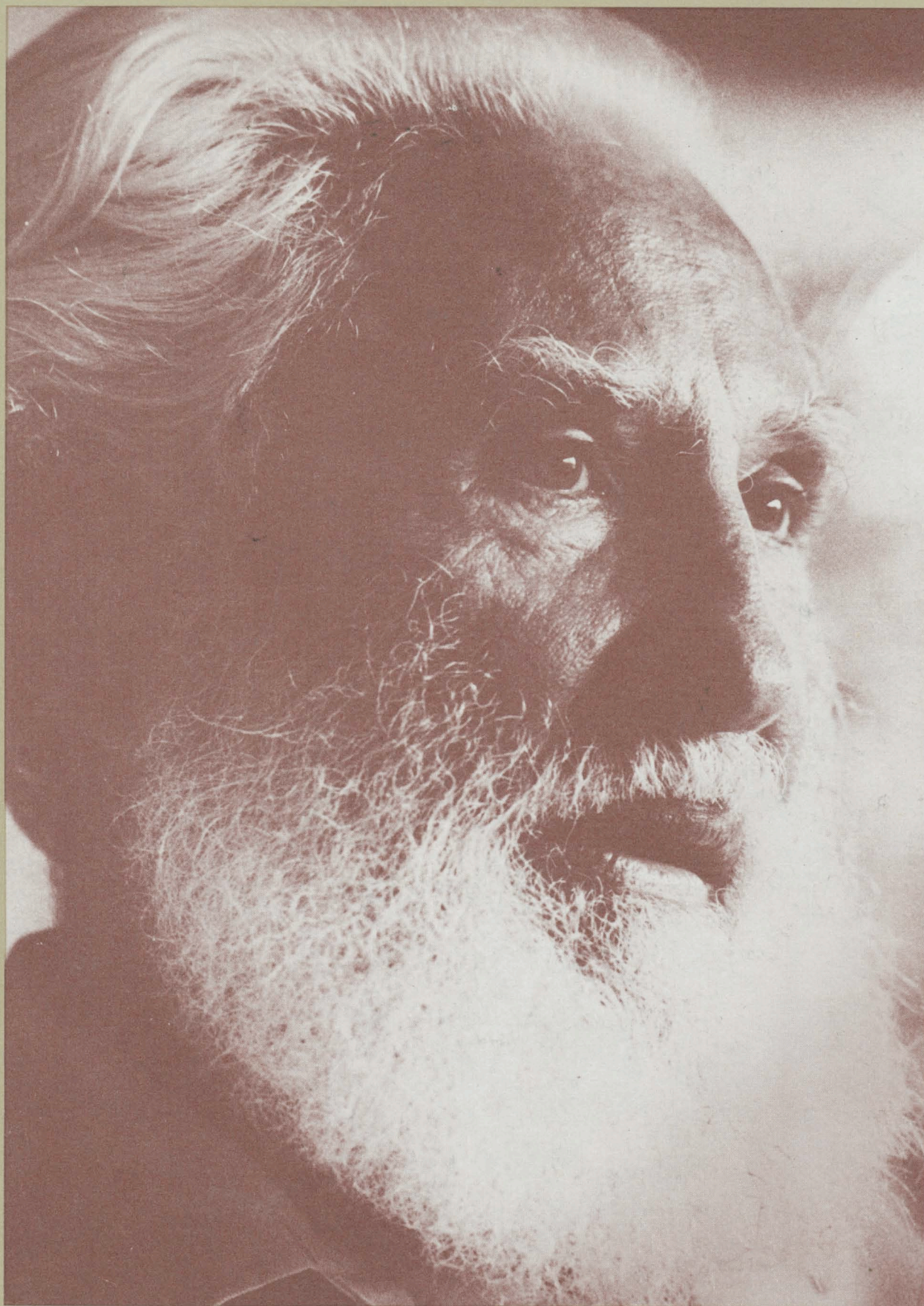


FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9779

Report to the Stockholders



& Other Poems by John Beecher

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Report to the Stockholders & Other Poems by John Beecher

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9779

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WAYS RECORDS Album No. FL 9779

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Report to the Stockholders & Other Poems by John Beecher

