

University of Montana

## ScholarWorks at University of Montana

---

The Frontier and The Frontier and Midland  
Literary Magazines, 1920-1939

University of Montana Publications

---

11-1928

### The Frontier, November 1928

Harold G. Merriam

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/frontier>

**Let us know how access to this document benefits you.**

---

#### Recommended Citation

Merriam, Harold G., "The Frontier, November 1928" (1928). *The Frontier and The Frontier and Midland Literary Magazines, 1920-1939*. 25.

<https://scholarworks.umt.edu/frontier/25>

This Journal is brought to you for free and open access by the University of Montana Publications at ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Frontier and The Frontier and Midland Literary Magazines, 1920-1939 by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@mso.umt.edu](mailto:scholarworks@mso.umt.edu).

110.1  
1928

LIBRARY  
University of Montana

NOVEMBER

# THE FRONTIER

**A Magazine of the Northwest**

OL. IX, NO. 1

NOVEMBER, 1928

## CONTENTS

Northwest Harvest—Editorial - - - - - H. G. Merriam  
Gold—A Poem of the Vigilantes, 1863 - - - Gwendolen Haste  
The Mountain in the Sky—a poem - - - Howard McKinley Corning  
Let's Wait Till Spring—a story - - - - - Edna McBrien  
The Romantic Road—a sketch - - - - - James Stevens  
The Horn—a story - - - - - Grace Stone Coates  
Verse

Peter: Old Sailor - - - - - Verne Bright  
Joe Mafraw—a ballad of the woods - - - R. P. McLaughlin  
Mullan Trail - - - - - William L. Hill  
Salt and Pepper—a story for writers - - - Mary Hartwick  
Three Poems - - - - - John C. Frohlicher  
A Historical and Romantic Map of Wyoming - - - Grace R. Hebard  
Oil Field People—sketches of town life - - - May Vontver  
OPEN RANGE—Crazy Joe - - - Harry ("Pink") Simms

## HISTORICAL SECTION

Western Trails - - - - - Archer T. Hulbert  
Idioma—things that aren't so - - - Frank B. Linderman  
Putnam Letters—1846-1852.

VERSE—by Joseph T. Shipley, Jason Bolles, Courtland Matthews, Ethel Romig Fuller, Grace Stone Coates, Raymond Kresensky, James Marshall, Carol Egland, Robert Nelson, Mezzie Lebold, Lori Petri.

BOOKSHELF—Books by Clarence Streit, Frank E. Hill, Samuel Harkness, Estelline Bennett, Chief Standing Bear, Owen Wister, J. K. Hart, George Wycherley.

CONTRIBUTORS—in front advertising section.

PUBLISHED IN NOVEMBER, JANUARY, MARCH, AND MAY AT THE STATE  
UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA, MISSOULA

**FORTY CENTS A COPY—ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR**

**J.C. PENNEY Co.**  
*A NATION-WIDE  
INSTITUTION-*

*"where savings are greatest"*

125-127 Higgins Ave.

Missoula, Montana

**THE TEST OF QUALITY  
IS SERVICE**

The J. C. Penney Company has grown in 26 years from one small store to 1024 Department Stores. It serves millions of regular customers. The reason for its growth and patronage is that its merchandise has consistently met the service test of quality.

**INSIST ON—**

**BANQUET**  
Eggs

**BANQUET**  
Ice Cream

**MEDO-MAID**  
Butter

***Missoula Creamery, Inc.***

Phones 3113-3114



Frontier

Nov. 1928

18 1929

good & Vickorens

r Little

en know the  
ne and color  
tell you that  
style can al-  
here at the  
t of money.

RCANTILE Co.



## Much for Little

Very few women know the technique of line and color but anyone can tell you that the last word in style can always be found here at the smallest amount of money.



MISSOULA MERCANTILE CO.



## NOTES ABOUT CONTRIBUTORS

Gwendolen Haste, now living in New York City, formerly lived in Billings, Montana. She is a frequent contributor of verse to the leading periodicals of the country.

Jason Bolles lives near Yellowstone Park. His verse is known to *Frontier* readers.

James Marshall is an editor of *The Seattle Star*.

Howard McKinley Corning, a Portland poet, is the author of *These People*, a volume of verse.

Edna McBrien lives in Metzger, Oregon.

Courtland Matthews has published several poems of high distinction in *The Frontier*. He is an editor of *4L Lumber News*, Portland.

Lori Petri is a well known San Francisco poet.

The editors of *The Frontier* are proud to add James Stevens to their number as a contributing editor. His new book, *Homer in the Sagebrush*, is being widely characterized as the Real West at last in story. His story, *The Romantic Sailor*, which appeared in the May *Frontier*, is being reprinted in O'Brien's *Best Short Stories for 1928*.

Ethel Romig Fuller's striking and true poetry is being published by many magazines. It is well known to *Frontier* readers.

Joseph T. Shipley is dramatic critic for *The New Leader*, New York City. His poetry has been highly praised and his translations of French poetry have won applause. He is also the author of *King John*, a novel.

Grace Stone Coates lives in Martinsdale, Montana. Her strongly individual poetry and her incisive, poignant prose are winning her significant recognition.

Verne Bright lives in Beaverton, Oregon.

R. P. McLaughlin, who lives in Missoula, picked up this ballad in the woods. Who knows other versions? Who else has picked up Western ballads?

William L. Hill, in charge of the Essay Office of the United States at Helena, came to Montana in 1884. He has been in politics, a captain in the Army, and has published a book of juveniles.

Mary Hartwick's *Hans*, a story which was printed in the May issue of *The Frontier*, has been selected by Mr. E. J. O'Brien as a story of distinction. She lives on a homestead about ninety miles north of Missoula.

Meddie Maze Lebold lives in Seattle.

John C. Frohlicher is in newspaper work. His verse is known to *Frontier* readers.

Grace Raymond Hebard, an authority on Northwest history, is professor of Economics at the University of Wyoming. The January issue of *The Frontier* will carry an article of hers on Jim Bridger, famous frontiersman.

Raymond Kresensky, who lives in Newburgh, Indiana, writes poetry of stark power.

May Vontver is a school teacher at Cat Creek, Montana. More of her sketches will appear later in *The Frontier*.

Harry ("Pink") Simms writes, "Crazy Joe now lives in a wild isolated district near an abandoned mining town in Upper Jefferson river country." He is himself an ex-cowpuncher and at present is a locomotive engineer on the C.M. & St.P. R.R. While a rider he "worked first in New Mexico for the old John Chisum outfit; after drifting over a good part of the Southwest including Old Mexico," he came to Montana "with a herd of cattle."

Robert Nelson is a student at the State University of Montana.

Carol Egland is a school teacher in Scobey, Montana.

Archer T. Hulbert, a professor in Colorado College, heads the Stewart Commission on Western History.

Frank B. Linderman, well known writer on Indian and Western life, lives at Goose Bay, Somers, Montana. He came to Montana in the early 80's, and has been trapper, guide, assayer, newspaper man, writer.

Sheba Hargreaves is an indefatigable worker in early Oregon history. Her novel *The Cabin at the Trail's End*, was published this year by Harper's.

**The  
Western Montana National Bank  
Missoula, Montana**

---

**Total Resources Over Five Million**

---

**DIRECTORS**

**F. T. STERLING  
W. L. MURPHY**

**C. F. KELLEY  
H. O. BELL  
J. W. STERLING**

**L. O. EVANS  
NEWELL GOUGH**

**Hotel Finlen**

**Finest by Far and Fireproof.**

All rooms outside and with toilet. Single, \$2-\$4; double with toilet, \$3-\$3.50; bath, \$4.50-\$6; lunch, 75c; dinner, \$1.25, and Coffee Shop.

**You'll always meet old classmates**

**at**

**The Old Chequamegon Cafe**

**AL HULTMAN, Prop.**

**Phone 61**

**27 North Main Street**

**Butte, Montana**

## Northwest Harvest

Several readers of this magazine think it time for harvesting a crop of literary creativeness in the Northwest. They have expressed the hope that *The Frontier* might prove to be the mellowing rays of sunlight that ripen the fruit. Other sections of our country have had harvest and await another season. In the Northwest, has the soil even been prepared? The nation's literature challenges this region to reveal what culturally it is making of itself.

When the project of changing *The Frontier* from a student magazine into a general regional one was placed in the minds of several Northwest people they asked, "Is the region ready for such a venture; and are there workers?" Most of them thought it was not, and that the workers were too few. They thought that whatever fruit came would be undersized and flat flavored or would windfall. "The land is still stubbornly wild."

All there is to write about, one person thought, is Indians and pioneering, and readers are tired of them; they have been exploited by the ignorant or the salesman writers; the picture is painted. Another thought, The past is past; let it lie in time. In reality, the early life of this region has yet to be built into honest and significant verse and story.

But portrayal of the past is not the fundamental need. The Indian, pioneer, prospector, trappers, cowhands, traders, railroaders have meant something to the life Northwest people live today. They are inworked substance. But one would never guess that they are from what one reads of them in verse and story. They remain outside the real life of the region. They don't "belong." One doesn't see, in most of our literature, any authentic background for them to belong to. If life in the Northwest today is individual, and unless it is there is no sense in looking for a literary harvest, it is individual because these men and women *have* belonged. Our writing should reveal that they have and how.

Three issues of *The Frontier* as a regional magazine have appeared; this is the fourth. Writers of active imagination and sincere purpose who are endeavoring to interpret Northwest life have come forward in numbers with their writings. Others will come. As they seize upon that life as individual, forgetting what, according to literary exploiters, it "ought to be," they will be bringing a crop of literary creativeness to the harvesting stage. Some matured fruit has already been harvested. The crop is fast ripening. And workers are at hand.

H. G. MERRIAM.

---

### BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor.....HAROLD G. MERRIAM  
Assistant Editors.....GRACE STONE COATES and BRASSIL FITZGERALD  
Contributing Editors.....FRANK B. LINDERMAN, LEW SARETT, JAMES STEVENS

*Manuscripts should be sent to the Editor; business communications to Thomas W. Duncan, Business Manager; subscriptions to the Circulation Manager, Ernest Lake, at the State University of Montana, Missoula.*

---

VOL. IX, NO. 1

Copyright, 1928, by H. G. Merriam  
Published in November, January,  
March, and May.

NOVEMBER, 1928

---

The January number of *The Frontier* will appear  
on December 20.



# 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.

---

## Gold

Vigilante---Montana---1863

By Gwendolen Haste

*Under the hilltop,  
Under the stream,  
Breeder of terror—  
Soul of a dream.*

Pointed hills and chattering rivers—  
Where the valleyed sunlight shivers.  
Let the swaggering young men  
Rout the treasure from its den.  
Let the vision shimmering bright  
Press their eyeballs in the night.  
Let the living gold slide smooth  
Through the yearning hands of youth,  
Till men feel the strength of passion  
Hotter than for breasts of women.  
Till a slaving black thing rises  
Which they dress in strange disguises.

This will be a tale of friends  
Knowing not when friendship ends,  
Where a hidden word is spoken  
And a brotherhood is broken.  
See the secret cleavage run  
Marked with knife and rope and gun.  
There's a band that meets for plunder  
With the sheriff for its leader—  
Plummer, darkly true to all,  
While the robbers at his call,  
George and Charley, Buck and Haze,  
Ride the terror-shadowed ways  
Through a country fringed with fear  
Where the graveled streams run clear,  
Where the gold has slipped forever

From its freedom in the river  
 Into hands that itch and quiver,  
 Till no man but looks with dread  
 At the foe who shares his bed.

Here is a scene set for blood—  
 A sheriff who travels alone  
 To a hid rendezvous in the night  
 At a ranch house where evil is sown—  
 Disaster on blanketed ponies,  
 Masked, muffled, for foul ravishment  
 Of the gold on nights dusky and fearful,  
 For passward, that lie "innocent."  
 They are nameless, the riders of night,  
 Though sometimes a loose mask is shifted  
 When a pony has suddenly plunged;  
 Or again the moonlight has sifted  
 On a shoulder, familiar and dread.  
 But no man dares speak what he knows  
 Although the sweet dust disappears  
 When he marks not his friends from his foes.  
 What matter if trains starting out  
 Never reach the end of the trail.  
 A dark enemy is to be feared  
 And life in a new land is frail.

But yet—that fond yellow mistress  
 For whom men have spilt blood before.  
 Gather together in cabins.  
 Whisper behind the closed door!

*I am the source  
 The golden gleam.  
 Brother and brother  
 Shatter the dream.*

Cunningham was a man of truth,  
 Deputy to Plummer, the sheriff.  
 He spoke when words were dangerous,  
 So Buck and Charley each took tariff,  
 And Haze Lyons added another shot.  
 Cunningham fell like an empty sack

And little X. Beidler lets his body  
Lie in a rickety brushwood shack  
While he digs graves.  
One each for Buck and Haze and Charley.  
After the packed trial he swears and raves  
Contemplating his empty graves  
And the insolent sign  
At the grave head set

THREE GRAVES TO LET  
APPLY X. BEIDLER

Haze and Buck tread gently here.  
It does not do to be too bold.  
Better those words were left unsaid  
That you spoke to the guardian of gold.  
"You are the — of a — that dug  
A grave for me." "And never a cent  
Did I charge you for it." "I am not in that grave  
You dug for me—and I pay no rent."  
"You'll be there yet, Buck, Charley and Haze,  
Before your last sacks of dust are spent."

But it will take ghosts  
To bring the riders of death to vengeance,  
Restless ghosts that stumble the roads.  
In Salt Lake City, someone by chance  
Sees Magruder's mule and saddle,  
Loved Magruder, whose lonely assault,  
Cries its tale in the jingle of harness.  
And in the alders, Nick Tbalt  
Dying with twisted body and moans  
Knows of a day when a prairie hen  
Flushed in the sage will reveal his bones  
That carried into Virginia City  
Will lift men's wrath at the thieves of gold.  
The day is coming when law will steal  
Into the towns—to the very hold  
Of death, with violence on its ticket.  
An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth  
And a body for Nick in the alder thicket.



Blond-haired George  
 With your friends, your gold,  
 A morning black  
 With November's cold  
 Is the last of the days  
 On the bob-tailed pony.  
 The body of Nick  
 Is testimony  
 Of death that moves  
 Without fear or pity.  
 A last ride, George,  
 To Nevada City.

Court and scaffold,  
 Judge and jury,  
 They are here at last  
 As an augury  
 Of a monstrous day  
 In the golden land.  
 Out of the mountains  
 Hurries the band  
 Of midnight riders  
 To save George Ives.  
 Sharp their glittering  
 Guns and knives  
 Shatter the air  
 Of the cautious town.  
 But out of the gulches,  
 Swelling down.  
 Here are the miners  
 Locked together  
 For order and law  
 In the wintry weather.

The trial runs slow;  
 The miners stand;  
 The hard mad men  
 Of the secret band  
 Threaten and curse.

But the days move on  
Toward a crashing hour  
When hope is gone—  
An hour that was never  
Prophesied  
Except by those restless  
Ones who died  
In roadside gullies,  
Never foretold  
Unless by the lavish  
Voice of gold.

Cold and lawful  
And alien  
Rises the verdict  
Of twelve true men.  
“Hanged by the neck  
Until he is dead.”  
A murderous roar,  
And the fire shines red  
On flourishing guns.  
“Don’t kill him tonight,  
You bloody bastards.  
Let him write  
To his mother and sister.  
Give him a chance!”  
And from the miners,  
“Ask him what chance  
He gave the Dutchman!”

Find a beam  
In the half-built house.  
The frantic dream  
Of word from Plummer,  
Rescue and hope,  
Dies at the sight  
Of the trembling rope.  
Over the clamor  
The muskets click.

And the stumbling mob  
 At terror's prick  
 Shivers away  
 With a frozen moan  
 While George Ives stiffens  
 And swings alone.

*I am the mother  
 Of war and blood.  
 Brother and brother  
 Loosen the flood.*

After the trial the whispers grow,  
 Valiant and louder they surge and flow,  
 And wintry horsemen alight to find  
 Men gathered at ranches, angry to bind  
 Together for order and gold and death.  
 And leaping also from breath to breath  
 Goes the code of the road agent, "Get out and dust  
 And lie low for black ducks". For a terrible lust  
 Of fear is on Rattlesnake Ranch. No one rides  
 To the corral at night. No masked horseman hides  
 Where the coulee breaks sharp by the stream. Let the dark  
 Hide the scurrying flight by high trails. Leave no mark.  
 Lie low, from the sudden new riders of dread.  
 For the hid will be named and the named will be dead.  
 And black ducks will flap cold in the dreams  
 Of the free, till he wakens and screams  
 At the thought of the trapped, who with shudder steps down  
 To a trial and a rope and a grave in the town.

Red Yager kicks a stool away  
 Crying to God to help a sinner,  
 While Plummer on Thanksgiving Day  
 Celebrates with a sumptuous dinner  
 And a forty dollar turkey brought  
 By mule train from Salt Lake City;  
 Serves plum pudding with no thought  
 But hostly ones, as, suave and witty,  
 He surveys his gorging guests.



While in their minds, coiled and sleeping,  
Mute behind the festive jests,  
Lies the secret they are keeping  
Of the ambush fixed and ready.  
Did they see him wet with fear,  
As the wine grew sweet and heady?  
Or with laughter huge and gay,  
Did they push aside the day  
When along with Buck and Ray  
They slip the knot behind his ear?

They hanged five men in Clayton's store,  
Five ropes from the strong main beam.  
Parish and Helm went laughing out  
Jack Gallagher with a scream.

Haze Lyons begged for his mistress' arms  
When the box was knocked aside  
But Club-Foot George appeased the Lord  
With a prayer before he died.

They went to the cabin on the hill  
Where the Greaser lived alone.  
Black it gaped in the creaming snow.  
Copley fell like a stone

Shot in the breast by the Greaser's gun.  
His blood was a maddening spur  
To the foaming mob that rushed the hill  
With a mountain howitzer.

They racked the cabin with cannon shell,  
They stormed the fallen door,  
They found The Greaser lying there  
Wounded upon the floor.

They strung him up to his cabin roof  
They shot him as he swayed.  
The logs blazed bright as the rope strands broke  
In a final fusilade.

In the morning there was nothing left  
 To be carried in a hearse,  
 But Mag and Nora panned the ashes  
 Hunting the gold in his purse.

Angry weather beats the hill,  
 Where they stiffen, black and still,  
 And the sleet against their bodies  
     Will not sting.

They have fought and killed and plundered,  
 They have lied and whored and blundered,  
 Now their sins are shrived away  
     Let them swing.

Will Magruder come to meet them,  
 Will Tbolt's young spirit greet them,  
 In the hell of desperadoes  
     Where they cling?

Nevermore will gold delight them,  
 Nor the word of warning fright them  
 Now their day of dying's over,  
     Let them swing.

When the wild rose fills the valleys  
 There will be no secret rallies  
 And their lust will not be burning  
     In the spring.

For a rope is smooth and strong  
 Unsurpassed to right a wrong  
 And after its harsh physic  
     No men sing.

Come away and let's forget them.  
 Cut them down or wolves will get them.  
 Now a grave is all they need,  
     And all we bring.

*Full rolls the flood  
 Of the golden stream.  
 Dark is the blood,  
 Dead is the dream.*

## *Pussywillows*

By Jason Bolles

Honyock Minna,  
Miner Joe's daughter  
Honyock Minna,  
    Seventeen years old,  
Honyock Minna,  
Lying in the willows  
    Lying in the willows, stiff and cold.

Thin legs in shoddy stockings,  
    Thin fingers, ringless and bare,  
Rouge and a reek of cheap perfume,  
    Dead gray eyes wide astare . . .

Honyock Minna,  
Blood across her blouse-front,  
Honyock Minna,  
    Blood upon her coat,  
Honyock Minna,  
And a stubby knife-blade  
    Stubby knife-blade driven in her throat.

With these at her breast—pussywillows,  
    A sheaf of buds soft as her hair;  
Never a red drop among them,  
    Somebody put them there.

## *Curtain Call*

By James Marshall

White clouds send shadows racing on the plain  
    Where once the wagons rolled on, rumbling,  
Wind-hurried from the canyon drifts the rain,  
    Heat-lightning stabs the thunder's grumbling;  
Sun-washed, the western passes set their snare  
    Where once the trails to westward blended.  
The whisp'ring sage still scents the desert air—  
    The scene still stands—  
                    But the play is ended



# The Mountain in the Sky

By Howard McKinley Corning

*Was it the wind they followed?*

Their feet were battered by stones.

*Or a far voice that halloaed?*

The desert hardened their bones.

The creak of leather, the grind  
Of ox-cart wheels, the despair  
Of trails that led them to find  
What wasn't there.

Sage . . . and a splash of red  
Where the day sank into the sand;  
And the living camped with the dead,  
West, toward their promised land.

