

The FRONTIER

A Magazine of the Northwest

March, 1928

| | |
|---|-----|
| <i>Heaven for Horses—A Poem</i> | 71 |
| By Lew Sarett | |
| <i>Three Poems</i> | 73 |
| By Howard McKinley Corning | |
| <i>Late Fruit—A Story</i> | 75 |
| By Grace Stone Coates | |
| <i>Oregon Trail: 1851—Narrative Poem</i> | 81 |
| By James Marshall | |
| <i>Two Western Anecdotes</i> | 83 |
| By Frank Bird Linderman | |
| <i>The Trail: 1927</i> | 94 |
| By Ed King | |
| <i>Compensation—A Story of Mining in Butte</i> | 108 |
| By Walter H. Holliday | |
| HISTORICAL SECTION— | |
| <i>Overland on the Oregon Trail: 1853—A Diary</i> | 115 |
| VERSE, by Ethel Romig Fuller, Lilian White Spencer, John Frohlicher, Jason Bolles, Steve Hogan, Walter Evans Kidd, Norman Macleod, Norton Custer. | |
| PROSE TALES AND SKETCHES, by Sallie Sinclair Maclay, Raymond Kresensky, Denise Tolan. | |
| BOOKSHELF..... | 133 |
| CONTRIBUTORS..... | 145 |

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NO. 2

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The Northwest is not short of writers. What it lacks is literature.

Once, instead of writers and no literature, we had a literature and no writers. There were men who made songs. Some of the songs are obscene, beastly, and possibly morally upsetting. Some of them appear to be completely ignorant of every artistic regulation from Aristotle on down. All of them are quite unsalable. They are a total loss, morally, artistically and commercially. The devil of it is that they are Northwestern literature, and the moral, artistic and commercial successes are not.

"Old Mother Kelly" is inexcusably lewd. Last Thursday I listened to a cow-puncher singing it as he peddled out hay in a feeding corral. I did not tell him that he would do a lot better to look up some of the lyrics of our present-day poets; I couldn't conscientiously say that any of them would fill the bill.

I don't mean that people should stop writing as they do, and write obscene hymns. Indeed, I sincerely hope that no writer will harbor such irreverent thoughts as are embodied in the one which the puncher sang, and I think that my hope is well-founded. But I do mean to note that people among whom I live have remembered these old songs—and not because of their obscenity, either. For I have heard, within the last two months, "Get Along, Little Dogies," "The Arkansaw Run," "We Started With the Cattle on June Twenty-Third," and "Old Booker Burns," not one of which would bring the blush of shame to any cheek. They have remembered these, and they don't even know there are contemporary poems or recall the details of a "Western" story fifteen minutes after reading it.

They remember the literature which was composed for them, not that which was written about them. These songs talk to them of things they know and recognize, tersely, without "local color" or explanation.

That is how all literature is made—Chaucer, and the Norse saga-men, and the Greeks wrote as these song-makers wrote: for their people. That, and not accident of scene or residence, is what ties literature to a locality. That, and nothing else, is what gives life and identity and fulfillment to a new way of life, making it into a civilization. Without it, the identity is lost and absorbed and standardized and flattened.

We began here with a new way of life, new rhythms, new occupations. We have failed to make that freshness part of ourselves.

If you, in the FRONTIER, can manage to turn up any young writers with any aristocracy of mind, any conception of what their duty is to their own people, and the courage and resolution to accomplish it unflinchingly, you will deserve to be canonized.

H. L. DAVIS.

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Assistant Editors..... GRACE STONE COATES and BRASSIL FITZGERALD
Contributing Editors..... LEW SARETT and FRANK B. LINDERMAN

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MARCH, 1928

THE FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."—THOREAU.

Heaven for Horses

By Lew Sarett.

Shuffle along, O paint cayuse!
Prick up your fly-blown ears: we've swung
The pasture-gate to turn you loose,
To let your carcass, sprained and sprung,
Your rattling bag of bones now pass
To a paradise of grass.

Never again a pain to come
From panniers pounding on your side
Like cudgels clattering on a drum;
From saddles that gall your tender hide;
From the rake and sweep of grinding rowels
And spurs that stab your bowels.

Time for a broncho's holiday!
Time now to watch the clouds roll by,
To nibble the knee-deep salty hay,
To roll and sprawl your heels on the sky;
O Paint-o! bed yourself in clover,
The pull of the years is over.

Nothing to do now, but placidly stand
And wait till your sagging head shall sink;
And the ghost of you, with a flaming brand,
Will gallop over the world's brink
To Heaven, with a dim white rider astraddle
Your ribs on a ghostly saddle.

Heaven for horses!—a billowy plain
With blocks of salt in mountain-rows,
Timothy tall as pines, and grain

Foaming in oceans up to your nose;
 Where a horse forever may plant his feet
 In rivers of oats and eat.

Heaven!—no starry refuge there
 For the mice that worry you into flight,
 The drooling, clownish grizzly bear,
 Whose antics stop your heart with fright,
 Nor any menacing bug or bee
 To breed your deviltry.

What troubles you? Whoa! Why snort at this?—
 Nothing in Heaven to make you vexed!
 To give you a slight excuse for the bliss
 Of bucking and squealing! To serve as pretext
 For bolting and running your crazy courses! . . .
 Paint! Is there a Hell for horses?

Fireweed

By Ethel Romig Fuller.

It follows on the heels of carnage;
 It revels in ashes. It thrives on the hot ashes of pine needles
 And fir cones; on the stilled laughter of larches.
 It inhales smoke with impunity and exhales magenta flame.
 It sears new wounds; it congeals on the edges of old wounds.
 It distills a strange pungency from pitch-globules,
 (Melted rosin is the death-sweat of burning trees)
 It sacks ghost-honey for conspiring bees.
 It ignores the decorous black of burnt-over hills and shouts
 Ribald chanties in the charnel house.
 It dances in the deserted abodes of wild creatures; at the dried
 Sources of mountain brooks; on the grave of a forest.
 Fireweed

Three Poems

By Howard McKinley Corning.

I. Willow Hedge

The way he died was all up-hill for John.
His family wouldn't talk about it much,
Dying so strangely with his work boots on,
Covered with muck too nauseous to touch.
He'd spent the full day in the upper eighty
Planting young willow rods along the creek,
And when he came back to the barns a slaty
Look was on his face and he would not speak.

He went about the chores as silently
As evening put her lamps against the sky;
It was as if he'd said, "Don't think of me,
You'll have a willow hedge there, by and by."
They found him on the hill-rise after night
Had covered down, face-up on friendly sod.
The low wind whistled through the lantern light.
He'd had his dream and stumbled home to God.

II. Rails for a Calf

(Oregon history records that Squire Ebbetts split nearly 5000 rails in the year 1840 or a little before. He was a settler in French Prairie. They were to pay for a calf.)

I've sunk my blade ten thousand times
And more to stack this pile of rails.
I still can hear my echoes climb
Up sky to fall among the hills.
"Old Squire Ebbets," I sez, "you'll split
Your youth all up with these here trees,
And that will be the end of it."
My blade's been ringing on the breeze
Just seven days, and seven tiers
Of rails will put you on your knees

To clamber over. Where sky appears
 Is where I've cut through for a clearing.
 These rails will put a calf in here
 Before the brush starts in to queering
 This land back into wilderness.
 The very strokes I've took to clear
 This joint of woods pays hardly less
 To start a herd and keep the boughs
 From eating what will nourish cows.
 Four thousand ninety rails I've stacked
 In seven piles to be sledged out.
 I laugh to think how earth has cracked
 To let a little future through.
 I've aged my horny bones, no doubt,
 But I've shook down a lot of blue,
 And paid two debts: one for a calf,
 The other to redeem a laugh.

III. Two in a Mountain Shack

The lurching wind is heavy at the latch;
 Intemperately the stars carouse and blink
 Between two shakes that murmur in the thatch,
 Till all the night is peering through one chink.
 Beneath the sodden floor a lusty rat
 Tunnels the core of darkness; damp intrudes
 Its murky fretwork where the lichens mat
 About the stones whereon the cone fire broods.

 Disintegration fingers in each inch
 Of timbered wall, and vitiating mould
 Assails the roofbeams where the shadows clinch
 In dusty webs. While two men, blanket rolled,
 Assert their lust of growth amidst decay,
 Lying inert in peace that crumbs away.

Late Fruit

By Grace Stone Coates.

MOTHER was planning to visit her sister. She had a reason for going, but I didn't know what it was. Her sister was my aunt Esther. I did not know the two were the same, at first, when father said, *to your sister*. When I found out, it made me feel part comfortable and part disappointed. It was like sitting in my own chair instead of in one I had been told not to use.

Mother had known she was going for a long time before she went. The only thing she did not know was which of us she would take with her. There were three of us. There had been four until Augusta went to stay with her grandmother. Augusta and Carl had a grandmother, and Teressa and I had one. They lived in different places. Father and mother talked about who should go with her, when Teressa was feeding the chickens and Carl had gone to milk. If I did not look at them as they talked they did not send me away.

Deciding who was to go was like fitting pieces of a puzzle together. They would fit only one way. Father and mother fitted the pieces around and around every way but the right one. I did not say this.

If mother took me with her it would leave Teressa alone with father and the hired men. Sometimes mother said, *alone with Carl*. I did not know why Teressa could not stay alone with Carl. They did not quarrel. Carl told Teressa things the hired men told him, and neither of them would tell me. Sometimes they played together, but not often, and would not let me play with them. They knew a game called Being Enchanted. I shut my eyes and counted ten, and when I opened them they were not there.

If mother took both Teressa and me there would be no one left to cook for the men; and Teressa would have to leave school. She liked school. Mr. Cummings was the first teacher who had been nice to her. Father didn't like him because he taught grammar and said *I seen*. Father liked English and not grammar. Mother liked both. She knew grammar and father did not. Mr. Cummings lived by himself in a dug-out close to the schoolhouse, and mother liked him because he whipped only boys bigger than himself. The teacher before him had whipped only little boys.

I didn't go to school. It was too far for me to walk. Teresa was angry because I studied algebra at home, so mother let her study physiology and not me. Mother made me study algebra to punish me for a joke. I said, "Two apples and two kittens are four." Mother looked at me a long time to see whether I was being naughty or being stupid. I didn't look away from her, so she couldn't tell. She said, "Four what?" I said, "Four adds," quick, without laughing, so she couldn't tell again.

After that she taught me, "Two x and two x are four x ; two y and two y are four y ." I didn't say, "Two x and two y are four," because that didn't make me want to laugh.

It was interesting to learn arithmetic with x 's. It was like not having to put a nightdress on. Mother forgot she was punishing me, and taught me pluses and minuses. I learned all my arithmetic out of the algebra. She wouldn't let me touch Teresa's physiology, but I heard the lessons when Teresa recited them, unless mother sent me away. After we were in bed I would whisper, "There are two hundred and eight bones in the human body," to see if Teresa was asleep. If she called mother, she wasn't.

Mother couldn't take me with her without Teresa, and she couldn't take us both. She had to have somebody with her, coming back, to carry her satchel. She would have more to carry, coming back. I wondered what aunt Esther was going to send us. Father laughed when I asked, and said mother would have something in her arms coming back. Mother said, "I will have my hands full," and shut her lips tight for me to stop talking. I wondered why she didn't take Carl. Carl was big. He was eleven. He was two years older than Teresa, and Teresa was three years older than I.

At dinner, when no one was talking about mother's visit, I asked why Carl didn't go. Father said Carl had to help milk. Father milked three cows, and Carl three. I said I would milk Carl's cows. Father's eyes twinkled, and mother said, "Don't be foolish."

I *wanted* to milk Carl's cows so that he could go. I had known how to milk for a long time. I learned on a cow that limped when she walked. She didn't stay with the other cows; father had turned her outside the fence where she could get plenty to eat. The milk ran out of her bag, and I milked her for my kittens. She used to come where I was, to be milked; but after I could milk fast, she stopped

THE FRONTIER

giving much milk, and pawed dust over me when I tried to come near her.

The kittens had learned to have all the milk they wanted, and were hungry, so I had to milk other cows. The pan I milked into leaked; it made me milk a good deal. The kittens were all fat. After they had eaten their tails stuck straight out. The mother cats lapped the milk off the ground, and crowded in beside the kittens and ate, too, because they knew there was always more. I didn't mention milking to any one.

I kept offering to do Carl's milking until mother was not pleased with me. She told father she should punish me, but didn't know how. I did not know what for. Father said that was a simple matter. He would give me a pail and tell me to come and milk; when I saw that I couldn't, that would end it.

He called me early the next morning, and told me if I was going to milk Carl's cows it was time to get up; I must milk them a few times before Carl left.

I dressed fast. Usually I was slow, because there was a game I could play while I buttoned my shoes. Father took a pail and gave me one. We carried them with our outside arms, so that I could take his hand going to the corral. It was not bright outdoors, yet; everything was one color. Father put my pail under Old Whitey (she knew me), and gave me his milking-stool. He went to the other side of the corral to milk Young Whitey. Old Whitey had big teats and was easy to milk. Young Whitey milked hard, and kicked. I used to chase her away before I milked in the afternoons, so when she saw me in the corral it made her keep stepping farther away to look at me. It took father a long time to get her milked. He said she was possessed of the devil. I finished Old Whitey before he was through, and he said, "All right, all right," when I told him, "I'll be there in a moment." When he saw the milk in my pail he said "Ju-pi-ter Pluvius!"

He took our pails to the house before we milked the other cows. He said, "She can milk."

The next night father said, "Why *not* take Carl with you? It might do the blockhead good. He might even learn to close his mouth." Carl used to hold his mouth open, and father said, "Carl, close your mouth," every time he looked at him. Mother thought Carl couldn't breathe well, but father said he kept his mouth open out of inherent

perversity, to annoy him. We had a mule that let its lower lip hang down, and kept its tongue between its teeth. Father hit it under the chin every time he came near it, to make it bite its tongue. The mule learned to pull its tongue in, and stretch its head high out of reach to one side, away from father. It made father laugh. He said that since he had succeeded in making an impression on the mule, he had begun to have hopes of curing Carl.

Mother took Carl with her. Before she left there was a lot of getting ready to do. Father told Carl, every morning, to count the number of persons he saw on the train who went around with their mouths hanging open, and to notice the look of intelligence it gave them. Mother told Teressa how to do everything, and made father promise that she should not miss a day of school. Father promised. She told me how to set the table at noon, and to put on bread and butter without telling, and whatever else Teressa cooked in the morning before she went to school.

I set the table the first day. Father got up from the table twice, once to get the sugar and once to get the butter. We didn't talk, but we looked at each other and laughed. The second day father told Teressa it was too hard for her to go to school while mother was gone. He called her his son Dick, Richard the Lion-Hearted, and said she could stay out of school until mother came back. I do not remember about meals after that. Teressa got them. At first she cried as soon as father had gone from the house. I milked three cows in the morning and three at night, and the rest of the time I played.

Except for milking, and seeing *Lost in London*, only one thing made mother's being away different from her being at home. That was father's eating her peaches.

When mother left, the peaches were not ripe. Before she came back they were all gone. They got ripe and fell to the ground. Teressa canned them all day, and cried. Mother didn't know they were being canned, because she thought Teressa was in school. Mother liked peaches. Every time she wrote me a letter she put in it, "Save me some peaches." The wind got cold, and the leaves fell off the peach trees. One day when I was playing in the farthest orchard I found a tree that still had fruit on it. The leaves were so nearly gone that I could see the peaches on a high branch. There were some under the tree. They were smooth, white-skinned peaches, pink on one side. They felt cold in my hands, and were mealy and not very sweet. I

THE FRONTIER

picked all I could find, and carried them to the house in my apron. I put them on the high kitchen shelf where the clock was. Every day I looked at the tree. Some of the peaches I could reach with a stick, and I gathered all I could make fall. One day I got four. There were eleven on the shelf, altogether.

When father wound the clock before Sunday he saw the peaches. He said, "Hello!" and took one. He ate it. I watched his teeth sink into it. I felt heavy inside, not like crying and not like speaking. He took another. I told him they were mother's. I told him over and over. He ate six. He said they were a poor variety, quite dry and insipid.

When he started to reach for them the next night, I told him again that I was saving them for mother. I pulled at his coat until he looked at me. He laughed without making any sound, as he sometimes did with Teressa and mother. He said, "Your mother doesn't need any peaches. She hasn't done her duty." I watched him to see what he meant. Everything except the lamp was dark and still. He stopped looking at me and said mother had had plenty of fruit where she was, and wouldn't care for peaches; and that a warm shelf was a poor place to keep them. There was only one left.

The next morning there were only two peaches under the tree, and they were the last. There was not one more. The branches were bare, and I could see. I put the two new peaches and the warm one together in the writing desk; but father asked for them that night. I had written mother that there were eleven, and would be more. She asked in every letter how many there were now. I didn't answer.

When mother came home there were things that kept her from asking for the peaches right away. One was that we had gone to the theater the night before she came. We drove eighteen miles to see *Enoch Arden*, and when we got to the theater the play was *Lost in London*. I had never been in a theater before, but it seemed as if I had. I liked everything about it, but I was the only one of us who had a good time. Being where people were made Teressa's head ache; and father was disappointed because we weren't seeing *Enoch Arden*. He had seen *Enoch Arden* with his wife once, and wanted to see it again. He said, *with my wife*, and I said, *with mother*; because I knew that. Teressa hurt me with her elbow and said, "Little idiot!" under her breath. After the theater we waited for the train that mother would come on, but she didn't come. We drove home in the moonlight.

