The Hills West of Noon

by Ivan Doig

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moved each morning, he would be cradled like a prince between somebody's lap and the saddle pommel as the horses shouldered through the timber.

But in this season on the final mountain, the surprising drifter ducking through swags of pine branches on the back of a horse is me. Later, my father would never tire of telling what a cantankerous rider I made. The only thing we could get you to ride was a sawbuck pack saddle. You know what they are, like a little sawhorse setting on top of the saddle rigging. Hard as a rasp to sit on, but you straddled in there like it was the only thing going. Ride sometimes half a day in it. You were a stubborn little dickens. This, with the grin up at me as I loomed half a head over him.

My own best-remembered moment from that far summer matched the same sober cussedness. I have been given a bow and a few arrows, maybe an early gift for my birthday. Time after time, my arrows fly far from the paper target my father has tacked to the back of the cabin. I pout, kick at the high bunchgrass as I think. Then I edge close until the round sharp tip of the arrow hangs inches from the paper. I let go the bowstring, and

as hawks with wind under our wings. Once a week, the camptender from the home ranch would come the dozen miles of trail to us. The blaze-faced sorrel he rode and the packhorse haltered behind would plod in from the shadows which pooled in our valley under the shouldering slopes, until at last the rider ~~would~~ stepped off from his stirrups into the cabin clearing and unknotted from the packsaddle the provision sacks, faded white as tiny clouds, which bulged with our groceries and mail. My father, with his wise tucked grin, surely tossed a joke: Hullo, Willie. Bring us that side of T-bones and a barrel of whiskey this time, did ye? I've told ye and told ye, our menu needs some fancying up...As surely, my mother would have appeared from the cabin, her small smile bidding the caller to the tin mug of coffee in her hands. As surely again, I would have been at the provision sacks as my father began to unpack them, poking for the tight-rolled bundle of comic books which came for me with the mail.

Minutes later the camptender would be resaddled and riding from sight. For the next seven mornings again, until his hat and shoulders began to show over the trail crest another time, only the three of us nestled there in the clean blue weather of the soundless mountains.

Three of us, and the sheep scattered down meadow slopes like a slow, slow avalanche of fleeces. Before I was born, my mother and father had lived other herding summers, shadowing after the sheep through the long pure days until the lambs had

fattened for shipping. You wouldn't believe the grouse that were on those slopes then. The summer we were married and went herding on Grass Mountain, all that country was just alive with grouse then. I'd shoot them five at a time, and your mother -- your mother'd cook them at noon when the sheep had shaded up. We'd eat one apiece and seal the rest in quart jars and cool them in the spring water so we'd have them cold for supper. They were the best eatin' in this world. Lot of times we'd have them for breakfast too, before we moved camp. Y'see, on forest reserve you're supposed to move camp about every day. The first summer there on Grassy, we moved camp fifty-eight times in the first sixty days. We had a brand new box camera we were awful proud of, and we'd take a picture of our campsite every time. Your mother...

The pair of words would break him then, and fool that I could be, I would look aside from his struggling face. In these afteryears, it is my turn for the struggle inside the eyes and along the drop of throat, for I have the album pages of those campsites along the ridgelines and swale meadows of their first summer mountain.

Off the stiff black pages, two almost-strangers grin out into my eyes, like past neighbors seen again across ~~the~~ too many years, and I wonder at all I know and do not know of these two:

My father looks stronger than I ever knew him, and even more handsome, the straight broad lines of his face framed cleanly around the dimple-scar in the center of his chin. His

stockman's hat has been crimped carefully, sits on his head at a perfect angle. His shoulders line out level and very wide for a man just five and a half feet tall, but this strength at the top of him trims away to a lower body slender as a boy's. I am reminded that he was so slim down the waist and hips that the seat of his pants forever bagged in, and the tongue of his belt had to flap far past the buckle, as if trying to circle him twice. Certain photos catch him as almost mischievous, cocking the dry half-grin which sneaks onto my own face as I look at him. In others there is a distance to him, a sense that except for accident he might be anywhere else in the world just now, and maybe a being entirely unlike the one I know here. In any pose, he looks at the camera squarely, himself a kind of lens aimed back at the moment.

To see him, the several hims encamped across the pages, is to begin listening for the burred voice, the retellings, the veers and jogs of his life: Ivan, I think I'll take on those two band of sheep for McGrath. ~~They say~~ He's a bearcat to work for, but the son-of-a-buck knows livestock and he knows how to turn money.... That place was a haywire outfit from the start, or I'll put in with you. They had men on that place that by God you wouldn't send to fetch a bucket of water or they'd bring it back upside down. Cliff and I stood it for about a week, then we told the boss to ~~write 'er~~ write 'er out for us, we were heading for town....This doctor now, I don't know about him. If I was in as good a shape as he says I am, I wouldn't be sick atall....

Again the sentences snap, I see the handsome steady mouth clamp itself, the chin-dot of scar come close beneath, small but deep like a tool mark nicked in when his strong head was carved. A single ~~slight~~ quick notch at the bottom of his face, as if it might be the first lightest scratch of calamity on him.

But my mother: my mother, here in some summer of early marriage, already seems frail, so slim--too light a being to last there so ~~near~~ the challenge of timberline. Again, because I know what was to come, I believe myself into the notion that I can read it all gathering on the album's somber paper. I print into my mind from her every pose how fine-boned she was, hardly more than tiny, with a roundish, slightly wondering face where most of my own is quickly read. I coax from the photos ~~any~~ all detail which seems to tell the sickness eroding in her; the pinch across her slender shoulders, the eyes which are almost too calm and accepting.

But the one thing which would pulse her alive for me does not come. I do not know the sound of her voice, ~~can~~ am never ~~know~~ to know it. Instead she is wound in the other voices tracked through the years. Her teacher at the one-room schoolhouse in a sea of sage: The first morning of school, here I saw this girl coming up on a black horse, just coming as fast as ever she could. And it was your mother, and she was rushing up to tell me there were mice in the well, and not to use that water. The rancher's wife who had neighbored with her in some summer

of haying: I wouldn't see anyone for hours, and I would go across to your house and there your mother would be reading to you. She'd read by the hour, on a hot afternoon she'd keep you so cool and quiet just sitting there reading....She was so quiet, had such a soft fine voice. The forest ranger who oversaw their range that early ~~summer~~ season on Grass Mountain: She could do about anything a man could -- ride, sling a pack, any of that. She even knew how to trap. We talked sometimes about runnin' a trapline, and I know she did in winters later on. But she had to be careful, y'know, anything she did, or she'd choke right down, short of breath.

Yes. This album of summers again, as if I might finger through the emulsion patterns to the moments themselves. At the backs of my familiar photoed strangers, always a forest, and always sunlight spattering down through the pine boughs to their rough shirt fronts. The canvas slopes of their tent are triangled grayly at the back of the day camp. Two black herding dogs, ears up in dog surprise, ~~watch~~ study the lens. A pair of saddlehorses ~~gawp~~ K in from the grassy fringes of camp as if afraid any attention might go by them. One creature in these early pictures does not fit, and this intrigues me -- the pet which is being stroked in my mother's hands. Those first seasons of following the sheep, my parents kept with them in their daily sift through the forest, ~~an~~ a cat, an independent ~~minded~~ gray-and-white tom they had named Pete Olson. Somehow, amid the horses and dogs and sheep, and the coyotes and bobcats which ranged close to camp,

Pete Olson rationed out his nine lives in nighly prowls of the mountain. Then as camp was moved each morning, he would be cradled like a prince between somebody's lap and the saddle pommel as the horses shouldered thorugh the timber. My parents were childless then, told by doctors that they might always be. If the prediction had held, if I had never been, would any but the ~~silent alien~~ astral glance of a cat ever have seen into those far summers of theirs? Would that time be different for not having met my eyes?

Yet the two are met, and in this season on the final mountain, the surprising drifter ducking through swags of pine branches on the back of a horse has become me. Later, my father would never tire of telling what a cantankerous source of pride I made in that riding family. The only thing we could get you on was a sawbuck pack saddle. You know what they are, like a little sawhorse setting on top of the saddle rigging. Hard as a rasp to sit on, but you straddled in there like it was the only thing going. Ride sometimes half a day in it. You were a stubborn little dickens. This, with the grin up at me as I loomed half a head over him. As I tried to find in myself that small flinty son from the past.

Wherever it may point, my own clearest moment of myself in that far summer has the mood of sober cussedness he recalled. I had been given a bow and a few arrows, likely an early gift for my birthday. Time and again, my arrows whacked far from

the paper target my father had tacked to the side of the cabin.

I see myself pouting it out, kicking at the tan bunchgrass as I think,
as the creek makes its shying mutter. Then I edge close to the cabin
wall until the round sharp tip of the arrow hangs inches from the paper.
I let go the bowstring, and the bullseye ~~rips~~ slashes open with a hard snapping sound.

That, with every instant of remembering clear as the noon air. Yet of my mother's death, whatever I try, just a single flicker, dim and hurtful, ever is called back: the asthma has claimed her, there are only two breathings in the cabin now, my father is touching me awake in lantern glow, his shadow hurled ~~far~~ high up onto the wall, to say she is dead, Ivan, your mother is dead, sobbing as the words choke him.

The start of memory's gather: June 27, 1945. I have become six years old, my mother's life has drained out at 31 years. And in the first gray daylight, dully heading our horses around from that cabin of the past, my father and I rein away toward all that would come next.

Memory is a set of sagas we live by, much as the Norse wildmen in their bear shirts did. That such rememberings take place in a single cave of brain rather than half a hundred minds warrened into one another makes them sagas no less. By now, my days would seem blank, unlit, if these familiar surges did not come. A certain turn in my desk chair, and the seat cushion must creak the quick dry groan of saddle leather under my legs--and my father's, and his father's. The taste in the air as rain comes over the city is forever a flavor back from a Montana community too tiny to be called a town. A man, the same college degrees after his name as mine, trumps in a debating point during a party argument, and my grandmother's words mutter in me on cue that he grins like a jackass eating thistles.

Rote moments, these, mysteryless in themselves. It is where they lead, and with what fitful truth and deceit, that tantalizes. If, somewhere beneath the blood, the past must beat in me to make a rhythm of survival for itself--to go on as this half-life which echoes steadily as a second pulse inside the ticking moments of my existence--if this is what must be, why is the pattern of remembered instants so uneven, so gapped and blotted? I can only believe it is because memory takes its pattern from the earliest moments in the mind, from childhood. And childhood is a most savage

italics

flame-lit and shadow-chilled
haunted time. Think once more how the world wavers and intones above us then. Parents behave down toward us as if they are tribal gods, as old and unarguable and almighty as thunder. Other figures loom in from next door and the schoolyard and a thousand lanes of encounter, count coup on us with whatever lessons of life they brandish, then ghost off. We peek into ourselves and find deviling there as well.

Riddles are delight at its most tricksterish high chant: Thirty-two white horses on a red hill. Now they're tramping, now they're champing, now they're standing still. Where are they? Bafflement to the other, triumph to you: In your mouth! And darker frolic: this first sudden set of years also is the one season of life, for

most of us, when we can kill emotionlessly--or worse, simply from curiosity, to see how the tiny mice prodded from their field nest are different, dead, from the tiny mice, alive, of an instant ago. Cruelty comes new to us, and astonishing, yet we are at our cruelest to each other, mocking playmates home in sobs. Marauders, we are marauded, too. Darkness blankets down around a child as if the planet's caves have emptied all their shadows over him. Everything fights the child's ambitions--fences reach too high, streets stretch are too wide, days too short and too long. Imagination is the single constant friend of the child, and even imagination does its share of betrayal, scowls itself in some stalled passage of time into scaredness and doubt.

Just so does life blaze and haunt around us before we learn we are sober creatures of civilization. Just so, when childhood itself has passed into the distance behind me, does my remembering of the thirty-year story that begins with my mother's last breath ~~and entwines three peculiar lives~~ go on the way it was recklessly shaped in me then.

something just short of a saboteur. He could go about his work for McGrath, as much of it as he did, in a slow huff and speechify inside himself about the misery of it all. McGrath, for his part, cussed Mickey elaborately at least once a week, with practice nips in between, and put him on the dreariest jobs that came up. Hornlocked together, they showed never a sign of value for one another, and every sign of going on with their blood feud until apoplexy truced it for one or the other of them.

But Rudy, the other longtime hand, would listen sharply to McGrath's orders, say in great agreement Right you are,

Valley (all caps, no underline)

The clockless mountain summers were over for my father. Forty-four years old, a ranch hand, now a widower, Charlie Doig had a son to raise by himself. He needed work which would last beyond a quick season. He had to ~~get~~ fix us under a roof somewhere, choose a town where I could ~~go~~ start to school, piece out in his own mind just how we were going to live from then on. It tells most about my father over the next years that I was the only one of those predicaments that ever seemed to grow easier for him.

Some homing notion said to bring us back to old ground; his mood, maybe, that we were lost enough without braving places he had never been. Beginning when his legs were long enough to straddle a horse's back, Dad had spent all but a few years of his life riding out after cattle and sheep across the gray

sage distances of the Smith River Valley and the foothill country hunkered all around it. Any ranch in sight could start a story: The winter of 'twenty-one, I helped that scissorbill feed his cattle. He worked a team of big roans on the hay sled. Oh, they were a pair of dandies . . . Diamond Tony was herding there on Grassy Mountain, and this one day he had a Wyoming scatter on the band, sheep from hell to breakfast...It was just up over that ridge, the two of us were ridin' fence. Pete ~~He~~ started working over that mare with his quirt again. Damn ~~'Dman~~ ye anyway,' I says to old mister Pete. 'Beat up on a horse like that, would ye?' I cussed him up one side and down the other, don't think I didn't... Into that remembered countryside, the two of us came now like skipping rocks shied across a familiar pond.

In the years beyond, when we would talk through that time and try to find ourselves there in the early lee of my mother's death, our tellings ~~rested~~ ended up athwart one another, like the stories of two survivors, each of whom had come to at a different moment and in a different corner of the scene. Such of each story, that is, as we allowed out of ourselves, for there too a difference sloped between us. It was my father's habit to say and re-say a version as it had first ~~the~~ taken shape in him. It ~~has been~~ became mine to mull and prod away at all versions. Yet between us, we ~~m~~ could summon a kind of truth about that fierce season of bewilderment.

Angus wasn't done with his haying yet, you remember. After your mother's funeral, he asked me to come help out. Yes. The ~~first~~ early weeks, the first act of rescue: Angus, my father's favorite brother, brought us to live with him and his family. We tucked ourselves into an upstairs room of the ranch house there. While Dad ~~mmm~~ worked in the hayfield, I was left at the ranch buildings to play with my three cousins.

PEGGY BARNETT

motion, rather than anything remotely resembling progress. And if this churning, mindless, self-contradictory, continually accelerating change—forcing the pace of life to pathological levels, attacking the preconditions of rationality—is permitted to continue, it will destroy us. We must somehow capture control of the basic change processes in the urban environment, decelerating some of them while we intelligently accelerate others.

We are going to need, therefore, a

Technology leads to physical objects that are cheaper to throw away than to repair, objects that pass into and out of our lives at a rapid clip. From birth on, our children are in a throwaway culture.

tic, carnival-like atmosphere, the "never-

headlines, from the Young Lords and Red Stockings to the Italian American Civil Rights League. We are constantly forced to rearrange the image-structures in our heads to make sense of the swirling phantasmagoria around us.

One day it is the naked man on the street corner, the next it is a washline of blue nurses' uniforms strung from building to building in the Cornell medical complex, part of the anti-war protest. ("Never seen nothing like it," my cabdriver grumbles, and he is not amused at the task of trying to understand what he sees. He is too busy dodging around a new construction site that wasn't there yesterday.) Another day it is a girl with supermammaries who creates a traffic-stopping crowd on Wall Street by simply strolling through the lunchtime snarl. Or it is a postal strike, a telephone crisis, a gay-in, a bomb scare, a black-out or a black-in—the first black family on Lily-white block. Blue Cross covers abortion. The city's principal product is not rags, words or money. It is novelty.

All this gives New York its surrealis-

no 4

to play with my cousins. This again was something new and unfair in my life. Before, the aloneness of the way we lived, out on a foothills ranch or in the Bridger peaks, had spread open my days for whatever I could think up. If I wanted to spend half the day eight hours face down over the creek trying to scoop my hand under tadpoles, I did it. If I wanted to play a pretend game of flipping rocks at a tree and making with my mouth the kchew kchew sound of shooting with my mouth, I did that. But now such lonesome pleasures were crowded away. Now, just as my mother had, my aloneness was dying, and ~~[illegible]~~ that loss mourned hard in me, too.

4 Then, wouldn't you know it, ~~y'know,~~ Clifford came up with the idea of us moving in there with him so you could start to school. More easily can I imagine my father's life without me in it than without Clifford.

The two of them had been friends since before they could remember, left home together as ~~teenagers~~ youngsters to go off to a lumber town away out on the coast, cowboyed and drank and storied with one another, knew and liked each other in the ~~easy~~ automatic way that happens only a time or two during life. Clifford had come out of a homestead family as poor as the shale slopes crowding in on their shanty. He had never flinched from anything for very long ever since,

and he did not flinch now to take in his saddlefriend and a bereft boy. Well, hell, y'know, me an' Charlie was like brothers. Closer, maybe. I ~~could see~~ seen your dad was havin' a hard time gettin' over your mother's passin' away. I don't think he ever did get over it, in a way. Clifford's ranch lay a few miles from the valley's town, White Sulphur Springs, where I now began school. Each morning

with college degrees were being hired for $2000 a year -- now stood frozen year after year. Then in July, 1932, annual vacations were scrapped and the "Hoover holiday" was instituted -- two days off each month without pay.

For all that, a belt-tightened job was infinitely

Avises. For we now rent not only things, but people as well. Something like 500 companies in the U.S. now "rent" workers to industry—laborers, secretaries, engineers, models—people who step into a new job for a few hours or a few weeks, then plug out. S. A. Russo Jr., president of American Girl Service, one of the larger "temp" companies, says, "A successful temporary worker not only has to have ordinary job skills, or learn them fast, but must know how to make and break relationships with other people rapidly."

Throughout the high-technology nations, but particularly in the mega-cities like New York, we find, therefore, the same relentless pressure toward temporary human ties. And so it goes, a process of continual temporal contraction. Instead of conversations, we send high-speed communiqués back and forth among ourselves, and we search for all

the rich alone. The same pressure to hurry up—adapt quickly to novelty—is felt by the secretary, the salesman, the garment worker, and the Staten Island housewife. The hustle and bustle is intensifying, and it is more and more difficult to escape.

If squares in New York are beginning to resent or resist the constant speed-up, they are only discovering what the longhairs seem to have discovered a few years earlier. Thus the quietism and search for new ways to "opt out" or "cop out" that characterize certain (though not all) hippies may be less motivated by their loudly expressed aversion to the values of a technological civilization than by an unconscious effort to escape from a pace of life that many find intolerable. It is not accidental that they describe society as a "rat race"—a term that refers quite specifically to pacing.

Computers are revolutionizing Wall Street. Communications companies, from CBS and NBC to ITT and AT&T, are desperately trying to cope with advances in satellite technology and other transmission systems. Industries like printing, publishing and apparel manufacture are undergoing similarly rapid technological change, with upsetting consequences for the various unions involved. The fashion industry has to deal not merely with sudden new tastes and trends, many of them self-generated, but with new materials that simply never existed before—new plastics and fibers with strange and novel qualities.

