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January
JANUARY

THE

FRONTIER

A Magazine of the Northwest

OL. IX, NO. 2

JANUARY, 1929

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NOTES ABOUT CONTRIBUTORS

Walter Evans Kidd, who lives in Eugene, Oregon, has published verse in many magazines. He writes: "It is my literary desire to mirror Oregon." We think that he has "mirrored Oregon," and much more.

J. Corson Miller, who lives in Buffalo, New York, has contributed to all the poetry magazines and many general magazines—*Bookman*, *Nation*, *Forum*, *Catholic World*, *Commonweal*, *Vanity Fair*, etc. He is author of two volumes of poetry, *Veils of Samite*, 1921, and *A Horn from Caerleon*, 1927.

Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., is president of Notre Dame University, in Indiana.

Albert Richard Wetjen has just published *Way for a Sailor*, a novel. (See *Book Shelf*.) He is an outstanding writer of the Northwest. He lives in Salem, Oregon.

James Stevens's *Homer in the Sagebrush* has just been issued by Knopf. (See *Book Shelf*.) His story, *The Romantic Sailor*, is reprinted from *The Frontier* in *Best Short Stories for 1928*. He is a contributing editor.

James Marshall is an editor on *The Seattle Star*. His vigorous poem, *Oregon Trail: 1851*, appeared in the March *Frontier*.

Merle Haines is a student at the State University of Montana; his home is in Helena. His story, *Mike, an Outlaw Horse*, in the May *Frontier*, was given two stars of distinction by Mr. E. J. O'Brien in *Best Short Stories for 1928*.

Edwin Ford Piper, a professor in the University of Iowa, is the author of *Barbe Wire and Other Poems*.

Grace Stone Coates, assistant editor of *The Frontier*, has two stories on Mr. O'Brien's Roll of Honor in *Best Short Stories for 1928*.

Joseph T. Shipley lives in New York City; he is lecturer on poetry, professor, editor, translator of Baudelaire, and poet.

Alice Hancock, a graduate student at the State University of Montana and assistant in the department of English, won two stars of distinction in O'Brien's *Best Short Stories for 1928* with her story, *Years*, which appeared in the May *Frontier*.

Borghild Lee's poetry has appeared in many magazines. She lives in Forest Grove, Oregon.

Arthur T. Merrill, who lives in Gledale, California, has published in many magazines. He is the author of *White Magic*.

Eleanor Allen lives in Portland, Oregon.

Israel Newman, formerly an editor of *The Harp*, is a physician, now living in Augusta, Maine.

Irene H. Wilson lives in Worcester, Massachusetts. Her verse has appeared in *Scribners* and other magazines.

Helen Faick, whose two linoleum cut are in this issue, has a studio in Northampton, Massachusetts. She was at one time a student at the State University of Montana, and was formerly an instructor in Art at Smith College.

The genuine lyric poetry of **H. J. Bolle** of Chimney Rock, Montana, is well known to *Frontier* readers.

Lilian White Spencer, a Denver poet, has written much fine poetry, pageants and Amerindian verse; nine of the latter are to appear in *Poetry*.

Queene B. Lister lives in Portland. Most of her writing has been in verse.

Frank B. Linderman of Goose Bay Somers, Montana, is well known to readers generally, as a dependable writer of early Western and Indian life.

Ruth Eliot Prentiss lives in Newberg, Oregon.

Doris Bradley, a well known poet, lives in Salt Lake City.

Emil Engstrom, whose manuscript comes from Seattle, writes, "I consider Jack Cornell the greatest Alaska frontiersman I ever saw or heard about. . . . A miner and prospector, I have mushed the long trails and seen life in early days as it was, not as we read it in popular fiction."

Grace Raymond Hebard, professor of Economics in the University of Wyoming, is an authority on Northwest history. Her best known writing is *The Bozeman Trail*.

Elers Koch, who edits his father's diary, is assistant supervisor of District No. 1, U. S. National Forest. He lives in Missoula.

V. L. O. Chittick is a professor in Reed College, Portland, and **S. Stephenson Smith** in the University of Oregon.



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The Editor Muses

For the Poet

Poetry is magic. It flows out and envelops the reader. It casts a spell. The spell needn't be golden, but it should be priceless. It needn't remove the reader from reality; it should carry him into reality's heart.

The real poet rakes the reader's sensibility as winds rake his body.

For the Story Writer

The writer of stories creates an illusion of his persons and the world in which they act. The reader is in that world as he reads, whether it be created within himself or outside himself. The writer may choose his country and whatever people and actions he will, provided that he observes likeness to the truth in presenting them and the reader experiences illusion.

If there is no illusion, there is no art. Let the contemporary writers, in their preoccupation with "how-to-do," not forget the end-result, illusion.

For the Essayist

The essayist discovers values. The essayist says, "In the matter now challenging our attention I see these values." He mayn't state values directly and overtly, but he does reveal them.

The reader of essays is the harvester of an interesting man's crop of values.

For the Dramatist

Drama is tensity. And the dramatist has only dialog to clothe it in. Let people speak with one another in words winged with meaning. For unless their words fly into the sun that is the source of fruitfulness they fall on an inert and dusty earth.

For the Critic

Critics are not judges but understanders. They see both the writer's values and his failure to embody them. They are aware of overtones and undertones, and respond.

Critics are *at times* judges, and castigators, and inspirers, and informers; but they are *always* interpreters.

For All Writers

All writers are on a frontier—themselves and the world they live in. Let them front facts; for there is no greater exploration than life.

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 Gertrude White, Business Manager; subscriptions to Ernest Lake, Circulation Manager—all at The State University of Montana, Missoula.

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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.

Windy Fire

By W. E. C. Kidd

IT was July on a morning before milking-time. Guy Beliss was digging a mess of potatoes for his mother, in the patch across the ditch behind her small, unpainted house. Once he stopped long enough to hitch up the buckskin belt around his blue waist overalls. He wasn't handsome. His jaws were too square and his lips too loose. But the strength that rippled through his long, deep-chested body, the energy that charged his bronze face, the mahogany eyes, and the furiously black fleece made you look at him.

Usually Guy was unhurried at his chores, humming some cowboy tune. But that morning his eyes were starey; his movements were jerky as he hoed out the hills and picked up the spuds. He grumbled to himself, "By gawd, I'm agonna do it—I'm agonna marry Eleanor Morton and on this day, too. She ain't agonna stop me, ma ain't. She's bossed me all my life but she ain't this here time and I'll tell her so."

The sun shouldered above the upper ranges, wimpling the rough blue horizon of pines. There were enough potatoes, but he had taken too long and must hurry back to milk. As he cut through the sparkling meadow

behind the house his twin brothers, both tow-heads, scrambled out to meet him. Each carried a large, shiny bucket. Instead of hobnobbing with them as usual, he brushed past without a word, and after dropping the sack of spuds over the picket fence, swung out to the corral, looking tensely at the ground There wasn't any reason under the sun why ma couldn't see it was all right for him to get married. Maybe she would, if he'd get up backbone enough to tell her he was his own boss and knew what he ought to do

After milking, Guy clumped to the back porch, where he lifted a foaming bucket to pour the milk into a tin strainer. The twins trotted up to help.

"Get way," he snapped, "get way."

Their lips puckered and they shuffled slowly into the house.

Later he swaggered into the low-beamed kitchen without taking trouble to scrape the manure from his cowpuncher boots. His tall mother, stringy of body, seamed and tired of face, didn't glance at him. She was dishing up mush and watching the eggs and bacon sizzle in a frying-pan. Breakfast on the kitchen table, Guy

plopped down to eat without paying the least attention to the twins, bibbed and still puckery, blinking up sullenly from their high-chairs across from him. The mother didn't sit down; she was busy turning hotcakes on the smoking griddle.

"Well, ma, these eggs and biscuits sure taste great," Guy remarked in a thick but shaky voice as he tried to eat with gusto.

She flipped a pancake over first, then lifted her worn blue eyes. It was her nature to be quiet, precise, and melancholy until aroused; then all the welled-up energy would surge to her eyes, so lifeless, and so incongruous with her resolute chin. Scooping up the hotcakes on the turner, she quickly slid them onto his plate and hustled back to cook a few more. His forehead wrinkled heavily.

"She ain't awantin' to hear," he thought. Sudden color burned under his cheeks. "But I'm agonna tell her any way and she ain't agonna change my mind, neither."

After finishing the meal, he leaned back clumsily from the table. When she sat down to eat, he started to roll a cigaret, and watching her from the corners of his eyes said with assumed quiet, "Guess I'm agonna marry—" She began to butter a pancake without a trace of concern. His anger rose but he held it down. "—Eleanor," he blurted.

He looked up. Her eyes now met his with a square challenge. Her toil-

bitten fingers fumbled the knife. But she held her temper and tried to wheedle him.

"You mustn't do that, Guy," she said, "not now anyway—" She continued half under her breath, "No til you get more respect for woman folks."

She noticed the twins all ears and eyes.

"Get down right now", she spoke crisply, "and play out in the yard. Do you hear?"

They went immediately.

She turned back to Guy, and his jaws clamped.

"Eleanor's a good hard-working girl, son." Her voice husked with emotion. "And that's jest the kind you oughtn't t' have. You'd bully her and treat her like a—treat her hard."

"Ma," he gulped.

She lifted her hand in an assertive gesture for silence.

"You're like yore dad was. Look how hot-tempered he was with me and how hard he was with you and Tod up till a short time afore he passed away." For a moment her voice choked. "Listen, Guy, no man's fit to marry afore he learns a wife ain't a slave and has dreams and a heart." With the back of a hand she swiped a tear from her cheek. "You gotta learn it aint for a wife to work her fingers to the bone all day and then be bothered every night."

"Now listen here," he jerked

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"you don't understand me at all. I ain't like Tod and dad."

"Can't I see?" she retorted. An abrupt silence followed in which she studied his reddened face. Then she dropped the knife across the plate of untasted pancakes, and locked her hands tightly above the table. Tears surged out and wet her leathery cheeks. Her tone broke to pleading. "Promise me, Guy, not to marry unless you change. It ain't right for you to. Eleanor deserves a good, decent man—like Theo Berkshire."

He wouldn't answer Ma was plumb mad, unreasonable; always had to have her way . . . Dryness dusted his throat. Noisily scraping back his chair he jumped up, stumped outside and down the glaring road which sabered the stand of heading barley to the county lane. This was the way he usually took when riled. The brassy sun, somewhat higher now, blazed down on his dark head so seldom bare of the flabby sombrero and heated the wedge of hairy chest exposed by the unbuttoned hickory shirt.

Why couldn't ma understand? Why'd she want to crab his plan, getting all worked up and sobby? She did the same way when Tod got tied up a year back, but he showed her he was his own boss. Now he himself'd have to do the same thing—tell her where to head in at. No explaining to her with her bull-headed ways. Simply no understanding her. Well, he loved Eleanor and was going to

marry her. That was that . . . A good decent man like Berkshire—hell!

At the field gate to the county lane he stopped, arms akimbo and a foot on the lowest board. Just across the road squatted his brother's cramped, weather-bitten old shack. Later he paced along the zigzagging fence of grayish rails. Occasionally he viciously heeled out a sprouting thistle.

Before he had gone far a shiny roadster purred up the lane. It slid to a stop. Theo Berkshire, new editor of the *Pine Flat Journal*, leaned out. He was a neat, glittering fellow, two years out of college.

"Hello, Guy," he greeted him brightly. "Got any news items for the week?"

"No," grunted Guy, jealously stirring behind his eyes.

"Are you going to the big dance at Pine Flat tonight?" the editor inquired, jerking his head backward in the direction of the town.

"Wait and see," the other snorted and, shrugging impudently, lumbered off.

Theo pressed the clutch and rolled westward. His was the only car in this part of Oregon graced with a spotlight and the only one that didn't thump and rattle.

Guy slumped against the fence and watched the roadster speed up the lane . . . That college pinhead's sure nose. Go to the dance? Of course he would and he'd take Eleanor What's that sap think he's doing, turning into the Morton place, huh? Getting news—maybe?

Guy watched for twenty or so minutes before Theo slid back to the lane.

"That sap went after more'n news," he fumed aloud, "or he wouldn't a-stayed so long. He's buttin' in, by gawd. I'm agoin' over there right now and take her to Dayville and get tied up and be back for the dance. That'll be puttin' it over on everybody, 'specially that damned simp, and show ma I'm my own boss."

He struck out across the pasture for the Morton ranch, which crouched where Burnt Gulch slashed the spine of Yellowjacket ridge.

So unexpectedly did he meet Eleanor, lugging two large buckets of water from the spring in a gully this side the house, that he stopped abruptly. His throat thickened. A windy fire leaped through his heart, and his breath caught as he hailed her with an unsteady lift of his hand and a guttural "Hey". With a slight shrug she twisted her head, the buckets of water still in her hands. Frail, moist, voluble, she stood there in a dress of faded red gingham gathered at the waist and low at the throat. She was slender, of medium height, softly tanned, with two brown braids down her back. She was attractive and effeminate without being brightly pretty and flapperish. She swayed tiredly.

"Well, what do you want, Guy?" she asked levelly.

"I'm agonna—" He began briskly but faltered. "I'll drive over at six

in the buggy and take you to the dance. Let's go to Dayville—"

"Sorry," she interrupted, a bit cool. "I waited all week for you to ask me. Now Theo's asked me—."

"Asked you to marry him, huh?" he exploded.

"No!—to go to the dance." She winced before the mounting fury in his glare.

"Damn that cur; yellow coward, that's what he is."

"Why, Guy!" she gasped, her face blanching, "he's better—better'n' the pinheads round here."

Her vaguely cleft chin dropped; tears flashed to her eyes and she fled for the house, the buckets slushing out considerable water.

Guy boiled . . . Proud, was she, to be the choice of that damned sap! . . . For an abrupt second he fought back the impulse to overtake her and shake the liver out of her. The struggle grew unbearable and he plunged after, but she dashed inside just ahead of him and banged the door shut and latched it.

He wheeled about and cursed his way back through the pasture, clubbing and unclubbing his rough hands . . . He'd go to the dance; he'd get lit up. Then he'd show her, by gawd. He'd batter that yellow-livered cur to a pulp. He'd show her. He'd take her home, by gawd, and make her marry him the next day . . .

Late that twilight, even after he'd done the chores, he was scorching with rage. His eyes glowered at everything; the muscles in his neck and

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arms knotted. He smoked one cigaret after another, and as he rolled each new one, gritted his teeth and fumed and cussed.

When supper was dished up and on the table, lit by the lamp-flame flickering in the smoky chimney, the twins romped into the front-room where Guy rocked in the dusky shadows. They snatched the cuffs of his sleeves to tug him to the kitchen. He shoved them aside. Taking this for play, they insisted with laughter; and he bowled them clear across the room. They scurried into the kitchen squalling. Soon he stumped to the table and dropped heavily onto a chair, slouched forward, and glowered at ma, bent over the open oven, fingering up sourdough biscuits. The twins clung to her brown cotton skirt, their chubby bodies jerking with sobs. As she set the plate of biscuits before him, the lamplight showed the tear-stains under her eyes and the day's creases in her forehead.

"Guy, let 'em alone. What's wrong now?"

"Eleanor's turned me down for that there yellow-backed Berkshire," he burst out.

"Thank God for that," she cried. "It's best for you and—"

He interrupted her. "I know what I'm about. You shut up."

"Don't talk to me that way," she scolded. "You'd make any woman's life a hell like Tod has Edith's. She was here this afternoon and she was miserable, I tell you, miserable. Tod threatened to kill her this mornin' if

she dares go to the dance tonight. He'd do it if she goes; he's jest that there blind crazy with his jealous heart and mean temper. You and him's alike—jest like your dad." Her voice caught.

He glowered, too angry to answer. Snatching the dish of spuds, he shoveled three-fourths of them into his plate, then slashed off a hunk of butter and dropped it into his coffee. He scowled stormily and dashed the cup to the floor.

"I ain't like Tod," he thundered and rose with a leap. "And you stop sayin' so. I won't stand for it, by gawd."

"You *are* like Tod and you'd make Eleanor's life a hell—a livin' hell," she hurled back, and clutched her breast.

He kicked his chair out of the way.

"Shut up," he roared, and plunged outside.

She rushed to the kitchen door and yelled. "Where're you goin'?"

But he didn't reply. He stormed up the field-road to the lane. A pale whiteness glowed behind the eastern skyline where the moon would soon be rising. The rest of the world lay inked in night.

Arriving at the gate to the county road, he propped himself viciously against it. A fresh breeze slid over his pumping temples. Not even this cooled the fire within. For some time he remained there, cussing to himself and watching the lane where the lamp-light from Tod's window slanted. Several sputtering Fords and

rattling buggies passed by for the Pine Flat dance. But Berkshire's roadster wasn't among them.

Sudden shouts of protests by Edith cascaded from the shack and mixed with his stormy thoughts. As he shifted, the front door snapped open and she burst out onto the narrow porch, the lamplight behind her skinny form.

"I'm goin' to the dance," she cried back through the open door. "You're not agonna stop me. I'm goin', do you hear? I'm goin'. Oh, I'm livin' in hell."

Tod bulked in the doorway and grabbed her hands to pull her inside, but she yelled so hysterically and kicked so savagely that his grip loosened.

"A hell of a way for you to act, tryin' to raise the whole countryside," he jeered in a rasping growl. "Now get in or I'll kick you in."

"No, no," she sobbed. "I'm goin'. Do you hear? I'm goin'."

His large paws seized her shoulders. She kicked, screamed, bawled. He cuffed her fiercely, then jerked her inside, and kicked the door shut. The light flashed out. There was a choked scream.

Guy stared, stricken, his body tense and clammy. All had happened so quickly he was dazed, the fire inside gone. For an instant he gaped stone-like. Then his hands knotted into hard fists. . . He'd show his brother; he'd beat him within an inch of his life for treating a woman that way. By gawd, he was different from Tod.

He'd never strike Eleanor, not her with her sweet ways. He'd show Tod a thing or two. . . .

He vaulted the gate, dashed across to the front yard. As he started to enter, an auto with two head-lights and a spot-light flashed in view and rolled straight his way. Theo Berkshire's roadster! Guy scrambled over the yard fence and ducked. As the car slurred by, Eleanor's round laughter lifted into the air. A blasting fire boiled through his blood. He stumbled to his feet, blundered wildly to the gate and lunged into the road. But the car was gone, speeding closer to the yellow blurs that was the town lighted for the big spree. . . . He'd go to the dance; he'd kill that yellow-livered sap; he'd show the cock-eyed place Eleanor was his—his alone. . . .

He stormed back home. A round moon edged up, but he didn't know. He banged into the house. His mother confronted him. The lines about her eyes puckered into ridges of desperate concern.

"Guy!" she gasped.

He shoved her aside. "Get outa my way. I'm agoin' to the dance and—"

"No." She half-defied him, half-pleaded.

He glowered back and thundered upstairs to his room, yanked on his Sunday suit. He snatched the Colt out of its holster on the wall and jabbed it under his black belt. . . He'd saddle the sorrel and race to Pine Flat. . . . Down stairs and out the front door.

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His mother stood rigid against the fastened gate, her arms spread emphatically out. The full moonlight across the roof fell on her pinched face, showing the twitching cheeks and the stern chin, the pleading, the determination to keep him home.

He joggled to the gate, where he loomed above her. His eyes narrowed; his mouth twisted darkly . . . He'd show her she couldn't stop him . . . He wrenched her hand from the latch.

"Guy, for mercy sake stay home."

"Let me out, do you hear?" he bellowed, and tugged her roughly away.

"No no," she begged, and caught his arm.

He gripped her by the shoulders and relentlessly shook her until her teeth rattled and her hair tumbled down, then stopped and held her limp form at arm's length.