Teressa slept, but father and I made rhymes. The last one came right in front of the house,

*Three o'clock
At the hitching block!*

Father drove back alone the next day to meet mother and Carl. He had told us not to tell about going to the theater, but he told mother, and that made it seem queer that we didn't.

The first afternoon that mother and I were alone after she came back, she sat down in the rocking-chair by the kitchen window to talk to me. She asked me if I thought it was right to go to the theater and not tell her. I said, "Father took us," so she asked me if I had been lonesome for her while she was away. I said, "No." Then she said, "You may bring me my peaches now; I feel as if I could eat one." Her voice sounded as if she was punishing me.

It was so hard to answer about the peaches that before I spoke she said, "You couldn't resist temptation, could you? I knew you would eat them before I got back."

My dress was loose. I could feel my body shake inside it. After a while mother put her arm around me, and felt it, too. She took me on her lap.

It was hard to explain about the peaches, because I didn't understand about them. Something had happened while mother was away that father and she were not happy about, and eating the peaches seemed part of it. I hoped mother would tell me it was wrong for father to eat them. It seemed wrong. If it was wrong, and he did it, I would understand and not care. I did not know whether things grown persons did were ever not right. Mother did not tell me. She said all the orchard was father's, but I explained to her why those peaches were mine. She said, "It was the love, not the peaches—surely you did not think it was the peaches that I cared for." I did not understand. She said, "Since you thought of me, and denied yourself, it is as if I had had the peaches."

She held me on her lap and rocked me until it was time to get supper. I lay and looked up at her face. Her eyes were closed. It was the first time I had noticed that tears could come from under a person's lids when they were shut.

Oregon Trail: 1851

By James Marshall.

Out they came from Liberty, out across the plains,
Two-stepping, single-footing, hard-boiled and easy-shooting,
Whips cracking; oaths snapping . . .

Hear those banjos wail—

Emigratin' westward on the Oregon Trail.

* * *

Squishing thru the mudholes; drunken with the rain,
Turn your face to heaven, boy!—and punch those bulls again;
Onward to the sunset; Hallelujah! Sing!
Don't let nothing stop yuh! Not a consarned thing!
White sails of schooners, snapping in the wind,
Oregon ahead of us—t' hell with them behind!
Free land in Oregon!

Thru the prairie gale

Emigrating westward on the free land trail.

* * *

Hell blasted heathens, Rickarees and Sioux,
Aim across the wagon-wheel and drill the varmint thru.
Line 'em up, line 'em out, pray the tugs'll hold,
Wheels a-screeching glory thru the sunset's gold;
Keep y'r musket handy, trigger on the cock,
Peel y'r eyes, kid, if you'd see old Independence Rock!
Took our luck right in our hands; can't afford to fail—
Hittin' f'r the westward on the bone-strewed trail.

* * *

Milt's woman had a kid. Nary doctor nigh,
Milt thought he'd lose 'em; figured that they'd die;
God's mercy pulled 'em thru; Hallelujah, sing!
Put y'r faith in God, friends, and conquer everything!
Line them millin' leaders out; get the bulls a-going—
Got to get to Oregon!

West winds blowing

Bitter from the Stonies, looming blue ahead,
Wagons bogged in prairie mud, teams stuck fast,
Heave the tumbled baggage off, clean the wagon bed,

Sweat and curse and on again, freed at last,
 On again and damn the rain, buck the wind and hail—
 Emigratin' westward on the Oregon Trail.

* * *

Onward thru the mountains, lifting to the blue,
 Up and thru the rock cuts, weaving to the pass;
 Old Ezra stopped here, where his spirit flew,
 Left his little gran'child, such a pretty lass;
 Ben's a-goin' to take her; that'll make him eight,—
 God sure'll bless him for his kindly thought,
 Hitch up and roll again. Hi, 's getting late
 And this old defile ain't no place t' be caught;
 No time for sorrowing, tear-eyed and pale—
 Got to keep a-movin' on the Oregon Trail.

* * *

Can't see the wagon-tracks; trail's pinched out;
 Nothing but the snow peaks and shale-rock slopes,
 Outspan the bull-teams; we'll heave them wagons
 Upside and over with the rawhide ropes—
 God damn the mountains! God damn the snow-crusts!—
 Pounding thru the chill wind, shirts sweat-black,
 God! But I wisht I was back down in Liberty!
 Pull, there, you quitter! for y'u can't turn back—
 Top of the mountains now, keen in the starlight,
 Sunup's a-comin' on the western sea,
 Yellow beams of glory-glow, floodin' the snow peaks—
 There lies Oregon! Glory to Thee!

* * *

Punch up the bull-teams, tune up the banjo,
 Hallelujah! Praise God, kneeling in the snow,
 Land of the dripping fir, land of the homestead,
 Oregon! Oregon! Beckoning below—
 All out from Liberty, out across the ranges,
 Two-stepping, single-footing, hard-boiled and glory-singing,
 Whips cracking, oaths snapping, bull-teams slogging on,
 Babes a-borning, men a-dying, trail shouts ringing—
 Here come the conquerors

(And there lie the frail)

Roaring to the sunset on the Oregon Trail!

Two Anecdotes

By Frank Bird Linderman.

I.

IN a magazine that came to my home the other day I read an article dealing with strange comradeships among animals and birds. It recalled to my mind two very exceptional examples of association between natural enemies, and I will tell them to the readers of *The Frontier*.

Back in 1869 Joe Henkel, now of Kalispell, was employed as night watchman over the store and warehouses of Durfee & Peck at old Fort Belknap, Montana. In the spring of the year that Henkel began his nightly vigils for the company a Blackfoot Indian brought two cub bears to the post and traded them to Abel Farwell, the manager of the store. The cubs thrived, and always playing together around the post became favorites of the engagees and the steamboatmen who came up the Missouri river from St. Louis.

One day in the summer when a band of Indians were trading at the company's store Club-foot Tony borrowed a bow from one of them and shot an arrow straight up into the air. When the arrow came down it struck one of the cubs and killed it. The other, lonely now, took up with an old sow and several growing pigs, and began at once to live with them in the bastion of the old fort. They became inseparable, the bear, knowing herself to be wisest, assuming leadership over the strange company that ate and slept together.

The steamboats brought many strangers from the States to Fort Belknap, and one night the company's store was entered by way of its front window. The glass had been broken out of the sash, and the ground beneath littered with its pieces. Henkel had heard nothing in the night, and when confronted the next morning with proof of the burglary could only say the thing must have happened while he was eating his midnight lunch. "I'll charge you up with everything they have taken," declared the irate manager. "All right," agreed Henkel, duly meek under the circumstances, "I'll pay."

But nothing was missed from the stock in the store. The mystery grew until one moonlight night in the late fall—past midnight, when Henkel, seated on a crockery-crate in the deep shadow of the store building, saw the bear coming up from the bastion. The post was

deserted. There were no sounds in the stockade except the rippling of the river, and an occasional ribald shout from the camp of some rivermen down stream. The bear was the only living thing in sight. She stopped in front of the store and sat up on her haunches to look craftily about, as though she intended studied mischief and feared interruption. "Woof—woof!" she snorted, evidently smelling Henkel, but uncertain of his position. Down she dropped to all fours, walked a step or two, and stopped again. She was a little worried.

Henkel sat very still. Every movement of the now nearly half-grown bear was easily discernible in the bright moonlight that shimmered on the store's windows. Once more the bear sat up, head turning, nose lifted so that the faint night breeze might tell her if her plan was feasible. It brought her no weighty warning, and dropping again to all fours she shuffled hastily to the window, smashed the glass with one blow of her heavy paw, and disappeared into the store. Henkel, in great glee, ran to the sleeping quarters of the manager. "Wake up—Wake up!" he panted. "That feller's in the store again right now!"

The manager called another man, and the three ran to the store. One stopped by the broken window, one at the back door, and the other, Henkel himself, who knew he had only to face a pet bear, unlocked the front door, and entered. The two outside waited, with their rifles ready. Henkel, inside, struck a match! His companions saw the small flame flicker through the windows. "The fool!" they thought, "He'll be shot—killed!"

But instantly there was a terrible racket. Things began to tumble, glass to jingle—and out through the broken window bolted the bear with a small wooden keg fast to her head. The keg had held cookies; in her greed to secure the very last one she had wedged her head so tightly into the keg that she could not get it out again. Blinded by it and terrified, she ran to the safety of the bastion and her friends.

Of course she would have to be killed now that her bad habit was formed. The men waited for her to come out of the bastion. But she didn't come. And strange to relate, not even a pig showed himself, for two whole days and nights, in spite of feeding calls. She would not permit them to leave their quarters. It was as though she knew the men had sentenced her to death, and believed that like punishment would descend upon her companions because of their association

with her. The bastion was besieged until the morning of the third day, when the bear herself, yielding to hunger, came out alone, and was shot. Somehow, during the siege, she had rid herself of the keg.

II.

The anatomies of the common house cat, and the cougar or mountain lion, are almost identical. Size is about the only difference. The cats, all of them, are natural enemies of the deer. Everybody knows that the mountain lion is the greatest destroyer of deer; and I believe a full-grown lion will each year account for from twenty to fifty. But not everybody knows that the smaller varieties of wild cats sometimes kill deer. I have myself seen a lynx spring from a spruce tree upon a deer. (And I killed the lynx.) Often when I was a young man I found deer I believed had been killed by bob-cats; and many times I have trapped a bob-cat at such a kill, so that, naturally, all members of the cat family must look somewhat alike to a timid deer.

In 1888, when the forest reserves were new, Link Lee of Big Fork, Montana, was appointed ranger with quarters on Tobacco Plains. The government had not yet set up its forestry stations, and the one on Tobacco Plains was established temporarily in a cabin built and owned by a squatter named Mike Petery. The Petery cabin stood on the edge of a meadow near Edna creek, and was jointly occupied by Petery, N. M. Dudley, and the newly appointed forest ranger, Lincoln Lee, who had trapped with me in the earlier eighties.

When Lee took up his quarters in the cabin the only pet about the place was Petery's cat until Lee, one day, caught a fawn in the meadow, and brought it in. A young deer tames very easily, and within a day or two the fawn was given its liberty. It soon learned that the men would feed it, and it always showed up at mealtime, greedily lapping condensed milk from the same pan with Petery's cat. The cat and deer were friends from the start, and never quarreled over their food, even when the men tried to make trouble between them. When the pan was emptied the fawn would lick the cat while the latter relicked the pan and purred contentedly. After the meal the deer would slip away into some willows that grew at the lower end of the meadow and sleep until another mealtime arrived. He seemed to know the exact time to return to the cabin to share the men's bounty with the cat.

When fall came the deer had grown husky and more playful. His spots were nearly gone, and his coat was "short blue." Now he and his friend, the Petery cat, made a game which they played together for nearly a year. It gave both opportunity to display their natural instincts; and the most astonishing feature about it was its demonstration that both players perfectly understood their unnatural relationship. The trail out of Tobacco Plains passed the Petery cabin over level ground. On the far side of the trail from the cabin door was a grindstone set in a frame, which permitted a person to sit upon it and by peddling with his feet grind an axe or other tool. The deer and the cat made good use of it, and their daily performances were watched by many a man besides those who regularly occupied the cabin.

The cat, after purring a proposal to the deer, would spring upon the grindstone's frame, and crouch. Her claws would prick nervously from their cushions, her body grow tense, her tail-tip twist threateningly, like that of her big cousin, the mountain lion, when he is crouched to spring upon his prey in the forest. The deer, thus challenged, would trot up the trail a little way, then turn to face the cat. Planting his sharp hoofs carefully, he would move them often to better positions, the fine muscles of his shapely shoulders alive and dancing with excitement. There was much preparation by both. It was part of the game itself. There seemed to be agreed signals between them. It was as though the deer asked, "Are you ready?" and the cat replied, "You bet!" Then the deer would race past the grindstone, and the cat would spring, reaching out with clawed front paw to strike, just as a lion strikes a deer. But she always missed. The deer was too cunning for her. She could never land on his shoulders, probably because he could see her, and knew what was going to happen. Her countless failures did not lessen her love for their game, however, and she was always ready to try once more. Determined to win, she would spring again and again to the grindstone's frame, go through the same old preparation of pricking out her claws and twisting her tail-tip, while the deer, as though laughing at his friend's lack of luck, would turn to race back. This went on every afternoon until the following fall. Then—when the October moon was full—the young buck slipped away into the dark forest where he was killed—or found better company, and forgot to come back.

Dawn Serenade

By Lilian White Spencer.

The love-song of the Omaha youth is sung at dawn, figurative of love rising in the heart of the singer. As the first duty of the day for the women and girls is to go for water, the spring is the place of tryst.

Where the spring leaps out, singing,
Deep in the green glade
Is thy warrior bringing,
Dear Omaha maid,
Whitest dreams of a lover
That wing to his mate:
While the mists of dawn hover
I watch and I wait.

Now, red-moccasined morning
Who walks up the east
Gives my eyes rosy warning
That soon they will feast
On the tribe's fairest daughter
Whose little feet run
Toward the silvery water
And me and the sun.

His gold step, on a blinding
Blue trail, climbs above;
Down a brown path and winding
Fast hurries my love.
All the black night-fears wither
As shadows depart
For like sunrise comes hither
New day to my heart.

Now, the birds stop to listen
The flowers rejoice
And the sweet ripples glisten
At sound of her voice.
Brightest noon follows after—
Her smile is so near . . .
Happy wood, fill with laughter!
O my heart . . . she is here!

Old John

By Sallie Sinclair Maclay.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN was a fixture. He'd always been around. I had always known him, it seemed—a bent old man who leaned on a stick and looked down at me from under the brim of his black hat with softly luminous grey eyes. I wondered why he smelled of liniment and why he sewed the buttons on his vest with white thread, and I wondered, too, what made the scar across his lip and why the hair wouldn't grow there. His fleece-lined underwear showed above the top of his patched black trousers and was turned down to make a neat roll around his waist. He wore a tin drinking cup on his belt—so bright that I could see reflections in the bottom of it. I was always tempted to chuck a cat or something into the great sagging folds of his hip boots. I liked to listen to his voice and the queer Scotch twist of his words. When along in March Old John shaved off his beard I was sure it was spring. It was as good a sign as seeing the first bluebird.

Every week, winter and summer, Old John came to get papers and magazines and perhaps a gallon of buttermilk or a loaf of bread. There was something inevitable about his visits, like chicken for Sunday dinner. He rarely failed to appear and I learned to look forward to seeing him, not because his visits were eventful, but because they were a habit. He and his battle-scarred dog, Wolf, would come slowly up the path, the old man stopping now and then to peer across the garden to see how the corn was coming along or to sample an apple from a branch that hung over the orchard fence. He never failed to stoop down to pet the cat rubbing against his legs. If anyone happened to be near he would look up and say, "Oh, she knows me, all right. Old Puss knows me," and there would be a sort of pleasure in his eyes.

Then he would come into the house. He liked the kitchen best. Perhaps the pleasant clatter of dishes, the smell of freshly scrubbed floor, or of bread browning in the oven reminded him of another kitchen somewhere long before. He used to draw his chair up opposite the western window and sit there all afternoon, reminiscing and prophesying the weather, after the way of old men.

"Yes," I can hear him say, "It's gonna be a hard winter. The muskrats is buildin' their houses big this year. We'll hev snow b'

THE FRONTIER

the first of November. But the winters here ain't like they are back in our country—" His voice would trail off and he would be remembering again. —Winters in New York state. Sleigh bells ringing and gay young voices—church sociables—the "haggis eatin' "—"You never was to a haggis eatin', Jinny?" he would ask hopefully with a peculiar wistfulness in his voice. And he would be obviously disappointed when I could not share his memories of those gay, Scotch festivals of fifty years before, back in Kimsey. "Oh, they was fine," he would go on. "I remember they was a haggis eatin' down to the church the night b'fore I left. And there was the gerrls and the lads all in their Sunday-go-to-meetin'—and Jim said—Jim's my brother—'There won't be no haggis eatin's out west, Jock.' Wanted me to stay in New York state, Jim did, but I was young and wantin' excitement and nothin' could hold me—but I'm going back some day, Jinny. Kind of like to die back there. Ain't goin' too soon, though. Figure I'd get lonesome fer the mountains." His voice would drift away again. Presently above the hum of the egg-beater and the crackle of the kitchen fire he would go on.

"There's somethin' queer about these damn hills—it gets into a man. Yessir, it gets into a man."

When the sun began to slip down behind the mountains, Old John would pick up his crooked stick, take his magazines and his butter-milk and shuffle out. His dog would be waiting for him at the door and the two of them would set off down the narrow road flanked with service berries and quaking aspen that led to his cabin on a remote corner of the ranch.

Little by little from these visits I learned the story of the old man. First there was Kimsey, a clean, white-washed country town tucked away in the rolling farm land of York state. There were little boys playing marbles under the feeble flares of street lights on spring evenings. And there was the church where the boys went on Sundays with their fathers and mothers to sit painfully in crowded pews while the Scotch minister shook the rafters with his eloquence, and made one feel terribly awed and uncomfortable because only the day before one had taken a puff on a stogie.

Then later there were boys almost grown up. Not so sure that even a whole stogie would keep them out of heaven and willing to take a chance anyhow. Almost-grown-up boys who found a white-washed town all right in its way but—well, rather cramping when

there were Indians waiting to be shot and gold waiting to be dug out of hills somewhere in a place known vaguely as "The West."