All this directly influences the daily life of ordinary people, presenting them with new products to be marketed or bought, new forms of competition, new roles, new patterns of organization. For one thing, the rising level of novel-

a the trudge from the pickup to the high brick box of a school; came a too-quick trip to the schoolyard, and the trudge up a broad flight of stairs to the a classroom where I would be cooped for the day with twenty small strangers, not one of whom had ever ridden a sawbuck packsaddle or shot an arrow in the Bridger Mountains. Those early weeks in the first grade, there were only two little bursts blurts of excitement, set off any interest within me. We went through a drill about how to line up and quick-march out of the old brick building if it caught fire, which gave me hope that maybe it would. And one morning when we were fanned out around the teacher for reading, the blond girl sitting next to me peed her self pants and set up a sobbing howl as the rest of us backed off from her puddle and watched to see how school handled something like this. The teacher's hankie ended the tears, and a janitor with a mop sopped up the other. I sat with my feet up on the chair rungs for the next few days of reading lessons.

4 Those first weeks of school, they were a kind of a tough time for ye, weren't they? They were. Even before the alarming peeing, I was unimpressed with lessons, which seemed to be school's way of finicking around with things I could do quicker on my own. Already I could read whatever the surprised teacher could put in front of me, and add or subtract numbers as fast as she chalked them on the blackboard. How this had come to be, I was unsure; I only knew that I could not remember when I [illegible] hadn't been able to read, and that the numbers sorted out their own sum s before I had to give any close them real attention. School struck seemed to me as a kind of job where you weren't allowed to do anything; I had free time in my head by the dayfull, and spent it all in being lonesome for ranch life and its grownups and its times of aloneness. To keep what I could of myself, I moped away alone off on my own every recess and lunch hour, then sulked in some corner of the playfield after school until I could see Dad or Clifford driving up the street to fetch me.

". . . It is impossible to understand what is happening to human relationships in America unless we examine their duration . . ."

neighborhoods and put up new ones at a mind-numbing rate.

A few years ago my wife sent my daughter, then 12, to an A & P supermarket a few blocks from our East Side apartment. Our little girl had been there only once or twice before. Half an hour later she returned, perplexed. "It must have been torn down," she said. "I couldn't find it." It hadn't been. New to the neighborhood, Karen had merely looked on the wrong block. But she is a child of the Age of Transience, and her assumption—that the building had been razed and replaced—was a natural one for a 12-year-old growing up in New York at this time.

That the duration of our ties with the physical environment is shrinking is also underscored by the rise of the whole throwaway economy. Technology leads to physical objects that are cheaper to throw away than to repair, so that a child growing up in America today, especially New York, finds himself surrounded by all kinds of things that pass into and out of his life at a rapid clip. Diapers, bibs, paper napkins, Kleenex, towels, non-returnable soda bottles are all used up quickly in the home and ruthlessly eliminated. The child quickly learns that home is a processing machine through which objects

rent gowns, crutches, jewels, TV sets, camping equipment, air conditioners, wheelchairs, linens, skis, tape recorders, champagne fountains and silverware, and the East Side is dotted with "swinging pads" filled with rented furniture.

Just as we are speeding up the turnover of things in our lives, we are also ephemeralizing our connections with *places*. The average rural person, even the average New Yorker in the past, used to stay very much put. Today most of us are moving around at high speed, like particles in an accelerator, so that our psychological and physical ties with any one place grow less and less durable. New York is filled with executive "high-mobiles" for whom repeated residential relocation is simply an accepted part of the job. The *Wall Street Journal* refers to "corporate gypsies" in an article headlined HOW EXECUTIVE FAMILY ADAPTS TO INCESSANT MOVING ABOUT COUNTRY. It describes the life of M. E. Jacobson, an executive with Montgomery Ward. He and his wife, both 46 at the time the story appeared, had moved 28 times in 26 years of married life. "I almost feel like we're just camping," his wife tells her visitors. Their case is atypical, but in 70 major U.S. cities, including

If the typical New Yorker is making and breaking his ties with things and places more rapidly than, say, a typical resident of Springfield, Missouri, he also is making and breaking ties with *people* at a faster clip. Urban sociologists from Weber to Wirth have talked about the impersonality of human ties in the city. Contemporary behavioral scientists worry about crowding. The problem, however, may not lie in urbanism or in population density, as such. If we want to understand impersonality and alienation in the city, it may be we ought to focus on the rates of turnover involved. For the shortening *duration* of our ties has a hidden, powerful impact on the emotional quality of these ties. Indeed, it may be impossible to understand what is happening to human relationships in America—and New York in particular—unless we examine their duration.

The fact is that the average urban person today deals with more people in the course of a month than a feudal peasant dealt with in a lifetime, and, as the number of different people we deal with grows, the average duration of a relationship shrinks. This doesn't mean that city people don't have old friends, college buddies, or long-lasting ties of other kinds. But these are no longer

I guess ye'd have to say that spell was none too easy for me, either. A tiny plopping sound of surprise, made by clucking his tongue against the roof of his mouth, might come from my father when he suddenly remembered something, or felt a quick regret of some sort. This time, the soft ~~salvo~~ salute meant both those things. Godamighty, Ivan, I did miss your mother. That cannot begin to tell it. If it was Dad instead of Clifford who came to take me from the schoolyard,

I stepped from the shadows of my mood into ~~the~~ blacker shadows of his. Years afterward and hundreds of miles from the valley, I was with him when he met a man in the street, backed away, and stared the stranger out of sight in wordless hatred. The man had worked at the ranch where my mother died, and a few days after her death had told Dad bluffly: Hell, you got to forget her. That's the only way to get on with life: don't let a thing like this count too much. All that time and distance later, Dad still despised him for those clumsy words. Not until that moment did I entirely understand how ~~hard~~ severe a time it had been when he came for me after school in those earliest weeks after my mother's death and we would drive back to a borrowed room in a pitying friend's house. # Day by day as autumn tanned the valley around us, now with bright frost weather, now with rain carrying the first chill of winter, Dad stayed in the dusk of his grief. That sandbag ~~I~~ mood ~~can~~ understand now, can only have been a kind of battle fatigue--the senses blasted around in him by that morning of death and the thousands of inflicting minutes it was followed by. He might go through the motions of work, even talk a bit with Clifford, but ~~any~~ at time his eyes could brim and he would lapse off, wordless, despairing. I never knew, either, when some sentence I would say, or some gesture I would make in the way my mother had, would send him mournful again.

l Park had carefully planned it.[23] He had selected the land
verything," he said, "is produced from the earth");[24] then he
dammed the river and bridged it to bring in materials and
erate power for manufacturing. "There we shall have the com-
ation of agriculture and industrialism," he promised;[25] these
, along with transportation, "hold the world together."[26]
he homestead at Flat Rock would be a little world in itself,
l together by growing things, making things, and carrying
gs.[27] The men would have farms as well as their jobs in the
ory: farms, after all, were the greatest of factories—no mere
l occupation but the business of raising food.[28] On idyllic
s reaching out fifteen or twenty miles from the glass plant,
Engineer could see men "working with material which we
not and could not create, but which was presented to us by
ure," putting into their farms "the human element which
es the fruitful seasons of the earth useful to men."[29] He
d see them unconsciously working out the economic and the
al fundamentals:

> or the day's work is a great thing—a very great thing! It is at the
> foundation of the world . . . Work is our sanity, our self-
> ect, our salvation . . .[30]

ney would be driving in from their farms as the morning sun
ed off the bridge over the dam and taking their places at the
hines. The machines would be spaced with ultimate precision
space, no time wasted. "The most beautiful things in the
d," said the Engineer, "are those from which all excess . . .
been eliminated"; "cut out useless parts and simplify neces-
ones."[31] And this, too, was an economic and moral funda-
tal.[32]

The Engineer studied the blueprints of his industrial home-
d. The plans were as steely bright as the rails of the Toledo
Ironton Railway; they had all the concentrated economy of
dam that was also a road and a bridge, that provided both
for transportation and power for production; they were as

transience environment.

Transience is the psychological counterpart of. the necessary consequence of, the accelerative thrust. The more temporary our ties, whether with things, places, or people, the faster the daily pace becomes. Some people, of course, are deeply attracted to this quicker, more active pace. In fact, some go far out of their way to bring it about and feel anxious, tense or uncomfortable when the pace slows. They want desperately to be "where the action is." (Some hardly care what the action is, so long as it occurs at a rapid clip.)

If New Yorkers only had to cope with a speed-up in the pace of decision-making, the problems of living here would be much simpler. Speed by itself, however, is not the crusher. It is the combination of acceleration plus another environmental characteristic—*novelty*—

mand for faster and faster adaptation, an ability to handle crises faster than other people, a constant pressure to make decisions faster. The accelerative thrust is felt soonest in New York and it has its most powerful impact here. But it is only the first component of the adaptive crisis called future shock.

When *Fortune* in the mid-sixties surveyed 1,003 young executives employed by major corporations, it found that fully one out of three held a job that simply had not existed until he stepped into it. Another large group held positions that had been filled by only one

hocracy." It also translates into a new job picture. A look at the help-wanted pages of any New York newspaper brings home the fact that novel occupations are emerging at a rapid rate. Systems analyst, console operator, coder, tape librarian, tape handler, are only a few of those recently created by the computer revolution.

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floods into the environment. It is true, of course, that "90 per cent of all the scientists who ever lived are now alive" and that the laboratories are pumping out breakthroughs by the bushel. What is more important, however, is that those discoveries are diffused more swiftly so that the lead time for adjustment to them is slashed.

Robert B. Young of the Stanford Research Institute studied the history of several familiar household appliances. He measured the span of time between the moment an appliance was first in-

The lead time for adjustment to new discoveries is slashed. The lead time between introduction and peak production of the refrigerator was 34 years, for the electric fry pan eight years, for transistor radios even shorter.

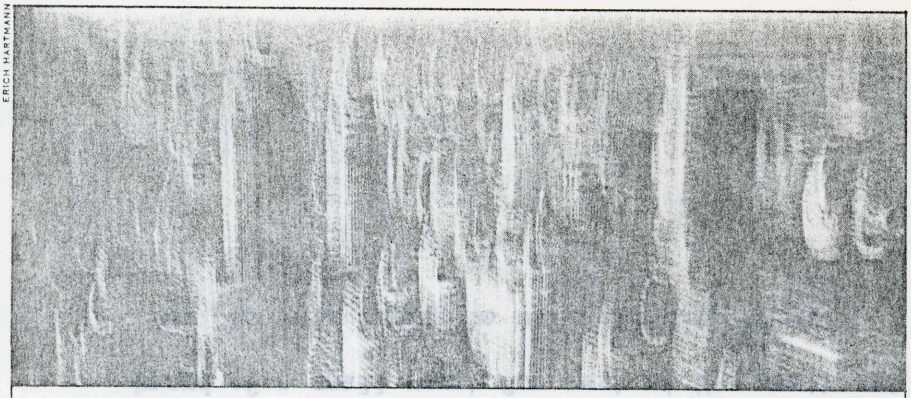
troduced and the time when the industry manufacturing it reached peak production of the item. He found that,

PEGGY BARNETT

Then coaxing began to finger through to us. My turnabout must have come first. Some one instant--the giggles from a game of tag, or the arc of a swing going so high it looked good and risky--must have tugged me at last toward the center of the school playground and into friendships. Several of my classmates carried a black tin lunchbox to school as I did; we had to congregate to see which sandwiches or cookies could be swapped, and whether anybody had been lucky enough to get chocolate milk in his thermos instead of white. And when a too-early first snow came, draping across a few days of early autumn, all the rocks I had thrown at trees in the pretend games paid off: I could chunk a snowball hard enough to make even the sixth-grade boys flinch. Whoever chose up sides for the game we played of attacking a snow fort began to choose me first.

Suddenly the schoolyard no longer was a jail fo me. And by luck, the teacher in that coop of a classroom was crafty. She was a small, doll-like woman who, after she had done her first weeks of sorting, somehow could push twenty beginning minds at their separate speeds. For me, she began to get out extra books, [illegible] put me to helping others with their alphabet and first words--anything to bring my eyes down into the pages, and all of it telling me that here, in as many words on paper as I could take in, stretched my new aloneness.

At the same time, Clifford was nudging Dad out of his sour haze. He heard of a small ranch for rent at the south end of the valley, and somehow drew Dad into saying he would look it over.



ERICH HARTMANN

To accommodate the new urban millions, we would have to build a duplicate city for each of the hundreds that already dot the globe. A new New York, Tokyo, London, a new Rome and Rangoon —all in 11 years.

Bensonhurst, if you will. And we are doing it so fast that we are creating culture shock in our own society—future shock.

Three powerful forces are changing New York, altering the psychological landscape of the city. Until we learn to recognize them, we won't be able to make sense of, let alone solve, our urban crises. These three powerful forces are: acceleration, novelty, and diversity.

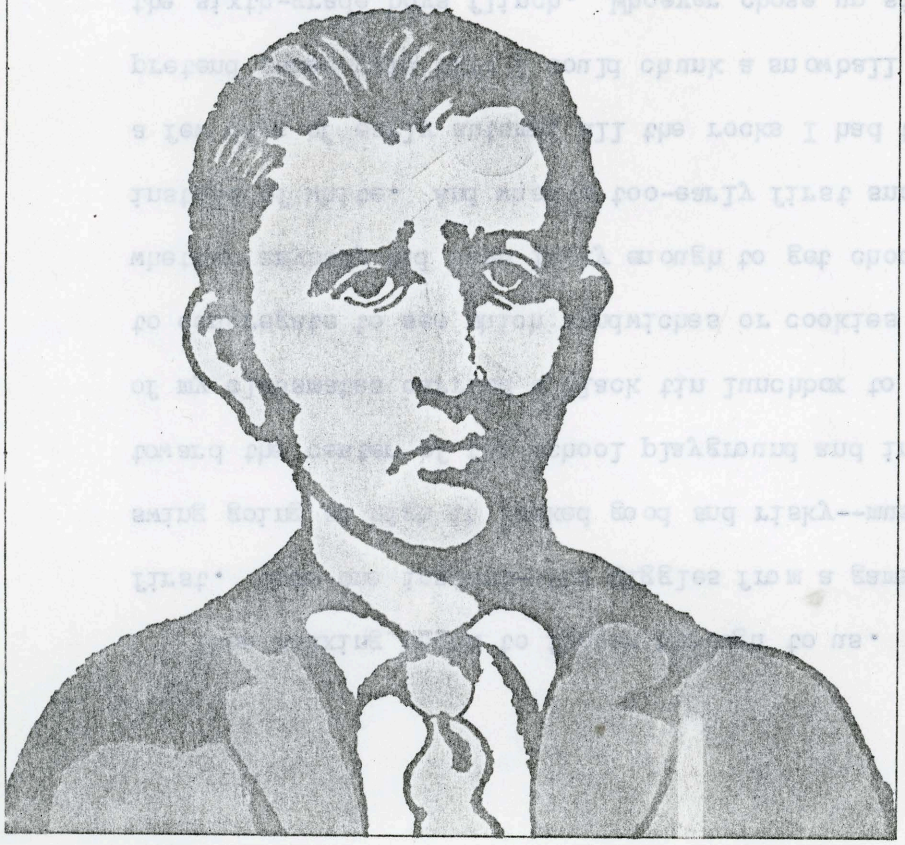
The first of these, the accelerative thrust, has to do with the pace at which we New Yorkers live our lives, which is to say, faster than anyone else. All of us know in the pit of our stomach that the pace of life is quickening. We seldom stop, however, to correlate this fact with some of the larger-than-life forces loose in the world as a whole.

In 1850 there were only four cities on earth with a population in excess of 1 million. By 1900, the number had increased to 19. By 1960, it had skyrocketed to 141. World urban population has been estimated to be rising since then at a rate of 6.5 per cent annually. This doesn't seem like much, unless you happen to be familiar with the compound interest tables, in which case you know that anything increasing at that rate doubles in 11 years.

One way to grasp the meaning of change on so phenomenal a scale is to imagine what would happen if all existing cities—including New York—were to retain their present size. If this were so, in order to accommodate the new urban millions we would have to build a duplicate city for each of the hundreds that already dot the globe. A new New York, Tokyo, London, a new Rome and Rangoon—all in 11 years.

If we look at rates of population-increase and knowledge-acquisition, the same powerful accelerative trend is evident. The pace at which new chemical elements are discovered, the pace at which books and scientific papers are published, are both curving up and off the graph. The figures for consumption of energy, for speeds of transport, for explosive power—all, once more, show exponential rates of increase.

Even more dramatic is the escalation of the pace at which new technology



The ranch never could amount to much--too little water, too many scabbed hillsides of glum rock--but it could carry several dozen head of cattle and maybe a few hundred sheep as well if a man knew what he was doing. And the true meld to be gained from the place, Clifford knew, was that the work demanding to be done there would elbow the grief out of Dad's days.

Somewhere in himself my father steadied enough to decide. I didn't much want to do it, ye know. But Clifford got hold of me and took me down there to see the place and gave me a talkin' to, and I couldn't find enough reason against it. He shook hands on the deal for the ranch. For the third time in a dozen weeks, the pair of us bounced across the Smith River Valley.

Little by little, and across more time than I want to count, I have come to see where our lives fit then into the valley. If Dad ever traced it at any length for himself, he never said so in more than one of his half-musings, half-jokes: As the fella now says, a fool and his money are soon parted, but ye can't even get introduced around here. Yet I believe he too came to know, and to the bone, exactly where it was we had stepped when we went from Clifford's sheltering. On the blustery near-winter day when we left the highway and drove onto the gray clay road of our new ranch, the pair of us began to live out the close of an unforgiving annal of settlement which had started itself some eighty years earlier.

It is not known just when in the 1860's the first white pioneers trickled into our area of south-central Montana, into what would come to be called the Smith River Valley. But if the earliest of them wagoned in on a day when the warm sage smell met the nose and the clear air lensed close the details of peaks two days' ride from there, what a glimpse into glory it must have seemed.

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The plant superinte
Park in 1914 stood watching an intricate ma
leys, chain-driven assemblies, and moving
with measured pace.* As he watched, a ne
twenty-four seconds [1] rolled off the termina
synchronized magic the like of which had n
There were others, too, with an eye for mas
this plant, in Chicago, Pittsburgh, in cities ac
who watched as invisible lines of assembly, c
terchangeable units, converged upon the pro
fied, standardized myth.

The specifications for the myth had been d
and professional "engineers" scattered from
fice. They ran as follows:

Motor:

An individual free to act in accordance
of his interests and so
responsible for his own economic fate
opportunity . . .
self-reliant . . .
working with initiative and reason (p
to win (in wages or capital) the rewar

* Henry Ford's automobile
helped to revolutionize indust
production and assembly- li

(mod)

Mountains stood up blue-and-white into the vigorous air. ~~atop the horizons.~~ Closer slopes of timber offered the logs to hew homestead cabins from. Sage grouse nearly ~~almost~~ as large as hen turkeys whirred from their hiding places. And the expanse of it all: across a dozen miles and for almost forty along its bowed length, this home valley of the Smith River country lay open and still as a gray inland sea, held by buttes and long ridges at its northern and southern ends, and east and west by mountain ranges. A new county had been declared here, bigger than some entire states in the East and vacant for the taking. More than vacant, evacuated: the Plains tribes who had hunted across the land by then were pulling north, in a last ragged retreat to the long-grass prairies beyond the Missouri River. And promise of ~~another sort~~ yet another sort: across on the opposite slopes of the Big Belt Mountains, placer camps around Helena were flushing gold out of every gravel gulch. With the Indians vanished and bonanza gold drawing in the town builders, how could this neighboring valley miss out on prosperity? No, unbridle imagination just for a moment, and it couldn't not help but checker all these seamless new miles into pasture and field, roads and a rail route, towns and homes.

