Pittsburg State University
Pittsburg State University Digital Commons

Little Balkans Review, 1980-1989 University Archives

June 1982

The Little Balkans Review, Summer 1982

Janis DeChicchio

Gene DeGruson

Shelby Horn

Steve Robbins

Ted Watts

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.pittstate.edu/lbr

Recommended Citation

DeChicchio, Janis; DeGruson, Gene; Horn, Shelby; Robbins, Steve; and Watts, Ted, "The Little Balkans Review, Summer 1982" (1982). *Little Balkans Review, 1980-1989*. 8.
https://digitalcommons.pittstate.edu/lbr/8

This Journal is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives at Pittsburg State University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Little Balkans Review, 1980-1989 by an authorized administrator of Pittsburg State University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@pittstate.edu.

ISSN 0271 7735

The Little Balkans Review

A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly

Vol. 2, No. 4 Summer 1982

$3.50

Merle Evans
Bandleader/Composer
Columbus, Kansas

The
Little Balkans Review

A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly

Vol. 2, No. 4

Janis DeChicchio, Music Editor
Gene DeGruson, Poetry Editor
Shelby Horn, Nonfiction Editor
Steve Robbins, Fiction Editor
Ted Watts, Art and Graphics Editor

All glory comes from daring to begin.--Eugene F. Ware

The Little Balkans Press, Inc.

601 Grandview Heights Terrace
Pittsburg, Kansas 66762

Summer 1982

Copyright © 1982 by the Little Balkans Press, Inc.

Note: Copyrights in this issue of the **Little Balkans Review** revert to the author, artist, or photographer upon publication.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks to:

Susie Robbins for proofreading.

M. L. Ruppart, Duke Wellington, and Paul Cumisky for photographs of Merle Evans.

Dora Burggraf Newbanks for the photograph on p. 41.

The Little Balkans Players for benefit performances.

This issue is dedicated to Ossie E. Tranbarger, patron of poetry and the arts.

This project is presented, in part, by the Kansas Arts Commission, a state agency, and by the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency.

The Little Balkans Review: A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly is published by the Little Balkans Press, Inc., 601 Grandview Heights Terrace, Pittsburg, KS 66762, in January, April, July, and October. Single issues sell for $3.50; annual subscriptions are $10. Type was set for this issue by Steve Robbins, Garden City Community College, Garden City, KS 67846. This issue is printed by BookMasters, 830 Claremont Ave., P.O. Box 159, Ashland, OH 44805.

First Printing--1,500 copies.

The
Little Balkans Review
A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly

Vol. 2, No. 4 Summer 1982

Table of Contents

Preface v

Circus Maestro (biography), by Kenneth Simons 1

Circus Elephant (lithograph), by John Steuart Curry 12

Elephants Attack Village (poem), by Stephen Meats 13

Doll Collector (vintage photograph) 14

Three Poems, by Edgar Wolfe 15

Acrobats (vintage photograph), by Ferguson Studio, Pittsburg, KS 17

Flapper in Overalls, 1929 (vintage photograph) 18

On Digressing (from Interstate 70) (poem), by Joan McCoy 19

My Pencil Has an Eraser at Both Ends (poem), by R Bartkowech 20

The Last Dancing Pig in Southeast Kansas (fiction), by Thomas Fox Averill 21

Sunday School at Old Stone School House, 1907 (vintage photograph) 41

The Western Art of Joe Beeler 42

In the Cities of Stone (poem), by George H. Gurley, Jr 49
Illustrated with a photograph by Lillian and Alfred B. Newbanks

"Joining the Crowd": A St. Paul Myth, by Charles Cagle 51

Results Guaranteed (poem), by Don T. Walker 53

Picnic (autobiography), by Zula Bennington Greene 56

Biography of Butch (nonfiction), by Opal Alice Wellman 61

No Rejections (poem), by Don T. Walker 64

Two Poems, by Mark Sanders 65

The Strauss Literary Meeting (nonfiction), by Fern Morrow Wood 67

"The Order for Daily Morning Prayer" (poem), by Joan Yeagley 70

Mime: Laura Ramberg Seibel (photograph) 71

Serenada (poem), by Giovanni Raboni, with a translation by Stuart Friebert and Vinio Rossi 72

A Little Thing Called Love (music), by Dan Duling 74

Presence (poem), by Robert Bowie 76

Crossing New Frontiers (nonfiction), by Shirley Christian 77
Illustrated with drawings by Rod Dutton

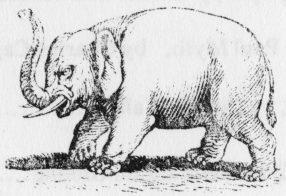
Two Poems, by Kevin McDonald 87

The Hance White Building (architecture) 88

The Aerialist's Fall (lithograph), by John Steuart Curry 89

The Servant and Pebble (Lebanese folktale), collected by Patty Kuhel 90

Contributors 91



Preface

Spring lasted long in the Little Balkans this year. Nevertheless, the editors were all set to go to press—when an article of twenty pages was withdrawn. Although not legally required to do so, we acceded to the author's request and began juggling materials from the fall issue to fill the gap—a quarter of our quota. Thus we suddenly had immediate room for Dan Duling and the **LBR**'s first song, "A Little Thing Called Love." The composer comes from a musically talented family. He has been singing and playing professionally since he was twelve years old. Now a student at Pittsburg State, during high school years he performed with the Reflections of Girard High School.

Summer in the Balkans has long meant fairs and circuses. Natives of the area who have devoted their lives to such include Emmett Kelley, the famed clown from Sedan, and bandleaders J. J. Richards of Pittsburg and Merle Evans of Columbus. Kenny Simons of Pittsburg chose the latter, a renowned musician, for his feature article, demonstrating the dedication and professionalism exhibited by Evans during a long and unbroken career with Ringling Bros. Circus. Tom Averill takes a few historical facts, including the long tenure of the Sells Bros. Circus and that intriguing piece of folk architecture, the Hance White building at 2nd and Locust in Pittsburg; to create his tragicomic short story, "The Last Dancing Pig in Southeast Kansas." Elephants appear not only in the illustrations to our lead article, but also in Steve Meats' ironic poem and in the reproduction of John Steuart Curry's hitherto unpublished lithograph executed after his traveling with Ringling Bros. Circus in 1934.

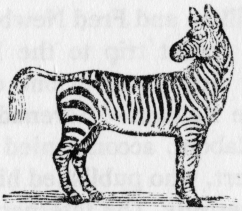
Finally, summers mean vacations. To illustrate George Gurly's "In the Cities of Stone," Lillian and Fred Newbanks have shared with us slides taken during a recent trip to the Holy Land. We are also pleased to include our first poem in one of the fifty-two "native" languages of the Little Balkans—"Serenada" by the distinguished Italian poet Giovanni Raboni, accompanied by a translation by Vinio Rossi and Stuart Friebert, who published his first poem twenty years ago in the **Midwest Quarterly**. The international flavor of the area is also reflected in the poems of Kevin McDonald, an exchange student from Australia who spent the last year in the Pittsburg home of Dr. and Mrs. Elwyn Davis.

Nearly everyone remembers childhood summer romps with a favorite pet. Summer is the essence of Opal Wellman's reminiscence, and her dog Butch is the essence of summer. ("Biography of Butch," incidentally, is Mrs. Wellman's first published writing--at the age of eighty-six.)

So...summer, circuses, dogs, clowns. This, our second summer issue, is a departure from the wheat harvest and dips in languid pools of a year ago, but not a radical departure; we won't spoil the surprises for you by attempting a completely descriptive preface. Read. Enjoy.

The Editors

At the last moment we found space for a photograph of one of our favorite personalities, Laura Ramberg Seibel, whom you thus will not find listed in our pages of contributors. Laura is a multi-talented young woman, skilled in mime, dance and sculpture. She won a national competition in the latter in 1981 receiving a fine arts grant from Alpha Delta Kappa, honorary sorority of women educators. We hope to provide a more in-depth look at her accomplishments in a future **LBR**; in an issue with a circus theme, we feel that this photograph of Laura in whiteface is a "must." Her address is Route 3, Box 162AA, Lawrence, Kansas 66044.



Circus Maestro

by

Kenneth Simons

"Toscanini of the Big Top."
"Maestro of the circus."
"The greatest circus bandmaster of all time."

These are some of the terms which have been applied to the country boy from Columbus, Kansas, Merle Evans, who called the tunes for the "Greatest Show on Earth." He became famous as leader of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circus for fifty happy and exciting seasons. Once in the 1940s Robert Ripley in his syndicated newspaper feature, "Believe it or Not," stated that the circus bandmaster had played in 7,790 performances without missing a show in twenty-two years. This went on for another twenty-eight years—an unbelievable feat.

Merle Evans was one of eight children born to John L. Evans and his wife, Sarah Elizabeth. John and Sarah were born in Kentucky. After they were married they moved to Hawkins, Texas, and moved again, hoping to homestead in Oklahoma Territory, but found work in Columbus and in the 1890s settled there instead. John became foreman of a coal mine and the family lived in a rambling house at the edge of town.

It was a large family. Merle was one of eight children. The eldest were Leila and Willard. After Merle came five others, Homer, Cecil, Fred, Ruth and Juanita.

Both parents and children have been distinguished by usefulness and longevity. John Evans lived to be 92 and his wife died at 88. Homer, who is 86, lives in Kansas City; Fred, 81, is a retired railroad conductor living in Wichita, where Ruth, who is 77, also lives; and Juanita, who is now 74, resides in San Francisco.

This house at 538 S. Delaware, Columbus, is where Merle lived as a youngster. The Tom Reaves family now lives there.
[By courtesy of Harold Brandenburg]

Reminiscing on his early days in Columbus, Fred Evans says, "Our address at the time Merle left Columbus was on South Delaware, opposite the City Park. The house is still there and the last I knew it was occupied by the Joe Jackson family. Later, we moved to a house on Sycamore Street. This house was torn down some years ago and a church is now located on the lot where it stood.

"When I was only seven years old, Merle left home with his cornet to travel with the Brundage shows. His horn was the love of his life."

Merle Evans' warm feeling for his old hometown has never diminished.

"I started out in Columbus," he says, "doing everything a boy could do to earn money."

It was hard to make ends meet when Merle was a child. The Evans family established a reputation as honest and hard-working citizens, and even as a small boy Merle scrambled to do his share. By the time he was six years old he was shining shoes to earn money. He always needed spending money and kept an eye out for better paying jobs. He left a bootblack job in Fletch Crowder's barbershop to wash dishes at the Brooks Hotel. When the second cook quit he moved up a notch. His chores became peeling potatoes, opening cans of corn and beans and clearing dishes from the dining room. Later he moved into the front office and was roused from bed at six a.m. to sweep and mop floors and wrestle luggage.

"I was a dish washer, second cook and porter at the hotel," he says, "and when I grew up I had a mortgage on that same building. I made enough money doing menial work to buy a cornet. My father bought the first one for me, but it was really not very good. The one I bought later with my earnings as a porter was a Boston Three Star. It was a good cornet."

When he was twelve the industrious young fellow took a job on a farm near Sherwin. Don Gassoway paid him $3.00 a week, plus room and board. This was a nice boost in income, but it came the hard way. Merle was in the field at sunup, was allowed an hour for lunch at noon, then worked until dark. When rain interrupted farm work, he got to play his horn.

Merle was born to a career in band music. As a six-year-old tyke he would sneak into the Columbus firehouse to listen to Bill Bowers' band practice. Columbus, like nearly every town, had a band in those days.

Merle was a little shaver, perhaps ten years old, when Bill Bowers decided to form a children's band in Columbus. At its organization Merle was at the head of the line, eager to get his hands on an instrument.

"Gimme an alto," he blurted, when asked what he wanted to play.

Instruments were ordered and when they came Merle's father brought home a magnificent John Slater cornet that cost $16.95. So Merle was launched on a unique career unmatched in the history of show music.

How he loved that instrument! He practiced long hours and just about drove the neighbors crazy. With money he earned shining shoes, selling papers, and other kid work, he took lessons from Bowers.

"I practiced every chance I got," Merle recalled recently. "Oh, did I practice! I played in the woodshed, on the back porch, in my room, in the fields, the woods—anywhere."

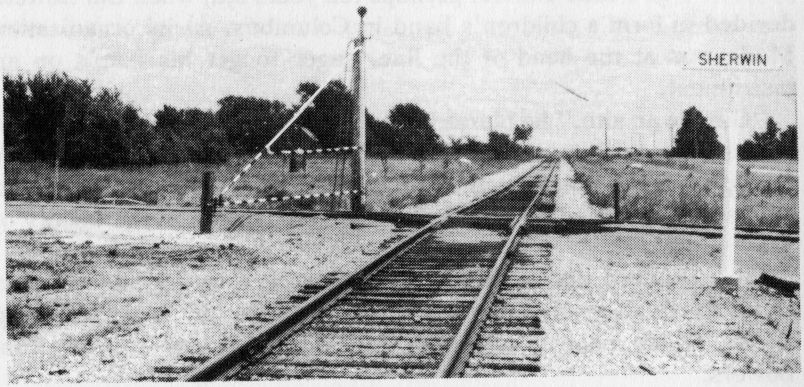
(Gene Plowman tells about it in his book, **Merle Evans: Maestro of the Circus,** which is more than a biography—it is an exciting story of circus life and the part Merle Evans and his band played in it. The book, published in 1971, is out of print and quite popular among collectors.)

Merle never liked school. The fact that teachers told him he must not blow the horn in the building or even in hearing distance of the classrooms did not endear him to scholastic pursuit. His only inspiration was his cornet.

"I was no good in school," Merle admits. He says he was so shy he couldn't even speak a piece in his third grade class.

Plowman tells of Merle's first public appearance with the cornet. His Sunday school teacher at the Methodist Church, Mrs. W.J. Moore, pleased him no end by asking him to play. He grabbed his instrument and swung into "Onward Christian Soldiers," while leading the class in a march around the room.

Merle's enthusiasm for the horn showed by the amount of energy he put into blowing it. He soon became known for the loudest cornet in Cherokee County. That fascinated the band leader and he joked about it. "Blow it a little harder, Merle," he said, "and you will straighten 'er out."



Merle agrees that windjammers (the "in" name for circus bandmen) are born as well as made. He had that burning desire to play the old John Slater cornet when he was hardly more than twelve years old and went to a great deal of effort to get to do so.

"When I was working for Don Gassoway all day in the fields, I used to walk a mile and a half to the railroad station at Sherwin and catch the local to Columbus, eight miles away," he says. "I'd rehearse with the Columbus Silver Cornet Band until eleven p.m., then catch a freight that got me back to Sherwin about one o'clock in the morning.

"Then I'd walk across those lonesome prairies to the farmhouse, go to bed, and sleep until daybreak. These days I doubt if you'll find one kid in a million who'd do that. I had ambition. I wanted to be a musician in the worst way."

So it should have been no surprise when he ran away to join a minstrel show. But after one night at Baxter Springs his parents caught up with him and brought him home.

Merle joined the Columbus town band with Cap and Owl Lammons, Cecil Huff, and Carl Stuckey, and he organized a dance orchestra.

But trouping was in his blood and when the S.W. Brundage carnival came to town he made a friend of Cleve Pullen, who was leader of the Brundage seven-piece band. Merle was hired at a salary of $10.00 a week. Of course he had to pay his own room and board, and a part of his job was helping set up and take down the merry-go-round. But he stuck with Pullen and later Pullen got him a job on a Mississippi River showboat playing in a sixteen-piece band.

It was in 1916 that Merle was hired to direct a band for the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch Wild West Show.

"This was my first big chance," Merle says. "I was told to organize an eighteen-piece band for $180.00 a week. That figured $10.00 a man. So I paid some of my best men $12.00 or $14.00 and others less."

Old Buffalo Bill (William Cody) was the chief attraction, and he put on a great show. It was really impressive when he rode in and doffed his hat to the crowd. Merle stayed with the show until Buffalo Bill died. After two seasons there he caught on with Gus Hill's Minstrels, and later played with Brunk's Comedians.

It was lucky for him that he met Charlie Wilson, train superintendent of the Ringling circus. Talking with him, Merle learned that the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey circuses were about to be combined. He sent word through Wilson that he was available for band duty. Then came the biggest break of his life, which led to his destiny with the "Greatest Show on Earth."

"Report at your earliest convenience," wired Charles Ringling! Merle did, and he landed one of the most coveted and prestigious jobs in the country.

The Ringlings had two capable band leaders in their employ, but decided to let them go and hire Merle Evans for the new job as the circuses merged.

Karl King had been director of the Barnum and Bailey band but had been taking too many leaves of absence without informing his employers. John J. Richards, a Pittsburg, Kansas, man, had been wielding the baton in the Ringling band. Ringling decided Richards was playing too much concert music. They wanted circusy stuff, and Merle Evans was ready to give it to them.

Probably the biggest day in the life of the country boy from Columbus was when the combined circuses made their debut in Madison Square Garden, New York City. That was on March 29, 1919. John Ringling was enthusiastic when he went to the bandstand to compliment the new leader after the show. "Young man," he said, "I like the way you handle that horn. When you were in the grand entry, you damn near blew me out of my box."

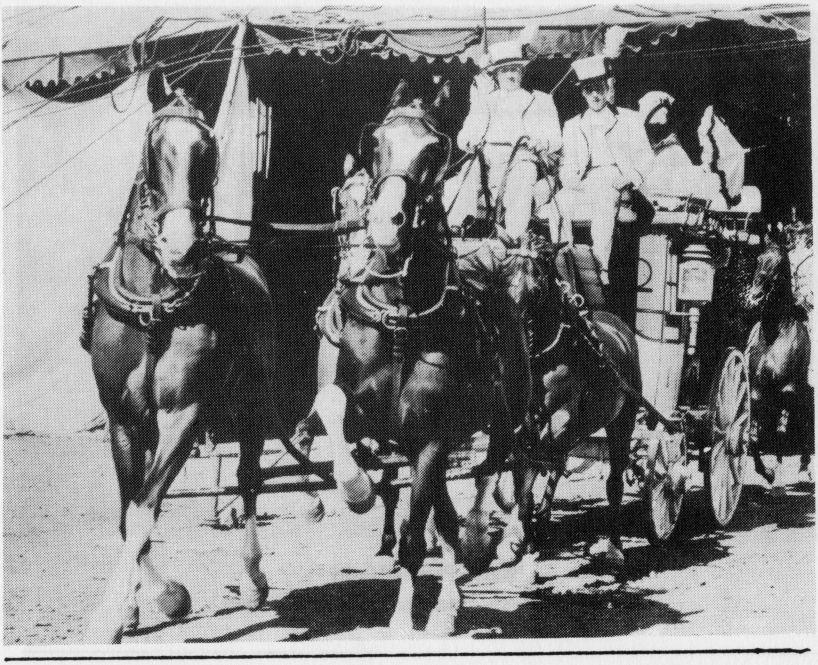
Life with the great circus was demanding and rugged, but Merle loved it. The show traveled on four railroad trains with from ninety to 107 cars. It had the largest animal menagerie in the world and from 1,200 to 1,400 personnel. It toured the nation from one end to the other, with its own light plant, blacksmith shop, and hospital car. Every performance called for two hours and twenty minutes of playing plus a street parade until the parade was discontinued in the 1930s. Merle was as excited as a teen-ager about it all.

A strike shut down the circus temporarily in 1941 and during that time Merle turned to the radio with Graham McNamee on the Fitch Bandwagon, then took a job as music instructor and band leader at Hardin Simmons University in Abilene, Texas. When the strike was over he went back to the circus.

Merle made four trips to London to lead the band in a circus put together by Bertram Mills. Other overseas tours included South America, France, and Russia.

He wrote many circus numbers and cut at least ten albums.

There were downs as well as ups in Merle's life with the circus. The saddest day of his career was July 6, 1944, when fire destroyed the Big Top and took a heavy toll of lives. It happened in Hartford, Connecticut. Merle and his band were praised for their role in the crisis. The **International Musician,** in its issue of August 1944, told of



the band's heroism: "Even though the bandstand, directly opposite the point where the fire started, was ultimately burned to cinders and the kettle drums and the platform itself were charred inches deep, the men played on, their faces blackened, their uniforms scorched, until the last of the six great center poles toppled over and the last section of the burning Big Top fell with it.

"The men of the band did not need to be directed to play loudly enough to make the music heard in the farthest reaches of the enclosure. In circus parlance, they 'blasted' it, thus steadying to some degree the milling throng. And they kept on playing until a falling pole actually hit their platform. Then, even as they ran for safety, the drummer continued to beat out the rhythm. Once outside they reassembled and started up again."

Merle Evans' cornet had sounded the alarm in time to save most of the 6,789 persons at the matinee performance. The fire spread rapidly and was a holocaust within fifteen minutes with 168 persons dead or dying.

Merle received a citation from the Saints and Sinners, signed by Mayor James J. Walker of New York. It read as follows:

"To Merle Evans and his Circus Band. In acknowledgement of and in salute to your heroism. When fire struck the Ringling Brothers,

Merle Evans Band
Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Circus

Barnum and Bailey combined shows during the matinee performance of July 6, 1944, in the city of Hartford, Connecticut, you proved yourselves worthy of the highest principles of the circus trouper by acting in a manner above and beyond the call of duty. The members of Dexter Fellows Tent are proud to pay you this tribute. New York, July 7, 1944."

Paul J. Cumiskey of Kansas City, well known trumpet player and band leader who played for Merle Evans many times, is enthusiastic in his praise of the maestro.

"He was the best ever with circus music," Paul says.

"I was contractor and furnished the band for him every time he came to Tulsa when I lived there. When I moved to Kansas City in 1966 I went back to Tulsa to have the band for Merle."

Paul said he had to give it up, however, due to the press of other duties.

"I loved to play for Merle, but it was the hardest work I ever did," he says. "The circus band has a style all its own. You have to respond to cues on the split second. You go from waltzes to marches to quadrilles, and Merle was a master of that.

Merle Evans

"Nobody could set the stage for the various circus acts as well as he. At a moment's notice he could produce charm, or he could build and embellish, or he could blast. Whatever fitted the act best.

"I guess he had a scorebook with 200 selections, probably more. He instinctively knew what was right for each act. He composed a lot of music himself, but I think he did not play too much of his own stuff."

Paul Cumiskey was not only fascinated by Merle Evans' performances, but over the years he developed a strong friendship with the famed band leader. Every time the circus was near him, Paul would go to the lot and go in with Merle and sit on the bandstand and marvel at Merle's work.

