

inside the *south dakota review*

john r. milton

I suspect that it is impossible for an editor to be calm and objective about the magazine which he edits, and especially difficult if he is also the founder of the magazine. People are always asking him why he wanted to start a magazine in the first place, thinking (and rightly so) that only a very foolish person would wish to burden himself with the multitude of problems facing most publications of the kind described as literary, little, academic, quarterly and regional. I am not certain that all of these terms are equally applicable to the *South Dakota Review*, but they at least establish a general area within which *SDR* probably fits. And, importantly, they suggest a kind of publication which does not exist to make a financial profit, but which lays claim to “higher motives.”

In one sense, *SDR* began in a neighboring state, North Dakota, at a private college, Jamestown, under the title of *Plainsong*. This was not my first venture in either editing or publishing, but it marked my enthusiastic entrance into the struggle known as “regionalism.” I was soon to discover that “regionalism” was considered by many writers and critics to be a dirty word, and that publication of a magazine with college or university support involved more political problems than editorial ones. In any case, *Plainsong* survived only two mimeographed and two printed issues before the dean of the college withdrew all financial support and the magazine died. Its name, however, was soon resurrected and now appears on a television series of conversations with novelist Frederick Manfred, on a little magazine being published in Minneapolis and on a student literary magazine which is published annually at the University of South Dakota. These results in themselves seem to indicate that there was indeed some legitimate reason for the North Dakota *Plainsong* to exist, though briefly, and perhaps the same reason carried over to the founding of the *South Dakota Review* in the fall of 1963. At that time, at least, there was not a first-class literary

journal within 500 miles of Vermillion, S.D., with the exception of one—and that one tended to be provincial.

There is, of course, a difference between provincial and regional, and this difference is now official in that it has been recognized (at long last) by *Time Magazine*. The editorial in *Time* for October 21, 1966, bore the title "Provincialism Is Dead. Long Live Regionalism." I agree fully with the second half of the title, and it is probably true (except possibly in New York City) that provincialism *is* dead, if we think of the term as suggesting isolationism, a cutting-off from the rest of the world. It is next to impossible to shut ourselves off from the world, even in Pingree, N.D., Lone Tree, S.D., or Eminence, Kansas. Television intrudes upon our privacy, but in so doing it also yanks us out of our provincialism. What I mean, then, by a provincial magazine is an inbred publication, a house organ, or one which publishes a group of friends to the exclusion of the "outsider," or is relatively local in its focus. In this case "local," too, is something less than regional. *SDR* was almost guilty of localism in its first issue: five of the nine contributors were faculty at the University of South Dakota. But the lead essay was "Myth and Reality on the High Plains," by a non-University South Dakotan, and the other major item was a long Indian-style winter count of the first eighteen years of Minnesota novelist Frederick Manfred, a poem which later became the title poem of his only book of poetry.

In Vol. 1, No. 1 the enthusiastic editor attempted to put his eagerness into the proper academic prose as he ventured a statement of purpose:

Although the *South Dakota Review* will at all times publish the best material it can get, there will be a noticeable editorial leaning toward the West. We believe this is proper and even necessary. We are not quite willing to propose that the West is, in all respects, producing better literature than the East. Because of population differences, there are fewer writers living west of the Mississippi River than east of it. In particular, the West is short on poets. However, we are willing to suggest that the next renaissance in American letters will occur in the West, and that preliminary evidence of this renaissance is already visible. The great majority of the literary critics and book reviewers live and work in the East, and this, in part, accounts for the limited or distorted attention given to western literature in recent years. Furthermore, western writers work in isolation; the distances between metropolitan centers discourage the formation of schools or groups of writers and critics. The westerner would be the last to want his land crowded, but some kind of association of minds and work would certainly provide the encouragement and the necessary publicity which would in turn break the critical silence.

There was much more, including a long list of western writers, most of them novelists. The editorial then closed with this statement: "The

South Dakota Review, located on the line between Midwest and West, will look in all directions but will lean toward the West. The field is fruitful.”