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INTRODUCTION

John Beecher's twelfth book, COLLECTED POEMS: 1924-1974 (Macmillan, New York & London), won wide acclaim here and abroad. *Choice*, organ of the Association of College & Research Libraries, declared that "John Beecher is simply the finest American radical poet since Philip Freneau." *The Philadelphia Bulletin* called him "An American folk hero . . . finally getting a recognition denied him for the past fifty years." *Time* described him as "a one-man recorder of American experience . . . perhaps his own best poem." To *The Minneapolis Journal* he was "the most authentic social poet in American history." Even the South, which had repudiated and reviled him for years, proudly claimed him. "Now meet an American master," the *Louisville Courier-Journal & Times* pronounced, "the best poet the South has ever produced." *The American Poetry Review* summed up: "Beecher has learned how to make great poems consistently . . . His work potentially speaks to millions of Americans without speaking down to them."

BIOGRAPHY

Born in New York of Yankee stock in 1904, the great-great-nephew of Abolitionists Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher, the poet was raised in Birmingham, Alabama, where his father was an executive of U. S. Steel. From the age of 16, John Beecher worked twelve-hour shifts on the open hearth furnaces. After attending VMI, Cornell, Alabama, Harvard and North Carolina, he taught at Dartmouth, Wisconsin, San Francisco State, Arizona State, Santa Clara and elsewhere. Refusing to sign the unconstitutional California "loyalty" oath in 1950, he was fired for "gross unprofessional conduct." He turned to ranching in the redwoods. He and his artist wife, Barbara, founded a press to print his work and that of other black-listed poets.

Previously in the New Deal era Beecher worked eight years as a field administrator of social programs dealing with sharecroppers, migrants and other exploited groups. He served under a black captain aboard the first racially integrated American ship in World War II and wrote a popular book about it. During the civil rights movement he was a Southern correspondent for *Ramparts* and the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

John Beecher has been poet in residence at several colleges and universities. He has given hundreds of poetry readings across the nation. His COMPLETE PAPERS were published in microform by the Microfilming Corporation of America (*New York Times*) in 1973. His COLLECTED POEMS appeared the following year. He was awarded a 1976-77 creative writing fellowship by the National Endowment for the Arts. In 1977 he was reinstated on the faculty of San Francisco State University.

REPORT TO THE STOCKHOLDERS

I
he fell off his crane
and his head hit the steel floor and broke like an egg
he lived a couple of hours with his brains bubbling out
and then he died
and the safety clerk made out a report saying
it was carelessness
and the craneman should have known better
from twenty years experience
than not to watch his step
and slip in some grease on top of his crane
and then the safety clerk told the superintendent
he'd ought to fix that guardrail

II
out at the open hearth
they all went to see the picture
called *Men of Steel*
about a third-helper who
worked up to the top
and married the president's daughter
and they liked the picture
because it was different

III
a ladle burned through
and he got a shoeful of steel
so they took up a collection through the mill
and some gave two bits
and some gave four
because there's no telling when

IV
the stopper-maker
puts a sleeve brick on an iron rod
and then a dab of mortar
and then another sleeve brick

and another dab of mortar
and when he has put fourteen sleeve bricks on
and fourteen dabs of mortar
and fitted on the head
he picks up another rod
and makes another stopper

V
a hot metal car ran over the Negro switchman's leg
and nobody expected to see him around here again
except maybe on the street with a tin cup
but the superintendent saw what an ad
the Negro would make with his peg leg
so he hung a sandwich on him
with safety slogans
and he told the Negro just to keep walking
all day up and down the plant
and be an example

VI
he didn't understand why he was laid off
when he'd been doing his work
on the pouring tables OK
and when men with less age than he had
weren't laid off
and he wanted to know why
but the superintendent told him to get the hell out
so he swung on the superintendent's jaw
and the cops came and took him away

VII
he's been working around here ever since there was
a plant
he started off carrying tests when he was fourteen
and then he third-helped
and then he second-helped
and then he first-helped
and when he got to be sixty years old
and was almost blind from looking into furnaces
the bosses let him
carry tests again

VIII

he shouldn't have loaded and wheeled
a thousand pounds of manganese
before the cut in his belly was healed
but he had to pay his hospital bill
and he had to eat
he thought he had to eat
but he found out
he was wrong