And then—then—. The MacLarens a mile or so out in the country couldn't seem to make ends meet any more. Kind of thought they'd take a chance on finding gold out in Montana. And if they didn't make a strike, why there'd be plenty of good farm land. Wondered if one of the MacLaughlin boys, John maybe, wouldn't like to go along. Would he! So after weeks of argument and protestation and finally consent, John and the MacLarens departed. Oh, yes, John would stay away from the saloons. Aye, he would remember to take a bath every Saturday. Aye, he was coming back next year, sure. He meant that last. He had really intended to go back. He'd miss the boys. And after all, now that he came to leave it, Kimsey wasn't a bad sort of town. Oh, he'd be back next year!

"Guess I'll most always remember the day I left Kimsey," Old John would say. "'Twas 'long in May. I couldn't sleep that night, thinkin' of the new gun my father'd given me, an' the long trip ahead an' all. I wanted to git up airly but I was afraid o' wakin' the folks. It seemed queer not havin' anything to do that mornin', Jim takin' the milk pail and doin' the chores I'd always done. Everybody was kind of quiet at breakfast and seemed 's if I couldn't hardly eat my oatmeal. I kep' lookin' at the clock on top of the kitchen stove and thinkin' it was only a little while till train time, and mebbe the MacLarens wouldn't git there on time—

"An' after while they came, Eddie Jameson drivin' 'em down in his new spring wagon—I can remember the folks all sort of talkin' at onct and sayin' good-bye—an' then I put my carpet-bag and my gun in the wagon and climbed up beside Mrs. MacLaren and little Angus in the back seat. Jest as we turned into Main street I looked back an' there was mother wavin' her apron from the front door—an' father walkin' slow up the path."

Out in Montana John got a job freighting for Bill Cowan. "Mighty good money freightin', too. Stayed with it for quite a spell till I hed a little trouble with Bill over wages an' one thing an' another." Then he went down to Leadville and staked out a claim. "There was five saloons in Leadville. They was one church but the minister'd got starved out the year before. Folks jest natcherly drifted to the saloons. They hed a tinkly piano and Ed Smith played a fiddle and there was dancin' and drinkin' and carousin' til daylight.

But the women—the damn, clingin’ sluts—they made you sick—not like the gerrls back in Kimsey.”

One night there was a brawl in the dance hall. Lord knows how it started. Maybe Chuck Williams called Burt James a damn fool or something. Anyhow, everybody was drunk and it was an awful mixup. John had got stabbed in the thigh with somebody’s knife. The whole thing got him down. After that he guessed he’d had about enough. There wasn’t any pay dirt under his claim, anyway. He wanted to get out of the filthy hole, go home, maybe. He didn’t go home; he took to sheep herding instead. “It takes somethin’ like that to make a man think, Jinny,” Old John used to say. “I was three weeks on my back in Doc Sutter’s hospital. They called it a hospital—there was a livery barn next door and a saloon a few doors down the street. You couldn’t sleep. In the daytime it was hot as hell up in that loft with the sun astreakin’ in through the knotholes and flies buzzin’ round. Mostly I thought about home. I was goin’ jest as soon as I got up—but a man never knows. The day I got out there wasn’t a stage and I wandered up the draw back o’ town. I remember how the blue sky looked to me thet day, Jinny. Some way I clean fergot about goin’ home—”

After that there were the long days alone in the mountains. Lonesome at first, but clean. There were deer and bear and maybe a bull moose coming round the bed-ground. He got so he could tell the bawl of the leaders and the salt call, and he knew by looking over the bunch if any had been left out. It was kind o’ nice to see the sheep all bedded down at night. And he’d polish up the lantern globe and light it and hang it on a stump to keep coyotes away. “I built me a monument up there, too, Jinny,” Old John confided one day. “Sheep herder’s monuments, they call ’em. Jest a pile of rocks with mebbe a old sheep skull on top—it was on a ridge two miles or more from the cabin. It was high and the wind would be cool, an’ besides I could see a long ways. Jest got into the habit of carryin’ up flat rocks and bye an’ bye it was done. But it was a stiff climb up thet hill, so I used to stop below sometimes and send Shep—Shep was my dog then—up to the top to look out for sheep on t’other side. I’d say, ‘Go take a look, Shep,’ and he’d go lopin’ up the ridge and I’d see him standin’ there by the monument agin the sky. I ain’t ever told you this before, hev I?” I can hear the old man asking now, breaking off suddenly from his story. And then, leaning forward in

his chair and folding and unfolding the papers he went on. "Well, one day old Shep got into a trap that some fool prospector'd left out. I didn't find him fer a few days and b' thet time his leg was pretty bad. I took him home, thinkin' it would mend, but it didn't seem t' mend. I only took him out with the sheep one day after thet. When I got to the foot of the hill where the monument was I said, 'Go take a look, Shep.' It took him a long time to make it to the top thet day. And jest when he got up against the sky by the monument, I raised my rifle and shot him." The old man stopped and I thought his story was ended; presently he contined: "Jest figgered I'd leave Shep there and never go near agin—. But the next day from 'way off I seen a magpie light on the top of thet monument so I went up and buried him."

The bigness of it all, the color of sunsets, the smell of pines, and of sage where the sheep had trampled it, and the tinkle of a bell in the white moonlit night—they had done things to Old John, and so he stayed on and on. But some day he was going home—some day when he was too old to come back.

Finally, because he was an old man and tired of following his band, he settled down in his little cabin near the mountains to a life of trapping and fishing. It was then that his visits began.

There came the day when Old John MacLaughlin paid us his last visit. I remember it clearly; at the time I did not know that I would never see him again. It was an afternoon late in October. Up on the higher ridges yellow of tamarack made bright splashes of color among the dark pines. Blue of distant mountains mingled with blue of sky. The smell of wood smoke drifted to me. There was a hush in the hazy air—a strange listening silence as when a bird stops singing. I was feeding the chickens in the back-yard, when I caught sight of Old John and his white dog coming up the road. I waited at the gate. He shook my hand, as was his custom, and followed me into the kitchen. He had been growing deaf of late and I had to talk loudly, but we managed the usual conversation. I went to get him the old papers, and when I came back he hitched the cup on his belt around to the side so that he could lean back in his chair, clasped his bird-claw fingers on his crossed knees, and looked up at me for a long minute. There was a queer little half-smile on his lips, and I wondered sort of passively which one of his yarns I was to hear again.

"Well, Jinny," he said at last, "I'm fixin' fer to go home. Figure I'm old enough now so I can't come back less'n in a box."

I was hardly surprised. Times before Old John had been "Fixin' fer to go home." He was old, he was growing childish, so I humored him. What good would it do to try to make him understand that if he went back now most of his old friends would be dead, the youngsters grown up and scattered, and the town changed beyond recognition? I knew, as he did not, that Kimsey had become a sprawling factory city. Yes, if he went back now it would be to a strange, new, friendless world. But what was the use of telling him so? The possibility of his ever going was too remote.

"There'll be Jim—Jim's my marrit brother—and Jim's boys. Fine young lads they'll be now. And there'll be Tom Long and Willie Jameson, and Bert Hollingsworth—we were all bairns together. It'll be good to see the old town agin. I s'pose they'll hev the new church built up b' now. They was raisin' the money when I left. A man sort of hates to see the old one tore down, though." He was talking not to me but to himself. Slowly, with long pauses, he reconstructed the picture—a picture long familiar to me. And because there was nothing to be said on my part, I went about my task of getting supper, scarcely noticing him. At last he rose, picked up his papers and a sack of apples that I had done up for him. He fussed about for a time, fixing the cup on his belt, tucking the papers into his hip pocket, and then moved toward the door. No, he couldn't stay for supper, he must be getting on. But still he hesitated. He never had said good-bye, so I couldn't understand his loitering. October evenings are short and two miles is a long walk for an old man. His hand was on the knob of the door when he turned back slowly to face me. The light from the setting sun caught him aslant.

"Well, good day, Jinny," he said simply. The door closed behind him. There was the slow clumping of his boots across the porch and presently the click of the back-yard gate.

The Trail: 1927

By Ed King.

LAST fall I found myself without a job and with only about thirty dollars to my name. It was down in Birmingham and I was beginning to get tired of the place, so I decided to go back to my home in the Northwest. I realized I couldn't buy a ticket; I decided that if I went at all it would have to be on a blind baggage or a freight.

The night I left there was a big moon shining. I caught my train in Pratt City at the Frisco crossing. When I got out there I asked a man in one of the pool halls where the crossing was, and after he had told me I went out to the place and sat down to wait for the train. There was a house near the track. It was just about a four- or five-room affair and I could see by the dim arc-light in front that it had no paint on it. There was no sidewalk in front either, only a rickety picket fence.

A man came out and sat on the steps and I could see inside a couple of girls moving about. I went over to ask the man about the trains and he told me to come up and sit down. He was a coal miner, he told me, and I guessed he was about forty-five or fifty.

The man and I talked about things and he told me that he was out on strike with the rest of the miners, and how rotten he thought the scabs were.

After awhile one of the girls came out and sat down in a broken rocker. She didn't say anything, just sat and rocked a bit from time to time. Pretty soon the old man stopped talking and after a while he got up and said he was going to the pool hall—he told me to stay there till the train came so that if there were any yard bulls around they wouldn't get suspicious.

I watched him go out the gate and finally disappear down the road. The girl sat there and when I glanced at her I saw she was looking at me. She was about nineteen, I guessed. I could see that she was good-looking. I had never expected to find a girl like her living in a place like that. She looked fresh and clean and she was young. Her body was well formed.

I mentioned the beauty of the evening. She was a little bashful, I could see, but I kept on talking. She said her pa had gone down to talk to the men in the pool hall and wouldn't be back till the place

THE FRONTIER

closed. She told me that the other girl I had seen in the house was her married sister who lived over near the round house. Her mother was dead.

After a while the married sister left and Eleanor, that was her name, Eleanor and I were left alone.

It began to get cool outside on the porch. She asked me to come in by the grate. It was all right, she said, because no one would be coming around, and besides my train would be coming along pretty soon, anyway.

I went in and sat down on a bumpy sofa. She put some coal on the fire and stood warming herself. I went over and stood by her. When I had got warm by the fire, I said, "Let's sit down."

She didn't say anything. I took her hand and led her to the sofa.

I heard a train whistle. She told me that it was only a freight and that it would be better to wait for the passenger, which would be along in a few minutes.

After a while I heard another whistle that I knew was the passenger. I told Eleanor I must go. She didn't say anything.

The engine would stop by the side of the house. I went out and stood by the corner of the fence and could see the rays of the locomotive's headlight creeping along the steel rails of the curve in the cut behind the house. The headlight came into sight and my heart began to beat a little faster as I thought of what was before me.

I was thinking of the girl in the doorway as I watched the engine with its bell ringing pull up to the crossing. The train came up with a groan and stopped. Her air pumps were working like mad as if in anticipation of the trip ahead of her that night—like a young mare that has just been brought up to the posts before the race and anxious to be on her way.

The engine stopped at the crossing and after hesitating a moment snorted twice from her whistle and then began to groan and shudder as she started up again. The front trucks clicked over the crossing rails. I waited. The rear trucks hit the crossing, going faster now. I waved to the girl in the doorway as I jumped from my hiding-place in the bushes and ran toward the tender of the engine. I ran along with the train as I felt for the vertical bar on the corner of the tender. I found it and swung myself off of the ground passing faster and faster below. My foot found the step and I was safe on

my way. I hesitated a moment as I looked back at the girl standing silhouetted in the doorway of the house.

I started up the ladder and as I came up on top of the tender where the flat top of the water tank was, the cool wind struck my cheeks. I was on my way to Memphis. I forgot the girl. I was on my way now and the train was gaining speed every second. It was fine up there speeding down the avenue of trees with the moonlight on them. I could feel the pulsating of the pistons as they rapidly turned over, rocking the giant machine gently from side to side. The water sloshed about in the tank below me.

As we glided through the night I felt happy with the thought of my adventure. I let my mind dwell on it. All my cares had vanished. It was wonderful on top there. A sense of superiority came over me. The fireman began to throw in coal. Every time he opened the fire-box door the reflection caused the smoke billowing away above appear as if it too were on fire.

I had been up there about an hour when suddenly a deafening shriek smote my ears. I jumped. It was the whistle. I had not reckoned on that. Then came the remembrance that I had been told to look out for Jasper. The bulls were bad there and watched the trains.

Perhaps this might be Jasper, I thought, as the train began to slow down for a town whose lights I could see twinkling in the distance. The station appeared out of the darkness. I could see it over the top of the cab. There were people on the platform. I wondered if any of them were cops.

Before she stopped I got off on the side opposite the station and hid in the weeds near the track. Nothing happened. I saw no police inspecting the train, and so as soon as she started up again I hopped back on.

A little later we pulled up at another station and I got off as before. I saw no bulls and got back on, feeling with pride how easily and economically I was getting nearer and nearer Memphis with each turn of the drivers. I liked to think about it. For every two times the engine puffed it meant one turn of the wheel. And each time the wheel turned I was nineteen feet nearer.

After a while it began to grow cooler. The wind changed and the cinders began to fall. Some of the hot ones went down my neck. I got down behind the tender on the bumper where the wind wasn't

THE FRONTIER

so strong. A coach was coupled to the tender. I had thought it was the baggage car all the time. I got in the outside vestibule. On my left as I faced the front end of the car I saw the trap door; the regular door was closed. I sat down on the trap door. The other side was open.

The train whistled and began to slow up. I wouldn't get off this time. It was nearly midnight now, and as no one had bothered me at either of the last two stations I reasoned that no one would bother me at the next. I would just stay quiet in the corner and if anyone did come and look in the chances were that he would not see me, in my dark clothes.

We stopped and there was nothing to break the silence at first except the grumbling of the safety-valve and the whistle of escaping steam peculiar to locomotives. The air-compressor pounded intermittently. I listened. Footsteps on gravel near the car. I put my head between my knees and crouched further into my corner. Voices.

"Here's one," yelled a voice in front of me.

I looked up into the blinding rays of a flash-light. I saw a gun. Behind it was the dark bulk of a man. I knew what it meant.

I jumped up, leaped through the door of the car, and scarcely stepping on the bumper of the tender, jumped off on the opposite side of the train. When I jumped a bull moved out of my way. He had been expecting that.

When my feet touched the ground I began to run. A cop was at my heels. I dashed through an open square by the station where the arc-lights were. I ran toward the darkness a hundred yards away. I ran as I had never run before. From somewhere seemed to come an extra energy that fairly lifted me over the ground. I was elated. I was getting away. The thought thrilled me and I went faster. I had no idea I could run so fast. The thought of my new-found power pleased me.

Back behind I heard someone yell, "Stop!" He yelled again, and then a third time. I laughed to myself. I looked back over my shoulder and saw a flash and heard the crack of the gun. It sounded like a cannon to me. If I had been heeled I would have shot back. I was mad, boiling mad. I stopped and held up my hands. The bull came up and stepped behind me. He poked the muzzle of his gun into my back while he frisked me.

Then the bull took me to a waiting automobile, where I was

frisked once more. They took my watch, a time-table, some letters and my pocketbook with thirty dollars in it. When they had looked through it all and when everyone had seen it and counted my money they gave the stuff back to me.

They told me to get into the automobile. A cop sat on each side of me. I thought we would go to jail then, but I was mistaken. We just sat there. I pawed for a cigarette and asked for a light. In the spurt of flame I could see the cop's face, heavy and healthy—as if he ate a lot and liked it. "Is this Jasper?" I said, to make talk. He didn't answer.

I learned from their talk that they were waiting for a freight that would be in in about an hour. They wanted to catch another poor devil. It meant money for them. About the time they figured the train was due four of them went down the track to meet it where it stopped. They weren't going to let any bums get away if they could help it.

The two cops stayed in the automobile with me and talked about women for a while. They talked about some woman that they had in jail and how the sheriff would go up and see her when the rest of them were down looking for bums. When the freight the others had gone to meet whistled up the track, they were talking about a raid they were going to make.

The freight never did come up where we were but stopped in the yards. The four bulls came back and said they had only got one man off it and that he only had ten dollars, so they had let him go. I knew that they hadn't turned him loose without getting the ten dollars first.

Then two of them got into the car and we drove down to the jail, which was only about three blocks away.

The jail was a dingy-looking building with a weak light burning over the front door. All the lights were out except in one room that I thought was the office.

They took me in and entered my name on the blotter. A little short man with a scar on his cheek and with tobacco juice in the corners of his mouth asked me a lot of questions about how old I was and didn't I know better than to ride on trains without paying my fare.

Then a man came and told me to come with him and he made me walk in front of him up some dark stairs till I came to a steel

THE FRONTIER

door. He took a key and unlocked it. I went in and he turned on the light. We passed by a long cage and I could hear a lot of snores coming from it out of the darkness. I learned the next day that it was where they kept the niggers.

We went into another room and the jailer unlocked a barred door and told me to get in. He locked me in and then went away and turned out the light. I felt around and found an empty cot in one of the cells. The cot was crummy and I couldn't sleep at first. I lay on it thinking of lots of things—my girl back in Birmingham and the one I was with just before I caught the passenger. For a while I thought it was a lot of fun. I couldn't realize that I was really in jail. I thought they would let me go the next day. Then I fell asleep.

