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The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW

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Chile on the Warpath C. M. Lancaster and P. T. Manchester
The Last Room. A Story Christine Weston
New Mexico Architecture Louis G. Hesselden
The Storm. A Story Curtis Martin
The Texans. A New Mexican
Folk Play . . Aurelio M. and J. Manuel Espinosa
The Sign. A Story Weldon Kees
Poems, by J. V. Cunningham, Myron H. Broomell, Celeste
Turner Wright, Ann Stanford, and others
Book Reviews . . . Book Lists . . . Other Features

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CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
DECEMBER SEVENTH, 1941: Shock Therapy for American Education. <i>Martha Guernsey Colby</i>	265
CHILE ON THE WARP. <i>Charles Maxwell Lancaster and Paul Thomas Manchester</i>	279
THE LAST ROOM. Story. <i>Christine Weston</i>	292
THE TEXANS: a New Mexican Folk Play of the Middle Nineteenth Century. <i>Aurelio M. Espinosa and J. Manuel Espinosa</i>	299
THE SIGN. Story. <i>Weldon Kees</i>	309
ON AND-ON. <i>Spud Johnson</i>	314
THE STORM. Story. <i>Curtis Martin</i>	319
NEW MEXICO ARCHITECTURE. <i>Louis G. Hesselden</i>	326
POETRY. <i>J. V. Cunningham, Meade Harwell, Gordon H. Felton, M. J. A. McGittigan, George Kellogg, Jess H. Cloud, Byron Vazakas, Ellis Foote, Scott Greer, Myron H. Broomell, Celeste Turner Wright, Mary Graham Lund, Ann Stanford</i>	333
REVIEWS OF SOME CURRENT POETRY. <i>Alan Swallow and Lincoln Fitzell</i>	349
BOOK REVIEWS	353
A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST. <i>Lyle Saunders and Theo Crevenna</i>	373
LOS PAISANOS. <i>Julia Keleher</i>	383

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It is not the usual policy of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW to reprint articles, but Martha G. Colby's idea of the need of "shock therapy" in education deserves all the attention it can get. Mrs. Colby is an associate professor of psychology and a research associate in the elementary school at the University of Michigan.... Charles Maxwell Lancaster and Paul J. Manchester, both of the department of romance languages at Vanderbilt University, have long been interested in Latin American literature and have translated widely. ... Aurelio M. and J. Manuel Espinosa, native New Mexicans and members of a prominent New Mexican family, are both well known in the field of folklore. The Espinosas teach Spanish at Stanford and Loyola (Chicago), respectively. ... Louis G. Hesselden has been for some years the architect of the Albuquerque School Board. Recent public school buildings in Albuquerque, in New Mexico Territorial style, are his work.

Of the authors of stories in this issue, only one has appeared in the QUARTERLY REVIEW before. Curtis Martin, Ensign, now on duty with the Pacific Fleet, took his master's degree at the University of New Mexico and taught school for many years in the state. His first novel, *The Hills of Home*, is to be issued soon by Houghton Mifflin. ... Christine Weston, of Maine, and Weldon Kees, lately of Colorado, have contributed extensively to magazines. Christine Weston's *Indigo*, a novel of life in India, ran serially in recent issues of the *Atlantic Monthly* and has now appeared as a book. Mr. Kees is an associate of the *Rocky Mountain Review*.

Although some experimental poems are featured in this issue, several of the authors have appeared in these pages before. J. V. Cunningham, of the English department at Stanford, is now teaching in Army training work; he is the author of *The Helmsman*. Ann Stanford, of Los Angeles, recently published her first book of poems, *In Narrow Bound*. Ellis Foote, of Salt Lake City, recently published a collection of poems, *The Ballad of Garn Dull and Other Poems*. ... Of the new contributors, Meade Harwell is an ensign in the Navy; Gordon H. Felton is the editor of *Palisade*, Indianola, Iowa; M. J. A. McGittigan, George Kellogg, and Jess H. Cloud all live in New York City; Scott Greer is editor of *Crescendo*, Waco, Texas; Byron Vazakas, of Reading, Pennsylvania, has been publishing poems in many magazines; Myron H. Broomell, formerly of Ohio, now doing war work in southern California, has had poems in numerous magazines and anthologies; Celeste Turner Wright teaches at the University of California branch in Davis; Mary Graham Lund, who lives in Fair Oaks, California, has published in many magazines.

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DECEMBER SEVENTH, 1941: SHOCK THERAPY FOR AMERICAN EDUCATION¹

Martha Guernsey Colby

IN PSYCHOPATHOLOGY there is a form of clinical treatment known as shock therapy. It is not a new idea. In medieval and, for that matter, early American days, they simply strapped the victim to a chair and, when he least suspected it, dropped him through a hole in the floor. Today we substitute drugs and electricity, which set up controlled convulsions in the nervous system. The basic idea is the same—namely, a drastic jolting up of the old bad organization to permit a better reorganization. The things which supposedly are jolted are the acquired neurological patterns whose more popular names are “habits,” “attitudes,” “complexes,” “beliefs,” “fixations,” or whatever school of terminology is preferred. My own pet version is “stereotype.” Liberated momentarily, at least, from some of these shackles of stereotyped action and thought, the patient is free, so to say, to form new habits, new attitudes, more in keeping with what life demands. Now in psychopathology, all the king’s horses and all the king’s men—meaning the doctors, psychiatrists, chemists, psychologists—are there at the patient’s bedside to do their expert best to put him less pathologically together again.

In normal psychology we have something closely akin. The difference is that, instead of metrazol injections, we get shaken up by some untoward event. We are brought up unceremoniously short—and usually without help from either horses or men—against the immediate necessity of reorganizing our lives. The old habits fail us; they won’t carry us through. Sometimes this is the fault of the catastrophic sud-

¹ Reprinted, by special permission of author and publisher, from *Michigan Alumnus Quarterly Review*, XLIX (February 20, 1943), 93-103.

denness of the blow. More often the fault is ourselves. Only rarely can anyone look back after disaster without facing that annoying couplet, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these—it might have been." "Too little and too late" is only a modern version.

—But to return to shock. Shock therapy is severe and usually expensive as well. It involves considerable risk. Often it does not work. Without going into explanatory psychobiology, suffice it to say that at least it may work when nothing else will. It is, indeed, usually applied only at this critical point. Just as there are different responses in laboratory-induced shock, so there are different reactions in ordinary life. The trained intelligence with disciplined emotion will look back on its past shortcomings. Without evading the issues, it can say, "I was wrong. I shall do differently now."

The unstable intelligence may or may not be very high, but its reasoning always reflects more emotion than fact. It characteristically does one of two things in a shock situation: runs away if there is any physical escape, or "aborts" it mentally by verbal rationalization. The psychological gulf between reasoning and rationalization is deep. The first is the ability to face truth; the second is the agility to evade it.

A merely low intelligence or, for that matter, an undisciplined normal one, will react somewhat differently to shock. Such minds will flounder about in trial and error, like rats in a water maze, eventually sinking or swimming in accordance with chance. Their solution may be a bad one, but if it serves the success of the moment, it will suffice. Expediency replaces wisdom. And again the brief comfort of the moment may become the long plague of the future. The powerful stereotype of dull and undisciplined minds will attempt in all instances to revert to the old habit systems, hoping that these will muddle them through. Such minds are likely to accept consequences, not as good, nor as just, nor as sensible, but as merely inevitable.

As far as statistics show and despite Professor Hooton of Harvard, the majority of the human race still classifies under "normal" and responds accordingly to shock therapy. The behavior of ex-isolationist students, the Lindberghs, the Lewises, the CIO strikers, the doctors, the merchants, the housewives, the servants, even the Nyes and the Wheelers, proves it. December 7 was not a hole in the floor—it was a hole in our universe, and most of us fell clear through it. Within sixteen hours the world's most impregnable navy, housed in its own impregnable base, cracked like the Maginot Line. The cream of Amer-

4

DECEMBER SEVENTH, 1941

267

ican Marines died like rats in a trap. Not all the wealth, the factories, the schools, or the high standard of living could evacuate Guam, get help to Wake Island. Quite an accumulation of "important," "influential," "traditional" ideas got shocked out of the American system of thinking by that first bomb-shell at Pearl Harbor. Most of our easy rationalizations, our wishful evasion of facts, our phlegmatism, our optimism in the face of almost insolently obvious dangers were fully exploded by 4 p. m. Almost every man, woman, and child realized for the first time that the world of December 8 could not again in history be the world of December 6.

It is ironical that on almost every American lip that day was a statement of sardonic relief: "At least we know our stand." "In the end we will thank Mr. Tojo." "At last we can act!" And we set ourselves to the task.

Now those of us who deal with American youth are wondering whether the American public is as healthily reacting to shocks less dramatic, but thereby more insidious, more critical, and in the end far more ultimate to national survival than the Pearl Harbor debacle. If December 7 revealed some unappetizing laxity in the American military system, let us now have a look at what it revealed in American public education. We may start out with a good, clean-cut, indisputable example. Prior to January 1, 1943, 43 per cent of the nation's college applicants for Navy commissions were flatly rejected. Why? They had good minds. They had good hearts. Their spirit is obvious. But they could not pass the tests. Especially those in arithmetic.

Most of them couldn't read an ammeter, much less compute a cube root, and some of them couldn't spell. Polite, but grim, in his task of selecting candidates, a local officer said, "There are two things the American colleges really should begin to teach their students. One is mathematics. The other is hard work." These statements were made *before* December 7. At that time there was apparently no idea of "letting the Navy down," in the very literal sense of lowering any standards. This same officer was appalled at the mere suggestion. Yet within two months not one, but several traditional requirements are being relaxed—not by intelligent choice, but by necessity.

There is small comfort in the layman's naive solution (like that of some of our educators): remove the mathematics. For in the meantime, U-boats and battleships will continue to navigate by grace of spherical trigonometry. Nor will it be "spherical trigonometry" in a

nutshell”—as blandly proposed by a few “progressive” optimists. Even emergency courses presuppose something of plane trigonometry, of plane and solid geometry, of algebra and multiplication. It was not spherical trigonometry in which our college youth failed; it was algebra, geometry, square roots, division.

Prior to December 7, at least, most of the successful applicants for N.R.O.T.C. were science majors and engineers. But engineers are among the most desperately needed commodities on the production front. If our student engineers must be drained away to man our cruisers and submarines, who will be left to construct the factories, design the tools, and teach the future scientists and engineers? How have Germany and Japan managed the problem of skilled personnel? Partly by maintaining the scholastic tradition of mathematics throughout the whole school curriculum. Because they have maintained this “discipline” they can now pervert it to bad use. Because we neglected it, we cannot divert it to good use.

The immediate reaction of most college students to the shock of this educational blind spot has been a good one (well punctuated with sturdy Anglo-Saxon expletives of contempt for their pre-college training). The mathematics departments can hardly cope with their invading hordes. The same is true of those erstwhile unpopular “stiffs”—physics and chemistry. Yet in all this healthy, intelligent, therapeutic eagerness, there is a tragic note, which only the teacher sees: that you cannot teach solid, precise matter where there is no foundation, where the very tools of speech are lacking, and the very concept of *precision* is unknown.

The irony is that, for many years, the colleges and universities have fought these products of low-entrance standards forced upon them. Yet every time the N.E.A. meets, we know some other “discipline” will be removed from the preparatory docket. At the present moment, we are being seriously urged to have *no* requirements whatever. It would seem that the critical experiment of Pearl Harbor was the answer which he who runs can read. It would seem that our Navy-rejected students are reply enough. It may also be predicted that the inevitable failure of “get-well-quick” emergency diet in courses needing steady, long digestion will be still another answer when such congested training is put to crucial test. It is reasonable to believe that 98 per cent and not 57 per cent of our college upperclassmen should have passed the original Navy tests—and this regardless of whether they were to be lawyers,

teachers, engineers, sociologists, or anything else. To a properly educated adult, their failure stands as a shameful proof of dereliction of duty on the part of our educational system. It has shortchanged an entire generation of American youth by a smug pursuit of "the easier way" and a false concept of culture.

Here is another example. Some of our psychologists have been making comparative analyses of mental test scores of 1917 college draftees and 1941-42 students. The results are not flattering to the latter. Their general scores lag about ten points behind. The depressions occur in those test-items based on abstraction processes, while simple rote memory shows little change. In the light of all the "miraculous healing" philosophy of progressive education, we should rightly expect, in 1941, higher scores on harder tests, not lower scores on the same test. Two explanations are offered. The first is the depressing conclusion of scholars like Hooton and Osborn, that through lax immigration and differential breeding we are swiftly becoming a nation of morons. The second, and more likely idea, is that 1942 youth does not shine in abstraction and reasoning just because these processes have never *been* shined. The healthy challenge of hard abstract tasks has either been "hygienically" removed, or desaturated to a mild solution. Instead of teething their early wits on the unyielding flint of mathematics, classical humanities, and cause and effect in history, their practice has been the vague, immature discursions of high school social science—and usually that without grace of Noah Webster. It is not the fault of the social sciences if their post-graduate problems prematurely replace the three R's. But it is like tackling the *Hammerklavier* before *Gradus ad Parnassum*. Compared with the orderly patterns of quadratic equations, the mutable complexity of human reaction staggers comprehension. Man may have conquered the atom, but he hasn't conquered war. Hunger and crime remain. December seventh was not a failure in physical science, it was a failure in social systems. Perhaps if engineers learned more humanities and more of the calculus whetted political brains, a dangerous breach might heal.

The dearth of elementary science background reflects itself also in medicine. Suddenly plunged into combat, the country is aware that neither doctors nor nurses suffice in number. As in the other professions American college youth has quickly flooded the pre-medical courses, in answer to the call. But here, again, the call is not enough. There is a minimum background in science and liberal arts without

which any course in a modern medical school is simply incomprehensible. Again we have the pathetic picture of college seniors, frantically trying to cram freshman science into their final year. Again the unbalanced preparatory years bottleneck a production process, vital to life and death. And again we have the alarming threat of haste and lowered standards in a profession where lowered standards can ill exist.

The same threat of lower standards occurs in the field of teaching as a whole. There is no reliable evidence to refute the unpalatable fact that standards in this field have long been in danger. For many years, industry has been absorbing the doctoral degrees. At present, less than 57 per cent of those taking higher degrees *in subject matter* remain in education. In the junior colleges, the proportion is truly alarming; 2.5 per cent! Furthermore, of these latter, more than 60 per cent have degrees, primarily in method, secondarily in subject matter. This is because in many states college teaching suffers from a dual personality. In the universities, the greatest of scholars may teach freshmen and sophomores with legal impunity. But they could *not* teach the same students in adjacent junior colleges, without a special certificate. Reversing the situation, many of the teachers in junior college could not legally teach in the university, without more training in subject matter.

It is often said that teaching excludes superior people because of its low income. If true, it is certainly not the whole truth. Such critics might do well to review the economic status of humanity's great teachers—Christ, Confucius, and Plato; St. Francis of Assisi and Thomas Aquinas; Erasmus and Galileo; Giotto and Brunetto Latini; William Harvey and Thomas Huxley; Kirchoff, Kant, and Helmholtz; Horace Mann, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Willard Gibbs, William James, to mention only a few who were never millionaires. Great teachers have seldom been rich men in any age, and they aren't in this one. This is no compliment to the scholar's mind. If industry and other professions continue to drain off the cream of the educational process, it will not be altogether because of higher wages. It will be because industry has not yet substituted the Sanctity of Method for the Sanity of Content; its research workers do not experiment under the Damoclean sword of Bibliography and Sophomore Ratings of Popularity.

Creative intelligence is there to be creative, and not to be dissipated in clerical drudgery or artificial tasks. At least so say the majority of those who have been drawn away from the schools into the offices and

DECEMBER SEVENTH, 1941

271

laboratories of the great industrial plants. But if sentiment within the teaching profession is any sure sign, then there may yet occur here, too, a modern Melanchthon and a Renaissance Wittenberg. Lectures on Homer and the Epistle to Titus may replace administrative questionnaires. Meanwhile, the real subject-matter teacher, who, like Mr. Chips, just likes to teach, will struggle along, unsung, and certainly unpromoted, to do his best in giving youth its birthright of human knowledge. Despite his lowly status in a stenographic era, he will give to his students, surreptitiously, if need be, his blood and his marrow to atone for the bitter lesson of Pearl Harbor.

Another bitter lesson, incidentally, is that of languages. It is a surprising experience in Japan to find how universal is the English language. At present we are trying to catch up in desperately concentrated courses in Japanese. The invasion of Manchuria would have been a better time to start, both for political reasons and reasons inherent in Japanese conjugations and post-positions. Most intelligent people foresaw that war would spread to global fronts. Yet, what did we do to prepare our communications? We have long since removed the faithful props of Greek and Latin roots for European systems; then we reduced the value of modern languages by reducing the requirements to a minimum. Only a few universities have ever encouraged the Oriental languages. The present training in this field is a fine example of expediency versus cultural motive. China is our ally. American soldiers are and have been fighting with Chinese comrades. It is, in part, the Chinese civilization, with its magnificent philosophy, literature, and art, its democratic ideals, which we are supposedly fighting to preserve. Yet the language of the Samurai sword-rattlers is being taught, through military necessity, to hundreds, and the peacetime language of Lao Tse, to tens. Certainly the western world needs the touch of Confucius, the poems of Li Po and Tu Fu, the great novels of the Shi Hu Chuan. And there is still the practical value of a language used in contemporary commerce, diplomacy, and war, by four hundred million friends.

Under our present system, students may get a college degree with one or two years of a foreign language taught at beginning levels. They are, of course, urged to continue, but too often the interest lags. Or else, just on the threshold of the exciting realm of a foreign *literature*, with the grammatical tools now in their hands, they regard the cultural value of French or German or Spanish as already achieved, and proceed

to elect another beginning course, and to acquire another smattering. Meanwhile, Goethe and Schiller and Heine, Corneille and Molière and Racine, Calderón and Cervantes, remain, if not quite such complete nonsense syllables as Euripides and Aeschylus, mere names on the library shelves.

And what about the mother tongue? The items of grammar, spelling, and reading are tactfully handled in many universities by segregating classes into special hierarchies of verbal literacy. But the casual regard for the *meaning* of words is a matter of more general concern. In my own classes, I occasionally resort to the mean trick of introducing a dictionary. After all, if a critical term has occurred some fifty times in print and fifty more in lectures, and students complain that the chapter meant little because the word meant less, there has to be some kind of drastic remedy. In response to the shock of this pedagogical insult, it is amazing how often such students appear thereafter armed with root, declension, etymology—in fact, the whole encyclopedia. They have discovered the thrill of semantics; the romance of verbal symbols; the art of diction and usage. But, only as college students.

Lack of precision in language produces curious shifts in semantics. These are of considerable interest to the social psychologist, since they represent those verbal stereotypes which, in the end, come to govern mass behavior. Every teacher who survived the adolescent maelstrom of 1939-41, in which the infantile concept of irresponsible license became the synonym for "Democracy"—in the classroom, on the campus, in the national capital—shudders at the possibilities inherent in this definition. Too many of us had watched with our own eyes the Nazi student reformers at work in the German universities, conscientiously using the same violence, rudeness, cynicism, and immature logic to re-define "liberalism," "race," "religion." There was an appalling parallelism between that strident, humorless self-confidence and the hysterical egocentrism which nearly went berserk on many an American campus.

In the shock of their country's need, much of this spirit has disappeared like magic, and more of it doubtless will. But some of it still persists in lower concentration, and, like an insidious and imperceptible gas, still subtly dulls the thinking of many an otherwise healthy youth. Here is a current example. Last week, one of our local army officers loosed a few verbal torpedoes in the direction of physical incompetence. All reliable authorities agree pretty fully that Pearl Harbor

DECEMBER SEVENTH, 1941

273

revealed a state of affairs in the physical education of American youth only secondary to the state of arithmetic.

Most of our youth is chagrined by this revelation. Even in this short time, the corrective classes are deluged. However, there is still a minority which regards the privilege of being anemic or diseased as a fundamental "democratic right," and any enforced exercise as a fascist infringement of liberty. One student, replying in print to this army officer, agreed that it might be a necessary evil to be strong and healthy during the war, but after it is over, he would certainly be as weak and inert as he pleased. Not only was his reply a denial of every normal biological and psychological "striving," but its smug stupidity was completely devoid of any sense of moral responsibility to society, or to his own future lineage.

Here again one must ask, where has the *educational* process been, to allow the seed of physical degeneracy to propagate so widely in the home of the richest incomes, the biggest stadiums, the land of challenging mountains, deserts, lakes, prairies, and streams, the land of the "tough" pioneer? Can it be that too much substitution of indoor plush for the classical Academia has had its logical effect? You cannot encourage a fatty steatopygia and lean, hard, resilient muscles at the same time or by the same means. It is, however, *easier* to sit than to exercise. Hence, by all Laws of Least Resistance, if you make the environment a sitting environment, students will *sit*. The embittered student now confronting hours of military drill instead of hours of soft upholstery after classes, is mistaken in rebelling against army "dictatorship." What his limited experience fails to sense is that the army suddenly *has* to take over a task in which we failed. The army had every right to expect a sturdy, not a flabby youth. So had every American taxpayer who supports the public schools.

It is a lesson of experimental psychology that a set of *general* habits learned in one connection will carry over into other fields. Hence it is not surprising to see "the Easier Way" corroding even that hidden spark of energy we call "initiative." When I first stood on the Great Wall of China, with the Japanese already threatening Peiping, I knew that the enemy might overrun China for a hundred years without conquering the spirit of the humblest ricksha coolie. I had learned that twenty years earlier in a little western college in a freshman class assignment: to locate the sources and learn by heart the Sermon on the Mount; Books I, IV, XII, and XV of the Analects of Confucius; and the

three basic doctrines of Buddha Sakyamuni. It was the teacher's mistake not to have added the prayer of the muezzin—and I was sorry, twenty years later, under the minarets of Delhi, Damascus, and Cairo, that Mohammed had not been included in those formative, imaginative years.

To occasional bored, materialistic students, groping for "something different," I have sometimes proposed this assignment which had proved so rich to me. Occasionally they will respond—providing I get them the books. They respond still more if I mark the paragraphs. They are still more interested if they can get it "briefly and to the point" in predigested form. *Learn* that useless, archaic stuff? For what good reason? Perhaps there is no reason—except that after all its existence the human race is still reaching out after those deathless precepts, nor has it yet improved upon the enduring beauty of their ancient form. But these students cannot see, and have not been trained to seek. Like Santayana's Dr. Faustus, "they trust in magic and in their own will; covet all experience and hearken for the promised land; but they will never see it except in a mirage, if in contemplation of substance, they merely command it to appear."

Not only in matters of intellectual curiosity, but even in such humble aspects of learning as study habits, do we see the debilitating pedagogy of "the Easier Way." I once attended the classes of a great musician. Almost at the end of one of these gruelling but inspiring occasions he stopped the tired performer. "Why do you use that fingering?" he asked. "Because it is easy," said the student. "It is not the function of music to be easy," roared the master. "It is the function of music to be beautiful! There is no easy way to art." Poor pedagogy? Ask any student who hoards and slaves for months and even crosses oceans, to be an hour's "persecuted" victim in these classes. Such pedagogy works because it is a challenge and not a soporific to a healthy brain and a sturdy heart, and these are what most people have, at base. In music, at least, the modern cult of thalamic complacency has not yet replaced the ancient biogenetic principle of progress-with-struggle. It just wouldn't work out on the concert stage.

It is probable that 95 per cent of America's school teachers believe that none of these educational crises was any more necessary than the military debacle at Pearl Harbor. The danger signal gleamed, all along the way. But those who heeded them, i.e., the *subject-matter teachers*

in the classrooms, were as effective as the humble radio operator whose warnings might have saved Pearl Harbor. Yet, in accordance with our Freudian epoch, we chose the easier way. It does not "frustrate" children to allow them to have their own way; it also taxes our own ingenuity less, and it gives our adolescents that sense of ebullient contempt for whatever they don't happen to like. Now children are likely a little more natural than we are, and if it is typical of us to avoid a hard thing in our path with an easy one handy, it is more so of them.

Catering to the obvious, we therefore begin very early to delete or dilute the unpopular disciplines. Nobody regrets, and we have all worked toward, the fine progress in nursery-school education. We are glad the hard board benches and the hickory switches are gone. We are glad the "whole" child gets educated nowadays—providing it isn't forgotten that no whole is anything more than the subtle *organization* of its dynamic *parts*. We are glad young America has discovered the arts, even though, according to Fadiman, it has never discovered the laws of English grammar. The "Project Method" doesn't excite us much one way or the other, since it is only a new name for an ancient technique. We even approve much, though not all, of "Progressive Education."

But was it necessary to give our pre-college youth a *starvation diet*? Were the brains of these tough, healthy, intelligent Americans so fragile that they couldn't tackle the basic disciplines *as disciplines*? (They are tackling war, as war, in a way that should make us ashamed of our under-estimation.) Educationists today tell us that the idea of "disciplinary" subject matter is obsolete. All subjects are equally disciplinary or equally easy, if taught according to principle.

Granting this hypothesis, its use is unquestionably difficult. For the inherent nature of some subject matter is concrete, and the inherent nature of some is abstract. Every simple psychological test involves this distinction; every score shows the qualitative difference. Every classroom teacher knows the relative difficulty of teaching abstract concepts as opposed to memorized facts. Nor is it any intelligent solution to remove the concrete facts. Throughout human learning, these two very different processes should run parallel—thorough drill in factual memory, plus thorough drill in abstract manipulation of its content.

Mathematics most obviously converges these two disciplines in an inevitable, natural way. Children can, and usually erroneously do, learn their "descriptive" courses through rote memory, because it is

an easy way, and it can successfully be done. But mathematics does not deal with concrete events alone—nor with those vaporous discussions devoid of facts which endanger eighth grade social science classes. Mathematics teaches children to use language sparingly, not as a “lethal medium for concealing thought.” No amount of “opinion” about an algebraic equation can conceal the absence of ability to solve it. It teaches precision and satisfies motivation, for every correct answer is a clear reward. It teaches persistence to an end, for a problem is either solved or it remains unsolved. It teaches concentrated attention in its maximum form, since no element or possible *relation* of elements in the problem may remain unseen or disregarded. In short it offers the most natural subject matter for *sharpening* the intelligent mind and basic tools.

This utilitarian training aspect is not meant to infringe on the cultural value of mathematics. To highly literate people, that speaks for itself. It also speaks for itself in the graduate record examination in American universities, where “social” and “cultural” curves of “pure” mathematics and physics majors too often rise above those of students majoring in the “cultural” divisions.

Depressing as are the revelations of Pearl Harbor, it is reassuring to see some evidence of shock therapy beginning to work. Academic “first aid” measures begin to spring out like a rash. While many of these “emergency” courses merely provide a vent for letting off frustrated patriotic steam, these are, as yet, in the minority. The genuine remedy in the educational emergency consists, ironically enough, in merely dusting off the elementary courses for thirty years on the specialist’s shelf.

Few universities are adequately staffed to handle the situation. Unfortunately, there still lurks within these rational reactions the dangerous virus of modern education’s credo of vocational utilitarianism and expediency. One worries lest all these basic disciplines, so appallingly necessary to modern war, be shelved again as unnecessary to modern peace. One worries lest this necessity of compromise with Mars may finally eclipse the classical humanities, within whose already fragile, and therefore priceless remnants, lies the moral heritage of man’s abstract spirit as opposed to the material gadgets of man’s hands. Finally, one worries about the quality of the hurried teaching, and the quality of the learning, which, as the costly price of

DECEMBER SEVENTH, 1941

277

past neglect, must now "hit the high spots and cram them down," with little deference to the laws of mental digestion or biological maturation. The "survey" course was already the bane of the college curriculum, long before the war, and it is hard to foretell what despotic heights it may reach through the expediency of the present.

Let us only pray that the future doctors who remove our appendixes, the engineers who build our bridges, the lawyers who guard our justice, will not all have been trained on "survey" or "emergency" courses. One might even legitimately wish—though in the light of experience one can hardly hope—that even our politicians be steeped in history, political science, and economics to the level of statesmanship.

That the danger of depressed standards is a very real one may be verified by examining on any campus the terrific outside pressure already applied toward this telescoping process. The dean of one of America's finest law schools has recently said, "Better to close and lock the doors for the duration of the war than to turn out a generation of badly trained lawyers." In opposition to this attitude, some of our congressmen—literate or illiterate as the case may be—have already gone on record in formal proposals to "cut out the frills" and substitute engineering for all men, and cooking and nursing for all women. A page straight out of Hitler, if there ever was one! Nationally known educators have proposed eliminating the senior year of high school entirely, admitting all juniors of whatever capacity to college ranks. Most of these practical expedients have thus far met with intelligent resistance by college authorities whose vision extends farther than the immediate present, and who, in the light of what we have already done to the "fighting generation," do not agree that the remedy is still further reduction of all education to the level of vocational training.

It is probably true that the war will be won by pilots and skilled mechanics, but it will take more than skilled mechanics to handle the aftermath. The prostitution of German universities to utilitarian war goals will not be atoned for in this generation. Are we to copy their pattern? England, even with her back to the wall, has not yet made that sacrifice. China, many of her magnificent universities bombed into rubble heaps of glistening tile, carries on that tradition of *scholarship* in the loess caves of her distant provinces. Old and wise in matters regarding the human spirit, she knows that in the end there is no fabric of civilized culture which she can afford to discard for expedi-

ency's sake. Not all the material destruction, not all the physical degradation imposed by the enemy have broken the British or the Chinese faith in higher education. On the contrary, the bombed Inns of Court and raped Nanking have only served to bolster a national defense of those intangibles for which all humanism stands. Indeed, both countries seem to profit by bitter lessons in their educational gaps.

Now we, too, are tasting bitter lessons. Committed ethically in our hearts to the British adage that "no war is worth the life of a single British tar," yet practically to the belief that no life is worth slavery and degradation, we too are paying daily in innocent lives to defend both precepts. And because we have so willingly followed an educational Pied Piper and his alluring tune of "the Easier Way," our victory is immeasurably delayed. Throughout the earth, the unleashed frenzy of the Four Horses of the Apocalypse awaits a whole generation of international youth.

I think our students know, by now, that they not only have to fight the war, but they have to make the peace. It is youth which will have to construct another civilization from the charred ashes of the scorched earth. Youth, at least, seems to know that taxes alone cannot do this. Neither can ten million airplanes, nor the most perfectly trained army on earth. Only human intelligence, sharpened as never before through maximum discipline, freely informed as never before in all the historical branches of human culture, understanding as never before in the biopsychological aspects of man's nature, and creative as never before in the moral and physical redemption of a desecrated Nature, can build that better world for which men, women, and children are dying now.

This is Pearl Harbor's challenge to education.

CHILE ON THE WARPATH

Charles Maxwell Lancaster

Paul Thomas Manchester

On the hills of their redemption
They would hoist the skulls of Spaniards.

WHY DID Chile sever relations with the Axis? For over a year our statesmen had strained to wean this slim, vulnerable country away from neutrality. In our attempts to win Chile as a partial ally it was perfectly sensible to appeal to her self-interest, to have stressed the arguments of trade agreements, and promises of a favored nation status when once this global war was done. It would, however, be downright insolence and folly to assume that we have purchased Chile's new attitude or even that Chile was shamed into action by the Mexican Foreign Minister Padilla's eloquent plea for Pan-American unity against the German juggernaut or the bloody shafts of the Empire of the Rising Sun. Chile has a tradition of honor and freedom.

Until now our interest has been confined to Chile's copper and nitrates, locked in the bowels of her hills. Conceivably, it would pay more lasting dividends, if we would try to understand what she and all her sister republics of Latin America acknowledge to be the brightest gem in her coronet, a jewel that no invader can wrest from her, a treasure that no merchant can buy or carry away, for it belongs to the realm of the spirit. Strange and precious talisman, blood-blest love of homeland, fierce passion of indomitable free men that even quickened the pen of a Spanish conquistador! A soldier-poet, he sailed with Don García Hurtado de Mendoza in 1557 from Lima to Coquimbo and the Isle of Quiriquina, fought the Araucanian Indians at Penco, along the banks of the Biobío, and in the ravine of Purén, travelled to Imperial and Villarica, and joined the expedition that set out for the Strait of Magellan and discovered the Archipelago of Chiloé in the utmost southern confines of Chile. His name was Alonso de Ercilla, and his gift

to Chile was the epic poem, *La Araucana*, the first literary masterpiece of all the Americas.

Ercilla left Imperial in disgrace in 1559. He had offended Mendoza his "hasty, hothead general" by fingering his sword-hilt in a quarrel with Juan de Pineda. Mendoza, who witnessed this display of temper, considered that his presence had been outraged, and condemned both culprits to be beheaded. An unknown Spanish woman saved the lives of the two noblemen by going with an Indian girl to the quarters of Mendoza and pleading with him throughout the night to spare Ercilla and Pineda from the executioner's ax. No one knows the price she paid, nor does the record of García Hurtado de Mendoza's residence in Imperial contain her name. Suffice it to say that as the headsman's knife was about to descend, a courier rushed up with a reprieve. Ercilla remembered this injustice when he enumerated his services to his sovereign, Philip II:

I shall not relate how haply
Once our hothead captain stripling
Sent me to the square unjustly
To be publicly beheaded,
Nor my long incarceration,
So vexatious to the guiltless,
Nor a thousand other miseries
Worse by far to endure than dying.

This incident furnishes a clue to Ercilla's bitterness when he was exiled to Peru, and departed, calling Chile "an ingrate land." Now a Chilean town is named for him, and a statue is reared to his memory in Santiago. Now all the republics of South America, despite bristling national pride, see in his epic, *La Araucana*, the symbol of the spiritual solidarity of this continent. During his campaigns, and even while languishing in prison, he penned at night on random scraps of paper what he had seen during the embattled day. He admired and sympathized with the Araucanians, the unconquered and unconquerable tribe that had years earlier driven back the big-eared Incas and the invading expedition of Almagro, murdered Valdivia, and defeated Villagrán. Don Alonso studied their customs, their religion, the methods of warfare. He felt a personal shame for the Spaniard's cruelty to prisoners and hostages. Never before in the history of warfare has a soldier-poet spent laborious days and nights writing an epic poem to celebrate the prowess of the foe he fought.

When Alonso de Ercilla returned to Spain after eight adventurous years in the New World, his fame was assured. Fifty editions were made of his poem in Spain, several in his lifetime; *La Araucana* was the best-seller in Spain in the 16th century; it was translated into Dutch, German, and French. Of the Englishmen who attempted to translate the long work of 21,000 odd lines, one died before one quarter was completed; the other lost his mind. Ercilla had many imitators, among whom Pedro de Oña, a Chilean lawyer, produced in his *Arauco Tamed* panegyric poetry distinguished for imagery and erudition. De Oña had not participated in the campaigns against the freedom-loving Araucanians and was infected with the literary malady of the times, gongorism. Much of his work is sheer fancy devoted not to historical accuracy, but to the embellishment of Mendoza's reputation. Horrified that Don García Hurtado de Mendoza, son of the Peruvian viceroy, leader of Ercilla's expedition into Chile, had in the poet's song been but "a silent pause," de Oña crooks the knee to his martial idol:

Fame's a phantom frothing on a swollen ocean;
 My talent is a tiny fragile bark.
 I am the poor and tremulous Amiclas,
 Who dread the tempest and the ravening shark;
 But be my Caesar, noble Don Hurtado,
 As birth hath made you more renowned than he,
 And Scylla's frightfulness shall never halt me,
 Nor gluttonous mouths on Time's tempestuous sea.

In *La Araucana* Ercilla invoked the name of his king and his God. He dedicated the poem to King Philip II, in memory of the years he had spent in his service when the prince had sailed to England to marry Mary Tudor, and as captain in Chile, and gentleman-lancer in Peru. How like Cardinal Wolsey's is his lament that fools, who hang on princes' favors, become paupers of the spirit! In his quest of truth and fair dealing he recognized but one tribunal.

Seer of hearts, thou understandest
 With what zeal mine own loves justice!
 Thou who hast in thoughts of goodness
 Sunset's end and dawn's beginning,
 Grant me equal breath. Breathe greatness
 To inform my pen adventurous!

This young campaigner received at the age of twenty-three an indelible impression of the hardships of war.

Not substantial vapourish dishes
 Nor rich wine, oft racked and pungent,
 Nor the wains of rest habitual
 Carted heavy-laden languor
 To mine eyes. Scant, mouldy hardtack
 From the hands of niggards given,
 And rain water flat, insipid,
 These alone sustained existence.

And at times my fare consisted
 Of two handfuls weighed of barley,
 Which with watery brine was served us,
 Cooked with herbs since salt was lacking.
 Regal couch whereon I slumbered
 Was the slime of humid marshes.
 Ever armed, alert each instant,
 Pen I held in hand, and spear-shaft!

With him we see the Indians loosing boulders from the mountain-sides, leaping over wide moats with the aid of pikestaffs, scaling the ramparts, hurling stones from catapults, sinking the Spaniards in the quagmire. We hear the wild pawing of stampeding horses driven with rowels through the fortress gates, animals with manes aflame, piteous creatures

That like wind-swept leaves in autumn
 Stormed the plains of their salvation.

In the Indians' tribal councils the chieftains indulged in braggadocio and drunken bouts. The supreme war leader of the Araucanians was selected by a contest of brawn. A massive log was dragged into a clearing and stalwarts vied with one another in holding it on their shoulders. The one-eyed Caupolicán bore it longest.

Slowly paced the prudent savage
 In the daybreak's hastening brightness,
 Sun cut down the lengthening shadows,
 But he never shrank in purpose.
 In the West the light was waning,
 But his heart's flame never flickered.
 Stars appeared in myriad radiance,
 Gleaming on that tireless hero.

Peering moonbeams lamped the tourney
 From their dampened lodge of shadows,
 Ridding somber field and forest
 Of their murky veil of darkness.

Still Caupolicán ne'er wavered
From his wager; but renewing
Strength, he stood and bore his burden,
As if by no weight afflicted.

The eloquence of Chief Colocolo and Lautaro is Homeric in quality. Its original lustre shines through the fabric of the epic, even in translation.

"What blind rage, oh Araucanians,
Drags you senseless to perdition?
Will your hands pluck Indian hearts out
And not dare resist the tyrant?
In your reach are Christian devils.
Why turn knives against your brothers?
If desire for death has moved you,
Let it not be so ignoble.

"Turn your spirit's heat and weapons
On the breasts of those who put you
In subjection's thrall with combat
Manifest to all, and shameful.
Fling from you the yoke outrageous.
Show your stern heroic mettle.
Spill no blood of friends and neighbors,
Left to flow for your redemption."

Romantic legend has it that when General Valdivia was captured, Lautaro, a former servant of the Spanish leader, poured molten gold down his throat, crying: "I know how well you have loved gold. Now taste it to the full!" Ercilla makes Lautaro a hero. He beckons his fellow Araucanians back to battle from a bridge which he manned alone, shouting words to chide and challenge:

"Oh blind people, terror-guided,
Where are turned your breasts so fearful?
Here a thousand years of honor
Crumble, fade with your successes.
On this day they lose their power,
Law and privilege unbroken.
You, once masters free and dreaded,
Now are slaves abject and fallen.

"Stained is your once clear escutcheon,
And on generous trunk you've grafted
Plague incurable and sorrow,
Lasting shame and long dishonor."

Later, "in a sunken cup-like dingle, chaliced in the cordillera," he braids himself for failure to annihilate the Spaniards:

"How may passion's heat preserve me
From the roll call of the guilty?
Did I not by oaths vainglorious
Swear to assume a Titan's burden?
Who deserves vituperation
More than I, whose beck they followed,
I, who pledged but one year's conquest
From the one Pole to the other?

"Whilst we were a radiant company
By Spain's walls bemocked and blinded,
Thrice the moon has smiled derision
On our sore-mismanaged legions;
Phaeton's coach has rolled in splendor
From the Scorpion to Aquarius.
We at length turn back, defeated,
With a hundred soldiers missing.

"If in death I might be certain
Shame would color not my passing,
How my flaccid arm would shatter
With my lance this heart now breaking!
But my foes would wreak their vengeance,
Battening on glory's viands,
If they thought I feared their power
As a coward faint and cringing.

"By Hell's potence everlasting,
I avouch, if Death disdains me
One year more, I'll boot these upstarts
Out of Chile, soak the landscape
With their blood. No summer, winter,
Heat or cold will snap war's cordage
Till in deep domains infernal
They will whine for sanctuary."

Ercilla is at his best in his descriptions of landscapes and the car of battle. We can be grateful that, unlike most of his contemporary fellow-poets, he was not versed in classical lore or weighed down the artificial baggage of mythology.

At a distance flowed Itata
From the mountain glacier's freshets,
Gushing through umbrageous forests,

Ribboned cataracts and gorges.
There the trees with amorous murmuring
Crease the pillow of contentment,
Vying with the flowers in beauty,
Scarlet, azured, gilt, albescent.

Seven leagues from Penco's turrets
Lay this gladsome, fertile region,
Opulent and self-sufficient
To sustain embattled prowlers.
On the East, the cordillera
Rimmed a wall of high-capped ridges
Whence the dagger-swift Itata
Plunged its silver tribute seaward.

evitably, his depiction of the sacking and burning of Concepción
minds us of the Nazi air-bombardment of London.

High and low the sparks were scattered.
By their din the sky was threatened.
Dense, black smoke and flame-tongues darting
Covered o'er the hapless city.
Shook the earth, and blazes crackled,
Seeking to escape to heaven.
Crashed the richly carved woodwork
Now reduced to powdered ashes.

Lost the fecund golden city,
Gracing most the globe's wide compass,
Where most riches and most treasures
Are reported to be buried!
Oh how many lives are weeping,
For whom constant war were better!
Poverty is greater misery
For the ones who once have prospered.

uniacal butchery and feline cunning characterized the warfare of the
aucanians, who were not merely defending their homeland, but were
gressive hornets to plague the invaders at every turn. The Spaniards,
netimes helped by their women, even the pregnant, learned to re-
ect the fury of a fanatical enemy.

Some struck ground, quite gravely wounded,
Pierced their backs, their bowels ripped open,
Others punctured through their foreheads.
Some with throats slit, died in honor.
Others craving means and mercy,

With their eyes torn from their sockets,
 Were compelled to run, ne'er stopping,
 Over dangerous crags and fissures.

Lautaro, as fierce as his brothers despite his short-lived domesticity in
 Valdivia's garrison, "loosened blood-lakes on the plaza."

Scarcely had the headstrong savage
 Landed firmly in the plaza
 When he swung his bulky cudgel
 And dispersed his lurking foemen.
 Fine-meshed mail, stout armor-plating,
 Helmets were not worth a copper.
 Raining blows they could not suffer.
 Skulls and brains were mashed and mangled.

Some fell, bruised and badly crippled;
 Others swooned from life-long damage.
 Through their chests he drove their neck-bones,
 And their ribs and spines he fractured,
 As if all their bones were beeswax,
 They were twisted, crushed, and moulded,
 As he forced his way, unflinching,
 Through the armored human thicket.

Though at the outset Ercilla had vowed he would not sing of "ladies,
 love or graces," he occasionally brings in a picture of the Araucanian
 woman and suggests the love motif. He recognized the validity of the
 tender passion as a relief from the desolation and slaughter that brim
 his pages. One such scene presents forebodings of Lautaro's death at
 the hands of the Spaniards. He and his beautiful wife, Guacolda,
 dream the same dream of doom, as she lies in his arms, in a shack near
 the battleground.

Their retreat had one lane only
 Occupied with hawk-eyed sentries.
 Other paths lacked trails or footprints
 Since the land was almost barren.
 On that night the savage slumbered
 In the arms of fair Guacolda,
 Whom he loved with flaming passion,
 Who for him felt equal ardor.

The Araucan was divested
 Of his cumbrous martial trappings.

That night only fate disposed him
 To repose and sweet caresses.
 Heavy nightmares pressed his eyelids.
 He awoke, distressed and anxious,
 And Guacolda, taut and breathless,
 Asked him why he seemed so startled.

"Dear beloved," Lautaro answered,
 "Just this instant I was dreaming
 That a scowling Spaniard faced me
 With ferocity depicted
 In his mien. With hands of violence
 He squeezed out my heart and robbed me
 Of my manliness. I woke then,
 Overcome with rage and sorrow."

In a troubled tone she murmured:
 "I, alas, have dreamed this, also.
 Happiness I e'er distrusted.
 Now your end is knelled, and weeping
 Drowns my hope's eterne tomorrow.
 Why should I bewail bereavement?
 Death can ravel up my worries!
 Death can intercept my journey!

"Spectral visions, soon unveiling,
 Will attempt to mar love's banquet,
 Leave our bridal bed forsaken.
 Never shall they separate us!
 Such a blow I cannot suffer,
 But in other blows there's solace.
 When cold earth receives your body,
 Mine shall lie in death above you!"

In Siqueiros' recently painted mural of Latin American historical figures, the panel devoted to Chile emblazons two Indian heroes, Araucanians both, and both towering giants in Don Alonso's epic. One is Caupolicán, the Indian warlord, whose one eye was sightless from birth, "like a precious blood-red garnet." The other is the *cacique* Galvarino, who spewed defiance at the Spaniards, when captured, and as "a salutary example" was mutilated by having both

hands severed at the wrist. Ercilla was an eye-witness of this atrocity, for which he curses the cruelty of his compatriots. Nauseated, he exclaims:

I was present when on tree-stump
His right hand he laid, unquailing.
With one slash 'twas lopped, but gayly
Next his left hand was extended,
Which alike sprung, detruncated.
Blinking not, his brow unwrinkled,
With disdain and scorn he also
Bowed his neck for execution.

Rang his voice: "Cut clean this gullet,
Parched, and for your blood e'er thirsty!
Death I fear not! No coercion,
No austere abuse can hurt me.
No one loses, no one profits
By this fiendish amputation.
Myriad hands remain stout-fisted
To drive home their blades of vengeance.

"If you think to win some vantage
By begrudging me Death's ransom,
Here I choose to die and spite you;
If you wish me life, I loathe it!
Joyfully I join my fathers,
Dying, whilst you live, remorseful.
With my death I'd fain displease you.
"Tis my lone, last dart and quiver!"

By a treacherous ruse Caupolicán is captured, and while being led away, he meets up with his squaw, Fresia. She, the queen of all the Araucanians, cannot curb her contempt for her husband for permitting his hands to be shackled. She screams her horror and disdain, and flings down his male-child at his feet.

"Had you died, I'd bless the tidings.
Joy would shroud me 'neath the cypress.

"Take your son, our knot of union,
Whereby licit love enchained me

To your soul. All shock of anguish
From these fecund breasts is shrivelled.
Rear him, as your rippling sinews
Have assumed a sexless languor.
I reject the name of mother
To the scion of degradation!"

Yet Caupolicán does not for this lose dignity when he faces sentence from his captors. His tone is haughty as he speaks to Reinoso.

"I am Chief Caupolicano,
Dashed to earth, by Fate o'ertopped.
I have absolute dominion
Over Araucanian heroes.
Peace is in my hand and choosing,
And each compact's confirmation,
Since my providential office
Curbs the earth in bestial bondage.

"In Tucapel I slew Valdivia,
And I left Purén dismantled.
I am he who throttled Penco,
He who won so many battles;
But the opposing bowl inverted
Of the sky, beringed with triumphs,
Bows me at thy feet to beg thee
For my life a short span longer.

"Tend more glorious aspirations!
Be not drowned in shallow waters!
All that Fortune claims in handsel
Is that thou shouldst sip the chalice
Of her dewy mead. Heed Hazard!
Know thy happy time! Thou hast me
In thy power. My corpse will profit
Thee no more than chaff unsifted."

These were prophetic words, for the Araucanians, driven back into the fastnesses of the hills, harassed the Spaniards through 250 bloody years. It did not matter that Caupolicán turned Christian. He was condemned to be impaled, and afterwards to be pierced by arrows, since he rejected death at the hands of a Negro garrotter.

To the pole of execution
 Strode he, where the atrocious sentence
 Was to fall, his face contemptuous,
 Smirking at the jowls of horror,
 Saying: "Since my star is baleful,
 And prepares this bitter banquet,
 Let it come, for it I hunger!
 Stingless is the woe that's final!"

Again Ercilla expresses sympathy and pity for a brave heart so atrociously stilled.

Methinks I can sense compassion
 From the cruelest, hardened hearer,
 New apprised of this barbaric
 Crime, wherefrom, sire, I was absent.
 I had gone on other conquests
 Of remote, unseen revolters.
 Had I been there at that season,
 I'd have stayed the execution.

He concludes Canto XXXVII, an old and broken man. He had fought well and had been rewarded. He had written the greatest epic poem of the Spanish conquest, and all save a few jealous rivals applauded him. But he had fallen into "craven disfavor" with his monarch, perhaps because of failure on a diplomatic mission to the Duke of Brunswick. His marriage to Doña María de Bazán had fattened his income despite the wariness of his mother-in-law, who held the purse-strings of the dowry. Honor-laden, he had travelled in Italy, Germany, and Portugal. Yet Don Alonso's closing song is desolate:

As my leaky craft is pitching
 In the final haven's offing,
 And unknown to wisest helmsmen
 Is the fragile port recessive,
 Wingéd time I ponder, wishing
 Breath's cessation, ere oblivion
 Seal my chart of life uncertain,
 Writ through the errant years distractive.

CHILE ON THE WARPATH

291

Though with tardy resignation
I await my final summons,
Anywhere I know 'tis never
Late to turn to God, our Pilot.
Ne'er His clemency was artful.
Sinners great need not be cowards,
As their God is good, and mindful
Not of sinfulness, but service.

I, who free of reins, have given
To the world my flowering lifetime,
Following dreams and hopes delusive
Aye o'er cliff-strewn paths abysmal,
Seeing how few fruits I've gathered,
And how much my God is slighted,
Knowing now my fault, hereafter
I must weep and sing no longer.

THE LAST ROOM

Christine Weston

LINDA HOWITT stood in the kitchen door and stared across the salt marsh beyond the Balm o' Gilead trees, towards the woods where the children had vanished. She had lied to them, because there were occasions when a lie became her only hope. She said: "Comin' through the woods I took a short cut and I see a flyin' squirrel's nest in a yellow birch."

That was enough for Jim, and what was enough for him was always enough for the others. Armed with sling-shots, they all trailed off across the salt marsh towards the woods. Linda waited until the last brown back had vanished among the trees. Behind her, in the kitchen, the swifts made a racket in what remained of the chimney; she heard her father snoring on the granite step by the front door. The sun warmed that step and he liked to sit and watch the road where it came out of the woods in the east and disappeared into the woods to the west. There was never very much coming or going on the road, for the nearest house was a mile away and except when a party came berrying or to cut marsh hay, no one passed. But Linda's father shared with woodchucks this instinct to sit at the entrance of his burrow, appraising the world.

