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The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW

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Shepherd. A Story	Carol Ely Harper
A Note on Thomas Wolfe	Hugh McGovern
The Return from Stalag Z. A Story	Robert J. Levin
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Poems, by Myron H. Broomell, Gabriela
Mistral, Deane Mowrer, J. S.
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SUMMER, 1947

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THE PEOPLE OF NEW MEXICO*

Ross Calvin

NEW MEXICO, although its people are often considered somnolent, is an area so high-keyed and varied, so vibrant, that no one remains neutral about it. The air and sky possess an unequalled clarity; the richly-tinted landscape exhibits to the eye many a color more than the green of conventional climes; the silhouette of earth is always broken by some far-off outline of mesa or mountain; sunshine here is of fiercest intensity; wide, lonely, unpeopled areas of desert suggest to the average city-dweller a land that God forgot. It repels many; others it attracts. And in these latter, it often kindles a kind of nostalgic longing which they never afterward escape.

What kinds of people live here? Why did they come? Why do they like to live here? Has the country changed their outlook? In short, what makes them tick? These are some of the questions that a treatise on the people of New Mexico should attempt to answer.

The clue to understanding the population of the region is the fact that a highly varied country attracts or begets a varied people.

Now a survey of population can readily degenerate into one of those dry statistical researches which the world so often could do without; hence the writer will not proceed by counting noses. Instead he will modestly attempt a more or less impressionistic interpretation of factors which do not lend themselves to statistical treatment, examining some of the varied intellectual leaven which actively permeates and stimulates the masses of population around it. While the data have been gathered in New Mexico, the principles set forth apply rather widely, it is believed, to most of the arid Southwest from western Texas to California. In particular, there is a notable similarity between the citizenry of New Mexico and Arizona.

In this discussion, the writer proposes to touch upon factors which limited the dispersion of Spanish culture and accounted for the early economic difficulties of the New Mexican natives; to weigh the influ-

* First published by the Division of Government Research, University of New Mexico.

ence of the out-of-state healthseekers and of the artist colonies; to enumerate some of the social and other differences between the eastern and western sides of the state; to mention indirectly the state's varied features and charms which have so often changed its visitors and sojourners into its residents; and, in particular, to examine a considerable number of case histories of persons who reside in New Mexico.

Observation has convinced the writer that, in general, maps change less than statistics and, accordingly, are more trustworthy guides to the permanent nature of a population. Figures gathered through the last quarter of a century are so much affected by a world war followed by a world depression followed by another world war that they are often hardly good fiction. Such vast undulations in human affairs throw doubt upon the measurements of such vital matters as the standard of living, a realm which the statistician is likely to feel his own proper domain. When a politician cites the fact that the price of a cow increased almost tenfold between the depression years and 1946, he does not thereby prove that the ranchman's standard of living is ten times as high as it was a decade or two ago. He merely points at the fact of wartime inflation. And if the wages of a laborer are twice as high as they used to be, it is to be recalled that the cost of living also has doubled or trebled within the memory of anybody who has a memory. This statement of guide lines is necessary to explain the writer's aim, because the present study will have no illusory appearance of mathematical exactness.

Maps are not subject to quite the same vagaries as statistics, nor are they so readily manipulated to point a moral. And the careful inspection of a relief map of New Mexico will show where certain occupations are feasible, and where they will always be impossible, with a resultant sidelight on the nature of the population. A map of another sort will show where certain crops have been grown, where no crops can be grown, and where a living will have to be made from, say, mining rather than from agriculture. A highway map will demonstrate pretty clearly through which arteries the tourist dollars will flow most naturally into the state; a large land office map will, by showing the vast federal and state holdings, reveal much about possibilities of taxation and land use; and all maps will make clear, by the grouping of Spanish place names, how Spanish culture is localized.

In a broad generalization it may be said that the main topographic features of New Mexico are the Great Plains on the eastern side, the high, forested mountains in the north, the desert plain in the south—

everywhere interrupted by isolated mountain masses—and the narrow trough of the Rio Grande which lies like a vast groove across the terrain from south to north.

The Great Plains segment tends to become utilized more and more for dry farming, although there cattle ranching has been and will always be the major industry. The developments in both industries have been due in great measure to Texans who have migrated across the state line. Among them Southern customs, traditions, and forms of religion predominate. Yet the growth of the oil and potash industries in recent years has introduced many diverse elements into the picture. Inside the large towns of the area, although the Texas influence is strong, the cultural climate tends to become Western rather than Southern.

In the northern mountainous section where towns are unimportant and the population is preponderantly rural, the people are largely Spanish-Americans, and their culture, religion, and language are directly descended from what was brought up long ago from Old Mexico. Comparatively little of the land is privately owned, and immense tracts are included in forest and Indian reservations. In the northwestern corner of the state this is especially true. And in the western part of the state, much of the high plateau and mountain country is enclosed within forest boundaries, but utilized by Anglo ranchmen. In the southern part, while there is a large Spanish-American population in the towns and villages, the face of the land itself is occupied by the vast cattle ranches of the Anglos. Nearly all of the important metal mining is carried on in the mountains of the southwestern corner of the state; but coal is mined extensively in the opposite or northeastern corner near Raton, and in the northwest at Gallup.

The most valuable agricultural land in the state lies in the narrow valley of the Rio Grande below the Elephant Butte Reservoir, from which irrigation water is obtained. Although hardly more than a good-sized speck on the map, it produces for American farmers rich crops of cotton, alfalfa, and vegetables. And, in passing, it may be remarked that the Rio Grande Valley has a cultural interest equal to its economic importance, for in the earlier days it was the highway, and the only one, upon which the tides of history moved northward from Spanish centers in Mexico.

The population of New Mexico today consists of three separate strands—the Anglos, the Indians, and the native Spanish-speaking people called often, though inaccurately, Mexicans, but more appropriately

named Spanish-Americans. Mexican they are not, except in isolated instances; and Spanish they are not in an exact sense. But by the present writer, who has a deep and sincere feeling for their history, their culture, their religion, and even their cookery, they will be referred to as Spanish-Americans.

The three strands do not anywhere blend much, although they mingle much. The Navaho weaver sitting at her loom will lay red and white against one another freely in her design, but the strands nowhere blend into pink. And the analogy holds for the three peoples. Furthermore, in certain communities, like Clovis, there is now a considerable and growing Negro colony. The Negroes, however, scarcely present problems that are different from their problems elsewhere. In their section, here as elsewhere, unfortunately, the sidewalks are shortest, drainage poorest, school buildings shabbiest. The colored people, who are chiefly Baptists and Methodists, do not enjoy the protection which the Roman Catholic Church accords to the Spanish-Americans, and have in general no champions except those of their own race and a few others.

While all of New Mexico is proud of its Spanish heritage, the Spanish influence is very unequally distributed. In the main, it is concentrated along the middle reaches of the Rio Grande in a rather narrow strip somewhat like the trunk of a tree. Between Albuquerque and Santa Fe the trunk begins to branch out, and in the mountainous area in the north central part of the state, the Spanish population is dispersed in the little valleys of the Rio's tributary streams, which fork like the boughs of a tree top. The crown of the tree extends, roughly speaking, from Las Vegas to the Colorado line and thence southward along the great Jemez range. Everywhere in this area, names tell the story—such names as Mesilla, Doña Ana, Socorro, Los Lunas, Albuquerque, Bernalillo, Santa Fe, Tierra Amarilla. Along the trunk of the tree one will hear everywhere the vowelled Spanish spoken, will see the Spanish style of architecture employed, will note the dark-eyed señoritas along the street as often as the daughters of the Anglos, and will discover that in elections the Spanish vote is something that cannot be disregarded. In the crown of the tree up towards Taos, one will note that the majority of office-holders have Spanish names.

But east of the Rio, and to a slightly less degree west of it, the influence quickly thins out. In Clovis, a new and populous city near the Texas line, Spanish is seldom or never heard on the streets, no public

buildings show the Spanish design, and the Spanish vote can be somewhat ignored by politicians. In Gallup, a polyglot coal-mining town on the west side of the state, the Spanish influence is but one of many competing influences in the air. The explanation of the narrow limits lies in history.

When the American occupation began exactly 100 years ago, the conquerors found the Mexicans—and let it be observed that the name was perfectly accurate then—concentrated into a thin line of settlements that extended up the trunk of the Rio from the site of the modern El Paso to somewhere near Santa Fe. The important thing to note is that in the boundless abundance of land the population was crowded into a rather strict line. For this there were just two compelling reasons: the nature of the water resources, and the fear of the savage nomadic Indians. The people depended for their livelihood on stock raising and irrigated farming. Briefly stated, their situation as farmers arose from the general lack of irrigation water except along the river. And they could not carry on ranching operations over the vast extent of the hinterland because, unlike the American rancher today, they had no deep bored wells, and neither the ability nor the tools for drilling them. Thus most of the rich grassland of the province was doomed to remain relatively unused.

The other reason for the crowding of the people into a compact line of settlements was the desperate need for security. The hinterland was the unchallenged domain of the predatory Apaches, Comanches, and Navahos. Firearms were at the time, as they had always been, an almost unobtainable luxury for the majority. Even the buffalo were hunted with lances rather than with bullets. Aggressive warfare against the red marauders had slackened with the passage of time into feeble defense. So while vast, fenceless pastures lay on both sides of the Rio, they could not be utilized; and the only thing for the stockmen to do was to hold their flocks and herds on the same ground generation after generation until the grasses were destroyed and only rough weeds remained. Since New Mexico was by nature an arid land of scanty resources, the balance of nature was very early and very drastically affected by the practice of overgrazing. In 1846 American cavalry officers noted that there was no good pasturage for their horses within twenty miles of Santa Fe. Along the tributary Rio Puerco long-continued overgrazing had caused extensive and ruinous soil erosion of the kind that has since become so familiar. And they found no firewood within ten miles of Alber-

que—a fact which tells of the denudation of the watersheds, with resultant floods, destruction of diversion dams, and silting up of irrigation ditches. It may be said parenthetically that it is a great mistake to put the blame for soil erosion in New Mexico exclusively upon the American ranchers of the last fifty or sixty years.

To sum up, one may state that perhaps nine tenths of the Mexicans here in 1846 were a miserably poor agrarian people, and that they were becoming progressively poorer from the dwindling of their available resources of soil, fuel, and water. And it is also true that having been forced into a mold shaped long ago, their descendants have, for the most part, not yet been able to break free. In a society where multitudes of Anglos live in affluence, and where a still greater number live in comfort, the average Spanish-American is found even today living in an economic station which ought to be better than it is. Thus, their unsatisfactory economic position, which has its roots in the long past, is the characteristic most readily noticed in the native people today. The next is their segregation.

Into the compact, homogeneous society of New Mexico there came in 1846 a race of conquerors, alien in blood, in tradition, and in religion. Even at the outset, when American women were scarcest, the amount of intermarriage between the two peoples must have been almost negligible in a numerical sense. And today it is still less common. Both peoples simply prefer their own kind. It is probably much more a matter of preference than an evidence of fancied inequality.

In cultural and political traditions the two peoples had even less in common. The Americans had grown up with the public school as one of their most prized heritages. But in New Mexico the public school idea was practically unknown. An education provided by the taxpayers of the community was the lever by which any American could hope to pry himself up from ignorance and poverty into independence and equality with the best. But many of the poorer Mexicans, at the time of the occupation, lived in a permanent state of subjection only a little better than serfdom—into which, in fact, it often descended. There were, at the time, no newspapers in the state, and the primitive agricultural practices suggested to Lieutenant Emory the days of Abraham far back in the Old Testament era. And in religion there was an equally great gulf between the two peoples, for the one was entirely Roman Catholic, while the other was at that time overwhelmingly Protestant.

So, in the nature of the case, segregation was bound to develop. At first, perhaps, nobody was to blame for it. But the origins were quite as much on the native side as on the American side. Today the segregation still persists, and it does not make a pretty picture. Only a small percentage of the Spanish-American young people graduate from high school, and the percentage that finishes college is still negligible. And when they emerge from their schooling, many of them are compelled to work below their capacity level. The condition is one which seems almost to invite radical agitation; and the fact that the agitation has not come is largely due to the stabilizing influence of the Roman Catholic clergy. Yet the basic inequality is not an injustice inflicted deliberately by harsh oppressors, and it is not without some mitigations. The Spanish-Americans in this state have the ballot, which is the only defense the rest of us have; and since there are about as many of them as of the Anglos, they are not unprotected. They live under exactly the same laws, and their rights are guarded by the same courts. Such things reach down to fundamentals.

The aim here is to set forth a clear, fair picture of an *imperium in imperio*—an empire within an empire—and to sketch the reasons for its emergence and continuance. These observations are not concerned with the few old and aristocratic Spanish-American families in New Mexico; but they do apply, it is believed, to the great mass of the Spanish-speaking population within the state. They are written by one who does not propose any crusade, but who is frankly and avowedly a friend of the Spanish folkways, handicrafts, religion; one whose judgment is at most sufficient only for diagnosis, not for a course of treatment.

In any analysis of the Anglo population of New Mexico, several classifications at once suggest themselves. The most obvious, perhaps, would be based upon occupations, such as ranching, farming, and mining. In every community there are also government workers, for the federal stake is unusually large in the state. In communities like Clovis, Belen, Tucumcari, Carrizozo, and Albuquerque there are a great many railroaders and their families. Since the tourist business is becoming so important, an ever-increasing percentage of the labor reservoir is being drawn into it. And here, as everywhere else, the population engaged in the basic industries is served by the usual percentage of merchants and business men of all kinds, professional men, and artisans of every kind—mechanics, electricians, carpenters, painters, and so on.

And something might be said for a classification based upon

religion, on politics, or on economic status, which might seem to furnish the best lines of all for subdivisions. But the period of depression, followed by a period of wartime prosperity, makes the financial record a broken line instead of the straight edge of a yardstick. Perhaps today there could hardly be devised any system of weighting the statistics which would be adequate for an understanding of the social pattern of New Mexico.

Moreover, thought must be given to those who are not readily catalogued cases—to those who have come or else have stayed here by choice; those who have enriched the commonwealth intellectually or economically, or in ways connected with the arts and recreation. Such an approach is all the more necessary because New Mexico has such a diversified population. In this respect it differs notably from a state in, say, the deep South, where there is for practical purposes only one political party; or from some of the Middlewestern states where farming is a leading concern for nearly everybody. New Mexico lies alongside Texas for some hundreds of miles, and yet it is not a Southern state; it borders Oklahoma and reaches up almost to Kansas, and yet it definitely does not belong to the Middle West; it is bounded on the north by Colorado, yet it hardly belongs in the Rocky Mountain group of states. On the south, it reaches down to the Mexican province of Chihuahua, and has in the past drawn many of its citizens from there. But the point is that while it has similarities to all of them, it is like none of them. And the presence of a great number of Indians adds still further to its diversity. Its people have been drawn from many sources, and since they so continue to be drawn, they have never become amalgamated. There is no one standard type for the New Mexican Anglo. A study of the differences between the eastern and the western sides of the state demonstrates the fact clearly.

Between the two sides of New Mexico there is an interesting and well-defined difference which begins in topography and extends far into the realm of human concerns. Roughly speaking, the mountains extend two thirds of the way across the state from the Arizona line, merging in the vicinity of the 105th meridian into the Great Plains. At that line of demarcation, the Middle West ends; the West begins.

While the two New Mexico cities, Albuquerque and Santa Fe, have grown rapidly within the last decade or two, most of the remaining growth in both population and wealth has been concentrated in the eastern third of the state. Within a comparatively few years, for

instance, Clovis has grown in population from 8,000 to nearly 20,000. Hobbs, since the discovery of oil there, has enjoyed the phenomenal expansion that accompanies such riches. And Carlsbad has likewise grown greatly from tourist traffic to the Cavern and from the development of the vast potash deposits. Tucumcari, Portales, Roswell, Artesia, and Clovis, depending primarily on the livestock industry and farming, are now good-sized towns on their way to becoming cities. The increase has come to a very large extent from Texas and the Middle West. It is far less cosmopolitan, and also far less deeply tinged by the Spanish influence, than the older population of the state farther west.

In a real sense the population of the eastern counties is new. The development of oil and potash is recent. The art of successful dry farming is still, perhaps, only in its earlier stages, and the irrigation projects are either still incomplete or comparatively new. Clovis itself is but forty years old. So the drive of expansion is still in full swing, and the energy of the people is absorbed in making fortunes from resources that a few decades ago were undeveloped and unsuspected.

An interesting, and at the same time an illuminating, comparison might be made between Clovis and Silver City.¹ Using the term culture in its wider sense so as to include occupations, religion, recreation, and intellectual climate, one may see instantly that the culture of the latter is purely Western, while that of the other is definitely Middlewestern. When Clovis was only Riley's Switch, Silver City was already a substantial village of adobe and brick which housed more than 2,000 persons governed by a mayor who was a Princeton graduate. But today, in spite of its greater age, it has only about a third of the population of the other city, which spreads out for miles across the plains.

In the second and third decades of the present century, Silver City had two or three good-sized sanitariums for the treatment of tuberculosis, which attracted well-to-do patients from eastern states. In fact, it had already achieved the standing of a semi-fashionable health center, and its superb, stimulating climate had caused many of the health-seekers to settle there permanently after arresting their disease. Among them there was current the significant proverb: "A short life and a merry one." And in no small degree they created the tradition of

¹ Pointed, and sometimes provocative, observations like the following were made for many years in Silver City and Clovis by the present writer in his newspaper column, "The Parson." Having spent his entire New Mexico sojourn in the two towns, he knows them well, loves them both!

sophisticated gaiety that has persisted there ever since. In this worthy cause they were ably assisted by the army officers and their ladies from the neighboring Fort Bayard, which was later turned into a veterans' hospital—a fact which gave it further impetus. The army doctors were men who had served the flag in many quarters of the world and carried with them their own cosmopolitan ideas of a good time. Furthermore, there was always a good sprinkling of mining engineers in the village—men whose jobs carried them now to Colorado or Arizona, next to South America, or perhaps to the far-off Philippine Islands. They were a hardy outdoor breed who without apology liked their whisky straight and plentiful. And they were no more famous than the preceding groups for their devotion to church-going. Most of them, in fact, seemed to consider church-going an unnecessary show of piety. Since there was always a large, uncontrollable factor of luck in their profession, they were persistently schooled in spite of themselves to be indulgent towards gambling.

Nor were the ranchmen willing to be outdone either in the pursuit of pleasure or in the practice of absenting themselves from public worship. Living on remote homesteads, they had little opportunity for the conventional practice of religion. Trips made to town for the purpose of trading had often a quite understandable tendency to blend the elements of pleasure with business; and so cowboys vied with miners from remote camps back in the mountains to set a high standard of roistering. All things considered, it is not hard to see that a devil-may-care tradition of gaiety mixed with rowdiness would inevitably develop and thrive in the place.

Nowadays the State Teachers College helps likewise to account for the concentration of traveled, sophisticated people in the town. Though a majority of the students in the past have been drawn from adjacent counties, the faculty members and their wives have come for the most part from outside the state; and though they have not helped to nourish the tradition of rowdiness, they have followed the larger pattern in the enjoyment of parties and the other amenities of civilized life. And in many other ways, such as the performance and the enjoyment of good music, they have left their impress upon the community's intellectual life.

For many years the population of Silver City hung near the 5,000 mark. Of that number, approximately half were Spanish-Americans who lived quite to themselves, and whose contacts with the Anglos

were mainly routine. That left a population of somewhat more than 2,000 engaged in the Anglo pursuits of town life, but seasoned to a very remarkable degree with the imported cosmopolitan spice.

If the intellectual climate of the town is varied and bracing, the religious climate is less satisfactory. To be sure, there is as much open-handed friendliness as can be found anywhere; and there is a gratifying absence of censoriousness and hypocrisy. But the churches of the community have in the past somehow failed to leave a deep mark upon it. And the percentage of men who have attended them regularly—excepting St. Vincent's Roman Catholic parish, to which all the Spanish-speaking people belong—is no doubt uniquely small. In this respect, as in every other, the town prides itself on being "western," free from Bible-belt interference.

At this point the contrast between Clovis and Silver City emerges most clearly, for Clovis proudly and defiantly claims to be a part of the Bible-belt. Lying as it does on the border of Texas, the city has two Southern Baptist churches of what might be called metropolitan size and two or three others of lesser importance. So deeply is their crusading zeal felt throughout the length and breadth of the community that even the Methodists concede their superior weight. Their mores prevail. They set the standards—standards oftentimes illiberal, but clear and bracing always. The Roman Catholics claim only one or two per cent of the population, and even so, a large part of their numerical strength lies in the Spanish-speaking colony. Thus the city is overwhelmingly Protestant, with a roster of some twenty to thirty denominations. And in addition to the major ones, there are many less-known "fancy religions," as they are uncharitably called.

Among them all there is a competition in good works which sometimes degenerates into un-Christian polemics and name-calling. In addition, by their militant efforts to modify manners and reform morals, they not infrequently give their critics some justification for calling them public meddlers. Clovis is one of only two or three good-sized towns in all New Mexico, I am informed, which does not allow high-school dances in the school building. In truth, no one can understand Clovis without considering its many churches.

The somewhat abnormal number of churches may or may not account for the fact that in the town there is a great deal of true, sincere religion. There is indeed so much of the genuine article abroad that it encourages, as it does always and everywhere, the circulation of the

corresponding counterfeit coin. Hypocrisy flourishes in Clovis because it is good policy to appear religious. In Silver City hypocrisy hardly exists. There is so little need for it!

In Clovis liquor cannot be sold legally. Yet it is sold—if one may judge by the number of empty bottles everywhere seen. So it seems merely realistic to conclude that a good many who piously vote dry fall short somehow of their public profession. And towards vice, also, the two towns have a different attitude. In Silver City there is a red-light district that has run more or less openly for perhaps sixty years. The authorities know it is there, and they police it with fair diligence. In Clovis, where prostitution is endemic in the shabby hotels, authorities make frequent raids and send the prostitutes to prison or drive them out of town.

Next to religion, it is in commerce that the greatest difference between the two towns lies. In Clovis everybody is engaged in getting ahead. The natural resources are there to develop, and the whole population is aggressively engaged in developing them; so in the town there has never been a leisure class like the healthseekers formerly in Silver City. Nobody ever comes from the east to Clovis to settle down and play through his years of retirement. Yet in Silver City and the villages tributary to it there have always been found cosmopolites who possessed the leisure and the financial means to read, paint, study, collect Indian artifacts, hunt, loaf, picnic to their heart's content. In Clovis everyone who has money now has made it himself, and is busily engaged in adding to it; in Silver City there are many who have had money a long time and think more of spending it on gracious living than amassing more of it.

So Clovis forges ahead and is becoming recognized as one of the outstanding cities of the region for financial opportunities. Only half as old as the other town, it has already thrice the population; and when it rounds out the other half of the span, it will probably have thrice as many again.

But getting down to particulars, it is only when attention is narrowed to individuals that the varied, interesting, and cosmopolitan (though not international) nature of New Mexico's population becomes fully apparent. There follows a list taken from the writer's acquaintance, which might be paralleled from the acquaintance of many others who know the state well. Most of the persons listed have come here and have lived here long enough to be classed as bona fide residents, not merely as persons entitled to vote.

One is a saddlemaker and has followed his trade many years. He is a superb craftsman, and, in his way, an artist. He makes his living by turning out hand-tooled saddles, bridles, "chaps" for the men who make their living by working cattle. His leather belts are collector's items. His real happiness when away from his bench is hunting mountain lions deep in the primitive forest.

An insurance man who came to this country many years ago as a healthseeker, and "made the cure," has settled down, built a home, and reared his family. When a lull in business permits, he takes his car and goes on long trips over the state, spending two or three nights away from his desk. The Indian pueblos interest him greatly, although he is not a scientific student. Iowa was his original home.

N. T. is a Colorado-trained miner who settled in the state because he held some valuable mining claims. Once, when a good offer came, he took his family to South America and spent some years there in the employ of an American copper company. He finds his happiness in random prospecting for metals but is always attentive to the volcanic intrusions, the faulting, the erosion that reveal themselves to the eye of a trained geologist.

Then there is a druggist who handles, in addition to his specialties, Indian and Mexican goods. Tied as he is to his store, he finds much of his recreation in frequent buying trips where he replenishes his stock of goods at the source of supply. Unlike the preceding men, he is active in politics, and has a wide knowledge of the administration of the state's affairs. By birth he is a Missourian.

J. E., born in New England, is a mineral surveyor, whose services are in demand for marking out the boundaries of mining claims. His results need to be of high accuracy on steep, difficult mountain slopes. He loves the country because its unvarnished, uncomposed history of ghost towns, claim-jumping, barroom killings, and silver strikes interests him more than conventional drama and fiction.

Mr. F. L., who started life as a Kansas farm boy, came many years ago and by learning the technique of dry farming succeeded where many other men starved out. He now combines cattle raising with wheat farming. He plays little, but enjoys a rodeo hugely. His sons are thorough westerners.

B. K. is a "remittance man"—a type no longer common. His father, a wealthy eastern broker, puts up money for his son's western ward-

robe, horses, saddles, and other properties which go with playing cowboy. Playboys have always been common in New Mexico.

Father T. is a Roman Catholic priest who came from one of the eastern provinces in France. His interest is chiefly in the Spanish-speaking portion of his flock. He speaks their language, understands their needs, and is a true father to them. Of course he will never go away.

M. H. is a woman intellectual. She has a deep love for the Spanish-Americans, and actively promotes interest in their native crafts and culture. Though belonging to the left wing in politics, she has not the disposition to become a radical leader. She is an artist rather than an agitator.

K. E. is now a wealthy landowner. Coming many years ago, when the first wave of dry farmers and homesteaders were starving out, he invested his savings in cheap land. With the improvement of standard agricultural practices, he found himself on the high road to fortune. He is a builder and developer in his county.

L. A. is another builder. To industry, he coupled foresight. And as the new population has kept pouring into the eastern side of the state, the small dairy which he established many years ago has grown into a large business which has expanded into several other enterprises. Today he lives in great state. For him, New Mexico is not so much a land of enchantment as a place of new opportunities.

Mrs. C. R. is a native of the state; her father was a mining man who came from the East many years ago. From girlhood she has been a lover of the mountains, and her favorite pastimes, though she is now in her middle years, are horseback riding and camping. Mrs. E. B. is one who, like the preceding woman, had the fortune of growing up in the home of cultivated easterners transplanted to a crude village in the Southwest. Her home is a favorite gathering place of artists, politicians, travelers, distinguished guests of all kinds. Her library is especially rich in Southwestern titles.

Mrs. D. E. and her husband are a middle-aged couple who live on a remote mountain ranch where they are engaged in producing mohair. Though the road to their home is long, and in winter difficult from snow, guests from many states have found the way to their door. At long intervals they leave the ranch for a long trip—one of them was a round-the-world tour. Mrs. D. E. spent her girlhood in Michigan.

Mrs. W. E. with her husband operates a dude ranch. It is the kind

of life which she loves. ^ Though she is entirely at home on a pack trip into the high country, she is equally so at a party among her guests. Daughter of an easterner and graduate of an eastern school, she is a perfect hostess who knows the proper time to dance, to play games, or simply relax and rest.

Mr. B. R. is a forest ranger. His professional training included botany, silviculture, and animal husbandry. But his practical training dealt with such diverse activities as fire-fighting, fence-building, and public relations and tourists. Originally a midwesterner, he is a type for whom New Mexico will always be a home.

Mr. K. D., who held a minor position in a greenhouse, is an amateur archaeologist. Within his own narrow limits, he probably knows his specialty better than some of the excavators from eastern museums. His hobby is probably the most important thing in his life. A few years ago he sold his collection of prehistoric bowls, arrowheads, baskets, and stone axes for a considerable sum of money. It is now preserved permanently in a museum.

Mr. O. N. came here from the Mexican province of Chihuahua. He opened up a small business as stationer and operated it with such courtesy, industry, and good taste that he quickly made friends in his community and began to prosper. His store has continued to grow in spite of all competition. He is now well rooted here, speaks English with only a trace of accent, and, having become a member of Rotary, lives by the Rotary code.

Señor G. S. came from one of the northern provinces of Mexico many years ago. He and his wife have likewise prospered and become well rooted here. On the occasion of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary they sent out invitations to a Solemn High Mass offered in thanksgiving. In the most beautiful spectacle of family life I have ever seen, the father and mother with their children on each side of them knelt at the rail alone and there received the Holy Sacrament. Later, in their home, La Señora cut the wedding cake while the daughters gracefully poured the wine. In becoming American citizens, they have preserved much of their old-world charm.

Mr. H. B. is a young man who owns a large ranch inherited from his father, a Texas cowman. A college graduate, he collects autographed books on the West. Fond of hunting, he owns a large case filled with guns and revolvers. Knowing at first hand the technique of roping, he is an excellent judge of rodeos. But belonging to the newer school of

thought, he "rides herd," so far as possible, in a car. For him, needless to say, New Mexico will always be a home.

The healthseekers—and the word generally means a person afflicted with tuberculosis—deserve a word of honorable mention by themselves. Until rather recently eastern physicians liked to send their tubercular patients whenever possible to the dry air and sunshine of the Southwest. In the course of time, many of the sufferers regained health and stayed here, either from choice or for the sake of precaution, to lead a more or less active life. Since care in a sanitarium is necessarily expensive, many of them were persons of means, and very often also, they were persons of exceptional education and ability. Their presence helps to explain the notably cosmopolitan character of such cities as Albuquerque, Tucson, El Paso, and many smaller towns.

A few examples will suffice. There was, for instance, J. C. O. L., who in his young manhood worked as reporter on the big dailies in Detroit and Cincinnati. Living in Deming at the time of Pancho Villa's raid, he covered the story for metropolitan papers in the East. Later, when health permitted, he became the editor of the *Silver City Enterprise*. There he chronicled the life of his corner of the state, not as finished literature, but consistently reported the kind of news from which literature is devised—ore discoveries, mine accidents, rodeos, hunting parties, scientific expeditions, cowmen's quarrels, backwoods funerals, and all the daily routine of the Southwest, filled as it is with rich incident, romance, tragedy. Finally after he had become a kind of beloved institution, he succumbed to the disease in his middle sixties.

And there was L. D., a young professor in an eastern university who was just getting his feet planted on the ladder of promotion when the disease stopped him. With health only a little impaired, he is now giving students in a western college the benefit of his rare learning and critical judgment.

Another man came expecting to stay six months and is still here after twenty years. The January sunshine of New Mexico removed from his mind any thought of returning to the long-drawn winters of upstate New York. Needing sunshine as a health builder, he began a fascinating research into its desert-making effects, and ended by studying the necessary adaptations of plant and animal life to it, and its general influence on the human story in the Southwest. The extensive study has made some compensation for the obscurity of his professional life.

Still another was D. K., a young lawyer from Ohio who came here

many years ago. After the usual difficulty in establishing himself, he built up a practice, entered politics, and rose to be a district judge. He is a good example of the kind of men who "came on a stretcher" and remained in the state to make a notable contribution.

Some words must be devoted also to a class in whom New Mexico is outstandingly rich—those who study and create, either as a profession or as an avocation. Here belonged R. K., a man who had a modest income which permitted him to give most of his serious thought to ornithology. His collection served as the basis for the authoritative *Birds of New Mexico*. Another man, a retired chemist from New York, has for many years spent his winters in the state studying tree rings and other indicators of climatic phenomena. Then there was E. T. S., known through his books to all the world. He spent the last years of his life near Santa Fe, meditating, studying, writing of the Southwestern scene. No man of his time was more deeply versed in the lore of campfire and trail.

Among those who devote their time to creative work in the fine arts there is perhaps no such thing as a "typical" painter. But Mr. E. G. will represent his profession as well as another. Born in Ohio some forty years ago, he studied in American art schools, then went abroad to work under French masters. Now he lives in New Mexico. He inhabits a cluttered, picturesque studio where he paints, loafs, and teaches a few students. He writes and speaks well and gives frequent lectures. His kind of life suggests some generalizations.

It suggests that there should be drawn some distinction between the mass population, as represented on a graph, and the kind of people who live in New Mexico. No graph, for instance, can possibly indicate the stimulating mental and emotional climate of Santa Fe as it contrasts with, say, Pittsburgh. That city has, roughly speaking, a population equal to that of the entire state of New Mexico. But the present writer during a residence of several years there could number among his acquaintance hardly any creative workers in literature, the arts, or what might be called interpretative study. But in Santa Fe one meets at every turn people who make their living through some of the arts and handicrafts, or other work that may fairly be called creative.

The artists, generally speaking, are vivid personalities. Both consciously and unconsciously they impress themselves on the minds of their fellow townsmen, influencing their estimate of values, opening up new vistas of appreciation, stimulating them, disturbing them, everywhere

giving their distinctive tone. In any town where they are present, such men, like the professors in a college town, influence the thought of others to a degree totally out of proportion to their numbers, sometimes • annoying the community, but often leavening it with some wisdom and a new sensitiveness. In all cases they give that variety which, if not the bread of life, is the exhilarating spice of life.

The conclusion drawn from this impressionistic survey is the one indicated at the outset: the population of New Mexico is as varied as its environment. Represented as a column on a graph, the bottom two fifths would be characterized by their humble station and partial segregation—which was discussed at some length; the middle two fifths, merely indicated but not discussed formally, would not differ greatly from the social pattern elsewhere; while the upper fifth, examined with some care through specific examples, is notably cosmopolitan and varied. Among them is a very remarkable percentage of those who found here what they had missed in their home land—beauty, adventure, sport, quaintness, health, recreation. Whatever its commercial promise in the future, the state will continue to invite those in whom the commercial incentive is secondary.

One time Mr. Frederick Simpich of the *National Geographic* remarked to me, "In the course of my work I have gone everywhere, seen everything. But when I retire, I wish it could be to some place between the Rio Grande and the Rio Colorado."

The same attractions that he appreciated have drawn and held a host of others. The present writer is one of them. Writing of New Mexico some years ago in *Sky Determines* he said: "Here if anywhere is air, sky, earth fit to constitute a gracious homeland, not alone for those who occupy themselves in the world's work, but as well for those who study and create, for those who play, those who sit still to brood and dream."

RECONCILIATION

Sanora Babb

THE TWO OF THEM sat on the back step in the afternoon shade of the tall Moorish house. The woman was delicately friendly, almost arrogant. She glanced at her husband's face, seeing an instant of grief pass slowly into resentment and slowly back. An urgent feeling of warm concern erased her arrogance.

The February sun lay on the steep side of the sumac-rough hill and hot on the white wall of the big house on its crest. The Southern California winter was moving imperceptibly into spring. The man held a garden hose sending a long, thin spray of water far up the wild and unkept yard. As if it were an unusual pleasure, he danced the spray over the geraniums, the tall cacti, the low succulent floor, the narcissus, the banana tree. The water plopped gently on the great papyrus leaves and the fiery poinsettias. He pointed the hose upward into the pepper trees and down carefully over the tender sorrel and the shaggy grass. The slope was a designless mass of color. Purple lantana and cerise bougainvillæa dropped over the low rock wall which separated the level strip from the hill. In odd places a strange plant had risen from a hidden bulb, bloomed, and disappeared.

"A wild man must have planned this yard," she said. "Or perhaps the wind dropped these seeds in the neglected years when the house was alone."

"The yard went crazy while *you* were gone," he said significantly. "It's all right with care." She ignored him. He wants me to feel guilty in every way, she thought.

The heat came delicately into the shade. The woman pulled the long silk dressing gown above her knees and slid her bare feet along the cool tile walk. The man looked at her feet.

"Small, but strong and even," he said quietly, reminiscently, as if they were lost to him.

She was still, listening and feeling the spring coming up subtly through the warmth of this ever-flowering land.

A radio symphony, low and soft, suddenly mounted loud into their silence.

"Tschaikowsky," he said.

"Yes. Turn the radio off," she said gently. "I like it but I want to listen to the little things here."

"The Fifth," he said as if to change her mind, but he got up.

When he came back a fat rusty-rump thrush was drinking from a big leaf near the wall. The bird sat boldly on until he was full.

"I wish I could smell a creek," she said. "Run the water along the wall again. Sometimes in the evening when the hill is cooling, there's the odor of a strong plant out there, and something about it, just a trace, of that wild place."

"What wild place?"

"You know, the one when I was a little girl, that strange, wild place. It's my grandfather, and a lot of things I don't even understand."

She broke a twig and started a design on the damp ground. He looked at her and she was far away, farther away than when she spoke of any other place.

"You lived so many places. I don't know about this one."

"Really?"

"Where was it, now?"

"Colorado. The plains. Except that this place was below the plains like a ragged edge below the rim of the earth. My mother used to say it was the jumping-off place of the world. It was a lonely spot and she hated it. But Konkie, my grandfather, and I, we loved it, and it was like a secret between us of which we never spoke. I understand it now. My mother was a young woman, my grandfather was old, and I was a child. We were on the edges of her kind of loneliness."

"You understand that now?"

"Do you?" she asked cruelly.

She drew a long straight line on the bare earth, and parallel to it a curving one.

"The rock precipice was like this. It must have been a hundred feet tall. Over its face were the little pocket nests of swallows. Here was the creek winding between the wall and the cottonwoods on its

other bank. The wide bed was white sand, and the stream was only a few inches deep."

"I'll bet you used to play there," he said uncomfortably.

"Yes," she said dreamily. "I would slide down the steep bank holding onto the willow roots, or leap off into the sand. No one ever came. We were many miles from anyone, so I often wore no clothes, only a sunbonnet. I made dams and caught minnows, or hunted anything, or lay on my belly and pretended to swim. In the evening the kildees ran along the creek bed like arrows. They made a plaintive call." She was silent for a moment. "That cry—wild and lonely—in that desolate place . . . it's"

"It's the way you feel now," he said, and his eyes, as she looked up, said, "with me." But there was no accusation. She could not even touch his hand now, feeling withdrawn and unrelated.

Her thoughts held him, the other one, in an intense moment of solitude for her lost desire. Only tenderness remained and she would not defile what had happened by denial of its meaning. These two did not conflict; one took nothing of her from the other. But pride, humiliation, possession, and a thousand other tendrils of instinct and custom made resolution necessary. Still that resolution now was little more than her self-contained presence, so because she must not humiliate him with guilty kindness. How could there be guilt without shame or ugliness? Only the participant was free to understand this. There was only sorrowing regret in her to hurt someone loved.

"What else was it like?" he asked impersonally.

She drew her thoughts back to the place and time which were rising from her memory in unbidden, urgent force. She made new lines on the map, and after a bit she spoke again.

"Up on the narrow ledge which was our yard there were many places to play. There were three levels, you see, the creek, the yard, the prairie. A steep road curved down from the plain, which was really all the rest of the world, and into our yard. The far end of the yard curved into the high wall so that we lived on a shelf. Around the house like a narrow collar ran the edge, and we could get into the yard ten feet below only by a path at the front and back. The path was almost straight up and down. Everywhere was shale, the yard had no grass, only rocks and snakes. But along the creek we had planted a patch of alfalfa. It is a lovely plant, tender and green, and its purple blooms perfumed the air for miles."

"Why are you so full of memories? Are you telling the old ones, thinking the new ones?"

She saw his eyes cruel for a moment with jealousy. He directed the water hard against the wall and a fine spray came back upon them.

"Between the house and the barn near the wall"—she drew more lines across the narrow yard—"were a small dark canyon, and a perfect rock room with a red berry tree at its door where the mocking birds sang, and a narrow path leading up to the plain. This path climbed in the only place which was not a precipice, and it was hard to get a footing even here. On the prairie above was our garden. It seems absurd to have had a garden there. Why didn't we have it in a corner of the alfalfa plot? My father was not a farmer, but he was intelligent."

She drew a fence around the garden.

"Anyway, we had a garden there and could never raise anything but potatoes and squashes and watermelons. I shall never forget the wonder of going each morning to see the growth of a melon in the night. Konkie and I would climb the path every morning and push the leaves aside and look at the melons. I could feel his excitement and I know he felt mine. In the evening we would carry buckets of water up to the plain."

"Had you no crops?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, we had broomcorn and kaffir and maize and cane in a field upon the plain. The field was two miles from the house and all of us worked there. We would take water and food, and work all day, resting at the ends of the rows. In the summer we worked with large knives chopping the stalks and laying them in bundles to dry, then shocking them later. The shocks were like tepees and in the autumn I played Indian in them."

He looked at her delicate-boned wrists and slender legs.

"Walking in a field, swinging a heavy knife."

She smiled at him now.

"Why didn't you make money?"

"Because those were the dry lands. There were magnificent storms winter and summer but almost never any rain. Only the irrigated portions owned by the big farmers could raise crops successfully. Usually, our crops burned up in the fields. Much of that country is irrigated now, but when we lived there we were pioneering the margin lands."

"Well," he said, "it sounds like a very dramatic place, and I imagine life was more interesting then than now."

"Oh, no, but it was interesting, if you can call it that while it's happening. We were terribly poor. Life was hard."

"But it didn't seem hard then, did it? I mean to you?"

"Yes. When people are that poor it seems hard even to children no matter how full of imagination and pretense they are. Hunger is a hard thing, and we were almost always hungry. Memory doesn't enhance that."

"Really hungry," he stated to himself. He could never believe it and somehow he resented it.

"I remember a kind of final day when my mother sold her wedding ring for flour and lard."

"Did she ever get another?"

"No," but there was a white band on her finger for a long time. She used to laugh sometimes and call it the shadow of her marriage."

"Did she mind very much?"

"Well, I suppose she did, but we never carried on about any of the things that happened to us."

"Why was that?"

"Because, I suppose, getting voluntarily upset was a luxury we couldn't afford. No telling what would have happened if my mother had ever let go. My father was a spendthrift of energy and emotions. He had a violent temper and he let it loose often. It used to pounce upon us at unsuspecting moments like a savage animal. He couldn't stand the pressure of our lives."

"You wouldn't say that of your grandfather, would you?"

"He couldn't stand the pressure of responsible living."

"Oh."

"My father kept at it."

"Your grandfather was a very handsome man?"

"Yes. He was tall and brown with long hands and fierce black eyes that seemed strangely to conceal their fire."

"Perhaps his appearance explains some things."

"Perhaps, though only a little," she said. "I believe there's some pressure attached to being so alive and handsome. More distractions from the hard duty."

"Yes, for a beautiful woman as well. It would have been easier to have a homely wife."

It seemed to her he was sincere, perhaps forgiving her. "There are many beautiful women," she said. "You should not take it so seriously."

"Well, you are other things too, good things. That's the trouble."

She was silent.

"Well, go on," he said. She hurried into the first memory brought up by the sight of the water running in the lines she had drawn on the ground.

"When the snow melted in the Rockies which we couldn't even see, suddenly one day we would hear a terrific roar and see a high wall of water rushing through the creek bed, tearing at the banks. Each spring a little more of our yard was torn away. When the well went we had to leave. But that was a long time after."

She returned to filling in the map she had made on the earth.

"My father was like that water. Without warning he would terrify my grandfather and me. I used to think he hated us both, but perhaps not. One night he stormed and threatened so much that Konkie and I went up on the plain. That night I felt he would kill him, and Konkie felt it too."

"Surely not!"

"It is hard to know. We were afraid. We walked for a long time on the plain. The air was like a pearl with moonlight and every star was showing in the tall sky. After a while the beauty of the night came into our minds and there was no space for the trouble we had carried out of the house. My grandfather was a sensitive man, and very quiet. We spoke in odd ways, seldom with words, but there was a warm understanding between us."

"I'm sure of it," he said rather sharply.

"That night I remember how his long shadow leaned on the plain, and how he would glance far down from his tallness to me and nod quick and sidewise. In that nod was all the sorrow he felt for the words and the hate from which we had fled. He would lay his long bony hand on my shoulder and leave it there for awhile as we walked. 'Don't tremble,' he would say gently. Just for a moment I would see his black eyes in a tender caress, and then he would lift his head and his eyes would be looking far away, secret with the thoughts of his own world. It seemed to me then that I understood the essence, if not the words, of every thought he had."

"He must have been an unusual man."

"He was, in himself, but he had his weaknesses. In his youth when his wife died he almost drank himself to death. And all his life he suffered the defeats of not trying rather than come up hard against the world."

"You are sentimental about his weaknesses. Perhaps they seemed picturesque?"

"No!" Her heart beat hard with a flare of anger and in a moment of silence quieted again. "No. But I could never hold them against him, not knowing the cause. He may have been miserable with them, and I could not help him then."

He adjusted the nozzle and set a fine round spray against the crooked fuchsia branches. The little bell flowers with their long stamen ding-donging in the shower clung briefly and fell to the ground. She retrieved several and put them in her hair. He handed her two more for earrings.

"Once," she said, "when my feelings were hurt, Konkie suggested we walk to the nearest town. It was a store and post office in a shack seven miles away. My father was in the field on the prairie, walking in the deep furrow behind the plow. It was like a betrayal to go to town as he worked, but I washed my feet, put on a clean dress, and we walked."

He looked at her feet again.

"Oh," she smiled, "my feet were hard then from going barefoot. It took a long time and there was no shade all the way. We got a cold drink at the artesian well. My grandfather asked for the mail and bought a little flour. It had to be charged till harvest. He wanted tobacco for his pipe and I longed for candy, but we had a rule that those luxuries were bought only with cash. While he visited with the old store-keeper, I hung over a bean-barrel and gazed into the candy case. When my grandfather could think of nothing more to say, he did not call me to him but walked to me. The grocer walked along behind the counter. I was ashamed that my desire had been so urgent as to make me forgetful of my manners."

"Are you often ashamed?" he asked with a crisp and intimate smile.

"He knew I was hungry, and yet he reached in the case and brought out a small hard piece of candy, the smallest there. I felt my grandfather's sharp finger against my shoulder blade. 'Thank you,' I

whispered in a terror of shyness. The grocer waited for me to eat it, he waited to see my gratitude again, and as if that weren't enough, he said, 'Eat it!' I'm sure he meant no harm; it was a small event to help along the lonely day. I whispered, 'No,' and put the candy, already sticky from the heat of my palm, into my pocket.

"By the sun it was after four o'clock when we started back. We drank from the artesian well again. Konkie had a letter in his pocket for my mother. It would be like a gift. The bag of flour he attached to a thin rope and flung over his shoulder. Outside of town he decided to save his shoes and tied the strings together to saddle them over his other shoulder."

She rested her chin in her palms and spoke as if she were thinking aloud. He sat listening now as if he must hear what she had to say.

"We felt happy because we were moving. Konkie sang a little song about tramping over this wide, weary world. I've been nearly all over the land, he said, *afoot*. America is a beautiful country. It's a shame everybody can't see it.

"Is it like this? I asked. Well, he said, this is it too, and a lot more besides—all kinds of people and all kinds of scenery. I tried to imagine it but all I knew was the flat plain like a round plate with a sky for the lid. I looked as far as I could see and tried to think about America. It was the first time I had thought about America; it was like hearing your own name in a new way. He looked down at me and said, Now, don't let it confound you. There's a whole world. Whenever your dad can get near a school or move to town, you'll learn. Meanwhile I aim to teach you what I can. Last winter you learned to read the papers on the walls. This winter you can read my book, and I'll tell you things. This book isn't much but it's all I have; so I read it over and over. It's called *The Adventures of Kit Carson*. But it's summer now! he said.