The early life of a magazine, especially a small regional one, is full of adjustments and changes. *SDR* has maintained a rather steady course, but there have been times when it may have slipped a little from its early goals. Just looking back at that first editorial prompts several remarks. Because the printer of the first issue did not have italics in the same type style as we were using in the main body of the text, the words “South Dakota Review,” as well as the names of some western novels I talked about, were small and tentative, almost like an omen foretelling our early doom. However, *SDR* lasted through two years of semiannual publication and is now a thriving quarterly. The use of the editorial “we” in the first issue continued in subsequent issues until a former student of mine wrote from New York to say “shame.” Obviously, the “we” was an effort on the part of the editor to convince himself that he was not alone in his reckless undertaking. Either he is now convinced, or he doesn’t mind being alone, and the editorials are written in the first person. My remark on the shortage of poets in the West has come back to haunt me. I now begin to wish that the entire world might be short of poets—or would-be poets. A person who wishes to enjoy poetry, to read it for pleasure, should not be an editor. The poems arrive in the mail by the thousands— or so it seems—and only a very few are worth publishing, but all must be looked at. Although I have actually tried to judge these poems on the simple basis of worth, rather than region, there must have been a memory of that first editorial on leaning toward the West, because recently I received two poems from a New Yorker with the rather plaintive note, “it does make the chances for us Eastern Poets a little more difficult.” With that remark, we have come full circle.

One more observation about that first editorial: “some kind of association of minds and work” has indeed taken place since then. It has happened partly in the magazine. Our third issue was devoted to Western literature and included a symposium of novelists Forrester Blake, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Harvey Fergusson, Vardis Fisher, Paul Horgan, Frederick Manfred, Michael Straight and Frank Waters. The symposium then suggested another way of bringing these writers further attention—television. During the past four years we have taped, for ETV, thirty-nine programs of conversation with Manfred, Waters, Straight, Fisher, Max Evans and William Eastlake.

And so it appears that we have partly succeeded in our original intention to bring Western American novelists closer to the scholar, the teacher and the part-time reader. After the publication of another all-Western issue in the summer of 1966, we began to shift a little toward imaginative writing, partly because a new journal, *Western American*

Literature, was founded at that time by the newly-formed Western Literature Association. Since I helped to establish this association, and served on the editorial and executive boards, I found myself in the awkward position of searching for the same kind of article for both journals. On one occasion the editor of *WAL*, then in Utah, called me to ask for an article which was already scheduled for publication in *SDR*. One of his contributors had failed to come through, and he was short an essay. I sent him the essay he wanted and then made a quick telephone call to one of our own contributors who had not delivered and persuaded him to make good on his promise. With a slight delay in publication for both magazines, we managed to come out even. I do not mean to imply that *SDR* gave up on scholarly articles in the field of Western American literature; however, in most instances we are happy to let *WAL* appeal to the footnoting scholars while we remain flexible.

What, then, have we done so far that has seemed worth doing? With what kinds of things do we justify the existence of the *South Dakota Review*? The second issue was taken up largely with a new format and a new printer, both of which we have retained, although we now have a new cover design for each issue rather than keeping the skull-and-bird on every cover. But we did feature, in the second issue, an essay by Frank Waters which we believe even yet has a great deal of significance: "Two Views of Nature: White and Indian." Two books have since come out of the material of that essay. The third issue had a variety of things and foreshadowed an interesting problem. Essays in this issue were on D. H. Lawrence's women (Frieda, Brett, Mabel), the Missouri River fur trade, J. W. Crawford, Cather's *O Pioneers* and Henry James. We assumed that the fur trade essay would attract attention in South Dakota. By coincidence, a gentleman had just written to the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences asking for information about something which might have posed a real problem had not the Dean located the information in the fur trade essay of the current issue of *SDR*. Needless to say, we were all proud that our magazine, only three issues old, should have become this practical and indispensable. However, with its two South Dakota items and one Nebraska item, the issue did not sell in either of those states. Where it sold—almost the entire print run—was in Taos, New Mexico, where the essay on Lawrence's women proved to be the hot item. This special regional problem was to become even more obvious two years later.

Meanwhile we were swamped with articles and poems but could hardly locate a publishable short story. In the first five issues we printed a total of three stories. During the same period we ran two bibliographies, one pertaining to the Western novel, and the other being the first complete listing of the work of Walter Clark. Partly as a change of pace, then, I decided to launch quarterly publication in 1966 with three pieces of fiction done by University of South Dakota students.

This, I thought too, should be one of the magazine's concerns with regional writing—the discovery of new young writers. The stories were well done; in fact, after publication an editor of a national prestige-magazine wrote me that she would have taken one of the stories if it had been submitted to her first. I was at once proud and chagrined. The issue also included some folksy essays by Archer B. Gilfillan, the South Dakota sheepherder-writer. It seemed obvious that here we had an issue which would sweep the state; but, a year later we gave away 200 copies in order to make shelf space in the office.