Glancing at the sky, Linda saw that a storm was brewing. Rain would send the children scurrying home, and her day would be ruined. She turned to the kitchen, where paper peeled from the wall; whenever a child went through the room he jocosely tore off a strip. Linda was tired of clouting ears; she concentrated on mending holes in the ceiling through which rain and mice fell to sizzle on the great rusted stove. She had insisted that her father and Jim bore a hole in the wall and drive the stove pipe through it instead of depending on the chimney which was a complete wreck.

"Way you fuss!" growled Mr. Howitt.

Linda shrugged. "You want to be burned alive in your beds some night, you're welcome."

The prospect had spurred Mr. Howitt and his son to complete more or less of a job on the stove pipe, and now there was nothing to prevent the swifts from building in the disused chimney and flying down it into the kitchen, chalking up everything.

Linda went to the iron sink and washed her face and hands. Henry Blake had promised to meet her at the beach at half past two, and at thought of the encounter she felt her breath catch in her throat. She went to her room, a place which she held against all intruders—a small, clean place with windows intact and a tight ceiling.

"My room," she had told them, grimly. "You can pull the rest of the house down over your ears, but this room is *mine*!"

In a curtained recess where she kept her few garments, she undressed with the speed of panic. At any moment the children might return or the old man wake up and demand attention. Linda removed her dress and underclothes and drew a fresh gown of bright pink cotton over her bare body. Dressed, she tiptoed into the kitchen and listened. Swifts fluttered and roared their wings in the chimney; out on the steps her father's snoring had settled into a sibilant whistle. She sidled into the hall, from where she could see Mr. Howitt's shoulders and part of his head. He made a fine picture of an old man, weathered and silvery in the patchy sunlight.

Not daring to glance at him as she passed, Linda glided across the broken floor and down the steps. Still holding her breath, she darted across the rough grass and out on to the road. Once round the nearest bend she'd be safe, but she could not forbear to look back. An approaching north-easter shed its lights and shadows on the crumbling house; what survived of barn and woodshed stood up like headstones in a cemetery. Then the figure slumped on the steps moved a little, and Linda knew that his eyes—old but keen—spotted her bright dress weaving down the road. "Linda!"

Linda walked faster.

"Where going, Linda Howitt? It's comin' on to storm!"

She cursed, thinking that the children might hear his osprey voice and come swarming back to the house. The sandy road burned her bare feet, but in another minute she would have put the bend between herself and the house. The sea, like a blue eye between its lashes, glinted beyond the birch trees. Beyond the wall the ground dipped in

a boulder-strewn field grown up to sweetfern, and with the speed of one whose dreams have been escape, Linda made her way towards the beach where Henry Blake's dory sat like a bird with folded wings.

He came into view carrying a clam roller and a couple of clam hoes. Flushed, they looked at each other and then away, she seaward because he'd come from there, and he towards the rough slope which had bruised her feet.

He said: "I brung two hoes."

He was thirty, broad and short, his brown breast showing in the opening of his faded blue shirt.

Linda murmured: "I were in such a hurry, I forgot to bring my hoe. You know what kids are . . . tagging after you!"

His sea-colored eye sank in a single glance from her face to her dusty feet, and although no man had ever looked at her that way, Linda recognized the glance.

He smiled. "I got a flock of brothers and sisters, too."

"Going to storm, you think?"

He looked towards the northeast where the clouds darkened and glittered. "I guess we got time to dig a mess of clams."

They stood on a stretch of beach where the tide had laid its mosaic of pebbles. Farther out towards the sea, the gulls circled and wrangled, but here the air seemed to be especially endowed, everything intensified in smell and color. Henry and Linda walked down to the sand where broken clam shells lay everywhere. "We got plenty of time," Henry said. "If it comes on to rain real hard we can shelter in that little cave back under the field."

He set the roller on the sand and stopped to brace up the bottoms of his trousers. She gazed her fill on the bulge of his shoulder under the faded shirt, on the way his ears grew flat and small against his head.

Beyond the estuary from where he'd come, the meadows were anchored in a yellow-brightness; they seemed to dematerialize as the horizon growled and a thin tongue of light vanished in the clouds.

"You don't have to get back right away, do you?" asked Henry.

"Not right away. Guess they won't miss me for a while."

They bent to their clamming, straddling the brown sand, working a little distance apart. Linda watched the scurrying sand fleas and little crabs and marvelled that so much that lived seemed for ever sidling towards the sea. She stepped on something and gave a little cry, hopping on one foot. Henry dropped his hoe and started forward, but she

THE LAST ROOM

295

fended him off with a frightened smile. "It's nothin'—just a whore's egg." She flung the sea-urchin aside, wincing as she put her foot down on the sand.

"You'd ought to wear shoes. You'll cut yourself bad someday!"

Linda said nothing, unwilling to explain that she had no shoes.

Their consciousness of each other increased, so presently both became afraid of their own heart-beats. When Linda stooped, her breasts showed in the opening of her dress. But hers was not a graceful body, it was too wide, too short for beauty. It was, however, still young, and filled to the brim with anxiety.

Thunder rolled beyond the estuary and again Henry looked up.

"Scared, Linda?"

She shook her head. "Nights, I see the lightenin' between the cracks in the wall. Rain comes in through the ceiling."

He was unearthing the clams, his square hands gathering them up and tossing them into the roller. Then he paused to light a cigarette. "You know, I'd like fine to come up some day and nail back a few boards for you. Wouldn't take me long."

"Wouldn't help, much. Anything you done would be ripped up again."

He stood wide-legged, his right elbow cupped in his left hand. "Sounds, when you say it, sounds just crazy."

"Well, it ain't crazy."

"Sounds so, to me."

"You've heard talk of shiftless folk, ain't you? That's what."

"Your folks ain't shiftless, Linda."

"Yeah, they're shiftless."

"Your pa, he's old, and the kids is just kids."

"Shiftless," she insisted for the sheer pleasure of hearing him deny it. He set the cigarette between his lips and rolled up a sleeve which had come down. This conversation delayed, exquisitely, their rising hysteria. "I wish I understood. . . ."

"Well, Mumma understood. That's why she run away."

"Ah! But folks don't act that way without there's something back of it."

"Mumma run away because she saw what was back of it. When the barn blew down and broke the cow's back, Mumma was through with the lot of us."

Henry held the cigarette between sandy fingers. "Women don't run off that way, leavin' husband and kids. . . ."

"Mumma did."

With her toe, Linda turned over a dead clam. "And when Mumma went, it left just me. I was all out of fire wood so I told Jim to go cut some. Jim cut down one tree and quit. Puppa said: 'Why in hell don't you use the wood from the barn?'"

Henry glanced at the sky, teeming with its immense and secretive life.

"You see," Linda was saying, "by that time I'd got the feeling that the barn wasn't never going to be fixed. And it were so easy to step out the door and pick up all the wood you wanted without botherin' to cut down and split trees." She gave him a troubled look. "You want to hear this?"

"I want to hear. I been wantin', because of what they say, round about." He let flow into his voice all that his eyes withheld, and Linda's heart grew big and warm.

"All we had to do was take an axe and pry off a clapboard or collect an armful of shingles. We was warmer them two winters while the barn lasted, than we ever been since."

They exchanged a dubious smile, and she continued: "But last fall the barn was all used up. I told Puppa and Jim they better think of layin' in fuel against the winter. Birch, maple, beech—we got it all, growin' around us. But Puppa said: 'What's the matter with usin' the north end of the house? We got no nails nor money to buy nails. The shingles are cedar and they'll do for kindlin'.' I said, 'Fine! Burn down the house. We can all go sleep under the trees.' Then Puppa got mad and said how there was folks in the world with no more than perhaps one room for the whole of them, and thankful for that. He said: 'Here we got more room'n we can use and lettin' them go to waste whiles we all freezes to death or breaks our backs cuttin' down the woods.'"

Henry tilted his head and stared at her in wonder. She went on: "Puppa got all through thinkin' when Mumma run away. But that left me . . . and when I see bits of the house comin' off everywhere, even offen the outside of the rooms where we was livin', I got desperate. The kids would just go out and take what was nearest and easiest. Clapboards, shingles, corner posts, lathing—anything. So at last I went in town and spoke to the town marshal. I thought maybe he could scare some sense into them. He come out to the house and blew Puppa up,

and like that. But when he'd gotten through talkin' Puppa just stared at him and said: 'Who in hell's house is this, anyway?' "

A wind had come up and it blew Linda's hair clean back from her forehead, sculpturing her pink dress about her body. Henry stood up, wiping the back of his hand across his eyes, appraising the sky and seeing her in it. "You make me think of the figurehead on a four-master down to Rockland," he told her. "Woman leaning over the water just under the bowsprit, in a dress like that, with gold edges, her wooden hair blown back, just like yours."

"If I were made of wood I guess I wouldn't last long!"

"But you're not made of wood."

Slowly, unearthing the sense from the words which he'd stored in his brain, Henry murmured: "Man I heard talkin' the other day down to the store, said how in the old days folks used things to buy money, but now they got to have money to buy things, and that was what was the matter, everywhere. Stuck in my mind, what he said."

An unbearable suspense reached down the length of Linda's arms into her hands, so she kept dropping her hoe.

"Tired digging?" asked Henry, his voice almost a sigh.

She mustered a smile, feeling herself borne towards him as the tide bears foam, though her body remained where it was. Clouds were rushing out of the north-east, and the water turned the color of gun-metal. Gulls rose into the burdened air, climbing higher and higher as the storm drew towards them.

"We better beat it," said Henry, thickly.

Wind sprang out of the ground, whipping sweet fern leaves in all directions. Linda felt her heart's narcotized beat; she knew that he and she had been forging this moment, that it had brightened in the heat of their longing ever since daybreak. She hesitated, watching the gulls mount the air, watching the clouds burgeon in ferocious blooms over the estuary.

"Linda, we better beat it!"

"Yes, we better."

Lightning leaped across the sea as the clouds, in tiers of broken statuary, toppled and reeled through the sky while gulls soared amidst the ruins and peal followed peal, tensile tearing sounds like a splitting of rich silks.

"Linda!"

Henry siezed her hand and they ran up the beach towards an over-

hang of the field. The rain pursued them, striking like spent bull. At one spot the field had caved in and the sea working up inside it made a coign big enough to hold them both. In a minute they were there and the rain descending with an almighty roar. Upright under the over-hanging eave, Henry pulled the girl after him, his hands falling from her shoulders down her rain wet dress to her warm skin. For long as for burial, a man needs no more space than his own height. How in this earthy oblong they leaned towards each other at last.

"Oh, Linda, Linda! Ever?"

"Never!"

Bits of sweet fern, birch twigs, a gust of rain blew in upon them. She was held up between his body and the wall, unable to tell her own heart beat from his. Then the storm spewed another fragment up the shore and thrust it into the cave between them—a drowned, stammering child of six, who clasped his sister's knees in his wet arms. "Linda! Puppa sent me after you. I been chasin' and hollerin' for you, then I see you when the lightenin' come!"

Henry's hands dropped away and Linda saw his lashes flutter. His lips part like a man who has been shot. She looked down at the child, and heard his piping osprey voice: "The rain washed us out of the kitchen, and Puppa got us all moved into your room. We got the fire goin' in your stove, Linda!"

Linda and Henry stared into the rain. It struck the beach and poured away towards the sea, and they felt their tide going out with it.

THE TEXANS

A New Mexican Spanish Folk Play of the Middle Nineteenth Century

Aurelio M. Espinosa

J. Manuel Espinosa

THE FOLK DRAMA of New Mexico which is of Peninsular Spanish origin is fairly well known. Popular religious plays and the *Moros Cristianos* type abound. A few of the religious type have recently been published.¹ In addition to these, there also exist in New Mexico, in other parts of the Western Hemisphere where Spanish is spoken, historical Spanish folk plays of American origin and setting. Thus, the manuscripts of two such plays have been found in New Mexico: *Los Comanches*, a play composed in the latter part of the eighteenth century, depicting a decisive New Mexican Spanish victory over the Comanche Indians;² and *Los Tejanos* (The Texans), a folk play of the middle of the last century describing the "capture" of the Texan expedition to New Mexico of 1841 by General Manuel Armijo's army.

We know of only one manuscript of the New Mexican historical play *Los Tejanos*, the one obtained by us, in the summer of 1931, from Doña Bonifacia Ortega of Chimayó, New Mexico, who kept it with other manuscripts and family letters in an old trunk. The little mountain village of Chimayó lies some twenty miles northeast of Santa Fé. The manuscript consists of six small folios, pages eight by five and a half inches, each folio numbered at the top center, twenty-four pages in all.

Since the name Menclaude (McLeod), one of the actors in the

¹ Arthur L. Campa, "Religious Spanish Folk-Drama in New Mexico," *New Mexico Quarterly*, II (1932), 3-13, and "Spanish Religious Folk Theatre in the Spanish Southwest," *University of New Mexico Bulletin*, Albuquerque, 1934.

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hang of the field. The rain pursued them, striking like spent bullets. At one spot the field had caved in and the sea working up inside it had made a coign big enough to hold them both. In a minute they were there and the rain descending with an almighty roar. Upright under the over-hanging eave, Henry pulled the girl after him, his hands falling from her shoulders down her rain wet dress to her warm skin. For love, as for burial, a man needs no more space than his own height. Housed in this earthy oblong they leaned towards each other at last.

"Oh, Linda, Linda! Ever?"

"Never!"

Bits of sweet fern, birch twigs, a gust of rain blew in upon them. She was held up between his body and the wall, unable to tell her own heart beat from his. Then the storm spewed another fragment up the shore and thrust it into the cave between them—a drenched and stammering child of six, who clasped his sister's knees in his wet arms. "Linda! Puppa sent me after you. I been chasin' and hollerin' . . . then I see you when the lightenin' come!"

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play, appears centered at the bottom of the last page, the manuscript may be incomplete, perhaps one folio missing. Those we now have are sewn together with thread, and although the thread is loosely stitched, there are no evidences of torn pieces of paper in the front or back that would indicate a torn folio. The script shows evidence of considerable handling, sufficient to warrant the conclusion that the play was presented more than once. The manuscript text, as may be judged from the script, belongs to the years 1850-1880. It is clearly not the original manuscript in view of the metrical errors here and there, showing omission of words and lines that are too long. It is probably a second or third copy of the original. Just when the original was composed it is not easy to say, although one may guess that it was composed soon after the Texan expeditionary force was captured in 1841, and certainly before 1846, when Armijo could not have been popular. The title of the play as given here is our own, since the title page of the manuscript is missing. Although the name Menclaude, or McLeod, appears after the last lines at the bottom of the last page, indicating the possibility that the manuscript is incomplete, the actual ending in the manuscript is a logical ending of the play.

The play contains 492 lines, twenty-three less than *Los Comanches*. The metre employed is the popular octosyllabic assonanced verse, the metre of *Los Comanches* and of most popular Spanish compositions in verse, whether dramatic or lyric. The language of the play is good and simple Spanish, but there are numerous New Mexicanisms, and the orthography and punctuation are very defective. The New Mexicanisms of the play require a separate study, and will not be discussed here. On the whole they are well-known dialectic peculiarities,³ although a few new and interesting phenomena appear. The Spanish language of the Indian from Pecos, who takes such an important part in the play, is of paramount interest and importance, and is also a subject that merits special study. Some of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico speak that sort of Spanish even today.

The play *Los Tejanos* treats of the capture of General Hugh McLeod, the leader of the Texan-Santa Fé Expedition of 1841, and his forces by the soldiers of General Armijo of New Mexico. The events connected with the ill-fated expedition are for the most part well

³ See Aurelio M. Espinosa, *Studies in New Mexican Spanish*, published in the *Revue de Dialectologie Romane*, Bruxelles and Hamburg, Part I, *Phonology*, 1909; Part II, *Morphology*, 1911-1913; Part III, *The English Elements*, 1914; revised edition, *Estudios sobre el español de Nuevo Méjico*, Parte I, *Fonética*, Buenos Aires, 1930.

known.⁴ In general the folk play follows the historical accounts very closely. However, the question of the historical authenticity of some of the details of this newly discovered folk play, which was composed perhaps a year or two after the events narrated, is one that is yet to be solved. Of the Texan leaders, two are mentioned in the play that can be clearly identified: McLeod, who appears as "Menclaude," and Navarro. The New Mexican leader Armijo is of course the well-known general, Manuel Armijo. The Indian in the play mentions an Archuleta, possibly Armijo's aide, Pantaleón Archuleta, and an Italian, quite probably the Italian named Brignoli, who deserted the Texan army.

The Indian is one of the best characters in the play. It is he who gives account of the capture of the three Texans who were shot at Santa Fé (verses 104-111 of the original text), obviously Baker and Howland as mentioned in Kendall, and Rosenbury, who was killed when recaptured at San Miguel, and not at Santa Fé. The Indian states correctly that the three captured men had escaped, were again captured, and then killed. A play is literature, and a popular play, even when it is supposed to be historical, draws frequently from folklore, from hearsay, or from the imagination of the author. It is quite possible that the Indian of the play may be a purely fictitious character. He is a dramatic character worthy of the play of a master. The character is so well defined and the story he tells is on the whole so true, however, that we can not dismiss him summarily from the historical scene.

Until we have more details of the expedition, and not all from the Texan side, many of these and other points remain unsolved. But the important discrepancy between the Texan accounts and the New Mexican play has to do with the manner in which McLeod and his men were captured. According to the Texan accounts, McLeod and his soldiers surrendered without resistance. According to the play *Los Tejanos*, McLeod was captured by a very clever ruse on the part of General Armijo and his lieutenants. New Mexican and Mexican historians give no importance to this incident if it is true. The silence of the Texans would be of course easily explained. They speak of Armijo as an unpopular leader, of his army as worthless, and yet gave up to him without resistance. Despite the traditional Texan accounts,

⁴ See especially *Letters and Notes on the Texan Santa Fe Expedition, 1841-1842*, by Thomas Falconer, one of the members of the expedition, edited with bibliography and notes by F. W. Hodge, New York, 1930; George W. Kendall, another member of the expedition, *Narrative of an Expedition across the Great Southwestern Prairies from Texas to Santa Fe*, 2 volumes, New York, 1844; H. H. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, San Francisco, 1889, pp. 320-326.

the play version of the incident is not beyond the realm of possibility. The play opens in the Texan camp, with General McLeod asking his trusted lieutenant Navarro to question a recently captured Pecos Indian. The Indian from Pecos had been sent ahead by the New Mexicans to be captured by the Texans and then betray the New Mexican Don Jorge to the Texans. But this is merely part of the ruse. The Indian and Don Jorge lead McLeod away, and he is captured by the soldiers of General Armijo. How the rest of the army surrendered we are not told in the play. Perhaps that part was told in the missing folio, if there is one missing.

THE TEXANS

[English Prose Translation]

[*McLeod, Navarro, and an Indian.*]

MCLEOD. I have just been informed that an Indian from the great Pueblo of Pecos has been taken prisoner, an Indian that the general of the New Mexicans has apparently sent to us. As my first lieutenant, Navarro, I want you to bring this Indian before me so that I may obtain from him the truth about everything that has taken place. I beg you to be very careful with him, because if you intimidate him we shall not be able to get the whole truth from him.

NAVARRO. If you leave the affair in my hands, sir, I promise you that your wishes will be fulfilled, for I am indeed quite ready to please you. The Indian is already here.

INDIAN. Good morning to you! How are you, Captain?

NAVARRO. I am all right, my friend. Sit down here. Bring him a smoke. I know that these people like to chat with fire in their hands.

INDIAN. I don't care to smoke. I am hungry, sir. I should prefer to have you give me some supper.

NAVARRO. Well, I certainly like that! For some time we have not had ordinary food for ourselves. How can we give it away? What we want you to do is to tell us the truth about everything that has happened. Our vanguard left us ten days ago.

INDIAN. The National Guard was already at Santa Fé. I saw it when I passed by there.

NAVARRO. I am not asking you about that. I know that in every capital there is a guard of honor, the one that is commanded by the

general. What I want you to tell me is what has happened to my men, those that have gone ahead of me?

INDIAN. I should gladly tell you the truth about the whole matter, sir. But really, I am afraid you would kill me.

NAVARRO. No, my friend. In the name of my country I will give you your freedom. That I can grant you indeed.

INDIAN. Well, listen to me, sir. Before I begin to talk I want you to put a shirt on me. I don't care if it is an unstarched shirt. I will then tell you just what has happened. And before I begin, I think I ought to get a pair of pants also.

NAVARRO. Apparently this fellow wants to clean me out! And what if, after taking all my clothes, he begins to tell me only bad news? Upon my word of honor, however, I will fulfill all my promises to this man even if he fails to tell me the truth.

ORDERLY. Here is the orderly, sir.

NAVARRO. Bring a complete suit of clothes, one of the best of my daily use. I want to present it to this Indian so that he will tell me the truth.

ORDERLY. Here is the suit of clothes, sir.

NAVARRO. Put it on, friend Indian. I hope we won't be sorry when you tell your true story.

INDIAN. Now I am indeed happy! See how well dressed I am. I'll bet my pueblo will now elect me attorney, governor, or war captain. I am going to begin now. Please don't get angry, Captain, if I tell you the truth. I passed by the capital two weeks ago, and there I heard of an Italian who told the whole affair to the government. He said that you and your people were coming here to steal. He said you were coming to rob the churches and the rich people. Murderers he said you were! I saw also three Texans there in the capital who had been caught stealing corn. They say they ran away afterwards and that they were caught near Pecos and shot. They also say that about a hundred of your men arrived at Antonchico, very fine looking men and well uniformed. But a man named Archuleta caught them and stripped them of their fine uniforms and tied them up. Now they are taking these Texans to El Paso as prisoners of war. Thus they are made to pay for their evil deeds. My people and my general spoke thus. My general also said that if he ever caught you he would tie your feet to your head. Don't you know he is a very smart man? He is a brave warrior, I want to tell you. He is braver than the Navajos and

the Gileños and has conquered them all. His name is Manuel Armijo. This is His Excellency's name. Everybody knows him and everybody fears him. That is the truth, sir. He is also a very rich man and he hates robbers. I really advise you to go back to your country. If Armijo ever catches you, nothing can save you. This is frankly my advice. My people are wild and if they catch you they will tie you up and take you to His Excellency. And he will fill your heads with bullets.

NAVARRO. Indian, you have confused me. What a crazy account you have given me! I wonder if it can be true? Yes, I believe that this Indian is telling the truth. I haven't the least doubt about it because he tells everything. Step by step he tells the whole story. Woe to us! Let us inform McLeod about the matter and he, as our leader, will decide whether he will await the arrival of these people.

MCLEOD. You don't mean to tell me that you have lost your courage, Navarro? Were you not really glad when the Indian began to speak.

NAVARRO. Indeed I was glad, my General. But the information that this Indian has brought to us has stunned me completely. Woe to us! He states that his chief is a peerless captain, brave, proud, and rich, a military leader of experience whom no one can vanquish. And the Indian is right when he states that if such a leader ever captures us he will most certainly have us shot. Decide what is best for us and let us not disgrace our national flag.

MCLEOD. Navarro, a military leader should not lose courage on account of mere stories. Get ready to lead the right column. Order William to take command of the left, and command the vanguard. Order the valiant Bonifás to command the rearguard. I will command the center myself so that I may be able to lead the attack. Order the artillery to be ready under the command of Bill so that we shall have some defense against an attack from the rear. I don't care to enter into peace negotiations. Please tell our troops that I am anxious to meet that New Mexican general face to face. We will see if he is really brave and invincible. I want to prove to him that in Texas there are many men of bravery and fine military training who can conquer him. And as to this Indian who has come here to disturb my peace, I ask you to have him shot by my soldiers.

INDIAN. I saw many soldiers in arms, sir.

MCLEOD. That is not what we are talking about. You are going to

die, friend Indian. In this way you will pay for the death of the Texans who were found stealing corn.

INDIAN. [*to Navarro.*] For heaven's sake, friend, don't allow them to shoot me. Right now I'll reveal to you where Ramírez is concealed. His name is Don Jorge. I'll show him to you.

NAVARRO. Ramírez? Who is he? Is he a man of some importance?

INDIAN. He is a very smart man, sir. I'll tell you all about him. All he has to do is to look at a dead man and he can tell you who killed him. He can take a stone and turn it into gold. He can tear up a piece of cloth and then make it like new. He can turn you into a chicken in the twinkling of an eye. He is wiser than Falseneno, wiser than Quevedo, and even wiser than Caifas who accused Our Lord. Just as Judas betrayed his Master he will betray you and deliver you to Armijo, my general, in order that he may question you. And if you don't tell the truth he will have you confess to the vicar, and then he will have his soldiers take you to the sentry box to have your head filled with lead. In this way you will die.

MCLEOD. Navarro, this Indian is making a prophecy of the end of my life. He must suffer death, and let my dagger do the work.

NAVARRO. My General, I have already promised him his life and freedom provided he deliver Ramírez to me and tell me the truth.

MCLEOD. Navarro, are you going to permit the Indian to tell me my future in such a cruel manner and face to face? In that case I prefer to trust in Ramírez himself. According to the Indian's story he is a talented fellow. I will try to interest him and treat him in a confidential manner, and if he is a grateful person he will not deceive me.

NAVARRO. Don't trust the Mexican. I fear the Indian is right when he states that the Mexican will betray you. I really believe the Indian tells us the truth. Just consider the behavior of those Mexicans who have already gone to Texas. Do as you wish, but please notice that the Indian speaks with the demeanor of an angel.

MCLEOD. Navarro, I am going to follow your advice. Call our men for a council of war. This is a serious matter and we must discuss it with the greatest caution.

NAVARRO. We have little time for long considerations, sir. The important thing is to have that man Don Jorge tell us all he knows about our enemy, what is the military power of his chief, etc., and in this way we can determine when, how, and where we can attack him.

MCLEOD. You have a friendly talk with the Indian so that he will

deliver to us that man whom he describes as being so clever and smart.
 NAVARRO. Come here, friend Indian. If you will show me who that man is so that I can have a talk with him I'll give you a fine present. Look at this beautiful watch I wish to give you. [*He takes out a beautiful watch and gives it to the Indian.*]

INDIAN. That is a fine watch, I'll say! But why do you give it to me when you know that you are not telling me the truth? Just a moment ago you told me that my life was safe, and now I have heard that I am going to be shot.

NAVARRO. I told you I was going to give you your freedom, and very soon you will have it. [*Someone sings a beautiful song in the distance.*]

INDIAN. The one who is singing is Ramírez. You are going to find him this time!

NAVARRO. [*To the Guard.*] Soldiers of the Guard.

THE GUARD. We are ready, sir!

NAVARRO. Follow me and the Indian. He is going to take us to the place where Don Jorge is hiding. Don't make any noise and be on the watch so that we can capture him. According to our Indian friend he is a regular magician.

INDIAN. Here he is, sir! Here is the man I promised to deliver to you! [*Don Jorge comes out of his hiding place.*]

DON JORGE. You treacherous and faithless Indian, how dare you reveal my secret hiding place and thus profane the honor that should remain in the breast of every man although threatened with death?

INDIAN. Please don't get angry, sir. When my friend told me that they were going to shoot me I had to confess the truth.

NAVARRO. This is no time for speeches, Don Jorge! You are now our prisoner. We will now take you to McLeod, our General, and you can give him your reasons for having been so daring as to pass from your army to ours.

DON JORGE. I yield to force.

NAVARRO. My General, here is the man who was hiding over there. He was not clever enough to keep us from finding him.

MCLEOD. My dear sir, I ask you to reply to all my questions and to speak truthfully. I want you to understand that if your story is different from the story that this Indian has just told us your body will be food for wild beasts. On the other hand, you may rest assured that if you behave decently and tell us the truth your life will be

spared. Furthermore you will be taken to Texas at my expense, and there we will get you a job with a good salary. In this way you will be able to become a citizen of Texas and live comfortably. I promise you this on my word of honor and you can depend on it.

DON JORGE. I was coming here with an entirely different purpose, sir, but fortune is apparently coming my way and I must not reject it. When news came to Santa Fé that the Texans were coming to invade us I happened to be there. And I immediately began to make plans in order to be able to speak with the Texans. The General asked me to give my plans, and I asked him to order his soldiers to handcuff me and take me to the principal plaza, and to tell the people that I was a criminal and that I could not be set free. Then they were to wait until night and put me, thus disguised, on a swift horse so that I could escape and make the Texans believe I was a fugitive. In this way I thought I could speak with them and deliver them to my General. But now my luck has changed and bids me to become a citizen of that great country, Texas. So here I am, sir, ready to obey your orders.

MCLEOD. I thank you very much, my friend. I must address as my friend that man who in the future is to be on intimate terms with me. Now I merely ask you to tell me how you can deliver to me your general, Don Manuel Armijo.

DON JORGE. That, sir, is the easiest thing in the world for me, because, as you may have been told, I am not a Mexican, but an Andalusian whom bad luck brought to Santa Fé. And now I see good luck ahead of me if I can place my general in your hands. That I promise to do.

MCLEOD. Let me embrace you, my dear friend! I promise you that I will fully reward each and every service that you will render me.

DON JORGE. Well, sir, the first thing we have to do is to look over the ground and examine the road we are to follow. I think the best thing is for you and the Indian and me to go alone to examine the pass through which our troops must march.

MCLEOD. Come on, friend Indian! Let us go! And you, Navarro, please arrange the troops properly so that they may immediately begin the march through the pass that the Indian, Don Diego, and I are now going to examine.

DON JORGE. Yes, friend, let us go. The crown of laurels that you are about to win awaits you. As soon as you reach Santa Fé you will receive it from both the political and military command.

McLEOD. And I will name you my second in command. Aside from that, I am going to give you as a reward the wealth of the Chávezes and all the wealth now possessed by Don Antonio Sandoval [*McLeod stops and examines the terrain with his spy glasses.*]

We have travelled a long distance already. I can hardly see my soldiers with my glasses. There I see them at the very top of the mountain where the Indian was going to lead us to a precipice. [*A Mexican troop appears and the commanding officer speaks.*]

COMMANDING OFFICER. You insolent Texans, how dare you profane the territory of the Mexicans? Your audacity will now put a stop to your pride. This is going to be your finish.

McLEOD. Don Jorge, you have betrayed me! Now I realize that the little Indian from Pecos told me the truth.

DON JORGE. Die, you dog! Now you are going to pay for all the evil you had planned against my general! This will teach you not to trust the New Mexicans. Whenever you hear them bark at foreigners they always bite them. There is no doubt about it.

THE SIGN

Weldon Kees

WHEN MISS QUIVEY first came to work at the Public Library she noticed immediately that a great many things were wrong. Miss Quivey had worked in other libraries where, she felt, her experience had given her a valuable background; so it irked her to see all of the wrong things and not to be in a position to do something about them. She would sit at one of the desks, checking out books or taking them in or registering new patrons, dreaming of the sort of library she would have when she was a person of authority. In her mind, her own library grew, perfect and beautiful, and she saw things happening flawlessly under her skillful direction.

But Miss Quivey knew her place. She knew how persons of authority in any library resented criticism from a new staff member; and so the suggestions she made were usually of a minor nature. She would plan her campaigns for bringing up these suggestions with great care, and when she approached Miss Counselman or Miss Ambrosic or Miss Gates with one in mind, she would always lead up to it by a reference to her superior's dress or a compliment about a change of policy one of them had made.

There was one thing that irritated Miss Quivey particularly. Patrons of the Library were not permitted to go into the upper stacks, and although this rule was known to most of them, from time to time some new patron or some stranger would stray unknowingly into that forbidden territory. Eventually some staff member would see the person wandering around up there and would hurriedly dispatch a page to inform him of the rule.

When Miss Quivey first observed this condition, she just couldn't help saying to herself what poor management it was, what a waste of effort! The last library she had worked in—things had been very different there! Patrons of that library had been permitted to go any

place in the building that they wished. Miss Quivey heartily approved of such rules. But, she decided, so long as the policies of her new employers were somewhat narrower, she would just have to conform. When you were in Rome you had to do as the Romans did. But just the same, there was no sense whatsoever in wasting all that energy in chasing patrons out of the upper stacks. It was simply nonsense.

What they needed, Miss Quivey decided, was a sign. A neat little wooden sign, with gold letters on polished wood, like the ones at the desks that were marked Return, Loan, and Registration. She considered this idea for some time, and eventually she even hit upon the exact wording the proposed sign should have: The Upper Stacks are Closed to the Public. It was clear and curt. She thought of other signs too. Patrons are not Allowed in the Upper Stacks was one of them, and she also pondered over For Staff Members Only, rejecting this as too harsh. Keep Out, Please came to her also, but she quickly disregarded it as a possibility of no consequence.

There was only one entrance to the upper stacks, and Miss Quivey discovered, when she examined the doorway, an ideal place for the sign to hang. It could be seen easily, and yet it would not hang so low that people might bump their heads on it. All in all, Miss Quivey was quite pleased with the place she had found for the sign to hang.

Then, several days later, when Miss Quivey was out at the charging desk with Miss Counselman, her department head, they both happened to notice a man in the upper stacks. He was just standing there, looking at the books on anatomy and sex.

"Oh, heavens!" Miss Counselman said. "Someone's up there in the uppers again. I'll have to send one of the boys up right this minute and get him out."

The circumstances could not have been better for Miss Quivey, and when Miss Counselman returned from telling one of the pages about the man in the stacks, she said, "Miss Counselman, why don't you have a sign made for the entrance over there?"

"What's that?" Miss Counselman asked.

"Why isn't there a sign over there telling people that they can't go into the uppers? It seems an awful waste of time and effort to have to keep watching out for people that go up there."

"Why, I never thought of that! That is a splendid suggestion, Miss Quivey. Now let's see, what should the sign say? Patrons Are Not Permitted to Use the Upper Stacks? No, that's too long. Let me see

The Upper Stacks Are For the Use of Staff Members Only? No, that's no good either. Now, let me think."

Miss Quivey smiled coolly. "What do you think of The Upper Stacks are Closed to the Public?"

"Excellent!" said Miss Counselman promptly. "Now let me write that down. Unless we can think of another better one, that's the one we'll use."

Just then someone came up to the desk and Miss Quivey could not continue her talk with Miss Counselman about the sign. She had wanted to talk about the composition of the sign, the gold letters on polished wood, and she had wanted to point out the ideal place from which it could be hung.

Miss Counselman left on her vacation several days later. From time to time Miss Quivey would think about their talk and wonder if Miss Counselman had made any arrangements about the sign before she left. Sometimes when she came down to work in the morning, she would go by the entrance to the upper stacks, hoping that the new sign would be hanging there. She knew, though, that it often took quite a while to get things done, and she tried to be patient.

But when Miss Counselman returned from her vacation and still nothing happened, it was most difficult for Miss Quivey to remain silent. Several times each day she tried to think of some manner in which she might bring the matter up without seeming to be over-anxious, and finally, as she passed Miss Counselman one morning in the open shelf room, she said, "Oh say, what about our little sign, Miss Counselman?"

"What sign is that?"

"The one for the uppers. You remember the day we were talking about it, don't you?"

"Well, for goodness sake!" Miss Counselman said. "I'm glad you reminded me of that, Miss Quivey. It had completely slipped my mind! I knew there was something I'd forgotten. Well, thank you for reminding me of it. That was such a splendid suggestion you made. Splendid, absolutely splendid."

"Oh, that's all right, Miss Counselman," said Miss Quivey brightly.

But she was disappointed. A lot of time had passed already with nothing done, and there would be more delay, and all the while people would continue to wander into the stacks, and pages would have to be sent to remind them of the rule prohibiting their presence there. Miss Quivey began to feel somewhat hopeless about the whole business.

And, too, it was only one of many, many things she saw that needed to be remedied. She consoled herself by thinking of the future, when she would be a head librarian or a department head. When that time came things would be done right.

She kept looking for the sign, feeling that before long it would surely appear. Then one day when she was in the slipping room, months later, after she had almost forgotten about the sign, Miss Franks, a stylish young librarian whose morals were said to be not what they should, came in to talk to Miss Gates, who was working in the room with Miss Quivey. Miss Quivey had absolutely no use for Miss Franks.

Miss Franks had a sign in her hand. It was on polished wood, gold lettered, and read: Patrons Are Not Allowed in the Upper Stacks.

Miss Franks ignored Miss Quivey altogether. "What do you think of the new sign, Opal?" she said to Miss Gates. She held it up in what Miss Quivey thought was a rather flippant manner, as if the sign were of no importance.

"Well now really!" Miss Gates said. "Now really, that's a very nice sign. And a mighty good idea, too. Who thought it up?"

"Oh, Miss Counselman, I guess," Miss Franks said. "You like it?"

"Why, it's just awfully nice!" Miss Gates said, taking a good look at it. "Let me see it! Well, that's about the best idea I've heard of in a long time. I don't know how many times I've said how badly we needed a sign like that."

"It's a nice little sign," Miss Franks said.

"It is!" said Miss Gates. "Where are you going to hang it?"

"I don't know," Miss Franks said without interest. "I'll find some place for it. Miss Counselman says she wants it put up right away."

It was too much. Miss Quivey had to stop slipping the cards for reserve books. She went to the staff room and stood by the couch for a long time, looking out of the window at the tulips that grew by the statue of ex-Mayor Spiegel. Cars kept going by the library and people walked along, and to Miss Quivey they seemed cruel and unheeding and unconcerned. No one knew, no one, how terribly she felt. There was no one to tell, there was no one to talk to, no one would sympathize. She was friendless and alone in the world, and she discovered that she was crying, and when she heard footsteps on the stairs she went in the dressing room and washed her face, wondering how she would ever get through the rest of the day.

It was terrible for her, and that night it was almost impossible for

her to sleep. She lay awake on her studio couch, watching the pattern of automobile lights cutting across the ceiling, and listening to voices in the next apartment that came through the thin walls. She kept telling herself that she had to stop thinking about it.

Miss Quivey kept waiting for the day when she would come to work and see the sign hanging above the entrance to the upper stacks, even though it didn't seem to matter much any more. But something happened to the sign. She was never able to discover just what it was. She talked to Miss Gates and Miss Franks, but neither of them knew. Miss Franks had given it to one of the janitors to bore holes in it. Miss Quivey did not talk to any of the janitors. Miss Counselman got a much better job in another city about that time; and so there was no possibility of finding out from her where the sign was.

Patrons still wandered into the stacks by mistake, and staff members, seeing them up there, would summon a page to go up and tell them that the upper stacks were not open to the public. It made Miss Quivey furious every time she thought about it.

But she worried less about the sign than she had before. She was getting quite disturbed about some of the pages. Some of them did not shave often enough. They came to work looking unkempt and their faces bristly with whiskers. One of them wore shirts that were not clean. She had observed several of them chewing gum. It didn't look good to see that sort of thing going on. She was going to speak to the staff member in charge of the pages about them, when she thought of the right approach. She didn't want anyone to think she was not keeping her place, though, or just going out of her way to be critical. She certainly didn't want them to feel that way.

ON AND ON

Spud Johnson

On 33 Saws

NOW DON'T get the wrong impression: there aren't thirty-three saws at all, only about ten. The place I'm talking about is, properly speaking, the Saws in Department 33, Vega Aircraft Plant 1. There I live, or at least headquarter, for eight hours a day, a sort of hermit in a brilliantly lighted cave.

It's behind Timeclock M, opposite Pillar No. 60, in Building 80. An inner cave to the rear is the phenolic scrap bin; hemming it in on the side opposite the time-clock are rows and rows of deep drawers containing the shorter lengths of aluminum tubing. In short, it's wedged into a minute corner of a building in which are stored practically all the ten million pieces which go eventually into U. S. Army B17 Flying Fortresses, and into U. S. Navy PV1 Bombers. And it's where most of the 43,000 parts which go into each and every B17 are given their first "cut to length," and where the slightly less spectacular number of parts in the PV1 are also born.

Some saws buzz, some shriek, and some merely growl. All ten are seldom working simultaneously, and anyhow it's almost a city block between the quiet, gentlemanly "cutomatic" at the extreme west end and the tiny guillotine at the extreme eastern end, which was invented the other day by one of the workmen for the exclusive purpose of chopping up hinges. The result is that the noise can make you wince with each excruciating blast, each time the heaviest middle saw flashes through a great metal rail, or there can be only the quietest kind of hum, or a rhythmic bird-whistle, as tiny little-finger-size tubing is being cut into segments.

This may explain why, even when I think it's noisy, a harried dispatcher from the racing factory-proper across the alley a few feet away

sinks onto the stool beside me, drapes himself like a wrung rag over my desk, and sighs: "Oh, how peaceful!"

And that in turn probably explains why I get a surprising number of glimpses and sometimes whole life-stories during the course of a day. I get these glimpses in the few moments of recuperation before the "part chaser" regains consciousness enough to ask what record I have in my files on part number 57-4771-603, Lot 13, and how in Heaven's name a bundle of 100 twenty-foot-long strips of extrusion could get lost between August 1st and August 2nd, and between 33 Saws and 8 Punch Press, the latter distance being about as few feet as the time element was in hours. Or perhaps it's after he's got the information he's come for, in sheer despair over its unhelpfulness, that he escapes for a moment back into his personal life and tells me about his new baby, or his sick wife, or merely that he ice-skated until dawn and is sleepy!

Some are quick to tell all, and others you know for months without even learning their names. Jim sits at my desk every day at the end of the lunch hour and for the few moments between the stop-work whistle and the final punch-out whistle, and yet it was only the other day, when I noticed a curious lump on his wrist, that he told me about the dynamite blast a few months ago which went off practically in his face, threw him a hundred feet down a mine shaft, broke both wrists, a leg and a shoulder, gave him four concussions, and imbedded pieces of gravel under his skin which he obligingly let me feel.

And such a variety of men and women converge at my desk. The dispatchers range from musicians, movie-actors, college professors, to school girls, housewives, and ex-stenographers. But the sawyers come there, too, on the paper work connected with the job they're cutting, and the engineers drop in to change a routine or substitute a material call-out. Now and then a supervisor or a general manager comes over from the assembly line to pick up something that a ship was about to fly off into the sky without. Sometimes a Naval or Army officer peers in, trying to remain pompous while asking the whereabouts of the nearest wash-room. And you should have heard the clatter of big and little wigs when the new chin-turrets first appeared on our horizon.

Sometimes they come with news: how the cable broke on one of the big cranes on Graveyard shift last night and crashed a huge wing-segment onto a fuselage and a pile of gas-tanks on top of which a young lady had been eating a sandwich until grumblingly ejected a moment

before. The young lady was unharmed, but the plane was all but irreparably ruined (another ten thousand dollars out of the tax-payer's pockets, probably). Or how that little blue-eyed eighteen-year-old girl over in Shears had her thumb chopped off and the girl she was talking to fainted while the victim walked off to the hospital under her own power. Or how Harry had been drinking again and ran his face into a piece of metal sticking out of a bin, just missing his left eye. Or that Bud, you know, the one with curly hair over in Hydro; no dear, he's married and everything, the nicest little wife, but he was carrying on with this girl, and now she's going to have a baby and they've made him change from Swing to Days.

This may sound as though my job were completely social, which of course isn't true. It's just that the personal angle is what fascinates amuses, and often infuriates me most. You should see me hurrying over from the tool crib with a load of iron templates, all sizes and lengths, orders flying from them like banners, and red "Rush" tags fluttering in my own breeze. Or pushing a truck over to Power Brakes so weighted down with a "hot" job that I can scarcely move it until the wheels start doing most of the work. Or riding on a miniature train personally escorting an order of bomb-rails over into Department 1.

Those bomb-rails. Everybody gets into a dither when an order arrives for another lot. They're very expensive, apparently, and Al the big Pole in charge of Saws, goes into a complete dither for fear he'll butcher them. The result is that he begins by making a scene over the fact that there aren't enough trucks. (They can only be piled four deep for fear of strain.) So off I go, combing the factory for Mercury flats. And when they're sawed (the rails not the flats) and piled gently like sticks of dynamite on the string of four trucks for each lot, they have to be personally expedited to the next department, because the boss over there is also in a dither, doesn't want them, doesn't have any place to put them, threatens to murder the driver of the tug or pony hauling the train, acts like a prima donna; so that it takes the combined effort of a supervisor and two lead-men, besides myself and the head guy from Stores, to get the matter all smoothed out and the bomb-rails safely shifted from one operation to the next.

(And that's only the first. Think how many operations, before the bomb actually slides off those rails onto Tokyo or Berlin.)

So don't tell me, please, that I do nothing all day but gossip—or, on the other hand, that gossip and personalities aren't important. If

didn't know, for instance, that Big Al, the Pole, is scared stiff that he'll pull a boner, nervous as a witch because he's only recently been made lead-man in Saws, then I shouldn't have the slightest idea how to react or how to attempt to handle his energetic tantrums, nor yet what to do about placating the terrified dispatchers who encounter him at such moments.

What a man tells you in a moment of elation or depression, or any other unguarded moment, whether it's as unimportant as what his wife said to him last night, or the way he combs his hair while he's saying it, may be the key to his character and therefore the secret of how to get him to saw a bomb-rail, or, later, slide a bomb off of it, smoothly and accurately onto a target.

That sounds rather fancy as justification for listening to people talk, even though one may be counting behind-schedule orders, or posting data in a card-index file while one does it. It's all a part of working on the same job with ten thousand other people, most of them the sort of folk one doesn't happen to have encountered before. And all a part of that great job of registering impressions on one's innermost memory file, whether it's facts or figures. . . .

I've never said more than good-day to the oiler who comes around like a prompt and efficient butler every evening at a quarter to six. He looks and dresses exactly like a locomotive engineer, but he pushes a teawagon laden with all sizes and kinds of oil cans, and he leisurely oils the saws, at the same time automatically informing me that it lacks but a moment till rest-period. So I grin at him as I fill my pipe, and when the whistle blows; Pat (who has miraculously appeared at my side) and I simultaneously strike our matches and start off hurriedly where we left off the day before on our discussions and descriptions of our respective houses "back home."

To be interrupted, no doubt, by Tom, who looks like a tall but indubitable Disney dwarf; or by Irene, with a hibiscus blossom in her dark pompadour, looking much more like an ingénue than an engineer; or by Hobby, a curly-headed youth whose avocation seems to consist of hiding people's lunch pails; or by David, the Mormon boy, who has just been smiled at by that pretty girl in the order-release crib, and who acts as though he had, instead, just been given a shot of adrenalin.

So I'll make no further excuses for listening to Fred's story of what he did on the first day he went to school, forty years ago, back in

Illinois, or for swapping New Mexico reminiscences with Lois, or having John tell me about his two wives, or Lance about his first one who didn't know he had blue eyes until two years after they were married, and so he divorced her—listening to all of them at a meager 96¢ an hour, and grossly underpaid at that.

But I would like to add my favorite anecdote, slight as it is. Pete is an angel-faced tough-boy, who grins out of the side of his mouth and brags about getting drunk and the number of mugs he's bashed. When he sees an order, he flings metal about like an infuriated Vulcan making at least twice as much noise as necessary. But he has his gentler moments. One evening he was leaning against my desk, just before quitting time, in a dreamy mood, and I asked him:

"Do you ever think about or miss Texas?"

He finally answered, after a pause, still dreamily, almost inaudibly "Every day."

THE STORM

Curtis Martin

THE WIND got up during the night, slowly at first, but by morning it was whipping across the plains from the north like something wild. There were two layers of clouds in the sky: one low, dark, and scudding above the plains in the great wind; the other higher, deep gray, and scarcely moving. At eleven o'clock in the morning the wind veered slightly and came out of the northeast.

"That settles it," Tom Fellows said, his wind-wet blue eyes on the northern sky. "When the wind shifts over to that corner at this time of the year, we're in for a blizzard. Son, you jump on old Snip and help me bring the horses in, then we'll get as many of the cows in as the corrals will hold—just the milk cows."

Tom and John, the boy, had been sitting around the barn all morning, their horses saddled, waiting for the wind to decide their course of action. They leaped into the saddles and galloped away to the south pasture where they found the horses already drifted against the fence, heads down and tails blown between their legs. It was hard work forcing them against the wind to the barn. Tom was closing the corral gate behind the horses when the first hard flecks of snow blew out of the sky like pellets of ice. They were herding the cattle in on a run when the wind softened. Before they got to the corral there was not a breath of air stirring, and great, light flakes of snow floated down so thickly that it was difficult to see. The flakes were so dry and cold that they settled on the cows' backs without melting.

The ground was already covered when John came to the barn door after unsaddling Snip. The snow slanted out of the northeastern sky in straight white lines, falling fast with the pressure of a steady, almost-unnoticeable wind behind it. It was difficult for John to see across the corral through the slanting drive of snow. Tom came from the depths

of the barn and stopped beside John. They grinned at each other. The cows milled for a while, then crowded against the south fence, their humped backs protecting their heads from the onslaught of snow. The snow spread evenly; the wind which drove the flakes down from the sky was not strong enough to cause any disturbance of the grouching snow.

The men stood at the door for a while, then went to the house. Lu and Virginia, John's small sisters, opened the door for them and laughed when they came in shaking the snow from their caps and coats. It was dark in the house, and Martha, the mother, lighted a coal lamp. A fire was roaring in the cook stove; the stove top was red and the odor of steamed food filled the room.

During the afternoon there was no change in the elements. Tom drowsed with his feet near the stove. Martha sat beside the table darning socks over an egg. The girls played with paper people they had cut out of an old mail-order catalogue. John sat for a while beside his father, trying to sleep, then he got up and went to the window and watched the snow stream down. The ground was covered with three inches of snow. There was a thick blanket of white on the roof of the barn and a thin ridge along the top rails of the fences. The cows in the corral milled a little, their snow-covered backs humped. The sky was dead gray underlined with a thin veil of black. There was no wind.

At four o'clock Tom and John bundled on their coats and went to care for the stock. It wasn't cold. The snow melted in the folds of their clothing. The flakes were dry and cold and light as down. There was a good warm smell in the barn when John entered it. The horses turned and looked at the boy. One or two of them whinnied softly. He climbed into the loft and began stuffing hay through the holes above the mangers. Cold, dry dust that smelled of autumn smoked up from the hay. The horses reached up with long lips and pulled at the hay as it fell. John opened the door at the north end of the hay mow. Snow sifted thinly in as he piled hay outside the window, then jumped down on it and carried it to the cattle.