"We walked in silence for a while and then he said, Half my life I've wanted to go to a place called Costa Rica. There's a river there named Reventazón. I read it once somewhere—'the wild Reventazón'—and I've never been able to get it out of my head. Will you go? I asked him, taking it for granted because my grandfather disappeared and reappeared several times a year. No, he said, I can't tread water. If I worked and saved for the trip, I'd die before I'd saved enough; if I don't work, I can't go. That's life, but, mind you, it's not the way it should be. So, I work a little and walk.

"It's a shame," she said, "that he never saw the 'wild Reventazón.' It is wild, and strong, and it rushes along the feet of great mountains softly green with moist grass, and coffee and banana trees."

Her husband turned his head and looked at her for a long time but he said nothing.

"Konkie was silent all the rest of the way. When we came in sight of our field, the sun was going down, sending a fan of colored beams all over the west. My father and the horses were little black figures against the sun. We watched him come to the end of the row and unhitch the horses. He picked up his water jug, and stopped to look at a snake he had hung over the fence. Holding the lines, he walked off behind the horses toward home. We were still a long way off but in the clear desert air we could see all these things well.

"In my time, my grandfather said, I have had many dreams. It always seemed to me I was patterned for something, but I could never make it come out. When he spoke in this way I knew he was speaking to himself, so I watched my father walking over the plain. Often I did not like him because we were strangers, but for all this and his wild anger, there he was, tired and perhaps lonely, after a hard and sober day working to get our food and the rent for the farm. Perhaps he had his dreams too but there was no room in our world for this other part of him, and he was angry. I thought if I could plant these two men I loved like seeds in another soil they might come up one beautiful plant, one person. Then, I should not be divided and neither should they.

"The summer dusk was rising up around our feet when we reached the edge of the plain where we went down the precipice to our yard. The unharnessed horses were going into the alfalfa with their mouths dripping water. We splashed water on our faces at the well and washed our feet.

"In the house, Konkie gave my mother the letter, and I tried to break the sticky candy in two. I wanted to give my father a gift for the sight of us going to town."

"How silly."

"Perhaps."

"The point is," her husband said abruptly, "you really like a man who will go out of his way to give you some rather foolish emotional satisfaction better than one who works hard to give you the more important things."

"Sometimes," she said, "I think such a man would work the same to give *himself* the *important things*. Don't you?"

"That's hardly the point. And it leaves out love—his love."

"I was speaking only of my life."

"I realize that," he said meaningfully.

"Well, it is past and my grandfather is dead."

"Your grandfather is *never* dead! He is the universal fascinator!"

She wanted to strike him.

He waved the hose over the grass without interest. She looked at his blonde head and the reddish Sunday whiskers, the cool face turned away, the emotion hidden, controlled.

The long, Moorish shadow of the house had crept up to the top of the hill. Suddenly a mocking bird sang from a eucalyptus tree near the street and flew into the tree above them. Others sang wildly.

"That's their dawn chorus," she said. "They've got mixed up."

He turned off the water and went indoors. She had wanted to put her hand on his arm, against his loneliness, but she could not. It would be like a further betrayal. Sometime, perhaps, not now.

She could hear him faintly, her ears long familiar with the sounds from the house. He was searching through the record albums. These were his refuge. Suddenly she felt irritated with her easy, thoughtless conclusions of him. Had her love been his music? Perhaps the music was his expression for that part of him submerged to silence, as the story she had been telling was her discontent, her loneliness, her plea. They had found no way to be friends and could not speak directly.

The beautiful and disturbing music of Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" disquieted the dusk.

She had needed him; she had shown him only in a cruel way, thinking of herself, and he had gone into the house consumed with his own need. She drew the stick across her drawings on the earth, and listened for a long time, as if she were hearing the words in his heart.

The music moved into the "Poem of Fire." She stood up and walked through the deep grass to the end of the yard which dropped steeply into a narrow canyon. Some radiant energy, long bound by the weight of confusion and opposing desires, demanded release. Not in flood, but in a long full stream, beginning now, flowing through their relationship and beyond it into many things. It would not be easy. She hardly knew how to begin. Perhaps only a little thing at first and then on and on until this enmity of strangers had dissolved

between them, freeing them, as much as one is ever freed, to tend their lives. This waste of self-absorption in a world of many needs was shameful, and yet shame was unknown or forgotten in that aching void between them. A carelessly abandoned hope came softly into her thought of him. Some day he would listen to his music in fullness, not in desolation. And she would not be speaking of her loneliness, or hiding it.

Like an inverted sky the city far below in the valley was bejewelled with street-lamp stars. A low wind smelling of the sea came in gently to the great hills. She turned back toward the house. Under the desperate music and the quick winter dark, she could hear the foolish frogs singing as if nothing great or small would ever be changed in the world. She hesitated a moment thinking of flight. The frogs were singing of eternals, innocently, blindly. She opened the door and went in quietly, wanting to be known, and to know him whom she had not fully known before.

LITTLE MOSE

Robert Sheffield

FAR TO THE NORTH there is a small lake whose waters are black and cold from immeasurable depth. Around the shores of the lake there is a wood full of stunted, gnarled, and twisted trees, and beneath them, around and over their roots, a snarl of twisted underbrush. No wind ever penetrates the trees to ripple the black cold water. No birds ever sing there.

On the lake there is only one house, which is now almost hidden by the vines and weeds crawling back over it. A few years ago it was lived in by a family called Whyte and their colored servant, Bessie, and Mose, her little boy. There was a clearing around the house then. The forest was kept back.

The house had been built a half century previously out of the same trees that had been cut down to make a clearing for it. The design of the house was one that would delight a child; it was large and rambling and full of rooms and half-rooms that a child could pretend were secret. But a child, nearly any child, would have been frightened by this house because the wood from the trees was black and formed weird misshapen beams that could be clutching hands or hideous faces in the half-dusk that was always in the house.

It was kept in a livable state of repair until a few years ago when the event occurred which gave the Whytes an excuse to abandon it forever and to let the weeds and vines and trees crawl tangled over it. Although it was never admitted by the Whytes, this abandonment was a tremendous relief; none of them had enjoyed, in fact they detested, the inevitable month they had to spend there each year and spent the time huddled around a fireplace where they could at least feel some warmth. But they came back each year because it was a family habit established by Mr. Whyte's father, who had built the place. Besides,

having such a place to go away to in the hot summer months was considered a privilege that it would be undutiful to neglect.

The Whyte family had lived the calm, respectable life that you or I or anyone in their position might have lived. There was nothing outstanding about them that would justify what they went through that summer not long ago.

Enoch Whyte, the father, looked like and was a highly respected member of his community. He owned a business which he had inherited from his father, and was on the board of directors of the local bank. His solid, inscrutable face made one wonder whether he was a master of hiding his personality, his character, or whether he simply had none. His wife was a rather noisy woman who spent her life confusedly backing up from uncontrolled, impetuous plunges into strange territory; from sheer enthusiasm she sometimes carried others along, but not often. She belonged to the Presbyterian Church and to the Daughters of the American Revolution. They had only one child, Enoch Whyte, Junior, whom they called Ennie for short. He had unfortunately inherited the least handsome physical characteristics of his father; his chin sloped in and, even though he was in his middle twenties, there was a little bulge of fat on his neck that looked like an innocent parody of his chin. His eyes were small and shrewd, and while he lacked the solid appearance of his father he nevertheless gave the impression of being no one's fool, of being a young man bound to succeed. He failed to completely satisfy his parents only because he had not sufficient interest in women to take a wife.

Theirs was a well-settled life. Occasionally they might have been upset or even enraged by certain trends of the nation or the vagaries of a political group or some such thing that did not really approach their personal lives. So it was with considerable shock that Bessie and her little boy entered their lives.

Bessie, of course, was their servant. She had been sent up from an agency in the city and arrived at the camp shortly after they did. She was the first colored servant they had ever had; the others had been Irish or Slavic women who turned surly and unmanageable after a few days in such a lonesome, inaccessible place. But fat, black, jolly Bessie, who seemed not only contented but actually cheerful, made them at first bury their antipathy to living in the same house with some one not of their own race.

Both Bessie and Mose managed, with what might have been an

instinctive efficiency, to assume an inconspicuousness that to their employers seemed strange in the midst of such remoteness, where human contact had a way of becoming as essential as air. Mose had been seen once and only briefly when he first arrived; they had been impressed by the odd dissimilarity of the boy and his mother; he was small for his nine or ten years and looked even more dwarfed by her bulk. He was considerably lighter in color and his body was frail and his face delicately chiseled. His large brown eyes, as they glanced at them for one brief moment, seemed so old, so penetrating that they unconsciously averted their curious gaze and felt an inexplicable twinge of embarrassment. After that one encounter he had wholly disappeared from them for nearly a week.

The Whytes were irritated by the isolation of Mose and Bessie. Mrs. Whyte, bored and eager for talk, had tried on numerous occasions to start a friendly chat with Bessie, but could never quite succeed. There was a rigid restraint in the large colored woman that would not permit her to trespass outside of her limited servant class. She was jolly and cheerful as long as she was approached by nothing but her duties as a cook and housekeeper; but as soon as there was a deviation from that she would reply in polite cautious monosyllables that drove Mrs. Whyte, more than once, silently furious out of the kitchen, enraged at being snubbed by her cook. "Who does she think she is?" she rhetorically asked her husband as she tried to explain it to him. "After all, I'm doing her a favor by even trying to be a little friendly."

But a few days later her opinion had changed. She came out of the kitchen one afternoon with a worried, puzzled expression on her face. "There's something there I don't like," she told her husband and son; "I can't quite put my finger on it yet, but—"

"Why, what did she say?" asked Mr. Whyte.

"It isn't what she said, it's the way she said it; she seems so evasive, like when I asked her about the child she said suddenly, out of a clear sky, that she smelled something burning in the oven and that was that. I couldn't get her back to it without appearing curious. Now something could have been burning, but if she was just trying to evade my question, well, she just doesn't know who she's up against."

Mr. Whyte, as a matter of principle, remained aloof from her frequent forays, but this time he had a feeling that, as she said, there was something to the situation. However, he merely grunted something to the effect that she shouldn't have allowed such people in the

house in the first place. She replied with heated indignation, "Why, I shouldn't have allowed—" Whereupon a trivial domestic scene followed which has no relation to this story.

It was their son who first spoke to the boy. He was standing on the porch very early one morning when the ground was sparkling with the dew and the last grey of night. He had passed the night wrestling with the insomnia that always attacked him when he was at the lake. His relief at seeing daylight again put him in a particularly jocular mood. He saw the boy walking through the grey dawn down the little-used path to the lake with a fishing pole over his shoulder and asked him, in an accent he had used in a minstrel show he had been in at college, "Where you-all goin'—fishin'?" The boy turned and studied him with his deep penetrating eyes before he answered.

"Yes, I'm going fishing." His gravity, the seriousness of his voice, and, above all, the strange arresting power of his eyes sobered Ennie from the lightheaded drunkenness of his sleepless night.

"Ah—maybe we can have some nice fresh fish for breakfast then," he carried on in embarrassment.

"Oh, I don't catch fish like that, not to kill and eat them. I just tie some food on the end of the line to attract them to the surface, and then I talk to them. I tell them all about the Bible and what Jesus said."

The young man stared at the small colored figure in amazement, then without a word turned on his heel and walked into the chilly house.

He didn't say anything about this to his parents until after breakfast, when he wordlessly beckoned them into a remote part of the house. As he expected, his story moved them considerably. His mother started to say something, then looked to her husband, her mouth speechlessly half open. Mr. Whyte merely muttered grimly, "We'll have to have a talk about that boy." He strode into the kitchen and confronted Bessie, busy over the breakfast dishes.

"Bessie," he commanded as she grinned cheerfully at him, "as soon as your boy comes back you're to send him to me." The grin fell from her face.

"He generally don't come back till real late, suh."

"He doesn't? Well, then, I'll see him immediately after he gets back."

"Yassuh," she answered barely above a whisper; then half-doubtful,

half as if knowing the answer to a question she was afraid to ask, "What—what you want to see him for?" He didn't answer, but reading something in his eyes she pleaded with no hope, as if it were an old story that invariably had the same ending against her. "Please don't torment him, mister, maybe he don't know what he's doing. Maybe he can't help it. Maybe it's just something we don't understand. But he ain't never done no one no harm, I swear he ain't."

Mr. Whyte watched her growing anguish and gathered from it a confirmation, of what he didn't immediately know. He realized that this wasn't the first time that this had happened to her, that she had been questioned by her employer about her son. And seeing her turn to the pleading defensive gave him a feeling of justification and pure cold righteousness.

"Never you mind about that, just do as I say."

"Yassuh," she asserted submissively, knowing that anything she said would only make worse the terrible expression on his face.

Little Mose came back that night as she was serving the evening meal. He came into the kitchen noiselessly and looked at his mother for a moment with his deep black eyes. "Do they want to talk to me already?" he asked her.

"Yes, Little Mose, they do," she answered, turning her head away.

"I'll go to them now, then," he said and started for the closed door of the dining room.

"No, wait a bit," she protested quickly and, as he turned questioningly, added lamely, "here—eat something first. I bet you ain't eaten all day, boy." He hesitated a second, then sat down at the table.

She placed a plate of food in front of him and while he ate she brushed his hair nervously with her hand.

"Mose—"

"Yes, Mother?"

"You reckon you know what they going to ask you?"

"I know what they are going to ask me."

Bessie sighed deeply, gave a final pat to his black hair, and went to the stove. With her back to him she asked, "You don't think you could make it different this time, do you, Mose? I mean not tell them so many things."

"I'll try not to, but I just can't lie to them or anyone, and most of the time I can't keep from telling what's inside me, you know I can't." He got up and put his arm around her. In spite of the fact that his head

barely reached to her elbow and his arm could stretch only from one hip to the other, he had the appearance of a grown man comforting a child. "You don't have enough faith in the good Lord, Mother," he smiled kindly up at her.

"Oh, I know I don't, child. It's just that I get so scared for you sometimes." She shook her head and gave him a gentle shove. "Now get on in there and take care how you talk."

As he entered the dining room, Mr. Whyte beamed on him, "Well, well, so this is the little boy who talks with the fish."

Mose stopped just outside of the perimeter of light from the kerosene lamp, nearly camouflaging his small dark body except for his eyes which caught the soft yellow and held it. He glanced reproachfully at Ennie, then turned his luminous eyes directly into Mr. Whyte's and replied, "Yes, sir, I guess I do." He hesitated a moment, struggling to restrain himself. "And sometimes I talk with the birds and the grasshoppers and even the worms that crawl in the earth. I guess I'd talk with anything who'd listen to me."

"And what is it you say to all these birds and worms and things?" asked Mr. Whyte.

"I tell them what the Bible says—"

"And what, precisely, is that?" rapped out Mr. Whyte.

The fire in the lamp suddenly died down for a moment, and the three people watching him saw his body completely disappear except for his eyes which still smoldered from the tiny light left in the sputtering lamp. "I tell them," he said from the darkness, "I tell them that they shouldn't prey on one another because they are all brothers and sisters and that God is their father in whose eyes they are all equal."

The lamp caught on again, as suddenly as it went out, bringing his body back with it. They unconsciously sighed a breath of relief.

"Where did you pick that stuff up, boy?"

"I don't know; it just comes to me. It seems I hear a voice telling me everything that Jesus said and what he'd like me to teach and what God thinks best for his children. All I know is that I keep hearing it and then I just have to tell all about the wonder of it or I'll get so full I'll burst wide open."

They dismissed him a few moments later, but not before Mr. Whyte had warned him that he might have to answer some more questions. After he had left the room, Mrs. Whyte looked incredulously at her husband. "Did you notice that—his eyes shining like that? He

hardly looked human, more like a wild animal when you shine a light on it in the dark!" She shuddered and pulled her coat tighter around her shoulders.

Mr. Whyte squirmed uneasily in his chair. "I think," he said cautiously, tentatively, "I think that there is something in this. I think that we ought to bide our time a little and find out more about it."

Ennie agreed enthusiastically. "I was hoping you'd see it that way." He leaned forward in his chair and explained, "The kid must have been indoctrinated with those ideas; now if we can find out where and how—"

"Now that's not exactly what I had in mind," said his father dubiously.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Whyte, having recollected herself. "First of all my cook highhats me and now her child thinks he's a personal friend of Christ. I've never heard of anything like it."

The Whytes were greatly shocked and moved by this episode. It was perhaps the first time in their lives that they had ever come across anything of which they knew no precedent. They could hardly be blamed when, alone in that dark weird house with a colored boy who claimed to speak for Christ, they momentarily lost their direction. They were stunned, but they realized that they had to discover for themselves what this strange human being was.

And so, for the next few days they bided their time, feeling their ground. Although they were careful to maintain an air of calmness, as if nothing at all odd had occurred, they pondered over and studied their situation every moment of the day.

Slowly they gathered their evidence. Mrs. Whyte learned, after many persistent attempts, about the boy's father. Bessie, she informed her husband and her son, didn't even know his name. "She said that she was working for some writers or something once and one of their guests—I gathered he was white—had done it, and by the time she knew that she was pregnant she had left them. All she knew about him was what she had heard the people she was working for say. When I asked her what he did for a living she said she thought he was a genius. 'A genius?' I asked her, and she answered, 'Yes, Ma'am, that's what everyone called him when they talked about him so I guess that's what he was.' Can you imagine anything funnier? A genius!" She snorted contemptuously.

She had a later conversation with Mose which, however, she did not

repeat. One morning, tired and raw-nerved from a sleepless night, she came into the living room and found him there intently studying a pot of geraniums that looked like hot coals in the gloom of the room. She walked swiftly to him and, as he looked up rapturously from the flowers, asked through clenched teeth, "What business have you got in here, young man?"

"I was looking at the strange ways in which God manifests his goodness and beauty in even a lowly thing like a pot of flowers," he replied serenely, in no way abashed by the fact that she had found him in a part of the house that he should have known was forbidden him.

"It seems to me that God should manifest something else on another lowly creature who is altogether too impudent."

He stared deep into her angry eyes for a moment, then answered with a gentle, pitying smile, "Jesus has said, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.'"

She stared hard at him, her eyes slowly opening wider and wider. "What do you mean by that?"

"I know many things that are hidden from other people. I know things that will happen and things that happened before I was even born."

Mrs. Whyte blushed and turned white in the space of a few seconds. "Get out of this room. Get *out!*" she whispered hoarsely, pointing a trembling finger at the door.

Mose smiled sadly at her. "You should put your faith in the good Lord," he told her and walked out of the room as she had commanded.

Mrs. Whyte watched him leave, then paced nervously back and forth. "Impossible," she told herself. "Impossible! Impossible! There's no way he could know about that. I'm just imagining things . . . tired, nervous. Impossible."

Although she never told her husband and son about that scene, she often wondered if they too knew things they hadn't told.

And Ennie, who had been concentrating on Mose, added more information. Every day he had been trying to follow the boy when, in the very early morning, he walked across the clearing around the house and disappeared into the woods. He seemed to have an uncanny instinct for picking out the hidden animal trails that were the only ways of getting through the wild snarly trees and undergrowth; he went directly into them without any apparent searching. Ennie, carefully watching from a window in the house, would follow a few minutes later

and could pace up and down the very spot he had entered without seeing a thing but impenetrable underbrush.

One morning after this had been going on for about a week, Mose went up the long trail that led to the town miles away. He cut off, just before he reached the dirt road, into the woods, where at that place it was relatively clear. He walked slowly along, mechanically stooping for low branches, his head bowed down, as if he were in a sort of trance. When he reached a large clearing he suddenly stopped, and Ennie, peering around a large tree he had quickly hidden behind, saw him look up at the sky and around at the trees. He went to one and ran his white palm caressingly over the bark. Then he fell to his knees, hands clasped in front of him, and wept with a strange smile on his face. "He stayed like that for ten or fifteen minutes," Ennie told them, "and then got up and walked directly to the tree I was hiding behind and told me that it was the most wonderful thing in the world the way the Lord was around us, that He was in every living creature, and that even if you wanted to you couldn't get away from Him."

Mrs. Whyte, after two or three attempts, leaned forward in her chair, her fingers twisting nervously in her lap. Carefully choosing her words, she asked, "Are you positive that he didn't see or hear you following him or hiding behind the tree?" Ennie nodded. "Did you ask him anything about it, like how he knew you were there?"

"Oh, yes, I was going to mention that. I couldn't see how he knew that I was behind that tree. There's a possibility that he might have known that I was following him, but—I asked him about it, of course, and he just looked surprised and claimed that he just *knew* it, that he seemed to know every time something evil was going on around him. I tried to laugh that off, not wanting to go into that with him then and there, just joking, naturally, and asked him if he thought that I was evil. But he took it seriously and said that I was but not as evil as you two."

They both inhaled deeply, and Mrs. Whyte turned pale and muttered under her breath, "Impossible!"

"Damned fresh little nigger," snarled Mr. Whyte, "strutting around and talking about us and God as if he were white. There ought to be some way of making him stop that."

"That's just the way I felt," Ennie agreed, "and I told him, too, 'Fine way for a servant's kid to talk,' I told him. Then he said that we were all servants in the eyes of the Lord."

"That Lord of his!"

They learned many other things about Mose; they had no difficulty collecting evidence, and for each new bit they had formed the habit of gathering in one of the dark, cold rooms farthest from the ears of Bessie. There, sitting close together in the gloom, they would examine and analyze every new detail and make it fit into the others. The picture they saw gradually forming at first frightened them, but as it became clearer they lost their fear to an ecstatic happiness. They ceased thinking of Mose as a little boy, or scarcely even as a human being, but as a creature dangerous to society, a vile being that should be caged.

Their individual reactions varied, of course. Mrs. Whyte stressed the shameful immorality of an illegitimate child and made many hazy insinuations that she could not be persuaded to explain, but nevertheless gave them the impression that she knew a great deal more than she could tell them. Mr. Whyte was particularly irritated by his ideas, and Ennie by what he regarded as his religious affrontery. Yet, besides all this, there was an undefined, unspoken, fiery hatred of the boy. Mrs. Whyte had spent many a tormented night wondering how much he really knew about a certain event and what he would do about it. Mr. Whyte and Ennie would rage white when they reviewed the ideas the boy expressed in his soft, mellifluous voice. "Foul, criminal ideas and pernicious theories—he should be executed for spreading them, for even thinking them!" had shouted Mr. Whyte.

Yet they no longer paid any apparent attention to Mose. To all appearances he had ceased to exist for them. They ignored him coldly whenever they passed him and entirely gave up confronting him with the details of his behavior as they discovered them. But there were not many moments of the day or night that their vigilance slackened. They forgot the utter boredom that plagued their vacations. They were filled with an exhilarating zest for life that they had never known before; they looked younger, stronger, healthier. Mr. and Mrs. Whyte retired to their room earlier in the evenings leaving Ennie, tolerantly amused, alone with nothing to do but sit on the porch or wander alone through the woods. He found a new, childishly thrilling delight in pretending that he was a stranger, perhaps a burglar or a spy, and would slink noiselessly around the house in a narrowing circle, and peek in the dark windows. In the half light of the dark woods he sometimes thought he saw Mose leaving the house or coming back or merely standing motionless for hours looking like a light post or part of a birch tree.

They all knew that something had to be done. Mrs. Whyte had

said, "That boy should not be allowed to run around loose.* It would be a crime against society for us to allow it. Think of the irreparable damage he'd do if he were allowed to associate with other children."

"You can bet your last dollar he will," warned her husband; "he's more than old enough to go to school now, and there's not a school official in the country with the courage to forbid it on the merits of the case. He'll contaminate every young mind he comes in contact with unless—"

Unless! they thought, staring at each other with cold narrowing eyes. "Do we dare? Do we dare?"

For a few days they let the idea germinate. They reminded themselves, they reminded each other how ineffably necessary it was. They reviewed the evidence; a monster disguised as a child, a wretchedly inhuman inferior. A black, insane bastard immune from the law spreading degenerate, dangerous ideas. They were forced to make the only possible decision. And they laid their plans.

The first thing was to get Bessie out of the way for a while by sending her to the city on a trifling errand. Late that night when all was quiet they crept softly to the room where little Mose and his mother slept. They paused momentarily to find him all dressed and sitting on the edge of the bed as if he had been waiting for them. In an instant they had him bound and gagged and carried him swiftly, unstruggling, down to the lake to a tall tree standing proudly alone near the black cold water.

There, as the rope was being adjusted over the lowest limb by the father and son, Mrs. Whyte behind their backs feverishly ripped the clothes from his body, gnashed her teeth and dug her manicured nails deep into his flesh. "Oooooo, you bastard, you meddling, spying bastard, you heathen bastard," she growled.

Mr. Whyte and Ennie gave a testing tug on the rope, turned and ripped the gag from the boy's mouth. With shining eyes they noted the boy's face contort with fear and pain. Impelled by a terrible curiosity, Mr. Whyte secretly twisted his arm behind his back and felt him fall limp in a faint. They looked, disappointed, at each other; then Ennie straddled him, bent over, and to bring him back to consciousness waved his arm back and forth in hard, fierce strokes that caught the right cheek with his palm and his left cheek with the knuckles. When his eyes fluttered open they quickly pushed the noose around his neck

and pulled hard on the other end while he screamed, "My God, my God, why—" and strangled.

They placed a heavy stone on his stomach and lashed him around it, tying his wrists around the back of his legs and fastening the ends around his neck. Then altogether they laid hands on the odd-shaped bundle and threw it clumsily into the lake. They saw the water open and close in an instant; the ripples spread out and died quickly, heavily, and they returned to the house like happy, giggling children just sprung from school.

They all slept late the next day until Bessie returned, having walked from the station, and burst into the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Whyte. "Little Mose is gone," she cried; "Little Mose is gone! Where'd he go? What did you do with him?" Mrs. Whyte turned sleepily from the shoulder of her husband.

"He left last night," she explained, "shortly after you left, looking for you. We tried to stop him but there was simply nothing we could do about it. You poor dear, we know how worried you must be. Don't we, darling?" she purred, rolling back to her husband. "Leave us alone, now, Bessie, Mr. Whyte and I want to be alone. We'll help you out all we can later. And don't ever come in again before you knock."

Half-guessing the truth, defeated by a life of submission too late to change, Bessie wearily left, closing the door gently behind her.

They never saw her again. She disappeared behind the shut door. She didn't even take any of her clothes with her. The thought of what she might do, the scandal she might cause sobered them up. In the light of day the enormity of the deed struck them with a new force, and their first reaction was to leave that detested place immediately and never, never return.

The weeds and vines are reclaiming the house. But it will take a long time to destroy. It is a strong house, built to last forever.

SHEPHERDER

Carol Ely Harper

THE BLEEDING DUST of sunset muddied old Snake River and branded the rising rocks with a glare bright as the coppery river. Across Snake River, about a half mile above Brown's Junction, Oregon, Old Baby he ferried, with love and whiskey, his ferry boat, cracked as his old face. Nobody knew young Toady was hiding in the engine room, nobody except Thole. Thole was the old shepherd. The boat was loaded with his sheep. Evening. The sheep like waves of shadow. Snake was bottomless deep.

Thole glimpsed Toady, but Thole wasn't a person to speak. So he said nothing. Toady was not prepossessing, a lumbering, gaunt, so-so fellow, not good, just fair, the kind you meet by the legion.

The ferry was straddling the slipping sunset-dyed river when peculiar scraping noises began, ugly enough to shiver your heart and leave you nightmare-hounded. Then the ferry stood up, it stood up and splintered and cracked! A whining and a humming! Up heaved the boat, sheep-loaded, with sicknin', sucking humming! Half that deck, solid with sheep, upended slick! Down the sheep went into the water, and in the water they circled; watery foam wreathed 'em. Thole was kept busy, but through the rending and yelling he saw Toady leap out of the engine room and try to help.

"You therel!" Toady cried at Thole, as sheep eyes dipped to dark old Snake River's doom. "Do somethin'! Don't let 'em drown like this!"

The sheep, drowning, made no sound, no cries. The undertow whirled them down like rats, whirled their begging silence.

"Goddam killin'! Goddam dying!" Toady shouted. Toady cursed and stamped and cried.

Then crazy he looked at Thole, after it was all over. A tear came

out of Toady's eye. "Mom," he said, "raised a lamb. I wasn't very old then. Dad didn't like Mom. When Mom was dying, Dad killed the lamb. Mom said to me once, about sheep, 'You lead 'em, you help 'em, like children, through woe; you love 'em, you watch 'em, you feed 'em—' "

Then Toady got scared and jerked away from by Thole, and Toady dropped through the night down into the river; he'd remembered he had to hide, he had to, or never wake.

He swam away with hardly a sound, in rustling watery rings. He was thinking as he swam: Why should I go on hiding? why should I go on living? what good does living be? But as he thought, his hand touched rock, and thistle weeds, and he shut the door on the suicide's thought, and climbed up on the river bank. In the dusty rough reeds on the bank of Snake River he lay, plumb tuckered out. He dreamed the boat made the landing, took on that band of sheep, and put out and drowned them again, upending.

After that he slipped into dreaming of his childhood in Alpowie. Alpowie was a sheep town, a village five hundred miles south of Brown's Junction and Old Baby's ferry. Toady dreamed how his mother croaked in the shack in Alpowie. Toady was a little shaver full of love for his mother. His dad was a drunken souse. After she died he took in a slut black as coal-black; she kicked the kid out.

He scraped from pillar to post. He was soon in a cell. He began it by stealing to eat, and once he stole a sheep, for love. He tried to grin when jailed for swipin' the sheep; he whistled himself to sleep.

"He's born bad!" the Alpowie dames said in front of him. "And he's had dirty bringin' up! But it's funny, he's always happy, always laughing, hungry or in jail! It's amazing!" Toady, the kid, listened and kept on laughing. He dreamed it over again now, layin' north on Snake River after the wreck of the ferry.

Ed Crowe, the Alpowie jailer, took to hating him. Crowe with the souring belly. But the more Crowe'd hit him, the wider Toady'd grin; Toady'd start singing, "Dear Nelly!" Till Crowe got to itchin' to bloody Toady right smart. But Toady was brighter'n Crowe. Toady, hankering for whiskey, learned how to carve a key. That's when the real trouble began.

With his keys Toady took to sneaking from the Alpowie jail when Crowe was out, and Toady'd go up to the poolhall on the hill. There he'd ape Crowe, while the customers plied him with whiskey stout. And

how they'd laugh at Toady's mimicry of Crowe! And the guyin' they'd give the jailkeeper meetin' him afterwards! They'd howl, "Whyn't you wear a sign: Wanted—job as Dumb Waiter—?"

Till baggy, stringy-legged, crooked Crowe he swore no more would Toady carve a key and sneak up to the poolhall on the hill. And Crowe ached to slice Toady's throat. But Toady went on making his secret keys, and all Crowe could do was sweat and get sick in his sour between-deck. But twice Crowe, hopin', ran back to see if Toady was out of jail. No, Toady wasn't; so Crowe he railed; and Toady sang, "Dear Nell!"

Next, Crowe slipped from the jail one ten p. m., makin' sure first Toady was told. Crowe slipped down a gully and out of sight. A summer dust storm had begun to brew. Then Toady took the key he'd carved from a supper fork somebody'd loaned him through his window bars; he took the key out from in his mattress where he'd made a new hiding place; and he opened his cell door. Toady went over the Alpowie bridge and up to the poolhall on the hill.

When Toady came back from the poolhall, down onto the bridge, the storm was blowing hard. Wunt no lamp to display him; night dust howled off the Alpowie hills. You'd not know or see a man hiding on the bridge, not for the dark and the dust.

Along Toady come, bent in the blasting wind forged in the day's torrid sun. Toady shut up his eyes. His hand on the rail, Toady stumbled and felt his way.

Toady woke from dreaming of that summer night. He woke on the bank of Snake River, far north. He was hiding, hiding, and afraid. Toady shuddered. The moon lay low on the purple bare mountain. The moon was shiny gold. The moon was a yellow stopper to spill the night from a blue-gray glass. Toady was not able to push back the desire to die. How, he thought, can a man meet the day's pounding? must living always be fought?

He heard a noise in the moonlit reeds and he cringed down silently. He hugged the earth in the fear that hushes the hunted's life to a shiver. But only a sheep dog, an old spotted Australian shepherd, slid in through the brush. Toady'd seen her with the sheep on the ferry. She came to him and she lifted a grinning mouth of pleasure. Toady's breath come back to him in a bound, like a racer's after a trip. The old Australian sheep dog was spotted grey like the night. She settled like the night, against Toady to stay. Her tongue on his hand made him

weep. A dog will hide with a guy that's hiding, will walk where a murderer walks.

Then again, as every night, Toady's thoughts returned to that summer night on the Alpowie bridge. From the saloon above far voices floated down; but nobody heard him and his attacker. Breath split whistling out of their throats like strangled fire on a ridge.

Toady hadn't seen who it was loomed up sudden before him in the middle of the dark bridge; Toady's eyes were shut to keep out the dust pounding him. But Toady felt the bottle break on his head, and he heard the laugh that snarled up before him like logs piling up on a dam. Blood in his eyes and dust in his eyes, Toady reeled beneath his assailant. The storm shouted higher, in gusts and cries. Hell could not have been more ebony.

At the poolhall on the hill, lights swung light and lighter down into Toady's bloodied eyes as he fought. Lights whirled like a whirlpool; he was blind! he was blind! But the thrust of his arms was steady.

When the big guy again buried his bottle deep in Toady's bleeding face, Toady put all his despair into his arms, and he sailed off into nothing.

The next morning after the fight, when Toady come to he was lying on the bank of the deep Alpowie River. His feet were in the stream. The slap of the water stirred with a long low sigh; the storm was down; ghost stars of dawn trembled. Toady rose up with a groan.

Toady dragged his numb feet out of the water. He rubbed his aching ribs. Had he gone like a sheep to the butcher? another sheep hammered had he died? Slowly he lifted his swollen head. He blinked at the bridge, gaunt above him. He fell, did he, the night before? A laugh. A guy. Who was that guy? Did he shove him off the bridge? No, they plunged off in each other's arms. The big guy had screamed as he fell. It was a voice Toady'd recollect forever, a laugh that come out of Hades.

Then Toady turned over, and his eyes opened wide and black. Why—that was Ed Crowe layin' beside him in the shallow water! Ed Crowe! Layin' loose as a twisted bag, purple fouling the water!

Ed Crowe! who had whipped Toady year on year, since first Toady stole his melons. Since when Toady'd grinned from tooth to tooth lodging often with Crowe's jailbirds. Ed Crowe! So that scream last night was Ed Crowe's yap! So it was Crowe hit Toady with the bottle!

Toady, lookin' at Ed Crowe in the water, began to tremble. Toady

knew the 'lectric chair would fit him after all. For a jailer's back bent over a boulder like that is broken. A jailer's neck twisted under like that is cold. A jailer murdered can never be wakened. Say, what does a split skull contain? There's no beat in a jailer's stilled heart, no rush in a silent pulse, no sting in a fallen arrow, no blow from a loosened fist, no cry from a body when breath is gone, no groan but the sob of the river, no cussing from Crowe, when Ed Crowe is dead. Toady began to shiver.

Then the devil set on Toady with pitchforks. The devil speared Toady and gashed. Toady whined to run. What murderer longs for the hot chair's legal seal?

As a torn colt screaming in a bear trap lunges to right and left, so Toady plunged first one way then another, to the Alpowie and then to the bank, then, choking and whimpering, back into the rapids of the mountain river. Toady let the harsh water roll him over and over, in foam and rocks, past the hills, down past fields of clover. The stream battered him with ice hands till Toady come to his senses. Then, floating there in the cold Alpowie, Toady began to straighten out things. He said to himself: Today a new life begins. There's been blood and night, and now I'm not a boy. Life is no longer fun. I'll never be asked again to a fire to warm. I've got to hide till I croak.

When he saw the railroad tracks on the bank, he decided, I'll hide until night. Tonight when the freight train comes along, I'll grab ahold. I'll go northeastly, where strangers have said ain't no town, no jail, no coroner. In Hell's Canyon, Oregon, where lavas rise up like sorrels turned into stone, their ribs caved in, heads on their feet, there I'll hide forever.

Spring will blow a red rose; rain in spring and a red rose, but no red rose on earth will I see, for in Hell's Canyon no rose known, no rose lives. There breathin' in autumn is hard and thin, the scent of the sage is old, there the mouth of winter, they say, is a skeleton hole; there none can live but the strong. There the coyote follows a soundless path. There a man is killed without pity. There the rattlesnake fails to rattle his tail. There a man can hide till he rots!

Now Toady lay on the bank of Snake River in Oregon at the mouth of Hell's Canyon. The sheep dog slept, warm against Toady hiding in the reeds. Dawn came. The Almighty picked up the faded moon. The sheep dog left through the brush. She was going to bring Thole, but

Toady didn't know that yet. A bird twittered cautiously; crickets began to hush. Thole came through the reeds. He wore no gun.

Thole grinned at Toady. Toady did not grin as he eyed Thole back.

"Hullo!" Thole said. "Hullo, fellow! Have a good night? I told Queeny to watch you and take care of you. You're going to be valuable to me. I seen you understand sheep."

That was in the fall, the ferryboat wreck, the load of sheep drowning, and Thole findin' Toady and cottoning to him, and hiring him. So Toady went to live in Hell's Canyon, alone with Thole. And Thole asked no questions.

Neither Thole nor Toady wore guns. But there were guns on the wall of their shack.

Come winter. Round like hoofs rose dark Horse Flats, Hell's Canyon. On rumps of cliffs, wind was a moan and a shiver. Come January first and past.

On the cliff above Snake River, in a shed, in the corral, along to the last January night, Toady stood alone, lookin' down at a fallen ewe. Around them the scared white sheep, scared for no reason except the feelings of the dark, dark night, crowded against each other, closed in fear and dark. The old sheep dog flattened her spotted ears, and she snarled at Snake River's low-down boom. In dim light yellow in the lambin' shed in the high corral, the year-old ewe lay lambing too soon.

Toady knelt by her in the lantern light. He wasn't a kid no more. He groaned. "If I hadn't been herdin' alone tonight!" A ewe lambin' before her time; Toady didn't know much; he was afraid; Thole trusted him.

Toady scowled at the fallen ewe. He eyed her. He felt helpless and his blood left his heart like an ebbing sea; it ebbed like a dying wick. Lemon light from the lantern started and curled, striping the lambing shed with scars. The old dog sighed; the young ewe bickered with pain that digs and pulls.

Young Toady, trembling, peeled off his leather coat, yanked his cap down low on his ears, and cussin' deep, he set to all of a hurry, like a sudden sound. His ungloved hands turned raw. His breath, like that of the beasts about, splintered in ice on his lips.

"We think," he said, "your lamb is dead."

But he moved a bloody grasp, and a woolly young 'un, he come, alive, like water through sand.

On the cold, cold ground the ewe breathed slow. Toady, grinning, said to her, "You pest! Why'd you pick on winter?"

He told the lamb, "We'll go to the shack. We'll surprise old Thole, little fellow! Get under my jacket! warm your feet!" And then he saw the mother.

He saw it come, that new old wonder; he saw the dying one. For birth and death are a swinging ring; one is the end of the other. The ewe lay still, humble, ignorant. Unasking she answered his gaze. He put his stiff hand to her eyes; her gaze unmoved stayed there.

Toady choked. He looked at the dead. "I was green," he said. "So you croaked. I reckon that wunt fair. I guess you needed Thole to save you."

He lifted the lamb. "Anyhow, you are living! You ain't making two laying dead in a row!"

Toady, with the newborn lamb under his jacket, picked up the smoking lantern. He straddled the sheep corral fence. Wunt no stars aiming to burn; the lonely night was vast. He looked around for Queen.

"Comin'?" he sighed. "Goin' to the shack!"

Softly he walked, a scrunching in the snow; the sky was a sable dome.

Down the hill, lamb on his chest, he crouched and slid. Freezing sage air hit him in the lungs, like a fist that knocks and knocks. The lantern banged on greasewood twisting; the sooty yellow light streaked on snowy sheep paths snarling down into the icy dark.

"Hell," said Toady to Queen, when they reached the rocky bottom. "We'll rest before we climb. Onct had feet, Queeny. You got 'em?"

The sheep dog whined and Toady coughed. He set the lantern down in the snow. He set himself down, panting. Queen's eyes, brown, adored him. Toady patted the dog's black nose.

"And Thole doesn't care what I used to be. He don't ask a question." Toady continued his last conversation with his dog. "Thole just grubs me and learns me and gives me clothes and we keep the sheep right!" Teardrops froze on his cheekbones. Queeny, unblinking, eyed him. Over them the lantern light was round. Toady humped there.

O sweet O safe days! Sheep nibbling old grass. Toady learning shepherd tricks, plain as plainest glass. Drinking from the barrel sunk in the spring. Bending a can for a dish. Planning for lambs the spring will turn out. Eating smoked bacon—

Up there Toady could see the lamp in the window shining down to welcome him. Thole had it there. And Thole had the coffeepot on the stove up there, waiting whining for Toady to cup his fill. It's night, safe night high in the bunk, night and a good bunk for snoring. Good home walls up there, and peacefulness rolling.

Toady humped down thinking, and he thought of the sun on Hell's Canyon here in the morning, and he wanted to sing out, "I'm safe! I ain't doing prison steps! I'm rich that onct was poor! I got a home, the sheep, the ground! I got an honest job! I'm giving Thole a helpin' hand! I ain't no more gonna steal! My past's a dead letter! The sheriff's lost my trail! The past is over! I'm a new field of corn! I'm dawn draining hills of black!"

Then Toady looked up at the black frozen sky and he said, soft, "Big Sheep Man, Up There—help me do my job right—the best a runt of a greenhorn sheepherder can?"

As he was silent, up at the shack where Thole was, the cabin dogs barked abruptly, loudly. Then Toady down below, heard, strange in their barking, the approaching clump, up there in the clear light of Hell's Canyon, the clump of a horse.

Toady hid his light in his jacket.

Fear stood up and bucked in him; the dogs started barking louder; the clopping came between their barks like a horse pulling a hearse.

Thole came to the door of the cabin. Toady, below, watched. He saw Thole open the door, and heard Thole cussing, stopping the dogs at their bedlam. Toady watched. Next he saw the horseman loom up, by the door, in the light of the open cabin door. Nary a sheep dog went to meet the stranger as he rode into the light.

The stranger got off his horse up there and shook hands with Thole, friendly. Toady, below in the cleft, pinched out his lantern light; his shaking fingers were clumsy. Toady watched Thole invite the stranger in; the stranger, in the doorway, laughed.

Fear in Toady coiled and centered and struck with a rattlesnake's bite—

Toady had heard that laugh in another hour! that laughter coarse and off key! Could a ghost ride north with a hungry knife?

Queeny was crouching, bristling. She growled. Toady said to her, "Queen, that stranger—*Ain't Ed Crowe dead?*"

Off in the Snake River hills a coyote howled; he howled like a

coward in trouble. "O God!" Toady whispered. "If that's Ed Crowe—then I didn't kill nobody! I don't need to hide no more!"

For a moment then in Hell's Canyon, Toady was gay as a soul released from torment can be, until he sickened of joy and relief, and dropped in the rocks; he dropped in the snowy grass; he jerked like devils pulled his bones; then he fainted, like going into a happy sleep. Old Queen watched.

Above, Thole and the rider gassed. Thole, old and tired, and considerably worried, sat on a box of beans. The stranger sat on a dry goods box. They eyed each other. Thole looked at the agate of the younger man's eyes, and at his leather duds, and at his holstered guns. The fellow laughed like that again, that laugh that somehow riled Thole.

"I'm lost!" the stranger spit. "Damn Hell's Canyon!"

"Yeah," said Thole, wondering what's the guy's fine duds cost, and those guns. Thole didn't feel right about him. Had he made a mistake, askin' the fellow in? One day last fall Toady had told Thole his story; all uncalled for, but Toady had to tell it. And now—cuss it, could this stranger be a sheriff? or maybe a deputy? If Toady'd not carved that key! Thole made up his mind. He got up off his box.

"Stranger," said Thole politely, "you needn't open your pack. I'm askin' you to leave."

The stranger stared; his pale eyes narrowed. His hand dropped to the vicinity of the gun on his right side. Somewhere the coyote howled again; the two men neither of them hearkened.

Thole said, "Git goin'. Ride."

Thole's pistol was hanging up in the corner.

Thole was across the room from that corner. So what could Thole do when the stranger pulled his gun? And when the stranger said, "Don't make a move, Old Timer!"

Thole didn't move.

The stranger grinned and spat. "That bastard!" he said. "There's half a grand on him! I'm going to get it! Five hundred for him alive or dead!"

Thole stared. So the stranger was after Toady. The law had reached out across the bleak hills and the night; the law had finally come for Toady.

"He mocked me," the stranger was goin' on. "He tricked me and

he assaulted me, aimin' to kill! That half a grand—I'll use that poke, when Toady's lying stiff!"

"You," said Thole slow. "Are you Ed Crowe? Then you ain't at all dead?"

"Dead!" Crowe spat on the floor. "Ain't me that's going to be dead, and right soon now!"

"But that night—on the Alpowie!—when you and Toady—?"

"That noon, next day, I tell you, Old Timer, my friends found me. I was bleeding in the Alpowie River. They saved my life. And then somebody said, 'Why, Toady's still gone! Is he why you're black and blue?' Yessir, Old Timer, it was Toady crowned me that night with a bottle he was carryin'! He assaulted me, as I was crossin' the Alpowie bridge! I fell to my knees! He seized me! And laughing like a priest just married, he clenched onto my throat and near broke my neck! Then he give me a spin, and up over I went off the bridge into space! My head—"

"Looky here—" Thole interrupted. "You done convinced me! And to think I been sleepin' alone here with him nights! Just you wait now a minute, Mister, and I'll fetch him!"

Thole leaped for the door as Crowe's gun erupted, and he leaped so well Crowe didn't get him, not in either leg or elsewhere. And Thole got out so fast he slammed the door, and moreover, he locked the cabin door, with Crowe in the cabin.

Crowe broke the window with the pistol and the window went red as he shot. Sheep dogs died by Thole's legs. But still Crowe didn't shoot yet at Thole; maybe Crowe thought it wiser not to, in the law. Thole cussed.

"I'll keep you there till you rot!" Thole thundered. As he cussed, Thole heard, by the old salt kegs, another voice, a young voice he didn't want to hear so close.

"Thole," said Toady, "the ewe died."

Thole got Toady by the shoulders and held him. "Toady!" Thole choked. "Get back in the rocks! Get the hell and don't come back here till it's safe. That's Ed Crowe! I mistook him!"

But Toady gazed unafraid. "Why?" he said. "Ain't I free? If Ed Crowe ain't dead, then I didn't do nothin' and I don't need to be scared of nobody! Why should I run? Look, Thole, here's the lamb, see?"

Thole lifted the beast from the serene Toady. "You're one damn

fine sheep man!" Thole said hoarsely. "But you gotta run, I tell you! Crowe's aimin' on murder!"

"I don't," said Toady, "understand—"

Right then the door burst open and there stood Crowe in the doorway, the light all around him, and shining out onto Toady, too.

Here was the death Toady's childhood had brought him.

"Toady!" laughed Crowe. "Toady, I'm shootin'."

Crowe's guns flowered.

Like a girl Toady screamed as he turned. He tried to run, lame. The next shot, like a rabbit he dropped. Cussin' ripped from Ed Crowe in the doorway; he emptied his gun before he quit; he cursed with body and soul.