IX

in the company quarters
you've got a steelplant in your backyard
very convenient
gongs bells whistles mudguns steamhammers and slag-
pots blowing up
you get so you sleep through it
but when the plant shuts down
you can't sleep for the quiet

OLD MAN JOHN THE MELTER

old man John the melter
wouldn't tap steel till it was right
and he let the superintendents rave
he didn't give a damn about tonnage
but he did give a damn about steel
so they put him on the street
but he had plenty of money
and he drove up and down in his "Wily Knecht"
a floatin pallus he called it
with a Pittsburg stogie in his whiskers
and played poker at the Elks club
and the steel got sorrier and sorrier
and rails got to breaking under trains
and the railroads quit buying
and the mill shut down
and then the superintendents asked old man John
to come and tell them what was wrong with the steel
and he told them
too many superintendents

RUN OF THE MINE

I

I went into tight places for them (he said)
when the inspector had condemned a gallery
I went in and I got men to go with me
and we dug coal and kept our mouths shut
and I thought when the time came I needed it
they would go into a tight place for me
but because I had a foaming fit on the job
from high blood pressure and because I was old
and they thought I might cost them money
if I died at work in the mine
they fired me and put *unsatisfactory*
on my discharge slip and when I wanted to know
what unsatisfactory thing I had done
they said to come back next week for a statement

II

he went to work in Pennsylvania
up north where he could earn more mining
and every month for three years he sent money home
to keep up the payments on the house and furniture
and when he couldn't stay away from his wife
and children in the south any longer
he came home to his old job at Camp Seven
that year it rained and rained and then rained
and though his house like all the other houses there
was perched on stilts to escape the regular floods
the water came in and kept on rising
and when it went down the cheap veneer
of the just paid for furniture peeled off
and the floor of the nearly paid for house
buckled and the walls leaned and the roof caved

III

one side of his old face is black and smooth
but the other looks as if the flesh had been poured
molten on the bones and had cooled like slag
lustrous bluepocked and with crater cups
like a photograph of the surface of the moon
and the eye is absent and even the eyebrow

IV

at Lewisburg there is coal in the ground
not inexhaustible yet unexhausted
and on top there is coal on the spur tracks

gondolas heaped with it tons upon tons
a share of which was mined by Ben P Jones
who may be seen any day on the slate dump
accompanied by his family of five
winnowing the refuse for nuggets of coal
lest they freeze through the winter approaching

V

the Sayreton miners complained and they said
what with the payrate slashed nearly in half
and what with making just two shifts a week
not much was left after stoppage came out
stoppage for rent on the houses they lived in
for medical care of their families
and a doctor when their women gave birth
the Sayreton bosses replied that the stoppage
was optional... a roof over your head
was optional and medicine for your children
optional... optional to have a doctor
at the birthing time... all this was optional

GOOD SAMARITAN

The Negro walked his shoes out looking for work
and when there was nothing left to eat in his house
he deferentially asked for food
and the charitable city after due
investigation which revealed that he really
had a wife and four children and wasn't just
lying allotted them a sack of flour
and half a pound of salt pork and other
plain substantial foods to be consumed
at the rate of nine cents worth daily per each
adult and four and a half cents worth per child
if the ration was to last the week...
or they could if they preferred eat well
two days and go hungry five... that was up to them...

Now the city out of its profound acquaintance
with Negro nature knew that it wasn't sufficient
simply to feed an idle black however badly
in order to keep him in his proper place
but that his mind should be kept occupied
or rather kept unoccupied by thoughts
disturbing to his happy loyal nature... nor

should he be allowed to get the idea that he could eat without working lest he be spoiled for good... in order therefore that he might the better digest the bread of charity and feel that he had in a way earned it he was ordered to work two days a week on the roads in exchange for food worth considerably less than one day's labor...

On those days he trudged with other of the city's beneficiaries five miles out to swing pick and shovel nine hours in red mud and tough chert rock and then trudged in again to town... sometimes they were lucky enough to ride in on the back of a truck with a Negro driver (they never had the impudence to hail a white) and rest their blisters and run up less of a hunger... every mile saved was a biscuit earned...