Days . . . and the trails endured;  
Nights . . . and these sturdy hearts  
Slept with their wills inured  
Under their weary carts.

Days . . . and low in the west  
Glimmered a drift of snow  
Shot with fire at the crest,  
And lit with their own dream's glow.

They marched . . . and westward the drift,  
A handsman out of the sage,  
Assumed and commenced to lift  
Over their pilgrimage.

Westward . . . what once was a mote  
White in the eye became  
A passionate song in the throat—  
While the proud heart breaks aflame

That always the dream burns first,  
Whether poet or pioneer;  
For the mountain that rose out of thirst  
Has completed a hemisphere.

## "Let's Wait Till Spring"

By Edna McBrien

ED RING was born tired, and he never got over it. He was also slovenly and a chronic "putter-off".

His people were farmers and must have been diligent enough, or they wouldn't have been able to give him a home in which to linger his life away.

In his boyhood he escaped his share of the work, because he was so slow that he proved a stumbling-block to everyone working with him and when he grew to manhood, he married a cowlike creature, called Sarah Gill, his mother's hired girl; not because he loved her, but because he was too weary to go out and find someone else.

His father, who was a proud man, deeded him a piece of land, hoping he might wake up and take an interest in life if he owned his own place. But not Ed—so his father called in his other sons, and together they cleared a place for his cabin and barns. When these were built, Ed and Sarah moved in.

Sarah planted fruit trees around the house; she tended the cattle, poultry and bees; and after the first season she had to plow, as Ed became more and more inclined to put it off.

She had always been a plain, squarefaced girl with thick legs and big feet, but the heavy work she was

now forced to do, soon made her look like a female gorilla, head thrust forward, chin out, and long arms swinging in front.

At first Ed's people talked of his laziness among themselves, but after a while they gave up, and everything went serenely on; the firs around the clearing grew from brush to timber and in the orchard the tiny twigs Sarah had planted grew to enormous bouquets of glowing fruits, red and gold. The hop-vine and "Yellow Rose of Texas", started on either side of the cabin door, crept and crept, until they covered the roof; and the creek down behind the barns dried up and went away.

The only money Sarah ever had was from her sale of eggs or butter, a calf or some chickens. Ed needed no money; for the only things he ever wore out were the seat of his trousers and the elbows of his sleeves; the only things he ever exerted himself for were reading material and pipe tobacco; and the worst quarrel the two ever had was over a book he wanted Sarah to borrow for him. This she refused to do, the owner of the book being a stranger to her; so Ed had gone to his next neighbor and sold him a strip of woodland, and with the money he had bought that book, and several others.

Every week bundles of papers came from the postoffice. Ed sat

with his feet propped up to the fire, and traveled all over the world.

From one of these papers he read to Sarah of the great paved highway that was slowly working itself through state after state from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific, a Roman road of today. Consulting maps, they discovered that it was going to pass near them. Sarah was greatly excited, anticipating raised land values and such, but Ed said he didn't care anything about it just as long as it left him alone. But it didn't, and one sweet May morning a gang of surveyors appeared at the edge of the woods; and the little white stakes they left behind ran in a straight line right past the cabin door.

Of course Ed was somewhat surprised at this intrusion, but being too tired to protest it wasn't long before road-gangs, road-rollers and road-noises clamored their way in after. The birds, who for years had nested in the locusts, shrieked and scolded for a whole week before they left, but the honey-bees withdrew in stunned stupidity, after the first deafening blast of powder filled the air with smoke and dust.

When the road work first started in front of his place Ed used to wander out, hands in pockets, and watch the gangs of workmen. He saw some of his neighbors out there earning an extra dollar. But he soon stopped going; sight of the work hurt him. He suffered seeing those fellows working and sweating and

drinking water to work and sweat more; so he quietly mozeyed back to his good old reading, smoking and dozing.

Soon after the smoke from the road-rollers had passed by leaving behind its paler shadow traced in asphalt across the land, swarms of road-hogs, asphalt fiends and driving-fools intent on their everlasting race with time streamed by. To Sarah's great joy a number of them stopped from time to time to camp in the little green meadow just below her fence. There was never a day now that tourists did not stop to buy eggs, butter or milk; the money they gave her in return mounted to quite a sum. Her tastes and ambitions rose accordingly.

As the months passed by she felt discontented with the little old house that now, since its exposure to the glare of the passing public, looked to her like a hovel, and she spoke to Ed of a new one. At first he gave no heed, but when her constant harping began to interfere with his reading he half-promised, saying,

"All right, but let's wait till spring."

Well, winter was coming on and Sarah, farmer-like, was willing to wait for spring, even though the old house had taken quite a list, owing to the pressure put upon it by the wind that rushed down the highway through the gap in the timber. That winter she noticed the cold and inconveniences of the old place for the



first time, and she mentioned them to Ed. He said he hadn't noticed any discomforts. When the new year came along, Sarah began looking through Ed's magazines for house plans, but every one she could get him to look at had something wrong with it. Finally, tired of being put off, she suggested getting a carpenter in to draw plans that he would like. This scared Ed and he said,

"Not yet; there's plenty of time; there's no need to hurry, we've lived in this house quite a while, so it won't hurt a little longer. Let me think it over until I figure out what is best for us to do."

Well, he—thought and thought—the rest of the winter, subduing Sarah with grunts and silences until when the plum trees bloomed and the daffodils nodded in the tall, shiny grass he understood that he had fooled her, that he had never intended to build.

Docile and philosophical, she was thankful for the thick mantle of leaves and blossoms that hid the weather-beaten cabin. Ed sat, reading, smoking, and growing whiskers. His would be his twenty-first summer spent in travel and adventure. Files of dusty papers and heaps of magazines filled the corners of the reading-room and the walls were lined with books, on shelf after shelf, until as they steadily accumulated. Sarah declared their weight was pulling the house down. But Ed read on. This year Sarah was busier than

six women, with her farm work and tourists, so that fall came upon her long before she was ready. She lost the last of her tomatoes and cucumbers and barely got her hay in. From a warm, dry Indian summer, the weather turned overnight to winter, with a cold wind and heavy frost. The season was fitful and hysterical. It would pour and blow like a thousand night-time furies, only to calm by daylight, almost causing a person to doubt whether or not he had really heard the bellowing gusty wind and pelting rain that had beaten the trees and soaked the earth all night.

Then one afternoon during a cold drizzle an icy breath blew over the country, stiffening all the moisture, so that within an hour the limbs of the trees and bushes were rattling and creaking as they swayed, clumsy with the weight of icy jackets.

On her way out to milk, Sarah almost stepped into a covey of bewildered quail floundering by, hunting for the snow-covered fern-clumps under which they were wont to hide during such acts of God; and in the shelter of some berry-vines she found a China pheasant, his long tail frozen to the icy ground. Picking the bird up she turned back toward the house. As she glanced at the roof, it frightened her to see how the thick ice was forming among the matted vines. When she was inside she told Ed.

"We're going to have another Silver Thaw and I wouldn't be surprised if this old shack fell through.

Those vines should have come down, as I said."

Ed pretended not to hear her from where he sat, his heavy shoulders showing above the back of the rocker and his shoes lying one on each side, where he had kicked them off.

But Sarah was frightened and angry; and a desire to stampede rushed her into the reading-room, where she grabbed up the stove-poker and began hammering upon the rusty old heater as an accompaniment to her words.

"Ed Ring, you hear me? There's another Silver Thaw coming and you know how the last one made the roof sag! Well, this time it's going to fall in on us!"

"No. No. Nothing of the kind. This house is good and strong yet, and as far as the vines are concerned, why they'll help to hold it together."

"Yeh!" Sarah jeered. "I have a big picture of the vines holding this old rat-trap together."

To this Ed made no reply. After some more "yeh-yehs" under her breath Sarah went on out to her drudgery.

In the barn she found the heifer, Nancy, in labor with her first calf, and she hurried to make her comfortable. Busily working, she forgot the storm outside, except when an extra hard blow whistled through the barn. Then she would listen, trying to sense the weather, steadily growing worse. Hating to leave the warm barn, she puttered around; but finally she

picked up the pail of milk, ready to start for the house. As she opened the heavy door a demon seemed to snatch it from her grasp and fling it wide; then, changing its mind, to slam it shut again with a clap of thunder. Sarah would have been caught and injured, but just then she lost her footing, and providentially shot down the incline out of the flying door's swing. Half-dazed, but thoroughly angry, she stumbled up with the now bent and empty pail still clutched in her hand, and in stout defiance put about like a broad-beamed freighter, riding deep, her garments sweeping back, like bow waves, to slowly navigate the frozen sea that now lay between the house and barn. Huge clumps of ice-covered bushes like half-submerged rocks lined her narrow passageway, while all around the clearing, the forest of pointed-top firs looked like the thousand spires of a vast cathedral, frozen stiff against the streaked sky.

Finally she gained the doorstep and entered. There was Ed comfortably snoozing by the heater; in the kitchen the stove was quite cold and not a bite of supper was in sight.

Tired and worried about the storm, the house, and the sick heifer, Sarah rebelled at the sight of the cold empty kitchen—big, patient Sarah; her eyes filled with tears of disappointment and weariness. But having long since learned that her husband was neither useful nor ornamental she just leaned forward a little harder in the

## THE FRONTIER

harness. She soon had the meal ready. Then she called Ed, who roused with a snort and trailed out to the table. Neither of them said a word, as outside the swish and swirl of the wind and the occasional cracking of some over-burdened tree gave them report on the weather.

Sarah, now remembering that she had another trip to make to the barn, asked Ed to come with her and see what he thought about Nancy; but he only reasoned with her: "Now, there's no sense in my going out there; the heifer isn't used to me; she'd only get excited and, anyway, I want to finish that book on the tropical plants of Samoa."

Sarah said no more. In a moment he was on his way back to his reading, and she was indulging in her settled habit of talking to herself,

"Lazy, that's what! Lazy as a lizard in the sun!"

The kitchen work cleared away, she bundled herself up and taking a large bottle of oil from the pantry shelf went to the barn fully determined to help Nancy where Nature seemed to have passed by unheeding.

It took all her strength and experience to get the heifer through her struggle. When she had her at last coddled-down, deep and dry, with her

calf by her side for solace' sake, poor Sarah was too tired to face the sifting sleet and mawling wind that hissed outside the barn door. Thinking to rest a few moments, she dropped down on a heap of straw in the corner, covering herself up as best she could with her shawl and coat.

Rest and relief from work and pain reigned over those in the stable; but outside the wreck and ruin of crashing trees and screeching wind ruled.

Sarah slept for hours; she slept so deeply, that when she finally roused at Nancy's coaxing moo, it took her some time to realize where she was. Scrambling up, painfully stiff, she saw that the night's darkness was clearing toward daybreak. She understood at last how long she had napped; her first thought was of Ed and the house.

Striding swiftly to the door, she pushed it open. The old cabin no longer obstructed her view up the highway.

When the old spongy timbers and doughy shingles, and tons of ice-covered vines were lifted from Ed, where he lay in his wrecked arm-chair, they found his book open at page 247—"Colored Plate of Tropical Flowers of Samoa."



## October

By Courtland W. Matthews

On my white horse in gold woods I was riding,  
 In late light of the hazy afternoon.  
 The leaf-choked brook had ceased its failing tune,  
 No wind distressed the trees with somber chiding,  
 I heard no startled bird cheep from its hiding—  
 No sound save my slow horse's dull hoof-beats.  
 The air grew beady in the hushed retreats,  
 And, as I rode on at the trail's deciding,

I felt the color of the leaves burn through me,  
 I felt the silence pleading with my heart,  
 A sudden surge of memories came to me,  
 With bitterness too sweet to bid depart;  
 The air, the stillness and the yellow fire  
 Quickened ecstatic pangs of wild desire.

## Consequence

By Lori Petri

A spider drops upon my hand  
 And starts to search the alien land—  
 An egoist winding his wee,  
 Momentous spool of destiny.  
 What matter if I still the strife  
 And questing of this tiny life?  
 So frail, so fractional its worth  
 Beside the giant lords of earth!  
 My finger falls in threatened death:  
 But dare I crush a spider's breath?  
 I, midget in a mammoth scheme,  
 Less than a petal on a stream,  
 Might snap some slender thread of doom  
 Upon a vast and starry loom . . . .  
 I lift the finger that would slay  
 And let him go his little way—  
 This comrade following, like me,  
 A filament of destiny.



## *The Romantic Road*

By James Stevens.

THE last of the houses fell away behind us. We swept down a hill, rounded a curve, and, the car straightening out, we roared along the gravel highway that slices Eastern Oregon, with some cheeks and windings, from The Dalles to the border of California.

On either side the hills that cupped the valley were smoky purple, the peak of Mt. Hood a snowy glitter to the West, and the summit of Mt. Jefferson a cloud-capped pinnacle to the south. North of us Mt. Adams was an apparition in the mist. Between the hills ran the sage, rolling across the vision in swells like a great, gray-green sea. Sometimes a band of brilliant green betrayed the tender winter wheat sown by some rancher making this desert land yield him a living and a home. Here and there sheep dotted the hillsides, the brown and white dog streaks of motion, and the figure of the herder motionless and grim against a rugged skyline. We were on our way over an old road, a romantic road, where once flowed the colorful stream of pioneer Western life. We drove on history.

The road wound on, smooth-graveled, with only hints now and then of the ancient ruts ground in by fifty years of freighting. As the dust pillared behind and the sage ran away on either side, it seemed that you could hear the whistle and crack of

the long whips as the wagon trains wended south from the banks of the Columbia to the scattered ranches and the mining camps of the hinterland. Swarthy Mexicans and Spaniards rode along, their faces shaded under wide, bell-fringed hats, the smoke raveling behind them from cigarettes drooping in mouth corners, their spurs jingling, the sun glinting on the ivory butts of their long-barreled, holstered revolvers. Bound for the ranches, too, they were, or perhaps watching the dust of milling herds they drove before them, the muffled roaring of five thousand cattle drowning the thudding of the horses' hooves.

Against the backgrounds of the gray sage and the tree-choked valleys all these things moved. Shouts, oaths, the slow herds, the freight teams, the riders, sometimes the crack of guns. Women pressed forward to found homes; land barons rode in state behind blooded horses; cowboys galloped singing to love and adventure. A ceaseless throng kept the dust astir, while the hills swam in the summer heat, the trees in the hollows sheltered the lazy cattle and the mountains floated purple and snowy and clear in the unstained blue. When the fall rains swept down from the North there was no let-up and the busy hooves and wheels furrowed the road still, while the hills

faded behind the mists and the sheltered thickets dripped color from every branch. Then the snow came, like a phantom, white and clean, spreading immaculate covers along the rimrock and soothing the year-tired slopes. Even when the blizzards roared through the passes of the Cascades and all the world was a bellowing smoky chaos, the old highway retained its life, fires blazed redly in sheltered hollows, and the numbed cattle hovered beneath the slopes.

So much had gone from the land. Now you run smoothly along the miles and the horizons stand empty and clear beneath the sky. There remains only the gorgeous sweep of nature, the sky, the hills, the lordly peaks. Jackrabbits lope unheeded; the blue-birds blaze across the earth. The old days are gone, and all but dead, and the sleek paved highway far off takes the tourist hurrying blindly to his destination, unseeing and uncaring of the old romantic road where memories walk between the hills and the winds whisper behind the sage.

The pavement is comfort, and speed, and the reek of machines. But here on the old road is Oregon, the Oregon of our fathers, the Oregon of the covered wagons, the cowboys, the dance-hall girls, the miners, the cattle barons, the loggers, the freighters, the sailors run away from the ships to seek adventure in an unmarred empire. On the pavement the sign boards shout against the sage and

stripe with cheap colors the profound canvas of nature. But the old road winds lonely now, tho swarming with visions for those who can see. And the sunsets blaze unchecked across the Cascades, and the twilight falls violet across the hill, and the blue-birds sing in the thickets. . . .

We slip into a canyon and the shadows close about, and motionless, staring cattle loom on the rimrock against the fading sky. Water laughs in the twilight, a bright flash on the canyon wall, checking at the road rise and following the car as if in a race. A night bird calls shrilly from a copse nestling darkly in a rocky bay. The water has left us and the road rises to wind level with the sage again. Night marches across the mountains.

Far ahead where the shadows gather strange shapes move and fade. We think we see an old lantern wink, a cigarette glow. Faint and far sound mule bells, the creak of leather, a gay voice lifted in a song of Spain. But perhaps we dream and the road is empty after all.

The western sky flames golden, changes to purple, grows black. Abruptly a turn brings us to a crimson splash of a fire just off the road and we see the silent native peoples of this empire gathered before gaunt wickiups, gaudy blankets draped over them, their hair gathered in red cloth, their somber eagle faces staring at this white man's motor carriage. Behind the somber men gather stout women, slender raven-haired girls,

fat children, pouring from the wicki-ups to watch, dressed in a medley of hues. . . . The stars appear, spangling the purple vault above. . . . The Indians are gone, the fire is gone. . . . The road winds on and the ghosts of long ago take form again, until our eyes grow strained and from dreaming we awake to awareness and, leaning forward, switch on the lights. Illusion vanishes and the gravel winds flinty-white ahead, with little jet shadows

hiding behind each tiny rise. We look back for a moment at the darkness behind, and perhaps in the dust ride the phantoms still and the tapestry of the past moves and changes against the stars. . . . laughing, sad, brutal, warm, all the Oregon that was and still is for those who choose the old road winding across an empire and leave to those of small understanding the highways foolish hands have built.

## *The Grand Dalles Hills*

By Ethel Romig Fuller

These hills across the river from the town ;  
These Grand Dalles hills with hollow hips, and crests  
That crumble on the sky ; whose bony, brown  
Hands clutch at clouds to cover naked breasts ;  
These hills rock-ribbed, gaunt, surfaced with a crust  
Of ochre-yellow sand ; inured to hurt  
Of searing suns and winds' untempered lust ;  
Abandoned \* \* \* are not always thus inert.  
I've seen them run down to the river's brink  
At dawn with young dreams in their eyes, and pause,  
Startled, to watch a golden eagle drink ;  
Then dropping robes of sheerest, bluest gauze  
From pale limbs, leap into the water where  
They shake the stars out of their tawny hair.

## Thistle

By Joseph T. Shipley

Thorny-stemmed you prick at me, with laughter  
 Sucked from dry soil, with sudden barb  
 Of sterile anguish  
 Born out of expectation and desire  
 As the nerve-worn wretch finds sleep on yielding the quest.  
 Prick-stemmed you enthorn yourself in me,  
 Sapless points break in the flesh, splintered  
 Pain of you thrusting to dead ends  
 Green stalk drawing with its life must purge  
 Before the growth of beauty.

Purple tuft of white down, bold gift cooling  
 Crushed upon my mouth requiting thorns.  
 To me bounty of restless fields that a wind runs over, rippling  
 Grasses to rise of thorns and purple down—  
 To you release and life-laughter  
 Won from dry soil over need of barb-torture  
 Simple in beauty to the sky.

## Mea Culpa

By Grace Stone Coates

When lean hag fingers tear at my throat  
 Never a whimper do I send  
 Down the listening wind; tho I turn wolf  
 And sink my teeth in the flank of a friend,

Or freeze to marble and wait unmoved  
 Till the thwarted, impotent furies leave;  
 Helpless to clutch their harpy claws  
 In my hard breast, too cold to grieve.

For the savage gash in your side, beloved,  
 Let the hot rain of my tears atone;  
 And tenderness make intercession  
 If you came eager, and found me stone.



## The Horn

By Grace Stone Coates

Mother gave me my Christmas gift more impressively than she distributed the others. I knew from her manner it was more important. She called me into her bedroom, where only Teressa was, and took it from a box. It was a horn. The other children had horns, too, but theirs made only one sound. They could blow them one way, and make one noise, and that was all. Carl's trumpet was red, and Teressa's, green. Father told us the way they shone was iridescence. They were both iridescent, so they seemed like relations.

My horn was different. It was of white wood, slender and shiny, with four silver keys on each side. Mother gave it to me. Father seemed not interested in it. Mother told me it was lovely. When she said it was made of basswood, father hunched his shoulders and laughed.

Mother wanted me to learn music. When she had taken the horn out of the box she showed me how to hold it. She put her fingers on the keys and held the horn to her mouth with her thumbs. She played a tune on it, "Happy Land." She made mistakes and went back to correct them. I could hardly wait to take the horn. I wanted it so I trembled. I wanted to play something real on it. The sounds mother made were

not pretty, because she was only showing me how it worked. I wanted to take it to a place alone, and play music that was inside of me.

When mother handed me the horn I started away. She caught my arm, and told me to play. She put my fingers on the keys and said, "Blow!" The sounds I made were just like hers. She told me if I got the wood wet it would split; to press it against my lips and not put it in my mouth. Then she let me go.

The moment I saw the horn it meant more to me than any thing I had ever had. I decided to keep it away from Teressa.

