

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE MUCH-LOVED AMERICAN CLASSIC
I HEARD THE OWL CALL MY NAME

AGAIN CALLS THE OWL



MARGARET CRAVEN

"A WRITER OF COMPASSION, HUMOR, SPIRIT,
AND PERSISTENCE."—*ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH*

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“Often in the avalanche of letters I received after [*I Heard the Owl Call My Name*] was published, people asked me what disease killed Mark Brian. I don’t know. What matters is that he learned more of love and life in his three years with the Indians than most men learn in a long lifetime, and that it was he who thanked them.

“I knew that when the book reached the village, Eric and the boys would stay up all night to see which Indians I had used for characters. All the village was in the book, but I had changed their names. I had given Keetah her Indian name, but she was made up of several of the girls I had come to love. Eric wrote me that Ernest Willie, one of the boys working in the pulp mill to go to college, said slowly, ‘She has written a masterpiece of our people.’”

[Handwritten scribbles]

—MARGARET CRAVEN
from *Again Calls the Owl*



Given under my hand and seal of office this 1st day of
February 1881. I have read the foregoing
and find it to be a true and correct copy
of the original as the same appears in
my office.

I have also read the book referred to
and find it to be a true and correct
copy of the original as the same
appears in my office. All the
pages are numbered and the
book is bound in cloth.
The book is now in my
possession and I will
keep it in my office
for the use of the
public.

Witness my hand and seal
this 1st day of February 1881.

ALSO BY MARGARET CRAVEN

I Heard the Owl Call My Name

Walk Gently This Good Earth

The Home Front

AGAIN CALLS
THE OWL

Margaret Craven



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Published by

Dell Publishing

a division of

Bantam Doubleday Dell Publishing Group, Inc.

1540 Broadway

New York, New York 10036

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ISBN: 0-440-30074-6

Reprinted by arrangement with G. P. Putnam's Sons

Printed in the United States of America

Published simultaneously in Canada

January 1984

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**AGAIN CALLS
THE OWL**

THE OWEN
AGASSI BAKER

WHEN WILSON, MY TWIN BROTHER, and I were still small, our brother Leslie, almost twelve years our senior, was already going to Stanford. He was home from the first war, and there was no need for him to work his way through college. Times were good and no one dreamed of any possible depression.

I have always been touched that when Leslie was at Stanford he wrote little stories to his small brother and sister. I was "Giggle" and Wilson was "Goggle." I remember on one he wrote, "Someday you will write stories like this and you will sell them."

In the summer we always went to the little town of Glacier in the very northwest corner of the country. We rode the cayuse pack ponies, the mountains huge around us. Father promised us that when we were older he would take us to Koma Kulshan, up to the high ridge and show us some of its wonders, where we could look down upon its many glaciers.

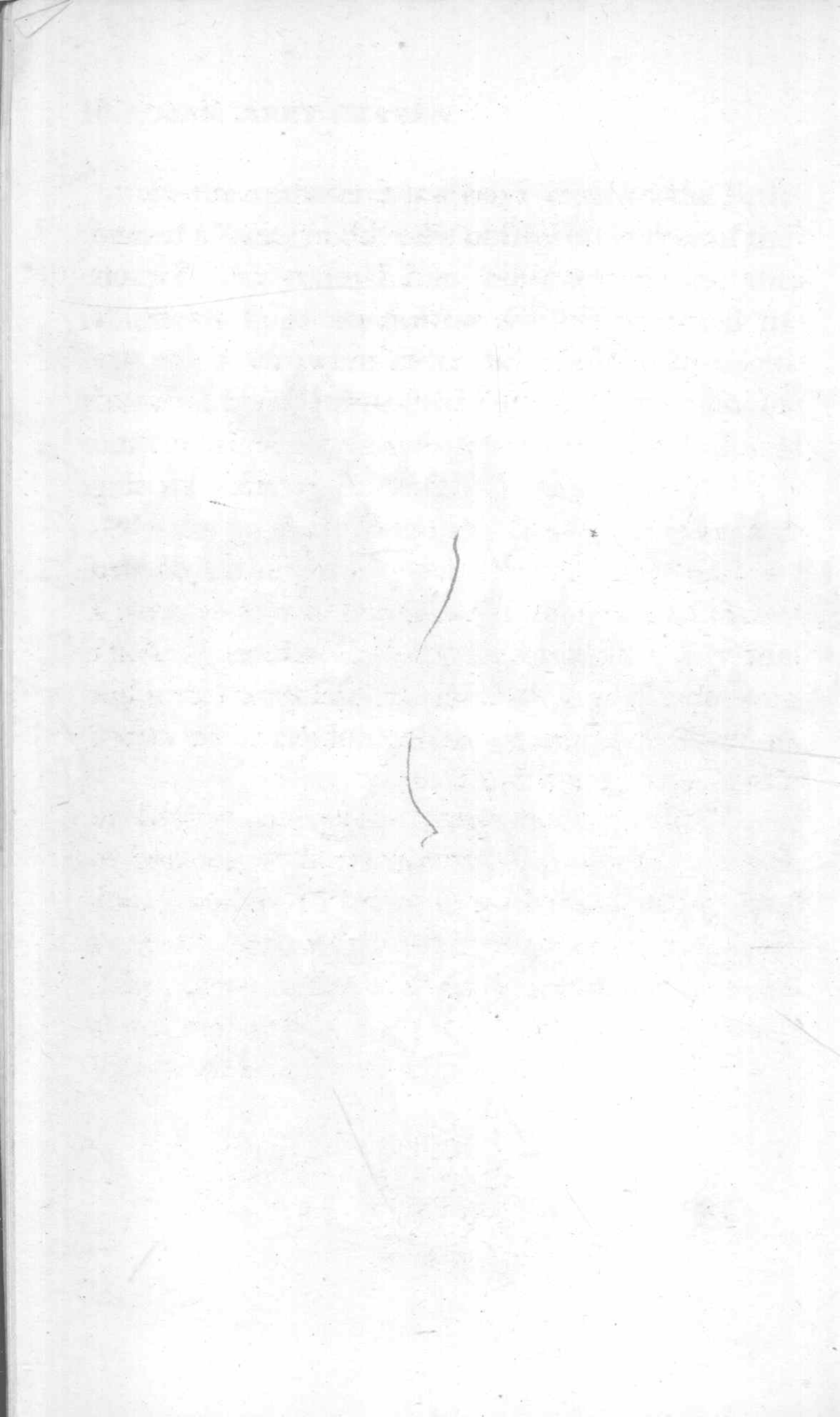
Already things were changing a little. Father had been a pioneer in Montana. He was a lawyer and a man of utter integrity. He had an accident. He was not like ~~himself~~ and dropped his life insurance. Soon he had a stroke and was hospitalized for a very long time. He knew no one.