The sagebrush was like funeral plumes at Toady's head, Toady dead in the snow, bloody red. Snake River rolled with a rolling knell. In the night the coyote cried.

The lamb?—oh, it turned out good.

SPAIN, SPAIN!

O'Kane Foster

YOU MUST GO this evening, señor, for everyone for miles around will be there. And it will be very exciting, señor. There will be thirty vacas and all the doors will be open—there will be no serenoes with keys—and you much drink much, much wine, señor,” advises your Spanish friend Juanito Quintana, as he puts you on the big red bus in Pamplona, “for that is what a capéa—a bullfight—is for, señor: to sing, to dance, to make love, to get a little drunk, everyone a little drunk before he fights the vacas. So enjoy yourself, señor. Because on Thursday the Revolution will break out all over Spain!”

And you ride two hours across the top of Spain with twenty young girls from Pamplona screaming the names of the stone-yellow villages shamelessly to their bashful young lovers, the undulating beauty of Navarre, of crumbling pink and purple terraces around you, refusing to recount itself in words.

Mendigorría is above you now, a ruined medieval hamlet on a steep red cliff, and the last road up is one long shriek of the laughing señoritas until the very top is reached and you are getting out on the great stone threshing floor, with yellow straw under your feet and yellow chaff swirling away through the great conical stacks of wheat which are higher than the stone-yellow houses, higher even, in the rare blue sky, than the loam-rose mountains beyond. And there is no one there to meet you, but hundreds of Navarre peasants in enormous berets waiting in the arched doorways and crowding the balconies—watching you, watching you.

And you ask everyone where you can stay. But all shrug their shoulders. Who are you? What are you doing in this town three days before the Revolution?

After a little while a young man with a black eye and a huge Span-

ish beret comes and stands beside you and tells you he is the son of the town mayor and you are to come with him. And he hoists your valise to his shoulder and you walk down the crooked brown street after him.

And Fabio, the mayor of the town, comes into his own house, into his own sitting room, and finds you there, and says, "Qué tal, hombre? Qué tal?" "How goes it, man? How goes it?" encouraging friendship with his severe brown self. And one by one he introduces you genially to his family—to Ricardo, resentful and proudly Spanish, and Fabio's wife, who is sad and intelligent, and Celestina, his daughter, who is listlessly maturing to dark sixteenth-century beauty.

And Fabio now leads you to the small bedroom with straw-mattressed bed and small glass crucifix awry on the dusky white wall, which is to be yours as long as you like, and Ricardo is to bring you a glass of beer and Celestina a towel, but the electric light does not go on until dark, señor. "But very soon now," laughs Fabio, "we will have plenty of light. All Spain will be on fire."

And Fabio takes you to his small window where you may lean out comfortably and enjoy the yellow baroque church, whose tower tips ornamentally in the clear, still sky, and the bull ring below you, crowded in oppositely by old houses in greens and roses and lavenders.

And across the square you see a cafe on a high scaffolding, and old Navarre men sitting at their cognac glasses—laughing, laughing among themselves.

And early the next morning you realize there has been singing and dancing all the night, and you have jumped up ten times to look down into the plaza where the young men's drunkenness rises to morose climaxes to be laughingly dispelled by the forgiving music of the jota. And you think, Spain, Spain! How can all this be destroyed?

But it is morning at last for everyone, and Celestina has brought you fresh water and a comb, and her mother has brought you breakfast: a quarter-cup of thick sour chocolate and three small lady fingers.

And Fabio in dusty beret, the mayor of the town, comes in lithely on his white-slippered feet and says he has been out fixing the barricades and he hopes they will hold the vacas—for this is the last capéa—the last, last bullfight before the Revolution.

And there is music, music, an inseparable soft part of the early Navarre morning, with the tarnished brass horn blonking great flat notes everywhere while the bagpipey clarinet dances twenty weary,

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weary men in white down the sloping street before it to the shrill, sad notes of the jota.

And Ricardo, who has slept peacefully for three short hours while his white clothes were washed and damply pressed, shouts at you, "Tomorrow cows! wild cows in the bull ring!—But the next day—!" and somehow he pantomimes a whole Revolution with his fierce Spanish hands and sad, helpless eyes. "Everything, everything will be burned."

And as an afterthought he confesses shyly, "I am the only one in the village who has fear," as he stretches on his white pantaloons in his father's living room, then ties his red silk handkerchief tightly around his waist. "Yes, I am the only one who has fear."

And he salutes you laughingly and rushes out into the street below, where there is music and dancing and other young men in white, with arms raised lyrically overhead.

You go now to Fabio's window above the bull ring and wonder at the strange angle of the brown cathedral, placed properly for a town of another century, and follow the line of dancers out of the plaza, their gaita still piping mournfully.

And Leandro is below looking up at you now, calling to you—a tall handsome Spaniard with his arms folded and his great tam pulled far down over one shoulder.

"Hello," you say.

"Hola!" he replies haughtily.

"Won't you come up and talk to me?"

But he only laughs at you.

No, he will not come up. He will not do anything his lusty Spanish self does not care to do.

And so you go down the dark stair and walk toward him—toward this vivacious, sullen stranger.

"Are you not afraid to be in Spain?" he asks.

"Spain is very beautiful," you reply.

He laughs jeeringly.

"On Thursday it will not be so beautiful, señor. We must all kill—or be killed."

And suddenly you see Spain's future horror. And an insane resolve comes over you—to save at least Leandro from the coming holocaust.

"Come with me to America," you plead. "There you will be free."

He looks at you strangely—seems to think and think of what you have proposed—and then laughs and laughs his contempt.

And he takes you roughly by the arm and leads you toward the town cafe on the high wooden platform with the red and yellow mantilla already thrown over the railing for tomorrow's bullfight.

"Here is an Englishman, father, who is afraid of the Revolution," says Leandro gruffly.

"Soy Americano," you insist. But it is useless to protest, for all travelers are English to the people of Spain.

"Ho—an Englishman," says Gregorio. "You had a fellow once called Shakes-pay-ah-ray." And he is laughing at you now with ten other old Navarre peasants in Spanish tam-o'-shanters.

"Ask him how to run away?" says Leandro scurrilously. But you feel his fine sullen self is thinking of his freedom. He is tempted—he is tempted.

And he looks at you fiercely and leaves you quickly to join the younger men of Mendigorria at the card table. And you know he is thinking, thinking.

The little old men are laughing now and shifting their berets more comfortably on their dry wrinkled heads and talking in heavy gutturals about Spain! Spain! And the little capitán in grey uniform with red piping, commandant of the local barracks, explains to you that if Alfonso would come back everything would be all right in Spain. And the serene village priest, in shining beaver hat and shabby black broadcloth, confides to you shyly: "Our church is the most beautiful in all Navarre. But I myself am from Burgos."

But Gregorio is very humble, for he has never been anywhere and all the books he has read are proudly confusing him. He has gone a little queer with so much reading. He is only a tavern keeper. But he has read himself crazy. And for the moment he can think only of having your glass refilled with sweet white anis, and now he nudges you and says, "Are you not afraid to be in Spain?"

"Spain is very beautiful," you reply again.

"Even so, the Revolution is coming," laughs Gregorio.

"On Thursday! On Thursday!" cries everyone.

"Bah!" says the fat little capitán in military grey—and he silences everyone with his antagonism. "The Army will attend to that."

"The Army?" jeers everyone. "Just let it come out of its hole. One Asturian mountaineer could frighten it back!"

"The Spanish people are religiously good at heart!" says the priest softly, fearing to offend.

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"Ha!" laughs Gregorio. "It is not safe for a priest south of Madrid!"

"Yes," agrees the priest with dignity. "Nevertheless, we go out when we care to."

"The Army will order everything," insists the little capitán.

"Whose army?" laugh all the little old men.

And now they are fiercely disputing, each using the little pink packet of sugar to make his point, holding it angrily while he talks, then thumping it down respectfully in the center of the table that another may have it to use. And Gregorio has the rebuttal now, his pale eyes far off seeking some solution to Spain's dilemma. And at last it comes, and with it the little packet played thumpingly again on the table, "Better no Spain than a German one. The Revolution will have to come!" And he leaves the little packet of sugar where he has thumped it that the capitán may pick it up quickly to shout derisively, "Música, all that is música! You have been listening to the Russians!"

"And who do you listen to, señor?" cries everyone.

"Monarquista! Monarquista!" they accuse laughingly.

"Ha, ha!" he answers arrogantly.

But Fabio, who has been watching the sky clouding over the purple hills beyond, says rain will come from Portugal. And at the long card table eight young men of Mendigorria, waiting, waiting for the alarm to sound, play their game seriously with dirty archaic cards, while Leandro, handsome, taller, more intelligent than any, slouches in his chair, hating you for tempting him.

Evening now. The music has stopped and Fabio comes up the dark stairs of his house and says the vacas have escaped and gone all the way back over the fields to Tafalla.

And Celestina says we will eat now, the supper is ready, and everyone follows her into the kitchen and ten Navarre men sit down to the table at once, for Fabio has many friends who have been coming all the afternoon from the smaller villages around to eat with him and dance in the plaza with the boys and work a little with the vacas tomorrow in the bull ring.

Ricardo is so weary he can only drink his wine and eat three little red pimientos, and then another weary glass of red wine. "It is better to be drunk," he confides. "If you fall, the vaca will step over you. If you are a little drunk you have no fear. Everything goes better if you

are a little drunk," he insists seriously, "because I have fear." Fear, fear, not of the vacas, but of—?

And since Ricardo has drunk so much wine the pitcher is shamefully empty on Fabio's table, and Fabio, who sits sidewise at his place and keeps copper coins stacked in his hand that food may be bought and the meal progress, now says sternly to his daughter, "Celly! Get wine. Quickly!" While the men go on eating sparingly of Fabio's black meat and large watery chick peas, admitting in quick Navarre dialect this year they cannot sing, they cannot torear, they cannot stay the week out. They must hurry back to their own villages. Because in a few hours all of Spain will be on fire. So what does anything matter? And they get up slowly one by one and go down resolutely into the music which fills the whole town.

And after supper you go to the cafe again with Fabio for your coffee and cognac outside on the rickety falling platform where you may look down on the men dancing, their arms raised naturally above them, hundreds of young men waltzing in the dark bull ring, the music's beauty terrifying, its ancientness demanding an explanation of everyone, which the Spaniards can give only with their tired bodies.

And Leandro is at his cards again, ashamed yet yearning to flee with you to your country over the sea. And when you look at him, he lets his shame be disgust with you, that you have discovered in him this yearning—this deserter's instinct to flee his country's final disaster.

And so you sit with the older men a while, with Gregorio who is sadder, who confesses the book side of his life was long ago. And with Fabio, who says it will take the night to find the vacas again and they will all be too tired with so much running.

"And a tired vaca will not take the rag," says the little capitán derisively, turning each incident into something discreditable. "One more day for the storekeepers! One more day we'll have to put off the Revolution!"

But the old Navarre men swallow their cognac quickly and laugh and laugh, sealing the little capitán's doom with endless mild laughter.

And suddenly there is something violent breaking inside of you. And you find yourself talking in glib Spanish, shouting at them, "You fools, you fools! Why do you laugh on the brink of perdition? Why do you joke at the thought of a revolution? Are you merely going to laugh while you are torn apart? Are you helpless? In a month the Germans

and Italians will be here and slice you up like a cucumber and yet you go on laughing and laughing at your fate!"

And all the little old Navarre men know you are comfortably one of them now, for your eyes are rolling and your hand is thumping the table at last as *they* thump it, and Gregorio nudges you happily and asks if you will not have another anis, that the cafe is his and you must drink all you want.

But the priest, who has understood your national insult, smiles and quietly says, "We are an old race, señor—hungry and desperate. Besides, as you say, the foreigners are coming. So what can we do?"

"Everything will go!" they all explain to you now. "Everything! Churches, court houses. Aqueducts. The Army barracks. The wheat crop. The olive crop. The landed estates of Sevilla—all, all will be burned."

"But why burn the churches?" poses the priest philosophically.

"Oh, we are muy brutal!" laughs everyone. "Muy brutal—but we have good hearts—and we are going to arrange things the way we want them."

"Order first!" insists the little capitán.

"No! No!" cries everyone. "First must come the Revolution!" and they laugh and laugh and laugh.

And Leandro comes from the other table, his great boina insolently peaked far down over one ear. And he sneers fiercely at the little capitán. But the small black eyes of the commandant blaze back at him fearlessly. And Leandro drops his eyes at last and slowly rolls a cigarette for you, and explains to you quietly, "It is best to laugh at what one cannot escape," and then he walks away to his cards again, for the little capitán is courteously holding a wax match for you that you may light your cigarette in the flame, beyond which is still his Spanish patience. Patience, patience with his coming death.

And you forget your anger quickly, ashamed, yet glad, of your failure to strike fire. You know now they have been generous toward you, their own knowledge of their coming ruin something you had missed before. Merely their old hands resting quietly on the dirty table have communicated to one another an amiable understanding of how they will be destroyed.

While below in the bull ring the Spanish girls in green and scarlet silks waltz comfortably against the delirious bodies of their boys.

Morning now, with the ground still damp from Fabio's rain from the west. The sun is laving freshly over the brown church and slowly down into the bull ring, where the young men are waking happily from the cafe tables, and are soon singing to one another ballad after ballad:

Arriba compañeros;
Si no nos quieren las chicas,
Que no nos quieran!

"Why grieve, lads, why grieve? If the girls don't love us—they don't love us!"

The vacas are within a half kilometer of town, says Fabio, a grey young man of forty-nine, today in dignified black swallow-tail, enjoying intensely the difficulties of his bull ring and his last fiesta. For who knows where he and his son Ricardo will be next week?

And Leandro is below again, sullen and unwillingly handsome, never looking at you, though you are there for him—you alone can help him escape his fate in Spain.

"Can you not decide, Leandro?" you ask anxiously, knowing what is uppermost in his mind.

"I am a man cut down the middle. One half is mine and the other is Spain's. Neither half alone has life," he sneers.

"Come with me to America, Leandro. Then you will be free."

"No," he says quickly, too quickly for his decision to be final. "I cannot go. Spain is beautiful. But men are ugly. And the men will have their way. I do not want to be a part of what is coming. I want to run away. But I am a part. I am a wicked part of what is coming. And if Spain kills, I too will have to kill."

And you see he is not convinced by his own reasoning. He wants to flee the nonsense of European politics—you are his only chance.

"No, but come!" you insist again. "In less than a week all Spain will be on fire, Madrid, Toledo, Alicante destroyed. There will be dead in every street in Andalusia. And these men about you who laugh so shyly will be howling savages. In one week all will be over with Spain—and you yourself will be a killer."

He looks at you seriously now and agrees silently. Yes, it is true, it is true what you say. Yet he has one last reservation—

"But the money, José?" he says, rubbing his thumb and forefinger, a national gesture of despair in Spain.

"Oh, money!" you laugh. "In America money belongs to anyone who happens to be near it. I am rich, Leandro. I will provide the

money. We'll get you a passport. I know a Senator I can wire—or we'll buy one. We'll fake one. We'll go to Madrid and fly away from Spain—from the coming slaughter."

He laughs now, and rolls and rerolls a cigarette for each of you. You have made him see it all so clearly. And you watch him renounce his indolent Spanish self for the grim intelligent one you have given him.

"Very well," he laughs, giving in.

"You will go then!"

"Yes."

"Really, Leandro?"

"I will go."

And at three in that sunny afternoon the vacas are rushing down the barricaded streets after the foolish young men of Mendigorría—thirty of them after two hundred in white and red, who run and fall to feign death, their heads in their drunken arms, while the herd stumbles over them toward the bull ring, where there are hundreds, a screaming part of the needless danger, of the men still falling, the vacas sniffing them and horning futilely in the white clothes, but passing on, bewildered, following scores fleeing them, who are turning to danger again of the horns before which they fall drunkenly rather than be laughingly gored.

The bull ring is bursting with song, and the young men are picking themselves up and dusting each other off, and dancing a few steps, enjoying the respite from danger, while the screaming around them has soared an octave to female delight.

There are girls on the platforms, in the windows, on high log barriers, abandoning themselves to the young men before them, who wait wildly in the ring for the first vaca—hundreds eager to be afraid, approaching the red laughing lips of their women, yet drawn again to their drunken companions, dancing sadly about the ring to the melancholy jota.

And there are capes now everywhere, faded red, faded yellow, and torn half capes, and brown plaid blankets, and frayed gunny sacks, behind which men dance for their girls' delighting screams, and Ricardo, shirtless, in soft white trousers, waves a real muleta and talks seriously to his friends who dance indifference, fleeing before their flimsy capes of bunting held fluttering over their shoulders.

The girls scream louder now, for the first vaca has been let into the

ring, and fifty dirty rags turn to its amazed body, caping foolishly toward it, exciting it with veronicas, offered and refused, again and again, dozens crowding around it with their crazy rags professionally displayed, all hoping for one pleasing twist of their young bodies with capes flying perfectly over horns, over back, over tail, their feet safe and beautiful as Belmonte's—scores of them eager still though the vaca has charged a dirty yellow straight to the other side of the ring and left them to finish their flourishes alone, the poses classic, far behind the pawing animal, cornered now, refusing to be dislodged, bravery returning to many who are sliding into the ring again and shaking out their torn capes—for the vaca is frightened and will not charge the gunny sack, nor the scarlet muleta, yet charges now carrying two plaid blankets before it—the girls' voices screaming in pursuit—fifty capes completing veronicas far behind it, while dozens of young men are helped to their drunken feet and turning happy faces to the shouting crowds, where the Spanish women, loins sick with sweet vicarious fear, are waving.

Gregorio is nudging you to comment as the little capitán is wistfully severe—thinking, thinking of the coming Revolution—of his coming death. Fabio laughs quietly to himself, and Leandro has overflowed your cognac glass again and disappeared into the terrible tapestry of the afternoon.

The band tunt-tunts at last and big black steers come to quiet the vaca, that it may leave peacefully among them, while the music becomes the jota again as hundreds raise their arms in oriental grace and dance in twos and drunken threes.

You drink now of the brown cognac, which is dry and scalding, and nod to Gregorio who wrinkles a smile around his old nose and pleasantly looks down on it all to call it *bruto*, *muy bruto*.

And Leandro is sitting there again at your side, the conspiracy between you strange and wonderful, and suddenly you hear his voice whisper hoarsely, "There is a train at twelve tonight from Pamplona, José."

"But Pamplona is fifteen miles off, Leandro."

"We will walk—when it gets dark—across the fields."

You cannot answer. You cannot believe he will really go with you. You are afraid—the Revolution is so close—and it will be so terrible!

And you and Leandro look down at the dancing for a while—waiting for his last fear to form.

"But in America, José," he says slowly, "what shall I do?"

"Live, Leandro, live!"

"But do you think it is right for me to flee?"

"Yes," you say adamantly. "There you will not have to kill anyone."

He looks at you a long time—then says, "Very well." Then with more conviction, "Very well."

And Leandro gets up satisfied again with his decision, stretching himself like a black god, and filling your glass again with his father's hot cognac, and says, "Bueno, I will torear for you a bit, José," laughing at your protests, "to divert you." But quickly and fiercely he is saying also under his breath, "Wait here on the platform. I will come for you when it is dark. Then we will go."

And when the band stops and the next vaca comes into the ring, Leandro is the tallest in the crowds, with a great rose cape which flares yellow when the vaca passes him, and there are a hundred new matadors in the ring, each hoping to flag a fancy faena over its crooked horns as it comes on fiercely, long antlers to the ground which scoop up a young lad from the sand and ride him wildly straight across the ring to the screaming women.

But Leandro works the vaca now skillfully as close or closer than any Armillita, keeping the animal to himself, though the foolish capes of others destroy the beast's precision, and when Ricardo tries to take it away from him, Leandro doubles the vaca back quickly for his last veronica; then both hands are on the long pointed horns as he vaults suddenly to its broad yellow back and rides laughing across the ring, in and out of the white crowds following, and he shouts to you, "Bueno, José! Bueno! All you say is true!"—then he quickly disappears into the happy throng.

There is a new vaca now; since two hundred amateurs' capes can tire a vaca out in ten minutes, and Ricardo kneels before the lazy cow, a chasubled priest in holy scarlet dozing at prayers. But the vaca paws the ground and shakes its great skully head and snorts through its mucous-black nostrils, as Ricardo goes on mocking it in the late afternoon—the girls a screaming part of the very wickedness of it—while yellow-grey capes farther and farther back are excited to foolish veronicas, though the beast has merely shifted its weariness. But it walks now, around Ricardo, and charges the rails, while capes thrash it from above, and slippered feet kick its hairy head, until it groans and charges

back through the hundred matadors to find Ricardo, its twisted horns catching his quivering buttocks again and again, until at last Ricardo is tossed clear over the heads of the screaming women. "Hay un muerto! Hay un muerto!" shouts everybody. There's a death! There's a death!

But he is not dead long. He awakes blissfully in the arms of a dozen señoritas.

And by dark thirty vacas have been used up, and many young men have been carried out senseless, and when the band tunt-tunts the end of the last vaca, a great Spanish shout goes up and everyone is suddenly courageous and two hundred rush at the beast in the dusk to grab its horns and head and its stiff legs and throw it on its panting side and laugh.

Fabio feels now he may leave his little judge's stand, and the men of thirty, shoulder to shoulder, are crowding into the cafe for an hour's gambling excitement with their favorite friends—waiting, waiting for the signal to rise. Gregorio calls to his frantic waiter that it is time to light the electric light on the platform. There are smoky oil lamps about the band now quaver-quavering sorrowfully for the jota below.

There is music, music everywhere, and hundreds delighting in its sorrowfulness, and more girls from Pamplona have arrived to fill four tables in the crowded ring, to drink green wine to the titillation of guitars, longing, longing only to give themselves to their frivolous boys who flee everywhere in great dancing circles—young men in white, deliriously effeminate, arms still musically raised—Spaniards! — Spaniards! — waiting for the hour to strike.

The gaiety is beyond you now, the music useless to everyone but still coming bravely from the little bandstand where the drummer in the stinking amber light crashes a single cymballed sound, which is the jota's and the night's accent.

For suddenly there is an explosion. And another and another explosion. And the young men in white drop their hands and cease dancing and run as if by agreement toward the army barracks—hundreds running, running under the arcades—and there are more and more fiery blasts in the night—and no jota now—but the girls are still screaming, screaming, and you see the casa de correos is on fire, and the brave young men in white are running, running. Fifty of them have scaled the wooden platform of Gregorio's cafe and seized the white-faced capitán and already there is a rope around his neck, and

he is roughly handed down to the crowds. And the shouts are louder and louder now—the sacristy of the church is in flames; the priest, still smiling, is kneeling courageously on the cobbles before he is bludgeoned—and men with firebrands and revolvers are running from roof to roof, and the Guardia Civiles shooting, shooting everywhere, and now the straw stacks! the Court House!—the calm mountains rosily respond to the holocaust—hundreds, hundreds rushing toward their bright rendezvous with death—laughing, singing, shouting their depravity—Ricardo fierce, courageous at last with a huge sabre, Celestina, arm in arm with everyone, no longer a Mary Magdalen but impassioned, terrible, and Fabio, the mayor himself, a proud fierce part of the night's excesses, racing, racing toward the army barracks where the last soldier must be killed, and finally—

Leandro!

A black fiend, laughingly directing the barbarity of the crowds, his hand still raised overhead in the jota, but in it now a carbine he swings and swings menacingly, as he laughs and loves you, now that he is free of you and your traitorous plan, shaking your arm fiercely and crying, “Vamos para l’America, José. Vamos! Vamos!” “Let’s go to America, José. Come on! Come on!” rushing on toward the fighting.

And you turn slowly, drift gradually to the edge of the mob into a darkened alley, and then find your way down the steep cliff to the moonlit plain below, and start your long, lonely walk through the fields to Madrid—saying to yourself, “Oh, Spain, Spain, you were so beautiful!”

A NOTE ON THOMAS WOLFE

Hugh McGovern

THEY'LL TEAR AT HIM for years as they tear at them all, and in the end all they will be able to tell, all they have ever been able to tell, will be as nothing compared to what the man told himself. It is the traditional digging at a song with needles.

For Thomas Wolfe was a writer in whom the element of control was less important than that of free release of the magnificent floods within him. His discreditors will always jump gleefully on what they call his lack of control, or discipline, and rarely appear obligated to consider whether his work as a whole is of sufficient beauty, significance, and magnitude to render almost irrelevant the classic textings of his method.

But, actually, what is this "control"? Like all terminology applied to the technique of an art, the word has no exact definition except in the heart of an artist. It is for him to conceive and for him to create; and if as a whole his work is as he saw it, it has had the proper control; and if it is not as he saw it, it has not had the proper control. And no man on earth can tell him how much or how little he should use. But our journalistic monitors—each feeling perhaps that he is the discoverer of the quality—have been urging more control and more control until we are in danger of asphyxiating our best literary talents. "Control" can stifle, as the latter-day works of our three outstanding control writers, Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Farrell, can testify. Again, control in too many cases has come to be used as a convenient label in literature to conceal lack of grace and depth in both the writer and the reader. These shortcomings do not appear in Wolfe. Nor can he justly be accused of incontinence. It is simply that the man seems to be without literary fear. He appears to do exactly as he pleases; and regardless of your evaluation of his motives, the effect is freedom.

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The New Mexico Quarterly Review

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Shepherd. A Story	Carol Ely Harper
A Note on Thomas Wolfe	Hugh McGovern
The Return from Stalag Z. A Story	Robert J. Levin
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THE PEOPLE OF NEW MEXICO*

Ross Calvin

NEW MEXICO, although its people are often considered somnolent, is an area so high-keyed and varied, so vibrant, that no one remains neutral about it. The air and sky possess an unequalled clarity; the richly-tinted landscape exhibits to the eye many a color more than the green of conventional climes; the silhouette of earth is always broken by some far-off outline of mesa or mountain; sunshine here is of fiercest intensity; wide, lonely, unpeopled areas of desert suggest to the average city-dweller a land that God forgot. It repels many; others it attracts. And in these latter, it often kindles a kind of nostalgic longing which they never afterward escape.

What kinds of people live here? Why did they come? Why do they like to live here? Has the country changed their outlook? In short, what makes them tick? These are some of the questions that a treatise on the people of New Mexico should attempt to answer.

The clue to understanding the population of the region is the fact that a highly varied country attracts or begets a varied people.

Now a survey of population can readily degenerate into one of those dry statistical researches which the world so often could do without; hence the writer will not proceed by counting noses. Instead he will modestly attempt a more or less impressionistic interpretation of factors which do not lend themselves to statistical treatment, examining some of the varied intellectual leaven which actively permeates and stimulates the masses of population around it. While the data have been gathered in New Mexico, the principles set forth apply rather widely, it is believed, to most of the arid Southwest from western Texas to California. In particular, there is a notable similarity between the citizenry of New Mexico and Arizona.

In this discussion, the writer proposes to touch upon factors which limited the dispersion of Spanish culture and accounted for the early economic difficulties of the New Mexican natives; to weigh the influ-

* First published by the Division of Government Research, University of New Mexico.

ence of the out-of-state healthseekers and of the artist colonies; to enumerate some of the social and other differences between the eastern and western sides of the state; to mention indirectly the state's varied features and charms which have so often changed its visitors and sojourners into its residents; and, in particular, to examine a considerable number of case histories of persons who reside in New Mexico.

Observation has convinced the writer that, in general, maps change less than statistics and, accordingly, are more trustworthy guides to the permanent nature of a population. Figures gathered through the last quarter of a century are so much affected by a world war followed by a world depression followed by another world war that they are often hardly good fiction. Such vast undulations in human affairs throw doubt upon the measurements of such vital matters as the standard of living, a realm which the statistician is likely to feel his own proper domain. When a politician cites the fact that the price of a cow increased almost tenfold between the depression years and 1946, he does not thereby prove that the ranchman's standard of living is ten times as high as it was a decade or two ago. He merely points at the fact of wartime inflation. And if the wages of a laborer are twice as high as they used to be, it is to be recalled that the cost of living also has doubled or trebled within the memory of anybody who has a memory. This statement of guide lines is necessary to explain the writer's aim, because the present study will have no illusory appearance of mathematical exactness.

Maps are not subject to quite the same vagaries as statistics, nor are they so readily manipulated to point a moral. And the careful inspection of a relief map of New Mexico will show where certain occupations are feasible, and where they will always be impossible, with a resultant sidelight on the nature of the population. A map of another sort will show where certain crops have been grown, where no crops can be grown, and where a living will have to be made from, say, mining rather than from agriculture. A highway map will demonstrate pretty clearly through which arteries the tourist dollars will flow most naturally into the state; a large land office map will, by showing the vast federal and state holdings, reveal much about possibilities of taxation and land use; and all maps will make clear, by the grouping of Spanish place names, how Spanish culture is localized.

In a broad generalization it may be said that the main topographic features of New Mexico are the Great Plains on the eastern side, the high, forested mountains in the north, the desert plain in the south—

everywhere interrupted by isolated mountain masses—and the narrow trough of the Rio Grande which lies like a vast groove across the terrain from south to north.

The Great Plains segment tends to become utilized more and more for dry farming, although there cattle ranching has been and will always be the major industry. The developments in both industries have been due in great measure to Texans who have migrated across the state line. Among them Southern customs, traditions, and forms of religion predominate. Yet the growth of the oil and potash industries in recent years has introduced many diverse elements into the picture. Inside the large towns of the area, although the Texas influence is strong, the cultural climate tends to become Western rather than Southern.

In the northern mountainous section where towns are unimportant and the population is preponderantly rural, the people are largely Spanish-Americans, and their culture, religion, and language are directly descended from what was brought up long ago from Old Mexico. Comparatively little of the land is privately owned, and immense tracts are included in forest and Indian reservations. In the northwestern corner of the state this is especially true. And in the western part of the state, much of the high plateau and mountain country is enclosed within forest boundaries, but utilized by Anglo ranchmen. In the southern part, while there is a large Spanish-American population in the towns and villages, the face of the land itself is occupied by the vast cattle ranches of the Anglos. Nearly all of the important metal mining is carried on in the mountains of the southwestern corner of the state; but coal is mined extensively in the opposite or northeastern corner near Raton, and in the northwest at Gallup.

The most valuable agricultural land in the state lies in the narrow valley of the Rio Grande below the Elephant Butte Reservoir, from which irrigation water is obtained. Although hardly more than a good-sized speck on the map, it produces for American farmers rich crops of cotton, alfalfa, and vegetables. And, in passing, it may be remarked that the Rio Grande Valley has a cultural interest equal to its economic importance, for in the earlier days it was the highway, and the only one, upon which the tides of history moved northward from Spanish centers in Mexico.

The population of New Mexico today consists of three separate strands—the Anglos, the Indians, and the native Spanish-speaking people called often, though inaccurately, Mexicans, but more appropriately

named Spanish-Americans. Mexican they are not, except in isolated instances; and Spanish they are not in an exact sense. But by the present writer, who has a deep and sincere feeling for their history, their culture, their religion, and even their cookery, they will be referred to as Spanish-Americans.

The three strands do not anywhere blend much, although they mingle much. The Navaho weaver sitting at her loom will lay red and white against one another freely in her design, but the strands nowhere blend into pink. And the analogy holds for the three peoples. Furthermore, in certain communities, like Clovis, there is now a considerable and growing Negro colony. The Negroes, however, scarcely present problems that are different from their problems elsewhere. In their section, here as elsewhere, unfortunately, the sidewalks are shortest, drainage poorest, school buildings shabbiest. The colored people, who are chiefly Baptists and Methodists, do not enjoy the protection which the Roman Catholic Church accords to the Spanish-Americans, and have in general no champions except those of their own race and a few others.

While all of New Mexico is proud of its Spanish heritage, the Spanish influence is very unequally distributed. In the main, it is concentrated along the middle reaches of the Rio Grande in a rather narrow strip somewhat like the trunk of a tree. Between Albuquerque and Santa Fe the trunk begins to branch out, and in the mountainous area in the north central part of the state, the Spanish population is dispersed in the little valleys of the Rio's tributary streams, which fork like the boughs of a tree top. The crown of the tree extends, roughly speaking, from Las Vegas to the Colorado line and thence southward along the great Jemez range. Everywhere in this area, names tell the story—such names as Mesilla, Doña Ana, Socorro, Los Lunas, Albuquerque, Bernalillo, Santa Fe, Tierra Amarilla. Along the trunk of the tree one will hear everywhere the vowelled Spanish spoken, will see the Spanish style of architecture employed, will note the dark-eyed señoritas along the street as often as the daughters of the Anglos, and will discover that in elections the Spanish vote is something that cannot be disregarded. In the crown of the tree up towards Taos, one will note that the majority of office-holders have Spanish names.

But east of the Rio, and to a slightly less degree west of it, the influence quickly thins out. In Clovis, a new and populous city near the Texas line, Spanish is seldom or never heard on the streets, no public

buildings show the Spanish design, and the Spanish vote can be somewhat ignored by politicians. In Gallup, a polyglot coal-mining town on the west side of the state, the Spanish influence is but one of many competing influences in the air. The explanation of the narrow limits lies in history.

When the American occupation began exactly 100 years ago, the conquerors found the Mexicans—and let it be observed that the name was perfectly accurate then—concentrated into a thin line of settlements that extended up the trunk of the Rio from the site of the modern El Paso to somewhere near Santa Fe. The important thing to note is that in the boundless abundance of land the population was crowded into a rather strict line. For this there were just two compelling reasons: the nature of the water resources, and the fear of the savage nomadic Indians. The people depended for their livelihood on stock raising and irrigated farming. Briefly stated, their situation as farmers arose from the general lack of irrigation water except along the river. And they could not carry on ranching operations over the vast extent of the hinterland because, unlike the American rancher today, they had no deep bored wells, and neither the ability nor the tools for drilling them. Thus most of the rich grassland of the province was doomed to remain relatively unused.

The other reason for the crowding of the people into a compact line of settlements was the desperate need for security. The hinterland was the unchallenged domain of the predatory Apaches, Comanches, and Navahos. Firearms were at the time, as they had always been, an almost unobtainable luxury for the majority. Even the buffalo were hunted with lances rather than with bullets. Aggressive warfare against the red marauders had slackened with the passage of time into feeble defense. So while vast, fenceless pastures lay on both sides of the Rio, they could not be utilized; and the only thing for the stockmen to do was to hold their flocks and herds on the same ground generation after generation until the grasses were destroyed and only rough weeds remained. Since New Mexico was by nature an arid land of scanty resources, the balance of nature was very early and very drastically affected by the practice of overgrazing. In 1846 American cavalry officers noted that there was no good pasturage for their horses within twenty miles of Santa Fe. Along the tributary Rio Puerco long-continued overgrazing had caused extensive and ruinous soil erosion of the kind that has since become so familiar. And they found no firewood within ten miles of Alber-

que—a fact which tells of the denudation of the watersheds, with resultant floods, destruction of diversion dams, and silting up of irrigation ditches. It may be said parenthetically that it is a great mistake to put the blame for soil erosion in New Mexico exclusively upon the American ranchers of the last fifty or sixty years.

To sum up, one may state that perhaps nine tenths of the Mexicans here in 1846 were a miserably poor agrarian people, and that they were becoming progressively poorer from the dwindling of their available resources of soil, fuel, and water. And it is also true that having been forced into a mold shaped long ago, their descendants have, for the most part, not yet been able to break free. In a society where multitudes of Anglos live in affluence, and where a still greater number live in comfort, the average Spanish-American is found even today living in an economic station which ought to be better than it is. Thus, their unsatisfactory economic position, which has its roots in the long past, is the characteristic most readily noticed in the native people today. The next is their segregation.

Into the compact, homogeneous society of New Mexico there came in 1846 a race of conquerors, alien in blood, in tradition, and in religion. Even at the outset, when American women were scarcest, the amount of intermarriage between the two peoples must have been almost negligible in a numerical sense. And today it is still less common. Both peoples simply prefer their own kind. It is probably much more a matter of preference than an evidence of fancied inequality.

In cultural and political traditions the two peoples had even less in common. The Americans had grown up with the public school as one of their most prized heritages. But in New Mexico the public school idea was practically unknown. An education provided by the taxpayers of the community was the lever by which any American could hope to pry himself up from ignorance and poverty into independence and equality with the best. But many of the poorer Mexicans, at the time of the occupation, lived in a permanent state of subjection only a little better than serfdom—into which, in fact, it often descended. There were, at the time, no newspapers in the state, and the primitive agricultural practices suggested to Lieutenant Emory the days of Abraham far back in the Old Testament era. And in religion there was an equally great gulf between the two peoples, for the one was entirely Roman Catholic, while the other was at that time overwhelmingly Protestant.

So, in the nature of the case, segregation was bound to develop. At first, perhaps, nobody was to blame for it. But the origins were quite as much on the native side as on the American side. Today the segregation still persists, and it does not make a pretty picture. Only a small percentage of the Spanish-American young people graduate from high school, and the percentage that finishes college is still negligible. And when they emerge from their schooling, many of them are compelled to work below their capacity level. The condition is one which seems almost to invite radical agitation; and the fact that the agitation has not come is largely due to the stabilizing influence of the Roman Catholic clergy. Yet the basic inequality is not an injustice inflicted deliberately by harsh oppressors, and it is not without some mitigations. The Spanish-Americans in this state have the ballot, which is the only defense the rest of us have; and since there are about as many of them as of the Anglos, they are not unprotected. They live under exactly the same laws, and their rights are guarded by the same courts. Such things reach down to fundamentals.

The aim here is to set forth a clear, fair picture of an *imperium in imperio*—an empire within an empire—and to sketch the reasons for its emergence and continuance. These observations are not concerned with the few old and aristocratic Spanish-American families in New Mexico; but they do apply, it is believed, to the great mass of the Spanish-speaking population within the state. They are written by one who does not propose any crusade, but who is frankly and avowedly a friend of the Spanish folkways, handicrafts, religion; one whose judgment is at most sufficient only for diagnosis, not for a course of treatment.

In any analysis of the Anglo population of New Mexico, several classifications at once suggest themselves. The most obvious, perhaps, would be based upon occupations, such as ranching, farming, and mining. In every community there are also government workers, for the federal stake is unusually large in the state. In communities like Clovis, Belen, Tucumcari, Carrizozo, and Albuquerque there are a great many railroaders and their families. Since the tourist business is becoming so important, an ever-increasing percentage of the labor reservoir is being drawn into it. And here, as everywhere else, the population engaged in the basic industries is served by the usual percentage of merchants and business men of all kinds, professional men, and artisans of every kind—mechanics, electricians, carpenters, painters, and so on.

And something might be said for a classification based upon

religion, on politics, or on economic status, which might seem to furnish the best lines of all for subdivisions. But the period of depression, followed by a period of wartime prosperity, makes the financial record a broken line instead of the straight edge of a yardstick. Perhaps today there could hardly be devised any system of weighting the statistics which would be adequate for an understanding of the social pattern of New Mexico.

Moreover, thought must be given to those who are not readily catalogued cases—to those who have come or else have stayed here by choice; those who have enriched the commonwealth intellectually or economically, or in ways connected with the arts and recreation. Such an approach is all the more necessary because New Mexico has such a diversified population. In this respect it differs notably from a state in, say, the deep South, where there is for practical purposes only one political party; or from some of the Middlewestern states where farming is a leading concern for nearly everybody. New Mexico lies alongside Texas for some hundreds of miles, and yet it is not a Southern state; it borders Oklahoma and reaches up almost to Kansas, and yet it definitely does not belong to the Middle West; it is bounded on the north by Colorado, yet it hardly belongs in the Rocky Mountain group of states. On the south, it reaches down to the Mexican province of Chihuahua, and has in the past drawn many of its citizens from there. But the point is that while it has similarities to all of them, it is like none of them. And the presence of a great number of Indians adds still further to its diversity. Its people have been drawn from many sources, and since they so continue to be drawn, they have never become amalgamated. There is no one standard type for the New Mexican Anglo. A study of the differences between the eastern and the western sides of the state demonstrates the fact clearly.

Between the two sides of New Mexico there is an interesting and well-defined difference which begins in topography and extends far into the realm of human concerns. Roughly speaking, the mountains extend two thirds of the way across the state from the Arizona line, merging in the vicinity of the 105th meridian into the Great Plains. At that line of demarcation, the Middle West ends; the West begins.

While the two New Mexico cities, Albuquerque and Santa Fe, have grown rapidly within the last decade or two, most of the remaining growth in both population and wealth has been concentrated in the eastern third of the state. Within a comparatively few years, for

instance, Clovis has grown in population from 8,000 to nearly 20,000. Hobbs, since the discovery of oil there, has enjoyed the phenomenal expansion that accompanies such riches. And Carlsbad has likewise grown greatly from tourist traffic to the Cavern and from the development of the vast potash deposits. Tucumcari, Portales, Roswell, Artesia, and Clovis, depending primarily on the livestock industry and farming, are now good-sized towns on their way to becoming cities. The increase has come to a very large extent from Texas and the Middle West. It is far less cosmopolitan, and also far less deeply tinged by the Spanish influence, than the older population of the state farther west.

In a real sense the population of the eastern counties is new. The development of oil and potash is recent. The art of successful dry farming is still, perhaps, only in its earlier stages, and the irrigation projects are either still incomplete or comparatively new. Clovis itself is but forty years old. So the drive of expansion is still in full swing, and the energy of the people is absorbed in making fortunes from resources that a few decades ago were undeveloped and unsuspected.

An interesting, and at the same time an illuminating, comparison might be made between Clovis and Silver City.¹ Using the term culture in its wider sense so as to include occupations, religion, recreation, and intellectual climate, one may see instantly that the culture of the latter is purely Western, while that of the other is definitely Middlewestern. When Clovis was only Riley's Switch, Silver City was already a substantial village of adobe and brick which housed more than 2,000 persons governed by a mayor who was a Princeton graduate. But today, in spite of its greater age, it has only about a third of the population of the other city, which spreads out for miles across the plains.

In the second and third decades of the present century, Silver City had two or three good-sized sanitariums for the treatment of tuberculosis, which attracted well-to-do patients from eastern states. In fact, it had already achieved the standing of a semi-fashionable health center, and its superb, stimulating climate had caused many of the health-seekers to settle there permanently after arresting their disease. Among them there was current the significant proverb: "A short life and a merry one." And in no small degree they created the tradition of

¹ Pointed, and sometimes provocative, observations like the following were made for many years in Silver City and Clovis by the present writer in his newspaper column, "The Parson." Having spent his entire New Mexico sojourn in the two towns, he knows them well, loves them both!

sophisticated gaiety that has persisted there ever since. In this worthy cause they were ably assisted by the army officers and their ladies from the neighboring Fort Bayard, which was later turned into a veterans' hospital—a fact which gave it further impetus. The army doctors were men who had served the flag in many quarters of the world and carried with them their own cosmopolitan ideas of a good time. Furthermore, there was always a good sprinkling of mining engineers in the village—men whose jobs carried them now to Colorado or Arizona, next to South America, or perhaps to the far-off Philippine Islands. They were a hardy outdoor breed who without apology liked their whisky straight and plentiful. And they were no more famous than the preceding groups for their devotion to church-going. Most of them, in fact, seemed to consider church-going an unnecessary show of piety. Since there was always a large, uncontrollable factor of luck in their profession, they were persistently schooled in spite of themselves to be indulgent towards gambling.

Nor were the ranchmen willing to be outdone either in the pursuit of pleasure or in the practice of absenting themselves from public worship. Living on remote homesteads, they had little opportunity for the conventional practice of religion. Trips made to town for the purpose of trading had often a quite understandable tendency to blend the elements of pleasure with business; and so cowboys vied with miners from remote camps back in the mountains to set a high standard of roistering. All things considered, it is not hard to see that a devil-may-care tradition of gaiety mixed with rowdiness would inevitably develop and thrive in the place.

Nowadays the State Teachers College helps likewise to account for the concentration of traveled, sophisticated people in the town. Though a majority of the students in the past have been drawn from adjacent counties, the faculty members and their wives have come for the most part from outside the state; and though they have not helped to nourish the tradition of rowdiness, they have followed the larger pattern in the enjoyment of parties and the other amenities of civilized life. And in many other ways, such as the performance and the enjoyment of good music, they have left their impress upon the community's intellectual life.

For many years the population of Silver City hung near the 5,000 mark. Of that number, approximately half were Spanish-Americans who lived quite to themselves, and whose contacts with the Anglos

were mainly routine. That left a population of somewhat more than 2,000 engaged in the Anglo pursuits of town life, but seasoned to a very remarkable degree with the imported cosmopolitan spice.

If the intellectual climate of the town is varied and bracing, the religious climate is less satisfactory. To be sure, there is as much open-handed friendliness as can be found anywhere; and there is a gratifying absence of censoriousness and hypocrisy. But the churches of the community have in the past somehow failed to leave a deep mark upon it. And the percentage of men who have attended them regularly—excepting St. Vincent's Roman Catholic parish, to which all the Spanish-speaking people belong—is no doubt uniquely small. In this respect, as in every other, the town prides itself on being "western," free from Bible-belt interference.

At this point the contrast between Clovis and Silver City emerges most clearly, for Clovis proudly and defiantly claims to be a part of the Bible-belt. Lying as it does on the border of Texas, the city has two Southern Baptist churches of what might be called metropolitan size and two or three others of lesser importance. So deeply is their crusading zeal felt throughout the length and breadth of the community that even the Methodists concede their superior weight. Their mores prevail. They set the standards—standards oftentimes illiberal, but clear and bracing always. The Roman Catholics claim only one or two per cent of the population, and even so, a large part of their numerical strength lies in the Spanish-speaking colony. Thus the city is overwhelmingly Protestant, with a roster of some twenty to thirty denominations. And in addition to the major ones, there are many less-known "fancy religions," as they are uncharitably called.

Among them all there is a competition in good works which sometimes degenerates into un-Christian polemics and name-calling. In addition, by their militant efforts to modify manners and reform morals, they not infrequently give their critics some justification for calling them public meddlers. Clovis is one of only two or three good-sized towns in all New Mexico, I am informed, which does not allow high-school dances in the school building. In truth, no one can understand Clovis without considering its many churches.

The somewhat abnormal number of churches may or may not account for the fact that in the town there is a great deal of true, sincere religion. There is indeed so much of the genuine article abroad that it encourages, as it does always and everywhere, the circulation of the

corresponding counterfeit coin. Hypocrisy flourishes in Clovis because it is good policy to appear religious. In Silver City hypocrisy hardly exists. There is so little need for it!

In Clovis liquor cannot be sold legally. Yet it is sold—if one may judge by the number of empty bottles everywhere seen. So it seems merely realistic to conclude that a good many who piously vote dry fall short somehow of their public profession. And towards vice, also, the two towns have a different attitude. In Silver City there is a red-light district that has run more or less openly for perhaps sixty years. The authorities know it is there, and they police it with fair diligence. In Clovis, where prostitution is endemic in the shabby hotels, authorities make frequent raids and send the prostitutes to prison or drive them out of town.

Next to religion, it is in commerce that the greatest difference between the two towns lies. In Clovis everybody is engaged in getting ahead. The natural resources are there to develop, and the whole population is aggressively engaged in developing them; so in the town there has never been a leisure class like the healthseekers formerly in Silver City. Nobody ever comes from the east to Clovis to settle down and play through his years of retirement. Yet in Silver City and the villages tributary to it there have always been found cosmopolites who possessed the leisure and the financial means to read, paint, study, collect Indian artifacts, hunt, loaf, picnic to their heart's content. In Clovis everyone who has money now has made it himself, and is busily engaged in adding to it; in Silver City there are many who have had money a long time and think more of spending it on gracious living than amassing more of it.