The day after Christmas I asked mother to let me play outdoors. Mother bundled me up, because it was cold, but when I took my horn she made me put it back. She said it was not a thing to be playing in the snow with. I told her I wanted to stand in the sun and blow it. She said my fingers would freeze stiff; I would drop it in the snow and run off and forget it. I didn't tell her I wouldn't.

The first time I had a chance to take the horn outside I ran to the hayloft and opened the big door not in sight of the house. I stood looking over the pasture and began to play. I knew right away the horn was not of any use to make music

with, but would be beautiful to think music thru. I could play all the things that were not so with it. I began. I played standing on the windmill where father would not let me climb, and seeing the whole world. I played wind blowing over grain fields. I played things I had no words for, things that made me laugh,; like father and mother leaving me at home when I wanted to go to town with them, and having to come back and get me because they remembered I needed shoes.

I did not touch the keys when I played. I moved the horn from one side to the other, so all directions could hear the music I was thinking.

Every day I took the horn from its box and carried it outdoors with me. I tried to take it without letting mother and Teressa see it, because they looked satisfied and understanding if they saw the horn in my hand. Mother had told me always to keep it in the box when I was not using it, so it would stay clean. I cared so much for it I always put it away as she said.

Teressa and mother talked about me when they thought I was not listening. When I was playing under the open window I heard them, or when I was in the house and they thought I was not paying attention. The things they said were usually not so. I did not tell them this, because it didn't seem polite; and besides they would have stopped talking.

Teressa said, "I wonder why Veve takes that horn with her. She never plays it."

"She plays on it when she is out of hearing," mother said. "She is practicing something to surprise us."

I made music with the horn a long time before they began to bother me with questions. The horn was real to me, like myself; more real than people were, except father. Mother began to ask me to play something for her. She asked me, then she insisted. She scolded me. I played "Happy Land." I did not like to play on the horn because it sounded ugly. Mother was disappointed because I did not know other things to play. She said she had supposed I would know lots and lots of tunes by this time. She had thought I would love the horn, and wished she had given it to Teressa.

All the time she talked I cried, but not on the outside. I was crying about the horn and not about myself.

When Teressa wanted to be hateful she would ask me to let her take the horn. I didn't dare not let her have it, because she would tell mother. She blew it, and made it squawk. I cried because she kept it so long, and mother said she had never dreamed I was so selfish. It made little threads of pain on the inside of my arms and legs when Teressa had the horn, and when she laid it down I would take it to the pump and wash it before I put it away. I washed it until it began to be not

shiny at the end, and to have little black lines on it.

Because they watched me and asked me questions, and Teresa tried to spy on me when I took the horn outdoors, I began to leave it in the box, and to sit in the loft and think about it instead. I could hear music whenever I listened, and would sit in the loft, or on the low roof of the machine-shed with music like wind around me. After it had been beautiful I would lie on my face and cry until I was hungry. Then it was supper time.

We had a mortgage. When people had mortgages they had sales, and went away. We had a sale, and we were leaving. Mother was sorting things we would take with us. I liked it when the boxes were filled, and the rooms were empty. The boxes were good to stand on and recite *Lady Clare*. There were things mother did not pack. There was a statue and an inlaid cabinet. She said father would attend to those. My dolls were packed, but my horn wasn't. It was still in its box on the bureau. The bureau cover was gone. I was afraid mother had forgotten the horn. I took it out of its box and laid it on the center table where she would see it often. I didn't tell her about it, because it was hard to make her notice when I talked.

Since we were going away, people visited us who hadn't come before. Mother gave them things. Mrs. Slump came, with Clubby. I was not

in the house when they drove up, but I heard my horn. I ran in. Clubby had it. I stood by mother's chair and whispered to her that he had it. She said, "Sh!"

I went to the pantry and made a noise as if I had dropped something. When mother came out I said, "Clubby has my horn." Mother took my arm and shook it. "I'd be ashamed," she said. "I never knew you to be so selfish and disagreeable about anything in your life as you have been about that horn. You don't want it yourself, and you don't want anyone else to have it. If you had kept it in the box where I told you to, Clubby would never have got hold of it. Don't let me hear another word."

All the time Mrs. Slump stayed, Clubby blew on the horn. He made dreadful noises with it, and put it too far in his mouth. Mother went twice to look at the clock, and Mrs. Slump said she must be going. She told Clubby to put the horn back on the table. He held it close to him, and ran. She caught him, and he kicked her. Mother said, "Let him keep it if he likes it. Veve doesn't care for it any more."

They went down the road with Clubby on the high wagon-seat beside his mother, looking back and blowing my horn.

I cried until mother was worried. She talked to me. She scolded. She asked me if I was not glad for Clubby to have one little gift, poor Clubby



who had nothing. I was not. I said, "It was mine, and you gave it away." She said father had sold our pigs and colts and baby heifers. "But this was *really* mine," I answered.

She was provoked. "I'd be ashamed," she said, "to make such a fuss over a wretched horn that didn't amount to anything in the first place!"

"You *told* me it was lovely."

Late, after every one else was in bed, father held me in his arms in the empty kitchen. He talked. The horn was a symbol, he said, and the human mind still clung to symbols. Only the wise chose the reality behind the sign. He had not wanted me to have the horn; but he had had faith enough in me to believe it would not injure me.

The next day mother took time she could not spare to sit in the rocking chair and hold me on her lap. She had been wrong, she said, to give away my horn without asking me first. But if she had asked me to let

Clubby have it, she would have expected me to say yes. She would have expected me not to shame and embarrass her before Mrs. Slump by refusing. She had done wrong, and she was sorry. She had not supposed I would want the horn after Clubby had put it in his mouth. I had always made things easier for her instead of harder, and she hoped I was not going to begin to be different now.

I settled lower on her shoulder. I said, "Talk more."

She told me why Christmas presents were lovely. No matter how small they were, how trivial, they were lovely. The love that prompted them was beautiful. The sacrifices that bought them, the joy they gave, all, all were lovely, regardless of the gift.

She rocked me in silence.

I remembered more and more that the end of the horn, where one blew, was no longer shiny. Clubby had had it in his mouth. It had tiny cracks in it, and was dingy, and almost ready to give away.



## I. Peter

By Verne Bright

Peter, Peter dreams by the harbor,  
Peter sits by the silver bay  
Dreaming dreams of wild sea laughter  
Beyond the closing gates of day—  
Peter sits by the quiet harbor  
And dreams of the far away.

Peter dreams by the harbor—  
Gull wings flutter across the dusk—  
Peter dreams by the harbor—  
Over him like a shadow creeps  
The smell of musk . . .  
And Peter sleeps.

Peter! Peter! waken Peter!  
There's a ship at the quay a-wanting men;  
Never a chance like this again;  
The wind is blowing fleeter, sweeter,;  
Rub the sleep from your dull eyes, Peter,  
Here's a ship bound out through the gates of day . . . !  
The ship is gone . . . still Peter dreams,  
Dreams of the far away.

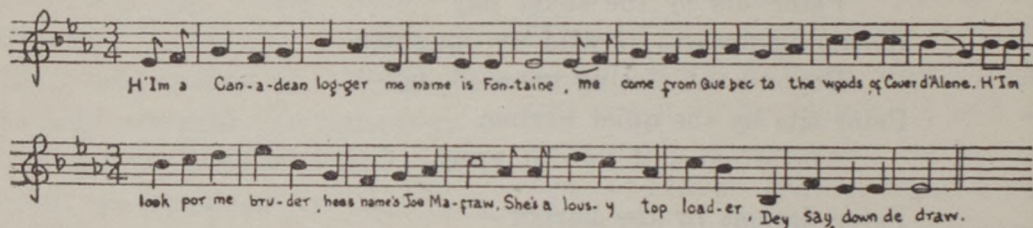
## II. Old Sailor

By Verne Bright

Down corridors of darkness came the shrill  
Of winds, the fragile fog-wisps wrapped his heart  
In longing, and the salt spray kissed a smart  
Of rapture on his lips . . . Beyond the hill  
What dream of ocean-beauty waited him?  
What leaping silver, under the curving moor,  
Of out-drawn tides? What wild, ecstatic rune  
Flung from the fluting throats of seabirds slim?  
  
He climbed the dune as of old he'd climbed a mast:  
The wind was seamen's laughter in his ears;  
The wisps of fog, white sails against the sky;  
The moon, a beckoning ship's light swinging by,  
Luring him down dark sea-trails of the past . . .  
The seabirds' pattering cry held the sound of tears.

## Joe Mafraw

This woodsman's song was picked up in the woods and recorded by R. P. McLaughlin.



1. H'I'm a Canadian logger, me name is Fontaine  
Me come from Quebec to the woods of Couer d'Alene  
H'I'm look por me brudder, hees name's Joe Mafraw  
Shees a lousy top-loader dey say down de draw.
2. Does anybody here know Joseph Mafraw?  
His buddy's a skinner from Sa-ag-i-na-aw.  
Dere is two Joe Mafraws, one is named Pete,  
A lumberjack said from the deacon seat.
3. Way up 'mongst the pines of the Marble creek hills  
H'I'm hear shees cat slapping pine logs to the mills  
Hit makes me so proud when dey say Joe's sure jake;  
Wid a bateau dey tells me Joe sure takes de cake.
4. Dey know heem on the Kootenai as a white-water man;  
Out west on the Soun' shes skyhooker han';  
Dey ain't nodder fellar come from Canadaw  
Ken wobbly 'em up or skid 'em like Joe Mafraw.
5. Dey's a swamper one day dirtied up me cross-haul  
In each Gippo, camp H'I'm look por heem dat fall  
But guess how me felt, how queeck fell me jaw  
When me found in Potlatch 'twas my Joe Mafraw.

## Mullan Trail

By William L. Hill

Freighters out of old Fort Benton—  
Skinners swear, blacksnakes flail;  
Horses, packtrains, bulltrains, muleteams,  
Hitting the Mullan Trail.

This is the medley of the road:—  
Wind and snow, sun and shade;  
Across the benches, down the coulees,  
Straining up the grade:

Mired down axel-deep in gumbo,  
Hard bucking through the snow;  
Muleteams pausing at the ford  
And drinking as they go;  
Incense of the pine and sagebrush,  
Hot dust of alkali;  
The liquid note of meadowlark,  
Dread Blackfoot battle-cry.

Pulling out at chilly sun-up,  
Halting at burning noon,  
Swapping lies around the campfire,  
Sleeping beneath the moon,  
Coyote's silhouette on skyline,  
Shrilling of the crickets,  
Night guard ending, dawn awakening  
Small birds in the thickets.

Across Sun River, past the Dearhorn,  
Up Little Prickly Pear,  
They cross the range at Mullan's Pass  
Strike Little Blackfoot there,  
By Hellgate, Clark's Fork, Coeur d'Alene,  
By Hangman's Creek, Touchet,  
They come to Walla Walla Fort,  
A long and toilsome way.

• • • • •

## Salt and Pepper

By Mary Hesse Hartwick

Hell's Half Acre, Devil's Basin,  
Valley of the Swan, Montana.

Dear Editor:

I AM favoring you with my first short-story, which I am about to write. I see that you want something indigenous and that you pay a high rate per word. This story will be written according to the technique of a book I bought on HOW TO WRITE THE SHORT STORY.

I wavered long between sending for this book or a pair of riding pants. I still need the pants, but I have reinforced the seat of my old ones with homecured deerhide, and think that I can make out until I get your check. I have been wrangling some of the lady dudes this season, and have been buoyed up by the hope that some one of them, departing, would leave behind her a pair of those lovely doe-skin-seated ones. The season is over, and nary a pant. So in desperation, I have got out this book on the HOW and, having mastered the remaining lessons, am ready to begin my literary career.

I got the idea of a literary career from reading how Mary Roberts Rinehart had one and raised a family at the same time. She says she did her first stories with the Youngest on her lap while typing. My Youngest is a Double. And although I have won out and am about to become a celebrity also, I have not been able

to do any typing with the twins on my lap. Only this morning, after losing a lot of valuable time, I upended the typewriter and shook it vigorously—as is my wont to shake many things around here—and out dropped a safety pin.

So this afternoon I have hogtied the twins and laid them out. They are making the welkin ring, but they will fall asleep bimeby. Ringing welkins are nothing in my still-young-enough life on this homestead. And for every yell that is perpetrated there are at least four echoes from the jackpines that stand sentinel around our hard-won clearing and give us the eternal hee-haw. Even the *aeselinde*, Hippolyte, so called because she is light in the hips, loves to stand under my window and bray just when I am in the throes of composition like this. You should hear her echoes and the echoes of her echoes and the coyotes answering her and them. Echolalia, all day.

Dear Editor, you surely will appreciate my ability to turn out a model SHORT-STORY under such handicaps. I read how Joseph Hergesheimer rented a whole Colonial mansion, just to get the atmosphere for one story. I feel sunk.

However and nevertheless, I did sit up nights perusing this book on the technique of the SHORT-STORY, and extracting, *poco a poco* as it were, from the pockets of this Melancholy



Dane, the wherewithal to purchase this rebuilt typewriter, on time, and 500 sheets of paper, and six notebooks And here I am.

This book says STUDY THE POPULAR AUTHORS. Since coming on this homestead and acquiring twins and everything, we have not been able to subscribe for anything but the SATURDAY EVENING POST. I have all the copies of the past eleven years. I do not mean the six million issued weekly, but one of each week. So you will see that my style smacks somewhat of the style of the writers of that periodical.

In the last chapter of this book on writing to augment your income, it states: "You don't have to go to college to make the Public think you are a *maestro di color che sanno* (Master of the KNOW). Just buy these books which are contained in our WRITER'S LIBRARY, and you can fool all the people all the time:

"A COMPENDUM OF APT SIMILES. A THESAURUS OF QUOTATIONS FROM THE BEST SELLERS. A DICTIONARY OF SLANG. A DICTIONARY OF MYTHOLOGICAL ALLUSIONS. A TREASURE HOUSE OF APHORISMS OF THE ANCIENTS. A COMPILATION OF ABSTRUSE IMPONDERABILIA AND OCULT SAYINGS. ONE THOUSAND ANGLES OF THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE. A DICTIONARY OF FOREIGN PHRASES. A DICTIONARY OF SCIENTIFIC FACTS."

Until I have sold a few stories I shall not be able to send for this library of writer's helps and will just have to get along as best I can. I have filled one of my notebooks with the vernacular and apt similes of the hillbillies that live around here; but I don't think you'd want them, at least not in an expurgated edition of a SHORT-STORY. I must say that some of them are very apt and if you wish, I will send you a few private samples of them to be used at your own discretion.

I will now proceed to write my story, laying out my rules before me where I can see them all the time, for, as I say, I need pants.

OPEN YOUR STORY WITH A BANG! BE BRIEF. WORDS ARE THE GREATEST ENEMY OF THE SHORT-STORY.

The sun rose. Miss Pepper rose. They would. BANG! went her slipper after the fleeing cat. Instantly and at once her cabin became a maelstrom of activity. Round and round she went. BANG! went some wood into the stove. BANG! her folding cot into place. Then she took the curlers out of her bangs.

Miss Pepper had hair. Beautiful hair. Beautiful calves, too. But you wouldn't learn about calves from her. Not after she was dressed.

CREATE A MYSTERY RIGHT IN THE BEGINNING OF YOUR STORY.

Soon she was eating her little breakfast. On a table mostly covered

by fat hucklebery pies Then she seemed to be making another breakfast, a big one. Doughnuts, alt-jan-nocks, sandwiches, dewy huckleberries and a big pitcher of cream, coffee—and as she worked she hummed a little tune and kept running to the window to peer out along the trail.

The sun began to ride high. (I got the riding of the sun—high, from Hal G. Evarts.) It began its ride from the East, travelling steadily Westward. It had not been riding long ere a squat figure, squatter for the huckleberry bushes that grew all over Miss Pepper's slantwise place—a squat figure rolled up the trail and hove in through the gate.

"Why, where are you going this morning, Captain?"

She knew dang well. The same place he had been going the last three Sundays. And she had seen him when he first appeared on the horizon. "Come in and sit down, you must be tired, climbing that hill."

The Old Salt came up on the porch and sat down heavily in one of her squeaky little chairs. As he listened to her cajolery, he mopped his calvous dome with a blue handkerchief that had smallpox. (From many launderings the write dots had given out first.) But that is neither here nor there on a fine large day like this with the sun riding high, and everything.

BRING ALL YOUR CHARACTERS UPSTAGE AT ONCE AND WITH SWIFT STROKES SET THEM TO WORK.

Soon, but not right at once, there came up the trail a long line of others of the species. They carried axes, a canthook and a cross-cut saw. They advanced menacingly on the Old Salt. A gleam of razor-sharp axes dazzled his caesious eyes. As he listened to the cacophony, an inner calorescence began to color his cadaveric countenance and he felt as if he were being blown upon by the Caecias. He rubbed his caespitulose complexion and gazed away into the cerulescent skies.

(I had the dictionary open at the C's and thought I would put in a few. STUDY YOUR DICTIONARY, says this book on the writing game. And if these writers can pick words out of the dictionary and marshall them and sell them—over and over—why can't I?)

"Whatuell?" enquired the Old Salt.

Jack, the Irish Missourian, glowered. "How come you'all up here so bright and early? Where you been all these Sundays, eh. wot? You old huckleberry hog, thot yu could pu one ower o' us, di-yu? We uh show yu."

Jack's mouth was filling up with snus-juice. He had to make a cup of his lower lip and drop his consonants. Or else quit talking long enough to get rid of the surplus liquid. Jack hated to quit talking once he got going. Like some of those men around that well worn stove in Will Bissell's store. (I can get Jack going for padding, *a la* our prolific Ben Ames Wil-

## THE FRONTIER

liams. I learned about padding from him.)

Jack went around the cabin to get rid of his snus-juice. Little Chris peered from under his shaggy eyebrows at the Old Salt, and said in his thin precise voice, "We were right behind you all the way up the hill. We could hear you wheezing a mile; you must be overeating lately, you seem so short of wind."

"He ain't overeatin' on them sour-dough bannocks an' brown beans he cooks down there in that gulch o' hisn, that's a cinch." This from the Big Bazoo, who was insolently spitting on a round whetstone and whetting his already oversharpe axe a few inches from the Old Salt's proboscis. (I culled that last word, together with a lot of sprightly conversation, from the stories of R. G. Kirk.)

The Old Salt snorted and glared, with venom in his little round eyes. He opened his mouth to say something; but there stood Miss Pepper. She took hold of the situation at once.

"Have you men had breakfast?" innocently and sweetly she inquired.

They had. Breakfasts such as gentlemen having no blondes or brunettes get. They could take on some more.

"I wouldn't give them a second breakfast, Miss Pepper," said the Old Salt. "What are they here for, anyway?"

"We're here," said Soren Anderson, who was called Suspended Animation for short, "We're here to find out why you're here." He rested a

moment after that long speech, then added, "And you shut up or we'll give you a swift kick for breakfast."

"You'd better say *we*," muttered the Old Salt, staring at Soren with withering contempt.

The Kid, who had been working for Miss Pepper, appeared in the doorway with two huge pies. "Oh, no, no, not those, not for breakfast," she fluttered. She forced him back into the tiny kitchen and began sending the hot things. She came out with a big stone crock full of sugared berries and the cream.

"So? this is whut yu bin eatin', these Sundays. No wunner yu're win-broken, stuffin' yurself Sundays enuf to do a week, huh?" Jack was biting through three sandwiches at once and packing in doughnuts between. When his food grinder became clogged, he loosened it all up with a swig of hot coffee.

Jack now reached the berries and cream and they went down easier. "Shup, an eat, yu'r gonna need it. We aim to work some before noon and the day is young yet." Jack gave his mouth a swipe, first with one shirt-sleeve and then the other. "Com on, shup and com on, everybody, les go."

They went into the clearing.

All morning they ragged the Old Salt, and with falling and sawing and log rolling they chased him around on his stubby legs until he could find no place to work. He finally went back to the cabin and began to split stovewood.



Great was the sound of their falling (SWIFT STROKES). They were the champion fallers in the Valley of the Swan. (We had a poet here last Dude season and I traded him huckleberry pie for big words and rhapsody. He said, "Don't say Swan Valley, say Valley of the Swan; it's more poetic." He also had a glass of huckleberry wine. "Your hills, they seem to be swimming in the sky. Wonderful hills, wonderful!" I had a hard time to get him started down the trail—Digression, from Corra Harris.)

Slowly the sun rode toward the zenith. About eleven the Kid came out with cold water. "When do we eat?" asked Jack.

"You'll eat when it's noon. You will eat when she calls you."

When the sun in his riding at long last reached the spot directly overhead where he could look down the men's necks, Miss Pepper called them. They started to race past the cabin to the creek. She called them back. "You men just as well fill up these tubs and coal-oil cans; it's hard to get water up that hill."