At this point, things got worse. Vol. 4, No. 2 was devoted to the West, with essays on Western realism, the new style Western, Walter Clark, Lawrence, Berger's *Little Big Man* and even on "The Frontier Fable of Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*." Perhaps prospective readers objected to our attempts to bring Hawthorne into the western fold; whatever the reason, the issue did not sell. The next two issues had more fiction than we had ever used—nine stories. Fiction writers were delighted, but they sent only stories, not subscriptions. We felt the need for a special issue to attract attention, and we did, in fact, bring out two special issues in succession. This brings us back to the "special regional problem" which I mentioned. We advertised Vol. 5, No. 1 as a Northwest issue, and Vol. 5, No. 2 as a Southwest issue. I have always thought of *SDR* as a Great Plains-Rockies journal, which accounts for our frequent forays into New Mexico. Since we are located in the North, however, it seemed reasonable to assume that there would be a good local market for an issue containing a long essay on Ernest Haycox, a shorter one on South Dakota novelist Herbert Krause and a highly entertaining report of a writer's conference in northern Wisconsin at which the guests were J. F. Powers, Sigurd Olson and Robert Bly. The one story in this issue was a fine piece by a former South Dakotan. We printed 800 copies and still have on hand well over 300. At the college which sponsored the Wisconsin conference we sold not a single copy.

In contrast, the initial printing of 1,100 copies of the Southwest issue (with Dorothy Brett and Max Evans) began to sell so quickly that we immediately ordered a reprinting. Granted, this issue had more pictures and a more modern cover design than did the Northwest issue. Even so, it becomes painfully obvious that there is a difference between the coolness of northern people toward some cultural matters and the relative warmth in the Southwest toward literature, painting, music, design and so on. The difference is itself a cultural one, I suppose. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota and South Dakota are populated rather extensively by stolid Germans and Scandinavians who are not inclined to get excited over art. Their backgrounds are largely agricultural, so that in their traditional contexts there is simply no need for writing and painting. On the other hand, the Southwest is multi-cultured, with Anglo, Spanish and Indian traditions all contributing to the art of the

region. With the Indians, for example, art forms were (and still are) a part of their religious ritual and celebration. Of course, there are more Anglo artists in the Southwest than in the Northwest simply because it is easier for an artist to survive in a warm climate where he does not need as much money for rent, heat, automobile and those things with which we guard against the cold in the North.

Fortunately, *SDR* does not limit its interests to the North, or even to the home state. Just as fortunately, I think, *SDR* does not pretend to cater to all people in all regions. It is an international magazine only as all legitimate regional enterprises are international. But it considers its home area to be roughly the West, more specifically the Great Plains and Rockies West, and this means that we are trying to establish communications in several directions. We wish to bring together the far-flung points of our region, i.e., El Paso, Tucson, Albuquerque, Salt Lake, Reno, Denver, Laramie, Great Falls, Boise, Fargo, Sioux Falls, Minneapolis, Lincoln, Dodge City, Oklahoma City and all points between. Even this list does not suggest the bigness of the Plains-Mountains region. This region is our focal point. Outside it we are concerned with the knotty business of getting New Yorkers and Berkeleyites to recognize the validity of the literature, art, cultural history and people of the Plains-Mountains region. Slowly but surely we seem to be succeeding. Not winning—because this is not a game, and our limited circulation would not suggest a victory of any kind. In addition to our subscriptions we have been sending approximately 350 copies of each issue to an eastern distributor. Sales have not been sensational. The distributor berated us for our cover design—too neat, too academic, too conventional—and so we began to splash on the color and use a new design for each issue. The distributor said to print the name of the magazine on the spine, so people could see it in bookstores. We did, and the returns (unsold copies sent back to us) continued to mount, often as high as 300 copies out of 350. Recently the distributor sent me a package of sample covers from other magazines, presumably to show us yokels in South Dakota how to sell magazines, or design them. Curiously, all of the covers looked very much like our original ones, before we began making changes at the suggestion of the eastern distributor. So much for distribution.

