorful. Furthermore it is an adult and interesting volume of travel, a refreshing change from the super-adolescent Halliburton type.

IRENE FISHER.

Albuquerque, N. M.

The Sea of Grass—Conrad Richter—A. A. Knopf—\$2.50.

Conrad Richter's latest book, *The Sea of Grass*, has been likened by many reviewers to Willa Cather's *Lost Lady*. The similarity of theme reminds me of a talk with Miss Cather several years ago. I told her that I knew of a New Mexico story much like her *Lost Lady*, but in real life more melodramatic. Miss Cather said: "That's interesting. People have told me of *Lost Lady* stories in Colorado, Nebraska, Arizona and California. This makes me feel that I have recorded a story that would be true anywhere in the West."

Conrad Richter spent several years in Albuquerque reading old newspapers, books, archives and talking to old timers to get the true values of the New Mexican setting. Like Miss Cather, he came upon the universal theme of the emo-

tional conflict between a man and woman heightened by their adjustment to the desert environment. The prairie "Sea of Grass" becomes the third person in this triangle situation, holding the man who seeks to subdue it and driving the woman away. The woman is as evanescent as a desert mirage, beckoning, disappearing, returning. The man is the finite human being struggling against the elemental forces of nature, boasting that he has subdued his eye-reaching plains only to find that their life has subdued him.

The story begins in the open-range days when old Jim Brewton's word was law, not only on his own vast ranch but in all the western cattle country. A beautiful, fragile girl from St. Louis had come out to marry him, arriving just at the time when homesteaders swarmed in to take up land that Col. Brewton had imperiously controlled. Brewton fought stubbornly to save his cattle kingdom from the invaders, while Lutie Brewton felt that the homesteaders had a right to the land. Through the years Lutie made her home the one gay and gracious mansion in a lonely land, giving her children a memory of laughter and beauty in contrast to their father's ponderous seriousness. The conflict between the two was brought to a climax by the homesteaders' lawyer, Chamberlain, who tempted Lutie with urbane gallantry. Lutie fled from the terrifying Sea of Grass around her, leaving her husband, children and callow lover. After mysterious years she forced herself to return only because the black-sheep son had gotten into trouble.

The story is told by Col. Brewton's nephew, a lad who saw his uncle's forbidding sternness and Lutie's charm. I think the drama would have been heightened if it had been told directly, instead of through a superimposed viewpoint. But the breadth and force of the drama is as wide as the prairie, giving it a sweep of eternal verity.

I am always delighted to find that Mr. Richter has recreated the New Mexican scene with such truth and vividness. *The Sea of Grass* and his fine collection of short stories in *Early Americana* are some of the best things that have

been written about this country. Going back with his fifty years ago we relive the hardships and dangers of the early settlers. It is due to his sensitive imagination and skillful technique that we see this country in his fiction, not as the distance to the next filling station, but as the distance to saving the scalp in the nearest white settlement. When so many two-day visitors are dabbling in western romance I am grateful that Mr. Richter has lived in New Mexico and put the real feel of the country into his outstanding books. Let's hope that Hollywood won't grab him permanently.

RUTH A. LAUGHLIN.

Santa Fe, N. M.

New Mexico's Own Chronicle—Fulton and Horgan—Banks, Upshaw,
Dallas—\$3.00.

Various anthologies of southwestern literature have appeared from time to time emphasizing the interest in and extent of writings devoted to this region. But it is with keen anticipation that we review the latest contribution along this line, *New Mexico's Own Chronicle* by Maurice G. Fulton and Paul Horgan. This volume is unique in that it is an anthology of history, based, for the most part, upon first-hand sources, journals, diaries, and letters. A most interesting collection of these materials has been utilized in presenting a chronologically arranged story of the fascinating history of New Mexico.

The contents of the book is divided into periods that more or less coincide with the usual historical presentation. But quite colorful titles add zest to what might otherwise seem dull chronology. Frankly the authors are making an appeal to the casual readers and are not setting out to present a work of erudition. Some of their technique might well become part of the equipment of the professional scholar. Such general headings as "Explorers from Spain," "Taming Indians and Bad Men," and "Ranch and Range" are bound to arouse the interest of those not primarily concerned with local historical sources.