So Clovis forges ahead and is becoming recognized as one of the outstanding cities of the region for financial opportunities. Only half as old as the other town, it has already thrice the population; and when it rounds out the other half of the span, it will probably have thrice as many again.

But getting down to particulars, it is only when attention is narrowed to individuals that the varied, interesting, and cosmopolitan (though not international) nature of New Mexico's population becomes fully apparent. There follows a list taken from the writer's acquaintance, which might be paralleled from the acquaintance of many others who know the state well. Most of the persons listed have come here and have lived here long enough to be classed as bona fide residents, not merely as persons entitled to vote.

One is a saddlemaker and has followed his trade many years. He is a superb craftsman, and, in his way, an artist. He makes his living by turning out hand-tooled saddles, bridles, "chaps" for the men who make their living by working cattle. His leather belts are collector's items. His real happiness when away from his bench is hunting mountain lions deep in the primitive forest.

An insurance man who came to this country many years ago as a healthseeker, and "made the cure," has settled down, built a home, and reared his family. When a lull in business permits, he takes his car and goes on long trips over the state, spending two or three nights away from his desk. The Indian pueblos interest him greatly, although he is not a scientific student. Iowa was his original home.

N. T. is a Colorado-trained miner who settled in the state because he held some valuable mining claims. Once, when a good offer came, he took his family to South America and spent some years there in the employ of an American copper company. He finds his happiness in random prospecting for metals but is always attentive to the volcanic intrusions, the faulting, the erosion that reveal themselves to the eye of a trained geologist.

Then there is a druggist who handles, in addition to his specialties, Indian and Mexican goods. Tied as he is to his store, he finds much of his recreation in frequent buying trips where he replenishes his stock of goods at the source of supply. Unlike the preceding men, he is active in politics, and has a wide knowledge of the administration of the state's affairs. By birth he is a Missourian.

J. E., born in New England, is a mineral surveyor, whose services are in demand for marking out the boundaries of mining claims. His results need to be of high accuracy on steep, difficult mountain slopes. He loves the country because its unvarnished, uncomposed history of ghost towns, claim-jumping, barroom killings, and silver strikes interests him more than conventional drama and fiction.

Mr. F. L., who started life as a Kansas farm boy, came many years ago and by learning the technique of dry farming succeeded where many other men starved out. He now combines cattle raising with wheat farming. He plays little, but enjoys a rodeo hugely. His sons are thorough westerners.

B. K. is a "remittance man"—a type no longer common. His father, a wealthy eastern broker, puts up money for his son's western ward-

robe, horses, saddles, and other properties which go with playing cowboy. Playboys have always been common in New Mexico.

Father T. is a Roman Catholic priest who came from one of the eastern provinces in France. His interest is chiefly in the Spanish-speaking portion of his flock. He speaks their language, understands their needs, and is a true father to them. Of course he will never go away.

M. H. is a woman intellectual. She has a deep love for the Spanish-Americans, and actively promotes interest in their native crafts and culture. Though belonging to the left wing in politics, she has not the disposition to become a radical leader. She is an artist rather than an agitator.

K. E. is now a wealthy landowner. Coming many years ago, when the first wave of dry farmers and homesteaders were starving out, he invested his savings in cheap land. With the improvement of standard agricultural practices, he found himself on the high road to fortune. He is a builder and developer in his county.

L. A. is another builder. To industry, he coupled foresight. And as the new population has kept pouring into the eastern side of the state, the small dairy which he established many years ago has grown into a large business which has expanded into several other enterprises. Today he lives in great state. For him, New Mexico is not so much a land of enchantment as a place of new opportunities.

Mrs. C. R. is a native of the state; her father was a mining man who came from the East many years ago. From girlhood she has been a lover of the mountains, and her favorite pastimes, though she is now in her middle years, are horseback riding and camping. Mrs. E. B. is one who, like the preceding woman, had the fortune of growing up in the home of cultivated easterners transplanted to a crude village in the Southwest. Her home is a favorite gathering place of artists, politicians, travelers, distinguished guests of all kinds. Her library is especially rich in Southwestern titles.

Mrs. D. E. and her husband are a middle-aged couple who live on a remote mountain ranch where they are engaged in producing mohair. Though the road to their home is long, and in winter difficult from snow, guests from many states have found the way to their door. At long intervals they leave the ranch for a long trip—one of them was a round-the-world tour. Mrs. D. E. spent her girlhood in Michigan.

Mrs. W. E. with her husband operates a dude ranch. It is the kind

of life which she loves. ^ Though she is entirely at home on a pack trip into the high country, she is equally so at a party among her guests. Daughter of an easterner and graduate of an eastern school, she is a perfect hostess who knows the proper time to dance, to play games, or simply relax and rest.

Mr. B. R. is a forest ranger. His professional training included botany, silviculture, and animal husbandry. But his practical training dealt with such diverse activities as fire-fighting, fence-building, and public relations and tourists. Originally a midwesterner, he is a type for whom New Mexico will always be a home.

Mr. K. D., who held a minor position in a greenhouse, is an amateur archaeologist. Within his own narrow limits, he probably knows his specialty better than some of the excavators from eastern museums. His hobby is probably the most important thing in his life. A few years ago he sold his collection of prehistoric bowls, arrowheads, baskets, and stone axes for a considerable sum of money. It is now preserved permanently in a museum.

Mr. O. N. came here from the Mexican province of Chihuahua. He opened up a small business as stationer and operated it with such courtesy, industry, and good taste that he quickly made friends in his community and began to prosper. His store has continued to grow in spite of all competition. He is now well rooted here, speaks English with only a trace of accent, and, having become a member of Rotary, lives by the Rotary code.

Señor G. S. came from one of the northern provinces of Mexico many years ago. He and his wife have likewise prospered and become well rooted here. On the occasion of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary they sent out invitations to a Solemn High Mass offered in thanksgiving. In the most beautiful spectacle of family life I have ever seen, the father and mother with their children on each side of them knelt at the rail alone and there received the Holy Sacrament. Later, in their home, La Señora cut the wedding cake while the daughters gracefully poured the wine. In becoming American citizens, they have preserved much of their old-world charm.

Mr. H. B. is a young man who owns a large ranch inherited from his father, a Texas cowman. A college graduate, he collects autographed books on the West. Fond of hunting, he owns a large case filled with guns and revolvers. Knowing at first hand the technique of roping, he is an excellent judge of rodeos. But belonging to the newer school of

thought, he "rides herd," so far as possible, in a car. For him, needless to say, New Mexico will always be a home.

The healthseekers—and the word generally means a person afflicted with tuberculosis—deserve a word of honorable mention by themselves. Until rather recently eastern physicians liked to send their tubercular patients whenever possible to the dry air and sunshine of the Southwest. In the course of time, many of the sufferers regained health and stayed here, either from choice or for the sake of precaution, to lead a more or less active life. Since care in a sanitarium is necessarily expensive, many of them were persons of means, and very often also, they were persons of exceptional education and ability. Their presence helps to explain the notably cosmopolitan character of such cities as Albuquerque, Tucson, El Paso, and many smaller towns.

A few examples will suffice. There was, for instance, J. C. O. L., who in his young manhood worked as reporter on the big dailies in Detroit and Cincinnati. Living in Deming at the time of Pancho Villa's raid, he covered the story for metropolitan papers in the East. Later, when health permitted, he became the editor of the *Silver City Enterprise*. There he chronicled the life of his corner of the state, not as finished literature, but consistently reported the kind of news from which literature is devised—ore discoveries, mine accidents, rodeos, hunting parties, scientific expeditions, cowmen's quarrels, backwoods funerals, and all the daily routine of the Southwest, filled as it is with rich incident, romance, tragedy. Finally after he had become a kind of beloved institution, he succumbed to the disease in his middle sixties.

And there was L. D., a young professor in an eastern university who was just getting his feet planted on the ladder of promotion when the disease stopped him. With health only a little impaired, he is now giving students in a western college the benefit of his rare learning and critical judgment.

Another man came expecting to stay six months and is still here after twenty years. The January sunshine of New Mexico removed from his mind any thought of returning to the long-drawn winters of upstate New York. Needing sunshine as a health builder, he began a fascinating research into its desert-making effects, and ended by studying the necessary adaptations of plant and animal life to it, and its general influence on the human story in the Southwest. The extensive study has made some compensation for the obscurity of his professional life.

Still another was D. K., a young lawyer from Ohio who came here

many years ago. After the usual difficulty in establishing himself, he built up a practice, entered politics, and rose to be a district judge. He is a good example of the kind of men who "came on a stretcher" and remained in the state to make a notable contribution.

Some words must be devoted also to a class in whom New Mexico is outstandingly rich—those who study and create, either as a profession or as an avocation. Here belonged R. K., a man who had a modest income which permitted him to give most of his serious thought to ornithology. His collection served as the basis for the authoritative *Birds of New Mexico*. Another man, a retired chemist from New York, has for many years spent his winters in the state studying tree rings and other indicators of climatic phenomena. Then there was E. T. S., known through his books to all the world. He spent the last years of his life near Santa Fe, meditating, studying, writing of the Southwestern scene. No man of his time was more deeply versed in the lore of campfire and trail.

Among those who devote their time to creative work in the fine arts there is perhaps no such thing as a "typical" painter. But Mr. E. G. will represent his profession as well as another. Born in Ohio some forty years ago, he studied in American art schools, then went abroad to work under French masters. Now he lives in New Mexico. He inhabits a cluttered, picturesque studio where he paints, loafs, and teaches a few students. He writes and speaks well and gives frequent lectures. His kind of life suggests some generalizations.

It suggests that there should be drawn some distinction between the mass population, as represented on a graph, and the kind of people who live in New Mexico. No graph, for instance, can possibly indicate the stimulating mental and emotional climate of Santa Fe as it contrasts with, say, Pittsburgh. That city has, roughly speaking, a population equal to that of the entire state of New Mexico. But the present writer during a residence of several years there could number among his acquaintance hardly any creative workers in literature, the arts, or what might be called interpretative study. But in Santa Fe one meets at every turn people who make their living through some of the arts and handicrafts, or other work that may fairly be called creative.

The artists, generally speaking, are vivid personalities. Both consciously and unconsciously they impress themselves on the minds of their fellow townsmen, influencing their estimate of values, opening up new vistas of appreciation, stimulating them, disturbing them, everywhere

giving their distinctive tone. In any town where they are present, such men, like the professors in a college town, influence the thought of others to a degree totally out of proportion to their numbers, sometimes • annoying the community, but often leavening it with some wisdom and a new sensitiveness. In all cases they give that variety which, if not the bread of life, is the exhilarating spice of life.

The conclusion drawn from this impressionistic survey is the one indicated at the outset: the population of New Mexico is as varied as its environment. Represented as a column on a graph, the bottom two fifths would be characterized by their humble station and partial segregation—which was discussed at some length; the middle two fifths, merely indicated but not discussed formally, would not differ greatly from the social pattern elsewhere; while the upper fifth, examined with some care through specific examples, is notably cosmopolitan and varied. Among them is a very remarkable percentage of those who found here what they had missed in their home land—beauty, adventure, sport, quaintness, health, recreation. Whatever its commercial promise in the future, the state will continue to invite those in whom the commercial incentive is secondary.

One time Mr. Frederick Simpich of the *National Geographic* remarked to me, "In the course of my work I have gone everywhere, seen everything. But when I retire, I wish it could be to some place between the Rio Grande and the Rio Colorado."

The same attractions that he appreciated have drawn and held a host of others. The present writer is one of them. Writing of New Mexico some years ago in *Sky Determines* he said: "Here if anywhere is air, sky, earth fit to constitute a gracious homeland, not alone for those who occupy themselves in the world's work, but as well for those who study and create, for those who play, those who sit still to brood and dream."

RECONCILIATION

Sanora Babb

THE TWO OF THEM sat on the back step in the afternoon shade of the tall Moorish house. The woman was delicately friendly, almost arrogant. She glanced at her husband's face, seeing an instant of grief pass slowly into resentment and slowly back. An urgent feeling of warm concern erased her arrogance.

The February sun lay on the steep side of the sumac-rough hill and hot on the white wall of the big house on its crest. The Southern California winter was moving imperceptibly into spring. The man held a garden hose sending a long, thin spray of water far up the wild and unkept yard. As if it were an unusual pleasure, he danced the spray over the geraniums, the tall cacti, the low succulent floor, the narcissus, the banana tree. The water plopped gently on the great papyrus leaves and the fiery poinsettias. He pointed the hose upward into the pepper trees and down carefully over the tender sorrel and the shaggy grass. The slope was a designless mass of color. Purple lantana and cerise bougainvillæa dropped over the low rock wall which separated the level strip from the hill. In odd places a strange plant had risen from a hidden bulb, bloomed, and disappeared.

"A wild man must have planned this yard," she said. "Or perhaps the wind dropped these seeds in the neglected years when the house was alone."

"The yard went crazy while *you* were gone," he said significantly. "It's all right with care." She ignored him. He wants me to feel guilty in every way, she thought.

The heat came delicately into the shade. The woman pulled the long silk dressing gown above her knees and slid her bare feet along the cool tile walk. The man looked at her feet.

"Small, but strong and even," he said quietly, reminiscently, as if they were lost to him.

She was still, listening and feeling the spring coming up subtly through the warmth of this ever-flowering land.

A radio symphony, low and soft, suddenly mounted loud into their silence.

"Tschaikowsky," he said.

"Yes. Turn the radio off," she said gently. "I like it but I want to listen to the little things here."

"The Fifth," he said as if to change her mind, but he got up.

When he came back a fat rusty-rump thrush was drinking from a big leaf near the wall. The bird sat boldly on until he was full.

"I wish I could smell a creek," she said. "Run the water along the wall again. Sometimes in the evening when the hill is cooling, there's the odor of a strong plant out there, and something about it, just a trace, of that wild place."

"What wild place?"

"You know, the one when I was a little girl, that strange, wild place. It's my grandfather, and a lot of things I don't even understand."

She broke a twig and started a design on the damp ground. He looked at her and she was far away, farther away than when she spoke of any other place.

"You lived so many places. I don't know about this one."

"Really?"

"Where was it, now?"

"Colorado. The plains. Except that this place was below the plains like a ragged edge below the rim of the earth. My mother used to say it was the jumping-off place of the world. It was a lonely spot and she hated it. But Konkie, my grandfather, and I, we loved it, and it was like a secret between us of which we never spoke. I understand it now. My mother was a young woman, my grandfather was old, and I was a child. We were on the edges of her kind of loneliness."

"You understand that now?"

"Do you?" she asked cruelly.

She drew a long straight line on the bare earth, and parallel to it a curving one.

"The rock precipice was like this. It must have been a hundred feet tall. Over its face were the little pocket nests of swallows. Here was the creek winding between the wall and the cottonwoods on its

other bank. The wide bed was white sand, and the stream was only a few inches deep."

"I'll bet you used to play there," he said uncomfortably.

"Yes," she said dreamily. "I would slide down the steep bank holding onto the willow roots, or leap off into the sand. No one ever came. We were many miles from anyone, so I often wore no clothes, only a sunbonnet. I made dams and caught minnows, or hunted anything, or lay on my belly and pretended to swim. In the evening the kildees ran along the creek bed like arrows. They made a plaintive call." She was silent for a moment. "That cry—wild and lonely—in that desolate place . . . it's . . ."

"It's the way you feel now," he said, and his eyes, as she looked up, said, "with me." But there was no accusation. She could not even touch his hand now, feeling withdrawn and unrelated.

Her thoughts held him, the other one, in an intense moment of solitude for her lost desire. Only tenderness remained and she would not defile what had happened by denial of its meaning. These two did not conflict; one took nothing of her from the other. But pride, humiliation, possession, and a thousand other tendrils of instinct and custom made resolution necessary. Still that resolution now was little more than her self-contained presence, so because she must not humiliate him with guilty kindness. How could there be guilt without shame or ugliness? Only the participant was free to understand this. There was only sorrowing regret in her to hurt someone loved.

"What else was it like?" he asked impersonally.

She drew her thoughts back to the place and time which were rising from her memory in unbidden, urgent force. She made new lines on the map, and after a bit she spoke again.

"Up on the narrow ledge which was our yard there were many places to play. There were three levels, you see, the creek, the yard, the prairie. A steep road curved down from the plain, which was really all the rest of the world, and into our yard. The far end of the yard curved into the high wall so that we lived on a shelf. Around the house like a narrow collar ran the edge, and we could get into the yard ten feet below only by a path at the front and back. The path was almost straight up and down. Everywhere was shale, the yard had no grass, only rocks and snakes. But along the creek we had planted a patch of alfalfa. It is a lovely plant, tender and green, and its purple blooms perfumed the air for miles."

"Why are you so full of memories? Are you telling the old ones, thinking the new ones?"

She saw his eyes cruel for a moment with jealousy. He directed the water hard against the wall and a fine spray came back upon them.

"Between the house and the barn near the wall"—she drew more lines across the narrow yard—"were a small dark canyon, and a perfect rock room with a red berry tree at its door where the mocking birds sang, and a narrow path leading up to the plain. This path climbed in the only place which was not a precipice, and it was hard to get a footing even here. On the prairie above was our garden. It seems absurd to have had a garden there. Why didn't we have it in a corner of the alfalfa plot? My father was not a farmer, but he was intelligent."

She drew a fence around the garden.

"Anyway, we had a garden there and could never raise anything but potatoes and squashes and watermelons. I shall never forget the wonder of going each morning to see the growth of a melon in the night. Konkie and I would climb the path every morning and push the leaves aside and look at the melons. I could feel his excitement and I know he felt mine. In the evening we would carry buckets of water up to the plain."

"Had you no crops?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, we had broomcorn and kaffir and maize and cane in a field upon the plain. The field was two miles from the house and all of us worked there. We would take water and food, and work all day, resting at the ends of the rows. In the summer we worked with large knives chopping the stalks and laying them in bundles to dry, then shocking them later. The shocks were like tepees and in the autumn I played Indian in them."

He looked at her delicate-boned wrists and slender legs.

"Walking in a field, swinging a heavy knife."

She smiled at him now.

"Why didn't you make money?"

"Because those were the dry lands. There were magnificent storms winter and summer but almost never any rain. Only the irrigated portions owned by the big farmers could raise crops successfully. Usually, our crops burned up in the fields. Much of that country is irrigated now, but when we lived there we were pioneering the margin lands."

"Well," he said, "it sounds like a very dramatic place, and I imagine life was more interesting then than now."

"Oh, no, but it was interesting, if you can call it that while it's happening. We were terribly poor. Life was hard."

"But it didn't seem hard then, did it? I mean to you?"

"Yes. When people are that poor it seems hard even to children no matter how full of imagination and pretense they are. Hunger is a hard thing, and we were almost always hungry. Memory doesn't enhance that."

"Really hungry," he stated to himself. He could never believe it and somehow he resented it.

"I remember a kind of final day when my mother sold her wedding ring for flour and lard."

"Did she ever get another?"

"No," but there was a white band on her finger for a long time. She used to laugh sometimes and call it the shadow of her marriage."

"Did she mind very much?"

"Well, I suppose she did, but we never carried on about any of the things that happened to us."

"Why was that?"

"Because, I suppose, getting voluntarily upset was a luxury we couldn't afford. No telling what would have happened if my mother had ever let go. My father was a spendthrift of energy and emotions. He had a violent temper and he let it loose often. It used to pounce upon us at unsuspecting moments like a savage animal. He couldn't stand the pressure of our lives."

"You wouldn't say that of your grandfather, would you?"

"He couldn't stand the pressure of responsible living."

"Oh."

"My father kept at it."

"Your grandfather was a very handsome man?"

"Yes. He was tall and brown with long hands and fierce black eyes that seemed strangely to conceal their fire."

"Perhaps his appearance explains some things."

"Perhaps, though only a little," she said. "I believe there's some pressure attached to being so alive and handsome. More distractions from the hard duty."

"Yes, for a beautiful woman as well. It would have been easier to have a homely wife."

It seemed to her he was sincere, perhaps forgiving her. "There are many beautiful women," she said. "You should not take it so seriously."

"Well, you are other things too, good things. That's the trouble." She was silent.

"Well, go on," he said. She hurried into the first memory brought up by the sight of the water running in the lines she had drawn on the ground.

"When the snow melted in the Rockies which we couldn't even see, suddenly one day we would hear a terrific roar and see a high wall of water rushing through the creek bed, tearing at the banks. Each spring a little more of our yard was torn away. When the well went we had to leave. But that was a long time after."

She returned to filling in the map she had made on the earth.

"My father was like that water. Without warning he would terrify my grandfather and me. I used to think he hated us both, but perhaps not. One night he stormed and threatened so much that Konkie and I went up on the plain. That night I felt he would kill him, and Konkie felt it too."

"Surely not!"

"It is hard to know. We were afraid. We walked for a long time on the plain. The air was like a pearl with moonlight and every star was showing in the tall sky. After a while the beauty of the night came into our minds and there was no space for the trouble we had carried out of the house. My grandfather was a sensitive man, and very quiet. We spoke in odd ways, seldom with words, but there was a warm understanding between us."

"I'm sure of it," he said rather sharply.

"That night I remember how his long shadow leaned on the plain, and how he would glance far down from his tallness to me and nod quick and sidewise. In that nod was all the sorrow he felt for the words and the hate from which we had fled. He would lay his long bony hand on my shoulder and leave it there for awhile as we walked. 'Don't tremble,' he would say gently. Just for a moment I would see his black eyes in a tender caress, and then he would lift his head and his eyes would be looking far away, secret with the thoughts of his own world. It seemed to me then that I understood the essence, if not the words, of every thought he had."

"He must have been an unusual man."

"He was, in himself, but he had his weaknesses. In his youth when his wife died he almost drank himself to death. And all his life he suffered the defeats of not trying rather than come up hard against the world."

"You are sentimental about his weaknesses. Perhaps they seemed picturesque?"

"No!" Her heart beat hard with a flare of anger and in a moment of silence quieted again. "No. But I could never hold them against him, not knowing the cause. He may have been miserable with them, and I could not help him then."

He adjusted the nozzle and set a fine round spray against the crooked fuchsia branches. The little bell flowers with their long stamen ding-donging in the shower clung briefly and fell to the ground. She retrieved several and put them in her hair. He handed her two more for earrings.

"Once," she said, "when my feelings were hurt, Konkie suggested we walk to the nearest town. It was a store and post office in a shack seven miles away. My father was in the field on the prairie, walking in the deep furrow behind the plow. It was like a betrayal to go to town as he worked, but I washed my feet, put on a clean dress, and we walked."

He looked at her feet again.

"Oh," she smiled, "my feet were hard then from going barefoot. It took a long time and there was no shade all the way. We got a cold drink at the artesian well. My grandfather asked for the mail and bought a little flour. It had to be charged till harvest. He wanted tobacco for his pipe and I longed for candy, but we had a rule that those luxuries were bought only with cash. While he visited with the old store-keeper, I hung over a bean-barrel and gazed into the candy case. When my grandfather could think of nothing more to say, he did not call me to him but walked to me. The grocer walked along behind the counter. I was ashamed that my desire had been so urgent as to make me forgetful of my manners."

"Are you often ashamed?" he asked with a crisp and intimate smile.

"He knew I was hungry, and yet he reached in the case and brought out a small hard piece of candy, the smallest there. I felt my grandfather's sharp finger against my shoulder blade. 'Thank you,' I

whispered in a terror of shyness. The grocer waited for me to eat it, he waited to see my gratitude again, and as if that weren't enough, he said, 'Eat it!' I'm sure he meant no harm; it was a small event to help along the lonely day. I whispered, 'No,' and put the candy, already sticky from the heat of my palm, into my pocket.

"By the sun it was after four o'clock when we started back. We drank from the artesian well again. Konkie had a letter in his pocket for my mother. It would be like a gift. The bag of flour he attached to a thin rope and flung over his shoulder. Outside of town he decided to save his shoes and tied the strings together to saddle them over his other shoulder."

She rested her chin in her palms and spoke as if she were thinking aloud. He sat listening now as if he must hear what she had to say.

"We felt happy because we were moving. Konkie sang a little song about tramping over this wide, weary world. I've been nearly all over the land, he said, *afoot*. America is a beautiful country. It's a shame everybody can't see it.

"Is it like this? I asked. Well, he said, this is it too, and a lot more besides—all kinds of people and all kinds of scenery. I tried to imagine it but all I knew was the flat plain like a round plate with a sky for the lid. I looked as far as I could see and tried to think about America. It was the first time I had thought about America; it was like hearing your own name in a new way. He looked down at me and said, Now, don't let it confound you. There's a whole world. Whenever your dad can get near a school or move to town, you'll learn. Meanwhile I aim to teach you what I can. Last winter you learned to read the papers on the walls. This winter you can read my book, and I'll tell you things. This book isn't much but it's all I have; so I read it over and over. It's called *The Adventures of Kit Carson*. But it's summer now! he said.

"We walked in silence for a while and then he said, Half my life I've wanted to go to a place called Costa Rica. There's a river there named Reventazón. I read it once somewhere—'the wild Reventazón'—and I've never been able to get it out of my head. Will you go? I asked him, taking it for granted because my grandfather disappeared and reappeared several times a year. No, he said, I can't tread water. If I worked and saved for the trip, I'd die before I'd saved enough; if I don't work, I can't go. That's life, but, mind you, it's not the way it should be. So, I work a little and walk.

"It's a shame," she said, "that he never saw the 'wild Reventazón.' It is wild, and strong, and it rushes along the feet of great mountains softly green with moist grass, and coffee and banana trees."

Her husband turned his head and looked at her for a long time but he said nothing.

"Konkie was silent all the rest of the way. When we came in sight of our field, the sun was going down, sending a fan of colored beams all over the west. My father and the horses were little black figures against the sun. We watched him come to the end of the row and unhitch the horses. He picked up his water jug, and stopped to look at a snake he had hung over the fence. Holding the lines, he walked off behind the horses toward home. We were still a long way off but in the clear desert air we could see all these things well.

"In my time, my grandfather said, I have had many dreams. It always seemed to me I was patterned for something, but I could never make it come out. When he spoke in this way I knew he was speaking to himself, so I watched my father walking over the plain. Often I did not like him because we were strangers, but for all this and his wild anger, there he was, tired and perhaps lonely, after a hard and sober day working to get our food and the rent for the farm. Perhaps he had his dreams too but there was no room in our world for this other part of him, and he was angry. I thought if I could plant these two men I loved like seeds in another soil they might come up one beautiful plant, one person. Then, I should not be divided and neither should they.

"The summer dusk was rising up around our feet when we reached the edge of the plain where we went down the precipice to our yard. The unharnessed horses were going into the alfalfa with their mouths dripping water. We splashed water on our faces at the well and washed our feet.

"In the house, Konkie gave my mother the letter, and I tried to break the sticky candy in two. I wanted to give my father a gift for the sight of us going to town."

"How silly."

"Perhaps."

"The point is," her husband said abruptly, "you really like a man who will go out of his way to give you some rather foolish emotional satisfaction better than one who works hard to give you the more important things."

"Sometimes," she said, "I think such a man would work the same to give *himself* the *important things*. Don't you?"

"That's hardly the point. And it leaves out love—his love."

"I was speaking only of my life."

"I realize that," he said meaningfully.

"Well, it is past and my grandfather is dead."

"Your grandfather is *never* dead! He is the universal fascinator!"

She wanted to strike him.

He waved the hose over the grass without interest. She looked at his blonde head and the reddish Sunday whiskers, the cool face turned away, the emotion hidden, controlled.

The long, Moorish shadow of the house had crept up to the top of the hill. Suddenly a mocking bird sang from a eucalyptus tree near the street and flew into the tree above them. Others sang wildly.

"That's their dawn chorus," she said. "They've got mixed up."

He turned off the water and went indoors. She had wanted to put her hand on his arm, against his loneliness, but she could not. It would be like a further betrayal. Sometime, perhaps, not now.

She could hear him faintly, her ears long familiar with the sounds from the house. He was searching through the record albums. These were his refuge. Suddenly she felt irritated with her easy, thoughtless conclusions of him. Had her love been his music? Perhaps the music was his expression for that part of him submerged to silence, as the story she had been telling was her discontent, her loneliness, her plea. They had found no way to be friends and could not speak directly.

The beautiful and disturbing music of Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" disquieted the dusk.

She had needed him; she had shown him only in a cruel way, thinking of herself, and he had gone into the house consumed with his own need. She drew the stick across her drawings on the earth, and listened for a long time, as if she were hearing the words in his heart.

The music moved into the "Poem of Fire." She stood up and walked through the deep grass to the end of the yard which dropped steeply into a narrow canyon. Some radiant energy, long bound by the weight of confusion and opposing desires, demanded release. Not in flood, but in a long full stream, beginning now, flowing through their relationship and beyond it into many things. It would not be easy. She hardly knew how to begin. Perhaps only a little thing at first and then on and on until this enmity of strangers had dissolved

between them, freeing them, as much as one is ever freed, to tend their lives. This waste of self-absorption in a world of many needs was shameful, and yet shame was unknown or forgotten in that aching void between them. A carelessly abandoned hope came softly into her thought of him. Some day he would listen to his music in fullness, not in desolation. And she would not be speaking of her loneliness, or hiding it.

Like an inverted sky the city far below in the valley was bejewelled with street-lamp stars. A low wind smelling of the sea came in gently to the great hills. She turned back toward the house. Under the desperate music and the quick winter dark, she could hear the foolish frogs singing as if nothing great or small would ever be changed in the world. She hesitated a moment thinking of flight. The frogs were singing of eternals, innocently, blindly. She opened the door and went in quietly, wanting to be known, and to know him whom she had not fully known before.

LITTLE MOSE

Robert Sheffield

FAR TO THE NORTH there is a small lake whose waters are black and cold from immeasurable depth. Around the shores of the lake there is a wood full of stunted, gnarled, and twisted trees, and beneath them, around and over their roots, a snarl of twisted underbrush. No wind ever penetrates the trees to ripple the black cold water. No birds ever sing there.

On the lake there is only one house, which is now almost hidden by the vines and weeds crawling back over it. A few years ago it was lived in by a family called Whyte and their colored servant, Bessie, and Mose, her little boy. There was a clearing around the house then. The forest was kept back.

The house had been built a half century previously out of the same trees that had been cut down to make a clearing for it. The design of the house was one that would delight a child; it was large and rambling and full of rooms and half-rooms that a child could pretend were secret. But a child, nearly any child, would have been frightened by this house because the wood from the trees was black and formed weird misshapen beams that could be clutching hands or hideous faces in the half-dusk that was always in the house.

It was kept in a livable state of repair until a few years ago when the event occurred which gave the Whytes an excuse to abandon it forever and to let the weeds and vines and trees crawl tangled over it. Although it was never admitted by the Whytes, this abandonment was a tremendous relief; none of them had enjoyed, in fact they detested, the inevitable month they had to spend there each year and spent the time huddled around a fireplace where they could at least feel some warmth. But they came back each year because it was a family habit established by Mr. Whyte's father, who had built the place. Besides,

having such a place to go away to in the hot summer months was considered a privilege that it would be undutiful to neglect.

The Whyte family had lived the calm, respectable life that you or I or anyone in their position might have lived. There was nothing outstanding about them that would justify what they went through that summer not long ago.

Enoch Whyte, the father, looked like and was a highly respected member of his community. He owned a business which he had inherited from his father, and was on the board of directors of the local bank. His solid, inscrutable face made one wonder whether he was a master of hiding his personality, his character, or whether he simply had none. His wife was a rather noisy woman who spent her life confusedly backing up from uncontrolled, impetuous plunges into strange territory; from sheer enthusiasm she sometimes carried others along, but not often. She belonged to the Presbyterian Church and to the Daughters of the American Revolution. They had only one child, Enoch Whyte, Junior, whom they called Ennie for short. He had unfortunately inherited the least handsome physical characteristics of his father; his chin sloped in and, even though he was in his middle twenties, there was a little bulge of fat on his neck that looked like an innocent parody of his chin. His eyes were small and shrewd, and while he lacked the solid appearance of his father he nevertheless gave the impression of being no one's fool, of being a young man bound to succeed. He failed to completely satisfy his parents only because he had not sufficient interest in women to take a wife.

Theirs was a well-settled life. Occasionally they might have been upset or even enraged by certain trends of the nation or the vagaries of a political group or some such thing that did not really approach their personal lives. So it was with considerable shock that Bessie and her little boy entered their lives.

Bessie, of course, was their servant. She had been sent up from an agency in the city and arrived at the camp shortly after they did. She was the first colored servant they had ever had; the others had been Irish or Slavic women who turned surly and unmanageable after a few days in such a lonesome, inaccessible place. But fat, black, jolly Bessie, who seemed not only contented but actually cheerful, made them at first bury their antipathy to living in the same house with some one not of their own race.

Both Bessie and Mose managed, with what might have been an

instinctive efficiency, to assume an inconspicuousness that to their employers seemed strange in the midst of such remoteness, where human contact had a way of becoming as essential as air. Mose had been seen once and only briefly when he first arrived; they had been impressed by the odd dissimilarity of the boy and his mother; he was small for his nine or ten years and looked even more dwarfed by her bulk. He was considerably lighter in color and his body was frail and his face delicately chiseled. His large brown eyes, as they glanced at them for one brief moment, seemed so old, so penetrating that they unconsciously averted their curious gaze and felt an inexplicable twinge of embarrassment. After that one encounter he had wholly disappeared from them for nearly a week.

The Whytes were irritated by the isolation of Mose and Bessie. Mrs. Whyte, bored and eager for talk, had tried on numerous occasions to start a friendly chat with Bessie, but could never quite succeed. There was a rigid restraint in the large colored woman that would not permit her to trespass outside of her limited servant class. She was jolly and cheerful as long as she was approached by nothing but her duties as a cook and housekeeper; but as soon as there was a deviation from that she would reply in polite cautious monosyllables that drove Mrs. Whyte, more than once, silently furious out of the kitchen, enraged at being snubbed by her cook. "Who does she think she is?" she rhetorically asked her husband as she tried to explain it to him. "After all, I'm doing her a favor by even trying to be a little friendly."

But a few days later her opinion had changed. She came out of the kitchen one afternoon with a worried, puzzled expression on her face. "There's something there I don't like," she told her husband and son; "I can't quite put my finger on it yet, but—"

"Why, what did she say?" asked Mr. Whyte.

"It isn't what she said, it's the way she said it; she seems so evasive, like when I asked her about the child she said suddenly, out of a clear sky, that she smelled something burning in the oven and that was that. I couldn't get her back to it without appearing curious. Now something could have been burning, but if she was just trying to evade my question, well, she just doesn't know who she's up against."

Mr. Whyte, as a matter of principle, remained aloof from her frequent forays, but this time he had a feeling that, as she said, there was something to the situation. However, he merely grunted something to the effect that she shouldn't have allowed such people in the

house in the first place. She replied with heated indignation, "Why, I shouldn't have allowed—" Whereupon a trivial domestic scene followed which has no relation to this story.

It was their son who first spoke to the boy. He was standing on the porch very early one morning when the ground was sparkling with the dew and the last grey of night. He had passed the night wrestling with the insomnia that always attacked him when he was at the lake. His relief at seeing daylight again put him in a particularly jocular mood. He saw the boy walking through the grey dawn down the little-used path to the lake with a fishing pole over his shoulder and asked him, in an accent he had used in a minstrel show he had been in at college, "Where you-all goin'—fishin'?" The boy turned and studied him with his deep penetrating eyes before he answered.

"Yes, I'm going fishing." His gravity, the seriousness of his voice, and, above all, the strange arresting power of his eyes sobered Ennie from the lightheaded drunkenness of his sleepless night.

"Ah—maybe we can have some nice fresh fish for breakfast then," he carried on in embarrassment.

"Oh, I don't catch fish like that, not to kill and eat them. I just tie some food on the end of the line to attract them to the surface, and then I talk to them. I tell them all about the Bible and what Jesus said."

The young man stared at the small colored figure in amazement, then without a word turned on his heel and walked into the chilly house.

He didn't say anything about this to his parents until after breakfast, when he wordlessly beckoned them into a remote part of the house. As he expected, his story moved them considerably. His mother started to say something, then looked to her husband, her mouth speechlessly half open. Mr. Whyte merely muttered grimly, "We'll have to have a talk about that boy." He strode into the kitchen and confronted Bessie, busy over the breakfast dishes.

"Bessie," he commanded as she grinned cheerfully at him, "as soon as your boy comes back you're to send him to me." The grin fell from her face.

"He generally don't come back till real late, suh."

"He doesn't? Well, then, I'll see him immediately after he gets back."

"Yassuh," she answered barely above a whisper; then half-doubtful,

half as if knowing the answer to a question she was afraid to ask, "What—what you want to see him for?" He didn't answer, but reading something in his eyes she pleaded with no hope, as if it were an old story that invariably had the same ending against her. "Please don't torment him, mister, maybe he don't know what he's doing. Maybe he can't help it. Maybe it's just something we don't understand. But he ain't never done no one no harm, I swear he ain't."

Mr. Whyte watched her growing anguish and gathered from it a confirmation, of what he didn't immediately know. He realized that this wasn't the first time that this had happened to her, that she had been questioned by her employer about her son. And seeing her turn to the pleading defensive gave him a feeling of justification and pure cold righteousness.

"Never you mind about that, just do as I say."

"Yassuh," she asserted submissively, knowing that anything she said would only make worse the terrible expression on his face.

Little Mose came back that night as she was serving the evening meal. He came into the kitchen noiselessly and looked at his mother for a moment with his deep black eyes. "Do they want to talk to me already?" he asked her.

"Yes, Little Mose, they do," she answered, turning her head away.

"I'll go to them now, then," he said and started for the closed door of the dining room.

"No, wait a bit," she protested quickly and, as he turned questioningly, added lamely, "here—eat something first. I bet you ain't eaten all day, boy." He hesitated a second, then sat down at the table.

She placed a plate of food in front of him and while he ate she brushed his hair nervously with her hand.

"Mose—"

"Yes, Mother?"

"You reckon you know what they going to ask you?"

"I know what they are going to ask me."

Bessie sighed deeply, gave a final pat to his black hair, and went to the stove. With her back to him she asked, "You don't think you could make it different this time, do you, Mose? I mean not tell them so many things."

"I'll try not to, but I just can't lie to them or anyone, and most of the time I can't keep from telling what's inside me, you know I can't." He got up and put his arm around her. In spite of the fact that his head

barely reached to her elbow and his arm could stretch only from one hip to the other, he had the appearance of a grown man comforting a child. "You don't have enough faith in the good Lord, Mother," he smiled kindly up at her.

"Oh, I know I don't, child. It's just that I get so scared for you sometimes." She shook her head and gave him a gentle shove. "Now get on in there and take care how you talk."

As he entered the dining room, Mr. Whyte beamed on him, "Well, well, so this is the little boy who talks with the fish."

Mose stopped just outside of the perimeter of light from the kerosene lamp, nearly camouflaging his small dark body except for his eyes which caught the soft yellow and held it. He glanced reproachfully at Ennie, then turned his luminous eyes directly into Mr. Whyte's and replied, "Yes, sir, I guess I do." He hesitated a moment, struggling to restrain himself. "And sometimes I talk with the birds and the grasshoppers and even the worms that crawl in the earth. I guess I'd talk with anything who'd listen to me."

"And what is it you say to all these birds and worms and things?" asked Mr. Whyte.

"I tell them what the Bible says—"

"And what, precisely, is that?" rapped out Mr. Whyte.

The fire in the lamp suddenly died down for a moment, and the three people watching him saw his body completely disappear except for his eyes which still smoldered from the tiny light left in the sputtering lamp. "I tell them," he said from the darkness, "I tell them that they shouldn't prey on one another because they are all brothers and sisters and that God is their father in whose eyes they are all equal."

The lamp caught on again, as suddenly as it went out, bringing his body back with it. They unconsciously sighed a breath of relief.

"Where did you pick that stuff up, boy?"

"I don't know; it just comes to me. It seems I hear a voice telling me everything that Jesus said and what he'd like me to teach and what God thinks best for his children. All I know is that I keep hearing it and then I just have to tell all about the wonder of it or I'll get so full I'll burst wide open."

They dismissed him a few moments later, but not before Mr. Whyte had warned him that he might have to answer some more questions. After he had left the room, Mrs. Whyte looked incredulously at her husband. "Did you notice that—his eyes shining like that? He

hardly looked human, more like a wild animal when you shine a light on it in the dark!" She shuddered and pulled her coat tighter around her shoulders.

Mr. Whyte squirmed uneasily in his chair. "I think," he said cautiously, tentatively, "I think that there is something in this. I think that we ought to bide our time a little and find out more about it."

Ennie agreed enthusiastically. "I was hoping you'd see it that way." He leaned forward in his chair and explained, "The kid must have been indoctrinated with those ideas; now if we can find out where and how—"

"Now that's not exactly what I had in mind," said his father dubiously.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Whyte, having recollected herself. "First of all my cook highhats me and now her child thinks he's a personal friend of Christ. I've never heard of anything like it."

The Whytes were greatly shocked and moved by this episode. It was perhaps the first time in their lives that they had ever come across anything of which they knew no precedent. They could hardly be blamed when, alone in that dark weird house with a colored boy who claimed to speak for Christ, they momentarily lost their direction. They were stunned, but they realized that they had to discover for themselves what this strange human being was.

And so, for the next few days they bided their time, feeling their ground. Although they were careful to maintain an air of calmness, as if nothing at all odd had occurred, they pondered over and studied their situation every moment of the day.

Slowly they gathered their evidence. Mrs. Whyte learned, after many persistent attempts, about the boy's father. Bessie, she informed her husband and her son, didn't even know his name. "She said that she was working for some writers or something once and one of their guests—I gathered he was white—had done it, and by the time she knew that she was pregnant she had left them. All she knew about him was what she had heard the people she was working for say. When I asked her what he did for a living she said she thought he was a genius. 'A genius?' I asked her, and she answered, 'Yes, Ma'am, that's what everyone called him when they talked about him so I guess that's what he was.' Can you imagine anything funnier? A genius!" She snorted contemptuously.

She had a later conversation with Mose which, however, she did not

repeat. One morning, tired and raw-nerved from a sleepless night, she came into the living room and found him there intently studying a pot of geraniums that looked like hot coals in the gloom of the room. She walked swiftly to him and, as he looked up rapturously from the flowers, asked through clenched teeth, "What business have you got in here, young man?"

"I was looking at the strange ways in which God manifests his goodness and beauty in even a lowly thing like a pot of flowers," he replied serenely, in no way abashed by the fact that she had found him in a part of the house that he should have known was forbidden him.

"It seems to me that God should manifest something else on another lowly creature who is altogether too impudent."

He stared deep into her angry eyes for a moment, then answered with a gentle, pitying smile, "Jesus has said, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.'"

She stared hard at him, her eyes slowly opening wider and wider. "What do you mean by that?"

"I know many things that are hidden from other people. I know things that will happen and things that happened before I was even born."

Mrs. Whyte blushed and turned white in the space of a few seconds. "Get out of this room. Get *out!*" she whispered hoarsely, pointing a trembling finger at the door.

Mose smiled sadly at her. "You should put your faith in the good Lord," he told her and walked out of the room as she had commanded.

Mrs. Whyte watched him leave, then paced nervously back and forth. "Impossible," she told herself. "Impossible! Impossible! There's no way he could know about that. I'm just imagining things . . . tired, nervous. Impossible."

Although she never told her husband and son about that scene, she often wondered if they too knew things they hadn't told.

And Ennie, who had been concentrating on Mose, added more information. Every day he had been trying to follow the boy when, in the very early morning, he walked across the clearing around the house and disappeared into the woods. He seemed to have an uncanny instinct for picking out the hidden animal trails that were the only ways of getting through the wild snarly trees and undergrowth; he went directly into them without any apparent searching. Ennie, carefully watching from a window in the house, would follow a few minutes later

and could pace up and down the very spot he had entered without seeing a thing but impenetrable underbrush.

One morning after this had been going on for about a week, Mose went up the long trail that led to the town miles away. He cut off, just before he reached the dirt road, into the woods, where at that place it was relatively clear. He walked slowly along, mechanically stooping for low branches, his head bowed down, as if he were in a sort of trance. When he reached a large clearing he suddenly stopped, and Ennie, peering around a large tree he had quickly hidden behind, saw him look up at the sky and around at the trees. He went to one and ran his white palm caressingly over the bark. Then he fell to his knees, hands clasped in front of him, and wept with a strange smile on his face. "He stayed like that for ten or fifteen minutes," Ennie told them, "and then got up and walked directly to the tree I was hiding behind and told me that it was the most wonderful thing in the world the way the Lord was around us, that He was in every living creature, and that even if you wanted to you couldn't get away from Him."

Mrs. Whyte, after two or three attempts, leaned forward in her chair, her fingers twisting nervously in her lap. Carefully choosing her words, she asked, "Are you positive that he didn't see or hear you following him or hiding behind the tree?" Ennie nodded. "Did you ask him anything about it, like how he knew you were there?"

"Oh, yes, I was going to mention that. I couldn't see how he knew that I was behind that tree. There's a possibility that he might have known that I was following him, but—I asked him about it, of course, and he just looked surprised and claimed that he just *knew* it, that he seemed to know every time something evil was going on around him. I tried to laugh that off, not wanting to go into that with him then and there, just joking, naturally, and asked him if he thought that I was evil. But he took it seriously and said that I was but not as evil as you two."

They both inhaled deeply, and Mrs. Whyte turned pale and muttered under her breath, "Impossible!"

"Damned fresh little nigger," snarled Mr. Whyte, "strutting around and talking about us and God as if he were white. There ought to be some way of making him stop that."

"That's just the way I felt," Ennie agreed, "and I told him, too, 'Fine way for a servant's kid to talk,' I told him. Then he said that we were all servants in the eyes of the Lord."

"That Lord of his!"

They learned many other things about Mose; they had no difficulty collecting evidence, and for each new bit they had formed the habit of gathering in one of the dark, cold rooms farthest from the ears of Bessie. There, sitting close together in the gloom, they would examine and analyze every new detail and make it fit into the others. The picture they saw gradually forming at first frightened them, but as it became clearer they lost their fear to an ecstatic happiness. They ceased thinking of Mose as a little boy, or scarcely even as a human being, but as a creature dangerous to society, a vile being that should be caged.

Their individual reactions varied, of course. Mrs. Whyte stressed the shameful immorality of an illegitimate child and made many hazy insinuations that she could not be persuaded to explain, but nevertheless gave them the impression that she knew a great deal more than she could tell them. Mr. Whyte was particularly irritated by his ideas, and Ennie by what he regarded as his religious affrontery. Yet, besides all this, there was an undefined, unspoken, fiery hatred of the boy. Mrs. Whyte had spent many a tormented night wondering how much he really knew about a certain event and what he would do about it. Mr. Whyte and Ennie would rage white when they reviewed the ideas the boy expressed in his soft, mellifluous voice. "Foul, criminal ideas and pernicious theories—he should be executed for spreading them, for even thinking them!" had shouted Mr. Whyte.