Sloshing the water all over the path, they hurried back up. "Ye-ouw! Look what's here. Come on, let's go." They ran to the table, which was under Miss Pepper's beloved bullpines, and spread themselves along the plank seats. And they chased the Old Salt into a chair at one end of the table. When Miss Pepper came out, she had to sit down at the other end.

They were falling to, but Miss Pepper raised her hand. The men bowed their heads while she said grace. Then Swede and Dane and Irish and Dutch and the mixtures of these and worse races, Missourians, for instance, gathered from God knows where—homesteaders in the Valley of the Swan, homesteading for God knows why—fell to and ate. Ate methodically, seriously, as only men who batch can eat, thinking of the days of beans and bacon and prunes and sourdough. The conversation lagged, the ragging died down, and the Old Salt had a brief respite.

But he wasn't eating so good. He felt mulish and muddled in his mind. Miss Pepper had known these men were coming. She had not told him. And she would not look at him all morning as she fluttered here and there. He sat at the end of the table wrapped in gloom. He felt *sunk*. (I got that word *sunk* from seeing it so often in the writing of Joseph Hergesheimer. I give credit to him, also, for my interjections, for all my little phrases that play leapfrog as I write merrily on with the high hope of selling all this, and I owe him the expression, "as it were".)

The sun intended to ride right on. But at sight of that dinner he brought up with a jerk and stood stock still. For in all his circuit riding, he had never peered down on a lovelier dinner. There certainly had never been any in the Valley of the Swan like that. Two Missouri hams, stuck with cloves and roasted



in syrup, two big platters of lake trout in a bed of watercress, an enormous meat-pie made from canned elk. (Did Miss Pepper go hunting? Dunt esk; let me get on.) There were fresh creamed peas, lettuce, onions, and many things that had never been raised in the Valley before. Miss Pepper knew her onions and stuff. (I got the courage to think I can get these foolish quips published, I mean sold. I don't care if they are ever published, so that I get that check and my pants—I got the courage, I say, from reading those that Will Rogers sells.)

There was more to that dinner, but I always digress. There was an angelic-looking pound cake all plastered with white, and there were all the huckleberry pies piled high with whipped cream that she had sent to the Ranch for, gobs of whipped cream, and there was an array of pickles and preserves and chows and other delicacies that Miss Pepper's folks in Missouri had sent out. It was some dinner. And over it all went jokes and hearty laughter and loud guffaws, and a lot of English as she spoke around here—a heinous mixture of Svenska, Norske, ious mixture of Svenska, Norske, Danske, Yorkshire, Dutch, Canuck, Hill-billy, and that incorruptible and inimitable Missourian dialect.

("Oh, Mother! the boys have Hippolyte tide behind the chicken-house and they are whitewashing her. They are almost done. Come, quickly,

here's your shake. Oh, Mother, I'll help you!

I had to take that mule down to the creek and scrub her long and hard and her kicking all the time and trying to bite my neck. And then, all things else being soaked, I took those two sons of their father by the scruff of their seats and wading out to the deepest hole soused I them three times under. "Oh, Mother, hold them under, I'll help you!"

Above the roar of every combat on this rancherino comes that cheering cry, "Oh, Mother, I'll help you!" I look to the time when the two of us can clean up on the inconsequential females on this homestead.

The two liabilities are now abed in the loft and their clothes ahang in the breeze. Those being all the clothes they have, they will probably stay in bed until I finish my story. The twins, in the arms of Morpheus and an Indian blanket, and some lengths of lariat, sleep on. I will proceed.)

YOUR STORY MUST HAVE A CRISIS, A CLIMAX, AN ANTI-CLIMAX, AND A SWIFT DE-NOUEMENT.

EATING, at which I left all my characters, is, always, in the Valley of the Swan, both CRISIS and CLIMAX. Work is ANTI.

The men had thought of a swift denouement. But, Miss Pepper, with the gentlest stirring, arose and began to pick up the plates. "I will just take these and wash them and put

them right back on; we can have supper right here."

Jack, half-snused, stood agape.

After snoozing awhile under their hats, they went slowly back to work.

The sun started up again, too, after dinner. Steadily, sardonically, taking his own sweet time about it, he rode on westward. To be really accurate, he headed a little north of west. Slowly writing the legend of another golden day—in the Valley of the Swan.

And at the end of a long, long afternoon, Miss Pepper called them again. Wearily, these shackers-up, to whom washing was spread out much thinner than twice in one day, wended their way down the side of the canyon to the creek. "I hope the hell she don't want them tubs filled again," said Jack, who was all in from trying to work the Old Salt and the Kid to death. He hadn't got much out of the Kid, and the Old Salt had given plumb out at four and refused to budge, crawling into the shade of some brush and going to sleep.

Miss Pepper had added many nice things to the supper, and she had her favorite hot gingerbread with whipped cream. "We must eat it all up." They ate everything up. "Miss Pepper, have you anything left to live on?" She had, lots. And she was so thankful for all the hard work they had done. Now she could prove up, and all that nice winter wood already sawed. She flattered and fluttered, and passed remnants.

The men said, that as the day was all shot tuell anyway, they would wash the dishes. So they did, and made everything spic-and-span for Miss Pepper, who was a neat little thing and could not rest until the last hand's turn was done.

She brought out her little phonograph and the men sat about on the porch and on the ground, listening to the music. The tunes were mostly solemncholy ones from Missouri hymnbooks, and after a while Jack, particularly, began to look glum—and sunk. He got up and went around the house to expectorate. Then taking a fresh filling of snus, and picking up his axe, stood working the wads of snus down into his cheek pockets, so that he could speak.

"Com on, les go, everybody, les go."

"You go when you're ready, we know the way home," said the Old Salt.

"Do yu, now; do yu, huh? You old baldheaded barnacle, pry yourself loose from that porch and com on."

The Old Salt sat tight. Some of the men made as if to take him off the porch. Miss Pepper advanced from the shadows. All retreated.

They filed out through the little gate calling back good nights to Miss Pepper and derision and threats at the Old Salt.

Down the hill they went and there floated back a song that the Kid had begun, as he beat time on

## THE FRONTIER

the blade of the crosscut that dangled over Little Chris's shoulder.

*"Yeouw, yeouw! He'll work behind the plow,*

*Yeouw, yeouw! He'll learn his on-ions now.*

*He's in Swan Valley now,*

*He's not aboard a scow,*

*Yeouw, yeouw! He'll have to say his grace,*

*He'll have to shave his face,*

*He'll have to clear this place!*

*Oh, Captain, my Captain, yeouw, yeouw!"*

Fainter and fainter grew the Axemen's Retreat as it floated back on the evening breeze. Still the Old Salt sat tight.

"They'll be waiting, I'm sure," fluttered Miss Pepper. "Hadn't you better go?"

"T'hell with them," said the Old Salt, getting up and looking for his hat.

"Here it is," she said. "I don't want to hurry you."

He stopped on the last step and began to paw his chin. "Miss Pepper, why can't I come and help clear up the rest of that?"

"Why, I would like to have you, but I couldn't afford it."

"I'd not want any pay. I mean—I'd rather be here than on my own place. I mean—I'd rather be where you are than by myself. I mean—Miss Pepper, would you consider—"

"I wouldn't consider anything at all tonight." Her voice was getting peppery. "I really think you had

better go; I can hear the men yelling down there."

Then seeing how sunk he looked, she came forward and held out her hand. "You go now, Captain; you come back again some time and we will talk it over and decide." She had already decided—three Sundays back.

Somehow he knew he had made port and a great wave swept over his old hulk. He straightened his shoulders and marched down the trail, looking tall in spite of the huckleberry bushes.

He had found his Pepper.

And the sun, reaching in the course of his riding the spot over the Mission Range where he intended to go down, paused a moment and stared back.

WHEN YOU BEGIN YOUR STORY,  
WRITE, WRITE, AT WHITE-  
HOT SPEED! FORGET YOUR  
RULES, FORGET EVERYTHING,  
WRITE, WRITE! TO READ  
BACK IS FATAL, TO HESITATE  
IS FATAL. WRITE!

Yah! write! Forget everything! I'd like to see any author who could forget those twins, to say nothing of the bull calf and a lot of other impedimenta I have. Dear Editor, I could have thought of a lot to put in there toward the last, but the twins are awake and helling. There! I struck an *h* for a *y*. I will have to leave it go.

My book says there are 12 primal plots. I will work up the other 11

and send them in to you, if your check is satisfactory for this one. I will use the moon in my next story. Also I will use the *D*'s. You see it is like this. When we were coming in, pack-a-back, to this homestead, I smuggled four volumes of the Universal Dictionary into the packsack of this Melancholy Dane, arranging them skilfully under the beans and prunes, so they wouldn't cut into his backbone. On the way he broke through the ice of the creek and sank up to his packsack. "Whuthell?" he queried, looking suspiciously at me. He looked awfully sunk as he stuck there, unable to move. I got the pack off and helped him out. When we got to our shack, I sneaked the four weighty tomes out into the hay-shed. During the eleven years of impedimenta, visitations, wrestling with the elements and with the jackpines, I did not think again of the dictionaries. Now that I have dug them out, I see that the packrats

have et the *A*'s and *B*'s. So until I can get a new set and this Writer's Library, I can't do so well. I will have to depend, mostly, on the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have hidden away the book on HOW TO WRITE *THE* SHORT-STORY. One celebrity is enough on this ranch. Somebody has to do the chores. I will be doing a lot for the homestead by becoming famous and having the Public make a road to my door. We have worried a lot about getting a road through the four miles of forest primeval that lie between our door and the King's Highway. It will be great to have all that trampled down. We have been petitioning the County Commissioners for help, for stumping powder, etc., and now it is going to be trampled down, stumps and all, soon. And we can get a Ford and be happy. It is certainly great to be an author.

Sincerely and expectantly yours,

## Seasonal

By Meddie Maze Lebold

Spring is a rondel when the petals fall;  
 Summer is a lyric when grain sways low;  
 Autumn is a sonnet in ripened fruit;  
 Winter is an ode in drifted snow.



## Three Poems

By John C. Frohlicher.

### *End of the Season*

(U. S. F. S.)

The rabbits an' the weasels is a-turnin' brown to white,  
The geese is restin' on the river bars;  
The elk has started runnin'; you can hear them call, at night  
When the coyotes is a-howlin' at the stars;  
The tamaracks is yellow an' the mountain ash is brown,  
A magpie flits across the meadow bare—  
The bucks has left the ridges an' they're slowly workin' down,  
An' autumn haze is hangin' in the air.  
The fire season's ended an' we've sent the lookouts in;  
A rim of ice is on the water pail;  
My overalls is tattered, an' my shoes is gettin' thin—  
So I've locked the door an' hit the downstream trail.

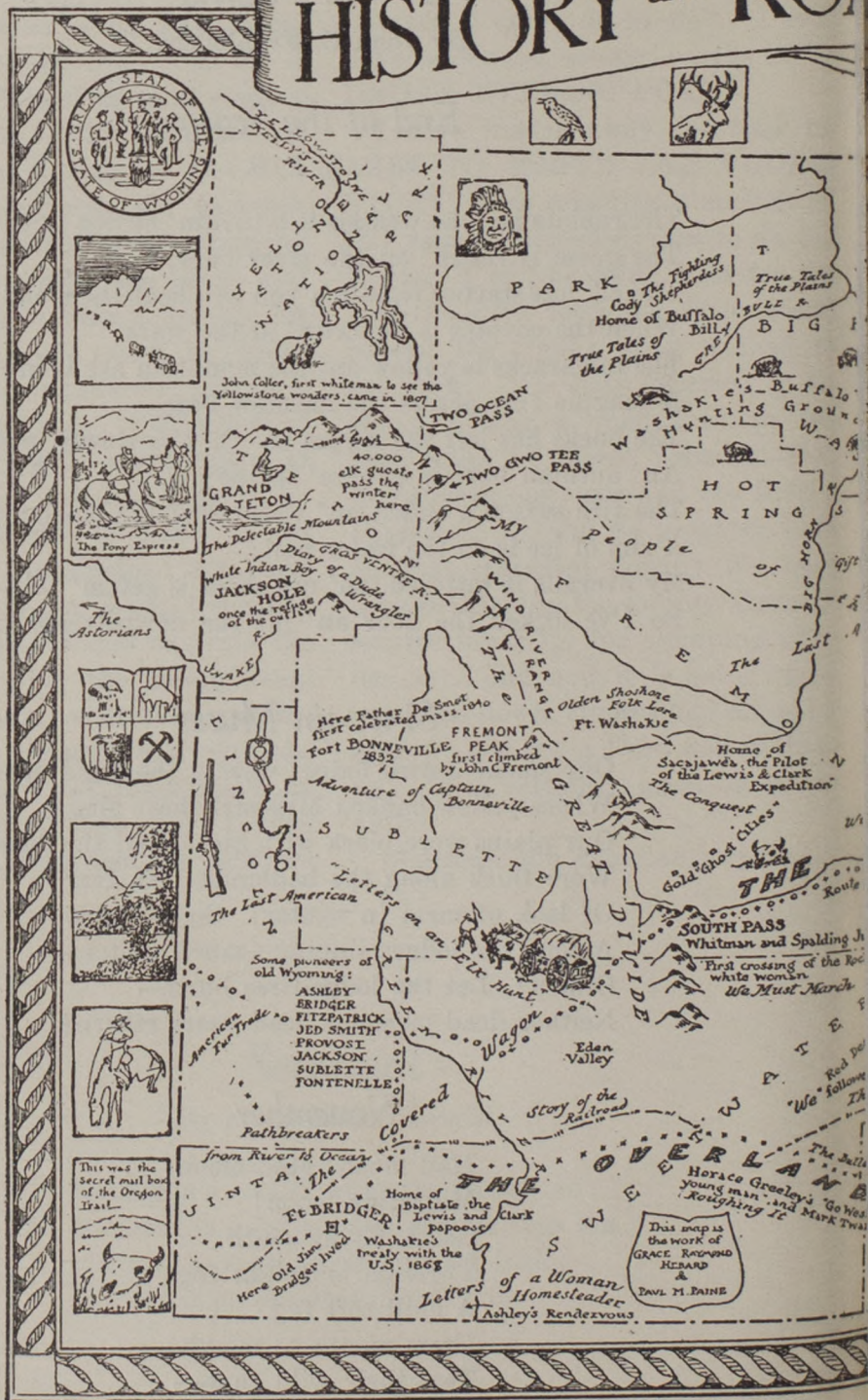
### *Si-wa-tin Muses*

Our smoke-brown lodges were a thousand strong  
Where yellow-banked Missouri flows along,  
Our plains were black with bison, and the deer  
Were thick along the badlands. No fear  
Of lack of meat in winter! So we went  
Among the lodges singing—much content.  
O-he-u! Let the lodge-fires burn—  
Neither dead men nor dead years return!

### *November*

Mad moon! Mad moon!  
Migration moon!  
Geese, flying south  
Through midnight fog,  
A chill soft fog,  
From mouth to mouth  
Toss their wild tune—  
Man moon! Mad moon!

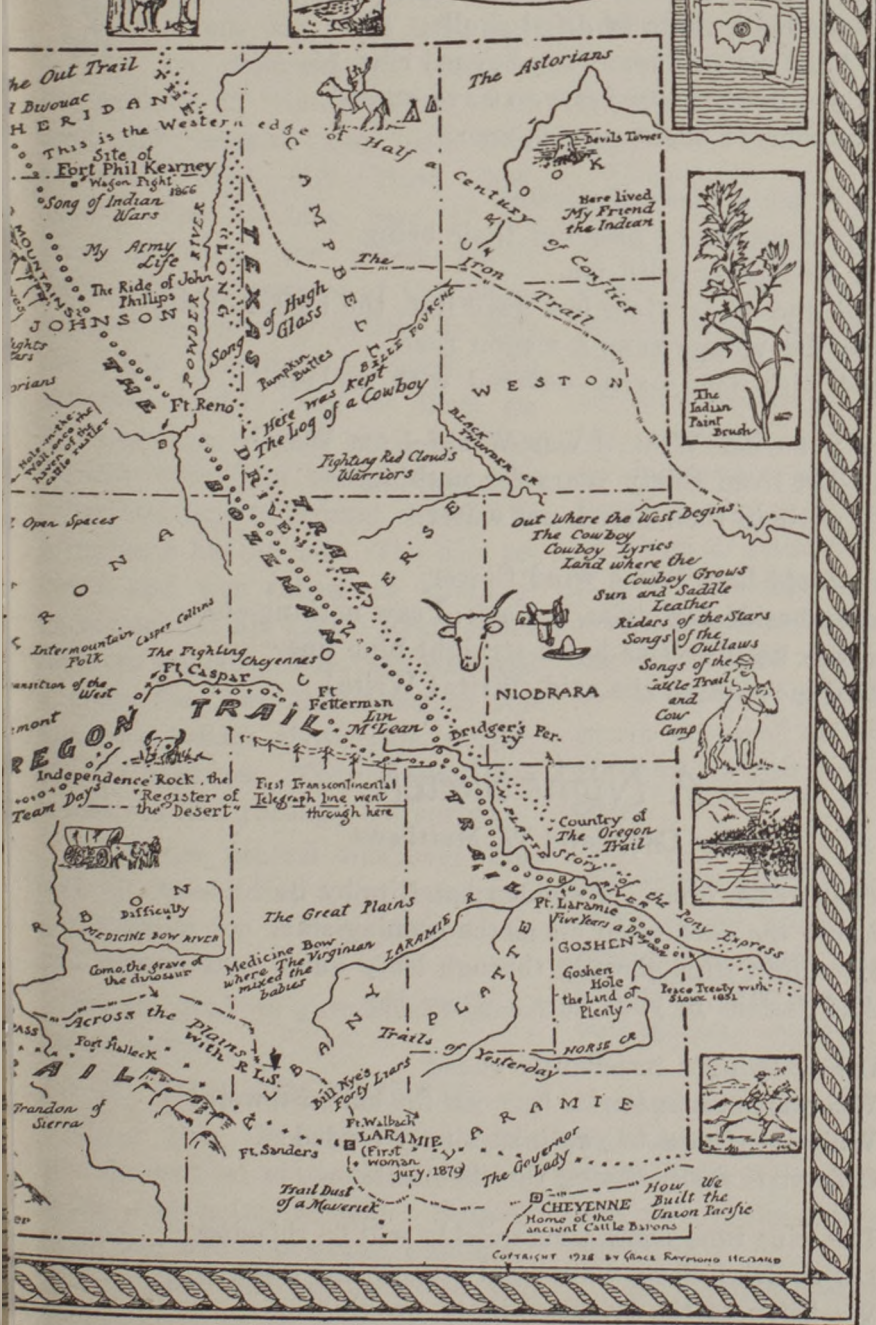
# HISTORY and RO



Published through the courtesy of Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard. This material was prepared by the Jackson Stationery Company, Sheridan, Wyoming.



# CE of WYOMING



together with a book guide, can be purchased for one dollar of the Mills-

## *Preface*

By Raymond Kresensky

I have sucked the black blood of prairie men  
And made me a chain of dried skulls.  
I have built me a house of sun-burned ribs.  
I have not lived thirty years to have missed  
The life song of silent prairie men.

I have in me a place of dreams.  
These prairies might pass but their being  
Would be forever with me.  
Through the wheat field is a gray line, the buffalo trail.  
Around the village runs a wagon road  
Marked with dead oxen—covered with asphalt!

I have not come West; I was West—I am West.  
I have not lived thirty years for nothing.  
I shall write in their blood, not water.

I saw an old lady like a wind flower  
Standing beside her claim, a shack; I saw nothing else.  
There was nothing else but a straight blue line.  
She told me things; she said, Write! Write!

## *A Night Sketch*

By Courtland W. Matthews

The garden dims. A sudden bat flits by it.  
Above the dark wood burns the evening star.  
Moonlight slips ghostily through leafy quiet  
And fastens in your hair a silver bar.

O rich twilight irradiantly ended  
When moonlight bursts between the sullen towers!  
White loveliness to youth so kindly lended!  
O fugitive frail evening that is ours!

The wine time pours time quickly will be thieving.  
Let us drink deep, while, cool beneath the trees,  
We listen to the crickets thinly weaving  
A scarf of sound across the dusky peace.



## Oil Field People

*By May Vontver*

### I. TIM BUSH

**W**HEN Timothy Bush, a roustabout, was fired folks said he deserved it, even in the middle of winter. They were sorry for his wife and little ones, however. Then Mrs. Bush died, leaving Tim to take care of the seven children, the oldest barely eight. The housewives of the neighborhood immediately offered to take the little Bushes into their own crowded shacks. Tim let them go. A delegation of men who had not worked with Tim called upon the superintendent to request that he be given back his old job. The boss refused and was called all kinds of names behind his back. From other laborers the delegation then collected a purse for Tim, amounting to two hundred dollars above Mrs. Bush's funeral expenses. They figured that would see him through till spring.