Tom drew water out of the well and poured it into a wooden chute which carried it to the trough inside the corral. The warm water smoked in the cold air. The cows stood at the trough and slopped their noses in the water, not drinking. Afterwards the men milked and carried the buckets to the house. The big cream separator hummed for

THE STORM

321

half an hour; cream trickled from one spout and skimmed milk foamed from another.

The family ate supper and sat silently about the hot stove. At eight o'clock when John and Tom went outside before going to bed it was still snowing. The flakes fell through the yellow lamplight streaming from the kitchen window. The snow was six inches deep on the level.

In bed John lay quietly. The roar of the fire died away gradually. There was an unusual hush over the entire house. It seemed smothered by the thick blanket of snow and the curtain of the storm. The flakes made a faint whish against the window panes. That was the only sound. John lay fascinated by the stillness of the night, the wildness of the storm sweeping down from some place in the great north where he had never been, but toward which his dreams of exploration always turned. After a long time he slept.

The morning sun was so faint behind the clouds that the day seemed like gray twilight. The snow stopped for half an hour while the men were milking, but it was falling again before they finished putting down hay and drawing water. The wind was slightly stronger and the flakes drove directly out of the north. The snow reached almost to John's knees as he waded to the house.

At eleven o'clock the snow slackened, the clouds parted overhead, and the sun shone through a thin veil of swiftly-scudding clouds. The sunshine was very bright for a few minutes, then the clouds drew together, the wind stopped, and snow poured down furiously. By night there was eighteen inches of snow lying evenly across the plains for miles. Only the tops of the tallest weed stalks and the top one third of the fence posts broke the undulating whiteness. Nothing stirred; the coyotes and the rabbits were burrowed deep beneath the snow.

In the house that night it was quieter than on the previous evening. Tom wore a worried look. Instead of resting beside the fire he paced back and forth near the window. Often he pressed his forehead against the cold panes and tried to see into the black night, then the warm air from his nostrils steamed the glass over. He had expected a storm but not one of this size. He was afraid of what was bound to happen the next day.

It was difficult for John to push through the snow to the barns the next morning. The cattle were restless. They had kept the snow trampled down, and the corral was clear. They moved about, lowing incessantly. The horses whinnied when John went to feed them.

Tom stood at the window most of the day staring at the gray scene. Shortly after four o'clock the change came. The snow stopped falling, the wind strengthened and veered to the northwest.

"Well, this is it," Tom said.

Before Tom and John had time to rush through their chores the blizzard was upon them like a pouncing wild beast. The light dry snow leaped like autumn leaves before the wind. The flakes which had been so soft before bit like steel into John's face as he struggled to the house. His sisters were waiting; they jerked the door open for him, then slammed it shut. They plugged the crack at the bottom of the door with an old rag rug and stuffed pieces of cloth into the holes around the door knob and into the key hole, but still the snow sifted in as fine as emery dust, falling on the red hot stove, skipping and frying there. The house shook during extra-strong gusts; the fire leaped and roared in the stovepipe. John stood at the window, clenching his fists, wishing that his father would hurry and come from the barn. After a long time he saw him struggling through the white blizzard, leaning against the onslaught of the wind and trying to protect his face from the steel-like particles of snow. John opened the door. Tom's eyes were red and his face was already as raw as cut beef. The snow had blown into the creases of his clothing and become packed there as if it had been tamped. He stamped his feet clean, removed his coat, and shook it near the door. Then he swept the snow outside. When he finished, Martha packed the rags into the holes about the door again. The wind had settled to a steady, unwavering roar. The snow sifted onto the stove, spitting. Where the snow wasn't near enough the stove to melt, it drifted into tiny ridges in front of the cracks through which it blew.

In bed John pulled the quilts over his head because the cold fine mist kept falling on his face, waking him. The house did not shake now, but seemed to bend away from the wind so that when the wind lessened the house came back into its natural position with a sigh and creak of timbers from which the strain had been taken.

The following morning the sun was shining brightly in a depthless blue sky, but John did not see the sun that day. The wind whipped the light snow and swirled it furiously along in a curtain that extended three hundred feet into the air. Above that distance the sky was bright and clean, but from the kitchen window only a dismal grayness showed that day had taken the place of night. The family huddled

about the stove; once in a while Martha got up to stuff the rags back into the cracks from which the wind had blown them. Tom sat on a chair with an apple box up-ended between his knees. He took a pencil from his pocket and began to mark aimlessly on the box. After a while he fashioned a checker board and blacked in the correct squares. When John noticed what his father was doing, he ran to the bedroom and got the soiled checkers off a shelf. They placed the checkers in position and began to play without speaking. The girls watched.

Tom paid little attention to the game because he was worried about the cows in the corral, their freezing teats almost bursting with milk. There was nothing he could do about it. He might have been able to reach the barn, but it was so cold that he would not have been able to do any work.

They spent the day quietly; bent over the box playing checkers. They ate supper without much talk and went to bed. John had been asleep for a long time and it was near the middle of the night when he was awakened by a sound that brought him upright in the cold room. The lamp was burning dimly on the table where it stood all night in order that Martha might see if the children were properly covered. Tom was standing in the doorway between the bedroom and the kitchen, his head turned in a listening attitude. There was no sound except the steady roar of the wind. Then in the wind, lower than its roar, there came a tapping at the outside door. Tom took a step forward.

"Tom, don't open it! Ask who it is!" Martha breathed in a fearful whisper.

Tom glanced at his wife. "Who is it?" he called.

There was no answer. A moment later the timid tapping was repeated.

"Who is it?" Tom yelled.

There was no answer. Tom glanced at the guns hanging above the doorway. The knock came again. In one stride Tom was at the door. He yanked it wide open with one jerk. A freezing blast shot in. The lamp was blown out. In the darkness John sat trembling in the bed, the snow and wind striking his warm flesh.

"Who is it?" Tom yelled again. He could see nothing in the snow-filled doorway.

Martha leaped out of bed and lighted the lamp and turned the wick up so that yellow light flooded the room. Tom stood in the door-

way, his long, gray underwear flapping about his legs, his head thrust forward as he peered into the night. He saw a figure dart from the corner of the house toward the door, then stop as it saw him, and throw its hands high above its head in a position of surrender. The man advanced into the light; his lips worked but no sound came from them; his arms were raised above his head as high as he could reach.

Tom saw the man, and a grin broke across his lips. "Come on in," Tom said, motioning the man inside. "My God, why didn't you answer me?"

The man's lips moved but not a sound issued from them. He looked into Tom's eyes, and his face lifted in a frozen grin. Tom slapped him on the back and laughed, then he rushed to the stove and began building up the fire. He kept repeating: "Why didn't you answer?" He asked the question thoughtlessly because he knew the man, whose name was Andrews, and he knew that Andrews was deaf and dumb. Andrews had a homestead six miles farther up the road in the edge of the mountains.

The fire began to burn brightly. Tom came into the bedroom laughing and pulled on his clothes. Martha laughed too, in short, hysterical jerks. She dressed and went into the kitchen. They placed Andrews a little way from the stove so that he wouldn't get warm too quickly. Tom leaned out the door and dipped up a dishpan full of snow; he rubbed Andrews' face, hands, and feet with the snow for half an hour. When the snow melted, Andrews sat with his feet in the pan of cold water, a blanket around his shoulders, a foolish twisted grin on his face. He kept trying to explain things to Tom with sign language, and Tom acted as if he understood. After a while Andrews motioned for pencil and paper. He wrote: "I knew you would holler and ask who it was and I thought you might get mad and shoot through the door when there was no answer. So I knocked, then run round the corner of the house to be out of the way if you shot through the door." He handed the paper to Tom and laughed silently with great appreciation for the predicament in which he had found himself. Tom wrote: "What the hell you doin' out on a night like this?" Andrews answered: "I have been away from home since the first day of the storm. My wife hasn't heard from me. She don't know if I am froze to death or what. Today I try to get home. My car stuck in a drift four miles east of here. I walked about six hours to reach here."

An hour later Andrews was thoroughly warmed. He drank two

THE STORM

325

cups of black coffee and ate the plate of bread and meat that Martha offered him. Warm and full, he could not keep his eyes open and fell asleep sitting in the chair.

In the morning the wind was still blowing but it had noticeably passed the prime of its fury, and was tottering now on weakening legs. Tom waited impatiently to get to the barns. Virginia and Lucy sat awe-inspired beside Andrews, the man who could not talk or hear. They wrote a constant stream of notes to him which he laughingly answered.

At eleven o'clock the wind broke. Within twenty minutes there was not a breath of air stirring. The sun shone from a bright cloudless sky on a scene of dazzling whiteness that stretched away beyond the horizons. Tom and John got into their coats and went outside. In spots around the house and barns the ground was swept bare and clean, but on the south side of every building, fence, or bush that had broken the force of the wind the slightest bit there was a drift. The lane between the fences where the highway ran was level with the tops of the posts on either side. The granary was situated in such a position that a drift twenty feet high had formed in the center of the corral. The cows stood dozing in the blue-white day, gaunt, hungry, tired, swollen-eyed after the ceaseless hours of the storm. The horses whinnied softly as John drove them out of the barn into the corral. They drank for a long time at the trough, then nuzzled the warm water with velvet noses, playing in it. Out across the white pastures the mountains rimmed the world, cutting a swath of darkness between the spotless snow and the clean blue sky.

NEW MEXICO ARCHITECTURE

Louis G. Hesselden

THE STUDY of New Mexico architecture presents a story of development that is interesting, instructive, and romantic. Within the comparatively short time of four hundred years, the architecture of New Mexico has developed from the rude structures of the aborigines to the most modern buildings housing such complex systems of activities as may be found in any modern hotel, factory, hospital, or school.

The development of architecture in New Mexico is unique within the United States. Nowhere else is there evidence of the constant and continued growth of a system of building from its very beginning. Nowhere else on the American continent are buildings still inhabited precisely as they were when Columbus discovered America. In several instances in the western pueblos, the people are now living in identically the same houses which were then occupied.

The principal reason for the founding of a system of permanent building in New Mexico is that the aborigines who settled here were an agricultural people. The origin of the inhabitants of New Mexico is involved in such obscurity that nothing certain can be positively asserted of it. The Pueblo Indian of today, however, is a direct descendant of the people whom Coronado and other early explorers saw some four hundred years ago. We have in the description given by the first Europeans who penetrated the country the picture of populous communities occupying the valley of the Rio Grande and its branches, and extending westward as far as Zuñi and Moqui. The people of these communities were entirely different from the nomadic tribes of the plains but so homogeneous with each other as to show a common origin and early history. Their villages were alike in all important respects, in the material, the height, and the peculiar terraced form of the houses, in the smallness of the rooms and the presence of estufas, in the method of ingress and of defense. Their dress was similar, their customs identical, their agricultural products the same, the pottery

uniform in general design and ornamentation. In all these respects they were unlike the tribes which surrounded them; they were an agricultural people.

The general design of all great pueblos was the same. They were communal buildings. They contained from fifty to five hundred apartments. A whole town was contained in one building. Generally, the construction consisted of three floors with terraces above them and without any entrance on the ground floor. The door for entrance to the building was on the second floor, so that a scaling ladder was necessary to prevent the attacks of enemies. The people put out the scaling ladder only for those to whom they gave admission to their house.

The buildings were fashioned from materials at hand produced by the soil. Fine forests of ponderosa pine covered the highlands; along the rivers were thick groves of cottonwoods and willows. The flat lands were clothed with stunted junipers, piñons, and cactus, and the soil itself was adobe. The wide, arid plains were gashed deep with dry arroyos where ledges of limestone were exposed. All these materials the aborigines learned to assemble in the form of buildings for shelter from the weather, protection from their enemies, storage of possessions, and ceremonial gatherings.

The walls of their pueblos were built of adobe on foundations of stone. The adobe walls were not built of molded and dried adobes, brick-fashion, in the manner in which they are built today, but by a process we call puddling. By this process the adobe was mixed with water and binder straw and the mass kneaded to a workable, pliable consistency. It was then formed into walls with the hands, in layers from twelve to eighteen inches high. Each layer was allowed to dry before the succeeding layer was applied. After the walls were formed to the desired height, the roof was put on.

The roof was formed of pine logs spaced from two to three feet apart which extended from wall to wall in the manner of joists. These are called vigas. Over the vigas and at right angles to them was placed a solid sheathing of aspen, willows, or cedar saplings, which are called latias. Over the latias was placed a layer of bark, twigs, or straw to keep the earth from sifting through; then the whole area was covered with a thick layer of tamped earth. This construction served either as a roof of the apartment below or for the floor of the apartment above. Walls were plastered inside and outside with *tierra amarilla*, *yeso*, or *calliche*. The women did the plastering by hand.

This is the system of building which formed the basis for further development by the Europeans when they began their colonization.

Although Fray Marcos de Niza discovered New Mexico as early as 1539 and Coronado explored the territory between 1540 and 1542, the actual settlement of the area by the Spaniards did not take place until 1598, when that intrepid explorer and founder, Don Juan de Oñate, arrived with 130 colonists and soldiers together with their families—probably 400 people in all, men, women, and children. Oñate had been appointed governor of the territory and after establishing a settlement near the present site of the San Juan Pueblo he began to explore the entire region inhabited by the Pueblo Indians, an area extending from the headwaters of the Pecos River westward into the present State of Arizona.

With Oñate came ten Franciscan friars under Fr. Martinez as Comisario. For purposes of administration the territory was divided into seven districts and to each of these districts Fr. Martinez assigned one friar to initiate the missionary work. These friars promptly departed, alone and unarmed, for their several fields, and it was not long until their influence became apparent, not only in the lives, customs, and beliefs of the inhabitants but in their architecture as well.

These early missionaries were highly civilized and cultured men. They had but recently come from Europe, where the Renaissance movement in architecture was then at its height. It is natural, therefore, to expect their influence on the architecture of the New World to be reflected by such Renaissance forms as were adaptable to the native architecture and native materials.

The principal changes noted as a result of the influence of the missionaries is in the plans of the buildings, which became formal and regular as compared with the haphazard arrangement of the apartments in the communal buildings. The mission structures were grouped about a patio or plazita, the church forming one side, the domestic buildings enclosing the other three sides. Churches were either one-aisled basilican or simple cruciform in plan. They had to be large enough to accommodate the entire population of the pueblo, yet the width of the nave was limited to the length of the logs obtainable for vigas.

The method of construction employed by the missionaries was essentially the same as the aborigines had used, except that in building up the walls they introduced the practice of using molded and sun-

dried adobes laid up in mud mortar, brick fashion, instead of the puddling process. Doors and windows were introduced into the new buildings as well as stairs, fireplaces, and flues. The front of the churches was usually flanked by double towers as at Acoma or surmounted by a pierced belfry as at Laguna. Such façades often carried a balcony or upper porch at the choir-loft level as at San Felipe or Santo Domingo.

Another feature which was introduced at this time and which became one of distinguishing characteristics of Spanish-Pueblo architecture is the porch or covered walk-portal. This feature is a colonnade formed of heavy wooden beams and vigas resting upon round wooden columns. These portals differ from those of Texas, Arizona, and California, which are arcades rather than colonnades.

We are dependent for much of the history of these early missions upon Fr. Alonzo de Benevides, who as *custodio* was in charge of this field from 1622 to 1630. According to his accounts, by 1630 there were twenty-four missions serving eighty pueblos in which there were approximately 60,000 Christianized Indians. The indefatigable Benevides left for Spain in 1630, and for half a century thereafter the missions went on with little to record except local conflicts with hostile Indians and the inevitable friction with the civil and military authorities.

During this time the treatment of the natives by the soldiers cannot be characterized as other than inhuman. Many of the Indians were held in virtual slavery by the colonists notwithstanding the emphatic orders of the King and the indignant protests of the padres. Finally, on the tenth of August in the year 1680, the Indians did revolt. Under the leadership of one Popé of the San Juan Pueblo the conspiracy had been organized in all the pueblos. The Indians, like other primitive people, were unable to distinguish between friend and foe, soldier and priest, man and woman; consequently all were cut down. Those who were not killed fled southward toward El Paso and thence into Mexico. Not a living Spaniard was left in New Mexico. The mission buildings were in nearly every case damaged by the Indians, but only a few were entirely destroyed. The church at Zuñi together with its contents was not damaged.

It was twelve years later, in 1692, that Don Diego de Vargas led a small army up the Rio Grande Valley and into the Pueblo country. By using tact instead of force he won back the natives and to such effect

that every pueblo visited submitted peaceably and renewed its allegiance to the Spanish crown. Eventually peace was restored. Many of the missions were repaired or rebuilt and several new ones were established. From this time on, the work of the missions went ahead without serious interruption, until Mexico began her struggle for independence nearly a century and a quarter later. The missions, however, began to decline in 1810, and during the ensuing twenty years were reduced to the status of parish churches. As a consequence, there was no further notable development in their architecture.

Good examples of typical original Spanish-Pueblo architecture are found in the churches in the pueblos of Acoma, San Felipe, Cochiti, Santa Cruz, San Ildefonso, Laguna, and Ranchos de Taos, and in Santuario at Chimayo and the Palace of the Governors in Santa Fe.

From the beginning of the American occupation of New Mexico in the middle of the last century there was developed from the Spanish-Pueblo type another form of architecture known as New Mexico Territorial architecture. In this style we begin to see the influence of the machine on New Mexico architecture, although for the most part traditional building materials were used.

Adobe walls were capped with an ornamental and protective brick coping. They were protected on the exterior by lime stucco and on the inside by lime plaster. Double-hung windows with small dividing lights were used in box frames of wood with ornamental panelwork in jambs and molded casings. The typical rough hewn posts of the portales gave way to slender squared and molded wood columns, and vigas were replaced by rectangular sawn cut joists. Paint was used as a protective as well as decorative material. Thus the architecture of New Mexico became more formal and refined, but it was still traditionally New Mexican.

During the period of development of the Territorial architecture there were few monumental, institutional, or government buildings constructed. As a consequence, most of our examples of typical original New Mexico Territorial architecture are to be found in residential and small commercial structures in the older portions of the cities and in the ranch houses of the country. Interesting examples of modern New Mexico Territorial architecture may be found in Santa Fe in the Supreme Court Buildings and the City Hall, and in Albuquerque in the Hilton Hotel, the Lew Wallace School, and the Coronado School.

The American occupation was accelerated tremendously by the

completion of the railroad into New Mexico about 1880. This facilitated transportation from the Middle West, and as a consequence manufactured articles and materials of every description were shipped into the new country. Building materials, building mechanics, and with them building vogues from all over the Middle West came pouring into New Mexico. Not only manufactured building materials but machinery for their local manufacture were shipped in. The growing communities exerted themselves to appear modern in the eyes of the newcomer or visitor. In their effort at modernization they erected residential, commercial, and institutional buildings that were exact reproductions of similar buildings along a thousand main streets throughout the country. Thus, in frenzied struggle by the communities to become up-to-date, the traditional building forms of New Mexico were completely forgotten and remained so for almost fifty years.

The first man to rediscover traditional New Mexico architecture and really do something with it was neither an architect nor a builder by profession. He was a scientist serving as an educator. Dr. William George Tight, President of the University of New Mexico from 1901 to 1909, was the man who re-awakened the interest of the people of New Mexico in their own traditional form of building. The following quotation is from *Pueblo on the Mesa*, by Dorothy Hughes:

Professionally a scientist, Dr. Tight was all things in one man, and before he had been long in the West, his eye for beauty recognized the possibilities of adaptation of the pueblo architectural style. Red brick was for the green East; for this desert land the Indian artists had recognized what would be fitting. He began to study Indian construction as he traveled on University business; he photographed Indian buildings . . . "until his room looked like a sort of picture gallery." He ferreted out information to the smallest detail, made careful study of lines and walls and windows and roofs.

And then he began to build. In overalls and workman's shirt he worked day after day alongside the laborers. When young John D. Clark, newly appointed professor of chemistry, arrived in Albuquerque in 1907 he found the president not in frock coat in his office but "dressed in overalls doing carpenter work in the auditorium of the Administration Building." Professor Clark was soon himself carpenter's, painter's, or plumber's assistant to Dr. Tight. The University had little money; there was much to be done; everyone did it, and with Dr. Tight at the helm everyone wanted to do it. Such was the man.

These volunteer and amateur pueblo builders first tried their hands on the power plant. Then there were built the boys' and girls' dormitories, Kwataka and Hokona. . . . He also built an *estufa*, a replica of the kiva, council chamber at the Santo Domingo Pueblo, which became the meeting place of the one campus fraternity, Alpha Alpha Alpha. Next came the remodeling of the first red brick building

into pueblo style, with the additional building of a hall, replica of the Taos Indian Church, and named for Judge Bernard Shandon Rodey, the father of the University

... All along there had been bitter hostility to Dr. Tight's plans, as always to the new and in particular to the artistic new. Common opinion was: "If you are going to be consistent, the president and faculty should wear Indian blankets around their shoulders and feather coverings on their heads." As Dr. Charles Hodgkin, major-domo of the University for many years, pointed out, the people did not seem to think it odd to go back several thousand years to copy Greek architecture, but they could not tolerate what belonged to their own land. Dr. Tight was ahead of his time. In 1910, one year after his dismissal, and several years after he had taken the lead in construction of some University buildings in Indian style, the Santa Fe Railway began using a somewhat similar style, which was taken up enthusiastically in the city of Santa Fe. This style, with slight modification, is now recognized as a unique Southwestern contribution to culture.

The controversy over the style of the University buildings definitely ended during the present administration. With the assumption of the presidency of Dr. James F. Zimmerman in 1927 a new and greater building program was inaugurated which marked the end of concessions to the non-artistic critics. As a result of this program some of our finest examples of Spanish-Pueblo architecture are to be found on the campus of the University of New Mexico.

Traditional New Mexico architecture has at last arrived. Whether descended from the Spanish-Pueblo or the Territorial, many of our modern buildings are considered indigenous, beautiful, well adapted to our land. These new styles are even championed by numerous individuals and some state, county, and city officials.

New Mexico architecture suffers some abuses. There are those who in their endeavor to exploit the style under the guise of modernity and caring little for precedent or good taste construct buildings that bear little resemblance to their professed ancestry. Generally, however, the use and development of the two major styles are quite normal. With continued intelligent and judicious use of our heritage, it will constantly improve.

POETRY

POEMS AND EPIGRAMS: 1942-3

1. ON THE COVER OF MY BOOK

This garish and red cover made me start.
I who amused myself with quietness
Am here discovered. In this flowery dress
I read the wild wallpaper of my heart.

2. ENVOI

Hear me, whom I betrayed
While in this spell I stayed,
Anger, cathartic aid,
Hear, and approve my song!

See from my sheltered cove
The Circe of my spell,
Calm for adventure, move,
Wild in repose of love,
Sea-going on a shell
In a moist dream. How long
(Time to which years are vain!)
I on this coastal plain—
Rain and rank weed, raw air—
Served that fey despair,
Far from the lands I knew!

Winds of my country blew
Not with such motion: keen,
Stinging, and I as lean,
Savage, direct, and bitten,
Not pitying and unclean.

Anger, my ode is written.

3. TO E

Love at what distance mine!
 On whose disdain I dine
 Unfed, unfamished, I
 In your hid counsels lie.
 I know your lover, fear.
 His presence is austere
 As winter air; he trembles
 At the interior thunder
 Of chill erotic wonder,
 Though the taut face dissembles:
 I know him, I am he.

Stilled in his arms, my dear,
 In tenderness of fear,
 Fulfilled of terror, sleep!
 And though you cannot, weep!

4. COMMENDATORY VERSES
for a Friend's Book

Good faith gives simple lines,
 Or, rather, uncomplex,
 Which wariness refines
 And doubts perplex

Until the engineer
 Of metre, rhyme, and thought
 Can only tool each gear
 To what he sought

If chance with craft combines
 In the predestined space
 To lend his damaged lines
 Redeeming grace.

So is it in these pages.
 By grace the damaged heart
 (Once in how seldom ages!)
 Issues in art.

5.

What is it to forgive?
It is not to forget,
To forfeit memory
 In which I live.
It is to be in debt
To those who injure me.

If, then, I shall forgive
And consciously resign
My claim in love's estate
 In which I live,
Know that the choice is mine,
And is the same as hate.

Say, then, that I forgive.
I choose indignity
In which my passions burn
 While I shall live,
Oh not for charity,
But for my old concern.

6. THE ART OF LOVE, OR THE KISS OF PEACE

Speak to her heart.
That manic force,
When wits depart,
Forbids remorse.

Dream with her dreaming
Until her lust
Seems to her seeming
An act of trust.

It is not doing.
Love's wilful potion
Turns the ensuing,
And brief, commotion

To spiritual bliss.
See how the blest
Receive the kiss,
Hot and undressed!

7. EPIGRAMS

a.

When I shall be without regret,
 And shall mortality forget;
 When I shall die who lived for this,
 I shall not miss the things I miss.
 And you who notice where I lie,
 Ask not my name: It is not I.

b.

Within this mindless vault
 Lie Tristan and Isolt,
 Tranced in each other's beauties.
 They had no other duties.

c.

My life from seventeen to thirty-one
 Was fourteen years of doing, quite undone.
 At thirty-one, indifferent to life,
 I sleep apart, as if it were my wife.

d. Motto for a Sun Dial

I who by day am function of the light
 Am constant and invariant by night.

e. Meditation on the Calculus

From almost naught to almost all I flee,
 And *almost* has almost confounded me,
 Zero my limit, and infinity.

f.

In this child's game where you grow warm and warmer,
 And new grand passions still exceed the former,
 In what orgasm of high sentiment
 Will you conclude, and find the flesh content?

g.

I hoarded hurt, as dams torrential rain,
 And time grows fertile with extended pain.

h. For a Book of Lyrics

This book affords
The peace of art.
Within these boards
The passive heart

Impassive sleeps,
And like pressed flowers,
Though scentless, keeps
The scented hours.

i. Convalescence

Silence, the fever of my harried days,
I found that consciousness itself betrays.
In the last circle of infirmity
Where I almost attained simplicity—
So to recite as if it were not said,
So to renounce as if one lost instead—
My unabandoned soul withdrew, abhorred.
I knew oblivion was its own reward,
But pride is life, and I had longed for death
Only in consciousness of indrawn breath.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM

EIGHT EXPERIMENTAL POEMS¹

THE GLENDALE SANCTUM

to its Board, its clients

Look at this vast. The dome torn rife
Of minarets streak from their base
In a paranoiac spew. These are all homes:
The immaculate unction's ripe full-grace
Used in a functional mood.

While marys and cherubs smile on perfectly
Over rigors of constance and values of faith,
And glass paints the unshatterable fluent pain
Of christ in his ten thousand--thousanded
Miseries.

The weepers here Weep. All of their crushed
Poor aortic soul ensluices gutters of tear,
"If it had only been Me, I'm so small, only Me."
But the walls smile a business *no yesno yes*
Time too aye too for thee.

Somehow they hear. So they lose Me to sneak
A curious poke at the hollywood queen

¹ Last quarter, for the first quarter since I have been selecting poems for the QUARTERLY REVIEW, I found a very large number of the submissions I liked best were "experimental" work in poetry. This fact, plus observation of a number of young poets and their work, inclines me to believe that many are restive and are struggling for a new method, a new speech, as they might call it. (Of course these poems are obviously connected directly with the experimentalism of the last thirty years, but I wonder if these young poets don't find even that work unfortunate in its openings for them.) Perhaps this observation is premature, but I suspect strongly that if they were loosely organized and had an organ of publication, they would measure up well in comparison with the "Apocalypse" group in England. My own editorial stand is obvious: this magazine has carried a number of experimental poems, although not so many at one time as in this issue. My taste is toward the traditional devices in poetry, for the facts, demonstrated so brilliantly by Mr. Yvor Winters in his books of criticism, that certain philosophies associated with "experimentalism" actually hamper a poet in his development, and that "experimental" techniques are fewer and less resourceful for the poet than the traditional techniques. But there are not enough great poems, even if all were to come this way, written in America in a year to fill the poetry section of this magazine; and I hope, for editorial purposes, to give an ear to new developments which seem to have some character behind them.

ALAN SWALLOW

Who ended in dope and a bitter kiss,
Was dianaly crated from her hell
To this bliss.

Blessed are the dead. No finer rest.
Each sunday at noon the glockenspiel tings
A vague menstrual glow—of their why,
Of their how, of their sad sweetly sad sad
Futurewhy.

MEADE HARWELL

THE FACTS

There is no surveying of the moon
when the sun is visible—even to the naked eye;
when the polka dots focus on dreams
of the unattained, the yet undreamed.

The matter is divided equally:
time's silent rest revolves about my head
spiralling upward toward the brain,
but the thundering ache throbs out the sense
and kills the small reality of dreams,
stripping the growth to utter bone;
bone and blood, and recollections of the sleep
collected by fictious time: even the moon
is hot on the empty road,
on the naked eye dressed fully in imagination.

Would there be truth decided by this eye
which holds the darkness in the light
and rolls in a circus-life passage
over the bitter elements decaying in the dust;
the reason parading under false pretenses?

GORDON H. FELTON

LEE CIRCLE

(New Orleans)

The iron benches hold
Only the bitterest of dreamers . . .

A concrete island ringed by sound
Of street-cars straining at their global course;
Gaunt and ghastly lighted ships
Plowing through a dry and steely space.
Patchwork squares of grass
And only the merest flowers grow
To meet the eyes of old men
Scabby from the scratch of time,
And lank-haired children
Skating in a frenzy of sound.
An hotel's neon glare
Penetrates the happy closeness of the trees .
To press the walks luridly
With slim fingers of color.
A soldier of today strolls vaguely . . .
Staring upward at a graven man.
Lee gazes over the head of a sibilant city.
Yesterday's soldier; a hero.
"Old soldiers never die" . . .
They turn quietly to stone.
A loose-walking woman ambles . . .
Symbol of Sodom.
Lust nudges the remembrance
Of old and bitter dreamers.
To finger a dollar again
Is to possess the Taj Mahal.

The iron benches hold
Only the bitterest of dreamers . . .

A pervert walks . . .
Symbol of Gomorrah.
A mouse within a churning cage . . .
Round and round, twisting scarab rings.

Searching . . . searching . . . somewhere a melody
A song the body sings
In embryonic time the tune was twisted
And music to a danse macabre was born.

Ten breaths through the traffic
A giant edifice of stone and glass . . .
The library stands severely ponderous.
The circle diminishes . . .
The lighted vault of learning
Looms a vast and impersonal tomb.
Cold women with speckled hair
Glide through silent space . . .
Grey nuns at literary mass.
Student stares are fragmentary.
The polished benches hold
A dreamer no less bitter:
Only better dressed.

M. J. A. MCGITTIGAN

YEATS' EPITAPH

Yeats has reached his phase of rest.
Lunar opposition there
Cannot quicken furious breast.
Make your judgement if you dare,
War be-timorous critic; he
Served your world's liberty.

GEORGE KELLOGG

THE DREAM

Illusion:
Come with me to home
Be edifice more fragile than sleep,
Keeper of the wires: as dream is winding
Through pillars and walls to alleys
Less incandescent than the signs
From which we siphoned joy. So body is body,

The same flesh, the skittish nose
 Curved to the ground: an indelicate weed,
 And irregular faces are known, memorized
 And served in an unusual sky
 As marks by which we navigate
 And journey past these air fields
 To craters torn from darkness.

Over roofs: the carpet is
 A remnant of our childhood Bagdad:
 As nerver-sleep comes haunting with its swing
 Pouring the night back upon the proud
 And all our wandering steps merge
 Into the military, the accents rhymed
 Though divisible into separate hopes,
 And the body dreams against the curtain
 Yet the play is (by what dim coincidence) the same,
 Veritably the one we have lived before.
 Cascades and oranges about our eyes
 Conspire to move this massive time
 When spires are blocks that tumble over
 The picturesque, O awkward domes

Illusion:

Come with me to home.

JESS H. CLOUD

THE PROGRESS OF PHOTOGRAPHY

Slowly I mount the stairs to have
 my picture taken. And in the
 slightly dusty room, a shabby
 modern chair celebrates the

Funereal ceremony with artificial
 cheer. The occasion is a New
 Year, uncertain, melancholy,
 but hoping for a better than

The last. It is medieval. It is
a world mad with carving, where
time confers pain like a fungus
on the face. Reflectors are

Arranged, the lights focussed for
the most auspicious view.
Disturbingly, my face repeats
the past. It should not have

Been there, or was only, as air
imagines sound. Now I am ready,
and the camera makes what is seen
seem what I feel. In the dark-

Room, my features gradually emerge,
less indistinct, and slowly I
perceive familiar things take
unfamiliar shapes: my portrait

Becomes the likeness of another.
Quiet and persistent as pain,
time's lens records its fatal
photograph, enlarged and

Cancerous; and I am the terrible
invalid, trapped within its
unframed space by the strength of
an illusion the will cannot destroy.

BYRON VAZAKAS

TIME

Wine we took with us,
Drank dispersal on the streaming mountain,
Splashed the Omar-remnants on the rocks with the rain.
The ripples of an ancient lake were never quieter in
stone than now.

From the cliff-side we rolled rocks onto the highway.
 The large one leaped the road but had no care to climb
 the other side.

(The long line shuffles, but the Master Sergeant said,
 "At Rest.")

The roar of the creek rose to us then, cancelling rain.
 Words we could say could not cancel our sorrow.

Then we saw Time who was teasing us, trampling the earth
 In a militant guise, drenched in the rain.
 When a rock missed him, he called us an idiot remark.

ELLIS FOOTE

SANGRE DE CRISTO

Out of the night, through morning waters plunge,
 Your ice and shadows bathed in sudden flame,
 The north sky lunging at your peak, stone-flung
 To a rumbling surf of rain, Thou thunder-sung!

Arisen along the east, that scarlet priest
 Keeps yet no mass for mercy, but for breast
 Torn from the ageless sacrificial beast—
 Thy time-locked granite knows an older death.

I paused, a world ago, upon the barrack stoop,
 The child too soon broke loose from home, as now,
 When wavered before thy storm a golden sloop—
 Then lost, as spanish sounds upon thy brow.
 And mad as gentle Christ on that fierce dome,
 My child's heart laughed through summer to my home.

SCOTT GREEN

THREE POEMS

TRISTAN IN BRITTANY

None of this was destined to go well.

There was always the practical thought that duty lay
Where the mores fixed it; that one should not live for the day
Only, but pattern his life to steer clear of hell.

There was always the voice of conscience, and minor ties,
And amenities whose effect was dulcificatory,
Such as the small dinner, the exchange in the conservatory,
One's husband's friends, one's wife's amusing replies.

It is odd how closely the facts approximate
The course of fiction, as still sometimes purveyed
In monthly instalments (She decides she will not leave him—
She really loved him once, and it isn't too late).
No need to say that either was afraid:
But Love is blind—it is easy to deceive him.

REMINISCENCE OF CHILDHOOD

There was a comet. We couldn't make head or tail of it.
It streaked the sky in plenty—oh, plenty—of time.
There were too many columnists and no prophets
To set us straight the year the comet came.

Then, you could never tell anybody anything.
People were shrewd. They knew it was propaganda.
The baby's fever was normal; it came from teething.
The poor baby grew up with a lame leg and a

Perpetual furrow vertical between the eyebrows
On reaching manhood—if that was what it reached.
Each family had herbs hung up in its own house:
For thrift, thistle; for poison, the stone of a peach.
Its own lore was more than enough for each.

We had our own lore and a comet too,
Standing next door beyond the oak and elm.
A new blight had just begun to chew
The leaves yellow. They fell in a dead calm.

BRIC - A - BRAC

The terra cotta fawn regards his rear.
 One day he will grow up and be a deer.
 In creamy white upon the mantelpiece,
 Still is he statue but his time is near.

So delicate the neck, so art-conceived,
 You would not think those sinews shall have grieved.
 Perhaps not quite tomorrow, yet next year,
 When youth has ceased and manhood been believed.

Indeed from that cold fabric the hot horn
 Will lock in death and all the forest mourn.

MYRON H. BROOMELL

TWO POEMS

COLUMBIA DRY FALLS

This work was engined with an amplitude
 At which the mind can only shrink and stare,
 Nor entered Anthrop with his dwarfish brood
 Until the theater fell in disrepair.

Uranian centuries to break the back
 Of basalt, silica, obsidian;
 Budget cosmogony to dredge the track
 And scoop the spillways for the overrun.

Rejoicing through his canyon roared the rover,
 Headlong down this infinity the stream,
 Until the glacier wearied and gave over,
 Changing his course by some colossal whim.

Only his terraces remain, the rubble
 Below his staircase, where the arid trail
 Has led us wanderers across the stubble,
 Counting the scaly rattles on Time's tail.

DAGUERREOTYPE

Is this the sum of her, or was she human?
 When I unlatch the painted leather case
 And slant the metal plate to show her face
 I catch the uncertain shadow of a woman
 Standing inflexible, severe, undead.
 What would the old photographer have said
 In her excuse? She had to pose too long,
 Staring in sunlight that was overstrong,
 Until her gaze became forever set;
 Her kindness marbled in austerity.
 So through the wire of a menagerie,
 A farmyard fence, uneasy I have met
 Just such an alien target-eye as she
 Focuses uncommunicant on me.

Now that the wise have ventured to uncere
 Mummies in the museum, rays have flown
 Clean through the wrappings to the crooked bone,
 Splitting millenniums to make it clear
 The young Egyptians could grow rickety
 Without their vitamins as well as we.
 Let them anatomize the shadow here,
 Whose body was not spiced nor honified!
 Flyleaf of Bible hints how piously
 She bore ten children, suffered for a year
 From an affliction of the chest, and died.
 She shared our heritage and flexed our fate;
 Now in her plushy border, hollow-eyed,
 She is but ancestress, recalled today
 As an unhappy shadow on a plate,
 Burdened with love she cannot give away.

CELESTE TURNER WRIGHT

ALL MUST CRUMBLE

Weeds grow high in Eden;
birds dip their wings and call.
Restless thunders argue;
the bitter apples fall.

Shudders of lonely manchild
shake the universe;
Fear is a curious weapon;
integrity, a curse.

Rocks that are never broken
harbor nor root nor leaf;
Seeds that are never prisoned
sprout neither truth nor belief.

MARY GRAHAM LUND

BOOKPLATE

Time sets a term
To what is wrought,
Except to thought
If it be firm.

Much we preserve
For interest's sake,
But thoughts we take
As they deserve.

This is my book.
I hope to find
Thought here confined
When I shall look.

ANN STANFORD

REVIEWS OF SOME CURRENT POETRY

- Poems*, by Stefan George; translated by Carol North Valhope and Ernst Morwitz. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc., 1943. \$2.75.
- Poems*, by Rainer Maria Rilke; translated by Jessie Lemont. New York: Columbia University Press, 1943. \$3.00.
- The Trial of Lucullus*, by Bertolt Brecht; translated by H. R. Hays. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions (The Poets of the Year), 1943. Wrappers, \$.50; boards, \$1.00.
- Some Poems of Friedrich Hölderlin*, translated by Frederic Prokosch. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions (The Poets of the Year), 1943. Wrappers, \$.50; boards, \$1.00.
- New Poems*, by Dylan Thomas. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions (The Poets of the Year), 1943. Wrappers, \$.50; boards, \$1.00.
- Last Poems of Elinor Wylie*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1943. \$2.75.
- The Sun at Noon*, by James Hearst. Muscatine, Iowa: The Prairie Press, 1943. No price indicated.
- Steep Acres*, by Daniel Smythe. Washington: Anderson House, 1942. \$1.50.
- North Window and Other Poems*, by Hortense Flexner. New York: Coward-McCann Inc., 1943. \$2.00.
- The Vineyard Keeper: a Lyric Drama Based on the Song of Songs of Solomon*, by Harry H. Fein. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc., 1943. \$1.50.
- This, My Earth*, by Sage Holter. New York: Gotham Bookmart Press, 1942. \$1.00.
- Primer for America*, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$2.00.

The number of translations from German poetry has been immense in recent years and, in view of our war with Germany, perhaps ironical—but a practical demonstration of the internationalism of good poetry. Among the modern German poets, Stefan George has been mentioned many times in English; but I believe these translations, accompanied by the original German text, are the first substantial publication of George's poems in the United States. Eric Russell Bentley in a review of the book in *Partisan Review* indicates that the translators have not offered George's poems of "homocerotism" or "fascistic aestheticism." The translations give us little impression of a poet as great as several competent critics have thought George to be. The poems in English are very pre-modern in diction and, often, in sentiment. On the basis of these versions, one would place George as a neo-romantic, with a little more urgency of point of view than in the better English verse of 1880-1910, and with only a little more realism. The German text, so far as I can read it, seems more modern in diction. The translators seem to be rather fair to the sentiments and ideas, but to deliver them with poor verse feeling. The religious poems, great in quantity, are strangely isolated in feeling for a modern poet; the reason is perhaps the one given in the introductory essay by Morwitz—"through his new experience he had been removed to a spiritual level other than that of the world about him"—or perhaps the attitude indicated by the last line of "Man and Faun," translated "Only by magic, Life is kept awake."

Whereas George seems definitely to precede modern "experimentalism" and contact with the French Symbolists, Rilke is cautiously in touch with this modernism. This tendency probably explains, in part, his recent popularity and the many translations which have appeared within a few years. For this collection Jessie Lemont selects poems preponderantly from the early work. She offers the "easy lyric" aspect of Rilke and is unfair to his mature work. Thus her translations are a personal selection and must be judged upon their success as English lyrics. Her performance is better than fair, creating a number of times at least passages of good English verse.

Of the German translations considered here, in many ways I admire most the translation by H. R. Hays of Brecht's *The Trial of Lucullus*. The play is immediate in that it is a condemnation of force and of fascist methods. Also it is of interest as a work in the new medium of the radio play. But in addition to these immediate interests, it is a well-sustained play done in a good English version.

An interesting comparison in translation is that between Pierre Loving's Hölderlin poems (Little Blue Book No. 724, Haldeman-Julius Co., Girard, Kansas) and those of Frederic Prokosch. Loving emphasizes a neo-Greek feeling and gives us rather good poems in the H. D. and Richard Aldington Imagist manner; Prokosch gives us a more traditional romanticism in his own lush, rhetorical, and sensuous style. I am inclined to like the Loving poems a little better; but Prokosch's are interesting and are certainly closer to the original.

Many critics have come to admire Dylan Thomas a great deal. I confess that I cannot follow his poems well. But it appears to me that his complexity is a verbal one almost entirely, masking a really uncomplex manner. Thomas is accomplished in this mode, a mode which is minor and radical and which is capably handled by Yvor Winters' strictures against modern experimentalism.

Last Poems of Elinor Wylie is a miscellaneous collection, with a good many styles, including some without the metallic surface which was her developed mannerism and which betrayed her by its surface satisfactions. One could mention the early "Written on the Flyleaf of John Webster's Plays" and a few others, but even these are not among her few poems which may hold some interest for a time yet.

James Hearst and Daniel Smythe are nature poets in that their matters and sentiments are largely concerned with human responses to natural scenes, to landscapes, trees, animals, and the soil. Both have lapses into easy attitudes which do not invite struggle, analysis, paradox, "earned" sentiments. But each does an occasional good poem of the type—James Hearst in "The Other Land" and "Home-sickness" from his thirty-eight page pamphlet finely printed by Carroll Coleman, Daniel Smythe in "The Pheasant" and some others from his ninety-five page book.

Hortense Flexner is capable of writing such a poem as "October Corn":

Rusty soldiers,
Still drilling in broken ranks,
With your bent bayonets,
Your yellow flapping arms,
You cannot make me believe
You have won the battle.

REVIEWS OF SOME CURRENT POETRY

351

In justice to her, there are better poems in her book, but really few of a remarkably better quality. Harry H. Fein's *The Vineyard Keeper* is called a lyric drama (based on the Song of Songs of Solomon), I suppose, because it is mostly lyric and not dramatic. The lyrics, where closest to Biblical imagery, are good, if not particularly arresting. Generally there are too many lapses in verse ability and too much repetition of flagging lines. Sage Holter's work is on a mixture of Irish and New Mexico backgrounds. There are three or four fair efforts in a book of ninety-six pages; the remainder is a poor mixture of sentimentality, inept imagery, and a failure to stop a poem when it is really done. Robert P. Tristram Coffin's *Primer for America* is a super-patriotic "quickie," what used to be called jingoism. In it, for example, barns in America are called "American Cathedrals." That is on page eleven, and I don't think you'll go any farther. The last page is numbered 166, if you want to know how much of it there is.

ALAN SWALLOW

Have Come, Am Here, by José Garcia Villa. New York: The Viking Press, 1942. \$2.00.

American Writing 1942: the Anthology and Yearbook of the American Non-Commercial Magazine, edited by Alan Swallow. Prairie City, Illinois: The Press of James A. Decker, 1943. \$2.00.

The Twittering Self, by Robert Brown. The Swallow Pamphlets: Number Six. Gunnison, Colorado: Alan Swallow, 1943. \$.25.

Crooked Eclipses, by Ruth G. Van Horn. Gunnison, Colorado: Alan Swallow, 1942. \$.75.

Pagophila, by Sylvia Wittmer, with a foreword by the publisher. Gunnison, Colorado: Alan Swallow, 1943. \$1.50.

Have Come, Am Here is a book of new verse by José Garcia Villa, a native of the Philippine Islands. One does not derive from Mr. Villa's verse the true pleasure that comes of reading first-rate work. Most of the poems appear to "spring" from a pseudodramatic conflict between a cruel, nay-saying God, and Eve, the inspiration of "the beautiful word." Several poets and critics, and even one philosopher, have expressed unqualified admiration of Mr. Villa's glittering surface lines and momentarily interesting tangential sparkle, and more especially of his "influences." It certainly is true that Mr. Villa's line seeks to blend the light of "Tiger, tiger burning bright" and an early Miltonic morning in the Garden of Eden before the fall; but, for all that, true idea and deep feeling are profoundly absent. Perhaps Mr. Villa's faults are to some extent those of the critics who have praised him for what is bad in him. It is always easier of course to strike a decorative pose than to stand up to the real thing—but is it worth doing?

American Writing: 1942 is a refreshing and stimulating collection of poems and short stories selected from literary magazines by Alan Swallow. The editor has been very honest in picking for republication only that work which has definitely marked originality and freshness, even though some of the stories, in particular, seem to be the product of very new hands at the art of writing. Three fine pieces of prose fiction out of six is a very good score, however. "A Short Space," by Kathleen Hough,

from *THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW*; "Goodwood Comes Back," by Robert Penn Warren, from *The Southern Review*; and "A Visit Of Charity," by Eudora Welty, from *Decision*, are first-rate stories. "Goodwood Comes Back" is especially fine and is undoubtedly a work of literature of lasting worth. Perhaps the least attractive piece of prose is that by Walter Van Tilburg Clark entitled "Why Don't You Look Where You're Going?" and reprinted from *Accent*. The story starts off well but ends in a welter of rather disingenuous and overly heavy irony. The best poems republished in *American Writing* are "Penance," by George Abbe, from *Prairie Schooner*; "Force's Joust," by Anna Maria Armi, from *Decision*; "Carnival in New Orleans," by Howard Baker, from *Poetry*; "Elegy: For You, Father," by John Ciardi, from *The Kenyon Review*; "Summer Idyll," by J. V. Cunningham, from *Modern Verse*; "The New View," by John Holmes, from *American Prefaces*; "Query," by Josephine Miles, from *The Southern Review*; "Terror," by Robert Penn Warren, from *Poetry*; and "An Elegy For The U. S. N. Dirigible, Macon," by Yvor Winters, from *Modern Verse*. Of this work the poems which strike one as being of most lasting beauty and permanent value are those by Howard Baker, Yvor Winters, J. V. Cunningham, and Robert Penn Warren. The warm and festive quality of Mr. Baker's piece and the dramatic force of Mr. Warren's poem are thoroughly to be admired and enjoyed. There is one bad poem included in *American Writing*. It is entitled "Suburban Sunset," by Kenneth Fearing, reprinted from *Compass*. Forced humor and newsy comment do not make a real poem. Except for one or two lapses, *American Writing* is full of good things; and its editor deserves warm thanks for exercising so unselfishly his fine and discriminating powers in the interest of new American letters.

The best poem by Robert Brown in his pamphlet of verse entitled *The Twittering Self* (a very bad title) is called "The Brothers: Egypt And Mexico." In this short piece the author succeeds in clarifying and intensifying, to a greater degree than elsewhere in the work, his own vision of beauty and grandeur discovered through the glass of relativity. *Crooked Eclipses*, by Ruth G. Van Horn, is also a work of modest length. One of the poems included, "At Medicine Bow," although short, is both vivid and strong and gives us something of the ruggedness and color of mountains. Unlike Robert Brown and Ruth G. Van Horn, Sylvia Wittmer, the author of *Pagophila*, a book of poems, likes to weave words into textures sometimes too closely knit to be thoroughly enjoyable. Rather often in Mrs. Wittmer's work the effect of fine opening lines is marred by later and regrettable decline into amorphous verbalism. One may well believe, as Mrs. Wittmer seems to, that the sunbeam of many motes is more exhilarating than "the cold, white light of eternity," but after all one must not introduce total eclipse until the poem is ended.

LINCOLN FITZELL

BOOK REVIEWS

Guide to Life and Literature of the Southwest; with a few Observations, by J. Frank Dobie. Austin, Texas: The University of Texas Press, special printing for the University Press in Dallas, Southern Methodist University, 1943. \$1.00.

My Rambles as East Texas Cowboy, Hunter, Fisherman, Tie Cutter, by Solomon Alexander Wright; arranged, with introduction, by J. Frank Dobie. Austin, Texas: Texas Folklore Society, 1942. \$3.00.

The Sword Was Their Passport: a History of American Filibustering in the Mexican Revolution, by Harris Gaylord Warren. Baton Rouge, Louisiana: Louisiana State University Press, 1943. \$3.00.

Twentieth Century Texas: an Economic and Social History, by Ralph W. Steen. Austin, Texas: The Steck Company, 1942. \$3.00.

Only the Valiant, by Charles Marquis Warren. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$2.50.

It would be hard to find five Southwestern books more at odds with each other than the ones listed above. They are not merely different in style and content; they represent opposite ideas about what it takes to make a good regional book. Two are scholarly histories in search of facts. The other three—a critical bibliography, a book of reminiscences, and a novel—look for the flavor and color in our early history and declare or imply that facts are dead unless an author makes them live.