Yet they no longer paid any apparent attention to Mose. To all appearances he had ceased to exist for them. They ignored him coldly whenever they passed him and entirely gave up confronting him with the details of his behavior as they discovered them. But there were not many moments of the day or night that their vigilance slackened. They forgot the utter boredom that plagued their vacations. They were filled with an exhilarating zest for life that they had never known before; they looked younger, stronger, healthier. Mr. and Mrs. Whyte retired to their room earlier in the evenings leaving Ennie, tolerantly amused, alone with nothing to do but sit on the porch or wander alone through the woods. He found a new, childishly thrilling delight in pretending that he was a stranger, perhaps a burglar or a spy, and would slink noiselessly around the house in a narrowing circle, and peek in the dark windows. In the half light of the dark woods he sometimes thought he saw Mose leaving the house or coming back or merely standing motionless for hours looking like a light post or part of a birch tree.

They all knew that something had to be done. Mrs. Whyte had

said, "That boy should not be allowed to run around loose.* It would be a crime against society for us to allow it. Think of the irreparable damage he'd do if he were allowed to associate with other children."

"You can bet your last dollar he will," warned her husband; "he's more than old enough to go to school now, and there's not a school official in the country with the courage to forbid it on the merits of the case. He'll contaminate every young mind he comes in contact with unless—"

Unless! they thought, staring at each other with cold narrowing eyes. "Do we dare? Do we dare?"

For a few days they let the idea germinate. They reminded themselves, they reminded each other how ineffably necessary it was. They reviewed the evidence; a monster disguised as a child, a wretchedly inhuman inferior. A black, insane bastard immune from the law spreading degenerate, dangerous ideas. They were forced to make the only possible decision. And they laid their plans.

The first thing was to get Bessie out of the way for a while by sending her to the city on a trifling errand. Late that night when all was quiet they crept softly to the room where little Mose and his mother slept. They paused momentarily to find him all dressed and sitting on the edge of the bed as if he had been waiting for them. In an instant they had him bound and gagged and carried him swiftly, unstruggling, down to the lake to a tall tree standing proudly alone near the black cold water.

There, as the rope was being adjusted over the lowest limb by the father and son, Mrs. Whyte behind their backs feverishly ripped the clothes from his body, gnashed her teeth and dug her manicured nails deep into his flesh. "Ooooo, you bastard, you meddling, spying bastard, you heathen bastard," she growled.

Mr. Whyte and Ennie gave a testing tug on the rope, turned and ripped the gag from the boy's mouth. With shining eyes they noted the boy's face contort with fear and pain. Impelled by a terrible curiosity, Mr. Whyte secretly twisted his arm behind his back and felt him fall limp in a faint. They looked, disappointed, at each other; then Ennie straddled him, bent over, and to bring him back to consciousness waved his arm back and forth in hard, fierce strokes that caught the right cheek with his palm and his left cheek with the knuckles. When his eyes fluttered open they quickly pushed the noose around his neck

and pulled hard on the other end while he screamed, "My God, my God, why—" and strangled.

They placed a heavy stone on his stomach and lashed him around it, tying his wrists around the back of his legs and fastening the ends around his neck. Then altogether they laid hands on the odd-shaped bundle and threw it clumsily into the lake. They saw the water open and close in an instant; the ripples spread out and died quickly, heavily, and they returned to the house like happy, giggling children just sprung from school.

They all slept late the next day until Bessie returned, having walked from the station, and burst into the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Whyte. "Little Mose is gone," she cried; "Little Mose is gone! Where'd he go? What did you do with him?" Mrs. Whyte turned sleepily from the shoulder of her husband.

"He left last night," she explained, "shortly after you left, looking for you. We tried to stop him but there was simply nothing we could do about it. You poor dear, we know how worried you must be. Don't we, darling?" she purred, rolling back to her husband. "Leave us alone, now, Bessie, Mr. Whyte and I want to be alone. We'll help you out all we can later. And don't ever come in again before you knock."

Half-guessing the truth, defeated by a life of submission too late to change, Bessie wearily left, closing the door gently behind her.

They never saw her again. She disappeared behind the shut door. She didn't even take any of her clothes with her. The thought of what she might do, the scandal she might cause sobered them up. In the light of day the enormity of the deed struck them with a new force, and their first reaction was to leave that detested place immediately and never, never return.

The weeds and vines are reclaiming the house. But it will take a long time to destroy. It is a strong house, built to last forever.

SHEPHERDER

Carol Ely Harper

THE BLEEDING DUST of sunset muddied old Snake River and branded the rising rocks with a glare bright as the coppery river. Across Snake River, about a half mile above Brown's Junction, Oregon, Old Baby he ferried, with love and whiskey, his ferry boat, cracked as his old face. Nobody knew young Toady was hiding in the engine room, nobody except Thole. Thole was the old shepherd. The boat was loaded with his sheep. Evening. The sheep like waves of shadow. Snake was bottomless deep.

Thole glimpsed Toady, but Thole wasn't a person to speak. So he said nothing. Toady was not prepossessing, a lumbering, gaunt, so-so fellow, not good, just fair, the kind you meet by the legion.

The ferry was straddling the slipping sunset-dyed river when peculiar scraping noises began, ugly enough to shiver your heart and leave you nightmare-hounded. Then the ferry stood up, it stood up and splintered and cracked! A whining and a humming! Up heaved the boat, sheep-loaded, with sicknin', sucking humming! Half that deck, solid with sheep, upended slick! Down the sheep went into the water, and in the water they circled; watery foam wreathed 'em. Thole was kept busy, but through the rending and yelling he saw Toady leap out of the engine room and try to help.

"You therel!" Toady cried at Thole, as sheep eyes dipped to dark old Snake River's doom. "Do somethin'! Don't let 'em drown like this!"

The sheep, drowning, made no sound, no cries. The undertow whirled them down like rats, whirled their begging silence.

"Goddam killin'! Goddam dying!" Toady shouted. Toady cursed and stamped and cried.

Then crazy he looked at Thole, after it was all over. A tear came

out of Toady's eye. "Mom," he said, "raised a lamb. I wasn't very old then. Dad didn't like Mom. When Mom was dying, Dad killed the lamb. Mom said to me once, about sheep, 'You lead 'em, you help 'em, like children, through woe; you love 'em, you watch 'em, you feed 'em—'"

Then Toady got scared and jerked away from by Thole, and Toady dropped through the night down into the river; he'd remembered he had to hide, he had to, or never wake.

He swam away with hardly a sound, in rustling watery rings. He was thinking as he swam: Why should I go on hiding? why should I go on living? what good does living be? But as he thought, his hand touched rock, and thistle weeds, and he shut the door on the suicide's thought, and climbed up on the river bank. In the dusty rough reeds on the bank of Snake River he lay, plumb tuckered out. He dreamed the boat made the landing, took on that band of sheep, and put out and drowned them again, upending.

After that he slipped into dreaming of his childhood in Alpowie. Alpowie was a sheep town, a village five hundred miles south of Brown's Junction and Old Baby's ferry. Toady dreamed how his mother croaked in the shack in Alpowie. Toady was a little shaver full of love for his mother. His dad was a drunken souse. After she died he took in a slut black as coal-black; she kicked the kid out.

He scraped from pillar to post. He was soon in a cell. He began it by stealing to eat, and once he stole a sheep, for love. He tried to grin when jailed for swipin' the sheep; he whistled himself to sleep.

"He's born bad!" the Alpowie dames said in front of him. "And he's had dirty bringin' up! But it's funny, he's always happy, always laughing, hungry or in jail! It's amazing!" Toady, the kid, listened and kept on laughing. He dreamed it over again now, layin' north on Snake River after the wreck of the ferry.

Ed Crowe, the Alpowie jailer, took to hating him. Crowe with the souring belly. But the more Crowe'd hit him, the wider Toady'd grin; Toady'd start singing, "Dear Nelly!" Till Crowe got to itchin' to bloody Toady right smart. But Toady was brighter'n Crowe. Toady, hankering for whiskey, learned how to carve a key. That's when the real trouble began.

With his keys Toady took to sneaking from the Alpowie jail when Crowe was out, and Toady'd go up to the poolhall on the hill. There he'd ape Crowe, while the customers plied him with whiskey stout. And

how they'd laugh at Toady's mimicry of Crowe! And the guyin' they'd give the jailkeeper meetin' him afterwards! They'd howl, "Whyn't you wear a sign: Wanted—job as Dumb Waiter—?"

Till baggy, stringy-legged, crooked Crowe he swore no more would Toady carve a key and sneak up to the poolhall on the hill. And Crowe ached to slice Toady's throat. But Toady went on making his secret keys, and all Crowe could do was sweat and get sick in his sour between-deck. But twice Crowe, hopin', ran back to see if Toady was out of jail. No, Toady wasn't; so Crowe he railed; and Toady sang, "Dear Nell!"

Next, Crowe slipped from the jail one ten p. m., makin' sure first Toady was told. Crowe slipped down a gully and out of sight. A summer dust storm had begun to brew. Then Toady took the key he'd carved from a supper fork somebody'd loaned him through his window bars; he took the key out from in his mattress where he'd made a new hiding place; and he opened his cell door. Toady went over the Alpowie bridge and up to the poolhall on the hill.

When Toady came back from the poolhall, down onto the bridge, the storm was blowing hard. Wunt no lamp to display him; night dust howled off the Alpowie hills. You'd not know or see a man hiding on the bridge, not for the dark and the dust.

Along Toady come, bent in the blasting wind forged in the day's torrid sun. Toady shut up his eyes. His hand on the rail, Toady stumbled and felt his way.

Toady woke from dreaming of that summer night. He woke on the bank of Snake River, far north. He was hiding, hiding, and afraid. Toady shuddered. The moon lay low on the purple bare mountain. The moon was shiny gold. The moon was a yellow stopper to spill the night from a blue-gray glass. Toady was not able to push back the desire to die. How, he thought, can a man meet the day's pounding? must living always be fought?

He heard a noise in the moonlit reeds and he cringed down silently. He hugged the earth in the fear that hushes the hunted's life to a shiver. But only a sheep dog, an old spotted Australian shepherd, slid in through the brush. Toady'd seen her with the sheep on the ferry. She came to him and she lifted a grinning mouth of pleasure. Toady's breath come back to him in a bound, like a racer's after a trip. The old Australian sheep dog was spotted grey like the night. She settled like the night, against Toady to stay. Her tongue on his hand made him

weep. A dog will hide with a guy that's hiding, will walk where a murderer walks.

Then again, as every night, Toady's thoughts returned to that summer night on the Alpowie bridge. From the saloon above far voices floated down; but nobody heard him and his attacker. Breath split whistling out of their throats like strangled fire on a ridge.

Toady hadn't seen who it was loomed up sudden before him in the middle of the dark bridge; Toady's eyes were shut to keep out the dust pounding him. But Toady felt the bottle break on his head, and he heard the laugh that snarled up before him like logs piling up on a dam. Blood in his eyes and dust in his eyes, Toady reeled beneath his assailant. The storm shouted higher, in gusts and cries. Hell could not have been more ebony.

At the poolhall on the hill, lights swung light and lighter down into Toady's bloodied eyes as he fought. Lights whirled like a whirlpool; he was blind! he was blind! But the thrust of his arms was steady.

When the big guy again buried his bottle deep in Toady's bleeding face, Toady put all his despair into his arms, and he sailed off into nothing.

The next morning after the fight, when Toady come to he was lying on the bank of the deep Alpowie River. His feet were in the stream. The slap of the water stirred with a long low sigh; the storm was down; ghost stars of dawn trembled. Toady rose up with a groan.

Toady dragged his numb feet out of the water. He rubbed his aching ribs. Had he gone like a sheep to the butcher? another sheep hammered had he died? Slowly he lifted his swollen head. He blinked at the bridge, gaunt above him. He fell, did he, the night before? A laugh. A guy. Who was that guy? Did he shove him off the bridge? No, they plunged off in each other's arms. The big guy had screamed as he fell. It was a voice Toady'd recollect forever, a laugh that come out of Hades.

Then Toady turned over, and his eyes opened wide and black. Why—that was Ed Crowe layin' beside him in the shallow water! Ed Crowe! Layin' loose as a twisted bag, purple fouling the water!

Ed Crowe! who had whipped Toady year on year, since first Toady stole his melons. Since when Toady'd grinned from tooth to tooth lodging often with Crowe's jailbirds. Ed Crowe! So that scream last night was Ed Crowe's yap! So it was Crowe hit Toady with the bottle!

Toady, lookin' at Ed Crowe in the water, began to tremble. Toady

knew the 'lectric chair would fit him after all. For a jailer's back bent over a boulder like that is broken. A jailer's neck twisted under like that is cold. A jailer murdered can never be wakened. Say, what does a split skull contain? There's no beat in a jailer's stilled heart, no rush in a silent pulse, no sting in a fallen arrow, no blow from a loosened fist, no cry from a body when breath is gone, no groan but the sob of the river, no cussing from Crowe, when Ed Crowe is dead. Toady began to shiver.

Then the devil set on Toady with pitchforks. The devil speared Toady and gashed. Toady whined to run. What murderer longs for the hot chair's legal seal?

As a torn colt screaming in a bear trap lunges to right and left, so Toady plunged first one way then another, to the Alpowie and then to the bank, then, choking and whimpering, back into the rapids of the mountain river. Toady let the harsh water roll him over and over, in foam and rocks, past the hills, down past fields of clover. The stream battered him with ice hands till Toady come to his senses. Then, floating there in the cold Alpowie, Toady began to straighten out things. He said to himself: Today a new life begins. There's been blood and night, and now I'm not a boy. Life is no longer fun. I'll never be asked again to a fire to warm. I've got to hide till I croak.

When he saw the railroad tracks on the bank, he decided, I'll hide until night. Tonight when the freight train comes along, I'll grab ahold. I'll go northeastly, where strangers have said ain't no town, no jail, no coroner. In Hell's Canyon, Oregon, where lavas rise up like sorrels turned into stone, their ribs caved in, heads on their feet, there I'll hide forever.

Spring will blow a red rose; rain in spring and a red rose, but no red rose on earth will I see, for in Hell's Canyon no rose known, no rose lives. There breathin' in autumn is hard and thin, the scent of the sage is old, there the mouth of winter, they say, is a skeleton hole; there none can live but the strong. There the coyote follows a soundless path. There a man is killed without pity. There the rattlesnake fails to rattle his tail. There a man can hide till he rots!

Now Toady lay on the bank of Snake River in Oregon at the mouth of Hell's Canyon. The sheep dog slept, warm against Toady hiding in the reeds. Dawn came. The Almighty picked up the faded moon. The sheep dog left through the brush. She was going to bring Thole, but

Toady didn't know that yet. A bird twittered cautiously; crickets began to hush. Thole came through the reeds. He wore no gun.

Thole grinned at Toady. Toady did not grin as he eyed Thole back.

"Hullo!" Thole said. "Hullo, fellow! Have a good night? I told Queeny to watch you and take care of you. You're going to be valuable to me. I seen you understand sheep."

That was in the fall, the ferryboat wreck, the load of sheep drowning, and Thole findin' Toady and cottoning to him, and hiring him. So Toady went to live in Hell's Canyon, alone with Thole. And Thole asked no questions.

Neither Thole nor Toady wore guns. But there were guns on the wall of their shack.

Come winter. Round like hoofs rose dark Horse Flats, Hell's Canyon. On rumps of cliffs, wind was a moan and a shiver. Come January first and past.

On the cliff above Snake River, in a shed, in the corral, along to the last January night, Toady stood alone, lookin' down at a fallen ewe. Around them the scared white sheep, scared for no reason except the feelings of the dark, dark night, crowded against each other, closed in fear and dark. The old sheep dog flattened her spotted ears, and she snarled at Snake River's low-down boom. In dim light yellow in the lambin' shed in the high corral, the year-old ewe lay lambing too soon.

Toady knelt by her in the lantern light. He wasn't a kid no more. He groaned. "If I hadn't been herdin' alone tonight!" A ewe lambin' before her time; Toady didn't know much; he was afraid; Thole trusted him.

Toady scowled at the fallen ewe. He eyed her. He felt helpless and his blood left his heart like an ebbing sea; it ebbbed like a dying wick. Lemon light from the lantern started and curled, striping the lambing shed with scars. The old dog sighed; the young ewe bickered with pain that digs and pulls.

Young Toady, trembling, peeled off his leather coat, yanked his cap down low on his ears, and cussin' deep, he set to all of a hurry, like a sudden sound. His ungloved hands turned raw. His breath, like that of the beasts about, splintered in ice on his lips.

"We think," he said, "your lamb is dead."

But he moved a bloody grasp, and a woolly young 'un, he come, alive, like water through sand.

On the cold, cold ground the ewe breathed slow. Toady, grinning, said to her, "You pest! Why'd you pick on winter?"

He told the lamb, "We'll go to the shack. We'll surprise old Thole, little fellow! Get under my jacket! warm your feet!" And then he saw the mother.

He saw it come; that new old wonder; he saw the dying one. For birth and death are a swinging ring; one is the end of the other. The ewe lay still, humble, ignorant. Unasking she answered his gaze. He put his stiff hand to her eyes; her gaze unmoved stayed there.

Toady choked. He looked at the dead. "I was green," he said. "So you croaked. I reckon that wunt fair. I guess you needed Thole to save you."

He lifted the lamb. "Anyhow, you are living! You ain't making two laying dead in a row!"

Toady, with the newborn lamb under his jacket, picked up the smoking lantern. He straddled the sheep corral fence. Wunt no stars aiming to burn; the lonely night was vast. He looked around for Queen.

"Comin'?" he sighed. "Goin' to the shack!"

Softly he walked, a scrunching in the snow; the sky was a sable dome.

Down the hill, lamb on his chest, he crouched and slid. Freezing sage air hit him in the lungs, like a fist that knocks and knocks. The lantern banged on greasewood twisting; the sooty yellow light streaked on snowy sheep paths snarling down into the icy dark.

"Hell," said Toady to Queen, when they reached the rocky bottom. "We'll rest before we climb. Onct had feet, Queeny. You got 'em?"

The sheep dog whined and Toady coughed. He set the lantern down in the snow. He set himself down, panting. Queen's eyes, brown, adored him. Toady patted the dog's black nose.

"And Thole doesn't care what I used to be. He don't ask a question." Toady continued his last conversation with his dog. "Thole just grubs me and learns me and gives me clothes and we keep the sheep right!" Teardrops froze on his cheekbones. Queeny, unblinking, eyed him. Over them the lantern light was round. Toady humped there.

O sweet O safe days! Sheep nibbling old grass. Toady learning shepherd tricks, plain as plainest glass. Drinking from the barrel sunk in the spring. Bending a can for a dish. Planning for lambs the spring will turn out. Eating smoked bacon—

Up there Toady could see the lamp in the window shining down to welcome him. Thole had it there. And Thole had the coffeepot on the stove up there, waiting whining for Toady to cup his fill. It's night, safe night high in the bunk, night and a good bunk for snoring. Good home walls up there, and peacefulness rolling.

Toady humped down thinking, and he thought of the sun on Hell's Canyon here in the morning, and he wanted to sing out, "I'm safe! I ain't doing prison steps! I'm rich that onct was poor! I got a home, the sheep, the ground! I got an honest job! I'm giving Thole a helpin' hand! I ain't no more gonna steal! My past's a dead letter! The sheriff's lost my trail! The past is over! I'm a new field of corn! I'm dawn draining hills of black!"

Then Toady looked up at the black frozen sky and he said, soft, "Big Sheep Man, Up There—help me do my job right—the best a runt of a greenhorn sheepherder can?"

As he was silent, up at the shack where Thole was, the cabin dogs barked abruptly, loudly. Then Toady down below, heard, strange in their barking, the approaching clump, up there in the clear light of Hell's Canyon, the clump of a horse.

Toady hid his light in his jacket.

Fear stood up and bucked in him; the dogs started barking louder; the clopping came between their barks like a horse pulling a hearse.

Thole came to the door of the cabin. Toady, below, watched. He saw Thole open the door, and heard Thole cussing, stopping the dogs at their bedlam. Toady watched. Next he saw the horseman loom up, by the door, in the light of the open cabin door. Nary a sheep dog went to meet the stranger as he rode into the light.

The stranger got off his horse up there and shook hands with Thole, friendly. Toady, below in the cleft, pinched out his lantern light; his shaking fingers were clumsy. Toady watched Thole invite the stranger in; the stranger, in the doorway, laughed.

Fear in Toady coiled and centered and struck with a rattlesnake's bite—

Toady had heard that laugh in another hour! that laughter coarse and off key! Could a ghost ride north with a hungry knife?

Queeny was crouching, bristling. She growled. Toady said to her, "Queen, that stranger—*Ain't Ed Crowe dead?*"

Off in the Snake River hills a coyote howled; he howled like a

coward in trouble. "O God!" Toady whispered. "If that's Ed Crowe—then I didn't kill nobody! I don't need to hide no more!"

For a moment then in Hell's Canyon, Toady was gay as a soul released from torment can be, until he sickened of joy and relief, and dropped in the rocks; he dropped in the snowy grass; he jerked like devils pulled his bones; then he fainted, like going into a happy sleep. Old Queen watched.

Above, Thole and the rider gassed. Thole, old and tired, and considerably worried, sat on a box of beans. The stranger sat on a dry goods box. They eyed each other. Thole looked at the agate of the younger man's eyes, and at his leather duds, and at his holstered guns. The fellow laughed like that again, that laugh that somehow riled Thole.

"I'm lost!" the stranger spit. "Damn Hell's Canyon!"

"Yeah," said Thole, wondering what's the guy's fine duds cost, and those guns. Thole didn't feel right about him. Had he made a mistake, askin' the fellow in? One day last fall Toady had told Thole his story; all uncalled for, but Toady had to tell it. And now—cuss it, could this stranger be a sheriff? or maybe a deputy? If Toady'd not carved that key! Thole made up his mind. He got up off his box.

"Stranger," said Thole politely, "you needn't open your pack. I'm askin' you to leave."

The stranger stared; his pale eyes narrowed. His hand dropped to the vicinity of the gun on his right side. Somewhere the coyote howled again; the two men neither of them hearkened.

Thole said, "Git goin'. Ride."

Thole's pistol was hanging up in the corner.

Thole was across the room from that corner. So what could Thole do when the stranger pulled his gun? And when the stranger said, "Don't make a move, Old Timer!"

Thole didn't move.

The stranger grinned and spat. "That bastard!" he said. "There's half a grand on him! I'm going to get it! Five hundred for him alive or dead!"

Thole stared. So the stranger was after Toady. The law had reached out across the bleak hills and the night; the law had finally come for Toady.

"He mocked me," the stranger was goin' on. "He tricked me and

he assaulted me, aimin' to kill! That half a grand—I'll use that poke, when Toady's lying stiff!"

"You," said Thole slow. "Are you Ed Crowe? Then you ain't at all dead?"

"Dead!" Crowe spat on the floor. "Ain't me that's going to be dead, and right soon now!"

"But that night—on the Alpowie!—when you and Toady—?"

"That noon, next day, I tell you, Old Timer, my friends found me. I was bleeding in the Alpowie River. They saved my life. And then somebody said, 'Why, Toady's still gone! Is he why you're black and blue?' Yessir, Old Timer, it was Toady crowned me that night with a bottle he was carryin'! He assaulted me, as I was crossin' the Alpowie bridge! I fell to my knees! He seized me! And laughing like a priest just married, he clenched onto my throat and near broke my neck! Then he give me a spin, and up over I went off the bridge into space! My head—"

"Looky here—" Thole interrupted. "You done convinced me! And to think I been sleepin' alone here with him nights! Just you wait now a minute, Mister, and I'll fetch him!"

Thole leaped for the door as Crowe's gun erupted, and he leaped so well Crowe didn't get him, not in either leg or elsewhere. And Thole got out so fast he slammed the door, and moreover, he locked the cabin door, with Crowe in the cabin.

Crowe broke the window with the pistol and the window went red as he shot. Sheep dogs died by Thole's legs. But still Crowe didn't shoot yet at Thole; maybe Crowe thought it wiser not to, in the law. Thole cussed.

"I'll keep you there till you rot!" Thole thundered. As he cussed, Thole heard, by the old salt kegs, another voice, a young voice he didn't want to hear so close.

"Thole," said Toady, "the ewe died."

Thole got Toady by the shoulders and held him. "Toady!" Thole choked. "Get back in the rocks! Get the hell and don't come back here till it's safe. That's Ed Crowe! I mistook him!"

But Toady gazed unafraid. "Why?" he said. "Ain't I free? If Ed Crowe ain't dead, then I didn't do nothin' and I don't need to be scared of nobody! Why should I run? Look, Thole, here's the lamb, see?"

Thole lifted the beast from the serene Toady. "You're one damn

fine sheep man!" Thole said hoarsely. "But you gotta run, I tell you! Crowe's aimin' on murder!"

"I don't," said Toady, "understand—"

Right then the door burst open and there stood Crowe in the doorway, the light all around him, and shining out onto Toady, too.

Here was the death Toady's childhood had brought him.

"Toady!" laughed Crowe. "Toady, I'm shootin'."

Crowe's guns flowered.

Like a girl Toady screamed as he turned. He tried to run, lame. The next shot, like a rabbit he dropped. Cussin' ripped from Ed Crowe in the doorway; he emptied his gun before he quit; he cussed with body and soul.

The sagebrush was like funeral plumes at Toady's head, Toady dead in the snow, bloody red. Snake River rolled with a rolling knell. In the night the coyote cried.

The lamb?—oh, it turned out good.

SPAIN, SPAIN!

O' Kane Foster

YOU MUST GO this evening, señor, for everyone for miles around will be there. And it will be very exciting, señor. There will be thirty vacas and all the doors will be open—there will be no serenitos with keys—and you much drink much, much wine, señor,” advises your Spanish friend Juanito Quintana, as he puts you on the big red bus in Pamplona, “for that is what a capéa—a bullfight—is for, señor: to sing, to dance, to make love, to get a little drunk, everyone a little drunk before he fights the vacas. So enjoy yourself, señor. Because on Thursday the Revolution will break out all over Spain!”

And you ride two hours across the top of Spain with twenty young girls from Pamplona screaming the names of the stone-yellow villages shamelessly to their bashful young lovers, the undulating beauty of Navarre, of crumbling pink and purple terraces around you, refusing to recount itself in words.

Mendigorría is above you now, a ruined medieval hamlet on a steep red cliff, and the last road up is one long shriek of the laughing señoritas until the very top is reached and you are getting out on the great stone threshing floor, with yellow straw under your feet and yellow chaff swirling away through the great conical stacks of wheat which are higher than the stone-yellow houses, higher even, in the rare blue sky, than the loam-rose mountains beyond. And there is no one there to meet you, but hundreds of Navarre peasants in enormous berets waiting in the arched doorways and crowding the balconies—watching you, watching you.

And you ask everyone where you can stay. But all shrug their shoulders. Who are you? What are you doing in this town three days before the Revolution?

After a little while a young man with a black eye and a huge Span-

ish beret comes and stands beside you and tells you he is the son of the town mayor and you are to come with him. And he hoists your valise to his shoulder and you walk down the crooked brown street after him.

And Fabio, the mayor of the town, comes into his own house, into his own sitting room, and finds you there, and says, "Qué tal, hombre? Qué tal?" "How goes it, man? How goes it?" encouraging friendship with his severe brown self. And one by one he introduces you genially to his family—to Ricardo, resentful and proudly Spanish, and Fabio's wife, who is sad and intelligent, and Celestina, his daughter, who is listlessly maturing to dark sixteenth-century beauty.

And Fabio now leads you to the small bedroom with straw-mattressed bed and small glass crucifix awry on the dusky white wall, which is to be yours as long as you like, and Ricardo is to bring you a glass of beer and Celestina a towel, but the electric light does not go on until dark, señor. "But very soon now," laughs Fabio, "we will have plenty of light. All Spain will be on fire."

And Fabio takes you to his small window where you may lean out comfortably and enjoy the yellow baroque church, whose tower tips ornamentally in the clear, still sky, and the bull ring below you, crowded in oppositely by old houses in greens and roses and lavenders.

And across the square you see a cafe on a high scaffolding, and old Navarre men sitting at their cognac glasses—laughing, laughing among themselves.

And early the next morning you realize there has been singing and dancing all the night, and you have jumped up ten times to look down into the plaza where the young men's drunkenness rises to morose climaxes to be laughingly dispelled by the forgiving music of the jota. And you think, Spain, Spain! How can all this be destroyed?

But it is morning at last for everyone, and Celestina has brought you fresh water and a comb, and her mother has brought you breakfast: a quarter-cup of thick sour chocolate and three small lady fingers.

And Fabio in dusty beret, the mayor of the town, comes in lithely on his white-slippered feet and says he has been out fixing the barricades and he hopes they will hold the vacas—for this is the last capéa—the last, last bullfight before the Revolution.

And there is music, music, an inseparable soft part of the early Navarre morning, with the tarnished brass horn blonking great flat notes everywhere while the bagpipey clarinet dances twenty weary,

weary men in white down the sloping street before it to the shrill, sad notes of the jota.

And Ricardo, who has slept peacefully for three short hours while his white clothes were washed and damply pressed, shouts at you, "Tomorrow cows! wild cows in the bull ring!—But the next day—!" and somehow he pantomimes a whole Revolution with his fierce Spanish hands and sad, helpless eyes. "Everything, everything will be burned."

And as an afterthought he confesses shyly, "I am the only one in the village who has fear," as he stretches on his white pantaloons in his father's living room, then ties his red silk handkerchief tightly around his waist. "Yes, I am the only one who has fear."

And he salutes you laughingly and rushes out into the street below, where there is music and dancing and other young men in white, with arms raised lyrically overhead.

You go now to Fabio's window above the bull ring and wonder at the strange angle of the brown cathedral, placed properly for a town of another century, and follow the line of dancers out of the plaza, their gaita still piping mournfully.

And Leandro is below looking up at you now, calling to you—a tall handsome Spaniard with his arms folded and his great tam pulled far down over one shoulder.

"Hello," you say.

"Hola!" he replies haughtily.

"Won't you come up and talk to me?"

But he only laughs at you.

No, he will not come up. He will not do anything his lusty Spanish self does not care to do.

And so you go down the dark stair and walk toward him—toward this vivacious, sullen stranger.

"Are you not afraid to be in Spain?" he asks.

"Spain is very beautiful," you reply.

He laughs jeeringly.

"On Thursday it will not be so beautiful, señor. We must all kill—or be killed."

And suddenly you see Spain's future horror. And an insane resolve comes over you—to save at least Leandro from the coming holocaust.

"Come with me to America," you plead. "There you will be free."

He looks at you strangely—seems to think and think of what you have proposed—and then laughs and laughs his contempt.

And he takes you roughly by the arm and leads you toward the town cafe on the high wooden platform with the red and yellow mantilla already thrown over the railing for tomorrow's bullfight.

"Here is an Englishman, father, who is afraid of the Revolution," says Leandro gruffly.

"Soy Americano," you insist. But it is useless to protest, for all travelers are English to the people of Spain.

"Ho—an Englishman," says Gregorio. "You had a fellow once called Shakes-pay-ah-ray." And he is laughing at you now with ten other old Navarre peasants in Spanish tam-o'-shanters.

"Ask him how to run away?" says Leandro scurrilously. But you feel his fine sullen self is thinking of his freedom. He is tempted—he is tempted.

And he looks at you fiercely and leaves you quickly to join the younger men of Mendigorria at the card table. And you know he is thinking, thinking.

The little old men are laughing now and shifting their berets more comfortably on their dry wrinkled heads and talking in heavy gutturals about Spain! Spain! And the little capitán in grey uniform with red piping, commandant of the local barracks, explains to you that if Alfonso would come back everything would be all right in Spain. And the serene village priest, in shining beaver hat and shabby black broadcloth, confides to you shyly: "Our church is the most beautiful in all Navarre. But I myself am from Burgos."

But Gregorio is very humble, for he has never been anywhere and all the books he has read are proudly confusing him. He has gone a little queer with so much reading. He is only a tavern keeper. But he has read himself crazy. And for the moment he can think only of having your glass refilled with sweet white anis, and now he nudges you and says, "Are you not afraid to be in Spain?"

"Spain is very beautiful," you reply again.

"Even so, the Revolution is coming," laughs Gregorio.

"On Thursday! On Thursday!" cries everyone.

"Bah!" says the fat little capitán in military grey—and he silences everyone with his antagonism. "The Army will attend to that."

"The Army?" jeers everyone. "Just let it come out of its hole. One Asturian mountaineer could frighten it back!"

"The Spanish people are religiously good at heart!" says the priest softly, fearing to offend.

"Ha!" laughs Gregorio. "It is not safe for a priest south of Madrid!"

"Yes," agrees the priest with dignity. "Nevertheless, we go out when we care to."

"The Army will order everything," insists the little capitán.

"Whose army?" laugh all the little old men.

And now they are fiercely disputing, each using the little pink packet of sugar to make his point, holding it angrily while he talks, then thumping it down respectfully in the center of the table that another may have it to use. And Gregorio has the rebuttal now, his pale eyes far off seeking some solution to Spain's dilemma. And at last it comes, and with it the little packet played thumpingly again on the table, "Better no Spain than a German one. The Revolution will have to come!" And he leaves the little packet of sugar where he has thumped it that the capitán may pick it up quickly to shout derisively, "Música, all that is música! You have been listening to the Russians!"

"And who do you listen to, señor?" cries everyone.

"Monarquista! Monarquista!" they accuse laughingly.

"Ha, ha!" he answers arrogantly.

But Fabio, who has been watching the sky clouding over the purple hills beyond, says rain will come from Portugal. And at the long card table eight young men of Mendigorria, waiting, waiting for the alarm to sound, play their game seriously with dirty archaic cards, while Leandro, handsome, taller, more intelligent than any, slouches in his chair, hating you for tempting him.

Evening now. The music has stopped and Fabio comes up the dark stairs of his house and says the vacas have escaped and gone all the way back over the fields to Tafalla.

And Celestina says we will eat now, the supper is ready, and everyone follows her into the kitchen and ten Navarre men sit down to the table at once, for Fabio has many friends who have been coming all the afternoon from the smaller villages around to eat with him and dance in the plaza with the boys and work a little with the vacas tomorrow in the bull ring.

Ricardo is so weary he can only drink his wine and eat three little red pimientos, and then another weary glass of red wine. "It is better to be drunk," he confides. "If you fall, the vaca will step over you. If you are a little drunk you have no fear. Everything goes better if you

are a little drunk," he insists seriously, "because I have fear." Fear, fear, not of the vacas, but of—?

And since Ricardo has drunk so much wine the pitcher is shamefully empty on Fabio's table, and Fabio, who sits sidewise at his place and keeps copper coins stacked in his hand that food may be bought and the meal progress, now says sternly to his daughter, "Celly! Get wine. Quickly!" While the men go on eating sparingly of Fabio's black meat and large watery chick peas, admitting in quick Navarre dialect this year they cannot sing, they cannot torear, they cannot stay the week out. They must hurry back to their own villages. Because in a few hours all of Spain will be on fire. So what does anything matter? And they get up slowly one by one and go down resolutely into the music which fills the whole town.

And after supper you go to the cafe again with Fabio for your coffee and cognac outside on the rickety falling platform where you may look down on the men dancing, their arms raised naturally above them, hundreds of young men waltzing in the dark bull ring, the music's beauty terrifying, its ancientness demanding an explanation of everyone, which the Spaniards can give only with their tired bodies.

And Leandro is at his cards again, ashamed yet yearning to flee with you to your country over the sea. And when you look at him, he lets his shame be disgust with you, that you have discovered in him this yearning—this deserter's instinct to flee his country's final disaster.

And so you sit with the older men a while, with Gregorio who is sadder, who confesses the book side of his life was long ago. And with Fabio, who says it will take the night to find the vacas again and they will all be too tired with so much running.

"And a tired vaca will not take the rag," says the little capitán derisively, turning each incident into something discreditable. "One more day for the storekeepers! One more day we'll have to put off the Revolution!"

But the old Navarre men swallow their cognac quickly and laugh and laugh, sealing the little capitán's doom with endless mild laughter.

And suddenly there is something violent breaking inside of you. And you find yourself talking in glib Spanish, shouting at them, "You fools, you fools! Why do you laugh on the brink of perdition? Why do you joke at the thought of a revolution? Are you merely going to laugh while you are torn apart? Are you helpless? In a month the Germans

and Italians will be here and slice you up like a cucumber and yet you go on laughing and laughing at your fate!"

And all the little old Navarre men know you are comfortably one of them now, for your eyes are rolling and your hand is thumping the table at last as *they* thump it, and Gregorio nudges you happily and asks if you will not have another anis, that the cafe is his and you must drink all you want.

But the priest, who has understood your national insult, smiles and quietly says, "We are an old race, señor—hungry and desperate. Besides, as you say, the foreigners are coming. So what can we do?"

"Everything will go!" they all explain to you now. "Everything! Churches, court houses. Aqueducts. The Army barracks. The wheat crop. The olive crop. The landed estates of Sevilla—all, all will be burned."

"But why burn the churches?" poses the priest philosophically.

"Oh, we are muy brutal!" laughs everyone. "Muy brutal—but we have good hearts—and we are going to arrange things the way we want them."

"Order first!" insists the little capitán.

"No! No!" cries everyone. "First must come the Revolution!" and they laugh and laugh and laugh.

And Leandro comes from the other table, his great boina insolently peaked far down over one ear. And he sneers fiercely at the little capitán. But the small black eyes of the commandant blaze back at him fearlessly. And Leandro drops his eyes at last and slowly rolls a cigarette for you, and explains to you quietly, "It is best to laugh at what one cannot escape," and then he walks away to his cards again, for the little capitán is courteously holding a wax match for you that you may light your cigarette in the flame, beyond which is still his Spanish patience. Patience, patience with his coming death.

And you forget your anger quickly, ashamed, yet glad, of your failure to strike fire. You know now they have been generous toward you, their own knowledge of their coming ruin something you had missed before. Merely their old hands resting quietly on the dirty table have communicated to one another an amiable understanding of how they will be destroyed.

While below in the bull ring the Spanish girls in green and scarlet silks waltz comfortably against the delirious bodies of their boys.

Morning now, with the ground still damp from Fabio's rain from the west. The sun is laving freshly over the brown church and slowly down into the bull ring, where the young men are waking happily from the cafe tables, and are soon singing to one another ballad after ballad:

Arriba compañeros;
Si no nos quieren las chicas,
Que no nos quieran!

"Why grieve, lads, why grieve? If the girls don't love us—they don't love us!"

The vacas are within a half kilometer of town, says Fabio, a grey young man of forty-nine, today in dignified black swallow-tail, enjoying intensely the difficulties of his bull ring and his last fiesta. For who knows where he and his son Ricardo will be next week?

And Leandro is below again, sullen and unwillingly handsome, never looking at you, though you are there for him—you alone can help him escape his fate in Spain.

"Can you not decide, Leandro?" you ask anxiously, knowing what is uppermost in his mind.

"I am a man cut down the middle. One half is mine and the other is Spain's. Neither half alone has life," he sneers.

"Come with me to America, Leandro. Then you will be free."

"No," he says quickly, too quickly for his decision to be final. "I cannot go. Spain is beautiful. But men are ugly. And the men will have their way. I do not want to be a part of what is coming. I want to run away. But I am a part. I am a wicked part of what is coming. And if Spain kills, I too will have to kill."

And you see he is not convinced by his own reasoning. He wants to flee the nonsense of European politics—you are his only chance.

"No, but come!" you insist again. "In less than a week all Spain will be on fire, Madrid, Toledo, Alicante destroyed. There will be dead in every street in Andalusia. And these men about you who laugh so shyly will be howling savages. In one week all will be over with Spain—and you yourself will be a killer."

He looks at you seriously now and agrees silently. Yes, it is true, it is true what you say. Yet he has one last reservation—

"But the money, José?" he says, rubbing his thumb and forefinger, a national gesture of despair in Spain.

"Oh, money!" you laugh. "In America money belongs to anyone who happens to be near it. I am rich, Leandro. I will provide the

money. We'll get you a passport. I know a Senator I can wire—or we'll buy one. We'll fake one. We'll go to Madrid and fly away from Spain—from the coming slaughter."

He laughs now, and rolls and rerolls a cigarette for each of you. You have made him see it all so clearly. And you watch him renounce his indolent Spanish self for the grim intelligent one you have given him.

"Very well," he laughs, giving in.

"You will go then!"

"Yes."

"Really, Leandro?"

"I will go."

And at three in that sunny afternoon the vacas are rushing down the barricaded streets after the foolish young men of Mendigorria—thirty of them after two hundred in white and red, who run and fall to feign death, their heads in their drunken arms, while the herd stumbles over them toward the bull ring, where there are hundreds, a screaming part of the needless danger, of the men still falling, the vacas sniffing them and horning futilely in the white clothes, but passing on, bewildered, following scores fleeing them, who are turning to danger again of the horns before which they fall drunkenly rather than be laughingly gored.

The bull ring is bursting with song, and the young men are picking themselves up and dusting each other off, and dancing a few steps, enjoying the respite from danger, while the screaming around them has soared an octave to female delight.

There are girls on the platforms, in the windows, on high log barriers, abandoning themselves to the young men before them, who wait wildly in the ring for the first vaca—hundreds eager to be afraid, approaching the red laughing lips of their women, yet drawn again to their drunken companions, dancing sadly about the ring to the melancholy jota.

And there are capes now everywhere, faded red, faded yellow, and torn half capes, and brown plaid blankets, and frayed gunny sacks, behind which men dance for their girls' delighting screams, and Ricardo, shirtless, in soft white trousers, waves a real muleta and talks seriously to his friends who dance indifference, fleeing before their flimsy capes of bunting held fluttering over their shoulders.

The girls scream louder now, for the first vaca has been let into the

ring, and fifty dirty rags turn to its amazed body, caping foolishly toward it, exciting it with veronicas, offered and refused, again and again, dozens crowding around it with their crazy rags professionally displayed, all hoping for one pleasing twist of their young bodies with capes flying perfectly over horns, over back, over tail, their feet safe and beautiful as Belmonte's—scores of them eager still though the vaca has charged a dirty yellow straight to the other side of the ring and left them to finish their flourishes alone, the poses classic, far behind the pawing animal, cornered now, refusing to be dislodged, bravery returning to many who are sliding into the ring again and shaking out their torn capes—for the vaca is frightened and will not charge the gunny sack, nor the scarlet muleta, yet charges now carrying two plaid blankets before it—the girls' voices screaming in pursuit—fifty capes completing veronicas far behind it, while dozens of young men are helped to their drunken feet and turning happy faces to the shouting crowds, where the Spanish women, loins sick with sweet vicarious fear, are waving.

Gregorio is nudging you to comment as the little capitán is wistfully severe—thinking, thinking of the coming Revolution—of his coming death. Fabio laughs quietly to himself, and Leandro has overflowed your cognac glass again and disappeared into the terrible tapestry of the afternoon.

The band tunt-tunts at last and big black steers come to quiet the vaca, that it may leave peacefully among them, while the music becomes the jota again as hundreds raise their arms in oriental grace and dance in twos and drunken threes.

You drink now of the brown cognac, which is dry and scalding, and nod to Gregorio who wrinkles a smile around his old nose and pleasantly looks down on it all to call it *bruto*, *muy bruto*.

And Leandro is sitting there again at your side, the conspiracy between you strange and wonderful, and suddenly you hear his voice whisper hoarsely, "There is a train at twelve tonight from Pamplona, José."

"But Pamplona is fifteen miles off, Leandro."

"We will walk—when it gets dark—across the fields."

You cannot answer. You cannot believe he will really go with you. You are afraid—the Revolution is so close—and it will be so terrible!

And you and Leandro look down at the dancing for a while—waiting for his last fear to form.

"But in America, José," he says slowly, "what shall I do?"

"Live, Leandro, live!"

"But do you think it is right for me to flee?"

"Yes," you say adamantly. "There you will not have to kill anyone."

He looks at you a long time—then says, "Very well." Then with more conviction, "Very well."

And Leandro gets up satisfied again with his decision, stretching himself like a black god, and filling your glass again with his father's hot cognac, and says, "Bueno, I will torear for you a bit, José," laughing at your protests, "to divert you." But quickly and fiercely he is saying also under his breath, "Wait here on the platform. I will come for you when it is dark. Then we will go."

And when the band stops and the next vaca comes into the ring, Leandro is the tallest in the crowds, with a great rose cape which flares yellow when the vaca passes him, and there are a hundred new matadors in the ring, each hoping to flag a fancy faena over its crooked horns as it comes on fiercely, long antlers to the ground which scoop up a young lad from the sand and ride him wildly straight across the ring to the screaming women.

But Leandro works the vaca now skillfully as close or closer than any Armillita, keeping the animal to himself, though the foolish capes of others destroy the beast's precision, and when Ricardo tries to take it away from him, Leandro doubles the vaca back quickly for his last veronica; then both hands are on the long pointed horns as he vaults suddenly to its broad yellow back and rides laughing across the ring, in and out of the white crowds following, and he shouts to you, "Bueno, José! Bueno! All you say is true!"—then he quickly disappears into the happy throng.

There is a new vaca now; since two hundred amateurs' capes can tire a vaca out in ten minutes, and Ricardo kneels before the lazy cow, a chasubled priest in holy scarlet dozing at prayers. But the vaca paws the ground and shakes its great skully head and snorts through its mucous-black nostrils, as Ricardo goes on mocking it in the late afternoon—the girls a screaming part of the very wickedness of it—while yellow-grey capes farther and farther back are excited to foolish veronicas, though the beast has merely shifted its weariness. But it walks now, around Ricardo, and charges the rails, while capes thrash it from above, and slippered feet kick its hairy head, until it groans and charges

back through the hundred matadors to find Ricardo, its twisted horns catching his quivering buttocks again and again, until at last Ricardo is tossed clear over the heads of the screaming women. "Hay un muerto! Hay un muerto!" shouts everybody. There's a death! There's a death!

But he is not dead long. He awakes blissfully in the arms of a dozen señoritas.

And by dark thirty vacas have been used up, and many young men have been carried out senseless, and when the band tunt-tunts the end of the last vaca, a great Spanish shout goes up and everyone is suddenly courageous and two hundred rush at the beast in the dusk to grab its horns and head and its stiff legs and throw it on its panting side and laugh.

Fabio feels now he may leave his little judge's stand, and the men of thirty, shoulder to shoulder, are crowding into the cafe for an hour's gambling excitement with their favorite friends—waiting, waiting for the signal to rise. Gregorio calls to his frantic waiter that it is time to light the electric light on the platform. There are smoky oil lamps about the band now quaver-quavering sorrowfully for the jota below.

There is music, music everywhere, and hundreds delighting in its sorrowfulness, and more girls from Pamplona have arrived to fill four tables in the crowded ring, to drink green wine to the titillation of guitars, longing, longing only to give themselves to their frivolous boys who flee everywhere in great dancing circles—young men in white, deliriously effeminate, arms still musically raised—Spaniards! — Spaniards! — waiting for the hour to strike.

The gaiety is beyond you now, the music useless to everyone but still coming bravely from the little bandstand where the drummer in the stinking amber light crashes a single cymballed sound, which is the jota's and the night's accent.