Cumiskey points out that for some 70 years the leaders of the bands for the great Ringling show came from two towns only 24 miles apart—Pittsburg and Columbus. J. J. Richards preceded Evans. Later Richards came back to Pittsburg and taught in the public schools. Cumiskey was one of his pupils, and so were two other men who became band directors at Pittsburg State University, Harold Mould and Oscar Allen.

Cumiskey was band director at the high school in Columbus for several years. He says he had heard comments about Merle's dubious start in band as a small boy, and the difficulty he had in convincing some persons that he could learn to play the cornet well enough to be wanted in the town band.

J. Nicholson, owner of a printing company in Columbus for years, and himself a musician and band leader, told Cumiskey that the small lad used to come to band practice and they would send him home, telling him to forget it. They doubted that he would ever make it as a musician.

But Merle was not to be thwarted in his ambition. He knew adversity and had the determination to overcome it. There is no doubt that the ambitious lad chose the career that was right for him.

Merle has, through the years, returned often to Columbus. His continuing interest has extended to the town's well-to-do citizens and to those in needy circumstances as well. He has himself been a bank director, as well as a famous band leader, but he has always had time for the humble.

The story is told of the kind things he did for one of the town's most nondescript characters.

Every town has at least one like Had Babb, it seems. He wore overalls with a bib and always had a great stomach and a full growth of whiskers.

Old Had Babb had an infatuation with Merle, as well he might, for Merle was his chief benefactor for quite a few years. Whenever the band leader came back to town, Had Babb was always among the first in the line of greeters.

And every time Merle came he did something for the old fellow, who was a logical subject for charity. Merle always found him in a needy condition.

Merle enjoyed buying him groceries. He would get Had Babb bacon and eggs and butter, and lay in a lot of canned goods in his shack at the edge of town.

Sometimes Merle took old Had to the overall factory in Columbus and got him measured. Had was so big and round that ordinary overalls would not fit him. So they made a special outfit for him and Merle paid the bill.

The things Merle did for Had Babb became an interesting and expected ritual when Merle came to town. He would take Had to Tub and Skeet Whitcraft's barbershop for a haircut and shave. Otherwise Had never visited a barbershop. Merle would make him take a bath and then would buy for him a complete outfit, shoes, sox, underwear, shirt, caps and overalls.

Merle even went rabbit hunting with the old fellow. They bagged cottontails which made fine eating for Had.

The late Ned Aitchison once commented that Had Babb worshiped Merle until the day he died.

Now Merle Evans, a spry one at eighty-eight, has doffed his snappy red, blue and gold uniform and lives quietly in retirement at Sarasota, Florida, with his wife, Nena, who was herself a circus performer for many years. *

Merle maintains a lively interest in sports. He is an avid baseball fan, and also likes prize fights and football. He confesses that he doesn't really understand such sports as tennis, basketball and bowling.

When Merle retired, most of his music and the horn he played for twenty-eight years were sent to the Circus World Museum in Baraboo, Wisconsin, the hometown of the Ringling Brothers. Other artifacts are in the Ringling Museum, now being moved from Sarasota to Orlando, Florida.

Signs at the entrances of Columbus, Kansas, proclaim:

"Columbus, home of Merle Evans, the Bandmaster."

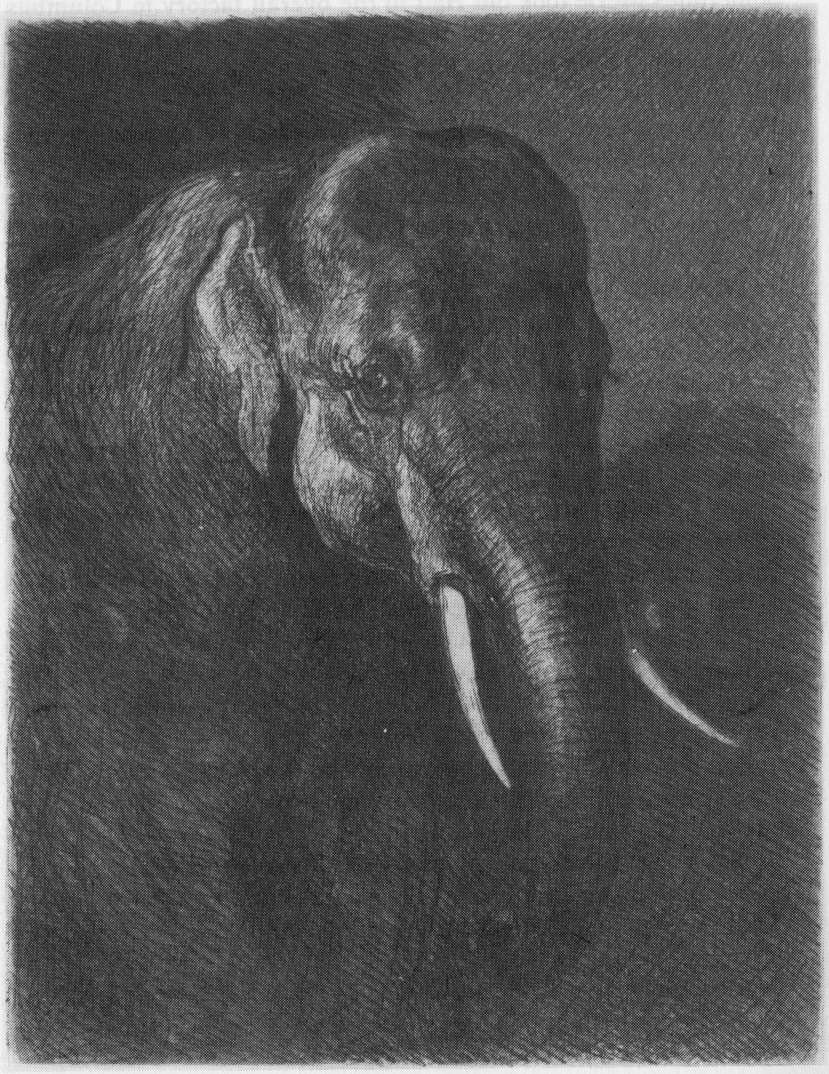
Thus he is recognized as the community's most distinguished native.

Merle has always been proud of his "Little Balkans" heritage.

He says, "We have a nice home here in Sarasota, but to me Columbus will always be my real home."

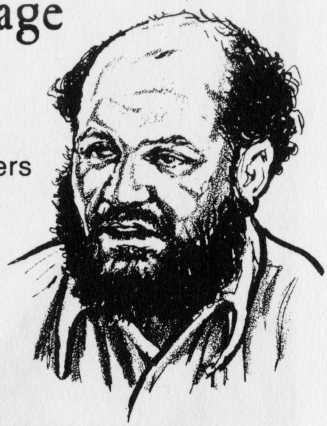
***We regret to inform our readers that Mrs. Merle Evans passed away since Kenneth Simons' article was typeset.**

Circus Elephant



John Steuart Curry

Elephants Attack Village



At Sukabumi fifteen hundred villagers
crouch in their huts
dreading the sunset
rumble of the earth

For seven nights elephants
have crushed their fields
of corn and rice
have overturned sixty-two houses
with their ivory tusks
Pigs, cattle, dogs, chickens
have perished under the elephants' feet
Three hundred people are homeless
One woman of forty-five is dead

Antara news agency reporters
cannot explain the rampage
They have interviewed no piano keys
have asked no questions of carcasses
left to rot in the Indian sun
The bones of tuskless skeletons
maintain a white silence

What answer can they give to the creatures
who murder the mustang, the cougar, the lynx
their brothers
and then name cars after them

These elephants have shown restraint
They harvested only one female
and she was beyond child-bearing age

Stephen Meats

Doll Collector

Best Friend

Old Superstition: A Dog's Tail Will Draw Lightning.

He loved all dogs, especially his, until
The day he had to walk in rain, and Meg,
Devoted bitch, would follow him. "Go home!"
He ordered. "Home! You want to get me killed?"
And Meg dropped back, head low, tail high and wagging.
"Go home! You heard me. You *can't come! Git!"*
He picked up an imaginary rock
and hurled it hard. Meg bolted a dozen steps
At least and stopped, hangdog but hopeful,
Which made him curse and cry again, "No, Meg!
Go home! Go back!" And he threw with a plop real mud,
Which drove Meg back once more with drooping tail.
This time the man had won, he thought, and when
He'd watched enough, right on he strode, witless
Of how his dog had timed her turn and trailed
Him still, though distantly. That distance closed,
Till at his heels again she walked, tail high,
Through floods and rainy gusts and thunderclaps
And flashes, till something turned her master's head.
"Meg!" he cried aghast— his only word
For all was light and then, precisely, the drawn
Bolt found and blasted, as tallest object, him,
And Meg also, being near, while about
Them rose an instant stench and steam. Yea,
With them the earth did cook and sizzle till
The roused rain doused them and, sodden there,
in dark and light, the two together lay.

Edgar Wolfe

Dawn Riding

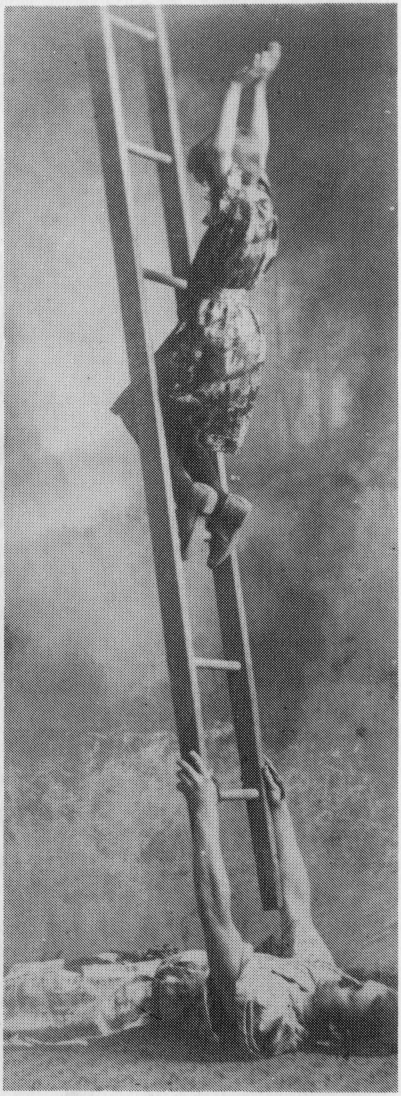
It is not right to lie and hear the dawn
wind sluicing through all the cottonwood, shaking
the loftiest limbs and every lower leaf.
It is not right to rest when such a wind
is flowing and light's enough to see and thoughts
are starting. So rise and give them head to run
to pasture in fields they've known before, where they've
grown sleek and battened, and there they'll graze awhile,
then toss their heads and neigh for zest and pleasure.
Now! Be quick to ride them. Watch, too. Watch
and judge. Yes, split yourself and watch the whole
performance! Meanwhile, with words and sharpened pencil
(best feat of all) you take their pounding pictures.

Itineraphobia

To fear transplanting though my soil
is dry! Fear and do nothing, not
one thing at all. Sure, some in this life
are doomed to vegetate. Am I,
alas, not one? But, if I am,
better at least to tap some new
juice of the earth and green and grow
again. Why not? Has death so large
a part? Can I, old plant, not stir?

Let but a root reach out! That's movement,
though unseen. Or do I choose to stay
dry-rooted till the Gardener come,
espy and seize my wilted tops
and jerk me up for good and all?

Edgar Wolfe



Acrobats **Before the Fall** Ferguson Studio

1929

Flapper in Overalls

On Digressing
(from Interstate 70)

Driving west through wheat and prairie country
you see so many exits off the interstate
leading south to this town or north to that one
each with a water tower and a grain elevator
and a courthouse in the square
and each with a small museum housing for example
a wooden washing machine a dozen one-quart blue glass
canning jars several dozen photographs from the thirties
showing flooded streets and farmland
the memoirs of a country doctor *boils and mastoids*
the memorabilia of a spinster Latin teacher *amo amas amat*
and cared for say by a retired sheriff a widower
who waves and calls out as you get into your car
come again there may not be much new but we can talk
you wave too say *I'll be back* then check the map
and head for the interstate.

Joan McCoy

My Pencil Has an Eraser at Both Ends

(Countless Potential Points Remaining
Unexposed Anywhere Between the Two
Extremities)*

When the sun flops behind the lilly-flowers
Which have overgrown the rusty bulldozer
This bright but fickle drunk bum
Is in no ways like the apple pie
Fallen from where it sat breathing off oven hot
(Flipped perhaps by our pet bear cub's paw and
Plop!)

Is in no ways like a bum
Drunk, fickle, bright, or otherwise

Or you

Or me

Well,
Maybe just a *little*

R Bartkowech

*or, "Sunset"

The Last Dancing Pig in Southeast Kansas

by Thomas Fox Averill

As late as the 1930s, there were dancing pigs all over the United States. The tradition for such pigs had begun over a century before, when Dan Rice travelled on foot all over this great land with a pig scurrying between his legs at every stride. What a sight! Dan Rice sported a stovepipe hat, a long goatee, red and white striped pants and a blue, star-flecked coat. There was a flurry of color and pig as his young trained pets weaved and danced through his patriotic legs.

A dancing pig can respond to vocal commands, but Dan Rice mystified his audiences by instructing his pigs to respond to the subtle clicking of his fingernails. With his performing pigs, Dan Rice became famous all over America. In fact, he became Thomas Nast's model for Uncle Sam. His pigs, unfortunately, served as the models for nothing. Everyone has heard of Uncle Sam, but who has ever heard of, let alone seen, a dancing pig, complete with ruffled collar, wearing a crown as fancy as any that might grace a European head of state? And who has ever heard of a dancing pig in Kansas?

Nobody has since 1952, the year native son Dwight David Eisenhower was elected President of the United Sates. In early spring of that year, young pig trainer Jacob Steward, travelling coast to coast in advance of one of the last Sells Brothers circuses to make a national tour, ventured into Kansas. He wore a black top hat, black patent leather

shoes, a baggy blue suit, a white shirt, a red tie, and between his legs ran a small, trained sow, as pink as a newborn baby. Jacob was wonderfully bright with pigs, and his young colleague, whom he affectionately called Gertie, would do anything for him. She was trained to respond to the cracking of his large knuckles. Jacob knew all the old clown-with-dancing-pig traditions, and one of the best was the use of the pig to procure free drinks in local bars. He had lived high off the hog, as he liked to say, all across Missouri. Even Gertie enjoyed a few drinks, though not so many as to lose control of herself.

In the early afternoon, Jacob and Gertie had been dropped off at the outskirts of Pittsburg, Kansas, where the Sells Brothers Circus would make a two-night stand the following week. As soon as they started down Broadway, Jacob began taking longer strides, and calling to Gertie. His shouts soon raised two little boys in overalls, a farmer just finished buying bolts at a hardware, and two women, one with a baby, the other wearing new fangled pedal pushers.These people could not believe their eyes, and before he lost them Jacob cracked his knuckles twice. Gertie stood up on her hind legs and clapped her front hooves together in self-applause. Jacob cracked his knuckles again and Gertie threw herself face forward, rolled hard and danced to her brown hooves in her own unique version of a somersault. Jacob applauded, smiling, and so did the small crowd.

"Where can a gentleman get a drink?" he asked the farmer in a loud whisper.

The farmer shrugged his shoulders, and Jacob started away, Gertie following.

"Wait," the farmer said, looking around. "You aren't from around here. Do you want some beer?"

"Beer?" laughed Jacob. He had been drinking whiskey straight since he was a teenager. "Lord, man, I said a *drink*. Didn't you hear?"

The farmer glanced sideways left and right. "No drinks here," he said. "This is Kansas. Dry until 1949. Now just package stores. And 3.2 beer."

"Kansas," Jacob sighed.

One of the boys came up, grinning, his teeth so dirty and crooked they looked like loaded dice. "Gyppy's Pa has a

place where he serves drinks," the boy whispered into Jacob's ear. He and his friend started away.

Jacob followed along, Gertie right behind. They headed south, crossed the railroad tracks, then went east toward the warehouses. The boys kicked along, happily leading this parade. Every once in a while they looked back at Jacob and little pink Gertie and whooped and giggled at the sight of the tall thin man and the pig in public.

They finally reached a two-story limestone building decorated with carved cornices and archways. It had been the shop and residence of a tombstone sculptor. As they entered, Jacob discovered all that was left of the tradesman: a gowned boy with a profile distinctly like George Washington's, praying on bended knees; the head of a beautiful woman with teardrops carved into her face; a couple of lambs perched on top of a monument with a block of uncarved stone between them where Jesus should have been. Jacob just had to touch these pieces and Gertie snuffled up against all of the old stones like an Old World pig after truffles.

Jacob followed the boys up the open stairs into a doorway.

"What the hell're you boys doin' up here?" boomed a huge, red-haired man only barely contained by the door frame in the opposite wall. He had the loudest voice Jacob had ever heard, and Jacob had been under the circus big top with some of the finest ringmasters in America.

The pig trainer leaned calmly against the stair doorway. Compared to the booming man, he looked like a broomstick somebody had forgotten to put away. Behind him, Gertie hesitated on the top stair.

The boys turned to announce Jacob, but the big man had already started toward him menacingly, as though to boot him down the stairs. Jacob took one cautious step back. He scraped Gertie's leg with his boot heel, and the pig squealed.

"A pig," said the boy called Gyppy. "He's got a pig, Pa."

The man paused, then started to laugh. He crossed his thick, freckled arms over his chest and rolled back on his boot heels.

"Gertie," Jacob called, "come in." He stretched his legs apart. Gertie ran through, then stopped abruptly between Jacob and Gyppy's Pa. Jacob quickly reached into his coat pocket and scattered the floor with red plastic letters each an inch big. He stooped and ar-

ranged them: H Y K S I W E M S. The boys were stock-still and Gyppy's Pa narrowed his eyes.

"Excuse us for interrupting you this afternoon, sir." Jacob removed his hat and took a deep bow. "My intelligent companion and myself walked into town only a half-hour ago. Tonight, we will perform for the citizens of Pittsburg in Lincoln Park. But now we are footsore and thirsty. Gertie," he snapped, as the pig came to attention, her small, slightly bent ears quivering, her tail a nervous coil. Jacob cracked his left thumb. "Show this gentleman what you need."

Gertie went for the W and placed it at the big man's feet. Jacob cracked his left index finger and Gertie scrambled for an H. One by one Jacob cracked his knuckles, and one by one Gertie gobbled up the letters and placed them at the feet of this more and more bewildered man. At the E and by the final Y, Gyppy's Pa began a deep belly laugh, his spatulate hands jumping up and down like enthusiastic children.

"Come on in, damnit." His blue eyes watered, and he began patting the top of his head as though his red hair was a fire he was trying to control. "There's drinks on the house, as much as this little pig wants."

"I'm Jacob, and this is Gertie. We're thankful." Jacob approached him.

"Herman," the big man grunted as he turned on his heel and strutted into the next room. Jacob picked up his letters and followed Herman into the next room, bare except for a tattered sofa. He began to hear voices, and a rush of talk greeted him as Herman pushed open a swinging door and led him and Gertie into a smoky room full of small tables and chairs.

Jacob immediately smiled his amazement and Gertie stopped short next to him, for instead of the bar and bartender they were accustomed to, they saw a sleek black Hudson cut lengthwise and pushed up against the wall. Behind the wheel sat a girl with wavy, bleach-blond hair and blue eyes. Her smile was painted on with too much lipstick. A hint of her full bosom rose just below the car door. She looked like an innocent imitation of the poster girls whose pictures were being sent to the boys in Korea. She poured whiskey from a bottle she pulled from under the red velvet seat cushion, which lifted like the lid of a coffin. Stroking his scratchy two-day beard, Jacob wished he'd stopped at a barbershop on the way into town.

"Maggie, dear," ordered Herman, "on the house for Jacob's whiskey-drinking pig." He put his thick arm out and walked around Jacob and Gertie as around a maypole. The others in the bar pressed closer, standing up, leaning forward, rising on tip-toe, all anxious to

catch sight of the little pink pig in the center of the room. Maggie opened the door of the black Hudson. She wore a tight pink satin dress that kept her knees together as she threw her slim, nyloned legs into the barroom. Some of the men leaned forward even more. She placed a glass tumbler in front of Gertie, who was now grunting and rubbing against Jacob's legs.

"Just half full," said Jacob. Maggie smiled. She tipped the bottle and filled the glass halfway with a dark, foul-smelling whiskey. Gertie closed in on the tumbler, sniffed the liquor, squealed and backed away.

Jacob bounded forward. "She can't handle tumblers very well." He grabbed up the glass and took a quick sip, swallowing hard. He cracked a knuckle against his thigh. Gertie leaned back onto her hind legs and rested her front hooves on his thighs. He poured a healthy slug in her mouth and cracked his knuckles again. Gertie hit the floor and weaved twice between his spread legs. The men at the tables shouted and clapped and sat back down. Gertie looked up at Jacob, her eyes watering. Jacob took a deep drink, puckered hard, swallowed. He had tears in his eyes, too. Maggie refilled the glass and started back to the Hudson. The satin bow at the back of her dress had worked loose, and it trailed behind her like a short pink tail. She disappeared into the car.

"You boys," shouted Herman, turning and pointing at the door, "I told you never to come up here."

Both boys were peeking through the cracked door, their heads lined one on top of the other like two peas as they watched this dancing, drinking pig who was, after all, their discovery.

"Please, one more trick before they leave?" asked Jacob.

The men at the tables shouted their approval, pounding marble tops with their glasses.

"One more trick," announced Herman, like some gracious master of ceremonies.

"Gertie," said Jacob, snapping his fingers. He cracked the knuckles of both hands and Gertie climbed up on an empty chair in front of the automobile bar. She sat calmly on her hind legs. "Come on in." Jacob waved in the hesitant boys. They could have been brothers, they looked so alike with their thin overalls and grimy feet, their towheads and crooked teeth. Jacob put both of them down on the floor on all fours in front of Gertie's chair. He bent and whispered to the pig, who was clear-eyed now and attentive. Then he cracked his knuckles. Gertie rocketed from the chair, jumping sideways over the boys. She landed with a wonderful click of her hooves and rolled to the door of the room like the small pork barrel she was.

"A toast!" yelled Jacob over the delight of the bar's patrons. He drank the shot left in his glass. The men all drank and ran for the car while the two boys sneaked quickly out. Gertie was still panting from her tricks, but she came up and put her front hooves on Jacob's thighs. He couldn't believe she wanted any more of the foul whiskey, but he went back to the car.

He looked closely at Maggie this time. She was young, dressed and painted to seem older. Her slim arms and small hands poured drink after drink, yet she did not acknowledge any of the drinkers who were obviously staring at her face and figure. Jacob handed her his tumbler. She smiled, first at him, then at Gertie.

"Thanks for helping Gyppy out of trouble," she whispered.