J. Frank Dobie's *Guide* is the book list he uses in his course in Life and Literature of the Southwest at the University of Texas, with the addition of "a few observations." These observations, strongly flavored with carbolic acid, are the really valuable part of the book. Mr. Dobie is the first to admit that his list is "fragmentary and incomplete"—that it is "strong on character and ways of life of early settlers" and "weak on information about politicians." One might add that Mr. Dobie tends to see Texas as the Southwest and the Texas cattleman as the typical Southwesterner, that he passes too quickly over the Southwestern Indian and is perfunctory about recent fiction. But in his "Observations" he pulls no punches. Southwestern writing, he says, reflects "a distinct cultural inheritance, full of life and drama, told variously in books so numerous that their very existence would surprise many people who depend on the Book-of-the-Month Club for literary guidance, though the sheeplike makers of textbooks and sheeplike pedagogues of American literature have until recently, either willfully or ignorantly, denied that

right to the Southwest." To make people aware of their own environment and to introduce them to vital regional writing is Mr. Dobie's object in life. He is one of the few men in the Southwest who can make even a bibliography a stimulating experience.

To exemplify simple but vital writing, Mr. Dobie has edited, as the first issue in his Range Life Series, the autobiography of Solomon Wright. *My Rambles* is a leisurely, chatty account of a life spent out-of-doors. The Wright family lived in the piney woods of East Texas "amongst all the alligators and cottonmouth moccasins." It was wild country in the early days, and game was plentiful. Mr. Wright likes to tell about his guns and the deer and turkeys he killed. Anyone who likes to hunt will enjoy his story. Others may prefer Saroyan. In 1898 he began his "rambles," which took him everywhere in the West where there was timber to cut, game to shoot, or fish to catch. He died in 1937 in California. His editor thinks that "in these dark and tragic times" the life story of "a man singularly free of ambitions for power or property may prove restful."

Entirely outside Mr. Dobie's canons of good writing is *The Sword was Their Passport*, subtitled *A History of Filibustering in the Mexican Revolution*. It is the most thorough account to date of the plots and counterplots which were hatched in the United States and abroad between 1813 and 1821 aiming at the "liberation" of Texas and the fomenting of revolution in Mexico. Dr. Warren acknowledges that many aspects of his subject have been exhaustively studied by other scholars, but claims rightly the distinction of producing the first "comprehensive" treatment. Unfortunately, from Mr. Dobie's standpoint at least, the book is lacking in essential human warmth. The story is told with little graciousness of style and seldom turns aside from the steady march of statement and footnote. It will not attract the general reader, but no second book on the filibusters will need to be written.

Twentieth Century Texas, by a professor of history at Texas A. and M. College, belongs in the scholarly category also. It is not so overwhelmingly footnoted as Dr. Warren's work, but it is packed as full of information. With its compressed style and careful subdivision of topics, it might be described as a condensed encyclopedia or as an expanded handbook. In it can be found most of the essential information about the Prohibition Crusade in Texas, Old Folks' Homes, The Federal Food Administration, and so on. In handling such topics as tenant farming and the negro situation, the author is rigidly factual, but does not dodge the unpleasant implications of his facts. Occasionally he is humorous ("In West Texas the baby crop is the most certain crop of all"); and he realizes, as a good historian, that trivialities—even mah-jongg and monopoly—may be historically important. His book will not be read for relaxation, but it is none the less useful. A good index helps.

Only the Valiant is excellent fiction about Indian fighting and life in an Arizona army post during the Apache Indian raids of the seventies. Captain Lance leads a detail on a suicide mission to hold up the attack of the great chief Tucos until reinforcements can reach the post. Life in a frontier garrison is described with minute and loving care. The psychological stresses of such living make the plot. And the sinister effect of those great fighters, the Apaches, on human minds could hardly be better done. Mr. Warren's experience as a Hollywood script writer

(before he joined the armed forces) appears, perhaps a little too much, in the high glossy finish he gives his narrative. In spite of its movie quality, however, his book should be grouped with *The Sea of Grass* and *The Ox-Bow Incident* as an example of superior artistic work based on venerable Wild West formulas. It is one of the best popular novels of this region in a long time.

If these five books have any quality in common, it would be earnestness. Each one is done by a competent and conscientious man. The ideal of what makes a good book differs in each, but there is nothing slipshod about the way the job is done. In a part of the country where amateurish, sensational, half-digested writing has been perpetrated so often, so much conscientiousness is surely a good sign.

C. L. SONNICHSEN

The Humboldt: Highroad of the West, by Dale L. Morgan; illustrated by Arnold Blanch. (Rivers of America series.) New York and Toronto: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1943. \$2.50.

Mormon Country, by Wallace Stegner. (American Folkways series.) New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1942. \$3.00.

Dale Morgan probably knows more about the early history of Utah, Southern Idaho, Wyoming, and the Great Basin area of Nevada than anyone who has yet written about it. As director of the Federal Arts Project and editor of the *Utah Guide*, he had immediate access to pioneer journals, diaries, and transcriptions of interviews collected by the F.A.P., which constitute probably the most complete and systematic record of such material outside the restricted files of the Mormon Church library in Utah and the Bancroft collection in California.

Wallace Stegner, on the other hand, is a competent stylist with several excellent short novels to his credit, and he acknowledges (as Bernard DeVoto also did in *The Year of Decision*) his indebtedness to Mr. Morgan for factual information concerning the early settlement of Utah and the Great Basin area.

The results are much as might be expected. *The Humboldt*, although concerned with the Mormons only as the most solid and influential single factor in the settlement of the area which the paradoxical old river traversed, is crammed with incident and anecdote to a point where it becomes repetitious. Mr. Stegner, as though aware of the amount of writing that has been done recently about the Mormons, has woven his narrative more loosely about a few incidents and personalities that must have seemed to him typical and interesting. He has brushed very lightly over many of the better-known events.

Both volumes supply interesting and informative reading for the general reader, a chief objective, I take it, of each series. One cannot help feeling, however, that Mr. Morgan has strained somewhat to relate so much of Western history to a river which is now known to only a handful of people outside the region where it flows, that Mr. Stegner has given undue space to certain characters and events (the story of the Marie Ogden cult in San Juan County, for instance) which will never loom large in the story of "Mormon Country."

Still, no one will deny the value of the Humboldt to the period of Western migration, when it was a landmark and the only source of water for the trapper,

trader, explorer, prospector, and colonizer. Mr. Morgan's thesis is that this river, hated yet indispensable, so often a witness to frontier tragedy, hastened the march of empire from East to West and turned the tide of emigration from Oregon to California. It is really the story of the failure of a river—as a river—for its water was muddy and bitter with alkali; and it did not flow into the Pacific Ocean, as was thought originally, but simply disappeared into the air and the sands of the sun-baked American desert. It was neither waterway nor waterhole, but it did supply the incentive for men to dash recklessly onto the glistening salt flats of Great Salt Lake; and although many of them perished, great numbers survived to pan gold in the streams of California, to dig holes into the hills, to erect a commerce, and finally to construct the western link of a transcontinental railway.

Mormon Country is a book with little of the epic intensity of *The Humboldt*, concerned as it is with the "folkways" of a settled, for the most part agricultural people. Mr. Stegner tells, for instance, with an appreciative humor, of a character little-known outside Utah, but one who gathered legend as a ship collects barnacles: J. Golden Kimball. He tells of "The Wild Bunch," Mormon boys gone wrong in a frontier society; Butch Cassidy, Robin Hood of the West; stories of the "Three Nephites, who are mythological figures as real, if less malevolent, to many present-day Mormons as were witches to the early New Englanders.

Mr. Stegner lived long enough in the "Mormon Country" to get the "feel" of it, and this comes over in his book. Like Mr. Morgan, he brings the story up to date (something few of the novels written about it have been able to do), showing, as Mr. Morgan also does, that the fundamental problems and beliefs of the early days have carried into the present, that the region, although changed outwardly, is still harnessed to its past, just as the Great Basin is still bridled by its need for a more adequate water supply.

RAY B. WEST JR.

Kendall of the Picayune, Being his Adventures in New Orleans, on the Texan Santa Fé Expedition, in the Mexican War, and in the Colonization of the Texas Frontier, by Fayette Copeland. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1943. \$3.00.

"Eastward I go only by force; but westward I go free," mused Henry Thoreau, meditating his preference of direction for his evening walks. He mentioned it as significant because "I believe that something like this is the prevailing tendency of my countrymen." He was right, of course. Out of the resultant westward expansion came many of the most colorful characters of our history; and one of them who deserves to be better known is that adventurous, ingenious, and forward looking editor and journalist, George Wilkins Kendall. It is difficult to understand how the biographers could have missed this man who founded the New Orleans *Picayune* on a shoestring, suffered the tortures of the captives of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition, reported the Mexican War from the front lines, and set a romantic climax to a remarkable life by his marriage to a beautiful Parisienne. Nevertheless, the fact remains that his first full-length biography is *Kendall of the Picayune*, recently published by Fayette Copeland of the University of Oklahoma.

Anyone familiar with the enthralling interest of Kendall's own *Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition*, which has served as a basis of romance from the *Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet* down to *Anthony Adverse*, knows that a biography of George Wilkins Kendall ought to be exciting reading. Unfortunately, Mr. Copeland's book is not. A solid and factual account, revealing thorough and excellent research, it yet lacks the zestful sparkle that a biography of Kendall should have.

Analysis shows two interrelated reasons for this fact: a seeming reluctance on the part of the author to enter into the mind and emotions of his subject and a tendency to allow the times to obscure the man. The former results in a lack of interpretation of Kendall's character irritating to a reader who feels that a worthwhile biography should combine sympathetic understanding of the subject with information on his overt activities. The emphasis of historical events over the man is particularly evident in the ten chapters dealing with the Mexican War. Here one sees little of Kendall and much of what was happening in Texas and Mexico. On the other hand, there is no doubt of the value of Mr. Copeland's painstaking research and well-documented work. For the present, it is a valuable contribution to the history of the development of the American press; and in the future it may provide a storehouse of material for the literary biography which George Wilkins Kendall richly deserves.

THELMA CAMPBELL

The Wind That Swept Mexico: the History of the Mexican Revolution, 1910-1942, by Anita Brenner; 184 historical photographs assembled by George R. Leighton. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1943. \$3.75.

The Amazon: the Life History of a Mighty River, by Caryl P. Haskins. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1943. \$4.00.

Ecuador: Portrait of a People, by Albert B. Franklin. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1943. \$3.50.

Brazil in the Making, by José Jobim. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$3.50.

"We are not safe in the United States, now and henceforth, without taking Mexico into account; nor is Mexico safe disregarding us. This is something that Mexicans have long known, with dread, but that few Americans have had to look at."

Thus, in her first sentence, does Anita Brenner set the theme of her magnificent book. *The Wind That Swept Mexico* is the simple and clear story of the Mexican Revolution between the years 1910 and 1920 and of subsequent events, also a part of the revolution, up until Mexico's declaration of war against the Axis. It is also an eloquent warning to us in the United States that political freedom and economic independence are not and cannot be the exclusive property of English-speaking Americans and that we shall not be safe to pursue our freedoms until the millions who are with us in the war have gained theirs.

All revolutions are compounded of varying degrees of idealism and opportunism, of courage and rapacity and unselfishness and greed, of quiet determination and

hysterical reaction. The Mexican Revolution was no exception. Perhaps it had even more than its share of opportunism and rapacity. But what raises it above all this and makes it one of the truly magnificent human endeavors of all time is the irresistible determination of a poverty-stricken and poorly educated people to attain political democracy and economic security. Frustrated time after time by unfavorable circumstances and turncoat leaders, the Mexican people have continued—and are still continuing—their struggle. There will be still more disappointments and more frustrations, but eventually they will get what they want, for the power of determined people on the march is a great power which cannot be withstood by any force on earth.

As a lifelong resident of Mexico and an eyewitness of many of the events of the Mexican Revolution, Anita Brenner is ably qualified to write of the wind that swept Mexico. Out of the turbulent welter of a nation in transition, she has written a story that is precise in its evaluations, complete in its details, and as dramatic as the original events upon which it is based, a story which no "Gringo" who is interested in his own future and that of his country can afford to overlook.

Not the least important part of *The Wind That Swept Mexico* is George Leighton's superb collection of 184 documentary photographs illustrating every phase of the revolution. The Mexican Revolution was the first great social movement lasting over a period of years to be thoroughly documented by photographers, and in assembling and publishing the photographic record of the revolution, Mr. Leighton has not only enhanced the value of Miss Brenner's text—which is quite capable of standing by itself—but has made a significant contribution to the technique of recording and presenting historical events.

The Amazon: the Life History of a Mighty River is a book misnamed. For it is not the river, but rather the social and political history of the people of the six nations drained by the Amazon, that constitutes the major portion of the book. Only two of its six sections deal primarily with the river and the land through which it flows (seventy-six out of the book's 402 pages); nearly 200 pages are devoted to the political histories of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil; and an additional forty are given over to a discussion of the political relations of the United States with the South American countries.

A tremendous amount of information is contained in *The Amazon*—much of it interesting, all of it valuable. But, unfortunately, so large a part of the book is devoted to purely political history, covering so large an area and so long a time that the text becomes little more than a recital of names and dates.

If it was Caryl Haskins' purpose to write a historical textbook dealing with the nations drained by the Amazon, he has succeeded admirably. Fact following fact, name piled upon name, and date succeeding date are impressive and dull in true textbook style. But if it was his intention to write about a river and the drama of the effect of that river upon the lives of the people through whose lands it runs, he has fallen far short of his goal. The pill of historical fact is there; but the sugar of dramatic interpretation is not; and without that sugar, as any child knows, pill may be highly beneficial but never palatable.

A much more interesting and, I suspect, more effective book is Albert Franklin's *Ecuador: Portrait of a People*. For Mr. Franklin has concerned himself not with the politics or the history or the archaeology or the economics of Ecuador, but with its people, a people whom he knows and understands and likes. If economics creeps into a few pages, it is there because Mr. Franklin is aware that Ecuadorians also must eat; if politics are touched upon—and they are—they are presented because Ecuador has a government and because the Ecuadorians, if not altogether responsible for that government, are becoming increasingly interested in it and increasingly determined that it should and must serve them.

The Ecuador of Mr. Franklin's book is a fascinating country, half in and half out of the twentieth century, a country that Mr. Franklin knows thoroughly and tells about with gusto and evident enjoyment. Statistics are subordinated to anecdote, personalities are abstracted from historical data, and trivia are properly placed, with the result that *Ecuador* is not only a delightful book to read, but one that conveys to the reader a vivid impression of the people and problems of one of the South American countries whose affections we are assiduously wooing.

In *Brazil in the Making*, José Jobim, Secretary to the Co-ordinator of Economic Mobilization for Brazil, gives one of the first and certainly the most complete account of the efforts of his country to industrialize herself. Beginning with a brief survey of recent economic developments in Brazil, he proceeds to sketch in the historical background of trade and industrial development and then surveys in turn the principal manufacturing industries, spinning and weaving, the production of foodstuffs, clothing and linens, leather, iron and steel, machinery, chemicals, glass, rubber, paper. Liberally documented with statistical data, *Brazil in the Making* is valuable not only as a statement of the present economic status of the most highly industrialized country in Latin America, but also as an outline of the pattern which other Latin-American nations might conceivably follow in diversifying their own economic systems, increasing their degree of industrialization, and becoming—as much as is possible or desirable in the modern world—economically independent.

LYLE SAUNDERS

Mexican Oil: Symbol of Recent Trends in International Relations, by Harlow S. Person. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1942. \$1.50.

The publishers state that "this book grows out of a report which supplied the factual basis for the agreement reached between the United States and the Mexican governments for indemnifying American owners of Mexican oil wells which were expropriated by the Mexican government." If this statement is correct, one can only marvel at the meagerness of this "factual basis." About one-third of the booklet contains general remarks on "Mexico's historical background"; a little more than one-third, or thirty-three pages, is given to a summary of the development of the oil industry in Mexico down to the present time; ten pages deal with the procedure followed by the two "experts" appointed by the government to determine the amount of indemnification; and an appendix contains the two agreements pertaining thereto.

The author was "staff chief of the American experts whose services were placed at the disposal of the United States representative . . . in dealings with the Mexican representative in reaching this international oil agreement"; yet he had no first hand experience either in Mexico or in oil economy. This, perhaps, explains his optimistic opinion concerning the soundness of the decision of the two government representatives (a decision which was not accepted by the oil companies) concerning the salutary effects which he expects of it in regard to future foreign investment in Mexico and "international relations" in general. The reader is not given sufficient evidence on which to base a judgment of his own. He is told that some elements considered by the two "experts" were "imponderables" and that "what was in the minds of the governments in their reference to technical consideration [to be made by the experts] is not clear" (p. 68).

The general attitude of the author is one of criticism toward the United States companies and benevolent encouragement toward the Mexican official policy. His treatment of the subject is based on the unrealistic assumption that Mexico "is of full stature among the democratic nations of the world" (p. 16). No adequate discussion of the economic aspects of the conflict, as distinguished from the legal and ethical aspects, and of the effects of the expropriations for Mexico herself, which proved to be disastrous, is offered. No exact data on investments, profits, wages, exports, and distribution of property in the oil industry before and after expropriation are furnished. Except for one passing remark in parentheses, toward the end, the book ignores completely the facts that the major part of the Mexican oil industry was owned by British-Dutch interests, that any truly satisfactory liquidation of the problem must include a settlement with that group, and that no progress in this direction has been made.

Somewhat careless phrasing and editing also impair the value of the study. For example, on page 28 "the value of industrial products" is compared with that of "agricultural" products, without defining either term. On page 28 the end of the Díaz regime is given as 1810 instead of 1910.

In the opinion of this reviewer this volume does not offer a satisfactory treatment of the subject, even for the general reader.

RICHARD F. BEHRENDT

Builders of Latin America, by Watt Stewart and Harold F. Peterson. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1942. \$2.00.

Chile: a Geographic Extravaganza, by Benjamín Subercaseaux; translated by Angel Flores. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$3.00.

The first of these two samples of the tide of books stimulated by the Good Neighbor Policy, *Builders of Latin America*, is designed to tell the stories of twenty-two less familiar Latin Americans who made definite contributions to the progress of their nations, rather than to retell stories of familiar heroes associated with discovery and conquest. The authors have not selected their subjects as heroes, but as men, heroic or not, who initiated or carried through programs decisive in the development of their countries. Thus Porfirio Díaz in Mexico and Dictators Rosas and Gómez in Argentina and Venezuela respectively are as impartially considered

as are Sarmiento in Argentina, Martí in Cuba, and Bolívar and San Martín all over the continent.

The chief defect of the book is that the sections deal in turn with foundations, revolutions, dictatorships, and democracies, so that the reader gets no consecutive picture of developments in any one country; indeed, often the reader is entirely at a loss to know what happened to a people after kind fate removed a particularly obnoxious revolutionist or dictator from their midst. Merely as short accounts of individuals, with no attempt to trace the effect of these individuals upon the subsequent history of their countries, the book makes interesting reading, although the style is slightly juvenile and perhaps more suited to the reader of high school age than to the adult. Excellent photographs and a few maps add to the enjoyment of the book.

Benjamín Subercaseaux, the notable young Chilean who unmasked the Nazi spy ring in Chile last fall and who recently visited the United States, has written a charming book about his native land. He has combined in a free, informally conversational style much information, geographic, economic, and social, under the pretext of writing a book less dull than school geographies. Beginning with a surmise of what Magellan, Pigafetta, and company missed when they sailed through the straits in 1520 and turned their backs upon the coastline stretching to the north, the author suddenly transports the reader to the extreme northern boundary of Chile and there begins an ambling journey southward, pointing out all along the line the mountains, valleys, and rivers, the towns, the cities, and the peoples whose lives are bound and determined by the geography of the land.

Perhaps to the Chilean—and the book was a best seller in Chile—or to the traveler who has already experienced Chile, the picture is clear. To the uninitiated it is a kaleidoscope of ever-changing views charmingly mingled with facts and some admitted fancies of the author's. When the last page is reached, a jumble of confused impressions remains. The reader has enjoyed a swift journey through a long and great land with a witty guide, but he is still uncertain whether he knows anything about the Chilean people or the Chilean landscape, and he is certainly ignorant of the past and possible future of the country. The book is a travelogue without benefit of pictures or even of an adequate map on the end papers.

The translation by Angel Flores, rapidly becoming one of the best-known translators of Latin-American literature into English, is reasonably smooth and readable. The tendency nowadays to pass off verbless phrases as sentences, thereby disturbing the even flow of the prose, is regrettable.

MARY WICKER

New Viewpoints on the Spanish Colonization of America, by Silvio Zavala. Philadelphia and London: University of Pennsylvania Press and Oxford University Press, 1943. \$1.25.

About once in a decade students of history are blessed with a classical little monograph that correlates, synthesizes, and brings together under one cover the new developments in some special field of history. This volume is especially

welcome because there is perhaps no field that has been more beset by entangling and misleading generalities than that of the Spanish colonization of America.

Although one of the youngest members of his profession, Zavala has already distinguished himself, through his critical discrimination, austere objectivity, and clear, elevated style, as a man of sound historical scholarship. Here he stresses the social point of view as a means of focalizing the study of colonization as a process; and in doing so, he points out certain errors that have resulted from applying predominantly political criteria.

In Chapter I he indicates that the legal claims of Spain in the Indies are closely connected with theological ideas and linked with political and moral philosophy as well. In the next three chapters he shows how the papal bulls of Pope Alexander VI suffered a great distortion, strikes a new note on the evangelical and political problems of penetration in the New World, and dispels the cloud of confusion surrounding the "Doctrine of Just War."

The remainder of the volume, with the exception of the chapter on social experiments, is based on his own contributions to the field. These deal with the controversial problems of Indian slavery and the evolution of the labor system and with the *encomienda*, which, in spite of the efforts of "centuries" of historians to demonstrate otherwise, evolved into a *system of tribute and not a land grant!*

CONRAD K. NAEGLÉ

The Seven Golden Cities, by Mabel Farnum. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1943. \$2.75.

The dynamic and fascinating saga of the Coronado expedition which played such an important role in exploding the extravagant tales of the fabulous north-land—Cibola! Quivira!—has attracted the pen of numerous chroniclers, both contemporary and modern. Here, for the first time in popular form, Miss Farnum presents the consecutive story of Fray Marcos de Niza, precursor of the Coronado expedition. Since his expedition was staged in the same historic setting as that of Coronado, one wonders why this Franciscan herald and pioneer and his colorful career have failed to attract biographers long before now. This vivid, graphic, authentic portrayal is a welcome contribution to the literature of the Southwest.

CONRAD K. NAEGLÉ

Santos: the Religious Folk Art of New Mexico, text and photographs by Mitchell A. Wilder with Edgar Breitenbach; with a foreword by Rudolph A. Gerken, Archbishop of Santa Fe. Colorado Springs, Colorado: The Taylor Museum of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, 1943. \$4.00.

Two factors have prepared a group of readers for this book: the interest in primitive art and the search for American originals. Since nineteenth century artists carried both sculpture and painting to the ultimate in representation of models, a reaction was inevitable in the direction of art that represented meanings independent of models, art which subordinated models to their significance. In this respect, the work of many twentieth century sculptors and painters seems more

Gothic than Renaissance, a healthy trend if art is to come closer to the life of the masses than to wealth and patronage. The search for American originals ranges from the hobby impulse, such as expressed by a recent collector of American shaving mugs, to the patient quest in art or letters for authentic impressions of native genius.

The Taylor Museum book on *santos* offers both a library and a gallery of material on the religious folk art of New Mexico. It will not only inform the casual reader but it will set the critical reader upon new trails of exploration. In New Mexico, too many of our trails are worn thin by travel. We have repeated our forbears and each other. We have the richest stories of any area in the country, but we have not always been critical or expert in the use of them. All of the material upon which this book is based was once stored in New Mexico. Now in a neighbor state, it comes back to us in finer forms, for it has been entertained and interpreted by understanding hearts and minds. Since such a record as this book can be owned by anyone, the exchange was well made. Mr. Wilder's study is based upon the materials of the Taylor Museum, where in 1936, the Frank Applegate collection was housed. Since that time, the exhibit has been extensively enlarged. A list of major collections outside the Taylor Museum is given in Mr. Wilder's introduction. The Mary Lester Field Collection of the University of New Mexico is named, and the collection of Cady Wells, now being shown at the Laboratory of Anthropology in Santa Fe. Omitted from the list are such collections as those of Andrew Dasburgh and Mabel Luhan of Taos and Witter Bynner of Santa Fe.

One cannot do justice to this volume in a review, since so much of its value lies in the photographic reproductions. Nor can one even digest the excellent material in the text. Mr. Wilder gives the historical background for the *santero* (sculptor and decorator), the techniques of his art, and the various esthetic data which he has discovered characteristic of certain areas, such as the Santa Cruz Valley, Taos, and Arroyo Hondo. This is technology in which Frank Applegate pioneered. Mitchell Wilder and Charles D. Carroll of Santa Fe are the only students I know who have combined esthetic analysis with field work to extend knowledge in this respect to local *santeros* and stylistic groups. They have progressed to the discovery of prototypes and copies, to the classifications of professional as opposed to amateur work, and to generalizations as to early and late periods of *santo* production. All of this material is just ripe for argument. I recall the indignation of Mrs. Neil B. Field of Albuquerque when a suggestion was made that some of the *santos* in her collection may have been the work of Indian artisans or that the *nicho* enclosing the Holy Child may have come from a lard pail shipped in to Santa Fe after 1850.

Anyone who has collected these *bultos* or *retablos* knows the fascination they can exercise over the mind. I once bought a San Ysidro from a native vendor, and after a year he requested me to give it back to him. He had received it from the son of a farmer at Chilili. Now the crops of the old man had failed and the boy felt responsible. I gave the image back, of course. Whether it was the primitive character of tools and materials, or the naive technique, something gave to these figures a vitality which more sophisticated art frequently lacks. Carried in procession, honored in other religious ceremonies and in the home, these *santos*

supplied for people in that time examples of fortitude, compassion, suffering, industry, and kindness. They were personal to a people who repaired, adorned, and revered them with an intimacy no art object could ever induce in us. They may carry down to us, as in a time mirror, not only this view of an early stage of American culture, but even portraits of native villagers who could have supplied the models. So primitive art and conventional art may have models in common; but whether the *santero* worked from a real model or a wooden one, he gave to his carving the universal elements of a theme, the quality or ideal of the saint he was representing. It is this which often strikes the modern onlooker and places him in the presence of a creative worker whose handiwork enrolls him with the multitude of humble folk who have created something of good and passed it on to another day as witness of abiding values.

T. M. PEARCE

In Defense of the West: a Political and Economic Study, by Herbert von Beckerath. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1942. \$3.50.

Aspects of a World at War: Radio Forums of the Louisiana State University, edited by Robert Bechtold Heilman. Baton Rouge, Louisiana: Louisiana State University Press, 1943. No price indicated.

Both of these books emphasize in sharp focus the peculiar weakness of the academic mind: its large proportion of obtuseness, caused by an overreliance on the thoughts of other men together with a hesitation to appraise and criticize them.

The first book, obtuse and misleading even in the title, professes to be a political and economic study of western thought and institutions. Divided into three parts—The Pattern of Civilization, The Breakdown of Liberal Society, and The Threefold Problem of Reconstruction—it discusses such things as the essential characteristics of western civilization, the collapse of the international order in 1914, and the problems of economic, moral, and political reconstruction. Although the subjects are promising, their exposition is not very satisfying.

The author attempts to remove himself above the battle and, as it were, to view the world's decaying liver through a microscope, like the biologist peering at the nucleus of a Paramecium—as though the activities of man, spiritual and mental as well as material, can be discussed like a mathematical formula with adequately defined and unambiguous terms of the latter, as though the discussion has validity when the concepts and terms, third- and fourth-hand, missed the truth to begin with.

Here is an example of the author's reasoning: "While previous society, with its rare and weak interlocal contacts, needed little sense of community between local groups and could survive the contrast between ethics of solidarity, pertinent to the inner life of groups, and ethics of violence, war and conquest between them, modern technique has made the world a crowded, narrow place, where everybody depends on everybody else for a successful living. *Yet it has left man passionately addicted to the traditional ethics of combat and perpetual enmity between nations and regions [italics mine].*"

How neat—and yet how false. Under cover of a pseudoscientific impartiality, man is accused of a passionate addiction for war; but in reality it is precisely war

which he strives desperately against and his "passionate addiction," whenever it is evinced, is but caused by the whirlpool of ignorance and confusion created for him by an outmoded way of life and its high priests—those same who, having caused and abetted fascism in one country to the point of danger to themselves had to call upon the "passionate addiction" of the common man to stamp it out.

So much for the first book, for space prohibits further discussion. The second book is a compilation of radio forums. Among other things it contains discussions of the last peace and the next, France's fadeout, the durability of Japan, war and the scientist, and the artist in wartime. The book is frankly embarrassing. One feels embarrassed to see in print the verbal inanities of a round-table discussion, embarrassed for the men who must see their inanities perpetuated and for the inanities themselves. One has the feeling that what he reads is an unbelievably pale imitation of the Socratic dialogues and when pressed to define the main difference between the two, finds it to be the preponderance of logic in Plato, embellished by a stylistic elegance. Assuredly the comparison is unfair. For one thing, the Socratic dialogues were composed, not spoken offhand and captured by stenographers or recording machines. But the comparison refuses to disappear, unfortunately, for one reason or another; the reader suspects that the Greek dialogues were no less grand to the ear of Plato than to his hand, for it was an imposing oratorical age.

CHARLES NEIDER

The Yale Review Anthology, edited with an introduction by Wilbur Cross and Helen MacAfee. New Haven and London: Yale University Press and Oxford University Press, 1942. \$2.75.

The Private Reader: Selected Articles and Reviews, by Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1942. \$2.75.

No reviewer of anthologies or "samplings" of the type listed here can write with much certainty, for without extensive research and re-reading he can never be sure that the anthology is representative of the whole body of the work from which it is abstracted. Editors Cross and MacAfee hope that *The Yale Review Anthology* will "symbolize fairly" the work of their magazine since its founding in 1911. But surely the omission of book reviews and poetry is a serious one. In its reviewing of books, *The Yale Review* has been authoritative, thorough, and free of the commercial blight. Books have been treated as books and not as mere news. Indeed, the university-sponsored quarterlies in the United States have taken the lead in reviewing that dares pass judgment; and among its kind *The Yale Review* has had the position of leadership. The omission of poetry seems to indicate either that the editors are not proud of their poetry or that they have succumbed to the usual editorial-office view, namely, that poetry is good only as a "filler." Nevertheless, an anthology cannot, it must be admitted, include everything.

Quite obviously, the achievement of *The Yale Review* over the years has been very high. The very best names are here: Virginia Woolf, H. L. Mencken, H. M. Tomlinson, Carl Becker, Julian Huxley, Thomas Mann, André Gide, and a host of others. Editors could hardly go wrong with these authors. Especially fine are the articles categorized as bearing on "Public Affairs." Huxley and John H. Bradley give

exactly the kind of report on the end results of scientific research that Matthew Arnold thought was all the science the generality of mankind would ever need. Carl Becker and Walter Lippmann are excellently suited to discuss national or world political problems and ideologies. James Truslow Adams and Benjamin N. Cardozo have an admirable "high seriousness." Indeed, in such matters *The Yale Review* has been unexcelled. It has treated problems—and life, since 1911, as Editor Cross says, has been a series of problems—with some philosophical detachment. This is the kind of "popularization," in the very best sense, that a university in a democracy should further. And yet there is not, in all the pieces here printed, any deep sense of the urgency of modern problems, nothing that bites in. John Stuart Mill or Macaulay might have made these selections. They are directed at Suburbia and, for all their excellence, are alarmingly complacent. To borrow some of Professor and ex-Governor Cross's terms, which he borrowed in turn from Robert Frost, there is a good sense here of the "outer" weather, but not enough sense of the changing "inner" weather in the whole Western world, of *inner* frustration, needs, wants, anger.

The section entitled "Essays and Sketches" seems quite lame in these days. Mencken, MacLeish, and Canby in one way or another proclaim America's cultural independence. The old colonial uneasiness is still there, and wishful thinking that betrays unfulfillment, and the idea that you can get literature and culture by beating drums for them. Virginia Woolf is personally pleasing, and Professors Tinker and Beers are academically pleasant, but the section as a whole seems curiously dated. One must remember, however, that this is a monument to the past, not a current feast.

A section entitled "Imaginative Literature" has, despite good names and good contributions, a certain gentility, almost staleness. Walter Van Tilburg Clark's much-reprinted "The Portable Phonograph," one of *The Yale Review's* famous finds, is here to help save the section. One of Paul Horgan's best, "The Peach Stone," reminds us that, after all, this is an American magazine. But the presence of one of Erskine Caldwell's poorest, with its humor forced, and the inclusion of Hugh Walpole and Walter de la Mare indicate little more than safeness and saneness of editorial policy.

Perhaps this anthology does not, after all, do justice to *The Yale Review*. But if it is representative, then it proves a point. *The Yale Review's* strength and dignity are also its weakness. A great university-sponsored review, financially independent, ought to give us more than good names, a genteel eclecticism, a conscious internationalism, and the psychology of Suburbia. It ought to blaze a few trails, and it ought to do more than merely embalm the already-famous.

One man making selections from his own writings over a period of twenty years or so ought to be able more easily to "represent" himself fairly and well. Mark Van Doren seems to have done this. He chooses from full-length articles, from book reviews, and from movie criticism. His title is excellent. A "private reader" has no system, belongs to no school, tries to keep his balance, tries to be Dr. Johnson's and Mrs. Woolf's "common reader," strives manfully to de-professionalize his reactions to his reading. The book abundantly proves that Mr. Van Doren

still has perhaps the most completely untainted sensibility (much-abused word!) of all critics writing in America. For, with him, "sensibility" is not merely the capacity to delve into the involutions of the esoteric, to note the exquisite, to be overwhelmed by sensation. The wheel has come full circle since Dr. Johnson; and "sensibility" (as far as Van Doren is concerned) now means "common sense," the capacities of a thinking, feeling civilized man who simply insists on trying to see things *sub specie aeternitatis*, but without any desire to escape the Here and Now. Perhaps the "de-professionalization" of taste might be called the clue to Van Doren's criticism, since the clearest thread running through this volume and his recent *Shakespeare* is simply that a poet has to be a man first and that poetry is only a part of life.

There are no pyrotechnics in this volume, but there is some excellent phrasing. Van Doren says of Bernard DeVoto's *Mark Twain's America*, that it is "cantankerous"; of Proust, that he is "both mammoth and minor"; of T. S. Eliot, that he remains "at the same time delicately ironic and fanatically firm"; of Vardis Fisher, that he is "too proud to study the distinction between veracity and verity, between honesty and truth"; of Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, that the story "never runs uphill." Such phrases say the obvious well, reflecting the Johnsonesque strain in Mr. Van Doren—but without the big bow-wow. But Van Doren has also his ironies and his paradoxes, and no facet of modern man's viewpoints, prejudices, or sense of his shortcomings but is put down. The sentences are packed with insight, good sense, and perceptiveness. Ephemeral as most of the material seems to be, this is a book to go back to time and again. For teachers of literature, if not for the "common reader," Van Doren's comment on one line of Shakespeare's "Sonnet LXIV" is worth the price of the book. A good critic, like Browning's painter, makes us see things we have passed a hundred times and not seen.

DUDLEY WYNN

The Latin American Collection of the Museum of Modern Art, by Lincoln Kirstein.

New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1943. \$2.00.

"We are dropping those blinders in cultural understanding which have kept the eyes of all the American republics fixed on Europe with scarcely a side glance at each other . . .," says Alfred H. Barr, Jr., Director of the Museum of Modern Art, in the foreword to Lincoln Kirstein's book, *The Latin American Collection of the Museum of Modern Art*. It took the Second World War to shift our perspective; but we now give heed to the art of Latin America, thanks to the collection of Latin-American art assembled by the Museum. This collection, which is the first contemporary collection of its kind anywhere, was increased by more than two hundred paintings, drawings, prints, and posters by Latin Americans when Mr. Kirstein went to South America and Mr. Barr went to Cuba and Mexico last year to make purchases under the terms of the *Inter-American Fund* of the Museum of Modern Art.

Lincoln Kirstein, who as America's foremost authority on the ballet wrote the first American book on the subject, now, as Consultant on Latin-American Art for the Museum, pioneers again and writes the first survey in English of this art. The

book is short, but the amount of material handled makes it of great value to those who want to know more of the cultural wealth of the Americas.

The author admits that he has only scratched the surface; but neither brevity nor his awareness that both the growing collection and his book are "tentative and incomplete" prevents his condensing the past three centuries and following cultural trends by centuries, schools, media, and subjects. In using generalizations as "springboards to affirm or deny," Mr. Kirstein shows undeniable courage. He finds for example, that North and South American culture "has been colonial and still is to a large degree provincial. . . . That is, seminal movements . . . are derived not from home soil but from Europe. Except in Mexico and . . . Peru, the Indians have had as little influence on local art as the Sioux or Navajo on our own."

Throughout the introduction, Mr. Kirstein ably contrasts and compares our own art with that of our hemispheric neighbors and gives us a broader comprehension of the artistic revolution now taking place.

In the main body of his work, he briefly considers the art of each republic, beginning with Argentina and continuing alphabetically through Uruguay. These summaries are courageously handled, nor was the task lessened by the fact that the author deals with the work of living artists and with the artists themselves.

Certainly, Mr. Kirstein has given us a review both lucid and concise, clarifying our comprehension of the work of neighbors whose artistic importance we have just begun to realize; indeed his book might serve as a Baedeker to their art. An ample bibliography gives it added value for schools, universities, and libraries.

LLOYD L. GOFF

Winter's Tales, by Isak Dinesen. New York: Random House, 1943. \$2.50.

This book, like the author's earlier *Seven Gothic Tales*, is, quite literally, out of this world. As the child may lose himself completely in the fairyland of Oz, so the adult may be completely absorbed into the unreal world created by Isak Dinesen. Though the setting may be a very tangible Copenhagen or Baden-Baden, the effect on the reader is an enchantment. Even when the meaning is obscure, the enchantment and charm remain. That is to say, of course, the charm remains for those who like her. There are many discriminating readers who are frustrated and antagonized by the elusiveness of her work.

The style of this Danish woman's writing is so exquisite and has been so unquestionably accepted as to make discussion of it superfluous. She writes in English, and perhaps the circumstance that the language is an acquired one is the reason she cherishes it so fully as never to use it carelessly. For us Americans, so steeped in journalistic writing, some extra effort may be required to read slowly enough to get full pleasure from each phrase. To attempt summary of any of her plots puts one in the dangerous position of either unconsciously imitating her (and doing a feeble job of it) or of killing the whole thing by being too heavy-handed.

One cannot recommend *Winter's Tales* without reservations. Those who enjoyed *Seven Gothic Tales* will welcome more of the same. Dinesen's writing is like olives; you like it or you don't. But, unlike olives, it is doubtful whether it can become an acquired taste. And there is no particular reason why you should

work at it. It is not a essential diet, but more a special delicacy only for those who relish its exotic flavor.

The physical features of the volume deserve special comment. Typography, art work, binding, and make-up are exquisite and in harmony with the text.

ESTHER PIERCY

Study out the Land, by T. K. Whipple. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1943. \$2.00.

The Wind Blew from the East, 1817-1942: a Study in the Orientation of American Culture, by Ferner Nuhn. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1942. \$3.00.

Both the volumes under present consideration are anniversary volumes: the first is one of several commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the University of California; the other helps to mark the one hundred and twenty-fifth year of Harper and Brothers. Both are essays in literary criticism. Except in one other respect, to be noted later, no further points of similarity are discernible.

Professor Whipple, for eighteen years until his death in 1939 a member of the English faculty at Berkeley, wrote thoughtfully and lucidly of the American literary scene for the most part in these fifteen essays, finding many interests and values the full purport of which may not be generally apparent for another generation. It is apparent, however, that Professor Whipple had faith in American culture and letters when few others did and brought to their consideration a widely cultured training, pungently stimulated by a sanely controlled Marxian point of view, plus keen perception and that increasingly rare gift, an excellent style. These essays are neither stodgily academic nor daringly provocative. They are calm but constantly original; they represent years of wide reading, clear observation, and thoughtful comment. It can hardly be claimed that Professor Whipple will remain as one of our major critics, but now and doubtless for a long time these essays will repay reading. Edmund Wilson's memoir of Professor Whipple adds interest.

The Wind Blew from the East is a much more perplexing book, indeed a rather annoying one. In the first place it is pretentious, being the first of three the author, ex-English teacher, ex-journalist, ex-government employee, "hopes to write" about American culture. Let it be said at once that the book is badly written. Not merely is it complex and unclear in structure and meaning; sentences occur with exasperating frequency from which after several attempts the reader can derive little meaning. Next it must be said that the author's thesis is not worth one book, let alone three. The central idea, that our nation has undergone a cultural conflict between the Westward movement of land development and population and the Eastward pull of Old World tradition, is labored over five chapters and then illustrated in three longer chapters on Henry James, Henry Adams, and T. S. Eliot, respectively.

The one other respect mentioned above in which there is similarity between these two books is that all that Mr. Nuhn really has to say in *The Wind Blew from the East* may be found much more interestingly and clearly stated in three of Profes-

sor Whipple's unpretentious essays, "The American Predicament," "The American Land," and "Literature in the Doldrums."

C. V. WICKER

On Native Grounds: an Interpretation of Modern American Prose Literature, by Alfred Kazin. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1942. \$3.00.

American Harvest: Twenty Years of Creative Writing in the United States, edited by Allen Tate and John Peale Bishop. New York: L. B. Fischer, 1942. \$3.50

On Native Grounds is Alfred Kazin's penetrating reading of modern American literature from Howells and the 1880's to the intense social documentation of American life in the 1930's. Mr. Kazin observes at the outset the "greatest single fact" of this literature: "our writers' absorption in every last detail of their American world together with their deep and subtle alienation from it." The observation is no belabored thesis; but it is an important one of the many comments which make the book an illuminating guide to our native grounds, a chart so clearly ordered, so sanely proportioned as to place this young Mr. Kazin well ahead of many senior literary cartographers.

The native ground is well charted. The years 1890-1917 begin the record: the realism of Howells; the genteel, frustrated integrity of Edith Wharton; Dreiser's stumbling onto the naturalistic novel as he recorded America's passion for accumulation; muckrakers and scholars exemplifying "the release of the spirit of insurgency by progressivism"; the joyous intellectual ferment and hope for a brave new world which marked the prewar years. Then in writing of "The Great Tradition, 1918-1929," Mr. Kazin passes from the disillusion of the first World War to the renaissance of the 1920's, in which the "eccentric and wilful" H. L. Mencken emerged as "conqueror of Philistia," prophet of a cultural emancipation dramatized by the Sherwood Anderson-Sinclair Lewis "revolt from the village" and the escape of esthetes Cabell, Hergesheimer, and others into elaborate decadence. He sees the withdrawal of Willa Cather and the haunting satire of Ellen Glasgow as regret for a society which is abandoning older, finer values. The attacks upon modernity by Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt, the despair of a Hemingway and a Dos Passos with a society which breaks their protagonists are for him other facets of the alienation of American writers.

A third period of our modern literature, that of the "crisis," 1930-1940, is marked in part by the "explicit, murderous, profane" naturalism of men like Farrell, O'Hara, and Caldwell, who emphasized "literal realism, mechanical prophecy and disgust" in an emotional protest against American society of the 1930's. As he examines the criticism of the period, Mr. Kazin finds the Marxists driving it "into a corner of sociology" and the "rarefied esthetics" of the John Crowe Ransom school reducing it to a science, "but while the science flourished, literature gasped for breath." For him, writers like Lionel Trilling and Edmund Wilson [and we hereby nominate Alfred Kazin to his own list of distinguished company] "continued to write criticism as a great human discipline, a study of literature in its relation to civilization that sacrificed nothing to closeness of observation, yet kept its sights trained on the whole human situation." Two other dominant notes are recorded

for the 1930's: "the rhetoric and the agony" about common life which marked the writing of Faulkner and Wolfe (Mr. Kazin feels in it a "self-centered romanticism") and the "new nationalism," the almost passionate eagerness for objective exploration of our country on many levels—New Deal writers' project, documentary camera, social report—manifest also in a wealth of "solid, affectionate history and biography."

Informative summary bleeds the book; its pallid shadow can give no hint of the rich texture, the satisfying clarity, the sane wholesomeness of the interpretation. Critics have found, it seems to me ungenerously, omissions in all this plenty. For me, the undeniable merits of the book make better record. First is the sweetness of temper which marks every page without sacrifice of honesty or crispness of the judgments. Of Thomas Beer, for example, is this: "He was a Dr. Johnson, pleasantly enough, who had gone to school in the Richard Harding Davis era and picked up its swagger." Of the decorative quality in Hergesheimer, Mr. Kazin says, "His characters all become dolls led up a gravelled path by footmen." Further illustrations of this virtue would point to a second: the ability to interpret an author concretely, to bring to the criticism the flavor and texture of the book itself, free from windy critical abstraction. His interpretations are sound but not pedestrian; his style rings with its own distinction. A third merit claims mention: the power to judge literature by sane human values and to bring that literature boldly into outline and perspective.

One would like to add that *American Harvest* is a perfect companion anthology for *On Native Grounds*. Its scope, however, is cut in half—1920-1940—and its plan (touted in the blurb as "carefully designed to show the varied currents of influence and the general lines of development") seems capricious and wholly personal in the light of the main lines Kazin traces for this period. All minor carping aside, however, the anthology is well worth owning, for the great names are here: Anderson, Dos Passos, Cather, Caldwell, Wolfe, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Hemingway, Brooks, Wilson, Eliot, MacLeish, and many more—though some, like Willa Cather, who is represented by the dated "The Sculptor's Funeral," are not at their best. In poetry and prose, Mr. Tate's and Mr. Bishop's five regions are well covered, so that New England, the South, The Middle West, the Southwest, the West Coast display their share in this modern American heritage which Mr. Kazin has clarified and illuminated so temperately and understandingly.

KATHERINE SIMONS

The Anatomy of Nonsense, by Yvor Winters. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, 1943. \$3.00.

The Anatomy of Nonsense is a most important and fundamental book of criticism. One is tempted to call it perhaps the most important book of the recent and now famous critical renaissance. However, one is reminded throughout the book that Mr. Winters' critical writings belong together; each new book develops in some new conscious direction a critical position which is sounder and more consistent than that of any other contemporary critic.

The Anatomy of Nonsense is important because it gives us new insights into Mr. Winters' position and into his two former critical volumes. The first chapter,

particularly, is explanatory and presents very flatly and with little qualification twelve "Preliminary Problems." Seemingly they are presented by Mr. Winters as a direct answer to those who have misunderstood and misinterpreted his position to those who have wanted explicit clarification of some aspects of his position, and to those whose positions he analyzes in the four subsequent chapters.

The book is most important for the analysis of four recent critical positions; and as the title indicates, Mr. Winters sets out to demonstrate that these positions are "nonsense." The character of the analysis can best be indicated by listing the titles of the four chapters, since the subtitle in each gives the key attitude: "Henry Adams, or the Creation of Confusion"; "Wallace Stevens, or the Hedonist's Progress"; "T. S. Eliot, or the Illusion of Reaction"; "John Crowe Ransom, or Thunder without God." The chapters are compactly and unwaveringly argued, my personal preference being for those on Eliot and on Stevens.

A final chapter, "Post Scripta," is a miscellany of brief arguments on various literary considerations, plus a list of poems by young poets which Mr. Winters has admired.

ALAN SWALLOW

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

Lyle Saunders
Theo Crevenna

THIS BIBLIOGRAPHY, a service of the Inter-American section of the University of New Mexico's Research Bureau in the Social Sciences, attempts to list with as much completeness as time and resources permit current published materials dealing with the Southwest. The Southwest, as we define it in gathering items for inclusion here, includes all of New Mexico and Arizona, and parts of Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada.

An asterisk before any book title indicates a review in this issue of the *QUARTERLY REVIEW*; a dagger marks those titles contemplated for review in a future issue. The symbol (F) designates fiction.

Included here are mainly those items published between June 1 and August 31, 1943.

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LOS PAISANOS

Saludo a Todos Los Paisanos:

The fall literary scene is one of the most exciting that we have had in several years because six of the season's books were written by authors who call New Mexico "home." Three of these authors, Dorothy B. Hughes, Dorothy Childs Hogner, and Curtis Martin, are former students of the University of New Mexico.

Ernie Pyle returned home in September for a few months of rest after spending fifteen months with the American troops in England, Ireland, North Africa, and Sicily. As the Scripps-Howard newspaper world knows, "home" to America's most widely read war correspondent means Albuquerque, his wife, and the house with a picket fence around it. These facts are as significant historically for some of us as the fact that Coronado passed this way in 1540. No other correspondent has received as much popular acclaim as Ernie Pyle, and his latest book, *With the Yanks in Africa*, an October publication, is one that his public will own and cherish.

The month of September must have been a thrilling one for Dorothy Hughes because it marked the publication of her fifth mystery novel, *The Blackbird*, and the première of the movie, *The Fallen Sparrow*, based on her last year's mystery novel of the same title. Unaffected by the glow of the critics' enthusiasm and the adulation of all her fans, Dorothy goes quietly on concocting horror after horror in the midst of the most charming domesticity. Part of the backdrop of her latest thriller is our own doorstep, Albuquerque, and, of course, everyone that I know has just read the book, or is just going to read it.

Conrad Richter's latest novel, *The Free Man*, is winning the national recognition that this distinguished novelist's work always does. In the new book, he writes of early Americans who were among his own forebears. His public in New Mexico is an assured one, and here live some of his best friends. Warren Chappell's bits of Americana on the jacket of the new book are charming.

One day several years ago an unknown, curly-haired young man in the creative writing class at the University of New Mexico submitted as his first assignment a story that so obviously bore the earmarks of professionalism that the instructor was saddened. The plot was the threadbare one of a beautiful girl thwarted in love by an irate father but what lifted the story out of the realm of the beginner's class, I remember distinctly, was the discriminating selection of sensuous detail and the projection of character against that detail. "It is certainly not amateur work," agreed the head of the department, to whom I had confided my fears. "Give the story the grade it deserves, but keep your eye on the young man." Needless to say, I soon found out that the young man was a regular contributor to several magazines and—needless to say—I kept my eye on him. The young man is Curtis Martin, whose first novel, *The Hills of Home*, was published on October 5 by Houghton Mifflin. Curtis is now an Ensign, and shortly before he left to join the Pacific Fleet, I told him the above story, over which he had a good laugh. In the intervening years he has taught school in New Mexico and written constantly. Three of his short stories were double-starred for distinction in the 1937 O'Brien anthology, one of which, "Deep Canyon," appeared in the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY. "Strange Springs," starred for distinction in the 1938 O'Brien volume, also appeared in the QUARTERLY. Many of his stories have appeared in *Manuscript*, *Story*, *Hinterland*, and *Vernier*.