Yet if they had had eyes for anything but the empty acres, those firstcomers might have picked clues even from the pretty uplands that ~~here~~ this was a somewhat peculiar run of country, and maybe treacherous. Hints begin along the eastern skyline. There the Castle Mountains poke ~~tall thin~~ great turrets of stone out of black-green forest. From below in the valley, the spires look as if they had been engineered prettily up from the forest floor whenever someone took the notion, an entire mountain range of castle-builders' whims, until the fancy stone ~~fingers~~ thrusts wore too thin in the wind and began to chink away, fissure by slow fissure. Here, if the valleycomers could have gauged it in some speed-up of time, ~~was a~~ stood measure of how wind and storm liked to work on that country, gladly nubbing down boulder if it stood in the way.

Even before the surprise peeing, I wasn't thrilled with lessons. I already could read whatever the surprised teacher could put in front of me, and add or subtract numbers as fast as she chalked them on the blackboard. I had so much free time in my head that I could spend most of the day being lonesome

While the Castle Mountains, seen in the long light of time, make a goblin horizon for the sun to rise over, the range to the west, the Big Belts, cast some unease of their own on the valley. The highest peak of the range--penned grand on maps as Mount Edith, but always simply Old Baldy to those of us who lived with ~~it~~ mountain upon mountain--thrusts up a bare summit with a giant crater gouged in its side. Even in hottest summer, snow lies in the crater like a patch centered on a gaping wound. Always, then, there is this reminder that before the time of men, unthinkable forces broke apart the face of the biggest landform the eye can find from any inch of the valley.

Nature's crankiness to the Big Belts did not quit there. The next summit to the south, Grassy Mountain, grows its trees and grass in a pattern tipped upside down from every other mountain in sight. Instead of rising out of bunchgrass slopes which give way to timber reaching down from the crest, Grassy is dark with timber at the bottom and opens into a wide generous pasture--a brow of prairie some few thousand feet higher than any prairie ought to be, all the length of its gentle summit.

Along the valley floor, omens go on. The Smith River turns out to be little more than a creek named by a near-sighted optimist. Or, rather, by some frontier diplomat, for as an early newspaperman explained in exactly the poetry the pawky little flow deserved, the naming took notice of a politician in the era of the Lewis and Clark expedition--"Secretary Smith of the Navy Department/The most progressive member of Jefferson's cabinet/..thus a great statesman, the expedition giver/Is honored for all time in the name of "Smith River." The over-named subject of all that merely worms its way across the valley, forever kinking up three times the distance for every mile it flows and delivering all along the way more willow thickets and clay-greased cutbanks than actual water. On the other hand, the water that is missing from the Smith River may arrive in some surprise gush anywhere

quietly, without the brush of a single wing tip against stone in that high, eerie place, they were taking over the spires of Manhattan. They were pouring upward in a light that was not yet perceptible to human eyes, while far down in the black darkness of the alleys it was still midnight.

As I crouched half asleep across the sill, I had a moment's illusion that the world had changed in the night, as in some immense snowfall, and that if I were to leave, it would have to be as these other inhabitants were doing, by the window. I should have to launch out into that great bottomless void with the simple confidence of young birds reared high up there among the familiar chimney pots and interposed horrors of the abyss.

I leaned farther out. To and fro went the white wings, to and fro. There were no sounds from any of them. They knew man was asleep and this light for a little while was theirs. Or perhaps I had only dreamed

else. A hot mineral pool erupting at the north end of the valley gave the name to the county seat which built up around the steaming boil, White Sulphur Springs.

But whatever the quirks to be discovered in a careful look around, the valley and its walls of high country did fit that one firm notion the settlers held: empty country to fill up. Nor, in justice, could the eye alone furnish all that was vital to know. Probably it could not even be seen, at first, in the tides of livestock which the settlers soon were sending in seasonal flow between the valley and those curious mountains. What it took was experience of the climate, to remind you that those grazing herds of cattle and bands of sheep were not simply on the move into the mountains or back to the valley lowland; they were traveling between high country and higher, and in that unsparing landscape, the weather is rapidly uglier and more dangerous the farther up you go. The country's arithmetic tells it.

The very floor of the Smith River Valley rests one full mile above sea level. Many of the homesteads were set into the foothills hundreds of feet above that. The cold, storm-making mountains climbed thousands of feet more into the clouds bellying over the Continental Divide to the west. Whatever the prospects might seem in a dreamy look around, the settlers were trying a slab of lofty country which often would be too cold and dry for their crops, too open to a killing winter for their cattle and sheep.

It might take a bad winter or a late and rainless spring to bring out this unseeable fact, and the valley people did their best to live with it. But over time, the altitude and climate added up pitilessly, and even after a generation or so of trying the valley, a settling family might take account and find that the

translucent as the glass that would soon be moving in continuous sheets over semi-automatic rollers. Here as at Highland Park ("a department is a little factory in itself") [33] men and machines would be perfectly synchronized; in an organization in which "one part is so dependent upon another," the men would move in a tightly disciplined, coolly impersonal pattern.[34] No stubborn Dionysius stood in the way of realizing this industrial Republic. On the farmland at Flat Rock its logistical precision of work and technique would presently be emerging, clean and clear as a mathematician's dream, on the foundation of economic and moral certainties. It would be a world complete and self-contained, a rational homestead.

Cut out useless parts and simplify necessary ones. In the Engineer's homestead there was nothing that did not reduce to the great One of production, to making and transporting things. This was the dam that supplied the power, the machines that, like books, gave men ideas; [35] the awesome precision of symbols; the continuity of assembly—"a lever to move the world"; [36] the mainspring of integration. There were moments when the Engineer seemed to see human nature itself as a creative power. A man's "personality" had little to do with whether he had "been in Sing Sing or at Harvard," [37] whether he had come from Chicago or Czechoslovakia; its essence was his "rate of production." This was his guide in his work, his status in the shop, the ratio of his intrinsic value.[38] Symbols, too, whatever their original shade, took on the same productive coloration: "time is money," money is a "part of our transportation system," an "engine of production." [39] Even the necessary parts had been simplified in the industrial homestead at Flat Rock.

The elements of the Engineer's Republic now building here were meticulously tooled: they were interchangeable with Flat Rock or Highland Park plants anywhere—or even, the Engineer thought, with the structure of society itself. He could see the nation tooled on the pattern of Flat Rock: "We want those who can mould the political, social, industrial, and moral mass into

most plentiful things around them still were sagebrush and wind.

By the time I was a boy and Dad was trying in his own right to put together a life again, the doubt and defeat in the valley's history had ~~come~~ tamped down into a single word. Anyone of Dad's generation always talked of a piece of land where some worn-out family eventually had lost to weather or market prices or both ~~as a place~~. Not as a farm or a ranch or even a homestead, but as a place. all those empty little clearings which ghosted that sage countryside--~~the~~ just the McLoughlin place there by that butte, the Vinton place over this ridge, the Kuhnes place, the Burkey place, the Winters place, all the tens of dozens of sites where families lit in the valley, couldn't hold on, and drifted off. All of them ~~epitaphse granted that barest of words, place~~. them just places. epitaphed with that barest of words, place.

One such place was where our own lives were compassed from, ~~and where the story we were living out together had its first murmurings~~. Southwest out of the valley into the most distant foothills of the Big Belts, both the sage and the wind begin to grow ~~wilder and stronger~~ lustier. Far off there, beyond the landmark rise called Black Butte and past even the long green pasture hump of Grassy Mountain, a set of ruts can be found snaking away from the country road. The track, worn bald by iron wagonwheels and later by the hard tires of Model T's, scuffs along red shale bluffs and up sagebrush gulches and past trickling willow-choked creeks until at last it sidles across the bowed shoulder of ~~the~~ a summit ridge. Off there in the abrupt openness, two miles and more to a broad pitch of sage-soft slope, my father was born and

grew up.

This sudden remote bowl of ~~meadow~~ pasture is called the ~~Tierney~~ Turney Basin--or would be, if any human voice were there ~~any more~~ to say its name. Here, as far back into the foothills of the Big Belt Mountains as their wagons could go, a double handful of Scots families homesteaded in the years just before this century. Two deep Caledonian notions seem to have pulled them so far into the hills: to raise sheep, and to graze them on mountain grass which cost nothing.

A moment, cup your hands together and look down into them, and there is a ready map of what these homesteading families had in mind. The life lines contours and ~~and contours~~ in your palms make the small gulches and creeks angling into the center of the Basin. The main flow of water, Spring Creek, drops down to squirt out there where the bases of your palms meet, the pass called Spring Gulch. Toward these middle crinkles, the settlers clustered in for sites close to water and, they hoped, under the wind. The braid of lines, now, which runs square across between palms and wrists can be Sixteenmile Creek, the canyoned flow which gives the entire rumpled region its name--the Sixteen country. Thumbs and the upward curl of your fingers represent the mountains and steep ridges all around; cock the right thumb a bit outward and it reigns as Wall Mountain does, prowing its rimrock out and over the hollowed land below. And on all that cupping rim of unclaimed high country, the Scots families surely instructed one another time and again, countless bands of sheep could find summer grass.

Exactly what had plucked up the Doig family line from a village outside Dundee in Scotland and carried it into these gray Montana foothills this way, there is no account of. Dad simply wrote it off to Scots mulishnesss:

"neutral points" on the earth's surface from which the salvation of mankind might emerge. Palestine she named first and California second, after which she stopped and her listeners asked eagerly where were the other two. With a distant and transfigured expression, she slowly answered, "No one knows."

--Robert V. Hine, California's Utopian Colonies

a-day-moment quality that makes it sparkle with excitement. But it carries dangerous side effects with it. For life in a full-time, 365-days-a-year carnival has its drawbacks. It forces us to operate at higher levels of unpredictability than most people find tolerable.

It is precisely here that rising novelty collides with the accelerative thrust in our lives. Low-novelty neighborhoods, jobs or cities permit the individual to cope with much of his daily life by means of behavioral routines—programmed decisions, as it were—leaving him time and mental energy enough for other, more important things. A high-novelty environment, such as that in New York, compels people to process vastly greater amounts of information than a low-novelty environment.

When the novelty level rises too high, however, when you can no longer count on certain regularities, when you can't be reasonably sure the LIR will run today, or the power will be available, or the building will not have to be evacuated, or the mail will arrive and

Scotchmen and coyotes was the only ones that could live in the Basin, and pretty damn soon the coyotes starved out. I ~~only~~ have but the rough list of guesses from the long westering course of this country's frontier: poverty's push or the pull of wanderlust, some word of land and chance as heard from those who had gone earlier to America, or as read in the advertisements of booking agents. Perhaps some calamity inside the family itself, the loss of whatever thin livelihoods there had been in laboring on a laird's estate. Or it may truly have been ~~as simple as the~~ an outcropping of the family vein of stubbornness. Some unordinary outlooks on life seemed to ~~crop~~ jaw out in my grandfather's generation, attitudes which might not have set well with a narrow village way of ~~life~~ existence. Three Doig brothers and two sisters are known to have gone off from the Dundee area to risky futures, and at least two of them clearly went about life as if it was some private concoction they had just thought up.

The first remembered for doing entirely what she pleased was the sister Margaret, the one in the family who launched off from Scotland into the British Empire, alighting on some remote flood plain of India as a teacher or missionary, no one now is quite sure which. She is at the outermost edges of the family memory, glimpsed and gone in someone's reminiscences as remembered by someone yet again. The rememberers ~~knowledge~~ do tell that twice in her last years she came around the world alone to visit the relatives in Montana, a sudden spinsterly ghost from Victorian days in her long black dress and ~~the~~ odd wooden shoes of India. She spent the rest of her life in India--died there, was buried there -- and in her own way must have been ~~as~~ entirely bemused with the existence she had worked out somewhere under the backdrop of the Himalayas, ~~as her brother was with his champion chickens.~~

New York Herald bit a wider swath of comment, too. From time to time, Marquis would consider the prospects for human uplift -- the ruminations on what he called the Almost Perfect State. Utopia always has been somewhat short of humor. We could do worse than to end with the Marquis blend of satire and affection:

The other original spirit was the eldest brother among those who packed up for Montana--

David Lewis Doig, called D.L. The one clear fact about the route from Dundee is that a number of Scots came in succession, like a chain of people steadying one another across a rope bridge. Whoever arrived first, his letters talked the next one into coming to file on a homestead, and the one persuaded after that was D.L.'s own brother-in-law. Of course, D.L. ~~was~~ stepped off next. By 1890, he had followed on with his wife and two children and set to work in Helena as a tailor until he could size up the ~~country~~ Montana side.

He sized it up entirely backwards to the way his heirs have wished ever since, passing over rich valleys to the west and south to ~~climb~~ adventure up into the ~~Tierney~~ remote Turney Basin, where a homesteader who was giving up would sell him his claim. D.L. settled into his new site on Spring Creek, by long workdays and clever grazing made his small sheep ranch begin to prosper, and fathered hard until the family finally numbered nine children.

As promptly as he had enough offspring and income to keep the ranch going, D.L. devoted his own time to the hobby of raising brown leghorn chickens. He proved to be ~~one of the world's~~ an entire geniuses at chicken growing. Before long, he had a bloodline of brown leghorns which were sleek glosses of feather and comb, and renowned as prize breeding stock.

no 91

He went to the big shows in California and all over the East, a son tells it. Beforehand he'd bring in his show cages into our front room and he'd have his chickens in there, and he'd prune 'em and pick at 'em with a pointer stick, make 'em stand certain ways and train their combs and everything like that, y'know. He had the best anywhere. When he was at the Coliseum Show in New York, the Russian government paid $1,400 for three or four of those chickens. Something like that happened just a numerous lot of times. I didn't like no part of 'em--we all had to pitch in to take care of these blasted chickens--but he was one of the best hands in the world with his birds. The trophies won at fairs and expositions covered most of one wall of the house, and D.L.'s wife sewed a quilt from the prize ribbons. Until the Depression

Trudging Toward the Almost Perfect State

Don Marquis, from The Almost Perfect State

Don Marquis (1878-1937) had a talent for sharp whimsey which has lived on in his best-known characters, archy the poetry-

and old age at last forced him out, D.L. could be found there in the Basin, a round deep-bearded imuser fussing over his prize chickens, sending someone down to the ~~Milwaukee~~ Railroad tracks in the Sixteen canyon to fetch the jug of whiskey consigned for him ~~every~~ each week, and asking not one thing more of the ~~world~~ universe.

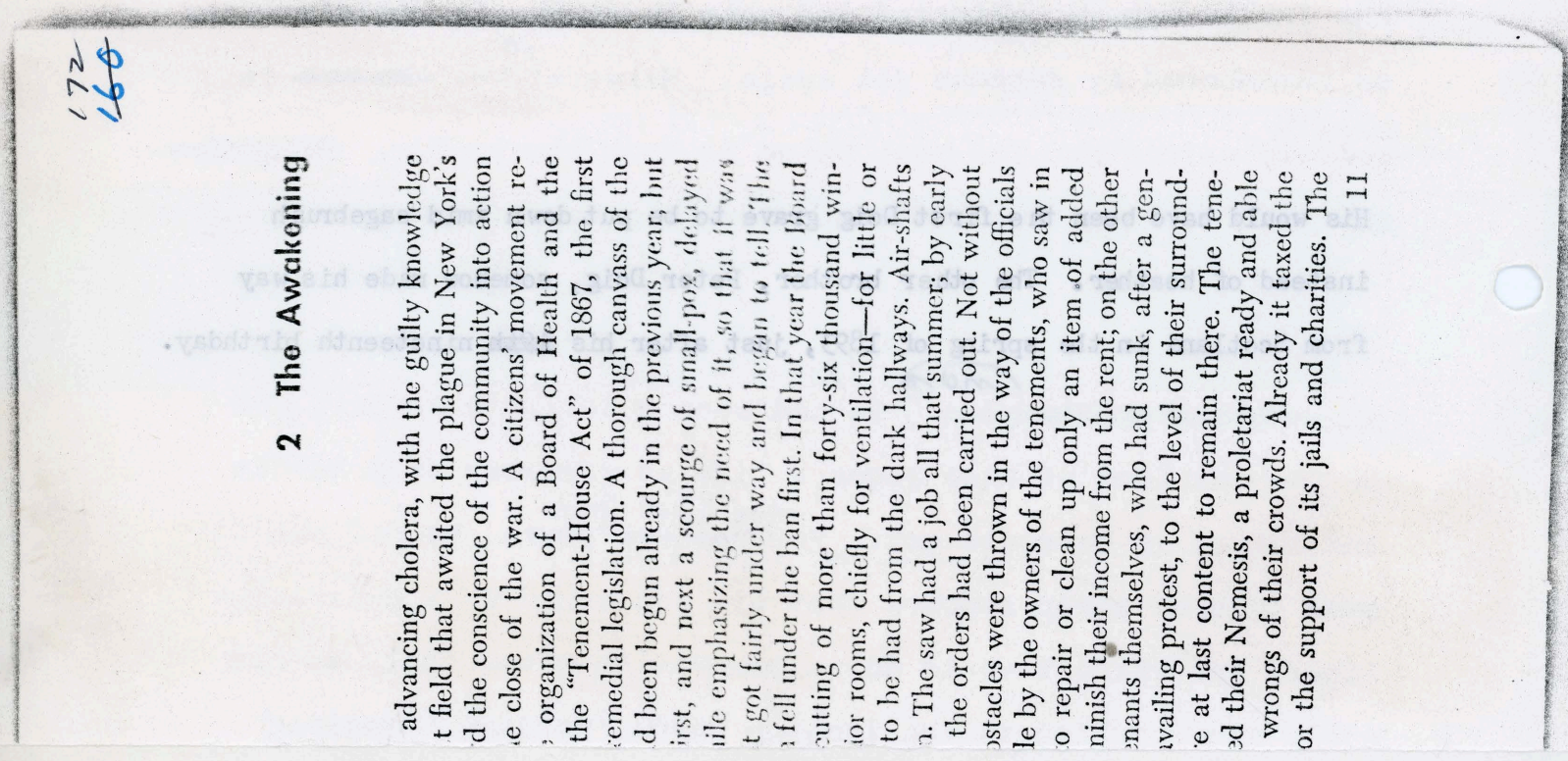
D.L. was followed into his oddly chosen Montana foothills by two of his brothers. Another of the faintest of family stories has it that the brother named Jack came to D.L.'s ranch on a doomed chance that mountain air would help his health, and there ~~quietly~~ patiently waited out the year or so it took him to die. ~~The other~~

His would have been the first Doig grave to be put down amid sagebrush instead of heather. The other brother, Peter Doig, somehow made his way from Scotland in the spring of 1893, just after his ~~19th~~ nineteenth birthday. ~~after his 19th birthday.~~ no 9 He had been a tailor's helper, and in the new land at once began a life as far away from needle and thread as he could get. For ~~several~~ the first few years, he did the ~~same~~ jobs on sheep ranches that his son would do a generation later, and which I would do, a generation after that, as his son's son--working in the lambing sheds, herding, wrangling in the shearing pens.