However, the subscription list slowly gets longer. And the manuscripts pour in from all parts of the nation, especially from the two coasts. Now and then we get letters from excited people who have discovered the West and its literature. Our appeal is intended for the intelligent reader who wants clear and informal prose, understandable poetry and an editorial viewpoint which is sympathetic but wastes little time on nonsense. We like a degree of rationality in everything we publish, yet we will discuss irrationality because it has a place in literature. Every editor, I suppose, would like stories and poems which

are better than the ones he publishes—it is the search for these that maintains the spirit of adventure in publishing—but it seems to me that too many editors today will accept anything which appears to be fashionable, which smacks a little of obscurity, of privacy, of suggestiveness without always a base for the suggestion. We have published what might be called experimental fiction—the neo-narrative of Arlene Zekowski and Stanley Berne—and I am sure that a few of the poems in *SDR* have seemed obscure to some readers. Yet, as far as possible, we look for a sensible middle ground, a place of communication between minds as well as psyches.

Most of the formal theory behind the *South Dakota Review* was stated in the symposium on little magazines in the Spring 1966 issue of the *Carleton Miscellany*. Theory, however, does not always turn into fact. I believe that a magazine must be flexible, and must be willing to take advantage of any potential break. And, as I have suggested, it is the special issue which attracts attention. One can publish a good enough magazine year after year with no excitement whatever, and then hit upon a subject or a writer or a particular piece of writing which causes a stir. This was the case with Brett's memoirs in the Summer 1967 *SDR*. In a sense, it took me two years to negotiate the publication—the first publication—of a portion of Lady Dorothy Brett's autobiography. When I went to Taos in 1962, '63, '64 and '65 I was told by certain persons in town to stay away from Brett. She was said to be sick, or old, or crabby, or deaf, or unfriendly. Late in 1965, after returning home from a summer in Taos at the Wurlitzer Foundation, I wrote to Brett and said that I wanted to talk to her about the rumor that she was writing her autobiography, and about the possibility—if the rumor were true—of publishing parts of it in *SDR*. She answered in a very friendly fashion, and during the next two years—with Frank Waters as a go-between—I gradually picked up enough manuscript to use in our special issue. Because Brett is in her mid-eighties and is a painter rather than a writer, the manuscript had to be edited several times. When it finally appeared in print, Brett got so excited (according to her neighbor and agent, John Manchester) that she burst into a new period of creative activity. When I visited her at her home a little later, she had three large paintings going simultaneously. (And I found her to be a lovely and intelligent lady whose friendship I treasure.)

Needless to say, this was one of the more pleasant moments in the history of *SDR*. Certain other matters have not been so clear-cut. For three years I made it a practice to answer every submission with a personal letter, often giving extended criticism of the piece of writing being rejected. I soon had a file of letters from contributors who said that never before had an editor bothered to recognize them as humans. They eagerly welcomed the exchange of ideas, the stimulation of argument and the encouragement toward revision or rewriting. (Apparently,

writers and editors are usually separated in the same manner as professors and administrators.) But, as might be expected, the word got around and I was overwhelmed with manuscripts of the kind that should have been submitted instead to a teacher of a beginning course in writing. Many of these people had been submitting poorly written and hastily typed manuscripts for years, with no reaction other than a printed rejection slip. They obviously had no idea of the literary standards and forms usually insisted upon by editors. Somewhere along the line it was necessary for a cruel-kind editor to tell them in plain words that they should quit, or shape up, or read, or do something to remedy their situation. Unfortunately, the name of such an editor is passed around very quickly, and soon he is besieged with manuscripts from little old ladies with too much leisure time and teenage near-delinquents who hope to save themselves by becoming literary sensations overnight. The question is always the same: "Do you think I have promise as a writer?" The answer is almost always "no," and this often leads to an argument. (I once had several letters of from three to six pages each from a writer of haiku who insisted that I must like haiku. Generally, I do *not* like haiku.)

The arguments are not confined to amateurs. Many fairly good writers send us their second-best work, probably because *SDR* is located in the West and is therefore a second-rate publication in their eyes. I have been presumptuous enough to scold several such writers, and then, later, have been disappointed in seeing the rejected work (and deservedly rejected) appear in other magazines. One day I wrote to a man who had sent us some "nice" but less-than-exciting poems that they showed potential but were carelessly written. I ventured the suggestion that if he kept working on the poems, and on his poetry in general, he could well become an acceptable poet. His letter back to me was partially puzzled and fully angry: he had published several books of poems, had been writing for twenty years and had appeared in almost every little magazine in the country. Sure enough, he had. At that point I, too, became angry and partially puzzled. How in the world, I asked myself, had he fooled all those editors? I looked through some of the *SDR* correspondence I had saved, and I noticed that while most would-be contributors are quite modest and gentlemanly, some were indeed belligerent and demanding, enough to frighten some editors into a quick acceptance in sheer self-defense.