Dorothy Hogner's latest book, *The Bible Story*, tops the fall list of Oxford Press. It is a beautifully written collection of Bible stories based on the King James Version and covering the narrative material in the Old and New Testaments. The book is a large one and is superbly illustrated by her artist-husband, Nils, as have been her eight other books.

In Time of Harvest, by John L. Sinclair, which was released by the Macmillan Company in August, has been favorably reviewed by critics. The author is a resident of Santa Fe who worked on cattle and sheep ranches in southern New Mexico for fourteen years. Some of his admirers here are referring to him as "the Steinbeck of New Mexico." The author's wife is a former student of the University of New Mexico.

The New Mexico Book Store reports that, in addition to brisk sales on all of the books mentioned above, there has been quite a demand for Richard N. Ryan's book, *Spin in, Dumbwhacks*, because the author wrote most of it at Kirtland Field, where he "sprouted his wings." Tom

Dixon Wins His Wings with the Bomber Command has also been popular because it is good reading and contains some fine pictures of the Air Base here. The author is Henry B. Lent. Speaking of Kirtland Field, Dorothy Larson, staff researcher for *Life* magazine was in Albuquerque recently, taking official photographs of bombers and bombardiers. During her stay here Miss Larson was the guest of Erna Fergusson.

In a review of *The Best Poems of 1942*, selected by Thomas Moulton, Rolfe Humphries, writing in *The Nation*, regrets that Mr. Moulton did not discover in his continental roamings the poetry section edited by Alan Swallow in the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULIA KELEHER

INTER-AMERICANA

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Poems, by J. V. Cunningham, Myron H. Broomell, Celeste
Turner Wright, Ann Stanford, and others
Book Reviews . . . Book Lists . . . Other Features

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CONTENTS

Page

DECEMBER SEVENTH, 1941: Shock Therapy for American Education. <i>Martha Guernsey Colby</i>	265
CHILE ON THE WARPATH. <i>Charles Maxwell Lancaster and Paul Thomas Manchester</i>	279
THE LAST ROOM. Story. <i>Christine Weston</i>	292
THE TEXANS: a New Mexican Folk Play of the Middle Nineteenth Century. <i>Aurelio M. Espinosa and J. Manuel Espinosa</i>	299
THE SIGN. Story. <i>Weldon Kees</i>	309
ON AND-ON. <i>Spud Johnson</i>	314
THE STORM. Story. <i>Curtis Martin</i>	319
NEW MEXICO ARCHITECTURE. <i>Louis G. Hesselden</i>	326
POETRY. <i>J. V. Cunningham, Meade Harwell, Gordon H. Felton, M. J. A. McGittigan, George Kellogg, Jess H. Cloud, Byron Vazakas, Ellis Foote, Scott Greer, Myron H. Broomell, Celeste Turner Wright, Mary Graham Lund, Ann Stanford</i>	333
REVIEWS OF SOME CURRENT POETRY. <i>Alan Swallow and Lincoln Fitzell</i>	349
BOOK REVIEWS	353
A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST. <i>Lyle Saunders and Theo Crevenna</i>	373
LOS PAISANOS. <i>Julia Keleher</i>	383

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DECEMBER SEVENTH, 1941: SHOCK THERAPY FOR AMERICAN EDUCATION¹

Martha Guernsey Colby

IN PSYCHOPATHOLOGY there is a form of clinical treatment known as shock therapy. It is not a new idea. In medieval and, for that matter, early American days, they simply strapped the victim to a chair and, when he least suspected it, dropped him through a hole in the floor. Today we substitute drugs and electricity, which set up controlled convulsions in the nervous system. The basic idea is the same—namely, a drastic jolting up of the old bad organization to permit a better reorganization. The things which supposedly are jolted are the acquired neurological patterns whose more popular names are “habits,” “attitudes,” “complexes,” “beliefs,” “fixations,” or whatever school of terminology is preferred. My own pet version is “stereotype.” Liberated momentarily, at least, from some of these shackles of stereotyped action and thought, the patient is free, so to say, to form new habits, new attitudes, more in keeping with what life demands. Now in psychopathology, all the king’s horses and all the king’s men—meaning the doctors, psychiatrists, chemists, psychologists—are there at the patient’s bedside to do their expert best to put him less pathologically together again.

In normal psychology we have something closely akin. The difference is that, instead of metrazol injections, we get shaken up by some untoward event. We are brought up unceremoniously short—and usually without help from either horses or men—against the immediate necessity of reorganizing our lives. The old habits fail us; they won’t carry us through. Sometimes this is the fault of the catastrophic sud-

¹ Reprinted, by special permission of author and publisher, from *Michigan Alumnus Quarterly Review*, XLIX (February 20, 1943), 93-103.

denness of the blow. More often the fault is ourselves. Only rarely can anyone look back after disaster without facing that annoying couplet, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these—it might have been." "Too little and too late" is only a modern version.

—But to return to shock. Shock therapy is severe and usually expensive as well. It involves considerable risk. Often it does not work. Without going into explanatory psychobiology, suffice it to say that at least it may work when nothing else will. It is, indeed, usually applied only at this critical point. Just as there are different responses in laboratory-induced shock, so there are different reactions in ordinary life. The trained intelligence with disciplined emotion will look back on its past shortcomings. Without evading the issues, it can say, "I was wrong. I shall do differently now."

The unstable intelligence may or may not be very high, but its reasoning always reflects more emotion than fact. It characteristically does one of two things in a shock situation: runs away if there is any physical escape, or "aborts" it mentally by verbal rationalization. The psychological gulf between reasoning and rationalization is deep. The first is the ability to face truth; the second is the agility to evade it.

A merely low intelligence or, for that matter, an undisciplined normal one, will react somewhat differently to shock. Such minds will flounder about in trial and error, like rats in a water maze, eventually sinking or swimming in accordance with chance. Their solution may be a bad one, but if it serves the success of the moment, it will suffice. Expediency replaces wisdom. And again the brief comfort of the moment may become the long plague of the future. The powerful stereotype of dull and undisciplined minds will attempt in all instances to revert to the old habit systems, hoping that these will muddle them through. Such minds are likely to accept consequences, not as good, nor as just, nor as sensible, but as merely inevitable.

As far as statistics show and despite Professor Hooton of Harvard, the majority of the human race still classifies under "normal" and responds accordingly to shock therapy. The behavior of ex-isolationist students, the Lindberghs, the Lewises, the CIO strikers, the doctors, the merchants, the housewives, the servants, even the Nyes and the Wheelers, proves it. December 7 was not a hole in the floor—it was a hole in our universe, and most of us fell clear through it. Within sixteen hours the world's most impregnable navy, housed in its own impregnable base, cracked like the Maginot Line. The cream of Amer-

DECEMBER SEVENTH, 1941

267

ican Marines died like rats in a trap. Not all the wealth, the factories, the schools, or the high standard of living could evacuate Guam, get help to Wake Island. Quite an accumulation of "important," "influential," "traditional" ideas got shocked out of the American system of thinking by that first bomb-shell at Pearl Harbor. Most of our easy rationalizations, our wishful evasion of facts, our phlegmatism, our optimism in the face of almost insolently obvious dangers were fully exploded by 4 p. m. Almost every man, woman, and child realized for the first time that the world of December 8 could not again in history be the world of December 6.

It is ironical that on almost every American lip that day was a statement of sardonic relief: "At least we know our stand." "In the end we will thank Mr. Tojo." "At last we can act!" And we set ourselves to the task.

Now those of us who deal with American youth are wondering whether the American public is as healthily reacting to shocks less dramatic, but thereby more insidious, more critical, and in the end far more ultimate to national survival than the Pearl Harbor debacle. If December 7 revealed some unappetizing laxity in the American military system, let us now have a look at what it revealed in American public education. We may start out with a good, clean-cut, indisputable example. Prior to January 1, 1943, 43 per cent of the nation's college applicants for Navy commissions were flatly rejected. Why? They had good minds. They had good hearts. Their spirit is obvious. But they could not pass the tests. Especially those in arithmetic.

Most of them couldn't read an ammeter, much less compute a cube root, and some of them couldn't spell. Polite, but grim, in his task of selecting candidates, a local officer said, "There are two things the American colleges really should begin to teach their students. One is mathematics. The other is hard work." These statements were made *before* December 7. At that time there was apparently no idea of "letting the Navy down," in the very literal sense of lowering any standards. This same officer was appalled at the mere suggestion. Yet within two months not one, but several traditional requirements are being relaxed—not by intelligent choice, but by necessity.

There is small comfort in the layman's naive solution (like that of some of our educators): remove the mathematics. For in the meantime, U-boats and battleships will continue to navigate by grace of spherical trigonometry. Nor will it be "spherical trigonometry" in a

nutshell"—as blandly proposed by a few "progressive" optimists. Even emergency courses presuppose something of plane trigonometry, of plane and solid geometry, of algebra and multiplication. It was not spherical trigonometry in which our college youth failed; it was algebra, geometry, square roots, division.

Prior to December 7, at least, most of the successful applicants for N.R.O.T.C. were science majors and engineers. But engineers are among the most desperately needed commodities on the production front. If our student engineers must be drained away to man our cruisers and submarines, who will be left to construct the factories, design the tools, and teach the future scientists and engineers? How have Germany and Japan managed the problem of skilled personnel? Partly by maintaining the scholastic tradition of mathematics throughout the whole school curriculum. Because they have maintained this "discipline" they can now pervert it to bad use. Because we neglected it, we cannot divert it to good use.

The immediate reaction of most college students to the shock of this educational blind spot has been a good one (well punctuated with sturdy Anglo-Saxon expletives of contempt for their pre-college training). The mathematics departments can hardly cope with their invading hordes. The same is true of those erstwhile unpopular "stiffs"—physics and chemistry. Yet in all this healthy, intelligent, therapeutic eagerness, there is a tragic note, which only the teacher sees: that you cannot teach solid, precise matter where there is no foundation, where the very tools of speech are lacking, and the very concept of *precision* is unknown.

The irony is that, for many years, the colleges and universities have fought these products of low-entrance standards forced upon them. Yet every time the N.E.A. meets, we know some other "discipline" will be removed from the preparatory docket. At the present moment, we are being seriously urged to have *no* requirements whatever. It would seem that the critical experiment of Pearl Harbor was the answer which he who runs can read. It would seem that our Navy-rejected students are reply enough. It may also be predicted that the inevitable failure of "get-well-quick" emergency diet in courses needing steady, long digestion will be still another answer when such congested training is put to crucial test. It is reasonable to believe that 98 per cent and not 57 per cent of our college upperclassmen should have passed the original Navy tests—and this regardless of whether they were to be lawyers,

teachers, engineers, sociologists, or anything else. To a properly educated adult, their failure stands as a shameful proof of dereliction of duty on the part of our educational system. It has shortchanged an entire generation of American youth by a smug pursuit of "the easier way" and a false concept of culture.

Here is another example. Some of our psychologists have been making comparative analyses of mental test scores of 1917 college draftees and 1941-42 students. The results are not flattering to the latter. Their general scores lag about ten points behind. The depressions occur in those test-items based on abstraction processes, while simple rote memory shows little change. In the light of all the "miraculous healing" philosophy of progressive education, we should rightly expect, in 1941, higher scores on harder tests, not lower scores on the same test. Two explanations are offered. The first is the depressing conclusion of scholars like Hooton and Osborn, that through lax immigration and differential breeding we are swiftly becoming a nation of morons. The second, and more likely idea, is that 1942 youth does not shine in abstraction and reasoning just because these processes have never *been* shined. The healthy challenge of hard abstract tasks has either been "hygienically" removed, or desaturated to a mild solution. Instead of teething their early wits on the unyielding flint of mathematics, classical humanities, and cause and effect in history, their practice has been the vague, immature discursions of high school social science—and usually that without grace of Noah Webster. It is not the fault of the social sciences if their post-graduate problems prematurely replace the three R's. But it is like tackling the *Hammerklavier* before *Gradus ad Parnassum*. Compared with the orderly patterns of quadratic equations, the mutable complexity of human reaction staggers comprehension. Man may have conquered the atom, but he hasn't conquered war. Hunger and crime remain. December seventh was not a failure in physical science, it was a failure in social systems. Perhaps if engineers learned more humanities and more of the calculus whetted political brains, a dangerous breach might heal.

The dearth of elementary science background reflects itself also in medicine. Suddenly plunged into combat, the country is aware that neither doctors nor nurses suffice in number. As in the other professions American college youth has quickly flooded the pre-medical courses, in answer to the call. But here, again, the call is not enough. There is a minimum background in science and liberal arts without

which any course in a modern medical school is simply incomprehensible. Again we have the pathetic picture of college seniors, frantically trying to cram freshman science into their final year. Again the unbalanced preparatory years bottleneck a production process, vital to life and death. And again we have the alarming threat of haste and lowered standards in a profession where lowered standards can ill exist.

The same threat of lower standards occurs in the field of teaching as a whole. There is no reliable evidence to refute the unpalatable fact that standards in this field have long been in danger. For many years, industry has been absorbing the doctoral degrees. At present, less than 57 per cent of those taking higher degrees *in subject matter* remain in education. In the junior colleges, the proportion is truly alarming; 2.5 per cent! Furthermore, of these latter, more than 60 per cent have degrees, primarily in method, secondarily in subject matter. This is because in many states college teaching suffers from a dual personality. In the universities, the greatest of scholars may teach freshmen and sophomores with legal impunity. But they could *not* teach the same students in adjacent junior colleges, without a special certificate. Reversing the situation, many of the teachers in junior college could not legally teach in the university, without more training in subject matter.

It is often said that teaching excludes superior people because of its low income. If true, it is certainly not the whole truth. Such critics might do well to review the economic status of humanity's great teachers—Christ, Confucius, and Plato; St. Francis of Assisi and Thomas Aquinas; Erasmus and Galileo; Giotto and Brunetto Latini; William Harvey and Thomas Huxley; Kirchoff, Kant, and Helmholtz; Horace Mann, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Willard Gibbs, William James, to mention only a few who were never millionaires. Great teachers have seldom been rich men in any age, and they aren't in this one. This is no compliment to the scholar's mind. If industry and other professions continue to drain off the cream of the educational process, it will not be altogether because of higher wages. It will be because industry has not yet substituted the Sanctity of Method for the Sanity of Content; its research workers do not experiment under the Damoclean sword of Bibliography and Sophomore Ratings of Popularity.

Creative intelligence is there to be creative, and not to be dissipated in clerical drudgery or artificial tasks. At least so say the majority of those who have been drawn away from the schools into the offices and

DECEMBER SEVENTH, 1941

271

laboratories of the great industrial plants. But if sentiment within the teaching profession is any sure sign, then there may yet occur here, too, a modern Melanchthon and a Renaissance Wittenberg. Lectures on Homer and the Epistle to Titus may replace administrative questionnaires. Meanwhile, the real subject-matter teacher, who, like Mr. Chips, just likes to teach, will struggle along, unsung, and certainly unpromoted, to do his best in giving youth its birthright of human knowledge. Despite his lowly status in a stenographic era, he will give to his students, surreptitiously, if need be, his blood and his marrow to atone for the bitter lesson of Pearl Harbor.

Another bitter lesson, incidentally, is that of languages. It is a surprising experience in Japan to find how universal is the English language. At present we are trying to catch up in desperately concentrated courses in Japanese. The invasion of Manchuria would have been a better time to start, both for political reasons and reasons inherent in Japanese conjugations and post-positions. Most intelligent people foresaw that war would spread to global fronts. Yet, what did we do to prepare our communications? We have long since removed the faithful props of Greek and Latin roots for European systems; then we reduced the value of modern languages by reducing the requirements to a minimum. Only a few universities have ever encouraged the Oriental languages. The present training in this field is a fine example of expediency versus cultural motive. China is our ally. American soldiers are and have been fighting with Chinese comrades. It is, in part, the Chinese civilization, with its magnificent philosophy, literature, and art, its democratic ideals, which we are supposedly fighting to preserve. Yet the language of the Samurai sword-rattlers is being taught, through military necessity, to hundreds, and the peacetime language of Lao Tse, to tens. Certainly the western world needs the touch of Confucius, the poems of Li Po and Tu Fu, the great novels of the Shi Hu Chuan. And there is still the practical value of a language used in contemporary commerce, diplomacy, and war, by four hundred million friends.

Under our present system, students may get a college degree with one or two years of a foreign language taught at beginning levels. They are, of course, urged to continue, but too often the interest lags. Or else, just on the threshold of the exciting realm of a foreign *literature*, with the grammatical tools now in their hands, they regard the cultural value of French or German or Spanish as already achieved, and proceed

to elect another beginning course, and to acquire another smattering. Meanwhile, Goethe and Schiller and Heine, Corneille and Molière and Racine, Calderón and Cervantes, remain, if not quite such complete nonsense syllables as Euripides and Aeschylus, mere names on the library shelves.

And what about the mother tongue? The items of grammar, spelling, and reading are tactfully handled in many universities by segregating classes into special hierarchies of verbal literacy. But the casual regard for the *meaning* of words is a matter of more general concern. In my own classes, I occasionally resort to the mean trick of introducing a dictionary. After all, if a critical term has occurred some fifty times in print and fifty more in lectures, and students complain that the chapter meant little because the word meant less, there has to be some kind of drastic remedy. In response to the shock of this pedagogical insult, it is amazing how often such students appear thereafter armed with root, declension, etymology—in fact, the whole encyclopedia. They have discovered the thrill of semantics; the romance of verbal symbols; the art of diction and usage. But, only as college students.

Lack of precision in language produces curious shifts in semantics. These are of considerable interest to the social psychologist, since they represent those verbal stereotypes which, in the end, come to govern mass behavior. Every teacher who survived the adolescent maelstrom of 1939-41, in which the infantile concept of irresponsible license became the synonym for "Democracy"—in the classroom, on the campus, in the national capital—shudders at the possibilities inherent in this definition. Too many of us had watched with our own eyes the Nazi student reformers at work in the German universities, conscientiously using the same violence, rudeness, cynicism, and immature logic to re-define "liberalism," "race," "religion." There was an appalling parallelism between that strident, humorless self-confidence and the hysterical egocentrism which nearly went berserk on many an American campus.

In the shock of their country's need, much of this spirit has disappeared like magic, and more of it doubtless will. But some of it still persists in lower concentration, and, like an insidious and imperceptible gas, still subtly dulls the thinking of many an otherwise healthy youth. Here is a current example. Last week, one of our local army officers loosed a few verbal torpedoes in the direction of physical incompetence. All reliable authorities agree pretty fully that Pearl Harbor

revealed a state of affairs in the physical education of American youth only secondary to the state of arithmetic.

Most of our youth is chagrined by this revelation. Even in this short time, the corrective classes are deluged. However, there is still a minority which regards the privilege of being anemic or diseased as a fundamental "democratic right," and any enforced exercise as a fascist infringement of liberty. One student, replying in print to this army officer, agreed that it might be a necessary evil to be strong and healthy during the war, but after it is over, he would certainly be as weak and inert as he pleased. Not only was his reply a denial of every normal biological and psychological "striving," but its smug stupidity was completely devoid of any sense of moral responsibility to society, or to his own future lineage.

Here again one must ask, where has the *educational* process been, to allow the seed of physical degeneracy to propagate so widely in the home of the richest incomes, the biggest stadiums, the land of challenging mountains, deserts, lakes, prairies, and streams, the land of the "tough" pioneer? Can it be that too much substitution of indoor plush for the classical Academia has had its logical effect? You cannot encourage a fatty steatopygia and lean, hard, resilient muscles at the same time or by the same means. It is, however, *easier* to sit than to exercise. Hence, by all Laws of Least Resistance, if you make the environment a sitting environment, students will *sit*. The embittered student now confronting hours of military drill instead of hours of soft upholstery after classes, is mistaken in rebelling against army "dictatorship." What his limited experience fails to sense is that the army suddenly *has* to take over a task in which we failed. The army had every right to expect a sturdy, not a flabby youth. So had every American taxpayer who supports the public schools.

It is a lesson of experimental psychology that a set of *general* habits learned in one connection will carry over into other fields. Hence it is not surprising to see "the Easier Way" corroding even that hidden spark of energy we call "initiative." When I first stood on the Great Wall of China, with the Japanese already threatening Peiping, I knew that the enemy might overrun China for a hundred years without conquering the spirit of the humblest ricksha coolie. I had learned that twenty years earlier in a little western college in a freshman class assignment: to locate the sources and learn by heart the Sermon on the Mount; Books I, IV, XII, and XV of the Analects of Confucius; and the

three basic doctrines of Buddha Sakyamuni. It was the teacher's mistake not to have added the prayer of the muezzin—and I was sorry, twenty years later, under the minarets of Delhi, Damascus, and Cairo, that Mohammed had not been included in those formative, imaginative years.

To occasional bored, materialistic students, groping for "something different," I have sometimes proposed this assignment which had proved so rich to me. Occasionally they will respond—providing I get them the books. They respond still more if I mark the paragraphs. They are still more interested if they can get it "briefly and to the point" in predigested form. *Learn* that useless, archaic stuff? For what good reason? Perhaps there is no reason—except that after all its existence the human race is still reaching out after those deathless precepts, nor has it yet improved upon the enduring beauty of their ancient form. But these students cannot see, and have not been trained to seek. Like Santayana's Dr. Faustus, "they trust in magic and in their own will; covet all experience and hearken for the promised land; but they will never see it except in a mirage, if in contemplation of substance, they merely command it to appear."

Not only in matters of intellectual curiosity, but even in such humble aspects of learning as study habits, do we see the debilitating pedagogy of "the Easier Way." I once attended the classes of a great musician. Almost at the end of one of these gruelling but inspiring occasions he stopped the tired performer. "Why do you use that fingering?" he asked. "Because it is easy," said the student. "It is not the function of music to be easy," roared the master. "It is the function of music to be beautiful! There is no easy way to art." Poor pedagogy? Ask any student who hoards and slaves for months and even crosses oceans, to be an hour's "persecuted" victim in these classes. Such pedagogy works because it is a challenge and not a soporific to a healthy brain and a sturdy heart, and these are what most people have, at base. In music, at least, the modern cult of thalamic complacency has not yet replaced the ancient biogenetic principle of progress-with-struggle. It just wouldn't work out on the concert stage.

It is probable that 95 per cent of America's school teachers believe that none of these educational crises was any more necessary than the military debacle at Pearl Harbor. The danger signal gleamed, all along the way. But those who heeded them, i.e., the *subject-matter teachers*

in the classrooms, were as effective as the humble radio operator whose warnings might have saved Pearl Harbor. Yet, in accordance with our Freudian epoch, we chose the easier way. It does not "frustrate" children to allow them to have their own way; it also taxes our own ingenuity less, and it gives our adolescents that sense of ebullient contempt for whatever they don't happen to like. Now children are likely a little more natural than we are, and if it is typical of us to avoid a hard thing in our path with an easy one handy, it is more so of them.

Catering to the obvious, we therefore begin very early to delete or dilute the unpopular disciplines. Nobody regrets, and we have all worked toward, the fine progress in nursery-school education. We are glad the hard board benches and the hickory switches are gone. We are glad the "whole" child gets educated nowadays—providing it isn't forgotten that no whole is anything more than the subtle *organization* of its dynamic *parts*. We are glad young America has discovered the arts, even though, according to Fadiman, it has never discovered the laws of English grammar. The "Project Method" doesn't excite us much one way or the other, since it is only a new name for an ancient technique. We even approve much, though not all, of "Progressive Education."

But was it necessary to give our pre-college youth a *starvation diet*? Were the brains of these tough, healthy, intelligent Americans so fragile that they couldn't tackle the basic disciplines *as disciplines*? (They are tackling war, as war, in a way that should make us ashamed of our under-estimation.) Educationists today tell us that the idea of "disciplinary" subject matter is obsolete. All subjects are equally disciplinary or equally easy, if taught according to principle.

Granting this hypothesis, its use is unquestionably difficult. For the inherent nature of some subject matter is concrete, and the inherent nature of some is abstract. Every simple psychological test involves this distinction; every score shows the qualitative difference. Every classroom teacher knows the relative difficulty of teaching abstract concepts as opposed to memorized facts. Nor is it any intelligent solution to remove the concrete facts. Throughout human learning, these two very different processes should run parallel—thorough drill in factual memory, plus thorough drill in abstract manipulation of its content.

Mathematics most obviously converges these two disciplines in an inevitable, natural way. Children can, and usually erroneously do, learn their "descriptive" courses through rote memory, because it is

an easy way, and it can successfully be done. But mathematics does not deal with concrete events alone—nor with those vaporous discussions devoid of facts which endanger eighth grade social science classes. Mathematics teaches children to use language sparingly, not as a “lethal medium for concealing thought.” No amount of “opinion” about an algebraic equation can conceal the absence of ability to solve it. It teaches precision and satisfies motivation, for every correct answer is a clear reward. It teaches persistence to an end, for a problem is either solved or it remains unsolved. It teaches concentrated attention in its maximum form, since no element or possible *relation* of elements in the problem may remain unseen or disregarded. In short it offers the most natural subject matter for *sharpening* the intelligent mind and basic tools.

This utilitarian training aspect is not meant to infringe on the cultural value of mathematics. To highly literate people, that speaks for itself. It also speaks for itself in the graduate record examination in American universities, where “social” and “cultural” curves of “pure” mathematics and physics majors too often rise above those of students majoring in the “cultural” divisions.

Depressing as are the revelations of Pearl Harbor, it is reassuring to see some evidence of shock therapy beginning to work. Academic “first aid” measures begin to spring out like a rash. While many of these “emergency” courses merely provide a vent for letting off frustrated patriotic steam, these are, as yet, in the minority. The genuine remedy in the educational emergency consists, ironically enough, in merely dusting off the elementary courses for thirty years on the specialist’s shelf.

Few universities are adequately staffed to handle the situation. Unfortunately, there still lurks within these rational reactions the dangerous virus of modern education’s credo of vocational utilitarianism and expediency. One worries lest all these basic disciplines, so appallingly necessary to modern war, be shelved again as unnecessary to modern peace. One worries lest this necessity of compromise with Mars may finally eclipse the classical humanities, within whose already fragile, and therefore priceless remnants, lies the moral heritage of man’s abstract spirit as opposed to the material gadgets of man’s hands. Finally, one worries about the quality of the hurried teaching, and the quality of the learning, which, as the costly price of

DECEMBER SEVENTH, 1941

277

past neglect, must now "hit the high spots and cram them down," with little deference to the laws of mental digestion or biological maturation. The "survey" course was already the bane of the college curriculum, long before the war, and it is hard to foretell what despotic heights it may reach through the expediency of the present.

Let us only pray that the future doctors who remove our appendixes, the engineers who build our bridges, the lawyers who guard our justice, will not all have been trained on "survey" or "emergency" courses. One might even legitimately wish—though in the light of experience one can hardly hope—that even our politicians be steeped in history, political science, and economics to the level of statesmanship.

That the danger of depressed standards is a very real one may be verified by examining on any campus the terrific outside pressure already applied toward this telescoping process. The dean of one of America's finest law schools has recently said, "Better to close and lock the doors for the duration of the war than to turn out a generation of badly trained lawyers." In opposition to this attitude, some of our congressmen—literate or illiterate as the case may be—have already gone on record in formal proposals to "cut out the frills" and substitute engineering for all men, and cooking and nursing for all women. A page straight out of Hitler, if there ever was one! Nationally known educators have proposed eliminating the senior year of high school entirely, admitting all juniors of whatever capacity to college ranks. Most of these practical expedients have thus far met with intelligent resistance by college authorities whose vision extends farther than the immediate present, and who, in the light of what we have already done to the "fighting generation," do not agree that the remedy is still further reduction of all education to the level of vocational training.

It is probably true that the war will be won by pilots and skilled mechanics, but it will take more than skilled mechanics to handle the aftermath. The prostitution of German universities to utilitarian war goals will not be atoned for in this generation. Are we to copy their pattern? England, even with her back to the wall, has not yet made that sacrifice. China, many of her magnificent universities bombed into rubble heaps of glistening tile, carries on that tradition of *scholarship* in the loess caves of her distant provinces. Old and wise in matters regarding the human spirit, she knows that in the end there is no fabric of civilized culture which she can afford to discard for expedi-

ency's sake. Not all the material destruction, not all the physical degradation imposed by the enemy have broken the British or the Chinese faith in higher education. On the contrary, the bombed Inns of Court and raped Nanking have only served to bolster a national defense of those intangibles for which all humanism stands. Indeed, both countries seem to profit by bitter lessons in their educational gaps.

Now we, too, are tasting bitter lessons. Committed ethically in our hearts to the British adage that "no war is worth the life of a single British tar," yet practically to the belief that no life is worth slavery and degradation, we too are paying daily in innocent lives to defend both precepts. And because we have so willingly followed an educational Pied Piper and his alluring tune of "the Easier Way," our victory is immeasurably delayed. Throughout the earth, the unleashed frenzy of the Four Horses of the Apocalypse awaits a whole generation of international youth.

I think our students know, by now, that they not only have to fight the war, but they have to make the peace. It is youth which will have to construct another civilization from the charred ashes of the scorched earth. Youth, at least, seems to know that taxes alone cannot do this. Neither can ten million airplanes, nor the most perfectly trained army on earth. Only human intelligence, sharpened as never before through maximum discipline, freely informed as never before in all the historical branches of human culture, understanding as never before in the biopsychological aspects of man's nature, and creative as never before in the moral and physical redemption of a desecrated Nature, can build that better world for which men, women, and children are dying now.

This is Pearl Harbor's challenge to education.

CHILE ON THE WARPATH

Charles Maxwell Lancaster

Paul Thomas Manchester

On the hills of their redemption
They would hoist the skulls of Spaniards.

WHY DID Chile sever relations with the Axis? For over a year our statesmen had strained to wean this slim, vulnerable country away from neutrality. In our attempts to win Chile as a partial ally it was perfectly sensible to appeal to her self-interest, to have stressed the arguments of trade agreements, and promises of a favored nation status when once this global war was done. It would, however, be downright insolence and folly to assume that we have purchased Chile's new attitude or even that Chile was shamed into action by the Mexican Foreign Minister Padilla's eloquent plea for Pan-American unity against the German juggernaut or the bloody shafts of the Empire of the Rising Sun. Chile has a tradition of honor and freedom.

Until now our interest has been confined to Chile's copper and nitrates, locked in the bowels of her hills. Conceivably, it would pay more lasting dividends, if we would try to understand what she and all her sister republics of Latin America acknowledge to be the brightest gem in her coronet, a jewel that no invader can wrest from her, a treasure that no merchant can buy or carry away, for it belongs to the realm of the spirit. Strange and precious talisman, blood-blest love of homeland, fierce passion of indomitable free men that even quickened the pen of a Spanish conquistador! A soldier-poet, he sailed with Don García Hurtado de Mendoza in 1557 from Lima to Coquimbo and the Isle of Quiriquina, fought the Araucanian Indians at Penco, along the banks of the Biobío, and in the ravine of Purén, travelled to Imperial and Villarica, and joined the expedition that set out for the Strait of Magellan and discovered the Archipelago of Chiloé in the utmost southern confines of Chile. His name was Alonso de Ercilla, and his gift

to Chile was the epic poem, *La Araucana*, the first literary masterpiece of all the Americas.

Ercilla left Imperial in disgrace in 1559. He had offended Mendoza his "hasty, hothead general" by fingering his sword-hilt in a quarrel with Juan de Pineda. Mendoza, who witnessed this display of temper, considered that his presence had been outraged, and condemned both culprits to be beheaded. An unknown Spanish woman saved the lives of the two noblemen by going with an Indian girl to the quarters of Mendoza and pleading with him throughout the night to spare Ercilla and Pineda from the executioner's ax. No one knows the price she paid, nor does the record of García Hurtado de Mendoza's residence in Imperial contain her name. Suffice it to say that as the headsman's knife was about to descend, a courier rushed up with a reprieve. Ercilla remembered this injustice when he enumerated his services to his sovereign, Philip II:

I shall not relate how haply
Once our hothead captain stripling
Sent me to the square unjustly
To be publicly beheaded,
Nor my long incarceration,
So vexatious to the guiltless,
Nor a thousand other miseries
Worse by far to endure than dying.

This incident furnishes a clue to Ercilla's bitterness when he was exiled to Peru, and departed, calling Chile "an ingrate land." Now a Chilean town is named for him, and a statue is reared to his memory in Santiago. Now all the republics of South America, despite bristling national pride, see in his epic, *La Araucana*, the symbol of the spiritual solidarity of this continent. During his campaigns, and even while languishing in prison, he penned at night on random scraps of paper what he had seen during the embattled day. He admired and sympathized with the Araucanians, the unconquered and unconquerable tribe that had years earlier driven back the big-eared Incas and the invading expedition of Almagro, murdered Valdivia, and defeated Villagrán. Don Alonso studied their customs, their religion, the methods of warfare. He felt a personal shame for the Spaniard's cruelty to prisoners and hostages. Never before in the history of warfare has a soldier-poet spent laborious days and nights writing an epic poem to celebrate the prowess of the foe he fought.

When Alonso de Ercilla returned to Spain after eight adventurous years in the New World, his fame was assured. Fifty editions were made of his poem in Spain, several in his lifetime; *La Araucana* was the best-seller in Spain in the 16th century; it was translated into Dutch, German, and French. Of the Englishmen who attempted to translate the long work of 21,000 odd lines, one died before one quarter was completed; the other lost his mind. Ercilla had many imitators, among whom Pedro de Oña, a Chilean lawyer, produced in his *Arauco Tamed* panegyric poetry distinguished for imagery and erudition. De Oña had not participated in the campaigns against the freedom-loving Araucanians and was infected with the literary malady of the times, gongorism. Much of his work is sheer fancy devoted not to historical accuracy, but to the embellishment of Mendoza's reputation. Horrified that Don García Hurtado de Mendoza, son of the Peruvian viceroy, leader of Ercilla's expedition into Chile, had in the poet's song been but "a silent pause," de Oña crooks the knee to his martial idol:

Fame's a phantom frothing on a swollen ocean;
 My talent is a tiny fragile bark.
 I am the poor and tremulous Amiclas,
 Who dread the tempest and the ravening shark;
 But be my Caesar, noble Don Hurtado,
 As birth hath made you more renowned than he,
 And Scylla's frightfulness shall never halt me,
 Nor gluttonous mouths on Time's tempestuous sea.

In *La Araucana* Ercilla invoked the name of his king and his God. He dedicated the poem to King Philip II, in memory of the years he had spent in his service when the prince had sailed to England to marry Mary Tudor, and as captain in Chile, and gentleman-lancer in Peru. How like Cardinal Wolsey's is his lament that fools, who hang on princes' favors, become paupers of the spirit! In his quest of truth and fair dealing he recognized but one tribunal.

Seer of hearts, thou understandest
 With what zeal mine own loves justice!
 Thou who hast in thoughts of goodness
 Sunset's end and dawn's beginning,
 Grant me equal breath. Breathe greatness
 To inform my pen adventurous!

This young campaigner received at the age of twenty-three an indelible impression of the hardships of war.

Not substantial vapourish dishes
Nor rich wine, oft racked and pungent,
Nor the wains of rest habitual
Carted heavy-laden languor
To mine eyes. Scant, mouldy hardtack
From the hands of niggards given,
And rain water flat, insipid,
These alone sustained existence.

And at times my fare consisted
Of two handfuls weighed of barley,
Which with watery brine was served us,
Cooked with herbs since salt was lacking.
Regal couch whereon I slumbered
Was the slime of humid marshes.
Ever armed, alert each instant,
Pen I held in hand, and spear-shaft!

With him we see the Indians loosing boulders from the mountain-sides, leaping over wide moats with the aid of pikestaffs, scaling the ramparts, hurling stones from catapults, sinking the Spaniards in the quagmire. We hear the wild pawing of stampeding horses driven with rowels through the fortress gates, animals with manes aflame, piteous creatures

That like wind-swept leaves in autumn
Stormed the plains of their salvation.

In the Indians' tribal councils the chieftains indulged in braggadocio and drunken bouts. The supreme war leader of the Araucanians was selected by a contest of brawn. A massive log was dragged into a clearing and stalwarts vied with one another in holding it on their shoulders. The one-eyed Caupolicán bore it longest.

Slowly paced the prudent savage
In the daybreak's hastening brightness,
Sun cut down the lengthening shadows,
But he never shrank in purpose.
In the West the light was waning,
But his heart's flame never flickered.
Stars appeared in myriad radiance,
Gleaming on that tireless hero.

Peering moonbeams lamped the tourney
From their dampened lodge of shadows,
Ridding somber field and forest
Of their murky veil of darkness.

Still Caupolicán ne'er wavered
 From his wager; but renewing
 Strength, he stood and bore his burden,
 As if by no weight afflicted.

The eloquence of Chief Colocolo and Lautaro is Homeric in quality. Its original lustre shines through the fabric of the epic, even in translation.

"What blind rage, oh Araucanians,
 Drags you senseless to perdition?
 Will your hands pluck Indian hearts out
 And not dare resist the tyrant?
 In your reach are Christian devils.
 Why turn knives against your brothers?
 If desire for death has moved you,
 Let it not be so ignoble.

"Turn your spirit's heat and weapons
 On the breasts of those who put you
 In subjection's thrall with combat
 Manifest to all, and shameful.
 Fling from you the yoke outrageous.
 Show your stern heroic mettle.
 Spill no blood of friends and neighbors,
 Left to flow for your redemption."

Romantic legend has it that when General Valdivia was captured, Lautaro, a former servant of the Spanish leader, poured molten gold down his throat, crying: "I know how well you have loved gold. Now taste it to the full!" Ercilla makes Lautaro a hero. He beckons his fellow Araucanians back to battle from a bridge which he manned alone, shouting words to chide and challenge:

"Oh blind people, terror-guided,
 Where are turned your breasts so fearful?
 Here a thousand years of honor
 Crumble, fade with your successes.
 On this day they lose their power,
 Law and privilege unbroken.
 You, once masters free and dreaded,
 Now are slaves abject and fallen.

"Stained is your once clear escutcheon,
 And on generous trunk you've grafted
 Plague incurable and sorrow,
 Lasting shame and long dishonor."

Later, "in a sunken cup-like dingle, chaliced in the cordillera," he braids himself for failure to annihilate the Spaniards:

"How may passion's heat preserve me
From the roll call of the guilty?
Did I not by oaths vainglorious
Swear to assume a Titan's burden?
Who deserves vituperation
More than I, whose beck they followed,
I, who pledged but one year's conquest
From the one Pole to the other?

"Whilst we were a radiant company
By Spain's walls bemocked and blinded,
Thrice the moon has smiled derision
On our sore-mismanaged legions;
Phaeton's coach has rolled in splendor
From the Scorpion to Aquarius.
We at length turn back, defeated,
With a hundred soldiers missing.

"If in death I might be certain
Shame would color not my passing,
How my flaccid arm would shatter
With my lance this heart now breaking!
But my foes would wreak their vengeance,
Battening on glory's viands,
If they thought I feared their power
As a coward faint and cringing.

"By Hell's potency everlasting,
I avouch, if Death disdains me
One year more, I'll boot these upstarts
Out of Chile, soak the landscape
With their blood. No summer, winter,
Heat or cold will snap war's cordage
Till in deep domains infernal
They will whine for sanctuary."

Ercilla is at his best in his descriptions of landscapes and the car of battle. We can be grateful that, unlike most of his contemporary fellow-poets, he was not versed in classical lore or weighed down the artificial baggage of mythology.

At a distance flowed Itata
From the mountain glacier's freshets,
Gushing through umbrageous forests,

Ribboned cataracts and gorges.
 There the trees with amorous murmuring
 Crease the pillow of contentment,
 Vying with the flowers in beauty,
 Scarlet, azured, gilt, albescent.

Seven leagues from Penco's turrets
 Lay this gladsome, fertile region,
 Opulent and self-sufficient
 To sustain embattled prowlers.
 On the East, the cordillera
 Rimmed a wall of high-capped ridges
 Whence the dagger-swift Itata
 Plunged its silver tribute seaward.

evitably, his depiction of the sacking and burning of Concepción
 reminds us of the Nazi air-bombardment of London.

High and low the sparks were scattered.
 By their din the sky was threatened.
 Dense, black smoke and flame-tongues darting
 Covered o'er the hapless city.
 Shook the earth, and blazes crackled,
 Seeking to escape to heaven.
 Crashed the richly carved woodwork
 Now reduced to powdered ashes.

Lost the fecund golden city,
 Gracing most the globe's wide compass,
 Where most riches and most treasures
 Are reported to be buried!
 Oh how many lives are weeping,
 For whom constant war were better!
 Poverty is greater misery
 For the ones who once have prospered.

uniacal butchery and feline cunning characterized the warfare of the
 aucanians, who were not merely defending their homeland, but were
 aggressive hornets to plague the invaders at every turn. The Spaniards,
 sometimes helped by their women, even the pregnant, learned to re-
 spect the fury of a fanatical enemy.

Some struck ground, quite gravely wounded,
 Pierced their backs, their bowels ripped open,
 Others punctured through their foreheads.
 Some with throats slit, died in honor.
 Others craving means and mercy,

With their eyes torn from their sockets,
Were compelled to run, ne'er stopping,
Over dangerous crags and fissures.

Lautaro, as fierce as his brothers despite his short-lived domesticity in Valdivia's garrison, "loosened blood-lakes on the plaza."

Scarcely had the headstrong savage
Landed firmly in the plaza
When he swung his bulky cudgel
And dispersed his lurking foemen.
Fine-meshed mail, stout armor-plating,
Helmets were not worth a copper.
Raining blows they could not suffer.
Skulls and brains were mashed and mangled.

Some fell, bruised and badly crippled;
Others swooned from life-long damage.
Through their chests he drove their neck-bones,
And their ribs and spines he fractured,
As if all their bones were beeswax,
They were twisted, crushed, and moulded,
As he forced his way, unflinching,
Through the armored human thicket.

Though at the outset Ercilla had vowed he would not sing of "ladies, love or graces," he occasionally brings in a picture of the Araucanian woman and suggests the love motif. He recognized the validity of the tender passion as a relief from the desolation and slaughter that brim his pages. One such scene presents forebodings of Lautaro's death at the hands of the Spaniards. He and his beautiful wife, Guacolda, dream the same dream of doom, as she lies in his arms, in a shack near the battleground.

Their retreat had one lane only
Occupied with hawk-eyed sentries.
Other paths lacked trails or footprints
Since the land was almost barren.
On that night the savage slumbered
In the arms of fair Guacolda,
Whom he loved with flaming passion,
Who for him felt equal ardor.

The Araucan was divested
Of his cumbrous martial trappings.

That night only fate disposed him
 To repose and sweet caresses.
 Heavy nightmares pressed his eyelids.
 He awoke, distressed and anxious,
 And Guacolda, taut and breathless,
 Asked him why he seemed so startled.

"Dear beloved," Lautaro answered,
 "Just this instant I was dreaming
 That a scowling Spaniard faced me
 With ferocity depicted
 In his mien. With hands of violence
 He squeezed out my heart and robbed me
 Of my manliness. I woke then,
 Overcome with rage and sorrow."

In a troubled tone she murmured:
 "I, alas, have dreamed this, also.
 Happiness I e'er distrusted.
 Now your end is knelled, and weeping
 Drowns my hope's eterne tomorrow.
 Why should I bewail bereavement?
 Death can ravel up my worries!
 Death can intercept my journey!

"Spectral visions, soon unveiling,
 Will attempt to mar love's banquet,
 Leave our bridal bed forsaken.
 Never shall they separate us!
 Such a blow I cannot suffer,
 But in other blows there's solace.
 When cold earth receives your body,
 Mine shall lie in death above you!"

In Siqueiros' recently painted mural of Latin American historical figures, the panel devoted to Chile emblazons two Indian heroes, Araucanians both, and both towering giants in Don Alonso's epic. One is Caupolicán, the Indian warlord, whose one eye was sightless from birth, "like a precious blood-red garnet." The other is the *cacique* Galvarino, who spewed defiance at the Spaniards, when captured, and as "a salutary example" was mutilated by having both

hands severed at the wrist. Ercilla was an eye-witness of this atrocity, for which he curses the cruelty of his compatriots. Nauseated, he exclaims:

I was present when on tree-stump
His right hand he laid, unquailing.
With one slash 'twas lopped, but gayly
Next his left hand was extended,
Which alike sprung, detruncated.
Blinking not, his brow unwrinkled,
With disdain and scorn he also
Bowed his neck for execution.

Rang his voice: "Cut clean this gullet,
Parched, and for your blood e'er thirsty!
Death I fear not! No coercion,
No austere abuse can hurt me.
No one loses, no one profits
By this fiendish amputation.
Myriad hands remain stout-fisted
To drive home their blades of vengeance.

"If you think to win some vantage
By begrudging me Death's ransom,
Here I choose to die and spite you;
If you wish me life, I loathe it!
Joyfully I join my fathers,
Dying, whilst you live, remorseful.
With my death I'd fain displease you.
"Tis my lone, last dart and quiver!"

By a treacherous ruse Caupolicán is captured, and while being led away, he meets up with his squaw, Fresia. She, the queen of all the Araucanians, cannot curb her contempt for her husband for permitting his hands to be shackled. She screams her horror and disdain, and flings down his male-child at his feet.

"Had you died, I'd bless the tidings.
Joy would shroud me 'neath the cypress.

"Take your son, our knot of union,
Whereby licit love enchained me

To your soul. All shock of anguish
 From these fecund breasts is shrivelled.
 Rear him, as your rippling sinews
 Have assumed a sexless languor.
 I reject the name of mother
 To the scion of degradation!"

Yet Caupolicán does not for this lose dignity when he faces sentence from his captors. His tone is haughty as he speaks to Reinoso.

"I am Chief Caupolicano,
 Dashed to earth, by Fate o'ertopped.
 I have absolute dominion
 Over Araucanian heroes.
 Peace is in my hand and choosing,
 And each compact's confirmation,
 Since my providential office
 Curbs the earth in bestial bondage.

"In Tucapel I slew Valdivia,
 And I left Purén dismantled.
 I am he who throttled Penco,
 He who won so many battles;
 But the opposing bowl inverted
 Of the sky, beringed with triumphs,
 Bows me at thy feet to beg thee
 For my life a short span longer.

"Tend more glorious aspirations!
 Be not drowned in shallow waters!
 All that Fortune claims in handsel
 Is that thou shouldst sip the chalice
 Of her dewy mead. Heed Hazard!
 Know thy happy time! Thou hast me
 In thy power. My corpse will profit
 Thee no more than chaff unsifted."

These were prophetic words, for the Araucanians, driven back into the fastnesses of the hills, harassed the Spaniards through 250 bloody years. It did not matter that Caupolicán turned Christian. He was condemned to be impaled, and afterwards to be pierced by arrows, since he rejected death at the hands of a Negro garrotter.

To the pole of execution
Strode he, where the atrocious sentence
Was to fall, his face contemptuous,
Smirking at the jowls of horror,
Saying: "Since my star is baleful,
And prepares this bitter banquet,
Let it come, for it I hunger!
Stingless is the woe that's final!"

Again Ercilla expresses sympathy and pity for a brave heart so atrociously stilled.

Methinks I can sense compassion
From the cruelest, hardened hearer,
New apprised of this barbaric
Crime, wherefrom, sire, I was absent.
I had gone on other conquests
Of remote, unseen revolters.
Had I been there at that season,
I'd have stayed the execution.

He concludes Canto XXXVII, an old and broken man. He had fought well and had been rewarded. He had written the greatest epic poem of the Spanish conquest, and all save a few jealous rivals applauded him. But he had fallen into "craven disfavor" with his monarch, perhaps because of failure on a diplomatic mission to the Duke of Brunswick. His marriage to Doña María de Bazán had fattened his income despite the wariness of his mother-in-law, who held the purse-strings of the dowry. Honor-laden, he had travelled in Italy, Germany, and Portugal. Yet Don Alonso's closing song is desolate:

As my leaky craft is pitching
In the final haven's offing,
And unknown to wisest helmsmen
Is the fragile port recessive,
Winged time I ponder, wishing
Breath's cessation, ere oblivion
Seal my chart of life uncertain,
Writ through the errant years distractive.

Though with tardy resignation
I await my final summons,
Anywhere I know 'tis never
Late to turn to God, our Pilot.
Ne'er His clemency was artful.
Sinners great need not be cowards,
As their God is good, and mindful
Not of sinfulness, but service.

I, who free of reins, have given
To the world my flowering lifetime,
Following dreams and hopes delusive
Aye o'er cliff-strewn paths abysmal,
Seeing how few fruits I've gathered,
And how much my God is slighted,
Knowing now my fault, hereafter
I must weep and sing no longer.

THE LAST ROOM

Christine Weston

LINDA HOWITT stood in the kitchen door and stared across the salt marsh beyond the Balm o' Gilead trees, towards the woods where the children had vanished. She had lied to them, because there were occasions when a lie became her only hope. She said: "Comin' through the woods I took a short cut and I see a flyin' squirrel's nest in a yellow birch."

That was enough for Jim, and what was enough for him was always enough for the others. Armed with sling-shots, they all trailed off across the salt marsh towards the woods. Linda waited until the last brown back had vanished among the trees. Behind her, in the kitchen, the swifts made a racket in what remained of the chimney; she heard her father snoring on the granite step by the front door. The sun warmed that step and he liked to sit and watch the road where it came out of the woods in the east and disappeared into the woods to the west. There was never very much coming or going on the road, for the nearest house was a mile away and except when a party came berrying or to cut marsh hay, no one passed. But Linda's father shared with woodchucks this instinct to sit at the entrance of his burrow, appraising the world.

Glancing at the sky, Linda saw that a storm was brewing. Rain would send the children scurrying home, and her day would be ruined. She turned to the kitchen, where paper peeled from the wall; whenever a child went through the room he jocosely tore off a strip. Linda was tired of clouting ears; she concentrated on mending holes in the ceiling through which rain and mice fell to sizzle on the great rusted stove. She had insisted that her father and Jim bore a hole in the wall and drive the stove pipe through it instead of depending on the chimney which was a complete wreck.

"Way you fuss!" growled Mr. Howitt.

Linda shrugged. "You want to be burned alive in your beds some night, you're welcome."

The prospect had spurred Mr. Howitt and his son to complete more or less of a job on the stove pipe, and now there was nothing to prevent the swifts from building in the disused chimney and flying down it into the kitchen, chalking up everything.