There can't have been much money in the ranch jobs which drew my father's father in those first years. But there would have been all the chance in the world to learn about sheep--

newspapers. The Isaac-Meagher study was perhaps the most broadly-noticed of the many publications which flowed out of Station research in these years.

Points of tension also show up in a scanning of this



2 The Awakening

advancing cholera, with the guilty knowledge
t field that awaited the plague in New York's
d the conscience of the community into action
e close of the war. A citizens' movement re-
organization of a Board of Health and the
the "Tenement-House Act" of 1867, the first
emedial legislation. A thorough canvass of the
d been begun already in the previous year; but
irst, and next a scourge of small-pox, delayed
ile emphasizing the need of it, so that it was
t got fairly under way and began to tell. The
fell under the ban first. In that year the Board
utting of more than forty-six thousand win-
ior rooms, chiefly for ventilation—for little or
to be had from the dark hallways. Air-shafts
n. The saw had a job all that summer; by early
the orders had been carried out. Not without
ostacles were thrown in the way of the officials
le by the owners of the tenements, who saw in
o repair or clean up only an item of added
minish their income from the rent; on the other
enants themselves, who had sunk, after a gen-
vailing protest, to the level of their surround-
e at last content to remain there. The tene-
d their Nemesis, a proletariat ready and able
wrongs of their crowds. Already it taxed the
or the support of its jails and charities. The

11

and sheep in their gray thousands were the wool-and-meat machines which had made fortunes for the lairds of the Scotland he had arrived come from. What was more, this high Montana grassland rimming the Big Belts had much of the look of the home country, and had drawn enough Scots onto ranches and homesteads that they counted up into something like a colony. The burr of their talk could be heard wherever the gray slow tides of sheep were flowing out onto the grass. Between the promise of those grazing herds and that talk comfortable to the ear, it was Peter Doig found it a place for staying.

Beyond the facts basics that he had countrymen and relatives and countrymen in the new land and that he was medium height, slim, red-mustached, and had the throaty lowlands way of speech, nothing can be known found now of what young Peter Doig was like. Not a scrap of paper from his own hand, not a word from those who would have known him then, not one thing to show him head-on and looking out at the world. What he did for himself is likewise known only in scantest outline: he met and married D.L.'s sister-in-law, Annie Campbell, a young woman who had come from Perthshire by that chain of relatives and their relatives, and who now cooked for ranch crews. A year or so after the marriage, one son born, the young couple took up land a mile west of D.L.'s small ranch in the Turney Basin.

Those homesteading Scots families of the Basin--Doigs, Christisons, Mitchells, a few who came later--could not know it at first, but they had taken up land where the long-standing habits and laws of settlement in America were not going to work. For one thing, this: The homestead staked out by Peter and Annie Doig lay amid the Big Belts at an elevation of 5700 feet. At first, the hill country did pay

yards upon the city lot, court-yards
tenement-house population had swe
souls by that time, and on the East S
most densely populated district in al
excluded, it was packed at the rate o
mile, a state of affairs wholly unexa
pidity of other lands and other days
herd much more than half that nu
space. The greatest crowding of Old
of 175,816. Swine roamed the street
principal scavengers.[1] The death of
was registered at the Bureau of Vita
due to suffocation in the foul air of
ment," and the Senators, who had co
to find out what was the matter wit
that "there are annually cut off from
ease and death enough human beings
enough human labor to sustain it."
testified that, as compared with upt
twenty-five to thirty per cent. higher
the lower wards, with such accomm
joyed, for instance, by a "family wit
Street, who fed hogs in the cellar that
loads of manure; or "one room 12 ×
living in it, comprising twenty person
ages, with only two beds, without part
table." The rate of rent has been succ
the present day, though the hog at
nated.

Lest anybody flatter himself with
were evils of a day that is happily pa
forgotten, let me mention here three

[1] It was not until the winter of 1867 that owner
by ordinance from letting them run at large in t
city.

off with its summers of free pasture. In the bargain, however, came Januaries and Februaries--and ~~sometimes~~ too often ~~usually~~ Marches and Aprils--of hip-deep snowdrifts. # There was no help in law (of course,) for the blizzards which bullied through the Tierney Basin. But there was little help, either, where law supposedly was shouldering its share of the load. Simply, it came down to this: homesteads of 160 acres, (or even several times that size,) made no sense in that vast and dry and belligerent landscape of the high-mountain west. As well try to grow an orchard in a windowbox as to build a working ranch from such a patch. Quilt more land onto the first? Well and good--except that in an area of (sharp) natural boundaries, such as the Basin, ~~such~~ a gain for one homestead could come only with someone else's loss. Simply ~~skim~~ summering (so on) the livestock in the shared open range of the mountains, as the Basin people did at first? Well and good again--except that with the stroke of a government pen which decreed the high summer pasture into a national forest, all that nearby free range ended. And promptly--so fast it'd make your head swim, Dad would have said of such promptness--the allotments for forest grazing began to pass to the corporate valley ranches which already were big, and getting bigger.

Even if you somehow outlasted the weather, then, no foothills homestead you built for yourself could head off a future of national forest boundaries and powerful livestock companies. Like much else in the wresting of this continent, the homestead laws were working to a result, ~~all~~ right enough, but not to the one professed for them. The homestead sites my father could point out to me by the dozen--place upon place upon place, and our own family soil among them--(in almost all cases,) turned out to be not the seed acres for yeoman farms amid the sage, nor the first pastures of tidy family ranches. Not that at all. They turned out to be landing spots, quarters to hold people until they were able to scramble away to somewhere else. Quarters, it could be said, that did for rural America what the tenements of the immigrant ghettoes did for city America.

frequently exceeded thirty.[2] . . . The compla
versal among the tenants that they were enti
for, and that the only answer to their requests
place put in order by repairs and necessary ir
was that they must pay their rent or leave. Th
structions were simple but emphatic: 'Collect
advance, or, failing, eject the occupants.' "
stock grew this unpast-tree. Small wonder the fi
The remedy that shall be an effective answer t
appeal for justice must proceed from the public
Neither legislation nor charity can cover the
greed of capital that wrought the evil must itse
far as it can now be undone. Homes must be
working masses by those who employ their lab
ments must cease to be "good property" in the
sense. "Philanthropy and five per cent." is the
acted.

If this is true from a purely economic point o
then of the outlook from the Christian standpoi
ago a great meeting was held in this city, of a
tions of religious faith, to discuss the question
hold of these teeming masses in the tenements
tian influences, to which they are now too ofte
Might not the conference have found in the wa
Brooklyn builder, who has invested his capital
and made it pay more than a money interest, a
bleeding: "How shall the love of God be underst
who have been nurtured in sight only of the gre

[2] Forty per cent. was declared by witnesses before a Senate
be a fair average interest on tenement property. Instances w
being one hundred per cent. and over.

damages. There were as many opportunities for favors as there were functions of city government.

As a platform speaker at political meetings Ruef learned to capture the most hostile and unruly audience with a combination of humor, courage, and tact. Once, when he arrived at a rally, the platform was already dotted with "uncooked omelettes," and more were obviously being reserved for him. "Throw all the rest of those eggs at one time, so that we can get down to business," Ruef suggested. "They look like good fresh eggs. That egg man cheated you if you bought them for rotten ones." The audience laughed and cheered, and a deluge of eggs soared to the platform, spattering against posts, onto coats, and even into the band's brass horns. "Are they all in?" They were. Then, without interruption, Ruef managed a speech that ended in goodnatured applause.

Boss government in San Francisco, as elsewhere, needed revenues as well as votes. In the 'eighties and early 'nineties, some of its largest levies came from public service corporations which, in turn, depended for their prosperity and even their existence on the coöperation of politicians. The board of supervisors, the legislative body of the city and county of San Francisco, had the power to grant franchises and privileges to street railroads, for example, and also to fix annually the rates to be charged the public by gas and water companies. The Democratic boss, Chris Buckley, was believed to have accepted large payments from these corporations in the guise of attorney's fees. Payments to a boss who was not an attorney could be called campaign contributions, or given no name at all. Such payments were not bribery in the legal sense because, technically, the boss held no public office. Conspiracy to pass some of the money on to persons who were legally public officials was always extremely hard to prove.

There was basis for the general belief, however, that bribery of the supervisors was systematically practiced. The boss's ability to command the largest payments from the corporations depended on his control of a "solid seven," a majority of the twelve supervisors, able to pass an ordinance, or a "solid nine," able to override a veto by the mayor. Martin Kelly's memoirs describe several instances in which he managed the bribery of the "solid seven" supervisors whom he had succeeded in electing in 1890,

But that is my telling of it, across the gulf of a second generation after Peter and Annie Doig took up land in the Basin. They had other things in their heads than the ~~days~~ years beyond tomorrow. The young wife could hear the howling of wolves and coyotes--and worse, the splitting cracks of thunder when lightning storms cut down on the Big Belts. To the end of her life, she claimed she never had gotten over those unruly sounds of the Basin, nor its isolation. The young husband was more the one for staying. He built a house of pine logs from a nearby timbered slope and filed homestead papers for the 160-acre site--which ominously qualifed best under a law for the taking up of "desert land." Over the next dozen years, they managed to double their owned acreage and make a start in the sheep business, then used the profits to buy cattle, the easier livestock to pasture. As well, they added to the first son five more, until the names in the family began to ~~sound~~ resound like the roll call of a kilted regiment: Edwin Charles, Varick John, Charles Campbell, James Stuart, Angus McKinnon, Claude Spencer.

Then, on a September day in 1910, a little past noon,

a time. It is one of the curses of the tenement-house system that the worst houses exercise a levelling influence upon all the rest, just as one bad boy in a schoolroom will spoil the whole class. It is one of the ways the evil that was "the result of forgetfulness of the poor," as the Council of Hygiene mildly put it, has of avenging itself.

The determined effort to head it off by laying a strong hand upon the tenement builders that has been the chief business of the Health Board of recent years, dates from this period. The era of the air-shaft has not solved the problem of housing the poor, but it has made good use of limited opportunities. Over the new houses sanitary law exercises full control. But the old remain. They cannot be summarily torn down, though in extreme cases the authorities can order them cleared. The outrageous overcrowding, too, remains. It is characteristic of the tenements. Poverty, their badge and typical condition, invites—compels it. All efforts to abate it result only in temporary relief. As long as they exist it will exist with them. And the tenements will exist in New York forever.

To-day, what is a tenement? The law defines it as a house "occupied by three or more families, living independently and doing their cooking on the premises; or by more than two families on a floor, so living and cooking and having a common right in the halls, stairways, yards, etc." That is the legal meaning, and includes flats and apartment-houses, with which we have nothing to do. In its narrower sense the typical tenement was thus described when last arraigned before the bar of public justice: "It is generally a brick building from four to six stories high on the street, frequently with a store on the first floor which, when used for the sale of liquor, has a side opening for the benefit of the inmates and to evade the Sunday law; four families occupy each floor, and a set of rooms consists of one or two dark closets, used as bedrooms, with a living room twelve feet by

come to represent a significant
Memphis, with Ford and Fire-
city. In view of Crump's attacks
it might be supposed that in-
servations about supporting the
e industry in Memphis supported
. No other interest group in the
votes for the organization. The
ad considerable pressure put on
sed a check-off system to insure
Frequently company transporta-

Crump carried this tradition into the city and kept it alive as long as the Memphis population continued to be swelled with rural immigrants. They looked upon him as their patron and protector. He possessed an easy affability that enabled him to speak their language—perhaps to discourse upon their ailments and to suggest valued remedies his mother had used when he was a boy. He knew their names and in many instances an amazing amount of their personal history. As they repeated among themselves the numerous stories that circulated about Crump's timely intervention in the affairs of one of their number to set aright some fearful problem, they developed an unshakable faith in "Mr. Crump" and to fail to

Peter Doig stepped outside the log house. He had been spending time on errands--to the county fair the day before, where he had won prizes for his ~~lambs and rewarded~~ chickens and dry-land potatoes and treated himself with a fine ~~thorough~~ rewardful drunk, this morning to his nearest neighbor's house on some small matter--and the ranch chores were piling up. He strode down the path to the garden to begin digging the rest of the prize potato crop. Going through the gate, he clutched at his heart, fell sideways, and died. He was four months short of his 37th birthday.

A few mornings later, a lumber wagon with a casket roped in place jolted out of the Tierney Basin and set off on the day-long trip to the cemetery at White Sulphur Springs. Behind the rough hearse coiled a dusty column of riders on horseback and families in spring wagons, neighbors and kin. They buried Peter Doig, tailor's helper in Scotland and homesteader in Montana, and rode their long ride home into the hills.

~~Charlie Doig~~ Charles Campbell Doig was ten when his father died, made old enough in that instant to help his mother and his brothers carry the body in from the dark garden dirt. It must have been the first time he touched against death. And touched ahead, too, somewhere in his scaredness, to the life he was going to have from then on in that lamed family, on that flinty Basin homestead.

lin of the lathes and the chomp of the presses rose
n of a remarkable machine, a drill that punctured
ck simultaneously with forty-five holes in ninety
hines like this, said the master of Highland Park,*
ower of the hand"; [4] and he had a passion for them
iscovery of Truth. The machine was a catalyst of
uld lift "farm drudgery off flesh and blood and lay it
otors"; [5] it gave "refinements to colleges and homes;
intelligence [could] be charted by this machine

ies at Highland Park were stretched out as in a
powerful organisms with a long evolution, a gesta-
dramatic birth.[7] If they were not "the only absolute
ossession of mankind," they were solid segments of
ty, with "an elemental force, blindly creative, like

gean stables stacks of heavy castings, motor fittings,
s, axles—parts for the 182,000 automobiles com-
the year [9]—stood in endless stalls. To set them mov-
Expansion had ordered, was a labor beyond any-
e efficiency of machines could accomplish. Now it
there were two rivers flowing near Highland Park.
Interchangeability actually coursed through the
nearby was the River of Automatic Sequence, a
ng stream that rose in the land of flour milling and
rough harvests of wheat fields.[10] In a matter of
rivers were channelled together and loosed upon
ey began slowly—a trickle of magneto assemblies;
steel strips and automobiles poured out.
eemed to the men at Highland Park, and as some
ad always insisted,[11] was a different kind of reality.
e reality made up of things: raw materials, ma-
en men (since they were interchangeable now)
real in themselves but only in so far as they were

Ford (1863-1947), whose methods
manufacture made his compan
colossus of the auto industry.

This is as much as can be eked out--landscape, settlers' patterns on it, the family fate within the pattern--about the past my father came out of. I read into it all I can, plot out likelihoods and chase after blood hunches. But still the story draws away from the dry twinings of map work and blood-lines, and into the boundaries of my father's own body and brain. Where his outline touched the air, my knowing ~~really~~ must truly begins.

He was, as I have said, not more than five and a half feet tall, and he had the small man's jut of jaw toward heaven about that. I never saw anybody so big I couldn't take him on in a fight, anyway. That would have been said from his declaring stance, standing flat-backed as if a strut had been stopped in mid-stride. Then the grin would have worked at the handsome straight mouth and the wryness come: He might of cleaned my clock when I took him on, too, but that didn't matter. Oh, as the fellow says, I'm awfully little but I'm awfully tough. As the fellow says. That signal began seven of every ten of his jokes, the Dutch fellow or the Chinese fellow or the Irish fellow intoning one jape or another--and inevitably performed in Dad's dialect tries, all hopelessly but happily lost in his own heathery burr. My father had a humor unusual in a nervous man, a casual gift of storying which paid no attention to the twanging nerves in him. This may ~~have~~ account for the way people sometimes have talked to ~~tell~~ me of him as if he were two separate men. I remember Charlie could spiel with the best of us knotheads, one will say, had a story ready whenever he remembered to look up from his work. And another, He knew sheep ranchin', that feller did, but you know he could kind of get excited workin' cattle, he's too nervous to be the best cowman. He divides like that in my own memory as well. Here, the natural pace of story which would have me listening without a blink. There, his marks of worry or tension, the tongue-click against the roof of his mouth or the spaced rhythm which began to parcel his words: Damn-it-to-hell-anyway...

a sound and shapely whole . . . . We wa
ate the working design for all that is right a
in our life," [40] men who can plan the natio
logic of plant management ("each step ha
whose dream of universal justice can be
ing the wage system.[42]

In the Engineer's eyes, the good society
sion of the carefully regulated power and
so smoothly in the plant, the "working desig
had discovered there. For these revelatio
Flat Rock; they were universally true.

> There is something sacred about wages [the
> absolutes]—they represent homes and famili
> tinies . . . . Wages are bread boxes and coal b
> children's education—family comforts and con
> is something just as sacred about capital which
> means by which work can be made productive

This was no part of the blueprint, a design
nature to the productive bone. But the En
rational myths have always done) was put
cradles, education, contentment—on the s
structed. The pulse of life was the reward
capital; they were the primal urge, and they

"Every spirit builds itself a house," anot
said.[46] The rational homestead that the E
seemed to him "the mainstay of all the fi
home represents"; there was "something ju
shop that employs thousands of men as there

> When one looks about . . . at the young wor
> strength of their jobs are marrying and setting
> the thousands of homes that are being paid fo
> when one looks at a great productive organizati
> these things to be done, then the continuance of
> a holy trust.[48]

The myth was complete—a sound and s
Engineer's horological soul had discovere

to drop the scab-hilled ranch and take on a better one. But one more time, something turned his life, our life: a new woman stepped inside the outline where my mother had been.

self. And I hereby earnestly declare
divested, now and during the rest of my life, of any such rights—the
barbarous relics of a feudal and despotic system soon destined in the
course of improvement to be wholly swept away and the existence of
which is a tacit insult to the good sense and good feeling of the present
comparatively civilized age.

Since women were economic, political, and social equals of men at New Harmony, they were given, the New Harmony *Gazette*

4 Too, I somehow see him in different sizes at once--the box-jawed man so far above me as a boy, the banty of a fellow beside ~~him~~ me when I had grown. But at whatever version, a remarkable ~~clarity~~ economy of line about him. As if making it up to him for

the shortness and a weight of only about 135 pounds, Dad's body went wide and square at the shoulders and then angled neatly down, like a thin but efficient wedge. His arms were ropy with muscle, yet not large; it was a mystery where the full strength of him came from, for he was as strong as men half again his size in lifting hay bales or woolsacks or wrestling calves down for the branding iron.

The quick parts of his brain, and they were several, mostly had to do with such ranchcraft. This came both from that Basin upbringing and from ~~flinging~~ having flung himself out of it. He was just pretty catty about anything to do with a ranch. And I knew ~~him~~ Charlie when he wasn't much more than dry behind the ears, out and ridin' for these stock spreads...