For suddenly there is an explosion. And another and another explosion. And the young men in white drop their hands and cease dancing and run as if by agreement toward the army barracks—hundreds running, running under the arcades—and there are more and more fiery blasts in the night—and no jota now—but the girls are still screaming, screaming, and you see the casa de correos is on fire, and the brave young men in white are running, running. Fifty of them have scaled the wooden platform of Gregorio's cafe and seized the white-faced capitán and already there is a rope around his neck, and

he is roughly handed down to the crowds. And the shouts are louder and louder now—the sacristy of the church is in flames; the priest, still smiling, is kneeling courageously on the cobbles before he is bludgeoned—and men with firebrands and revolvers are running from roof to roof, and the Guardia Civiles shooting, shooting everywhere, and now the straw stacks! the Court House!—the calm mountains rosily respond to the holocaust—hundreds, hundreds rushing toward their bright rendezvous with death—laughing, singing, shouting their depravity—Ricardo fierce, courageous at last with a huge sabre, Celestina, arm in arm with everyone, no longer a Mary Magdalen but impassioned, terrible, and Fabio, the mayor himself, a proud fierce part of the night's excesses, racing, racing toward the army barracks where the last soldier must be killed, and finally—

Leandro!

A black fiend, laughingly directing the barbarity of the crowds, his hand still raised overhead in the jota, but in it now a carbine he swings and swings menacingly, as he laughs and loves you, now that he is free of you and your traitorous plan, shaking your arm fiercely and crying, “Vamos para l’America, José. Vamos! Vamos!” “Let’s go to America, José. Come on! Come on!” rushing on toward the fighting.

And you turn slowly, drift gradually to the edge of the mob into a darkened alley, and then find your way down the steep cliff to the moonlit plain below, and start your long, lonely walk through the fields to Madrid—saying to yourself, “Oh, Spain, Spain, you were so beautiful!”

A NOTE ON THOMAS WOLFE

Hugh McGovern

THEY'LL TEAR AT HIM for years as they tear at them all, and in the end all they will be able to tell, all they have ever been able to tell, will be as nothing compared to what the man told himself. It is the traditional digging at a song with needles.

For Thomas Wolfe was a writer in whom the element of control was less important than that of free release of the magnificent floods within him. His discreditors will always jump gleefully on what they call his lack of control, or discipline, and rarely appear obligated to consider whether his work as a whole is of sufficient beauty, significance, and magnitude to render almost irrelevant the classic textings of his method.

But, actually, what is this "control"? Like all terminology applied to the technique of an art, the word has no exact definition except in the heart of an artist. It is for him to conceive and for him to create; and if as a whole his work is as he saw it, it has had the proper control; and if it is not as he saw it, it has not had the proper control. And no man on earth can tell him how much or how little he should use. But our journalistic monitors—each feeling perhaps that he is the discoverer of the quality—have been urging more control and more control until we are in danger of asphyxiating our best literary talents. "Control" can stifle, as the latter-day works of our three outstanding control writers, Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Farrell, can testify. Again, control in too many cases has come to be used as a convenient label in literature to conceal lack of grace and depth in both the writer and the reader. These shortcomings do not appear in Wolfe. Nor can he justly be accused of incontinence. It is simply that the man seems to be without literary fear. He appears to do exactly as he pleases; and regardless of your evaluation of his motives, the effect is freedom.

The freedom is not without its occasional and obvious discordance, but anything less would have killed Wolfe as an artist. He was too much of a stylistic realist not to be aware of these aspersions in his work; but one cannot fail to see the intense urge and scope of his artistic burden, and he had too much volatile integrity to allow anything to get out of him half-said. And he knew that he had the most glorious gift of words of any American in prose since Herman Melville. To hell with the rough edges, here was heat and immediacy, clarity and beauty.

I say again that this gift of Wolfe for words is the greatest to appear in America since Melville. Apart from their substance they are still incomparable music.

It is plain that the majority of our contemporary prose writers are afraid of words. I speak of our good ones, of course, those who have the native gift. Though some have surpassed their English compeers in vividness and penetration we may as well admit that in the use, grace, and eloquence of their own language the English retain their edge. They instinctively know and respect the beauty of words and they can rarely bring themselves to malform them into sharp-nosed tools with which to bite into substance. They would charm out truth and we would dig. Either method is valid but there is still the ear to consider in reading and an honest man knows which is most pleasing.

I do not speak of anything resembling pomposity. Wolfe was never pompous unless satirically so. I speak of the abundance of a free and rich talent.

Unlike the legions of lean "realists," Wolfe, I think, believed that the maxim that style is the "art of omission" was a fraud. It implies that what you leave out is more important than what you put in. It would be more proper to say that style is the fulfilled judgment of the artist. Someone has probably said these things before—I don't remember; but in this day of paucity, they should be said again. Cicero, in speaking of style, says it must not be lean where fatness is called for, nor fat where leanness is called for, but must in all places be proper to itself. Propriety, then, would be one fair way of putting a definition of style, a propriety dictated by the genius of the artist.

Style should be got back into the hands of the creative writer and away from the essayists and critics. Happily, Wolfe never allowed the gnats to annoy him too much. Indeed, with spicy frequency he polishes off a gnat or two. He commits time and again what he knows

the cognoscenti are going to consider literary crimes; then through one of his characters he throws the lampoon on the deeds himself and by the time he is through you are wondering how critics manage to negotiate the simplest functions of life without someone's holding their hand.

Understatement, an integer of control, is another of the one-word labels used to define the ways of great art today. It has been exploited by the clever ones to the point where it is no longer part of an art but the whole, and to the point where a man who has the resonant bells of speech within him will stifle them for fear of being thought incontinent. This leads to poverty. How accommodate the bombastic riches of American experience? Anything verbose, rhetorical, playful, in the vocabulary of our present masters, is considered redundant; and the word beauty is considered effete.

But Wolfe, burning in the night, wrote his music as he felt and heard it inside, and it came out hot, elegant, graceful, each phrase invested with the passionate generosity and ease of his great wealth of words. His style is not the delight of the delicate poet; it is the delight of a man of blood and music. He was true to what literature is: the *full* expression of the envisioned thing, and in him there is the fluency and fluidity of the eternal singers.

The trend now is tense and arid. Arts crack, and reactionaries—as in the case of the pre-Raphaelites—carry them back to early forms. (And hasn't civilization a way of going with the artists?)

Our American writers would do well to look to Wolfe and our honest poets.

THE HARVEST

Edward John De Roo

SAM HILL'S RESTAURANT on U. S. Highway 66 was closed. His place was located near the edge of the city of Albuquerque. Many automobile travelers, going east and west, passed by Sam Hill's place. Hungry passengers pulled up the crushed stone drive and pulled away again. Some drivers got out to make sure. Some didn't.

There wasn't any apologetic sign in the door. The battered dark green shade was pulled clear to the bottom of the door. The padlock was wedged tightly through the loop on the outside of the door.

By the time the sixth lunch-seeker had stopped and started off again, Sam was turning from the highway two miles east onto the surface-scraped dirt road where he lived.

The midday was hot. The air was tense in its stultified stillness. The sand cracked where it was caked together and seemed to blister in other places. The chickens behind Sam Hill's house strutted with their legs higher, pulling their feet more swiftly away from the earth as they scratched and pecked their way about the wire pen. Each feather on the small black bodies lay tightly against the next to keep out the imposing heat.

Sam's wife, Sara, had just about settled with an apron full of green beans when she realized Sam was home and drunk. The way he slammed the car door, as if defying the glass to break, told Sara he was full up.

She watched him approach the house. He threw his staggering weight against the skinned fence post as he approached the entrance.

She could see that he was vicious and wanted to destroy. She watched the curses fall from his lips as he pushed himself away from the crooked stick of pine. Sara returned to the kitchen and her beans.

From his loose-hanging dark coat he pulled a half emptied quart

bottle as he came through the front hall into the kitchen. His face was red and bloated. His eyes were small and pink like pigs' eyes. In his other hand he clenched his beaten, sweaty straw hat.

He stared hard at Sara. She turned her head to the snap beans. Breathing hard, he jolted into a chair near the oilcloth-covered table and pounded the bottle down.

Sara did not look up or say anything. She knew from times before that the best thing to do was tend to her work. The snips of beans went from her hands to the aluminum pan at her feet. They snapped furiously with a nimble rhythm.

The cork made a sharp squeak as Sam freed it from the mouth of the bottle of Mexican rum. He took a long one, then pounded the bottle down again, wiping his bloated mouth on his sleeve.

He waited to hear his wife's voice; waited through the snapping of several beans. He wanted to be sure of the problem in his mind before he did battle about it. He kneaded over his anger to make sure he was ready. There was a strong stubborn will which coated the insides of him like baked enamel.

After another long one, he pounded the bottle again, then began.

"Say something, goddamit," he commanded her.

Snap, snap. "You're home early." Snap, snap snap.

"You're right, I'm home early. The restaurant is closed." He belched. It sounded disgusting to Sara. He knew how she hated such impoliteness.

"I came home to tell you 'xactly what I think of ya. You and your 'stravagance. You bought this house and I hate it. You know I hate it. I hate it. I hate it."

His remarks became more terse and bitter as he re-emphasized his indignation. He made a remark at his wife. Then he took a swig from the bottle. The rum would wet his lips and mouth inside. The words would dry them off.

"The restaurant is closed up. What do I care if the place is locked? What's business anyway? What's profit? What's money? Just something you spend on somebody's made over outhouse. Let 66 be full of business. Why should I make money, anyhow? Answer me that."

Sara continued to snap beans. She held her storm inside her like keeping her mouth tight shut on a sick stomach. Sam stood up. She thought he might strike her. She hoped he wouldn't.

His dark coated frame groped around her. Breathing heavily through mouth and nose, he stirred behind her back. She snapped her beans more quickly. He was muttering to himself when he kicked.

Bang! !

Sara winced, then turned her head quickly to see what he had done. Then she turned back to her snapping. Sam had kicked the winding crack by the pantry door. A large chunk of plastered adobe fell loose and crumbled on the floor. Some fine dust particles fell in a shower after the large piece.

"A mud house. Four thousand dollars. A mud house."

The little black rooster of the flock in the back yard gave a long scale-climbing crow. The hens quieted down. He crowed again. The hens began clucking and gossiping again.

Sam leaned forward in his chair to look out the warped screen door at them. "Shut up!" he yelled at the chickens. Then he spat on the worn linoleum floor.

"All you bought the place for was the chickens. An' then ya paid twenty-two dollars extra for 'em. That old man who sold ya the place sure talked the liver out of you. Those black things ain't worth the feed ya stuff 'em with. None of 'em know what an egg is. Twenty-two dollars extra!"

Sara wore her hair tight in a bun. It was coarse and graying, but neatly done up like her temper. Her eyes were half open. Her head was bent to her work. Her hands, blue-veined and sallow, showed up yellow against the green beans she was fixing.

"Can't sell the place. Who'd buy it? 'Cept some fool like you, but they're scarce. Who'd live in it? Who ever heard of a bedroom between the kitchen and the sittin' room? Who ever heard of a fire place that was made of solid cement like a grave stone? And look at this kitchen. Looks like it's got mange or shingles." He took a swig out of the bottle and let go with a line of curses to sum up his feelings.

Sara didn't look up from her work.

"Whatsa matter? Too busy, huh?" Sam kicked at the aluminum pan near her feet. It went flying against the opposite wall. Beans were all over the floor. Sam squashed some pieces under foot as he walked around.

Sara went on with her work. She used part of her apron to hold the beans. Sam laughed hard because her calm surprised him. Then

he slipped on a piece of bean, grabbed the table edge for support, and sat down in a nearby chair with a groan and a thud. Sara did not turn her head.

Staggering, he stood again to counter her indifference. He swished his straw hat at the ceiling. Then kicked it under the table. To hold himself up he grabbed the spindled chair. With all his weight he pushed it hard against the wall. Another chunk of wall fell to the floor.

"Be careful, you'll hurt yourself, Sam," Sara said.

"Be careful for what? Should run up against the wall in the sittin' room. Couldn't smash it if you wanted to. Ever hear of a house made of half mud and half poured cement. Hell, you bought one. Like a prison."

Fishing the straw hat from under the table with his right foot, he stooped to pick it up. Then he crumpled it in his hands. It creaked and came back half way into shape. He wrung it like a rag.

"There's two porches and a yard of chickens. That's all you got for four thousand dollars. A yard of chickens. 'Nen you paid twenty-two dollars extry. Crazy things, hear 'em yellin'. Shut up!"

Sara had finished the beans. She carried the apronful carefully. Over by the opposite wall she picked up the saucepan with the large dent in it. She picked up a few of the beans lying on the floor and washed them off. At the sink she put them all into the saucepan and covered them with water from the tap.

"Well, that's that," Sara said, wiping her hands dry on her apron.

"What's what?" Sam asked her.

"I've finished with the beans."

"You haven't heard a thing I've been talkin', have ya?" As Sam leered at her his face seemed almost corrugated.

"Yes, I've heard you, Sam. Why don't you go back to the restaurant? It was you gave the man the money for the house, not I, remember? And it's a nice house, Sam." Her voice was soft-spoken as if for a child.

"I did like hell!" He took a long pull from the bottle. "It's a waste of money, I tell ya. And you bought it!"

"All right, Sam, have it your own way. Well,—" Sara thought a minute before she finished. She took up Sam's hat from the table and straightened it slightly. "I guess I'll go hoe around the trees."

Sam finished the last swig from the bottle. He pushed the cork in hard. The bottle wobbled to a standstill. Jamming the battered

straw hat far down on his head, he followed his wife outside. He walked with heavy steps and his feet wide apart for balance, with his body bent forward.

Behind his wife, watching her with a sullen glare as she broke the powder-dry earth around a Chinese elm, he cursed the trees for what they cost him.

Sam opened his mouth to say something loud and fierce. He could not be heard because the black rooster crowed on top of his words. Turning toward the crowing, clucking, pecking, gossiping fowl, he squinted his slits of eyes hatefully at them.

"Shut up, I say."

The fowl paid no attention.

"Shut up." He cursed them fitfully. They had interrupted him. His fleshy bloated mouth was rigid. With a brutal swing of his arm he forced the hoe from Sara's grasp. Gripping the handle in his big hands, he went toward the chicken pen. "I'll kill every one of 'em," he said.

The chickens fluttered their wings and scampered nervously around the pen as Sam unhooked the latch and went in with the hoe. They ran circling the pen in all directions, scampering over each other, cackling hysterically, batting themselves against the side wire.

Sara was bent down on her knees. She had her back to the scene, pulling out young tumbleweed sprouts and green thistle shoots from the earth-moulded basin around the tree.

He swung the hoe viciously, holding the extreme end of the handle like a golf club. A small black pullet screamed as the hoe edge caught its breast. Its body struck against the wire and fell still to the earth. The flock screamed and ran crazily about as the sharp steel hoe head came at them all.

Sam staggered to regain his balance when he missed. He swiped at a nearby chicken and fell against the wire net. Pushing himself away, he continued his work. He pounded straight down with the hoe at those chickens which lay quivering on the ground. Curses fell from his mouth as fast as he swung and pounded. Drops of blood and floating feathers filled the air along with the dust.

Two more lay on the ground exhausted and bleeding. With the hoe he pounded one while he ground the other small red head into the dirt with his heel.

In the far corner, one was breathing convulsively. Sam went over

and kicked the scrambling mass of wings and tail feathers until it lay still and out of the way.

Now he swung the hoe more determinedly than before. Sometimes he cut the air with it. One bird he caught on the fly and battered another to death in a corner. Feathers, dust, curse words, squawks, splatterings of blood were all around him as he put his weight behind the hoe to bash another bird, running along the ground, thrashing its stunted wings.

There was quiet over the chicken run at last. Sam stood leaning on the red streaked hoe in the middle of his harvest. Some lay separately, some together. He breathed hard from the exercise. There were bloodstains and patches of dust over his dark coat. He looked around carefully to make sure all were out of the way.

There was a shuffling sound behind him. As Sam turned, the little black rooster, hobbling on a battered leg, dragged itself past Sam to find shelter in the far side of the pen.

"You son of a —." Sam raced toward the twisted bird. He kicked dead chickens out of his way as he approached the crouching rooster.

The rooster ran past him again, pressing against the netting, trying for a way out of his death. As Sam swung, the bird flew against the wire mesh. It hung there screaming, its body convulsing, caught in the wire by one foot.

Sam lunged again with the hoe at the bird. He missed. The rooster hung limply on the side wire near the top. Sam raised his arms to swing higher at the rooster. The blade of the hoe caught in the two-inch mesh of the wire. With a sudden jolt, the handle jerked from Sam's hands. Sam lunged forward to get his balance.

The handle of the hoe swung back and forth. Sam grabbed for it. The hoe fell loose from the wire. The heavy iron end came down first and caught Sam on the side of the head at the temple. He lay still on the ground with dead chickens pressed under him.

Sara had her back turned, pulling out the weeds. She looked about when it was quiet. Slowly she raised herself up and walked toward the pen. There she saw Sam lying in the midst of the chickens.

Hurrying inside the pen, she bent down and looked closely at Sam. His face was turned to the side, flat against the earth. His eyes and mouth were open. Blood running under the thin layers of skin made a blotch on the side of his head as big as a half dollar.

Sara called his name. She called his name again.

The hanging rooster broke the stillness with a faint sound. She freed its foot and set it gently on the ground. It limped and dragged itself to a far corner.

In the house, putting on a sunbonnet at the mirror over the sink, Sara decided it must be the police she should call. Before she walked down the road to use the nearest neighbor's telephone, Sara picked up a few stray beans she noticed lying on the kitchen floor. These she put in the saucepan to soak with the others.

THE RETURN FROM STALAG Z

Robert J. Levin

ALMOST ALL THE WAY from Paris, the countryside had stretched away from the railroad track to the horizon, green and unmarred as before. Cows and a few goats and horses, long since accustomed to trains clattering by, lifted their heads momentarily and then returned to their grazing. Michel glanced out the train window and as his eyes drank in the sight of fertile French fields, it was as though he were taking in deep breaths of fresh air. Here was the sameness of things as they were and as he had remembered them: cultivated fields unbroken by roads or even horse trails, living boundary lines of straight cropped beech trees, grassy slopes sprinkled with clusters of "boutons d'or," dwarf trees made incongruous by the graceful swell of the land. But that was not at all what he had expected to see.

For Michel Limare knew what even a single spasmodic battle can do to farmland. That first day, when Stalag Ziegenhain had been overrun by American tanks, the prison camp survivors had poured onto the road and fled dazedly toward Kassel, some of them half-crazy with fear, as though this were a gate that had opened for precious moments and was already starting to swing shut. The Americans, racing forward, had refused to stop to talk to the damn DPs but had pointed backward and occasionally fired a gun in sport to indicate the way and to watch some stragglers stumble on in even greater haste. But when twilight had thickened, Michel and a score of others were near a partly destroyed farmhouse and they had decided to stay there for the night. Michel had gone out searching for any chickens and ducks that might still be around. That was when he had gazed on fields that had been gashed by tank treads, on the black ruins of two farmhouses, on an orchard that had been splintered by artillery. He had thought of France, then.

He had expected to see something like that on his way home from Paris, for he knew Normandy had been hurt. He was grateful that he did not have to see it now. Later, perhaps, he would be equal to facing such destruction. Not now.

That was why he was not sorry that the train had to follow this long route to reach Le Havre, even though he was on his way to his wife and the trip would take five hours instead of two. He could overlook that because here there was an easy familiarity and a serenity that he found soothing. It was not hard to ignore solitary patches of bomb-pocked soil, the reinforced bridge over which the train crept like a cat on a fence, and the battered remains of flatcars and boxcars that stood off on rusty sidings. Sights like these were few.

Besides, he had seen so much that was worse. So had the other three men in the compartment with him. Two of them wore, as he did, the heavy wool uniform of the French Army, and they had knapsacks, while the other, a conscripted worker, wore a shabby blue denim blouse and trousers and had a gunny sack on the floor beside him. They had come from different parts of northwestern Germany but they had seen the same things. The names were different, but that was all. When a man has been in Germany, Michel thought, he has seen Bizerte and Warsaw and Carthage, too.

He himself had seen too much in the last month. He had been caught up in the flood of liberated prisoners and slave laborers, and he had trudged from Kassel through Gotha and Asfeld to Saarbrücken. Once these had been cities but now they were only tangled masses of concrete, iron mesh hand girders, only mounds of rubble and neat piles of salvaged brick. The materials had no nationality and they looked the same in Saarbrücken as they did, he found out later, in Le Havre.

He had been away from home for a time beyond measure, except in the meaningless way of months and years. He had seen his wife, Therese, only once since he had been called up in September of 1939—for three telescoped days in Paris. Suddenly he saw her as she had wanted him to see her and remember her that last night, lying slender and pale-skinned on the bed, her arms held up to him. She had kept her eyes closed, for she wanted him to see all the loveliness of her that was woman but none of the womanly fright in her eyes.

Fingers interlaced, he fought to keep himself from remembering more, from picturing and feeling those moments when they had lain together last. He had struggled that way many times at Stalag Ziegen-

hain with nothing but unyielding wooden boards beneath him as he turned over and pressed into them in torment. He could never stop the remembering, and in those last terrible starving months he could not stop the tears.

At the camp, the men had often spoken of their wives. At first they spoke only of how their wives must be waiting for their return and of how long it would be, but as the years stretched on, there were some who wondered whether the wives were waiting. Aloud, it was always someone else's wife they wondered about. First it was the Germans and later the Americans, and there were several prisoners — Georges Claudet, for one—who had said they would have preferred the Germans to have remained in their town.

"For," he had said, after excitable Henri Suivet threw up his hands in disgust, "one hates the Germans. I have a young daughter, she must be eighteen now, and though I am sure Jacqueline would not go near a German, I am not sure of these Americans."

Michel knew that Claudet had a pretty wife, too. And when the men had spoken of these things, about faithless wives, Michel had felt sorry for them. If they had married a girl like Therese, they would have had no fears.

None, Michel thought, feeling the sun through the window warm on his face, not even with Americans. And in that instant, in the split-second that it takes a thought to come alive, he saw her on the bed again and not alone. He closed his eyes in a spasm, as though to shake off the picture, and when he had banished it, he cursed.

Would Therese understand what being in prison for five years could do to a man? What he thinks and how he thinks? Could she understand that each day's existence in Stalag Z had been so much like drowning? There was the same suffocation with wave after wave of blackness, with the mind remaining clear but screaming in the void of the skull, and the same thrashing struggle to reach the surface and to remain afloat—to break past the unknowable end of captivity and to return home.

And who can tell of hunger? Of what it does to a man? The last months the prisoners had been given no substantial food. Once a day they received cans of greasy water that the guards said was soup, and several times a week, with luck, each man was allowed a chunk of black bread. They went that way for eight months. Eight months. Michel wondered whether Therese could ever have any idea of what that

meant. How could she, if he himself could not recall it? For it takes a long time to die of starvation, and a man doesn't die all at once; but parts of his mind die quickly—monotony smothers the power of observation, and then the memory stores up only fantasies of fatigue. What, then, can a man tell of hunger? Except, perhaps, that eventually the will to live succumbs. When a man lost that, as Jacques Moulet had lost it three days before the Americans liberated the camp, he simply closed his eyes and went to sleep and waited. Shaking him and trying to force liquids down his throat did no good. Jacques had opened his mouth but the soup had dribbled out the corners because he would not swallow it.

Could he even tell her, and tell her truthfully, what had happened at Saarbrücken? There, the docile, almost mute group of freed prisoners had been transported to the city by truck. They had arrived about three in the afternoon and they were hungry. They went to an enclosure, to which others had directed them, and they asked the German there for food. This man had been ordered to give from his stock of food to those prisoners who needed it; but he told them it was not yet meal time. They had accepted his decision. They were accustomed to accepting such decisions. But when an American heard of this, he told them they could go demand some food, that now they had the right to demand what they needed of the Germans. They had gone back; and then, as the German, muttering to himself, gave out chunks of stale bread, a tall thin Pole with gaunt face and red-rimmed eyes bent down, seized a stone and flung it in the German's face. Michel remembered the way the German had swayed and then how he went to his knees in the dust, while blood leaked from between his fingers. That much Michel could tell her, but he did not think he could tell of the fierce, animal exultation that possessed him when he saw the German, bleeding and beaten.

He knew that he would be haunted by the same nightmares that clung to him even now, probably by other new ones as well; he knew that he would be driven by his memories of all that had happened to say things, do things that the Michel Limare he had been would never have done. And it was important that Therese should understand him as he now was. If he could only explain to her! Yet he knew that he could not, that if he could speak, the telling of these things might take as long as the living of them had. No one can explain away five years in five minutes. Such is the balance that what takes years to happen

cannot be told in minutes, nor in any single telling, and often cannot ever be told completely, no matter how desperate the need for understanding may be.

The train picked up speed and swayed on a turn. Out in a field, a group of people shaded their eyes with one hand and waved a greeting with the other. They knew when the Paris to Le Havre train was due and they always waved to the returning prisoners and workers. More and more, as the train approached the city, there were people waving, and Michel began to smile and to return the greetings. The others in the compartment raised their hands, too, and one of them, a sunken-eyed, frightened-looking individual, said over and over again: "Thank God, oh, thank God."

Michel glanced at him in annoyance but the words kept coming, and then Michel found them tumbling over one another in his own head.

The train headed toward a hill and Michel began breathing heavily. Around that hill was Le Havre and in Le Havre was Therese and it had been six years. Then they were around it. There were the furnace smokestacks thrusting upward. Over there was the road that led to Montivilliers. And this was the way home.

Nothing was to be seen but destruction. It was the same here as it had been in Germany, and anger smouldered in Michel. Not even the friendly smiles and the waving of the Tricolor by people standing in the doorways of houses that still remained, could make him feel better. The big apartment house on the outskirts of the city was a hollowed-out skeleton, and the roofless homes in these flatlands at the foot of the hills and all the homes on the hillside itself were the wreckages of lifetimes past. In several places, only a wall or chimney remained as evidence of what had been there before, and if this were not there, Michel thought, or when it is cleared away, it should be easy to forget that once a family lived there.

In Paris, someone had asked Michel if he were sure that his wife was still alive in Le Havre, and he had said: "Of course," because that was the way he wanted it to be. Looking at the shell-torn homes, Michel repeated the thought to himself: "Of course she is."

"Pardon," said the nervous repatriate, "did you say something?"

"No," said Michel.

"I'm sorry, but I thought you said —"

"No," said Michel, "I said nothing."

The train pulled into the station, coasting to a stop. Like a tired runner, the British locomotive let off steam with long heaves, and already youngsters wearing armbands were running alongside the coach. Michel's mouth was dry and his hand shook as he reached for his musette bag.

Behind him he heard a cry and he looked up to see the thin-faced worker tremble once, violently, and then push his way through the corridor and out the door. On the platform, the woman who had seen him began to weep and the little girl with her looked on owl-eyed until the man jumped from the train and gathered them both in his arms.

Michel slung his musette bag over one shoulder. Outside, passengers streamed past, some carrying battered valises, others with packs on their backs, a few pushing bicycles or leading children by the hand, while the people standing off to the side searched the face of every man who went by. As Michel stepped off the train, so slowly it seemed as though he were afraid to go where now his feet had to take him, faces turned hopefully toward him, clung to his face for a moment and then cast him off. He drifted along with the other passengers, hardly noticing that all that remained of the once-beautiful Le Havre railroad terminal was a steel-girder skeleton arching overhead, the ribs of what had been the city's proudest civic structure.

It was almost nine o'clock and the April sun had just set. Daylight was ebbing fast, draining warmth and color from the street and seemingly subduing sounds. Michel was walking more quickly, more certainly. Soon he had to hold himself in to keep from running, and when he turned up Rue General Sarrail, he was pale. Three more blocks and he would be there. . . . Two more blocks, and up two flights of stairs and then Therese. Anticipation drew his muscles taut and cut off the air from his lungs. At that instant he caught sight of the house across the street from his. It was roofless.

Almost as though the bar on the corner were the spot he had been heading for, Michel went right in. He dared not think of what was across the way from that bombed-out building, and he felt the need of a drink. His hand trembled and his eyes burned as he picked up the calvados and downed it, and when the plump-faced woman asked him if he wanted another, he nodded. She set it down in front of him and his hand, without the strength to lift itself, slid across the walnut bar. His fingers closed around the thick glass, tightened, but did not pick

it up. He stared vacantly at the picture of General de Gaulle and his mouth hung a bit slack.

"Are you ill, m'sieu?" the woman asked.

He shook his head. Suddenly he was angry with himself for acting the way he was, and he drank the liquor defiantly. Therese was only a few moments from him and he stood here drinking calvados! Taking forty francs from his pocket, he dropped the bills on the bar and was walking out when the woman stopped him.

"M'sieu," she said apologetically, "it is fifty francs, if you please."

He gave her the ten francs, but even as he strode into the street, he was trembling again.

Within the minute he was in front of the house. It had not been damaged; but he had met no one he knew, and he wondered what was wrong. It seemed to him that he was in the wrong place, that he had never lived here but had had a dream in which he had seen this building. Yet there on the doorway were the push buttons and next to one was the name: Limare.

Only then did Michel shudder with the violence of an epileptic and panic seized him that someone, perhaps even Therese, would see him in this state. So he stumbled out into the street and half ran, half walked to the corner. By then he had a grip on himself and he was almost mad with impatience, now that he knew for certain that she was there. He began to run.

He ran to the house and took the steps two at a time, the musette bag bouncing at his side. He wanted to laugh, so familiar was the banister under his hand and the musty odor of the hallway in his nostrils.

His door still had the polished gold-plated namepiece with "Limare" in flourishing script letters, but somehow the doorway seemed small. He pressed the button but there was no sound. He tried again. Apparently the system is out of order, he thought. He would have to attend to that. Hesitant, he knocked softly on the door. There was the sound of footsteps inside and he knocked more forcefully. The footsteps approached the door.

The latch rattled and when the door swung open, Therese stood there. They looked at each other, and her gray eyes widened and she sucked in her breath with a startled gasp while Michel went pale and then flushed but found he could not talk. He feasted his eyes on that oval face, seeing deep lines of weariness that he could not remember. Finally she called his name in a voice like the wind's whisper.

She carried a child in her arms. Without crossing the threshold or saying a word to her, Michel found himself hypnotized by the baby girl, by the smooth chubby arms that went around Therese's pale and slender neck, by the honey-colored hair so sunny in contrast with the dull black of Therese's hastily combed hair, by bright round eyes that stared at him with almost the same disbelief as his wife's eyes.

Michel stepped into the room and closed the door behind him, never once taking his eyes from the baby. He leaned back against the door, sagging, and he let his musette bag slide slowly to the floor as though it were his heart itself dropping to the ground. His arms hung at his sides, as lifeless as his dull stare, but in brief spasms his fingers twitched feebly, like the legs of a dying insect beating the air.

Watching Michel with a sharpness edged by an uncertain fear, his wife put the little girl down, holding her hand so that she could stand on her chubby bowed legs, and the child responded by trying to walk, toddling in a semi-circle and ending with her face buried in her mother's skirt, gurgling delightedly. The mother's free hand came to rest on the baby's head and stroked the pale yellow hair softly.

Michel noticed the gentle, soothing caress, his wife's hand, roughened by the pumice stone she had had to use for washing, touching the baby's finespun hair with infinite tenderness, and it maddened him. A shudder shot through him. As his fingers tightened into fists, he stood up, swaying slightly, and he looked straight at his wife.

"Michel," she said quietly, "there are things" Her voice did not die away nor did her glance falter, but she stopped talking. It was a decision: what had to be said in that moment, could not be said in a moment. In silence, gray eyes steady but frightened, Therese waited for Michel to reach her, her hand still stroking the child's hair.

In three strides he was there, his feet coming down heavily on the uncarpeted floor, and when he reached her, his face was as knotted with rage as were his fists. His mouth was twisted in a cruel way that his wife had never seen before, and she drew back. But with a lunge he tore the child's hand from hers, so that the child sat down abruptly, and when Therese straightened up to fight back, he struck her. He used his fist. Her hands flew to her cheek where he had hit her, and her eyes narrowed with pain and panic but she did not cry out. Something in those eyes lashed back at him with a sting no hand could have inflicted, so that when he swung on her the second time, his fist had opened and he slapped her. She stood still, tears running down her

cheeks, silent in her grief, as though she had been hurt by the words he had not uttered, instead of by his blows.

The baby wailed, giving voice to the misery in the room, and Michel saw Therese as though for the first time. He saw her face, white and contorted by her silent sobs, saw the stiff figure, much too thin from lack of food, wearing a shabby black dress that he remembered having bought her many years ago, her legs still painfully crimson from winter winds on bare flesh, the shoes without shape and with wooden soles. His face grew warm, then burned with shame. In the same way a person hears himself after he has said something wrong and has been met with silence, hearing his words shouted out with terrible clarity, so Michel saw himself striking Therese.

Unable to bear the sight of her weeping, he went over to the window and looked down on the two maple trees in the small yard with its carefully tended kitchen gardens, now deep in twilight blues. But he could not be deaf to the cries of the child, and the feeling of guilt rose within him until the sobs beat against his head like clubs. He found himself listening as a guilty prisoner might listen, listening for the sharp screech of guards' whistles and then the brain-piercing scream of a siren and then he would wait for shots.

Instead he heard his wife's voice, soft and even, hushing the baby's cries, soothing it to hiccuping quiet.

ON AND ON

Spud Johnson

On the Ghosts of Certain Famous Men

HENWAR AND I were tooting off to California one autumn day in his snappy Rolls-Royce roadster, which was so handsome and sporting in those days, but which already looked old-fashioned the last time I saw it, and which now must be practically a museum piece, although it probably still runs better than most other cars on the road. It was early in the morning. We had just breakfasted at Winslow and were already well out in the Arizona wilderness, miles from any town.

I was gazing north into the limitless waste called Navaho Country, happily digesting pancakes; but my companion was luckily watching the road, and presently he remarked, mildly, "Well, will you look at that!"

Obligingly, I looked. On the highway ahead of us strode a man in a neat business suit and a most conventional fedora, carrying a brief case. His appearance suggested that of a commuter, a staid resident of Tarrytown, New York, who had just stepped off the eight-fifteen train in Grand Central and was hurrying to his office over on Madison. Yet, if he weren't a mirage, there he was miles from any habitation—and it couldn't have been later than seven in the morning.

"Heaven protect me!" I gasped. "It's Lord Alfred Douglas!"

"What!" said Henwar, almost driving off the embankment; then recovering both himself and the car almost at once, he asked politely, "Shall we pick him up?"

"No," I said, instantly; not only ungracious but unkind, since for all I knew he might be in the direst need. Which only goes to show that if you *are* in trouble, you've no business at all to be wearing a

neatly pressed suit, a prim, silly, conventional, and unbecoming hat, or to carry a dispatch case, especially in the middle of a desert.

As we drove on, speculating as to how he got to such a remote spot at such an unlikely hour, I told the story as far as I knew it. Mary had burst in one day with the "latest" news: Did we know that an English w-w-r-riter was in town? (She is the only person I know who can pronounce both the "w" and the "r" in such words as writer, wrong, etc.) "His name is Douglas," she added.

"Not," I asked facetiously, "Norman?"

"Yes, I think so," she said, agreeably. "Do you know him?"

"Only as an unattractive character in Lawrence's introduction to the Magnus Manuscript and as the mythical author of a mythical book called *South Wind*. Oh, yes, and those dirty limericks."

"Well," she said, pleased to have produced a celebrity with such ease and from a hat so obviously unlikely as her own, "he's staying out at the Bryant house."

Since the Bryants were practically my next-door neighbor just across the creek, I had little trouble in doing a bit of spying on my own. What amazed me most was that I had not noticed the gent before I began to spy, for he was almost as out-of-place as he strolled at dusk in his neat business suit and fedora, with brief case, on the dusty roads of Placita or even in the middle of Taos Plaza, as he was out in the middle of the Arizona badlands at dawn.

And it was as plain that he was not Norman Douglas as it was that he was a "furriner" and that his wardrobe was by no means adequate for the Great Southwest. Naturally it pleased me to burst Mary's bubble. I assured her that I had seen photographs of the distinguished Norman, and that this might be two other guys but not him.

Undaunted, she appeared the following week with this information: "Well, he is a writer, and he is English, and his name is Douglas, but not Norman. It's Alfred."

"Oh, of course," I chortled, "Lord Alfred. A poet, my dear, and quite famous, but not exactly for being a poet."

This made her quite as happy, and she went about telling everyone, quoting me, now, as a sort of eyewitness and De Brett combined. And so we let the story stand; or, rather, we let it ride, high, wide, and handsome, giving it a prod now and again to set it into a gleeful gallop.

"Let's see, now," we'd say, scientifically, "That was in '97 or—oh, well, right at the 'fin' of the 'sicle'—and here it is in the 1930's. Well,

supposing he was twenty at the time, that would make him in his early fifties—not at all impossible. He doesn't look *quite* fifty, but he might be a *young* fifty—or, of course, he may have been only eighteen 'at the time.' And then again, just remember the picture of Dorian Gray. Maybe he just wasn't going to show his age until the end."

In other words, all of us were perfectly sure that this fellow wasn't Lord Alfred Douglas at all, but it amused us to pretend that he was, and so he became one of our popular Living Legends—at least of that particular season. He became a legend quickly and securely because, first, only two or three people ever saw him at all, so that he was a complete case of hearsay; and, in the second place, because he disappeared so promptly and thoroughly, except for those strange encounters of ours in the Arizona desert.

Oh, yes, we saw him again—twice. The second time a few hours after the first meeting, when we had stopped at Ashfork for lunch. In he walked, big as life, not a mirage after all, with a young man who had been more humanitarian than we and who had doubtless been assured by his businesslike costume and dispatch case that he was no ordinary hitchhiker. They seemed on the best and most intimate of terms, and as we eyed them over our soup, Lord Alfred produced a fat billfold from which emerged—no, not greenbacks, but snapshots.

I would gladly have paid for their lunch and bought them each a drink besides, for the privilege of looking over their shoulders, if I had thought I would hear him say, "And this is a very dear friend of mine in London," pointing at that ridiculous picture of Oscar in a bowler hat, looking smugly as though he had just capped a Whistler *mot*.

After lunch we pushed on across the sandy wastes, I curled in a half stupor of siesta, Henwar driving stolidly on at not too great a speed. I forget where we spent the night, probably Kingman; and the next morning. . . .

This you *won't* believe, but so help me, it's the truth. As we started over the Oatman Grade, the early morning sun low behind us, we *met* Lord Alfred walking *east*—still with the well-pressed business suit (in which he couldn't have slept under a cactus), the fedora hat, and the dispatch case full of photographs (now I am convinced) of Oscar Wilde.

Like Moses, no doubt he had been vouchsafed a glimpse of Hollywood—pardon me, I mean The Promised Land—from the mountain-

top and, disappointed, had started at once back to New York and London.

•Or perhaps my further development of the legend approximates the truth. After we crossed the Colorado River, left Needles behind, approached the customs house and were stopped by the border police for grapefruit inspection, I began to remember other things about California. For instance, a stuffy little room up back of the library in the famous old Bohemian Club in San Francisco, where I delved in their archives, pasted things in giant scrap books, and catalogued new accessions as a meager means of augmenting my "way through college." And there it was again, clear in printer's ink, the card announcing a talk by Oscar Wilde at the Club—and, beside it, firmly and chronologically anchored in library paste, the menu of the evening with his name written across the top, elegant, fading, Victorian. . . .

Supposing Lord Alfred followed him to America on that tour, but lost him somewhere in Arizona: so now his ghost forever wanders up and down the desert highway, up and down, up and down, from Winslow to Oatman, from Oatman to Winslow—but forever!

Don't laugh. The case is not without precedent within my own memory. I worked once on a newspaper in a small industrial city in the West. It was a morning paper, so we worked afternoons and nights and slept mornings, which seemed to us cubs very romantic indeed.

The A. P. man (or was he the U. P. man) —anyhow, he had a loathsome unventilated cubbyhole all to himself just off the main editorial office, where he crouched over an old-fashioned telegraph key, and from which he emerged at intervals with a sheaf of yellow sheets and a hacking cough.

I thought he looked exactly like Robert Louis Stevenson, and one night when I was alone in the outer office and he appeared at his door like a ghost, I told him so. He gave a hollow little laugh, shut the door, and I never saw him again. Next morning there was a new A. P. man who didn't have tuberculosis and didn't resemble Stevenson.

Who dares say he wasn't the wraith of R. L. S., and that I didn't exorcise him? And who knows but that our Lord Alfred would have curled up in a little cincture of smoke and floated away, if we had stopped the car that autumn day in the desert and said, "Boo!"

GABRIELA MISTRAL, "WOMAN DIVINE"

Walter Bara

TO STUDENTS of contemporary Spanish-American literature, the recent award of the Nobel Prize to Gabriela Mistral came as no great surprise. It is well known among them that this honor had been suggested as far back as 1923, when a South American critic, after comparing her to Selma Lagerlöf, prophesied that the prize would eventually be given her. More recently, in 1940, an active campaign was conducted throughout the Western Hemisphere by Chileans and other Spanish-speaking peoples to bring their "divine daughter" before the attention of the Stockholm Academy, with the contention that they would rather see her with a crown in life than a statue after death.

To the majority of United States readers, on the other hand, the name of La Mistral, if not entirely unknown, has little significance. The extent to which her writings have been made available in English is very limited; for this reason it has been virtually impossible for those unfamiliar with the Spanish language to cultivate her acquaintance. For this reason, these notes are considered to be of possible introductory interest. No attempt other than empirical has been intended in the appraisal of her poetry, which, of course, merits profound, detailed study.

She was born in the barren Elqui Valley of northern Chile in the small town of Vicuña on April 6, 1889, of the union of Petronila Alcayaga and Jerónimo Godoy Villaneuva, and was christened Lucila. Her father, a student of the humanities and her first teacher, was a "modest artist with literary ambitions; and in his compositions, which he never published, is revealed a sad, sick spirit."

Early in childhood, Lucila revealed those qualities of character which she precociously summarized while still in her teens: "I am

modest to the point of humility, and proud to the point of arrogance." This is an attitude which she has retained with devout sincerity to this very day. While still a child, she showed signs of genius, writing her first verses at the age of ten, and having her poetry published when she was eighteen.

In 1910, Gabriela Mistral began her teaching career. Her first position was in a Normal School in Santiago. She distinguished herself in this beloved profession of *maestra normal*, and her greatness as an educator is no less significant than her fame as a poetess. Shortly after this initial teaching experience in Santiago, she spent two years in the frigid, forbidding region of Punta Arenas as instructor in geography and Spanish. (It was during this period that "Desolación" was written.) Subsequently, she was transferred to Temurco, famous in history as the final domicile of the quasi-extirpated Araucanians.

By the end of a dozen years, her fame as a teacher extended beyond the continent of South America so that in 1922, she was asked by José Vasconcelos, then Mexican Minister of Education, to come and reorganize the educational system of Mexico. Gabriela accepted with pleasure, delighted at the prospect of meeting Vasconcelos, whom she admired as a writer, as well as other Mexican men of letters whom she knew vicariously through correspondence. The newspaper *El Mercurio* took advantage of her departure for the North by commissioning her as a foreign correspondent.

Gabriela Mistral lived a full life in Mexico. During her sojourn there she was active in educational reforms; wrote poetry; composed songs for children; sent contributions to numerous journals and papers in Spanish America and Europe. In 1924, her anthology *Lecturas para Mujeres*, designed for "the teaching of the language," was published in an edition impressively totaling 20,000 copies, exclusive of the Madrid printing. It was a volume of some 450 pages, consisting of prose and poetry selections of Gabriela Mistral and other American, European, and Asiatic writers.

She was literally adored by the youth of Mexico and one of the most moving experiences in her life was the sight of some 5,000 Mexican children singing her *rondas*, in parade before her as she looked on from a hilltop. Schools were named after her in Mexico as well as in El Salvador, Guatemala, Colombia, Chile, Argentina, and Ecuador.

In 1926, she was appointed secretary to the League of Nations' Institute of Intellectual Co-operation. Two years later she represented

Chile and Ecuador at the Congress of the International University Federation in Madrid. High honors have been accorded her from leading universities in the Latin-American republics, many of which have adopted her for their "favorite daughter." She also possesses the distinction of being Chile's first woman consul, having filled posts in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Brazil; currently, she is representing her country in an official capacity in the United States.

The euphonious name of Gabriela Mistral came to the public's attention for the first time in 1914. The originator of this pseudonym was at that time awarded a prize for the now famous "Sonetos de la Muerte" in a literary contest sponsored by the Chilean Society of Artists and Writers in Santiago. Before that night of December 22, she had been merely Señorita Lucila Godoy y Alcayaga, an unassuming, retiring school teacher; since that date, Gabriela Mistral has attained universal renown as a "woman divine," author of some of the most beautiful lyric poetry ever written in the Spanish tongue.

The inspiration for these prize-winning sonnets was the suicide five years previously of a man whom Gabriela had loved with youthful passion. Grief for him pervades much of her later poetry as well, notably "A la Virgen de la Colina," "Interrogaciones," and the popular "El Ruego," in which she writes:

Thou knowest, Lord, with what flaming boldness,
my word invokes Thy help for strangers.
I come now to plead for one who was mine,
my cup of freshness, honeycomb of my mouth. . . .

Thou answerest harshly that he is unworthy of entreaty
who did not anoint with prayer his fevered lips,
who went away that evening without waiting for Thy sign,
his temples shattered like fragile goblets.

Although she had been the most widely read poet in Chile as a result of the inclusion of her poems in Chilean school texts, and although her poetry had been translated into French, English, Swedish, Italian, and German, it was in the United States that her first volume of collected verse was published. This collection, containing much previously unpublished material and pieces that had before then appeared in widely scattered newspapers and magazines, was entitled *Desolación*. It was made available in 1922, carrying the imprint of the Instituto de las Españas of New York City.

The editors of this anthology had successfully accomplished an admittedly difficult task, since the author, oblivious to mundane fame, had never attempted to keep a systematic file of her publications; she had even on several former occasions discouraged commercial firms from publishing her collected works. To date, three subsequent editions of *Desolación* have been brought out; these include the supposedly fraudulent one of Argentina and the two of the distinguished Chilean house of Nascimento. Of the latter two, the one published in 1926 is the definitive volume, having been edited and officially approved by the author herself. The four divisions of this book provide an insight into the poetess' preoccupations—"Vida," "La Escuela," "Dolor" (containing the "Sonetos de la Muerte"), and "Naturaleza" (which includes the title poem).

In 1924, *Ternura: Canciones de Niños*, was published in Madrid. Excerpts from this book and *Desolación* make up *Nubes Blancas*, a clandestine volume printed in Barcelona. Selections from these two are also included in a Barcelonian anthology of lyric verse whose prologue by Manuel de Montoliu contains a short criticism of Gabriela Mistral, one of the finest that have yet been written.

The only other book bearing the name of Gabriela Mistral on its title-page is *Tala*. A collection of accomplished maturity, it was published in Buenos Aires less than ten years ago. The poems in this volume are grouped into sections titled appropriately: "Muerte de mi Madre," "Alucinación," "Historias de Loca," "Materias," "América," "Saudade," "La Ola Muerta," "Criaturas," "Canciones de Cuna," "La Cuenta-Mundo," "Albricias," and "Recados." Several of these are accompanied by explanatory notations.

In 1945, Escasa-Calpe Argentina issued a volume entitled *Ternura*, which they assert is the "first popular edition especially authorized by the author" for the pocket-size series *Colección Austral*. It is a representative selection of *rondas*, *canciones de cuna*, *jugarretas*, *cuentos*, and other verse forms contained in the aforementioned anthologies.