The next morning I woke up early, as I did not find the bunk comfortable and didn't like the smelly blankets. I went out in the runway in front of the row of cells and walked up and down for about a half-hour. Then a frowsy boy of about fifteen came out of his cell in his underwear. He must have been six feet tall. He looked at me a minute and then yelled, "Hey, fellas. Here's a new one."

In the next few minutes nine or ten wrecks came out. It was evident from their looks that most of them had slept in their clothes. They needed shaves badly. They all took a good look at me and asked what I was in for.

Some of them washed. There was no soap, so they washed without it and dried themselves on an old shirt. The performance took place in the running water of a brown-stained bathtub which stood next to a filthy toilet at one end of the twenty-foot runway inside the steel cage.

Then a heavy-set man with bristly red whiskers came up to me and told me that I would have to stand trial. When I asked him what for he told me, "Kangaroo court." He was the kangaroo judge. One of the prisoners acted as prosecuting attorney and another as my lawyer. The latter was an insignificant little man with a thin face. He was quiet and didn't say much and I thought it was due more to dumbness than from choice. With him as my attorney I thought my chances to get off easy were pretty slim. If anyone ever reminded me of a thug it was the prosecuting attorney. Every other word he used was profane. I afterward learned that he was doing time for

being caught just as he was entering a grocery store through the back window. The rest of the prisoners were the jury.

I was informed that I was charged with the terrible offense of breaking in jail. After much arguing on the part of my lawyer and wrangling among the jurors a final decision was agreed upon. When the prosecuting attorney had asked me how much money I had I told him, "Nine dollars." Then I was fined two dollars and told that if I didn't pay it I would be forced to take forty licks with a razor strop. They explained that the money was used to buy tobacco with and a paper on Sundays. I paid the two dollars and considered myself lucky to get off so easy. When they saw I had a package of cigarettes they all had to have one because they had not had a smoke, they said, for three days.

Then we all stood around talking and asking each other questions. The kangaroo judge, I learned, was in for marrying a second wife without divorcing his first. He had been in seven months waiting for a trial. The six-foot boy got caught in a raid on his pa's still. He had no shoes. They told me that I would be sent to the coal mines to serve out my sentence at a dollar and a half a day and said that the prisoners at the camp had to pay seventy-five cents a day board. That meant I would clear four and a half a week, working six days. Then when Sunday came along without any work the seventy-five cents charge for board would bring my grand total back to three dollars and seventy-five cents for the week.

While I was doing my mental arithmetic I heard a great roar break out from those about me. Thinking it might be a jail-break I turned and saw the jailer rapidly pushing little flat pans through a hole under the barred door. It was breakfast-time. I was hungry, but when I saw what they had given me my appetite left immediately. The pans were like a cake-pan, about an inch and a half deep and about ten inches long and six inches wide. There was a partition in the middle. On one side lay a soggy piece of corn bread covered with thick black molasses. The other side had a sweet potato and a cubic inch of salt pork, mostly fat and covered with gravy. The men ate this mess with their fingers and washed it down their throats with black coffee in tin cups. They licked the pans clean and when they saw I was not going to eat mine three of them went at my pan like hogs. There was a boy they called "Slats." He was about twenty, I thought, and though he wouldn't tell me what he was in for

THE FRONTIER

I heard he had rented a car and they had caught him about a hundred miles away. Slats said he had been in lots of hoos-gows and that I had better get used to the grub because all I'd get at the mines was beans and corn bread. "Slats" had put in six months at the mines, and he showed me the marks on his back where they had horse-whipped him once when he didn't load all the cars he was supposed to.

When the pans had been taken away we spent our time walking back and forth in the cage. Now and then a man would stop and talk a moment with the man next to him and then they would begin their pacing again. It began to get hot later in the morning and some of the men dozed on their bunks. The fifteen-year-old boy who had first greeted me that morning spent most of his time holding onto the bars and looking out through a window twenty feet distant, where he could see the people on the street a block away.

I was expecting at any time to be taken down to the judge, but when the Sunday paper came I realized I would have to wait another day.

The noon meal was worse. I couldn't eat it. It was the same food we got for breakfast and we got no coffee. When it had been taken away someone told me they never gave the prisoners anything to eat at night. As there was nothing to do I went into my cell and lay down on the bunk.

Late in the afternoon I was awakened by the wheezy notes of an organ inside the jail and got up. Outside the bars in the corridor in front of our runway was a doll-like little man with a high stiff collar pumping away at a trick organ. Two ugly old women were with him and they began to sing. All I remember about the song was that frequently it was impressed on our minds that "There is a great day coming." I guessed that was the name of the song. After they finished the song I was just on the point of returning to my bunk when two more women came in to join in the chorus.

One of them was young. She was good-looking. It was a treat for me to look at her. I paid no attention to the others but just stood looking at her. She was dressed in pink. Her dress fitted her well, showing the clear impressions of her breasts in the snug-fitting bodice of her garment. As I watched her I thought of how nice it would be if I could know her.

They didn't stay long—just sang a few songs, and the little Sunday school man folded up his collapsible organ and they went away.

We hated to see them go. It was a break in the monotony for the others more than me, because that was about all the entertainment the men had except for the nigger, Jim, a trusty who came and danced for them once in a while. When the Sunday school people had gone the other prisoners stood around thinking their own thoughts for a few minutes; then they began to pace up and down once more.

Some of the boys began to call for Jim. He came and stood in the doorway. He was about thirty, I judged. As a trusty he was permitted to wander about inside the jail as he pleased. Sometimes he did errands for those in the cages, like taking a message to the jailer or sending out for tobacco.

One of the men in our coop asked him to dance. He came into the corridor in front of our cage and after looking at all of us apologetically for a moment, began his plaintive song. It was entitled "The Jail House Blues." It was comical to watch his huge feet with the toes half out of his worn shoes as he danced, moving them with such ease to the rhythm of his song.

We all applauded when he had finished, and he accommodated us with a livelier one. Like lightning his feet flew up and down, back and forth, slapping the concrete floor. He clapped his hands and then when he would come to the place where he held a note, he would throw his head back. Then quickly his head would go forward, his feet would speed up and the song would go on as before, until another long note came along. As Jim's moods would change so would those of his listeners change. We forgot our surroundings and were happy with him. His cavernous mouth opened and closed on the magic words of his song. Then the niggers in the other room began to call for Jim and he left. They sang over there. It began to grow dark. We just stood around listening to their low mournful music until the jailer hollered up for them to quiet down.

The day was about over. The others began to go to their bunks. I felt my way to the bathtub in the darkness and got a drink.

I found my bunk and lay down on it. Through the barred window on the other side of the room I could see the full moon behind a thin cloud. A dog's bark came over the night air. The low buzzing of a cricket in the vine near the window. A rat scampered across the floor and then presently back again. Then it became quiet, except for a few snores.

THE FRONTIER

When the jailer brought breakfast the next morning I told him I wanted to see the judge.

"Do you want to plead 'guilty'?" he asked, and like a fool I told him I did. I should have got a lawyer.

About ten o'clock they came for me. I was escorted to the court room where a trial was in progress. They took me up in front and had me sit by the jury box. There were many people there and I felt embarrassed. I thought of all the crooks and thieves who had sat in that chair. I looked at the judge. He was fat and well fed. I wondered if he would send me to the prison camp.

The trial didn't last long. The defendant got a jolt of six years. I never found out what it was for. The deputy led the man away. The deputy was laughing about something the bailiff had said to him. A woman behind me sobbed. The people in the back of the room were moving about and there was a steady drone of voices as they talked of the trial that had just been finished.

Someone called my name. I looked up. It was the deputy. He said to get up. He took me before the judge. The judge asked my name. I told him.

"You are charged with trespassing on railroad property," said the judge and then continued, "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," I replied, and then before he could pronounce the sentence asked, "May I say something?"

"Yes, what is it?"

I told him I was going home because my sister was sick, hoping that he might be more lenient.

"That has nothing to do with the case. Ten dollars and costs."

I almost cried out with joy. Only ten dollars. I could pay that and have money left. They would let me go as soon as I paid it. Then I would get a good meal. It would be a steak with all the trimmings. I started to reach into my pocket to get the money so that I could pay and be gone.

The judge looked toward one side of the court room as if waiting for something. I looked in the same direction. The sheriff was coming up. He spoke to the judge. What was he saying? Did I get it right? Did the sheriff say twenty-one dollars and eighty-five cents?

"That makes thirty-one dollars and eighty-five cents you will pay the clerk. Ten dollars fine and twenty-one eighty-five costs," I

heard the judge say very distinctly. There was no misunderstanding about that. My visions of freedom and the steak dinner faded away. Again thoughts of the prison camp came back. I thought of the difference in the clemency of the kangaroo court and this very real one I was now in. The costs. That was the gravy for the sheriff and his men. I couldn't pay it. I had only twenty-eight to my name. Three seventy-five a week. It would take nearly two months to work it off.

The judge came down off his bench. He was going to leave me. It would be the mines. The judge passed by me. As he passed I touched him arm. He turned and I said, "Your Honor, I have only twenty-eight dollars." He hesitated. He put his hand into his pocket and pulled out some money. Then he threw four dollars on the table and without a word walked away.

I wanted to thank him, but he was gone.

Then I paid the fine. I walked out. The jailer was with me. His conscience must have hurt for being in on that steal, because he told me to come down to the jail kitchen and he would give me a feed.

When I had finished, and as I was on my way out the back door, someone slipped a dollar into my hand.

I went down to the station where I had been arrested two nights before. The place didn't look the same in the bright sunlight. When I got down there I sat on an empty baggage-truck on the platform beside the deserted station. I sat there thinking, wondering what to do next. I had only a dollar.

A freight whistled down the track towards Birmingham. I sat there and watched the engine pull past the station and stop at the water tank a hundred yards away. The engineer got down out of his cab with a long oil-can and began to oil around the wheels. The station agent came out of the station in his shirt sleeves and walked up the track beside the long row of box-cars toward the engine. He gave the engineer his orders and then came back and went into the station, slamming the door behind him. The freight would be leaving any minute now, would be in Memphis in about eight hours.

The fireman on the tender pushed the curved water pipe back into its position against the side of the water tank. I heard a distinct metallic clank as he threw the hinged cover shut over the hole where he put the water in the tender.

THE FRONTIER

As I sat on the baggage-truck looking at the box cars on the track in front of me I thought of my home.

The locomotive's whistle tooted twice. I heard her puff and slip her drivers. Then she started over very slowly and the cars in front of me began to move. A creaking box-car came rumbling by. The door was partly open. It was empty. I had a dollar. I thought of twenty-five hundred miles with yard bulls all the way.

The rattler pulled out. The station disappeared round a curve in the distance.

I lit a cigarette and sat watching the passing country-side through the narrow slit of the empty box-car door.

River Driver's Death

By John Frohlicher.

Where that one pine tree's rough-barked bole
Stands singing low beside the bouldered brook
There will you carry me.

You need not dig so very deep a hole
And use not either candle, bell or book
There when you bury me;
But once more let your wild, mad voices roll
In river driver's song; then, in that nook
Silence shall marry me.

Night-Piece

By Jason Bolles.

Upward, and upward,
The quiet hour-hand crawls;
Before the falling embers
The sleeping kitten sprawls;

And I sit at my sewing;
And my good man, I know,
Is thinking of his first wife,
Years, years ago.

My Father

By Steve Hogan.

He used to drive me almost wild;
 The issue seemed so plain and clear
 That any fool could see the thing.
 But he'd just sit there—looking blank . . .
 I'd wonder if he understood . . .
 And then he'd puff a puff or two
 Remove the pipe and mutter "Um!"
 And then he'd say, "That's fine, my boy—
 But did you ever stop to think
 Of this and that—and so and so?"
 And through my argument he'd plod
 And tear my logic all to bits;
 And then to take the sting away
 He'd light his pipe, and "Um!" he'd say—
 "I'm glad you're thinkin' for yourself."
 And now as I look back to then,
 I blush for me—conceited pup;
 And wonder how a man could be
 As gentle as he was to me . . .
 But then the twinkle in his eye
 I see again—and then I know
 Just what he meant when he said "Um" . . .
 "I'm glad you're thinkin' for yourself."

Spring Comes to the Ranch

By Walter Evans Kidd.

The last snow-banks of winter
 Melt beside the ploughland ditch;
 And thistles sprout about the fallow,
 While the wild blackberry vines slow-hitch
 Themselves about the burnt pine-stumps and every willow switch.

In this forsaken orchard
 Paltry blossoms burst the unpruned twigs
 To welcome spring and nesting singers,

THE FRONTIER

Dream white dreams above grandfather's useless rigs
Backed under them, and later furnish greenfalls for the pigs.

Along the pasture fences
Where the restless hooves broke rotten rails,
A hired-hand goes behind the rancher,
Mending bar and post with wire and nails,
While cattle wind to bunch-grass gulches up the mountain trails.

Along the acres, cleared of brushes,
Straight and deep the plowman breaks the ground;
Content with actual sweat of labor
As his twelve hard country hours crawl round,
He reckons crops in bushels, sacks and bales thru harvest sound.

Vagabond

By Norman W. Macleod.

Muskox, sea cow, cabbages and quail . . .
We are joyous vagabonds
That leave a scurried trail,
While others hit the manifest,
We hold the midnight mail.
Hide, brother, hide—
(A cell is four feet wide)
And we ride.

Sambur, mustang, ocelot and fleas . . .
You'll never sail to Old Japan
Upon an ocean breeze—
You'll stay at home and settle down,
In autumn rake the leaves
From the trees
And bounce a baby on your knees.

Jaguars, cobras, sargasso and snail . . .
We'll navigate the seven seas
Upon a cutter whale;
While fish are diving down his throat,
We'll sit astride his tail . . .
. . . So we rid . . . so we ride . . .

Compensation

By W. H. Holliday.

IN the vernacular of the great underground, a "Hunk" and a "Harp" were pardners.

Tony Fortunato, alias Tony Banan, and Jimmy Murphy, known to his more intimate acquaintances as Red Murphy, were the shaft men on the early morning shift. They knew the old hole from the collar of the shaft, immediately below the gallows frame, down, down some four thousand feet to the uttermost depths of the sump.

Guardians of transportation, these two, Tony Banan and "Jeemy Murph" with much work to do and but a short time to do it.

Equipment had to go down that shaft—engines and electric pumps, machine drills and tuggers, tools of all sorts. Men had to go through the shaft, the day shift and the night shift—a thousand men, at least. Timber had to go through it, an incredible amount of timber, veritable forests, to hold up the mountain while the ore was extracted. Copper had to flow through the shaft—copper to make the checks good, copper to pay the dividends, copper to handle the overhead, tons and tons and hundreds of tons of copper.

They understood each other, Tony and Jimmy, though one came from far off Italia and spoke a Wop dialect that no human being could fully appreciate, and the other, a Dublin Gulch product, scintillated slang and occasionally broke into a brogue as broad as a boulevard. They understood and respected each other, as toilers in the depths where danger is always present learn to do.

"What yu say thees compeensation law ees?" inquired Tony, anxiously. "Eef I getta keel, I getta five thousand dol?"

"Shure," said Jimmy, blue Irish eyes alight with mirth. "Right you are. What's on your mind, besides your diggin' hat?"

"What ees on my mind?" laughed Tony. "I lika know, that ees all. I lika know what a man ees worth—dead."

"Most of us is worth more dead than alive," ventured Jimmy, "that is, if we get bumped off and don't just lay down and die naturally."

No further mention was made of compensation. Four guides had to go in before seven o'clock and already it was four-thirty. Two bells down, one bell up. Down, up, down, up for ninety minutes

THE FRONTIER

straight and between times the incessant rap, rap, rap of the lag-screw hammers.

Quitting time came. Three bells sounded in the engine room. The engineer, alert each moment of his shift, as he needs must be, threw in the clutch and the great drum began to revolve and wind in the cable, slowly at first, then faster, and in sixty seconds the men were on top of the world, in the daylight that was just flooding the sky.

They removed the hurricane deck and the bonnet, without a word—"took off her clothes," as the boys who follow the game say; then they hurried into the dry and eventually into the shower bath.

"A man ees worth five thousand dol, eef he ees dead, eh, Jeemy?" reiterated Tony, "eef he ees keel?"

"Forget it," advised Jimmy, "that compensation seems to be worryin' you a lot. What if he is worth five thousand dollars when he's dead? Someone else is going to spend it. Dead men are regular misers. They never spend a cent."

Tony understood perhaps half of what Jimmy said, but he certainly grasped the essential point.

"When a man ees dead, he no spend, eh, Jeemy? No, I theenk he no spend."

Jimmy Murphy hurried over the hill, stopping but once, for a little shot of moon, and thence home, where Mrs. Murphy and several young Murphys awaited his coming. True, they were in bed, these young Murphys, but they were ready for a frolic.

"Pull the covers off, Daddy," they cheerfully challenged him. As Jimmy advanced upon them they shouted themselves hoarse with happiness.

And Mrs. Murphy had the hot cakes all ready to serve, with a bit of bacon and coffee.

Not so good with Tony. He had gone down the hill and entered a cold house. No hot cakes awaited him, no playful children. Cigarette stubs were strewn everywhere. Empty bottles stood on the table. A youth of twenty slept on the floor. A young woman had decorated various chairs with her dress, her slippers, her coat and hat. An older woman snored in an adjacent room. Cards were scattered about. Tony knew that on the previous evening, after his departure, a wild party had been staged.