So to me now, looking at my father's early life is something like the first glimpse ever into a stone-rippled reflection in a pond, and wondering how it can be that the likeness there repeats some of what I know is me, growing up at his side thirty years later, along with so much more that is only waver and blur and startlement, and so can ~~be~~ only belong to some other being entirely. Crowding all his home hours in that log cabin beneath the Big Belts, five brothers and a sister, born after Peter Doig's death;

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to blow, a hot wind from the northeast whining down through the Cajon and San Gorgonio Passes, blowing up sandstorms out along Route 66, drying the hills and the nerves to the flash point. For a few days now we will see smoke back in the canyons, and hear sirens in the night. I have neither heard nor read that a Santa Ana is due, but I know it, and almost everyone I have seen today knows it too. We know it because we feel it. The baby frets. The maid sulks. I rekindle a waning argument with the telephone company, then cut my losses and lie down, given over to whatever it is in the air. To live with the Santa Ana is to accept, consciously or unconsciously, a deeply mechanistic view of human behavior.

I recall being told, when I first moved to Los Angeles and was living on an isolated beach, that the Indians would throw themselves into the sea when the bad wind blew. I could see why. The Pacific turned ominously glossy during a Santa Ana

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about women. Notable among its contributors was Elizabeth Peabody, a leading radical of her day, who published Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience" and who is supposedly Miss Birdseye in Henry James's *The Bostonians*. She advocated "a general ease of circumstances" in order to leave the passions "free to find their legitimate exercise" and thus "dignify woman universally." Her questioning of conventional marriage was similar to that of many of the secular communitarians, such as Charles Lane, who asserted in the *Dial* that "if the individual or separate family is in the true order of Providence, then the associative life is a false effort. If the associative life is true, then is the separate family a false arrangement."

Clearly—at least for Elizabeth Peabody—it was the "true order of Providence" that enabled the members of the community at West Roxbury to be "wholly true to their natures as men and women." Women especially, confined to a proper "sphere," could not be true to their natures in separate families. We hear everywhere, another *Dial* contributor complained, even from the pulpit,

his home hours in that log house beneath the Big Belts;

hours; the one of me, alone and treasuring it that way. His eight years of school which, shying from those Basin winters, began with spring thaw and then hurried hit-and-miss through summer; all my summers until well into adulthood ending in earliest September quick as the bell at the end of a recess, school of one kind or another creeping on then through three entire seasons of the year.

Some schoolmates of his came from families drawn back so far into the hills and their own peculiarities of living that the children were more like the coyotes which watchfully loped the ridgelines than like the other Basin youngsters. One family's boys, he remembered, started school so skittish that when someone met them on an open stretch of road where they couldn't dart into the brush, they flopped flat with their lunchboxes propped in front of their heads

~~to hide behind.~~

to hide behind. Thought we ~~xxx~~ couldn't see 'em behind those damned little lunchboxes, can ye ~~imagine~~ feature that? I barely could; my classmates always were town children, wearing town shoes and with a combed, town way of behaving.

Dad on horseback every chance he had, on his way to being one of the envied riders in a ~~county~~ countryside of riders; me reading every moment I could, tipping any open page up into

ties, Ruef was a "comer" in Rep olitics. His law practice grew with his political importa brought material prosperity which he increased by ins in real estate. He became obsessed with the dream to the United States Senate.

Fascination with politics m a tireless worker. Occasionally he forgot to eat and s learned the methods of Kelly and Crimmins, and when his purposes he served them by making their nomina ches and writing their platforms. Often, however, he d in independent "reform" factions of the party, m ause his growing ambitions made him impatient at b ere tool of the regulars. "But the people were apathetic, e, "and so I drifted with the machine. Whatever ideals d were relegated to the background."

In his own right, Ruef beca f the "Latin Quarter," where he was soon a familiar a lar figure. In the school of ward politics, he mastered t s methods of garnering votes. He was active in every social organization. He studied the strange psychology nage, the moth-like fascination of the job seeker wit nor of even the lowliest and least secure public office. observed, "a craze . . . as enslaving as the drink or dr and he marveled at the often repeated pattern of a you uining his life by deserting a safe and promising trad ness for the mirage of a poorly paid and temporary p b. Even minor political office holders were subject to emands for charity, and Ruef learned that a successfu uld never refuse aid to the needy or decline to purch s to a benefit. Ruef discovered, also, that one special nd the recipient and his friends "more tightly than a eral benefits to the community." Influence with poli judges on behalf of an arrested person could produ e form signed in blank by the judge. Friends in the a fice could overlook gross undervaluations of the taxa rty of corporations and wealthy individuals, and ceme upport for the boss. The auditor's office could expedit of a bill or approval of a doubtful claim. The corone ould modify the circumstances entered in a report o elating to culpability or

basis of opposition, curiously
extremes; owner and tenant a
ference an infringement of pe
It took long years of weary lab
the sunlight to such corners of
all. Not until five years after di
last in ousting the "cave-dwe
hundred and fifty cellars south
them below tide-water, that ha
ments. In many instances the p
out by force.

The work went on; but the n
effort. The Sanitarians were foll
faster than they went; like a fi
off, not chased, with success.
churches in 1879, characterized
victims of low social conditions
crowded lodgings, brought up i
darkness, moral and physical." T
busy in the dark corners ten, yea
breathed by these poor creatur
a well-known physician, "it wou
than the mud of the gutters." L
parent despite all that had been
that have been recently built, h
planned as the old, with dark a
over wet cellars, where extreme o
was the verdict of one authority.
to-day perpetuate the worst trad
are counted by thousands. Th
cleansed, as far as the immedia
cerned, but the Mulberry Street
in foulness not a stone's throw
corruption were continually spri
upper hand whenever vigilance v

he Tenement

e mark of Cain
fore the writing
mous ever after
-houses before,
Nothing would
more than the
; for they were
ers, the proud

r with the tre-
e war of 1812
ity of less than
illion souls, for
emory of men
oved from his
n to be easily
example; but
different rea-
e fashionable
hands of real-
here, says the
ls engendered
tenant-house
ustrious poor
s, and whose
e warehouses
much impor-

my eyes and imagination. He grew up ~~small~~ with a temper fused as short as he was, but ~~with~~ also with some estimates of himself considerably more generous than that; maybe because I held in all my temper and dreams, I filled out like a prize calf, bigger and solider and more red-haired every time anyone glanced in my direction.

Another wonderment at once follows this one, like a stone hurled harder into the pond. On his way to growing out of boyhood, my father came very near to dying.

Then time and again after that, it would happen that he would draw alongside death, breathe the taste of doom, then be let live.

I have had to think much about how death has touched early into my family. It touched earliest of all toward my father. Why, if what is so far from having answer is even askable--why was his life so closely stalked this way? And how was it that he lasted as he did? The costs ~~my~~ that this father of mine paid in all the surviving he had to do, I know enough about. But about why life had to dangle him such terms, not nearly enough.

That first slash at him, in 1918, came when the planet was dealing plentifully in ~~disaster~~ killing. World War One had gutted open entire nations, the influenza epidemic now was ripping at ~~one~~ family after ~~another~~. Dad barely missed the war; he was 17½ years old ~~when the~~ at armistice time. ~~The~~ But only days later, he was closer to death than if he had been in the frontmost trenches.

The last year or so of the combat, Dad had been hired by Basin neighbors whose son had been plucked away by the draft board. That job, on a tatter of a ranch near the canyon

rzberg is a tough Manhattan
n represents Con Ed's largest
the City Housing Authority
up a $10-million-a-year light
ge customer (perhaps no small
can be too happy with Con Ed.
; electric rates run 17 per cent
the national average, twice as
ttle's. Nerzberg's voice is like
avel, the first hint that he is a
sary, and he is an avowed op-
ew rate increases. But he likes

t can't believe how bad the last
t was," Nerzberg says. "It was
There is no question that Luce
out to do a good job. Maybe in
e can turn it around."
berg, like many New York-
that tolerant suspicion of any-
d. Luce's changes will have to
more than "promising state-
unfortunate consumers of Con
/s. And he warns that the up-
corporate headquarters could
e problems. "He may be too
nartinet."

CRITICS are far less yielding
erg. Don Vandirvert is the ex-
tor of the Scenic Hudson Con-
nference, a group of highly
nvironmentalists who have
mlins in Con Ed's power-de-
ns for six years. Vandirvert
most interminable, staccato
at he considers the evils of
'primitive" electric utility.
y possibly is trying," Van-
"But the only real achieve-
at Con Ed trucks are now
which is cleaner than the old
ne company's fossil-fuel gen-
are now using lower-sulfur
that is in anticipation of
lations. On brownie points,
ong way to go."
both because of his success-
pending antagonism, causes

nued on Page 10.)

on the deck. Scared,
to the side opposite hi
clung to her skirt.
"Well, it's all over n
"It's all behind us now
I made don't really ma
"A fine taste of wh
back on her and lea
fine taste!"
They were silent.
hawsers had been slipp
men on the lower deck
the water. Bells clanged
hoarse bellow of her
her prow rose with sl
water, and as she ch
skimmed across her pa
hind the ship the whit
land grew longer, rav
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THE HOUND

the Sixteen country,
where the railroad snaked through, was a youngster's worst dream. All day, for one square meal--oh, and they'd give me an apple to eat at bedtime, the honyockers--and a few dollars a week which he had to pass along to his mother, Dad did a man's share of ranch work; on top of that, mornings and evenings, he slogged through the chores of chicken-feeding and hog-slopping and kindling-splitting which a country child grows up hating.

It got worse. The soldier son was put on a ship to France, and now every day Dad was sent off on the mile and a half trudge down the railroad track to the Sixteen post office, to fetch a newspaper so the fretful parents could read through the list of battle casualties. I tell ye now, it didn't take me long to be wishin' that the son-of-a-buck would be on that list, so I wouldn't have to fetch that damn newspaper.

It was like my father to call down exasperation of that sort on somebody else, then undergo worse himself. The soldier son survived. But in mid-November of 1918, Dad set out on a day of deer hunting with a cousin, one of D.L.'s strapping sons, and the pair of them came down first with pneumonia, and then influenza. For days they lay delirious in the log ranch houses their fathers had built a mile apart. On the first night of December, the cousin died, and Dad's fever broke.

Those two had started out even when they put their first

In the Midst of Plenty

hall see, they are unnourished by their native
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footprints in the snow on that hunting trip. Why death for one, and not the other? No answer comes, except that even starts don't seem to count for much. If that was what saved Charlie Doig then, he was going to need several such bylaws of fate before he was done.

That first siege on his health behind him, Dad went back to the hired work which each of the young Doig brothers started at just as soon as he was old enough. For years, their wages had had to be the prop under the family homestead, which at last was ~~beginning to pull~~ almost pulling itself up into a ranch. By the autumn of 1919, all their cowboying and sheepherding and scrimping together had added up: We'd got our debts paid off, and built up quite a little bunch of cattle. Sold 90 head that fall, put the money in the bank, ~~put~~ laid in a winter's supply of groceries, bought a tremendous amount of oat straw a guy had there--it was just like hay, y'know. So we started in that winter with 190 head of cattle, and about 40 head of dandy horses. And also my mother just had inherited five thousand dollars from a relative that died in Scotland. Luck, it seemed, could hardly wait to follow on luck. Then, weeks ahead of the calendar, winter set in.

It became the winter which the Basin people afterward would measure all other winters against. The dark timbered mountains around them went white as icebergs. The tops of sagebrush vanished under drifts. And up around the bodies of bawling livestock, the wind twirled a ~~heavy~~ deadlier and deadlier web of snow. Day upon day, hay sleds slogged out all across the Basin to the cattle and horses as mittened men and boys fought this starvation weather with pitchforks.

on over, we're not anti-Semitic anymore?'" lamented one of the vice presidents.

rates still are high (with an additiona crease pending) and power still is de ately short. But New Yorkers looked o

Charles F. Luce works in shirtsleeves in his Con Ed office.

By late January, the weather was gaining every day. The Basin's haystacks were nearly gone, and the ranch families shipped in trainloads of slough grass which had been mowed from frozen marshes in Minnesota. Fifty dollars a ton. Fifty-five. Then sixty. We never heard of prices that high. And there was no choice in the world but to pay them. Godamighty, it was awful stuff, though. You had to chop the bales to pieces with axes. Sometimes out of a bale would tumble an entire muskrat house of sticks and mud. And reeds, and brush and Christ knows what all. Down to this brittle ration, the Basin country began to feel winter fastening into the very pit of its stomach. I helped load what was left of a neighbor's sheep into boxcars there at Sixteen. Those sheep were so hungry they were eatin' the wool off each other. And even the desperation hay began to run out. If we could of got another ten ton, we could of saved a lot of cattle. But-we-could-not-get-it. Cows struggled to stay alive now by eating willows thick as a man's thumb. And still the animals died a little every day, until the carcasses began to make dark humps on the white desert of snow.

It was early June of 1920 before spring greened out from under the snowdrifts in the Basin. We had about 60 head of cattle left, and about half a dozen horses, and not a dime.

The losses killed whatever hopes there had been that the Basin ranch would be able to bankroll Dad and the other brothers in ranching starts of their own. Like seeds flying on the Basin's chilly wind, they began to drift out one after another now.

Dad did not neglect to savor his earliest drifting. An autumn came when he and his brother Angus went

ght?

new regime with at least tolerant suspicion. It was grand theater to watch someone try to humanize Con Ed.

Luce, as a personality, is as straight as a Seneca arrow—serious, unflashy, stolid. But, for a Con Ed chairman, he is thoroughly unconventional, almost eccentric at times.

At lunch he and Angie stop the executive Chevy at busy Manhattan street corners and eat hotdogs at an umbrella stand. On Sundays he often hops on a bicycle at his Bronxville home and pedals off for surprise visits to isolated Con Ed installations.

Even if the substance of his changes is yet to be seen, Luce's maneuverings, his economies, his almost messianic effort to restructure Con Ed have won him at least begrudging admiration from some of the utility's longtime critics.

Ben Nerzberg is a tough Manhattan lawyer who represents Con Ed's largest customer, the City Housing Authority which runs up a $10-million-a-year light bill. No large customer (perhaps no small one, either) can be too happy with Con Ed. The utility's electric rates run 17 per cent higher than the national average, twice as high as Seattle's. Nerzberg's voice is like grinding gravel, the first hint that he is a rough adversary, and he is an avowed opponent of new rate increases. But he likes

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woman and that it would take the liberty of referring to her as "a female monster." The *Evening Post* advocated that any hall rented

off to the Chicago stockyards with a cousin's boxcars of cattle. For every carload of stock, see, you were entitled to your fare both ways. We were a pair of punk kids, out for a big time. So we took off to see Chicago. On the cattle train with them was a valley rancher who celebrated such Chicago trips by spending his cattle profits and then, high old Oh, he'd go back there and have a big time. papering the city with overdrawn checks. He took the young cowboys in tow, and the three of them sashayed through Chicago. One morning after several days of cloudtop high living, they were sprawled in barber chairs for the daily shave which would start them on a new round of carousing. The policeman on the beat--a helluva big old harness bull--paused outside the window at the sight of three pairs of cowboy boots poking out from under the barber cloths. He sauntered in, lifted the hot towel off the rancher's face, and said: Hello, White Sulphur Springs. When you get that shave, I want you. Their financier on his way to the precinct station, the Doig brothers caught the next train home. back to Montana.

The indifference is no unique callousness among Americans. Americans, in fact, are less inured to the suffering of others than most established peoples. They still long, happily, to do something about tragedy. But poverty has never been pleasant to look at and the average citizen, even of a humane society, does not actively seek it out. When cities were mixtures of differing economic groups, living cheek by jowl, and a man going to work walked by the poor, or perhaps saw them at the downtown employment office, or had his children sit next to their children in school, there was no choice. The middle-class citizen knew there was poverty because it was in the next block, or he saw it from the trolley, or he saw men selling buttons or repairing umbrellas in the street. The middle-class man may have protected himself with a smug explanation of why this happened, but he knew it existed. Today the middle-class American lives in the suburbs or in an entirely different part of the city. He does not usually have to go daily through the central city, or at least not through the littered streets behind the big hotels. He is much more apt to move outward to the fringes for working and shopping. He and his children may go for years without ever seeing a slum. (Indeed, the socially conscious parent in the city has been known to take his children on a deliberate tour of the slums to open young eyes to what exists in his own community.) His highways loop around or leap over these distant anonymous blocks at sixty miles an hour.

[Forty] ~~Thirty~~ years ago two-thirds of the population of the United States was in serious economic trouble. Today a smaller proportion of Americans is poor, not so small as the affluent seem to think, but small enough

to drop below the threshold of national consciousness. Because they are miserable out in the distant farmlands and mountains or in their cramped slums in the abandoned cores of cities, the poor are poor all by themselves.

Besides, the poor used to look poor and very often they don't any more. For centuries the literature of poverty was filled with words like "rags" and "faded" and "torn." This was the state of clothing among the poor until American poverty became the best-dressed in the world. In recent years clothes have become casual and dyes have become perfect.

It was possible recently to watch a girl at a dance in a Chicago community house, in a pink cotton dress with a bright blue bow at the collar; she could have been picked up by a parent in a big car and gone home to an apartment with a doorman. A boy in chinos and sports shirt walked down a San Francisco street with books under his arm; he might have entered a hillside villa without raising eyebrows. It would be an imprudent man who bet on the income level of the children's families. The Chicago girl went to a dark and uriniferous stairway beside a gin mill and walked into her tenement where drunken adults yelled at her and babies in cribs cried to be changed. The boy in San Francisco went up a back fire escape to a dingy pair of rooms where his husbandless mother fed her children from cold cans. The dyes in American clothing do not fade and in their fidelity they have removed from the streets one of the historic clues to poverty.

Paradoxically, the poor in America [now] ~~of the 1960's~~ are materially better off than the impoverished of the past, but they are poor nonetheless and they may be poorer in

And some other autumn--it seemed to be his migration time--Dad and his friend Clifford Shearer talked each other into heading west for the Coast. What they were going to do out there, they had no idea whatsoever, but probably it would be more promising than the spot they were standing on at the moment.

Clifford and Dad made, as a valley man has said it to me, a pair of a kind. They both were under medium height, wiry, trim, Clifford with his own good looks more sharply cut than Dad's square steady lines. Both were what the valley called well thought of.

no 41 The night before they left, the Basin people threw a farewell dance at the Sixteen schoolhouse. Women were bawling and carrying on, ~~Dad remembered,~~ you'd thought the world was coming to an end. ~~It was starting to. The Basin could never be the same when its youngsters began to go.~~

Out in the ~~world~~ unknown as job seekers, Dad and Clifford fizzed with more imagination than their first ~~boss~~ employment allowed for. They ~~had~~ stopped in Washington's Yakima Valley long enough to try the apple harvest. The idea, they were told the first morning, was to pluck each piece of fruit with care--now, you young fellers, give it this little twist so the stem don't come off, see?--

so it would go into the box unblemished for the market. But quality was not what they were being paid for; quantity was. Their orchard career hardly had got underway before they were caught ~~merrily~~ efficiently shaking apples down into their boxes by the whole battered treeload, and were sent down the road. We had five dollars apiece to show for it, anyway. They headed west some more through the state of Washington. The Pacific Ocean stopped them at Aberdeen, where they hired on as pilers in a lumber yard.

tion, whose youth had been passed in the most refined circles of private life, should present herself to the people as a public lecturer, would naturally excite surprise anywhere, . . . but in America, where women are guarded by a seven-fold shield of habitual insignificance, it has caused an effect which can scarcely be described. 'Miss Wright, of Nashoba, is going to lecture . . .' sounded from street to street, from house to house."

Frances Wright was aware that even the women for whom she was trying to secure property rights, free universal education, divorce reforms, and birth control were hostile. She wrote her sister from "a cabin crowded with ladies who perhaps feel in my company as in the presence of a new importation from the South Seas, and I most certainly in theirs as some unfortunate antipodean to whom the surrounding minds and manners are as uncongenial as the bonnets."