When the funeral was over Tim took all the children to an unsuspecting relative for a visit, stole a car, and disappeared.

We are glad we gave Mrs. Bush a decent burial.

### II. MRS. JIM GRIEVES

When Mrs. Grieves was a little girl she had an ever-present fear of dying and going to hell. Equally terrifying was that second coming of Christ, which, she had been told, was momentarily to be expected. Anx-

iously she scanned every unusually red evening sky for signs of that midnight trump of doom which would forever separate her from her devout parents and her already sanctified brothers and sisters.

Conversion was the only way to secure immunity against hell fire; but all her honest endeavors to become converted, like the rest of the family, were in vain. She was unable to get sufficiently repentant of her sins; nor was she able to muster the necessary faith. Later, when she began to reason about denominational teachings she became undecided whom to dread the more—the devil, who fried forever unbelieving sinners like her, or the Lord, who knowing beforehand that she was not to be a member of the small, select group destined for the Kingdom of Heaven, yet had permitted her to be born.

Now, a woman grown, Mrs. Grieves still thinks she may eventually have to go to hell, but the thought of this destination doesn't torment her as formerly. For she believes that Jim will manage somehow to follow her there. And Mrs. Grieves is certain that immediately upon his arrival he will begin to search through its fiery confines for its coolest, dampest spot, and when he has found it he will put her in it.

"And even hell couldn't be so very terrible then," says she.

## III. MRS. MARVIN ANDERSON

When Mr. Anderson had an attack of appendicitis immediately after his leg was broken he could not be taken to town for treatment. The roads were impassable. The stage-driver brought out the first-class mail on horseback and had to have four relays in the thirty miles. The neighbors made one attempt, however, to get him to a doctor. The most powerful truck on the lease was taken out for Marvin. It wallowed hub-deep in mud for a couple of hours. Then the drivers, fearing that any more jolting would kill their charge, carried him into the nearest farmhouse and went back to camp for Mrs. Anderson.

Mrs. Anderson was filling milk bottles when they came. She wiped her hands, picked up the baby, and went with them. She had them stop at Badden's to ask Ernest to deliver the milk for her.

When she saw how spent Marvin was she wanted to fall upon her knees, then and there. But the house was too full of people. She went outdoors.

With mud over her shoe-tops she stood by the side of the shack and talked with God. She told Him that she couldn't spare Marvin. No matter how hard she worked she couldn't support the children alone. She told Him she couldn't run the dairy by herself. The children were too little to help much.

Everybody thought Mr. Anderson would die. In hushed voices the

men and women of the Field offered help—to stay up nights with the patient, to milk the cows, to do a baking for the Anderson children, to take turns delivering the milk. Outside they would wonder that Mrs. Anderson appeared so cheerful and matter-of-fact.

They didn't know what she knew. Mrs. Anderson knew all the time that Marvin was going to live. God told her so the day she talked with Him in the mud.

## IV. ALNWICK AND NESS

For years William Ness has been delivering a pound of butter a week at Alnwick's house. He leaves the rest of his butter at the general store. One day the store-keeper told Ness that butter had gone up ten cents since the last week. Ness turned his horses around, drove the mile back to Alnwick's, and demanded an additional dime. Alnwick refused.

"You sold me that butter for thirty-five cents; a bargain is a bargain."

Ness protested that he had come directly from the homestead and hadn't known the market price. It was no use. Alnwick would not pay another penny.

"Well, then, will you sell back that pound of butter to me for what you paid for it?" Ness wanted to know at last.

Yes, Alnwick would do that. "Give me back my money if you are not satisfied and you can have the butter."

Ness took the butter and sold it to the store for forty-five cents.

Alnwick and Ness are as friendly as ever. Alnwick continues to buy butter from Ness, who now always ascertains the correct price before he drives that extra mile to Alnwick's. Each understands the other's viewpoint, for they sing *Auld Lang Syne* in the original.

### V. MARRIED

A near-blizzard is hammering the window-sashes of the teacherage. Down town they have told me that the camp commissary car is the only one that came through from the Oil Field today and that it had a hard time. It is past eight in the evening; my husband would have been at the pump-station since noon with four hours yet to stay. Oh, well, I can't expect him tonight and I am used to not seeing him for weeks at a time. I resign myself to the grading of the arithmetic papers before me.

Nevertheless, when I hear the unmistakable "Chug-chug" of the old roadster outside I am not surprised. It must be that my subconscious mind is always listening for that particular racket. By the time his running feet reach the porch I have the door and the storm door open. Ice is thick on the front of the turned up sheepskin collar; his face is a grayed purple, and his eyebrows are dense with hoarfrost.

"Why, you poor sinner," I greet him. "Don't you know any better

than to come to town on a night like this?"

He holds me off just to look me over and doesn't say anything, except with his eyes. Then his arms go around me and hold me close and still, and I don't mind the ice nor the cold of his face. I don't even notice that the door is still open.

When finally released I help his numbed fingers with the buttons of the sheepskin coat, take off his cap, push him into the chair nearest the fire, and put the coffee pot on the flat stove-top.

"How did you get a chance to come in?" I ask.

"Carl Spencer wants to take his girl to the dance Saturday. He is pumping for me tonight."

While he thaws out I sit on the arm of his chair with his arm round me and listen to the latest news from the old field—how the boss said this, and he said that, and what do I suppose the boss meant by that. And then he resumes his old continued story of how it is heck to be a pump-er, anyway, with never a day off, neither Sunday, nor Fourth of July, nor Christmas, and a twelve-hour day, besides. In my turn I regale him with town news, and lodge happenings, and the price of groceries. My own continued story is resumed too. "My A class took the penmanship prize at the exhibit, and Paul was saucy to Miss Smith, and Willie Greene has been put back in the B class, and the seventh grade teacher



went to the last dance with the coach." I enjoy seeing him scowl at the principal's latest orders (which I know to be perfectly justifiable), and I appreciate his quick resentment of the slights (supplied by his own imagination) suffered by me at the hands of fellow-teachers, parents, and neighbors. I don't know where he gets the idea that I am abused, but though his attitude is wholly uncalled for it is very comforting. I bask in the warmth of it until the coffee boils over and I go to set the table. He helps me, or he thinks he does, following me about while I get bread and cake, asking, as usual, "Where is the sugar? where is the cream? where is the butter? where are the spoons?"—where is this and where is that? I have told him a hundred times, but I tell him again.

As we sip the scalding coffee I am aware that the car engine is still running outside. Its sputtering cough is somewhat subdued under heavy comforters; nevertheless it is noticeable.

"Don't you think you might shut off that engine?" I ask.

He glances at my alarm clock ticking away by the pile of unfinished arithmetic papers.

"No, I'll let her run. I have to be right back." And seeing the surprised disappointment on my face he adds, "You see, I have to pump Hank's 'tour' from midnight on. Hank said he was a little under the weather."

"Pump Hank's tour," I cry in astonishment. "And here you go and make a sixty-mile trip over these roads and in this storm when you know I am all right. I am astonished, truly. You must be losing your senses as well as your sleep."

That isn't the kind of scolding he minds. He says it was absolutely necessary to take Lizzie out of the garage. Will I please remember that she hasn't run a mile since Christmas? And unless that old wreck is gradually hardened to the rigors of Montana winters she will break down completely. How would I like spending a whole month's salary just on repairing Lizzie when the gumbo thaws—"and all because she was pampered too much?" His transparent banter goes on and on, and I wouldn't have him say it differently for anything.

When leaving can't be put off any longer I help him on with the well warmed sheepskin, see that it is buttoned snugly, and push his cap down as far as it will go. To get the earlaps adjusted correctly takes considerable time. Then I tug at his gloves, though they are already well on. We both dread the wrench of saying goodbye.

Then the gayety dies on his face—it might as well, as it has been rather forced for the last few minutes—and he says,

"To come home again after being away, that is the best thing in all the world."



## THE OPEN RANGE

*Each issue will carry accounts of men's personal outdoor experiences. Only accounts of actual experiences are solicited.*

### Crazy Joe

By "Pink" Simms

AS I was awaiting my turn at a service station in Whitehall, Montana, about three years ago I heard a man talking in a loud tone. His voice seemed vaguely familiar, and I looked to see who it was. I saw a medium-sized man of about fifty with a humorous face tanned to the color of old leather. I could not place him and he was gone before I enquired of the garage man as to his identity. He gave the name of a man that I had known intimately, about twenty-five years before, in the range country of the Powder River countries; although he was as mentally sound as the most of us, we dubbed him "Crazy Joe," because of certain eccentricities.

Crazy Joe was a cowboy; there was none better; he was considered to have few equals and no superiors in the Powder River country, which was a country that took great pride in the riders it bred. He was everything that was expected of a puncher at that time. He worked hard, was a peerless rider, a good roper, and he drank and fought as he worked—hard.

Joe was always performing reck-

less stunts for the benefit of the rest of us. Of course there were others as brave and as reckless as he. The result was many sore heads and bruised bodies.

In appearance he was quite the opposite of the popular conception of what the present generation seems to think a top cowhand should look like. I judge from what I see of them on the streets and in the movies. He was of medium height, but very strongly built; he had large friendly brown eyes, a wide humorous mouth, and he was possessed of almost irrepressible good-nature. His wild habits kept him continuously in rags; he paid practically no attention to his personal appearance. He was "mouthy" to a fault, and dearly loved a joke, which often caused him trouble; but Joe was weaned on trouble.

One of Joe's stunts that a good many of the boys would try unsuccessfully was finally barred by the wagonboss. He would "thumb" his horse and make him buck; on the first jump he would allow the brone to throw him and always land on his feet. Other riders who tried it were

only able to perform a part of the trick, that is—none of them were able to land on their feet. Another of his stunts—a very simple one—was to ride into camp as hard as he could run his horse and drop off without checking him, taking saddle, bridle and blanket with him. Not a hard trick to do after one has learned to uncinch the saddle on the run.

Once we had left a Powder River outfit after general roundup and found ourselves in Fallon looking for a job. We had our choice of several outfits, for everyone was short of riders; there was the CK, LU BAR, XIT and the LAZY J, that were shipping out of there. Joe said that Mike Dodge was about the hardest-looking wagonboss that he ever saw; he added, "I'd like to work for him." Mike was running one of the LU wagons, so in time we found ourselves combing the breaks on the north side of the Yellowstone for L U beef.

With the L U wagon there was a young rider from Wyoming who called himself Tommy Day. That wasn't his real name, as we found out later. Nor was he that desperate young man by that name who ran with Kid Curry and whose career of crime was ended after the bank holdup in Belle Fourche. The Tommy Day I speak of was just a budding cowboy—I don't know if he ever did bloom. He found in Crazy Joe much to admire; he tried to imitate him in nearly everything he did,

but with very poor success, except the stunt of "cleaning" the horse when he came into camp. He couldn't handle his latago strap like Joe, so, to make things easier, he bought a patent cinch buckle, which few cowboys used in those days.

We arrived at the Yellowstone on a cold November morning to cross our last herd. There was slush ice running in the river, and the "river hands" huddled up to a camp fire in their underclothes. Joe, Day and myself were among the men who were going into the river.

Day refused to take off his boots or chaps. I asked him if he still had the patent cinch buckle; he said that he did; and I told him that he had better take it off or he would lose his saddle in the river; that anyone who did that was generally gone. The Yellowstone is a bad river. No man living could live long in it with a pair of chaps on. Day said, "It never has come off yet." Most of the things I knew I had learned in the hard school of experience, so I decided to let Day get his knowledge the same way. He did.

We threw the first bunch in the boiling waters just as it was breaking day. (Cattle will not enter the water if the sun is on it.) Of course we could not see very good. It is a wonder that Day wasn't drowned—he would not have been the first. I was working on the lower point, because I could swim; I was in swimming water when I heard a scream,

## THE FRONTIER

several yells and a heap of cursing. I saw a rider come plunging straight through the herd, which started to break back. It was Joe. I turned my horse toward the shore just as a black hat come floating by. I saw another dark object and grabbed at it. I got a handful of hair; it did not take me long to find out that there was a man attached to it. Joe too had seen something floating in the current and had nearly drowned getting it, only to find that it was Day's fancy saddle. It was characteristic of Joe that he never let go of the saddle.

There were many savage remarks thrown at Day for not taking my advice, some quite unprintable; one said that I should be shot for pulling Day out. The outcome was that we lost so much time that the crossing was put off till the next day.

Two days later we were on the south side and shipped all the cattle that there were any cars for, which left us with about five hundred head. We drove the herd out of town a short way and Dodge ordered us to bed them down near Fallon Creek and close to the railroad track. This was a foolish thing to do—we had a big stampede that night.

We were on "cocktail", Joe, Day, Tex Wilkins and myself, and were relieved for supper; it was late, almost dark, and, as usual when going into meals, we were riding hell bent.

When we had changed horses at noon, Day had roped out a baldfaced

sorrel that had been badly "ring-tailed." This is an ailment caused by too much spurring when the horse is young; it causes a horse to throw his tail in a circle every time he is touched with a spur. It is almost impossible to rope from a ringtailed horse, for as the rider starts to whirl his rope he always touches his horse with the spur and the horse throws his tail straight into the rope. Crazy Joe showed Day a way to prevent that by braiding a knot in the pony's tail and then tying the tail to one of the saddle strings. Hard on the pony in fly time, but the only way.

When we started for camp Day was still riding Ringtail, and Joe looked down at the tail pulled tight to the saddle and tied in a hard knot and grinned. I knew by the grin that he had hell in his neck, but did not know how it would crop out. As we neared the chuckwagon Joe spurred his horse to the front. "Come on, Tommy!" he shouted, "let's show them how to come into camp." He dashed madly into camp and stripped his mount on the run as he hit the ground. Close behind came Day and did likewise; then, to cap it all, he hit Old Ringtail on the rump with his bridle.

That was the start of a merry evening. Ringtail was not by any means a gentle horse, and when Day hit him he jumped about ten feet, and when he lit a lump of something banged him on the heels. He kicked it and it charged right back at him. That was too much; he started out to show



it to the remuda; the horses in it would have none of him and pulled out for parts unknown, followed by an irate, profane night wrangler.

The route they chose led them close to the day herd, already nervous on account of the humming telegraph wires a short distance away. In a few minutes, crazy with terror, the cattle were bellowing and running wild, with every available man in pursuit. They raced toward Fallon Creek, and narrowly missed a cut-bank thirty foot high. (In another stampede that night, they went over that same bank.) They were sent into a "mill" against the Northern Pacific fence.

It was ten o'clock before we got the herd back to their bed ground. They could be left only under heavy guard for a while. The remuda was no where in sight, so the men who had eaten supper were sent out to find them. Shots fired by the "night hawk," who was still with them, showed where they were, but it was midnight before they were in. They then had to be corraled, for our night horses were worn out.

An account of the trouble we had

that night would fill a novel. We were a weary, ill-tempered crew that gathered for breakfast the next morning. It had rained during the night and we were soaked—two men were hurt—our horses were all in—the cattle—they had been gathered for a beef herd—were no longer fit for beef, so they were turned loose.

Breakfast over, Mike Dodge wrote out two checks and handed one to Crazy Joe. "I'm paying you and Day off, Joe," he said. "You're a good hand, but I don't care for your playful ways. Your little playmate here," he said as he handed the other check to Day, "can go along with you; you might take him up on the reservation where there's lots of dogs—he can try tincanning them for a while, instead of L U horses."

That was the last I saw of Crazy Joe until I saw his mischievous countenance in Whitehall; and that was the manner of his parting from every outfit that took him on. His love for a joke was greater than his better judgment. It was finally the cause of him leaving the rangeland altogether. No one cared to hire him. That was his one fault.



## *Plains*

By Robert Nelson

Black clouds, falling rain.  
Drip from the sombrero brim.  
Head down, cattle bunched.  
Move along, cayuse,  
Move on.

White clouds, dirty gray,  
Stinging hail, driven down.  
Slicker on, cattle bunched.  
Move along, cayuse,  
Move on.

Scudding clouds, blizzard on.  
Cutting, knifelike snow.  
Biting wind, cattle bunched.  
Move along, cayuse,  
Move on.

Summer sky, beating sun.  
Alkali bitten men.  
Neckerchief tight, cattle bunched.  
Move along, cayuse,  
Move on.

## *Crucible*

By Carol Egland

Chance, the god,  
Lifts his hand,  
And deep into molten life  
Dips flexed and quivering men.  
Fire calls to fire  
And slag to slag;  
He sets them out on the farther rim,  
Tempered or charred.

## HISTORICAL SECTION

*Each issue will carry some authentic account, diary or journal or reminiscence, preferably of early days in this region of the country.*

### Western Trails

### Work of the Stewart Commission

By Archer T. Hulbert

The Stewart Commission on Western History was created by the Trustees of Colorado College in June, 1925, according to an arrangement proposed by its founders Philip B. and Frances C. Stewart of Colorado Springs, with whom Mr. C. B. Voorhis of Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Pasadena, has recently become associated.

The first task undertaken by the Commission was correct mapping of the old trails of the West, particularly the Oregon, California and Santa Fe trails and their principal branches, such as the Mormon trail running westward from Omaha.

The successful prosecution of this work on a scientific basis was made possible by the discovery first, that the original surveys of all the 2,700 townships in which these famous pioneer routes are found are preserved in the General Land Office at Washington, D. C., and, second, that those earliest surveyors invariably drew in the route of the old pathways when they platted the first township surveys. Securing tracings of those first surveys, the Commission was then ready to undertake the field work necessary to map the trails of the West with an accuracy never before approximated by section, township and range. As a result, the Commission has issued five volumes of maps, and has one more in process of construction. The first three volumes develop the Oregon Trail from Independence, Missouri, to The Dalles, Oregon. A fourth develops the California Trail branching from the Oregon Trail at Fort Hall, Idaho, and ending at Placerville, California. A fifth volume shows the Santa Fe trail from Independence to Santa Fe, N. M., and a final volume carries the same trail onward from Santa Fe to Los Angeles.

The purpose of these 350 or more maps of the old trails is to give the reader or student of western history the same kind of information which modern automobile maps furnish the present day tourist. By means of them, the diaries, journals or letters written by Fremont, Kit Carson, Captain Bonneville, Pike, Long, Jason Lee, Marcus Whitman, and hundreds of other well-known pioneers are made intelligible because they portray the country and its topography as it was known by those heroes of the West.

For instance, in Fremont's day Ash Hollow on the Oregon Trail was as well known to every traveller as is the city of Chicago now; the Black Pool of the Little Blue, near Fairbury, Nebraska, was as well remembered by them as St. Louis is today; Big Timbers, near Lamar, Colo., was as much a land-mark to those pioneers of a century ago as is Denver, in our time; and the names "Coast of Nebraska," Cimarron Crossing, Sink of the Humboldt, Grande Ronde, Independence Rock, Goshen Hole, Ogden's Hole, and Forks of the Platte were used in every-day language just as today we use the words Pittsburgh, Little Rock, El Paso and Seattle.

## THE FRONTIER

Many and strange indeed were the lessons learned by the Stewart Commission explorers as they worked over about ten thousand miles of these transcontinental thoroughfares. They found, for instance, that there was no such thing as an Oregon Trail or Santa Fe Trail; these were not pathways but, rather, whole ganglia of trails often spreading out miles in width; new tracks were broken out in different seasons in the same year; in different years other courses were followed; in most places these trails consisted of parallel tracks rods in width, sometimes miles in width; in certain cases branches of the same trail lay five and eight miles apart for twenty-five miles at a stretch; on both the Oregon and Santa Fe trails it was possible for different outfits to choose diverging pathways which did not meet for two hundred miles and lay at times more than a hundred miles apart. This helps one to understand, although many miles apart, how rival towns may claim to have been located on an old trail; often both claims are perfectly correct.

Another discovery by these Stewart Commission explorers was that it was not great rivers which were the chief obstructions to emigrant travel, as some scenarios would make one think, but rather the little streams with straight "cut-banks" not over ten to thirty feet in width; dry washes with precipitous banks perhaps twenty feet in height; curling arroyos with crumbling sides. Imagine coming to one of these with heavily loaded wagons—nothing in front of you but twenty or thirty feet of fresh air and at the bottom quicksand. The old trails were laid out purposely to avoid great rivers; but all the time and every day scores of these treacherous ravines had to be crossed until they became a nightmare and a terror, especially to women and children. Little Coal Creek, near Lawrence, Kansas, probably delayed more outfits for a longer time than did the nearby broad Kansas River which was one of the two streams in all the 2,200-mile track of the Oregon Trail which had to be ferried. The breaking of wagon-hounds was the commonest disaster in crossing the Great Plains; and nine-tenths of these were broken getting up out of the treacherous ravines which often were not much wider than the covered wagons were long.