Mother closed the house, sold the law books and furniture, stored the keepsakes and stayed with father.

Wilson and I suddenly realized that we were going to have responsibilities. We took the money that was left, borrowed more and went to Stanford.







The first thing I did was flunk the compulsory English test and I had to take "bonehead," a course in simple composition, and I remember that on one of my entries the woman professor wrote; "I think you will be able to write fiction if you are willing to work hard." In her next class I smiled and she smiled back. Neither of us mentioned it.

There was no professor of creative writing then. If you majored in English, barring miracles, you taught it. I did not major in English. I burned my bridges behind me, majored in history with a minor in economics or political science, I don't remember which, took several biology courses but an insufficient number in any subject to be forced into teaching anything at all.

A fine old newspaper man had retired to return to Stanford for an advanced degree and to teach in the journalism department. When I took his course in journalism he said to me, "I don't know what it takes to make a fiction writer, girl. Whatever it is, you have it. Get a job on a newspaper and begin writing stories on the side."



There were many young people working their way through Stanford then. They came from near and far, from little towns of which I had never heard. The trains no longer stopped at every whistle-stop. Farmers bought the little station houses and carted them away to house their equipment, their cows and sheep. The little towns, once so active and alive, simply disappeared. Except for the big cities, the country was still uncluttered and in some areas lonely. The young, if they were good students and had ambition, sought a fine college—not so easy to come by then—where they could work for the education they were going to need so badly.

Some of the larger eastern state universities had well-established scholarships. Stanford had some for the boys and almost none for the girls unless they combined scholarship with some worthwhile activity. Stanford made the shy, the broke, the determined and the lonely work for the education they needed. In return, youth gave the best it had.

California was the richest state, with no eerie shadow of a depression to come. It still had its campus queens with their pearls, beautiful fluted blouses and cashmere coats. There were only five hundred girls at Stanford. All the freshmen lived

in Roble Hall. The next year the pledges would move to the sororities, not yet abolished. It was unthinkable that a fraternity man would date a girl who had no time for activities, no money for a sorority, who went every summer to summer school, carried extra hours, going through Stanford fast as a jackrabbit.



My brother signed tuition notes and rode a bicycle three times a day to wash dishes in a private school in exchange for his meals. One day he fell off and banged his knee. When he went to the infirmary to have it dressed, the doctor said: "Trying to kill yourself, son? It says here on your card you come from Puget Sound, which means you can row, right? Now, I'll tell you what you are going to do. You are going to San Francisco and shut yourself up in some cheap waterfront hotel where the ship crews stay. Buy a midshipman's manual and memorize it. In a week your knee will be entirely healed. Pick a day when some boat comes in and look for a crewman coming along with his gear over his shoulder. Tell him

what you want to do and ask him if he will sell you some old clothes for five dollars. He will grin, but he will do it. He will help you choose the ship, one of the smaller Dollar ships probably. You will have no trouble with the union, not yet anyway. Put on the clothes and take the required boat test. If anybody asks you what college you went to, say barber's college. You will start out an ordinary seaman and come back an able-bodied seaman. Don't be surprised if at every port the men ask you to keep their money for them so they won't spend it when they go ashore, if in some Chinese port a little old Chinese woman with jade pins in her hair comes in the fo'c'sle where the men are dressing and undressing, calling softly 'sew, sew.' She is Mary and they love her. They usually bring her some little gift—a bar of fine soap, a small bottle of perfume. They show her the pictures of their girls, and she mends their socks, washes and irons their clothes, sews on the buttons for a few cents."

"How do you know this, sir?" Wilson asked.

"Because I did it. You will find more real democracy at sea than you will ever find here in this fine university and you will come home with some marvelous memories, and when you get back, son, you will be a man."

My brother did it. And it was true. He