The most vigorous attacks on her were in the press. The New York *American* declared that Frances Wright had ceased to be a

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Charlie and I didn't ~~hardly~~ know what a stick of lumber was, hardly--this from Clifford, with his drawling chuckle--we thought everything was made out of logs, y'know. But they asked us if we knew anything about lumber, and we said, 'Well, sure.'

(now) When the first rain of the Aberdeen winter whipped in, the pair of them slopped through their shift wondering to one another how soon the yard boss would take pity, as any rancher back home would decently have done, and send them in out of the downpour. By the end of that wettest day of their lives, they still were in the rain but had stopped wondering.

Well, hell, we needed the job, y'know. It was November and the streets was lined with men, and we was a long ways from home. So I said to Charlie, by gollies, I'm goin' uptown and see if they won't trust a feller for some rain clothes. Clifford slogged off and talked a dry-goods merchant out of two sets of raingear on credit. But a drier skin didn't ease Dad's mind entirely.

He got homesick, y'know. You never saw a guy got so homesick as Charlie. Dad toughed it out in Aberdeen for some months, told Clifford he couldn't stand it and headed back to Montana. That Aberdeen winter was the longest one in my life, and godamighty, the rain.

When he came home shaking off the ~~West~~ Pacific Coast damp, Dad was less interested in the world beyond the valley. He did some more cowboying, and some more time on sheep ranches; three seasons, he sheared sheep with a crew which featured a handsome giant shearer named Matt Van Patton. The best

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looking guy I think I ever remember seeing. A sheep shearing sonofagun, too; he could really knock the wool off of 'em, went over 200 ewes on his tally ~~he went over 200 ewes every day~~. And a drinking sonofagun. The last time Dad saw him was when the crew finished its final season and broke up. Old Matt, he started hittin' the booze, he had a jug somewhere, along the middle of the afternoon. By suppertime he was so drunk he couldn't walk. The crew had a dead-ax wagon to haul its outfit in, and he was layin' in the bottom of that with his head hangin' out over the tailgate.

~~And~~ When Clifford returned from the Coast, there was serious roistering to be caught up on with him, too. I remember that me an' Charlie might get a little bit on the renegade side now and then, y'might say. This once, there was three of us--me an' Charlie and D.L.'s son, Alex--caught the train from Sixteen up there to the ~~Ringling~~ dance at Ringling one night.

~~one night~~. We got our room from Mrs. Harder, the old German lady who run the Harder Hotel there. Then we went on down to the bootleg joint and bought a gallon of moonshine. So of course we got pretty well loaded off of it, and full of hell. Anyway, ~~the next morning~~ Mrs. Harder, she called up the sheriff's office and said for the sheriff to get down there: 'Dere's ~~There's~~ sechs boys from Sechsteen, and dey're wreckin' my hotel!' Well, hell, there was only three of us, but I guess she thought we was as bad as six.

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he Midst of Plenty

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residents, they crowd into whole blocks and entire neighborhoods that have emptied out their original residents en masse, sometimes in a matter of a few months. This process has broken an important chain of inheritance by which the accumulated experience of civilized urban living was normally passed on to the newcomer. Conformity, a curse to those who have learned the crucial mechanics of living, serves its purpose in the struggle to master a new environment. A vital part of this learning process is the urge of the newcomer to adjust to the prevailing standards and to the expectations of his neighbors. But now there was no prevailing standard, no expectation by anyone, no model to follow, nothing to adjust to.

Many of the rural migrants had never before lived under the same roof with another family. Certainly they had never conducted their total family ritual within chambers that were only a few feet away from a dozen other chambers where other families were living out their lives, all without the cleansing action of open land and sun and wind. The almost automatic conditions of city-life cooperation—embodied in the commonplace concept of "the people downstairs" or, also alien to the rural family, "the people next door"—is slow to come to families who for generations had space and open fields for neighbors. The mechanics of tenement living can be awesome, its integration into the unconscious skills of day-to-day living can take a long time. For many, modern plumbing—the toilet bowl and water closet, the kitchen sink drain—seems governed by principles as arcane as those for a nuclear reactor. Plaster walls seem made for graffiti or for drilling

Like a gray inland sea, held by buttes and long ridges at the northern and southern ends, and east and west by mountain ranges. The Blackfoot tribes who had hunted the land by then were pulling north, in a last ragged retreat to the plains beyond the Missouri River. On the opposite slopes of the Big Belts, placer camps

But the deep ingredient ~~in~~ of my father's adventuring in those years of his early twenties was horses. It was a time when a man still did much of his day's work atop a saddle pony, and the liveliest of his recreation as well. And with every hour in the saddle, the odds built ~~up~~ that there was hoofed catastrophe ahead. Built, as Dad's stories ~~imprinted in~~ lessoned into me, until the most casual swing into the stirrups could almost cost your life: I'll tell ye a time. I was breakin' this horse, and I'd rode the thing for a couple of weeks, got him pretty gentle--a big nice tall brown horse with a stripe in his face. I'd been huntin' elk up in the Castles, and I'd rode that horse all day long. Comin' home, I was just there in the Basin below the Christison place, and got off to open a gate. My rifle was on the saddle there, with the butt back toward the horse's hip, and it'd rubbed a sore there and I didn't notice the rubbin'. When I went to get back on, took hold of the saddle horn to pull myself up, y'know, the rifle scraped across that sore. Boy, he ducked out from under me and I went clear over him. I caught my opposite foot in the stirrup as I went over, and away he went, draggin' me. He just kicked the daylights out of me as we went. It was in a plowed field, and I managed to turn over and get my face like this--cradling his arms in front of his face, to my rapt watching--but he kept kickin' me in the back of the head here, until he had knots comin' on me big as your fist. And he broke my collarbone. Finally my boot came off, or he'd ~~dragged~~ of me around until he kicked my head off, I guess.

The accident of flailing along the earth with a horse's rear hooves thunking your skull was one thing. Courting such breakage was another, and it was in my father not to miss that chance, either. ~~Each~~ Most summer Sundays, the best riders in the county would gather at a ranch and try to ride every bucking horse they had been able to round up out of the hills. It was the kind of hellbending contest young Charlie Doig was good at, and he passed up few opportunities to show it.

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was the Engineers Club and the line of Con Ed cars sometimes stretched half a block. Angie remembers that shortly after Luce arrived the new chairman saw a Con Ed booze bill from the Engineers Club. He also remembers what Luce said: "Jesus Christ, what do they do, bathe in the stuff?"" Out went the Engineers Club and the limousines.

Those were not the only changes. Luce's arrival at Con Ed was something like Castro's march into Havana. He switched ad agencies and law firms, ending decades-long associations. In short order most of the old-line management officials were gone, many of them by simply lowering the retirement age.

He accelerated the programs for hiring blacks and Puerto Ricans. He sought out Jews, although that wasn't always so easy. "What can we say to people? 'Hey, come on over, we're not anti-Semitic anymore?'" lamented one of the new vice presidents.

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celebrated for personal triumph over poverty this has led to the assumption—usually by the well-fed—that to be poor makes one more noble. This was never true for most of the poor and it is not true now. Yet the belief persists that the poor compared with the affluent ought to be more honest, more resourceful, more puritanical, more disciplined, more resilient against despair, more emotionally stable, and simultaneously more aggressive and more submissive. They are not. Poverty is the pressure of living at the bottom of the social sea and this pressure finds the weakness in every personality. Poverty is dirty, vermin-infested, cold in winter, broiling in summer, and worst of all it is lonely and self-reproaching.

Ironically, the native American poor of the 1960's are worse off in some ways than the foreign immigrants of two generations ago. Both came practically penniless, went into the worst housing, got the worst jobs, and suffered the isolation and discrimination that comes to the impoverished stranger.

But the foreigners had their own culture and countrymen and history to give them assurance while they were being shunned by the new culture. In the old days if a man was disdained as a "wop" or a "mick" or a "kike" he or his parents knew that there were a time and a place in which the Italians ruled the world and created a great culture, or the Irish wrenched freedom from the world's greatest power and defended their Roman Catholic faith, or the Jews shared the making of modern civilization and survived the suffering millennia with learning and art. The lash of prejudice made its scars, as it always does, but there was some psychological solace in one's own history and bitter

The hill broncs which would be hazed in somewhere for this weekend rodeoing--the Doig homestead had a big stout notched-pole corral which was just right--were not scruffy little mustangs. They were half again bigger and a lot less rideable than that: herds grown from ranch stock turned out to pasture, with all the heft of workhorses added to their new wildness. Eventually there came to be a couple of thousand such renegades roaming the grassed hills around the valley. Some would weigh more than three-quarters of a ton and measure almost as tall at the shoulder as the height of a big man. A rider would come away from a summer of those massive hill broncs with one experience or another shaken into his bones and brain, and Dad's turn came up when the last two horses were whooped into the Doig corral at dusk one of those Sunday afternoons.

Five or six of us were ridin', all had our girls there and were showin' off, y'know. Neither of the last horses looked worth the trouble of climbing on--a huge club-hoofed bay, and a homely low-slung black gelding. Someone yelled out, That black one looks like a damned milk cow! Dad called across the corral to the other rider, Which one of those do you want, Frankie, the big one or that black thing?

The bay was saddled, and thudded around the corral harmlessly on its club hooves. Then the corral crew roped the black for Dad and began to discover that this one was several times more horse than it looked. Oh, he was a bearcat, I'm here to tell you.

The gelding was so feisty they had to flop him flat and hold him down to cinch the saddle on. Dad swung into the stirrups while the horse was uncoiling up out of the

CHAPTER TWO

"Children Are Not to

Into the cities they pour, re
tion.

In Chicago the white folk f
mostly by Trailway bus, carryin
tied with rope, an old trunk, thr
baby buggy, a bag of grits, clutch
come earlier with an address ar
the cabs, they'll cheat you."

If they are colored they com
artery in Southern Negro life, th
getting off in awe under the larg
carrying their old suitcases and
with clothes and pans, and they,
ten address, an address that ma
newcomers go to the slums and
turning many slums into vacant

If they are American Indian
old cars from the Dakotas and Ut
hunger of the reservations, ma
largest concentration of aborigin

They all gravitate toward t
at the rate of fifty a day.

In a city as big as Chicag

Thence we crossed over the suspension bridge to the
ported ourselves as having no contraband articles aboard, and proceeded to
the Horseshoe Falls. Every hack, carriage, or wagon, immediately upon its
crossing the bridge, has to report itself at the customhouse; otherwise the
driver is liable to have his carriage and horses sold. The object is the preven-
tion of smuggling goods. No examination, however, is made, and the word
of the driver is usually taken unless some suspicions be excited. Often do the
drivers, as I learned from one of them, carry articles from one country into
the other without paying the duty established by law, boldly approaching the
customhouse and crying out: "Nothing aboard!" When the officer came out
to the carriage, I asked him whether a person coming for the express purpose
of *spying* out the land was not a contraband article. He smiled and said: "Not
in a time of peace."

Having obtained fine views of the American and Horseshoe Falls from
the English shore, I made the descent and again clad as a sailor went under

dirt. When the bronc had all four feet under him, he sunfished for the corral poles and went high into them as intentionally as if he were a suicide plunging off a cliff. Horse and rider crashed back off the timbers, then the bronc staggered away into another quick running start and slammed the fence again. And then again.

He like to have beat my brains out on that corral fence. Then, worse: He threw me off over his head upside down and slammed me against that log fence again, and still he kept a-buckin'. I jumped up and got out of his way and tried to climb the fence. He had made it onto the top of the fence when the battering caught up with him. Blacking out, he pitched off the corral backwards, into the path of the gelding as it rampaged past. The horse ran over him full length, full speed. One hoof hit me in the ribs here, and the other hit me in the side of the head here, and just shoved all the skin down ~~here in~~ off the side of my face in a bunch.

(not?) the gelding would have hollowed him out like a trough if the corral crew hadn't managed to snake him out under the fence before the horse could get himself turned. By then, someone already was sprinting for a car for the 45-mile ride to a doctor. I was laid up six weeks that time, before I could even get on crutches.

That was his third stalking by death; Dad himself had invited most of the risk that time, although in the homely black gelding it came by the sneakiest of means. But the next near-killing hit him as randomly as a lightning bolt exploding a snag. It began with

the yip of coyote pups on a mountainside above the Basin. I was workin' for Bert Plymale, and we lambed a bunch of sheep over there near the ~~mkt~~ D.L. place. Coyotes, sheep killers that they were, were hated as nothing else in that country, especially in the lean foothill ranch country where any loss of livestock hurt like a wound. They were eatin' the lambs just about as fast as we could turn 'em out. And we could hear these coyotes, in a park up on the side of the mountain, yippin' up there early morning and evening. So I had a young kid workin' with me, and we decided we'd go up there and find that den.

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Manchild on a Harlem Saturday Night

– Claude Brown

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imp wasn't going to
ng to kill that nigger

nd Seventh Avenue.
Neil, but Pimp was

horses and rode up the slope of Wall Mountain to find the coyote den and dig out the pups.

When they reined up in a clearing in the timber where the yips were coming from, Dad stepped off his horse and walked ahead a few steps to look for the den. The boy tossed. I was carryin' the pick and the kid was carryin' the shovel--in case we found the den, we could dig it out. I'd stepped off of this bay horse, dropped the lines and walked several feet in front of him, clear away from him. That sap of a kid, he dropped that shovel right at the horse's heels. And instead of kickin' at the shovel like a normal horse would, y'know, he jumped ahead and whirled and kicked me right in the middle of the back. Drove two ribs into my lungs.

Dad hunched on the ground like a shot animal. I couldn't get any breath atall when I'd try straighten up, when I was down on all fours, I could get enough breath to get by on. The kid, he was gonna leave me there and take off to find everybody in the country to come get me with a stretcher. I said no, by God, I was gonna get out of there somehow. Spraddled on hands and knees in a red fog of pain, he gasped out to the choreboy to lead his horse beneath a small cliff nearby. Dad crawled to the cliff, climbed off the ledge into the saddle. Then, crumpled like a dead man tied into the stirrups, he rode the endless mile and a half to the ranch. That was one long ride, I'm here to tell you.

Getting there only began a new spell of pain--the pounding car ride across rutted roads to town and the doctor. By then, Dad's breathing had gone so ragged and bloody that the doctor set off with him for the hospital in Bozeman. Two gasping hours more in a car. At last, by evening, he lay flat in a hospital bed. But I, anyway, always healed fast, and a few weeks later, he was climbed stiffly onto a horse again.

e a disastrous black tidal wave, anada, New England and finally city. As system after system losers desperately sucked power The Source—until The Source At the West 65th Street control instruments could follow the ng relentlessly toward the city. with the outside, interstate ex- hould have been cut. The Source ve isolated itself. Instead, the black. For 14 hours The Source

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V YORK were not New York, per- roblems of Con Ed would have inal interest beyond the Hudson n as the world's largest private company serves an area of less quare miles. During a Con Ed ight bulbs dim in less than 1 per nerica. But New York, bleak and as it is in the 1970s, still is the l, financial and even social hub ntry.

esult of its close relationship to ny of New York City, Consolidat- Co. is, from some standpoints, nt factor in the socioeconomic he entire United States and oth- the world," a Federal Power study said recently. "The im- ny serious power shortages in are felt in the economic and nels far beyond the confines of

us power shortage has, of ived. While nothing as horren- e Great Blackout has occurred brownouts (voltage reductions Con Ed when electricity de- tens to outstrip supply) are on of becoming commonplace.

ure, if all goes well, should be But Luce must unsnarl some problems to make the future n Ed — and for New York.

these problems, peculiar to the bly are beyond solution. The noulders a huge tax burden. Con

polluted since Thomas Alva Edison's tinkerings a century ago and the company which took his name has been no exception. Con Ed may not be the worst polluter of the air over New York (the automobile and its vile hydrocarbons long have held that distinction) or the water around the city (the very municipal governments that often harangue Con Ed have fouled the Hudson and killed New York harbor).

But Con Ed has done its share. In the past, its old coal-fired plants spewed tons of crud into the air. Even now, with most of its plants burning low-sulfur fuel, the company is a consistent violator of the city's antismoke regulations. With Con Ed struggling to move into the nuclear age, some environmentalists are concerned that the company might treat the city's water resources even worse.

In the mid-1960s, as Con Ed engineers began to foresee the potentially disastrous power shortages of the 1970s, nuclear generation seemed the logical solution. It was fairly economical and it resolved the old environmental bugaboo of fossil-fuel plants — air pollution. There seemed to be, at that time, no major environmental problems with nuclear power. So Con Ed began planning a number of nuclear plants.

But as preservation of the environment became a national cause in the late 1960s, it grew apparent that nuclear power had problems, too. There were atomic scare stories about potential explosions and some scientists warned about the effects of low-level radiation in populated areas.

But thermal pollution was the real concern and it was a problem discovered very late by the public. Nuclear-power production heats vast quantities of water which, in Con Ed's case, will be pumped into the Hudson River. This hot water could affect the ecology of the river, possibly endangering the survival of fish species and other aqua life. Con Ed's researchers believe the effect on the Hudson will be minimal, but the company's credibility is not always high in New York.

IN ANY CASE, the uneasiness over Con Ed's nuclear plan helps illuminate why the Federal Power Commission concluded that the company is "severely handicapped trying to handle New York's future pc needs. New York's tolerant suspicior even the new regime at Con Ed can qu ly give away to simple suspicion. Muc the company's planning has been exas atingly poor. Environmental considerat probably will grow. "No one was tal about thermal pollution when we sta planning the nuclear installation," one gineer said, "and now no one will talking about it."

Despite the problems, Luce sees nuc power as the long-range salvation of Ed. He sees the new nuclear plants or Hudson, plus some new fossil-fuel pl getting the company and New through the crisis of the 1970s. By 1980s, he hopes the company will b building nuclear installations on the o where the vastness of the Atlantic sh minimize whatever problems there with thermal pollution.

"I don't want to be remembered as guy who destroyed the aquatic life of Hudson," Luce said. But he doesn't wa be remembered as the guy who faile light New York City, either. The Charles Franklin Luce, 53, a liberal socially motivated man, solves that di ma, if he solves it at all, could affec way Americans live far beyond the fc rivers that confine New York City.

●

On July 21, 1970, across the fec East River from the executive suite, Allis groaned and stopped. Big Allis i bulging-blue bulwark of The Consolid Edison Co.—Big Allis, a million-kilo generator, biggest in the retinue of Source. But Big Allis was dead, dead September. With Allis gone, The So was without reserve power as New braced itself for the heat storms of July and August. In the executive suite chairman switched off his air-conditi The summer looked long and hot, long hot indeed.

He couldn't have thought, when he was being battered around from one near-death to the next, that he was heading all the while into the ranch job he would do for ~~most~~ many of the rest of his years. But the valley, which could always be counted on to be fickle, now was going to let him find out in a hurry what he could do best. Sometime about 1925, when he was twenty-four years old, Dad said his goodbyes at the Basin homestead another time, saddled up, and rode to the far end of the Smith River Valley to ask for a job at the Dogie ranch.