"Five thousand dol," mumbled Tony, irrelevantly. "A man ees worth five thousand dol, dead, eh?"

Tony's daughter, Teresa, was old enough to attend the dances, to have a dozen beaux and to bawl her father out. Tony had often suggested that she attend high school or business college and try to make something of herself, but always and ever her answer was the same: "Banana oil."

Tony had talked to his son, Angelo. He had besought him to give up drinking and had begged him to work and save his money. "Tell it to Mussolini," Angelo's reply.

The days of romance had departed from the Fortunato household. The love-in-the-cottage idea had developed into something else. Maria endured Tony, that was all. She permitted him the privilege of fidgeting about the stove and preparing his own meals. She graciously allowed him to put up his own lunch, but did he dare approach the place with muddy feet she shouted at him: "Yu bigga bum, yu cleana feet, when yu come een my house."

Tony eventually grew tired of the treatment accorded him and the compensation law loomed the most important thing in his life. He consulted a lawyer about it. His constant questioning worried Jimmy—was Tony thinking of providing for his family? He laboriously studied printed pages to discover its full meaning. Then he made up his mind.

"Thees upcast shaft ees cold, eh Jeemy?"

"Yeh," shivered Jimmy, "cold as the North Pole."

"Cold like woman's heart, eh, Jeemy?"

"I don't get you there," replied Jimmy. "The women I know don't get that way."

"Yu speaka yu're wife, eh, Jeemy? She good woman. She nica woman. I speaka my wife. She no good. She drink. She swear. She maka love other men. She no cooka for me."

Jimmy felt a great relief; Tony at least wasn't going to fall down the hole; but he had no word to say in reply.

"Eef I getta keel," declared Tony, "my wife she getta five thousand dol. Teresa getta some. Angelo he getta some. All getta five thousand dol. Tony getta nothing?"

"Yes," admitted Jimmy, "what of it?"

"I no getta keel," declared Tony Banan, triumphantly. "Thees my last shift. I queet tonight."

THE FRONTIER

"I don't understand," said Jimmy. "What are you talking about?"

"Eef I stay, maybe I getta keel?" explained Tony. "Cable break, I getta keel. Rocka fall, I getta keel. Maria getta the mon, Teresa getta the mon, Angelo getta the mon, Tony getta the funeral."

Jimmy failed to follow Tony's reasoning. He didn't want Tony to quit. He didn't see any sense to it.

"Why don't you get a divorce, if she's no good?" he argued. "What's the use chasing off somewhere looking for a job? And you might get a lot worse one than this old shaft job, at that."

"No," said Tony, "I queet now. Nobody getta compeensation, ya call. I no spend. Nobody spend."

Jimmy realized the argument was over. When Tony made up his mind, good night, all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't get him to alter his plans,

They were working on the twenty hundred that morning, finishing up a job the regular shift had started, using the decks on both sides, Tony working like a demon and growing grouchier every minute, Jimmy trying to cheer him up.

"We'll put in a coupla guides tomorrow night?" suggested Jimmy, testing his pardner's memory and determination.

"Thees my last shift," growled Tony, "I queet, now, today."

Tony rang the south side in the clear: two-one-two, and waited for the north side to come down.

Jimmy lighted a cigarette and hummed. Unknown to either man a rock was dislodged by the upgoing decks. Down it came, striking shim, bouncing from center to end-plate, encountering a thousand obstacles, but gaining in momentum, tremendously.

A dull thud immediately behind him, a groan and Jimmy wheeled about in time to see Tony stagger, fall, and roll into the open shaft.

He screamed with all his strength. He closed his eyes and held his hands over them tight, yet he could see down the shaft, see Tony bumping into the merciless wood of the wall-plates, Tony bouncing here and there, shattered, broken, dead.

Worst of all, down on the bulkhead, four hundred feet below, he could see Tony, still, crushed—every bone in his body. And yet—as he rushed for the telephone for help he could hear Tony speak: "Dead men no spend, eh, Jeemy?"

Captain Evans

By Raymond Kresensky.

THE Indians around old Fort Yates had not been able to get any whisky for some time. At one time the Indian agency had been authorized to issue them a certain amount, but because of undesirable results had put an end to it. There was a time, also, when renegade traders had managed to smuggle in certain amounts of the stuff, but the government with careful policing had managed to restrict that. This was in the early eighties, when the government was clinching her hand around the warring Sioux nations in the Standing Rock reservation.

On a certain warm day in September a group of five lively bucks came into Fort Yates. Three of these were Carlisle graduates who had become educated. The five of them had been on the reservation for as long as three months and had come into town to celebrate.

Their attempts to obtain much fire-water proving futile, the five bucks became excited. Joe Dair, one of the Carlisle men, tore off his shirt and threw his brown derby into the air. Running Fox, who had never been to Carlisle, took off his gawdy head-dress and threw it up in imitation. All of the five felt that they could not go back without some sort of an entertainment; they proceeded to make a little right there. They yelped and they hollered, in frenzied dances.

Captain Evans of the 6th Iowa Cavalry, which had been stationed at Fort Yates, came forward with a group of men to quell the rioters. He was a rather jovial Irishman and given to practical joking.

Evans went up to the five Indians and when they had quieted down questioned them. They were vociferous about whisky. Somehow the captain woke to the liveliness of the situation. He held an insignificant post in a comparatively quiet community, and he thrilled like a boy to excitement. As he looked out through the open gate of the stockade he saw the gray hills on the other side of the muddy Missouri. There was a high bluff on that side and up a long gulch he could see a little claim shack. It was the shack of Rev. Spicer, a retired Methodist minister who had come out from Minnesota recently. Evans recalled the old man vividly; he was about fifty and wore a black suit and large black hat. He had an air of self-righteousness that irritated the captain. With the minister had come his wife and their daughter with her two little girls.

THE FRONTIER

It was not that Captain Evans disliked the man, but that the situation was irresistible. Here were five rowdy heathens out for a good time and in search for whisky. Here was a pious Methodist minister. The captain chuckled to himself as the joke came to him. He smiled.

“So it’s whisky you want? Well, the parson has plenty.”

The soldiers around the captain laughed.

“See that house on the bluff? The man who lives there will sell you all you want. Now get!”

The captain could not restrain his laughter. He chuckled until his sides ached. His subordinates joined with him and went to the gate to watch the Indian quintette go yelling down the road. They watched them ford the river and then saw them running up the gulch, until finally they were lost in the heavy brush.

That night a party of immigrants from Minnesota stopped at the fort. Among their number was one young man who said that he was going to spend some time with his father-in-law, Rev. Spicer, who lived around there some place. He asked for an escort to take him to the place in the morning. For some reason unknown to any of the others the captain speedily offered himself to go out with the young man.

In the morning two horses were brought and the two set out for the Spicer claim. They crossed the river and climbed the steep gulch. The young man was talkative, but the captain was silent. He rode almost sulkily. Finally the two men reached the top of the bluff. Tying their horses to the fence they went into the little shed of a barn. The young man was excited at the thought of seeing his young wife and their babies. He said that his coming was a surprise to them and he wished to keep it so. The captain said nothing.

They went through the barn, the captain leading the way, and came out into the barnyard. As the captain stepped into it he saw stretched on the ground before the barn door the body of Rev. Spicer. His head had been beaten in by a heavy club and his body broken in many places. There were no signs of a struggle. Evans was aghast. The young man rushed to the house calling, “Aggie! Aggie!” Evans followed.

On one side of the house he found Mrs. Spicer, who also had been clubbed to death. In the kitchen he found the daughter with a poker clutched in her hand. There was blood on it. A trap-door at the end

of the room was open. Evans heard low sobs and moans. He stepped down into the cellar and found the young man weeping over the bodies of his little girls.

Captain Evans rode back to the fort alone. He sent out a troop to pick up the trail of the Indians. Then he returned to his quarters. That night he got very drunk.

Grass Valley

By Denise Tolan.

Creak of saddle leather and hoof prints in a dusty road. A surrounding sea of ripening wheat. Grain gold, pine green, mountain purple and sunset rose. The swift descent and squonk of a night bird. Tall slim poplars and lights of a farmhouse. Scent of roses and the picket fence for a hitching-post. Farm topics and plenty of laughter. The "spread." Songs and impromptu entertainment. A path of light from the opened door to the road and a boisterous farewell. Twilight at the mountain rim and a rush of wind as hoof-beats echo up the road. Wheat whispers. The jeweled heavens.

In a Room

By Norton Custer.

Bad being alone? No—
 Walk the floor—
 And look at the ceiling—
 And ask the mirror
 How he's feeling—
 And scratch your head—
 And hear the floor squeaking --
 And watch a face
 In the mirror speaking—
 And look at the ceiling—
 And walk the floor—
 And . . . But then,
 There's always the door!

HISTORICAL SECTION

Each issue will carry some authentic account, diary or journal, preferably of early days in this region of the country. The installment in this issue is an overland diary now published for the first time.

Overland from Indiana to Oregon The Dinwiddie Journal

FOREWORD

This diary of an early overland trip from Indiana to Oregon is typed from the original written in a blank book (board covers, leather back). The book was found among the effects of the late William Sweeney of Hebron, Indiana, and was loaned by Mrs. Sweeney to a kinsman, Mr. Oscar Dinwiddie of Lowell, Indiana. It is thought to have been written by either David or John Dinwiddie, who were cousins of Oscar Dinwiddie's father, John W. Dinwiddie. The copy was made by the Gary (Indiana) public library to which it was loaned for this purpose in January, 1923, and is one belonging to the State Library of Oregon, loaned to me by the librarian, Miss Cornelia Marvin. The diary has been edited by Miss Margaret Booth, graduate student in history at the State University of Montana, under the supervision of Professor Paul C. Phillips. The original diary contains entries for every day of the journey but there are so many repetitions of purely routine activities and weather conditions that only those entries have been selected which give a picturesque account of the country and which are necessary to make the route clear. The footnotes have purposely been made as brief and simple as possible. Spelling, save where confusion might arise, has been left as in the manuscript. Periods have been put in for ease of reading.

H. G. MERRIAM.

Travel on the Oregon Trail

The Oregon Trail from Independence, Missouri, to Oregon City, covered a distance of approximately two thousand miles. Although it was the longest single road in history no conscious effort had been made to build it; it was developed by the travel of great numbers of fur traders, gold miners, and home seekers for whom it furnished the most natural highway to the Northwest.

The first frontiersmen to use the trail were the Astorians, who journeyed overland from St. Louis in 1810 in the services of John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur Company. Their route, both on the outgoing and return trips, corresponded in many sections to what later became definitely known as the Oregon Trail.

To the trappers and traders of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company is accredited the discovery of South Pass, probably in 1823, which became the greatest landmark on the trail. Situated at the edge of the plains it served as the definite entrance to the Oregon country. Between 1832 and 1836 Bonneville and Wyeth, as independent traders, made several journeys over parts of the trail.

It was not until the decline of the fur trade and the emigration of permanent settlers to the Northwest that the trail was used consistently and in its entire length. The dispute between Great Britain and the United States over the Northwest boundary gave rise to a rapid influx of immigrants between 1840 and 1846. The many wagon caravans moving to Oregon in those years wore the trail so deep that guides were no longer necessary, even through the more difficult sections. At this time numerous bypaths and cut-offs were made in an effort to shorten the journey. After the boundary question was settled travel over the trail was considerably slackened for a time, but in 1849 great numbers again passed over it as far as Fort Hull on their way to the gold fields of California.

Emigration over the trail reached its highest point in 1852, after the passage of the donation land law. No definite records of numbers have been kept, but in that year, the year before the present journal was written, they must have been well up into the thousands.

A number of journals of trips over the Oregon Trail have been published. The earliest one is that kept by Nathaniel J. Wyeth on his first and second expeditions to the Columbia in 1832 and 1834. John Wyeth, his nephew, who accompanied him on his first expedition, also kept a journal of the trip. John K. Townsend, a member of the second expedition, wrote his *Narrative of a Journey Across the Rocky Moun-*

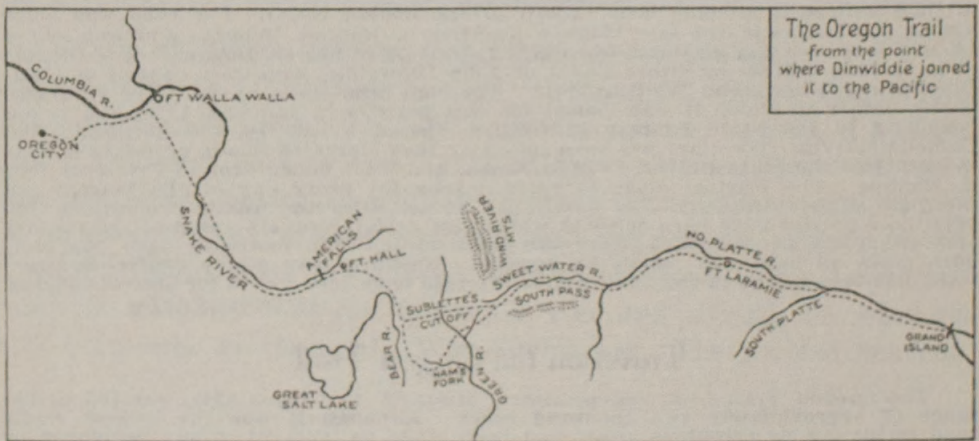
tains from daily notes made during the trip. This work, which appeared in 1839, was a valuable contribution to the knowledge of a trail still in its infancy.

Thomas J. Farnham kept an extensive record of his journey to Oregon in 1839. However, as his route was over the Sante Fe Trail as far as Fort Bent he did not strike the Oregon Trail until he reached Ham's Fork. Father de Smet followed the trail as far as Walla Walla in 1841 and in his *Letters and Sketches* has recorded interestingly his impressions, with especial reference to the manners and customs of the Indians.

Joseph Williams wrote a *Narrative of a Tour from the State of Indiana to Oregon Territory in the Years 1841-42*, which has only recently been published. It is brief but throws interesting light on conditions in the Northwest. The work which furnishes the best source for the conditions of the trail during the period of heavy emigration is Joel Palmer's *Journal of Travels over the Rocky Mountains*, in 1845. This is one of the very few which describes the trail in its entire length.

Some journals were written during the Californian gold rush by persons traveling along the Oregon Trail as far as the California Cut-offs, but there apparently are none excepting the Dinwiddie Journal written in these later years of emigration dealing with the trail to Oregon City.

MARGARET BOOTH.



COST OF THE TRIP [\$]368.04

| | |
|--|-------|
| Traveling expences to the Mississippi..... | 69.95 |
| Traveling expences to the Bluff City..... | 57.51 |
| Other expences | 14.85 |
| Outfit at Bluff City | 84.51 |
| Ferriage across the Missouri River..... | 24.60 |
| Do—across the Elk Horn | 12.00 |
| Do—across the Loup fork of Platte..... | 9.00 |
| Bridge across the Sweet Water..... | 6.00 |
| Do—Green River | 1.62 |
| Bridge at Thomas fork Bear River..... | 1.00 |
| Bridge at port Neuff | .50 |
| Ferry at port Neuff | 2.00 |
| Big Sandy, one hundred pounds of flour..... | 10.00 |
| At Owyhee one hundred and ten pounds of flour..... | 22.00 |
| One hundred pounds of flour at fall river..... | 25.00 |
| Ferriage across Fall River | 6.00 |
| Box | 10.00 |

THE FRONTIER

[APRIL, MAY. TO AND ACROSS THE MISSOURI]

[The party had left Porter County, Indiana, March 15th, 1853. Traveling overland they crossed the Mississippi at New Boston, Illinois, and continued almost directly west across the state of Iowa to the Missouri River.]

Sabath 1st of May, In the morning raining, but cleared off about nine o'clock, cool all day, passed a grove of young timber, the first passed for twenty five miles, then passed over a small stream with a house upon the bank of it, then passed over a rolling prairie to Nishonbotna river it is about five rods wide with swift current and stony bottom, it is on the head waters of it. Monday 2nd, Ferried over our waggons, and drove our cattle through it, there is several small groves along the stream it being fifteen miles back to any timber that we passed, there are several families living along the stream, some of them farm considerable. Corn is selling for two dollars per bushel. This place is called Indian town by the Indians having a town there. In about half a mile crossed a small stream, passed over a small stream, passed over some high land part timber part prairie to another creek high banks and about one mile deep channel, bridged, then open prairie again, passed over a small creek in about seven miles bridged, came to timber in about nine miles, making sixteen miles between groves, a beautiful day but cool, the wind blowing from the north, grass very poor indeed for this time of spring, still traveling on a divide and good roads, the grove is called Mount Scott it is considerable of a grove but the timber poor, there are some fine farms about it, after passing it crossed a small stream and turned down it about half a mile and camped on account of so many camping along the road, had good grass, and a first rate place to camp

Saturday 7th Started on went to the upper ferry road runs through among the bluffs, but a good road, Sabath, went on to the ferry, [of the Missouri River] the river bottom being about five miles wide, but the road good to the ferry, a commodious steamboat.

Monday 9th, Crossed the Missouri had to pay five dollars per waggon, and one yoke of oxen or pair of horses, and forty cents per head for all other stock, the river is narrow but runs very swift and is muddy,¹ after crossing traveled over very rolling prairie for some distance camped at Paped Creek it is narrow but deep with some elm and bur oak timber, a very narrow bridge over the river. Tuesday 10th Traveled over rolling prairie to Elkhorn river,² a large bottom on the west side some eight miles wide, went up about four miles passed over some of the handsomest kinds of prairie and good soil, not much timber, passed some large new mounds, one quite high.