A calendar of the chief events of the periods about to be chronicled appears upon a single page entitled "Milestones" preceding the discussion of the events. This is obviously helpful for anyone not sure of the thread of happening in the long story of New Mexico.

Following the "Milestones" comes a brief, often too brief, summarization of the period, introducing extracts from the sources which follow. This method does much to unify and consolidate what might otherwise prove rather disconnected and unrelated material. The editors have frankly paraphrased and modernized certain of the sources; it is, however, an adaptation for popular appeal retaining the flavor of the source.

The emphasis throughout is upon social rather than political history, and in that the anthology lies in the trend of the times.

In spite of all these admirable qualities, however, one wishes for a more careful piece of work, as there are numerous errors and omissions. The proof reading must have been hastily done to admit the misspellings that unfortunately occur. Even upon the jacket cover G. W. Kendall's name is in error, while the Introduction contains several wrongly spelled words, and the date of the Pueblo Revolt is given as 1648 instead of 1688. In the acknowledgments the second initial of Lummis' name is incorrectly given. This error persists rather consistently throughout the book; in only one place is it Charles F. Lummis (p. 7). In the Table of Contents we regret the misspelling of Coues (p. xix), and the title "Diary" occurs twice as *dairy* (p. xxi and p. xxv). Another error is in the citation of materials on the Pueblo Revolt of 1688 when C. W. Hackett is inadvertently recorded as J. J. Hackett (p. 352).

It is unnecessary to continue pointing out similar errors that careful reading soon discloses. But attention should be called to the date of the Gadsden Purchase, which is 1853 instead of 1854 as given both places it is mentioned (p. 158 and p. 190). Also on page 38 a question mark follows the

founding of Santa Fe which has been pretty well established as 1610 in an article by L. B. Bloom, "When Was Santa Fe Founded," in the *New Mexico Historical Review*, IV, p. 88.

From the viewpoint of the historian the reference to sources and the bibliographical material is inadequate. No definiteness in citation is attempted, so where a work of several volumes such as R. E. Twitchell's *Leading Facts* is used the possibility of consulting the original is made most difficult. At other times no specific mention is made of the source quoted and a consultation of the "Notes" reveals no reference. This is particularly annoying where the summarization refers to a periodical such as *The Boston Pearl* not found in usual historical bibliography.

Many of these things, as well as omission of recent articles, periodicals, and monographs, might be overlooked, but failure to include certain of the more distinguished series of books which are sources of the southwest is to be deplored. The Quivira Society publications are barely mentioned and *Overland to the Pacific* is not included in any way. The former contains a volume, the Villagr  *Historia* translated by Gilberto Espinosa, the only translation available in print, as the Curtis work has never been published. The same may be said of the *Mercurio Volante*. Also the omission of any reference to the recently edited journal of Z. M. Pike, and the most distinguished volume on the life of Father Kino by Herbert E. Bolton detracts materially from the value of the chronicle.

Thus in concept and spirit one can laud this unique historical anthology with the hope that a revision may correct the errors and include a more workable and comprehensive use of sources.

DOROTHY WOODWARD.

*University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque.*

A Lamp on the Plains—Paul Horgan—Harper & Brothers, New York—\$2.50.

For this book Mr. Horgan has chosen what is perhaps the most appealing of all themes; that of the waif who arouses the interest of everyone he meets, and who is put on the road to a promising future. This story, in fact, has persisted from the beginnings of our literature, with no lessening of its perennial charm.

Toward the end of the war, Danny Milford, after his mother's death at the hands of a mob, is driven by hunger from a box car at the embryonic town of Vrain, New Mexico. He hides on the outskirts, stealing his food, until he is rescued by Newt Jimson, a young garage mechanic. Soon a pleasing and polished "professor," who turns up in Vrain with no explanation, takes Danny in hand, giving him his first taste of literature and the determination to better himself. The "professor's" past catches up with him, and he is arrested. Loyally, Danny engineers his escape, and gets him out on a train. Arrested himself, he is salvaged by Wade McGraw, the community's first citizen, who takes him to live on his ranch with his own children, Hank, Stephen, and Kitty. Danny and Kitty follow a precocious passion through; without knowing its full extent, McGraw realizes they had best be separated, and sends Danny (of whom he has become very fond) to the military school at Roswell with his sons. Kitty goes to her aunt in Chicago. Danny's treachery is surmised by Stephen, clever, charming, and spoiled, whose resentment and jealousy lead to serious trouble among the boys. Stephen is killed in a polo game after a fight with Danny. Hank, the "good citizen" and a Cadet Captain as well, in which capacity he has been forced to report Stephen's brutal hazing of Danny (a matter for expulsion) is confused and shattered by the whole affair. He loses his high standing in the school and turns against Danny, without suspecting the basis of his brother's shocking conduct. However, his natural fairness triumphs, he comes to realize the malicious destructive elements of the complex Stephen's