More than any other ranch, the Dogie had been set up--which is to say, pieced together of bought-~~up~~ out homesteads and other small holdings--to use the valley's advantages and work around its drawbacks. Wild hay could be cut by the mile from its prime bottomland meadows; a crew of three dozen men would begin haying each mid-June and build the loaf-like stacks by the hundreds. Cattle and sheep--like many ranches of the time, the Dogie raised both--could be grazed over its tens of thousands of acres of bunchgrass slopes along and above the east fork of the Smith River, and sheltered from winter blizzards in the willow thickets ~~along~~ cloaking the streambed. And the trump card of it all: hard years could be evened out with the wealth of the Seattle shipping family who owned the enterprise and ran it ~~family~~ in a fond vague style. The Dogie gladly ~~hired~~ put Dad on its payroll, but that was the most that could be said for the job. He was made choreboy, back again at the hated round of milking cows and feeding chickens and hogs and fetching stovewood for the cook.

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ple who complained to him about all those old people hanging around the lobby.

Life just happens to be different in a high-rise than, say, in a bungalow or three-flat neighborhood.

And High-Rise Man sees things—himself included—in a different way.

High-Rise Man is like his building—soaring, lean, modern, gracious, cool, handsome, push-button, filter-tipped, a symbol of today and today's young, calorie-free living.

In the morning, he can leap out of bed and stand there in his shorts, looking out of his sweeping glass window at the sun rising over Lake Michigan.

At night, with the lights dimmed, he might stand there sipping something-on-the-rocks, listening to something tasteful on his stereo, gazing down at the twinkling lights

But when High-Rise Man and his High-Rise Mate step out of the cab, nod to the doorman's respectful greeting and stride through their lobby, it can be jarring—shocking—to see a bunch of old people sitting around, dozing, knitting, cackling, or even, heaven forbid, coughing.

Not in their lean, young, soaring world.

Children are just as distasteful. When you see a child, you think of runny noses, scabby knees, diapers, boisterous behavior—none of which belongs in the world of muted

no 91

But he had come to the Dogie , and was biding time there, because ~~just when~~ the owners were signing into a partnership with a sheep rancher from near Sixteenmile Creek. The "Jasper" at the front of his name long since crimped down to "Jap" by someone's hurried tongue, Jap Stewart had arrived out of Missouri some twenty years before, leaving behind the sight in one eye due to a knife fight in a St. Joe saloon, but bringing just the kind of elbowing ambition to make a success in the wide-open benchlands he found several miles east of the Basin. Drinker, scrapper, sharp dealer and all the rest, Jap also was a ranchman to the ~~bone~~ marrow, and he prospered in the Sixteen country as no one before or since. Now he was quilting onto the Dogie holdings his own ~~nine~~ five thousand head of sheep and the alloted pasture in the national forest for every last woolly one of them. He also moved in to kick loose anything that didn't work, ~~This included~~ such as most of the Dogie's crew.

Jap began by giving them a Missouri growling at--most of you sonsabitches've worked here so goddamn long all you know any more is how to hide out in the goddamn brush--and ended up sacking every man on the ranch except Dad and a handful of others. While Jap's new men streamed in past the old crew on the road to town, Dad, at the age of ~~21~~ 25, was made sheep boss, in charge of the Dogie's nine bands grazing across two wide ends of the county. In another six months, I was foreman of the ~~entire~~ whole damn shebang ranch, with Jap Stewart looking on as manager.

What one-eyed old Jap Stewart must have seen, watching Dad as he grew up in those ranch jobs which Annie Doig's sons were always pegging away at, was that he would know how to work men. Skill with horses and cattle and sheep were one thing; Dad had those talents, but so did every tenth or twentieth young drifter who came along. The rare thing in the valley was to be able to handle men. Ranch crews were a hard commodity, a gravel mix of drifters, drinkers, gripers, not a few mental cripples, and an occasional ~~good~~ steady worker. No two crews were ever much alike, except in one thing: somebody was going to resent the work and any foreman who put him to it, and sooner or later trouble would be made. Anyone who had spent time on a ranch crew knew the stories--of a herder who sneaked the stovepipe off his own sheepwagon while camp was being moved so he would have something to be mad about and could quit, or of a tireless hay stacker who packed up and left on the first rainy day because he couldn't stand the hours of being idle. Darker stories, too, of a herding dog bashed to death with rocks in some silent coulee, a haystack ablaze in the night when there had been no lightning, a man battered in an alley after an argument with a broody crewman.

It would have been something to mutter about, then, for ranch hands who came onto the job to find this kid foreman barely five and a half feet tall parceling out orders in a soft burred voice. Plainly Dad was too short and green to handle a crew of a 45,000-acre ranch. But there was the surprising square heft across

his shoulders and down his arms--more than enough strength to be wicked in a fight, and, remember, I never saw anybody so big I couldn't take him on, ~~remember.~~ But ~~And~~ along with muscle and feistiness, Dad had a knack of handing tasks around in a crew reasonably, almost gently: Monte, if you'd ride up to the school section and salt those cows there. Jeff, if you'd work over that fence along the creek. Tony, if you'd . . . That soft if of his seemed to deal each man into the deciding, and it was a mark of Dad's crews that they generally went out of the bunkhouse to the school section and the creek fence and a dozen other jobs just as if the work had been their own idea all along. Oh, he could handle us 'rangutangs, all right--this from a Dogie man, a half century on--no ructions on a crew of your daddy's.

These years when my father began to ramrod ~~ding~~ crews were amid the era when the homesteaders' valley was dimming away, and the lustrous wealth of big new ranch owners had begun to show itself. President Woodrow Wilson's son-in-law toyed with a ranch on Battle Creek for awhile. A family named Manger began to quilt together vast sprawls of grassland for its sheep. John Ringling (of Wisconsin and New York and Florida) put some of his circus fortune into buying 75,000 acres of range, erected a mammoth dairy barn near the White Sulphur (Springs) stockyards, and financed the twenty-mile rail ~~road~~ -line which squibbed down the valley to connect with the main track of the Milwaukee (and St. Paul railroad.) ~~line.~~ John's railroad may be only twenty miles long, but it's just as wide as any man's railroad, the other Ringling brothers joshed, but John Ringling was serious as any squire about his sagebrush empire. He held to his investments

be up at three o'clock tomorrow morning for the stage. With [illegible] to you both, Aunt Susan, Sister, Cousin Laura, Brother, and all relatives and friends, I remain

Your ever affectionate son,
Charles C. Jones, Jr.

Howdy for the servants.

MR. CHARLES C. JONES, JR., *to* REV. *and* MRS. C. C. JONES[t]

Helm Station, Kentucky, *Wednesday,* July 19th, 1854

My dear Father and Mother,

For the past week I have been so much indisposed that it has been out of my power practically to embody those communings which mentally I have had often with you. Am happy, however, in being able this morning to accomplish my wishes.

I left Louisville the morning succeeding the evening upon which I wrote

violations of the above or for repeated complaints of cackling, knitting, dozing, coughing or cracking sounds from joints.

"Regarding children: We suggest that tenants who possess them consider giving them away."

in the valley for ~~several decades~~ a quarter of a century, and the valley people talked casually about the Ringling family, as if they were neighbors who had happened to come into a bit more flash and fortune than anyone else.

But one name was beginning to be spoken most often in the valley: Rankin. It would be spoken in contempt nearly all of my father's remaining years there, and through my own boyhood and beyond. Wellington D. Rankin was a lawyer in Helena, a courtroom caricature with flowing silver hair and an Old Testament voice. And, be it said, a pirate's shrewdness. When the Depression began to catch up with John Ringling's indulgences, Rankin was there to buy the every acre--the so-and-so got that Ringling land for a song, and did his own singing--and then further ranch after ranch in the hills hemming the Big Belts, until an ominous new style had come into the valley.

Rankin poured in cattle by the thousands--his herd eventually was said to be ten thousand head--and then skimped every expense he could think of. His cowboys were shabby stick figures on horseback. The perpetual rumor was that most of them were out on prison parole or some other work release somehow arranged by Rankin; Old Rankin's jailbirds, the valley people called them. More forlorn even than the cowboys were the Rankin cattle, skinny creatures with the huge Double O Bar brand across their ribs like craters where all the heft had seeped from them.

These wolfish cows roved everywhere: That bastard of a Rankin always has more cattle than country....I tell you, I'm afraid of 'em. A storm'll come and here Rankin's cows'll come up the road from Rock Creek, and they reach through your fences eatin' weeds and willows, and if they break in they can eat you out in one night. Another of the rumbles against this new duke of the valley was the supposition that he was responsible for Montana's lack of a law requiring fencing along the state highways. How ever it had come to be, the legislative gap kept the valley wide open to Rankin's pillaging herds, and they grazed along the highway shoulders and regular as the dark of the moon were smashed by cars cresting the valley highway's inky little dips.

As the giant ranches took more and more of the country, then,

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Be Wrong, but I Doubt It

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ating, and if
be Hi-Rise
of Stereo Tapes,
d Jet Handler to the

No People Need Apply

—Mike Royko

The manager of a high-rise building on Lake Shore Drive recently sent this letter to his tenants:

"Dear Tenant:

"We have been receiving numerous complaints on the misuse of the lobbies by adults as well as children.

"We must ask, therefore, that 'Lobby Sitting' be discontinued.

"Please note under Rules and Regulations:

"Children shall not be permitted to loiter or play on the stairways, halls, porches or court areas or in public places generally used by the public or other tenants.

"The sidewalks, entryways, passages, vestibules, halls and stairways outside of the several apartments shall not be used for any other purpose than ingress and egress to and from the respective rooms or apartments.

"We have been asked by many, why we have sofas and chairs in the lobby if we do not permit their use.

"It is the intention of the owners that seating be available for the FEW MINUTES that a guest may be waiting for a tenant, or that a tenant and guest be waiting for a taxi or driver to pick them up, and to enhance our lobby.

"We are sure you will agree that we are constantly extending efforts to maintain our lobbies and public areas in a manner that will be pleasing to you and reflect the prestige of our building. It is our sincere hope that you will co-operate with us."

The letter angered a lady who lives in the building. She said it was directed at the elderly people, who, during the great blizzard, had no place to go. So they sat in the lobby just to get out of their apartments for a few hours.

The lady sent it to me because she felt I would share her anger.

I can't get angry about the letter because I think I understand the feelings of the building manager and the peo-

men such as my father became more valuable as foremen--the top sergeants for the country's regimenting. A few of them held the same job for decades, the seasons of haying and lambing and calving as steady and ceaseless in their lives as the phases of the moon. Dad was of the group more contentious than that. The valley ranches often were miserably managed--few owners having the deftness it takes to budget the grazing of thousands of animals across rough miles of sage country, in a chancy climate--and it was common for a feisty foreman to give his job one last thunder-blue cussing, quit, and move on somewhere else in the valley. Dad seared himself loose that way a number of times, even from the Dogie when the hand of ownership would get too clumsy there.

His quittings, as he told and retold them, would take on all the shape and pace of a pageant. It would begin with the rancher swaggering into the bunkhouse after breakfast to have his say about the work to be done that day. Dad would listen, never giving a sign, until the rancher had finished. Then he would casually answer, No, someone else could line out the crew on those jobs, he was through.

Puzzled, the rancher would ask what he meant.

Dad would reply that he meant he was quitting, that's what.

Unbelieving, the rancher would begin to stammer: For bejesus'sake why, what was wrong?

This was Dad's cue to tell him with all barrels blazing--that he'd never worked on a haywire outfit with such broken-down equipment, or that he'd had enough of daylight-to-dark days with no Sundays off, or that he'd never been on a place before where he'd been given so damn few men to put up the hay.

has been set by the older generation, the Saturday night pattern of getting drunk, getting a new piece of cunt, and getting real bad—carrying a knife in your pocket and ready to use it, ready to curse, ready to become a Harlem Saturday night statistic, in the hospital, the police station, or the morgue.

The intern who comes to Harlem and starts his internship around April will be ready to go into surgery by June. He's probably already tried to close up windpipes for people who've had their throat slit. Or tried to put intestines back in a stomach. Or somebody has hit somebody in the head with a hatchet. Or somebody has come into his house at the wrong time and caught somebody else going out the window.

The rancher next would plead: Hell, he didn't need to quit, they'd fix it up somehow.

This was the trumping time Dad had been waiting for: No, by God, he wouldn't work on any ranch run the way this one was, not for any amount of money. Write 'er out, whatever salary he had coming; he was going to town.

That the event did not always happen in just this fashion did not matter; it held that shape in Dad's mind, and left him free to revamp his routine of life as promptly as he felt like it. Go to town he would, and in a day or so on to the next job as foreman--never for Rankin, I'd rather scratch with the chickens than work for that bastard--because the bedrock fact under young Charlie Doig's life was that he knew nearly all that was worth knowing about ranch work in the valley. It came of an irony: the one thing that hardscrabble Basin homestead had done for Dad and his brothers was to teach them how a ranch ought to operate. From having had to take that homestead apart and put it together time and again as they tried to make it go, the Doig youngsters could not help but learn more than they could forget. Out of that way of growing up and some unhaltered ability all his own, then, this young ranchman who would become my father had a feel for the valley's seasons and each of their tasks and the crews needed to achieve them, and it made him some reputation early.

In the Midst of Plenty

etreat. There is a con-
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he city are too scarce.
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But the Rainbow never became the danger to us that it could have. Dad did not become one of its night-after-night drinkers; he must have seen the risk clearly enough to back off in time. Every third or fourth trip to town, he might end up there and we would be in for a late stay, but most of the time the routine which carried us through the other saloons and all their attractions was enough for him.

My father, ~~then~~ now, at twenty-seven. Three or four times back from death's borderlines. A few years as foreman of the Dogie before pushing off for another of the valley's ranches, and

others after that, whenever he was unfractured and in the saddle. Still putting a brief hand to the Basin homestead every so often with a couple of the other brothers, as if they couldn't ~~quite~~ stand to let the sage hills take back that grudging patch of ranch. If he was headed ~~nowhere in particular~~ nowhere grand in history, at least he seemed not to mind the route. But now, as it had that way of doing, his life swerved hard. He met Berneta Ringer, my mother.

Some Saturday night in the spring of 1928, he danced with her in the community hall at the little town of Ringling, where John Ringling's branchline railroad wandered down the valley from White Sulphur Springs. Berneta was a slim high school girl, not much more than five feet tall, with a fragile porcelain look to her--pale skin set off by dark hair, a dainty way of arching her head forward a few inches as if listening to a whisper. She had a straight, careful smile, her lips just beginning to part with [redacted] amusement. Her face was too round and the nose too broad to allow beauty, but a tidy prettiness was there. And she carried an admiration from anyone who knew her situation: her family, which skimped along in a life hard and poor even

gentle despite his rebuke. "You never wrote me. You're thin. Ach! Then here in the new land is the same old poverty. You've gone without food. I can see it. You've changed."

"Well that don't matter," he snapped, ignoring her sympathy. "It's no excuse for your not recognizing me. Who else would call for you? Do you know anyone else in this land?"

"No," placatingly. "But I was so frightened, Albert. Listen to me. I was so bewildered, and that long waiting there in that vast room since morning. Oh, that horrible waiting! I saw them all go, one after the other. The shoemaker and his wife. The coppersmith and his children from Strij. All those on the Kaiserin Viktoria. But I—I remained. To-morrow will be Sunday. They told me no one could come to fetch me. What if they sent me back? I was frantic!"

"Are you blaming me?" His voice was dangerous.

"No! No! Of course not Albert! I was just explaining."

"Well then let me explain," he said curtly. "I did what I could. I took the day off from the shop. I called that cursed Hamburg-American Line four times. And each time they told me you weren't on board."

"They didn't have any more third-class passage, so I had to take the steerage—"

"Yes, now I know. That's all very well. That couldn't be helped. I came here anyway. The last boat. And what do you do? You refused to recognize me. You don't know me." He dropped his elbows down on the rail, averted his angry face. "That's the greeting I get."

"I'm sorry, Albert," she stroked his arm humbly. "I'm sorry."

"And as if those blue-coated mongrels in there weren't mocking me enough, you give them that brat's right age. Didn't I write you to say seventeen months because it would save the half fare! Didn't you hear me inside when I told them?"

"How could I, Albert?" she protested. "How could I? You were on the other side of that—that cage."

"Well why didn't you say seventeen months anyway? Look!" he pointed to several blue-coated officials who came hurrying out of a doorway out of the immigration quarters. "There they are." An ominous pride dragged at

his voice. "If he's amon
me so much, I could sp
"Don't bother with
easily. "Please, Albert!
couldn't help it. It's his w
"Is it?" His eyes follc
the blue-coats as they
have to do it so well."
"And after all, I di
hurriedly trying to distra
"The truth is you
anger against her. "You
ing the truth afterward
me!"
"I didn't know what
the wire grill beneath t
laughed at me when I s
He was big when he w
look on her face vanis
her son's cheek. "Won't
beloved?"
The child merely duc
His father stared at
down at the officials, a
crossed his mind he fr
say he was?"
"The doctor? Over
laughed."
"Well what did he ente
"Seventeen months—
"Then why didn't you
off, shrugged violently.
in this land." He pau
frowned suddenly. "Did
"Why—" She seeme
trunk—there on the shi
behind." Her hand wa
don't know. Is it impo
surely father could ser
"Hmm! Well, put him
toward the child. "You
way. He's big enough t
She hesitated, and th

for a country which had tumbleweeded so many families out of desperate foothills ranches, had come west from Wisconsin ~~a dozen~~ some years before, in the hope that the crisp Montana air would ease her asthma. That dainty thrust of ~~the~~ her head came from breathing deep against the clutching in her lungs.

Probably Dad liked the grit Berneta showed against such odds. More than likely Berneta was flattered by the attentions of the clean-featured cowboy. Romance seems to have perked fast in both of them, and a few months later, the first full set of days they spent together brimmed with it.

It was the Fourth of July celebration in White Sulphur Springs, and they took the town. In my mother's photo album,

tions of gladness had risen from her decks in a motley billow of sound. But now her decks were empty, quiet, spreading out under the sunlight almost as if the warm boards were relaxing from the strain and the pressure of the myriads of feet. All those steerage passengers of the ships that had docked that day who were permitted to enter had already entered—except two, a woman and a young child she carried in her arms. They had just come aboard escorted by a man.

About the appearance of these late comers there was very little that was unusual. The man had evidently spent some time in America and was now bringing his wife and child over from the other side. It might have been thought that he had spent most of his time in lower New York, for he paid only the scantest attention to the Statue of Liberty or to the city rising from the water or to the bridges spanning the East River—or perhaps he was merely too agitated to waste much time on these wonders. His clothes were the ordinary clothes the ordinary New Yorker wore in that period—sober and dull. A black derby accentuated the sharpness and sedentary pallor of his face; a jacket, loose on his tall spare frame, buttoned up in a V close to the throat; and above the V a tightly-knotted black tie was mounted in the groove of a high starched collar. As for his wife, one guessed that she was a European more by the timid wondering look in her eyes as she gazed from her husband to the harbor, than by her clothes. For her clothes were American—a black skirt, a white shirt-waist and a black jacket. Obviously her husband had either taken the precaution of sending them to her while she was still in Europe or had brought them with him to Ellis Island where she had slipped them on before she left.

Only the small child in her arms wore a distinctly foreign costume, an impression one got chiefly from the odd, outlandish, blue straw hat on his head with its polka dot ribbons of the same color dangling over each shoulder.