I don't know whether it is possible to put our contributors into categories that make sense, but it is worth a try. I strongly suspect that most magazines are bombarded by these same people. At the very least, there are (1) the sober professors who have written something out of duty, or perhaps love, and quietly wonder if we might publish it; (2) creative writing teachers who feel that they are or should be professionals, and who seem to expect publication, yet have been rejected

so many times that their confidence is ebbing; (3) well-established writers whom we ask to contribute to the magazine; (4) creative writing students who think, or know, that they are as good as their teachers, and often are; (5) hobby writers, of all ages but usually over fifty, who never seem to expect anything but who secretly hope that somewhere there is an editor who will eventually weaken; (6) the young unwashed who send torn and soiled manuscripts in a kind of arrogance which is rarely substantiated by talent; and (7) the lonely individual, wherever and whatever he may be, who is serious about his writing but not systematic enough either in the writing or the contributing to have made a name for himself. The most argumentative group is number 2, the creative writing teachers. They will sometimes return a rejected manuscript with a written defense of it, asking the editor to publish both items. In group number 6, the soiled and sometimes dirty manuscripts are inevitably published elsewhere.

Agreement is slow in coming when we consider the best way of maintaining quality in a literary magazine. On occasion, an editorial board, carefully put together, will serve as a watchdog. However, more often than not, the board will simply hamper the operations of the magazine. A single prejudice is bad enough; half a dozen in the same group can make decisions very difficult. Also, the board method can be indecently slow. (As a writer rather than editor, I sent a story to a magazine east of the Mississippi and received a letter of acceptance one year later saying that the story would be published as early as two years hence!) The editorial policy of *SDR* may be wrong to some readers or administrators, but it is a fairly clear policy because it reflects one editor's opinions, judgments, desires and prejudices. It also makes the editor the object of both praise and criticism, from contributors, readers, administrators and the editor's fellow professors. It puts the editor on the spot in all matters of decision and interpretation. I once had a letter and a packet of poems from a young lady in Missouri who said that she was secretary to a young man who was the best young poet writing today, a great poet. Apparently the poet was also shy, because he allowed his secretary to make the promotional pitch. The tone of the letter was somewhere between arrogance and amusement. First I ignored the letter and read the poems; they were neither as good nor as bad as many poems I have seen published in little magazines. I debated offering criticism, but by this time I could not decide whether the letter was a hoax or the real thing. Had the poet invented the secretary to hide behind? Or had the secretary invented the poet? Were some creative writing students having fun by setting up a situation? Perhaps the thing an editor fears most, if he is serious, is an out-and-out hoax. One way to avoid this problem is to use an abundance of rejection slips and keep it from becoming personal. Another way is to write to the con-

tributor and ask direct questions. I did this, and the Missouri secretary did not reply.

By and large, the problems of editing a regional literary quarterly are not insurmountable. Financing is the most difficult part of the process, and since everyone assumes that a little or regional magazine is always on the verge of going bankrupt, we simply do not talk about it (except, perhaps, with that kind but harrassed university official who sees to it that we get some kind of subsidy). In the editing itself, I feel that my most difficult task is that of maintaining a legitimate focus on the region while at the same time offering enough variety to keep the magazine from inbreeding. We all notice the coteries surrounding various magazines in all parts of the country, and I suppose that the *South Dakota Review* may be accused of having its own friendly group of writers. Yet there are degrees of guilt. Several dozen magazines publish almost exactly the same people in every issue. Many magazines are house organs, controlled by university administrators. Some have such fine bones to pick that they become precious and private. To show some of the problems in those western journals which I support, and will therefore not identify by name, I summarize briefly:

Magazine A—excellent regional magazine, but deliberately limits its circulation to its own region, thereby forcing a bias into its materials.

Magazine B—has often been the best quarterly in the West, but is subject to the caprices of a rather vague departmental committee, trying desperately to be cosmopolitan when its best materials are the regional ones.

Magazine C—has published some good material, but does not seem to have a strong editorial policy and too often lapses into localisms.

Magazine D—impressive, both in format and in names of contributors, but is trying to be a status magazine, to get only big names or scholarly essays, and these detract from the real significance of those few regional materials which are used.

Magazine E—has proud traditions and has published valuable material over many years, but is not kind to outsiders.