somewhat satanic nature, and takes Danny once more into his heart, with deepened respect for him, as Danny has never complained of Stephen's persecution. There is true pathos and penetration in this account of the emotional tangle between the three boys. The book ends before Kitty has returned, and before Danny's relation to his adopted family is worked out.

The merits of a poor book are seldom noticed and soon forgotten. The faults of a good book are doubly irritating, noticeable, and damaging to a man of exceptional talent and serious ambition, if he is no longer a novice. Mr. Horgan should be reminded of the fate peculiar to American writers who have got beyond "promise." He seems to be writing too fast. And he has earned the criticism of the most exacting possible standards.

This book will remain in the memory of its readers. It is imbued with Mr. Horgan's personal quality. If it is "regional" it is so in the best sense. His small world is not presented through a snobbish provincial emphasis on its difference. Mr. Horgan has so absorbed his environment that one feels it unconsciously in every sentence, yet Vrain belongs to the world we all live in. Nevertheless, the book has a tendency to softness.

Its worst fault is the uncertain grasp of narrative, which comes to a dead halt in the middle. The love-episode fails to set it in motion, and does not convince us on its own merits. Mr. Horgan seems to feel this himself, and attempts to establish through it a link with Danny's father, without, however, making this clear to a reader who does not know *Main Line West*. The pattern suggested is not carried out, and the episode remains implausible. After the tragic drama of Stephen's death the story again drifts to its inconclusive conclusion. There are many episodes which lack consequence in themselves, which lead us to expect developments, which do not develop.

Another flaw is a too-detailed, somewhat strained and obscure style, which however always disappears when some-

thing is happening. Then the language becomes smooth, expressive, and ripe. The characters are not wholly successful. It is clear that Mr. Horgan has charted them in his own mind, but they seldom get off the page. A triumphant exception to this is the "Professor," something new in fiction, who is done with a sympathetic irony, a subtle vivacity, which should keep him going for many years. The town of Vrain's first infatuation with him, and its final rejection, are acutely imagined; for it is not the common American distrust of intellect, nor the small town's hostility to "culture," though these are present. The "Professor," superior to any of them in charm, in perception, in scope, was still a rogue. Of this the instinct of Vrain was aware, but its motives and its reasoning could amuse even the disgraced "Professor," who had committed no sin in Vrain.

The dialogue could be more natural. Mr. Horgan has taken great pains to reproduce the illiterate speech of his locale, but the result is labored and fantastic:

"W' figg' warnt raght, sombitch. God-dayum' were dronk, boy haddi!" There is too much of this grotesque talk, a blemish in a book whose total effect is one of grave, luminous, and youthful beauty.

MARINA DASBURG.

Taos, N. M.

The Kachinas Are Coming, Pueblo Indian Kachina Dolls With Related Folktales—Gene Meany Hodge, with Foreword by Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge and with eighteen color plates of Kachina Dolls from original drawings by the author—Steller-Millar, Los Angeles—\$12.00.

A book delightful both in format and in content is *The Kachinas Are Coming*, by Mrs. Frederick W. Hodge. The soft two-toned tan cover is filled with cloud and rain symbols of Indian design, and the size of the book makes it possible to use easily-read, big type in the printing, suitable to the eyes of both the seven-year-old and the seventy-year-old, both of whom would enjoy reading it, and to illustrate with life-

sized drawings of the little kachina dolls, who invite a smile whenever one looks at them.

Who of us is not intrigued by the grotesque little wooden figurines of the Hopi Indians and the Indians of Zuni pueblo? When we are told that they represent figures of a multifold mythology, in which appear the Corn-Maidens, the Squirrel-Woman, the Beetle-Boy, the Deer-Man and many others, we immediately wonder in fascinated curiosity why the Duck-Woman? What do the marks upon her symbolize? What is her function in the creation of the Universe, etc., etc.?