One hot evening as they were tramping homewards in their rag-swathed wrecks of shoes while the white folks' cars went whiffing by pneumatic and easeful and lulling with waft of wind in passing within a foot at fifty a ramshackle truck came by headed toward town

with a Negro at the wheel... they yelled... the truck swerved slowing on the shoulder... they cut across the road to jump it... he last... clenching his teeth as he ran on swollen bloody feet... LOOK OUT they screamed... and a fast car hit him

The shattered bundle was picked up from the road by the other Negroes and stowed in a car driven by a good white man who had stopped after the accident to see if he could help and offered to take him to the hospital since his car was so much faster than the truck. He sped wide-open into town while his burden fouled the back-seat cushions with clotting pool and reek of puke... and five minutes later deposited the Negro unconscious but breathing in the arms of science at the charity hospital to furnish some interne a bit of practice...

It takes a lot to kill one of the sons of bitches said the interne on the receiving ward wagging the fractured limbs of the Negro to see if the pain would make him come to and since it didn't deciding not to waste any anaesthetic on the black bastard...

The good white man who had brought the patient in told the hospital authorities that the Negro had been struck by a southbound car with a Florida license... woman driving... hadn't stopped... hit and run... damned outrage... when the car hit the poor nigger it threw him high in the air... lit square on his head... yes he'd tried to get the number... was a 3 a 6 and a 4 in it... couldn't get it for sure... woman must have been clocking around seventy... If he'd been able to get that number he sure would turn it in on her because he believed niggers ought to get a square deal and he wasn't a man to cover anything up even if it was a white woman in the wrong... no couldn't say what kind of a car it was you couldn't tell cars apart any more might have been a Buick or an Olds... Would he give his name? Well if they'd just as soon he'd rather not... he'd done what he could for the poor nigger stopping and bringing him in and messing his car all up... and if he gave his name there was no telling what it'd lead to... some jackleg lawyer might take up the case and haul him into court and waste his time but he would call up in a couple of days and find out if the authorities located that Florida car... and if they did he would be glad to testify and see that the poor nigger got justice whatever it cost... and then the good white man left in a hurry...

Right after he left the Negro's friends arrived in the slow truck and hung around afraid to ask anything but wanting to know if he was surely dead before they told his wife and finally one of them sidled up to the window and asked and the girl said he'd been taken to the operating room and then she asked

had any one of them got that Florida license number and they said they didn't know nothin about no Florida license number and she said hadn't a Florida car hit him and they said the white gentleman what hit him done carried him to the hospital in his car

ENSLEY, ALABAMA: 1932

The mills are down.
The hundred stacks
are shorn of their drifting fume.
The idle tracks
rust...
Smeared red with the dust
of millions of tons of smelted ore
the furnaces loom —
towering, desolate tubes —
smokeless and stark in the sun...
Powerhouse cubes
turbines hummed in,
platesteel mains the airblast thrummed in
are quiet, and the sudden roar
of blown-off steam...
At night
the needle gleam
where the ladle poured at the pig machine,
the deep smoulder of an iron run
and the spreading light
of molten slag over the sleeping town
are seen
no more
now mills and men are down.

FIRE BY NIGHT

when the burnt black bodies of the homeless
were found in the embers of the Negro church
into which they had crept to sleep on the floor
the wails of the people traveled down the cold wind
and reached the ears of the rich on the mountain
like the distant whistle of a fast train coming

BEAUFORT TIDES

Low tide.
The scavenging gulls
scour the reaches of mud.
No slavers ride
at anchor in the roads. Rotting hulls
are drawn up on the shore.

Full stood
the tide here
when through this colonnaded door
into the raw land passed bond and free,
the one in hope leading the other in fear,
chained each to each by destiny.

Not only tide
but time and blood
can turn, can ebb and flow.
Time ebbs, blood flows, the fear
shows in the master's eye while jubilee
bursts from the bondsman's throat.

Now
no shout
rings out.
Neither hopes. Both fear.
What future tide will free
these captives of their history?

VEX NOT THIS GHOST

Deep in the moss-draped woods you come upon it,
A ruined church where the first rice-planters worshipped,
Herding their wild Africans into the choir-loft
While in blessed Christian unity master and slave
Devoutly drowsed through the Anglican sermon.
Oddly confounded with a symbol of liberty,
The church first was burned by the redcoats.
Restored by African craftsmen it sweetly resounded
With lauds and rhetoric for three generations
Only to flame up again when the Yankees
Laid their torch to all bulwarks of slavery.
The freed Africans were not so attached
As they had formerly seemed to the genteel rites

Of supervised worship, preferring to clap
And shout by themselves, while their old masters lacked
Skill and lacked heart to rebuild, so they left these walls
Roofless in the live-oaks, and their forebears' graves.