Linda went to the iron sink and washed her face and hands. Henry Blake had promised to meet her at the beach at half past two, and at thought of the encounter she felt her breath catch in her throat. She went to her room, a place which she held against all intruders—a small, clean place with windows intact and a tight ceiling.

"My room," she had told them, grimly. "You can pull the rest of the house down over your ears, but this room is *mine*!"

In a curtained recess where she kept her few garments, she undressed with the speed of panic. At any moment the children might return or the old man wake up and demand attention. Linda removed her dress and underclothes and drew a fresh gown of bright pink cotton over her bare body. Dressed, she tiptoed into the kitchen and listened. Swifts fluttered and roared their wings in the chimney; out on the steps her father's snoring had settled into a sibilant whistle. She sidled into the hall, from where she could see Mr. Howitt's shoulders and part of his head. He made a fine picture of an old man, weathered and silvery in the patchy sunlight.

Not daring to glance at him as she passed, Linda glided across the broken floor and down the steps. Still holding her breath, she darted across the rough grass and out on to the road. Once round the nearest bend she'd be safe, but she could not forbear to look back. An approaching north-easter shed its lights and shadows on the crumbling house; what survived of barn and woodshed stood up like headstones in a cemetery. Then the figure slumped on the steps moved a little, and Linda knew that his eyes—old but keen—spotted her bright dress weaving down the road. "Linda!"

Linda walked faster.

"Where going, Linda Howitt? It's comin' on to storm!"

She cursed, thinking that the children might hear his osprey voice and come swarming back to the house. The sandy road burned her bare feet, but in another minute she would have put the bend between herself and the house. The sea, like a blue eye between its lashes, glinted beyond the birch trees. Beyond the wall the ground dipped in

a boulder-strewn field grown up to sweetfern, and with the speed of one whose dreams have been escape, Linda made her way towards the beach where Henry Blake's dory sat like a bird with folded wings.

He came into view carrying a clam roller and a couple of clam hoes. Flushed, they looked at each other and then away, she seaward because he'd come from there, and he towards the rough slope which had bruised her feet.

He said: "I brung two hoes."

He was thirty, broad and short, his brown breast showing in the opening of his faded blue shirt.

Linda murmured: "I were in such a hurry, I forgot to bring my hoe. You know what kids are . . . tagging after you!"

His sea-colored eye sank in a single glance from her face to her dusty feet, and although no man had ever looked at her that way, Linda recognized the glance.

He smiled. "I got a flock of brothers and sisters, too."

"Going to storm, you think?"

He looked towards the northeast where the clouds darkened and glittered. "I guess we got time to dig a mess of clams."

They stood on a stretch of beach where the tide had laid its mosaic of pebbles. Farther out towards the sea, the gulls circled and wrangled, but here the air seemed to be especially endowed, everything intensified in smell and color. Henry and Linda walked down to the sand where broken clam shells lay everywhere. "We got plenty of time," Henry said. "If it comes on to rain real hard we can shelter in that little cave back under the field."

He set the roller on the sand and stopped to brace up the bottoms of his trousers. She gazed her fill on the bulge of his shoulder under the faded shirt, on the way his ears grew flat and small against his head.

Beyond the estuary from where he'd come, the meadows were anchored in a yellow-brightness; they seemed to dematerialize as the horizon growled and a thin tongue of light vanished in the clouds.

"You don't have to get back right away, do you?" asked Henry.

"Not right away. Guess they won't miss me for a while."

They bent to their clamming, straddling the brown sand, working a little distance apart. Linda watched the scurrying sand fleas and little crabs and marvelled that so much that lived seemed for ever sidling towards the sea. She stepped on something and gave a little cry, hopping on one foot. Henry dropped his hoe and started forward, but she

fended him off with a frightened smile. "It's nothin'—just a whore's egg." She flung the sea-urchin aside, wincing as she put her foot down on the sand.

"You'd ought to wear shoes. You'll cut yourself bad someday!"

Linda said nothing, unwilling to explain that she had no shoes.

Their consciousness of each other increased, so presently both became afraid of their own heart-beats. When Linda stooped, her breasts showed in the opening of her dress. But hers was not a graceful body, it was too wide, too short for beauty. It was, however, still young, and filled to the brim with anxiety.

Thunder rolled beyond the estuary and again Henry looked up.

"Scared, Linda?"

She shook her head. "Nights, I see the lightenin' between the cracks in the wall. Rain comes in through the ceiling."

He was unearthing the clams, his square hands gathering them up and tossing them into the roller. Then he paused to light a cigarette. "You know, I'd like fine to come up some day and nail back a few boards for you. Wouldn't take me long."

"Wouldn't help, much. Anything you done would be ripped up again."

He stood wide-legged, his right elbow cupped in his left hand. "Sounds, when you say it, sounds just crazy."

"Well, it ain't crazy."

"Sounds so, to me."

"You've heard talk of shiftless folk, ain't you? That's what."

"Your folks ain't shiftless, Linda."

"Yeah, they're shiftless."

"Your pa, he's old, and the kids is just kids."

"Shiftless," she insisted for the sheer pleasure of hearing him deny it. He set the cigarette between his lips and rolled up a sleeve which had come down. This conversation delayed, exquisitely, their rising hysteria. "I wish I understood. . . ."

"Well, Mumma understood. That's why she run away."

"Ah! But folks don't act that way without there's something back of it."

"Mumma run away because she saw what was back of it. When the barn blew down and broke the cow's back, Mumma was through with the lot of us."

Henry held the cigarette between sandy fingers. "Women don't run off that way, leavin' husband and kids. . . ."

"Mumma did."

With her toe, Linda turned over a dead clam. "And when Mumma went, it left just me. I was all out of fire wood so I told Jim to go cut some. Jim cut down one tree and quit. Puppa said: 'Why in hell don't you use the wood from the barn?'"

Henry glanced at the sky, teeming with its immense and secretive life.

"You see," Linda was saying, "by that time I'd got the feeling that the barn wasn't never going to be fixed. And it were so easy to step out the door and pick up all the wood you wanted without botherin' to cut down and split trees." She gave him a troubled look. "You want to hear this?"

"I want to hear. I been wantin', because of what they say, round about." He let flow into his voice all that his eyes withheld, and Linda's heart grew big and warm.

"All we had to do was take an axe and pry off a clapboard or collect an armful of shingles. We was warmer them two winters while the barn lasted, than we ever been since."

They exchanged a dubious smile, and she continued: "But last fall the barn was all used up. I told Puppa and Jim they better think of layin' in fuel against the winter. Birch, maple, beech—we got it all, growin' around us. But Puppa said: 'What's the matter with usin' the north end of the house? We got no nails nor money to buy nails. The shingles are cedar and they'll do for kindlin'.' I said, 'Fine! Burn down the house. We can all go sleep under the trees.' Then Puppa got mad and said how there was folks in the world with no more than perhaps one room for the whole of them, and thankful for that. He said: 'Here we got more room'n we can use and lettin' them go to waste whiles we all freezes to death or breaks our backs cuttin' down the woods.'"

Henry tilted his head and stared at her in wonder. She went on: "Puppa got all through thinkin' when Mumma run away. But that left me . . . and when I see bits of the house comin' off everywhere, even offen the outside of the rooms where we was livin', I got desperate. The kids would just go out and take what was nearest and easiest. Clapboards, shingles, corner posts, lathing—anything. So at last I went in town and spoke to the town marshal. I thought maybe he could scare some sense into them. He come out to the house and blew Puppa up,

and like that. But when he'd gotten through talkin' Puppa just stared at him and said: 'Who in hell's house is this, anyway?' "

A wind had come up and it blew Linda's hair clean back from her forehead, sculpturing her pink dress about her body. Henry stood up, wiping the back of his hand across his eyes, appraising the sky and seeing her in it. "You make me think of the figurehead on a four-master down to Rockland," he told her. "Woman leaning over the water just under the bowsprit, in a dress like that, with gold edges, her wooden hair blown back, just like yours."

"If I were made of wood I guess I wouldn't last long!"

"But you're not made of wood."

Slowly, unearthing the sense from the words which he'd stored in his brain, Henry murmured: "Man I heard talkin' the other day down to the store, said how in the old days folks used things to buy money, but now they got to have money to buy things, and that was what was the matter, everywhere. Stuck in my mind, what he said."

An unbearable suspense reached down the length of Linda's arms into her hands, so she kept dropping her hoe.

"Tired digging?" asked Henry, his voice almost a sigh.

She mustered a smile, feeling herself borne towards him as the tide bears foam, though her body remained where it was. Clouds were rushing out of the north-east, and the water turned the color of gun-metal. Gulls rose into the burdened air, climbing higher and higher as the storm drew towards them.

"We better beat it," said Henry, thickly.

Wind sprang out of the ground, whipping sweet fern leaves in all directions. Linda felt her heart's narcotized beat; she knew that he and she had been forging this moment, that it had brightened in the heat of their longing ever since daybreak. She hesitated, watching the gulls mount the air, watching the clouds burgeon in ferocious blooms over the estuary.

"Linda, we better beat it!"

"Yes, we better."

Lightning leaped across the sea as the clouds, in tiers of broken statuary, toppled and reeled through the sky while gulls soared amidst the ruins and peal followed peal, tensile tearing sounds like a splitting of rich silks.

"Linda!"

Henry siezed her hand and they ran up the beach towards an over-

hang of the field. The rain pursued them, striking like spent bull. At one spot the field had caved in and the sea working up inside it made a coign big enough to hold them both. In a minute they were there and the rain descending with an almighty roar. Upright under the over-hanging eave, Henry pulled the girl after him, his hands falling from her shoulders down her rain wet dress to her warm skin. For long as for burial, a man needs no more space than his own height. How in this earthy oblong they leaned towards each other at last.

"Oh, Linda, Linda! Ever?"

"Never!"

Bits of sweet fern, birch twigs, a gust of rain blew in upon them. She was held up between his body and the wall, unable to tell her own heart beat from his. Then the storm spewed another fragment up the shore and thrust it into the cave between them—a drenched, stammering child of six, who clasped his sister's knees in his wet arms. "Linda! Puppa sent me after you. I been chasin' and hollerin' for you, then I see you when the lightenin' come!"

Henry's hands dropped away and Linda saw his lashes flutter. His lips part like a man who has been shot. She looked down at the child, and heard his piping osprey voice: "The rain washed us out of the kitchen, and Puppa got us all moved into your room. We got the fire goin' in your stove, Linda!"

Linda and Henry stared into the rain. It struck the beach and poured away towards the sea, and they felt their tide going out with it.

THE TEXANS

A New Mexican Spanish Folk Play of the Middle Nineteenth Century

Aurelio M. Espinosa

J. Manuel Espinosa

THE FOLK DRAMA of New Mexico which is of Peninsular Spanish origin is fairly well known. Popular religious plays and the *Moros Cristianos* type abound. A few of the religious type have recently been published.¹ In addition to these, there also exist in New Mexico, in other parts of the Western Hemisphere where Spanish is spoken, historical Spanish folk plays of American origin and setting. Thus, the manuscripts of two such plays have been found in New Mexico: *Los Comanches*, a play composed in the latter part of the eighteenth century, depicting a decisive New Mexican Spanish victory over the Comanche Indians;² and *Los Tejanos* (The Texans), a folk play of the middle of the last century describing the "capture" of the Texan expedition to New Mexico of 1841 by General Manuel Armijo's men.

We know of only one manuscript of the New Mexican historical play *Los Tejanos*, the one obtained by us, in the summer of 1931, from Doña Bonifacia Ortega of Chimayó, New Mexico, who kept it with other manuscripts and family letters in an old trunk. The little mountain village of Chimayó lies some twenty miles northeast of Santa Fé. The manuscript consists of six small folios, pages eight by five and a half inches, each folio numbered at the top center, twenty-four pages in all.

Since the name Menclaude (McLeod), one of the actors in the

¹ Arthur L. Campa, "Religious Spanish Folk-Drama in New Mexico," *New Mexico Quarterly*, II (1932), 3-13, and "Spanish Religious Folk Theatre in the Spanish Southwest," *University of New Mexico Bulletin*, Albuquerque, 1934.

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hang of the field. The rain pursued them, striking like spent bullets. At one spot the field had caved in and the sea working up inside it had made a coign big enough to hold them both. In a minute they were there and the rain descending with an almighty roar. Upright under the over-hanging eave, Henry pulled the girl after him, his hands falling from her shoulders down her rain wet dress to her warm skin. For love, as for burial, a man needs no more space than his own height. Housed in this earthy oblong they leaned towards each other at last.

"Oh, Linda, Linda! Ever?"

"Never!"

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play, appears centered at the bottom of the last page, the manuscript may be incomplete, perhaps one folio missing. Those we now have are sewn together with thread, and although the thread is loosely stitched, there are no evidences of torn pieces of paper in the front or back that would indicate a torn folio. The script shows evidence of considerable handling, sufficient to warrant the conclusion that the play was presented more than once. The manuscript text, as may be judged from the script, belongs to the years 1850-1880. It is clearly not the original manuscript in view of the metrical errors here and there, showing omission of words and lines that are too long. It is probably a second or third copy of the original. Just when the original was composed it is not easy to say, although one may guess that it was composed soon after the Texan expeditionary force was captured in 1841, and certainly before 1846, when Armijo could not have been popular. The title of the play as given here is our own, since the title page of the manuscript is missing. Although the name Menclaude, or McLeod, appears after the last lines at the bottom of the last page, indicating the possibility that the manuscript is incomplete, the actual ending in the manuscript is a logical ending of the play.

The play contains 492 lines, twenty-three less than *Los Comanches*. The metre employed is the popular octosyllabic assonanced verse, the metre of *Los Comanches* and of most popular Spanish compositions in verse, whether dramatic or lyric. The language of the play is good and simple Spanish, but there are numerous New Mexicanisms, and the orthography and punctuation are very defective. The New Mexicanisms of the play require a separate study, and will not be discussed here. On the whole they are well-known dialectic peculiarities,³ although a few new and interesting phenomena appear. The Spanish language of the Indian from Pecos, who takes such an important part in the play, is of paramount interest and importance, and is also a subject that merits special study. Some of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico speak that sort of Spanish even today.

The play *Los Tejanos* treats of the capture of General Hugh McLeod, the leader of the Texan-Santa Fé Expedition of 1841, and his forces by the soldiers of General Armijo of New Mexico. The events connected with the ill-fated expedition are for the most part well

³ See Aurelio M. Espinosa, *Studies in New Mexican Spanish*, published in the *Revue de Dialectologie Romane*, Bruxelles and Hamburg, Part I, *Phonology*, 1909; Part II, *Morphology*, 1911-1913; Part III, *The English Elements*, 1914; revised edition, *Estudios sobre el español de Nuevo Méjico*, Parte I, *Fonética*, Buenos Aires, 1930.

known.⁴ In general the folk play follows the historical accounts very closely. However, the question of the historical authenticity of some of the details of this newly discovered folk play, which was composed perhaps a year or two after the events narrated, is one that is yet to be solved. Of the Texan leaders, two are mentioned in the play that can be clearly identified: McLeod, who appears as "Menclaude," and Navarro. The New Mexican leader Armijo is of course the well-known general, Manuel Armijo. The Indian in the play mentions an Archuleta, possibly Armijo's aide, Pantaleón Archuleta, and an Italian, quite probably the Italian named Brignoli, who deserted the Texan army.

The Indian is one of the best characters in the play. It is he who gives account of the capture of the three Texans who were shot at Santa Fé (verses 104-111 of the original text), obviously Baker and Howland as mentioned in Kendall, and Rosenbury, who was killed when recaptured at San Miguel, and not at Santa Fé. The Indian states correctly that the three captured men had escaped, were again captured, and then killed. A play is literature, and a popular play, even when it is supposed to be historical, draws frequently from folklore, from hearsay, or from the imagination of the author. It is quite possible that the Indian of the play may be a purely fictitious character. He is a dramatic character worthy of the play of a master. The character is so well defined and the story he tells is on the whole so true, however, that we can not dismiss him summarily from the historical scene.

Until we have more details of the expedition, and not all from the Texan side, many of these and other points remain unsolved. But the important discrepancy between the Texan accounts and the New Mexican play has to do with the manner in which McLeod and his men were captured. According to the Texan accounts, McLeod and his soldiers surrendered without resistance. According to the play *Los Tejanos*, McLeod was captured by a very clever ruse on the part of General Armijo and his lieutenants. New Mexican and Mexican historians give no importance to this incident if it is true. The silence of the Texans would be of course easily explained. They speak of Armijo as an unpopular leader, of his army as worthless, and yet gave up to him without resistance. Despite the traditional Texan accounts,

⁴ See especially *Letters and Notes on the Texan Santa Fe Expedition, 1841-1842*, by Thomas Falconer, one of the members of the expedition, edited with bibliography and notes by F. W. Hodge, New York, 1930; George W. Kendall, another member of the expedition, *Narrative of an Expedition across the Great Southwestern Prairies from Texas to Santa Fe*, 2 volumes, New York, 1844; H. H. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, San Francisco, 1889, pp. 320-326.

the play version of the incident is not beyond the realm of possibility. The play opens in the Texan camp, with General McLeod asking his trusted lieutenant Navarro to question a recently captured Pecos Indian. The Indian from Pecos had been sent ahead by the New Mexicans to be captured by the Texans and then betray the New Mexican Don Jorge to the Texans. But this is merely part of the ruse. The Indian and Don Jorge lead McLeod away, and he is captured by the soldiers of General Armijo. How the rest of the army surrendered we are not told in the play. Perhaps that part was told in the missing folio, if there is one missing.

THE TEXANS

[English Prose Translation]

[*McLeod, Navarro, and an Indian.*]

MCLEOD. I have just been informed that an Indian from the great Pueblo of Pecos has been taken prisoner, an Indian that the general of the New Mexicans has apparently sent to us. As my first lieutenant, Navarro, I want you to bring this Indian before me so that I may obtain from him the truth about everything that has taken place. I beg you to be very careful with him, because if you intimidate him we shall not be able to get the whole truth from him.

NAVARRO. If you leave the affair in my hands, sir, I promise you that your wishes will be fulfilled, for I am indeed quite ready to please you. The Indian is already here.

INDIAN. Good morning to you! How are you, Captain?

NAVARRO. I am all right, my friend. Sit down here. Bring him a smoke. I know that these people like to chat with fire in their hands.

INDIAN. I don't care to smoke. I am hungry, sir. I should prefer to have you give me some supper.

NAVARRO. Well, I certainly like that! For some time we have not had ordinary food for ourselves. How can we give it away? What we want you to do is to tell us the truth about everything that has happened. Our vanguard left us ten days ago.

INDIAN. The National Guard was already at Santa Fé. I saw it when I passed by there.

NAVARRO. I am not asking you about that. I know that in every capital there is a guard of honor, the one that is commanded by the

general. What I want you to tell me is what has happened to my men, those that have gone ahead of me?

INDIAN. I should gladly tell you the truth about the whole matter, sir. But really, I am afraid you would kill me.

NAVARRO. No, my friend. In the name of my country I will give you your freedom. That I can grant you indeed.

INDIAN. Well, listen to me, sir. Before I begin to talk I want you to put a shirt on me. I don't care if it is an unstarched shirt. I will then tell you just what has happened. And before I begin, I think I ought to get a pair of pants also.

NAVARRO. Apparently this fellow wants to clean me out! And what if, after taking all my clothes, he begins to tell me only bad news? Upon my word of honor, however, I will fulfill all my promises to this man even if he fails to tell me the truth.

ORDERLY. Here is the orderly, sir.

NAVARRO. Bring a complete suit of clothes, one of the best of my daily use. I want to present it to this Indian so that he will tell me the truth.

ORDERLY. Here is the suit of clothes, sir.

NAVARRO. Put it on, friend Indian. I hope we won't be sorry when you tell your true story.

INDIAN. Now I am indeed happy! See how well dressed I am. I'll bet my pueblo will now elect me attorney, governor, or war captain. I am going to begin now. Please don't get angry, Captain, if I tell you the truth. I passed by the capital two weeks ago, and there I heard of an Italian who told the whole affair to the government. He said that you and your people were coming here to steal. He said you were coming to rob the churches and the rich people. Murderers he said you were! I saw also three Texans there in the capital who had been caught stealing corn. They say they ran away afterwards and that they were caught near Pecos and shot. They also say that about a hundred of your men arrived at Antonchico, very fine looking men and well uniformed. But a man named Archuleta caught them and stripped them of their fine uniforms and tied them up. Now they are taking these Texans to El Paso as prisoners of war. Thus they are made to pay for their evil deeds. My people and my general spoke thus. My general also said that if he ever caught you he would tie your feet to your head. Don't you know he is a very smart man? He is a brave warrior, I want to tell you. He is braver than the Navajos and

the Gileños and has conquered them all. His name is Manuel Armijo. This is His Excellency's name. Everybody knows him and everybody fears him. That is the truth, sir. He is also a very rich man and he hates robbers. I really advise you to go back to your country. If Armijo ever catches you, nothing can save you. This is frankly my advice. My people are wild and if they catch you they will tie you up and take you to His Excellency. And he will fill your heads with bullets.

NAVARRO. Indian, you have confused me. What a crazy account you have given me! I wonder if it can be true? Yes, I believe that this Indian is telling the truth. I haven't the least doubt about it because he tells everything. Step by step he tells the whole story. Woe to us! Let us inform McLeod about the matter and he, as our leader, will decide whether he will await the arrival of these people.

MCLEOD. You don't mean to tell me that you have lost your courage, Navarro? Were you not really glad when the Indian began to speak.

NAVARRO. Indeed I was glad, my General. But the information that this Indian has brought to us has stunned me completely. Woe to us! He states that his chief is a peerless captain, brave, proud, and rich, a military leader of experience whom no one can vanquish. And the Indian is right when he states that if such a leader ever captures us he will most certainly have us shot. Decide what is best for us and let us not disgrace our national flag.

MCLEOD. Navarro, a military leader should not lose courage on account of mere stories. Get ready to lead the right column. Order William to take command of the left, and command the vanguard. Order the valiant Bonifás to command the rearguard. I will command the center myself so that I may be able to lead the attack. Order the artillery to be ready under the command of Bill so that we shall have some defense against an attack from the rear. I don't care to enter into peace negotiations. Please tell our troops that I am anxious to meet that New Mexican general face to face. We will see if he is really brave and invincible. I want to prove to him that in Texas there are many men of bravery and fine military training who can conquer him. And as to this Indian who has come here to disturb my peace, I ask you to have him shot by my soldiers.

INDIAN. I saw many soldiers in arms, sir.

MCLEOD. That is not what we are talking about. You are going to

die, friend Indian. In this way you will pay for the death of the Texans who were found stealing corn.

INDIAN. [*to Navarro.*] For heaven's sake, friend, don't allow them to shoot me. Right now I'll reveal to you where Ramírez is concealed. His name is Don Jorge. I'll show him to you.

NAVARRO. Ramírez? Who is he? Is he a man of some importance?

INDIAN. He is a very smart man, sir. I'll tell you all about him. All he has to do is to look at a dead man and he can tell you who killed him. He can take a stone and turn it into gold. He can tear up a piece of cloth and then make it like new. He can turn you into a chicken in the twinkling of an eye. He is wiser than Falseneno, wiser than Quevedo, and even wiser than Caifas who accused Our Lord. Just as Judas betrayed his Master he will betray you and deliver you to Armijo, my general, in order that he may question you. And if you don't tell the truth he will have you confess to the vicar, and then he will have his soldiers take you to the sentry box to have your head filled with lead. In this way you will die.

MCLEOD. Navarro, this Indian is making a prophecy of the end of my life. He must suffer death, and let my dagger do the work.

NAVARRO. My General, I have already promised him his life and freedom provided he deliver Ramírez to me and tell me the truth.

MCLEOD. Navarro, are you going to permit the Indian to tell me my future in such a cruel manner and face to face? In that case I prefer to trust in Ramírez himself. According to the Indian's story he is a talented fellow. I will try to interest him and treat him in a confidential manner, and if he is a grateful person he will not deceive me.

NAVARRO. Don't trust the Mexican. I fear the Indian is right when he states that the Mexican will betray you. I really believe the Indian tells us the truth. Just consider the behavior of those Mexicans who have already gone to Texas. Do as you wish, but please notice that the Indian speaks with the demeanor of an angel.

MCLEOD. Navarro, I am going to follow your advice. Call our men for a council of war. This is a serious matter and we must discuss it with the greatest caution.

NAVARRO. We have little time for long considerations, sir. The important thing is to have that man Don Jorge tell us all he knows about our enemy, what is the military power of his chief, etc., and in this way we can determine when, how, and where we can attack him.

MCLEOD. You have a friendly talk with the Indian so that he will

deliver to us that man whom he describes as being so clever and sma

NAVARRO. Come here, friend Indian. If you will show me who that man is so that I can have a talk with him I'll give you a fine prese
Look at this beautiful watch I wish to give you. [*He takes out a beautiful watch and gives it to the Indian.*]

INDIAN. That is a fine watch, I'll say! But why do you give it me when you know that you are not telling me the truth? Just moment ago you told me that my life was safe, and now I have heard that I am going to be shot.

NAVARRO. I told you I was going to give you your freedom, and very soon you will have it. [*Someone sings a beautiful song in the distance.*]

INDIAN. The one who is singing is Ramírez. You are going to find him this time!

NAVARRO. [*To the Guard.*] Soldiers of the Guard.

THE GUARD. We are ready, sir!

NAVARRO. Follow me and the Indian. He is going to take us to the place where Don Jorge is hiding. Don't make any noise and be on the watch so that we can capture him. According to our Indian friend he is a regular magician.

INDIAN. Here he is, sir! Here is the man I promised to deliver you! [*Don Jorge comes out of his hiding place.*]

DON JORGE. You treacherous and faithless Indian, how dare you reveal my secret hiding place and thus profane the honor that should remain in the breast of every man although threatened with death?

INDIAN. Please don't get angry, sir. When my friend told me that they were going to shoot me I had to confess the truth.

NAVARRO. This is no time for speeches, Don Jorge! You are now our prisoner. We will now take you to McLeod, our General, and you can give him your reasons for having been so daring as to pass from your army to ours.

DON JORGE. I yield to force.

NAVARRO. My General, here is the man who was hiding over there. He was not clever enough to keep us from finding him.

MCLEOD. My dear sir, I ask you to reply to all my questions and to speak truthfully. I want you to understand that if your story is different from the story that this Indian has just told us your body will be food for wild beasts. On the other hand, you may rest assured that if you behave decently and tell us the truth your life will be

spared. Furthermore you will be taken to Texas at my expense, and there we will get you a job with a good salary. In this way you will be able to become a citizen of Texas and live comfortably. I promise you this on my word of honor and you can depend on it.

DON JORGE. I was coming here with an entirely different purpose, sir, but fortune is apparently coming my way and I must not reject it. When news came to Santa Fé that the Texans were coming to invade us I happened to be there. And I immediately began to make plans in order to be able to speak with the Texans. The General asked me to give my plans, and I asked him to order his soldiers to handcuff me and take me to the principal plaza, and to tell the people that I was a criminal and that I could not be set free. Then they were to wait until night and put me, thus disguised, on a swift horse so that I could escape and make the Texans believe I was a fugitive. In this way I thought I could speak with them and deliver them to my General. But now my luck has changed and bids me to become a citizen of that great country, Texas. So here I am, sir, ready to obey your orders.

MCLEOD. I thank you very much, my friend. I must address as my friend that man who in the future is to be on intimate terms with me. Now I merely ask you to tell me how you can deliver to me your general, Don Manuel Armijo.

DON JORGE. That, sir, is the easiest thing in the world for me, because, as you may have been told, I am not a Mexican, but an Andalusian whom bad luck brought to Santa Fé. And now I see good luck ahead of me if I can place my general in your hands. That I promise to do.

MCLEOD. Let me embrace you, my dear friend! I promise you that I will fully reward each and every service that you will render me.

DON JORGE. Well, sir, the first thing we have to do is to look over the ground and examine the road we are to follow. I think the best thing is for you and the Indian and me to go alone to examine the pass through which our troops must march.

MCLEOD. Come on, friend Indian! Let us go! And you, Navarro, please arrange the troops properly so that they may immediately begin the march through the pass that the Indian, Don Diego, and I are now going to examine.

DON JORGE. Yes, friend, let us go. The crown of laurels that you are about to win awaits you. As soon as you reach Santa Fé you will receive it from both the political and military command.

McLEOD. And I will name you my second in command. Aside from that, I am going to give you as a reward the wealth of the Chávezes and all the wealth now possessed by Don Antonio Sandoval [*McLeod stops and examines the terrain with his spy glasses.*]

We have travelled a long distance already. I can hardly see my soldiers with my glasses. There I see them at the very top of the mountain where the Indian was going to lead us to a precipice. [*A Mexican troop appears and the commanding officer speaks.*]

COMMANDING OFFICER. You insolent Texans, how dare you profane the territory of the Mexicans? Your audacity will now put a stop to your pride. This is going to be your finish.

McLEOD. Don Jorge, you have betrayed me! Now I realize that the little Indian from Pecos told me the truth.

DON JORGE. Die, you dog! Now you are going to pay for all the evil you had planned against my general! This will teach you not to trust the New Mexicans. Whenever you hear them bark at foreigners they always bite them. There is no doubt about it.

THE SIGN

Weldon Kees

WHEN MISS QUIVEY first came to work at the Public Library she noticed immediately that a great many things were wrong. Miss Quivey had worked in other libraries where, she felt, her experience had given her a valuable background; so it irked her to see all of the wrong things and not to be in a position to do something about them. She would sit at one of the desks, checking out books or taking them in or registering new patrons, dreaming of the sort of library she would have when she was a person of authority. In her mind, her own library grew, perfect and beautiful, and she saw things happening flawlessly under her skillful direction.

But Miss Quivey knew her place. She knew how persons of authority in any library resented criticism from a new staff member; and so the suggestions she made were usually of a minor nature. She would plan her campaigns for bringing up these suggestions with great care, and when she approached Miss Counselman or Miss Ambrosic or Miss Gates with one in mind, she would always lead up to it by a reference to her superior's dress or a compliment about a change of policy one of them had made.

There was one thing that irritated Miss Quivey particularly. Patrons of the Library were not permitted to go into the upper stacks, and although this rule was known to most of them, from time to time some new patron or some stranger would stray unknowingly into that forbidden territory. Eventually some staff member would see the person wandering around up there and would hurriedly dispatch a page to inform him of the rule.

When Miss Quivey first observed this condition, she just couldn't help saying to herself what poor management it was, what a waste of effort! The last library she had worked in—things had been very different there! Patrons of that library had been permitted to go any

place in the building that they wished. Miss Quivey heartily approved of such rules. But, she decided, so long as the policies of her new employers were somewhat narrower, she would just have to conform. When you were in Rome you had to do as the Romans did. But just the same, there was no sense whatsoever in wasting all that energy in chasing patrons out of the upper stacks. It was simply nonsense.

What they needed, Miss Quivey decided, was a sign. A neat little wooden sign, with gold letters on polished wood, like the ones at the desks that were marked Return, Loan, and Registration. She considered this idea for some time, and eventually she even hit upon the exact wording the proposed sign should have: The Upper Stacks are Closed to the Public. It was clear and curt. She thought of other signs too. Patrons are not Allowed in the Upper Stacks was one of them, and she also pondered over For Staff Members Only, rejecting this as too harsh. Keep Out, Please came to her also, but she quickly disregarded it as a possibility of no consequence.

There was only one entrance to the upper stacks, and Miss Quivey discovered, when she examined the doorway, an ideal place for the sign to hang. It could be seen easily, and yet it would not hang so low that people might bump their heads on it. All in all, Miss Quivey was quite pleased with the place she had found for the sign to hang.

Then, several days later, when Miss Quivey was out at the charging desk with Miss Counselman, her department head, they both happened to notice a man in the upper stacks. He was just standing there, looking at the books on anatomy and sex.

"Oh, heavens!" Miss Counselman said. "Someone's up there in the uppers again. I'll have to send one of the boys up right this minute and get him out."

The circumstances could not have been better for Miss Quivey, and when Miss Counselman returned from telling one of the pages about the man in the stacks, she said, "Miss Counselman, why don't you have a sign made for the entrance over there?"

"What's that?" Miss Counselman asked.

"Why isn't there a sign over there telling people that they can't go into the uppers? It seems an awful waste of time and effort to have to keep watching out for people that go up there."

"Why, I never thought of that! That is a splendid suggestion, Miss Quivey. Now let's see, what should the sign say? Patrons Are Not Permitted to Use the Upper Stacks? No, that's too long. Let me see

The Upper Stacks Are For the Use of Staff Members Only? No, that's no good either. Now, let me think."

Miss Quivey smiled coolly. "What do you think of The Upper Stacks are Closed to the Public?"

"Excellent!" said Miss Counselman promptly. "Now let me write that down. Unless we can think of another better one, that's the one we'll use."

Just then someone came up to the desk and Miss Quivey could not continue her talk with Miss Counselman about the sign. She had wanted to talk about the composition of the sign, the gold letters on polished wood, and she had wanted to point out the ideal place from which it could be hung.

Miss Counselman left on her vacation several days later. From time to time Miss Quivey would think about their talk and wonder if Miss Counselman had made any arrangements about the sign before she left. Sometimes when she came down to work in the morning, she would go by the entrance to the upper stacks, hoping that the new sign would be hanging there. She knew, though, that it often took quite a while to get things done, and she tried to be patient.

But when Miss Counselman returned from her vacation and still nothing happened, it was most difficult for Miss Quivey to remain silent. Several times each day she tried to think of some manner in which she might bring the matter up without seeming to be over-anxious, and finally, as she passed Miss Counselman one morning in the open shelf room, she said, "Oh say, what about our little sign, Miss Counselman?"

"What sign is that?"

"The one for the uppers. You remember the day we were talking about it, don't you?"

"Well, for goodness sake!" Miss Counselman said. "I'm glad you reminded me of that, Miss Quivey. It had completely slipped my mind! I knew there was something I'd forgotten. Well, thank you for reminding me of it. That was such a splendid suggestion you made. Splendid, absolutely splendid."

"Oh, that's all right, Miss Counselman," said Miss Quivey brightly.

But she was disappointed. A lot of time had passed already with nothing done, and there would be more delay, and all the while people would continue to wander into the stacks, and pages would have to be sent to remind them of the rule prohibiting their presence there. Miss Quivey began to feel somewhat hopeless about the whole business.

And, too, it was only one of many, many things she saw that needed to be remedied. She consoled herself by thinking of the future, when she would be a head librarian or a department head. When that time came things would be done right.

She kept looking for the sign, feeling that before long it would surely appear. Then one day when she was in the slipping room, months later, after she had almost forgotten about the sign, Miss Franks, a stylish young librarian whose morals were said to be not what they should, came in to talk to Miss Gates, who was working in the room with Miss Quivey. Miss Quivey had absolutely no use for Miss Franks.

Miss Franks had a sign in her hand. It was on polished wood, gold lettered, and read: Patrons Are Not Allowed in the Upper Stacks.

Miss Franks ignored Miss Quivey altogether. "What do you think of the new sign, Opal?" she said to Miss Gates. She held it up in what Miss Quivey thought was a rather flippant manner, as if the sign were of no importance.

"Well now really!" Miss Gates said. "Now really, that's a very nice sign. And a mighty good idea, too. Who thought it up?"

"Oh, Miss Counselman, I guess," Miss Franks said. "You like it?"

"Why, it's just awfully nice!" Miss Gates said, taking a good look at it. "Let me see it! Well, that's about the best idea I've heard of in a long time. I don't know how many times I've said how badly we needed a sign like that."

"It's a nice little sign," Miss Franks said.

"It is!" said Miss Gates. "Where are you going to hang it?"

"I don't know," Miss Franks said without interest. "I'll find some place for it. Miss Counselman says she wants it put up right away."

It was too much. Miss Quivey had to stop slipping the cards for reserve books. She went to the staff room and stood by the couch for a long time, looking out of the window at the tulips that grew by the statue of ex-Mayor Spiegel. Cars kept going by the library and people walked along, and to Miss Quivey they seemed cruel and unheeding and unconcerned. No one knew, no one, how terribly she felt. There was no one to tell, there was no one to talk to, no one would sympathize. She was friendless and alone in the world, and she discovered that she was crying, and when she heard footsteps on the stairs she went in the dressing room and washed her face, wondering how she would ever get through the rest of the day.

It was terrible for her, and that night it was almost impossible for

her to sleep. She lay awake on her studio couch, watching the pattern of automobile lights cutting across the ceiling, and listening to voices in the next apartment that came through the thin walls. She kept telling herself that she had to stop thinking about it.

Miss Quivey kept waiting for the day when she would come to work and see the sign hanging above the entrance to the upper stacks, even though it didn't seem to matter much any more. But something happened to the sign. She was never able to discover just what it was. She talked to Miss Gates and Miss Franks, but neither of them knew. Miss Franks had given it to one of the janitors to bore holes in it. Miss Quivey did not talk to any of the janitors. Miss Counselman got a much better job in another city about that time; and so there was no possibility of finding out from her where the sign was.

Patrons still wandered into the stacks by mistake, and staff members, seeing them up there, would summon a page to go up and tell them that the upper stacks were not open to the public. It made Miss Quivey furious every time she thought about it.

But she worried less about the sign than she had before. She was getting quite disturbed about some of the pages. Some of them did not shave often enough. They came to work looking unkempt and their faces bristly with whiskers. One of them wore shirts that were not clean. She had observed several of them chewing gum. It didn't look good to see that sort of thing going on. She was going to speak to the staff member in charge of the pages about them, when she thought of the right approach. She didn't want anyone to think she was not keeping her place, though, or just going out of her way to be critical. She certainly didn't want them to feel that way.

ON AND ON

Spud Johnson

On 33 Saws

NOW DON'T get the wrong impression: there aren't thirty-three saws at all, only about ten. The place I'm talking about is, properly speaking, the Saws in Department 33, Vega Aircraft Plant 1. There I live, or at least headquarter, for eight hours a day, a sort of hermit in a brilliantly lighted cave.

It's behind Timeclock M, opposite Pillar No. 60, in Building 80. An inner cave to the rear is the phenolic scrap bin; hemming it in on the side opposite the time-clock are rows and rows of deep drawers containing the shorter lengths of aluminum tubing. In short, it's wedged into a minute corner of a building in which are stored practically all the ten million pieces which go eventually into U. S. Army B17 Flying Fortresses, and into U. S. Navy PV1 Bombers. And it's where most of the 43,000 parts which go into each and every B17 are given their first "cut to length," and where the slightly less spectacular number of parts in the PV1 are also born.

Some saws buzz, some shriek, and some merely growl. All ten are seldom working simultaneously, and anyhow it's almost a city block between the quiet, gentlemanly "cutomatic" at the extreme west end and the tiny guillotine at the extreme eastern end, which was invented the other day by one of the workmen for the exclusive purpose of chopping up hinges. The result is that the noise can make you wince with each excruciating blast, each time the heaviest middle saw flashes through a great metal rail, or there can be only the quietest kind of hum, or a rhythmic bird-whistle, as tiny little-finger-size tubing is being cut into segments.

This may explain why, even when I think it's noisy, a harried dispatcher from the racing factory-proper across the alley a few feet away

sinks onto the stool beside me, drapes himself like a wrung rag over my desk, and sighs: "Oh, how peaceful!"

And that in turn probably explains why I get a surprising number of glimpses and sometimes whole life-stories during the course of a day. I get these glimpses in the few moments of recuperation before the "part chaser" regains consciousness enough to ask what record I have in my files on part number 57-4771-603, Lot 13, and how in Heaven's name a bundle of 100 twenty-foot-long strips of extrusion could get lost between August 1st and August 2nd, and between 33 Saws and 8 Punch Press, the latter distance being about as few feet as the time element was in hours. Or perhaps it's after he's got the information he's come for, in sheer despair over its unhelpfulness, that he escapes for a moment back into his personal life and tells me about his new baby, or his sick wife, or merely that he ice-skated until dawn and is sleepy!

Some are quick to tell all, and others you know for months without even learning their names. Jim sits at my desk every day at the end of the lunch hour and for the few moments between the stop-work whistle and the final punch-out whistle, and yet it was only the other day, when I noticed a curious lump on his wrist, that he told me about the dynamite blast a few months ago which went off practically in his face, threw him a hundred feet down a mine shaft, broke both wrists, a leg and a shoulder, gave him four concussions, and imbedded pieces of gravel under his skin which he obligingly let me feel.

And such a variety of men and women converge at my desk. The dispatchers range from musicians, movie-actors, college professors, to school girls, housewives, and ex-stenographers. But the sawyers come there, too, on the paper work connected with the job they're cutting, and the engineers drop in to change a routine or substitute a material call-out. Now and then a supervisor or a general manager comes over from the assembly line to pick up something that a ship was about to fly off into the sky without. Sometimes a Naval or Army officer peers in, trying to remain pompous while asking the whereabouts of the nearest wash-room. And you should have heard the clatter of big and little wigs when the new chin-turrets first appeared on our horizon.

Sometimes they come with news: how the cable broke on one of the big cranes on Graveyard shift last night and crashed a huge wing-segment onto a fuselage and a pile of gas-tanks on top of which a young lady had been eating a sandwich until grumblingly ejected a moment

before. The young lady was unharmed, but the plane was all but irreparably ruined (another ten thousand dollars out of the tax-payer's pockets, probably). Or how that little blue-eyed eighteen-year-old girl over in Shears had her thumb chopped off and the girl she was talking to fainted while the victim walked off to the hospital under her own power. Or how Harry had been drinking again and ran his face into a piece of metal sticking out of a bin, just missing his left eye. Or that Bud, you know, the one with curly hair over in Hydro; no dear, he's married and everything, the nicest little wife, but he was carrying on with this girl, and now she's going to have a baby and they've made him change from Swing to Days.

This may sound as though my job were completely social, which of course isn't true. It's just that the personal angle is what fascinates amuses, and often infuriates me most. You should see me hurrying over from the tool crib with a load of iron templates, all sizes and lengths, orders flying from them like banners, and red "Rush" tags fluttering in my own breeze. Or pushing a truck over to Power Brakes so weighted down with a "hot" job that I can scarcely move it until the wheels start doing most of the work. Or riding on a miniature train personally escorting an order of bomb-rails over into Department 1.

Those bomb-rails. Everybody gets into a dither when an order arrives for another lot. They're very expensive, apparently, and Al the big Pole in charge of Saws, goes into a complete dither for fear he'll butcher them. The result is that he begins by making a scene over the fact that there aren't enough trucks. (They can only be piled four deep for fear of strain.) So off I go, combing the factory for Mercury flats. And when they're sawed (the rails not the flats) and piled gently like sticks of dynamite on the string of four trucks for each lot, they have to be personally expedited to the next department, because the boss over there is also in a dither, doesn't want them, doesn't have any place to put them, threatens to murder the driver of the tug or pony hauling the train, acts like a prima donna; so that it takes the combined effort of a supervisor and two lead-men, besides myself and the head guy from Stores, to get the matter all smoothed out and the bomb-rails safely shifted from one operation to the next.

(And that's only the first. Think how many operations, before the bomb actually slides off those rails onto Tokyo or Berlin.)

So don't tell me, please, that I do nothing all day but gossip—or, on the other hand, that gossip and personalities aren't important. If

didn't know, for instance, that Big Al, the Pole, is scared stiff that he'll pull a boner, nervous as a witch because he's only recently been made lead-man in Saws, then I shouldn't have the slightest idea how to react or how to attempt to handle his energetic tantrums, nor yet what to do about placating the terrified dispatchers who encounter him at such moments.

What a man tells you in a moment of elation or depression, or any other unguarded moment, whether it's as unimportant as what his wife said to him last night, or the way he combs his hair while he's saying it, may be the key to his character and therefore the secret of how to get him to saw a bomb-rail, or, later, slide a bomb off of it, smoothly and accurately onto a target.

That sounds rather fancy as justification for listening to people talk, even though one may be counting behind-schedule orders, or posting data in a card-index file while one does it. It's all a part of working on the same job with ten thousand other people, most of them the sort of folk one doesn't happen to have encountered before. And all a part of that great job of registering impressions on one's innermost memory file, whether it's facts or figures. . . .

I've never said more than good-day to the oiler who comes around like a prompt and efficient butler every evening at a quarter to six. He looks and dresses exactly like a locomotive engineer, but he pushes a teawagon laden with all sizes and kinds of oil cans, and he leisurely oils the saws, at the same time automatically informing me that it lacks but a moment till rest-period. So I grin at him as I fill my pipe, and when the whistle blows; Pat (who has miraculously appeared at my side) and I simultaneously strike our matches and start off hurriedly where we left off the day before on our discussions and descriptions of our respective houses "back home."

To be interrupted, no doubt, by Tom, who looks like a tall but indubitable Disney dwarf; or by Irene, with a hibiscus blossom in her dark pompadour, looking much more like an ingénue than an engineer; or by Hobby, a curly-headed youth whose avocation seems to consist of hiding people's lunch pails; or by David, the Mormon boy, who has just been smiled at by that pretty girl in the order-release crib, and who acts as though he had, instead, just been given a shot of adrenalin.

So I'll make no further excuses for listening to Fred's story of what he did on the first day he went to school, forty years ago, back in

Illinois, or for swapping New Mexico reminiscences with Lois, or having John tell me about his two wives, or Lance about his first one who didn't know he had blue eyes until two years after they were married, and so he divorced her—listening to all of them at a meager 96¢ an hour, and grossly underpaid at that.

But I would like to add my favorite anecdote, slight as it is. Pete is an angel-faced tough-boy, who grins out of the side of his mouth and brags about getting drunk and the number of mugs he's bashed. When he sees an order, he flings metal about like an infuriated Vulcan making at least twice as much noise as necessary. But he has his gentler moments. One evening he was leaning against my desk, just before quitting time, in a dreamy mood, and I asked him:

"Do you ever think about or miss Texas?"

He finally answered, after a pause, still dreamily, almost inaudibly "Every day."

THE STORM

Curtis Martin

THE WIND got up during the night, slowly at first, but by morning it was whipping across the plains from the north like something wild. There were two layers of clouds in the sky: one low, dark, and scudding above the plains in the great wind; the other higher, deep gray, and scarcely moving. At eleven o'clock in the morning the wind veered slightly and came out of the northeast.

"That settles it," Tom Fellows said, his wind-wet blue eyes on the northern sky. "When the wind shifts over to that corner at this time of the year, we're in for a blizzard. Son, you jump on old Snip and help me bring the horses in, then we'll get as many of the cows in as the corrals will hold—just the milk cows."

Tom and John, the boy, had been sitting around the barn all morning, their horses saddled, waiting for the wind to decide their course of action. They leaped into the saddles and galloped away to the south pasture where they found the horses already drifted against the fence, heads down and tails blown between their legs. It was hard work forcing them against the wind to the barn. Tom was closing the corral gate behind the horses when the first hard flecks of snow blew out of the sky like pellets of ice. They were herding the cattle in on a run when the wind softened. Before they got to the corral there was not a breath of air stirring, and great, light flakes of snow floated down so thickly that it was difficult to see. The flakes were so dry and cold that they settled on the cows' backs without melting.

The ground was already covered when John came to the barn door after unsaddling Snip. The snow slanted out of the northeastern sky in straight white lines, falling fast with the pressure of a steady, almost-unnoticeable wind behind it. It was difficult for John to see across the corral through the slanting drive of snow. Tom came from the depths

of the barn and stopped beside John. They grinned at each other. The cows milled for a while, then crowded against the south fence, their humped backs protecting their heads from the onslaught of snow. The snow spread evenly; the wind which drove the flakes down from the sky was not strong enough to cause any disturbance of the grouching snow.

The men stood at the door for a while, then went to the house. Lu and Virginia, John's small sisters, opened the door for them and laughed when they came in shaking the snow from their caps and coats. It was dark in the house, and Martha, the mother, lighted a coal oil lamp. A fire was roaring in the cook stove; the stove top was red and the odor of steamed food filled the room.

During the afternoon there was no change in the elements. Tom drowsed with his feet near the stove. Martha sat beside the table darning socks over an egg. The girls played with paper people they had cut out of an old mail-order catalogue. John sat for a while beside his father, trying to sleep, then he got up and went to the window and watched the snow stream down. The ground was covered with three inches of snow. There was a thick blanket of white on the roof of the barn and a thin ridge along the top rails of the fences. The cows in the corral milled a little, their snow-covered backs humped. The sky was dead gray underlined with a thin veil of black. There was no wind.

At four o'clock Tom and John bundled on their coats and went to care for the stock. It wasn't cold. The snow melted in the folds of their clothing. The flakes were dry and cold and light as down. There was a good warm smell in the barn when John entered it. The horses turned and looked at the boy. One or two of them whinnied softly. He climbed into the loft and began stuffing hay through the holes above the mangers. Cold, dry dust that smelled of autumn smoked up from the hay. The horses reached up with long lips and pulled at the hay as it fell. John opened the door at the north end of the hay mow. Snow sifted thinly in as he piled hay outside the window, then jumped down on it and carried it to the cattle.

Tom drew water out of the well and poured it into a wooden chute which carried it to the trough inside the corral. The warm water smoked in the cold air. The cows stood at the trough and slopped their noses in the water, not drinking. Afterwards the men milked and carried the buckets to the house. The big cream separator hummed for

half an hour; cream trickled from one spout and skimmed milk foamed from another.

The family ate supper and sat silently about the hot stove. At eight o'clock when John and Tom went outside before going to bed it was still snowing. The flakes fell through the yellow lamplight streaming from the kitchen window. The snow was six inches deep on the level.

In bed John lay quietly. The roar of the fire died away gradually. There was an unusual hush over the entire house. It seemed smothered by the thick blanket of snow and the curtain of the storm. The flakes made a faint whish against the window panes. That was the only sound. John lay fascinated by the stillness of the night, the wildness of the storm sweeping down from some place in the great north where he had never been, but toward which his dreams of exploration always turned. After a long time he slept.

The morning sun was so faint behind the clouds that the day seemed like gray twilight. The snow stopped for half an hour while the men were milking, but it was falling again before they finished putting down hay and drawing water. The wind was slightly stronger and the flakes drove directly out of the north. The snow reached almost to John's knees as he waded to the house.

At eleven o'clock the snow slackened, the clouds parted overhead, and the sun shone through a thin veil of swiftly-scudding clouds. The sunshine was very bright for a few minutes, then the clouds drew together, the wind stopped, and snow poured down furiously. By night there was eighteen inches of snow lying evenly across the plains for miles. Only the tops of the tallest weed stalks and the top one third of the fence posts broke the undulating whiteness. Nothing stirred; the coyotes and the rabbits were burrowed deep beneath the snow.