"Thank Gertie. She does the tricks. Are you coming to the show tonight?"

"Where at?" Having poured Jacob's drink, she glanced at Herman, who was already on his way over.

"How old are you?" Jacob whispered, winking. "You're lovely."

She blushed and looked down just as Herman clasped Jacob's shoulder with his huge hand.

"We don't stand at the bar." He guided Jacob forcefully to a table. "We like to look at it." Gertie jumped up in a nearby seat and waited patiently for a drink.

"Fine bar. Must have been the devil to get up here."

"I bootlegged in that car ten years. Never got caught. My friends made sure of that. Same friends picked up that half a car like a little baby and carried it right up the stairs."

"I thank you for the privilege of drinking here." Jacob was watching Maggie. She was posed in the car now like some movie starlet in a wax museum. "Maybe I could repay you by giving you and your family free tickets to tonight's performance at Lincoln Park. It'll be quite a show, especially for the kids. How many do you have?"

"Gyppy. Two little ones with my wife downstairs."

"Not Maggie? She has your blue eyes."

"Best not look too close there. She's my brother's girl. He died in the war. His tramp of a wife ran off with some damn Bohunk. We raised her. She's the best around here, if you know what I mean. I keep my eyes on her real close. Real close."

"I only wondered if she'd like a ticket, too. I can have six tickets back here by supper time. Are you going to put on a fine show, Gertie?" Jacob cracked his little finger against the side of the table. Gertie pounded a hoof against the marble top and shook her head, her

ears flopping back and forth. Jacob leaned over to give her a drink. Herman stood up, shaking his head, and patted Gertie's pink back.

Gertie shuddered.

"She doesn't like to be touched, if you don't mind, sir."

"It's like having a baby, ain't it?"

"Only Gertie's smarter," answered Jacob.

"I don't know. I've seen more pigs butchered than babies." Herman narrowed his small eyes and smiled.

"Sir," answered Jacob firmly, "that is usually neither the fault of the pig nor the smarts of the baby."

"We'll take those tickets." Herman started away. "You come back for supper, too. With your pig. Go in the side door downstairs. The wife'll be waiting."

Jacob nodded, slugged down the rest of the whiskey and stood up, tears in his eyes. "Thank you, thank you," he called out to everyone. "See you tonight at Lincoln Park." He looked quickly at Maggie again, winked, and, with Gertie at his heels, left the bar.

By supper time he was cleanshaven and back at the tombstone warehouse. He and Gertie climbed out of a '49 Ford.

"I'll be back here in one hour, damnit," muttered Jacob's partner, Sells Brothers advance man Willie Salisbury. The man smoked his cigarette so close that the tiny butt was almost burning his lips. "No foolishness, boy." He rapped the steering wheel. "Damnit," he whined, "it must be foolishness you wanting to be by yourself around this place. It give me the creeps. She must be something special."

"I come for a simple dinner, my friend," said Jacob. "You just get people out for the show. I'll bring at least six."

He and Gertie found the side door wide open, no screen door, even. Jacob looked down the hall into a kitchen in the back. There, sitting at a table, was Herman's wife and one of the children, a baby. The wife had her blouse unbuttoned and the baby was nursing from one of her full breasts. Jacob stared in for a minute, but the mother, intent on her baby, did not stir. Finally, Jacob moved away from the door. He wanted to approach it again, somehow with more noise, to give the woman notice. But Gertie had other ideas. She started right in, grunting her displeasure at standing so long in one place when there was somewhere new to explore.

"Gertie," Jacob scolded. The young woman looked up. She stood up, cradling the baby with one arm, and with her free hand pulling her blouse back over her breasts. She started down the hall. The baby kept nursing as though nothing else mattered.

"I'm sorry," said Jacob. "Gertie is too forward. But we do have an invitation. From Herman."

The woman never took her eyes off Gertie, who kept advancing on her. When the pig reached her, Herman's wife squatted down and patted Gertie's head. "My name is Gertrude, too," she said softly. Gertie rolled over on her back and Gertrude briskly rubbed her tummy.

Jacob could not believe his eyes. Here was a squatting woman, her dress practically tented up by her knees, a baby at her one breast, the other floating free now, uncovered, and she was petting his pig like Gertie was the family's favorite dog. He marvelled, too, that she so easily sensed where Gertie best liked rubbing. Gertie was certainly one happy pig, rolling from side to side on her back, her pink, lightly hairy belly completely exposed, her short legs sticking straight up. Jacob looked from Gertrude's face to her breasts, but she was oblivious of him. He cleared his throat and came forward.

"I'm Jacob Steward." He gave her his hand. She took it. Her hand was warm, and soft. She let him help her up.

"Hello," she said quietly. The voices and the motion pulled the baby out of its reverie of sucking and it wailed up at the ceiling. "This is Molly. Come in." She went back into the kitchen, put the baby on the table, buttoned her blouse and faced the stove.

"Nice of you to have some poor travelers to supper," Jacob said. He began tickling Molly and cooing in her face.

Gertrude turned to watch him. The milk stains on her blouse made it transparent and he could just see her dark nipples. She was a tall woman, almost his height and probably his age. She had a pert button of a nose, and long brown hair tied in a single braid. She was as handsome as Herman was big. She turned up the gas under a large skillet of potatoes. Jacob smelled cabbage steaming in a covered pot. And he sensed some meat in the oven. Irish, he thought, or at least not far from some old country. Gertie climbed up on an empty chair to watch the baby. Jacob saw her swing her head to look at a little boy, half as tall as Gyppy but red-haired and big all over like his father, hanging onto the back door, his face pressed against the screen.

"Company's here," said Gertrude, not turning from the stove. "Get on in here, Paul."

The boy pulled open the door and tentatively edged inside. Gertie turned in her chair and grunted at him. She was so friendly that Jacob smiled, realizing she was probably still a little high from Herman's strong whiskey.

"Shake hands, Gertie," Jacob said, and cracked the knuckles of his little fingers. Gertie stuck out a hoof and Paul approached her, grinning. He touched her little cloven hoof and backed away to watch the scene in amazement. A little pig in his chair, watching his little sister. The pig might even eat with them, like in some fairy tale.

"You'll ruin your fingers cracking your knuckles," said Gertrude.

"Sorry, ma'am. Just part of my job. I've been cracking them since I can remember. It never really bothered me. Comes natural to me, like some people are double-jointed." He turned to Paul. "You ever see the double-jointed lady at the Sells Brothers Circus?" The boy shook his head, but his eyes widened. "Well, she can turn her head clear around on her body, then pop her knees out and walk backwards. She looks like a hunchback walking two directions at once. She calls a dog to her and the poor thing doesn't know which side to come to. It'll finally give up and jut sit right between her legs. Beg your pardon, ma'am."

The boy was puzzled. Gertrude, still frying the potatoes, shook her head.

"Why it's true, isn't it, Gertrude?"

"Not a word of it," answered the woman.

But Jacob had meant to say *Gertie,* and he'd cracked his little finger against the side of the table so that Gertie was shaking her head and lightly rapping the formica top. "There's a lot of things in a circus you'd have to see to believe," said Jacob.

"I'm sure that's true." Gertrude leaned over and opened the oven door. Jacob peeked inside at a large corned beef. He'd done right to come back for supper. He pulled twelve tickets from his pocket, six for the evening's dancing pig performance, six for the next weekend's Sells Brothers Circus and Animal Extravaganza. He handed them to Paul. "For the whole family," he said. "There you'll see the double-jointed lady, the fat man, the thin man. You'll see African pygmies, the five-legged cow, the finest menagerie of safari animals on this side of the globe. You'll step right up to watch daredevil tricks performed on the bare backs of wild horses, death-defying acrobatics on the high trapeze, the dangerous antics of Lanzini as he walks the thin tightrope a hundred feet above your head. Sound like fun?" he laughed.

The boy sat dazed, his big head tilted to one side. He was keeping his eyes on Gertie, as though he wasn't sure which was more fantastical, a pig in his kitchen, or some wild, ex-

otic, daring-circus act, the tickets to which he held in his small, dirty hands.

Herman, Maggie at his heels, walked into the kitchen from another room. Paul stuffed the tickets into his pocket, the baby started crying, Gertie jumped off her chair and sat under Jacob's, and Gertrude turned to smile at everyone. "Where's Gyppy?" she asked.

"Damn that boy. I called him a half hour ago. He's awful excited today, thanks to you." Herman stared at Jacob. Then Gyppy ran in through the open side door. Herman glared at him, but Maggie and Gertrude both smiled.

"Help with the table," said his mother.

There was the commotion of pulling out the chrome-legged kitchen table and setting it. These were Gyppy's jobs, but Jacob pitched in. Gertie stayed out of the way, sitting alertly next to the refrigerator. Jacob could not get Maggie to look at him.

They sat down and Gertrude brought the food to the table. Herman made quite a to-do carving the meat, then immediately served himself almost half the food. The rest of them served themselves and began eating. Jacob took more than he could eat so there would be enough for Gertie, who was poking her head into his lap from under the table.

"I'm sorry," said Gertrude, standing up. "What does Gertie usually eat?"

"Does she sit at the table with you at home?" asked Gyppy.

'Whenever she can," Jacob answered. "She'll be all right, though." But Gertrude was already bringing another chair and setting a place. Herman cleared his throat and frowned, but when Gertie hopped up into the chair and Jacob fed her from her own plate, Herman, like his two little boys, had to smile. "I told you," he finally laughed. "Just like a baby."

The meal was full of staring, with hearty appetites for food and for looking at this little pig making a human of herself at the dinner table. Even baby Molly was excited. Sitting in her mother's lap, she burbled and pointed around aimlessly.

Just as he was stuffing in one last bite of corned beef and complimenting the cooking and thanking Herman for his hospitality and trying to find Maggie's eyes, Jacob heard the persistent car horn. "God," he shook his head, "it's that time, Gertie. Excuse us." He and Gertie started for the door. "Don't miss the show." He turned to wave again to this Pittsburg family. They were all seated with their chairs facing the empty spot where he and Gertie had been. Just

before he turned away, Maggie smiled at him. He hoped, but he wasn't sure, that they'd come to the show.

They did, all six of them, and what a show it was. Jacob was happy. Gertie was in her finest form. Dressed in a red, white and blue beanie, a starched ruffly collar and a pink jersey with the number one painted on the back, she did all her usual crowd pleasers with real joy and precision: she somersaulted; she spelled PIG and CORN and SELLS BROTHERS CIRCUS; she climbed up on a barrel and rolled ten yards forward then ten yards back; she walked on her hind legs; she climbed on a rocking horse and rocked; she caught a big bull snake and whipped it around in the air like some cowboy with a lariat; and she broadjumped first one barrel, then two, then three.

There was a good crowd, more than could comfortably sit on the benches around the band dome. Many stood closer, and they whooped and applauded and pressed forward so eagerly that the retaining rope broke once and had to be tied in a square knot.

When they finally quieted down, Jacob and Gertie moved on to their skit. Jacob played the bored husband. He sat in a big chair holding a paper in front of his face and yelling commands at his "wife." First, Gertie brought him his pipe. He took it without looking at her. Then she brought him his white slippers, actually untying his boots with her teeth and pulling them off, then guiding his feet to the soft slippers with her nose. He called for his robe. They had set up a clothesline, with three robes hanging on it. She brought him the blue one. He called her a pig and ordered her to bring him the white one. She brought him the white one and he called her a swine, demanding the red one instead. When he rejected the red one he demanded one of all colors. Gertie rooted around among the rejected robes, and, sure enough, pulled out a red, white and blue robe. Jacob put on the robe, then sat back down with the paper. He yelled for a footstool. There was no footstool, so Gertie came over and held up his feet up on her back. Finally, he demanded a kiss. Gertie squealed. He screamed for a kiss and Gertie squealed again, even louder. When he boomed out his demand as loud as he could, Gertie ran from under his legs, backed away, then ran and jumped through the paper and onto Jacob's lap. The chair fell over backwards and both Jacob and Gertie somersaulted and took a bow. The audience clapped; some howled like wolves.

For their finale, Jacob went ahead with the tricks that took real daring. First Gertie slowly climbed up the ten-foot park slippery slide, flipped up on the top of it and slid on her back into the sand below. Second, she climbed up a twelve-foot stepladder placed next to a horse

tank full of water. Jacob's partner, Salisbury, performed a drum roll and Gertie jumped into the water and swam to the side. Then she did the same thing through a metal and rope hoop set between her and the tank. The audience was tickled and murmuring their approval when the dome lights went out. They hushed. Jacob shined a flashlight on Gertie, who was back on top of the ladder. There was a great gasp as Jacob lit the hoop into a blaze of fire. Salisbury drummed another roll on the snare, a longer one, making it softer, almost like the whispering warning of a rattlesnake, as the flames licked up higher under the small pink pig, now red in the firelight like some primeval idol. Jacob smacked his thigh, Gertie sailed through the hoop of fire and the lights came back up. Jacob helped her out of the tank, stuck a small flag in her mouth, and she pranced around in front of the audience waving Old Glory.

Salisbury immediately began working the crowd with Sells Brothers notices and tickets and after a last look at this small dancing pig, people started for home. Herman, who now wore a gaudy plaid suit, was working the crowd, too, nudging against one man and another. Some of them had been in the bar earlier. As Jacob and Salisbury loaded their props and cleaned up the park, Herman and his family came over to help.

"We're having a party in your honor. And the pig's," announced Herman. The boys and Gertrude were tickling and rubbing Gertie. "We'll drive you there."

Jacob looked at his partner and shrugged. "All right," he said.

Herman came closer and gave Jacob a wink. "One small trick per drink. For as long as she lasts," he whispered.

Salisbury was angry because he had some Joplin women all lined up for tricks as long as they lasted. Jacob told him to go on over, to take the sure bet. He'd find his way back. They shut the trunk on the last of the evening's stage props, and Jacob grabbed up a quick change of clothes, promising to meet Salisbury the next day. The partner roared away.

"Ride in the back with us!" Gyppy called out, taking Jacob's hand.

Jacob agreed. Herman and Gertrude and Molly rode up front. Maggie, Gyppy, Paul, Jacob, and Gertie piled into the bed of the truck. truck.

"How can she learn to do all those tricks, mister?" asked Gyppy. Little Paul, to be closer to Gertie, crawled into Jacob's lap.

"Same as you would, Gyppy," answered Jacob. "I just show her what to do and pretty soon she decides if she'll do it. Once she learns she never forgets. Right, love?" He tickled Gertie behind her ears. She

was looking tired now, her tongue lolling in her open mouth, but he wanted one more trick from her. "Can you spell?" he asked Gyppy.

"Not very good."

"Gertie can." Jacob reached into his pocket for his small red plastic letters and arranged them between himself and Maggie on the floor of the pickup bed. Barely discernible in the occasional blaze of corner streetlights, the letters, H Y K S I W E M S, stayed put in spite of Herman's sharp corners.

"I seen this one already," said Gyppy. Paul started for the letters, but Jacob pulled him away.

"This one's different," he said. "What can you spell for Maggie?" He cracked the knuckle of his left little finger and Gertie took Maggie a K. He cracked his ring finger and Gertie took her an I. From then on it was a double S S and then M E. The boys pestered their cousin, who quickly scooped up the letters but would not say a word. When she handed the small letters back to him, Jacob took her hands and held them. She looked in through the window of the truck, but Herman and Gertrude were talking.

"No," Maggie said finally, and pulled her hands away. She pouted her overdone lips. The boys were especially quiet.

"Maybe later?" Jacob asked. "Do you have to work in that car tonight?" In the dark of the night, leaning back against the sides of the pickup, she looked younger even than she had earlier in the bar. "He just puts you in there to sell drinks, doesn't he?" Jacob accused. He put the letters back in his pocket, then cracked all of his right knuckles. Gertie went over to Maggie and nudged against her, tickling her until she began to laugh. "Gertie," said Jacob. "You know better than to touch strangers.'" He reached over and pulled Gertie away. "How old are you?" he asked the girl.

Maggie would not speak to him.

"She's seventeen." Gyppy broke the silence. "Pa says he's going to put her out to work or marry her off to somebody rich real soon. Don't he, Maggie?"

They were home again. Herman climbed out of the cab.

"Home again, home again, jiggity-jig," shouted Jacob. He tried to help the boys down from the truck, but they jumped out past him. Maggie looked quickly at Herman, then let Jacob hand her down. He kept her hand.

"Party'll be here real soon," said Herman. "If you'll quit touching my Maggie I can take her upstairs and get ready. C'mon, girl." He jerked his head toward the warehouse entrance.

Jacob was tired. He signalled Herman aside and the two of them moved away from the women. "Listen. Last night I was in the foulest hotel in Joplin. No running water. Gertie and I have to clean up before the party. We need a nice relaxing bath. We need to change clothes. We're both good for nothing if we don't feel clean and relaxed. And you've been so generous up to now."

Herman wasn't happy. He put a big finger between his neck and the shirt collar that pinched it. Jacob didn't budge, didn't even look at the big man. "God," Herman sighed heavily. "I told you. You're just like a Goddamn mama with her little baby. Gertrude," he announced, "these two are going to take a bath."

"The pig?" shouted Gyppy.

"Only after me," laughed Jacob. "She got dunked tonight but not scrubbed."

Jacob turned to thank Herman, but he was already on his way upstairs, Maggie right behind.

"Come on in," said Gertrude, and Jacob followed her and Gyppy and Paul through the side door home. "The bathroom is in there, through the kitchen and next room." Gertrude shifted Molly from one shoulder to the other to point Jacob and Gertie towards the bath. The kitchen was spotless now, the table pushed back against the wall for room. Jacob went through one dark room, a bedroom, and found a light switch against the bathroom wall. He flicked it on and found himself before a large bathtub which sat proudly on ornate feet. It looked like the old tombstone carver's choice. A sink and stool were on the farther side of the room. Jacob turned around. The whole family had followed him this far.

"Do you own this whole place?" he asked.

Gertrude nodded. "We've been remodeling it. Someday we'll have the whole building like we want it."

"What will you do with the tombstones?"

Gertrude laughed. "Wait'll we die, I guess." She pointed to the towels on a shelf. "If you need anything else, just call." She hustled the two boys out in front of her, then turned. "The kids really enjoyed your show," she said. "Thank you for the tickets."

"Thank you for the dinner. And the whiskey earlier."

"We like to share." She closed the door on him and Gertie. They ran the bath water as hot as it would go. Jacob sank into the tub with a deep sigh and soaked for a good fifteen minutes. He was pulled out of a steamy reverie by noise at the door. Gyppy and Paul were probably taking turns at the keyhole. He laughed. Maybe the whole family was. He climbed out of the tub, let some of the water out, then added more hot water for Gertie.

"Gyppy! Paul!" Gertrude snapped the names from the next room "I told you to get into bed. And I mean now."

There was a hustle of feet from the door. Jacob smiled and looked at Gertie. She was tired, her eyes half closed, her jaw slack enough to expose her tiny teeth. "Come on," he said. He took off her beanie, her ruffled collar and her little pink shirt. "Up you go." He lifted Gertie into the tub, lathered her white, then rinsed her pink again. He let her soak, and she grunted and sighed bubbles into the shallow tub water. He finally lifted her out and towelled her dry.

They left two rings in the tub, a human ring near the top and a pig ring halfway down. Jacob dressed casually, in jeans, an old white shirt, the red, white and blue magic robe from their act, and his white slippers. He snapped Gertie's patriotic beanie on, but otherwise left her naked.

The house was quiet when they opened the bathroom door, with only a single light left on in the kitchen. Jacob and Gertie were almost there when Gertrude spoke softly, like someone will when everyone is asleep and the object is to keep them that way. "You can get upstairs through the old warehouse, if you want," she said. Jacob turned. She was lying in bed. Baby Molly was next to her, a sleeping lump wrapped in a blanket on top of the sheets.

Jacob, Gertie at his side, approached the bed. "Where?" he asked, standing next to Gertrude.

"The door after the bathroom, on the far side of the hall. The open one there." Then she reached out her hand and touched his robe. "You look funny," she said. "Did you have a nice bath?"

His eyes were adjusting to the dim light. He could see her smiling, her head on two pillows, her braid snaking down over her left shoulder, the sheet just covering her breasts. No nightgown. Jacob did not want to think any more. In the back of his mind, like a bad dream, he had been hearing the shuffling of feet and bursts of voices upstairs. Now he tried to forget about anywhere else. He couldn't tell if Gertrude was pulling him down, or whether his desire made him think so. But he was sitting on the bed.

"You don't want to fool with Maggie," Gertrude told him urgently. "Herman would kill you. Nobody touches her. He keeps her that way." She leaned over to look at Gertie. "Maggie's just young and sweet. Like your little pig," Gertrude giggled. Jacob smelled the whiskey on her breath. "Kiss me," she demanded, and he did. She was fumbling for him, freeing her other arm from under the sheet and moving the baby farther away on the bed.

Jacob climbed in without breaking contact with her lips. She was under him, warm, soft, picking at his pants. Everything else, Gyppy and Paul, Herman and Maggie, even Gertie, began to drift away. His pants were down, then off, and he was under the sheet in the white shirt and robe.

"No," said Gertrude, moving from under him. "Take everything off."

So he slipped off his slippers, his shirt, his robe. He embraced her. She was certainly no Joplin whore. She moved like a lover, slowly, enjoying herself, enjoying him. He was calm with her because she made him be. They brought each other pleasure, slowly, carefully, but intensely. They made love quietly, but when Jacob finally stopped moving, Gertrude, who wanted him to continue, moaned her disappointment. Her moan seemed terribly loud. His hearing became suddenly acute. He had no sense of how long he'd been in bed. But it had been a long, long, good time. Where was Gertie? He reared up on his knees and looked next to the bed. She was gone, and so was his robe.

He heard a whispering in the next room. A breathless Gyppy appeared in the doorway. "Where've you been, mister?" he whined. "They're all mad. They're trying to make her do tricks. They got her runnin' all around and beatin' on her." He was close to tears. Jacob jumped out of bed and shovelled himself into his jeans. He heard commotion at the top of the warehouse stairs. He grabbed his shirt. He was out of the room into the old warehouse, tucking his shirt into his pants, when the light came on.

"Why'd you run off with my things?' he asked her. "I've been looking all over for them.

"What the hell've you been up to?" Herman yelled. "Gertrude!"

Jacob met the man in the middle of the tombstones. Jacob pulled himself up as tall and big as he could and tried to be calm. "I think she's asleep," he said quietly. "I just passed her room getting out here. I didn't mean to intrude."

"Liar!" boomed Herman. He swept Jacob aside. He was roaring. He was drunk. "You wait right here!" He turned to look over his shoulder at the men gawking from the top of the stairs. "You boys keep him here!"