"Oh, God," she sobbed in despair. "Oh, God."

His grip slackened. She sank to the ground. The gate rattled open and he started out. Grabbing his leg, she clung with all the strength left. In a passion of rage, he kicked her loose. She toppled backward, a motionless heap, blood spurting from a gash on her chin.

He gaped down at her. Instantly his mind clouded and swirled and he huddled against the gate-post for support. A minute or more he swallowed stupidly . . . Good God, what had he done! . . . Then looking at her, he realized. Kneeling, he caught her up in his arms. She still breathed.

"Ma, ma," he called.

But she didn't stir, and he carried her into the house; placed her on the front-room lounge; bathed her face with cold water, and rubbed camphor under her nose.

It seemed a long while before her eyes pulled open. Her head rolled and she labored for breath.

"Don't go, don't go, please," she mumbled.

His hand pressed over hers. "I won't, ma, not now."

Relief crept into her eyes and her breathing eased.

"Are you better now?"

"Yes. Pretty soon I'll be all right."

"I gotta go outdoors," he whispered.

A smile wavered across her mouth and she closed her lids tightly, but tears squeezed through. Gently opening the door, Guy tiptoed into the crystal night that arched high with stars.

A great aching bulged his heart and a choking lumped his throat. He wanted to cry, but couldn't. Under a mental fog he plodded unsteadily, not up the lane this time but through the meadow smelling faintly of clover and peppermint, across the puddled ditch, over to the foot of the potato patch. There on a trodden strip of wild timothy he pitched face-down, and for an hour or more sobbed like a child, in the dark.

Turning over on his back, he pushed a hand behind his head and gaz-

ed into the large night at the moon
 sliding back of the cottonwoods along
 the ditch . . . He saw himself clearly
 now. She was right, ma was, him and
 Tod was just alike . . . His throat
 lumped again . . . Eleanor was too
 good for him. Like as not he'd go
 getting crazy-mad and hurt her just

like he'd done poor old ma and like
 Tod'd done Edith. She was right, ma
 was. He'd have to change afore he
 thought again of marrying Eleanor.

For some time he sprawled there,
 then, rousing up slowly, moved home-
 ward.

Chore-Boy

By J. Corson Miller

He shifts the milk-pail deftly, squinting over
 The row of stalls; always his eyes are dim
 From broken sleep; above the dew-washed clover
 The south-wind sends its morning-song to him;

A song like rushing floods of countless feet—
 Of reeling streets where smug skyscrapers stare
 At boys from farms; the milk foams warm and sweet,
 And from the box-stall neighs his trotting-mare.

Pail after pail is filled; his beagle-hound
 Comes in, and nuzzles her nose against his vest—
 His feet poise now for trains run underground,
 And now for gang-planks flung from boats bound west

He mounts the truck for the creamery—pile on pile
 Of crisp, new bills he sees, while a cream-can spills;
 He dreams of a sleek Rolls-Royce, and, mile on mile,
 A millionaire at the wheel, he's king of the hills.

Fishing

By Charles L. O'Donnell

The pool of poetry is calm
 Under blue summer skies
 As one by one upon its breast
 I cast my stock of flies - - -
 Like silver trout the fancies float
 Beneath, but will not rise.

There Was a Girl

By Albert Richard Wetjen

There was a girl in Timor's place;
Wind-whipped hair and a mouth of red
(Here went the road to the sea's blue face)
Eh, but she's old, or maybe dead!
 (Time and Trade took the mills away,
 So the town moved over and crossed the Bay.)

There was a girl in Timor's here;
Sea-green eyes and her voice was gay
(There's not much left of the old Chain Pier)
Eh, I was young and I would not stay!
 (See how the mud lifts a flank of tan
 Where once the deep-sea channel ran?)

There was a girl in Timor's then;
Rounded arms and a slender throat
(Deep in the roads sat the Merchantmen)
Eh, so I said, but I never wrote!
 (We used to lay with the wharves abeam,
 Bare to the winds in the open stream.)

Once was a girl in Timor's there;
Such eager hands and dancing feet
(The roof is gone and the walls are bare)
Eh, but the wind is cold in the street!
 (The clear sea surged at our anchored bow,
 But the jetties shelter the whole Bay now.)

There was a girl in Timor's bar;
Wind-whipped hair and a mouth of red
(Here was a beacon, hung like a star)
Eh, but she's old, or maybe dead!
(The old wharves rot in the black tides fret)
Love must die as youth shall cease
(Here is the spot where the captains met)
Eh, but the gulls can nest in peace!
 (There was a girl but the weeds grow rank
 In Timor's bar where the sailors drank!)

The Passing of The Timber Beast

By James Stevens

THE HARBOR lights glowed through a fine drizzle as the *J. N. Teal*, the last of the old sternwheeler fleet to carry cargo and passengers between Portland and The Dalles, churned into her West Side dock. With my blanket roll at my feet I stood by the rail and stared, trying to see what life was beyond the lights along the river. There were only shadows, black bulks of buildings, streaked faintly with yellow gleams. I could only imagine That, for the present, was enough to give me a cold, sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach and to make my heart thump as the sternwheeler was moored. At last I was in Portland. Here I was, alone in a big city. Here I would realize my dream of a new life of labor. Of that I was still certain. No more grading camps! I was through with the drudgery of railroad building. So long, mules and scrapers! From here I was going to the tall timber and live the life of a bully logger!

"Where do the loggers hang out here in Portland?" I asked a deck hand.

"The skidroad," he said shortly.

"Where's that?" I asked, with a blush for my ignorance.

"It's—hell, I ain't got time to give directions. Just go ashore and ask anybody which way's Eriksen's."

A loafer ashore pointed the way to

Third and Burnside Streets. I plodded along the waterfront in the rain of the March night. The low clouds were black above the dim street lamps. The steel frames of the drawbridges over the Willamette looked naked and cold in the river lights and shadows. I knew I was on the skidroad when I came upon gangs of men before the blackboards of employment offices—"slave markets," I soon learned to call them—on Second Street. Most of the men wore mackinaws or short mackinaw shirts, "tin pants" or overalls staggered just below the knee, and calked boots. Woods jobs were scarce. Many of the loggers were on the bum. An old-timer struck me for the price of a bed. I had only a few dollars, but I offered to buy him a beer. Over the glasses in a corner saloon he was free with information about logging camps. The best one in the Northwest for a young man of seventeen who wanted to get a start as a logger was Paul Bunyan's, he said. Yes, sir, I certainly ought to inquire around everywhere and try to get a chance in Paul Bunyan's logging camp.

Two years among the team hands of Idaho and Montana had left me fairly wise, and I had some notion that the old logger was stringing me along, though I didn't doubt that there really was a famous logger

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named Paul Bunyan. I only suspected that this old-timer was trying to work me for some more beers. So I quit him, and headed for Eriksen's up the street, where all flush loggers foregathered to blow in their hard-earned wages.

At that time—1910—Eriksen's Saloon had a world-wide fame. To me the grand and glittering barroom was a fairy tale come to life. My imagination exaggerated every detail of the scene. The brown and shining bar curved away from the door and ran down a room that seemed as big as a circus tent. Row after row of card tables, each one crowded with gambling men, reached into corners that appeared mysterious and far in the smoke drift. A score of slot machines lined one wall. From somewhere came a sound of piano and fiddle music. A mellow glow swam about me. I was enchanted as I moved toward the bar.

This bar had nearly the length of a city block in all its curves and turns. Back of it white lights shone on mirrors, pyramids of glasses and rows of queer-shaped bottles labeled with vivid colors, and these stood on a back bar draped with the snowiest cloths. The diamond-like dazzle of white half-blinded me. Bright light was also reflected from the varnished columns and beams about the mirrors, from the brass of the bar rails and the nickel of spigot handles. The bartenders, at least fifteen in number, were all in white jackets. They

were shaved in such a clean style, their hair was slicked down into such a fancy curl over their eyes, and their mustaches were spiked so elegantly that I was certain dukes couldn't look handsomer. I had never seen such magnificent men before, not even in the saloons of Boise, Idaho. Shiny brass spittoons that looked pretty enough for flower vases stood all along the big footrail. Linen towels were hanging in front of the bar. Glasses clinked, gold and silver jingled, the click of poker chips sounded from the card tables, beer purred as it gushed from the spigot to the glass, laughs and happy talk sounded all along the bar . . . I sipped my beer delicately and looked through half-closed eyes upon the scene, and dreamed . . .

I remembered a February night in a sandhouse at The Dalles. Hoboes huddled miserably about a fire. Too bitterly cold for sleep. Complaints, denunciations, life defiled and cursed. There we were, used in the working seasons to dig the ditches, build the railroads, harvest the crops; and when winter closed up seasonal work we were made outcasts, jailed, or harried from town to town like criminals. Well, the working stiffs of the Northwest were learning something. In that sandhouse our miserable gang was told of Direct Action and the Red Card. I signed up with the others. We could pay our dues when we got a job.

Then the talk had changed. A dream emerged. It was in such cir-

cumstances that American folklore, the art of the plain man, flourished. The eternal force behind all creations of art, noble and lowly, is the desire to escape from reality. And there in the sandhouse I heard again the story of the Hoboes' Heaven. I had heard it before, but Singer Larkin told it with genuine intensity of feeling. Briefly, his tale was about a Heaven in which every house was a saloon, every road a race track, and the only jobs poker playing and crap shooting. Liquor and warmth and play. The saloon was the nearest thing to beauty and comfort that the Western workingman knew in those days. Small wonder that he idealized it in his bitterest hours, that he turned to it when the cold politics of industrial revolt failed to inspire him with hope.

The tale had struck my imagination. And here in Eriksen's it seemed to be realized. Standing at that glittering bar, it was easy for me to fancy that long, hard hours of labor for small wages were gone, that I was done with lousy blankets and sour beans and bully boss-men, that at last I was in a land where every place was like Eriksen's . . . liquor and warmth and play . . . Hoboes' Heaven . . . I have never known a happier hour. . .

Before the summer was over I was to reach a clearer understanding of the reason for Eriksen's, and for Fritz's, Blazier's, Our House, Billy the Mug's, the Horseshoe, and other famous skidroad saloons of the Pacific Northwest's lumber centers. They were, in fact, the only refuge

of the "timber beast," the only places where he was welcomed as a man, where he could find solace and comfort after a hard and mean existence in the woods. In that summer I lost much of my own youth, and forgot about fairy tales. It was to be many years before I recovered my boyish perception of the fact that the fanciful tales of Western workingmen were as truly art creations out of their own life as are the formal works of educated story-tellers.

The saloon, a famous political leader informs us, is a defunct institution. No one dares to defend it. The place of the saloon in the social life of the time in which it flourished has, however, never been intelligently and fairly studied. It is isolated from the life of its time, attacked alone, and never considered in its relations to the greater evils of its day. For example, the timber beast. The timber beast was the great evil of the Northwest twenty years ago; and he will always remain a black blot on the history of that time and on the record of the society which was responsible for him.

As I discovered, soon after shipping from Portland to a Columbia River logging camp, the man who joined the tribe of loggers made himself a pariah among the nice folk of the farms and towns. To these gentry—all of whom were in some way dependent on the lumber industry and consequently on the labor of the men of the woods—the man who appeared with a blanket roll on his back,

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staggered overalls on his legs, and caked boots on his feet, was simply a strayed animal. He was permitted to stay in town only until his wool was clipped. Then he was herded back to the corral. "Timber beast" he was called, and so he was treated. In those days few loggers attempted to dress up when they came to town, and they never thought of seeking acquaintance among decent girls. Ah, no! Loggers must keep below the Deadline in Seattle and to the North End in Portland. There saloons and red lights were provided and also sundry gambling games, so that there was no chance of a timber beast returning to camp unplucked. The virtuous police protected the good citizens. The skidroad cops had an uncanny instinct for discovering when a logger's last dime was gone. Then and only then was the timber beast herded back to camp.

If the saloon was an evil the logging camp of its time was incomparably more so. The men of the woods were herded into dirty, lousy and unventilated bunkhouses. They were forced to carry their own blankets. There were no facilities for bathing. There were no dry rooms, and after ten or twelve hours of labor in the rain every bunkhouse was pungent with the fumes of drying wool. Grub was plentiful, but it was coarse and badly cooked; the boss of the cookhouse in those days was invariably referred to as "the belly-burglar." On the job ground-lead logging was still the rule, and every camp had a

high monthly toll of injury and death. Industrial hospitalization was hardly thought of; any seriously injured man was certain to get the "black bottle" in a county hospital or in the hell-holes conducted by medical murderers who fattened on "hospital fees" collected from lumber companies. Workmen's compensation laws were then in the class of "radical and fantastic legislation." Two dollars per ten hours was the common labor wage, and half of that went for board. In short, every condition of existence in the logging camp of that era was brutalizing and degrading, and the man who could stand it perhaps earned the name of "timber beast."

Yet, out of such conditions came the Paul Bunyan stories and many other tales that survive because of the beauty of the fancies woven into them by forgotten bards. No doubt it was the misery of life which made imaginative loggers create the stories of Paul Bunyan's camp, with its incomparable cookhouse, delightful bunkhouse life, and interesting labors. Certainly it is true that the bunkhouse bard passed with the timber beast and the miserable conditions of existence in the logging camps.

At any rate, my own experiences in my first year of logging survive in my mind as two tremendous contrasts. One is black with the misery and grief of life and labor in the logging camp of that time; the other shines and rings with the glamor of

the moments of escape, when I foregathered with the despised timber beasts in saloons like Ericsen's and escaped reality. There we became heroes. There, over the glasses and under the lights, our labors seemed Herculean, and we boasted that none but bullies like ourselves could stand them. In Ericsen's we swaggered to the bar and bawled our defiance. Timber beasts, and proud of it! We repeated tales about mighty men of the woods to justify our kind. We sang old ballads. We were outcasts, but we had a tribal life. In Ericsen's was glory, and there we found pride. . . . The aftermath, of course, was a sick and bitter awakening in a foul-smelling bunkhouse, to be high-balled to work by an iron-fisted bull of the woods . . . but a little of the glamor always remained, to make us feel some hope in our existence. There was always a blow-in ahead . . .

* * *

The timber beasts, the saloon, and all of the old life that belonged to them passed in the war. Many different groups claim the credit for making the logger's trade a respectable and profitable one. The I. W. W., once the most vociferous and violent of Western labor organizations, claims the credit for sheets and showers in the camps and for the eight-hour day. The lumbermen insist that they themselves inaugurated the social and economic changes. Politicians horn in and shout for recognition. The fact is, however, that no organization or individual was more

than an agent for the inevitable change. The real cause was the sweep of the tide of Eastern urban civilization over the West.

Transportation and finance had at last bound the West to the East. Small lumbering and logging operations were being bought up by the big companies. The manufacture and marketing of lumber were reorganized along Eastern industrial lines. Vast mechanical developments occurred in both the mills and the woods. The degree of Logging Engineer was conferred on graduates of forestry schools. The bull of the woods who ruled by brawn gave way to the logging superintendent who was technically skilled. Logging railroads, new types of bull donkeys, high lead and skyline logging methods brought mechanics to the woods. The logger became a skilled laborer, and as such he demanded the wages and living conditions enjoyed by skilled laborers in the cities. All of the changes were coming into effect when America entered the war. The economic condition of the logger had improved tremendously, but he was still a timber beast in the eyes of farm and town folks. War conditions, however, elevated his social status and made his trade respected, even admired.

This resulted from the entry of the government into spruce production. Col. Bruce Disque was sent out from Washington to organize the lumber industry for wartime needs. The Spruce Division was formed, the gov-

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ernment eight-hour day established in the logging camps. Loggers became soldiers, and soldiers were popular. When the erstwhile timber beast came to town he no longer wore the old regalia of stagged pants and calked boots; instead, he was shiny and neat in a tailored uniform. He was no longer kept to the North End and below the Deadline. Now he was one of Uncle Sam's boys, a fit companion for decent girls, a man honored by all. He learned the pleasures of the theater, the automobile and the dance palace. He discovered that with this broadening of his social life the necessity for the saloon was diminished and his appetite for its beverages fell away. He was no longer a timber beast; at last he was a man.

And he was more of a man in the woods. Production per man far exceeded the figures of the old era. The lumbermen learned that better food, cleaner living conditions, shorter hours, respectable treatment meant more logs and lumber. After the war, some of the old-time lumbermen fought for a return to the old conditions, but the younger and more progressive men among them held to the once revolutionary idea that it was better in every sense to regard workers in the woods as men rather than as beasts.

So the logger of today is a man with a highly respectable and profitable trade; he is no longer a drudging and despised timber beast but a skilled mechanic of the timber. His

bunkhouse is orderly, clean and comfortable. He sits at a table loaded with savory, well-prepared food. There is a camp garage for his automobile. He enjoys the radio and the graphophone. He is protected by company insurance, workmen's compensation laws, and first-class hospital service. When he drives to town he goes to his tailor's, where his hundred-dollar suit has been kept for him, dresses up in an elegant style, and stops at one of the best hotels. He has friends among smart and pretty business girls. His only concern with liquor is to be socially acceptable; that is, he must never be without a full pocket flask.

Certainly for this logger the saloon is a defunct institution, but only because other institutions that once made his life wretched and bitter are also defunct. The romance of his life is also gone, for that romance was made by the contrasts in his life, the high vivid spots among the darkest of shadows. He no longer suffers miserably in a life of bleak toil, and he no longer riots in a tumultuous blow-in, or dreams purple fancies of a logger's heaven ruled by a beneficent god such as the good and great Paul Bunyan. He is no longer the outcast, the timber beast; he is the everyday skilled American workman, prosperous and proud. Romance passed with his old life. I for one often look back with regret on "the good old days", but I know that is because I forget the long months of

labor in the woods and only remember vividly the few nights in Eric-sen's. So I cheer the passing of the

timber beast and salute the timber mechanic, that fat and sassy plutocrat of the modern logging camp.

Cascade Tunnel: '98

By James Marshall

Spiked to the canyonside, clawing the crevices,
Sprawled thru the timber like a clapboard curse,
Chilled in the snow-wind—Cascade Tunnel
Was the wickedest town in the universe;
Grumbling and racketing, up from the fir flats
Trains came groaning past wind-slammed shacks,
Hot drivers whirring, zigzagging upward
Crawling like bugs up switchback tracks—
Roaring thru the snowsheds, pounding thru the snow,
Over the hump to the Sound below.

* * *

Down on the skidroad, down in the flopjoints,
Here come the hard guys, guts and thew,
Red blood and muscle to batter the barrier,
To punch and bleed 'til they've smashed her thru;
Back in the rock-face drills went chattering,
Air-hose hissing as the bits gnawed deep,
Powdermen cursing, tamping their fuses—
Hi, there, Hunkies! Watch them mountains leap!

* * *

Back in the hellhole picks and shovels
Rang and clanked on the shattered rock,
You took a chance that a chunk'd miss you
'Cuz you'd put y'r goddam life in hock!
By god, you'd sweat, and you'd damn' near choke,
Your stiff shirt stuck to your sweaty hide,
In the fumes and the sting of the powder smoke,
As you rolled the muck to the dump outside,
Where the winds blew cold as a gyppo's heart;
You dumped your car as the whistles blowed
And coughed 'til your guts near come apart,
Then you shoved your feet down the weaving road

To the town that clung to a mountain ledge
And teetered there on a wind-whipped edge
O' nothin'.

God, but a slug felt good,
As your lousy shirt dried on your frame;
And you downed your rotgut as you stood
And bought a stack in the faro game;
You heard the hard-hit pianos ring
As a four-bit floosie tried to sing—
Her cracked voice rang from the canyon wall
To the wickedest goddam town of all
Where no law dared tread in the flame-shot night,
Or poke its nose thru a red blind's glow.
The rough rule was that might was right,
And they heaved their dead on the rocks below.
By day you mucked in the tunnel bore
But night you clunked on the sawdust floor
With the bright-eyed, hard-bit, red light belles
'Til the mountains shook with your red-eyed yells—
Ol' Satan led, but you tromped his heels,
Just a ramblin' gamblin' hell on wheels . . .