In the house that night it was quieter than on the previous evening. Tom wore a worried look. Instead of resting beside the fire he paced back and forth near the window. Often he pressed his forehead against the cold panes and tried to see into the black night, then the warm air from his nostrils steamed the glass over. He had expected a storm but not one of this size. He was afraid of what was bound to happen the next day.

It was difficult for John to push through the snow to the barns the next morning. The cattle were restless. They had kept the snow trampled down, and the corral was clear. They moved about, lowing incessantly. The horses whinnied when John went to feed them.

Tom stood at the window most of the day staring at the gray scene. Shortly after four o'clock the change came. The snow stopped falling, the wind strengthened and veered to the northwest.

"Well, this is it," Tom said.

Before Tom and John had time to rush through their chores the blizzard was upon them like a pouncing wild beast. The light dry snow leaped like autumn leaves before the wind. The flakes which had been so soft before bit like steel into John's face as he struggled to the house. His sisters were waiting; they jerked the door open for him, then slammed it shut. They plugged the crack at the bottom of the door with an old rag rug and stuffed pieces of cloth into the holes around the door knob and into the key hole, but still the snow sifted in as fine as emery dust, falling on the red hot stove, skipping and frying there. The house shook during extra-strong gusts; the fire leaped and roared in the stovepipe. John stood at the window, clenching his fists, wishing that his father would hurry and come from the barn. After a long time he saw him struggling through the white blizzard, leaning against the onslaught of the wind and trying to protect his face from the steel-like particles of snow. John opened the door. Tom's eyes were red and his face was already as raw as cut beef. The snow had blown into the creases of his clothing and become packed there as if it had been tamped. He stamped his feet clean, removed his coat, and shook it near the door. Then he swept the snow outside. When he finished, Martha packed the rags into the holes about the door again. The wind had settled to a steady, unwavering roar. The snow sifted onto the stove, spitting. Where the snow wasn't near enough the stove to melt, it drifted into tiny ridges in front of the cracks through which it blew.

In bed John pulled the quilts over his head because the cold fine mist kept falling on his face, waking him. The house did not shake now, but seemed to bend away from the wind so that when the wind lessened the house came back into its natural position with a sigh and creak of timbers from which the strain had been taken.

The following morning the sun was shining brightly in a depthless blue sky, but John did not see the sun that day. The wind whipped the light snow and swirled it furiously along in a curtain that extended three hundred feet into the air. Above that distance the sky was bright and clean, but from the kitchen window only a dismal grayness showed that day had taken the place of night. The family huddled

about the stove; once in a while Martha got up to stuff the rags back into the cracks from which the wind had blown them. Tom sat on a chair with an apple box up-ended between his knees. He took a pencil from his pocket and began to mark aimlessly on the box. After a while he fashioned a checker board and blacked in the correct squares. When John noticed what his father was doing, he ran to the bedroom and got the soiled checkers off a shelf. They placed the checkers in position and began to play without speaking. The girls watched.

Tom paid little attention to the game because he was worried about the cows in the corral, their freezing teats almost bursting with milk. There was nothing he could do about it. He might have been able to reach the barn, but it was so cold that he would not have been able to do any work.

They spent the day quietly; bent over the box playing checkers. They ate supper without much talk and went to bed. John had been asleep for a long time and it was near the middle of the night when he was awakened by a sound that brought him upright in the cold room. The lamp was burning dimly on the table where it stood all night in order that Martha might see if the children were properly covered. Tom was standing in the doorway between the bedroom and the kitchen, his head turned in a listening attitude. There was no sound except the steady roar of the wind. Then in the wind, lower than its roar, there came a tapping at the outside door. Tom took a step forward.

"Tom, don't open it! Ask who it is!" Martha breathed in a fearful whisper.

Tom glanced at his wife. "Who is it?" he called.

There was no answer. A moment later the timid tapping was repeated.

"Who is it?" Tom yelled.

There was no answer. Tom glanced at the guns hanging above the doorway. The knock came again. In one stride Tom was at the door. He yanked it wide open with one jerk. A freezing blast shot in. The lamp was blown out. In the darkness John sat trembling in the bed, the snow and wind striking his warm flesh.

"Who is it?" Tom yelled again. He could see nothing in the snow-filled doorway.

Martha leaped out of bed and lighted the lamp and turned the wick up so that yellow light flooded the room. Tom stood in the door-

way, his long, gray underwear flapping about his legs, his head thrust forward as he peered into the night. He saw a figure dart from the corner of the house toward the door, then stop as it saw him, and throw its hands high above its head in a position of surrender. The man advanced into the light; his lips worked but no sound came from them; his arms were raised above his head as high as he could reach.

Tom saw the man, and a grin broke across his lips. "Come on in," Tom said, motioning the man inside. "My God, why didn't you answer me?"

The man's lips moved but not a sound issued from them. He looked into Tom's eyes, and his face lifted in a frozen grin. Tom slapped him on the back and laughed, then he rushed to the stove and began building up the fire. He kept repeating: "Why didn't you answer?" He asked the question thoughtlessly because he knew the man, whose name was Andrews, and he knew that Andrews was deaf and dumb. Andrews had a homestead six miles farther up the road in the edge of the mountains.

The fire began to burn brightly. Tom came into the bedroom laughing and pulled on his clothes. Martha laughed too, in short, hysterical jerks. She dressed and went into the kitchen. They placed Andrews a little way from the stove so that he wouldn't get warm too quickly. Tom leaned out the door and dipped up a dishpan full of snow; he rubbed Andrews' face, hands, and feet with the snow for half an hour. When the snow melted, Andrews sat with his feet in the pan of cold water, a blanket around his shoulders, a foolish twisted grin on his face. He kept trying to explain things to Tom with sign language, and Tom acted as if he understood. After a while Andrews motioned for pencil and paper. He wrote: "I knew you would holler and ask who it was and I thought you might get mad and shoot through the door when there was no answer. So I knocked, then run round the corner of the house to be out of the way if you shot through the door." He handed the paper to Tom and laughed silently with great appreciation for the predicament in which he had found himself. Tom wrote: "What the hell you doin' out on a night like this?" Andrews answered: "I have been away from home since the first day of the storm. My wife hasn't heard from me. She don't know if I am froze to death or what. Today I try to get home. My car stuck in a drift four miles east of here. I walked about six hours to reach here."

An hour later Andrews was thoroughly warmed. He drank two

cups of black coffee and ate the plate of bread and meat that Martha offered him. Warm and full, he could not keep his eyes open and fell asleep sitting in the chair.

In the morning the wind was still blowing but it had noticeably passed the prime of its fury, and was tottering now on weakening legs. Tom waited impatiently to get to the barns. Virginia and Lucy sat awe-inspired beside Andrews, the man who could not talk or hear. They wrote a constant stream of notes to him which he laughingly answered.

At eleven o'clock the wind broke. Within twenty minutes there was not a breath of air stirring. The sun shone from a bright cloudless sky on a scene of dazzling whiteness that stretched away beyond the horizons. Tom and John got into their coats and went outside. In spots around the house and barns the ground was swept bare and clean, but on the south side of every building, fence, or bush that had broken the force of the wind the slightest bit there was a drift. The lane between the fences where the highway ran was level with the tops of the posts on either side. The granary was situated in such a position that a drift twenty feet high had formed in the center of the corral. The cows stood dozing in the blue-white day, gaunt, hungry, tired, swollen-eyed after the ceaseless hours of the storm. The horses whinnied softly as John drove them out of the barn into the corral. They drank for a long time at the trough, then nuzzled the warm water with velvet noses, playing in it. Out across the white pastures the mountains rimmed the world, cutting a swath of darkness between the spotless snow and the clean blue sky.

NEW MEXICO ARCHITECTURE

Louis G. Hesselden

THE STUDY of New Mexico architecture presents a story of development that is interesting, instructive, and romantic. Within the comparatively short time of four hundred years, the architecture of New Mexico has developed from the rude structures of the aborigines to the most modern buildings housing such complex systems of activities as may be found in any modern hotel, factory, hospital, or school.

The development of architecture in New Mexico is unique within the United States. Nowhere else is there evidence of the constant and continued growth of a system of building from its very beginning. Nowhere else on the American continent are buildings still inhabited precisely as they were when Columbus discovered America. In several instances in the western pueblos, the people are now living in identically the same houses which were then occupied.

The principal reason for the founding of a system of permanent building in New Mexico is that the aborigines who settled here were an agricultural people. The origin of the inhabitants of New Mexico is involved in such obscurity that nothing certain can be positively asserted of it. The Pueblo Indian of today, however, is a direct descendant of the people whom Coronado and other early explorers saw some four hundred years ago. We have in the description given by the first Europeans who penetrated the country the picture of populous communities occupying the valley of the Rio Grande and its branches, and extending westward as far as Zuñi and Moqui. The people of these communities were entirely different from the nomadic tribes of the plains but so homogeneous with each other as to show a common origin and early history. Their villages were alike in all important respects, in the material, the height, and the peculiar terraced form of the houses, in the smallness of the rooms and the presence of estufas, in the method of ingress and of defense. Their dress was similar, their customs identical, their agricultural products the same, the pottery

uniform in general design and ornamentation. In all these respects they were unlike the tribes which surrounded them; they were an agricultural people.

The general design of all great pueblos was the same. They were communal buildings. They contained from fifty to five hundred apartments. A whole town was contained in one building. Generally, the construction consisted of three floors with terraces above them and without any entrance on the ground floor. The door for entrance to the building was on the second floor, so that a scaling ladder was necessary to prevent the attacks of enemies. The people put out the scaling ladder only for those to whom they gave admission to their house.

The buildings were fashioned from materials at hand produced by the soil. Fine forests of ponderosa pine covered the highlands; along the rivers were thick groves of cottonwoods and willows. The flat lands were clothed with stunted junipers, piñons, and cactus, and the soil itself was adobe. The wide, arid plains were gashed deep with dry arroyos where ledges of limestone were exposed. All these materials the aborigines learned to assemble in the form of buildings for shelter from the weather, protection from their enemies, storage of possessions, and ceremonial gatherings.

The walls of their pueblos were built of adobe on foundations of stone. The adobe walls were not built of molded and dried adobes, brick-fashion, in the manner in which they are built today, but by a process we call puddling. By this process the adobe was mixed with water and binder straw and the mass kneaded to a workable, pliable consistency. It was then formed into walls with the hands, in layers from twelve to eighteen inches high. Each layer was allowed to dry before the succeeding layer was applied. After the walls were formed to the desired height, the roof was put on.

The roof was formed of pine logs spaced from two to three feet apart which extended from wall to wall in the manner of joists. These are called vigas. Over the vigas and at right angles to them was placed a solid sheathing of aspen, willows, or cedar saplings, which are called latias. Over the latias was placed a layer of bark, twigs, or straw to keep the earth from sifting through; then the whole area was covered with a thick layer of tamped earth. This construction served either as a roof of the apartment below or for the floor of the apartment above. Walls were plastered inside and outside with *tierra amarilla*, *yeso*, or *calliche*. The women did the plastering by hand.

This is the system of building which formed the basis for further development by the Europeans when they began their colonization.

Although Fray Marcos de Niza discovered New Mexico as early as 1539 and Coronado explored the territory between 1540 and 1542, the actual settlement of the area by the Spaniards did not take place until 1598, when that intrepid explorer and founder, Don Juan de Oñate, arrived with 130 colonists and soldiers together with their families—probably 400 people in all, men, women, and children. Oñate had been appointed governor of the territory and after establishing a settlement near the present site of the San Juan Pueblo he began to explore the entire region inhabited by the Pueblo Indians, an area extending from the headwaters of the Pecos River westward into the present State of Arizona.

With Oñate came ten Franciscan friars under Fr. Martinez as Comisario. For purposes of administration the territory was divided into seven districts and to each of these districts Fr. Martinez assigned one friar to initiate the missionary work. These friars promptly departed, alone and unarmed, for their several fields, and it was not long until their influence became apparent, not only in the lives, customs, and beliefs of the inhabitants but in their architecture as well.

These early missionaries were highly civilized and cultured men. They had but recently come from Europe, where the Renaissance movement in architecture was then at its height. It is natural, therefore, to expect their influence on the architecture of the New World to be reflected by such Renaissance forms as were adaptable to the native architecture and native materials.

The principal changes noted as a result of the influence of the missionaries is in the plans of the buildings, which became formal and regular as compared with the haphazard arrangement of the apartments in the communal buildings. The mission structures were grouped about a patio or plazita, the church forming one side, the domestic buildings enclosing the other three sides. Churches were either one-aisled basilican or simple cruciform in plan. They had to be large enough to accommodate the entire population of the pueblo, yet the width of the nave was limited to the length of the logs obtainable for vigas.

The method of construction employed by the missionaries was essentially the same as the aborigines had used, except that in building up the walls they introduced the practice of using molded and sun-

dried adobes laid up in mud mortar, brick fashion, instead of the puddling process. Doors and windows were introduced into the new buildings as well as stairs, fireplaces, and flues. The front of the churches was usually flanked by double towers as at Acoma or surmounted by a pierced belfry as at Laguna. Such façades often carried a balcony or upper porch at the choir-loft level as at San Felipe or Santo Domingo.

Another feature which was introduced at this time and which became one of distinguishing characteristics of Spanish-Pueblo architecture is the porch or covered walk-portal. This feature is a colonnade formed of heavy wooden beams and vigas resting upon round wooden columns. These portals differ from those of Texas, Arizona, and California, which are arcades rather than colonnades.

We are dependent for much of the history of these early missions upon Fr. Alonzo de Benevides, who as *custodio* was in charge of this field from 1622 to 1630. According to his accounts, by 1630 there were twenty-four missions serving eighty pueblos in which there were approximately 60,000 Christianized Indians. The indefatigable Benevides left for Spain in 1630, and for half a century thereafter the missions went on with little to record except local conflicts with hostile Indians and the inevitable friction with the civil and military authorities.

During this time the treatment of the natives by the soldiers cannot be characterized as other than inhuman. Many of the Indians were held in virtual slavery by the colonists notwithstanding the emphatic orders of the King and the indignant protests of the padres. Finally, on the tenth of August in the year 1680, the Indians did revolt. Under the leadership of one Popé of the San Juan Pueblo the conspiracy had been organized in all the pueblos. The Indians, like other primitive people, were unable to distinguish between friend and foe, soldier and priest, man and woman; consequently all were cut down. Those who were not killed fled southward toward El Paso and thence into Mexico. Not a living Spaniard was left in New Mexico. The mission buildings were in nearly every case damaged by the Indians, but only a few were entirely destroyed. The church at Zuñi together with its contents was not damaged.

It was twelve years later, in 1692, that Don Diego de Vargas led a small army up the Rio Grande Valley and into the Pueblo country. By using tact instead of force he won back the natives and to such effect

that every pueblo visited submitted peaceably and renewed its allegiance to the Spanish crown. Eventually peace was restored. Many of the missions were repaired or rebuilt and several new ones were established. From this time on, the work of the missions went ahead without serious interruption, until Mexico began her struggle for independence nearly a century and a quarter later. The missions, however, began to decline in 1810, and during the ensuing twenty years were reduced to the status of parish churches. As a consequence, there was no further notable development in their architecture.

Good examples of typical original Spanish-Pueblo architecture are found in the churches in the pueblos of Acoma, San Felipe, Cochiti, Santa Cruz, San Ildefonso, Laguna, and Ranchos de Taos, and in Santuario at Chimayo and the Palace of the Governors in Santa Fe.

From the beginning of the American occupation of New Mexico in the middle of the last century there was developed from the Spanish-Pueblo type another form of architecture known as New Mexico Territorial architecture. In this style we begin to see the influence of the machine on New Mexico architecture, although for the most part traditional building materials were used.

Adobe walls were capped with an ornamental and protective brick coping. They were protected on the exterior by lime stucco and on the inside by lime plaster. Double-hung windows with small dividing lights were used in box frames of wood with ornamental panelwork in jambs and molded casings. The typical rough hewn posts of the portales gave way to slender squared and molded wood columns, and vigas were replaced by rectangular sawn cut joists. Paint was used as a protective as well as decorative material. Thus the architecture of New Mexico became more formal and refined, but it was still traditionally New Mexican.

During the period of development of the Territorial architecture there were few monumental, institutional, or government buildings constructed. As a consequence, most of our examples of typical original New Mexico Territorial architecture are to be found in residential and small commercial structures in the older portions of the cities and in the ranch houses of the country. Interesting examples of modern New Mexico Territorial architecture may be found in Santa Fe in the Supreme Court Buildings and the City Hall, and in Albuquerque in the Hilton Hotel, the Lew Wallace School, and the Coronado School.

The American occupation was accelerated tremendously by the

completion of the railroad into New Mexico about 1880. This facilitated transportation from the Middle West, and as a consequence manufactured articles and materials of every description were shipped into the new country. Building materials, building mechanics, and with them building vogues from all over the Middle West came pouring into New Mexico. Not only manufactured building materials but machinery for their local manufacture were shipped in. The growing communities exerted themselves to appear modern in the eyes of the newcomer or visitor. In their effort at modernization they erected residential, commercial, and institutional buildings that were exact reproductions of similar buildings along a thousand main streets throughout the country. Thus, in frenzied struggle by the communities to become up-to-date, the traditional building forms of New Mexico were completely forgotten and remained so for almost fifty years.

The first man to rediscover traditional New Mexico architecture and really do something with it was neither an architect nor a builder by profession. He was a scientist serving as an educator. Dr. William George Tight, President of the University of New Mexico from 1901 to 1909, was the man who re-awakened the interest of the people of New Mexico in their own traditional form of building. The following quotation is from *Pueblo on the Mesa*, by Dorothy Hughes:

Professionally a scientist, Dr. Tight was all things in one man, and before he had been long in the West, his eye for beauty recognized the possibilities of adaptation of the pueblo architectural style. Red brick was for the green East; for this desert land the Indian artists had recognized what would be fitting. He began to study Indian construction as he traveled on University business; he photographed Indian buildings . . . "until his room looked like a sort of picture gallery." He ferreted out information to the smallest detail, made careful study of lines and walls and windows and roofs.

And then he began to build. In overalls and workman's shirt he worked day after day alongside the laborers. When young John D. Clark, newly appointed professor of chemistry, arrived in Albuquerque in 1907 he found the president not in frock coat in his office but "dressed in overalls doing carpenter work in the auditorium of the Administration Building." Professor Clark was soon himself carpenter's, painter's, or plumber's assistant to Dr. Tight. The University had little money; there was much to be done; everyone did it, and with Dr. Tight at the helm everyone wanted to do it. Such was the man.

These volunteer and amateur pueblo builders first tried their hands on the power plant. Then there were built the boys' and girls' dormitories, Kwataka and Hokona. . . . He also built an *estufa*, a replica of the kiva, council chamber at the Santo Domingo Pueblo, which became the meeting place of the one campus fraternity, Alpha Alpha Alpha. Next came the remodeling of the first red brick building

into pueblo style, with the additional building of a hall, replica of the Taos Indian Church, and named for Judge Bernard Shandon Rodey, the father of the University

... All along there had been bitter hostility to Dr. Tight's plans, as always to the new and in particular to the artistic new. Common opinion was: "If you are going to be consistent, the president and faculty should wear Indian blankets around their shoulders and feather coverings on their heads." As Dr. Charles Hodgkin, major-domo of the University for many years, pointed out, the people did not seem to think it odd to go back several thousand years to copy Greek architecture, but they could not tolerate what belonged to their own land. Dr. Tight was ahead of his time. In 1910, one year after his dismissal, and several years after he had taken the lead in construction of some University buildings in Indian style, the Santa Fe Railway began using a somewhat similar style, which was taken up enthusiastically in the city of Santa Fe. This style, with slight modification, is now recognized as a unique Southwestern contribution to culture.

The controversy over the style of the University buildings definitely ended during the present administration. With the assumption of the presidency of Dr. James F. Zimmerman in 1927 a new and greater building program was inaugurated which marked the end of concessions to the non-artistic critics. As a result of this program some of our finest examples of Spanish-Pueblo architecture are to be found on the campus of the University of New Mexico.

Traditional New Mexico architecture has at last arrived. Whether descended from the Spanish-Pueblo or the Territorial, many of our modern buildings are considered indigenous, beautiful, well adapted to our land. These new styles are even championed by numerous individuals and some state, county, and city officials.

New Mexico architecture suffers some abuses. There are those who in their endeavor to exploit the style under the guise of modernity and caring little for precedent or good taste construct buildings that bear little resemblance to their professed ancestry. Generally, however, the use and development of the two major styles are quite normal. With continued intelligent and judicious use of our heritage, it will constantly improve.

POETRY

POEMS AND EPIGRAMS: 1942-3

1. ON THE COVER OF MY BOOK

This garish and red cover made me start.
I who amused myself with quietness
Am here discovered. In this flowery dress
I read the wild wallpaper of my heart.

2. ENVOI

Hear me, whom I betrayed
While in this spell I stayed,
Anger, cathartic aid,
Hear, and approve my song!

See from my sheltered cove
The Circe of my spell,
Calm for adventure, move,
Wild in repose of love,
Sea-going on a shell
In a moist dream. How long
(Time to which years are vain!)
I on this coastal plain—
Rain and rank weed, raw air—
Served that fey despair,
Far from the lands I knew!

Winds of my country blew
Not with such motion: keen,
Stinging, and I as lean,
Savage, direct, and bitten,
Not pitying and unclean.

Anger, my ode is written.

3. TO E

Love at what distance mine!
On whose disdain I dine
Unfed, unfamished, I
In your hid counsels lie.
I know your lover, fear.
His presence is austere
As winter air; he trembles
At the interior thunder
Of chill erotic wonder,
Though the taut face dissembles:
I know him, I am he.

Stilled in his arms, my dear,
In tenderness of fear,
Fulfilled of terror, sleep!
And though you cannot, weep!

4. COMMENDATORY VERSES
for a Friend's Book

Good faith gives simple lines,
Or, rather, uncomplex,
Which wariness refines
And doubts perplex

Until the engineer
Of metre, rhyme, and thought
Can only tool each gear
To what he sought

If chance with craft combines
In the predestined space
To lend his damaged lines
Redeeming grace.

So is it in these pages.
By grace the damaged heart
(Once in how seldom ages!)
Issues in art.

5.

What is it to forgive?
 It is not to forget,
 To forfeit memory
 In which I live.
 It is to be in debt
 To those who injure me.

If, then, I shall forgive
 And consciously resign
 My claim in love's estate
 In which I live,
 Know that the choice is mine,
 And is the same as hate.

Say, then, that I forgive.
 I choose indignity
 In which my passions burn
 While I shall live,
 Oh not for charity,
 But for my old concern.

6. THE ART OF LOVE, OR THE KISS OF PEACE

Speak to her heart.
 That manic force,
 When wits depart,
 Forbids remorse.

Dream with her dreaming
 Until her lust
 Seems to her seeming
 An act of trust.

It is not doing.
 Love's wilful potion
 Turns the ensuing,
 And brief, commotion

To spiritual bliss.
 See how the blest
 Receive the kiss,
 Hot and undressed!

7. EPIGRAMS

a.

When I shall be without regret,
And shall mortality forget;
When I shall die who lived for this,
I shall not miss the things I miss.
And you who notice where I lie,
Ask not my name: It is not I.

b.

Within this mindless vault
Lie Tristan and Isolt,
Tranced in each other's beauties.
They had no other duties.

c.

My life from seventeen to thirty-one
Was fourteen years of doing, quite undone.
At thirty-one, indifferent to life,
I sleep apart, as if it were my wife.

d. Motto for a Sun Dial

I who by day am function of the light
Am constant and invariant by night.

e. Meditation on the Calculus

From almost naught to almost all I flee,
And *almost* has almost confounded me,
Zero my limit, and infinity.

f.
In this child's game where you grow warm and warmer,
And new grand passions still exceed the former,
In what orgasm of high sentiment
Will you conclude, and find the flesh content?

g.

I hoarded hurt, as dams torrential rain,
And time grows fertile with extended pain.

h. For a Book of Lyrics

This book affords
 The peace of art.
 Within these boards
 The passive heart

Impassive sleeps,
 And like pressed flowers,
 Though scentless, keeps
 The scented hours.

i. Convalescence

Silence, the fever of my harried days,
 I found that consciousness itself betrays.
 In the last circle of infirmity
 Where I almost attained simplicity—
 So to recite as if it were not said,
 So to renounce as if one lost instead—
 My unabandoned soul withdrew, abhorred.
 I knew oblivion was its own reward,
 But pride is life, and I had longed for death
 Only in consciousness of indrawn breath.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM

EIGHT EXPERIMENTAL POEMS¹

THE GLENDALE SANCTUM

to its Board, its clients

Look at this vast. The dome torn rife
Of minarets streak from their base
In a paranoiac spew. These are all homes:
The immaculate unction's ripe full-grace
Used in a functional mood.

While marys and cherubs smile on perfectly
Over rigors of constance and values of faith,
And glass paints the unshatterable fluent pain
Of christ in his ten thousand--thousanded
Miseries.

The weepers here Weep. All of their crushed
Poor aortic soul ensluices gutters of tear,
"If it had only been Me, I'm so small, only Me."
But the walls smile a business *no yesno yes*
Time too aye too for thee.

Somehow they hear. So they lose Me to sneak
A curious poke at the hollywood queen

¹ Last quarter, for the first quarter since I have been selecting poems for the QUARTERLY REVIEW, I found a very large number of the submissions I liked best were "experimental" work in poetry. This fact, plus observation of a number of young poets and their work, inclines me to believe that many are restive and are struggling for a new method, a new speech, as they might call it. (Of course these poems are obviously connected directly with the experimentalism of the last thirty years, but I wonder if these young poets don't find even that work unfortunate in its openings for them.) Perhaps this observation is premature, but I suspect strongly that if they were loosely organized and had an organ of publication, they would measure up well in comparison with the "Apocalypse" group in England. My own editorial stand is obvious: this magazine has carried a number of experimental poems, although not so many at one time as in this issue. My taste is toward the traditional devices in poetry, for the facts, demonstrated so brilliantly by Mr. Yvor Winters in his books of criticism, that certain philosophies associated with "experimentalism" actually hamper a poet in his development, and that "experimental" techniques are fewer and less resourceful for the poet than the traditional techniques. But there are not enough great poems, even if all were to come this way, written in America in a year to fill the poetry section of this magazine; and I hope, for editorial purposes, to give an ear to new developments which seem to have some character behind them.

ALAN SWALLOW

Who ended in dope and a bitter kiss,
 Was dianaly crated from her hell
 To this bliss.

Blessed are the dead. No finer rest.
 Each sunday at noon the glockenspiel tings
 A vague menstrual glow—of their why,
 Of their how, of their sad sweetly sad sad
 Futurewhy.

MEADE HARWELL

THE FACTS

There is no surveying of the moon
 when the sun is visible—even to the naked eye;
 when the polka dots focus on dreams
 of the unattained, the yet undreamed.

The matter is divided equally:
 time's silent rest revolves about my head
 spiralling upward toward the brain,
 but the thundering ache throbs out the sense
 and kills the small reality of dreams,
 stripping the growth to utter bone;
 bone and blood, and recollections of the sleep
 collected by fictitious time: even the moon
 is hot on the empty road,
 on the naked eye dressed fully in imagination.

Would there be truth decided by this eye
 which holds the darkness in the light
 and rolls in a circus-life passage
 over the bitter elements decaying in the dust;
 the reason parading under false pretenses?

GORDON H. FELTON

LEE CIRCLE

(New Orleans)

The iron benches hold
Only the bitterest of dreamers . . .

A concrete island ringed by sound
Of street-cars straining at their global course;
Gaunt and ghastly lighted ships
Plowing through a dry and steely space.
Patchwork squares of grass
And only the merest flowers grow
To meet the eyes of old men
Scabby from the scratch of time,
And lank-haired children
Skating in a frenzy of sound.
An hotel's neon glare
Penetrates the happy closeness of the trees .
To press the walks luridly
With slim fingers of color.
A soldier of today strolls vaguely . . .
Staring upward at a graven man.
Lee gazes over the head of a sibilant city.
Yesterday's soldier; a hero.
"Old soldiers never die" . . .
They turn quietly to stone.
A loose-walking woman ambles . . .
Symbol of Sodom.
Lust nudges the remembrance
Of old and bitter dreamers.
To finger a dollar again
Is to possess the Taj Mahal.

The iron benches hold
Only the bitterest of dreamers . . .

A pervert walks . . .
Symbol of Gomorrah.
A mouse within a churning cage . . .
Round and round, twisting scarab rings.

Searching . . . searching . . . somewhere a melody
 A song the body sings
 In embryonic time the tune was twisted
 And music to a danse macabre was born.

Ten breaths through the traffic
 A giant edifice of stone and glass . . .
 The library stands severely ponderous.
 The circle diminishes . . .
 The lighted vault of learning
 Looms a vast and impersonal tomb.
 Cold women with speckled hair
 Glide through silent space . . .
 Grey nuns at literary mass.
 Student stares are fragmentary.
 The polished benches hold
 A dreamer no less bitter:
 Only better dressed.

M. J. A. MCGITTIGAN

YEATS' EPITAPH

Yeats has reached his phase of rest.
 Lunar opposition there
 Cannot quicken furious breast.
 Make your judgement if you dare,
 War be-timorous critic; he
 Served your world's liberty.

GEORGE KELLOGG

THE DREAM

Illusion:
 Come with me to home
 Be edifice more fragile than sleep,
 Keeper of the wires: as dream is winding
 Through pillars and walls to alleys
 Less incandescent than the signs
 From which we siphoned joy. So body is body,

The same flesh, the skittish nose
Curved to the ground: an indelicate weed,
And irregular faces are known, memorized
And served in an unusual sky
As marks by which we navigate
And journey past these air fields
To craters torn from darkness.

Over roofs: the carpet is
A remnant of our childhood Bagdad:
As nerver-sleep comes haunting with its swing
Pouring the night back upon the proud
And all our wandering steps merge
Into the military, the accents rhymed
Though divisible into separate hopes,
And the body dreams against the curtain
Yet the play is (by what dim coincidence) the same,
Veritably the one we have lived before.
Cascades and oranges about our eyes
Conspire to move this massive time
When spires are blocks that tumble over
The picturesque, O awkward domes

Illusion:
Come with me to home.

JESS H. CLOUD

THE PROGRESS OF PHOTOGRAPHY

Slowly I mount the stairs to have
my picture taken. And in the
slightly dusty room, a shabby
modern chair celebrates the

Funereal ceremony with artificial
cheer. The occasion is a New
Year, uncertain, melancholy,
but hoping for a better than

The last. It is medieval. It is
 a world mad with carving, where
 time confers pain like a fungus
 on the face. Reflectors are

Arranged, the lights focussed for
 the most auspicious view.
 Disturbingly, my face repeats
 the past. It should not have

Been there, or was only, as air
 imagines sound. Now I am ready,
 and the camera makes what is seen
 seem what I feel. In the dark-

Room, my features gradually emerge,
 less indistinct, and slowly I
 perceive familiar things take
 unfamiliar shapes: my portrait

Becomes the likeness of another.
 Quiet and persistent as pain,
 time's lens records its fatal
 photograph, enlarged and

Cancerous; and I am the terrible
 invalid, trapped within its
 unframed space by the strength of
 an illusion the will cannot destroy.

BYRON VAZAKAS

TIME

Wine we took with us,
 Drank dispersal on the streaming mountain,
 Splashed the Omar-remnants on the rocks with the rain.
 The ripples of an ancient lake were never quieter in
 stone than now.

From the cliff-side we rolled rocks onto the highway.
The large one leaped the road but had no care to climb
the other side.

(The long line shuffles, but the Master Sergeant said,
"At Rest.")

The roar of the creek rose to us then, cancelling rain.
Words we could say could not cancel our sorrow.

Then we saw Time who was teasing us, trampling the earth
In a militant guise, drenched in the rain.
When a rock missed him, he called us an idiot remark.

ELLIS FOOTE

SANGRE DE CRISTO

Out of the night, through morning waters plunge,
Your ice and shadows bathed in sudden flame,
The north sky lunging at your peak, stone-flung
To a rumbling surf of rain, Thou thunder-sung!

Arisen along the east, that scarlet priest
Keeps yet no mass for mercy, but for breast
Torn from the ageless sacrificial beast—
Thy time-locked granite knows an older death.

I paused, a world ago, upon the barrack stoop,
The child too soon broke loose from home, as now,
When wavered before thy storm a golden sloop—
Then lost, as spanish sounds upon thy brow.
And mad as gentle Christ on that fierce dome,
My child's heart laughed through summer to my home.

SCOTT GREEN

THREE POEMS

TRISTAN IN BRITTANY

None of this was destined to go well.

There was always the practical thought that duty lay
Where the mores fixed it; that one should not live for the day
Only, but pattern his life to steer clear of hell.

There was always the voice of conscience, and minor ties,
And amenities whose effect was dulcificatory,
Such as the small dinner, the exchange in the conservatory,
One's husband's friends, one's wife's amusing replies.

It is odd how closely the facts approximate
The course of fiction, as still sometimes purveyed
In monthly instalments (She decides she will not leave him—
She really loved him once, and it isn't too late).
No need to say that either was afraid:
But Love is blind—it is easy to deceive him.

REMINISCENCE OF CHILDHOOD

There was a comet. We couldn't make head or tail of it.
It streaked the sky in plenty—oh, plenty—of time.
There were too many columnists and no prophets
To set us straight the year the comet came.

Then, you could never tell anybody anything.
People were shrewd. They knew it was propaganda.
The baby's fever was normal; it came from teething.
The poor baby grew up with a lame leg and a

Perpetual furrow vertical between the eyebrows
On reaching manhood—if that was what it reached.
Each family had herbs hung up in its own house:
For thrift, thistle; for poison, the stone of a peach.
Its own lore was more than enough for each.

We had our own lore and a comet too,
Standing next door beyond the oak and elm.
A new blight had just begun to chew
The leaves yellow. They fell in a dead calm.

BRIC - A - BRAC

The terra cotta fawn regards his rear.
One day he will grow up and be a deer.
In creamy white upon the mantlepiece,
Still is he statue but his time is near.

So delicate the neck, so art-conceived,
You would not think those sinews shall have grieved.
Perhaps not quite tomorrow, yet next year,
When youth has ceased and manhood been believed.

Indeed from that cold fabric the hot horn
Will lock in death and all the forest mourn.

MYRON H. BROOMELL

TWO POEMS

COLUMBIA DRY FALLS

This work was engined with an amplitude
At which the mind can only shrink and stare,
Nor entered Anthrop with his dwarfish brood
Until the theater fell in disrepair.

Uranian centuries to break the back
Of basalt, silica, obsidian;
Budget cosmogony to dredge the track
And scoop the spillways for the overrun.

Rejoicing through his canyon roared the rover,
Headlong down this infinity the stream,
Until the glacier wearied and gave over,
Changing his course by some colossal whim.

Only his terraces remain, the rubble
Below his staircase, where the arid trail
Has led us wanderers across the stubble,
Counting the scaly rattles on Time's tail.

DAGUERREOTYPE

Is this the sum of her, or was she human?
 When I unlatch the painted leather case
 And slant the metal plate to show her face
 I catch the uncertain shadow of a woman
 Standing inflexible, severe, undead.
 What would the old photographer have said
 In her excuse? She had to pose too long,
 Staring in sunlight that was overstrong,
 Until her gaze became forever set;
 Her kindness marbled in austerity.
 So through the wire of a menagerie,
 A farmyard fence, uneasy I have met
 Just such an alien target-eye as she
 Focuses uncommunicant on me.

Now that the wise have ventured to uncere
 Mummies in the museum, rays have flown
 Clean through the wrappings to the crooked bone,
 Splitting millenniums to make it clear
 The young Egyptians could grow rickety
 Without their vitamins as well as we.
 Let them anatomize the shadow here,
 Whose body was not spiced nor honified!
 Flyleaf of Bible hints how piously
 She bore ten children, suffered for a year
 From an affliction of the chest, and died.
 She shared our heritage and flexed our fate;
 Now in her plushy border, hollow-eyed,
 She is but ancestress, recalled today
 As an unhappy shadow on a plate,
 Burdened with love she cannot give away.

CELESTE TURNER WRIGHT

ALL MUST CRUMBLE

Weeds grow high in Eden;
birds dip their wings and call.
Restless thunders argue;
the bitter apples fall.

Shudders of lonely manchild
shake the universe;
Fear is a curious weapon;
integrity, a curse.

Rocks that are never broken
harbor nor root nor leaf;
Seeds that are never prisoned
sprout neither truth nor belief.

MARY GRAHAM LUND

BOOKPLATE

Time sets a term
To what is wrought,
Except to thought
If it be firm.

Much we preserve
For interest's sake,
But thoughts we take
As they deserve.

This is my book.
I hope to find
Thought here confined
When I shall look.

ANN STANFORD

REVIEWS OF SOME CURRENT POETRY

- Poems*, by Stefan George; translated by Carol North Valhope and Ernst Morwitz. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc., 1943. \$2.75.
- Poems*, by Rainer Maria Rilke; translated by Jessie Lemont. New York: Columbia University Press, 1943. \$3.00.
- The Trial of Lucullus*, by Bertolt Brecht; translated by H. R. Hays. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions (The Poets of the Year), 1943. Wrappers, \$.50; boards, \$1.00.
- Some Poems of Friedrich Hölderlin*, translated by Frederic Prokosch. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions (The Poets of the Year), 1943. Wrappers, \$.50; boards, \$1.00.
- New Poems*, by Dylan Thomas. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions (The Poets of the Year), 1943. Wrappers, \$.50; boards, \$1.00.
- Last Poems of Elinor Wylie*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1943. \$2.75.
- The Sun at Noon*, by James Hearst. Muscatine, Iowa: The Prairie Press, 1943. No price indicated.
- Steep Acres*, by Daniel Smythe. Washington: Anderson House, 1942. \$1.50.
- North Window and Other Poems*, by Hortense Flexner. New York: Coward-McCann Inc., 1943. \$2.00.
- The Vineyard Keeper: a Lyric Drama Based on the Song of Songs of Solomon*, by Harry H. Fein. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc., 1943. \$1.50.
- This, My Earth*, by Sage Holter. New York: Gotham Bookmart Press, 1942. \$1.00.
- Primer for America*, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$2.00.

The number of translations from German poetry has been immense in recent years and, in view of our war with Germany, perhaps ironical—but a practical demonstration of the internationalism of good poetry. Among the modern German poets, Stefan George has been mentioned many times in English; but I believe these translations, accompanied by the original German text, are the first substantial publication of George's poems in the United States. Eric Russell Bentley in a review of the book in *Partisan Review* indicates that the translators have not offered George's poems of "homocrotism" or "fascistic aestheticism." The translations give us little impression of a poet as great as several competent critics have thought George to be. The poems in English are very pre-modern in diction and, often, in sentiment. On the basis of these versions, one would place George as a neo-romantic, with a little more urgency of point of view than in the better English verse of 1880-1910, and with only a little more realism. The German text, so far as I can read it, seems more modern in diction. The translators seem to be rather fair to the sentiments and ideas, but to deliver them with poor verse feeling. The religious poems, great in quantity, are strangely isolated in feeling for a modern poet; the reason is perhaps the one given in the introductory essay by Morwitz—"through his new experience he had been removed to a spiritual level other than that of the world about him"—or perhaps the attitude indicated by the last line of "Man and Faun," translated "Only by magic, Life is kept awake."

Whereas George seems definitely to precede modern "experimentalism" and contact with the French Symbolists, Rilke is cautiously in touch with this modernism. This tendency probably explains, in part, his recent popularity and the many translations which have appeared within a few years. For this collection Jessie Lemont selects poems preponderantly from the early work. She offers the "easy lyric" aspect of Rilke and is unfair to his mature work. Thus her translations are a personal selection and must be judged upon their success as English lyrics. Her performance is better than fair, creating a number of times at least passages of good English verse.

Of the German translations considered here, in many ways I admire most the translation by H. R. Hays of Brecht's *The Trial of Lucullus*. The play is immediate in that it is a condemnation of force and of fascist methods. Also it is of interest as a work in the new medium of the radio play. But in addition to these immediate interests, it is a well-sustained play done in a good English version.

An interesting comparison in translation is that between Pierre Loving's Hölderlin poems (Little Blue Book No. 724, Haldeman-Julius Co., Girard, Kansas) and those of Frederic Prokosch. Loving emphasizes a neo-Greek feeling and gives us rather good poems in the H. D. and Richard Aldington Imagist manner; Prokosch gives us a more traditional romanticism in his own lush, rhetorical, and sensuous style. I am inclined to like the Loving poems a little better; but Prokosch's are interesting and are certainly closer to the original.

Many critics have come to admire Dylan Thomas a great deal. I confess that I cannot follow his poems well. But it appears to me that his complexity is a verbal one almost entirely, masking a really uncomplex manner. Thomas is accomplished in this mode, a mode which is minor and radical and which is capably handled by Yvor Winters' strictures against modern experimentalism.

Last Poems of Elinor Wylie is a miscellaneous collection, with a good many styles, including some without the metallic surface which was her developed mannerism and which betrayed her by its surface satisfactions. One could mention the early "Written on the Flyleaf of John Webster's Plays" and a few others, but even these are not among her few poems which may hold some interest for a time yet.

James Hearst and Daniel Smythe are nature poets in that their matters and sentiments are largely concerned with human responses to natural scenes, to landscapes, trees, animals, and the soil. Both have lapses into easy attitudes which do not invite struggle, analysis, paradox, "earned" sentiments. But each does an occasional good poem of the type—James Hearst in "The Other Land" and "Home-sickness" from his thirty-eight page pamphlet finely printed by Carroll Coleman, Daniel Smythe in "The Pheasant" and some others from his ninety-five page book.

Hortense Flexner is capable of writing such a poem as "October Corn":

Rusty soldiers,
Still drilling in broken ranks,
With your bent bayonets,
Your yellow flapping arms,
You cannot make me believe
You have won the battle.

In justice to her, there are better poems in her book, but really few of a remarkably better quality. Harry H. Fein's *The Vineyard Keeper* is called a lyric drama (based on the Song of Songs of Solomon), I suppose, because it is mostly lyric and not dramatic. The lyrics, where closest to Biblical imagery, are good, if not particularly arresting. Generally there are too many lapses in verse ability and too much repetition of flagging lines. Sage Holter's work is on a mixture of Irish and New Mexico backgrounds. There are three or four fair efforts in a book of ninety-six pages; the remainder is a poor mixture of sentimentality, inept imagery, and a failure to stop a poem when it is really done. Robert P. Tristram Coffin's *Primer for America* is a super-patriotic "quickie," what used to be called jingoism. In it, for example, barns in America are called "American Cathedrals." That is on page eleven, and I don't think you'll go any farther. The last page is numbered 166, if you want to know how much of it there is.

ALAN SWALLOW

Have Come, Am Here, by José Garcia Villa. New York: The Viking Press, 1942. \$2.00.

American Writing 1942: the Anthology and Yearbook of the American Non-Commercial Magazine, edited by Alan Swallow. Prairie City, Illinois: The Press of James A. Decker, 1943. \$2.00.

The Twittering Self, by Robert Brown. The Swallow Pamphlets: Number Six. Gunnison, Colorado: Alan Swallow, 1943. \$.25.

Crooked Eclipses, by Ruth G. Van Horn. Gunnison, Colorado: Alan Swallow, 1942. \$.75.

Pagophila, by Sylvia Wittmer, with a foreword by the publisher. Gunnison, Colorado: Alan Swallow, 1943. \$1.50.

Have Come, Am Here is a book of new verse by José Garcia Villa, a native of the Philippine Islands. One does not derive from Mr. Villa's verse the true pleasure that comes of reading first-rate work. Most of the poems appear to "spring" from a pseudodramatic conflict between a cruel, nay-saying God, and Eve, the inspiration of "the beautiful word." Several poets and critics, and even one philosopher, have expressed unqualified admiration of Mr. Villa's glittering surface lines and momentarily interesting tangential sparkle, and more especially of his "influences." It certainly is true that Mr. Villa's line seeks to blend the light of "Tiger, tiger burning bright" and an early Miltonic morning in the Garden of Eden before the fall; but, for all that, true idea and deep feeling are profoundly absent. Perhaps Mr. Villa's faults are to some extent those of the critics who have praised him for what is bad in him. It is always easier of course to strike a decorative pose than to stand up to the real thing—but is it worth doing?

American Writing: 1942 is a refreshing and stimulating collection of poems and short stories selected from literary magazines by Alan Swallow. The editor has been very honest in picking for republication only that work which has definitely marked originality and freshness, even though some of the stories, in particular, seem to be the product of very new hands at the art of writing. Three fine pieces of prose fiction out of six is a very good score, however. "A Short Space," by Kathleen Hough,

from *THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW*; "Goodwood Comes Back," by Robert Penn Warren, from *The Southern Review*; and "A Visit Of Charity," by Eudora Welty, from *Decision*, are first-rate stories. "Goodwood Comes Back" is especially fine and is undoubtedly a work of literature of lasting worth. Perhaps the least attractive piece of prose is that by Walter Van Tilburg Clark entitled "Why Don't You Look Where You're Going?" and reprinted from *Accent*. The story starts off well but ends in a welter of rather disingenuous and overly heavy irony. The best poems republished in *American Writing* are "Penance," by George Abbe, from *Prairie Schooner*; "Force's Joust," by Anna Maria Armi, from *Decision*; "Carnival in New Orleans," by Howard Baker, from *Poetry*; "Elegy: For You, Father," by John Ciardi, from *The Kenyon Review*; "Summer Idyll," by J. V. Cunningham, from *Modern Verse*; "The New View," by John Holmes, from *American Prefaces*; "Query," by Josephine Miles, from *The Southern Review*; "Terror," by Robert Penn Warren, from *Poetry*; and "An Elegy For The U. S. N. Dirigible, Macon," by Yvor Winters, from *Modern Verse*. Of this work the poems which strike one as being of most lasting beauty and permanent value are those by Howard Baker, Yvor Winters, J. V. Cunningham, and Robert Penn Warren. The warm and festive quality of Mr. Baker's piece and the dramatic force of Mr. Warren's poem are thoroughly to be admired and enjoyed. There is one bad poem included in *American Writing*. It is entitled "Suburban Sunset," by Kenneth Fearing, reprinted from *Compass*. Forced humor and newsy comment do not make a real poem. Except for one or two lapses, *American Writing* is full of good things; and its editor deserves warm thanks for exercising so unselfishly his fine and discriminating powers in the interest of new American letters.

The best poem by Robert Brown in his pamphlet of verse entitled *The Twittering Self* (a very bad title) is called "The Brothers: Egypt And Mexico." In this short piece the author succeeds in clarifying and intensifying, to a greater degree than elsewhere in the work, his own vision of beauty and grandeur discovered through the glass of relativity. *Crooked Eclipses*, by Ruth G. Van Horn, is also a work of modest length. One of the poems included, "At Medicine Bow," although short, is both vivid and strong and gives us something of the ruggedness and color of mountains. Unlike Robert Brown and Ruth G. Van Horn, Sylvia Wittmer, the author of *Pagophila*, a book of poems, likes to weave words into textures sometimes too closely knit to be thoroughly enjoyable. Rather often in Mrs. Wittmer's work the effect of fine opening lines is marred by later and regrettable decline into amorphous verbalism. One may well believe, as Mrs. Wittmer seems to, that the sunbeam of many motes is more exhilarating than "the cold, white light of eternity," but after all one must not introduce total eclipse until the poem is ended.

LINCOLN FITZELL

BOOK REVIEWS

Guide to Life and Literature of the Southwest; with a few Observations, by J. Frank Dobie. Austin, Texas: The University of Texas Press, special printing for the University Press in Dallas, Southern Methodist University, 1943. \$1.00.

My Rambles as East Texas Cowboy, Hunter, Fisherman, Tie Cutter, by Solomon Alexander Wright; arranged, with introduction, by J. Frank Dobie. Austin, Texas: Texas Folklore Society, 1942. \$3.00.

The Sword Was Their Passport: a History of American Filibustering in the Mexican Revolution, by Harris Gaylord Warren. Baton Rouge, Louisiana: Louisiana State University Press, 1943. \$3.00.

Twentieth Century Texas: an Economic and Social History, by Ralph W. Steen. Austin, Texas: The Steck Company, 1942. \$3.00.

Only the Valiant, by Charles Marquis Warren. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$2.50.

It would be hard to find five Southwestern books more at odds with each other than the ones listed above. They are not merely different in style and content; they represent opposite ideas about what it takes to make a good regional book. Two are scholarly histories in search of facts. The other three—a critical bibliography, a book of reminiscences, and a novel—look for the flavor and color in our early history and declare or imply that facts are dead unless an author makes them live.

J. Frank Dobie's *Guide* is the book list he uses in his course in Life and Literature of the Southwest at the University of Texas, with the addition of "a few observations." These observations, strongly flavored with carbolic acid, are the really valuable part of the book. Mr. Dobie is the first to admit that his list is "fragmentary and incomplete"—that it is "strong on character and ways of life of early settlers" and "weak on information about politicians." One might add that Mr. Dobie tends to see Texas as the Southwest and the Texas cattleman as the typical Southwesterner, that he passes too quickly over the Southwestern Indian and is perfunctory about recent fiction. But in his "Observations" he pulls no punches. Southwestern writing, he says, reflects "a distinct cultural inheritance, full of life and drama, told variously in books so numerous that their very existence would surprise many people who depend on the Book-of-the-Month Club for literary guidance, though the sheeplike makers of textbooks and sheeplike pedagogues of American literature have until recently, either willfully or ignorantly, denied that

right to the Southwest." To make people aware of their own environment and to introduce them to vital regional writing is Mr. Dobie's object in life. He is one of the few men in the Southwest who can make even a bibliography a stimulating experience.

To exemplify simple but vital writing, Mr. Dobie has edited, as the first issue in his Range Life Series, the autobiography of Solomon Wright. *My Rambles* is a leisurely, chatty account of a life spent out-of-doors. The Wright family lived in the piney woods of East Texas "amongst all the alligators and cottonmouth moccasins." It was wild country in the early days, and game was plentiful. Mr. Wright likes to tell about his guns and the deer and turkeys he killed. Anyone who likes to hunt will enjoy his story. Others may prefer Saroyan. In 1898 he began his "rambles," which took him everywhere in the West where there was timber to cut, game to shoot, or fish to catch. He died in 1937 in California. His editor thinks that "in these dark and tragic times" the life story of "a man singularly free of ambitions for power or property may prove restful."