Jacob stood silent, his bare feet cold on the cement floor. Then he remembered his slippers, white leather, full of warm fuzz. Next to the bed. He looked around him at the door back into the bedroom, then at the men just starting down the stairs. Maggie was all alone at the top. He saw the outside door on the opposite wall. He tensed as Herman appeared in the bedroom door. Everyone was still. The big man seemed calm. Head down, he came out slowly, holding Jacob's white slippers.

"Gertrude says you left these in the bathroom," he said evenly.

Jacob's sweat was turning clammy and he shivered. "That pig keeps me hopping. Why, she ran away upstairs she was so anxious to have this party."

Herman still stood quietly among the tombstones, the red of his face drained away to expose his splotchy freckles, the red, white and blue robe clashing violently with the green and brown of his suit. His hair was dull red now, plastered down on his head with some kind of wax. He looked up and smiled grimly.

Jacob tried to return his smile, tried to show understanding, tried to apologize without saying anything. They were both wary and silent in front of all the other men from the bar, who were now lined up and down the stairs like bannister posts, staring.

"A trick!" shouted Herman. He lost his smile.

Jacob started for the stairway and Gertie grunted her approval. Maggie was smiling at the top, shimmering in her pink satin dress, waiting for the pig.

"No," Herman said. "We'll do it right here." He squeezed Jacob's slippers in his fist. "Let's see this pig give you a little kiss."

The men on the stairs started down to be closer. They murmured their approval.

"Get down on your knees and ask for a little kiss," Herman demanded.

Jacob hesitated.

"Go on!" insisted Herman.

Jacob saw Herman's face redden again. The men were closing in. Herman stepped forward. "You do it," he said. He seemed to swell up. "You get down on your knees for a kiss before I make you lie down and diddle with her!"

Jacob took a deep breath, cracked his knuckles and bolted for the door.

"Get him! Get the son-of-a-bitch!" Herman threw Jacob's slippers and they whizzed by the pig trainer's head and poofed against the limestone wall.

Gertie, responding to Jacob's knuckles, was running after him across the room and toward the outside door. They had a good chance of it. The men, half drunk, reached out for them but Jacob and Gertie broke through. Herman, though, chased with more vigor. He ran and jumped on a tombstone, driving across the room just as Jacob threw open the door. Jacob heard a loud squealing, felt a hand clawing at his foot, then felt nothing but cool air and night, darkening behind him. He was long gone.

Gertie was not. She was squealing for her life. He turned at the corner to watch her in the square of light at the warehouse door. Her beanie rolled out and landed on the step, then Herman followed, holding her up by her hind legs. Men spewed out behind him.

"I'll slaughter this goddamn pig!" Herman called out into the night. "She's dead, buddy! She's as good as dead! I'm gonna kill this little baby!"

Jacob peeked around the corner. Nobody could see him. Nobody was after him. He ran down the clock, down a parallel street, then back up to the warehouse street and looked again. He saw Herman climbing into his pickup, heard the engine starting, heard the squeals of a small panicked pig. The truck lights went on and Jacob ducked back around the corner. Herman gunned the engine and the truck took off in Jacob's direction with a squeal of tires and pig. By the time the truck sped past the corner where Jacob hid in shadow, Herman had hit forty miles an hour. He passed so quickly that Jacob hardly even saw Gertie, now completely silent, her back feet tied with thin hemp rope, being dragged along behind the truck in the eerie afterglow of taillights.

Herman slammed on the brakes and made a U turn at the next corner. He started back to the warehouse as fast as he could. Jacob could hear him shouting, saw him rocking up and down in the truck seat, saw him waving his red, white and blue arm out the window as he shook his fist at the

night. He peeled back to the front of the building, where the onlookers put up a cheer. One pig show was as good as another to them. Herman made another U turn and stopped for a second. He was revving the truck in neutral so he could pop the clutch and jerk Gertie back down the street.

Just then, little Gyppy, sudden as light, ran out from the crowd, his tattered overalls flapping off him like some flag. The little boy grabbed the rope and sawed at it like crazy with his sharpest knife. His oblivious father popped the clutch and Gyppy ran away with a tin shout of disappointment. But the rope jerked tight, then broke, and the truck sped away without the little pig. Gertie lay squealing and panting in the middle of the street, and the men started after her. She struggled up, looked around at the swarm of men, then began to run, bucking her back legs behind her for power like a wild horse, dragging the rope like some long tail of woe. Jacob saw her take a corner, fall over, pick herself up and scoot the hell out of town.

She was the best pig he'd ever trained. She was smartest. She was perfectly sized for a dancing pig. He crossed the street after her just as Herman raced his truck back to the warehouse. Jacob tried to guess Gertie's course and at least stayed parallel. Two blocks down, he saw her trotting away. "Gertrude!" he called, ecstatic, not caring who else heard him. "You come here! Gertie!"

The little pig turned at the sound of his voice. She hesitated, then ran as fast as she could go, still dragging her tail behind her. Jacob followed and followed, trying to outguess her, trying to come up on her again, so that she might at least respond to his knuckles. He was not even above forcing her, if he could.

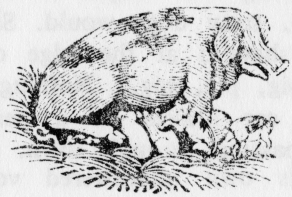
Twice more he saw her, or thought he did, but she disappeared so quickly he suspected his eyes. The night seemed to darken all around him. Once he stepped in some mud and had the sickening feeling that maybe it was Gertie's blood. If he didn't find her, stray dogs would. She might bleed to death. "Gertie!" he shouted at the edge of Pittsburg, Kansas. "Gertie! Here, pig, pig, pig." Nothing answered but an occasional squeal of car brakes on a nearby road or the clacking of a train passing through town. Soon, Jacob tired of the sound of his own unanswered voice. "Gertie," he

whispered to himself. He shook his head. He was tired. His feet were cold.

He had to think about Joplin. There was Salisbury with some whore in some foul hotel. He would find him and explain. Maybe the two of them could find Gertie, save her yet. He headed for the trainyard, for a boxcar, and was soon riding the rails east, out of Kansas.

The next morning, before anyone was awake, Pittsburg's brand new street cleaner swept majestically down the street in front of the old tombstone warehouse. It sprayed out water and followed after with the hiss of metal brushes against pavement. It was cleaning up pigskin, even a little pig blood, but the driver never knew it. In fact, nobody in town or around saw hide or bristle of that little dancing pig again, though she might have survived. She might have run loose into some field or some woods, learned to live without whiskey and human beings, tamed down to live with cousins on some farm nearby. But if she did, nobody ever found out, not even Jacob Stewart.

That's what happened to the last dancing pig in southeast Kansas. These days, the only exotic pigs are jogging pigs. Scientists train pigs to jog and then check their circulatory systems, because of all animals, the pig's heart is closest to the human heart. Think of that the next time you see a pig squealing in a passing truck, bound for market. Or the next time you see a pig in a feed lot, destined for a quick weight gain and a quicker slaughter. Most of all, though, think of that the next time you see some small pig in a field, kicking up its heels and dancing off for some place only it can know. The pig mind is not the human mind. But the pig heart? There it goes. There it goes again. Off into some damn Kansas field.



Sunday School
at
Old Stone School House

From left: John Nickels, Charlie Clark; Roy Morgan, Dora Burggraf, teacher; Joe Holt, and Carlos Bradfield.

Fairview School - 1907

The Western Art of Joe Beeler

Joe Beeler, widely recognized as one of the top three contemporary western artists, is a native of the Little Balkans area. He was born on December 25, 1931, in Joplin, Missouri, and is an alumnus of Kansas State College of Pittsburg [now Pittsburg State University]. He received the University's Meritorious Achievement Award in 1966, in recognition of his artistic accomplishments and of his part in founding the Cowboy Artists of America, an organization which has done much to gain appreciation for western art. Beeler lived for a time at Five Mile Creek, Oklahoma, before moving to Sedona, Arizona, where he now maintains his studio.

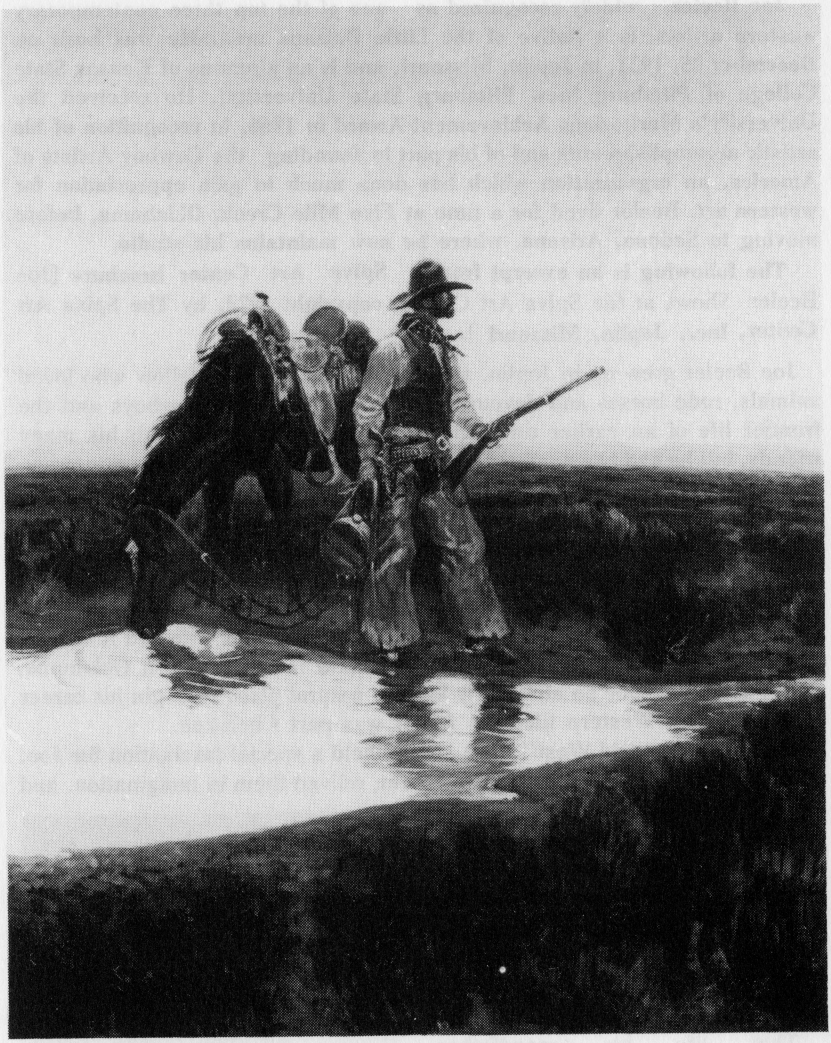
The following is an excerpt from a Spiva Art Center brochure [Joe Beeler Shows at the Spiva Art Center, **copyright 1973, by The Spiva Art Center, Inc., Joplin, Missouri**].

Joe Beeler grew up in Joplin, a warm-hearted, friendly fellow who loved animals, rode horses and devoured books about Indians, cowboys and the frontier life of an earlier time. He had much in common with his many friends, but he had two qualities which made a difference. Joe loved to draw, and he had a dream...a vision of becoming an artist, and of painting pictures of that earlier time he felt was worth remembering.

It was a long, rugged road he traveled to his goal...but he got there. College was interrupted by the Korean War, after which he went back to college, and then to art school. Finally came the tough challenge, and risk, of striking out on his own as a free-lance artist to support his wife and first-born child. Home was a small cabin on Indian land in northeastern Oklahoma, which seemed to Joe an absolutely logical, natural place to begin his career as an artist of Western life. His father was part Cherokee.

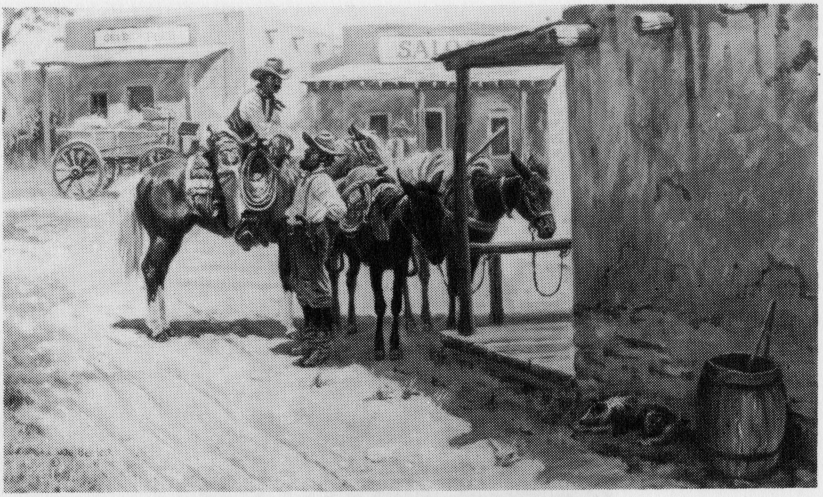
Stories of the "Old West" have always held a special fascination for Joe. As a man, and artist, he has studied them, relived them in imagination, and painted them on canvas. But, before that, as a child he also heard these tales of adventure and danger and excitement from his grandfather. He told Joe of his great-grandfather, a character to envy, who went out to Texas after fighting in the Civil War, and did a turn as a cowhand.

That life his grandfather remembered, and his great-grandfather actually experienced, has almost disappeared from the West. But to Joe it is important. In it he recognizes a valuable and significant aspect of our American heritage, and he feels a strong compulsion to record in his works as much as possible of its quality and spirit.

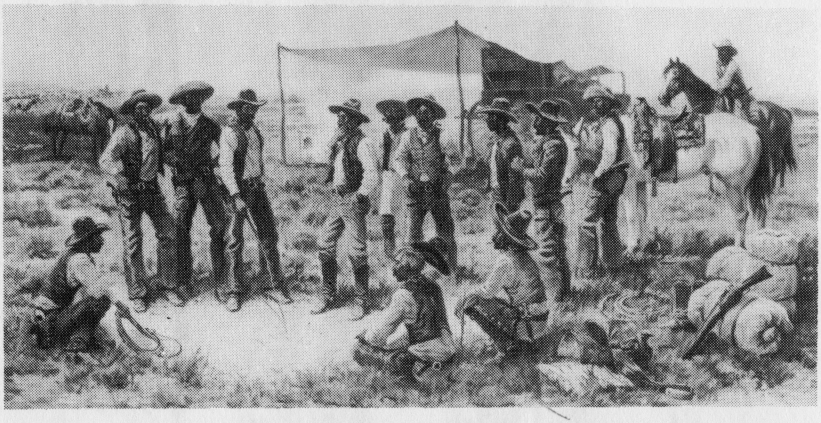


On the Run

The events of frontier life of a century ago are as vivid to Joe Beeler as the realities of his world today. Though he and his family live comfortably in their ranch-style home near Sedona, Arizona, he is surrounded by echoes of that



Border Town Philosophers



The XIT is Born

zestful past which he seeks to interpret and preserve for the enrichment of his children, and yours and ours.

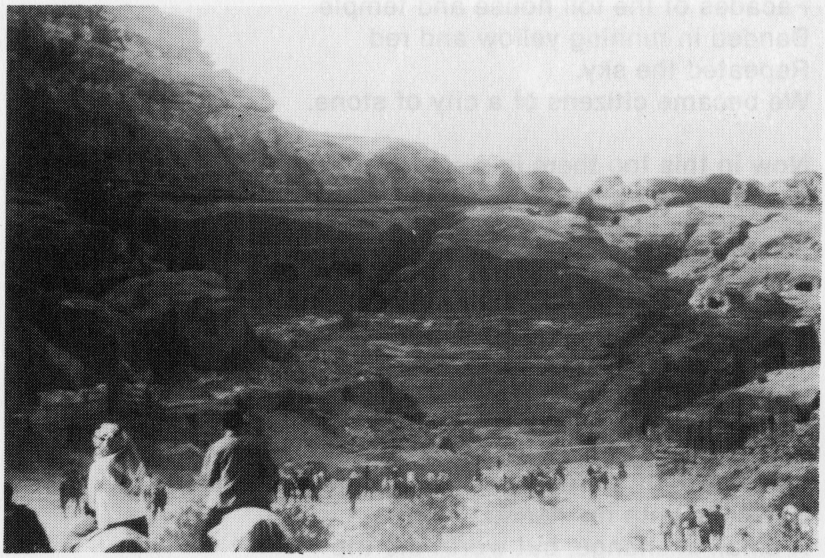
Workin' Cowboy

Illustration from Elijah

The Barrier

The Warrior

In the Cities of Stone



photograph by Lillian and Alfred B. Newbanks

There was this canyon worth the trip
I visited in the holy land.
(Any travel agent could tell us,
But I have lost its name.)
A rock wall blocked the desert
But a rift opened enough
For bedouin caravans to pass
And pay a toll, saving forty days.

Our tour wound through the rift,
A caravan of sightseers.
We walked above camel tracks
Naming the walls,
Ringing them with echos
Of merchants and tourists
Who'd witnessed the marvel
In English or French
Or some dead language of the stone.

Inside at the rift's end
The canyon city rose,
Carved in sandstone.
Facades of the toll house and temple
Banded in running yellow and red
Repeated the sky.
We became citizens of a city of stone.

Now in this too there is a stone,
A stone I've walked through
Though its name escapes me,
Rifted enough for a tourist to pass.
There is this city
Where the traveler pays his fare,
Rests and saves his desert days.
Sitting in the market place,
An open plaza of banded stone,
His camel tethered to a palm,
He shows his wares, barters with the nomads,
Speaking with his hands;
A small exchange, but worth the trip
In this dead brain of the stone.

George H. Gurley, Jr.

"Joining the Crowd": A St. Paul Myth

by Charles Cagle

Several years ago I was told by a friend of mine that "the first doctor to reach Lincoln" after he was shot in Ford's Theater, April 14, 1865, was buried in my friend's hometown--St. Paul, Kansas. Naturally, I was intrigued. Why was he there? What was his name? Where was he buried? But it was not until recently, when I read Dorothy Meserve Kunhardt and Philip B. Kunhardt's remarkably detailed book (**Twenty Days**, Harper & Row, 1965) chronicling the Lincoln assassination that my curiosity was piqued again.

The Kunhardts' book revealed that the first doctor to reach Lincoln was a twenty-three-year old army surgeon named Charles Augustus Leale (in the audience). Leale used a penknife to cut away Lincoln's collar and coat from his neck and shoulders, located the wound behind the President's left ear, removed a blood clot by sticking his finger "as far as it would go" into the hole in Lincoln's head. Another doctor--oddly enough, also a twenty-three-year-old army doctor--named Charles Sabin Taft (in the audience) arrived and performed mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on Lincoln, "working like a straining athlete," only to rise moments later and mutter, "His wound is mortal." Two other doctors from the audience crowded into the theater box: they were Dr. Africanus F.A. King and a Dr. Charles A. Gatch.

So, I had four names. And on a particularly beautiful spring afternoon in 1982, I drove from Pittsburg to St. Paul to find one of them.

I stopped first at the cemetery on the east edge of St. Paul on Highway 57. I encountered an old lady in one part of the place and an

old man in another. Neither of them had ever heard of the four names--**or** the story about Lincoln and the good doctor. "I've lived here all my life, too," the lady snorted. Undaunted, I tramped through an acre or so of very old tombstones, thinking at any minute to see LEALE, KING, TAFT, or GATCH etched somberly into some slab of crumbling stone.

Nothing.

Then, as I should have done in the first place, I went to St. Paul's tidy little library two blocks north off the highway. I introduced myself to Helen Coomes, informed her of my quest, and got a most encouraging answer. She said somebody **else** had been in a while back asking for the same information--and that, yes, Dr. McMillan was indeed buried in St. Paul, but in another old cemetery north of town.

"Dr. Who?" I asked.

"Dr. G. W. McMillan--the first surgeon to reach Lincoln after he was shot."

I stared at my list again--disappointed, but freshly intrigued.

Perhaps the Kunhardts had been mistaken!

The librarian disappeared behind one of the stacks for a few seconds, then reappeared bearing the **Annals of Osage Mission**, by W.W. Graves (a local historian, long dead). Published in 1934, the book was a compilation of entries from the **Journal** newspapers of Osage Mission--the old name for St. Paul. And sure enough, right there on page 345 was this startling quotation from the March 26, 1884, **Journal**:

> Dr. G.W. McMillan died in Osage Mission March 20. He was the first surgeon to reach Lincoln after he was shot in 1865. He came to Osage Mission in 1869, and became one of the leading figures in the Settlers League in the Osage Ceded Land controversy. He served two terms as county clerk.

So the doctor was in politics?

I smelled a very old rat.

Later that afternoon, I drove to the peaceful little cemetery north of St. Paul and, following the librarian's directions, found the good doctor's stone--one of those Grand Army of the Republic stones. It read:

Dr. G.W. McMillan
Born: Mar. 20, 1826
Died: Mar. 20, 1884
Osage Mission

He was thirty-nine the night Lincoln was shot, forty-three when he came to St. Paul, and fifty-eight when he died.

Back in Pittsburg, and in the Kansas Collection in the University library, I found that the good doctor had been the Settlers' Candidate for county clerk on the Ku Klux Klan ticket–in others words, something of an opportunistic politician!

I wrote Philip Kunhardt about McMillan--and got the following reply:

> Dear Professor Cagle: The research for **20 days** is stored in a N.Y. warehouse so I can't check on Dr. McMillan for you. I remember though that several doctors made the claim they were the first to get to Lincoln and he must have been one of them. He probably joined the crowd down the street and was present for some of that ghastly night and then later it turned into something much larger. Sorry!
>
> With best regards,
>
> Phil K.

It is doubtful that the ghost of Abraham Lincoln walks at midnight in the cemetery at St. Paul. But the good doctor's troubled spirit just might.

Results Guaranteed

My daisies have the lazies
(They look like doom and gloom).
My myrtle isn't fertile
(It has never bloomed a bloom).
My iris has a virus
(Though by far my best endeavor).
Guess I'll switch to crabgrass
(That stuff lives on forever)!

Don T. Walker

Picnic

By Zula Bennington Greene

There is reason for using the word in the singular, for in the corners of Hickory, Benton, and St. Clair Counties the word *picnic* had only one meaning—the Iconium picnic. A picnic as it is now known, taking food to a park or lake or even the backyard, was rare. About the only time a family ate a meal outdoors was at a church basket dinner or the Iconium picnic. At other times food was eaten at a table.

The Iconium picnic was definitely the most. Far more than a community gathering, it was a kind of general assembly held on two consecutive days late in summer in the woods near the small town of Iconium. The event was looked forward to all summer and backward to all fall with pleasant memories and anticipations pervading the spring and winter. People saw friends there they had not seen since the picnic the year before.