ALTOGETHER SINGING

Dream of people altogether singing
each singing his way to self
to realms on realms within
all singing their way on, out of self
singing through to unity
kindling into flame of common purpose from the
altogether singing

such singing once I heard
where black children sang the chants of work in slavery
of hope for life at last and justice beyond the spaded
unmarked grave
the platform dignitaries
of master race stooping for the occasion
were suddenly shamed and shaken
by these fierce and singing children
chanting out their stormy hunger
for freeborn rights
still wickedly denied

again once
in packed and stifling union hall
where miners gathered and their womenfolk
I heard such singing
while outside in the listening street
men stood uneasy and shivering beneath their heavy
uniforms
more firmly gripped their guns
though unarmed were the singers
save for the weapon of song

and once again
where followers of the ripening crops
along that hot relentless valley hemmed by cool mirage
of high Sierras
square danced with riotous feet
outstamping fiddlesqueak and banjo's tinny jingle
there came a quiet
and from the quiet

burst altogether singing
yearning back to lands whence these were driven
the known and homely acres
then lusting forward to the richness of unending rows
and vines and groves
the treasure tended only
but some day to be taken and be rightly used

SIDE TWO

THE FACE YOU HAVE SEEN

April has come
April of 1941
the month we were waiting for
through the dark winter
begins...

The old man with the face you have seen
tough and kind and none too bright
but lasting
the face you have seen getting on the streetcar
at the mill gate stop
or the gusty corner
now under the blood-soaked handkerchief
looks out at you
with blood oozing down the forehead
from under the handkerchief
and blood on the collar of the old overcoat...

"We'll be in it by April"
they said.
Sure enough
the fighting has started
and this old man with the face you have seen
is the first to get hurt.

"Whose America?" somebody asked
and is this the answer?
Another old man
with a face you also have seen
a face you have seen getting out of limousines
at the bank entrance
or the War Department

asks us to remember '94
when the army broke the Pullman strike.
That was a time to forget
I thought
and I think
right now is the worst of all possible times
to ask us to remember...

It is April now
the month we were waiting for
but was it for this
that we waited -
the berserk cop with the brandished club
the armored bus spraying gas on the pickets
the mobbing howl of the press
and the rabies in Congress -
"to the electric chair with the strikers"?

Whose America anyhow?
Now in this April
we need to find out.
Yes, all of us need to know whose America
because if it really isn't the America of the old man
with the face which is our face
tough and kind and none too bright
but lasting -
then, well
we are going to have to do some thinking
some mighty hard thinking...

This is the April we were waiting for.
This is the April.
This April.
Now.

SCREENED

Most mornings you will find him
perched on the ledge beside the library
where homeless men foregather in the sun
like hungry crows along a fence
waiting for what they know by now
will never come

Around noon he leaves his perch
and heads toward Saint Anthony's to stand
with hat in hand for stew and beans
and afterwards he takes his daily walk
down the Embarcadero where
the ships are berthed

His destination is the tower
on Telegraph Hill and there he sits
all afternoon upon the parapet
watching the movement in the harbor
oblivious to the tourists
who stare at him

Among the gleaming cars the cameras
the sport togs and the jewelry
of elegant women he strikes a jarring note
in frayed and slept-in clothes
and people wonder why the police
don't move him on

It is a wonder that they don't
Perhaps they know how useless it would be
for by tomorrow they'd see him there again
or it may even be they still remember
what those pins on his lapel
were given for

Three torpedoes made of silver
meaning this man abandoned ship
that many times when wolf-packs roamed the sea
Some shipmates drowned some fried in oil
while some cracked up beside him
in the lifeboat

This man survived three sinkings
His grateful country then awarded him
three small torpedo pins for his lapel
and when the war was over
reviewed his seaman's papers secretly
and put him on the beach

Informants who for reasons of security
must remain anonymous avouched
that subject was suspected of subversive
leanings by his captain on one voyage
and was reported to have said he'd like
to visit Russia