Wednesday 11th Crossed over early in the morning, ferried waggons and horses, waggons at three dollars each, horses at one dollar each, it is a narrow stream but deep, and runs very swiftly, it is about ten rods wide, after crossing kept up the stream through the river flat, which is very wide, some eight or ten miles. Traveled up the stream some twelve miles all the way through flat bottom land, then turned off toward the Platte River. Still over flat land some five miles to a small grove where there was a large number of emigrants

¹ This crossing was near the present city of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

² This river, flowing from the north, joins the Platte a few miles from its mouth.

encamped, Wilsons and Dinwiddie³ was encamped here. Held a meeting and made arrangements for our journey across the plains of the west.

[MAY. IN NEBRASKA]

Thursday 12th Started on our train consisting of eleven waggons and eighteen men and thirty two in all, traveled up the Platte bottoms all day not coming to the river, the bottom being some eight or ten miles wide, the flats are quite sandy and a good looking soil.

Friday 13th Started on crossed over a bad sleugh. Still traveling on the flats, about noon crossed a small creek, called Shell creek, it is a deep stream but has a bridge over it, some timber along it, in the evening came to the Platte river, the Platte is a very fine stream with dry banks and rapid current. Camped on the bank of it at a small grove on an island. Saturday 14th Traveled over pretty much flats, some distance from the river. About noon had a most tremendous storm but not much rain, it lasted but a short time so bad, but the wind continued very high all after noon. Came to Loup fork about two o'clock. A great number of waggons waiting to cross [until] the wind would fall, as it was impossible to ferry the wind being so high. It was truly diverting to see the races after hats some times two or three going at once, some of them went for miles it being very level and they could be seen for a great way, quite a number lost their hats. Winds from the south continued to blow all night. The Loup fork is considerable of a stream, very quick sandy in the bottom and full of bars and holes, high banks on the east side and the west a flat bed of sand and deep.

Sabath 15th Ferried over on account of getting our turn, there being such a crowd of teams waiting to cross. They charged three dollars per waggon for ferrying across, and one dollar for each horse. The stream runs very rapidly (forded our stock across water not deep but hard crossing) very muddy with the sand washing. Travelled up through the west side through rather flat land, principally bottom, camped about forty rods from the stream, some four miles from the ferry saw some hundreds of Indians passing by going to hunt Buffalo. Quite a number, stopped at our camp they appeared very friendly, all begged something

Tuesday 17th Camped without wood cut up an ox yoke, made very good fire wood saw a herd of buffalo a great distance off.

Wednesday 18th Cold all day the wind blowing from the north. Still following up within a few miles of the stream. Some considerable of wet road and some sand bluffs. Could see the teams going up on the other side of the ford. Camped tonight without wood, but good grass but no scarcity of water, I assure you for the ground is thoroughly soaked. This day we passed eleven graves, but none of this years emigration.

Thursday 19th Fair, warm and pleasant. sun shineing brightly, passed over some eight or ten miles of sand bluffs, pretty good roads on account of so much rain, the sand being wet. Then passed over seven miles of flat land, the road soft, and some very bad places. Crossed creek it is some fifteen feet wide not very bad crossing, but middling deep. Crossed several buffalo roads, some

³ Probably the writer now joins the completed family party.

THE FRONTIER

of them have some twenty paths about two feet a part and pretty straight, they looked like old corn rows but not so wide, they being roads that they used to travel to water. Camped without wood, had to take a cold supper. Passed a newly dugged grave, the head board being marked W. W. Lane.

Friday 20th Started pretty early, in about three miles came to Prairie Creek, deep stream high banks, stopped and built a bridge across it, crossed over it first rate it being a first rate bridge. Passed on several miles and came to a small stream narrow but deep on account of the rains, raised our waggon boxes upon our feed boxes and crossed over. Camped.

Saturday 21st Passed on several miles and came to Wood river. Had to lash two of our waggon boxes together and ferry over, after stretching a rope across it, we tied a rope long enough to reach across the stream to each end of the boxes and pulled it back and forth, could take over a waggon load at a time and a waggon the next load, and soon encamped on the West bank.

Friday 27th Traveled over good roads, a great many teams crossing the platte at the upper end of Grand Island.⁴ Passed by a grave marked died 26 May, 1853 it is about one mile and a half wide but no[t] deep, some pretty land along here weather dull and cloudy, camped on the platte near an island. Plenty of wood tonight

Tuesday 31st Had a very hard storm this evening, with plenty of hail, some as large as hens eggs had hard work to keep our cattle and horses from running off the time of the storm (the wolves killed a cow not far from camp that had been left). Faired off about sunset I suppose for another storm.

[JUNE. THROUGH NEBRASKA INTO WYOMING]

Monday 6th [of June] About a miles travel brought us to crab creek, it is a very pretty stream runs rapidly and clear water, good crossing. After crossing had good roads to [till] we struck the bluffs, the land high and dry, from the bluffs on the right hand chimney rock may be seen past some very curiously formed bluff[s], nine miles from the creek brought us to a very curiously formed mound of clay, a singular place about one mile farther over clay bluffs brought us to the far famed Ancient Bluff Ruins. They are a very singular looking place they resemble ancient fortifications, castles, towers, etc., in ruins. Some of them looks magnificent and sublime. After passing by had very good roads, after coming some ten miles farther, camped on the bank of the river—a very fine day and beautiful night. Passed by a dog city, dogs and owls inhabit together, the dogs are a yellow color the owl is a small bird keeps near the holes.

Tuesday 7th Started about six o'clock had good roads past the court house rock⁵ a very singular looking place, it has the appearance of a splendid court-house with a cupalo on it in the centre, and has a pillar not far off of the appearance of a lighthouse all standing on a nice elevated situation. After passing it a few miles camped nearly opposite to chimney rock,⁶ it is a singular looking structure, we passed by being some six or seven miles from it, it being

⁴ At this place the party came upon the regular Oregon Trail.

⁵ Often spoken of as the Solitary Tower.

⁶ This rock is a well known land mark of the trail. It has been described in a variety of ways by those making the journey. Father de Smet speaks of it as "the inverted funnel."

on the south side of the river but by looking through a telescope it could be seen very distinctly, it is a great mass of hard clayey substance, quite large at the base and narrows up to [till] it gets small, the chimney runs up from the centre like a light house in form to a considerable height which makes it look splendid, it appears to be decaying very fast as it is falling off in great scales, Ere long the great conical shaft will disappear from the gaze of man

Wednesday 8th Camped near the river, opposite to a very high bluff, of very peculiar shape, one resembling a great block of buildings, one resembling the capitol at Washington, they are called capitol hills, or Scotts Bluffs from a company of trappers leaving a sick man by the name of Scott near these bluffs, a skeleton being afterward found among the bluffs they were called Scotts bluffs.⁷ Saw an antelope today, he ran swiftly.

Friday 10th Passed by two trading posts one of them I suppose was of the British Nation by the red flag spread to the breeze the other was Indians of the Nesperse tribe trading among the Sues [Sioux] Tribe, the first Indians we had seen for upward of 400 miles, Sold them two of our cattle that had failed.

Saturday 11th Had a fine day but warm. About 2 miles brought us to Raw hide creek, had very sandy roads for some distance. Passed by quite a number of Indian Wigwams, a number of children came out to the roadside. Passed a grocery and likewise a trading post. Camped about noon for to writ some letters and shoe our horses and some oxen. Grass poor along the river, took our cattle back among the bluffs.

Sabath 12th A number of Indians came into camp today, they are a fine looking set of fellows, stout, robust, broadshouldered men, they are of the Sue tribe they appeared very friendly.

Monday 13th Traveled over dry smoothe roads very good, passed a number of Indian encampments. Passed about 2 miles from Laramie,⁸ some fine buildings situated on flat land, with high hills on each side. In the forks of the stream after passing some distance passed an Indian town, about 100 tents, had a great many horses among them. Still keep up along the stream [which] runs very rapidly, and very muddy. Fine day, pleasant breeze, high broken bluffs on each side of the stream. About two o'clock left the river and took up among the black hills, they are a broken country. We traveled along the ravines principally. Camped among them. Had no water, pretty good grass, had a blow with hail and rain. The Indians had bright fires burning on the tops of several of the hills.

Thursday 16th We have passed Laramie peak at last, something white on the top supposed to be snow, been one week in sight of it

Friday 17th Passed among some very singular formed bluffs, grease wood begins to appear, it is a bush with very green leaves, and very thorny, wild Sage plenty, it is a scrubby dwarfy bush, somewhat resembling the common

⁷ Irving, in his *Captain Bonneville*, says that Scott had been left at Laramie Fork, a distance of about forty miles from Scotts Bluffs, and he apparently had crawled all this way, after the trappers had left. This happened at some time before 1830. The story is told with many variations by different writers.

⁸ Fort Laramie was built by the American Fur Co. in 1845. Here at the confluence of Laramie Fork and the North Platte the trail leaves the plains and enters the broken Black Hill country.

THE FRONTIER

sage. Came to the river about noon, good roads all afternoon, crossed a small creek, and passed some most beautiful springs, water good, camped near the river, at the mouth of dry creek, drove our stock back among the bluffs

Tuesday 21st Traveled up the river, passed the bridge,⁹ a great many teams crossing, after passing some distance had a long hill to ascend, very sandy and heavy. Came to the river kept up near it, four miles brought us to the upper ferry, after this the emigrants are all on the north side of the river. After passing a short distance there are forks in the road, we took the left hand road passed over some bluffs,¹⁰ but pretty good roads. Camped on the bank of the river, good grass on the bluffs, the river getting narrow.

Wednesday 22nd Left the river, for the last time, for we will see the Platte no more Passed over a very barren country, crossed a small stream where we left the river, very strongly impregnated with alkali, bad crossing. About six miles brought us to the Avanea rock a narrow defile through which the road passes, high ledges of rocks to the right. Two miles more brought us Alkali Creek and springs, which are numerous, soft bottom, high bluffs on each side. Four miles brought us to clear spring creek a beautiful little stream, good water. Three miles brought us to Willow spring west of the road. Next we crossed prospect hill from which we had a fine view of the adjacent country, and the range of Sweet river mountains. Six miles from Willow spring brought us to Harpor creek, south of the road, a beautiful stream of pure stream water

Thursday 23rd Very frosty this morning and cold, about two miles brought us to the creek again south of the road, three miles brought us to greasewood creek a very handsome stream of good water. Six miles brought Salaeratus lake,¹¹ around which are numerous alkali springs, water not fit for man or beast, here we begin to enter among the Sweet water mountains, here they are all sand. Four miles brought us to Sweet [water] river¹² and Independence rock¹³ which is a great curiosity on the north side of Sweet water, it is huge mass of granite some six or seven hundred yards long and one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards wide, it is entirely bare laying upon the top of the ground on level ground in the valley, it is a beautiful rock. Here we crossed on a bridge, paid two dollars per waggon and ran them over ourselves by hand, and swam our stock. Six miles brought us to Devil's gate—this is a curiosity worthy of the traveller's notice, the rocks are 400 feet high and perpendicular through which sweet water forces its way, it runs with velocity, close along side is a gap quite level through which the road passes, the mountains along here are solid rock and very high. In a short distance crossed a very pretty creek. The last ten miles before we reached the river was principally heavy sand. Camped

⁹ Up to this time the road had been along the southern bank of the river.

¹⁰ Doubtless the Red Buttes.

¹¹ Sometimes known as Soda or as Alkali Lake.

¹² A branch of the North Platte which rises in the Wind River mountains. It was probably so named because it is the only stream for miles around which is not strongly alkaline. One story of its naming is that a pack mule, laden with sugar, was lost there by one of the early journeyers.

¹³ A famous landmark and camping place 838 miles from Independence. It received its name from a party of Americans who camped within its site on the fourth of July sometime before 1830. The word "Independence" is inscribed in prominent letters in the surface of the rock. Father de Smet called it "the great register of the desert" because of the many names of campers carved upon it.

near the river, no timber and poor grass, beautiful day, and fine night, cool. Passed a trading post, a very fine hewed log house built in a square three sides being built. I would suppose it was 120 feet long and covered with ground, quite a number of french about here.

Thursday 30th A very heavy frost this morning five miles brought us to Ford No. 9 Sweet water¹⁴ it is about three rods wide, two feet deep, clear water, swift current. After leaving here nothing but sand and sage, good roads, passed a number of snow banks, one mountain covered with snow off to the right of the road. Ten miles of gradual ascent brought us to the summit called the South Pass,¹⁵ a very handsome view of the mountains on each side, passed over the summit about two o'clock the ridge between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, it is about latitude 42° 18' 50" Long. 108° 40' the precise summit is difficult to ascertain—three miles brought us to Pacific Springs good water, very swampy around them and along the stream. Two miles brought us to Pacific Creek crossing

[JULY. OVER THE DIVIDE, INTO UTAH AND IDAHO]

Friday 1st July, cold this morning, rained some had very good roads today, the country is a perfect desert, nothing but sand and sage. Nine miles brought us to Dry Sandy Creek, water not good for stock. Six miles brought us to the Junction of the Great Salt Lake and Fort Hall roads, the left hand road leads to the city of the great salt lake; the right to Fort Hall and the Cut offs.¹⁶ Some fine prospects of the country, four miles farther brought us to Little Sandy creek.

Sabath 3rd Can see the Wind River range of mountains covered with snow as far as the eye can discern. Some French trading posts a short distance below where we are camped. Sold some powder for one dollar per pound—they have some good horses, they have about one hundred.

Monday 4th We are in the desert, but still our patriotic feelings remain and we feel as though we can spend our anniversary of the birth of our nation as well in feeling in the wilderness as in the city.

Tuesday 5th Five miles farther over rough roads brought us to Green river, a very handsome stream. About one mile below where we first came to it is the ferry, we found ten boats there—the stream at the ferry is about one hundred yds across it, it has a very rapid current, it is some twelve or fifteen deep, and is a dangerous stream to cross. Ferried our waggons across at eight dollars per waggon and our horses at fifty cents each, had some trouble in swimming some of them, and had to ferry some of them at fifty cents each, left some on the east side all night, we arrived at the ferry in time to ferry over, having travelled over fifty miles in two days.

¹⁴ This is the last crossing of the Sweetwater: the trail had taken the travelers almost to its source.

¹⁵ This famous pass, about 960 miles from Independence, marks the definite entrance to the Oregon country.

¹⁶ Sublette's Cut-off went almost directly west from Little Sandy creek to Bear river. The party did not take this cut-off, probably because of the long stretches without water. Instead they took the customary trail, which made a loop to the south with Fort Bridger as the southernmost point. They did not proceed as far as Fort Bridger, however, but followed up the valley of Ham's Fork of the Green River, in this way saving themselves about sixty miles.

THE FRONTIER

Saturday 9th Beautiful morning, some Indians in camp a little after sunrise. Started, kept up near the mountain, in some two miles passed several great springs pouring out of the side of the mountain and rippling down the side of the mountain over the pebbles, forming a beautiful brook. About one mile farther brought us to the ford of Ham's fork of Green river, it is a beautiful stream, about five rods wide, two and one-half feet deep, clear water, swift current, good crossing. One mile brought us to the foot of the mountain, one of the Bear river Range, two miles brought us to the summit, it is a long tedious ascent, some places very steep, but generally smooth rout. After gaining the summit had good roads for some distance, some pine or spruce along the side of the mountains, snow banks around the mountains, begin to have some grass on them.

Tuesday 12th We reached Thomas [or Thompson's] fork of Bear river, in about seventeen miles Smith's fork, the valley having fine grass and a quantity of blue flax, high mountains rise on each side, some timber on the tops of them, Thomas fork has a good bridge across it, which we paid fifty cents per waggon, over 31,000 [sic] head of cattle, and 4 waggons.

Friday 15th Fine pleasant morning, about five miles brought us to Black mud run, water not good, deep revine, bad crossing, muddy in the bottom. Along here Horn's Guide says seventeen miles without good water, but along in several places the river is convenient for watering and camping. About eight miles over good roads brought us to the far famed Soda Springs,¹⁷ they are a curiosity worthy of the travellers notice, there are several large mounds made by the water encrusting and forming a substance similar to rock (at the spring is a blacksmith shop), there is a number of places where the water has ceased to flow, others boils to the top but does not run out, others are some two feet below the surface of the rock. The best spring for use is off to the right, about sixty rods from the road on the bank of a creek, it boils like a pot furiously, but does not rise to the top by about two feet, it is pretty good soda water. Some of them are clear water, others are a red colour, flowing within a few feet of each other. After leaving the springs we crossed a very pretty creek of clear looking water, but said in some of the guides to be poisonous water, here is a large cedar grove in the bottom of the creek and river. After crossing the creek we passed several trading establishments and a blacksmith shop, after passing some eighty rods is a great boiling soda spring a few feet from the edge of the water in Bear river. In a few rods we crossed small creek having a very rapid current, and some falls. Off to the left on a point projecting into the river is the famous Steamboat Spring so named from its resemblance to the escape pipe of a steam engine, discharging water in jets, this spring seems to be decreasing in volumn; a few years ago, it is said to throw a column of water to the hight of five or six feet, now it does not exceed two feet, near it is an aperture in the rock through which escapes a column of gas. Six miles from Soda Springs brought us to the forks of the road, passed over some rocky road, here the left goes to California and the right to Oregon, they part in a

¹⁷At the upper bend of Bear River. Also known as Bear Springs. Here the trail left the Bear River and struck off in a northwesterly direction into the valley of the Portneuf River, a water of the Columbia which joins the Snake River near Fort Hall.

pretty level place, the left is called Myer's cut off, we took the right for Oregon. After leaving the river at the point near the steamboat spring which one can see distinctly from the road, we found no good water for nine miles, the first water is not very good came to a small run crossing the road, camped about three miles before coming to the run, good grass all along here, no water.