Except for this hat, had the three newcomers been in a crowd, no one probably, could have singled out the woman and child as newly arrived immigrants. They carried no sheets tied up in huge bundles, no bulky wicker baskets, no prized feather beds, no boxes of delicacies, sausages, virgin-olive oils, rare cheeses; the large black

satchel beside them was their only luggage. But despite this, despite their even less than commonplace appearance, the two overalled men, sprawled out and smoking cigarettes in the stern, eyed them curiously. And the old peddler woman, sitting with basket of oranges on knee, continually squinted her weak eyes in their direction.

The truth was there was something quite untypical about their behavior. The old peddler woman on the bench and the overalled men in the stern had seen enough husbands meeting their wives and children after a long absence to know how such people ought to behave. The most volatile races, such as the Italians, often danced for joy, whirled each other around, pirouetted in an ecstasy: Swedes sometimes just looked at each other, breathing through open mouths like a panting dog; Jews wept, jabbered, almost put each other's eyes out with the recklessness of their darting gestures; Poles roared and gripped each other at arm's length as though they meant to tear a handful of flesh; and after one pecking kiss, the English might be seen gravitating toward, but never achieving an embrace. But these two stood silent, apart; the man staring with aloof, offended eyes grimly down at the water—or if he turned his face toward his wife at all, it was only to glare in harsh contempt at the blue straw hat worn by the child in her arms, and then his hostile eyes would sweep about the deck to see if anyone else were observing them. And his wife beside him regarding him uneasily, appealingly. And the child against her breast looking from one to the other with watchful, frightened eyes. Altogether it was a very curious meeting.

They had been standing in this strange and silent manner for several minutes, when the woman, as if driven by the strain into action, tried to smile, and touching her husband's arm said timidly, "And this is the Golden Land." She spoke in Yiddish.

The man grunted, but made no answer.

She took a breath as if taking courage, and tremulously, "I'm sorry, Albert, I was so stupid." She paused waiting for some flicker of unbending, some word, which never came. "But you look so lean, Albert, so haggard. And your mustache—you've shaved."

His brusque glance stabbed and withdrew. "Even so."

"You must have suffered in this land." She continued

that holiday's snapshots show up in a happy flurry; every scene has been braided to its moment by her looping writing. Ready for the Big Day: Dad and his brother Angus have doffed their black ten-gallon hats for the camera, grins in place under their slicked hair, and bandannas fluttering at their necks like flags of a new country. The Wildest Bunch in W.S.S.--seven of them from Ringling and the Basin are ganged along the side of a car, handrolled cigarettes angling out of the men's mouths, my mother and her cousin small prim fluffs in the dark cloudbank of cowboy hats. Angus, in showy riveted chaps, slips an arm around the cousin. Dad looks squarely as ever into the camera from where he has tucked down on the running board; the ~~bridle~~ halter dangling over his crossed arms must mean he is about to bronc-ride. My mother stands as close beside him as she can, tiny and very girlish in a flapper's dress. She is a few months past her fifteenth birthday.

Then ~~one~~ a pose which didn't need her words: the two Doig brothers in the rodeo corral, the pair of them straddled onto Angus's star-faced roping horse. Angus sits the saddle deep and solid, the loose ready loops of his lariat held by a pommel strap. Dad straddles snug behind him, and as they both turn toward my mother's camera, all the lines of their bodies repeat one another in such closeness--down the two of them, the same crimped curves of hat, nip of sleeve garter, sweep of chaps, pointed lines of boot.

It is a picture which has caught, in this middle of a moment, how young they were, and how good at what they could do, and how ready they were to prove it. All this which paraded through those few quick days of celebration told my mother what she wanted to know about Charlie Doig. There is another photo taken soon afterward, in which my father grins cockily, hands palmed into hip pockets, dressy new chaps sweeping back from his legs as if he were flying. On this one is written: My Cowboy.

Yet marrying didn't develop. Berneta was too young, and her mother seems to have had doubts about cowboys. The courtship settled down to a slog. Dad would come horseback twenty miles along a rim of the valley and ease up to a ramshackle ranch house. Inside, with the three younger children looking on gap-mouthed, the mother telling him with cold eyes all the doubts there ever were about footloose cowpokes, and the talky father who could gabble by the hour, he did whatever wooing he could.

Plainly, in those days he had wells of determination deeper than what was left in him when the two of us came back into the valley together all that time later. He needed them, because this slow courtship went on for six years. At last, just before my mother turned 21 years of age in 1934, they married.

From then, their story tells itself in a rush, just as Berneta Doig's life was hurrying to an end. Their first summers

of marriage were the quiet, wandering ones they spent herding sheep in the mountains. Other seasons, Dad hired on and moved on as he had always done. Old age and the Depression were dislodging his mother from the Basin homestead she had come to so doubtfully forty years before. The next years brought Annie Doig's death, and the emptying of the Basin of its very last diehard settlers, the bowl of immigrants' dreams now become the fenced pastures of a cattle company. Brought, too, another of the close licks of death: Dad's brother Jim, his closest in age, was thrown from a saddlehorse and killed.

The sale of the Basin homestead for a few dollars an acre closed the circle back to the landlessness the Doigs started off with. By then, Dad had found his way around that lack of footing. Notching up from the jobs as foreman, in the late 1930's he began to run ~~now he ran~~ other men's ranches for them ~~on shares~~, all the responsibilities and decisions his, and the profits divided between him and the owner.

The South long and long has had its word for this system: sharecropping. Our West was edgier about that, and ~~simply~~ called it instead working on shares. But either way, the notion was that the ~~unlanded~~ landless man did the labor for the landed, and ~~prayed~~ said his prayers that the weather or market prices ~~didn't~~ wouldn't nullify his year's effort. For my father, going on shares was both an ~~a~~ opportunity and an exasperation. He knew the work of raising livestock, and could do as much of it as any man in the valley. But even if he sweated forth some shares of profit--and a number of times, he did--there was little bidding he could do for ranchland wanted by any of valley's big ownerships. And I decided I'd be damned if I'd scratch along on a dab of a place like we did back there in the Basin.

By the time I was born in 1939, Dad had settled into managing, on shares, a cattle ranch owned by Jap Stewart's brother, beneath the south slope of Grassy Mountain. The years there made steady money, but my mother's asthma was clenching worse and worse. The final winter of World War Two, the three of us went to Arizona to try the climate for her there. Dad ~~went to~~ started work in an aircraft factory, and ~~almost at once~~ before he was in the door was made a ~~shift~~ foreman. It may have been that my parents would have chosen Arizona for good, once the

her as "a thorough republican" and "an advocate of universal suffrage without regard to color or sex, . . . a radical alike in politics, morals, and religion." Ernestine L. Rose, addressing the Tenth National Women's Rights Convention, praised her as the first woman in America to speak out for the equality of the sexes, and dwelt on the difficulty of the innovator's task in the face of slander and persecution. Likewise, Paulina Davis, speaking on the twentieth anniversary of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, compared Frances Wright to Socrates, in that "looking down from the serene heights of her philosophy, she pitied and endured the scoffs and jeers of the multitude, and fearlessly continued to utter her rebukes against oppression, ignorance, and bigotry."

Mrs. Anthony Trollope, on the other hand, was among those who were shocked by Wright. In her *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, she wrote: "That a lady of fortune, family, and educa-

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New York is not, on the whole, the best place to enjoy the downright miraculous nature of the planet. There are, I do not doubt, many remarkable stories to be heard there and many strange sights to be seen, but to grasp a marvel fully it must be savored from all aspects. This cannot be done while one is being jostled and hustled along a crowded street. Nevertheless, in any city there are true wildernesses where a man can be alone. It can happen in a hotel room, or on the high roofs at dawn.

One night on the twentieth floor of a midtown hotel I awoke in the dark and grew restless. On an impulse I climbed upon the broad old-fashioned window sill, opened the curtains and peered out. It was the hour just

war was over and they could have had some time to talk themselves into a new direction of life. But they had arranged to run a thousand head of sheep on shares the next summer, and to give themselves one more season of the mountains. And so we came back to Montana and rode the high trail into the Bridger ~~Mountains~~ Range, one to her last hard breaths ever and the other two of us to the bruised time after her death.

This journey of life, then, my father had come by the autumn of 1945, when he and I began to blink awake to find ourselves with the stunted ranch he had managed to rent, and with my niche as the boy he now had to raise alone. It seems to me now that the ranch, even though it was our entire livelihood, counted ~~for little~~ little in this time. A few thousand acres hugging onto the Smith River just as it began kinking through sage foothills into the southern edge of the valley, the place had more to offer me than it did a man trying to coax ~~make~~ a profit from it. Its shale gulches and slab-rocked slopes pulled me off into more pretend games alone than ever, more kchews of rock bullets flung zinging off boulders, more dream-times as I wandered and poked and hid among the stone silences. For Dad, the reaches of rock can only have been one more obstacle which cattle and sheep had to be grazed around, and my wandering games the unneeded reminder that he had a peculiar small person on his hands. It may have been that he thought back to what his own boyhood had been like after his father died, how quickly he had grown up from the push of having to help the family struggle through. It may have been only habit, out of his years of drawing the fullest from those reluctant crews. Or maybe simple desperation. From whatever quarter it came, Dad took his decision about me. ~~I was fit for anything he himself be the miniature of his~~ ~~My life would~~ My boyhood would be the miniature of how he himself lived. ~~The policy would cord us together,~~

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to wander. The vagaries of the
ing, however; it is thus we torture

o in the night sky. Men, troubled
hey build, may toss in their sleep
s, or lie awake while the meteors
head. But nowhere in all space or
s will there be men to share our
be wisdom; there may be power;
ce great instruments, handled by
organs, may stare vainly at our
, their owners yearning as we
in the nature of life and in the
n we have had our answer. Of
eyond, there will be none forever.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE BIRDS

— Loren Eiseley

It is a commonplace of all religious thought, even the most primitive, that the man seeking visions and insight must go apart from his fellows and live for a time in the wilderness. If he is of the proper sort, he will return with a message. It may not be a message from the god he set out to seek, but even if he has failed in that particular, he will have had a vision or seen a marvel, and these are always worth listening to and thinking about.

The world, I have come to believe, is a very queer place, but we have been part of this queerness for so long that we tend to take it for granted. We rush to

That policy of his ~~did~~ cord ed us together at once, twine us in the hours of riding to look over the livestock, the mending of barbed-wire fences, all the prodding tasks of the ranch. But more than that. Dad's notion that I was fit for anything he himself might do carried me, in this time when I was a six-seven-eight-year-old, on a journey which stands in my memory as dappled and bold as the stories I heard of ~~a~~ his own youth. For after our early months on the ranch, Dad had mended himself enough to enter the life of the valley again in full--and in the valley's terms, and his, this meant nights in White Sulphur Springs and its nine saloons.

Dad was not what the valley called a genuine drinking man. Although he could tip down a glass of beer willingly enough, alcohol stood a distant second to the company he found along the barstools. The pattern is gone now, even from White Sulphur Springs, but in its time it was as ordered and enlivening as a regimental trooping of the colors. I come to it yet, even as Dad with me at his waist did, a night or two a week and Saturday nights without miss, as a traveler into a ~~festival~~ street lit with festival.

The Stockman Bar started us for the night. Just walking through its door stepped you up onto a different deck of life. Earlier the lanky old building had been the town's movie house, and it stretched so far back from the sidewalk that its rear corners began to sidle up the hill behind ~~Main~~ the Street of town. The builder could have scooped out ~~a bit more~~ at the back so the floor would have come out level with ~~Main~~ the Street at the front. Instead, he saved on shovels by carpentering from back to front much the way things were, and when the floorboards came out at the street about the height of a man's waist, a little ramp was angled up through them from the doorway.

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m "out Tarzana way" called to protest.
called earlier must have been thinking
n the Gray Flannel Suit or some other
ıse Helen's one of the few authors try-
really going *on*. Hefner's another, and
working in, uh, another area."
testifying that he "personally" had
lesnake, in the Delta-Mendota Canal,
n the Helen Gurley Brown question.
the beeper to call things pornographic
," he complained, pronouncing it porn-
get the book. Give it a chance." The
lled back to agree that she would get
'll burn it," she added.
laughed the disc jockey good-naturedly.
urned witches," she hissed.

on a Sunday afternoon and 105° and
nog that the dusty palm trees loom up
ther attractive mystery. I have been
rs with the baby and I get in the car
ket on the corner of Sunset and Fuller
bathing suit. That is not a very good
ıarket but neither is it, at Ralph's on
ıd Fuller, an unusual costume. None-
n a cotton muumuu jams her cart into
unter. *"What a thing to wear to the*

market," she says in a loud but strangled voice. Everyone looks the other way and I study a plastic package of rib lamb chops and she repeats it. She follows me all over the store, to the Junior Foods, to the Dairy Products, to the Mexican Delicacies, jamming my cart whenever she can. Her husband plucks at her sleeve. As I leave the check-out counter she raises her voice one last time: *"What a thing to wear to Ralph's,"* she says.

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A party at someone's house in Beverly Hills: a pink tent, two orchestras, a couple of French Communist directors in Cardin evening jackets, chili and hamburgers from Chasen's. The wife of an English actor sits at a table alone; she visits California rarely although her husband works here a good deal. An American who knows her slightly comes over to the table.

"Marvelous to see you here," he says.

"Is it," she says.

"How long have you been here?"

"Too long."

She takes a fresh drink from a passing waiter and smiles at her husband, who is dancing.

The American tries again. He mentions her husband.

"I hear he's marvelous in this picture."

She looks at the American for the first time. When she finally speaks she enunciates every word very clearly. "He . . . is . . . also . . . a . . . fag," she says pleasantly.

came out at Main Street about the height of a man's shoulder, a ramp was angled up through them from the doorway.

It made a fine effect, the customers all at a purposeful tilt as they came climbing toward the dark-brown long span of bar. Then, sitting up on one of the Stockman's three-foot stools, you could glance out and down through the street window at passers-by going along below your ~~shoe tops~~ kneecaps. In early evening, it was a chance to look out at ~~the world~~ humanity as unseen as if you were hidden away on a shed roof, and Dad and I would settle in to watch the town's night begin to take shape.

The Stockman had other likable lines besides its lofty floor. From end to end, the wall behind the bar was almost all mirror and whiskey bottles, held in regiments by a great dark-wooded breakfront. Glass and liquor and liquor and glass reflected each other until my eyes couldn't take in the bounce of patterns. The label print and emblems would have added up to a book, and the ranks of bottles with their mirror images shouldering behind them seemed to crowd out toward us as we sat at the bar. But in gaps along the bottom shelf, saved for the clean glasses which sat mouth-down on white towels, were propped the curiosities I would pick out to look at long and often--the tiny cellophane packs of white salted nuts or smoked meat strips. Once every several weeks, someone might buy a packet and share it along the bar. Every time, the white nuts tasted as chalky as they looked, and the smoked meat let loose a seasoning which made us work each piece around in our mouths as if our tongues were gradually catching fire.

These samples would disgust us all for awhile, but ~~eventually~~ before long I would forget just what the tastes had been, and ~~would~~ start all over again staring at the packets ~~all over again~~ and the wondering what the snow-colored nuts or the blades of meat must be like.

Untasty as it was, the cellophane food ~~was~~ offered the harmless choice I could focus on back of the bar. What I would look at with a peeper's stealth a hundred times an evening was the nakedness of the calendar lady.

You could depend on ~~it~~ her year after year: some passing salesman from a brewery would provide the saloon with a long calendar to put up next to the cash register, and on the calendar just above the brewery's name would be a picture big as a sitting cat--the naked lady with breasts coming out like footballs. The style then was to photograph the kneeling calendar lady under a bluish-purple light. The play of this cold tint onto her breasts shaded the nipples down to dark pointed circles like the ends of ripe plums, and tended to make a brunette--as ~~the~~ calendar ladies generally seemed to be, across the years--look as if she were only waiting for the shadows to deepen one ~~more~~ notch more before lunging points-first right at you.

The ~~one~~ single thing I knew about women was that I wasn't supposed to be seeing them in this condition. I felt I had to resort to big casual sweeps of looking: start my eyes at a high innocent corner of the whiskey shelves, work like an inventory-taker along the bottle labels until the neighborhood of the cash register, loiter around the cellophane snacks

while trying to sense out of the corners of my eyes whether anyone was watching my peeping. Then straight and fast as I could, the peek right onto the glorious purplish-blue breasts. Hard-earned gazes, every one, but I was willing to work at it.

The Stockman had ~~one more~~ even another night-in, night-out attraction. Against the wall opposite the bar, a smeary rainbow of colors glowed out of the jukebox. Each shade slid in behind the fluted glass front as you watched, maybe a dim red followed by a tired green, a mild orange forever chased by a bruise-like purple which was likely to remind a person of the calendar lady again.

This slow spin of colors seemed to be the chief job of the jukebox, because it rarely put out ~~a song. Music~~ music. A song from it meant either there were strangers in the saloon, or one of Dad's friends had pressed a dime into my hand and steered me off to play a tune while he said something I shouldn't hear. Months on end, somewhere in that span of time, I spent each bonus dime on Good Night, Irene. The record would slide out of hiding and flip into place, I would press my nose against the jukebox glass to see the needle jab down, and then I would feel the sound strum out: Sometimes I live in the countreeee, sometimes I live in townnnn . . . A lot of times, men would turn sideways along the bar to listen as the sad chorus went on. Sometimes I take a great notionnnn, to jump into the river and drownnnn . . . .

With its movie house length ~~which made~~ --long enough, in fact, to make the trip back to the toilet a hazard for a drinker too full of beer,--the Stockman at dusk would be as open and uncrowded as a sleepy depot. Like a depot, it had someone veteran and capable in charge when the clientele did start showing up. Always, Pete McCabe would be waiting, watching. His soft gray shirt and the long oval of his face and bald brow seemed fixed behind the spigot handles which thumbed up at the center of the long bar. A dozen barrels of beer a week purled out of the spigots under his steady pull, and never a glass of it came along the bar without a good word from Pete McCabe. 91 There are listening bartenders, who are the storied ones, and there are talky bartenders, trying to jaw away the everlasting sameness of their hours. Pete was ~~better than either~~ neither, and better -- a bartender who knew how to visit with his customers.

When the two of us straddled onto stools across the slick bar wood from him, Pete would push a schooner of beer in front of Dad, listen close as a minister to whatever he had on his mind, and in turn begin quietly telling Dad who had come into town that day and what price they were getting for their lambs or wool or calves and how far along they were with the haying,

and on into bigger currencies: Hear they had a little flabble down the the street last night. Couple of fellows squared off and pushed each other around a little. I just don't care too much for that fightin', Charlie. I don't let it get goin' in here, just have to slap 'em a little before they start in on it...Hear a lot about turnin' this into a big gamblin' state. I don't want to see that. It's just a sharpshooter's game, that gamblin'; you'll see the crossroaders comin' in here like they were flies after a bunch of dead guts...Government trapper was through, said they got an early snow down in that Sixteen country. About six inches of wet, heavy as bread dough...

about man in this city of wings—which he could surely never have built. Perhaps I, myself, was one of these birds dreaming unpleasantly a moment of old dangers far below as I teetered on a window ledge.

Around and around went the wings. It needed only a little courage, only a little shove from the window ledge to enter that city of light. The muscles of my hands were already making little premonitory lunges. I wanted to enter that city and go away over the roofs in the first dawn. I wanted to enter it so badly that

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