The Stewart Commission explorers were astonished to find that the books written on the subject of the western trails, like Parkman's *Oregon Trail* and Inman's *Santa Fe Trail*, gave little information concerning the trails themselves; but, rather, were chiefly concerned with prairie life, hunting episodes, Indian marauders, and stories of the heroes of the West. On the other hand, the hundreds of actual diaries and journals of emigrants poured great light on the extraordinary experiences of those American argonauts. It is by studying those real records of experiences, together with the bewildering variations of topography covered by the old trails that one appreciates what heroism was shown by the American founders of Oregon and California.

Oddly enough, few fiction and no scenario writers are able to get this lesson across to the American people for two reasons: they overreach for climaxes and usually make the eccentric or unusual seem to be the commonplace. They strain for effect by showing outfits struggling with mighty river-tides or beating off circling hordes of Indian warriors or floundering amid mountainous drifts of snow. Now if you will examine the five hundred or more actual journals of travellers who crossed the continent in those days when at least 40,000 pioneers went to Oregon and California before the era of the Pony Express and Railway, you will read of no extraordinary struggle to cross any great river: you will read of but one party lost in the snows, and you will find almost no mention whatever of serious Indian attacks; several who crossed the continent state that they seldom saw any Indians and suffered only from sneak-thieves who came and went in the night.



To learn the truth then, throw out most of the descriptions of abnormal and exotic experiences and come back to the old trails themselves; and, while tracing them out, read the actual day-by-day experiences which made the overland journey a terrible test of health, courage and temper. The great task was not to scale snow-clad mountain peaks; it was to do your ten or twelve miles a day and never fail; it was not to swim mighty rivers, but to make your twelve miles more and keep your health strong; it was not to fight off bands of murderous redskins, but, rather, to go on your way twelve miles again, and do this regularly despite lack of water; despite the sickening monotony of your daily diet; despite the alarm spread by cowards and quitters who had given up hope and were hurrying back down the trail homeward; despite the stifling column of dust in which you moved hour in and hour out for weeks at a time; despite the sight of unfortunates wandering beside your track who had gone stark mad; despite accidents which delayed outfits so long that the fear of not reaching the mountains before snow fell brought panic to every heart; despite an unbelievable amount of quarreling and bickering which the best of folks engaged in at times because rendered distraught and unfit by trials, fears and physical weakness; despite the plain proof that your oxen were giving out which meant stalemate in your fight with famine; despite the failure of springs and wells which the emigrant crowd before you had sucked dry; despite the five thousand graves beside the trail which marked your pathway to Victory or Defeat.

Everywhere beside these overland tracks loomed the one sinister motto for rich or poor, strong or weak, brave or hopeless, GO ON OR DIE. The cruel command of the Plains was, Get down the 300-foot drop into Ash Hollow—hub-deep in sand—and GO ON. It was to bind the shrunken felloes of your wagon wheels with strips of hide from your own dead oxen and GO ON. It was to coat the bleeding feet of your wobbly oxen with tar and bind them up, and GO ON. It was to ride all day on the flanks of your train scraping pitch pine from trees with which to "grease" the smoking axles of your wagons at night—and GO ON. It was to keep your nerve and strength and poise amid burials and births, accidents, murderous white desperadoes, thieving Indians, sand storms and cyclones and GO ON—although in one 40-mile stretch of the California trail you might see the wrecks of 100 wagons and meet the stench of 500 oxen lying putrid in the sun.

And our description only hints at the full truth. Living even as close as we do to those days when indescribable courage and heroism were displayed, we have already managed to forget much of what it cost in virile nerve to plant Americans in that magnificent Coast Empire of ours.

And this brings me to the next task to be undertaken by the Stewart Commission. With the ground-plan of the old trails now successfully laid it is possible to publish a great many of the original records of transcontinental travel properly edited with that type of background knowledge which will make such records at once true to life, vivid, vital and of overwhelming interest. We are not to write about those world-famous migrations; the plan is to produce a series of books containing practically nothing except the story of western migration as it is told in the hundreds of journals and diaries written by those men and women who modestly believed that their lives (in the words of Ruskin) were one seamless stuff of brown—whereas we know now, in the light of another century, that in the real story of Republic building on this Continent, those were gloriously interwoven with white and purple.



## Idioma

By Frank Bird Linderman.

The old Northwest had its idioma. The early trapper and fur-trader laid its foundation; placer miners, packers, bull-whackers, mule-skinners, cowmen, and gamblers, finished the structure while Montana was yet a territory, and nothing that 'belongs' has been added since.

Reading stories written of early days on the plains and in the mountains of the Northwest has long ago convinced me that nobody who has not actually known the life—lived it—can ever learn to properly use its idiom. Nothing, to me, so upsets a claim to authenticity as the misuse of idiom. And yet one finds it misused, some times in serious work. The author of a recent *Life of Kit Carson* pictures the hero sitting by his campfire "graining" beaver-skins. *Graining* a hide is removing its fur, or hair; and there never has been a market for beaver rawhide. The writer should have said "fleshing" beaver skins.

Occasionally an author will "cock a trigger," or beat somebody over the head with the "butt" of a Colt six-shooter. Why turn the weapon when the business-end is a better club than the *butt*, and not so dangerous to the clubber? Perhaps this is a little outside of idioma. So is the cowgirl. But why the cowgirl? Because now there are no cows? Did anybody, in cow-days, ever see a white woman ride astride? He did not! Every white woman who rode a horse in cowland used a side-saddle, and wore a skirt that would make a dozen complete flapper costumes. The enormous, flashy handkerchiefs tied over the shoulder or with *one end* knotted tightly around the neck are "movie-stuff." If the old cowpuncher wore a handkerchief he tied it loosely around his neck, so that in dust raised by a moving herd of cattle he might pull it over his mouth and nose. His gun, if he wore one, didn't dangle around his knees, so that its butt might batter his elbow into a pulp, on a bad horse. The hat assumed in this day of co-cowpunching is not the old headgear. It is not even a close relation. It is a *catalog-house creation*, and belongs to the fraternity of *leather cuffs and collars*.

The new stock-saddle is an improvement over the old one, in some ways. A real old *shell* side by side with a modern saddle looks "plumb horned out." Speaking of saddles—there is a book on the cowboy written by an authority (so his critics say) who writes of the double-barrel, and single-barrel saddles of the old days. Perhaps the author heard some old cowboy speak of double-rigged, and center-fire-saddles, and then, thinking wholly of guns, wrote about saddles. I believe the old double-rig came to us from Texas, and that the center-fire was out of the west. Here on the ranges where they mingled, and caused many a quarrel between cowhands, they were known as double-rigs, and center-fires. Their respective, and prejudiced, champions were spoken of as double-rig-men, and center-fire-men.

There were top-hosses, cut-hosses, and town-hosses. The first was the best all-around horse in a man's string; the second, especially able in cutting cattle out of a herd, and the third, a prancing, stylish, high-headed mount that would attract attention in town.

Much of our cowland lingo came to us from the Spanish. We, of the Northwest, garbled it into an idioma, and insist that it 'belongs.' The original names of some of our *hoss-jewelry* are lost to us, replaced by our own. "Tapadero" became *taps*;

"Chaparajo" *Chaps*; "Andalusia", *Apaloosa*; "Aparejo"—*aparahoe*, and so on. Witness "caballeros", and "vasqueros". Not every cowpuncher wore chaps. Nobody wore them in hot, dry, weather, unless he was riding in brush. The original, leather, chaps came up from Texas, the Angors from the west—perhaps California, too. The latter used to be either white, or black. Now they are pink, or old-rose, and highly perfumed with lavender. They did not come to the Northwest until the days of rodeos, and co-cowpunching.

## Letters of Charles and Nathan Putnam, 1846

These letters were copied from the originals in The Oregon Historical Library by Mrs. Sheba Hargreaves of Portland, and edited by her. Mrs. Hargreaves is the author of "The Cabin at the Trail's End," an interesting and accurate historical novel. She is most active in work for preserving and making known records of Oregon pioneers.

The punctuation in these letters has been changed only when it seemed necessary to do so, either for the meaning or for ease of reading. The spelling has been left untouched.

*The Editor.*

### A NOTE ON CHARLES AND NATHAN PUTNAM

These letters were written in 1846 by two young men in their late teens or early twenties as they were crossing the plains. They were preserved by their parents, Joseph and Susan Putnam of Lexington, Kentucky, and are now in the archives of the Oregon Historical Society. They are transcribed exactly as written even to a few inaccuracies in spelling.

Nathan and Charles reached Oregon in safety, and settled in the Umpqua Valley as they wrote their parents they intended doing. Neither brother returned to the states, though the parents later came to Oregon.

Charles Putnam married Roselle Applegate, the eldest daughter of Jesse Applegate, taking up a Donation Land Claim of 640 acres near Yoncolla. He was a printer by trade and published one of the first periodicals in the Oregon Country, "THE AMERICAN AND EVANGELICAL UNIONIST." The magazine was short lived; only eight or ten issues were printed. The winter of 1850, after his marriage, he spent at the mines in California, earning money with which to develop his Oregon claim.

The archives of the Oregon Historical Society contain numerous letters of the Putnam and Applegate families.

*Sheba Hargreaves.*

Independence, Mo., May, 1, 1846

Dear Father.

I wrote to you that I had got of Dale three yoke of cattle which come to 100 dollars, which am't I credited on his a/c. The reason why I did not settle the whole a/c was that he did not think he ought to pay interest and besides he thought that the charge of insurance was incorrect. If upon examination you find that it is not correct you can rectify it. . . .

I believe I wrote you that we had dispensed with our large Boxes and all our Barrels as they were too heavy to carry I think that our wagon is as well fixed and as well calculated to go through as any wagon in the whole number that I have seen.

## THE FRONTIER

I only wish that you could have started out with us this spring but as that was impossible I shall say no more about it, but if the country is such as I believe it is I will come back to help you out, just as soon as I can. You must try and save enough of the reck to get you to California if I stay there. . . .

I have not yet received an answer to my letter from Dales nor have I received an answer to any of my letters from this place. I would not advise you to write any more letters to this place as it will be extremely doubtful whether we get them. Any letters which you have now written I will get as there will be a man left here until the 15th of this month to bring on letters and papers. . . .

I wrote to mother by Co'l Russel in which I mentioned what disposition I wished made of the pistols in the little table drawer . . . . .

I shall write to you along the road as I may have opportunity. . . . .

Tell mother that Gov. Boggs has treated us with all kindness.

John B. Charles & Buchanan are all well. Keep up your spirit and do not be discouraged. There are a thousand instances of men retrieving their circumstances who were in a worse fix than you are. I must now bring my letter to a close and in doing so I pray that God may bless you all and that I may see you in the course of a year or 2 at farthest.

N. I. Putnam

Mr. Jo's Putnam.

Conclusion of my letter N. I. P.

We had also to pay more for our oxen than we anticipated and in addition to that and many other smaller matters we will have to be here until the 15th of May on expenses so that I thought I had better take 3 yoke of oxen and let the note which Charley has of W. pay you for the amt which I have credited on Dale's account which is \$100. I have bought out Buchanan's interest in the wagon and oxen when we arrive in California. We will have when we leave Independence about \$150 in money which I think will be enough for all we want. Mr. Fowler a gentleman who lives in California says that he will ensure us \$3 per day and from all I can learn I have no doubt but we shall have plenty of land, there is in my opinion no doubt but we will be first rate. I only wish that you could have started with us. There are plenty of farmers in Jackson, Clay and other countys who are sacrificing their property and going to California, but next spring you must be ready and if all is right I will be n to pilot you out. The best way I discovered to go out is to have 2 horse wagons with persons to a wagon, the body should be squair, of the lightest material and little iron on them—the material for the running gear should be well seasoned and the tire instead of being nailed on should be bolted as the nails are apt to loose out.

You must not think that by my saying that we should use 2 horse wagons that ours is not suitable, for my own opinion is that our mess will be the best provided and the shurest of getting there of any that I have yet seen, for if our wagon is eavy we have a corresponding team viz: 6 yoke of oxen and I think good ones. When we get out on the plains we will only use 3 yoke which will be amply sufficient and change about with the others every week or maybe less. I stand walking first rate for I feel better today after walking about 18 miles yesterday than I have done or the last ten days. Give my love to mother and all the children as though each were loved. Yours Affectionately.

N. I. Putnam.



Indian Country 25 miles from Independence

May 11, 1846

Dear Father

We received yesterday by the hands of Gov. Boggs the pasports and with them your letter.

We have had an election for officers, this morning, Col Russel was elected Captain. At 2 o'clock we have another meeting to adopt by laws &c &c, after the meeting I will give you the particulars.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Wheeler and one from you. I cannot today answer either as we start tomorrow, but on the road between here and Fort Levansworth I shall endeavor to do so, you need be under no apprehension as to our safety. There is now in camp 141 fighting men 71 women 109 children and 75 wagons and that will be increased to at least 200; besides there is another encampment within about a mile of us with about 40 men. I do not believe there is the slightest danger from any cause and I hope you will not *bother* yourself about anything of the kind.

As to what my intentions are as to going I thought you knew them before I started. I am determined to go and I cannot think of anything which would turn me back, except the *loss* of the *means* to go, and I shall take good care that such an occurrence does not happen.

I have not had for years such health as I now have. I can walk all day without feeling more fatcague than I used to feel at night when I used to lock up the store. I would like to write more but I have not now time. Charley will fill up the other side this evening I will give you a sketch of the proceedings of our meeting.

The meeting is over, there was nothing of importance done that would interest you. . . . .

The reason why I have not written to all is that it would be a useless expense and I suppose that all of the family read my letters. Tell Mr. Logue and Hiram Shaw that when I *arrive* at Fort Laramie I will write to them.

Do not write any more as I will leave here tomorrow.

Good-by

N. I. Putnam

Dear Mother

I have a few moments to write but I will shortly have to go about cooking supper can make very good bread & coffee. Tola is the best dish I ever ate, it is made of parched corn ground and cooked in the same manner that mush it, it is sweetened with sugar. I now wish that you & all were along. seeing the respectibility of the company and the ease that we can get along & the few fears that I entertain as to the trip. Even supposing that war should come we will be equally as safe as though we were at home, for we would be drafted there. And if Mexico should declare war against the U. States & England was to interfere with the Californias, I am confident that the U. States will send a force there that will grope with any that Great Britain may send in that quarter, and the Americans acting in the defensive will be equal to five times the strength of her enemies. But we go there not for the purpose of creating a revolution though it could be easily done, with the Americans, foreigners & native Spaniards that are there & these Americans that are going this year would be amply sufficient to defend California against any aggression that Mexico might make.



## THE FRONTIER

But I say as I have said above that we go to California not for the purpose of creating a revolution, no, I agree with Mr. Wheeler that we ought not to do anything that would be discreditable or dishonorable to ourselves or our country. We are invited there by the Governor of California & he is appointed by the Mexican Government & he is invested with full authority so to act. But we intend to comply with his demands upon us. But should they after inviting us there wish to impose any new laws upon us, I am afraid that ambitious men will excite a revolutionary spirit among the emigrants and the people there who are already in favor of annexation to the United States, or an independent Government. But I hope that that may be done peaceably and in good order. There is no fear to be apprehended from Mexico at any rate, no more than if we were at home & I think England has too much caution to go to war with this nation, for America. (I believe) will strike for every inch of ground she owns on this continent and be very apt to gain it. But war would be a curse to both nations and to the world even if we should gain everything. I have stated these facts to show you that we are in no more danger here than we would be there.

We elected Col Russell as our captain by a vote of three to one over Gov. Boggs, the two candidates walked aside with their friends. The Governor laughed at his being so badly beaten & afterwards drank to the health of the Col. R. . . The Gov. B. is rather trickish I think, for he told me that he did not wish the office. He told me also that he was in favor of the Captain's choosing his own aids, but he voted against this resolution after he found he was not elected. I have seen some wagons that were bound for Oregon that had cooking stove in it. We have good neighbors, they send milk, they have butter & everything that is necessary for comfort. There are plenty of pretty girls along also. Sunday we had preaching by the Rev. Mr. Dunleavy, our tent was crowded with young ladies. We set our table and spread a table-cloth and they ate and drank as much milk as any young ladies I ever saw sit down to a table. We are now on the prairie, it is the most beautiful sight I ever saw, they are filled with beautiful flowers and they cover over a space as far as the eye can reach. I hope to see you and be with you & all our family and many of my friends and acquaintances in these plains on our march to California.

I hope Joseph has got a situation by this time. Tell him never to give up in despair. "Don't give up the ship." Let him say, "I will try," and a conquest awaits him. I hope he thinks better of our trip by this time and that he will be with us next year. There will be a large company next year. I will tel father what kind of a wagon to get in my next. I have the rules of the Company, they were shaped this evening, to copy off into a book. They were written by Gov. Boggs and sanctioned by the meeting. They were written and spelt badly. He is an ordinary man.

Don't give yourself any uneasness about us. We are provided with every thing tha heart could wish for. I shall write to you again soon. You may let Mr. Wheeler see this if you wish. Mr. Bryant was elected chairman today, & a Mr. Curry an editor of a St. Louis paper secretary and I have to do his (Curry's) business tonight as he is on guard. Give my love to all.

From your son, C. F. P.

I have written over this letter so that I will have to put an envelope over it. "The more haste the less speed." I have not time to write more. There is a prospect of a wedding in the camp, not me, or any of us.

Platt River 370 miles from Independence

June 10th, 1846

Dear Father.

I have an opportunity of writing you a few lines by a party of fur traders de-  
sending the Platte—

I have had unusual good health so far and can now walk 10 or 15 miles without  
any difficulty. The whole company have enjoyed the same blessing.

Buchanan & John B. are well. Charles is himself writing, we shall cross the  
south fork of the Platte by the eighteenth of this month and by the fourth of July  
shall have passed Independence Rock beyond Fort Laramie so that when you hear the  
cannons fire in the morning on the 4th you may know where (or nearly so) we are.

Give my love to mother & to all the family and my respects to all inquiring  
friends. I am writing on the ground, as we have stopped at noon on the banks of the  
Platte. Saw today 9 antelope & Buchanan saw one Buffalo. I can write no more as the  
man who is to take my letter to the boat is about leaving.

Good by,

N. I. Putnam.

June 17th, 1846

Dear Father

. . . . I am at the time I write you some 400 miles or upward from Independence  
and about 18 miles above the junction of the south and north forks of the Platte  
River. Tomorrow if the river is fordable we will cross it some 20 miles above where  
we are now encamped.

I wrote you a short and I fear rather unintelligible letter which I sent to the  
states by some hunters returning with their buffalo robes and fur skins. This I send  
by some gentlemen returning from Oregon with the intention of taking their families  
out the ensuing spring. They speak in glowing colours of *portions* or Oregon.

For the last four or five days we have all been feasting on Buffalo & Antelope  
and although when we stop at night we are very tired yet when we start out in the  
morning we feel well and able to go through with an other day.

We are the last company on the road out of 470 Wagons but the detentions which  
we have met with will enable us to pass all but one Company which started out in  
April for our Cattle are all in good order and those of the foremost Companies are  
in terrible condition. Today we passed two of their cattle which they had left to die  
on the road.

For two days past we have been cooking with Buffalo Chips. I think with Col  
Russell that it is rather a hard matter that the Buffalo should furnish the meat and  
then the fuel to cook it with but nature seems to have so ordered it.

Before I forget I hope you will explain to any of my friends or relations who  
complain of my not writing how I am situated. Now tonight after traveling 20 miles  
I had to cook supper wash dishes stand guard Etc. Etc. This to any one who has  
common sense will be sufficient and to those who have not do not if you please give  
any excuses.

I do not think now that it will be possible for me to return this year for we  
cannot get to California before October and then by the time I could get half way  
back to the States the grass on the plains would be covered with snow. If therefore  
I or Charles should not return before this summer a year do not be alarmed or dis-  
appointed. If we like the country one of us will shurely return and if we do not both  
of us will of course, as soon as possible.

## THE FRONTIER

If you should come out or make arrangements to come have light 2 horse wagons, that is light with the exception of the running gear; have the axletree at least 4 inches at the largest point and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  at the smallest. The tire should be not very heavy but about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide and fastened on with bolts instead of nails—the bodie should be as light as possible with little iron on it. The flour, crackers, meal, and such things as could be stowed in bags should be stowed. The cover of the wagon should not be painted but should be of cotton drilling of the heaviest kind and so arranged that you could raise the sides like those of a carriage. The tongue of the wagon should be made strong, made to fall. . . .

The timber in the running gear should be of the best kind and *well seasoned*. You should have a privy arranged in one of the wagons, made in the hind part of the wagon. 100 pounds of Bacon is none too much for one person and 200 pounds of Bread stuffs. Parched corn, ground into meal and sifted is first rate, you should bring some. It will keep for ten years. Do not if you start bring any kind of meat except Clear sides. Pickle Pork would go fine. You ought to have molasses, but as I shall be in this summer a year to come out with you I need not be particular. You must not come till I see you or you hear from me.