Subject also was alleged
to have been prematurely anti-fascist
It was believed he'd had a hand one time
in hauling down the Nazi swastika
flying from a ship in port for which
police had clubbed him

And so the gold braid screened him off the ships
He asked to hear the charges and was told
the charges were a secret but if he
could guess them and reply thereto
his affidavit would receive
consideration

Thirty years at sea were thus
without redress or legal process ended
and since the man possessed no property
or trade beside the skill of seamanship
he became the public pauper
whom we observe

He sits upon the parapet
and follows with his eyes a ship
long gray and fleet that through the Golden Gate
makes way toward the open sea
The sunset burnishes the silver pins
on his lapel

AN AIR THAT KILLS

Times were worse then
Jobs were hard to get
People were suffering more
but do you know
a man could breathe

It's as if the oxygen
were all exhausted
from the atmosphere
That's how I feel
and why I quit

Same land same sky same sea
 same trees and mountains
 I painted then
 I guess the light went out
 I saw them by

Don't make politics
 out of what I say
 It's just that something isn't here
 that used to be
 and kept us going

BODEGA HEAD For Barbara

On these miles of sand the cold sea beats
 watched only by me as I walk
 Wheeling around me the gulls
 lustfully shriek over corpses of fish
 washed up by the poisonous waters
 Ship's timbers all shivered and wan
 lie about on the beach and stir into mind
 the death of a schooner on the offshore reef
 Borne here across infinite ocean
 the jade-green float of a Japanese fishnet
 gleams in a tangle of seaweed
 The tide withdraws and on the dampened sand
 I see dim tracks of a girl's bare feet
 curving and weaving awhile with the wave-line
 then vanishing over the dunes
 Dare I follow and come on her there
 in some deep cleft of the dunes
 nested down warm out of the sea wind
 and the fog's raw breath?

THE HONEY WAGON MAN

"Gre't God! Yond' come de honey wagon man!"
 You scented him and then he hove in sight
 perched on his tank, a turkey buzzard on
 a carcass. "Whoa!" he'd tell his whip-scarred mule,
 hop off, unhook his buckets, head for a row
 of privies and dig in. The bucketfuls

would slosh. Then back he'd climb. You'd hear his whip
 whistle and crack until that half-dead mule
 would pull. I used to wonder to myself
 where does he go at night when kerosene
 glints through the chinks of shot-gun alley shacks
 and families sit down to supper? Who
 would run to hug his spattered legs? What woman
 fix him some greens with fatback and a pone?

HOMAGE TO A SUBVERSIVE For H.D. T. 1817-1862

Soon, Henry David, wind will fill the land
 saluting your centenary. Do you
 suppose that alma mater's orators
 at her memorial solemnities
 will quote: "What branches of learning did you
 find offered while at Harvard, Mr. Thoreau?"
 "All of the branches and none of the roots."
 And will Concord's divines in eulogies
 of you dwell on the public scandal of
 your unchurched life and unrepentant end?
 "It's time to make your peace with God, Henry!"
 "I'm not aware," the long-faced death-watch heard
 you quip, "that God and I have ever quarreled."

The pietists who con your works by rote
 forswear you and themselves with servile oaths
 to placate golfing clerics, bawds of the press,
 snoopers, war-hawks, kept Congressmen. Silent
 they stand while lying leaders make our name
 odious to men, shield tyrants with our might,
 huckster new-packaged servitude for freedom,
 and dub the peoples' butchers "democrats".
 The coffle of pampered house-slaves will dare hymn
 you dead. Come back! They'll turn you in. "How should
 a man behave toward this government
 today? I answer, that he cannot without
 disgrace associate himself with it."

A DOG'S LIFE AND SOME OTHERS

Jack was the smartest dog in town, or so I thought,
 and I had evidence. My Dad and I took him
 along for company on our Sunday hikes. We'd end

twelve long miles from home in Bessemer or East Lake
 and ride the street car back, leaving poor wistful Jack
 to get home by his nose. He'd always beat us there,
 having outrun the trolley, and greet us joyfully
 as if he feared we were the ones who had got lost.

