

frontier towns? Under the old regime, harassed as he might be, the Crow was owner of his own soul.. He had somehow hammered out for himself standards that lifted him above the sordid animal-like fray for survival. So with all the grossness of his sex life there evolved awe-inspired reverence for immaculate virtue, the callous egotism of the daily struggle for existence could be transmuted into purest self-sacrifice; above the formalized and sometimes tricky competition for honor emerged the loftiest defiance of relentless destiny.