* * *

The boozy yells of the hardrock men
Thundered east and west and around again;
The *New York World* sent a writer out,
We drank his health with a beery shout,
He lamped the town and he drank our booze
And burned the wire with his glorious news:

“Old Cascade Tunnel is the wickedest
Of all earth's wicked towns!”

So the word went east from the untamed west
And the Bowery seethed with profane unrest
As slant-eyed sluts on Doyers and Pell
Paid casual homage to the western hell—
Seattle, rivalled, stood aghast,
Then hurled defiance in a counterblast,
And waterfront bums, all gory-eyed
Wept in their beer and, by god, denied
That Cascade Tunnel was the wickedest
Of all earth's wicked towns!

* * *

Then a little lorn widder that had lost her man
 Prayed to the Lord and made up a plan
 To devote her sad remaining days
 To rescue the Tunnel from sinful ways;
 She sent up word to the mountain holes:
 "I'm comin' to save your sin-stained souls!"
 And hunks and their gals said: "Thank you, ma'am!
 "Come up and see if we give a damn!"
 So the widder came up, but the first we knew
 She'd bet on the day we'd get holed thru,
 And she hadn't been up but a few days more
 Before she ragged on the dance-hall floor—
 She came to pray, but she stayed to sin
 And we drank her health in three-ply gin—

* * *

The peaks aloft, so cool and white,
 Stood silent guard in the sin-smeared night,
 'Til the hole in the blasted range was thru—
 Then the racket died as the roughnecks blew
 Girls in the lounges of Pullman cars
 And silk goods drummers with big cigars
 Roll by on the limited train today
 'Cross the fill tamped down on the hunkies' clay;
 And roar through the bore that we smashed and drove
 Thru the living heart of the hills above.
 Up on the pass still clings the snow
 (But the hunks are shovelin' down below!)
 The twisted pines still sway above
 The ghosts of many a light o' love;
 And the chill wind sobs in frozen mirth
 O'er the grave of the wickedest place on earth

The Turn-down Man

By Merle Haines

SAM was an artist with the canthook. The stick seemed to live in his big hands as he twirled it in sweeping arcs, clamped it into a log, lifted, jerked it out, spun it and hooked again, never missing a hold.

Sweat rolled down his lean face, dripping steadily from his nose and chin. His dirty undershirt was black and soggy under the suspenders; his khaki trousers glazed with pitch. Thin brown hair, streaked with grey, grew far back on his forehead and lay on his temples in wet ringlets. Sam glanced up toward the cook house.

A tall, angular man, neatly dressed in a forester's uniform and high tan boots, was coming down to the mill. He was freshly shaven. Sam, looking at him, grunted in disdain.

The tall man stopped by the pile of logs on the upper end of the skidway. He stood and watched Sam work.

Canuck, Sam's helper, knocked the wedges from the last log on the skidway. Sam gave it a twist from the end, and as it rolled by, leapt after it. When it banged onto the carriage he sank the canthook in and held it while the carriage men pounded in the dogs. Then he leaned on the handle of his hook and watched the whining saw eat its way thru the wood. The carriage rattled back and Sam turned the log for another cut.

Canuck set the wedges on the skidway and went up to the pile. He, too, stood and watched Sam for a moment.

"It's a pleasure to see him work," said the state scaler.

"He's the best canthook man in the country," Canuck answered.

"If he'd keep his mouth shut," the scaler said, slowly, "he'd be a lot better off".

"He's a damn sight smarter than some educated fellers," Canuck said meaningly.

"Smart? He has more fool ideas than a tree has leaves."

"Tell him that," said Canuck and started the logs rolling down the skidway.

The foremost bumped the wedges and stopped, the others rolled in behind it. Sam stood, back to them. The danger of the logs jumping the wedges didn't bother him. He was used to it.

The scaler methodically began scaling logs, carefully putting a blue check on each one measured and recording the number of feet of lumber in his book. He picked up a canthook and awkwardly turned a partly rotted log to get a better look at it. Sam, watching, bit off a chew of Climax and spat; then went to work with excessive energy.

The scaler got Sam's goat. Sam hated his voice, his speech, his dude clothes. And the damn fool took his

wife and kids clear down to Plains, seven miles, to go to church.

Spots of dusty sunshine fell thru the knot holes and cracks of the slab roof which covered the mill and lower end of the skidway. The hot air was littered with flying sawdust, and there was not a breath of wind to blow it away. When Sam got a moment's rest he could look up at the mountain over the piles of smoldering slabs. Somehow, it was good to look at, after the smoke and sawdust—green, blue and cool.

The whistle's screech cut thru the din, signaling a shut down. The saws hummed to a stop. The sawyer and carriage men began to take off the huge circular saw. As the dust settled, Sam leaned on his canthook, breathing deeply of the clean air.

The workers around the skidway rested on the logs while the sharp saw was put on. The scaler wiped his face with a clean, white handkerchief, as he came down to join them, followed by the chute greaser. The sawdust monkey came up from the sawdust pile, a youngster of about fourteen, scrawny, freckled, casual.

"You will be going back to school soon," said the scaler.

"Yeah—if I go," the kid let fly a squirt of tobacco-juice. Before he spoke Sam hit the knot that the boy had missed. "Yuh won't larn to spit t'bacco nor twirl a canthook in school. That's a place for sissies an' rich devils. They look down on yuh. What they larn yuh is nonsense."

Canuck nodded. The scaler smil-

ed. "Don't take him seriously. An education is the best thing you can have. Get it."

Sam interrupted: "Don't let 'im talk yuh into nuthin', kid! They jist want your money. When it's gone they drop yuh flat. Stick with us. Put your money into Socialism an' when we git that we'll all be sittin' pretty."

"Bosh," said the scaler. "You don't know what Socialism is!"

"I know the only Socialism I want to. You don't want it because you're afraid you might have to get your clothes dirty."

They laughed; all but the scaler.

"Churches," Sam went on, "churches is another thing we ought to git rid of. They're a nuisance. Preachers is the worst of all. They tell you there's a God, take your money and tell you you'll go to Heaven if you keep on givin' to 'em. Hell, anybody knows there ain't a God. *They* know it, too. There ain't none of 'em really believes it."

The workers looked at the scaler, expectantly.

"You're wrong, Sam," the scaler was getting red, "There *is* a God and they all believe it—they know it!"

"Prove it. You can't see Him, you can't hear Him. How do you know there's a God?" Sam's voice was sharp, eager.

"What makes life? What makes trees grow? What's behind it all?" the scaler asked.

"Nature," Sam roared.

"Call it nature or call it God; it's

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all the same. God is the power, the thing, the force that regulates the world."

"Bunk! How do you *know* there's a force behind the world?" Sam's grin was triumphant.

The scaler stood up, looking squarely at Sam. "I can feel it!"

"Feel it!" That puzzled Sam. "Feel it! How the devil can you *feel* God?"

"How do you know you have a pain? You can feel it. That's how I can feel God." The scaler spoke earnestly.

"That's tellin' 'em straight," said the sawyer, looking up from his work.

Sam tipped back his head, "That's the damndest—", his laughter sounded thru the mill and most of the lumberjacks joined him.

The mill started up again and Sam turned to the work he claimed to hate, to the work that he did with such pride and skill. For an hour the saws screeched and whined and Sam spun the canthook and sweated. Then a belt broke. Trouble pleased Sam. It made him feel as tho he were getting the better of the Company while it lasted. He took a healthy chew, spat, drew a bare arm across his mouth, and sat down on a log. His eyes rested on the green wave of spruce and tamarack that rolled up to the skyline. When it was quiet like this he could sometimes catch the sound of falling trees back a mile where the swamper were chopping and sawing.

"Hey! Look't that log," shouted the carriage man, pointing to the chute that stretched up the mountain like a long snake. A team was pushing a string of logs down it. The last one was a monster, the biggest they had ever brought down.

"I bet she'll scale fourteen hundred," said the sawyer.

"Closer to thirteen," Canuck yelled back.

"Twelve," said Sam. "Bet you five dollars I'm within twenty-five feet of it."

"I'll take you," said the sawyer.

At noon they all went over to the log while the scaler measured it.

"Eleven-fifty," he said. "Bum guess, Sam."

Sam leaned forward. The tone of his voice held the men silent.

"That measured twelve-twenty-five," he stated.

"Minus seventy-five for butt rot," explained the scaler, "leaves eleven-fifty. They teach that in school."

"School, hell! That rot won't take off *twenty-five*."

"That's the way it goes in the book," the scaler answered.

"Don't let 'im git away with that," chirped the shifty carriage man, "He's always pullin' that high-brow stuff."

Sam looked at the scaler. "You— —," he said. It was the word a man can't take.

The lumberjacks drew closer. Sam's eyes lighted as the scaler put down his book and scaling rule. Sam was looking at the scaler's long neck; his

big fingers were working. A huge grin spread over his face.

But before the scaler could reach Sam his little girl came running down the chute, bare legs, torn calico dress flapping, crying in a thin, excited voice.

"Daddy, come to dinner right away."

"Here, kid, g'wan home," one of the men said gruffly, stepping toward her. Frightened, she tried to turn quickly, slipped and fell, striking her head on the chute. She screamed. The scaler rushed to her. "I'll see you later," he flung at Sam.

Sam stood irresolute a moment, then turned and slouched off.

"Aw hell!" said Canuck as he watched the scaler go, carrying the girl to his cabin.

The next morning when a belt jumped its pulley the saw shut down momentarily. There was a cool breeze blowing thru the mill. Sam faced it, raising his eye to the hillside. His gaze fell upon the scaler's children playing on the sawdust pile. The little girl took a run, jumped over the edge and tumbled to the bottom with a cry of delight. Sam smiled, but remembering whose brat she was, he stopped and looked around, sheepishly. He saw the scaler standing by the chute, grinning at him.

A few minutes later they came to the big log. While Sam was waiting for Canuck to roll it down the skidway, he spoke to the scaler.

"Where do you feel God today, in your belly?"

The scaler stiffened—"All over," he said, and as he moved away Sam's guffaws followed him.

The logs started with a jar that shook the platform. One of the blocks jumped off the skidway, but no one noticed. Sam leaned on his canthook, feeling fine.

The log hit the remaining wedge; the far end skidded. Another log bunted in behind it. The wedge shot out and the big log, suddenly freed, leapt towards Sam. The scaler yelled. Sam jerked up his head and stood motionless, while he took a quick breath. Then he spat on his hands, at the same time setting his feet. Like a flash he swung the canthook up, twirling it.

In the split second while the great log came crashing down Sam caught a glimpse out of the end of the mill—greenness and quiet.

He was between the carriage men and tons of smashing wood. His fingers tightened on the worn handle of the canthook. He had to check the log enough for the carriage to hold, then—he could leap back; it wasn't far.

He swung with all the beef of his shoulders. The canthook grabbed the log. For an instant he was rigid, only his knees bending with the strain. The lumberjacks stood helplessly, mouths loose, unheading the crying saws. The wind twisted Sam's wet hair; drops of sweat glistened on his face. His boot calks bit deep into

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the planks. The cords on his neck bulged and drew taut like wet rope. His arms and shoulder muscles knotted. His eyes were steady; his mouth tight.

The handle of the canthook bent like a bow. "Hold her, Sam," the scaler shouted, as he snatched up a hook and leapt for the skidway. Sam turned his head to watch him, his lips twitching. The weight was getting him. When the scaler got there he'd clear out; let "God" take care of the scaler.

The scaler threw his hook up on the platform and hurried to climb after it. Sam raised his eyes to the woods, a hard laugh growing deep in his throat. Over the short stretch of creek he saw the scaler's children splashing in the water. Sam's mouth tightened, "Damn kids." The scaler was almost on the skidway.

"Back, you fool," Sam roared.

The scaler hesitated, stopped. Sam reefed up on the hook. It bent in his hands, sprung back, then cracked. Sam staggered, straightened, and leapt back. He fell short, landing be-

tween the carriage and the skidway. The log smashed onto him. The slap of his head on the carriage platform was drowned by the saws and the heavier thump of the log as it struck the carriage guards and stopped.

The whistle screeched and the saws slowed to a tired hum. The men ran to the carriage with canthooks and prys. They rolled the big log back on the skidway and lifted Sam out on the mill floor. They used the scaler's jacket for a pillow. The foreman ran for his car and sped down the gulch for the doctor.

The men stood around Sam in an awkward silence, looking at his crumpled legs. It was too late for a doctor. They knew that. The scaler got some water and splashed it on Sam's face.

Sam's body quivered and he stared up at the scaler. A spasm of pain clouded his eyes, blood trickled from his mouth; the pain passed and his lips drew away from his tobacco-yellowed teeth in a faint leer. "Scaler," he whispered, "I feel God—all over."

The Cliff

By Edwin Ford Piper

My splotchy rocks are rough;
Sun, wind, rain, frost are my comrades;
Men shatter me, and carry away granite

For you—

You in the hubbub under the smoke, in the smudge of dust and confetti - - -
You, O sky-rasper, shaken with discord, trembling to clever laughter.

Plaster of Paris

By Grace Stone Coates

I CLIMBED up on the chair in front of father's desk. If I pulled on the desk it might fall down on me, so I didn't. I wanted to look at the statue above the cubby-holes where father kept letters. The statue was one of the things that were father's and not mother's; like the aیلanthus trees, and the cameos with gold fringe that mother did not wear, and the two ivory paper knives. Mother's things were the black cherry tree and the *Advocate and Guardian* and her pearl-handled pen.

I had never looked at the statue when I could help it, because it was ugly. Mother thought it was ugly, too. I knew this tho she had never told me. I looked at it this time because I wanted to pretend the mottled marble at the bottom was chocolate candy, and think how it would taste. I had never tasted chocolate creams, but I had tasted sweet chocolate once.

The statue had seemed only dark and brown, but when I saw it close it had beautiful red under the surface, with strange markings. The lowest part of the statue, nearest my eyes, was square. I could think of slicing off a thin strip, and eating it. Above the square part was a gold band, and above that the marble was round. It was this round marble that I looked at longest. I tried to think words to myself for what the markings on it seemed like. Some were

like cobwebs, and some like lightning crinkled in the sky at night. One stem twisted like grapevines in an arbor. Father had shown me an arbor once, as we were driving home from town. Part of the marble made me think of a mountain where giants had fallen down, tho I didn't know why. That part went out of sight on the other side, so I couldn't see how it finished.

After I had looked at the marble I looked at the rest of the statue. I hadn't meant to look at it. What I saw was flowers—little daisies and roses, tinier than star grass, mixed with leaves; and another flower I didn't know.

It was because I looked to see where the flowers came from that I saw they were around a man's and woman's shoulders. The two were kissing. The flower chain was around them both, and fell across her neck. The petals had lovely gold and brown lights in them. A daisy lay against the woman's breast, and I saw how soft her breast was, and her arm. I could feel them over my face and body, like a person's. I looked at the statue a long time, almost frightened.

When I got down from the chair I was careful not to rock the desk. I went to the kitchen to tell mother what I had found out. She was standing at the pantry table making something with dough. Teressa was sitting in my little rocking-chair peel-

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ing potatoes for supper. She was older than I, and helped mother. I stood close by mother watching the dough. I said, "The statue is beautiful."

Mother stood still, not moving her hands. She said, "It is hideous. Go outdoors."

I went out softly, and around to the front door. I climbed up to look at the statue again. This time I looked at the man and woman first.

The woman's hair had gold in it, like the daisies. The man's had, too, but I noticed the woman's hair most. It was tied back with a band and heaped on her head, and fell around her shoulder and neck. I could feel the man's arm being around her, even where it didn't show. The stillness about the statue made tears in my eyes.

I was so sure mother would want to know about its being pretty that I went outside and into the kitchen again, to wait until she didn't look busy. I said, "The flowers are pretty."

Mother asked, "What flowers, dear?"

"The flowers around their necks."

Mother's face made me think of something crumpled up and straightened out again. She said, "Yes, they are beautiful. Now run outdoors and play."

After that I looked at the statue whenever I thought about it. At first I looked only when I was alone; but once I forgot, and climbed up on the chair when father and mother

were both in the room. Father was reading the New York Sun and mother was reading the Bible. Father looked up and saw me, and said, "Already the child has a fine perception of beauty."

Mother and father quarreled because he said that. Mother did not like to have father say things that would make us be conceited. After mother went out of the room father took the statue down and showed it to me. He let me see how heavy it was. He told me it was rosewood marble. The square part was the base. The round marble the pedestal. The marks were veinings. The flower I didn't know was a narcissus, and the leaves were ivy. Father told me I could dust the statue every day. He found a fine, soft brush that took all the dust out of the creases in the daisy petals.

Mother did not like to have me dust it, so I tried harder to do it right.

It was because I knew about Tennyson that I found out something more about the statue. Father had two Tennysons and let me read the old one. I knew all of *Lady Clare* and *The Lord of Burleigh*, and most of *The Vision of Sin*, beginning with the wrinkled ostler, where the lines were short, and rhymed.

When I read I lay on my stomach. If I put my elbows on the leaves it kept the wind from blowing them, but it made them come out of the binding, too; so all the places I liked best were loose. That was how mother and father knew I read *The Vision*

of *Sin*. They talked about whether I understood it. Father said he did not fully understand what was meant by "the awful rose of dawn." He was going to ask me. Mother said it was silly to ask a child such questions. I sat on the porch with my hands squeezed between my knees and laughed, only not loud, because the part they were talking about was the part I didn't know.

In Memoriam was in Tennyson, too, but it was not good to read. One day when I was dusting the statue I saw writing on the gold band around the pedestal. It said: * IN MEMORIAM * *Lovers long betrothed were they* * I knew it was a mistake, because that line came in *Lady Clare*. Then I was bothered over having thought it was wrong, because the words might be in both poems. I looked at all the lines of *In Memoriam*. The words were not in it.

I thought and thought about the line, trying to see how it could be right. I didn't like to ask father. He cared so much for the statue it would make him sorry if it was wrong. I would have told mother, but when I showed her mistakes, I was wrong and not the book. I talked about Tennyson at the table until I found out about "In Memoriam." It meant being dead. I asked mother if the people in the statue were dead. She looked as if I had frightened her, and wanted to know why I asked. I didn't tell.

Father and mother talked about the statue again. They talked until

late that night, and the next day, and longer. I was uncomfortable. Father said, "I will destroy it." I said, "Let me have it." They looked at me as if I were some place else.

Father said, "I will obliterate the inscription."

Mother asked, "Can you obliterate it from my soul?"

Father took the statue to the blacksmith shop, but came back to ask if I might help him a bit.

Mother said, "No."

I carried my doll to the porch, and went around the side of the house where there were no windows, to the blacksmith shop. Father showed me what the trouble was. He wanted to file the letters off. The gold band lay so close to the marble he was afraid the file might mar the stone. He was going to take the statue apart before he filed it. The statue was not all in one piece. It was put together on a rod. The rod went thru the base and pedestal, and held up the bronze part. Underneath the base was a hollow place for the nut at the end of the rod. When father started to pull the rod out he found it had plaster of paris around it. He wanted me to hold the statue while he chipped at the plaster with his chisel. He was afraid to put it in the vise for fear he would blemish it. We worked on it for a long time. My arms ached. It got dark in the shed. Father put the statue in the vise and wrenched the rod loose. It bent, coming out. He filed the letters off.