Saturday 16th About three miles brought us to the run, about half a mile farther brought us to a beautiful spring to the left of the road, it sends a column of water forth, forming a fine stream, a good place to camp. Here we passed over a beautiful tract of country, good soil and grass but bearing the unmistakable evidence of having been a great volcanic region, several old craters is still to be seen, the rocks bearing the marks of fire, some of them perfect cinders, great ledges of rocks appear to have been bursted and blown asunder, by some mighty volcanic action, the traveller must be struck with admiration in passing through this part—about fourteen miles over good road up Port Neuff valley brought us to Port Neuff creek.

Tuesday 19th Still kept down the stream, [Portneuf Creek] some six miles, and crossed, had good roads, after crossing had some twelve miles without water, it being a perfect sage plain, for a short distance after leaving the creek good grass. About twelve miles from the crossing brought us to Port Neuff River, it is a fine stream here we ferried over at one dollar per wagon and swam our cattle We left Fort Hall¹⁸ to the right eight miles, no travel through it on account of the high water washing the road away, the new road is a cut off and saves some fifteen miles

[JULY. FOLLOWING THE SNAKE RIVER]

Thursday 21st About five miles brought us to the [Snake] river, here the banks are high and dry, and the current becomes rapid, above this for a great ways it is a very sluggish stream, and has very low marshey flats along it, after a short distance it widens to quite a width, with a smooth surface, then it begins to narrow with high banks on each side, and in a few rods we came to the American falls, they are a very beautiful cascade and present to the eye a sight grand and sublime, the water falls in a few rods about forty feet, over rocks making a great noise. The falls on Snake river are named from the following melancholy incident: a party of American trappers, returning from the mountains in days long ago, a floating leisurely along in their canoes, were not aware of their proximity to the falls until they were within the eddies and whirlpools beyond recovery. All were carried over the precipice, and but one survived to tell the tale

Saturday 23rd Crossed this morning, it is about two rods wide, three feet deep, had to raise our waggon boxes. After crossing the road forks the left hand goes to northern California and southern Oregon, no travel upon it this season, we took the right. Fifteen miles brought us to Marsh creek, no water, for the last fifteen miles and very little grass, it being one extended sage plain, as far as eye could carry it was a leaden coulered sombre

¹⁸ Fort Hall was a Hudson's Bay Co. post on the Snake River. It had been built by Wyeth, an independent fur trader, as a supply station for emigrants in 1834, and was later sold to the British company. It had always been an important stopping-place on the Oregon Trail.

THE FRONTIER

Sabath 24th Laying by, beautiful day, very rich bottom land along the stream, covered with wild rye, which the cattle and horses eat well, found blue goose berries, they are an excellent fruit, had preaching by the Reverend David Thompson had quite an audience to hear him

Monday 25th Sage, Sage, nothing but Sage, seems one endless Sage plain, here we camped, poor grass myriads of grasshoppers, river a very handsome stream, very sandy bank

Saturday 30th Crossed the creek [Warm Spring] near its junction, travelled near the river, along here a mighty rushing torrent. In two miles we passed a warm spring to the right of the road, before coming to it descended a very steep rocky hill, dangerous for waggons being broken. Three miles to Bannack Creek, a beautiful stream, about two rods wide, eighteen inches deep, clear water, swift current, good crossing, after crossing passed a very high bluff of lava and cinder, a regular volcanic eruption. About three miles brought us opposite to the springs, they are a predigious body of water pouring from the rocks, from the hight of from fifty to three feet, and falls in the river below with a great noise, for about half a mile it is almost one entire sheet of water pouring from the rocks. A short distance farther down the river is a subterrenian river rushing from the rocks, and dashing down into the waters below. Along here the surface of the river is smooth and placid. About four miles brought us to the Salmon falls, they are a great series of falls, the water descends about six hundred feet in about seven miles, it rushes over the rocks furiously, the salmon can ascend no higher and great numbers are caught by natives in the river below. Just above the first falls, the French, Creoles and Indians have a ferry, they charged four dollars per wagon for crossing, a great many emigrants were crossing and going down the north side of the river, grass is said to be better on the north side. We camped just below the first falls, found grass about two miles out among the mountains, it had been eat by the Indians' horses close by, we kept the south side, caught some fine salmon fish this evening.

Wednesday 3rd [of August] About two miles brought us to where we left the river, here the river passes between high mountains, we turned to the left, passing round a high sand mountain, heavy sand roads, sand and sage, one endless looking sage plain. In five miles we reach the river again, here we camped, turned our stock across a branch of the river, onto a large island good grass but some alkali pools on it, had to guard our stock from them, pleasant day. Quite a number of Indians along here, a number of them camp, poor looking creatures, several entirely naked, excepting their clouts, the others having old cloths given to them by the emigrants, or thrown away by them

Friday 5th Saw a great number of cattle lying dead along the road today, most certainly died from the effects of alkali that they got back on the river flats

[MIDDLE OF AUGUST. IN OREGON]

Tuesday 16th Staid in camp to about six o'clock in the evening, started on traveled sixteen miles in the night on account of having no water on the road, kept us to pretty near day break, good roads, but very dusty, very warm to day. Came to Malheur River, stopped till day light, near the stream

Friday 19th Three miles to Snake River, here we stopped and grazed, here the River turns to the right among high rough looking hills, and we bid farewell to Snake River as we see it no more.¹⁹

Sabbath 21st Lay bye, beautiful day, a large flock of crows passed by the first we have seen since we came on the plains, ducks and other birds appear, which we have not seen for some two hundred miles back, saw no game since we came on Snake River

Monday 22nd This morning left four oxen dead from the effects of eating a poisonous vine. Left the river, kept up a small creek about two miles, crossing six times, it runs down a narrow ravine, after leaving it passed over a high steep hill, in one mile came to a spring, to the left of the road, passed over another ridge, three miles over good roads brought us to a brook of fine water, following it down came to Burnt River again in two miles, followed up the valley three miles, the bottom is of considerable extent and well covered with grass. Passed the grave of one James D. Smith Died August 20th, from Warren County, Illinois. Turn to the right and bid farewell to Burnt River, and leave one of the most picturesque regions I ever beheld, that crystal stream meandering among high and rugged mountains. We followed up the creek about three miles and camped, had good road, plenty of fuel, water and grass, grass very dry

Wednesday 24th Followed up the brook about one mile, then turned to the left up a ravine high bluffs on each side, gradual ascent to the top of the hill, then had hilly road for some distance. Came to a sage plain, very dusty roads, mountains to the left is covered with timber, high mountains to the west, had some stony road. Came to a flat sage and greasewood plain traveled some two miles came to a ravine no water, came about two farther over flat land to a fine stream of water, by the left hand road after crossing the ravine. Camped on the bank good water. The valley is very large and covered with excellent grass of various varieties, clover is abundant, and a grass resembling timothy, good place to camp, on the south west the blue mountains rise in majestic splendor, they are covered with timber, some snow on the tops of them

[NEZ PERCES INDIANS]

Friday 26th Passed over a very stony mountain. Five miles brought us to the brow of the mountain here we had a long steep and very rocky descent, the worst we have had, to Grand Ronde Valley one mile. Turned down the stream about one mile and camped at a little grove, where some Indian families reside, they were very friendly and were gratified to have us to camp there, they can talk English well. A number of Indians in the valley trading, have a large number of fine horses and cattle to trade they are fine smart looking Indians, they are of the Nez Perces (Pierced Noses) Indians,²⁰ the valley is about 20 or 25 miles in extent, high mountains enclose it on every side, through the middle of the valley flows Grande Ronde River, from South west to North west. Its banks lined with cottonwood, balm of gilead, elder, cherry and willow, many spring brooks coming down from the mountain several small

¹⁹ They left the Snake River a short distance above old Fort Boise, Idaho.

²⁰ The Nez Perces were the most advanced of any of the Northwestern tribes. Until the Nez Perce War of 1877 they were habitually friendly with the whites.

THE FRONTIER

creeks course through it and empty themselves into the river their courses marked frequent clumps of green trees, part of the mountains covered with dark forests. Verily this is a place to please the eye of a farmer the soil is of an excellent quality, producing an abundant crop of grass of different varieties, among the rest I noticed clover, a species of timothy, bunch grass, and flax, the valley contains an area of about four or five hundred square miles of tillable land, and will one day contain a heavy population.²¹ Timber may be procured from the mountains with little trouble, the valley belongs to the Nez Perces Indians, their country extends north to the Columbia River, on that River they principally reside.

Saturday 27th Traveled across the valley and camped at the foot of the mountain, the mountain here is covered with pine timber, it is eight miles across it, here is a small creek—here was several hundred Indians [Nez Perces] that came in for the purpose of trading, they had a great many fine horses to sell, they had Potatoes, peas and some apples to trade but asked high prices for them, these Indians have made considerable advance toward civilization, and seem anxious to learn the customs and manners of the whites.

Monday 29th Ascended the mountain which was long and steep, some places rocky, passed through fine pine timber. Near the top of the first mountain passed a grave of a man that was found murdered on the 27th August, he had been shot near the right eye the ball coming out of the back of the head—by the description given on a paper put upon a tree, it is supposed that he was coming from Oregon to meet some of his friends. His horse was found about three hundred yards from where he was lying. After passing the summit descended into a valley had a steep descent, passed over a ravine and then ascended a very steep hard mountain, it is covered with large lofty pines

Tuesday 30th This morning after crossing the stream ascended a long and tedious ascent, we now traveled alternately through pine groves and over rocky ridges. After coming about eight or nine miles ascended a very steep ascent, we are now upon the main ridge of the blue mountains, Altitude 5400 feet, I presume these mountains take their name from their dark blue appearance being densely timbered with pine timber, which being ever green gives the forest a sombre appearance, besides the limbs of the trees are all draped with long festoons of dark coloured moss or mistletoe. Fire on some of the mountains. We have a rough road today, about eleven miles from the river. There is water to the left of the road, the water is reached by following down a ravine to the left one fourth of a mile, at the place, is a low rocky ridge on the right of the road, on the left is a small opening. About nine miles brought us what is called Lees encampment, the Rev. Jason Lee after spending some time as a missionary in Oregon, started for the states but was detained some time by some accident which I cannot relate.²²

²¹ The Grande Ronde Valley played an important part in the history of the Northwest. In the fur-trading days it was a favorite rendezvous for the trappers, and during the days of early emigration it was important as a camping-place and as the point where the trail started over the Blue Mountains.

²² Jason and Daniel Lee established what was the first mission (Methodist) in the Northwest in the Willamette Valley, 1834.

[SEPTEMBER. TO THE COLUMBIA]

Thursday 1st of September In about half a mile we passed a small grove where there is some fine springs, here the road forks we took the left a new one, the right hand one leads to umitalla river and then up it, the road to walla walla crosses the river here. We traveled over a beautiful valley of land, in about four miles we came to the junction with the river road. Crossed a small stream about one mile after starting, kept down near the river about four miles farther and then left the stream by turning to the left up a ravine, easy ascent, crossed some high land, came to the river again in three miles, where we crossed. In about two miles we camped, found grass on the bluffs. Had fine roads today, the very best kind, the valley along the River is a beautiful tract of country, but timber some distance off, some timber along the stream, but of a poor quality. Saw a great many Indians today, they all appear on horseback, are very friendly, and carry no arms with them they are of the Cayuse tribe great many of them talks english well. They have potatoes, peas, water melons to trade.

Friday 2nd Passed over a ridge of high land, then down the bottom to the crossing of the umatilla, the river has a large channel here but the water all sinks, and we crossed on a bed of gravel and pebble stones, for which the stream is famous all along. On the west bank is the United States Agency,²³ a very neat looking frame house painted white, it looked cheering, as we had not seen a frame house since we left fort Laramie. There had passed the agency up to this morning of emigrants three thousand six hundred, of waggons seven hundred and eighty, and of stock ten thousand three hundred. Here we leave the umatilla and strike out on one seeming endless prairie as there is no timber of any kind to be seen in any direction, prairie rolling, soil sand, roads good, plenty of grass along the road.

Sabath 4th Mount Hood and Mt. St. Helen appear in the distance in the western horizon in magnificent splendor, their snowy tops reaching to appearance the skies, they are distant about one hundred and fifty miles, they appear but a short distance off.

Tuesday 6th Left the valley, started up a ravine, in about one mile came to the summit had an easy ascent, about one mile farther brought us to the junction of the roads. Traveled over very rolling broken and barren prairie, very little grass, about twelve miles over hilly, but good roads brought us to a valley. Here was water standing in pools, a heavy rain having fallen recently. Followed down the valley about six miles to the forks of the road, the right hand road leads to a spring at the foot of the bluff about half a mile off, here the road forks again, the right leads over the bluffs to John Days River,²⁴ six miles—the left hand road runs down the valley and joins the other road in a short distance. We took the left hand road followed down the valley and two miles from the forks of the road to Rock Creek, and camped.

Friday 9th Started up a ravine, had long ascent traveled over very rolling prairie, to the Columbia River which we reached in about four miles, the land

²³ Located where the trail turns toward the John Day River. Sometimes known as Fort Henrietta.

²⁴ Named for John Day, one of the Astorians.

THE FRONTIER

along the River is of first rate soil producing a heavy herbage, the Columbia is a noble stream, walled in by lofty escarpments of black volcanic rocks. The road then follows down the river to the crossing of the Deshutes river, three miles, the road some sandy. Reached Deshutes or Fall River about ten o'clock, here is two new hewed log houses with shingled roofs. Kept us to pretty nigh sunset to get ferried over, some fifteen teams in before us, paid three dollars per waggon for crossing. Camped on the west bank, had waggons that had been left for fire wood, found grass on the mountain about one mile off—Deshutes or Fall River is a very rapid stream, ferry just below the falls, the river is about one hundred and fifty yards wide. Forded our horses and cattle some distance below the ferry, water not very deep, but swift.

Saturday 10th We leave the Columbia, considerable of a water fall here.²⁵

[THE GREAT SNOW PEAKS OF OREGON]

Tuesday 13th Had another hill to ascend from the valley then had pretty good roads to another creek six miles. Here is a fine little stream good grass, here we camped. To day dull and smoky, could not get a view of the mountain scenery as the country ahead appears to be covered with a dense forest, in the evening got a view of Mount Hood, but was soon obscured by clouds again.

Wednesday 14th Still very dull looking this morning, Mount Hood still obscured by stormy looking clouds. In the afternoon commenced raining, rained slowly but steadily, mild temperature, still in camp, a great number of emigrants coming up. Rained considerable through the night.

Saturday 17th Still cloudy and looks very rainy like, still very stormy looking in the mountains, about noon the black clouds began to roll off—in the evening it cleared off, beautiful night, Mount Hood appeared by moonlight distinctly.

Sabath 18th Beautiful clear morning sun shines upon the mountains this morning presenting a beautiful appearance, Mount Hood presents a splendid appearance, being luminous with new fallen snow, Mount Jefferson to the south and Mount St. Helen and Mount Ranier to the north, of the four snowy peaks it is said that neither of them has been ascended to the summit by man, the two last named are volcanic mountains, the last eruption was in Mount Ranier in 1840 by which the entire top was blown off and the ashes and cinders scattered over the country, had a fine view of the mountains, they are covered with a dense forest. Raised camp, descended a rocky hill to the creek and then ascended another as rocky, had good roads but some rocky to a small creek three miles and barlow's gate, here we camped as there is no grass farther on, took our stock about one and a half miles south to grass. A handsome little valley along the stream, covered with large trees.

Monday 19th Commenced the ascent of the long dreaded Cascade Range passed over pretty fair road to rock creek here we found dreadful rocky crossing exceeding any place for roughness that we had seen or crossed. After traveling some distance had to descend a dreadful hill to the sandy Deshutes. Passed through a dense forest of large and exceedingly tall timber, of different vari-

²⁵ Near The Dalles of the Columbia the trail turns to the south and around Mount Hood to Oregon City.

eties, it consisted of white, yellow and pitch pine, spruce, balsam, hemlock, fir, cedar, etc. with an undergrowth of vine maple, alder, and laurel. Crossing the sandy fork of Deshutes the road leads up the valley, crossing it some eleven times before reaching the summit, had good road some eight or nine miles after crossing the first time. Camped about six after crossing it the first time, had alder brush for our stock.

Wednesday 21st Had muddy road for some distance came to the first part of Laurel hill here we let part of our waggon down with ropes snubbing around trees and stumps, a large pile of timber at the foot having been drawn down behind waggons. About one mile farther brought us to the second part of Laurel hill, here is some going down hill, a very steep and rocky ascent broke a wagon tongue which made us late, had to leave four of our waggons on the side of the mountain till morning fastening with ropes to trees. Along here is very large and lofty timber.

Saturday 24th Still wet this morning. Twelve of our cattle gone this morning hunted till about noon, when he concluded it was better for the train to go on through leaving one waggon and four men to hunt up the cattle. Now came the tug through among brush and briers, water and mud, over mountains and almost everywhere. This evening found seven about dark and got them to camp.