In her beautifully illustrated book *The Kachinas Are Coming*, Mrs. Hodge answers some of these questions for us.

Indian mythology is esoteric. Much of it is shrouded in mysticism, which occasionally and surprisingly bursts into a simple tale, almost ludicrous by contrast—of why the tip of the turkey's tail is white, or the coyote has black lines running down from his eyes, or the "why" of some other everyday natural phenomenon.

It is often difficult for the White man to grasp the meaning of this mythology and to see its continuity. Mrs. Hodge has selected from this long involved creation myth of the village-dwelling Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, delightful bits each of which makes a complete tale in itself and each explaining in whole, or in part, the relationship of the Indian Kachinas and their representative effigies, the kachina dolls, to this great myth.

At the end of each story is a short explanatory sketch helping to clarify the story and to give its relationship to the life of the Indians and their elaborate ceremonies.

It is the first time that anything so elucidating and so delightful has been presented about the little Kachinas. And the charm of the book, of course, is greatly enhanced by the accurate drawings in true colors of the little snout-nosed creatures that are so endearing and so utterly "different."

Dr. Hodge, who has contributed so extensively to Pueblo archæology, says in part in his foreward: "There never was a time when interest in Indian subjects was so great as

at present, and, thanks to the progress made by serious students (one of whom is Dr. Hodge himself) in dispelling many of the fallacies pertaining to the aboriginal tribes of America, our young people have much less to unlearn than their elders." *The Coming of the Kachinas* will help to teach these young people much about their Indian neighbors, and make them realize that the little kachina dolls are not just "funny."

ELIZABETH W. DEHUFF.

Santa Fe, N. M.

Brothers of Light—The Penitentes of the Southwest—Alice Corbin Henderson, with illustrations by William Penhallow Henderson—Harcourt, Brace & Co.—\$2.50

There is no single topic which has been more exploited to make drama of this ancient state of New Mexico than Los Hermanos Penitentes. From the earliest accounts of nineteenth century Americanos down to the last Associated Press dispatch in Holy Week, the pageant of flagellation and the mimetic suffering of the Christ-path to Calvary has been surrounded with all that is thrill conveying and blood chilling. It is a sure theme to arrest the attention of a recent visitor or to center the interest of a gathering away from New Mexico. Yet very little of the real life of the Penitentes has been revealed by these news items or by the casual inspection of the rites.

Mrs. Alice Henderson's book is a friendly and picturing account of the Brothers of Light. She has not written to make melodrama of them nor to psycholalyze. Her intention is to present the folk-way of this very real experience by a vivid picture of it plus conclusions as to the European background and references to the developments of the cult in New Mexico. This she has done as only one living in New Mexico for many years can do—with respect and liking for the New Mexican scene and the life related to it.

Imagine as amphitheater a stretch of sun-bleached soil extending from the valley of the Rio

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Grande to the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo mountains. The river itself is hidden by leafless, silvery-white cottonwoods, and from these the eye ranges across sandy hillocks up to a ridge of red cliffs cutting against blue snow-capped mountains. Over all is the bright clear light of an early spring day; and certainly nothing could be more open and free and remote from mystery than this level stretch of country bared to the candid light of the steady mountain sun.

So the writer sets the stage for the strange, unearthly procession which winds up the sandy ridge in the raw wintry air, the *pitiro* sounding thin reedy notes while black-veiled figures stagger under heavy crosses, and other men, bared to the waist, lift the yucca lashes at rhythmic intervals to come down across their flesh with a stinging thud. We go with the author to the morado and the ceremony of the *tinieblas*, the darkness and the rent veil of the temple during the hours of Calvary. We meet the Hermano Mayor at Abiqui. We learn of the fraternal and charitable services of the organization, and we learn that it is strongly inwrought in the life of the laity in the isolated parishes of New Mexico where the ministrations of priest or friar have never been as consistently performed as those of the brotherhood.

The author has not sentimentalized her report. She does not pretend to be or to have been part of this fellowship. Yet insofar as one not a Penitente can record the rites, Mrs. Henderson has succeeded and with appropriate deference to the initiates. William Penhallow Henderson is fellow to this interpretation with some unusual drawings in black and white which catch the play of light in scenes of dusk and day as light is always a factor of emphasis in this State which belongs to the Sun.