Magazine F—has done some of the best things of any quarterly in the nation, but these have always been subordinated to local and institutional materials which give the magazine the flavor of a tightly controlled public relations project.

Magazine G—like many other limited-circulation “littles” it is trying hard to do a good job, to present exciting and fresh material, but its editor has one serious, though human, flaw: he prefers to publish stories and poems by other editors who will in turn publish *his* work in *their* magazines. And the system is quite rigid.

Whether it is possible to publish a magazine with the virtues of those I have almost named here, and without the faults, I do not know. It is for other people to judge the *South Dakota Review* along with its

and knows that they are. He sees the contradictions in his assumptions, but to get the job done, he must go on using them.

To some extent, he fits Harold Rosenberg's picture of the friendly and unfrightened critic accustomed to offering explanations to a friendly but puzzled art audience. Once it knows how to react, the audience will respond until puzzled again, at which time it returns for help to the critic. But so much recent art reacts against even that strange ritual, attempts to undercut even the critics' favorite rationalizations, that this book emerges fragmented, confused and directionless. Not the author's fault, and not to be blamed, either, on the text's origin as a series of illustrated lectures. The fault lies in the nature of the discipline of art scholarship, which worked well on painting from the Middle Ages to the invention of the camera, which, as a branch of archeology, works on arts of other cultures, and which fought a long holding action in the face of twentieth-century art, but which is now drifting rudderless because contemporary art fails to obey its sense of "direction" or to adhere to its rationalistic categories and boundaries. I find that my American Studies students are far happier with the new material than are my art history students. As professional students of the culture, rather than Culture, they are more capable of developing general theory, of transcending the curious culture-bind of even the most superb art scholarship. Give them a decade at most and they will do the job for us. Meanwhile, we should be grateful for this honestly-conducted rubberneck tour.

SGL

KING CARTER'S CHURCH: Being a Study in Depth of Christ Church, Lancaster County, Virginia, as an Image of American Living through Two Centuries, Considering the Origins and Meaning of Its Forms as Originally Conceived by Robert Carter and Designed by Christopher Wren, and Their Metamorphosis for Later Cultural Expression from Jefferson to Frank Lloyd Wright. By Alan Gowans. Victoria, B.C.: University of Victoria Maltwood Museum. 1969. \$7.50.

This study of a single structure attempts two things: to provide detailed data on Carter's Church (1732); to read large historical implications out of the study. Mr. Gowans infers the building was planned in the rare Greek-cross shape to add to the status-symbol dimensions of the family memorial. Close reasoning all but establishes Wren as architect. Historically, it was the architect-law maker Jefferson who attacked status-symbol building with democratic concepts. Wright also sought symbols toward "an ideal American Republic." But "The American Dream never did have any application to real life," and King Carter, not the idealists, triumphed. Such are the theses of this ingenious monograph (well illustrated and finely printed). Americanists must assess such attempts at inductive conclusions carefully, and undoubtedly call for more evidence before concurring.

The University of Toledo

William K. Bottorff

THE NEW WORLD DUTCH BARN: A STUDY OF ITS CHARACTERISTICS, ITS STRUCTURAL SYSTEM, AND ITS PROBABLE ERECTION PROCEDURES. By John Fitch. Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press. 1968. \$12.50.

This exemplary study of a hitherto neglected subject is a scholarly work soundly based upon a knowledge of practical matters. From first-hand observation, early all-wood barns in the Hudson Valley above Poughkeepsie, the Mohawk Valley upriver to Herkimer and along its principal tributary, Schoharie Creek, are recorded in written description, drawings and photographs, to which copious notes append extensive documentation. Technical aspects of function, types and construction are analyzed and explained with unusual clarity and given perspective by historical and social interpretation. This is a book of genuine substance: one to be thoughtfully studied by any intelligent reader interested in these modest remains of early culture.

Syracuse University

Harley J. McKee

minorities

HISTORY OF THE SANTEE SIOUX: UNITED STATES INDIAN POLICY ON TRIAL. By Roy W. Meyer. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press. 1967. \$7.50.

This is a lucid and detailed account of the tragic effects of frontier expansion upon the native inhabitants of Minnesota. It depicts the condition of the eastern Sioux in the era of fur trading, considers the treaties that exchanged land for annuities, interprets the uprising of 1862, and traces Santee history in scattered colonies and reserves of four states since the Civil War.

The author has researched nineteenth-century sources intensively and has relied much more upon reports of commissioners and superintendents for his treatment of the