He stood by the window while he

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put the statue together again, and talked to me. Whatever the statue had been to him, he said, to me he wanted it to be only beauty. He had never wished to make it mean anything else to me. It was the work of a great artist. He showed me the letters, H O U D O N, cut in the marble. I had not seen them when I dusted it, because they were put where they would not show.

Father said, "I honor my wife with all the love and fealty one can bear the dead."

I separated what he said in my mind as we walked toward the house. His wife; that was mother. The dead; In Memoriam; that was the statue. Father admired mother as much as he did the statue. Perhaps mother didn't like the statue because she didn't know this.

There was poetry that I had known always, because father had recited it to me before I could remember. When we were together I said it back to him, if anything made me think of it. One poem was about "why the stat-

ues droop underneath the churchyard trees." Because we were thinking about statues I remembered that one. I said, "A tale of fairy ships, with a swan's wing for a sail."

Father made a noise as if he hurt. I asked him what was the matter.

He said, "The pain, the pain!"

Usually when father hurt himself he swore a little. If he was in the house, mother said, "Please, Henry! Not before the children!" and I would be polite like the Sunday school women and say, "Oh, never mind about me."

The statue wasn't quite true on its pedestal after father had filed it, because the rod was bent. The gold band was flat where the letters had been filed, and a different color from the rest. I loved the statue less. I knew how it was made, and felt sorry for it. When I dusted it I was ashamed, without knowing what I had done. After a time I stopped looking at the statue, and it was Teressa who dusted it when she cleaned the other things.

Fruit

By Joseph T. Shipley

The body's fever slaking
Soothe the soul's aching;

So that the tree we made
Rise, yield not only shade;

So that from earth and root
Sunlight form fruit.

Mendel's Miracle

By Alice Passano Hancock

BELOW Spence's bridge, the yellow waters of the Patuxent widen, curling inward to nibble the shore. Little hills slope gently to the river forming a basin with a clogging sandy soil, Sandy Bottom the niggers call it. A huddle of cabins sprawls along the river's edge out of the way of the wind. Day and night there is the sucking of water among the willow roots, the slapping of water against stones, and overhead, high in the branches of the locusts, the whisper of a breeze.

A wide road twists upward from the Bottom, dipping over the slope of the hill. In summer the dust curls featherlike from beneath the feet of men and plodding horses; in winter the road is rutted deep by wagon wheels, a frozen corrugated surface; but in spring, with the first thaw, the sky makes a blue mirror of each rutted pool and mud oozes from between the toes of barefoot negro children.

The niggers of Sandy Bottom are a lazy lot, fitting their lives to the slow rhythm of lapping water. A few months' work in winter in the white folks' houses beyond the hills. A little trading, a little stealing, money enough for tobacco or sleazy cotton dresses. And with the first warm days, a cessation of all labor. Brown bodies soaking up the sun-

shine on cabin doorsteps, slow voices and husky cadenced laughter. There are at time half-hearted attempts at gardening. Lima beans straggling up a crooked pole, or pumpkins with their golden bellies to the sun. But things grow easily in Sandy Bottom; tomatoes hang heavy on the vine and mellons are like honey in the mouth.

A lazy life. Sunshine and warm rain and the sucking of water against the shore. No need to worry 'bout tomorrow. Set on the steps a lil' mite longer, honey. Wrap yo' brown long arms 'bout yo' brown legs. Lean back agin the do' sill wif the sun in yo' eyes. Somebody comin' but he ain' wuf lookin' at. Somebody comin' but I wouldn't bother turnin'. Lazy.

Sallie Belle was the prettiest girl in Sandy Bottom. A pale brown nigger with gold flecked eyes and little wrists and ankles. When she laughed, her lip curled back over pointed white teeth, sharp like the teeth of a wood animal, and her laugh dripped slow and sweet. Gold like her body.

All the men were crazy about Sallie Belle. From the time she was thirteen the men had been coming. "Actin' up" in the road before her cabin. Lauging loud so as she'd notice them. And in the evenings they would slouch up to her door.

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Grandmammy sat in the doorway filling the step with her enormous bulk.

"Jes' stop roun' to see Sallie Belle, ma'am. Hope you feelin' perky, ma'am."

Grandmammy nodded over her pipe. "Sallie Belle gone to de sociable over to de church." Or, "Sallie Belle jes' step out wif Jim Sanders." And less often, "Sallie Belle. Aw Sallie Belle. Fella' hyeh to see you."

Then Sallie Belle would come out with bangles on her wrists and with her mouth laughing, and would walk down the road with Joe or Matthew or Big Benny. Or perhaps they would sit under the locust by the side of the cabin and crack walnuts on an old flat-iron clenched between their knees, whispering together in the shadows and giggling. Some evenings the other girls came with their fellows. They sang then, coon songs and blues and sometimes spirituals. Ben played a mouth organ, and Charlie a banjo, and Buck an old guitar, strumming lightly with the tips of his fingers.

But Sallie Belle wouldn't settle down, flitting from one fellow to another. Never the same one twice. Slipping out of their hands when they tried to hold her, laughing and singing her wild songs and not caring about anything much. It worried Grandmammy.

"You'll git lef' sho's you's born. Trouble brewin'. No good nebber

come of dis hyeh dawdling. Why don' you settle down, Sallie Belle?"

Sallie Belle laughed and twirled away from Grandmammy's hands. "Reckon I ain' ready to settle down yit. I'se gwine to trabble an' see things. 'Spose I'se gwine t' stay in dis Bottom all my days. No, ma'am."

Grandmammy couldn't do anything with her. A wild girl, not caring.

Jason Lee was Sallie Belle's most persistent suitor. A big black nigger with long arms and stooped powerful shoulders, moving slow and careful and speaking slow, drawing out his words like there were strings tied to them. A field nigger, working on Mr. Harry's farm, six miles from Sandy Bottom.

Sallie Belle made fun of Jason. "Lawd, hyeh come ol' Slow Shoes amblin' in. Reckon he don' know what I means when I say 'Git out'. 'Speet I'll have to marry him to git rid of him." Flash of white teeth, mocking and laughing.

But Jason kept on coming, night after night, plodding the six miles from his cabin to Sandy Bottom. A slow nigger and persistent.

"I kin tak' keer a you better'n dese hyeh fella's, Sallie Belle. Loafin' roun' an' laughin' don' mek money."

Jason worked hard and steady, stupid in his speech but a good hand in the cornfields or the tobacco sheds, and quick enough to see a chance for more pay. That was why

he left Mr. Harry's and went to work at Five Farms, twenty miles from Sandy Bottom in the hill country. Mr. Weathers worked his help hard, but he paid good wages and his farm was prosperous.

Jason stopped at Sallie Belle's cabin on his way to Five Farms. "Come 'long wif me, Sallie Belle. Leave off yo' tom-foolin' an' marry me."

Sallie Belle laughed and kicked up dust with her bare feet. "Reckon I ain' ready to git married, Jase. An' when I is, hit's goin' to be somebody from de city. Ain' ready to settle down in a cohn field yit a while."

Jason rode away, not saying much, turning his back on Sandy Bottom and heading west. But he hadn't given up.

Three days after Jason left for Five Farms, Long Sam came. He rode into the Bottom one May morning on an old brown mule, slouched in the saddle with the sun in his eyes and his hands lazy along the mule's neck. A big fellow, Long Sam, thin and supple as a willow sapling, a white nigger with a crinkle of red wool and a way with him.

Old Ben, sitting in the sun on his cabin step, hailed him as he rode into the Bottom.

"Howdy."

"Howdy, yo'self."

"Wha' you head from?"

"Down Tennessee way."

"Mebbe you lookin' fo' wuk?"

"Mebbe so."

"Cohn raisin' over de hill. Mistah Dorsey say he kin use mo' hands."

"I'se his boy."

Long Sam wheeled the mule about and lazied up the hill, heading towards Mr. Dorsey's. He was hired and went to work in the cornfields, for a week or a month, until he felt like moving on again. He bunked with Old Ben, who had a dilapidated cabin close to the river, and he met Sallie Belle.

From the beginning there was no keeping them apart. For the first time in her life Sallie Belle went out with the same nigger two evenings in succession. Three evenings. Four. After a while the other fellows stopped coming. Sallie Belle wasn't home; or if she was, Long Sam was there too, lolling on the steps with his thin legs stretched out before him, laughing and rolling his eyes at Sallie Belle, laughing and bragging about places he'd been, about places he was going to. "Tek you 'long wif me, lil' Sallie Belle. Wrop you up an' carry you en mah pocket fo' luck."

After the other niggers were in bed and the lights had gone out in Sandy Bottom, Sallie Belle and Sam were still together under the willow trees by the river's edge. Whisper of water against the shore. Whisper of voices muffled by darkness. Night after night, while Sandy Bottom gossiped and Grandmammy scolded and threatened and prophesied trouble.

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"Trouble brewin', Sallie Belle. Leave off yo' monkeyin' wif dat Long Sam. No 'countenist nigger I ebber did see."

"Reckon I knows what I'se 'bout," said Sallie Belle. And at Long Sam's whistle in the dark she was out of the door and away, laughing.

Up at Five Farms Jason worked hard and steady and thought about Sallie Belle. A fine little cabin with a stove and a board floor. Plenty big enough for two. Over and over in his slow mind the thought of Sallie Belle, mocking and teasing, slipping out of his hands.

One Sunday he rode the twenty miles between Five Farms and Sandy Bottom to see her. Sallie Belle lolled on the cabin step with Long Sam. She grinned and made room for Jason beside her. But after that she paid no attention to him, turning her back on his slow talk, screeching and laughing at Long Sam's jests. Jason stared at Long Sam, his big hands twisting between his knees; and Long Sam starred back, insolent and cocksure.

It was Jason who left first, ambling down to where his old mare was tethered. Sallie Belle followed him.

"Hol' on, Jase. You ain' goin' yit?"

He turned around to face her. "Leave dat w'ite nigger an' come 'long wif me, honey."

Sallie Belle screamed with laughter. "Git 'long out'n hyeh, Jase, an' leave me be. Lemme have some peace fo' Gawd's sake. Druther be

daid 'en marry you. Druther shoot mahself 'en marry black nigger. Have black niggers fo' chillen mebbe. Reckon not."

Jason spoke slowly, clinging to each word. "Mebbe someday you change yo' min'. Glad to have black nigger fo' husband. Glad to have black niggers fo' chillen too, mebbe."

He turned away from Sallie Belle and climbed on to his horse. "Gid 'long up," he said and slapped the reins along the mare's back. Then he called over his shoulder. "I'll be waitin' ef you change yo' min'." The words came back faintly to Sallie Belle standing with her mouth twisted into laughter in the dust of the road.

June came, sweet with honeysuckle and the fragrance of wild roses along the roadside. Strawberries deepened into scarlet beneath their little green leaf-parasols, and the corn was knee high, the narrow blades scraping together like stiff paper in the wind. Days of hot sunshine and nights when the trees along the river bank were frosted with moonlight.

Back in the cabin Grandmammy slept loudly, puffing out her lips with her breath, whimpering in the spasm of a dream. But under the tree boughs by the river's edge, night was black velvet shot with silver; the willows trailed their green fringes in the sluggish water, and Long Sam's laugh came slow and easy.

June slid into July. Days filled with sunshine and curling dust. The roses faded, scattering their thin petals to the wind and the blackberries ripened on the hillside.

There was no moon now, only darkness beneath the willows and the slipping sound of water against stones. A warm still place out of the wind where Long Sam's arms came creeping and sure through the dark.

Grandmammy stirred in her sleep when Sallie Belle stole into the cabin in the gray light of early morning; stirred and groaned but did not waken. And when Sallie Belle slept through the long morning hours or dozed on the steps during the droning heat of the afternoon, she scolded.

"Laziest gal I ebber did see. Sleep all day lak a lizzard an' step 'roun' right spry en the evenin's. Better watch yo' step, Sallie Belle. Folks talkin'. You'll git yo' come-uppance sho's you's bohn."

Sallie Belle laughed, stretching her sleek brown arms above her head. Under her lowered lids her eyes were sleepy and soft.

Early August and Long Sam was fired. Mr. Dorsey found him asleep, stretched on his back in the soft grass by the edge of the tobacco field. Ten o'clock in the morning and his hoe idle by his side. He got to his feet yawning.

"Get to work or get out," said Mr. Dorsey.

Long Sam grinned with his hand

flung across his mouth, palm outward. "Reckon I'll be movin' on. Stay hyeh longer 'en I plan anyway. Come August an' the nights git colder." He ambled off between the long rows of corn, still yawning.

Old Ben was the only one who saw him go; slouched on the back of his brown mule, riding away slow along the river road with the sun in his face, heading north for Pennsylvania and the coal mines. Glad to be off again. A wandering nigger.

After Grandmammy was asleep that night Sallie Belle crept away to the river's edge, stealing along in the shadow of the cabins. There was a stretch of open meadow between the last cabin and the willow trees. She ran across it with her arms outstretched. Sam always waited for her in the first black shadow. The shadow was empty.

"Sam, honey, wha' is you?" She groped with her hands in the darkness. Half laughing. Half afraid. "Don't jump out'n me. I'se skeered of de dark. Stop plaggerin' me." Silence, and willow branches clutching her hair and dress. "Sam! Sam!" Only water whispering against stones. Laughter gone now, leaving fear. Lash of branches across her face. Willow roots tripping her. Down and up again. Groping and calling. "Sam, it's yo' Sallie Belle. Lil' Sallie Belle lookin' fo' you. Wha' is you, honey?" Crawling along under the tree boughs, reaching out her hands to the darkness, stumbling. The night

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was kind to hide her twisted face, but it baffled her; catching her beating hands in the lacing of willow branches, cutting her knees with stones. "Sam. Sam. Laf' fo' me, honey. Laf' fo' yo' Sallie Belle so's she kin fin' you."

The river lipped the edge of the shore and a breeze stirred the fringes of the willows; but Sam, far away now, sleeping out with his face to the sky and the corn blades rustling, laughing in his sleep, soft and easy, and dreaming of a yellow girl in Pennsylvania. What did he care about Sallie Belle, creeping and slipping under the tree boughs by the river's edge?

Sometime after midnight, Sallie Belle stumbled through the dark to Old Ben's cabin. The door stood open, sagging on its hinges. Sallie Belle pulled herself up the steps and stared in. Old Ben lay asleep with his face turned to the ceiling, snoring mightily. He muttered in his sleep and slapped at a mosquito. The bed-spring creaked. In the darkness by the wall the other bed stood empty, a frayed quilt dragging along the floor.

Sallie Belle dropped back on the step, whimpering. She was so tired. Maybe if she waited she could see Sam. Maybe he'd come sneaking in in the gray morning. He'd laugh to find her sitting there; laugh and tease and comfort her. "What you hangin' roun' fo', lil' Sallie Belle?" She'd tell him then. Trouble brewin' like Grandmammy

said. "No good nebber come of dis hyeh dawdlin' 'roun'." Guess Grandmammy knew what she was talking about. And Jase: "Leave off yo' tomfoolin', honey." Too late now. Tomfooling had caught her. Caught her for sure.

She sighed and stretched out her arms along the dirty floor. Sleep a little now. Wake up when Sam came back. Time to stop dawdlin'.

Old Ben waked her in the early morning. "What you doin' hyeh, Sallie Belle?"

She stirred and opened her eyes. The world swam in pale light. Old Ben's face close to hers, his eyes peering through steel-rimmed spectacles. She stood up slowly, shaking out the folds of her dress. It hung in frayed loops from her hips, stained with grasses and with river mud. Dully she stared at the palms of her hands. Swollen, cut with the sharp edge of stones. Then she lifted her reddened eyes to Old Ben.

"Wha Long Sam? Wha' he go to?"

Old Ben stared at her, puckering his lips. "Long Sam go 'way norf, yes'tiday. Nebber comin' back, he say." Then peering sharp-eyed. "What diff'nce it mek to you, huh?"

Sallie Belle backed away from Old Ben's peering eyes, sobbing harshly. "Don' mek no diff'nce 'tall. Don' keer 't'all."

She turned and ran up the road towards her cabin, her torn skirt flapping against her legs.

Grandmammy scolded and wept, rocking her enormous body back and forth, glaring at Sallie Belle, listless, with her arms flung along the table. "What I tell you 'bout dat low-down nigger? Tol' you you'd git yo' come-uppance. 'Srac-in' you' po' ol' Gran'mammy. Nebber thought I'd live to see dis day."

Sallie Belle, listless, scarcely heard Grandmammy's droning voice. Long Sam gone. Never coming back. Folks whispering and giggling, talking behind their hands. Better to get out before they talked harder. It was then that she thought of Jason.

Grandmammy called to her as she ran out of the door. "Wha' you goin' to, Sallie Belle?" But she did not answer; hurrying down the road between the cabins where black men and women stared and whispered; hurrying up the hill and over the crest. Out of sight of Sandy Bottom. Never looking back.

Mile after long mile under the hot sun. Plodding forward doggedly with dust in her throat and nostrils and her thin dress sticking to her body. A ride for a brief distance, then down again. Another ride as far as the cross-roads.

"How many mo' miles to Five Farms?"

"Bout three an' a half, sister."

On and on, the shadows lengthening, stretching long and thin to the east.

It was late afternoon when she turned off the road into the path

that led to Jason's cabin. Corn reached to her shoulders, the long blades rustling coolly in the wind. The path mounted from a stream, leaving the rich bottom lands and struggling upward through blackberry bushes and coarse grass.

Jason, turning from the tin wash basin on the cabin step, saw her through a film of water, a hot dirty little nigger, her eyes rimmed red by dust and tears.

"Why, Sallie Belle, honey."

She came towards him slowly, her arms limp along her sides. "'Member what you sayed, Jase; 'bout be-in' dar ef ebber I come?"

Jason steadied her with his hands beneath her elbows. "I'se hyeh, ain' I, honey?" He spoke softly, holding her with his big hands.

"Reckon I'se ready to stop tomfoolin' now, Jase. 'Spect mebbe I'll be settlin' down ef you want me."

"I sho' does, Sallie Belle."

He put his arms about her and half carried her to the steps. Then he fetched her water, cool in a tin cup. As she drank he looked at her, his eyes moving slowly along her body. "Why you change yo' mind, so sudden, Sallie Belle?"

Her eyes met his above the cup's rim. "Me an' Grandmammy was rowin'. I cayn't bear livin' with Grandmammy no longer. You's go-in' t' marry me, ain' you, Jase?"

He sat down beside her and put his arm about her waist. "Sho' is, honey. Res' a lil' mite fust."

She leaned her head against his

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shoulder and closed her eyes. The bees were droning and the locusts; a breath of cool air blew up from the corn lands, flicking the poplar leaves. "Res' a lil' mite"

That first month was a hard one. Sallie Belle dragged about the cabin, listless, staring at Jason with dead eyes. The cabin was a sight, unwashed dishes and the bed unmade. Nothing much to eat unless Jason cooked it. Sallie Belle sat idle all day, stretched out on the steps, gazing dully across the shimmering valley, wrenched with sickness in the mornings, twisted with sudden pain. Day after long day, sliding into night, slowly.

And the nights, black as the hollow beneath the willow boughs by the river's edge. She lay awake by Jason's side, her throat rasped with sobs, her hands clenched, remembering Long Sam's teasing laugh and the muscles of his arms tense in the darkness.

Jason, working in the corn fields, or hanging tobacco to dry in the open sheds, thought of Sallie Belle, turning the fact of her presence over and over in his slow mind, tormented by vague suspicions.

The days grew shorter. Autumn ran like a flame along the hillsides, lighting the plumes of goldenrod in the fence corners, burning the foxglove to umber. The brook was patched with drifting yellow leaves and in the little arbor behind the

cabin, grapes hung in heavy purple clusters, misted with silver.