T. M. PEARCE.

Albuquerque, N. M.

Pecos Bill—James Cloyd Bowman, illustrated by Laura Bannon—Albert Whitman Co., Chicago, 1937—\$2.50.

With a keyboard spitting adjectives, and truthfulness thrown to the winds, author James Cloyd Bowman hurls himself into the telling of the story of Pecos Bill, the greatest cowboy of all times. Where Ananias left off at the peak of his career, author Bowman starts in, and produces a thoroughly readable history of the legendary character after whom his book is named.

Mr. Bowman, who is head of the English department at the Northern State Teachers College, Marquette, Mich., has his book set in 12 point Granjon type, which, we have found, is still too small to match the astounding feats of his hero. Two hundred ninety-six pages of 12 point Granjon are necessary to record the life of Pecos Bill from his modest beginning as the adopted whelp of a coyote pack, up to the point where he vanishes in thin air. And in between those two events is crammed the most amazing of super colossal and thoroughly unbelievable cowboy achievements that ever came from the fertile brain of a college professor.

Professor Bowman gives as his informant Tex O'Reilly, creator of Pecos Bill yarns. He acknowledges the aid of numerous other sources, including materials in the Harvard Library. These stories are frankly tall tales of the backwoods and frontier variety. Pecos Bill is one with the gargantuan Paul Bunyan, boss lumberjack of America in the years between the winter of the Blue Snow and the Spring Rain Came up from China. For the searcher after truth, who is looking for authentic information about cowboys and ranch life, Pecos Bill will prove a complete washout. But the reader who walks into it with his eyes wide open will discover many a chuckle, mixed with wonderment at the skill of an author who can make his prodigious prevarications sound so plausible.

Pecos Bill is illustrated by Laura Bannon who goes in for green cows, pink horses and illustrations almost as re-

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markable as the text. Anyone who is interested in American humor will find the rollicsome, preposterous adventures of Pecos Bill and his horse, Widow Maker, a rare treat.

CAREY HOLBROOK.

Albuquerque, N. M.

Bugles Blow No More—Clifford Dowdey—Little, Brown and Company, 1937.—\$2.50.

The QUARTERLY reviewing policy is confined to the survey of books on the Southwest, on regional American life, on topics of general cultural and educational interest. *Bugles Blow No More*, a May publication of Little, Brown and Company, is a book about Virginia and the South of Civil War days. It is a book with a new point of view—not that of the slave-owning, patrician South, but that of the more democratic, reliable middle-class with their strong loyalties to a South which was neither all moonlight and magnolias nor slave ridden and impoverished.

I prefer this book to *So Red the Rose*, because it has better narrative continuity and because with the concrete picture of the stark horror of the war we see the searing cautery of the caste system the war performed. Brose Kirby, son of a druggist, had never met the daughter of the rich tobacco warehouse owner he worked for. The Wades were both mercantilists and planters and Mildred Wade knew only the scions of the rich cotton plantations or the aristocracy of the army. When the war levels the defenders of Richmond to the values of common humanity, Mildred Wade and Brose Kirby find a union which the pre-war South would have forever barred. The story of Brose and Mildred begins on Secession night and follows the fortunes of the war from the battle of Manassas through the successive sieges of Richmond to the last fight at Appomattox. The profiteering in war supplies behind the lines of both armies is a new and very significant development in the story. The use of quoted excerpts from the documents of the times, speeches

of Lincoln and Davis, letters and comments of actual personages, add a veracity to the fictional stream which is effective in a novel of so significant a period. We want fact with interpretation in our American historical fiction.

Mr. Dowdey has a bit of a flair, nevertheless, in his character writing. Brose and Mildred over-dramatize themselves in situations which do not require it. Author Dowdey definitely belongs in the romantic mold of writers of Southern fiction, but he has original material through his conscientious research and this reviewer found his novel one of the most interesting and profitable transcripts of American life. The map of Richmond inside the cover with the legend adapted to both events of the war and details of the novel is a further device of realism which is entertaining.

T. M. PEARCE.

Albuquerque, N. M.

TO BE REVIEWED IN AUGUST

Hitler's Drive to the East by F. Elwyn Jones. A sensational, though carefully documented, account of the Nazi drive towards Eastern Europe. E. P. Dutton Co.