Wednesday 28th Started about noon, traveled through timber part of the time and part through openings crossing several fine small streams, road hilly. Came to Clackamas river²⁶ it is a most beautiful stream, clear as crystal, swift current, stony bottom, dry banks. Came some three miles and camped.

Thursday 29th Traveled over a broken country part timber and the rest openings, some hard hills to ascend, camped at a small creek.

Friday 30th Traveled over rolling country to small creek here is a fine bottom about two miles farther brought us to Molalley River, it is a fine stream of beautiful clear water, after crossing it some distance camped on the prairie, here is fine grass.

Saturday 1st day of October, the train started on for Linn Country, the writer remained herding cattle on the prairie, to recruit them some before driving them any farther.

²⁶ Rising in the Cascades, the Clackamas River flows northwest and into the Willamette. At the junction of the two Oregon City was located.

Records and Laws of Elk Creek District

[This document, in the original handwriting, is in the possession of Mr. Joseph L. Coleman of Deer Lodge, Montana. It was brought to me and permission given to print it by Miss Kathryn Mulcahy. It is printed without alterations.—Editor.]

Deer Lodge County Montana Territory
October 16th 1865

A miners meeting was held on Elk Creek Deer Lodge County M. T. on Monday the 16th day of October A. D. 1865 and on motion H. B. Day was

THE FRONTIER

Elected President and W. W. Johnson Secretary of the meeting. The following were then adopted as the mining Laws for Elk Creek District

MINING LAWS

- Sec. 1st The name of this district shall be Elk Creek district and shall extend the entire length of Elk Creek and shall include all its tributaries
- Sec. 2nd The Following shall be the denominations of Claims in this district. To Wit 1st Creek Claims 2nd Bar Claims 3rd Hill Claims 4th Gulch Claims
- Sec. 3rd A Creek claim shall be two hundred feet up or down the said creek and shall extend from the rise of the rim rock on each side of the said creek. each claimant shall have the right to drain through any other Claim or Claims but shall confin his dumpings to his own ground
- Sec. 4th A bar claim shall be fronting two hundred feet and shall extend from the first to the second rise of the rim rock
- Sec. 5th A hill claim shall be fronting two hundred feet and shall extend to the summit of the Hill
- Sec. 6th A Gulch Claim shall be two hundred feet in length and shall extend three hundred feet on each side of the gulch
- Sec. 7th All creek, bars, and gulch claims shall be plainly staked and marked and recorded in the recorders office all Hills claims shall be staked and have notices posted there on copies of which notices shall be recorded
- Sec. 8th Each person in this district shall be entitled to hold a creek claim a bar claim a hill claim and a gulch claim by preemption
- Sec. 9th All discovers of a new Gulch, Creek, Bar, or Hill shall be entitled to hold one set of claims each by preemption and one set of claims each by discovery all others one set of Claims each as set forth in sec. 8.
- Sec. 10th All claims recorde in this district on or before the 15th day of November A. D. 1865 shall not be forfeited or may not be represented by labor prior to June 1st 1866 after which time all claims shall be represented by actual labor at least one day in each week.
- Sec. 11th Companies or individuals holding adjoining claims may represent all such claims by preforming labor on any one of said claims
- Sec. 12th The recorder shall be entitled to receive the sum of two Dollars and fifty cents for recording each claim in this district
- Sec. 13th All papers filed for record in the recorders office shall be considered in evidence as though actually recorded The recorder shall record all such papers within three days from the date of fileing there of and upon said papers the date of the said fileing and also the page of the Book. in which the same is recorded all papers shall be recorded in the order in which they are received for record the recordes shall always be open for public inspection

John W. Keenan was duly elected Recorder and on motion the meeting adjourned

Elk Creek

October 16th

H. B. Day President

W. W. Johnson Secretary

The parties present at the meeting who were the discovers was H. B. Day, W. W. Johnson, P. Toft, John W. Keenan, A. B. Reynolds, S. Simmons, Thos. Heath, J. K. Young, J. McKay, Hiran Young, R. Kackett, H. L. Stone, M. McKevitt, Jonathan Creery.

June 12th 1866 At a called Meeting of the Miners of Elk Creek Mining District held at the Discovry ground. At 1 o'clock m. On Elk Creek the following business was transacted. J. McKay was duly elected President and R. H. Johns, Secretary of said meeting

The President called the meeting to order and after stating its object, S. Bradley offered the following.

Motion That Elk Creek Mining District be divided into two districts, from the dividing line between Nos 25 and 26 Below Discovery throwing Nos 25 in the upper district and No 26 in the lower District. Carried

J. W. Keenan, then handed in his resignation as Recorder of the whole District which was accepted

On Motion R. H. Johns was duly elected recorder of the upper District and Lewis Orrin was duly elected Recorder of Lower District which was carried

On Motion The upper District proceed to regulate their laws. Carried

On Motion That the old laws governing the District be adapted by upper District with the following amendments. That none but the actual claim holders of Said district be allowed a vote in the miners meeting. Carried

On Motion To amend the laws of this district the Recorder must post notices in different parts of the district ten days prior to said meeting and said notices must be signed by at least six claim holders and then no law can be amended without a two third vote of the meeting

On Motion The minutes were read and approved

On Motion Adjourned Carried

J. McKay, President

R. H. Johns Sect

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BOOK SHELF

BOOKS ABOUT THE WEST

Reviewed by the Editor.

I. God's Drum. Hartley Alexander. Illustrated by A. J. Haugseth. (Dutton 1927.)

This book of poems interpreting Indian culture is a book for delighted study. Read through hastily it exercises strange fascination; read through with studious attention to rhythms and figures of speech and symbols in general it gives a feeling of having lived some moments in a strange mind. The associations in these poems of objects and meanings, ideas and emotions are not the white man's. For example:

*The wide circle of Earth is the head
of a great drum;
With the day, it moves upward—boom-
ing;
With the night, it moves downward—
booming;
The day and the night are its song.*

Only after reflection and consequent realization of a new way of mental association does a white man respond to the earth moving upward by day and downward by night. Yet once realized it pleases. The wind comes to the Indian "with fullness." Thunder is "rain-laden birds with flame-blinking eyes." "Are we men but as the drunken butterflies?" "The Dreams are walking" beside him. "In the days of the First People, Fire was under the wing of the Swift."

Also, the primitive cultured mind identifies symbols with power of conferring the idea or emotion or action in them. A white man recaptures the subtlety of the relationship with difficulty; but the Indian thinks:

*I am running a swift race;
My body is painted with the symbols
of swiftness;
In my hair are the plumes of swift-
flying birds.*

In the fifth part of the book is a note by the author; its ideas must be kept steadily in mind as one reads the *Poems of Pueblo Land* that follow: "The art of the Pueblo Indians . . . is the intrinsic and indispensable mode

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of performing the essential acts of living, and its technique is an immediate reflection of the conditions of life . . . We speak of art and symbolism in connection with their modes of esthetic expression because these are the terms with which we most nearly describe them; but it is always important in interpreting such an art to bear in mind that it has little in common, spiritually, with what in our culture is analogous to it." It is "art-in-life": "Dances themselves are as much in the character of agricultural operations and political duties as of festal holidays."

Readers who find Parts V and VI unsatisfactory do not make the imaginative and intellectual effort which this note demands. When reading these poems one cannot either read and run, or run and read; one has to exercise his spiritual perception in unaccustomed ways.

These poems by Professor Alexander valuably interpret Indian culture. Some of the poems read like effort to bend refractory material; a few do not seem to get away from white man's ideas of Indians; most, however, are illuminatingly Indian. And everywhere there is beauty, a strange beauty.

The highly symbolical illustrations by Mr. Haugseth are masterful aids to the reader who is trying to get away from the white man's ordered world into the red man's. Their high degree of conventionalization, typical of the Indian, breaks ordinary connections for the reader.

The book should be in the possession of every person interested in American Indian life.

Only 750 copies, autographed by author and illustrator, were made. The paper, printing, and binding are a credit to the house of Dutton.

II. The Pinto Horse. C. E. Perkins. (Wallace Hebbard. Santa Barbara, California, 1927.)

Mr. Owen Wister in a Foreword calls this "the best western story about a horse" that he has ever read. It is the best that I have ever read. Without the conventional skill in telling a story the author, who is a man of large business affairs, owner of a ten thousand acre ranch on which he breeds horses and trains them for hunting, tells a straightforward, engrossing nar-

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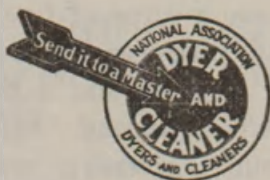
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rative of the life-story of a pinto horse, bred of a thoroughbred mother and a wild range sire. Horse nature is open psychology to this writer. Open country he loves. The men who handle horses are thoroughly known to him. Throughout the tale the real west and its people inform it and make it delightful, authentic reading. The book is warmly recommended to all lovers of horses, horse wranglers, and open country. The book is illustrated handsomely by Edward Borein, with a frontispiece in colors and sixteen full-page drawings in black and white and numerous tail- and head-pieces. Put it in your library.

III. Once in the Saddle. E. M. Rhodes. (Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927.)

When Mr. Rhodes gives himself a cowboy and a horse and open country to handle he knows just what to do with them, but when a cowboy or two, or worse yet a woman or two, are added and story situations are to be handled he knows only the conventional, artificial things to make them say and do. This story is the "western" almost at its worst. The second story in the volume, however, is enjoyable, provided one skips the first two chapters and the last, which are sentimental trash.

IV. The Log of a Cowboy. Andy Adams. (Houghton Mifflin Co. Reprinted, 1927.)

A book that is exactly what the publisher asserts, "a classic of frontier literature." It is an unhurried, accurate, simple daily record of a drive of 3000 cattle over the Old Western Trail, from Mexico to Fort Benton, Montana, with no pretension to story. A book like this one has not only human interest but considerable historical value. It was first published in 1903; it is hoped that the publishers will need to issue this reprint in many editions.

V. Cougars and Cowboys. David M. Newell. (The Century Co. 1927.) An excellent book of genuine western adventure, with its tales told in simple, natural manner. The author loves the out-of-doors and western men of plain and mountain too well to falsify either. Most of the tales are of hunting; they are both thrilling and amusing.

VI. The River and I. John G. Neihardt. (Macmillan. Reprinted 1927.)

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ter or two and the last this book is entertaining reading of a boat trip on the upper Missouri river. That fickle stream gets portrayed vividly. Also, the reader sees the poet in a new role.

These People. Howard McKinley Corning. (Harold Vinal, New York, 1926.)

We read *These People* with rejoicing. Mr. Corning is doubly blessed, having something to say and knowing how to say it. Where he touches our own experience we know he has spoken truly. Where he presents experience outside our own we feel a kinship with his strangers.

He sees mountains as we do, and of mountaineers he says,

*"They are never still;
They are inebriates,
Drinking space as they will.
Their memory relates
No trail without a hill
Where another waits."*

These People is a promise of finer things to come, as all things alive and growing are. The poems tell sad and hard tales, but with such courageous acceptance of facts, such love of life, and such clear understanding of the relativity of human effort that they are tonic. Mr. Corning is near-master of the magic which by revealing one truth stirs related truths and peoples the mind with visions that invigorate.

Divinity is convincing when it gleams through rents in reality, as Dunsany's beggar knew. Perhaps this is Mr. Corning's method. At any rate the results are alluring and inviting and beggar life assumes divinity under the tatters of everyday existence.

Mary Brennan Clapp.

Escape. John Galsworthy. (Scribner's 1927.)

In *Escape* John Galsworthy makes his farewell bow as a playwright. This gesture comes at the height of his power. As O'Neill in *Emperor Jones*, so Galsworthy in *Escape* breaks all the canons of playwriting. There are twenty-six characters, and nine scenes, taking place in forty-eight hours of time. Denant, the escaping prisoner, gives the only unity to the play. The other characters appear but once.

Denant escapes from prison, and his flight over Dartmoor is through a cross-section of English society. There

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is a woman in a village, an old judge, some cockney picknickers, two spinsters in their country house, a farmer, laborers, a parson, expressive of sympathy, fairness, irony, pity, righteous indignation, conscience. Sympathy prevails. Sympathy based on the Englishman's love of good sport, a fair chance for the quarry. Denant, always recognized, appeals to this sporting instinct. Not once does he lose his head or his sense of humor. When he surrenders it is because he thinks it unfair to force a parson to tell a lie. At this point he realizes that after all it is "one's decent self one can't escape." So the play ends on a happy if tragic note.

Leila K. Hutchens.

The American Songbag. Compiled by Carl Sandburg. (Harcourt, Brace & Company 1927.)

In this thick volume, which contains 280 songs, words and music, Mr. Sandburg has added a valuable contribution to the song and folk history of America. This folk-song history is as yet only partially written and it is important that the folk-songs of our country should be gathered together and set down before they are lost. Though Mr. Sandburg does not clearly state the basis upon which he has chosen these songs, it would appear that he has collected and classified songs of historical interest, songs typical of well defined localities, and songs which have arisen from the various industries of America. There are groups entitled Minstrel Songs, Tarnished Love Tales of Colonial and Revolutionary Antiques, Pioneer Memories; there are also groups entitled Great Lakes and Erie Canal, Mexican Border Songs, Southern Mountains; other groups have such titles as Hobo Songs, Prison and Jail Songs, Railroad and Work Gangs, Lumberjacks, Loggers, Shanty Boys, Sailormen. Mr. Sandburg has evidently collected what he likes and considers worthy of setting down, and he has found some weird and lovely songs. He states that probably 100 of these songs have never been published before.

Accompaniments have been arranged for the songs by various people. Though Mr. Sandburg speaks of them as simple, many are weirdly unexpected, and not adapted to the ear of one accustomed to the ordinary commer-

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cial popular song of today. Some songs are silly, some are funny, some are truly charming. They are all of value because they are a true expression of the history and the moods of the American people.

Doris F. Merriam.

America Comes of Age. Andre Siegfried; translated by H. H. Hemming and Doris Hemming. (Harcourt Brace & Co. 1927.)

A printing a month since its debut in April, 1927, is the commercial achievement of M. Siegfried's social-economic analysis, *America Comes of Age*. Its intrinsic value is more debatable, but the fact that it was written for the French nation, and by a French university professor, makes it of interest to us Americans.

In 1918-19-20, the American soldiers returned from across the seas with rather unflattering comments concerning the "frogs." *America Comes of Age* is, in turn, France's reply, couched in more literate forms. The book is essentially a description of America by an intelligent man. M. Siegfried has, for the most part, accurately penetrated those situations in America which he has investigated, and he has investigated about every activity worthy of attention. One of his faults, I believe, lies in the over-vigorous manner in which he drives home a point. He has, for example, come to the conclusion that America has no cultured aristocracy, like those to be found in France and England, and in this conclusion he is undoubtedly correct. Unfortunately, though, Mr. Siegfried has attacked the fault with such zeal that a French layman, in reading the book, is likely to fall into the error of believing that the United States is entirely a nation of boobies—that there is no individual dwelling west of the Statue of Liberty who does not eat beans with his knife.

M. Siegfried has over-accentuated the influence of the Ku Klux Klan, Henry Ford, the Catholic church and protestantism—he has over-accentuated them, I say, but has made no discrepancy in feeling their influence. Conversely, he has represented the ethnic problems of the United States with a force, a sincerity and an accuracy which have been absent, of late, in national computations.

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NOTES ABOUT CONTRIBUTORS

Jason Bolles, Chimney Rock, Mont., had poems in the November issue.

Grace Stone Coates, whose prose and verse has appeared in numerous magazines, lives in Martinsdale, Mont.

Howard McKinley Corning is a Portland poet. A volume of his poems, *These People*, is reviewed in the *Book-shelf* section of this issue.

Norton Custer is a law student in Chicago.

H. L. Davis is an Oregon poet.

John Frohlicher is a newspaper man, now in Butte. His poem, *Wild Irish*, in the February issue has been quoted in several reviews.

Ethel Romig Fuller is a Portland poet. Her verse is well known.

Steve Hogan lives in Butte. His poem, *Wake*, in the February issue, has been widely commended.

Walter H. ("Rags") Holliday is a Butte miner. He has published a book of verse and a volume of mining yarns.

Walter Kidd's poems have appeared in *The American Mercury*, *Sunset*, *New York Sun*, and elsewhere.

Ed King is the assumed name of a sophomore in one of the Northwest universities.

Raymond Kresensky lives in Newburgh, Indiana. He is the author of some distinguished verse.

Frank Bird Linderman, contributing editor to *The Frontier*, who lives at Goose Bay, Somers, Montana, is a well known writer of the Northwest.

Norman Macleod is editor of *jackass*, a magazine of the Southwest.

Sallie Sinclair Maclay is a senior at the State University of Montana.

James Marshall is editorial writer and columnist of *The Seattle Star*. He has lived in the Pacific Northwest since 1910 and in Seattle since 1923.

Lew Sarett, the author of *Many, Many Moons*, *The Box of God*, and *Slow Smoke*, lives in the Middle West but is a true westerner in spirit and experience. His poetry is nationally known. He is a contributing editor to *The Frontier*.

Lillian White Spencer's poetry has appeared in many magazines. She is the author of *The Pageant of Colorado* and the magnificent *York (Pa.) Pageant*. She has close knowledge of the Indians of the plains and the Southwest. Her home is in Denver.

Denise Tolan is a freshman in a California college.

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