Sallie Belle slept more quietly now, long dreamless nights by Jason's side. During the day she liked to sit in the flickering shade of the arbor with her hands idle in her lap and her eyes half-closed. The mellow September sunshine warmed her, soaking through her brown skin, filling her with drowsy contentment. It was very quiet, the droning of wasps boring into the little honey-sweet Seckel pears or the drifting voices of negroes shocking corn in the valley.

Sallie Belle was alone most of the day. Sometimes a stray negro stopped for a drink of water or a 'snack.' At long intervals Aunt Abbie puffed up the hill from her cabin on the edge of the cornlands. But the climb was steep. It used to 'tucker' her, she said. "You come 'long see me, honey. Ain' so hard fo' yo' lil' skinny legs."

Sallie Belle promised to run down and 'visit' with Aunt Abbie, lonesome in her cabin since Ol' Abram died, but she didn't go often. She was beginning to like to be alone on the hilltop with the sun and the hot sweet smell of grass. She was beginning to look forward to Jase, coming home in the evening from the bottom lands, smiling slow, and touching her with his big hands. Gradually the memory of Long Sam faded and blurred—a bad dream.

But Sam's child, hidden like a secret beneath her breasts, grew

lustily, twisting her pale brown body into unshapeliness, filling her with dread. If Jase found out . . .

Jason rode into Broadmeadow one November day and rode home again, his mind smoldering with gossiping words. Folks talking about Sallie Belle and Long Sam. Laughing at him for a fool. "Ol' Jase blin' ez a mole." That's what they had been saying. Why else would Sallie Belle marry him? Black nigger like him. "Have black niggers fo' chillen, maybe. Reckon not."

Sallie Belle turned from the stove when Jason entered the cabin. "You's back early, Jase."

He paused in the doorway, staring at her misshapen body, twisting the shoulder straps of his overalls between his fingers.

"Heard some talk down to Broadmeadow t'day."

Sallie Belle put the kettle carefully back on the stove and came towards him. "Wha' you hyeh, Jase?"

"Reckon you don' know, huh?" He crossed over and caught her by the shoulders, swinging her around.

"Honest, Jase, honest."

"You an' dat w'ite nigger, Sam,—foolin' me."

"T'ain't true, Jase, 'Fo' Gawd."

"Whose chile you got den, Sallie Belle?"

She was sobbing, long shuddering breaths. "'Yo' chile. Don' you believe it's yo' chile?"

He dropped his hand from her shoulder and turned away, slowly,

shaking his head. "Don' know, Sallie Belle. Don' know. Reckon mebbe it'll be Sam's chile."

She ran after him. "Honest, Jase. I swear fo' Gawd it's yo' chile. B'lieve me, honey."

He caught her in his arms suddenly, holding her still. "Hope you'se tellin' truth, Sallie Belle." Then dully. "How'll I ebber know whose 'tis. Cayn't tell."

"It's de truth. I swear 'tis." With her head against his breast she sobbed. And over and over in her mind. "Oh Lawd, sen' a sign down from hebbin so Jase'll b'lieve it's his chile. I'se right sorry fo' what I done, Lawd. Ef you kin, mek it Jase's."

Winter blurred the sharp outline of the trees with snow. The breath of the cattle was smoky against the blue mornings, and the brook flowed like a live thing, secretly beneath a coating of ice.

In the cabin the air was summer. All day Sallie Belle crouched above the stove, waiting. Scared to death. Praying again and again, but with no faith in the potency of her prayer.

And Jason, still nagged by gossiping words, watched her dully, or lay awake at night staring motionless into the dark until dawn crept into the room and he rose to go off to work, shutting the door on Sallie Belle, feeling the air cold against his face and the crunch of snow beneath his feet.

A hard winter. Short days and

long nights, and two people watching each other across a narrow room.

The baby was born late in February, a night of thawing snow and a wind from the south. Jason stumbled down the dark hill to Aunt Abbie's cabin, goaded on by Sallie Belle's moaning cries. Then up again, Aunt Abbie puffing behind him, wheezing out her words.

"Baby come haid ob time, huh? Ain' s'prisin'. Dat Sallie Belle a lively one. I seen it happen mo' 'en once since I been doctorin'."

Jason was in the cabin ahead of her, fumbling for a light. Sallie Belle watched them through a blur of pain. Aunt Abbie poking the fire until it roared. Jason pacing up and down, helpless; walking quietly on the balls of his feet, beating his hands together and staring at Sallie Belle. The light in the cabin was smoky and dim, a thin flame wavering behind the blackened lamp chimney.

Over and over in Sallie Belle's mind—"Oh Lawd, ef you kin, mek it Jase's chile. An' sen' a sign, Lawd, so Jase'll b'lieve."

Jason stopped walking and crouched in a corner of the cabin staring at Sallie Belle from between his fingers. Waiting.

The stove grew faintly luminous in the dark room; the pine chips crackling and spurting flame. Aunt Abbie moved ponderously, mopping her face.

Sallie Belle twisted suddenly in the bed, flung out her jerking hands.

Jase's eyes watched her.

She tossed back her head, screaming.

At her cry, Jason leapt to his feet. Aunt Abbie pushed him aside as she made her way to the bed. "Git 'long out a hyeh," she said crossly, "No good you layin' 'roun' unde' foot."

Jason stumbled to the door and down the steps into the still night. Water dripped from the eaves, high overhead a frost of stars in the clear sky. As he hesitated a wailing cry came from the cabin, a piercing protesting note. Jason's hands covered his face. "I'se skeered to look. I cayn't do it." He broke into a stumbling run, waving his arms and sobbing. "I'se skeered. I'se skeered."

The words came back faintly to Sallie Belle, cutting through her agony. Then pain rolled over her; wave after wave, dragging her down into darkness.

It was much later when she struggled back into acute consciousness and realized that Jason had returned. She opened her eyes slowly. Sunlight in the cabin. Against the window a branch of pear tree was swollen with brown sticky buds. The air was warm.

Across the room Jason moved, creaking a loose board. His voice was a croon and a chuckle. Sallie Belle turned her head towards the sound, then shut her eyes suddenly, remembering: "I'se skeered to look."

She whimpered. Jason heard and

came towards her, walking clumsily on his toes.

"Feelin' lil' mite better, Sallie Belle, honey?"

She nodded, not opening her eyes.

"Young fella' hyeh askin' fo' you, honey." He creaked across the cabin and back again, moving carefully. Then he bent close and placed a bundle against Sallie Belle's breast. Sallie Belle's arm went round it.

"Look, honey," said Jason. "Ain't he like his daddy?"

Sallie Belle shivered with her eyes shut tight.

"Why don' you look?" Jason's voice sharpened with impatience. His hand came out, touching Sallie Belle's shoulder. "See, honey?"

Slowly she opened her eyes, Ja-

son's head close to hers, his mouth spread in a half-circle of white teeth. "Ain't he de split image?"

Her gaze slanted downward to the bundle on her breast. A little black face, half smothered in an old blanket-end, puckered into absurd wrinkles, eyes screwed shut. Tiny black fists curled into buds. Jason's hand rested against the baby's cheek, black blending into black.

"Pretty good match, ain't it?" he said. And then, chuckling, "Black niggers fo' chillen, huh? Reckon you's changed yo' min', Sallie Belle."

"Reckon I has." Sallie Belle laughed softly, filled with sleepy contentment and a warm peace. For her, the Lord had sent a sign down from heaven.

Two Poems

By Borghild Lee

I. Tongues

She who loved him openly
And grieved when he lay dead,
Knew what they whispered
Heard what they said.

What they had seen
And what she had done,
All these were truths
To hang their words upon.

Every word to her
Had a golden sound;
Whispering she sits
By a green mound.

II. Age

Age has drawn her wrinkled hand
Around her throat, her face and hair;
Stealthily she moved
And left her image there.

Three Poems

By Arthur T. Merrill

I. *Water-ousel*

Above pools of patterned leaf and sky where willows lean
I sometimes see a timid shadow flit from green to green;
It is like the shiver of a thin wire's gleam
Cutting the surface of a mountain stream,
Or like an instant's flash of a twilight dream.
Stooping down among the ferns to look
Into the keen cool depths of a wandering brook
I sometimes see the water-ousel stop to rest
And preen the flaxen silver of her breast;
Or stooping down to hear a bubbling spring
With its green and lilac swirls that burbling, sing
With the profound deep-down sound
Of clean cool things beneath the ground,
I hear instead a breeze-borne call
From far-resounding waterfall;
Above the voice of stream and spring
The rhododendron-breezes bring
A scarlet tone from a silver throat,—
The rarest note in summer's woodland plunder,
Penetrating the wonder and the wild thunder
Of the wanton waterfall.

II. *The Eagle*

Downward a mile the pageant of awakening day
And pastures teeming with diurnal epics.
Wings cleaving morning's thin keen air
Intent upon his orgy of blood-lust,
Himself a plaything sternly used,
The eagle executes the primal law of food.
Callous to bewildered bleat
Scornfully he rises with his prey,
Trees diminish, high hills dwindle,
Earth recedes and swirling clouds are swept
By the stoic strength of his iron wings.
Fiercely taloning his quarry
He hangs suspended far above the eerie,

A hovering, giant parenthood
 Exulting in the imperious blood-cry
 That rises from a predatory nest.

III. *Night-bird*

Keen as a whetted knife
 A bird-cry is flung into the night,
 And although darkness precludes light
 I know what wild and passionate upward-winging life
 Has ruffled-up the moon-sheen on the stream
 And on what swiftly-cleaving wings starlight will gleam.

Blue Herons

By Eleanor Allen

Green marsh, white sea,
 Blue herons
 Flying;
 Lifting wings to
 Far music
 Sighing.

Young birds—smoke blue,
 Slanting shapes
 Of grace
 Wings on pale sky,
 —Shadowy
 As lace.

Far call, sweet wind,
 Blue beauty
 Flying
 Black marsh, gray sea,
 And a day
 Dying.

Hemlocks

By Israel Newman

They reached their level slowly, having been
Thrust through the air of other centuries,
Which for some secret known but to the trees
Remained to stay beneath the heavy green
Of their high summits whose luxurious maze
Of sweeping branches is renewed each spring—
A city of pagodas darkening
Along the hillsides through the bluish haze.

Thus while their smaller, outward limbs unfold
A wealth of foliage but one summer old,
On entering these crowded woods you find
The superstitious beauty and the air
Of those dark ages that still linger there—
As if this were no forest but a mind.

Montana Nocturne

By Irene H. Wilson

High upon the mountain heavy hangs the dark;
Heavy drops the cold dew; cold the rocks and stark.
On the ridge coyotes yelp their shivering laugh;
Deep in the gulch a bobcat snarls rapaciously.
Underneath a ghost-gray, lightning-tortured tree,
Heavy droops the tired head of a little calf.

Cowboys came a-riding while he lay asleep
In an aspen thicket, whispering and deep;
Hence they drove his mother with the bawling herd
Far down the red canyon, her returning barred.

So he trembles, waiting where she fed him last,
Hungering for warm, sweet milk; throat-racked calling past
Through the leaden dawning, through noon tawny-hued,
Through the grizzled twilight,—dread and lassitude.
Soft-furred sides shrink hollow; soft, dark eyes grow dim;
Comes a lowing shadow: death suckles him.



These linoleum cuts were designed and made by Helen Falck.



Four Amerindian Poems

I.

By H. J. Bolles

To the hills I go, I go.
To the mountains I go.

To the great rocks,
To the clear brooks,
To the still forest,
I go, I go.

To far secret places
Where the bear sits with the ghosts of old hunters,
Smoking the pipe,
Telling stories.
Where the Thunder has his tipi.
Where the Sun takes his high trail.
To the hills, to the mountains I go,
I go to the aspen trees.

Spirits walk in the high places.
They shout, saying "Ho, Brother!"
Strong Things live in the deep forest.
They cry, "Here is one who walks swiftly!
Have a care, you will wear out your moccasins!"
To the white aspens I go.

Who does not know hunger for woman?
It is said that I do not.
Of all men my hunger is greatest.
The women of my people are too like men.
Their flesh is as my flesh.
They laugh.
They talk.
I will have women who are not as I.
I go to the white trees.
I go to the white women of the spirit country.
Strong is the flesh of my women.
Long and tapering,
Round and smooth,
Pale . . .

I have painted my body with white clay.
In the night I stand among the White Ones of the Canyon with
arms upraised.
The wind blows upon us.

II.

By H. J. Bolles

Strong is the Sun.
Terrible is his presence.
The Sun is a great warrior and lover of battle.
He is come to watch the battle of my brothers with the Dakotah,
He is come to count those who go to his lodge.

The pines are dusty.
The sage is still.
The grass is dry.
It is stiff and glistening.
The grass is the fur of a badger.
A badger is carrying me to the tipi of the Sun.

Grasshoppers clatter overhead.
Red and black are their wings.
An ant crawls up my arm.
The ant is red and black.
Red and black is my blood.
Red upon my body.
Black upon the ground.

Flies feast upon my blood.
Green flies.
Blue flies.
The green flies do not make battle with the blue flies.
They trample and crowd together like buffalo at a drying spring.
Is it their mouths I feel at my breast?
It is the mouths of the ghosts of the Dakotahs.
Drink deep, dead ones!
The spring of my blood is drying.
Death has taken my legs.
I cannot move my legs.
I cannot move the anthill at my feet.
I cannot move my arms.
I cannot move yonder white cloud in the sky.
My face is stiff and strange.

Myself is gone from me.
 I am naked when the dancers wear fine robes.
 I am a wolf in deep snow.
 Cold and storm are upon me and I cannot run.

I go to the lodge of the Sun.
 It is far to the tipi of the Sun.

Strong is the Sun.
 Terrible is his presence.

III. *Petrified Forest*

By Lilian White Spencer

"Here," says the Navajo,
 "Lie bones of Ye—it—So,
 A monster that our sun-god slew
 When the earth-life was new
 And here, his blood, congealed,
 Is in old lava flow revealed."

But Piutes whisper: "These,
 That white men say are trees,
 Trunk, branch and leaf, long turned to stone,
 Are his, who fought strange tribes, alone.
 They are the broken weapons of
 Our mighty wolf-god, Shimanov.
 Each great heap strewn around
 Marks a fierce battle-ground."

IV. *Chinook Wind*

By Lilian White Spencer

After the blizzard
 "Snow-eater" comes
 Warm with his run from the west.
 He feasts
 On white flesh of storm
 And tosses behind him
 Bare brown hill-bones.

The Spirit Wife

By Queene B. Lister

—An Amerindian in Patois—

Diction used herein is NOT typical of the civilized or well-educated American Indian. Because the writer believes that a primitive Indian "English" lends itself suitably to the atmosphere and simplicity of such a story as the following, and because she has heard this and many others related in a similar manner by Indians of various tribes, she has employed a patois characteristically impressionistic of many uneducated American Indians.

ONCE in the long time ago, there live a man and his wife. Those people they have one young child and they be very happy. But one day the wife, she die. Then the man he is very sad. He mourn and he keep mourning for his wife. He miss her so great.

One night a big storm come through the village. And all the buffalo hides of corn that the wife grind and hang up before she die, swing out on the walls of the lodge. They swing east and west. And they swing all direction. They shake so great that the husband, he lie and hear them and think of nothing but his wife. He look up and he think of her. He turn over and he think of her.

He remember her long black braids. He remember how soft her moccasins sound on the lodge floor. He think of her pretty hands . . . and how good they work while she sing. And he remember what a nice love-smile she have. He can not sleep. He think this way, until at last he stand it no longer. He miss his wife so bad he think he go out to her grave.

So this husband, he take his young child in his arms and start in the great storm to his wife's grave. The grave, it is far out from the village. The storm, it get more big as the husband hurry. He pass through a forest and by many trees. He cross a creek. And he run, and he fall down. And he run and he fall down, but he not get much far. The storm, it is so bad.

After while the wind, it watch this husband. And the wind think it help his slow hurriness. The wind, it turn and push him and help him get there with suddenness.

At last when he stop and begin to mourn at his wife's grave, all the trees bend down and wail with him. The little child, he is very helpless. And he cry also. And the wind, it wail. For it see the husband and the child mourn and get sick with lonesomeness and more grief all the time.

Pretty soon it is many hours late. The little child, he sleep now The man, he also go to sleep, from wornoutness by sorrow But after while he wake up, and he raise his face. And now there is someone standing by his side. This somebody,

it is only a shape at first. A form-shape like a great white shadow. But soon the husband, he see it is the form of his wife who he love, and who he grieve so great for.

The wife, she speak. And the husband, he hear his wife say, "You not happy. You and the child miss me. But there be a good place for you. There is a place where no one is unhappy. You come to this place where I find. And nothing bad never happen no more. If you stay where you are, perhaps many great evil come to you. You never tell. You not know what bad one is next. You and our young child are in sorrow. If you want no sadness why not you both come to me?"

The husband, he is so glad when he see and hear his wife, he can not make answer-words at first. He is a silence while he listen and think about what his wife tell. He look at those words with his mind with carefulness. He know he want to live with his wife. But he know that he do not want to die also. So he think a great more, and he make a plan.

Then he tell his wife, "I and this young child, we love you. But it be more better if *you* come back to *us*. Our home, it is ready. Your buffalo robe, it still hang in my lodge by your sleeping-place. Your baskets and grinding bowls, they still be there. No one boil buffalo-bone marrow, and no one mix meal or pemmican with as much great carefulness as you."

He hold his hands out to his wife,

and say, "I and the child wait, and mourn without you. And your bowls, and jars, and robes, and beads, and baskets, and blankets, they wait also Our lodge-fire, it is a dark-coldness without your love-smile."

The wife-form, she talk back with her husband. And both speak about wife's plan and husband's plan. But at last the man, he make his wife see how his plan is more best. And then the wife, she smile and say, "I come back, if you keep promise to me, that I make for you—: I return if my buffalo robe first remain drawn by my sleeping-place for four days. No one must look behind. No one must raise it while I come back . . . My robe, it must keep down for four days."

The husband, he say "yes" to this promise she make him give. Then he carry his child back to the village. And he pray to Ti-ra'wa, the ruler of all things. He say how he want his wife back with a great longness of prayer. The husband, he draw the robe and he pray like that way for four days. And then when he lift the robe, there step his wife from out. Just like the promise.

All the people see the wife. First the little child and the husband see her. Then the relatives, then the rest of the tribe come and see that wife. And the husband and young child, they now very happy.

But after many moons pass, this husband think he take another wife also. He take a new wife who soon

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have a very big temper and a great jealousy

The first wife, she not say nothing when this happen. Old wife, she always pleasant and keep much good nature still. But every day that new-wife get more angry and jealousy.

Old wife, she do all the work, and try to make new-wife more kind and happy. She carry all the packs, all the water from the spring, all the wood for the lodge-fire. She give her best baskets to new wife. And she make her beautiful, beaded moccasins, with great kindness for a nice gift. But new-wife, she only kick the lodge floor with those beautiful kind moccasins. And she make frowns and call the old wife bad names.

One day that new wife, she have more anger than any anger before. The husband, he is gone away. He hunt buffalo. But new-wife, she look at old wife and she frown. Then she make a smile of pretend to herself. And she walk with a silence that is as wicked as a snake's shadow against the nest of little prairie birds. She walk like this near old wife's back. Step . . . step . . . step . . . Very greatly quiet.

And old wife, she sit near the lodge door and work. She sit there and sing, and make pemmican by grinding dry buffalo meat in a bowl. Old wife, she sing a brave-heart song to her mind, so she not think of new

wife. Her mind, it is very poor. And she not see new-wife step near in quiet moccasins. Old wife, she too busy pounding and grinding. She grind meat into the pemmican. And she grind her song into the pemmican also.