Henry of Navarre by Marcelle Vioux, translated by J. Lewis May. A biography of Henry Bourbon that reads like fiction; that shows him first as an uncouth cad at the brilliant court of Catherine de Medici, then as the hard-fighting gascon dividing his time between his stern Huguenots and his many mistresses; and lastly as the king to whom "Paris was worth a mass," and sometimes a pretty face worth more than Paris. E. P. Dutton Co.

Personally Speaking

PEOPLE FORGET their youth, and are amazed at the lusts, rebellions, and fevers of others which once burned themselves. In the stolid forties they forget the anxieties and gaspings of their own pre-adulthood. This, at least, must be the explanation of both the contemporary and present maunderings over the diary of Marie Bashkirtseff, she who died about 1884 in her twenties—she who left behind her for publication the quick notes of her emotions. Now again through a life of Bashkirtseff by Dormer Creston, *Fountains of Youth*, citizens of respectable age are reminded of the nursed tears and longings of youth. They can read again of the confident solipsism of youth. Of the horror of ignominious death. Of the fierce ambitions, the ecstatic love, the world sorrow.

I hope that this time they do not repeat with Gladstone the fatuous cry of "Without parallel!" Surely by now—after a *Way of All Flesh*, after a *Dusty Answer* and a *Divine Fire* and of *A Human Bondage*—surely now even the most mole-like have recognized the piercing emotions of youth, whether young manhood or young womanhood. Is it possible that today there is one man or woman who feels words like these shockingly without parallel?

I was quite right, there is nothing excruciating but the sorrows of self-love, those have nothing hidden inside them and are worse than death. But all the others? . . . death, despair of love, absences! It is life all the same. Here I am on the point of weeping . . . O God, take pity on me! O God, must there be this deadful separation between me and the rest of the world

And this is youth without parallel! This is the diary whose audacity translated it into Hungarian and English and half a dozen other languages! This is simple youth. And the notoriety of this innocent and poignant diary reveals the abysses of ignorance and self-deception of adult society

in the late lamented last century. Youth was ever thus! It was the adulthood which suffered disease. Those blindnesses are surely gone?

On Journey, by Vida Scudder, is dedicated to the poet Florence Converse. *Collected Poems*, by Florence Converse, is dedicated to the Christian socialist, Vida Scudder. The autobiography is strangely analogous to the poetry. Like the poet's "happy swan"

Privileged to float upon
Waters ecclesiastical:
A hero in a charmed life

has been the life of the mystical Vida Scudder. Yet even the happy swan floats near a world with "industrial strife,"

... the awful dread
Of hungering for daily bread;

and so it was with the Vida Scudder who wrote for socialism. Has she realized though, one wonders, how her program of social amelioration has dissipated itself in mysticism, in nostalgia of the saints? *On Journey* is valuable in showing thought withdrawing into hallowed retreat. Where thought loses its force.

Autobiographies may easily become surprising things. G. K. Chesterton's is expected enough, Rudyard Kipling's is a step toward the fantastic, and Edgar Lee Masters' is utterly astounding. Only by abandoning his wit and his Catholicity would Chesterton have surprised; as it is, the *Autobiography* is a continuation of his natural prose and logical ideas: It is the same imagistic reading, the same Jesuitical ratiocination. *Something of Myself*, by Kipling, is surprising only because it is disappointing: it is, for one thing, incomplete, it is a hasty pudding, best relished for the recording of nineteenth century India and the meteoric flare of young genius across the British sky.

But *Beyond Spoon River*, by Masters, is almost revolting: not at all because of a vaguely scabrous personal life, not at all because of a steady deterioration into despair,

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into even a Clarence Darrow nihilism. No, what horrifies a reader of this story is the stupid, unconscionable blind favoritism of fate. Here is a book which shows apparent to the slightest reader the shallowness of its author, the debilitation of his character, the mediocrity of his talent. And yet this is the man who wrote *The Spoon River Anthology*! This is the man who wrote "Ann Rutledge" . . . and *Beyond Spoon River* tells how this mediocrity was visited for some three months in a certain year by a staggering aspiration—some ineffable mood, outside his comprehension—and in those months made an American immortal of himself. The mystery and unreason of it is staggering. But it happened, Edgar Lee Masters did write *Spoon River*, and it is his biographical and historical tragedy that he went beyond it to reveal his shivering nakedness.

WILLIS JACOBS.