I will be at Fort Laramie in about 12 days when I will probably write again but when we lay-by I have to do my washing, cook provisions & so many other things that I hardly have time. 15 hundred-weight is as much as should be put in a wagon.

I am keeping a kind of a journal which when I see you will show you . . . .

Yours N. I. Putnam

Mr. Joseph Putnam  
Lexington, Ky.

[Letter omitted entire here.]

Sweet Water 220 miles from Fort Hall,  
July 11, 1846

Dear Father & Mother

As it is now late and my watch comes on at 12 o'clock I shall be compelled to write you a short letter.

Charles, John and myself are all in good health. As to myself I have never been in as good health as I am now. I am frequently compelled to wade rivers & creeks and have had but one cold since I left Independence.

Buchanan has left us to go on in company with Russell, Bryant and others on mules, I doubt whether they will get through but that remains to be seen. I suppose Charles will tell you that owing to various reports which we have heard about the probabilities of our procuring land and the supposed unsettled conditions of the country in California, that we think that we will go into Oregon, look around this fall and winter and if we like we will enter some land there, and then if not perfectly satisfactory we will go down into California and look at it, but if as I am told we can get from 3 to 4 dollars a day in Oregon I shall stay there for a while that is until I return to the states to see you all. There is a valley in Oregon on the Umpqua river which is represented to be the finest in the world as respects land, timber and healthfulness of its climate. There is as yet no settlement on it with the exception of a small trading establishment at the mouth of the river. If we go to Oregon we shall probably locate some land there as there is some ten or twelve wagons now in the company who speak of getting some twenty more wagons and forming a settlement on said river. . . . .



I would like to give you a description of our journey but I have not time no space. We have passed two or three of the natural curiosities of road. The Chimney Rock on the north fork of the Platte, the lakes of salt and the beds of Saleratus of which last we have secured a basketful and use it every day in making our bread. I like it much better than the Saleratus which you get in the grocery stores, the place where we got what we have of it appears to be a lake of lie, it is so strong that it will take the skin off a man's mouth and as for shoes it literally eats them up. Independence rock is the other of the curiosities; it looks like an Indian Mound about the size of some three or four squares of buildings in Lexington. Since we passed the above named rock the mountains have become almost entirely a mass of naked rock, they are not very high but I never saw such huge masses of rock before. They appear to have been torn and thrown by some convulsion of nature.

We had for supper a fine dish of soup tonight made of the hind quarter of an Antelope. With a little bacon we live as well as any one needs live, lots of Bacon Bread, Coffee, Dried fruit, rice, milk and the finest meat in the world.

I forgot to tell you that I saw at Fort Laramie some 2 or 300 Indians; at the time I saw them they were moving from near the Fort across the river, and of all the moving ever you saw it beat all. The women, mules, horses and dogs were packed to death, the men galloped about on their ponies with their faces smeared with paint and their persons decked off with all kinds of beads, tin and brass trinkets, and done nothing.

My time to go on guard has nearly come so I must stop. I send this by a man returning to the states by himself. I suppose he will reach there in safety as in my opinion there is no danger. . . . .

When you see Stedman tell him that the flour turned out first rate, and that when eating it we think of him and wish that we could make him a return in the hump rib of a Fat Young Buffalo. . . . .

Yours, I. N. Putnam

Mr. Joseph Putnam

Editor's Note: The letters close here. This was before the days of envelopes; the paper was folded so as to give blank outer surfaces and sealed with wax. There were no stamps, the amount of postage was marked on the letter, in this case—20c.

## *Letters of Rozelle Putnam, 1849-1852*

### A NOTE ON ROZELLE PUTNAM.

Rozelle Applegate was the eldest daughter of Jesse Applegate who crossed the plains from Missouri in 1843. Jesse Applegate was a scholarly man who exerted a profound influence in Oregon; he was instrumental in forming the first government and a member of the first legislature.

At the time of crossing the plains Rozelle was eleven years old. She was married at sixteen to Charles Putnam, a young printer from Lexington, Kentucky. At the time of writing these letters Rozelle Putnam was about seventeen years old. So far as is known she had never been to school, though it is possible that she may have had a term or two before leaving Missouri. She was taught by her father, who was in the habit of reading aloud to his family around the evening fireside.



## THE FRONTIER

Rozelle Putnam was the first woman to set type in the Oregon Country. Charles Putnam later edited a small paper called THE OREGON AMERICAN AND EVANGELICAL UNIONIST.

Very little is known of Rozelle Putnam. If it were not for these letters she never would have come to the attention of anyone, as her history differs but little from that of many other heroic patient pioneer women.

In a letter to a friend written in 1861 Jesse Applegate speaks of the death of his daughter, Rozelle Putnam, and mentions the fact that she left eight little orphans, whom he had taken under his roof.

These letters, here given in extracts, are being published in full in *The Oregon Historical Quarterly Journal*.

Sheba Hargraves.

Umpqua, Sept. 18, 1849.

Dear Mother & Sister,

I readily embrace this opportunity of thanking you for the kind answers you both wrote me. I heartily join Charles in inviting you to come to Oregon. At present we have nothing to invite you to but the wild wilderness for there are but three families in the Umpqua Valley at this time. Come and share our unlimited sovereignty over these beautiful hills and valleys. The land all around us is our own—yet you must not expect to find people dwelling in palaces and living sumptuously, for could you behold us now you would see us receiving the blessings of providence such as heat cold rain & wind with uncovered heads, at night pillowing ourselves on the bosom of our mother earth with nothing but heaven above us & nothing but nature around us. But we expect shortly to get in to our house. Charles has not yet chosen a location, but will do so as soon as his health will permit. He regrets not having time to write to sister Virginia but the young man who will carry these letters to Oregon City will leave in a few hours. Oregon City is about a hundred & eighty miles from here—we are separated from the Willamette valley by the Calapooia mountain,—Charles wishes me to say that he forgot to remind you that after leaving Fort Hall you should not omit to keep a guard round your cattle every night untill you reach this place, otherwise your cattle will be stolen and killed by the Indians, & also that you should by all means try to be in the foremost company, for should you fall behind a large emigration the result would be disastrous; you would be detained untill very late in the season & perhaps the greater part of your cattle perish for want of grass—& farther that you should have your mules and horses shod & it would not be amiss to have shoes for your cattle should their feet become sore. Be sure to have a net for your sheep. This can be procured at Independence. Sheep can be brought to this country with less trouble than any other stock. . . .

Yours affectionately, Rozelle Putnam

Mrs. S & Miss V. Putnam

P S Charles is very busily engaged in writing to Mr. Wheeler & wishes me to make his apology to cousin Susan Rider & say that he is of opinion that if her father and brothers were here with a steam boat they could make their fortunes by running from Umpqua to California with the lumber *his* milling company expect to ship to San Francisco. Their never has been a steamboat on the coast of Oregon & they would be very useful in running up the small streams that fall in to the Ocean, he will write to cousin Susan some other time; I will also with much pleasure, being much flattered with her notices of my *sweet name* &. Rozelle P.

Yoncolla, Umpqua, May 8, 1851.

Dear Father &amp; Mother

I sit down to write a few lines in reply to several letters lately received from you, your letters of Oct. 30 and those of January 15 were received at the same time—imparting at once the glow of expectation and the gloom of disappointment that animated you at the different time of writing. . . . when Charles reached home from California he had about sixteen hundred dollars & nothing else except the clothes on his back, which were none of the best—He got home in September '49 sick his trip to the Willamette in July of the next year was the first thing he was able to do—but immediately on his arrival at home he laid out one thousand dollars in wild cattle. These cattle you must understand are fit for nothing but beef being so wild that it is impossible to approach them except on horseback—in order to improve a claim it was necessary that he should have work oxen and milk cattle. These are selling very high, sows being from 50 to sixty dollars ahead & oxen from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars per yoke. In the fall of last year he took a claim and hired work done on it at the rate of forty dollars per month. In this way he has expended one hundred and fifty dollars. With this and his own labor and considerable assistance afforded him by my father he has succeeded in getting five thousand rails made a few acres of land plowed and the body of a log cabin built. This cabin consists of one room; the roof is of boards just as the fro\* left them. The floor is of puncheons hewed with the axe. The crevices between the logs are still open. There is neither window door shutter nor chimney in it. There are a few cooking materials such as a frying pan a tea kettle and a tin cup or two—there is neither chair table nor bed; a few blankets complete the furniture, I have been thus minute in describing the house & its contents that you may be able to comprehend me when I say that your son lives within the strictest rules of economy—for he has lived in this house or in a camp that was worse the greater part of last winter eating his bread without butter drinking his coffee without sugar & eating his beef without vegetables, (these are the principle articles of food) & what is more cooking them himself—[About the 20th of March] he sold his wild cattle getting ten tame cows, & the promise of eight hundred dollars when the purchaser should have sold them in the mines where beef is very high. He has not yet returned. You have an idea what implements are necessary to make and carry on a farm & will understand what Cha's lacks in that line when I tell you that he owns but one tool that is *axe*; with this he is working out his apprenticeship in labor—he has perhaps spent a hundred dollars in clothing for himself and family since his return from California. He has one hundred dollars left. The other two hundred went to buy a few articles necessary to housekeeping (these are only a few cooking utensils and a little tableware—for as yet we have neither chair table nor bedstead but he will make substitutes for these) & to pay several small debts contracted before going to the mines. As yet he has neither ox nor horse, this is our exact situation but it is what I have been raised to and what he has become accustomed to.

. . . . Tomorrow is washday & I do not know whether I shall have time to write any more mail—If I do I shall write to Frank & Catherine; if not I will write by the next mail—my love to all—your affectionate

Daughter in law, Rozelle Putnam

---

\*Fro or froo, a knife used for riving or shifting cedar shakes for roofing.

## THE FRONTIER

Mr. & Mrs. Putnam.

Yoncalla, Umpqua, June 8th, 1851.

Mr. Francis Putnam

Dear Sir

. . . . . I suppose a little information about the situation of the country would be more interesting to you than this chitchat about nothing. As you can see by looking on the map of Oregon the Umpqua valley lies south of the Willamette, divided from it by the Calapooia mountain & on the south is the Umpqua mountain which makes the Umpqua a valley to itself. There is a good harbor for ships at the mouth of the Umpqua river—but between the harbor and the inhabitable part of the country there is a dense pile of mountains heavily timbered, as all the mountains of this country are. Thus situated with a mountain on every side the Umpqua would have been a long time in settling had it not been for the gold mines in the neighborhood. The mining operation extended northwardly from California untill at the present time they are extensively carried on in the Rogue river valley distant only about four days travel from our place of residence. These diggings are said to be very rich. There are thousands of people engaged in them. The Umpqua river itself has gold in it though it is not known whether it will afford good diggings. All the products of the farm bring immense prices in the mines, tis this that settles Umpqua. Any man can live well that will cultivate a small farm & he that has not the means to improve his claim can go to the mines and make them.

When I say that he can live well I mean that he can have all the necessaries of life with less labor than they can be produced in any other country. If you were here you would certainly do well. You might either go to the mines or get employment as a clerk. I do not know what wages a clerk can get but I do know that wages are very high and besides any man who has the bodily strength and health & will use them cannot suffer.

June 8th. Dear Brother You will be surprised to see me change colors so suddenly, but I am now coming out in *true blue*\* Chas . . . . is writing instructions to your father about the journey (to Oregon). I see he pays quite a compliment to the length and strength of your *legs* in saying you can walk all the way and drive a team, a distance of nearly three thousand miles . . . . by the time you get here you will be so black and so fat that you will be as dull as an ox. When Chas got to Oregon he weighed two hundred and 5 or 6 pounds. I hope to see you all here ere long at any rate.

Yours truly R Putnam

Yoncalla, Umpqua, June 8th, 1851

Mrs. Susan Putnam

Dear Mother

I resume my pen to write a few more lines to you, I feel that I have neglected so much this duty, but it is more through a want of something that would interest, than indifference toward you. The impending journey will be a hard trial to your strength and fortitude. You must recollect that you are coming to a country where you will have to get your roof built before you have it, & will have no use for furniture nor even a way to take care of it, for several years to com, & that nothing not even books nor dry goods can be brought over the plains without being damaged.

\*The ink here changed from black to blue. The ink in these letters is almost illegible; the paper is mainly scraps torn from ledgers or notebooks.



In laying in clothing for the journey get all together stout woollen goods. You will start early in the spring when it will be cool and by the time the summer comes you will be in the mountains where the evenings and mornings are always cool. You will constantly be exposed to the weather and should be warmly clad. You should use no medicines on the road if it can possibly be avoided. I believe I have nothing more to add on the subject except that you should be careful of your health as possible. When you find that any article is useless and cumbersome do not scruple to throw it away—let it be what it may . . . . .

. . . . . There are hundreds of people older than you travel the road yearly. Last year a great many immigrants died of the cholera—but I do not think it was more fatal than in the settled communities—I hope to hear from [you] soon; until then [I] remain your affectionate daughter-in law  
older than you travel the road yearly. Last year a great many immigrants died of the cholera—but I do not think it was more fatal than in the settled communities—I hope to hear from [you] soon; until then [I] remain your affectionate daughter-in law

Rozelle Putnam

Mrs. S. Putnam  
Kentucky

Yoncalla, Umpqua, Jan. 25th, 1852

Dear Father & Mother

Your letter dated Nov. 16th reached us about the 16th of Jan being only two months in making the trip—as you see by the date of this that although you requested an immediate answer that it has been neglected more than a week.

And you also requested a full statement of the situation of our affairs—a compliance with this request will excuse the noncompliance with the other—which I will now try to do—Charles did not meet with an opportunity of purchasing a team until a few weeks ago—though he had the use of my father's team and hauled out his rails and fenced twenty acres of ground, which is as much as he will ever wish to cultivate. After getting his team 3 hokes [sic] of cattle for which he paid \$350 a very cheap bargain he could not go to work until he could get a plow, which could not be purchased in Umpqua—He was also anxious to get a few fruit trees and when your letters came he was gone to the Willamette with a wagon and team of my father's to bring plows fruit trees and other necessities for both of them. After an absence of twelve days he got home day before yesterday making his return more pleasant to all of his family by bringing a present to each of us—which were a new pair of shoes for each of the children and a tin strainer for me—insignificant as these articles are of themselves they were all that his scanty purse could afford & were the evidences of a desire to give pleasure to his family—a spirit that he invariably displays on such occasions.

He got the plow for fifteen dollars a common two horse plow which required some alteration to make it suitable to work with oxen & he carried it to the blacksmith shop to have the alterations made before he came home—Yesterday he spent in setting out his trees of which he only succeeded in getting a few—and today though it is Sunday he has gone to take it—the plow—from the blacksmith's to a carpenter to stock it—and if the weather is favorable he will get to breaking prairie next week, and late as it is will yet get enough wheat sowed to make our bread next year—Last year he put in my father's wheat which saves him all expense in that line until he can raise wheat—and flour at ten dollars a hundred and wheat two dollars a bushel would make no light bill. . . .



## THE FRONTIER

Wages of all kinds are high—but I think carpenters who understand framing and the like get the highest wages; blacksmiths are very scarce owing to the difficulty of obtaining tools and iron—they get what price they ask which generally is not a little—Professional men such as Drs and lawyers do not pretend to live entirely by practicing their profession but when they do get a job they are sure to ask a fee regulated by their consciences which do not seem to be very scrupulous. My father is a deputy surveyor and has surveyed considerably for private individuals—He always got twenty dollars for surveying a claim but since the surveyor general has come to make the public surveys he has not worked any and I do not know what surveyors will get exactly. Father had a contract offered him I think at eight dollars a mile, I am not certain but it was somewhere thereabout—The land grant continues untill December 1852 giving to every married man that takes a claim between this and that time three hundred and twenty acres of land & to every unmarried man over eighteen years of age 160 acres—You have still time to come to Oregon and there by can insure to your heirs by discreetly locating it, an inheritance that in time will come to be as valuable by the acre as the one for which you so lately gave enough to have brought you to Oregon—Married men who took claims before the first of last Dec got 640 acres and unmarried 320—No man in Oregon can hold more than a section of land before Dec. 1853 & no man can sell his land before that time—though a man may evacuate his claim and sell his improvements and allow the purchaser to take the land which after all is selling the land—This is frequently done but improved claims always change hands at enormous prices . . .

At this time there are four men living around the foot of Yoncolla who have between four & five hundred head of cattle whose chief pasturage is on this hill—besides fifty head of horses and an unnumbered stock of hogs—there are as yet no sheep kept on it—But Umpqua valley is reckoned to be as good a place for them as there is in the world. They are particularly valuable stock owing to their convenient size for the mining trade—the wool is also valuable selling for 25 cents a pound as it comes from the sheeps back—There are a great many sheep in the valley in comparison with the number of inhabitants. . . .

In the old settled parts of the Willamette there are plenty of excellent peaches & apples—but in the Umpqua there are but three bearing apple trees & one peach tree—these are at an old Hudsons Bay fort—there are all manner of dried & preserved fruits for sale in the stores—which are cheap enough when we consider the price of home production—for instance I can get five pounds of dried peaches or apples for one pound of butter. You see I am still remembering more questions to answer—another is about neighbors & meetings—When we first moved to our place the nearest neighbor was three miles off—they are still the nearest family . . . there is not a female beside in less than six miles—there are now four claims taken around us but the owners of them are all bachelors and likely to remain bachelors. I think they are mostly of a class of transitory settlers very numerous in this country who take claims with the expectation of making a little something by a future sale—The nearest house is about a half mile from ours and can be seen from the door. It belongs to a very clever young Englishman who carries the mail between Yoncolla and Scotterburg—he always brings our papers & letters from the postoffice & any little article I want brought from Scottsburg valley—Winchester is another I had forgotten. There is but one preacher in Umpqua a Presbyterian who occasionally collects a few

people probably fifteen or twenty at a neighbors house and hold prayers and address a few words of exhortation to them but these little gatherings are out of our reach & we only hear of them after they are over.

We have plenty of reading to pass off the evenings and sundays. Chas. takes an Oregon paper the New York Tribune & Harpers Monthly Magazine published in New York—Though we live a very quiet retired life it is a very pleasant one & any other kind would make us very uneasy for a while—for it is all habit. . . .

The mines in the rogue and Clammette\* are still being worked not withstanding the rains—new discoveries are daily being made—large trains of pack animals are constantly passing to and fro supplying the miners with groceries provisions and vegetables. The mining districts are settling up very fast. The Indians in that quarter are still hostile & are daily committing fresh depredations—a traveler can pass the night in a house every night all the way from here to Chastee\*\* which is only two or three days travel from the settled parts of California. . . . .

R. Putnam.

Yoncolla Umpqua, Feb 9th 1852

Dear Mother & Sister

. . . . Charles has just got his new plow home and is at this moment trying how it works. He has yet to make a pair of wheels for it to run on—as he has no one to hold it and cannot hold it himself & drive the team at the same time—little Charley is running after him & is disappointed because he cannot ride on it—he always goes with his father when he is halling rails or wood & rides on the sled—for Charles has no waggon & if he could not get it to his place on account of the bad road—Father gave us a little mare which does all his packing. Yesterday he packed his plow stock and all on her & you may be sure it was an awkward job—It is six miles to my fathers house and the Elk river between us—I never go there but what I have to walk half the way—for I am afraid to ride up and down the steep hills with a child in my lap—& I generally wade the river. The bottom is so rocky that a horse can scarcely stand on it & they frequently fall—I can avoid wading it by going a couple of miles further to a better ford—but in summer I prefer wading. . . . .

Your affectionate daughter

Rozelle Putnam

To my much esteemed Mother & Sister in law  
Mrs. Susan & Miss Catherine Putnam.

\*A corruption of Klamath.

\*\*An old spelling of Mt. Shasta in Northern California.

## BOOK SHELF

*As the Editor Sees Them.*

**Stone Dust.** Frank Ernest Hill (Longmans, Green & Co., 1928, \$2.00.)

**Horse-Thief Gulch.** Samuel Harkness (J. H. Sears & Co., 1928, \$2.50.)

**Hafiz: The Tongue of the Hidden.** Clarence K. Streit (The Viking Press, 1928, \$2.00.)

Happily, all three of these volumes of poetry are interesting and excellent and can be recommended heartily to lovers of the poetic expression of life. Mr. Harkness writes of the people and life of a Colorado mining town in vigorous narrative verse. Often his imagination has penetrated into the fundamental significance of the lives lived under rough but natural conditions. The Big Man of the town is a real character and not simply a traditionally Big Man; the doctor, the minister, the harlot, the men and women are persons of this town rather than conventional figures. Here is the real West. Mr. Harkness knows how to write honestly.