New-wife, she come closer, and she look around. She look where the sun come up, and where the sun go down. And she look all direction. Then she lift up a big strap that is heavy with beads, and shell, and much beauty. And she beat old wife's singing head with this, and with much anger. And when old wife say nothing, she spit at old wife's beautiful proud braids, and her robe. And she stomp and cry, "What you here for? . . . You not belong here! You not anything but a *nothing!* . . . You only a ghost-wife!"

That night the husband, he lie down by the side of his old wife, like he always do. Here he sleep sound for a long time. Then as quick as a swift arrow, he wake up and find old wife all gone. Old wife, she is not seen no more! The child begin to wail. The husband, he remember old wife's nice love-smile, and he is very sad again.

Next night, he and his child lay down and they never wake up neither. They die in their sleep, because old wife call them to the place where she go. So old wife, and child, and husband, they are never unhappy no more.

Old-Man-Coyote and The Whirlwind

By Frank Bird Linderman

"The story I will now tell you is shorter than 'How The People Got The Buffalo', smiled Bird-in-the-Ground.

"Esaheawata, *Old-man-coyote*, was always hungry, always looking for something to eat. Sometimes his belly was empty a long time. Then he grew very cunning and would often cheat even his friends to get meat.

"What I shall now tell you happened in the Springtime. *Old-man-coyote* was thin; besides, he was lousy. 'I ought to find some woman who is a good worker, and marry her,' he thought. 'Then I would never be so hungry, and I would always have a lodge and a fire. But she would have to be a pretty woman, or I would not have her. I will look around.'

"One day he came to a fine-looking lodge. It was new and tall. Its top was not even smoky. 'This is a very fine lodge,' he thought, walking around it to look.

"A beautiful woman was graining a Buffalo hide that was pegged to the ground near the lodge-door. She did not hear *Old-man-coyote* coming. She kept at her work, and did not look up.

"This one is the prettiest of all I have seen,' thought *Old-man-coyote*, stopping to look at the woman. 'She has several racks of drying meat, and I am sure she has more inside her

lodge. Besides there is a fire in there. I wonder if she is married.'

"Just then the woman looked up and saw him. 'Go into my lodge,' she said, 'and I will give you food to eat.'

"Gladly, *Old-man-coyote* stepped inside, and the woman followed. The lodge was very clean. Its lining was nicely painted, and there were Buffalo-tongues and Back-fat everywhere. 'Are you married?' asked *Old-man-coyote*, looking around, and remembering the racks of drying meat outside.

"No,' answered the Woman. 'Men think I move camp too often,' she said, handing him some Back-fat and a Buffalo-tongue to eat.

"I like to move often,' he said, and began eating. His heart wished to say, 'I will marry you,' but his words did not have the courage to come out of his mouth. They were afraid.

"I know what you are thinking,' laughed the Woman while he was eating. 'You wish to marry me.'

"*Old-man-coyote* looked foolish, but he did not deny her words. He kept on eating, and looking foolish. He thought she was the prettiest Woman on this World. But he did not know that she was a Whirlwind, and might be traveling all night, and breaking things.

"I will wrestle with you when

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you have finished eating,' said the Woman, 'and if you throw me, I will marry you.'

" 'Why, to throw you will be easy. I am a man and you are a Woman,' laughed *Old-man-coyote*, licking his lips. He had finished.

" 'Come then! Take your hold, and say when you are ready.'

"He took a back-hold. 'I am ready, Woman,' he said, and would have laughed, but before his words were all spoken he was lying on his back!

" 'Now your chance to marry me is gone,' said the Woman, holding up the lodge-door.

"Outside, *Old-man-coyote* felt silly. 'She must be some Medicine-person,' he thought. 'I will get Medicine, myself.' He lighted his pipe, and offered its stem to every Medicine-person he knew. But none would accept until the Grape-vine said, 'Here, Brother, I will smoke with you. I will give you my power. What is wrong, that you need my power—that you offer your pipe?'

"He told the Grape-vine about the Wrestling-woman, how she had thrown him, and shown him the door of her lodge. He even admitted that he wished to marry the Woman.

" 'I will show you a hold she cannot break,' said the Grape-vine. And he *did*. 'When you get this hold, twist yourself, like this,' he said, and showed *Old-man-coyote* how to twist his body.

"Even while the Grape-vine was teaching him the hold and the twist *Old-man-coyote* could feel the Vine's

power in his body. He was happy again. He walked past the Woman's lodge four times before she saw him. Then he began to be afraid again, and look foolish. He only spoke to her.

" 'Come in, and I will feed you. You look hungry,' she said. And when *Old-man-coyote* began to eat in the lodge, she said: 'I know what you are thinking. And I will wrestle with you once more. If you throw me I will marry you.'

" 'Surely she is a Medicine-person,' thought *Old-man-coyote*, surprised at the Woman's words. 'I have changed my Medicine, but not my heart, and she knows this.'

" 'Take your hold,' she said, laughing at him. He had Back-fat on his lips.

"He took the hold the Grape-vine had taught him, and prayed to the Vine a little before he said, 'Ready.'

"They struggled across the fire! They upset things in the lodge! And then, when he thought of it, *Old-man-coyote* gave that twist to his body. Ha! The Woman went down!

" 'Good,' said the Woman. 'I give up. I will marry you, and this shall be your lodge, and mine.'

"He remembered what she had said about moving. When morning came he asked, 'When do we move camp, Woman? I believe you told me that you moved often.'

" 'Yes, I do,' said the Woman. 'I moved too often to suit the other men I have married. They grew tired of my moving, and they left me. But I shall keep *you*.' When the sun was

setting that afternoon she said, 'We are going to move now. Get your things together.'

" 'Tonight?' asked *Old-man-coyote*, surprised. 'I like this place.'

" 'Yes. *Now!*' replied the Woman, taking down her lodge, and piling things. 'Sit on top of this pile, and look westward toward the sun,' she told him, and she was cross. 'Do not turn your body, but turn your head, and call our helpers, the Coyotes. Call loudly,' she snapped, running around the pile to get behind it.

" 'Hi-hi-hi-hi! Brothers!' shouted *Old-man-coyote*, looking westward. Even before the Echo-people answered, the Coyotes were coming! They were dragging many, many travois, and singing their war-songs.

" 'Whewwwwww!' Big Wind whipped the hair about *Old-man-coyote's* ears. He felt himself whirling dizzily. He saw that the pile he sat on was going round and round. His hair slapped his neck until his flesh smarted. He sank his fingers deep into the pile, and bent his head low. Trees brushed his feet, bushes scratched his legs, dust filled his eyes, and rivers wet his moccasins. His head was dizzy, and his stomach was sick!

" 'What is *this?*' he cried. 'Where are you taking us, Woman? Hey, You! Let me go! I am tired of this!'

"But the Whirlwind slapped his mouth, and shrieked. She tipped over trees, she made waves on the lakes, and she upset lodges on the

plains. But she kept her own things together with *Old-man-coyote* on top of the pile.

" 'Here we are,' she said, finally, and came down to the ground with her things. And now she wasn't cross. She began to put up her lodge as though she intended to stay a long time.

"But *Old-man-coyote* could scarcely see. At first he could not even stand up. 'I will get away from this Whirlwind-Person,' he thought. 'She is too fast for me.'

" 'Go into our lodge now,' said the Woman. 'I will come in, myself, when I have finished what I am doing here. Then I will cook our supper.'

"He was afraid of her, and he went into the lodge. 'This is fine,' he grinned, foolishly, looking at his legs that had been scratched by briars and thorns. He looked at his moccasins, too. They had been dipped in rivers, and were wet and cold on his feet. 'She is too fast for me,' he sighed. 'I will get away from her.' But he wondered how he could do it.

" 'I wish to come outside, Woman,' he called, feeling his sore legs. He thought if he could get outside he might run away.

" 'No. You stay where you are,' she answered. 'I will come in very soon,' she promised, as though he wanted her.

" 'Oh help me, you Medicine-persons! Help me get away from here,' he prayed, looking at his wet moccasins, and whining.

“‘What is the matter, Esahcawata? What is wrong?’ The voice came from beneath the robe he was sitting on.

“‘Where are you?’ he asked, lifting the robe.

“‘Here! Do you not see me? I have come to help you, Esahcawata.’

“‘It was the Mole! ‘Yes, I see you now,’ said *Old-man-coyote*. ‘But speak softly, or she will hear you. Tell me what I can do to get away from this place. I cannot stand it here. She is too fast for me.’

“‘We—my tribe and I—will dig a hole beneath this robe. When I tap four times on this lodge-pole you must lift the robe, and crawl down into the hole. Then you must follow it until you come to the Mountains. After that I cannot help you. You must then care for yourself.’

“‘That is far enough,’ whispered *Old-man-coyote*, ‘plenty far enough. But hurry. She will soon be in here.’

“‘But listen, Esahcawata,’ said the Mole. ‘Before you leave—before you go down into the hole, leave one of your lice on her bed to make her angry.’ Then he went down in the ground to help dig a way to the mountains.

“*Old-man-coyote* could hear the Moles working beneath the robe—hundreds of them. He was afraid the Woman would come in, and he was sweating in his fear when he heard, ‘tap-tap-tap-tap’ on the lodge-pole!

“‘There he is last!’ he sighed, lifting the robe. Then he laughed. ‘I will do just as my Helper, the Mole, told me. I will leave one of my lice on her bed to make her angry. Ha-ha-ha! ‘There,’ he said, putting one of his lice on the Woman’s bed. ‘You sit on her robe, and make her angry,’ he told the louse.

“Then he crawled down in the hole beneath the robe and followed it until he came to the mountains.

“‘I have finished.’”

To One From Home

By Ruth Eliot Prentiss.

Your dear face brings our patient, tawny hills;
Your eyes, brown level acres cleanly plowed;
Your voice, the hearth-fire’s warmth, and daffodils;
Your laughter, orchards blossoming aloud!

Two Poems

By Doris Lucile Bradley.

Proportion

You were frail as the violet's wing,
And shy as her lovely head.
Within those great grey walls you dreamed
Remote, ethereal, alone.
Or read by sunlit garden pool
Where fragrance breathed,
A world aflower.
And all was worship that you felt
And all was beauty that you knew. . . .

I from the pit where shadows cling
Looked up and saw you shining there
And wondered whether you, untouched,
And I, with Evil for a shroud,
Have lived but half of Life.

Moon Masque

A moth is thinned
Over the face
Of my love the Moon.
But I see her gaunt imperious limbs,
Her girdle of living stars
And breasts drowsy under jewels.

A ravenous tune
Beats down the laquered Night.
She dances:
Impeccably she moves. . . .

THE OPEN RANGE

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

Mushing the Arctic Trails

A true story of early life in the Chandalar mining camp and a wilderness tragedy.

By Emil Engstrom

EIGHTEEN hundred dollars to one pan was the report that startled the Alaskan miners and prospectors in the summer of nineteen seven. A pan contains from one to one-and-a-half shovelfuls of dirt, pay dirt it was in this case. This was then, and is today, the richest pan on record in Alaska. Three lucky Swedes had actually made this discovery on Nolan Creek in Koyukuk mining district, the then most northerly mining camp in Alaska. "Lucky Swedes" is a common expression in Alaska, and includes all Scandinavians. But Luck is a hard task-mistress, as the old prospectors know only too well.

The three Swedish prospectors were reputed to have prospected continuously for ten years—that is, as much of the ten years as living would permit. At times they had to desert their claims and earn a grub-stake. They gave ten of their best years, and lived a life that is likely to make a wreck out of any ordinary man. Provided as they were with a modern prospecting outfit, including a steam hoist, they were given a contract to sink a shaft down to bed rock between two claims for half of each claim. This gave them a full claim thirteen hundred and twenty feet as the creek was running by six hundred and sixty feet as a claim usually is staked. For once in their lives they were lucky.

Startled as we were at this rich dis-

covery, we old-timers knew that everything within sight would be staked immediately, especially as the Chandalar camp was within a short distance. But the discovery did not create the wild stampede that might have been expected. The cost of living was high in those isolated camps north of the Arctic circle, and a stampede took both money and endurance.

With the opening of the winter trails a belated stampede commenced. Restless miners and prospectors from Klondike and almost every part of Alaska were off for this, the latest bonanza discovery. Business men and others who could not go themselves grub-staked experienced prospectors.

My brother John and I were then in the Tanana camp, better known as the Fairbanks district. We were off early in January for Big Creek in the Chandalar camp, on the border of the late Koyukuk discovery. We went into the stampede pulling by neck our camping outfit. We could not afford to feed a dog team after we got in, and few men have the heart to kill their dogs when they no longer have use for them. It is considered a crime, and seems like murder to some of us.

That winter was extremely cold, and the thermometer registered 73° below zero one day on the trail. The snow seemed like gravel. Jack London has described how cold it is when it is 60° be-

low. To keep awake and pull a sled when it is 73° below takes a lot of will power. Some of the boys carry a small bottle of quicksilver with them, and when that freezes at 40° below they usually stay inside.

At Circle City, the junction of the trails from Klondike and the Tanana camp, Kolbert, a Klondike miner, fell in with two men from Fairbanks. Clarke, one of them, was middle-aged, of medium size, with a King Edward beard covering his face. He was reputed to be a tin-horn gambler, occasionally prospecting. He seemed to be well educated. Jim, his powerfully built partner, was of the true, original sourdough type.

Our first acquaintance with the three commenced one morning outside a mail driver's cabin, where they had slept over night. They were harnessing up when we stopped for a chat. Traveling light, as they were, and with two good dog teams, we did not expect to catch up with them again. The weather was perfect for travel, and they should easily have made Fort Yukon that day.

But late that afternoon as we were about to pass by a squaw-man's cabin we found that our acquaintances of the morning, in the absence of the family, had taken possession. In the early days travelers were entitled to stop over night in any cabin, whether the owner were at home or not, and a locked cabin was unheard of. But times were changing. Many of the new-comers were unscrupulous, and the civil authorities had taken the law out of the miners' hands. Few of the old-timers would have broken into this cabin. Clarke, who seemed to be the leader in this party, proved an exception. And as it was about time for us to select a camp site we were invited to share the cabin with them.

The squaw-man's father-in-law, an old Indian chief, with his squaw and eight-year-old daughter, were also on the trail, and arrived after dark to stay over night.

The small one-room cabin was crowded with the eight of us.

The Indians at that time considered a white man poor and unworthy to receive their daughters in marriage if he did not possess either a talking-machine or a dog team. This squaw-man was provided with a cheap phonograph. The boys wound it up after supper and we had some weird music, to the Indian's delight. Presently he commenced to dance, all alone—light on his feet as if he were a young brave and earnest as if his life depended upon it. Later that night the Chief invited us to visit him when we came to his village at Fort Yukon. The Indians took possession of the only bed, and the five of us made one bed on the floor.

In the morning a violent snow storm was raging, and with the thermometer 40° below zero, the wind against us, the trail all the way on the wide Yukon river and some ten miles to Fort Yukon, we were in a predicament. But the three boys with the dog teams could make it, and when they decided to go John and I did not like to stay behind. To keep ourselves warm we must run for a short distance, then turn around and draw breath for half a minute. Forty below zero is about as cold as it ever drops in a blizzard. When it reaches 50° to 60° below the air is without a stir.

Fatigued but otherwise none the worse, we reached Fort Yukon about noon and stopped over night there in a roadhouse which was owned by another squaw-man. We found there our three friends of the day and night before and also a French-Canadian gambler, suspected of being a bootlegger, who was a steady boarder there.

After four weeks on the trail we were on the border of the timber-line. Occasionally a patch of spruce trees was found in some sheltered place which reminded one of an oasis in a desert. One of these oases was on Big Creek, a short distance

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below the place where the pay had been discovered. There we found Clarke. He had taken possession of a deserted cabin; and we were invited to stay with him. His partner and Colbert had left him and gone across to Koyukuk, some eighty miles farther west. Clarke proposed that we go into partnership with him.

Every creek was then staked, but we each located a claim on what was left on the upper Big Joe, a tributary to Big Creek. Deep diggin's as it was on Big Joe, no one had ever sunk a shaft to the bed rock. Our neighbor, a third of a mile above us, Engbeart, was also a claim owner on Big Joe. We signed a contract to sink a hole to the bed rock on his claim for half-interest, Engbeart to furnish his home-made porcupine boiler and the tools needed.

With Engbeart at times assisting us, our work progressed satisfactorily, although his boiler could furnish steam for only two steam points with which to thaw the ever-frozen earth. One day Clarke told us his experience on the trail and his usual life among the Indians. Then we knew why his partner and Colbert had deserted him.

Our provisions were running low and the trading-post at Chandalar Station, at the mouth of the East Fork and the head of navigation on the Chandalar river, was short of everything in that line. We borrowed the dogs of Clarke and Engbeart, and John left for Fort Yukon to replenish our stores.

Clarke and I resumed the prospecting alone, I shoveling into the bucket used for hoisting the earth. Clarke working the windlass. In mid-afternoon as Clarke was landing the bucket a small rock dropped about forty feet and struck me on the head. How this happened to drop I do not know. We always were careful to see that no rock stuck to the bottom of the bucket.

My scalp split wide open on one side; I was dazed for a moment, but

did not know how badly I was hurt, although the blood was running all over my face and back. It was about a mile to our cabin and a cold day, but we walked home. No wood was cut, except kindling. Clarke would not stop at our cabin, but asked me to go with him to Engbeart's cabin. Weak as I then was my temper was aroused. I chopped some wood, lighted a fire, wrapped a big towel around my head, and was in bed when John returned. Tired as he was after the long trail, John was full of wrath when he learned of the things that had happened that day. Barely taking time to feed the dogs and eat a little himself, he started for Engbeart's cabin with the intention of giving Clarke a thrashing.

Although about Clarke's height, John was a powerfully built man and Clarke knew he was no match against him. In vain John shook his fist in Clarke's face; Clarke did not utter a word in defense, or attempt to defend himself. When John returned he was so disgusted he hardly said a word that night.

On a cold evening a few days later Clarke and I were alone finishing up the day's work. John had gone home early to chop wood and cook supper. I took a short-cut and came in a few minutes before Clarke. When he came he was on the verge of tears. He was sure his feet were badly frozen and wanted John to cut away his moccasins. John did not use the knife, for he could gain no time by it; but he removed the moccasins and socks and washed Clarke's feet in snow. If they were frost-bitten at all it was only slightly.

My feet had been badly frozen that day we were on the trail when it was 73° below zero. That was my third experience; and I looked at my toes almost every night for several weeks to see if they were turning black. Over four hundred miles as it was to a doctor, I thought at times of amputating two of my toes with a red-hot cold chisel.

Sixty-seven feet below the surface we eventually struck bed rock, late in March. We missed the old creek channel, and a few colors (gold) was all we got when we washed out some pans of dirt. I was broke and had to borrow money from John to get out in order to earn a grub-stake that summer. Clarke had previously staked a claim on Big Creek. John and I were waiting for the time to expire on two claims that had been re-staked on New Year's night. With ninety days allowed for recording, their time expired at midnight of March thirtieth.

Clarke joined a party of prospectors going to Fort Yukon for their summer provisions, and offered to take my light pack and rifle to Fort Yukon. I had decided to mush alone to Klondike, some five hundred miles to the east and south up the then frozen Yukon river.

Midnight of March thirtieth was bright moonlight, and John and I were surprised to find we were the only ones who coveted those claims. There might be several other locators there before morning, but the claims went to the first to record them. It was considered a day and a half's mushing to the recorder's office at Caro, a small town which consisted of a few log cabins and a road-house. Eating a midnight lunch after our return, I started immediately on the trail. I must be in Caro before the recorder closed his office that day.

Our claims recorded, I stopped over night in the road-house. It was run by a lone woman, the only white woman within a hundred miles. Her husband was prospecting on Big Creek. Early the second day I arrived at the Chandalar station, which consisted of a Northern Commercial Company post, a road-house and a few log cabins, only to find the road-house closed and the store out of provisions. All I could get was one pound of butter. Four days' mushing to Fort Yukon and I was completely out of grub!