The laying by of corn was anxiously awaited, for farmers would tell their families that if the cultivation was finished in time, "We might go to the Iconium picnic." The fact was that the picnic was set for a time when corn would presumably be laid by. If the summer had been rainy and work was delayed, it was acceptable to say that it was "too wet to get in the fields." If any excuse was needed for going to the picnic, most everybody found one, even if it was that "the woman made such a fuss I had to bring her."

Ordinarily men did not leave their work without a good reason, but the Iconium picnic was reason enough. There was one tough decision—it was hard to decide whether to go the first day or the second

day, and some settled it by going both days. Friends and relatives asked each other which day they were going and word was passed around about who was going on which day. Weather could be the deciding factor, but no matter how dry the summer had been, rain was not welcome on Iconium picnic days.

Children were scrubbed and dressed in their best summer clothes. Girls wore light-colored dresses with blue or pink ribbon sashes. For every-day I wore my hair parted in the middle with two small side braids joining the two braids down my back, which were tied with strings. But for the Iconium picnic it was sometimes parted on the side, and whether the part was side or middle, it was rolled at the sides instead of braided and the back braids were tied with inch-wide ribbons worked in with the hair for a few turns so they would not slip off.

The matter of hair parting was one in which the female sex had the advantage. While women and girls usually parted their hair in the middle if it was parted at all, men and boys parted their hair on the side. A middle part earned a man the title of "dude" or "dandy." "Dossie" Baker was the only young man I knew who parted his hair in the middle. Perhaps no advantage was enjoyed by the female sex, but the reverse. When a small girl likes the vigorous games of boys, she is called a "regular tomboy" and approvingly admired. But nobody admires a boy who plays girls' games. Girls and women wear man-type clothing, but if a boy dons a dress, it's a case for a psychiatrist. I suppose the same thinking applied to hair parting.

Julia wore her tawny gold hair in a pompadour that extended into a single braid down her back, with a wide ribbon bow either on top of her head or at the nape of her neck. We combed our hair in front of the one looking glass in the house, a small "wavy" mirror set high over the homemade comb pocket at a wide angle from the wall. My mother's shining brown hair was swept to the top of her head and coiled in a neat knot. I thought it the prettiest hair I had ever seen and wished I could comb it, as I did Papa's and Aunt Martha's.

George was got out in the local version of Little Lord Fauntleroy with his best white waist and knee pants. Mamma wore a waist and skirt and Papa wore the pants of his Sunday suit, his good shirt, and no necktie. He never did wear a necktie. His pants, always loose around his thin waist, were held up by suspenders. No man wore a coat unless it was cold enough to need one.

We all wore high shoes with black cotton stockings held up by elastic garters. Mamma bought inch-wide elastic by the yard and cut it into lengths for garters. It was quite a thing to cut them exactly right.

If they were too tight they would be uncomfortable. If too loose, the stockings would sag. But if they were not made a little snug, they would become too loose too soon.

In an emergency a string could be substituted for a garter, but it was a poor substitute. Droopy stockings were a common experience, and children were always stooping to pull them up, the way women keep trying to pull a short tight skirt over their knees when they sit.

The morning of the Iconium picnic Mamma brought the washtub up on the porch by the well and filled it half full of cold water, into which she emptied a teakettle full of hot water. That brought the temperature to a pleasant degree for bathing.

In turn each child was set in the tub and scrubbed, with complaints that their ears were being poked too hard. After the bath, their toe nails and finger nails were trimmed with the scissors. Papa cut his with his pocket knife.

A big basket dinner had been packed. The horses were hitched to the wagon and an old quilt was thrown over hay in the back for the children to sit on. It was an occasion for greasing the wagon with heavy axle grease smeared on the hubs with a stick. Mamma lifted her skirts and said sharply she didn't see why he had to wait till they got their best clothes on to grease the wagon. She stepped in over the tongue and warned us to be careful when we climbed into the wagon and not get grease on our dresses. I remember the grease splotches on Papa's work shirts that stayed on through repeated washings, but getting a little paler each time.

Mamma and Papa got into the spring seat at the front of the wagon, the children piled in behind with the basket of food, and we were off. The road to the Iconium picnic grounds was an overture that set the mood of excitement for the day, for on it was the "sidelly hill," the name we gave to a short stretch of road that curved sharply around a hill at such a slant that it seemed the wagon must surely tip over and roll down into Hogle's Creek. But Fred and Prince kept their heads, Papa kept a tight hold of the lines, Mamma kept silent, and, like the Children of Israel at the Red Sea, we passed over in safety.

Arrived at the grounds, Papa unhitched the horses and tied them to the wagon bed, where they were free to munch on hay at their pleasure, the quilt having been folded up. During the day they would be brought water to drink in a bucket and would be given a feeding of corn at noon, corn on the cob. Each man stopped where he pleased, somewhat on the fringe of activities, but definitely not by direction. No official with a cane pointed arrivals into stalls.

The chief activity of the day was conversation. People flowed

together, each from the loneliness of his own farm, like little streams from diverse sources, into a deep river of companionship. No program was needed. Just to mingle with so much humanity was excitement enough. Spring seats were lifted from wagons and placed on the ground for the women. The men squatted in groups. But much of the day was spent, by both men and women, milling around to see who was there.

People learned who had died or married, who had been born or was on the way to being born. Women talked about their gardens and chickens, exchanged remedies for pip and cholera, said the hawks had been bad that year, that they had nearly enough rags tacked for a carpet, that their mother's rheuma*tiz* was a little better, and did anybody have a bowtie quilt pattern or an ocean wave. They told each other how many jars of fruit they had canned and how many glasses of jelly they had made, who was teaching their school that year, and how many grandchildren they had. A business firm might tab the information exchanged as statistics of production and expansion.

A wonder beyond the power of words was the merry-go-round, operated by one man and powered by one horse that plodded in a little circle inside the platform that held seats and two pairs of painted wooden horses. As it turned, music tinkled.

The first thing a child wanted to do as soon as he stepped down from the wagon was ride on the merry-go-round, on one of the horses. If the plain old hoe-handle horses on which George and I galloped about the yard at home could take on flesh and blood, mane and tail, these marvelous creatures the very shape of a horse, were Pegasuses on which we soared into the sky to the sound of music. The live horse treading his rounds seemed dull and prosaic compared to the fiery mounts we were privileged to ride.

Looking back at the one-horse merry-go-round, it does not seem one-horse at all. Even in this mechanical age I call it ingenious, that one man and one horse could operate it.

A barrel of water with a tin cup tied to it was provided for drinking. Lemonade was sold, dipped from a washtub in which halves of lemons floated like little boats in a pale sea. Three or four heavy glass tumblers were provided for serving. It cost a nickel a glass, the same price as a ride on the merry-go-round.

Now and then someone would bring an ice cream freezer and sell ice cream at ten cents a dish. A crowd gathered to watch it being made, a man turning the crank while a "good-sized chunk of a boy" sat on the freezer to hold it steady. Salt and ice were added as the freezing progressed. The ice was brought from Osceola, a town a few miles away,

where it had been preserved in sawdust since it was cut from the Osage River the winter before. Ice itself was the greatest luxury. As I watched it being scooped into the freezer I coveted just a little piece to hold in my mouth.

We never bought ice cream. Few did. Most of the luxury trade was from young men who had brought their girls and were being big spenders. But people watched them eat, sitting at a rough wooden table, eating from sauce dishes that came out of oatmeal boxes.

Several families spread their dinners together on a cloth on the ground. This was the peak of the day for the women who had prepared the food. There was no county fair in which to display cooking and gardening skills, but here was an audience to see and taste and pass judgment.

Women had set hens early with an eye to having frying chickens for the Iconium picnic. They had coaxed tomatoes and watermelons and sweet corn into maturing for this day. Nothing came out of a store. The food had been grown and cooked by the women who set it out with modest pride. They made excuses for their runny cake whitening and praised each other's pies and preserves. A jar of beet pickles was usually turned over, which occasioned talk about how to take the magenta stain out of the tablecloth.

"I'm going to save some of these seeds," a woman would say of an extra fine tomato or watermelon. Tomato seeds would be spread on a paper to dry, watermelon seeds tucked away in an empty jar or pan. "Receipts" were exchanged for dishes eaten that day and for others remembered from former picnics. Few women cooked from cookbooks. They *remembered* recipes.

"My cake from that receipt you gave me last year was nowheres near as good as yours. Now what did I do wrong?" That would start a discussion of techniques in cake baking, which moved onto techniques in cooking in general, to housekeeping and child rearing. Close friends confided troubles they were having with their children or relatives or neighbors.

After the food was cleared away, women took their children into the comparative privacy of the woods. No toilets were provided. Babies and young children slept on quilts spread in a shady spot, their mothers sitting beside them fanning away the flies, which were having a picnic too. Older children roamed about alone, free from maternal supervision, a coveted privilege and a mark of growning up.

"Aw, please let me go around by myself this year,"a child would plead. "I won't get hurt. Johnny gets to go around alone and he did last year too," mentioning a friend about his age. If permission was

granted he would tell everybody on the first day of school, "I got to go around by myself at the Iconium picnic this year."

There really wasn't anything that would harm a child. People gathered in groups or milled around slowly. Horses, tied to the wagons in the shade of the woods, swished their tails and stamped at flies and insects. It could be possible that a horse might accidently step on a child's foot if he came too near, but quite unlikely.

After dinner there was a ball game, the players recruited shortly before game time, though it would be more accurate to say that the same started as soon as two teams could be lined up. Some of the men preferred to pitch horseshoes or talk about crops and candidates. Quite a little business was done at the Iconium picnic. Handbills advertising stud service were tacked to trees, with smudged pictures of stallions and jacks. Some guaranteed mare in foal, others guaranteed the colt to stand and suck. I read them surreptitiously and with a good deal of speculation.

As the day moved on, the people settled into family or neighborhood groups. Sounds blended in a resonance that hung in the warm air like a melody—voices, laughter, cries of babies, movements of people, the merry-go-round, and the sudden sharpness of a cap gun or firecracker on the outskirts. This was a splendid part of the day, a gentle drowse in the midst of so much delight.

A few dogs were always at the picnic, running about, panting in the heat and lapping up water that spilled from the barrel. No pitch was made for the sale of souvenirs, no rasping voice of barker assailed the ears. Nobody peddled balloons or hot dogs or cotton candy or stuffed animals or gaudy cushions or anything except sometimes sacks of peanuts or small rubber balls with a rubber string attached. Every young man bought one for himself and one for his girl and they carried them about, bouncing them up and down as they walked, in the casual manner of a boy who is an expert with a Yo-Yo. They cost five cents. For fifteen cents a child could have a bang-up good time at the Iconium picnic—a ride on the merry-go-round, a glass of lemonade, and a rubber ball. For a quarter he could have an orgy—two rides on the merry-go-round, a ball, and either two drinks of lemonade or a dish of ice cream.

Gossip was exchanged at the picnic and some originated there. If a man had taken to drink, if a couple was quarreling, if children were being abused by a stepmother or a stepfather, if a girl had "got into trouble," these things had a thorough going over. A few women, self-appointed custodians of decorum, paid particular attention to young couples, noting any prolonged absence, especially if they had been

seen strolling into the woods. Girls who went to the Iconium picnic with their beaus were solemnly warned "not to leave the crowd." A drunk or two were reported sleeping it off in the woods and now and then a fist fight would ignite, but the Iconium picnic generally was a peaceful, well-behaved gathering.

Toward evening people would begin to talk about going home, but most of them stayed to eat what was left from dinner and call it an early supper. With supper out of the way, they said, they would not have to make a fire at home and could get right at the chores.

About that time, when the woods were cooling with lengthening shadows, a fiddler would run off a few practice notes while a rough platform was being thrown together for dancing. I had never seen anybody dance—dancing and card playing were sinful—but I wanted to. Surely it wouldn't be sinful just to watch.

Papa would mention some of the girls who danced—the Tipton girls down around Fairfield and the Suitor girls—with no derogatory word, but with his voice trailing off in an unfinished sentence that added to their fascination and mystery.

I pictured them in white shirtwaists and long black skirts, their buttoned shoes flying over the coarse planks, their fair faces shining under the coronet of their dark pompadours and the soft light of coal oil lanterns. Girls tried as hard to keep from being tanned as they do now to acquire a tan. A white and pink complexion was a thing greatly to be desired and toward this end girls wore sunbonnets whenever they were out of the house. One day Papa came home and said he had seen Nellie Tuck, but that she had on such a deep sunbonnet it was like looking down a lane. Not to stay and watch the dancing was one of the saddest disappointments of my life.

"Can't we stay just a little while, just once?" I begged.

Papa always answered, surprised that so foolish a suggestion should have been made, "We've got to get home and tend to the chores. Brindle's waiting to be milked. Besides, we're all tired out."

That didn't seem quite fair. I wasn't tired, even if I did go to sleep in the back of the wagon on the way home while my parents were reviewing the events of the day, or rather while my mother was. She said Grandma Childs was failing fast and this might be the last picnic she would ever see, that the poor Mullin girl was a pitiful sight, and that she saw three women who had on dresses of changeable taffeta which she heard cost a dollar a yard, then added, to nobody in particular, "Did you notice how fast my boiled ham went?"

Biography of Butch

by Opal Alice Wellman

Butch came to John and me when he was a very small puppy. Marge, our daughter who was attending college in a nearby city, brought him to me on Valentine's Day, with a card bearing the message, "Your Valentine," attached to a gay, red ribbon around his neck. He was a sad-eyed little pup, just separated from his mother.

Of Butch's maternal ancestry we were certain—his mother was a cocker spaniel. We were uncertain of his paternal ancestry, but his father must have come from a happy, spirited lineage to have given Butch the unbounded exuberance that made up his personality.

His love and devotion to John and me amounted to adoration. One light pat on his head or any small token of affection from either of us would send him into such ecstasy that he would race around us until he was exhausted. For that reason our show of affection was usually limited to quiet words.

We named him "Butch" because, as John so aptly described his manner: "He butchers everything he finds." A newspaper would be found shredded; stray socks would invariably have both toes and heels chewed out; or a house slipper would end up a shapeless piece of felt. His innocent chewing might extend to young chickens–just the thing for a puppy to sharpen his teeth on, and later when he got hungry they could always be eaten for lunch.

During the first year of his life—and I might add, most of the second—we found our front lawn cluttered daily with objects of almost every category. Butch's favorites were bones, some old ones and some very smelly new ones, the latter being exploited to the nth degree. After the close association involved in much gnawing, pulling and rolling of the smelly ones, Butch's wooly fur became saturated with the awful odor, seemingly much to his delight.

One morning as I looked out the window over our front lawn I was startled to see what appeared to be the head and hide of a Holstein yearling calf. I murmured to myself, "How could a small dog tug that thing here?" After investigating, I found that the calf skin was quite dried out and not impossible for Butch to drag around. This object was his pride and joy for several days. His canine friends (of which he had several, being very gregarious) would stop in when passing by and help him pull the skin around and even roll in it too! What fun! I left it there, reasoning that, should I remove it, Butch would only find something else—and at least this didn't smell! "If I leave it," I thought, "perhaps it will hold his interest and in the end I'll have to remove just one object instead of several." (No doubt the neighbors wondered why we left that unsightly thing on the lawn so long.)

Among Butch's canine friends were two pups belonging to nearby neighbors, and despite his knowledge that his visits away caused me displeasure, he couldn't resist slipping off for a good romp with them. I would see him coming back down the hill to our driveway with that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world" air in his bearing until he'd spy me looking. Only then would he remember my admonition: "Stay at home, Butch!" His head would droop and a spirit of dejection would come over him. He'd look at me, as if saying, "Truly, I'm sorry, Mary. I'll try not to go away again–but it's such fun!"

Every day of Butch's life was filled to overflowing with interesting things, and every inch of the one hundred and twenty acres that constituted our home was explored over and over again. His delight knew no bounds on the days when John took the little tractor and worked in the fields, because then he would have lots of time to explore the area where John was working and keep in touch with John as well. He wore an air of great adventure about to happen, as if thinking, "Could be today I'll **really** find something big–like a bear or a lion to conquer for John!" But alas. His searching for prey usually ended in finding a tortoise, with which he couldn't do anything except bark, snap and snarl, because the tortoise would just draw his head and traveling gear inside and wait while Butch snarled ferocious challenges to "come out and fight like a man."

Other things to investigate in the meadow near where John worked were snakes, rabbits, and often a covey of quail to be chased off the ground into the air. Of course Butch knew all he could accomplish with quail was to scare them. Snakes were different though. He could tease and torment them an entire halfday, or at least until John left the field.

The rabbits that lived on our farm presented a perennial challenge to Butch, especially one whose home was in pile of old boards near the barn. We dubbed him "Peter Rabbit," for, like the immortal rabbit in the story, he was there year after year. His presence was a thorn in the side for Butch. Each time he could find Peter away from the safety of his home there would be a frantic chase, but Peter always managed to reach safety just before Butch could grab him, and would then look out tauntingly from his retreat at the barking little dog.

There is a pond near the barn, and one of Butch's "chores" during the warm seasons, as John busily went about his evening routine at the barn, was to put to bed the frogs that lived in the pond. They, as frogs are wont to do. would generally sit on the bank in the cool of the evening. Butch seemed to think it was high time for all frogs to be quiet and in bed, so around and around the pond he would go, chasing the frogs into the water. What he didn't know was that as soon as he moved on the frogs jumped right out on the bank again. Every night he would reluctantly leave the pond with a backward glance that indicated his opinion that frogs were too crazy to get settled down for the night.

More perplexing than frogs was a small animal called a mole. Many times I went to my flower garden and found what **had been** stately zinnias, cosmos or other flowers that were standing tall the day before drooping to one side like flagpoles at parade rest. But how could one scold a brown-eyed rascal who, when caught there, was fairly digging his little heart out trying to get the pest beneath? One just stood there watching tiny feet making the dirt fly, stopping only long enough to allow a wet nose to make sure this was the latest blazed trail. If Butch happened to see me, a quick glance said, "I haven't got him yet, Mary, but I bet I will 'fore long." With a light shudder and a silent appeal to Mr. Mole to please stay away from my flower garden, I walked away without a word of reprimand. Did Butch ever catch the mole? Oh no. But Butch seemed to work on a continuity plan. When he left the scene of pursuit it was always with a MacArthur-like "I shall return" attitude.

Butch died last week.

In the last few days of his lingering illness John and I talked of ending his suffering, but how could we kill a little dog who had given only love and devotion in the fullest measure? We couldn't.

I buried him beneath the big tree, where in summer he often rested when he was hot and tired. Here the ground was always cool and moist and the breeze came so delightfully refreshing, a haven of rest for a hot, tired little dog.

There may not be a heaven for dogs. Even if there were and someone had asked Butch if he would like to go there, I'm sure he would have replied (if dogs could talk), "**Go** to heaven? You must be clowning! I'm in heaven right here, with John and Mary."

I think even Peter Rabbit misses the little white and honey-colored, long-eared dog. We often see him sitting up on his haunches, listening, looking. then slowly hopping away.

Odd, how after only three years with us, a little mongrel could leave such an empty space in our lives.

No Rejections

With all the hoopla and excitement
Of Equal Rights and Women's Lib,
How come we've heard no threats or offers
To return poor Adam's extra rib?

Don T. Walker

Two Poems by Mark Sanders

Kansas Wheat Field

The late wheat opens its hands,
flexes the fingers.
For months which seemed years,
those fists cramped into clods
of tired ground gone to sleep,
worked beyond stiffness.

Now the lark sows its song from fence posts,
the yellow wheat in unison
with thumb and forefinger snaps
in a straining wind.

As I walk the field,
the hoppers and locusts spring like knuckles
before me.

Nothing this side of life is able
to bind them from the harvest.

Happening In

Happening in onto a spot
more virgin than any woman
I've ever been with,
I find I am able to love this place.

The stream flirts with the banks,
the sun's reflection on clear water
carries a glint of lust
in its eyes.

The cottonwood provides
a soft white veil,
and though I would like to strip
this water of that virtue,
I do not.

Let some other, uncaring lout
take that nerviness to his hell;
she is too precious for me
to have that honor,
too worthy, too much the pearl—
O, how I prize that,
and walk to a more frequented flesh.

Mark Sanders

The Strauss Literary Meeting

by Fern Morrow Wood

The pitch games, on the nights that Lige wasn't gone, were getting to be an institution at the store. The farmers who were regulars—the Old Man, Gene Sheelds, Bill Neff, Charley Chevy, and sometimes Ernest—got along in good shape with the new crowd from Service.

There was almost always a row of players sitting along the green bench, waiting to play the winners. Lige had taken in a veneered desk on a grocery bill, and it had a full leaf that folded over the fixed desk top. Made a real good card table when it was unfolded. The farmers around allowed themselves a cigar or a bottle of pop for the evening, but the regulars from Service bought a dime's worth of cheese and crackers, and pop—sometimes several pennies' worth of peanuts out of the round glass peanut machine; a nickel sack of candy—whatever caught their fancy. After two or three games, the store would be so full of smoke you could cut it with a knife.

"Bid four—save your spades."

"Hell, Buddy, what kind of a partner are you, anyhow? Ain't got a spade in my hand!"

Charley whinnied and wheezed a high laugh. "*Up* went his tail! *Up* went his tail!"

The talk on the slatted bench roamed around neighborhood gossip, national politics, general state of the Union, chance of the next World's Series winners.

"You hear old Charley Oleson's gettin' married?"

"That old coot! Who in the world would marry *him?*"

"Remember that fancy woman came out of Parsons to the revival? She was makin' inquiries about all the eligible men and their bank accounts. Guess she went down to Charley's and took him some Bible stories and a coconut-cream pie. Persuaded him to take her back home in his buggy."

"Lord—old Charley must be sixty if he's a day."

"So much the better, I reckon."

"Lige, I hear your wife has been nagging you to put electricity in your store. When you gonna let her convince you?"

"Oh, hell—I don't know. What could electricity do for me that good Coleman lamps can't do?"

"Well, for one thing, you could get a 'lectric ice box. If you had an electric box you could sell ice cream—and could keep a lot more butter and milk and meat. That ol' ice box of yours is so damned little you have to set everything out to get what you need."

"You think the company would be interested in wiring up this old cracker box?"

"Doug Jones in the other store up across the tracks asked about it, and the superintendent told him that if every place in Strauss signed up for it, they'd agree to do the wiring, and set in a transformer pole."

"I hear Payne Ratner's going to make a bid for county attorney next fall."

"Who's he?"