*Stone Dust* is a book of poems in which the writer has grasped at twentieth century life not in its outer aspects but in its inner. It has a tragic tone. Save for a few expressions and an occasional figure of speech, most volumes of recent verse, even those that consider themselves songs for a new age, might have been written in 1900. Not so with the poems in *Stone Dust*. Most of them with strong, soaring, and disciplined imagination and with a peculiarly individual rhythmic swing of expression, portray with detailed fidelity and with original thought and feeling today's human experience. Mr. Hill is a seer, not a reporter. He is an interpreter, not an entertainer. He is a poet in the finest sense of the conception, not a versifier.

Mr. Streit has undertaken a task which would make any but the hardiest spirit quail. To use his own explanation, he has attempted "to transfuse into English rubaiyat the spirit of the Persian poet," as he has felt it. He has not given a translation, but "a very free adaptation of the form and substance of the original." The book is equipped with an intelligent Foreword and a Note on Adaptation; with a short life of Hafiz, instructive but a little tedious, and with a Proem

## STUDENTS

We have special rental rates to offer you on all

### TYPEWRITERS

Both new and used machines sold on convenient terms.

## Lister Typewriter Service

Only Agents for

### UNDERWOOD

in Missoula

112 E. Broadway

Phone 2457

## COAL

Phone 5400




## PERRY FUEL AND CEMENT CO.

Office 244 N. Higgins Ave.



## *You Can Depend Upon Us*

E PRIDE ourselves upon our service. We get our work out at the time we say we will. The largest printing plant in the Northwest is at your command.

PHONE 2161

The Missoulian Publishing Co.

Missoula, Montana

## SERVING

87 Montana Cities  
and Towns

The Montana Power Co.

and Epilog. It is the rubaiyat themselves, however, and not the accompanying equipment, that are of real value. Some of them are destined for as frequent quotation as the rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam in the Fitzgerald version. For patness of expression and neatness of fitting material into an exacting measure without any left to overflow and without any stretching of it to fill the measure, the verses are on the whole remarkable. One cannot help wondering, as he recalls, inevitably, the Fitzgerald rubaiyat of Khayyam, whether the original of these didn't possess somewhat more color, in the literal sense, and vividness of imagery generally. Several of the Hafiz rubaiyat, however, are sharply vivid. The adaptation is a fine achievement. The western world has now another genuine eastern possession.

Mr. Harkness writes unevenly because his self-criticism is as yet fitful and discursive. When he hits his real vein he works brilliantly and sincerely. Mr. Hill is deeply and persistently self-critical, knowing his craft with thoroughness and feeling the values of words and phrases and images with vibrant intuition. Mr. Streit is less experienced, but works with devoted and often inspired diligence and intelligence. He has struck out some finely poetic conceptions. Quotations will illuminate the discussion.

#### *Hafiz*

Has man the Phoenix ever made his  
prey?

Its name is known, and more no man  
can say;

The substance lacks—so immortality:  
Draw in the nets, they snare but  
wind and spray.

As lightly did my love abandon me  
As slips the moon up from the slighing  
sea;

She left without a word—the cold  
moon goes,

But throws her image to her votary.

O God of men, why hold concealed  
your light?

When shall your sun erase this blot  
of night?

Can You not spare us but one flash,  
one beam?

Must we believe that You are in our  
plight?



Direction W. A. Simons

## "MONTANA'S FINEST THEATRE"

Where only the world's finest photo-  
plays, road shows, vaudeville and  
special attractions are presented.

Giant Robert Morton Organ

FEATURE  
ORCHESTRA

\$10,000 Heating and Ventilating  
System.

Popular with the rest  
of the folks

## Why Not You?

Best Pastries, Chili and  
Meals in Missoula

Quick and Satisfying Service

— at —

# Jim's Cafe

Near the Wilma

LOU ELLINGHOUSE, Pres.  
R. G. LAING, Sec'y.-Treas.

HOW IS YOUR COAL  
PILE?

## Missoula Coal and Transfer Co., Inc.



Phones 3662 and 3630

110 East Broadway

## *Students*

Get Your School

Supplies at

THE  
OFFICE SUPPLY Co.

"The Downtown Student  
Store."

Florence Hotel Building

## The Palace Hotel

ROGER FLEMING, Prop.



Missoula's Finest



The rates are moderate.

Banquet Rooms

Cafe and Dining Rooms

## Mary Moore Shop

Garments of  
Refinement

for

Afternoon and Sport  
Wear

---

FLORENCE HOTEL BLDG.



### *Horse-Thief Gulch*

#### Of Camp Fire

Red wound in the black skin of night,  
Sparks leap from rosin arteries  
As agile flames probe deep to light  
The candles of the fallen trees.

#### Of the Prospector

He said, "Look here, Amy! Don't  
feed me no more food;  
The milk and eggs you buy  
Must be paid for when I'm gone.  
I lost your ranch and forty-seven  
years with my fool pick,  
And dragged you 'round the earth like  
a damned horse trader."  
She looked at him and laughed  
To hide the fear within her:  
"I can make it somehow; forget the  
ranch and grip your pick;  
You broke a leg in Klondike, then set  
it; buck up!  
We have those mining claims."

#### Of the Big Man

Angus Mackenzie never stood on the  
fringe of interest—  
Miners who had not shaved for  
months, or bankers who  
Were barbered precisely, would gather  
about him as men crowd  
Around a stove on a cold day and  
stretch out their hands.

### *Stone Dust*

#### Of Earth and Air

Look back, then, you who had love of  
earth and regret her,  
And mourn a change that harries your  
hill and sky;  
For men are turned from the peace  
of the scythe and candle;  
Their eyes are fierce for the bright  
and the swift and the high.  
They have wrecked a world for the  
leaping dream of a better,  
And gone from peace toward a peace  
beyond a war,  
They have mounted untrodden stairs  
to a key and a handle  
That open a door.

#### Of Upper Air

High, pale, imperial places of slow  
cloud  
And windless wells of sunlit silence  
..... Sense  
Of some aware, half-scornful Per-  
manence  
Past which we flow like water that  
is loud  
A moment on the granite. Nothing  
here  
Beats with the pulse that beat in us  
below;

## MIRRO

The Finest Aluminum



Your dollar will buy more at  
**BARTHEL HARDWARE**  
the WINCHESTER store

Across the Street from Telephone Building

Because they enjoy the buying power  
of a combination of 6400 stores.

Now is a good time to select your  
mother's Christmas gift. Come in  
and look around.

We Sell

## Whitman's Candy

and

## Max Factor's Cosmetics

As well as a complete line of  
drugs.

## HARKNESS DRUG

Phone 3231

Pine and Higgins, Missoula

**LOOK AT  
YOUR HAT**

—everyone  
else does.

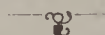
**Missoula Hat Cleaning Shop**  
— and —  
**Shoe Shining Parlor**  
**HIGGINS AVE.**

## **Missoula Cleaners and Dyers**

We Clean and Dye Every-  
thing from A to Z

**4 Hour Service**

Absolutely Odorless



612 South Higgins Ave., Missoula  
Phone 3463

**HOUSEHOLD  
HARDWARE**  
and  
**MINING  
MACHINERY**

**A C M HARDWARE  
HOUSE**

Main and Quartz  
**BUTTE**

HEAR OUR  
**New Orthophonic  
Records and  
Victrolas**

— AT —

**DICKINSON  
PIANO CO.**

Orthophonic Dealers of Missoula  
218 Higgins Ave.

That was a flame; this is the soul  
of snow  
Immortalized in moveless atmosphere.

Yet we shall brood upon this haunt  
of wings

When love, like perfume washed away  
in rain,

Dies on the years. Still shall we  
come again,

Seeking the clouds as we have sought  
the sea,

Asking the peace of these immortal  
things

That will not mix with our mortality.

**Old Deadwood Days.** Estelline Bennett  
(J. H. Sears & Co., 1928, \$3.00).

This is the way reminiscence that is semi-historical should be written, with a light touch on the personal, wealth of detail, pleasure in the telling, and swiftly moving narrative. No more delightful book of early days has been written. The town of Deadwood assumes form in the words of Miss Bennett and its life flows through its streets. The redlight women, the gamblers, saloon-keepers, the ministers, the Chinese, the miners, the judges, the bull-whackers, Calamity Jane, Wild Bill, Colorado Charley, the merchants—Miss Bennett knew them by sight and reputation or actually met them and lived with them. She has an excellent sense of humor, good judgment in values, a keen sense of detail, human sympathy, accurate observation. Of gambling she writes, 'Why did everybody think so highly of this quality of being a good loser? I had heard about it all my life. I knew that to be a poor loser was almost as bad as to be a horse thief. Was it because it was peculiarly a western virtue that Deadwood thought so highly of it? Father thought possibly, but in itself it was a worthwhile virtue? He said it was a combination of courage, philosophy, and self-control. 'A man didn't need a great deal more than that,' he added." Judge Bennett was the first federal judge in Deadwood; Miss Bennett grew up in the town. The book is interestingly illustrated with photographs.

**My People, the Sioux:** Chief Standing Bear. (Houghton, Mifflin, 1928. \$4.00.) Some day a real, readable book will be written about the Indian; it will give his psychology by seeing life through his mind. It will also describe Indian customs with accuracy and interpret their meaning by revealing, as nearly as such matter can be revealed, the reason for their existence. This book by Chief

# HART REFINERIES

MISSOULA, MONT.

## OIL PRODUCTS

The success of your next

Sorority or

Fraternity Party

is assured at

## THE FLORENCE HOTEL



## PALO VERDE

Southwestern Poetry Magazine

HOLBROOK, ARIZONA

The only poetry magazine in the Southwest can be had for only one dollar. Subscribe now.

Paul Horgan, Benjamin Musser, Arthur Truman Merrill, Carl John Bostelmann, Willard Johnson, Herman Spector, Witter Bynner, Ellen Glines, Ted Olson, Charles Henri Ford, Edith Tatum, Kathleen Young, Jason Bolles, Lucia Trent, Ralph Cheyney and numerous other splendid poets contribute to our pages.

Editorial and Circulation Offices  
at the Petrified Forest near Holbrook in Arizona.



If you can't be home for  
**THANKSGIVING**

send your  
**PHOTOGRAPH**

**DORIAN STUDIO**  
Wilma Building

**FIREPROOF**

**Leggat Hotel**

BUTTE, MONTANA

Rates, \$1.50 up

Private and free public shower  
and tub baths.

**COMFORT  
COURTESY**

ALEX LEGGAT, Manager

**Why Not Use Beet  
Sugar?**

Development of the beet sugar industry aids in the growth of communities in which the beets are raised and manufactured.

The factory at Missoula gives Western Montana farmers a convenient and profitable market for a crop relatively new here.

**THE  
AMALGAMATED  
SUGAR COMPANY**

Standing Bear is readable and interesting; it is not, however, an interpretation of the Indian. In the main it is autobiography, with incidents describing the Sioux. The first ten or twelve chapters dealing with his life before the white man came into it read not like matters accurately remembered but like matters which older people tell youth were a part of life when the youth was a little boy. I am told by persons who know the Indian that in the description of processes, like preparation of skins, for example, there are inaccuracies. These chapters are none the less pleasant reading. They give the writer a chance to compare White and Red to the disadvantages of the former.

As a boy Standing Bear went to Carlyle and took on White Man ways of acting and thinking. Upon his return to his reservation, after working for Wana-maker, he was still an odd mixture, mentally, spiritually, and in his occupations, of White and Red. His accounts of parleys between Indian agents and the Indians are valuable; and his naive record of work with Buffalo Bill is delightful. Our government's handling of the Sioux was ridiculous, as told in these pages, making the reader ashamed for the bungling and the injustice. All in all, the book is a good one to know.

**Buccaneers of the Pacific:** George Wycherley. (Bobbs-Merrill Company. 928. \$5.00.)

Here is a book full of desert isles and burning cities, of psalm-singing rogues and gory heroes. From old diaries and letters and contemporaneous accounts, Mr. Wycherley has retold the story of the English sea-dogs who plundered Spain in the Pacific. He has written of Drake and Morgan and of many others less known to fame. His style is clear and vigorous and he has happily made no attempt to dress up his characters in the fine robes of conventional romance. They were a bad lot, these gentlemen adventurers; but returning full of marvels and with the link of Spanish gold, they were forgiven much. Of them it can at least be said that they established a precedent for making patriotism profitable.

The book is well-indexed, has a good bibliography, and is profusely illustrated with reproductions of old maps and prints. Mr. Wycherley belongs with the scholars who are making research adventuresome and learning lively.

*Brassil Fitzgerald.*

# The Chimney Corner

A delightful and convenient place for

Dancing Parties  
Luncheons  
Dinners

Delicious, wholesome foods  
for all occasions.



540 Daly Ave. Phone 5473

# The COFFEE PARLOR

Where the Students  
Meet

Best Home Cooked  
Meals in the City

Our Fountain  
*Excels All Others*

Open from 7 a. m. to 12 p. m.

JOE

CHARLIE

## *The Mudro Grill*

Unexcelled Cuisine

Phone 432

43 W. Park Street  
BUTTE, MONTANA

IN FRONTIER DAYS, FUEL was CHEAP and the cost of keeping the home warm and comfortable in the winter was not such a burden as it is today. In order to secure the greatest efficiency and economy of operation, EVERY HOT WATER and STEAM HEATING PLANT should be drained and thoroughly cleaned each fall. Let us prepare your heating plant for the winter NOW.

## Missoula Hardware and Plumbing Co.

228 North Higgins  
Phone 5390

## MISSOULA LAUNDRY CO.

"DRY CLEANERS"

University People  
will continue as  
our friends and  
patrons.

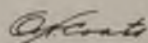
Phones 3118 and 3119

Use any of our service--  
Rent Cars  
Baggage  
Taxi  
Bus

## *Yellow Cab Co.*

PHONE 2166

We will always do our best to  
satisfy.



Manager



**When West Was West.** Owen Wister (Macmillan, 1928).

In *When West Was West* Owen Wister has again brought to life characters that are within themselves of more than ordinary interest, for in a series of short stories of the west of several generations ago there clings faintly the subtle aroma of sage-brush, open camp-fires, and vistas of lonesome far-away mountains and miles and miles of unpeopled horizons. Owen Wister has this ability, so that no one who can even remember the west of a decade ago will ever forget *The Virginian*. And having indiscreetly mentioned that book it would be best to forget it, for there is not a single story in *When West Was West* that is comparable to a single chapter in *The Virginian*.

It isn't so much that the people who move through this series of stories are a trifle exaggerated, a bit overdrawn like the fantastic characters one's mind conjures into being while watching an open fire on a blustery fall evening. Romantic strangers, the type of people we often wish to meet but never do. So it is only logical that people of this type should move around in situations that are also a trifle overdrawn, a little too taut for sheer actuality. Very often they border closely on hysteria and the reader cannot help but wonder what the turmoil and furor is all about.

Yet the background is authentic, dealing with that phase of the west that is but a story to the generation of today. It is to be regretted that the characterizations lack this same authenticity.

Harold Sylten

**Inside Experience.** Joseph K. Hart (Longmans, Green, 1927.)

Dr. Hart is a philosophical frontiersman. The best word I can say for him is that when I was enjoying a battle, against fearful odds, with John Dewey's *Experience and Nature*, his book came to hand and partly delivered me. All philosophy is once difficult for its subject-matter. Dewey's is difficult again for its style.

Dr. Hart, in part at least, is interpreting Dewey's ideas. He is a John the Baptist making the way clear—not only the way into the books of Dewey, but also the way for any intelligent man into an understanding of his own experiences. If he has his way with us, "philosophy will be a great dramatic highway that runs through the lands of experience giving us equal perspectives . . . . This dramatic

## FARLEY CO.

Phone 2171

## ARCADE GROCERY

Phone 2137

Everything in  
Groceries

Fresh Fruits and  
Vegetables

## Sentinel Brand Butter and Ice Cream

Are best for parties and  
formals.



## Sentinel Creamery Incorporated

122 West Front

Phones 3106-3107

# MASTER CLEANER & DYER

Garments, Furs, Gloves, Hats,  
Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, Etc.

Garments  
Insured  
Against  
Fire

ODORLESS  
CLEANING

Phone 2186

5-Hour Service



Eastman Kodaks and Films

Developing Free With  
Printing

Columbia, Viva-Tonal and  
Latest Records

Prescription

Druggist

Crosley and Majestic Radios

## SMITH DRUG STORES

The Busy Corners

North Higgins Avenue and East  
Cedar Street—South Higgins and  
Third

## DIAMONDS

The Language of Love

Get them at

## KITTENDORFF'S

Where quality is always the  
finest and the prices  
reasonable

Near Wilma

## Quality Market

614-616 So. Higgins

The Best in

Meats and Groceries

Try Us and See

Four Deliveries Daily



Phone 3197

J. A. BACHMAN & SONS  
Props.

highway is to be the joint product of all our human abilities: its foundations are to be discovered in ancient realities: in nature and experience; its directions and gradients and paving may be the work of science; its landscapings may be the work of art; its relationships with other by-ways and with the countryside may be the work of the social science; its undetermined objectives may be the concern of ethics and religion."

No single sentence will carry the weight of a book, but perhaps as much as anything else Dr. Hart wants "an everlasting return, in courage and faith in life, to the deeps of experience and of nature for the correctives, so continuously needed, to the perversions and misinterpretations that have grown up within organized experience and become institutionalized in social and individual living through the long and largely prejudicial ages; a continual re-opening of the channels of emotion, of creation, and of moral freedom; and a living trust in the wholeness of nature and life to suffuse and rectify its own partialities and distortions."

It is an eager, candid book. Some readers may remark a slight excess of exclamatory tone in the writing.

*Edmund L. Freeman.*

## John R. Daily Co.

115-119 West Front St.

PHONES:

Retail 2181-2182 Wholesale 3416

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish,  
Poultry and Oysters

Packers of

### Daco Hams

**BACON and LARD**

BRANCH:

Model Market, 309 No. Higgins

Phone 2835

Cleaning, Pressing  
and Dyeing

## BUTTE CLEANERS

R. E. RICE, Prop.

Kleaners That Klean



506-8 South Higgins Ave.

PHONE 3131

We call for and deliver

## GILT TOP BEER

Served with the  
BEST HAMBURGERS  
in Missoula



Whenever you are down  
town

Drop in at the

## MISSOULA CLUB



# THE JANUARY FRONTIER

will be out on December 20, in time for  
Christmas mailing.

**SEND IT TO YOUR FRIENDS**

---

**Two Stories, among others**

Alice Hancock's tale of a young mulatto, a belle who married black.

Walter Evans Kidd studies elemental character in a story of power.

**Prose Articles**

James Stevens describes logging camps of yesterday and today.

Grace Raymond Hebard defends Jim Bridger, frontiersman, against **The Covered Wagon** portrayal of him.

Emil Engstrom mashes Alaskan trails.

**Verse**

Edwin Ford Piper, Father Charles O'Donnell, Richard Wetjen, Borghild Lee, Arthur T. Merrill, Lillian White Spencer, Jason Bolles, J. Carson Miller, and others.

---

Circulation Manager, THE FRONTIER,

Missoula, Montana.

Send \_\_\_\_\_ subscriptions of THE FRONTIER (beginning

with the \_\_\_\_\_ number)

To (1) \_\_\_\_\_

(2) \_\_\_\_\_

(3) \_\_\_\_\_

(4) \_\_\_\_\_

(5) \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ in (stamps, check, money order).

---

One copy, 40c; one subscription, \$1.50; three subscriptions, \$4.00;  
five subscriptions, \$6.00.

# Blue Parrot

*Tea House*



"Speaks for  
Itself"

TAXI

# 25c

TAXI

and

TRANSFER

PHONE 3678

U Drive Cars

Washing  
Storage  
Greasing

ZIP  
AUTO LAUNDRY

222 W. Main

# WELCOME, FROSH

BOOKS    REFRESHMENTS    SOUVENIRS

Campus Gossip Exchange.

A good place to gain the

OLD COLLEGE SPIRIT

## Associated Students' Store

Has kept pace with the development of the University and is a  
real Campus Institution.

Come in and look us over.



Kuppenheimer Clothes  
Gordon Hats  
For Well Dressed Men

*Yandt's*  
MEN'S WEAR

Next to Shapard Hotel

## BUTTE BUSINESS COLLEGE

One of the Leading Commercial Schools in the  
Entire Northwest.

Over 500 in daily attendance.

Placed over 400 graduates last year.

All commercial branches, higher accounting, fully accredited high school department, telegraphy, mechanical drawing, steam engineering, grade work, Americanization work, public speaking, and salesmanship.

*Butte Business College*

Write for free catalogue.

# HEY, FELLOWS! HERE IS A REAL SUIT VALUE!

New Styles  
New Weaves  
New Patterns

are the features embodying these new fall suits.  
Come in and allow us to show these phenomenal  
suit values.

**\$25**

*Westerners*  
INCORPORATED