There were two Indian villages and a

lone Indian's cabin in which I could stop over night, but the Indians seldom had much to eat themselves. There was a Japanese who ran a road-house half-way between the Chandalar station and the first Indian village. I could at the least get a noon-day lunch there. Several old-timers were in the store and one of them invited me to stay with him overnight. These men were always willing to share their last meal with a stranger, if need be.

At noon the next day I had lunch at the Japanese road-house and bought a loaf and a half of bread, all I could possibly get. The Chandalar storekeeper then freighted his provisions from Fort Yukon with dog teams; the price of flour was twenty-five dollars for a fifty-pound sack.

That night I slept in the first Indian village, in a cabin occupied by an old Indian and squaw. It was usual to pay a dollar for this housing. This couple seemed to be starving, so I gave them some of my bread and butter. Two young Indian hunters arrived late that night, and they gave them some meat.

Twenty miles beyond was the notorious Chandalar Bad Indian's half-way cabin, half-way between the two Indian villages—an ideal place to hunt and to pick up a few dollars from travelers. This big and powerful Indian was, it seemed, an out-cast from the lower village. I arrived at his cabin early in the evening. There were only two young boys at home. They told me the Bad Indian had killed four moose and had gone to Fort Yukon to sell the meat. The boys were well supplied with meat, but it was the only thing they had. I divided with them the last of my bread and butter, and we had a substantial supper and breakfast. Their bedding consisted of ragged quilts and blankets, which they divided equally with me. On the Bad Indian's bed was a new fur robe and some good blankets, but the boys did not dare touch them. We shivered from

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cold all night. Travelers were expected to supply their own bedding.

At noon that day I met Clarke and his party on their return trail. The boys told me they had been gambling with the Indians in the village where they had stopped the night before. They had stayed at a large log house which was divided into two parts, several families living in each room. I suspect Clarke started the game with his partners, knowing the Indians would join in at the first opportunity. The Bad Indian, then on his return trail, had been one of the victims. Drunk at Fort Yukon, he had been licked by that gambler who was suspected of being a bootlegger and thrown out of the road-house; and the last of his meat money he had lost in the poker game. This Indian was now on the trail behind them and the boys warned me to be on my lookout. He was likely to take revenge on any white man, and he would meet me in a place ideal for the purpose.

A short distance from where I parted with the boys I found a biscuit on the snow bank. One of their sleds had left the trail and tipped over. It was about thirty below zero that day, an ordinary biscuit would have been frozen solid; but with lard substituted for water this one was iceproof, and although cold I ate it with relish.

Stepping out of the trail to let a dog team pass, I discovered the Bad Indian was walking behind it, his rifle ready for instant use. His face was rendered vicious in appearance by the battering it had received at Fort Yukon. His mood was not a pleasant one as he blurted out,

"Where did you stop over night?"

"In your cabin," I replied.

In a hoarse guttural voice he demanded, "Give me fifty cents."

"I paid the boys a dollar."

Satisfied, he answered, "All right; all right."

With that his threatening attitude was relinquished and he began to relate his

experience at Fort Yukon and at the village the night before. As he was telling his story I pictured to myself just what had occurred. He shrilly shouted, "Me kill um! Me kill um!" His eyes were blazing with fury, but he read no fear in mine. We measured glances for an instant, then without another word he cracked his whip over the team and was off.

There was no doubt of his threat. From that day a tragedy was to be expected. Clarke and that gambler at Fort Yukon were marked men. The Indian might wait and watch for years, but he would never forget the beating he had received.

A mile from the second Indian village I approached a camp where four men on the trail had set up their tent for the night. They were traveling with two dog teams, their sleds heavily loaded with provisions. They were so eager for word about Chandalar and Koyukuk mining districts that I wasted half an hour giving the information they desired; but when I told them I was out of grub they shut up like clams and moved toward the tent. Anyone could see they were newcomers—"cheechacos," but I had thought they might have adopted a part of the custom of the Northland.

What I should do for food I did not know. I could not expect much hospitality in the outraged Indian village, and it was still a day's mushing to Fort Yukon. I despised Clark and would not tell him I was out of provisions.

But although the cold reception I received was to be expected in the Indian village, I was granted leave to stay there over night; and though it was unusual for travelers to ask for meals, I was promised supper and breakfast. Perhaps in doubt of payment, the head man asked if I intended to pay with an order on the storekeeper at Fort Yukon or with cash. Cash promised, two Indian women began to prepare a meal. Their skin was white

as snow in the spring, but they seemed to be full-blooded Indians, mother and daughter, perhaps. They were the only white Indians I ever saw. No one seemed to know where they came from; they were not of the Chandalar tribe. My supper consisted of boiled rice, meat, and hot-cakes. In the morning they baked some bread on the top of a sheet-iron stove, although there was a bake-oven. At bedtime the women carried great bundles of spruce brush into the room, piling them into neat spaces for their beds.

Writers usually describe the Indians as extremely filthy; but I must say those Indians seemed to be at the least the equal of some white families I have seen in the States. Upon retiring for the night they all washed their hands and faces, and the women included a shampoo. The big room was kept clean as possible. No gun was allowed inside. Their place was on the roof, partly buried in the snow where only the adults could reach them. Indians and woodsmen are always careful about their firearms, so that gun accidents seldom occur.

In the morning warm water was given me to wash with, although in a cold climate I prefer cold water. On the trail, when we could not have water and wash pan, it was usual for us to wash in the snow. A morning wash in the snow was refreshing when it was sixty below zero, although I must admit it had little effect on our dirty-looking faces when the skin was frosted and peeling off.

At this time the flower of the original Sourdough prospectors had gathered in the Koyukuk and Chandalar mining districts, and the devil himself with the aid of all the cruel Indians that ever lived could not hold those men back for long. They were the last of the true western frontiersmen, and they dreaded the approaching civilization more than anything else. They were on their last retreat; one more move north and they would be on the border of the Arctic ocean. Only

the high Endicott Range, which we could see on clear days, then separated us from the ocean. Those men would never acknowledge defeat. Some might die in their attempt to overcome the obstacles that hampered them, but others would follow the trails they blazed. It was not so much the gold itself they were interested in, it was the joy of discovery that lured them on.

Clarke formed a partnership with Geraghty, an old-timer in the Chandalar district, and the two men departed early in the winter of nineteen-eight on a prospecting trip up the East Fork of the Chandalar River with a dog team and a supply of provisions considered sufficient to last them a year. When they had not been heard from at the end of the first year the Chandalar miners began to feel uneasy for their safety. True, they might have crossed the Endicott Range for another year's supply. The trader-explorer, Leffingwell, then for a few years maintained a small trading-post on Flaxman Island, a short distance from main land.

I do not think any of the prospectors up to that time had actually crossed the Endicott Range to Flaxman Island. Some of the farthest-north Indian tribes might trade with the Eskimos on the Arctic coast, but those two men would not think of employing guides. The maps could not at that time be expected to be correct: but Clarke carried some of the best maps he could obtain, and he seemed to be an experienced woodsman. He possessed intelligence and cunning, and he was a born leader wherever he appeared, until his real character was disclosed. We were told some Fairbanks men had grub-staked him for this trip into the Chandalar district.

When Clarke and Geraghty were long overdue, Jack Cornell, an old-time prospector in the district, started about the first of April, nineteen-ten, on a search for the missing men. Cornell was familiar with that region, having prospect-

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ed there some years before. He knew of a pass the boys might have gone through on their way to Flaxman Island.

Although the winter was about to break into spring the nights were extremely cold. The snow-fall was usually light in the interior, but the snow was approximately two feet deep in the open spaces and no trail could be expected. Some blankets or a fur robe would be necessary in the early spring; an axe and a shotgun would be needed. Packing all these on his back and with no trail, he could not take much grub with him. He must subsist on small game. The rabbits had almost all died out the winter before, as they usually do every fourth year. That meant he must be encumbered with a large supply of ammunition.

A few days out on the trail, Cornell was above the timber-line and had to depend entirely on his gun for food. Ptarmigan might be plentiful in some parts. These birds change their color to white every autumn, the same as the Arctic rabbit, and are no easy target. They are usually shot in their flight. With no trees at hand Cornell had no material to build a wind-break with at nightfall. He had to make a small fire of shrub boughs. In the early morning there was fine walking on the frozen crust, but before noon he would break through, and at night when the snow began to freeze he was wet up to his waist.

This was only the beginning. I have gone through this life and ought to know it. There was no shelter against blizzards that were likely to spring up any time in that barren, windy, God-forsaken and desolate land. A rainstorm mixed with snow that would chill the lone musher to the bones was likely to swoop down any time. Wet to the skin, he would often find it impossible to light a fire when a fire was most needed, and his wet clothes could only be dried on his body by his body's heat.

Jack Cornell knew what was to be ex-

pected before he ever started on this trail. Cornell was one of the now fast disappearing frontiersman type and persisted in doing his duty as he saw it.

With early summer the barren lands were transformed into a flower garden. Tourists might have thought it the Garden of Eden. Daylight all night. The mosquitoes and gnats appeared long before the last of the snow disappeared and spread themselves over everything, darkening the air like black clouds when disturbed. They often blind wild animals. The big bear might rise on his hind legs and paw the air in a frantic effort to rid himself of them; a mud puddle or deep water is his only chance of relief. Adults and children that have been exposed to them continuously for a few days and nights out in the open air have been nearly killed or driven insane from their venomous bites. A mosquito net will give some protection, but it seems as if the gnats literally eat it up, for it falls to pieces in a short while. Besides, the summer days are often burning hot; the net is disagreeable, the air becomes stuffy and irritating. A smudge will drive them away if one can stand in the smoke. It was a rainy summer the year Cornell made this trip, and the little imps were extremely bad.

Too cold in the early spring for more than a few hours of sleep at a stretch, Cornell was now worse off than ever. He must mush day and night until he dropped to the earth exhausted and fell to sleep at once. A cold rain might suddenly awaken him, although a shower would often be a blessing to a man who had been fighting gnats and mosquitoes for days and nights.

The world-famous Royal Northwest Mounted Police usually employ Indian man-trailers. But woodsmen who have lived on the frontiers for any length of time have often proved themselves superior to the Indians in woodcraft. Cornell was of this type.

When he was near the pass through which the missing boys were supposed to have gone on the way to Flaxman Island he first discovered evidence that he was on the right trail. A scratch on a scrub brush, or brush broken or bent over, told him that the travelers had gone north. When his trained eyes noted the marks of a steel-shod sled runner on a rock he could tell definitely the direction the travelers had taken, and that the trail had been made by a white man's sled.

Examining carefully an old camp site, the cuts on the scrub brush, excrements of the dogs and charred embers from the fire, Cornell found that the signs showed a passage about the time Clarke and Geraghty were supposed to have gone on their way the winter before to Flaxman Island and the Arctic coast. Later, camp sites close together indicated their passage going and coming. Then he carefully selected their return trail—no easy task even for an expert, when the trails often were likely to cross each other, especially inside the Pass.

Trailing, keeping an eye and mind on the game that was to provide his next meal, and at the same time fighting off the mosquitoes that threatened to eat him alive, made a man's job. At times in the summer a lake might give up clear signs on the water after winter trails; not so the barren lands.

Cornell's untiring search was ultimately rewarded when he came across a broken sled and nearby the body of a man. A little farther on he found the tattered remnants of a tent. The body was still partly covered by a fur-rimmed drill parka and overalls. Search revealed a small pocket calendar such as is commonly carried by prospectors, which identified Clarke. The dates stricken out gave the exact day of his death. The winter we were prospecting partners I had often watched Clarke painstakingly strike out a date about the same time every night.

Unable to transport the body to Chandalar station, Cornell left the remains of the dead man as he had found them. The fall was then setting in, and it was too late to continue the search; so he headed south, for civilization.

For five of the six months during which the search had lasted Cornell had seen no human being, and had subsisted entirely on game. Only people familiar with that region will know what he went through. It is a wonder that he ever returned alive and sane.

How Clarke died, and what became of his partner was then the most important question to solve. Those who knew Clarke agreed that he probably was killed by Indians.

The law of the Alaska Territory provided no money to be expended in search for lost men. To arouse the civil authorities to investigate there must be proof of a crime committed. A telegram must then be dispatched to Washington, D. C., for approval and for an appropriation. To comply with these rules the Chandalar Bad Indian was arrested and accused of murder. Had not this Indian previously threatened Clarke's life? Two deputy marshals from Fairbanks with a dog team were then dispatched to the Arctic coast. As deduced by Jack Cornell, the deputies found that the two men had visited the trading-post and returned. The remains of Clarke were transported to Fairbanks and examined by a surgeon, but no sign of a violent death was ever found. What became of Clarke's partner is still an unsolved mystery.

No guilt was ever proved against the Bad Indian. He was released after six months in jail, to find his way the best he could in the cold winter. Destitute of money and winter clothing, the Indian had approximately three hundred and twenty miles over the winter trail towards the north and across the Arctic circle to go to his tribe and home cabin.

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

James Bridger

By Grace Raymond Hebard.

Due to an innate modesty, James Bridger has left no written record of his long life spent in the plains and in the mountains where he performed deeds of unusual daring and rendered inestimable service to our government. Major General Grenville M. Dodge bequeathed to posterity a "Bulletin" containing much of the intimate history of Bridger observed and obtained while the soldier and frontiersman were companions in danger and hardship through a long series of years, years which represent one of the most turbulent and dangerous periods of the Oregon Trail, as a fore-runner of the Union Pacific railroad.

Bridger was illiterate and did not even attempt to sign his name to contracts and documents; he wrote no letters; he kept no diaries, no journals. "He neither exploited himself nor encouraged others seriously to do so; hence the paucity of original material," quoting from Cecil Alter's "James Bridger, Trapper, Frontiersman, Scout and Guide."

Because of the fact that Major Bridger (as he ultimately became known to the frontier) dwelt in "the tepees of tangled traditions" and in the open air of the fading memories of friends; and his character and activities have thus been exposed to the "hoodlism" of disregard and unjust designations of braggart, drunkard, polygamist or prevaricator, this article is penned, the challenge is accepted and his defense, if needed, is both a duty and pleasure.

James Bridger, born in Richmond, Va., started to be a bread-winner for himself and sister at the age of thirteen years, first running a ferry at St. Louis. When eighteen, he enlisted with the Ashley-Henry Trapping Company, which was en route for the Rocky Mountains. In this company were men who were destined to write their names into the history of the Great West, of which Montana and Wyoming were so great a part, men of fearlessness, alertness and adaptability to the varied conditions of uncharted rivers, and untrailed plains and mountain passes. In this exceptional group among others were William Ashley, Andrew Henry, Bridger, Provot, Fitzpatrick, Milton and William Sublette, David Jackson, Jedediah Smith, Hugh Glass, who in 1822 were initiated into the fur business "which they helped to make great." It was a small group of these men under the management of Henry, who, with the help of Bridger, in the fall of 1822 pushed up the Missouri to the mouth of the Yellowstone, where near the junction of the two streams several log cabins and a high stockade were raised to be known in history as Fort Union, near the present day boundary line between North Dakota and Montana.

In 1823, Henry and his men and Bridger moved farther up the Missouri from the mouth of the Yellowstone to the Powder River (Montana). Journeying up the Powder now with Etienne Provot as captain, the small band of men marched southward to the headwaters of the stream, hunting, exploring and trapping, the group

crossing the Continental Divide through which the Oregon Trail was to wind its way to the Oregon country. In the year following (1824) in the late autumn Bridger discovered Great Salt Lake, reporting, when he returned to the winter quarters of his companions, his belief that he had reached an arm of the Pacific Ocean. To the record of discovery by Bridger is added the finding of Two Ocean Pass (1825) through the Rocky Mountains at the southeast boundary of the Yellowstone National Park. The summer of 1826 finds a new fur company formed from members of the Ashley Company, with William Sublette, David Jackson and Jedediah Smith the new partners. On the plains these three men were known among their intimate group as "Bill," "Davy" and "Jed". When this fur company "had drunk of success in the fur business to satiety," it sold, in August, 1830, its interest to Fitzpatrick, "Broken Hand"; James Bridger, "Old Gabe"; and Milton Sublette, "Milt." From this date, Bridger had established himself as a hunter and trader and Indian fighter. Counting from this period, his fortunes are easily traced.

At the urgent recommendation of General John Charles Fremont, there were established along the Oregon Trail, four military posts, observations made during his expeditions along this trail during the years of 1842 and 1843 convincing the military explorer that some government protection to the homeseekers on their way to the Oregon country was a necessity if our northwestern country was to be developed by the man of family and his offsprings. These proposed forts were not designed to be built to protect the settlers who were living along this road of the homeseeker, for there were no such hardy people along the trail, but the forts were to render assistance by military force to those Americans who were on their way to the "sea of the West," in search of homes and agricultural lands.

Of the four fur posts, or "forts," finally taken over by our government and garrisoned by regular soldiers who safeguarded the lives of these venturesome and daring settlers on their way to fortunes in the West, Fort Bridger occupied an important, if not a strategic, place. Here the fur traders and trappers carried on their commerce in the precious skins of beaver and other fur-bearing animals.

In the valley of the Black-Fork, Southwestern Wyoming, Bridger in 1834 had built a blacksmith and repair shop for the Oregon trailers, this being purchased in 1849 by the government and known then, as now, as Fort Bridger. This was the home of the old trapper for many years, and it is here that Emerson Hough has pictured in his "Covered Wagon" the "polygamous" Bridger. While Jim Bridger was a much married individual, there is nothing in his history to show that his wives were numerous at one and the same time. "Blanket Chief," as Bridger was called, lived in one of the huts of his post, with his second adventure in matrimony, who was a member of the Ute nation. To the couple was born a daughter, Virginia, who was nourished through her earliest childhood on buffalo milk. At the daughter's birth, the mother died, July 4, 1849. Venture number one (or should one say "adventure?") was a Flathead who died in 1846. A daughter of this union was sent to the Oregon mission managed by Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman. In 1847 when the Indian uprising occurred at Wailatup, "Mary Ann" was killed, when most of the other inmates of the mission were massacred.

The third and last marriage was in 1850, when Bridger selected a wife from the Snake or Shoshone tribe. This wife lived at Fort Bridger, records showing that if not a relative, she was at least a connection of the Lewis and Clark guide, Sacajawea.

When "The Covered Wagon" first appeared on the screen, Bridger's daughter,

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Virginia, brought suit against the makers of the picture, claiming heavy damages for the defaming of her father's name. This was the daughter who "ministered to the broken old scout, her father, in his declining years, the buffalo milk he fed her being repaid in the milk of human kindness when all other friends had apparently forgotten him."

The courts ruled in Bridger's daughter's protest that a picture such as "The Covered Wagon" could not defame a character as well known and so highly respected as that of her father, James Bridger.

The attempt to belittle the wilderness life of so honored an individual as Major Bridger should not go unchallenged. No scout and guide, as was Bridger, for our government could long have remained in the service if he was a drunkard. Only men of unmuddled minds, steady nerves and clear, searching eyes could, for an extended period, be of value in the honored positions occupied by James Bridger. Just before Mr. Hough died, the author of this article wrote him, he having been one of her college acquaintances at the State University of Iowa, asking him for some revisions of the screened "Covered Wagon," but it was too late. The playrights of the book had been sold, need it be said for the insignificant sum of \$8,000! Fancy!

In the attempt to place James Bridger in his proper historical place as a man fearless, competent, faithful and sober, the evidence following has been collected, signed by trustworthy associates of this grizzly-headed frontiersman, fur trader and friend of the whiteman.