"Damned smart young lawyer in Parsons. Good-looking young fellow. I wouldn't doubt if he don't get elected. Only thing wrong with him is he's a Republican. He's comin' out to Literary Meeting next Friday. You Service fellows better bring your families and come on up. The Montee boys are writin' up the Literary paper, and they always do a good job."

The Old Man spit in the coal bucket.

"Yeah—when they leave me out of it. They write any more poetry about me goin' to the circus, I'm gonna tear it up and feed it to them."

Mildred had taken the girls and gone across the road to the Literary Meeting to get a good seat. Lige was banking the coal stove, sacking up his money, selling a few odds and ends to the men who were hanging around. A car pulled up in front and Payne Ratner came in.

"Good evening, Lige—gentlemen. Like to give you men a card here."

He handed around cards with his name on them, checked to be sure the meeting was scheduled across the road, and went on over.

"Hey, Cy—Ernest—got an idea. Let's see how quick that young lawyer is on the up-take."

There was an extra good program line up for Literary Meeting that night. Frank Hevel started things off right with his fiddle and some good hoe-down tunes. Lige chorded for him on the piano. Then the Montee boys read their literary paper. Had a poem about Charley Oleson getting married; a piece predicting how McCune would grow so fast it would swallow up Strauss, Jacksonville, and Montana. Old Lady Newfield took her clay pipe out of her mouth and recited a long poem she had learned back in school. It went on and on. Must have

had twenty-five verses. It had been so many years since she had lost her last tooth—you could hardly make out anything she said, but the kids were all fascinated watching to see whether her nose and chin would touch as she talked. Finally they got to the end of the program. The men moved a desk and chair up on the stage—lined up twelve chairs on the other side. Pinned a cardboard star on Bill Neff and he went around through the crowd tapping men on the shoulder until he had the twelve chairs full. Then Cy Gibbons came in, dignified and solemn, behind the desk. Lige sang out, "All rise!" Everyone stood up. Cy banged on the desk with the gavel, and everyone sat back down.

Lige said, "Bring in the accused."

Bill moved back to Payne Ratner, who was watching the proceedings with quiet amusement. He looked surprised, but accompanied Bill to the stage with no resistance.

Cy banged on the desk. "Read the charge."

Lige stepped to the center of the stage, unrolled a piece of brown paper sack, and read: "Your honor, this man is accused of trying to hold a *Republican* meeting in a *Democrat* store!"

The jury called out—"He did it!" "I heard him!" "That's right!" "I was there myself!"

Cy banged the gavel. "Order in the court!"

He looked sternly at Payne Ratner.

"How do you plead, young man?"

"Not guilty, your honor."

The jury exchanged derisive remarks.

"Oh, he's guilty all right!" "Heard him with my own ears." "Right over there in Lige's store."

Cy banged his gavel. "Order!"

"All right, young man. What have you to say in your own defense?"

Payne walked over to the desk, drew himself up straight, and said emphatically—

"Your honor, this is a frame-up. I realize the noble prosecutor here believes he has a case, but there were extenuating circumstances. You see, I know it was a *Democrat* store when I went in, but by the time I left—I swear it was solid *Republican!"*

Cy banged his gavel. "Case dismissed!"

Lige, the jury, and the audience laughed heartily at Ratner's witty response. They listened with appreciation to his remarks concerning his entry into politics in the next election. Lige knew that there was *one* Republican who would get his vote next election day.

"The Order for Daily Morning Prayer"

I

"O Lord, open thou our lips,
And our mouth shall show forth thy praise."
He watched a bead of wax
Swell over the rim of a candle.
For awhile, pious women came,
Bowed under a blasphemy of bandanas.
Sarah knelt in the first pew,
Her arms cherishing the sacrament
Husbanded within her body.

II

He stood for the first lesson.
He could see Sarah hanging diapers.
Wind flopped the wash
Against her round arms,
Shirred the pages of his prayer book.

III

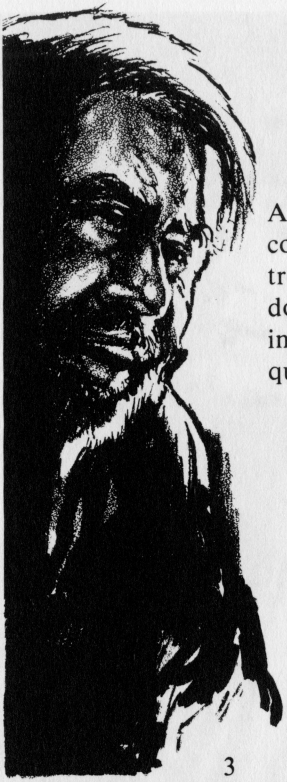
"O be joyful in the Lord . . .
Serve the Lord with gladness. . . ."
A girl, Mary,
Came to talk of love.
Her candor dismayed him,
As though she was going to wash his feet.

IV

He renounced the Devil
And all sinful desires of the flesh,
Prayed for all conditions of men,
The state of the Church,
The peace of the world,
Asked for an outward, visible sign of *Grace.*

Joan Yeagley

Mime: Laura Ramberg Seibel



Serenada

1

Arriva, metà gazza e metà figlia,
con la sua giacca da clown, la camicia
tre misure più grande
dondolandosi appena, modulando
in una specie di flauto o zufolo
quattro o cinque battute di serenata, di corale. . . .

2

(Le cose parlate fra noi due
durante e dopo l'afasia
le cose dette e non dette
fra te e la persona che sono
fra me e la persona che sei
saranno poche o tante, mi domando,
per viaggiare al tuo sèguito
per cambiare o rincorrere con te
aereo, nave, fuso orario, età?)

3

Ti do una mano, t'aiuto
a metterti in ginocchio, su due zampe. Ho paura
che più niente ti tenga a questo sogno
di corridoi bassi, fiochi, con tante porte
annebbiate dalla candeggina e armadi
pieni di protocolli, medicine, aquile impagliate.
In questo scenario tu
dovevi irrompere luminosa, vittoriosa—e
neanche ti fai vedere. Ti sollevi
stropicciandoti gli occhi,
stiri le giovani membra
come un gatto in buona salute
o la sorella di Gregorio Samsa
o se niente importasse tranne i tuoi
grilli, le tue passioni

Giovanni Raboni

Serenade

translated by Stuart Friebert and Vinio Rossi

1

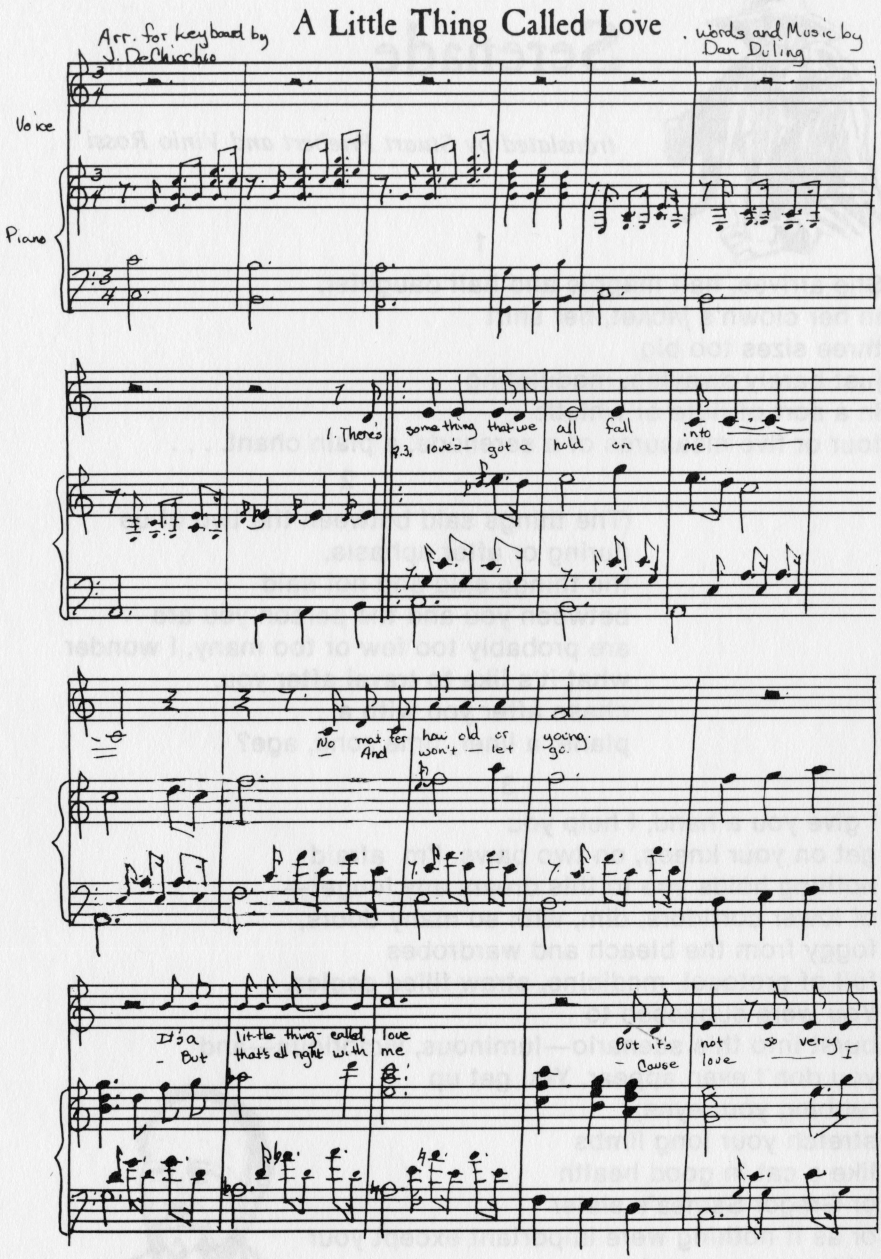
She arrives, half magpie and half daughter,
in her clown's jacket, her shirt
three sizes too big
just barely swaying, modulating
in a sort of flute or whistle
four or five measures of a serenade, a plain chant. . . .

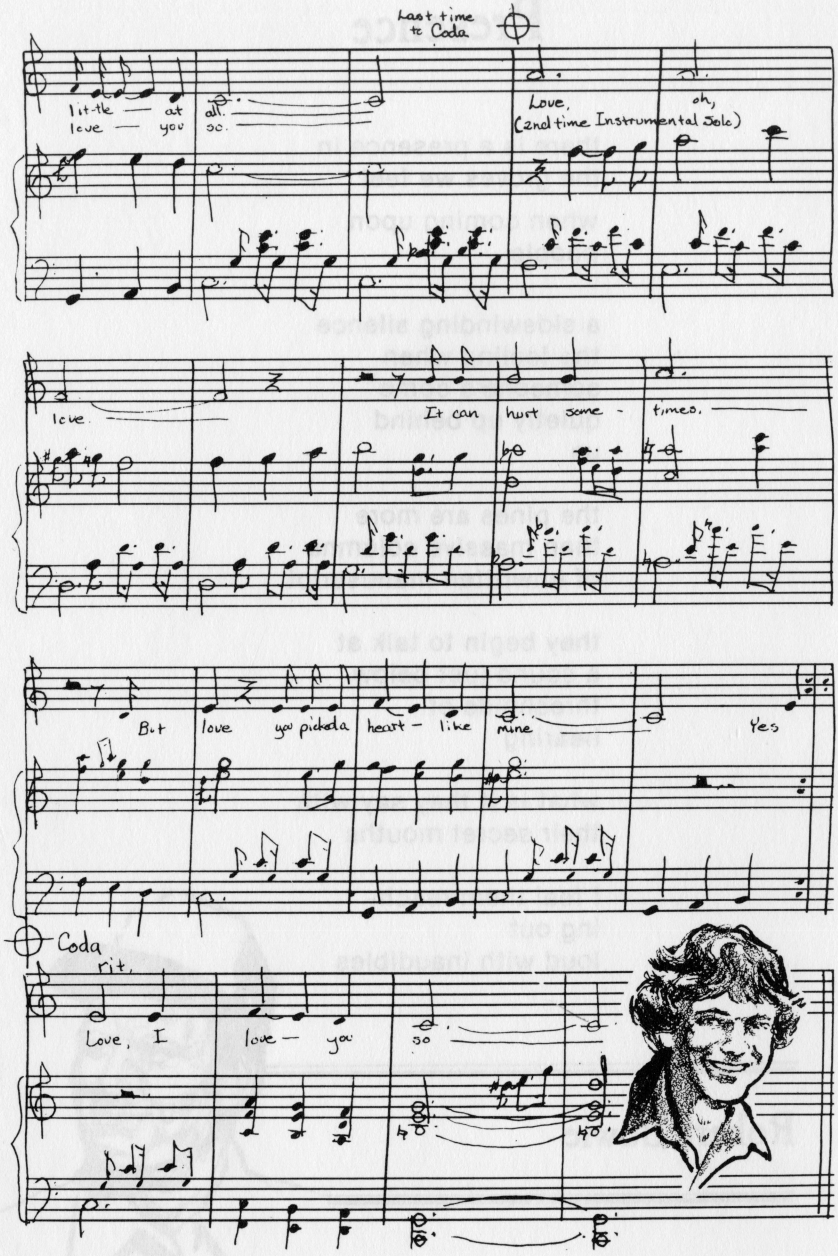
2

(The things said between the two of us
during or after aphasia,
the things said and not said
between you and the person you are—
are probably too few or too many, I wonder
what it's like to travel after you,
chase after you with a
plane, a liner, time zone, age?

3

I give you a hand, I help you
get on your knees, on two paws. I'm afraid
nothing holds you to this dream any longer—
of lower corridors, dim, with so many doors,
foggy from the bleach and wardrobes
full of protocol, medicine, straw-filled eagles.
You were supposed to
burst into this scenario—luminous, victorious—and
you don't even appear. You get up
rubbing your eyes,
stretch your long limbs
like a cat in good health
or Gregor Samsa's sister
or as if nothing were important except your
whims, your passions.


A Little Thing Called Love
Arr. for keyboard by J. DeChiarchio
Words and Music by Dan Diling
Voice
Piano
1. There's
2,3. love's
some thing that we got a
all fall
hold on
into me
No mat ter how old or
And won't let
young
go.
It's a little thing called love
But that's all right with me
But it's not so very
Cause love


Last time to Coda
lit-tle — at all
love — you so.
Love,
oh,
(2nd time Instrumental Solo)
love
It can hurt some - times.
But love you picked a heart - like mine
Yes
Coda
rit.
Love, I love — you so
40
40

Presence

there is a presence in
the groves we feel
when coming upon
people

a sidewinding silence
the feeling when
someone's come
quietly up behind
us

the pines are more
than massive columns
of unwritten manuscript

they begin to talk at
a sound just below
thresholds of
hearing

what is it they say with
their secret mouths

I feel them reach-
ing out
loud with inaudibles

Robert Bowie

Crossing New Frontiers

by Shirley Christian

Illustrated with drawings by Rod Dutton

On April 29, 1982, Shirley Christian, 1981 Pulitzer Prize winner and 1960 graduate of Pittsburg State University, returned to her alma mater. She came "home" to present the first annual Shirley Christian Award to PSU's outstanding student in communications, Janet Stites.

The award, sponsored by the PSU chapter of the Society of Collegiate Journalists, carries a $500 stipend underwritten by the newly-formed H.G. Roberts Foundations, which is dedicated to "Excellence in Communications."

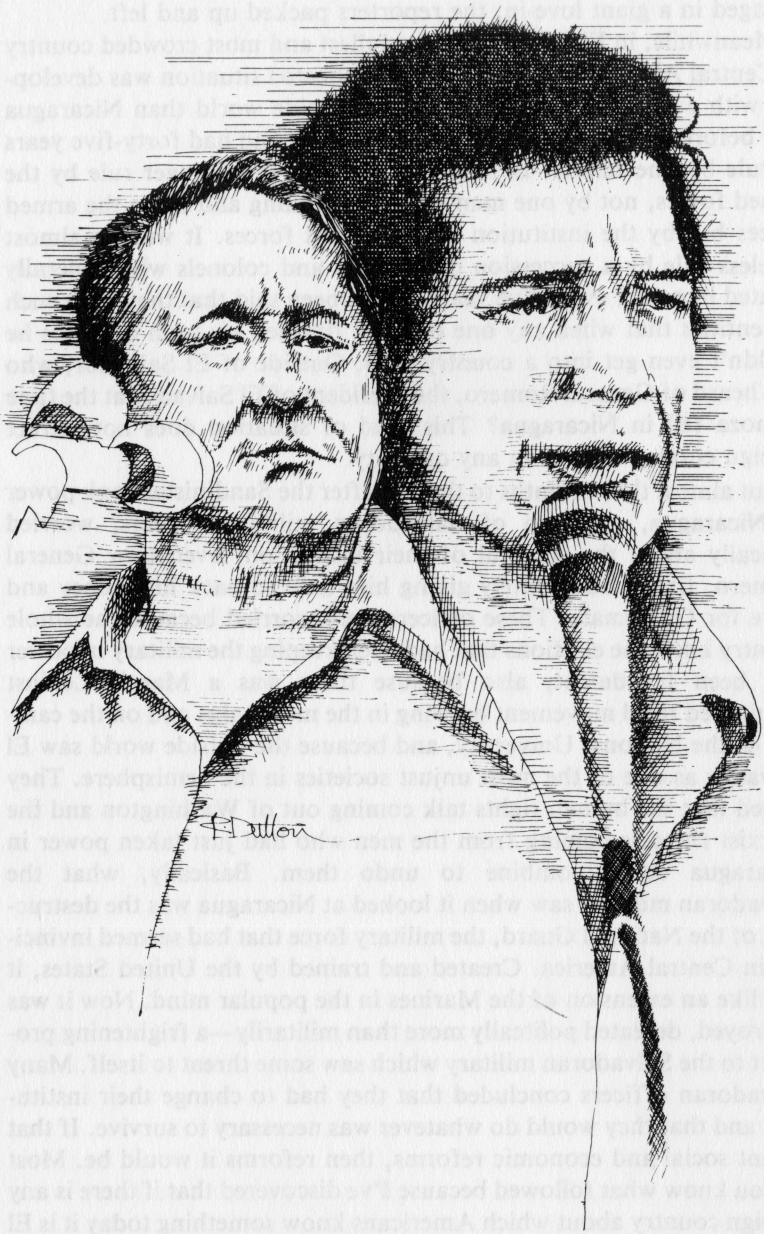
Ms. Christian, who won the Pulitzer for international reporting, is a former editor of the PSU (then Kansas State College) student newspaper, the Collegio. She returned to Pittsburg from her permanent assignment in El Salvador as a foreign correspondent for the Miami Herald. *In addition to presenting the award named in her honor, she was the featured speaker at the annual SCJ banquet, held this year on the campus of Pittsburg State University.*

This is her story.— William Duffy

I want to tell you a tale of two small countries—Nicaragua and El Salvador—and of two powerful institutions, the United States press and the American public. I hope you'll forgive me if I tell this in something approximating chronological order. I have always resisted the inverted pyramid. I guess I was really intended to write for the *New Yorker.*

Five years ago, when the present turmoil in Central America was coming to light, it all seemed relatively simple. Good versus evil. The disenfranchised versus the powerful. There was a man named Anastasio Somoza in a country called Nicaragua, a country that is large for its small population and potentially wealthy, but where most of the people are poor and illiterate. Nicaragua, as we all know, had been ruled by the Somoza family since the U.S. Marines ended their occupation of the country in 1934. The Marines had left Anastasio

Somoza Garcia in charge of the National Guard, which had been created and trained by the Marines. In the coming years, Somoza Garcia's two sons had succeeded him in power and, except after the earthquake in 1972, the United States press had almost never written about Nicaragua, let alone put it on television. It was a small country in a big hemisphere where most U.S. news organizations assigned very few correspondents and they didn't often get to a country like Nicaragua as long as it remained, on the surface, at peace. But after the earthquake, problems began to appear. For one thing, Somoza was accused of corruption in distributing relief money. The business community complained that its members had been denied such assistance. At the same time there was a guerrilla movement in the mountains led by young men from middle class and bourgeois families who had been strongly influenced by Marxist theory while in school. The guerrilla movement took its name—*Sandinistas*—from Augusto Cesar Sandino, who in the 1930s had competed with Somoza Garcia for power and had been executed for it. So during the mid-1970s these two forces were independently building up the pressure on Somoza Debayle, the surviving son, and on the National Guard. On one side there were the traditional opposition political parties and the business leadership, people previously considered the tame opposition. On the other side was the Sandinista movement. In 1977, when Somoza thought he had largely destroyed the Sandinistas, there were some surprise guerrilla attacks. The next year, troubles increased. There was the assassination of the country's most prominent newspaper publisher at the beginning of the year. Then in August the man who was to become the greatest Sandinist guerrilla hero—Eden Pastora, or Commander Zero—took over the National Legislative Palace with more than a thousand hostages and negotiated freedom for a group of imprisoned Sandinistas. From there on, it grew into a true popular insurrection. A few actions by the organized rebel groups easily set off uprisings in towns and neighborhoods all over the Pacific side of the country. The insurrection was helped along by the fact that most Nicaraguans knew that their employers in some way supported the anti-Somoza drive. The United States began to try in late 1978 to negotiate some kinds of solution, focusing on a plebiscite on whether Somoza stayed or went, but that scheme fell apart under Somoza's resistance. So the struggle continued until a final offensive and international pressure brought the rebels to power in July of 1979. For the last six months of this period, and off and on during 1978, the world press was covering Nicaragua. We covered the negotiations, the bombardments, the organization of the new government in exile, Somoza's departure. But



by late July, with the bad guy gone and those remaining seemingly engaged in a giant love-in, the reporters packed up and left.

Meanwhile, in El Salvador, the smallest and most crowded country in Central America, a much more complicated situation was developing with even less attention from the outside world than Nicaragua had before its insurrection. While Nicaragua had had forty-five years of rule by one family, El Salvador had had even longer rule by the armed forces, not by one man or family leading and using the armed forces but by the institution of the armed forces. It was an almost faceless rule by a succession of generals and colonels who generally rotated in power every five years. It has been said that they were such nonentities that when any one of them finished his term in office he couldn't even get into a country club. Outside of El Salvador, who had heard of General Romero, the president of El Salvador at the time Somoza fell in Nicaragua? This kind of situation does not attract foreign correspondents in any quantity.