Once though Jack dragged himself home with a bullet clean
 through both hind legs and penis. In a week or so
 he was as good as new. No one ever saw him run
 from any other dog until the Ransoms' hound
 that Jack despised and would run out of his own yard
 took after Jack one day with muzzle dripping foam
 and chased him all the way home but when Jack arrived
 on his own territory he turned and stood his ground.

They say smart dogs will always run from a mad one
 but Jack drew the line at running from his own yard.
 It was the most terrific dog fight I ever saw
 and people gathered, yelling, "Mad dog! Somebody kill him!"
 I dashed in the house and got my Dad's big pistol
 meaning to shoot the mad dog before he killed Jack
 but a man wrestled me down and snatched the gun off me
 because I was kind of small for the job at six

They broke the fight up with a bucket of water.
 Somebody else got to shoot the mad dog. They shipped
 his head off to the State Veterinarian
 while I had to keep Jack locked up in the cellar
 till the lab report came back from Montgomery.
 It was rabies all right. What else would Jack have run from?
 He hadn't gone mad yet. Just to be safe they put
 Jack to sleep and made me take the Pasteur treatment.

Dr Morton stuck a needle in my stomach
 twenty-one straight days. Because I didn't flinch or cry
 he said I was the bravest boy he'd ever seen
 not knowing how most nights I cried into my pillow
 over Jack. He was so gentle with that needle
 I grew fond of Dr Morton. I grew even fonder
 later of his daughter but she preferred whiskey
 so in the end the doctor put himself to sleep.

AZTEC FIGURINE

"Ray-hee-nah!"

"Ya voy, señora!"

All day on the double with her mop and pail, huaraches tattooing tile, small Aztec figurine with no more bust or hip-span than a *chica* at first communion. Three Caesareans to pry her babies out. Her man is down with ulcers. Even when he works he drinks his little money up and lives with some *puta*. Regina's shanty's built from cans and crates high up the *Montuoso*. That's the *barrio* without a water tap for fifteen thousand people. Trucks come in and sell it by the litre. There's a queue at every out-house. Most just use a pot and throw it in the street. Planes bomb the place with DDT. At six Regina locks her children in and goes to work. It's dark when she gets home. She lights a candle then beneath two pictures on the wall, Our Lady of Guadalupe and by her side Fidel.

ENGAGEMENT AT THE SALT FORK

Like tumbleweeds before the wind we moved across the continent's huge heedless face. Fat sheriffs' radios kept hot with news of our invasion. Squad-cars tailed the walk. Blasts born on Yukon tundras knifed us through and buffeted our sign: *Man Will End War Or War Will End Man*. Handful that we were, armed men patrolled us, secret agents sped ahead to warn the elevator towns. Christians heard now that if they harbored us and let us spread our sleeping-bags on floors of Sunday schools, religion would be lost. Whoever opened up his door to us was spotted by a telephoto lens, proclaimed suspect, anathema to all right-thinking patriots. As if we were the ghosts of banished Cherokees come back, the guilty Strip shook in its cowboy boots. We camped one night beside the Salt Fork, near a town through which they'd hustled us with guns and imprecations lest ideas start an epidemic there. Our campfire lit, potatoes boiling and someone's guitar strumming *Down by the Riverside*, people began to drift in from the country round.

Skylarking students with a bugle, torches, burlesquing us with signs: *Workers Arise! You Have Nothing to Lose but Your Thirst! Drink Beer!* Good kids they proved to be and soon knocked off the clowning. Faces in the firelight grew into hundreds, boys with their dates, big-hats from nearby ranches, preachers whose wives had brought us popcorn, apples. A dozen arguments swirled into being as good-humoredly they challenged us to win their minds with fact and logic. Raw though the night, shirt-sleeved they stood and battled with us till they came to see the meaning of our walk. Some would have joined had we sought that. One horse-breeder, Stetsoned and powerful of frame, told of campaigns he'd fought in Italy. Fondling his son, a lad of eight, he blessed our walk for peace. "Each war *we* fight, *they* promise is the last," he said, "and here they go ag'in. This boy is one they ain't a-goin' to git, by God!" Long after midnight it was when the last of them went home. I could not sleep for pride in these my people, still square-shooters, still ready to tote fair with the other man. I could not sleep for sadness too, to think how these great hearts are gulled with lies. God help the liars when my people wake!