Although her name had been hallowed by *Desolación*, this second collection, perhaps, gives a better indication of the true genius of La Mistral. For a certainty, the aesthetic agility revealed for the first time at the *Juego Florales* in 1914 had not been affected by the passage of time. *Tala* is a complement to *Desolación*, and the two form a single, prolonged chant: the latter of dissolute love and unrestrained sorrow, frustration of the maternal longing, and a profound awareness of God's

creatures, especially children, all children in the world; and *Tala* of more of the same, a "renovación del camino aspero y enjuto," the medulla of the "divine woman's" bleeding heart.

Gabriela Mistral is intensely romantic. Through the poems in these companion volumes, the reader is made cognizant of her deep affinity to nature, whose decisive and triumphant force she has portrayed so effectively. She admits that she has often fallen asleep while counting the stars, and that she has found "tongues in trees and books in running brooks." The sentiment of religion is also a powerful element in her writings, a sentiment which is not absolutely mystic if by mysticism we mean strictly that special state of the soul resulting from an individual's direct communion with his Creator.

"I believe in my heart," Gabriela wrote in "Credo," and the heart is undoubtedly the quintessence of her entire body of poetry; she is the creator of some of the most beautiful love poems ever written. Akin to this love complex is her feeling for death which, despite its admitted cruelty and anguish, she indulges frequently. Her profound interest in social problems, the cause of the children and mothers of the poorer classes to which she has devoted so much of her life, as well as her personal maternal yearnings which were sublimated by her absorption with academic pursuits, also provide much material for her verses.

Equally significant in her poetry is the influence of the Scriptures. "My masters in the art of living," she once wrote, are "the Bible, Dante, Tagore and the Russians." A devout Catholic, she has expressed her belief that "with its profound social sense [Christianity] can save the nations." And in her philosophic contemplation of the Absolute, she shows her constant awareness of the two Pascalian infinitudes, the one of the infinitely Great, and the other of the infinitely Small, and understands from the accumulated spiritual experience of her life that both are united in God and God alone. Since she is rebelliously human, however, there have been moments of bitterness in her life when she has reproached this God for her unhappiness and emotional anguish.

Although her title to immortality is in her poetry, Gabriela Mistral has also written in prose. These prose pieces of hers are all extremely brief and abound in the lyric wealth and melancholy tone that characterize her poems, as the following selection from the "Motivos del Barro" well illustrates:

Many years hence, when I am a little heap of silent dust, play with me.
With the earth of my heart and my bones!

If a mason gathers me up, he will make me into a brick, and I shall remain fast forever in a wall; and I hate quiet niches. If they make me a brick in a prison, I shall grow red with shame when I hear a man sob, and if I am a brick in a school, I shall still suffer, because I cannot sing with you in the early mornings. I would rather be the dust with which you play on the country roads. Clasp me, for I have been yours; unmake me for I made you; trample upon me, because I did not give you the whole of my beauty and the whole of my truth! Or only sing and run above me, so that I may kiss your beloved feet.

When you hold me in your hands, recite some beautiful verse, and I shall rustle with delight between your fingers. I shall rise up to look at you, seeking among you the eyes, the hair of those whom I taught.

And when you make any image out of me, break it every moment for every moment the children broke me, with tenderness and grief.

An unusual bit of prose, also, is her "Decálogo del Artista," in which are set forth the principles that have guided her art for a period of over thirty years:

1. Thou shalt love beauty which is the shadow of God on the Universe.
2. There is no atheistic art. Although thou may not love the Creator, thou will assert it creating in His image.
3. Thou shalt not mete beauty as fodder for the senses, but as the natural food of the soul.
4. It will not be a pretext for luxury or vanity, but a divine office.
5. Thou shalt not seek it in the market places nor carry thy work to them, because Beauty is a virgin and the one which is in the market place is not She.
6. It shall rise from thy heart to thy song and shall probably purify thee first.
7. Thy beauty shall always be named mercy and shall console the hearts of men.
8. Thou shalt produce thy work as a son is produced; stopping the blood of thy heart.
9. Beauty shall not be for thee a soporific opium, but rather a noble wine which shall incite thee to action for if thou ceaseest to be man or woman, thou ceaseest to be an artist.
10. Thou shalt dispose of all creation modestly, because it was inferior to thy dream, and inferior to that marvelous dream of God which is Nature.

In conclusion, a few words on the literary and biographical studies of Gabriela Mistral may be of some interest. The first book completely devoted to her life and works was written by a Mexican, Virgilio Figueroa. Entitled *La Divina Gabriela*, it is of doubtful critical value,

and its highly exaggerated statements caused the subject to voice a public protest against what she termed her biographer's *elogio desmedido*. The only other volume completely concerned with her is *Estudios sobre Gabriela Mistral*, by the well-known Chilean critic, Raul Silva Castro. Señor Silva Castro's appraisal is negative, wholly refusing to recognize the writer's marvelous artistic sincerity or her profound moral and social sense; highly censorious and destructive, it appears to be guided more by temperament than reason. The most intelligent criticism of the Nobel Prize winner to date is an essay published in a teachers' journal.¹ And several articles by the prominent Chilean critic who signs himself "Alone," show a keener insight into the art of Gabriela than any other interpretation yet published. An excellent study, together with several well-translated poems, is also contained in G. Dundas Craig's *Modernist Trends in Spanish American Poetry*.

In the American textbook field, Professors Federico de Onis and Henry A. Holmes have contributed significantly towards immortalization of the "divine one." *Spanish America in Song and Story*, the work by Professor Holmes, in which several pages are devoted to Gabriela Mistral, incidentally has a prologue written by the poetess. This volume, by the way, is undoubtedly the best school anthology of Spanish-American letters that has yet been published; it is a great pioneering work and has remained, since its publication in 1932, the only available comprehensive study of the representative writers of Hispanic America from the time of the Conquest through the 1920's.

As for translations in English, La Mistral's poems have been published off and on for many years in little-known journals with very limited circulation, as well as in several insignificant anthologies. The collection of Alice Stone Blackwell has the greatest number of selections, but these translations, made by amateurs, are often quite inferior, being devoid of the spirit, inspiration, and nuances of feeling that only a true poet can sense and convey into written language. Fortunately, plans are now under way to introduce Gabriela Mistral properly to the general English-reading public, and it is hoped that the honors have been entrusted to competent hands. "Ojalá!" the Spanish Americans are saying.

¹ *Revista Hispanica-Moderna*, January, 1937.

POETRY

TRAVEL NOTES OF A METAPHYSICAL BICYCLE TRIP

New Orleans to Dallas, Summer 1946

PART ONE

I. Leaving New Orleans

Leaving New Orleans, I watched the sky trace
Questions over the bridge. While steel's stern lace
Quivered and river reeled from swift impact
Of Whys and Wheres glozing the spurious fact
I saw go comet-wise in lettered fire
A furious Whom. It was the Word. Desire,
Unanalyzable, flamed in its path.
I took the road illumined by its wrath.

II. A Vehicle for Thinking

This is the hour. This the very vehicle
For thinking. A poet on a bicycle
Can catalyze more metaphysic than
Nietzsche's hypothetical vertical man.
And you, recumbent under ruddered wheel,
Hurrying by—What frenzied rhythm do you feel
Measuring the speeding view? What cunning
In your motored mind connives at meaning?

III. Louisiana Landscape with People

Lonely by bayous in Time's mythic frame. . . .
 Can moss-hung history or private blame
 Explain their obloquy? Elucidate
 One obscure name? I cannot guess their fate
 Though I have seen their faces and their land,
 Though I participate, with them must stand
 Alms-begging under oaks whose living green
 Blesses, as once redemption, our brief scene.

PART TWO

I. I Enter Texas

Past markers, legendward, I turn. Here space
 Is fabulous. Sky-mazed, my thoughts embrace
 Earth's raging fable in the Texas dust—
 Old nightmare, imaged from frontiersmen's lust,
 The monstrous ranch, gross cities of the plain.
 Who, now, Sodom-fleeing, imagines gain
 In Canaan's mortgaged myth? Whose great pity
 Shall irrigate this terrible prairie?

II. Dallas in Retrospect

When I remember Dallas, how I came
 Journey-exhausted, burning with that shame
 Each depraved landscape wrought, I think of one
 I knew. Stranger, fugitive with Babylon,
 She lived in terror that her sin might find
 More public dwelling than her gracious mind;
 Yet held heart-hostel for a brash pilgrim
 Traveling by, looking for Jerusalem.

III. At the Traffic Circle

Highways diverge, wind toward their primal cause,
While I, doubtful at traffic circle, pause
Before departure. The cartography
Of evil maps a caverned history
Which man explores thread-linked, as Theseus,
With destiny. What thread extends from Dallas?
Answering, as from fabled mountain peak,
The wrath-flamed question comes—Whom do you seek?

DEANE MOWRER

THE GRAVE DIGGERS

Two ill-bent neighbors on a peaceful path
with shovels and picks and a worn-out ax
disturb the earth of its sleep.
The ground is tormented six-feet-deep
by a red-clay gash and an opened wound
that will stitch and heal by the quiet moon.

It is a lonely moon that watches them
developing death where no life has been;
and a sorrowful wind that grieves the grass
to change a tense from present to past;
and the pattern is dug with aching sighs
in memory of this that sleeps as it dies.

Two ill-bent neighbors work in night
with cautious fingers and dull lamplight
to return the borrowed and the loaned.
The value is placed and the merit shown
of a lost regret, remembered praise:
night claims the duty of their days.

GORDON H. FELTON

TWO POEMS

COUNTER-CLOCKWISE READING FOR LOVERS

See the stippled, see the stubborn salmon
 Mirror-mock the sun with his flashy tail
 And battle time and flesh against this rock;
 How he by sharp uncompromising rock
 Will not be changed. And in his circular jail,
 The nervous squirrel squandering that acumen
 Tells him where he hid his store
 But will not have him stop.

Will you say their logic is logic of hope,
 Since the heart has answered in a roomful of crazy clocks
 Where a harpsichord was scattering silver spoons
 On a concrete floor? Will you quote me tunes
 From music boxes and tunes from under fancy clocks
 To tell me love is an oval of soap
 Slipping smoothly through the fingers
 And hope it is that in the bosom lingers?

— — —

One day in Iowa, where I was born,
 I walked in sunshine and the key of C
 And at a creek I caught a slithery minnow.
 And a world that sparkled in a geode
 That I broke caught me, caught me.

What more is there to tell? For now, long since,
 It is the weary lover in me speaks,
 Having loved and, too, been loved, too little
 And too much, too much enamored
 Of glittering stones and backward wheels,
 Nor once put down to speak a solemn story
 In a sober piece of time.

For love shall probably fail, improbable lover,
 When cotton fuzzes over the boll of your head
 And eyes grow blank from these grey days; for such
 As you, who ride the hands of time, caught
 Between the sparkling day and the swooning night,
 Love shall most probably fail;
 Which you shall press, like petals in a book,
 Only in faded memory, which is not much.

TIME'S RHETORIC

Tail in mouth, streamliners whoop
 From city to village along the moralizing
 Parallels of steel and of these lines;

The gandy dancer's moment shines,
 But the sight from the jerky platform is paralyzing:
 So fades the rose; thus tulips droop.

The playboy knows their pyrotechnics—
 He will always jump at the chance for a chase,
 And oaks record with a fat or thin ring,

Nonagenarians find it amazing,
 And astronomers, speaking in terms of space
 And years of light, explain their tricks.

That turtle we found today on the track,
 He had no schedule except the one
 That played accordion on his back,

But then, *bon voyage!* May there be
 Calliopes and elephants and fun
 At your circuses, all free.

Go to the attic before you leave.
 Behind the form and in the trunk
 You will find a letter you must believe.

It will tell you all you need to know
 About yourself. Study the junk
 There, close the heavy lid, then go:

 Say fair weather time is the very best
 Time, spindling the early spring,
 Loitering in autumn, bringing rest

 To watches, giving wing to wing
 Before snow whitewash bud and nest,
 And a measure of song for the goldfinch to sing,

 But do not answer the night the stars
 Broadcast the catchy, fool-proof quiz
 Which puzzled Jurassic megalosaurs:

 Look away far through the foam and fizz,
 Then tote this life in hermetic green jars
 To the mouldy cellar which history is.

WARREN WIRTZ

SYLLOGISM IN SEA MINOR

I met two men in a boat one day;—
 the first was old—the other, gray;
 the old one was weaving a willowy tree
 with light of the white of the skies—
 with silver of sea-gull's eyes;
 he looked about and looked at me
 and said the limbs were the days ahead
 and the willow the cover to cover the dead.

 The other was sad, silent and glum
 of a sadness that seals a millennium
 unworthy the effort when it involved
 the sum in a sum that had to be solved;
 and his eyes divided the width of the sea
 with a part of us all; with a part of the three,
 as he measured the black in the black
 from the other to me and back.

LILLIAN EVERTS

FOUR POEMS

A HOUSE BY THE SEA

I saw a house grown from the sea
As a limb grows from a tree

Rooted on a cliff, alone
Arch on arch the sea's own stone

Balanced like a heavy brow
Shear to seething pools below

As to extend a fraction more
This extreme westernness of shore

And in an element its own
To mingle sea and cliff and stone

Till it were truly grown to sea
As a limb grows to a tree.

THE LAW

Eye for eye the Judges said
Now the blind are blindly led

Tooth for tooth the ancient law
And we chew with forfeit jaw

Life for life was written clear
We are all self-cancelled here

To whom then returns the dove
Of the last law, love for love?

THE NECTARINES CUT DOWN

Where once two acres of our spring
 Exploded into big bouquet,
 The trees are gone that made the thing
 And most of March is chopped away.
 They were more beautiful in bloom
 Than violets in yellow hair,
 But beauty is an empty room;
 No farmer piles up produce there.

IF THOU HAST HEART AND EAR FOR LOVE,
COME HEAR

O love that comes like cycles
 Through the invisible air
 Asks micro-subtle tunings
 For what is always there,
 A kind ear to the speaker,
 And hunger to explore
 In all the words of ether
 For one we value more.

J. S. MOODEY

ETUDE

This act of hope, that we call kindness,
 Eases the tortured hour we live
 Until we learn, waking from blindness,
 How fast we hold the thing we give:

Until suddenly we discover
 In what a shape of lust we stand,
 Feeding the pigeons as they hover,
 Like Beauty, at our greedy hand.

ALFONZ WALLACE

TWO POEMS

APOSTROPHE 1

O Thou stupendous flower of mute air
Environed with majestic, veiling clouds,
Vast violet, blue aster of my stare,
Infinite are you blossomed over shrouds

Of sterile snow-fields swarthing the deflowered dead
In the labyrinthine laboratory of earth
For chemistry of death: infinite are you spread
In maiden foliation over heaven's girth,

Your petals stamened with the stars, the moons.
Stemmed with thoughts of me, Lord I could pluck
Your innocence from this far purity of suns,
If not engrossed by the contagious muck

Of doubt that holds me gripped in hope's decay.
Lord, I could pluck the wholeness of your blossom, Christ, and such
Wonder of spirit as I need here, in my heart's hand and walk joy away,
If only the high innocence of your flower would not wither upon touch.

APOSTROPHE 2

Lord, of stars, the iridescence of your universal identity,
I think the chief splendor is silence,
Their dumb beauty adored by the voice of the seas
And the psalm of the crickets.
By each wandering shimmer from the source of things,
By the moon rising over Bald Pate Ridge,
And sunlight, tongueless striking
On the noon roofs of the village,
I know the silent essence of your entity.
Yet through the dumb splendor of this beauty
You explain yourself clearly enough to me.
For though your diastole extend to the white rings of the furthest nebula
I think your systole is me.

RICHARD DAKOTA DENT

TWO POEMS

INTIMATE

Do not press my hands.
 There will come
 the lasting time of repose with much dust
 and darkness between the interlaced fingers.

And you would say, "I can not
 love her, because like ripened grain
 her fingers one by one have fallen away."

Do not kiss my mouth.
 There will come
 the instant filled with diminished light,
 when I shall be without lips on the wet ground.

And you would say, "I loved her
 but I can not love her now, who breathes
 no longer the broom-like odor of my kiss."

And hearing you, I would be anguished
 and you would speak madly and blindly,
 for my hand will be on your forehead
 when my fingers break,
 and on your face filled with anxiety
 my breath will fall.

So do not touch me. I should lie
 were I to say that I give you
 my love in these outstretched arms,
 in my mouth, in my neck,
 and you, should you believe you drank it all,
 would be deceived like a child that is blind.

For my love is not only this stubborn,
 weary sheaf which is my body,
 that trembles all over at the haircloth's touch,
 and leaves me behind in every flight.

It is what is in the kiss, and is not the lip,
what harshens the voice, and is not the breast,
it is a wind of God that rapid passes,
sundering the branches of my flesh.

ROCKING

The sea its thousands of waves
divinely rocks.
Listening to the loving seas
I rock my child.

In the night the wandering wind
rocks the wheat heads.
Listening to the loving winds
I rock my child.

Father God His thousands of worlds
noiselessly rocks.
Feeling His hand in the shadow
I rock my child.

GABRIELA MISTRAL
Translated by Rachel Loughridge

TWO POEMS

NEVER "IS"

Any world is bigger than you and me,
 More than an apple is round:
 Our little world hemmed in by see,
 Larger than large, sounder than sound.

If we start with a world being round,
 And me being me and you being you,
 We start where the world was found
 Before God and man distorted the view.

If we end with despair and decay—
 The faded enigma of a red, dead rose;
 We are apt to have mastered the day
 That we bigger than world will grow.

NEWS ITEM

The man in blue serge, carrying a valise of papers, sat down in
 the rear of the great cathedral.

(Obviously, he looked ill at ease.)

The organist, who looked over-worked and under-paid, tried to
 condense the atmospheric sanctity into a concrete "rock of ages."

(His single effort loosened a patch of plaster: nothing more.)

Entering through a secret door, a parade of strikers mourned
 silently with huge white placards; "How can we pay the
 landlord, when the landlord's payin' his dues?"

(It was somebody's funeral, all right. But whose?)

Outside, the most conservative journalism heralded the redemption
 of all 5-day-a-week workers, offered them holy communion and
 a stairway to the stars.

(The smugness of the man in blue was more than apparent.)

As the ushers distributed the four freedoms, wrapped in cellophane,
 hermetically sealed, labeled fragile and futile, a soprano
 explained: "near my lord to be."

(The obituary sounded like a history of the world.)

Six young pall bearers with hope on their faces and a plan in their pocket carried the deceased down the aisle.

(Said the minister, Let us pray.)

Sometime during the ceremony, the man in business-blue had vanished from his pew, leaving only a thin outline and the valise of papers.

JOHN E. HART

DESOLATION

We cross sulphurous land
Where water turns its bed to orange and blue,
Transforming salty sand,
Although the water still is water's hue.

The air is cold but light
And filled with sun. From earth the heats arise,
Spreading to steamy height
Where geysers jet or boiling water lies.

The boards we stand on now
Protect us from the pool beneath our feet:
Its deepnesses I know
Cannot be measured, and I feel its heat.

Down in the darkest blue
The heat of water almost at the boil
Is concentrate. We view
The tiny sudden bubbles as they coil

And quickly, coiling, rise.
These do not break the surface they disturb;
But grown to bursting size
A mass of bubbles slowly lifts the curb

Of water's heaviness.
Rushing against the top, they burst to air—
They, hot and colorless,
Are turned to foam and water as we stare.

ANN LOUISE HAYES

From THE PRIVATE ZOO

RATTLE

The burden of the snake is more than moon
 more than the weight of myth
 heavier than curse but the snake moves
 in the shine of fear.

Horses of the mind rear back
 from the whip bright in the dark.
 The lash of moonlight falls in an s
 of silver and rattle.

It is the lure to death white enemy
 in the night brightly thrust
 against me who watch foreknowing
 the curve of death in the dust.

RHINOCEROS AND HIPPO

What horn makes the difference?
 What rolling eye regards the whole?

Rumpwise they look the same,
 allowance made for life in pool, on plain.
 Their legs are trees, bodies are mountainous
 and crusted, bearing birds. Continents
 of animal they rise like Africa to tablelands.
 Landmass and fundamentals of beast their movings turn
 as the earth floats on ocean in a measure of stars
 counted but capable of sudden and furious cataclysm.

What surge of hate impales the world on tusk?
 He puts his faith in armaments and goes about
 armed to the nose which sniffs suspiciously
 the alien elements beyond the reach of thought.

What gentleness assumes the world is gentle?
 Because his eye is big, he sees much more
 and thinks about it first but knows avoirdupois
 has an authority that he can use at times.

Only an ark, a ship as lumbering as they,
can carry rhinoceros and hippopotamus as ballast.
Only a patriarch can use their weight to purpose.
At Ararat with weary hope Noah
with no admonition to good behavior
sends them down the gangplank on their way
knowing their analogies are girth, tonnage, and stance,
and among the virtues size has its own chance.

What curling lip savors the salt of quiet?
What tooth rips the vein in anger?

DONALD WEEKS

FRIDAY, LAST LECTURE

We have tried to sum up the various forces at work
In the period after the peace, the epoch of anger.
We have seen pacts formed, and pacts that were not subscribed;
Statesmen succumbing to an ethical languor,
And amateurs who stood at one side and jibed;
And, at first in the background, the figure with the bludgeon,
The helmeted man who carried the helpful dirk,
The small ambitious who muffled himself in dudgeon,
And the silent person whom conscience did not irk.

From our vantage point of knowing how all ended
We have viewed the gestures that faith and charity made
With detachment suited to the clearer vision
That comes from looking on a naked blade;
And we have felt justified in our derision,
Seeing what troubles followed, seeing that storm
Arose in a quarter where the sun descended
Behind clouds even then beginning to form.
We of some shrewdness would have known what wind impended.

It remains, then, to formulate the laws
By which the subject of study shall own our science.
No more, now that the truth is discerned,
Are we to be troubled by that stubborn defiance
The world displayed the day before we learned.

Before the bell rings, then: before the final
 Examination, which will cover both fact and cause:
 We might touch briefly on God (were it not too banal),
 Or devote a word to the neighbor (if we knew who he was).

MYRON H. BROOMELL

TABLEAU VIVANT WIRED FOR SOUND

The troublesome architects
 Fled over the plain:
 In their wake, the mounted ones
 Shining, shining, amid shouting:
 Such panoplies of brass, red brass!
 Such crimson silk!
 (Had you been there,
 Had you been there the noise & the sight of it
 The glowing & the clashing
 —this cheap melodrama!—
 It wd have driven you wild!
 & you wdnt have known what it was you felt
 Whether fear or exaltation, whether. . . .)

There go the architects!
 Such clumsy steps! such legs unused to running!
 Bowed or with knocking knees
 The sands are filling their shoes
 (as if there werent enuf to impede them!)
 Their hats blowing off in the wind of their own exertions—
 See how they clutch them back, with what wild hands!
 The splendid stallions' hoofs raise clouds of sand,
 Their eyes burning, foam bearding their muzzles,
 Their great bodies pulsing & beating with the cries,
 the clangor of arms!
 (Had you been there, what fear! what exaltation!)

But where wd it end? How wd it all turn out?
 We know little more than the scene, tableau vivant:
 Only the scene, & the clash, the cries, the dismay,
 The shrill dismay & hoarse breathing
 The fleeing, the fleeing. . . .

JACKSON MAC LOW

TWO POEMS

NEW MEXICO NIGHT

Here in the black night
fitted with lightning
and curtailed by seeping wetness,
the stragglers from late pleasures
walk without reason
past the river
where the flood water plays small games
with the mica-filled teeth of the rocks.

SHOW GIRL'S ADVENTURES IN NIGHT

The main stem was a river
where the fish were blind at night. . .
Nothing shines except the spot,
caressing my thighs' milky-whiteness,
and the bubble burst at noon
when boredom crawled
from under the bed.
Knowing secrets,
the little book is full. . .
Numbers tumble over each other,
and the play-boy recounts
reasonless shades of hair-bleach
on the lines of his right hand.

ALFRED MORANG

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- Sun Yat-sen: a Portrait*, by Stephen Chen and Robert Payne. New York: The John Day Company, 1946. \$3.00.
- The Collected Wartime Messages of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek*. New York: The John Day Company, 1946. \$7.50.
- Men and Ideas*, by Lin Mousheng; with an introduction by Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Company, 1942. \$2.50.
- The Chinese Mind*, by Gung-Hsing Wang. New York: The John Day Company, 1946. \$2.50.
- Made in China*, by Cornelia Spencer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1945. \$3.00.
- India's Population: Fact and Policy*, by S. Chandrasekhar; with an introduction by Warren S. Thompson. New York: The John Day Company, 1946. \$2.00.
- The Indian Rural Problem*, by Sir Manilal B. Nanavati and J. J. Anjaria. Bombay: The Indian Society of Agricultural Economics, 1945. \$4.00.
- Made in India*, by Cornelia Spencer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1946. \$3.00.

Since the days of Vasco da Gama's journey to India by the all-water route in 1498, the Europeans have been acting as catalytic agents in the cultures of the Orient. For over four hundred years, India and Southeast Asia have experienced intimate if unpleasant contact with the Portuguese, the Spaniard, the British, the Dutch, and the French. Japan and China, likewise, experienced the military might of the Occidental. By the middle of the nineteenth century most of Asia had to bow before Occidental bayonets. The Spaniards were well entrenched in the Philippines, the Dutch in the East Indies, the British in India and contiguous lands, and the Russians in Siberia. The French began the process of encroachment upon Indo-China with the Christian missionary in the vanguard. The successes of the

Opium Wars conducted by the British against the Chinese led to the entry of Christian missionaries and opium into China and to the opening up of treaty ports to Occidentals with extraterritorial rights. Japan was opened to trade by the Americans. At the end of the nineteenth century, the picture was essentially the same, except that America replaced Spain as governor in the Philippine Islands, and Japan, adopting Occidental learning and techniques, rose to the position of a Great Power.

These essential facts in the culture-contact between Orient and Occident in the post-Renaissance period have been ably set forth by Professor Latourette, who has been for many years teaching courses in the Far East at Yale University. To make the unfolding pattern of China and Japan intelligible, Dr. Latourette includes a treatment of India as an integral part of the story of the Far East. He also includes in his treatment "the lesser lands," namely, Eastern Siberia to the north and the countries of Southeast Asia.

The history of these lands is divided into two broad sections: the pre-Occidental era and the era of contact with the Occident characterized by cultural fermentation, social change, industrialization, and political revolution. Dr. Latourette's treatment of Asians and their aspirations is throughout sympathetic.

Professor Steiger's *History of the Far East* is an equally admirable introduction to the Far East. In some respects, the background of the early history of China, India, Korea, Japan, Central Asia, and Southeast Asia is given in greater detail than in Latourette's book. The panorama of modern events—"The United States as an Asiatic Power," "Japan as a World Power," "The Russian Revolution and the Washington Conference"—unfolds before the reader with clarity and force. Professor Steiger's book is a commendable performance.

Those who are more interested in studying primarily the pattern of Far Eastern politics during the era of Occidental contact will find Dr. Vinacke's book, *A History of the Far East in Modern Times*, a handy source of reference. The politics of China, Japan, and Russia up to the eve of Pearl Harbor are exhaustively dealt with.

The impact of the Occident upon China let loose centrifugal forces. Through the ages China has lived in terms of considerable regional autonomy; weak allegiance was given by the regions or provinces to the central government, and even that, only when the central government was strong enough to enforce it. The tottering Manchu Empire could not cope with the might of the Occidentals, who had a field day slicing the Chinese melon to suit themselves. But for the American Open Door Policy, enunciated by Secretary Hay at the end of the last century, China would have been a congeries of petty kingdoms, warlords' domains, and European and Japanese "spheres of influence." Such a China would have fallen an easy victim to the aggressions of a rejuvenated Japan in the twentieth century. Two men deserve especial credit for having maintained China's integrity—Dr. Sun

Yat-sen, the founder of the Chinese Republic, and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the present head of the Nationalist Government.

Dr. Sun's revolutionary ardor and magnetic personality have been well described by Stephen Chen and Robert Payne in their *Sun Yat-sen: a Portrait*. His collected lectures, published in the form of a book under the title *San Min Chu I (Three Principles of the People)*, contain Dr. Sun's philosophy, personal as well as political. The three great principles he enunciated were: Min-tsu, people's nationalism; Min-chuan, people's sovereignty; and Min-sheng, people's livelihood. These Three Principles of the People welded the Chinese together, led to the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty and the creation of the Chinese Republic. Even before his death in 1925, Sun had been distressed to witness centrifugal forces at work. China became what Dr. Vinacke aptly calls "the phantom republic." But the loss of the leader infused a new spirit into his followers and under Chiang Kai-shek's military leadership the Kuomintang party unified China in the 'twenties of this century. Japanese aggressions in Manchuria in 1931 and the full-scale Sino-Japanese War begun in 1937 welded Chinese of all shades of opinion into a united front against Japanese militarism and imperialism. *The Collected Wartime Messages of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek*, compiled by the Chinese Ministry of Information, help explain the process of Chinese unification.

Even though politics is one of the most activating forces in the life of modern nations, we cannot understand China, the meaning of her precious heritage or possible future developments, until we become acquainted with the Chinese mind. Fortunately there are two outstanding books in the field: *Men and Ideas*, by Dr. Lin Mousheng, and *The Chinese Mind*, by Gung-Hsing Wang.

There are no people more commonsense-minded than are the Chinese, unless it be the American. The philosophy of pragmatism was recently formulated in America but the Chinese have been living pragmatism for four thousand years. Few people in the world have devoted as much time and energy as have the Chinese to the understanding of problems of interpersonal relationships. The middle path of Confucianism and Buddhism, the mysticism of Lao-tzu and the revolutionary ardor of Sun Yat-sen are all derived from the quest for harmonious relations between man and nature, between man and man.

The most charming vignette is *Made in China*, by Cornelia Spencer. One of the Borzoi books for young people, *Made in China* will enlighten and delight even adults. In an easy style, Miss Spencer begins with "China's earliest expression," pottery, and takes us through "the legend of Si Ling," silk; the birth of the dragon, China's symbol; the "spirit stone," jade; music and art decorations to tea, democracy, calligraphy, the printing press, literature, and the wonder bean, soya. Young and old may profitably and enjoyably read this book on China as well as Miss Spencer's companion volume *Made in India*.

India is passing through her "critical period," but no significant book of contemporary political interest has yet appeared.

India's population is predominantly rural, the rural-urban ratio being eighty-seven to thirteen. Between 1881 and 1941, the population of India has been steadily growing, from 250 million to almost 400 million at the present time. This increase in population has been made possible by the introduction of industrialism (which is still in its infancy), by the introduction of life-saving techniques of modern medicine and public health, inadequate though they be, and by the wide prevalence of marriage. In terms of the present industrial arts in India, population growth keeps a jump ahead of increase in the means of subsistence, resulting in widespread poverty and misery and chronic undernourishment for the masses. "The outlook," says Dr. Warren S. Thompson in his Introduction to Dr. Chandrasekhar's book, "is not hopeless but neither is it encouraging." The saturation point for population growth in India is apt to be reached within the next few decades, but in the meantime pressure of population upon resources under conditions of underdeveloped technology and industrial skills is bound to result in continued undernourishment, poverty, and misery.

Within this context, the book by Nanavati and Anjaria acquires added significance. As one of the founders of the Hindese Society of Agricultural Economics, Sir Manilal Nanavati is eminently fitted to throw light upon the problems of "pressure on land," agricultural labor and efficiency, food supply, and the land problem in general.

The crux of the land problem in India is the "fragmentation" of farms, land being divided equally among all the male heirs and subdivided from generation to generation. In Bengal, the most populous Province, for instance, 46 per cent of the families own less than 2 acres each and 8.4 per cent of the families own 10 acres and over. This is no doubt due to the permanent land revenue settlement which saddled upon Bengal and nearby Provinces landlordism in a big way. But even in Bombay and the Central Provinces, where landlords were not "manufactured" by Lord Cornwallis, the average holding is 11.7 acres and 8.5 acres respectively.

In the State of Baroda, measures have been taken by the government for consolidation of "fragmented" farmlands. The Baroda consolidation scheme rests upon (1) voluntary exchange of small, widely scattered strips of land with a view to consolidation, (2) government undertaking redistribution of land with the consent of the owners concerned, (3) the fixing of the minimum size of farms below which agricultural land cannot be partitioned or fragmented. The Hindese rely too much on government initiative and too little on voluntary collective effort. It would appear that co-operative societies could easily tackle the evils of "fragmentation."

Nanavati and Anjaria have rendered scholars a distinct service by delineating the rural problem of India in a historical perspective with a mass of details and reliable statistics. Like all contemporary Hindese writers on social problems, the authors are actuated by the desire to better Hindese

society, but this desire does not lead them to indulge in wishful thinking. Rather they are willing to see the grim facts as they are, and proceed from that point on to the formulation of a constructive policy.

These two books by Messrs. Nanavati and Anjaria and by Dr. Chandrasekhar would give the American scholar a better insight into the problems of India than many a political polemic.

As with China, so with India, we must get a good historical perspective and understand the Hindese mind if we are to understand the India of today. The story of India's philosophy demands more extended treatment. But we may commend Miss Spencer's *Made in India* as an excellent introduction to India. Setting herself the task of making India live for her readers, Miss Spencer presents a panorama of Hindese history. The story moves on swiftly from the lost cities of India, Mohenjo-daro and Harappa, to the towering personalities of today, Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. With the deft hand of an artist she portrays Buddha, "the first teacher of the brotherhood of man," and that prince among Buddhists, Emperor Asoka. The culture-contacts between India and Greece, between India and China, are described in apt settings. Hindu and Muslim contributions to the making of modern India are described with sympathy and vigor. Finally the author reminds us that the sources of India's greatness and weakness are to be found in the villages where lives nine tenths of the population—"the very poorest of the world's people." In the face of grinding poverty, these village folk manage to enjoy life—to sing and dance, to worship and meditate, to create and procreate.

HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR

Smouldering Freedom: the Story of the Spanish Republicans in Exile, by Isabel de Palencia. New York and Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company, Inc., 1945. \$3.00.

Franco's Black Spain, drawings by Luis Quintanilla; with a commentary by Richard Watts, Jr. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1946. \$3.50.

Spain's republican collapse, the ensuing civil war in 1936, and the resultant establishment of Franco's totalitarian dictatorship have called forth many books and articles. Few if any writers have approached the subject, discussed the issues, or written of their personal experiences without considerable emotion. Nor does Isabel de Palencia write without deep feeling and authority. She was recognized as a reporter and correspondent for the London *Daily Herald* and for *El Sol*; she is the author of scientific books and an autobiography, *I Must Have Liberty*; she was the Plenipotentiary Minister for Republican Spain to Sweden when the Civil War broke. Accustomed to public life as a lecturer and member of learned societies and a well-known figure in international affairs, she presents in *Smouldering Freedom* some of the experiences of herself, her family, and friends in fleeing from Fascist Europe to comparative freedom in Mexico.

The first chapter presents a brief resumé of the war—from the sudden announcement of July 18, 1936, that a group of army officials including General Franco had called the army to overthrow the Republic, to the last tragic night meeting of the Cortes in Spain, February 1, 1939, in the basement of the old castle in Figueras, near the French border. Here Dr. Negrín spoke feelingly of the issues and objectives of the Spanish Loyalists who were fighting not only for Spanish ideals but against “the hegemony of a totalitarian [and] brutal, despotic imperialism. . . .”

Isabel de Palencia relates the horrors of persecution during the war when Spanish people were killed, not alone by Spanish Fascist forces, but by the Italian and German forces that aided Franco. Meanwhile England, France, and the United States stood by without helping the liberals of the peninsula. But Russia after four months sent in some weapons and other supplies.

After the complete crushing of the Republic, the author tells what followed: thousands escaping across the Portuguese border only to be hurled back into the arms of their enemies; then across the French border where the Garde Mobile and many French officials herded them into concentration camps, scoffed at their papers, robbed them of personal possessions, and made France a “hunting ground” for the Fascist forces of the south.

Experiences of her immediate family in concentration camps, in various hideouts in Paris, in Sweden, tear the heart. Then Isabel de Palencia with her husband and children escaped to Mexico. Here they, with other exiles, began life again against tremendous odds but surrounded by the friendly people of Mexico. Here they could work once more. Many of those who fled were intellectuals and trained in the professions; they were welcomed into Mexico's University. They set up the Luis Vives Educational Center, the Hispanic-Mexican Academy—later incorporated into the Department of Public Education of Mexico—and other centers; they established publishing houses (“Seneca,” “Xochitl,” and others) and entered into all phases of artistic and intellectual life in Mexico. Although more discussion is given the Mexican activities, some mention is made of the Spanish exiled in the other Americas—Colombia, Cuba, Chile, United States—as well as of the reluctance of Costa Rica and especially Argentina to accept refugees. The Spanish Fifth Column activities in Argentina, spoken of as the “official ‘nursery,’” of Fascism, did not completely engulf the republican activities, though Argentina is thought to be the chief center of Nazi plans. The work of the Franco Fascist and *Hispanidad* movement throughout Latin America is discussed also.

In addition to these events and problems of “Pilgrim Spain,” Isabel de Palencia relates with nostalgia some Mexican Christmas celebrations, observing the *posadas* so like the village customs of Spain. There are poignant memories of the homeland and keen realization of the tragic suffering of friends and acquaintances as well as of those who were not known, those

who did not escape the Franco regime. News filtered in from prisons, camps, villages, and cities of torture, hunger, illness, death. Again and again the uncertainty and absence of news saddened the exiles. But through it all stands the firm faith in eventual victory for the ideals and convictions of a free Spain.

Political factions in exile have failed to unite under a common leader. Isabel de Palencia feels strongly that restoration of the monarchy is not a solution; to her Dr. Juan Negrín represents the real leader and the ideas of his group the basis of a return of liberalism to suffering Spain.

Written in her exile and often in great distress of mind, this volume is another contribution to the tangled evidence of Spain's late years. Emotional and tragic, the book adds another loyal republican's document to the materials which will someday serve to write Spain's history in this period.

Much more powerful and illustrative of Spanish tragedy than *Smouldering Freedom* is the unrelenting invective of Luis Quintanilla's drawings in *Franco's Black Spain*. This series of forty drawings in black and white, done with bitterness and conviction, depicts a despicable Franco, led with a ring in his nose by powerful Nazis; with savage irony it pictures the Moors crusading for Franco's Christian Spain. Torturing, killing, and raping, they quarrel over their loot and leave behind despairing women to bear their unwanted children.

"The Civil Guard . . . defenders of the ideals of Black Spain . . . these grim, cold, ruthless ex-soldiers, with their black cloaks, their patent-leather hats, and their chill cruelty . . ." are Richard Watts' words for Drawing No. 11. The Civil Guard drive victims to jail, sadistically punishing the helpless, hanging, beating, torturing. Vividly their faces—horrible faces—are drawn, with leers, with pig-eyes.

Condemnation of something that called itself religion, revealing in "ignorance, savagery, and corruption" its failure to realize true Christianity, is shown in No. 17. General Mola of the Fifth Column and the fanatic *Requetes* from Naranjo, whom even the Francists consider reactionary, are pictured with forceful cruelty. Those condemned find there is "a piece of land for every dead man" (Nos. 19, 20, 21); looting follows the stigmatizing of one person as "Red" in No. 23.

Monarchists and decadent aristocracy are shown returning to Franco Spain while German supermen consort with them and the military and scientists alike make Spanish liberals the guinea pigs for the mass destruction that follows. Italian Fascist soldiers too are shown in the comedy of a tragic Spain when they prove unwilling "volunteers." Drawn too is General Queipo de Llano, drunken and blasphemous, "The Barbarian of Seville" (No. 34); and young Falangists, organized by José Primo de Rivera, are depicted as lean of face and figure, cruel eyed, shifty eyed, or pudgy fat and imbecilic.

Here are the Spanish jailer, the concentration camp, the nonchalance of brute force, the horror of every kind that has devastated Spain! Keenly

telling are the drawings, done in a few lines and sparse of shading. They relate with force and bitterness the story of Spain's degradation and Spain's suffering. One looks with shuddering repulsion upon these pictures which are a poignant indictment of free people. We of the United States feel a sense of guilt for the delayed action of democracies when action at the right time might have prevented the horror of Spain's Fascist regime.

DOROTHY WOODWARD

The Epic of Latin America, by John A. Crow. Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1946. \$5.00.

Admirable in scholarly content, written with an unusual breadth and depth of understanding and in stimulating style, this volume, nevertheless, has a title which is either pretentious or ambiguous. The space emphasis leaves a number of striking *lacunae*: there is a single paragraph on the question of a union of Central American states; Costa Rica is referred to in only three places; there is not even one complete sentence in the volume about modern Haiti or El Salvador; there is but little more on Guatemala or Honduras.

Of forty-two chapters, the first twenty-five are devoted to the pre-revolutionary period, describing the civilization of the Mayas, the Incas, the Toltec-Aztecs, the discoveries and explorations of the Iberians, the role of the Church, and the developing pattern of colonial society. There follow fifteen chapters tracing the revolutions in various regions and the emergence of independent governments. Chapters forty to fifty-one report constitutional struggles and developments in the leading national states. In the last two chapters the whole history of United States-Latin American relationships, the Monroe Doctrine, interventions, dollar diplomacy, and the emergence of the Good Neighbor Policy are skimpily covered. The epic of which Professor Crow writes is essentially that of the conquistadores and of the proselytizing friars. It is anti-climactic for the last two chapters to have been appended. Without them the volume would have been more cohesive.

Dr. Crow occasionally yields to the spectacular: "The greatest convulsion in the history of the world was the discovery of America and the consequent fight against every obstacle of nature and man to secure this conquest" (p. xiii). Frequently in the last chapters appear examples of hurried or loose writing, as at page 656, the Mexican War is "the whole mess," to cite but a solitary example.

The author, who took an advanced degree at the University of Madrid, and who now teaches at the University of California at Los Angeles, is steeped in the scholarship of the medieval feudal background that marked the period of discovery and explorations in the New World. He is at home in this epoch and his graphic descriptions of its life and atmosphere are of a rare quality.

Limitation of space allows for mention of but one element of Iberian life which set its permanent mark on social development in the colonies.

This was the system of primogeniture, whereby the eldest son inherited the entire body of land. This practice, plus the widespread granting by royal decree of large holdings to the families of explorers and early settlers, resulted in a society based largely upon the landlord-tenant relationship. In many areas this relationship took on a racial tinge, the landlords being Spaniards, Portuguese, or Creoles, while the tenants were Indians or Mestizos. In other areas the laborers came, over the years, to consist chiefly of Negro slaves. Added to this were the magnified defects of absentee landlordism, with resulting formation of rigid social, economic, and class lines between the "haves" and the "have-nots." Furthermore, both the rise of the *encomienda* system (Chapter twelve) and of the vast Franciscan, Dominican, and Jesuit missions (Chapter fifteen), by setting up a communal land system devoid of individual ownership titles, perpetuated the tendency towards a society without a middle class, so divergent from our own system of individual land ownership, stimulated by a century of Federal homestead policy. The author adds that these factors can explain in large measure the absence of substantial middle classes in the Latin American countries of today.

It is probably not too much to say that the emergence of the *caudillo* and the frequent rise of political or military dictators, which have marked the history of most of the other American republics since their independence, are due in no small measure to the lack of a balance wheel comprising a numerous and vigorous landed middle class. Underlying Latin-American revolutions has often been an effort to obtain wider distribution of land ownership. There are those who, for the same reason, direly foretell a future struggle in Latin America between the Communist left and the Fascist right, unless there is opportunity for developing a broad land-based liberal democracy.

WILLARD F. BARBER

The Evolution of Modern Latin America, by R. A. Humphreys. New York: Oxford University Press, 1946. \$3.00.

Here now, in the small space of one hundred and seventy-six pages is a history of Latin America by Robin A. Humphreys, Reader in American History in the University of London. *The Evolution of Modern Latin America* offers the reader an excellent opportunity to know essentials about the Southern Republics, with which it behooves him to be conversant.

The reviewer has purposed to examine this book with respect to its efficiency as an instrument for the promotion of international understanding. An evaluation of the volume's worth may be presented by sketching in broad outline its scope.

The author begins by setting forth facts about the racial composition and the geography of the twenty independent countries lying to the south-east of the Rio Grande. He points out the highland-lowland quality of the southern continent, highland versus coast, highland versus plains, as

one of the perpetual motifs in the development of the different republics, each with its own political and social problems and its own individuality. There is an adequate discussion of racial heterogeneity and homogeneity which have always been factors in differentiating Latin American individualities.

The second chapter is entitled "The Emancipation of Latin America." Within less than a century after Columbus' first voyage westward, intrepid Spaniards, among them Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, Pedro de Valdivia, and Hernán Cortés, had laid the basis for the vast New World empire known as the Indies, and for about three hundred years after the discovery this region maintained through colonial ties a very close association with Europe. After the Latin-American wars for independence had been won, the new nations turned from illegal to legal trade, from the closed door policy to the open door, and welcomed a new migration of men and money from the Old World to the New World. However, achievement of independence by the American colonies of Spain, France, and Portugal brought new anxieties to the weak and inexperienced states. First, there was the problem of protecting the newly acquired freedom against possible European aggression. Then, there was within the states themselves opposition to the establishment of republican governments, modeled more or less closely upon that of the Thirteen Colonies.

In Chapter III, "Democracy and Dictatorship," the author points out that the most important problem confronting the Latin-American states after their separation from Spain was the establishment of political stability or internal peace, which was a prerequisite for efficient government and economic progress. One of the central themes in Latin-American history is the effort to make republican principles effective in countries where the great mass of the population consisted of subjected and politically inexperienced races that were exploited and oppressed by the descendants of their conquerors.

After two chapters which deal with the development of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Mexico, Professor Humphreys takes up hemisphere relations. Bolivar's plan for a union of the American nations in the interest of peace, protection, and general welfare might have remained an illusion, had not these children of Iberian descent supported the ideas for the establishment of international mediation and arbitration, which the world since has striven so eagerly to amplify in the interests of the preservation of peace. The Latin-American idea of co-operation and union persisted, and American congresses held with this object in view led eventually to the establishment of the Pan American movement.

There is lacking any discussion of the achievements of Latin Americans in the broader phases of cultural growth, i.e., art, literature, and music. Nor is there any comprehensive treatment of the many controversies over the relation of the State to the Church. However, these are matters of omission and not of commission.

Professor Humphreys is responsible for a careful piece of editing; he has provided an index and has thereby increased the usefulness of this book. Also he has maintained an excellent balance between solid facts, synthesis, and interpretation.

EDNA LUE FURNESS

Portrait of Latin America: as Seen by Her Print Makers, edited by Anne Lyon Haight; foreword by Monroe Wheeler; introduction by Jean Charlot. New York: Hastings House, 1946. \$5.00.

Curiously enough this book of prints, designed by Paul McPharlin, seems to lack good book design. Most annoying is the dust jacket with its ornate borders and illegible title. Unfortunately, dust jackets sell more books than reviews. This one repels rather than attracts. Alfredo Zalce's handsome "Garden of Yucatan," beautiful in itself, is the wrong size and proportion to reproduce on the front, even if the placement and spacing were not all wrong.