But almost three months to the day after the Sandinistas took power in Nicaragua, a group of Salvadoran military officers, worried basically about the survival of their institution, overthrew General Romero, firmly but politely giving him time to pack his money and leave for Guatemala. These officers were worried because the whole country knew the elections that had been keeping the military in power had been fraudulent, also because there was a Marxist-Leninst dominated rebel movement brewing in the mountains and on the campus of the National University, and because the outside world saw El Salvador as one of the most unjust societies in the hemisphere. They feared that the human rights talk coming out of Washington and the Marxist rhetoric coming from the men who had just taken power in Nicaragua could combine to undo them. Basically, what the Salvadoran military saw when it looked at Nicaragua was the destruction of the National Guard, the military force that had seemed invincible in Central America. Created and trained by the United States, it was like an extension of the Marines in the popular mind. Now it was destroyed, defeated politcally more than militarily—a frightening prospect to the Salvadoran military which saw some threat to itself. Many Salvadoran officers concluded that they had to change their institution and that they would do whatever was necessary to survive. If that meant social and economic reforms, then reforms it would be. Most of you know what followed because I've discovered that if there is any foreign country about which Americans know something today it is El Salvador. The coup in October of 1979 was followed by the creation of a military-civilian junta ranging across the political spectrum from

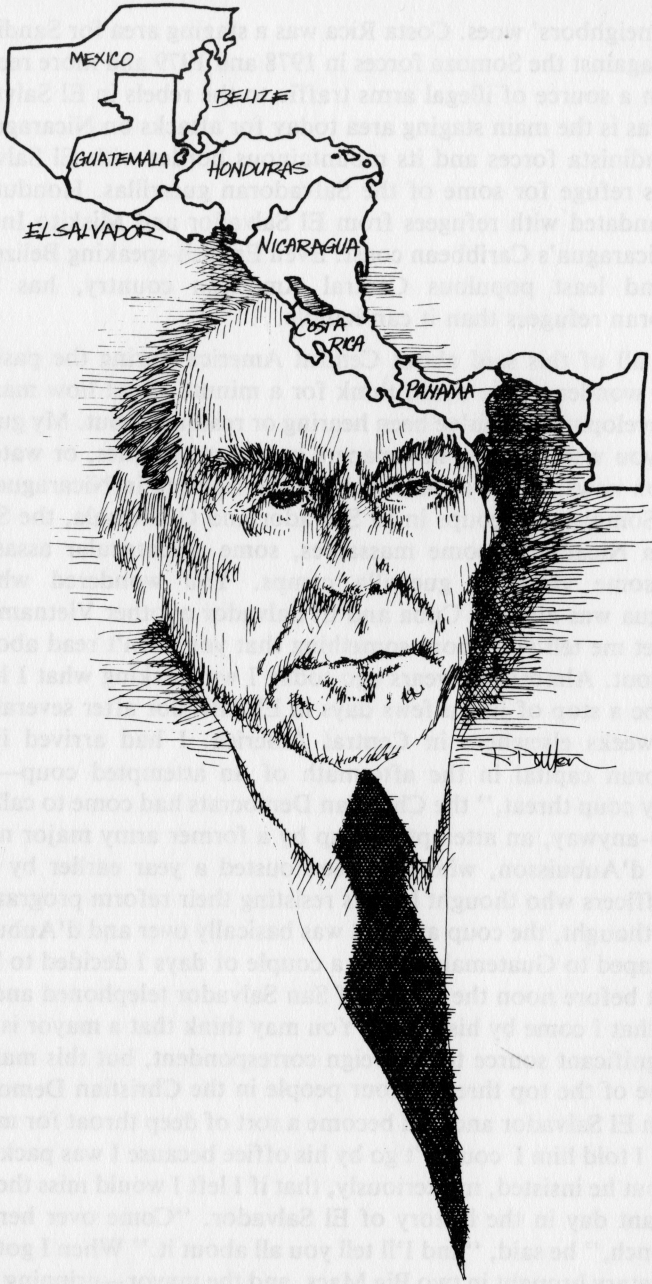
conservative businessmen to Communists. It soon fell apart and a new junta was created by the military and the Christian Democrats of Jose Napoleon Duarte, the largest opposition political party. The archbishop was murdered in March of 1980. In December four American missionaries were murdered by members of the Salvadoran National Guard. The United States cut off aid, but the rebels launched a major offensive in January of 1981 and the aid was reinstituted, followed by the sending of American military trainers. And most recently came the elections of a constituent assembly, which with about seven hundred people registered as foreign journalists must have been the most overcovered story in the history of the world.

Back in Nicaragua, however, the post-insurrection love-in had long since ended. If describing El Salvador seemed to require a Hemingway, then explaining Nicaragua required the sensitivity and subtlety of a Faulkner. It was no longer the simple and appealing story of a people fed up with the excesses of a dictator, relatively benign though he had been. Now, the world's major ideological dispute—Marxism-Leninism and a controlled economy on one side and representative democracy and a liberal economy on the other—had been superimposed on a society that is, essentially, an extended small town, where everybody knows everybody else's sorrow—and the skeletons in his closet—for several generations back. Keep in mind, Nicaragua is the kind of place where every taxi driver comments freely on everything from the sexual preferences to the taste in furniture and cars of the mighty. The Sandinistas had taken power with written promises to establish poltical pluralism, maintain a mixed economy—with both private enterprise and state enterprises— and generally protect traditional Western liberties. Their record from the beginning was skittish, coupled with a growing closeness to Cuba and other Socialist Bloc countries. The resulting conflict in close-knit, inbred Nicaragua produced relatively little bloodshed—at least so far—but broke up marriages, divided parents and children, brothers and sisters. Which priest you went to hear, which newspaper you bought, which radio station you listened to, which flag you flew, and even where you bought your beans and rice—all became political statements, expressions of where one stood in the real struggle for Nicaragua. These events in El Salvador and Nicaragua, of course, have not been taking place in a vacuum. The other Central American countries were involved in their own problems and also in these struggles. Guatemala has its own version of El Salvador, conducted with far less international attention. And Costa Rica and Honduras, though enjoying relative social peace domestically have been unable to avoid getting caught up

in their neighbors' woes. Costa Rica was a staging area for Sandinista attacks against the Somoza forces in 1978 and 1979 and more recently has been a source of illegal arms traffic to the rebels in El Salvador. Honduras is the main staging area today for attacks on Nicaragua by anti-Sandinista forces and its mountainous border with El Salvador provides refuge for some of the Salvadoran guerrillas. Honduras is also inundated with refugees from El Salvador and Miskito Indians from Nicaragua's Caribbean coast. Even English-speaking Belize, the sixth and least populous Central American country, has more Salvadoran refugees than it can handle.

With all of this said about Central America during the past five years, I wonder if you could think for a minute about how many of these developments you've been hearing or reading about. My guess is that if you were reading newspapers or newsmagazines, or watching television news, then you knew about the fighting in Nicaragua, the fall of Somoza, the coups in El Salvador and Guatemala, the Soviet tanks in Nicaragua, some massacres, some specatacular assassinations, some visits to guerrilla camps. You wondered whether Nicaragua was another Cuba and El Salvador another Vietnam.

But let me tell you about something that you didn't read about or hear about. Almost two years ago today I was making what I hoped would be a stop of just a fews days in El Salvador after several very rough weeks elsewhere in Central America. I had arrived in the Salvadoran capital in the aftermath of an attempted coup—"our monthly coup threat," the Christian Democrats had come to call such events—anyway, an attempted coup by a former army major named Robert d'Aubuisson, who had been ousted a year earlier by other army officers who thought he was resisting their reform program. By now, I thought, the coup attempt was basically over and d'Aubuisson had escaped to Guatemala. After a couple of days I decided to leave, but just before noon the mayor of San Salvador telephoned and suggested that I come by his office. You may think that a mayor is not a very significant source to a foreign correspondent, but this man was also one of the top three or four people in the Christian Democratic Party in El Salvador and had become a sort of deep throat for me as a source. I told him I couldn't go by his office because I was packing to leave, but he insisted, mysteriously, that if I left I would miss the most important day in the history of El Salvador. "Come over here and have lunch," he said, "and I'll tell you all about it." When I got there his secretary brought in two Big Macs, and the mayor—grinning ear to ear—proceeded to tell me that the night before troops loyal to one of the colonels on the junta—Adolfo Majano—had arrested


MEXICO
BELIZE
GUATEMALA
HONDURAS
EL SALVADOR
NICARAGUA
COSTA RICA
PANAMA

d'Aubuisson and had taken possession of his briefcase, containing personal notes and other evidence linking him to the assassination a month earlier of the archbishop. The mayor went on to tell me that this arrest had sharply divided the army officer corps of about seven hundred men, that those loyal to colonel Majano—the man who ordered the arrest—wanted to punish d'Aubuisson severely—maybe shoot him—while some wanted to give him mild punishment, and still others supported d'Aubuisson's anti-commuinism position to the extent that they thought he deserved a medal. With lunch over, the mayor put on his bullet-proof vest, put his pistol in his briefcase, alongside the ticket to Panama—just in case—and left for an emergency party meeting. This is a tale, like others in Central America, that goes on and on, but to summarize I'll say that the army officers eventually voted to free d'Aubuisson. And in case the name doesn't ring a bell, a reborn d'Aubuisson emerged as a major political figure in the constituent assembly elections last month. The Christian Democrats, whose number one candidate in the elections was my source the mayor, received the most votes but not enough to retain control of the government. The irony, of course, is that the mayor—now the former mayor—has to do business with d'Aubuisson if the government is to continue to function.

The point I am trying to make is that whether those events two years ago were—as the mayor claimed—the most important in the history of El Salvador or were merely something fairly significant, except for local stringers who reported (largely in the Spanish language services) that d'Aubuisson was arrested for plottting a coup, then released, nobody else covered them. It was not just that nobody else was there at the time, but that nobody tried to follow up on the events subsequently. And my stories ended up buried behind the financial pages or some such place, largely because the New York *Times* and other major papers were not covering the developments.

By contrast, some eight or nine months later, when Alexander Haig promised to draw the line in El Salvador, foreign correspondents and would-be correspondents, network stars, and hangers-on flocked to the place that they thought was going to make careers. Seemingly, you could get any kind of non-story related to El Salvador on Page One, and everyone who knew how to put a sentence together in print or on the air wanted a piece of the story. As luck would have it, of course, most found very little to cover at the time the Secretary of State was drawing the line, so they soon wandered off, to return whenever Secretary Haig or Congress became excited again.

What I am trying to lead up to with this rather rambling narrative is some basic criticism of how we in journalism do our jobs and of what the public expects from us. On the one hand, we have tended to let Alexander Haig and others in Washington pull our strings in terms of deciding what is a story and when we should go cover it. Which is exactly backward of what we ought to be doing in a free society. . . . On the other hand, once in a country we have tended to cover it in abstractions. By this, I mean we have become trapped into explaining situations according to either the Jesse Helms theory of foreign policy or what a Harvard professor recently described as the missionary theory of foreign policy. The Helms school, of course, suggests that all that matters is whether the worldwide communist conspiracy is poised to capture the Rio Grande and take Oklahoma, the following week. The missionary school holds, by contrast, that the world can be won by kindness and humility, that repression is almost exclusively the domain of right-wing governments and that Ronald Reagan is somehow responsible for repressive situations that developed long before he set his sights on the White House. Both, of course, were vast oversimplifications. I do not defend or attack these theories, but I worry that we in the press may contribute to the already strong, though mistaken, faith of the American people in simple solutions—especially in matters of foreign affairs: a faith that those theories represent. Nicaragua—and our treatment of it—is a prime example of both these theories at work. First, the missionary theory was applied until the bad guy—Somoza—was deposed; then the advocates of that theory forgot about Nicaragua, while the Helms theory advocates wrote off the new regime as another Cuba. The failings were that journalists did not adequately explore the depths of the opposition to Somoza during the war, wrapped up as they were in focusing on Somoza, and since Somoza's fall that failing has continued because journalists generally have found it too complicated to explore the depths of the power struggles now underway in Nicaragua. There are those who would say that all this is asking too much of the press, but I say that unless we in the *writing* press go into these issues, then we can no longer justify our existence, because television can certainly cover combat and murders—and even elections—better than the print media. We cannot fall back on the old ways of reporting global issues, the ways of World War II or even Vietnam. While we have learned some from Vietnam and El Salvador, we must attempt to learn more about insurrectionary forces; we have to extend our coverage to all the issues of the war. We have crossed journalistic frontiers covering El Salvador. We have to keep trying to cross new frontiers in order to tell more of the story than ever before.

Chris, the Joey (1958-1968)

I had a brother once you know
When I was young and my mind slow.
I can't quite remember what colour his eyes
Nor the sound of his voice.

But I remember my cries.

Two Poems by Kevin McDonald

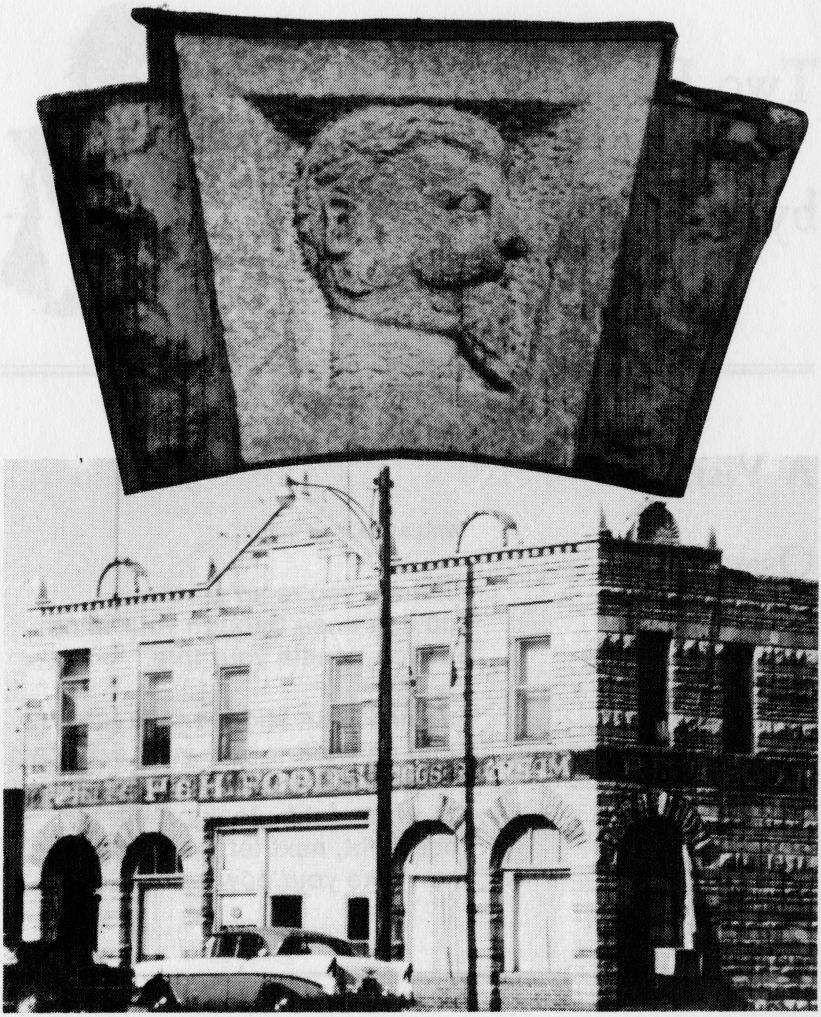
A Visit to Osawatomie State Hospital: Paul

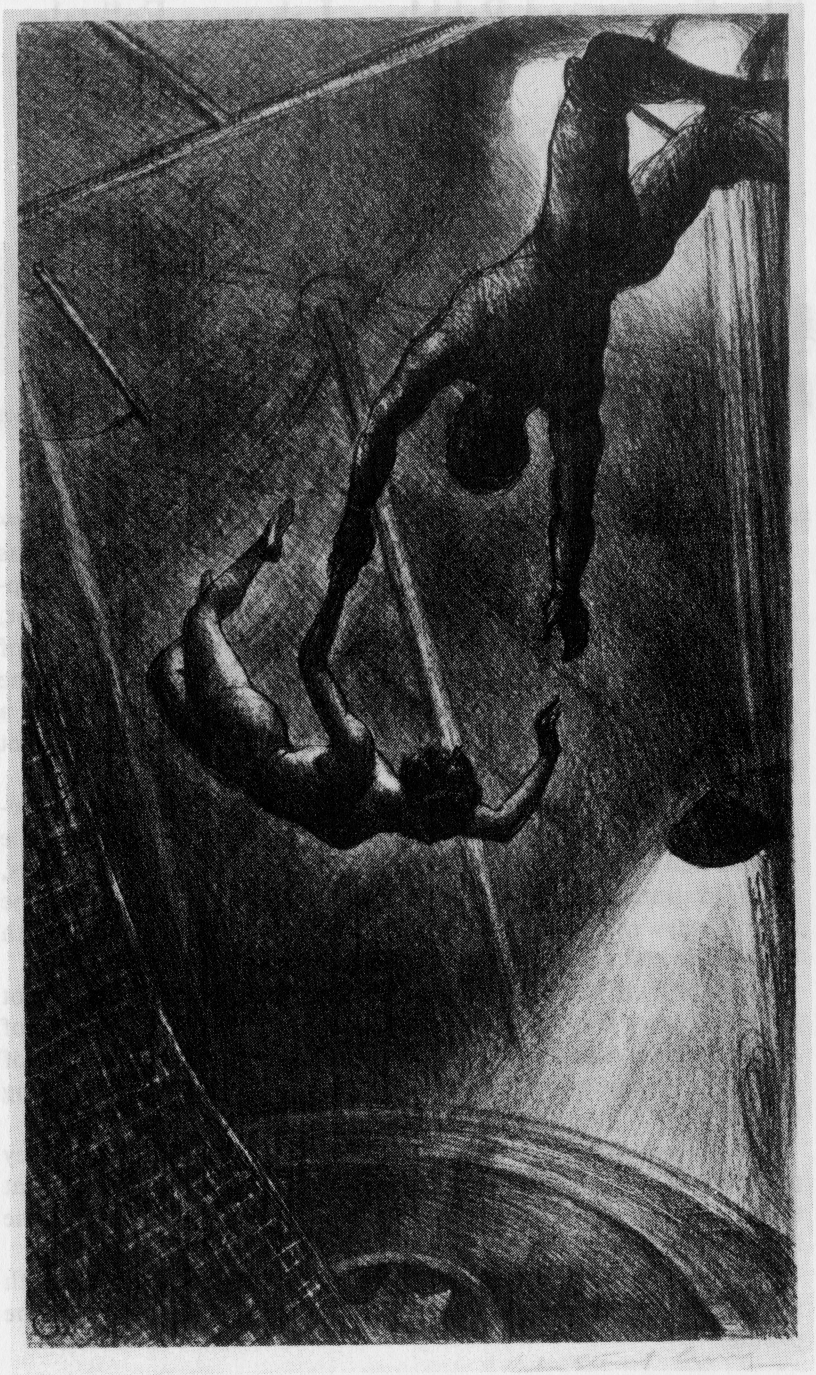
"Who's the mad man?"

Oh man, you're so great.
You can't see through your mind,
But you handle your fate.

Businessmen and teenage junkies
Build up walls which you tear down.
So keep pressing onward.
Stand straight—look proud.
Look right, next left,
Then take your bow.

The Hance White Building





The Aerialist's Fall **John Steuart Curry**

The Servant and Pebble: a Lebanese Folktale

Collected from George Farris by Patty Kuhel

One time there was a very pious man who had a servant who was always using bad language. He cursed about everything that happened. He asked the priest what he should do about his servant, because he did not like his language, but he did not want to get rid of him because he was a good worker. The priest told him to have the man hold a pebble in his mouth to remind him not to talk in such a bad way. So the man did what the priest told him, and everything went fine.

One day the priest, who had given the man the advice, needed someone to go with him on a journey to help him carry his baggage. The man he had helped offered to let him have his servant for a few days, out of gratitude for his having helped him. He told the priest that he must always remind the servant to keep the pebble in his mouth because he had not learned to watch his language without it.

The priest and the servant started on their journey, but they had not gone far before they saw a woman beckoning to them from the top of a high hill and yelling at them. Thinking the woman was in trouble of some kind, the priest and the servant turned aside and began climbing the hill.

The hill was steep, and the priest was out of breath by the time they got to the top. When he got his breath back, he asked the woman what she wanted, to which she replied, "I just wanted to know what time Mass would be on Sunday, Father."

The priest looked at the servant, who was just bursting to let go with some choice language, and told him, "That's okay. Spit out the pebble!"