Entirely outside Mr. Dobie's canons of good writing is *The Sword was Their Passport*, subtitled *A History of Filibustering in the Mexican Revolution*. It is the most thorough account to date of the plots and counterplots which were hatched in the United States and abroad between 1813 and 1821 aiming at the "liberation" of Texas and the fomenting of revolution in Mexico. Dr. Warren acknowledges that many aspects of his subject have been exhaustively studied by other scholars, but claims rightly the distinction of producing the first "comprehensive" treatment. Unfortunately, from Mr. Dobie's standpoint at least, the book is lacking in essential human warmth. The story is told with little graciousness of style and seldom turns aside from the steady march of statement and footnote. It will not attract the general reader, but no second book on the filibusters will need to be written.

Twentieth Century Texas, by a professor of history at Texas A. and M. College, belongs in the scholarly category also. It is not so overwhelmingly footnoted as Dr. Warren's work, but it is packed as full of information. With its compressed style and careful subdivision of topics, it might be described as a condensed encyclopedia or as an expanded handbook. In it can be found most of the essential information about the Prohibition Crusade in Texas, Old Folks' Homes, The Federal Food Administration, and so on. In handling such topics as tenant farming and the negro situation, the author is rigidly factual, but does not dodge the unpleasant implications of his facts. Occasionally he is humorous ("In West Texas the baby crop is the most certain crop of all"); and he realizes, as a good historian, that trivialities—even mah-jongg and monopoly—may be historically important. His book will not be read for relaxation, but it is none the less useful. A good index helps.

Only the Valiant is excellent fiction about Indian fighting and life in an Arizona army post during the Apache Indian raids of the seventies. Captain Lance leads a detail on a suicide mission to hold up the attack of the great chief Tucos until reinforcements can reach the post. Life in a frontier garrison is described with minute and loving care. The psychological stresses of such living make the plot. And the sinister effect of those great fighters, the Apaches, on human minds could hardly be better done. Mr. Warren's experience as a Hollywood script writer

(before he joined the armed forces) appears, perhaps a little too much, in the high glossy finish he gives his narrative. In spite of its movie quality, however, his book should be grouped with *The Sea of Grass* and *The Ox-Bow Incident* as an example of superior artistic work based on venerable Wild West formulas. It is one of the best popular novels of this region in a long time.

If these five books have any quality in common, it would be earnestness. Each one is done by a competent and conscientious man. The ideal of what makes a good book differs in each, but there is nothing slipshod about the way the job is done. In a part of the country where amateurish, sensational, half-digested writing has been perpetrated so often, so much conscientiousness is surely a good sign.

C. L. SONNICHSEN

The Humboldt: Highroad of the West, by Dale L. Morgan; illustrated by Arnold Blanch. (Rivers of America series.) New York and Toronto: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1943. \$2.50.

Mormon Country, by Wallace Stegner. (American Folkways series.) New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1942. \$3.00.

Dale Morgan probably knows more about the early history of Utah, Southern Idaho, Wyoming, and the Great Basin area of Nevada than anyone who has yet written about it. As director of the Federal Arts Project and editor of the *Utah Guide*, he had immediate access to pioneer journals, diaries, and transcriptions of interviews collected by the F.A.P., which constitute probably the most complete and systematic record of such material outside the restricted files of the Mormon Church library in Utah and the Bancroft collection in California.

Wallace Stegner, on the other hand, is a competent stylist with several excellent short novels to his credit, and he acknowledges (as Bernard DeVoto also did in *The Year of Decision*) his indebtedness to Mr. Morgan for factual information concerning the early settlement of Utah and the Great Basin area.

The results are much as might be expected. *The Humboldt*, although concerned with the Mormons only as the most solid and influential single factor in the settlement of the area which the paradoxical old river traversed, is crammed with incident and anecdote to a point where it becomes repetitious. Mr. Stegner, as though aware of the amount of writing that has been done recently about the Mormons, has woven his narrative more loosely about a few incidents and personalities that must have seemed to him typical and interesting. He has brushed very lightly over many of the better-known events.

Both volumes supply interesting and informative reading for the general reader, a chief objective, I take it, of each series. One cannot help feeling, however, that Mr. Morgan has strained somewhat to relate so much of Western history to a river which is now known to only a handful of people outside the region where it flows, that Mr. Stegner has given undue space to certain characters and events (the story of the Marie Ogden cult in San Juan County, for instance) which will never loom large in the story of "Mormon Country."

Still, no one will deny the value of the Humboldt to the period of Western migration, when it was a landmark and the only source of water for the trapper,

trader, explorer, prospector, and colonizer. Mr. Morgan's thesis is that this river, hated yet indispensable, so often a witness to frontier tragedy, hastened the march of empire from East to West and turned the tide of emigration from Oregon to California. It is really the story of the failure of a river—as a river—for its water was muddy and bitter with alkali; and it did not flow into the Pacific Ocean, as was thought originally, but simply disappeared into the air and the sands of the sun-baked American desert. It was neither waterway nor waterhole, but it did supply the incentive for men to dash recklessly onto the glistening salt flats of Great Salt Lake; and although many of them perished, great numbers survived to pan gold in the streams of California, to dig holes into the hills, to erect a commerce, and finally to construct the western link of a transcontinental railway.

Mormon Country is a book with little of the epic intensity of *The Humboldt*, concerned as it is with the "folkways" of a settled, for the most part agricultural people. Mr. Stegner tells, for instance, with an appreciative humor, of a character little-known outside Utah, but one who gathered legend as a ship collects barnacles: J. Golden Kimball. He tells of "The Wild Bunch," Mormon boys gone wrong in a frontier society; Butch Cassidy, Robin Hood of the West; stories of the "Three Nephites, who are mythological figures as real, if less malevolent, to many present-day Mormons as were witches to the early New Englanders.

Mr. Stegner lived long enough in the "Mormon Country" to get the "feel" of it, and this comes over in his book. Like Mr. Morgan, he brings the story up to date (something few of the novels written about it have been able to do), showing, as Mr. Morgan also does, that the fundamental problems and beliefs of the early days have carried into the present, that the region, although changed outwardly, is still harnessed to its past, just as the Great Basin is still bridled by its need for a more adequate water supply.

RAY B. WEST JR.

Kendall of the Picayune, Being his Adventures in New Orleans, on the Texan Santa Fé Expedition, in the Mexican War, and in the Colonization of the Texas Frontier, by Fayette Copeland. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1943. \$3.00.

"Eastward I go only by force; but westward I go free," mused Henry Thoreau, meditating his preference of direction for his evening walks. He mentioned it as significant because "I believe that something like this is the prevailing tendency of my countrymen." He was right, of course. Out of the resultant westward expansion came many of the most colorful characters of our history; and one of them who deserves to be better known is that adventurous, ingenious, and forward looking editor and journalist, George Wilkins Kendall. It is difficult to understand how the biographers could have missed this man who founded the New Orleans *Picayune* on a shoestring, suffered the tortures of the captives of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition, reported the Mexican War from the front lines, and set a romantic climax to a remarkable life by his marriage to a beautiful Parisienne. Nevertheless, the fact remains that his first full-length biography is *Kendall of the Picayune*, recently published by Fayette Copeland of the University of Oklahoma.

Anyone familiar with the enthralling interest of Kendall's own *Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition*, which has served as a basis of romance from the *Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet* down to *Anthony Adverse*, knows that a biography of George Wilkins Kendall ought to be exciting reading. Unfortunately, Mr. Copeland's book is not. A solid and factual account, revealing thorough and excellent research, it yet lacks the zestful sparkle that a biography of Kendall should have.

Analysis shows two interrelated reasons for this fact: a seeming reluctance on the part of the author to enter into the mind and emotions of his subject and a tendency to allow the times to obscure the man. The former results in a lack of interpretation of Kendall's character irritating to a reader who feels that a worthwhile biography should combine sympathetic understanding of the subject with information on his overt activities. The emphasis of historical events over the man is particularly evident in the ten chapters dealing with the Mexican War. Here one sees little of Kendall and much of what was happening in Texas and Mexico. On the other hand, there is no doubt of the value of Mr. Copeland's painstaking research and well-documented work. For the present, it is a valuable contribution to the history of the development of the American press; and in the future it may provide a storehouse of material for the literary biography which George Wilkins Kendall richly deserves.

THELMA CAMPBELL

The Wind That Swept Mexico: the History of the Mexican Revolution, 1910-1942, by Anita Brenner; 184 historical photographs assembled by George R. Leighton. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1943. \$3.75.

The Amazon: the Life History of a Mighty River, by Caryl P. Haskins. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1943. \$4.00.

Ecuador: Portrait of a People, by Albert B. Franklin. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1943. \$3.50.

Brazil in the Making, by José Jobim. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$3.50.

"We are not safe in the United States, now and henceforth, without taking Mexico into account; nor is Mexico safe disregarding us. This is something that Mexicans have long known, with dread, but that few Americans have had to look at."

Thus, in her first sentence, does Anita Brenner set the theme of her magnificent book. *The Wind That Swept Mexico* is the simple and clear story of the Mexican Revolution between the years 1910 and 1920 and of subsequent events, also a part of the revolution, up until Mexico's declaration of war against the Axis. It is also an eloquent warning to us in the United States that political freedom and economic independence are not and cannot be the exclusive property of English-speaking Americans and that we shall not be safe to pursue our freedoms until the millions who are with us in the war have gained theirs.

All revolutions are compounded of varying degrees of idealism and opportunism, of courage and rapacity and unselfishness and greed, of quiet determination and

hysterical reaction. The Mexican Revolution was no exception. Perhaps it had even more than its share of opportunism and rapacity. But what raises it above all that and makes it one of the truly magnificent human endeavors of all time is the irresistible determination of a poverty-stricken and poorly educated people to attain political democracy and economic security. Frustrated time after time by unfavorable circumstances and turncoat leaders, the Mexican people have continued—and are still continuing—their struggle. There will be still more disappointments and more frustrations, but eventually they will get what they want, for the power of determined people on the march is a great power which cannot be withstood by any force on earth.

As a lifelong resident of Mexico and an eyewitness of many of the events of the Mexican Revolution, Anita Brenner is ably qualified to write of the wind that swept Mexico. Out of the turbulent welter of a nation in transition, she has written a story that is precise in its evaluations, complete in its details, and as dramatic as the original events upon which it is based, a story which no "Gingo" who is interested in his own future and that of his country can afford to overlook.

Not the least important part of *The Wind That Swept Mexico* is George Leighton's superb collection of 184 documentary photographs illustrating every phase of the revolution. The Mexican Revolution was the first great social movement lasting over a period of years to be thoroughly documented by photographers, and in assembling and publishing the photographic record of the revolution, Mr. Leighton has not only enhanced the value of Miss Brenner's text—which is quite capable of standing by itself—but has made a significant contribution to the technique of recording and presenting historical events.

The Amazon: the Life History of a Mighty River is a book misnamed. For it is not the river, but rather the social and political history of the people of the six nations drained by the Amazon, that constitutes the major portion of the book. Only two of its six sections deal primarily with the river and the land through which it flows (seventy-six out of the book's 402 pages); nearly 200 pages are devoted to the political histories of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil; and an additional forty are given over to a discussion of the political relations of the United States with the South American countries.

A tremendous amount of information is contained in *The Amazon*—much of it interesting, all of it valuable. But, unfortunately, so large a part of the book is devoted to purely political history, covering so large an area and so long a time that the text becomes little more than a recital of names and dates.

If it was Caryl Haskins' purpose to write a historical textbook dealing with the nations drained by the Amazon, he has succeeded admirably. Fact following fact, name piled upon name, and date succeeding date are impressive and dull in true textbook style. But if it was his intention to write about a river and the drama of the effect of that river upon the lives of the people through whose lands it runs, he has fallen far short of his goal. The pill of historical fact is there; but the sugar of dramatic interpretation is not; and without that sugar, as any child knows, pill may be highly beneficial but never palatable.

A much more interesting and, I suspect, more effective book is Albert Franklin's *Ecuador: Portrait of a People*. For Mr. Franklin has concerned himself not with the politics or the history or the archaeology or the economics of Ecuador, but with its people, a people whom he knows and understands and likes. If economics creeps into a few pages, it is there because Mr. Franklin is aware that Ecuadorians also must eat; if politics are touched upon—and they are—they are presented because Ecuador has a government and because the Ecuadorians, if not altogether responsible for that government, are becoming increasingly interested in it and increasingly determined that it should and must serve them.

The Ecuador of Mr. Franklin's book is a fascinating country, half in and half out of the twentieth century, a country that Mr. Franklin knows thoroughly and tells about with gusto and evident enjoyment. Statistics are subordinated to anecdote, personalities are abstracted from historical data, and trivia are properly placed, with the result that *Ecuador* is not only a delightful book to read, but one that conveys to the reader a vivid impression of the people and problems of one of the South American countries whose affections we are assiduously wooing.

In *Brazil in the Making*, José Jobim, Secretary to the Co-ordinator of Economic Mobilization for Brazil, gives one of the first and certainly the most complete account of the efforts of his country to industrialize herself. Beginning with a brief survey of recent economic developments in Brazil, he proceeds to sketch in the historical background of trade and industrial development and then surveys in turn the principal manufacturing industries, spinning and weaving, the production of foodstuffs, clothing and linens, leather, iron and steel, machinery, chemicals, glass, rubber, paper. Liberally documented with statistical data, *Brazil in the Making* is valuable not only as a statement of the present economic status of the most highly industrialized country in Latin America, but also as an outline of the pattern which other Latin-American nations might conceivably follow in diversifying their own economic systems, increasing their degree of industrialization, and becoming—as much as is possible or desirable in the modern world—economically independent.

LYLE SAUNDERS

Mexican Oil: Symbol of Recent Trends in International Relations, by Harlow S. Person. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1942. \$1.50.

The publishers state that "this book grows out of a report which supplied the factual basis for the agreement reached between the United States and the Mexican governments for indemnifying American owners of Mexican oil wells which were expropriated by the Mexican government." If this statement is correct, one can only marvel at the meagerness of this "factual basis." About one-third of the booklet contains general remarks on "Mexico's historical background"; a little more than one-third, or thirty-three pages, is given to a summary of the development of the oil industry in Mexico down to the present time; ten pages deal with the procedure followed by the two "experts" appointed by the government to determine the amount of indemnification; and an appendix contains the two agreements pertaining thereto.

The author was "staff chief of the American experts whose services were placed at the disposal of the United States representative . . . in dealings with the Mexican representative in reaching this international oil agreement"; yet he had no first hand experience either in Mexico or in oil economy. This, perhaps, explains his optimistic opinion concerning the soundness of the decision of the two government representatives (a decision which was not accepted by the oil companies) concerning the salutary effects which he expects of it in regard to future foreign investment in Mexico and "international relations" in general. The reader is not given sufficient evidence on which to base a judgment of his own. He is told that some elements considered by the two "experts" were "imponderables" and that "what was in the minds of the governments in their reference to technical consideration [to be made by the experts] is not clear" (p. 68).

The general attitude of the author is one of criticism toward the United States companies and benevolent encouragement toward the Mexican official policy. His treatment of the subject is based on the unrealistic assumption that Mexico "is of full stature among the democratic nations of the world" (p. 16). No adequate discussion of the economic aspects of the conflict, as distinguished from the legal and ethical aspects, and of the effects of the expropriations for Mexico herself, which proved to be disastrous, is offered. No exact data on investments, profits, wages, exports, and distribution of property in the oil industry before and after expropriation are furnished. Except for one passing remark in parentheses, toward the end, the book ignores completely the facts that the major part of the Mexican oil industry was owned by British-Dutch interests, that any truly satisfactory liquidation of the problem must include a settlement with that group, and that no progress in this direction has been made.

Somewhat careless phrasing and editing also impair the value of the study. For example, on page 28 "the value of industrial products" is compared with that of "agricultural" products, without defining either term. On page 28 the end of the Díaz regime is given as 1810 instead of 1910.

In the opinion of this reviewer this volume does not offer a satisfactory treatment of the subject, even for the general reader.

RICHARD F. BEHRENDT

Builders of Latin America, by Watt Stewart and Harold F. Peterson. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1942. \$2.00.

Chile: a Geographic Extravaganza, by Benjamín Subercaseaux; translated by Angel Flores. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$3.00.

The first of these two samples of the tide of books stimulated by the Good Neighbor Policy, *Builders of Latin America*, is designed to tell the stories of twenty-two less familiar Latin Americans who made definite contributions to the progress of their nations, rather than to retell stories of familiar heroes associated with discovery and conquest. The authors have not selected their subjects as heroes, but as men, heroic or not, who initiated or carried through programs decisive in the development of their countries. Thus Porfirio Díaz in Mexico and Dictators Rosas and Gómez in Argentina and Venezuela respectively are as impartially considered

as are Sarmiento in Argentina, Martí in Cuba, and Bolívar and San Martín all over the continent.

The chief defect of the book is that the sections deal in turn with foundations, revolutions, dictatorships, and democracies, so that the reader gets no consecutive picture of developments in any one country; indeed, often the reader is entirely at a loss to know what happened to a people after kind fate removed a particularly obnoxious revolutionist or dictator from their midst. Merely as short accounts of individuals, with no attempt to trace the effect of these individuals upon the subsequent history of their countries, the book makes interesting reading, although the style is slightly juvenile and perhaps more suited to the reader of high school age than to the adult. Excellent photographs and a few maps add to the enjoyment of the book.

Benjamín Subercaseaux, the notable young Chilean who unmasked the Nazi spy ring in Chile last fall and who recently visited the United States, has written a charming book about his native land. He has combined in a free, informally conversational style much information, geographic, economic, and social, under the pretext of writing a book less dull than school geographies. Beginning with a surmise of what Magellan, Pigafetta, and company missed when they sailed through the straits in 1520 and turned their backs upon the coastline stretching to the north, the author suddenly transports the reader to the extreme northern boundary of Chile and there begins an ambling journey southward, pointing out all along the line the mountains, valleys, and rivers, the towns, the cities, and the peoples whose lives are bound and determined by the geography of the land.

Perhaps to the Chilean—and the book was a best seller in Chile—or to the traveler who has already experienced Chile, the picture is clear. To the uninitiated it is a kaleidoscope of ever-changing views charmingly mingled with facts and some admitted fancies of the author's. When the last page is reached, a jumble of confused impressions remains. The reader has enjoyed a swift journey through a long and great land with a witty guide, but he is still uncertain whether he knows anything about the Chilean people or the Chilean landscape, and he is certainly ignorant of the past and possible future of the country. The book is a travelogue without benefit of pictures or even of an adequate map on the end papers.

The translation by Angel Flores, rapidly becoming one of the best-known translators of Latin-American literature into English, is reasonably smooth and readable. The tendency nowadays to pass off verbless phrases as sentences, thereby disturbing the even flow of the prose, is regrettable.

MARY WICKER

New Viewpoints on the Spanish Colonization of America, by Silvio Zavala. Philadelphia and London: University of Pennsylvania Press and Oxford University Press, 1943. \$1.25.

About once in a decade students of history are blessed with a classical little monograph that correlates, synthesizes, and brings together under one cover the new developments in some special field of history. This volume is especially

welcome because there is perhaps no field that has been more beset by entangling and misleading generalities than that of the Spanish colonization of America.

Although one of the youngest members of his profession, Zavala has already distinguished himself, through his critical discrimination, austere objectivity, and clear, elevated style, as a man of sound historical scholarship. Here he stresses the social point of view as a means of focalizing the study of colonization as a process; and in doing so, he points out certain errors that have resulted from applying predominantly political criteria.

In Chapter I he indicates that the legal claims of Spain in the Indies are closely connected with theological ideas and linked with political and moral philosophy as well. In the next three chapters he shows how the papal bulls of Pope Alexander VI suffered a great distortion, strikes a new note on the evangelical and political problems of penetration in the New World, and dispels the cloud of confusion surrounding the "Doctrine of Just War."

The remainder of the volume, with the exception of the chapter on social experiments, is based on his own contributions to the field. These deal with the controversial problems of Indian slavery and the evolution of the labor system and with the *encomienda*, which, in spite of the efforts of "centuries" of historians to demonstrate otherwise, evolved into a *system of tribute and not a land grant!*

CONRAD K. NAEGLÉ

The Seven Golden Cities, by Mabel Farnum. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1943. \$2.75.

The dynamic and fascinating saga of the Coronado expedition which played such an important role in exploding the extravagant tales of the fabulous north-land—Cibola! Quivira!—has attracted the pen of numerous chroniclers, both contemporary and modern. Here, for the first time in popular form, Miss Farnum presents the consecutive story of Fray Marcos de Niza, precursor of the Coronado expedition. Since his expedition was staged in the same historic setting as that of Coronado, one wonders why this Franciscan herald and pioneer and his colorful career have failed to attract biographers long before now. This vivid, graphic, authentic portrayal is a welcome contribution to the literature of the Southwest.

CONRAD K. NAEGLÉ

Santos: the Religious Folk Art of New Mexico, text and photographs by Mitchell A. Wilder with Edgar Breitenbach; with a foreword by Rudolph A. Gerken, Archbishop of Santa Fe. Colorado Springs, Colorado: The Taylor Museum of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, 1943. \$4.00.

Two factors have prepared a group of readers for this book: the interest in primitive art and the search for American originals. Since nineteenth century artists carried both sculpture and painting to the ultimate in representation of models, a reaction was inevitable in the direction of art that represented meanings independent of models, art which subordinated models to their significance. In this respect, the work of many twentieth century sculptors and painters seems more

Gothic than Renaissance, a healthy trend if art is to come closer to the life of the masses than to wealth and patronage. The search for American originals ranges from the hobby impulse, such as expressed by a recent collector of American shaving mugs, to the patient quest in art or letters for authentic impressions of native genius.

The Taylor Museum book on *santos* offers both a library and a gallery of material on the religious folk art of New Mexico. It will not only inform the casual reader but it will set the critical reader upon new trails of exploration. In New Mexico, too many of our trails are worn thin by travel. We have repeated our forbears and each other. We have the richest stories of any area in the country, but we have not always been critical or expert in the use of them. All of the material upon which this book is based was once stored in New Mexico. Now in a neighbor state, it comes back to us in finer forms, for it has been entertained and interpreted by understanding hearts and minds. Since such a record as this book can be owned by anyone, the exchange was well made. Mr. Wilder's study is based upon the materials of the Taylor Museum, where in 1936, the Frank Applegate collection was housed. Since that time, the exhibit has been extensively enlarged. A list of major collections outside the Taylor Museum is given in Mr. Wilder's introduction. The Mary Lester Field Collection of the University of New Mexico is named, and the collection of Cady Wells, now being shown at the Laboratory of Anthropology in Santa Fe. Omitted from the list are such collections as those of Andrew Dasburgh and Mabel Luhan of Taos and Witter Bynner of Santa Fe.

One cannot do justice to this volume in a review, since so much of its value lies in the photographic reproductions. Nor can one even digest the excellent material in the text. Mr. Wilder gives the historical background for the *santero* (sculptor and decorator), the techniques of his art, and the various esthetic data which he has discovered characteristic of certain areas, such as the Santa Cruz Valley, Taos, and Arroyo Hondo. This is technology in which Frank Applegate pioneered. Mitchell Wilder and Charles D. Carroll of Santa Fe are the only students I know who have combined esthetic analysis with field work to extend knowledge in this respect to local *santeros* and stylistic groups. They have progressed to the discovery of prototypes and copies, to the classifications of professional as opposed to amateur work, and to generalizations as to early and late periods of *santo* production. All of this material is just ripe for argument. I recall the indignation of Mrs. Neil B. Field of Albuquerque when a suggestion was made that some of the *santos* in her collection may have been the work of Indian artisans or that the *nicho* enclosing the Holy Child may have come from a lard pail shipped in to Santa Fe after 1850.

Anyone who has collected these *bultos* or *retablos* knows the fascination they can exercise over the mind. I once bought a San Ysidro from a native vendor, and after a year he requested me to give it back to him. He had received it from the son of a farmer at Chilili. Now the crops of the old man had failed and the boy felt responsible. I gave the image back, of course. Whether it was the primitive character of tools and materials, or the naive technique, something gave to these figures a vitality which more sophisticated art frequently lacks. Carried in procession, honored in other religious ceremonies and in the home, these *santos*

supplied for people in that time examples of fortitude, compassion, suffering, industry, and kindness. They were personal to a people who repaired, adorned, and revered them with an intimacy no art object could ever induce in us. They may carry down to us, as in a time mirror, not only this view of an early stage of American culture, but even portraits of native villagers who could have supplied the models. So primitive art and conventional art may have models in common; but whether the *santero* worked from a real model or a wooden one, he gave to his carving the universal elements of a theme, the quality or ideal of the saint he was representing. It is this which often strikes the modern onlooker and places him in the presence of a creative worker whose handiwork enrolls him with the multitude of humble folk who have created something of good and passed it on to another day as witness of abiding values.

T. M. PEARCE

In Defense of the West: a Political and Economic Study, by Herbert von Beckerath. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1942. \$3.50.

Aspects of a World at War: Radio Forums of the Louisiana State University, edited by Robert Bechtold Heilman. Baton Rouge, Louisiana: Louisiana State University Press, 1943. No price indicated.

Both of these books emphasize in sharp focus the peculiar weakness of the academic mind: its large proportion of obtuseness, caused by an overreliance on the thoughts of other men together with a hesitation to appraise and criticize them.

The first book, obtuse and misleading even in the title, professes to be a political and economic study of western thought and institutions. Divided into three parts—The Pattern of Civilization, The Breakdown of Liberal Society, and The Threefold Problem of Reconstruction—it discusses such things as the essential characteristics of western civilization, the collapse of the international order in 1914, and the problems of economic, moral, and political reconstruction. Although the subjects are promising, their exposition is not very satisfying.

The author attempts to remove himself above the battle and, as it were, to view the world's decaying liver through a microscope, like the biologist peering at the nucleus of a Paramecium—as though the activities of man, spiritual and mental as well as material, can be discussed like a mathematical formula with adequately defined and unambiguous terms of the latter, as though the discussion has validity when the concepts and terms, third- and fourth-hand, missed the truth to begin with.

Here is an example of the author's reasoning: "While previous society, with its rare and weak interlocal contacts, needed little sense of community between local groups and could survive the contrast between ethics of solidarity, pertinent to the inner life of groups, and ethics of violence, war and conquest between them, modern technique has made the world a crowded, narrow place, where everybody depends on everybody else for a successful living. *Yet it has left man passionately addicted to the traditional ethics of combat and perpetual enmity between nations and regions [italics mine].*"

How neat—and yet how false. Under cover of a pseudoscientific impartiality, man is accused of a passionate addiction for war; but in reality it is precisely war

which he strives desperately against and his "passionate addiction," whenever it is evinced, is but caused by the whirlpool of ignorance and confusion created for him by an outmoded way of life and its high priests—those same who, having caused and abetted fascism in one country to the point of danger to themselves had to call upon the "passionate addiction" of the common man to stamp it out.

So much for the first book, for space prohibits further discussion. The second book is a compilation of radio forums. Among other things it contains discussions of the last peace and the next, France's fadeout, the durability of Japan, war and the scientist, and the artist in wartime. The book is frankly embarrassing. One feels embarrassed to see in print the verbal inanities of a round-table discussion, embarrassed for the men who must see their inanities perpetuated and for the inanities themselves. One has the feeling that what he reads is an unbelievably pale imitation of the Socratic dialogues and when pressed to define the main difference between the two, finds it to be the preponderance of logic in Plato, embellished by a stylistic elegance. Assuredly the comparison is unfair. For one thing, the Socratic dialogues were composed, not spoken offhand and captured by stenographers or recording machines. But the comparison refuses to disappear, unfortunately, for one reason or another; the reader suspects that the Greek dialogues were no less grand to the ear of Plato than to his hand, for it was an imposing oratorical age.

CHARLES NEIDER

The Yale Review Anthology, edited with an introduction by Wilbur Cross and Helen MacAfee. New Haven and London: Yale University Press and Oxford University Press, 1942. \$2.75.

The Private Reader: Selected Articles and Reviews, by Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1942. \$2.75.

No reviewer of anthologies or "samplings" of the type listed here can write with much certainty, for without extensive research and re-reading he can never be sure that the anthology is representative of the whole body of the work from which it is abstracted. Editors Cross and MacAfee hope that *The Yale Review Anthology* will "symbolize fairly" the work of their magazine since its founding in 1911. But surely the omission of book reviews and poetry is a serious one. In its reviewing of books, *The Yale Review* has been authoritative, thorough, and free of the commercial blight. Books have been treated as books and not as mere news. Indeed, the university-sponsored quarterlies in the United States have taken the lead in reviewing that dares pass judgment; and among its kind *The Yale Review* has had the position of leadership. The omission of poetry seems to indicate either that the editors are not proud of their poetry or that they have succumbed to the usual editorial-office view, namely, that poetry is good only as a "filler." Nevertheless, an anthology cannot, it must be admitted, include everything.

Quite obviously, the achievement of *The Yale Review* over the years has been very high. The very best names are here: Virginia Woolf, H. L. Mencken, H. M. Tomlinson, Carl Becker, Julian Huxley, Thomas Mann, André Gide, and a host of others. Editors could hardly go wrong with these authors. Especially fine are the articles categorized as bearing on "Public Affairs." Huxley and John H. Bradley give

exactly the kind of report on the end results of scientific research that Matthew Arnold thought was all the science the generality of mankind would ever need. Carl Becker and Walter Lippmann are excellently suited to discuss national or world political problems and ideologies. James Truslow Adams and Benjamin N. Cardozo have an admirable "high seriousness." Indeed, in such matters *The Yale Review* has been unexcelled. It has treated problems—and life, since 1911, as Editor Cross says, has been a series of problems—with some philosophical detachment. This is the kind of "popularization," in the very best sense, that a university in a democracy should further. And yet there is not, in all the pieces here printed, any deep sense of the urgency of modern problems, nothing that bites in. John Stuart Mill or Macaulay might have made these selections. They are directed at Suburbia and, for all their excellence, are alarmingly complacent. To borrow some of Professor and ex-Governor Cross's terms, which he borrowed in turn from Robert Frost, there is a good sense here of the "outer" weather, but not enough sense of the changing "inner" weather in the whole Western world, of *inner* frustration, needs, wants, anger.

The section entitled "Essays and Sketches" seems quite lame in these days. Mencken, MacLeish, and Canby in one way or another proclaim America's cultural independence. The old colonial uneasiness is still there, and wishful thinking that betrays unfulfillment, and the idea that you can get literature and culture by beating drums for them. Virginia Woolf is personally pleasing, and Professors Tinker and Beers are academically pleasant, but the section as a whole seems curiously dated. One must remember, however, that this is a monument to the past, not a current feast.

A section entitled "Imaginative Literature" has, despite good names and good contributions, a certain gentility, almost staleness. Walter Van Tilburg Clark's much-reprinted "The Portable Phonograph," one of *The Yale Review's* famous finds, is here to help save the section. One of Paul Horgan's best, "The Peach Stone," reminds us that, after all, this is an American magazine. But the presence of one of Erskine Caldwell's poorest, with its humor forced, and the inclusion of Hugh Walpole and Walter de la Mare indicate little more than safeness and saneness of editorial policy.

Perhaps this anthology does not, after all, do justice to *The Yale Review*. But if it is representative, then it proves a point. *The Yale Review's* strength and dignity are also its weakness. A great university-sponsored review, financially independent, ought to give us more than good names, a genteel eclecticism, a conscious internationalism, and the psychology of Suburbia. It ought to blaze a few trails, and it ought to do more than merely embalm the already-famous.

One man making selections from his own writings over a period of twenty years or so ought to be able more easily to "represent" himself fairly and well. Mark Van Doren seems to have done this. He chooses from full-length articles, from book reviews, and from movie criticism. His title is excellent. A "private reader" has no system, belongs to no school, tries to keep his balance, tries to be Dr. Johnson's and Mrs. Woolf's "common reader," strives manfully to de-professionalize his reactions to his reading. The book abundantly proves that Mr. Van Doren

still has perhaps the most completely untainted sensibility (much-abused word!) of all critics writing in America. For, with him, "sensibility" is not merely the capacity to delve into the involutions of the esoteric, to note the exquisite, to be overwhelmed by sensation. The wheel has come full circle since Dr. Johnson; and "sensibility" (as far as Van Doren is concerned) now means "common sense," the capacities of a thinking, feeling civilized man who simply insists on trying to see things *sub specie aeternitatis*, but without any desire to escape the Here and Now. Perhaps the "de-professionalization" of taste might be called the clue to Van Doren's criticism, since the clearest thread running through this volume and his recent *Shakespeare* is simply that a poet has to be a man first and that poetry is only a part of life.

There are no pyrotechnics in this volume, but there is some excellent phrasing. Van Doren says of Bernard DeVoto's *Mark Twain's America*, that it is "cantankerous"; of Proust, that he is "both mammoth and minor"; of T. S. Eliot, that he remains "at the same time delicately ironic and fanatically firm"; of Vardis Fisher, that he is "too proud to study the distinction between veracity and verity, between honesty and truth"; of Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, that the story "never runs uphill." Such phrases say the obvious well, reflecting the Johnsesque strain in Mr. Van Doren—but without the big bow-wow. But Van Doren has also his ironies and his paradoxes, and no facet of modern man's viewpoints, prejudices, or sense of his shortcomings but is put down. The sentences are packed with insight, good sense, and perceptiveness. Ephemeral as most of the material seems to be, this is a book to go back to time and again. For teachers of literature, if not for the "common reader," Van Doren's comment on one line of Shakespeare's "Sonnet LXIV" is worth the price of the book. A good critic, like Browning's painter, makes us see things we have passed a hundred times and not seen.

DUDLEY WYNN

The Latin American Collection of the Museum of Modern Art, by Lincoln Kirstein.

New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1943. \$2.00.

"We are dropping those blinders in cultural understanding which have kept the eyes of all the American republics fixed on Europe with scarcely a side glance at each other . . .," says Alfred H. Barr, Jr., Director of the Museum of Modern Art, in the foreword to Lincoln Kirstein's book, *The Latin American Collection of the Museum of Modern Art*. It took the Second World War to shift our perspective; but we now give heed to the art of Latin America, thanks to the collection of Latin-American art assembled by the Museum. This collection, which is the first contemporary collection of its kind anywhere, was increased by more than two hundred paintings, drawings, prints, and posters by Latin Americans when Mr. Kirstein went to South America and Mr. Barr went to Cuba and Mexico last year to make purchases under the terms of the *Inter-American Fund* of the Museum of Modern Art.

Lincoln Kirstein, who as America's foremost authority on the ballet wrote the first American book on the subject, now, as Consultant on Latin-American Art for the Museum, pioneers again and writes the first survey in English of this art. The

book is short, but the amount of material handled makes it of great value to those who want to know more of the cultural wealth of the Americas.

The author admits that he has only scratched the surface; but neither brevity nor his awareness that both the growing collection and his book are "tentative and incomplete" prevents his condensing the past three centuries and following cultural trends by centuries, schools, media, and subjects. In using generalizations as "springboards to affirm or deny," Mr. Kirstein shows undeniable courage. He finds for example, that North and South American culture "has been colonial and still is to a large degree provincial. . . . That is, seminal movements . . . are derived not from home soil but from Europe. Except in Mexico and . . . Peru, the Indians have had as little influence on local art as the Sioux or Navajo on our own."

Throughout the introduction, Mr. Kirstein ably contrasts and compares our own art with that of our hemispheric neighbors and gives us a broader comprehension of the artistic revolution now taking place.

In the main body of his work, he briefly considers the art of each republic, beginning with Argentina and continuing alphabetically through Uruguay. These summaries are courageously handled, nor was the task lessened by the fact that the author deals with the work of living artists and with the artists themselves.

Certainly, Mr. Kirstein has given us a review both lucid and concise, clarifying our comprehension of the work of neighbors whose artistic importance we have just begun to realize; indeed his book might serve as a Baedeker to their art. An ample bibliography gives it added value for schools, universities, and libraries.

LLOYD L. GOFF

Winter's Tales, by Isak Dinesen. New York: Random House, 1943. \$2.50.

This book, like the author's earlier *Seven Gothic Tales*, is, quite literally, out of this world. As the child may lose himself completely in the fairyland of Oz, so the adult may be completely absorbed into the unreal world created by Isak Dinesen. Though the setting may be a very tangible Copenhagen or Baden-Baden, the effect on the reader is an enchantment. Even when the meaning is obscure, the enchantment and charm remain. That is to say, of course, the charm remains for those who like her. There are many discriminating readers who are frustrated and antagonized by the elusiveness of her work.

The style of this Danish woman's writing is so exquisite and has been so unquestionably accepted as to make discussion of it superfluous. She writes in English, and perhaps the circumstance that the language is an acquired one is the reason she cherishes it so fully as never to use it carelessly. For us Americans, so steeped in journalistic writing, some extra effort may be required to read slowly enough to get full pleasure from each phrase. To attempt summary of any of her plots puts one in the dangerous position of either unconsciously imitating her (and doing a feeble job of it) or of killing the whole thing by being too heavy-handed.

One cannot recommend *Winter's Tales* without reservations. Those who enjoyed *Seven Gothic Tales* will welcome more of the same. Dinesen's writing is like olives; you like it or you don't. But, unlike olives, it is doubtful whether it can become an acquired taste. And there is no particular reason why you should

work at it. It is not a essential diet, but more a special delicacy only for those who relish its exotic flavor.

The physical features of the volume deserve special comment. Typography, art work, binding, and make-up are exquisite and in harmony with the text.

ESTHER PIERCY

Study out the Land, by T. K. Whipple. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1943. \$2.00.

The Wind Blew from the East, 1817-1942: a Study in the Orientation of American Culture, by Ferner Nuhn. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1942. \$3.00.

Both the volumes under present consideration are anniversary volumes: the first is one of several commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the University of California; the other helps to mark the one hundred and twenty-fifth year of Harper and Brothers. Both are essays in literary criticism. Except in one other respect, to be noted later, no further points of similarity are discernible.

Professor Whipple, for eighteen years until his death in 1939 a member of the English faculty at Berkeley, wrote thoughtfully and lucidly of the American literary scene for the most part in these fifteen essays, finding many interests and values the full purport of which may not be generally apparent for another generation. It is apparent, however, that Professor Whipple had faith in American culture and letters when few others did and brought to their consideration a widely cultured training, pungently stimulated by a sanely controlled Marxian point of view, plus keen perception and that increasingly rare gift, an excellent style. These essays are neither stodgily academic nor daringly provocative. They are calm but constantly original; they represent years of wide reading, clear observation, and thoughtful comment. It can hardly be claimed that Professor Whipple will remain as one of our major critics, but now and doubtless for a long time these essays will repay reading. Edmund Wilson's memoir of Professor Whipple adds interest.

The Wind Blew from the East is a much more perplexing book, indeed a rather annoying one. In the first place it is pretentious, being the first of three the author, ex-English teacher, ex-journalist, ex-government employee, "hopes to write" about American culture. Let it be said at once that the book is badly written. Not merely is it complex and unclear in structure and meaning; sentences occur with exasperating frequency from which after several attempts the reader can derive little meaning. Next it must be said that the author's thesis is not worth one book, let alone three. The central idea, that our nation has undergone a cultural conflict between the Westward movement of land development and population and the Eastward pull of Old World tradition, is labored over five chapters and then illustrated in three longer chapters on Henry James, Henry Adams, and T. S. Eliot, respectively.

The one other respect mentioned above in which there is similarity between these two books is that all that Mr. Nuhn really has to say in *The Wind Blew from the East* may be found much more interestingly and clearly stated in three of Profes-

sor Whipple's unpretentious essays, "The American Predicament," "The American Land," and "Literature in the Doldrums."

C. V. WICKER

On Native Grounds: an Interpretation of Modern American Prose Literature, by Alfred Kazin. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1942. \$3.00.

American Harvest: Twenty Years of Creative Writing in the United States, edited by Allen Tate and John Peale Bishop. New York: L. B. Fischer, 1942. \$3.50

On Native Grounds is Alfred Kazin's penetrating reading of modern American literature from Howells and the 1880's to the intense social documentation of American life in the 1930's. Mr. Kazin observes at the outset the "greatest single fact" of this literature: "our writers' absorption in every last detail of their American world together with their deep and subtle alienation from it." The observation is no belabored thesis; but it is an important one of the many comments which make the book an illuminating guide to our native grounds, a chart so clearly ordered, so sanely proportioned as to place this young Mr. Kazin well ahead of many senior literary cartographers.

The native ground is well charted. The years 1890-1917 begin the record: the realism of Howells; the genteel, frustrated integrity of Edith Wharton; Dreiser's stumbling onto the naturalistic novel as he recorded America's passion for accumulation; muckrakers and scholars exemplifying "the release of the spirit of insurgency by progressivism"; the joyous intellectual ferment and hope for a brave new world which marked the prewar years. Then in writing of "The Great Tradition, 1918-1929," Mr. Kazin passes from the disillusion of the first World War to the renaissance of the 1920's, in which the "eccentric and wilful" H. L. Mencken emerged as "conqueror of Philistia," prophet of a cultural emancipation dramatized by the Sherwood Anderson-Sinclair Lewis "revolt from the village" and the escape of esthetes Cabell, Hergesheimer, and others into elaborate decadence. He sees the withdrawal of Willa Cather and the haunting satire of Ellen Glasgow as regret for a society which is abandoning older, finer values. The attacks upon modernity by Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt, the despair of a Hemingway and a Dos Passos with a society which breaks their protagonists are for him other facets of the alienation of American writers.

A third period of our modern literature, that of the "crisis," 1930-1940, is marked in part by the "explicit, murderous, profane" naturalism of men like Farrell, O'Hara, and Caldwell, who emphasized "literal realism, mechanical prophecy and disgust" in an emotional protest against American society of the 1930's. As he examines the criticism of the period, Mr. Kazin finds the Marxists driving it "into a corner of sociology" and the "rarefied esthetics" of the John Crowe Ransom school reducing it to a science, "but while the science flourished, literature gasped for breath." For him, writers like Lionel Trilling and Edmund Wilson [and we hereby nominate Alfred Kazin to his own list of distinguished company] "continued to write criticism as a great human discipline, a study of literature in its relation to civilization that sacrificed nothing to closeness of observation, yet kept its sights trained on the whole human situation." Two other dominant notes are recorded

for the 1930's: "the rhetoric and the agony" about common life which marked the writing of Faulkner and Wolfe (Mr. Kazin feels in it a "self-centered romanticism") and the "new nationalism," the almost passionate eagerness for objective exploration of our country on many levels—New Deal writers' project, documentary camera, social report—manifest also in a wealth of "solid, affectionate history and biography."

Informative summary bleeds the book; its pallid shadow can give no hint of the rich texture, the satisfying clarity, the sane wholesomeness of the interpretation. Critics have found, it seems to me ungenerously, omissions in all this plenty. For me, the undeniable merits of the book make better record. First is the sweetness of temper which marks every page without sacrifice of honesty or crispness of the judgments. Of Thomas Beer, for example, is this: "He was a Dr. Johnson, pleasantly enough, who had gone to school in the Richard Harding Davis era and picked up its swagger." Of the decorative quality in Hergesheimer, Mr. Kazin says, "His characters all become dolls led up a gravelled path by footmen." Further illustrations of this virtue would point to a second: the ability to interpret an author concretely, to bring to the criticism the flavor and texture of the book itself, free from windy critical abstraction. His interpretations are sound but not pedestrian; his style rings with its own distinction. A third merit claims mention: the power to judge literature by sane human values and to bring that literature boldly into outline and perspective.

One would like to add that *American Harvest* is a perfect companion anthology for *On Native Grounds*. Its scope, however, is cut in half—1920-1940—and its plan (touted in the blurb as "carefully designed to show the varied currents of influence and the general lines of development") seems capricious and wholly personal in the light of the main lines Kazin traces for this period. All minor carping aside, however, the anthology is well worth owning, for the great names are here: Anderson, Dos Passos, Cather, Caldwell, Wolfe, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Hemingway, Brooks, Wilson, Eliot, MacLeish, and many more—though some, like Willa Cather, who is represented by the dated "The Sculptor's Funeral," are not at their best. In poetry and prose, Mr. Tate's and Mr. Bishop's five regions are well covered, so that New England, the South, The Middle West, the Southwest, the West Coast display their share in this modern American heritage which Mr. Kazin has clarified and illuminated so temperately and understandingly.

KATHERINE SIMONS

The Anatomy of Nonsense, by Yvor Winters. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, 1943. \$3.00.

The Anatomy of Nonsense is a most important and fundamental book of criticism. One is tempted to call it perhaps the most important book of the recent and now famous critical renaissance. However, one is reminded throughout the book that Mr. Winters' critical writings belong together; each new book develops in some new conscious direction a critical position which is sounder and more consistent than that of any other contemporary critic.

The Anatomy of Nonsense is important because it gives us new insights into Mr. Winters' position and into his two former critical volumes. The first chapter,

particularly, is explanatory and presents very flatly and with little qualification twelve "Preliminary Problems." Seemingly they are presented by Mr. Winters as a direct answer to those who have misunderstood and misinterpreted his position to those who have wanted explicit clarification of some aspects of his position, and to those whose positions he analyzes in the four subsequent chapters.

The book is most important for the analysis of four recent critical positions; and as the title indicates, Mr. Winters sets out to demonstrate that these positions are "nonsense." The character of the analysis can best be indicated by listing the titles of the four chapters, since the subtitle in each gives the key attitude: "Henry Adams, or the Creation of Confusion"; "Wallace Stevens, or the Hedonist's Progress"; "T. S. Eliot, or the Illusion of Reaction"; "John Crowe Ransom, or Thunder without God." The chapters are compactly and unwaveringly argued, my personal preference being for those on Eliot and on Stevens.

A final chapter, "Post Scripta," is a miscellany of brief arguments on various literary considerations, plus a list of poems by young poets which Mr. Winters has admired.

ALAN SWALLOW

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

Lyle Saunders
Theo Crevenna

THIS BIBLIOGRAPHY, a service of the Inter-American section of the University of New Mexico's Research Bureau in the Social Sciences, attempts to list with as much completeness as time and resources permit current published materials dealing with the Southwest. The Southwest, as we define it in gathering items for inclusion here, includes all of New Mexico and Arizona, and parts of Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada.

An asterisk before any book title indicates a review in this issue of the *QUARTERLY REVIEW*; a dagger marks those titles contemplated for review in a future issue. The symbol (F) designates fiction.

Included here are mainly those items published between June 1 and August 31, 1943.

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LOS PAISANOS

Saludo a Todos Los Paisanos:

The fall literary scene is one of the most exciting that we have had in several years because six of the season's books were written by authors who call New Mexico "home." Three of these authors, Dorothy B. Hughes, Dorothy Childs Hogner, and Curtis Martin, are former students of the University of New Mexico.

Ernie Pyle returned home in September for a few months of rest after spending fifteen months with the American troops in England, Ireland, North Africa, and Sicily. As the Scripps-Howard newspaper world knows, "home" to America's most widely read war correspondent means Albuquerque, his wife, and the house with a picket fence around it. These facts are as significant historically for some of us as the fact that Coronado passed this way in 1540. No other correspondent has received as much popular acclaim as Ernie Pyle, and his latest book, *With the Yanks in Africa*, an October publication, is one that his public will own and cherish.

The month of September must have been a thrilling one for Dorothy Hughes because it marked the publication of her fifth mystery novel, *The Blackbird*, and the première of the movie, *The Fallen Sparrow*, based on her last year's mystery novel of the same title. Unaffected by the glow of the critics' enthusiasm and the adulation of all her fans, Dorothy goes quietly on concocting horror after horror in the midst of the most charming domesticity. Part of the backdrop of her latest thriller is our own doorstep, Albuquerque, and, of course, everyone that I know has just read the book, or is just going to read it.

Conrad Richter's latest novel, *The Free Man*, is winning the national recognition that this distinguished novelist's work always does. In the new book, he writes of early Americans who were among his own forebears. His public in New Mexico is an assured one, and here live some of his best friends. Warren Chappell's bits of Americana on the jacket of the new book are charming.

One day several years ago an unknown, curly-haired young man in the creative writing class at the University of New Mexico submitted as his first assignment a story that so obviously bore the earmarks of professionalism that the instructor was saddened. The plot was the threadbare one of a beautiful girl thwarted in love by an irate father but what lifted the story out of the realm of the beginner's class, I remember distinctly, was the discriminating selection of sensuous detail and the projection of character against that detail. "It is certainly not amateur work," agreed the head of the department, to whom I had confided my fears. "Give the story the grade it deserves, but keep your eye on the young man." Needless to say, I soon found out that the young man was a regular contributor to several magazines and—needless to say—I kept my eye on him. The young man is Curtis Martin, whose first novel, *The Hills of Home*, was published on October 5 by Houghton Mifflin. Curtis is now an Ensign, and shortly before he left to join the Pacific Fleet, I told him the above story, over which he had a good laugh. In the intervening years he has taught school in New Mexico and written constantly. Three of his short stories were double-starred for distinction in the 1937 O'Brien anthology, one of which, "Deep Canyon," appeared in the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY. "Strange Springs," starred for distinction in the 1938 O'Brien volume, also appeared in the QUARTERLY. Many of his stories have appeared in *Manuscript*, *Story*, *Hinterland*, and *Vernier*.

Dorothy Hogner's latest book, *The Bible Story*, tops the fall list of Oxford Press. It is a beautifully written collection of Bible stories based on the King James Version and covering the narrative material in the Old and New Testaments. The book is a large one and is superbly illustrated by her artist-husband, Nils, as have been her eight other books.

In Time of Harvest, by John L. Sinclair, which was released by the Macmillan Company in August, has been favorably reviewed by critics. The author is a resident of Santa Fe who worked on cattle and sheep ranches in southern New Mexico for fourteen years. Some of his admirers here are referring to him as "the Steinbeck of New Mexico." The author's wife is a former student of the University of New Mexico.

The New Mexico Book Store reports that, in addition to brisk sales on all of the books mentioned above, there has been quite a demand for Richard N. Ryan's book, *Spin in, Dumbwhacks*, because the author wrote most of it at Kirtland Field, where he "sprouted his wings." Tom

Dixon Wins His Wings with the Bomber Command has also been popular because it is good reading and contains some fine pictures of the Air Base here. The author is Henry B. Lent. Speaking of Kirtland Field, Dorothy Larson, staff researcher for *Life* magazine was in Albuquerque recently, taking official photographs of bombers and bombardiers. During her stay here Miss Larson was the guest of Erna Fergusson.

In a review of *The Best Poems of 1942*, selected by Thomas Moulton, Rolfe Humphries, writing in *The Nation*, regrets that Mr. Moulton did not discover in his continental roamings the poetry section edited by Alan Swallow in the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULIA KELEHER

INTER-AMERICANA

STUDIES II

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