The main body of the book, the prints, is another victim of an attempt at economy in a field of rising costs. The prints are worthy of a better presentation. Crowded as they are, arranged on facing pages with as many as three prints to a double spread, they suffocate for want of space. Was it necessary to sandwich several national headings at the foot of pages showing the preceding nation's prints? Frequently, there is not enough margin to allow a single line of print to identify a work, and arrows have had to be employed at the end of the line from the opposite page. Such close space saving neither dignifies the prints nor honors the artist. It seems particularly inexcusable when we would compliment our hemispheric neighbors.

Jean Charlot is an excellent choice for the writer of the introduction. A painter and print maker renowned equally in Mexico and the United States, he proves that he is as articulate in prose as he is in lithography. He says that south of the Rio Grande, thousands of prints are born, not of artistic urge but of anger, of passion for justice, of a devotion to a cause, of popular artists who do not spurn labor-saving devices. Their emphasis is upon production. The subjects are often local in character, commemorative, pious or revolutionary propaganda. Seldom do they look the way prints from Latin America are expected to look. There are no sleeping Indians against a cactus. *Sombreros, sarapes, rebozos, and mantas* are parts of costumes, used incidentally, not featured for their quaint, tourist-catching color. The art is involuntary and international. By contrast, Mr. Charlot continues, in the United States the emphasis is upon print buying rather than upon production. United States print collectors have a tendency to confuse rarity with beauty. Rare prints and small editions are prized. This attitude is largely responsible for the popularity of etching and dry-point in this country. Because the etching plate tires easily, the Latin-American print maker prefers lithography and block printing which will hold up under editions of thousands. The zincograph, lithograph on zinc, and type-metal engraving, instead of wood, are the most popular.

Monroe Wheeler, the director of exhibitions and publications at the Museum of Modern Art, is also well qualified to write on Latin-American art. He writes, in the preface, that the next great creative art movement, comparable to that in Mexico, may come from one of the other Latin-American countries and suggests that here is a sampling, through prints, of art directions to watch.

The editor of *Portrait of Latin America*, Mrs. Haight, admits that there are many omissions of the works of some of the better-known artists. Her task must have been considerable, but her book will serve to introduce many contemporary artists to this country. That the publishers expect and hope for a circulation, at least among the artists included, is evident from the excellent Spanish translations which parallel the English texts. Our good neighbor artists can hardly fail to note that their presentation is not good enough.

LLOYD LÓZES GOFF

The United States and Britain, by Crane Brinton. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1945. \$2.50.

This is the first of twenty-five projected volumes in The American Foreign Policy Library, published by one of our distinguished university presses under the editorial guidance of an experienced practitioner of foreign policy, Sumner Welles. Mr. Welles succinctly explains the purpose of the series.

It is axiomatic that a wisely ordered foreign policy in a democracy must rest on a broadly informed public opinion. Our nation has just passed through the greatest crisis in its history. It has emerged with a new position of responsibility and leadership in the world—frankly acknowledged by the prompt and convincing approval of the United Nations Charter. This new world into which we are moving is so different from the old that a knowledge of its problems and complexities needs to be made accessible to the public as never before. There is a national need for information.

The volume under review admirably measures up to the announced objective. If the remaining volumes approximate its standard, Harvard may claim a modest share in popular enlightenment.

This book is the product of a former Rhodes scholar, presently a professor of history at Harvard, who has retained a lively interest in matters British. The discipline engendered by scholarly training—analysis, comparison, and synthesis—is combined with a lively prose style. None of the academic trimmings of footnotes or lengthy quotations fogs the text or detracts from the major premise. Professor Brinton is the American counterpart of D. W. Brogan, of the London School of Economics, whose piquant observations of the American scene have given Britishers a clearer picture of this country.

The first three parts supply the basic information. Geography, government, politics, religion, and education are brought into focus in the first

part. The second section sketches the impact of the war on Britain and the awakening of a sense both of strategic and economic insecurity. Then follows a brief history of Anglo-American relations.

The last section, comprising half the volume, explores the problems underlying current Anglo-American relations. Professor Brinton lays stress on the economic relations of the two nations, hammering on the thesis that Britain's economic solvency is intimately connected with the recovery of its export trade. He observes that the economic problems of the two countries cannot be settled "unless the two countries establish mutually satisfactory political relations in a world of generally orderly and decent international relations."

The character of these political relations provides some of the most thoughtful pages of the book. Recognizing the persistence of national states and the present status of international development, Professor Brinton rejects, as an American program, isolation in its most extreme form, hemispheric isolation, or the balance of power concept in the traditional British manner. He distrusts the "Union Now" idea of an international order as much as he disfavors a Russo-American bloc. He advances the reasonable observation that many problems between America and Great Britain are part of multilateral world relations that can only be handled through a world organization. Admittedly this, too, is a gamble—but by a process of elimination of alternatives it offers the only possible choice in a disturbed world.

ALBERT C. F. WESTPHAL

Look at America: the Southwest, by the Editors of *Look*; in collaboration with Paul Horgan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1947. \$5.00.

The Editors of *Look* magazine have launched a series of regional guide books, containing maps, descriptive articles, and numerous pictures of the noted areas of the United States: the Southwest, New England, the Midwest, the South, the Central Northwest, the Far West, the Central Northeast, and New York City. The first in this series deals with the Southwest and has, no doubt, set the pattern for those which are to follow. These publications will provide a rival to the *Writers' Guides* for the various States, but these handbooks for vacationists will have less of text than the *State Guides* and more of illustration. There is a definite place for this new "guide" series, for it overlaps state lines and provides wayfarers with quick keys to what is colorful and important in the territory they may be covering. Of course, maps in any guide book are never as complete as the Travel Service maps furnished by gas and oil companies. One of the famous chains of service stations is even supplying travelers with beautiful colored Scenic Views. The *Look* series will match these Scenic Views and contribute dozens of equally distinctive views in black and white.

The Southwest is devoted to the states of Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Oklahoma, with the independent judgment of the Editors as to what is

significant and what is scenic in these areas. One can hardly quarrel with their judgment about what is best to look at: a giant sahuaro cactus, pale green against sand-colored rocks; a herd of sheep pulling at the sparse coverage in a draw with a backdrop of violet cliffs and turquoise sky; red sandstone pillars dotting the floor of Monument Valley and dwarfing the junipers and shrubbery struggling to fill the spaces between. It will be difficult for subsequent guides to match the splendid views of nature in this one.

Partisans of one place or another will argue the emphases in the book. Tucson, Flagstaff, and Tombstone are singled out for a descriptive introduction to sky-view pictures and individual shots; yet Phoenix is overlooked. Santa Fe, along with three Indian pueblos, draws the text in New Mexico, and Albuquerque shares only in the photography (two shots). Amarillo, Austin, Galveston, and other towns in Texas will feel themselves slighted.

Paul Horgan has written a fine introductory chapter interpreting the long span of history and the interplay of man and land and weather in the Southwest. He concludes with the following, a verdict in which Southwesterners by birth or adoption can concur: "Today, however complex, and industrialized, and tied by communication the life of the Southwesterners may be, there are still in the spirit of the people toward each other a friendliness, a trust and a respect which makes daily reference to the time not so long ago when survival itself called such values forth. Men never found in the Southwest exactly what they said they came for; mostly they found something better, which was hard to define, but for which they stayed."

T. M. PEARCE

The Road of Life and Death: a Ritual Drama of the American Indians, by Paul Radin; with a foreword by Mark Van Doren. The Bollingen Series V. New York: Pantheon Books, 1945. \$4.50.

This latest publication of Dr. Paul Radin makes available to the general reader a *document humain* of considerable psychological interest. The Medicine Rite of the Winnebago Indians, a Siouan-speaking tribe of Wisconsin, presents a dramatized prayer for long life and general abundance and has therefore much in common with the Midewiwin of the Chippewa, the Big House Ceremony of the Delaware, and, in some ways, with the Hako of the Pawnee.

The Winnebago are an agricultural people and their social organization contains two structural patterns characteristic of many North American tribes: first, the phratry; second, the clan. Their mythology and ritualism is elaborate and, according to Radin, received many of its most outstanding features from Mexico, not long before the twelfth century.

Radin's *Road of Life and Death* presents, apart from its anthropological significance, a literary as well as a psychological contribution of importance. From an anthropological angle we receive firsthand information as to the growth of this particular rite; from a psychological-literary point of

view we are provided with stimulating insights as to the pragmatic function of primitive literature. The word is always used to an end; in this case to battle death in all its aspects and to ground life in permanence and in timeless security.

The Winnebago look at death in three different ways. First, it is the relentless power from which man, as an individual, cannot escape. But since life as such is indestructible and since man is part of the universe of life, man, too, is indestructible. The story of the fasting youth and the immortal tree illustrates delightfully this basically stoic attitude toward death. Second, they see in death a mere passage, or a "stumbling," on the long, unending road. Or they experience death as a blessing, as a power that, at bottom, does not destroy life but rather is essential in the making of new life. The funeral rites of the Bear clan, for instance, seem eloquently to substantiate this point of view. A lack of feeling of discontinuity in the face of death is vividly expressed in the Rite of the Road throughout. The story of the Journey to Spirit Land has grown out of this philosophy of unending continuity. A third attitude toward death—incorporated from without at a rather late stage of Winnebago culture—is formulated by the doctrine of reincarnation. It has found expression in the psychologically fascinating story of three reincarnations of a Winnebago as told by Radin's informant in a charmingly matter-of-fact style.

The Medicine Rite, or the Rite of the Road, originated, according to legend, in the experience of death. The creation-myth relates how Hare, the culture-hero, inaugurated death as the result of a tragic mistake. At first, Hare, in obstinate despondency, will not accept the idea of death. He cries defiantly: "My uncles and my aunts will not die!" But then, the legend tells, "he cast his thoughts upon the precipices and they began to fall and to crumble. Upon the rocks he cast his thoughts and they became shattered. . . . Up above, toward the skies, he cast his thoughts, and the birds flying there fell to the earth and were dead." Earthmaker pitied him, and he gave man the Word, the only undying entity the creator ever had created. The Word of Earthmaker, that is, his teachings, became the basis of the Medicine Rite. By means of this ceremony man was clothed with life: "He who travels on the Road . . . , never will he stumble or fall; death will not come to him."

The avowed purpose, then, of the Medicine Rite is to ensure man life. This end can be attained by two ways. The one is essentially magical-symbolical: the initiate is ceremonially shot with a shell, and his symbolical death is followed by his resurrection. The other way is ethical-philosophical and comprises a well-defined code of behavior which is, during the process of the rite, formulated by way of ritual greetings, the recital of myths, and songs. (Unfortunately, no song-texts have been preserved.)

Most readers will welcome Dr. Radin's account of how he obtained the material. This reviewer regrets that insertion of a few pages of texts with accompanying interlinear translations has been omitted. This inclusion

would have enabled both anthropologist and interested layman to get an idea at what point the literality of the translation meets with the interpretative efforts of the recorder of this rite.

At any rate, as are all writings of Dr. Radin, *The Road of Life and Death* is stimulating and informative, and it makes fascinating reading.

MARGOT ASTROV

Listen, Bright Angel: a Panorama of the Southwest, by Edwin Corle. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc., 1946. . \$3.75.

"If this expedition has any right to success or survival, then listen to a scientist's prayer, O Bright Angel of Immortality." In those words John Wesley Powell, standing beside Bright Angel Creek in the uncharted depths of the Grand Canyon, prayed for his battered party in the summer of 1869. Powell was leading the first expedition to run the most dangerous river in the world from Green River, Wyoming, to a spot near the present site of Boulder Dam. From his prayer, Edwin Corle takes the title of his latest book, *Listen, Bright Angel*, also a "first" in Grand Canyon history.

Heretofore, the literature of the Canyon has been piecemeal. There have been books on its geology and on the Indians who inhabited it. The first explorers left accounts in their journals, scientists have made voluminous reports, and thrill seekers have written of the hazardous trip through its unbelievable gorges. The Canyon has even produced philosophy, for it is said to have inspired Major Powell's *Truth and Error or The Science of Intellection*. But it remained for one person to synthesize this varied material into a book calculated to give the layman the complete story of the Grand Canyon.

To accomplish this purpose, Corle goes back to the beginning of things. The first section of his book is devoted to geologic history. The second relates the story of the discovery of the Canyon, of the scientific expedition of Lieutenant Ives, and of the Mormon settlement at Lee's Ferry. Part III recounts the various attempts to run the river through the treacherous canyon section. These range from the outstanding successes of Major Powell and the Kolb Brothers (who made the first moving pictures of the river and still show them to tourists at the Canyon) to the tragic failures of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Hyde, who were lost on a honeymoon trip through the gorge in 1928, and the Brown-Stanton expedition which set out in 1889 to survey a railroad through the bottom of the Canyon! Of the other three sections, "South Rim" takes up the history of the aborigines of that region and the no less interesting samples of humanity who visit it today. "The Land of the Sky Blue Water" is a humorous and charming description of the author's trip to the Havasupai reservation at the bottom of Cataract Canyon, and "North Rim" describes the trails on the northern side, together with the contiguous territory.

From this outline, it will be seen that Mr. Corle's book furnishes an excellent "survey course" in Canyon lore. Although this reviewer regrets

the over-popularization of some of the geological and historical material, nevertheless Mr. Corle deserves much credit for presenting it in readable form for the layman. It must be noted, too, that this simplification does not result from lack of knowledge on the part of the author. *Listen, Bright Angel* evidences throughout a careful study of all available material. Some of it is, in fact, presented here for the first time. The story of the bride and bridegroom lost in the Canyon, for example, has appeared only in contemporary newspaper accounts, and no translation of the diary of Escalante has ever been published. The sections included in this book were translated by Mr. Corle himself from photostatic copies of the original.

Listen, Bright Angel is written in the same sprightly style, replete with dramatic incident, which made Corle's *Desert Country* outstanding in the "American Folkways Series." This latest book will have made its contribution felt when a deeper appreciation, based on understanding, appears behind the incredulous gaze of the tourist viewing for the first time America's number one scenic wonder.

THELMA CAMPBELL

River of the Sun: Stories of the Storied Gila, by Ross Calvin. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1946. \$3.50.

Open this book. The end papers fill the eye with rich decor from a Middle Gila Polychrome bowl. Splashing sunshine gold throws Tom Lea's design map of the Gila country across the top of the title page, whose casual, handlettered script and vigorous Bodoni Bold capitals invite and compel attention. From here on the charm of Ross Calvin's account of the Gila country takes over. And as Carl Hertzog's exciting arrangement of the chapter titles and flawless plan for the book support it, but never intrude upon it, the reader discovers again how much additional satisfaction can come out of a book which is so obviously a harmonious collaboration between author, designer, and editor. That the book was one of the monthly citations of the American Institute of Graphic Arts is small wonder. That it and Pauline Kibbe's *Latin Americans in Texas*, which recently won the Anisfield-Wolf Award, were both produced within the last two years at the University of New Mexico Press under the editorship of Dr. Dudley Wynn has been a fact too little remarked upon even in this home circle of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW and the University of New Mexico. In view, however, of Dr. Wynn's pending departure from the University, this department now takes the liberty of abandoning any pretense at a becoming professional modesty and sets about assigning—belatedly—credit where credit is due. The book section hopes it is not given to house organ tactics, but it announces its pride in these achievements nevertheless.

All this digression is no derogation whatever of Dr. Calvin's fine text for *River of the Sun*. His account of the "deep and reedy stream" encompasses the tales of Spanish exploration, of American territorial expansion—led by Kit Carson—along its course, of miners and agriculturalists, of Apaches

and cattle barons who left their mark on its territory. Dr. Calvin approaches the ideal in handling his material. He keeps color without "romance," fascinating fact without need for fiction, interest without catering to the sensational or sentimental. He is sensitive to plants and land and animals and men as they compose the picture along the Gila. He respects the country and its part in the stories which took place there. And what stories those are! Of Thomas the Lion, cattle baron; of Kit Carson and Kearny; of Geronimo and Cochise—all new again under his telling.

Close the book. By this time you will own—or be on your way to buy—a work which is fast becoming a collectors' item.

KATHERINE SIMONS

In a Yellow Wood, by Gore Vidal. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1947. \$2.75.

The Crow on the Spruce, by Chenoweth Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1946. \$2.50.

All Souls' Night, by John Kelly. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1947. \$3.00.

The Mountain Lion, by Jean Stafford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1947. \$2.75.

The Memorial: Portrait of a Family, by Christopher Isherwood. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, 1946. \$2.75.

Joy, by Georges Bernanos. New York: Pantheon Books Inc., 1946. \$2.75.

Under the Volcano, by Malcolm Lowry. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1947. \$3.00.

Christ Stopped at Eboli, by Carlo Levi. New York: Farrar, Straus and Company, Inc., 1947. \$3.00.

Competence, in our culture, is a sacrosanct virtue. It is The Goal of all other lesser goals. Do your job (motherhood, teaching, engineering, painting, writing) well, conscientiously, thoroughly. When the job is done, clean up, put your tools away, go home. Above all, be neat. Also, if the competence is sufficiently confirmed, certain other allowances are made: cleverness, wit (to amuse, not startle) and, possibly, an intermittent brilliance. These are nice attitudes, and they are on display everywhere, including a large number of recent novels.

In a Yellow Wood is Gore Vidal's second novel. His first one, *Williwaw*, about the Aleutians and the war, received exceptionally favorable reviews. The title, from a poem by Robert Frost, is supposed to indicate that the young central character, ex-officer of the war, has two roads stretching before him, in a yellow wood, and he must choose and follow one. I urge ex-G.I.'s, officers and enlisted men alike, to consider this dilemma: a good, it seems, job in a Wall Street brokerage house versus a beautiful Italian woman (whom the ex-officer met and slept with during his ETO duty). To make the choice harder, the Italian woman has money.

Vidal does provide a couple of effective scenes in the brokerage house, with the peculiar inhabitants of such places. He provides nothing else, except evidence that his competence is tremendous. There is narrative pace, recognizable dialogue, and a set-piece describing a homosexual intellectual, whose mannerisms Vidal daringly disapproves of. To complicate matters, Vidal dedicates his book to Anais Nin, and William Carlos Williams refers to Vidal as "devoted" and congratulates him.

Chenoweth Hall has written several fine short stories and in her short pieces has demonstrated a good minor talent for character and mood. In her first novel, *The Crow on the Spruce*, Miss Hall has done a good, competent, forgettable work. Her competence, at least, avoids trivia and is unafraid of sentiment. In this story of a factory, the factory town, and a group of factory-ridden families, Miss Hall's failure is one of judicious temperateness. Her account is discreet and moving, and one keeps wanting some discerning indiscretion, some spirited dismay.

John Kelly's *All Souls' Night* almost too patly illustrates the extraordinary competence of recent, new novelists. He has other acceptable virtues. He has apparently read everything. In chapter headings as well as in some of the most spurious dialogue of any season, Mr. Kelly relentlessly accounts for his wonderful literary knowledge. This is a novel about intellectuals, sensitive individuals, people with money, neuroses, position, and chronically puzzling dilemmas. From recent novels it has been established that a dilemma is something that besets only those who can be garrulous, and that the garrulousness is now an acceptable substitute for what used to be rather easily identified as searching articulation. Also, I wonder if it isn't time for someone, a novelist perhaps, to consider the insensitivities of many intellectuals; to consider the possibility at least that long-winded pseudo-exploring monologues are pretty transparent concealments for fatuousness; that the human act, the human tear, the human error, the human weakness are still rather good materials for the proof of sensibility.

In *Boston Adventure*, Jean Stafford's first novel, there was more than competent promise. There was pungency, and a remarkable perception of the circumstances under which character becomes fixed. In her second novel, *The Mountain Lion*, the gift for inferential social criticism is still excellent. The concern for the possibilities of character, as well as the conditions under which character is fertilized, is still marked. This is a story of childhood and adolescence, of a brother, eight, and his sister, ten. Miss Stafford's ear for the speech of children, as well as for that of Colorado ranchers, is a delight. Yet, there is an air of fastidiousness about the chronicling of the two children's ambivalent dependence on each other that is forced and uncertain. The inferred complexity of the sister's relationship to her brother seems imposed, rather than consequent upon their actual life together. The theme and experience of childhood is a great one, and, so far, novelists are confounded by it.

Christopher Isherwood's *The Memorial* was originally published sev-

eral years ago and its re-issue is a worthy event. This is a novel of intelligence, of considerable irony, and of tantalizing technical proficiency. Here are a group of middle-class English individuals in various stages of nostalgia, failure, ambition, and decline. Isherwood shifts his time periods with great effect, from 1928 to 1920, to 1925, and finally to 1929. Superficially this is a tricky device, but in Isherwood's hands it becomes resilient method for composing the responsiveness of character. Occasionally Isherwood's irony becomes thin, reducing episodes of potential power to situations of chatty tolerance. One is supposed to sense the impact of the socialist and trade union movement of the '20's on the lives of these people. Casual, almost indistinct, reference to workers' organizations is somehow deficient in introducing the notion that significant social change might unbalance the traditionally serene lives of Isherwood's serenely traditional people.

Georges Bernanos' *Joy* was first published in 1929, and is now available in English for the first time. Bernanos is a militant French Catholic writer whose Catholicism appears to transcend the vehement dutifulness of the doctrinaire. As a novelist, Bernanos' central engrossment has been the nature of innocence, sanctity, and grace. In our world, he has been able to dramatize with unusual power how sinister innocence and purity become in the presence of ambition, avarice, unscrupulousness. The unambitious, giant goodness of a priest creates terrified suspicion. The excellence of a pure impulse yields only consternation and criminal panic. These are themes, I believe, of special concern in our time. In *Joy* Bernanos gives us a young girl endowed with great grace and a mystical, rapturous love of God. His failure is neither the failure of competence nor the failure of nerve. The failure is the excellent one of creative risk. Few writers and artists appear willing or able to seize imaginatively such themes as this (not unsecular, either) and imperil their splendid competences.

Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano* overwhelmed the routinized reviewers into a stuttering fright, with frantic comparisons to everybody they could think of, including Lawrence and Joyce. If some of the redundant raving gets this fine novel read, then good. In an epoch when it is almost impossible to distinguish between praise and promotion, raving over a novel of the excellence of this one should at least sound as though an imagination were being celebrated, and not a brand of whiskey or a movie star. Lowry's novel deserves better critical responses, as well as many readers. The central figure in *Under the Volcano* is an alcoholic, an English consul, in Mexico. To say that this is a story of an alcoholic in Mexico during an emotional crisis (his former wife returns after a long separation) is to say practically nothing. Lowry has much and astonishingly moving things to say about Mexico, its people, its cantinas, its landscape, and its Fascist forces. The consul, for all of his virtuosic brilliance, has been weighted with too much symbolic baggage and is, ultimately, a synthetic figure. There are, also, extensive passages when it is impossible to know

what Lowry is saying or meaning to say. Mostly, though, this is an exuberant and impassioned work.

Carlo Levi's *Christ Stopped at Eboli* is the most satisfying of this current group. Although it is written as a straight account of a year's political exile in a remote village in southern Italy, it has, in addition, the textured acuteness of an act of the fictional imagination. Carlo Levi, an eminent modern Italian painter and philosopher, was exiled in 1935, at the time of Mussolini's Ethiopian war, for his unsalable anti-fascist position. Levi was also a trained physician, and it was in this role that he was able to have close and knowing relationships with the villagers of Gagliano. With Levi, the Italian peasant, under Fascism, is an even more powerful figure than Silone had imagined. Their bitteresses and their impoverished lives are rendered without an insipid remorsefulness. Instead, Levi, drawing upon his political convictions and his painter's love of the fabulous in the simply human, creates a jubilant sense of the unextinguishable sources of a peasantry's abundant spirit. A great book, I believe, and a work that no reader will experience without a renewed belief in the resources of compelling literary activity.

VINCENT GAROFFOLO

Bookman's Pleasure: a Recreation for Booklovers, compiled by Holbrook Jackson. New York: Farrar, Straus and Company, 1947. \$2.75.

Charles Lamb wrote to Bryan Waller Procter, "When my sonnet was rejected I exclaimed, 'Damn the age! I will write for antiquity'." When a lady sitting next to Anthony Trollope at dinner observed to him that he seemed to have a very good appetite, Trollope replied, "None at all, madam, but, thank God, I am very greedy." Anna Seward, the Swan of Lichfield, considered Southey's *Joan of Arc* "Nearer to *Paradise Lost* than any other epic attempt in our language." If anyone is interested in scores and scores of such fragmentary *curiosa literaria*, well chosen by Holbrook Jackson and arranged in thirty topical chapters, let him acquire a copy of *Bookman's Pleasure*. The book is usefully indexed, and items are dated and attributed to original sources.

"This anthology," the Preface declares, "shows what writers of books think of their predecessors, their contemporaries, and themselves." The primary intent of the book is to amuse, and booklovers of all kinds and tastes will find varied and choice amusement. The compiler ventures the supposition that "such an assemblage of self-revelatory passages might serve also . . . a more purposeful purpose: ethnological, perhaps, psychological, certainly." Whether so or not, amusement is not the worst purpose a book may have, and this little volume may also stimulate further bookish explorations. "I like books about books," wrote Charles Lamb, and so do I when they are as good as *Bookman's Pleasure*.

C. V. WICKER

Trollope: a Commentary, by Michael Sadleir. New York: Farrar, Straus and Company, 1947. \$4.00.

The history of Anthony Trollope is evidence indeed that the meek shall inherit the earth. For many years after Trollope's death in 1882 almost everyone who wrote of him wrote with dismissal or contempt. He was called banal, frumpish, featureless, commercial, unadventurous. Few writers fell so low after rising so high. The wheel has turned. For some twenty years now, almost everyone who writes of Trollope writes with respect and affection. The nature of the man and of his writing is esteemed. With Trollope for years one had to take sides. He was either a gruff, beefy Englishman; or he was a perceptive, compassionate man whose books encompassed the basic humanity of life. He was undistinguished merchant or quietly enthralling craftsman.

The quarrel has now dissipated itself. In 1927 the publication of Michael Sadleir's *Trollope* notably cleared the air. The book has now been reissued essentially unchanged, its virtues intact. What Mr. Sadleir bespoke in 1927 has come to pass—a success for Trollope in its way superior to that of Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot, or any Victorian.

There were giants in those days. In his modesty Trollope never considered himself their equal. Yet to Trollope has come a popularity not achieved by his peers. No season now passes without a new study of Trollope; the University of California issues a periodical named in his service *The Trollopian*; and thirty-one of Trollope's books are alive in popular reprint series. Dickens can boast of but half that number, and Thackeray hardly a tenth. Writing in his *Autobiography* the undemanding Trollope doubted that he would long be remembered. He who did not ask has received.

Let it first be said that Mr. Sadleir's book is a milestone, in many ways the pattern of judicious but loving examination of a literary man. Then four matters may be allowed:

(1) Trollope possesses a gift not adequately treated in any critique of the man. That is wit. Reading Trollope is enjoyment as well as perception. The series known as *The Chronicles of Barsetshire* rests on an ambience of keen English wit: a swift side glance, a certain dryness, a phrase and no more. Elephantine though his bulk, Trollope is blood brother to Puck. His best books are luminous with a shining humor.

(2) When Trollope was forty-five years old he met Kate Field, an American girl of twenty. Mr. Sadleir writes: "In love with her he certainly was." For proof is cited a number of innocuous letters, less passionate by far than avuncular. This is not the stuff of love.

(3) All the more perplexing, then, is the treatment of Rose Heseltine, Trollope's devoted wife for thirty-eight years. Here is the woman he loved and knew best; here is the model from whom he inevitably drew much that appears in his books. Mr. Sadleir grants her one brief paragraph early in

the book and one hasty parenthesis at the end. Verily the rewards of matrimony are scant.

(4) So candid and mature are Mr. Sadleir's reflections on Trollope's achievements that one greatly regrets that his book lacks a considered examination of Trollope's *Autobiography*. This is a book that has added well-nigh a new dimension to English prose. It has a lucidity so honest, a temper so clear, a steady perspicacity so lustrous that one hardly knows where to find its like. Perhaps only the autobiography of John Stuart Mill approaches it. The *Autobiography* seals Trollope's fame. Its brilliance shrivels the work of lesser men and makes the reader understand, almost with a catch at the heart, that here was a man in truth.

WILLIS D. JACOBS

Henry Adams and His Friends: a Collection of His Unpublished Letters, compiled, with a biographical introduction, by Harold Dean Cater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1947. \$7.50.

On the way home after a visit you say to your companion, "That Henry's quite a boy."

"Well—" your companion replies, "yes, the same old Henry."

"And maybe quite a great boy, in spite of all the whimsy with his nieces."

"Oh, greater than ever. At least I feel it more. He's just the same, but he grows on us."

After renewing acquaintance with Henry Adams in the latest collection of his letters, this is the way you may feel. You hear him say the same things he has said before, but to different people and with a different twist. He still remains the Adams of *The Education*, *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, and of the earlier volumes of letters, but the proportions are somewhat changed. Happily, he does not express his anti-Semitism as viciously as elsewhere. He writes less fully about his interpretation of history with its dismal patterning through inverse squares: 90,000 years of religion to 1600; 300 years of mechanics to 1900; 18 years of electricity to 1918; and 4 years of radium and boom. But his early and later work in history becomes more imposing, though his years of teaching at Harvard still remain obscure. The curious history of the publication of his two novels emerges more fully, and his letters from the South Seas give an even livelier account than ones printed before. There is greater emphasis upon his relationship with intimates and upon the activity and interests of his later years.

In enlarging our view of Adams, these expansions do not essentially modify it. I thus disagree with the editor, who urges that the letters give Adams an endearing, a tender and compassionate personality. It's nice he's nice, if he is; but good manners and a sympathetic nature do not make greatness. Besides, the new letters present a Henry Adams still sharp and bitter in wisdom, as when he writes to his favorite niece upon her betrothal or to a young friend about his poetry.

I do agree with the editor's belief in Adams' greatness. It is a curious sort of greatness, for it is that neither of a great thinker (if he anticipates a Darwin in history, he isn't one) nor of a great creative artist. Adams is not a great man by the usual standards. He is a great failure, as he told us in his *Education*. With intelligence and detachment he knew the modern world, and he knew what he as modern man was up against. In 1912 he wrote to his brother, "I fear my tail-feathers will be caught, after all, for although I have reached my seventy-fifth year, and am rotting to pieces in every sense, I think the damned world rots faster than I." Though he could have shifted his position or made it more comfortable, he did not. For that we admire him and sense his tragic quality.

In an introduction of one hundred pages Mr. Cater gives his own report of his acquaintance with Adams. Drawing upon thorough knowledge of the extensive materials, he has written a full biographical sketch. Though in the sketch Mr. Cater wrongs Adams by poohpoohing his subject's pessimism and by relying too greatly upon the doting reminiscence of the nieces, he more than compensates by the splendid editing of the volume.

GEORGE ARMS

The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds, by Ferris Greenslet. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1946. \$4.00.

Viewed from the daily welter of private and public mediocrity, the pageant of accomplishment laid before us by Mr. Greenslet is almost shocking. Such discrepancies are always painful. Yet the Lowells were the product of a unique heritage—of wealth and security, generally, but also of character and intellect—and if their precocity is rare, the rareness of their heritage is grounds for both despair and hope. The latter resides in the Emersonian representation of Mr. Greenslet's Preface: ". . . I have tried to make [the book] not so much the success story of a family as a chronicle play of New England history for three centuries, seen through the family's eyes and dramatized in its actions." And, if one wishes, he may see the accomplishment of character and intellect as more than sectional—more, even, than national.

Granted that the Lowells enjoyed unusual opportunities, the appropriateness of the motto *Occasionem cognosce*, which was added to their coat of arms in 1767 by the Reverend John Lowell, is unquestionable. The first of the Lowells' seven worlds is that of Old Percival, who, leaving tax-ridden Bristol in 1639, established his family in "The New World," and still that of his great-great grandson, the Reverend John Lowell, first of the Lowells to graduate from Harvard, a liberal but firm divine, and "very early a Unitarian, as his descendants were to be after him." His son, another John Lowell, the "Old Judge," represents the world of "Revolution." Although slow to accept the necessity of war, he saw military service, but proved "more useful to his town and commonwealth as a lawmaker," served in the Continental Congress, and prospered at the Bar. In the third world, "The Tur-

bid Time" after the revolution, the Old Judge's son, John Lowell "The Rebel," contributed to the *Federalist*, opposed "Mr. Madison's War" of 1812, practiced law but turned from it to agriculture, theological controversy, travel, and numerous public services. During the same period his brother Francis Cabot Lowell mechanized and centralized the New England textile industry, and perhaps influenced by Robert Owen, planned an industrial community to promote the health and character of his employees. The "Periclean Age" centers about John Amory Lowell, "only son of the Rebel, millionaire, banker, Trustee of Lowell Institute, Fellow of Harvard, where he was influential in strengthening the faculty and in the choice of six presidents." Of the three Lowells killed in the Civil War, Charles Russell Lowell, Jr., is Mr. Greenslet's hero of the fifth world. "... Scholar, mechanic, traveller, railroad treasurer, ironmaster"—possessed withal of a "keen social conscience" and deep affections—he rose, at twenty-nine, to the command of a brigade of Union cavalry and, already seriously wounded, led the charge in which he was shot down. The Lowells of the last two worlds need only be named. "Victorian New England" is represented, of course, by James Russell, and the "New World Again" by Percival in science, Guy and Amy in the arts, and Lawrence in education. Although many other Lowells appear, usually at the top of a Harvard graduating class, these are the central characters in Mr. Greenslet's book.

This is not an intimate biography. As suggested in the Preface, private life is subordinated to public or at least to professional interests and accomplishments. The style, appropriately, is more formal than otherwise, but a few sentences could be simplified to advantage:

Providentially for the Northern army, the God, that the Colonel's twice great-grandfather told Colonel Titcomb's force, departing for the capture of Crown Point, is never neutral in battle, took a hand in affairs at Cedar Creek, got the Colonel out of bed at four-thirty and started him out on a reconnaissance in force in front of the right wing at five-fifteen.

Occasionally in tracing the generations of Lowells, Mr. Greenslet includes rather bare accounts of births, marriages, and deaths that would seem to require an ardent genealogist to relish; but not infrequently a letter or other personal detail gives depth and color to the portraiture. The chapter on Colonel Charles Lowell is warm and moving and, in the best sense of the word, heroic. Of Percival, Amy, and Lawrence Mr. Greenslet contributes personal recollections. Accounts of relevant but little-known events—like the Jason Fairbanks murder case—add interest, human as well as antiquarian.

Nor is this book primarily a critical biography; but although Mr. Greenslet is sympathetic, neither is it panegyric. Much of the evidence is reported objectively, as it may well be in support of Mr. Greenslet's closing words: "It is not easy to think of another American family [than the Adamses and the Lowells] that has done more for its country through a

longer period on a higher level. . . . The old . . . families still stand, symbols and examples that we shall be ill advised to ignore, the enduring core of the living and fruitful past."

W. P. ALBRECHT

Shakespeare and the Popular Dramatic Tradition, by S. L. Bethell; introduction by T. S. Eliot. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1944. \$3.00.

S. L. Bethell brilliantly expounds the thesis that in Shakespeare's plays there is the frequent implication of a dual consciousness, or multiconsciousness, of different "planes of reality," of unannounced shifts from naturalistic to symbolic treatment. To put the matter another way, Shakespeare's audience was capable of taking in meanings on different levels at once. Freedom from the later naturalistic drama's fetish of consistency and realism gave Shakespeare a dramatic method that is flexible, poetic, subtle, capable of carrying complex meanings.

The theory aids immeasurably in the reading of many of Shakespeare's works. "Dual time," the use of "past history and current affairs . . . simultaneously" in the chronicles and in *King Lear*; the importance of the "sumptuous armor . . . putrified core" business in *Troilus and Cressida*; the way in which Shakespeare can shift from naturalistic presentation of character to the old convention of having a character in soliloquy mark out and emphasize those traits which the audience must not overlook, whether or not the character's speaking thus would be "natural"; the absence of any scruple about glancing from the world of the play to the real world and back again; the way in which Touchstone in *As You Like It* can be taken as a wit (because he is a professional jester) and as a fool in practical life (because he is a fool)—all these matters and many others well fit the theory of "multiconsciousness." And many of Bethell's interpretations of plays, whether or not the interpretations and the theory always solidly support each other, are highly profitable in themselves.

On the whole, many of the ramifications into which Mr. Bethell carries his theory seem to bear little relationship to "popular dramatic tradition." It is difficult to see, for instance, how the Rome-Egypt conflict of values in *Anthony and Cleopatra* relates exactly to a popular audience's multiconsciousness. The phenomenon of dramatic or unconscious irony, which the author seeks to give a fancier name, "the method of prophetic exegesis," has long been known and explained without reference to multiconsciousness or "various levels of meaning." It has long been known that Prospero's speech about dreams and the "insubstantial pageant" that a play is (and, by extension, that life is) has hints of Platonism in it, suggestions of a reality behind appearances. The theory of multiconsciousness helps little here. To support a theory that Shakespeare's characters often are not drawn with psychological realism but embody quite contradictory "double natures" requiring multiconsciousness for understanding by an audience,

Bethell cites Claudius in *Hamlet*, assuming that when Claudius makes a show of strength toward Laertes he is inconsistent with his otherwise weak and vacillating self. Much of the best recent criticism, notably that of Kittredge, grounded solidly in a knowledge of Elizabethan drama, holds Claudius to be consistently a strong character.

Although Bethell seeks to re-emphasize the importance of the "popular dramatic convention" in Shakespeare's work, he does not go to the extreme that E. E. Stoll goes, namely, that of holding that Shakespeare is first, last, and always nothing but convention. Indeed, Bethell is interested in the plays as subtle complexes of poetry, symbol, action, character, and idea. Because he follows the tendency of contemporary criticism to read the plays as works of art, one is perhaps justified in feeling a bit chagrined that Bethell rides his theory so hard as to deny to Malvolio any touch of pathos or tragedy. Multiconsciousness, indeed, is perhaps served just as well by our seeing Malvolio as silly and as a life-denier, on the one hand, and as a pathetic figure when thrown into contrast with the spontaneous but undisciplined Maria, Toby, and Fabian, on the other hand.

Despite some slight warping and tugging to fit things to a theory, *Shakespeare and the Popular Dramatic Tradition* presents a constantly perceptive and sensitive interpretation. Mr. Bethell keeps his eye upon the plays as art and is not averse to finding live values in some of the popular art of today.

DUDLEY WYNN

Elizabeth and Leicester, by Milton Waldman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1945. \$3.00.

One begins this book with enthusiasm, pursues it with interest and delight, and lays it down with the mistrust usually accorded a work which smacks of the popular done at the expense of sound and considered judgment. Here is Elizabethan England and two of its most vigorous personalities presented with well-chosen and full-bodied detail from many good sources, particularly the letters of Elizabeth and Leicester. The book is always concrete and pictorial, from the first chapter, "Elizabethan Panorama," to the account of Dudley's last days, after the Netherlands fiasco and the glow of the victory over the Armada. Emerging from the shadow of his father's conviction for treason to prosper as Elizabeth's favorite, her rival for power, and trusted noble, Leicester lived always in unpopularity and suspicion at court, but always, in and out of favor, secure in his personal importance to Elizabeth, rail at him though she must. That story is all here. So is the story of the death of Amy Robsart, which Mr. Waldman decides in favor of the verdict of suicide. So is the estimate of Elizabeth's actions in the Netherlands campaign, which she thwarted out of her own fear of Leicester's ambition and possible success. These presentations are positive values in the book.

In the midst of this plenty, one encounters disturbing minor comment,

tossed off casually but amounting to the kind of snap judgment which destroys faith in the scholarly competence of the author. Is it too much to ask that so readable a book be also sound and judicious in every respect? After remarking the unusual objectivity of the Elizabethans, Mr. Waldman uses Shakespeare for proof of his point, in the following terms: he mentions how little we know of the poet and dramatist save for "his towering genius and tireless industry" devoted "according to meagre extrinsic evidence" to the "purpose of improving his financial status." And he continues, "Not a real glimmer otherwise does the whole corpus of his work throw on the hidden texture of the spirit out of which it was fashioned." One hopes that Mr. Waldman knows his Elizabeth and his Leicester better than he evidently does his *Hamlet* and his *Lear*. For this reviewer, for whom the situation is reversed, uneasiness attends the pleasure of the reading thenceforward, and the nagging query keeps raising its ugly little head—what kind of Elizabethan scholar is this who so airily dismisses the gleanings of Shakespearean scholarship? What sense of proportion, what real examination of the complete material has gone into the making of this entertaining book?

KATHERINE SIMONS

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

Lyle Saunders

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THIS BIBLIOGRAPHY, a service of the University of New Mexico's Research Bureau on Latin America and Cultural Relations in the Southwest, attempts to list, with such thoroughness as time and resources permit, current materials dealing with the Southwest. The Southwest, as here defined, includes all of New Mexico and Arizona, and parts of Texas, Utah, Oklahoma, Colorado, Nevada, and California.

The symbol (F) designates fiction; (J) is used to indicate materials on the juvenile level.

Included in this issue are mainly those titles which were published or came to our attention between March 1 and April 30, 1947. Changes in the publication dates of the **QUARTERLY REVIEW** make it necessary that issues 19-22 each cover only a two-months period. However, beginning with issue 23, we shall again return to a three-months interval.

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LOS PAISANOS

Saludo a Todos Los Paisanos:

Some time when you are in a browsing mood take a look at *Pioneer Western Empire Builders*, by Frank M. King. The author is associate editor of the *Western Livestock Journal*, and the book was privately published by the Trail's End Publishing Company, Incorporated. It is not the type of volume that one can sit down and read from cover to cover, because the chapters are not arranged chronologically, but there is a wealth of material in it concerning characters, places, and events of the Old West. I was particularly interested in the chapters on "The Arbuckle Ranch" and "The Correct Story and Trade Mark on Arbuckle's Coffee." This brand of coffee has assumed legendary proportions and today symbolizes a phase of pioneer life related not only to cowboys and Indians, but to "rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief." From the point of view of legend, everyone in Albuquerque drank Arbuckle's coffee up to about the turn of the century, but from that time on no housewife would be caught dead with a package of it on her shelves. The advertising approach to this particular beverage differed—in kind but not in degree—from the modern method of hooking the customer. You didn't have to be smart or to know all the answers in those days in order "to win a prize." All you had to do was to save the coupon that came in each package, sign it, and put it away in a safe place. When nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand coupons were accumulated, you sent them to the factory and back would come the diamond ring, or the lace doily, or "the doll with real hair." Along with the coffee coupons, people also saved soap wrappers and followed the same procedure in order to win a premium. The author of *Western Empire Builders* gives this interesting close-up of the coupon era in relation to Arbuckle's coffee:

In a single year the premium department received more than one hundred and eight million coupons calling for more than four million premiums. These premiums included 818,929 handkerchiefs, 211,000 pairs of lace curtains; 185,920 Torrey razors besides finger rings, and other jewelry of all descriptions. A heap of our readers are still wearing some of that jewelry, and I have had letters from some old timers who are still shaving with some of the razors, a number of whom got them over fifty years ago.

According to Carl Hertzog, publisher of that perfectly beautiful book *Twelve Travelers*, only a few copies of the first edition are now available. The original drawings by Tom Lea were bought by Mr. E. H. Will, president of the El Paso Electric Company, and will be presented to the El Paso Public Library. In September, Mr. Will will present to the El Paso Schools 20,000 facsimile copies in a handsome pamphlet one-fourth the size of the original edition. At the same time a thirteen-week radio program will be presented (each of the characters dramatized) and the original full-sized pages of the book will appear in the El Paso newspapers.

Latin Americans in Texas, written by Pauline R. Kibbe, has been awarded the \$1,000 *Saturday Review of Literature* Anisfield-Wolf prize for the best non-fiction book of the year on race relations. We were very much interested in the award because the book was published by the University of New Mexico Press as Studies Number 3 in the Inter-American Affairs Series. The announcement by the Press of their forthcoming publications is interesting. Here is their list of scheduled releases: *Sun in Your Eyes*, by Owen Arnold; *The Frieda Lawrence Collection of D. H. Lawrence Manuscripts*, by E. W. Tedlock; *Arauco Tamed*, translated from Peruvian by P. T. Manchester and C. M. Lancaster; the re-issue of *Sky Determines*, by Dr. Ross Calvin; and a book about early Albuquerque, by Erna Fergusson, as yet untitled. . . .

Hail Chant and Water Chant, recorded by Mary C. Wheelwright with Commentary by Dr. Phyllis Ackerman, is now available at the Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art in Santa Fe. The book is the second volume in the *Navajo Religion Series* and is illustrated with twenty-four sand paintings and ritual objects reproduced in serigraph color plates by Louie Ewing. Miss Wheelwright dropped in for a visit the other day and told us that eventually all the material collected in the Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art will be published, thereby giving a comprehensive presentation of Navajo religion. She suggested

that interested students might enjoy *The Winged Serpent*, by Margot Astrov. John Day Company published it.

If you are thinking about writing a book and haven't decided whether to write one on the value of the caesura in blank verse, or white elephants and how to get rid of them, I have a suggestion to make. Why don't you write a Western? According to the publishers, the vogue for writing Westerns may become a trend. At any rate, Simon and Schuster have inaugurated a special division of publications called Essandess Westerns. The following announcement by them may be of interest to you if you can understand it: "We like to publish good novels and see no reason why the classification 'Western' should any longer keep a good novel from reaching the public that would enjoy it, were they to read it." The New Mexico Book Store reports that popular books recently published include *The Big Sky*, by A. B. Guthrie; *Blood Brother*, by Elliott Arnold; and *The Olivers*, by Robert and Margaret Bright. *Taos Artists*, by Mabel Dodge Lujan, is scheduled for fall publication by Duell, Sloan and Pearce. . . . Recent Albuquerque guests included Odell Shepard, Agnes Morley Cleaveland, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brooks. . . . Dr. Howard Raper, author of *Man Against Pain*, returned recently from giving a lecture series in the South. While in Louisville, Kentucky, Dr. Raper heard the entire recording of his book, soon to be released by the Institute for the Blind.

New Mexicans will always revere the memory of Willa Cather from a personal perspective because of her beautiful and authentic achievement in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. The theory that writers are most successful when writing about people and environments they know best, is certainly negated when considering this book. Miss Cather spent less than a year in this state gathering background material. Most of that time she lived in Santa Fe at the home of Mary Austin. The two main sources used for the book were *Soldiers of the Cross: Notes on the Ecclesiastical History of New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado*, by the Most Reverend J. B. Salpointe; and *Life of Bishop Machebeuf*, by the Reverend W. J. Howlett. According to a recent article by E. K. Brown in the *Yale Review* on Willa Cather, "she was interested in writing a book on Archbishop Lamy for a long time, but she shied away from it in the conviction that it was a subject for a Catholic author." He further states that she had borne the memories of this landscape in her mind for a long time.

In evaluating the work of Sara Orne Jewett (whom she admired

intensely) Willa Cather stated: "I like to think with what pleasure, with what a rich sense of discovery the young student of American literature in far distant days to come will take up *The Country of the Pointed Firs* and say, 'A Masterpiece.'" No more significant tribute can be paid to Willa Cather than by applying those words to *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. We in New Mexico know that "in far distant days to come" future generations will read the book with a rich sense of discovery of their cultural heritage. We of this generation bequeath it to them as part of their literary heritage.

Hasta la próxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER

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