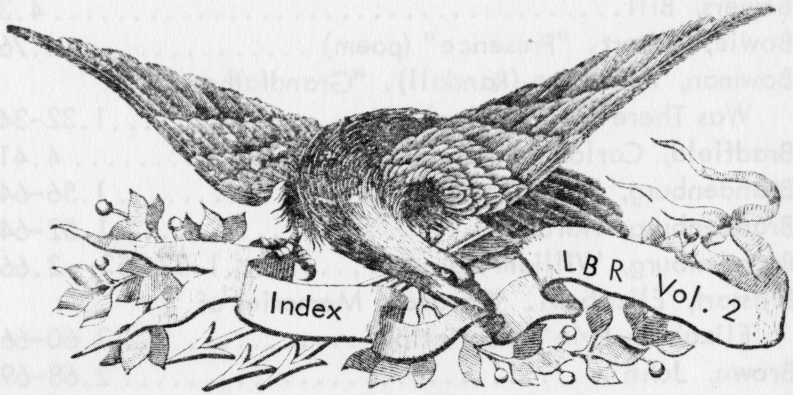
Contributors

THOMAS FOX AVERILL, 720 Green St., Topeka, KS 66616, is an assistant professor of English at Washburn University • **RAY BARTKOWECH**, 104 Charles, No. 137, Boston, MA 02114, has taught creative writing at the University of Colorado and is co-founder of The Barking Dog Press • **JOE BEELER**, Box 989, Sedona, AZ 86336, a native of Joplin, MO, is a founding member and past president of The Cowboy Artists of America, an author, painter, and sculptor • **ROBERT BOWIE**, 4615 Knox Road, College Park, MD 20740, a graphic artist, was the subject of a feature article in the Washington **Post** on Nov. 6, 1980: "A Poetic Struggle," by Michael Mott • **CHARLES HARMON CAGLE**, 113 E. Williams, Pittsburg, KS 66762, an associate professor of English at Pittsburg State, is currently working on a book-length study for Texas A & M Press entitled "Oscar Wilde in Texas" • **SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN**, 4726 SW 67th Ave., No. 8, Miami, FL 33155, worked for The Associated Press from December 1966 until joining The Miami **Herald** staff in August 1979 as one of three Latin American correspondents. She has concentrated on Central America, but has also reported from Mexico, Venezuela, and The United Nations • **JOHN STEUART CURRY**, (1897-1946), born in Dunavant, KS, traveled with Ringling Bros. Circus in 1934 • **WILLIAM PAUL DUFFY**, 176 Langdon Lane, Pittsburg, KS 66762, is professor of linguistics at Pittsburg State University and president of the H. G. Roberts Foundation • **DAN DULING**, Farlington, KS 66734, is an elementary education student at Pittsburg State. A recording was made of his song on the Girard High School Reflections' album, **I've Got the Music in Me** (1980) • **RODNEY B. DUTTON**, 212 E. Carlton, Pittsburg, KS 66762, is graphic artist for Pittsburg State University's Public Affairs and Information Office. His drawing of Dr. Eva Jessye appeared in an earlier issue • **STUART FRIEBERT**, Oberlin College, Oberlin, OH 44074, is director of the writing program at Oberlin. He has published a book of poems, **Uncertain Health**, as well as translations from the French, Spanish, Italian, German, Czech, and Polish. Friebert enjoyed an N.E.A. Creative Writing Fellowship for 1980. His first poem was published in The **Midwest Quarterly** twenty years ago • **ZULA BENNINGTON GREENE**, 1205 Mulvane, Topeka, KS 66604, has just completed a preface for a pictorial volume to be published in September by **Kansas!** • **GEORGE H. GURLEY, JR.**, 817 Mississippi, Lawrence, KS 66044, has recently had a book of poems, **Fugues in the Plumbing**, published by the BkMk Press. In addition to poetry and plays, he has published short stories and writes book reviews for the Kansas City **Star** • **PATTY KUHEL**, 1150 E. 1st, Pittsburg, KS 66762, has husband and sons in community and university theatre this summer and continues to collect folklore • **JOAN McCOY**, 3601 SW 31st Drive, 3C, Gainesville, FL 32608, teaches in the English Department of The University of Florida. Originally from Coffeyville, Ms. McCoy completed her masters degree at Pittsburg and her PhD. at The University of

Kansas • **KEVIN McDONALD**, 12 Pioneer Road, Umina, New South Wales, Australia 2257, was an exchange student at Pittsburg Sr. High School this past year • **STEPHEN MEATS**, 104 S. Olive, Pittsburg, KS 66762, is chairman of the English Department at Pittsburg State University. An editor and poet, he is currently restoring a post-Victorian home for his wife, Mary Beth, and family • **LILLIAN NEWBANKS**, 120 Mason Ave., Trenton, NJ 08610, is a retired Naval commander and high school councelor. She and her husband Alfred are avid photographers on their world travels • **GIOVANNI RABONI**, Milan, Italy, has published many books and is editor at the Mondadori Publishing House. Recent work in translations by Stuart Friebert and Vinio Rossi has appeared in **New Directions Anthology #43 Malahat Review**, **Field**, and others • **VINIO ROSSI**, Oberlin College, Oberlin, OH 44074, teaches French and Italian. He has translated Giovanni Rabonni with David Young, wrote the introduction for Charles Wright's translations of Montale's **The Storm**, and has published a book on Gide • **MARK SANDERS**, 901 S. Wildan, No. 5, Springfield, MO 65802, will soon have a book of poems out, details to appear in the **LBR** • **KENNETH L. SIMONS**, 517 Utah, Pittsburg, KS 66762, legendary journalist of The Little Balkans region, also represents Bitner Realty, located in the lobby of The Hotel Besse • **DON T. WALKER**, 2537 Virginia Av., Topeka, KS 66605, will have more light verse in a future issue of the **LBR** • **TED WATTS**, 807 W. 4th, Box 303, Oswego, KS 67356, art and graphics editor of the **LBR**, drew the cover and contributor portraits. He did not win the Miss America title of 1968 • **OPAL ALICE WELLMAN**, c/o Susan Boorigie, Route 3, Box 294, Lot 6, Independence, KS 67301, lived in McClovtu, KS, before retiring to Independence. At 86, she sees her first published work. (Since she has never liked her name, she used "Mary" in her story) • **G. EDGAR WOLFE**, 7929 New Jersey Street, Kansas City, KS 66112, University of Kansas professor emeritus, is a widely published novelist and poet • **FERN MORROW WOOD**, Route 2, Cherryvale, KS 67335, is the author of **Pop & Bud**, an autobiographical novel from which "The Strauss Literary" was excerpted. It is available for $11.95 from the author • **JOAN YEAGLEY**, Route 1, Box 60, Stella, MO 64867, previously appeared in **LBR** 2.3. Among numerous other activities, she is a degree student in the Non-Traditional Studies Program at Kansas State University at Manhattan.

Subscription Information

Single issues sell for $3.50; annual subscriptions are $10. Make check payable to: The Little Balkans Press, Inc. and send to The Little Balkans Press, Inc., 601 Grandview Heights Terrace, Pittsburg, KS 66762.



Abernathy, George ..... 1.52- 53, 61.
"Acrobats, Ferguson Studio" (photograph) ..... 4.17.
Addams, Jane ..... 2.5.
Aitchison, Ned ..... 4.11.
Alden, Sondra ..... 3.14.
Alphonso, King of Spain ..... 1.31.
Amrine, Hally ..... 1.29.
Anderson, Elizabeth M. "What Matters It?" (poem) ..... 3.29.
Aubert, Jimmy. "This Pen" (poem) ..... 1.71.
Averill, Thomas Fox. "The Last Dancing Pig in Southeast Kansas" (fiction) ..... 4.21-40.

Babb, Had ..... 4.10-11.
Baker, "Dossie" ..... 4.55.
Baker, Jean Morrison. "Developing Your Own Solutions" (poem) ..... 3.45.
Bartkowech, R "My Pencil Has an Eraser at Both Ends" (poem) ..... 4.20.
Beeler, Joe. "The Western Art of Joe Beeler" ..... 4.42-48.
Bennington Family ..... 1.27-31; 2.24-29; 4.54-60.
Berger, Michael G. ..... 1.9.
Blair, Bill. "Twilight Zone" (photograph) ..... 3.42.
Boling, Keith ..... 1.73.
Bootlegging ..... 3.64-66.

Bowers, Bill ..... 4.3.
Bowie, Robert. "Presence" (poem) ..... 4.76.
Bowman, Alta Mae (Randall). "Grandfather Was There" (nonfiction) ..... 1.32-34.
Bradfield, Carlos (photograph) ..... 4.41.
Brandenburg, Bill ..... 1.56-64.
Brandenburg, Harold ..... 1.52-64.
Brandenburg, William Aaron ..... 1.52, 53; 3.66.
Brassart, Elizabeth. "Carona: Memories of Elizabeth Pyle" (nonfiction) ..... 3.60-66.
Brown, John ..... 2.68-69.
Brundage, S. W. (Carnival and Shows) ..... 4.2, 5.
Brunk's Comedians ..... 4.5.
Brysman, Anita. "Screen Test" (poem) ..... 3.47.
Burggraf, Dora (photograph) ..... 4.41.
Butch ..... 4.61-64.

Cagle, Charles. "Joining the Crowd" (nonfiction) ..... 4.51-53.
_____. "Sweet Little Jesus Boy" (fiction) ..... 3.21-29.
Cagle, Lige ..... 1.29.
Campbell, Hugh T. ..... 1.9.
Campbell, O. B. "The Dalton Boys Ride By" (poem) ..... 1.66-67.
Capper, Arthur ..... 2.55-56, 58; 3.17.
Carlton, Robert E. ..... 1.8, 10.
Carona, KS ..... 3.60-66.
Carol, Luiza. Haiku ..... 3.50.
Chevy, Charlie ..... 4.67.
Chiolino, Edith Merciez (photograph) ..... 3.58.
Cresson, Frank ..... 3.64.
Christensen, Erlene J. "Christmas Eve" (poem) ..... 2. Inside front cover.
_____. "State of the Union" (poem) ..... 2.63.
Christian, Shirley. "Crossing New Frontiers" (nonfiction) ..... 4.77-86.
Circus World Museum ..... 4.11.
Clark, Charlie (photograph) ..... 4.41.

Cody, William F. ("Buffalo Bill") ..... 4.5.
Coomes, Helen ..... 4.52.
Cozart, Shanna. "What Is Green?" (poem) ..... 3.76.
Crawford, Nelson Antrim ..... 2.46-59.
Crowder, Fletch ..... 4.3.
Crumbine, Samuel J. "Swat the Fly!." (nonfiction)... 1.31.
Cumisky, Paul J. ..... 4.8-10.
Curry, John Steuart. "The Aerialist's Fall" (lithograph) ..... 4.89.
_____. "Circus Elephant" (lithograph)..... 4.12.
_____. "John Brown" (drawing)..... 2.69.

The Dalton Gang ..... 1.32-34, 66-67.
Darrow, Clarence S. ..... 2.11.
Day, Robert. "Teal Hunting with Two Old Uncles" (poem) ..... 1.35.
DeChicchio, Janis. Musical arrangements .3.20; 4.74-75.
DeGruson, Gene. "The Sculpture of Waylande Gregory" (nonfiction)..... 2.39.
_____. "The World of Grandma Layton" (nonfiction)..... 3.35.
Dent, Dorothy Hill. "A Leaf to Grow" (poem)..... 2.59.
"Doll Collector" (photograph)..... 4.14.
Drenner, Donald von R. "Martha discovered" (poem)..... 1.51.
_____. "Martha remembered" (poem)..... 1.50.
_____. Untitled poem..... 1.50-51.
DuBois, Harold. "El Oro" (nonfiction)..... 1.52-64.
Duling, Dan. "A Little Thing Called Love" (song)..... 4.74-75.
Dutton, Rod. Drawings ..... 4.79, 82, 84.

Eastman, George ..... 3.13.
Eisenhower, Milton ..... 2.52-53.
El Oro, Mexico..... 1.52-64.
Engle, Susie. "Ada M. Fowler" (photograph)..... 2.45.
Evans, Merle ..... 4.1-11.
Evans, Nena..... 4.11.

Evans Family..... 4.1-2.

Farley, Mel. "Carne" (poem)..... 3.59.
Favero, Joe..... 3.63.
First Christian Church, Pittsburg, KS.....1.1, 7-8.
Fitzgibbon, John. "Abandoned" (drawing)..... 2.67.
_____. "Bucket Hooker" (drawing).....2.66.
"Flapper in Overalls" (photograph)..... 4.18.
Fly swatters.....1.31.
Forbes, Marjorie V. "Bootlegging Cattle on the Border" (historical fiction).....1.43-49.
_____. Haiku..... 2.70.
Fowler, Ada M. (photograph).....2.45.
Friebert, Stuart, trans. "Serenade" by Raboni.....4.73.

Garton, Victoria. "North of Chanute, Kansas" (poem)..... 2.30.
Gassoway, Don.....4.3.
Gatch, Charles A.....4.51-52.
Gibbons, Cy..... 4.69.
Gibson, William. "Deposition" (poem).....1.19.
_____. "A Musicbox Clock" (poem)..... 1.18.
_____. "Stonewall" (poem)..... 1.17.
"Graduation Day, Coffeyville, KS, 1914" (photograph)..... 3.33.
Grant, Jane..... 2.11.
Greene, Milton Willard..... 2.24-29.
Greene, Zula Bennington. "Love" (autobiography)..... 2.24-29.
_____. "Picnic" (autobiography)..... 4.54-60.
_____. "Trading" (autobiography)..... 1.27-31.
Gregory, Waylande..... 2.38-42.
Gunn, James E. "John W. Gunn" (nonfiction)...3.68-70.
Gunn, John Walker.....3.68-70.
Gunn, John W. and James E. "The Tolerance of Elmer Wilkey" (fiction).....2.71-82.
Gurley, George H., Jr. "In the Cities of Stone" (poem).....4.49-50.

Gus Hill's Minstrels ..... 4.5.

Haldeman-Julius, Emanuel.....2.1-19, 49-58, 60-63.
Haldeman-Julius, Sue. "An Intimate Look at Haldeman-Julius" (biography) ..... 2.1-19.
Haldeman-Julius Family.....2.5 passim.
Haldeman-Julius Home (photograph) .....1.26.
Harding, T. Swann ..... 2.55.
Harper, Johnny and Cindy.....1.27-28.
Hawk, Gary. "'Doc Adams'" (watercolor).....2.31.
_____. "Fillin & Full" (watercolor) ..... 2.31.
Holt, Joe (photograph).....4.41.
Holt, Paul E. "Holding Pattern" (fiction) ..... 3.74-75.
Horn, Shelby. "Unicorn" (sculpture) .....2.23.
Huff, Cecil.....4.5.

Jackson, Joe..... 4.2.
Jardine, William M. ..... 2.48, 53.
Johnson, Martin and Osa ..... 3.1-17.
Jones, Doug ..... 4.68.
Jorgensen, Kyle S. "Diamond Tree" (poem).....3.81.

KOAM Radio, Pittsburg, KS (photograph)..... 1.73.
Kansas Poetry Contest..... 3.43-50.
Keller, Helen.....1.31.
Kimbro, Harriet. Haiku..... 3.50.
King, Africanus F. A. ..... 4.51-52.
King, Karl..... 4.6.
Kinkead, Joyce. "Harold Bell Wright: The Man Who Went Away" (biography) .....1.1-16.
Kirk, Dorothy Arlene Bates. "Courtroom Drama" (poem) ..... 2.64.
_____. "Nobody" (poem)..... 1.70.
Knoll, James T. "The Hill" (poem) .....3.82-83.
_____. "Quilting" (poem)..... 2.44.
Krutch, Joseph Wood.....3.7-8.
Ku Klux Klan .....4.53.
Kuhel, Patty. "In a Little Village" (folksong)...3.18-20.

Kuhel, Patty. "The Servant and the Pebble" (folktale) ..... 4.90.
_____. "The Three Chances" (folktale) ..... 2.43.
_____. "The Two Brothers" (folktale) ..... 1.42.
Kunhardt, Dorothy Meserve ..... 4.51.
Kunhardt, Philip B. ..... 4.51, 53.

Lamb, Elizabeth Searle. Haiku ..... 3.50.
Lammons, Cap and Owl ..... 4.5.
LaSalle, Amelia Merciez (photograph) ..... 4.18.
Layton, Elizabeth. "The House of Glass" (poem) ....2.29.
_____. "The World of Grandma Layton" (art)..3.34-41.
Leale, Charles Augustus ..... 4.51-52.
Lincoln, Abraham ..... 4.51-53.
London, Jack ..... 3.1.
Long, Percy ..... 1.56-64.
Longworth, Alice Roosevelt ..... 1.31.
Lord, Bert ..... 1.29, 30.
Low, Denise. "Picking Wild Strawberries" (poem)... 1.72.

McCoy, Joan. "On Digressing (from Interstate 70)" (poem) ..... 4.19.
McDonald, Kevin. "Chris, the Joey" (poem)..... 4.87.
_____. "A Visit to Osawatomie State Hospital" (poem) ..... 4.87.
McMillan, G. W. ..... 4.52-53.
Manderino, Nelle ..... 3.65.
Martino, Virginia Stough. "Coal Town School" (nonfiction) ..... 2.32-37.
Meats, Stephen. "Elephants Attack Village" (poem) ..... 4.13.
Menninger, Karl ..... 2.51, 56, 59.
Miller, Henry ..... 2.60-63.
Mills, Bertrum ..... 4.6.
Milton, C. L. ..... 1.8.
Mitts, Brenda S. "The Bridge Club" (fiction)....3.51-57.
Moone, Jesse ..... 3.64.
Moore, Lovita ..... 1.10.

Moore, Mrs. W. J. ..... 4.4.
Morgan, Roy (photograph) ..... 4.41.
Morrow, Lige ..... 4.67-69.
Mortimer, G. Horace ..... 3.5.
Moyers, Joyce Kinkead: see Kinkead, Joyce.
Munger, Sir Gilbert ..... 1.6.

Naylor, A. W. ..... 3.63.
Needham, Shirley Stanley. "Fog" (poem) ..... 1.68.
_____. "May/Samoa 1943" (poem) ..... 3.30.
_____. "Of Growth" (poem) ..... 3.32.
_____. "Spring Day in Kansas" (poem) ..... 3.31.
Neff, Bill ..... 4.67.
Newbanks, Lillian and Alfred B. (photograph) ..... 4.49.
Nichols, Nell Elaine. "June Bride" (poem) ..... 3.57.
Nicholson, J. ..... 4.10.
Nickels, John (photograph) ..... 4.41.
Nusbaum, Willene ..... 3.43.

Oleson, Charley ..... 4.67, 68.
Ortolani, Al. Haiku ..... 3.50.
_____."Jeffers" (poem) ..... 3.49.
Osborn, Henry Fairfield ..... 3.15.

Parrish, Barbara Shirk. "Cheyenne Bottoms, 1980" (poem) ..... 1.69.
Parshall, Jane E. "Kansas Poetry Contest" ..... 3.43.
Peak, Mary. "Easter at the Veterans' Hospital" (poem) ..... 3.71.
Perigo, Gail ..... 3.1, 11.
Pfeiffer, Christy. "Early Reading" (poem) ..... 3.48.
Plowman, Gene ..... 4.4.
Porter, Bern. "A Preliminary Note on the E. Haldeman-Julius/Henry Miller Relation" (nonfiction) ..... 2.60-63.
Pullen, Cleve ..... 4.5.
Pyle, Elizabeth: see Brassart, Elizabeth.
Pyle Family ..... 4.60-66.

Raboni, Giovanni. "Serenada" (poem).....4.72-73.
Raborg, Frederick A., Jr. "The Hunt"
(poem)..... 2.Inside back cover.
Randall, Frank Henderson, Sr. ..... 1.32-34.
Randall Family.....1.32-34.
Ratner, Payne..... 4.68-69.
Ray, David. "Bike Shop" (poem)..... 2.21.
_____. "Farmers' Market" (poem).....2.22.
_____. "Garage Sale" (poem)..... 2.20.
Reaves, Tom..... 4.2.
Reynolds, Elsbery W. .....1.10.
Richard, Daniel A. "The Failure" (fiction).....1.20-26.
Richards, John J. .....4.6, 10.
Ringling, Charles..... 4.6.
Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circuses. 4.1, 5-11.
Ringling Museum ..... 4.11.
Ritty, Joan. "Empty Space" (poem).....3.67.
Root, Alan.....3.13.
Rosalea. "The Voyager" (nonfiction).....3.77-80.
Rose, Frank H. .....1.31.
Rosell, Aubrey.....2.8-10.
Rossi, Vinio, trans. "Serenade" by Raboni.....4.73.
Russell, R. Stephen. "This Poem Is One You
Never Hear" (poem)..... 1.65.
Ryan, William F. "Nelson Antrim Crawford"
(nonfiction).....2.46-59.

Sale, Chick..... 3.5.
Salvador, El ..... 4.77-86.
Sanders, Mark. "Happening In" (poem) .....4.66.
_____. "Kansas Wheat Field" (poem)..... 4.65.
Sandzen, Birger. "Prairie Stream" (woodcut).....3.80.
Seibel, Laura Ramberg (photograph)..... 4.71.
Shafer, Elizabeth. "Birds of Gold" (poem).....3.46.
Shaver, Muriel..... 2.52, 55.
Shear, Walter. "Energy as Inertia" (poem).....2.68-69.
Sheelds, Gene..... 4.67.
Sheldon, Charles M. .....1.8, 31.

"Should I Have Climbed" (photograph) .....3.58.
Simons, Kenneth. "Circus Maestro" (biography) ..4.1-11.
Snell, Joseph W. "Safaris from the Balkans" (biography) .....3.1-17.
Sousa, John Philip (photograph)..... 3.66.
"Spring Ride" (photograph).....3.83.
Stavely, Margaret. "From the Mountain" (poem)... 3.44.
Stiltz, Rena.....1.29, 30.
Stover, Carol. "Ole Blind Tom" (nonfiction)....2.65-66.
Stuckey, Carl.....4.5.
"Sunday School at Old Stone School House" (photograph)..... 4.41.

Taft, Charles Sabin .....4.51-52.
Talmadge, T. DeWitt.....1.31.
Taylor, Harold O. ..... 1.7, 9.
Taylor, John W. ..... 1.7.
The Tenth Muse..... 2.13-15.
Thompson, Snaky..... 3.65.
Tranbarger, Ossie E. ..... 3.43.

Ulm, Jon. Pottery..... 2.83.

Walker, Don T. "No Rejections" (poem)..... 4.64.
_____. "Results Guaranteed" (poem)..... 4.53.
Walker, James J. ..... 4.7.
Watts, Ted. "Calf Roper" (painting)..1.Inside front cover.
_____. "Ted Watts: Sports and Art" .....1.36-41.
_____. See also the portrait of each contributor in this volume.
Wellman, Opal Alice. "Biography of Butch" (nonfiction) ..... 4.61-64.
Wettstein, Josephine .....2.8-10.
Whitcraft, Tub and Skeet..... 4.11.
White, Hance. Business House (photograph).....4.88.
_____. "George Washington as a Child" (sculpture)..... 3.72.
Williams, William W. .....1.8, 10.

Wilson, Charlie ..... 4.5.
Winder, Louise Somers. Haiku..... 3.50.
Wolfe, Edgar. "Best Friend" (poem)..... 4.15.
_____. "Dawn Riding" (poem)..... 4.16.
_____. "Itineraphobia" (poem)..... 4.16.
Wood, Fern Morrow. "The Strauss Literary Meeting" (nonfiction)..... 4.67-69.
Wright, Harold Bell. "How Jack Hamilton Painted a Portrait" (fiction)..... 1.74-79.
_____..... 1.1-16.
Wright Family..... 1.1-5, 10, 12.

Yeagley, Joan. "The Order for Daily Morning Prayer" (poem)..... 4.70.
_____. "A Saturday Funeral in Lyons, Kansas" (poem)..... 3.73.

The Little Balkans Review. 1980. q. $10. Little Balkans Press, Inc., 601 Grandview Heights Terrace, Pittsburgh, KS 66762. Illus., index. Circ: 1,000. Sample. Vol. ends: No. 4 (Summer).

Aud: Ga, Ac.

Partly funded by state and federal arts agencies, this journal has achieved a refreshingly creative literary and graphics interpretation of the regional magazine. A shared editorship of a librarian, an attorney, a journalist, and an artist may be the reason for such overall excellence. The editorial policy assures a substantial mix of poetry, fiction, nonfiction, and graphics related to the Little Balkans area of southeast Kansas. The whole is presented in an 8 ½ by 5 ½ inch-black-and-white booklet format. The content provides a palatable education on history, customs, and the arts while often introducing new talent. *Little Balkans Review* nicely fills any gaps left by *Kansas!* and residents of the state are fortunate to have these complementary magazines.

From Bill Katz and Linda Sternberg Katz. Magazines for Libraries. 4th ed. New York and London: R. R. Bowker Co., 1982. P. 232.

The Little Balkans Press, Inc.

601 Grandview Heights Terrace
Pittsburg, Kansas 66762