From the pen of Mr. J. C. Cooper of McMinnville, Oregon, the following is vindicating:

"In July of that year (1866) Hugh Kirkendall took a freight train from Leavenworth, Kansas, to Helena, Montana, by the way of Julesburg on the South Platte, Colorado, Bridger's ferry on the North Platte, Powder River, Cheyenne River, Wyoming and Tongue, Big Horn, Little Big Horn and the Yellowstone Rivers. Jim Bridger was our pilot from Bridger's Ferry to the Yellowstone. I saw him frequently on that trip. He was a quiet, familiar figure about the camp. . . . He would ride ahead across the untraveled country and return to the train at noon, or sometimes not until nightfall, when we had made camp. He rode a quiet, old flea-bitten gray mare, with a musket laid across his saddle in front of him and wore an old-fashioned blue army overcoat and an ordinary slouch hat. . . . He was very quiet in camp and I never saw him ride as fast as a slow trot.

"We had liquors on the train, but I never knew of his taking a drink. One thing that got on our nerves was his absence from the train when we would be fighting with the Indians, which was a daily occurrence some of the time. Some days old Sitting Bull would make it so hot for us that we thought we would not see old Jim any more, but he always returned, riding quietly into camp."

Dean of our Wyoming pioneers, Honorable John Hunton, resident of old Fort Laramie for over sixty years, gave the author an interesting interview as follows:

"This is a condition that could not have been, that of being intoxicated, because he was a trader and trapper [referring to Bridger] and his life would not have been worth much if he were a drunkard. A trader and trapper had to be keen and alert all the time in order to avoid the Indians, and when he became a scout and a guide for our government, as he did in 1865 for Connor and in 1866 and 1867 for Carrington in the Powder River country, and in guiding the United States army in the Yellowstone district, he would not have been tolerated for a moment if he had been such a

man as was pictured in "The Covered Wagon." He could not have afforded to have done so."

Mr. Hunton and Bridger "bunked" together at Fort Laramie during the entire winter of 1867 and 1868, seeing each other daily. In speaking of "The Covered Wagon" Mr. Hunton concluded the interview, saying:

"That is a vilification of one of the finest men that I have ever known who scouted on the Laramie Plains. I never, in all my connection and intimate association with Jim Bridger, ever knew him to be under the slightest influence of liquor."

From Mr. Fin G. Burnett, now living at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, who was with Bridger in 1866 when he piloted Colonel Carrington over the Bozeman Trail, was obtained the following statement:

"I knew Bridger well and saw him not only every day but many time of every day during '66 and '67 when I was associated with Col. Carrington on the Bozeman Trail, and I never saw him drunk and I never saw anybody who ever said that he was drunk."

In the summer of 1926 at Sheridan, Wyoming, near the Montana line, in an interview with Mr. Oliver P. Hanna, an old timer along the Trail and in the Powder River district, was obtained additional testimony:

"That," said Mr. Hanna, "is a wrong statement; it is a falsification of a splendid character as that of Jim Bridger; to say that he was a drunkard. It is true that we drank on the plains, particularly at night when we gambled for the drinks, a universal custom, but he never, to my knowledge, was drunk and he had the reputation of being a man of great sobriety. In 1865 when he and I were together in the Connor Expedition, I saw him many times every day and never was there the slightest indication that he was in the 'cups'."

In an interview held November 21, 1926, at Laramie, Wyoming, with Mr. Charles William Becker, who came into what is Uinta County, Wyoming, in 1857, that which follows was obtained:

"I knew Jim Bridger well. I never saw Jim Bridger drunk. I did know him well and saw him daily for four or five years. At that time at Fort Bridger, then in Utah, where I knew Jim Bridger, the scout had a squaw wife and a daughter. Jim was well liked and trusted, old Jim Bridger was."

Mr. Becker furnishes the information relative to the relationship of Bridger's Shoshone wife to Sacajawea, both of whom he knew and frequently conversed with in the sign language of the Shoshone Indians while at old Fort Bridger.

Journal of Peter Koch—1869 and 1870

FOREWORD

Peter Koch was born in Denmark in 1844. At the age of 21 the young man impulsively left his studies at the University of Copenhagen and emigrated to the United States. After three or four rather bitter years of knocking around the Eastern United States he arrived at his uncle's home in Mississippi, where he became engaged to his cousin, Laurentze Marie Koch, whom he married in 1874.

After his engagement he started West to make his fortune; came up the Missouri River by boat as far as Fort Muscleshell, where he spent the winter cutting wood for the steamboats, in the heart of a hostile Indian country. In 1870 he went to Bozeman, which later became his home. In 1872 he built an Indian trading post for Nelson Story in the Judith Basin, about where Lewistown now stands. This was the first white man's house in what is now Fergus County.

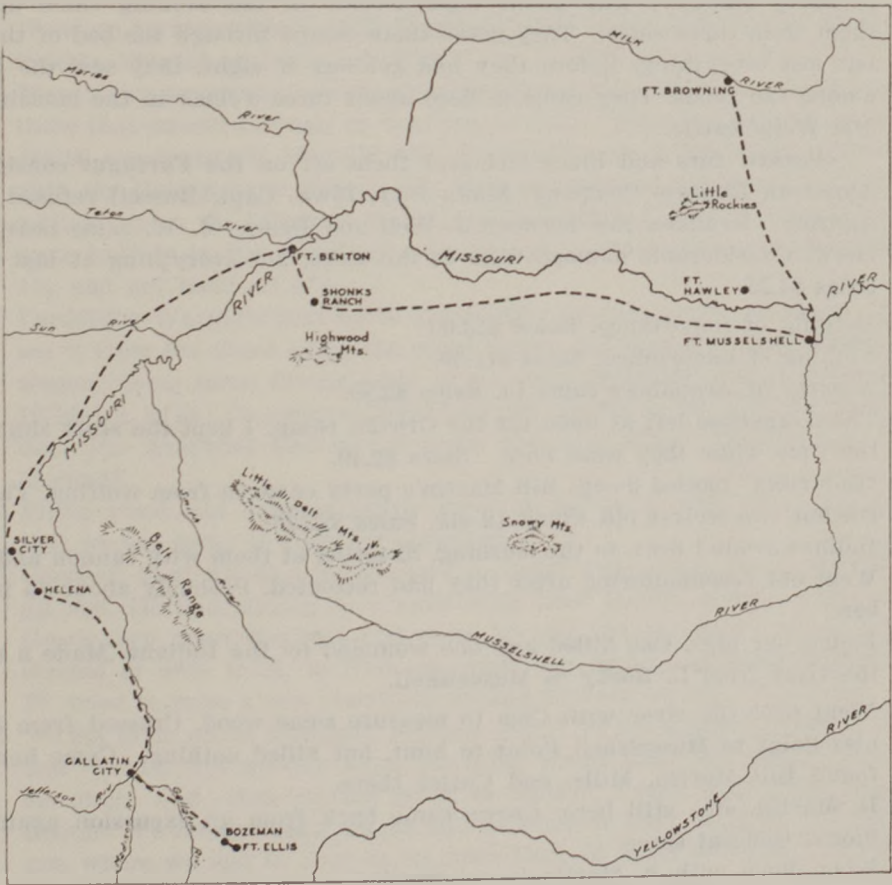
He spent several years as an Indian trader and later as a surveyor. For many years he was cashier and a director of the First National Bank of Bozeman. In 1908 he moved to Pasadena, where he died in 1917.

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Peter Koch was very closely connected with the establishment and development of the State college at Bozeman, and served several terms on the State College Board. He was a member of the Historical Society of Montana, and served a term as treasurer and member of the Board of Trustees. His interest in western history was very active and he collected an exceptional library of western Americana.

The extracts from his journals are of interest partly as a picture of the pioneer conditions which still existed in north central Montana at a time when Virginia City, Helena, Bozeman and Missoula were well established settlements, and partly for their human interest in the young university man of gentle up-bringing thrown in with the hard-bitten crew of wolfers and wood-cutters with whom he spent his first winter in Montana. For the sake of brevity all entries in the Journal are not given.

ELERS KOCH



CENTRAL MONTANA IN 1869
--- ROUTE DESCRIBED IN PETER KOCH JOURNAL

DIARY 1869 AND 1870

At Ft. Muscleshell¹ on Missouri River

Aug. 20 Mr. Clendenning² left at five o'clock in the morning for Helena. Stowed away government freight. Fixed up things generally. Made up a plot of the town for Judge Lee. "Huntsville" came. Mailed letter. Andrew plastering. Sales \$80.85. Sent letter up to L. Rocky to Lohmgre.

¹Fort Muscleshell has now completely disappeared, washed away with the caving banks of the Missouri River.

²There were two trading posts at Muscleshell at that time, one owned by the Montana Hide and Fur Co., and one by George Clendenin, Jr., and T. C. Power.

21 Henry came back with the news that one of the oxen with the Crow outfit had given out, and the party were camped on the Fourchette. Went over the river and got a yoke of oxen from Jim Wells at \$4.00 a day. Andrew went out with Henry to fetch the broken down yoke back. Sales \$2.95.

22 The two niggers came in at three o'clock in the morning and told me that about 3½ miles from the camp on the Fourchette they had met Tom and the rest of the party coming back. They had been surrounded by the Indians [100 to 200?] [Sioux?] who about eight o'clock in the evening came down on them from three sides. They made their escape through the bed of the creek but lost everything. Before they had got out of sight, they saw the Indians among the goods. They came in here about three o'clock in the morning with Jim Wells' cattle.

Packed furs and hides and sent them off on the Farragut consigned to American Express Company, Sioux City, Iowa. Capt. Russell refused to pay Andrew. Drunken row between J. Well and Drew. J. W. came near killing Drew. Considerable damage done in the store, but everything at last settled. Sales \$4.25.

Sept. 1 Nothing of importance. Sales \$13.00

2 Nothing of importance. Sales \$11.50.

13 A party of Arapahoes came in. Sales \$2.80.

14 The Arapahoes left at noon for the Grovan camp. I kept the store shut up all the time while they were here. Sales \$2.40.

20 "Columbia" passed down. Bill Martin's party came in from wolfing. They had got but two wolves but killed 12 elk. Sales \$22.25.

29 Indians around town in the morning. Shooting at them with cannon and rifles. Went out reconnoitering after they had retreated. Probably about 75 in number.

30 Found our pigs. One killed and one wounded by the Indians. Made a map of the river from L. Rocky to Musselshell.

Oct. 1 Went over the river with Glen to measure some wood. Crossed from McGinniss Point to Musselshell Point to hunt, but killed nothing. Came home and found Bill Martin, Mills, and Cutter there.

2 B. Martin, etc., still here. Crows came back from an excursion against the Sioux. General spree.

3 Went down with B. Martin to cut wood.

4 Commenced chopping. Blistered my hands and broke an axe handle. Went over the river hunting without success.

8 Twenty-five years old and poor as a rat yet. Cut down a tree on the cabin. Glen and Lee came down from Musselshell.

10 Not well. Went hunting in the evening among the hills on the other side and wounded a mountain sheep but lost him.

11—15 Chopping.

16 Hunting the Jack in the morning. B. Martin, Joe, and Fred went to Fourchette to raise their cache. W. Cutter and I went to Musselshell—found a train in from Helena, Tom Stuart³, and some Crow chiefs. Went to work to balance Gates account. Got a letter.

³Brother of Granville Stuart.

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- 18 Finished accounts. Wrote letters and started for the cabin at night. Bitterly cold.
 - 19 Stood guard all day. Pretty cold.
 - 20 Cutting while Joe is on guard. A beautiful day. Shot at a wolf across the river. Snowing at night.
 - 24 Hunted in the Long Point. B. M. killed a white tail. Went over the river in the evening and killed two buffalo. I killed one, my first, that took 7 Spencer and 6 Pistol balls before he died. River full of ice.
 - 31 Went up to Musselshell with Waring's boat. Cordelled⁴ it up without much trouble. Started at 7, arrived at 3.
- Nov. 1 Went down to our cabin with grub for the winter. We found those Arapahoes there that passed through on the 13th of Sept. They had been camped at Jim Wells' woodyard ab. 10 days. Col. Clendenin was at the Crow camp. He left with the Helena train Friday, the 22nd of October. The train was four days getting up on the hill from the Musselshell bottom. Before we left, we killed some buffalo in the river and saw several bands going down. We started at 1½ and got home at 4½.
- 7 Cordelling Waring's boat up to Musselshell against a gale of wind. Clen had got it from the Crow camp the night before and had gone out again after the wagon. Some more Crows came in at night from above and stopped at the H[ide] & F[ur] Co., where Gates had left for the upper Crow camp the same day. The Arapahoes had moved down the river after shooting into J. Wells stockade.
 - 9 Piling wood and burning brush. Snowing in the evening. We arranged it so that we are going to chop for ourselves.
 - 15 Chopped hard all day. B. M. says 3 cords. Fred came back about 7 o'clock all wet. He had started in a skiff with Dick Harris, both drunk. At Squaw Creek they upset the boat and there he had left Harris. B. M., B. T., and I started at once to M. to find out what had become of Dick. Before we left Fr. tried to raise a row about our getting to work on our own hook.
 - 16 We got to M. about midnight, inquired for H. at his stopping place, O'Donnell's and Olsen's, but nobody knew anything about him. We stopped at O's 'till morning, and then started down to Squaw Creek with Clen, Olsen, and George. We found Dick's tracks and followed it back to M. R. and up its bottom where we lost it. Just as we came back H. came in himself. He had been so bewildered that after he got to M. R. he lost his way and went a long way up the bottom. We went back home where we arrived at 7 pretty tired and went right to sleep.
 - 20 Chopped 'till three, went out then and looked at our baits, but found no wolves. Killed a black tail coming back. Fred went to Musselshell.
 - 25 Fred and Olsen started out wolfing. We stopped chopping on account of hearing shooting and shouting in the hills. Found out by Dennis coming in that it was from hearing Fr. and O. shooting and calling to them in the fog. Joe and I went to our baits and found four wolves at the baits but couldn't find the antelope.
 - 26 Bill, Joe, and I went out. Found one coyote at the antelope. Skinned him and gutted the four wolves that were frozen too stiff to skin.

⁴Cordelled. Towing, with a line, from the river bank.

- Dec. 6 B. M., Joe, Olsen, Fred. and I started to put out baits in the low hills, but had no sooner got out of the point when we imagined we heard the cannon at Musselshell fired and in a few minutes violent firing of small arms. We returned for fear of Musselshell being attacked by the Indians, in which case they would probably pay us a visit. In the afternoon they tore down the old cabin while I was writing to Laurie.
- 10 Sick with a bad cold. No meat.
- 11 Sick yet. Bill, Joe, and Mills went to Msh. Mills said the Indians had attacked Msh., stolen 3 horses and a mule but lost one man. — —.
- 24 Christmas eve. Went around with Joe to our baits in the morning. No wolves. In the evening we killed a w. t. buck.
- 25 Christmas Day. Bill killed a splendid white tail doe. Went across the river in the afternoon without seeing any game.
- 31 Chopping. New Year's eve.

1870

- Jan. 1 Chopping. B. M. shot an elk in the evening.
- 15 Went down the first point below in the afternoon, where I killed my first elk.
- 16 Awful cold. Went down for the elk meat and froze my ears.
- 17 Too cold to work. I went up to Msh. Froze my nose. Got eighteen letters.
- 20 Went to Fourchette. Saw lots of buffalo but couldn't kill any. Came home the same night, about 10, in disgust. The walk home was awful cold and my nose was skinned and swelled badly.
- 24 Thawing heavily. Nearly all the snow gone. We packed the elk over on the jack. I killed my first white tail, a young buck. The boys came home in the evening with Olsen, packing the sacks of flour on a horse. They had started with the sleigh the day before but Mills was too drunk to go on.
- 25 Chopping all day. The boys fetched down two letters and one package of Danish papers, and the news that the soldiers were coming and we are to have a weekly mail the 1st of March.

March

- 4—5 Stopping at Maj. Reads, in with annuities for the Crows. He stopped all outside trading. We bought Jim Wells cattle, but have to go to the Agency for them. Clen has got married. Got a letter.
- 8 Cutting willows. Hunting across the river. I killed a white tail buck. Saw a robin.
- 13 Snowing yet and blowing. Very cold. This was the last day of a storm that has lasted now since 2-25, the worst and coldest weather of the winter. We went out and killed a number of antelope in the point.
- 21 Got ready to move.
- 22 Saw three geese and one duck. (Spring time has come, gentle Annie.) Moved across to the third point above Msh. B. Martin sick. Olsen and Mills went to Msh. after provisions while we got out some logs and roofing to fix the cabin with.
- 28 Got our horses in the point opposite ours and started for Browning. The horses were awfully slow, it was hard work pounding them. We got to Lone Tree and camped there.
- 29 In the morning the horses were gone. We hunted them a while and then

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cached our saddles and started afoot. It was blowing a gale in our teeth, and we were only half way between Dry Fork and Beaver Creek when we camped. Country black with buffalo. The ice started in the Missouri.

30 We passed a cold night and got up in the morning cold, stiff, and hungry, with only one hardtack and a half apiece. We cached our blankets at Beaver Creek, that we had to wade, and reached Browning about 4 o'clock, tired out and hungry. When we got there we found one of the cattle dead. Jim Wells to start for Msh., when he heard that Frank Smith had sold out, to see about the pay for his wood.

31 I went up Milk R. about 7 miles to fetch down a steer that the Major let us have. In crossing Peoples Creek on a raft, I fell into the water. I got the ox down by sundown. George Howkes went up with me.

Apr. 1 Mills and I went about 3 miles up Peoples Cr. after Jim's ox. I found there Frank and heard from our other fellow passengers.

2 Started from Browning after breakfast and made Beaver Creek, that we had some difficulty in crossing. Found our blankets there all right. Had a strange dream.

3 Went to halfway between Dry Fork and Lone Tree. Grass very scarce.

6 Took the wagon across [the Musselshell] in the morning and went up in the evening with a good deal of trouble. Got home after dark.

7 Went down to our lower place hunting the horses and came home at night without finding them, completely tired out. Harry had meanwhile found them in his point.

10 I killed a white tail in the morning. Bill killed a goose across the river and fetched it over with a raft. Clen came down from Benton and brought me letters from Denmark, newspapers, and seed. He says there is but prospect of few boats up this season—but I don't believe it. With him came the U. S. Marshall and several others on their way to Peck to take charge of the Tacony.

20—23 Cutting and hauling wood. Went up to Msh. Saturday with Olsen and Louis to calk and bring up O's boat. While we were there a number of Crows came in to trade.

24 Most of them went up the river again Tuesday. Sixty went after the Sioux to avenge the killing of the 29 Crows. They were all looking dreadful, had their hair cut off, their fingers and faces cut, with the blood left on their faces.

27—30 Hauling wood. Finished Saturday at noon and went hunting in the afternoon to the second point above where we saw plenty elk tracks but no elk. Very warm all week.

May 2 The boys came back from Msh. with the news that Mrs. Clendenin had got the smallpox, and that the Crow war party had returned with the remains of the 29 that were killed by the Sioux. Went in swimming—the river rising very fast. Fixing up for an early start.

4—8 Hauling wood. Living on catfish.

9—11 Finished hauling for this time. One hundred seventy cords on the bank. When we got through we put fire to the brush piles. The fire spread and burnt up 50 cords of wood, mostly Mills and Cutter's. We were all pretty nearly played out before we got it checked. Very hot and nothing to eat.

- 12 Very hot. Hunted across the river and in this point, but without success. Bread straight. B. Martin, Olsen, and Louis went to Msh. with the cattle.
 - 13 The boys came back from Msh. The wind turned and started the fire again down through the belt of willows. The wood caught by sparks and about 20 cord belonging to Bill and Joe burned. With great difficulty we succeeded in saving the rest. Rain at night
 - 15 Killed another elk and a white tail in the morning and another elk in the evening. I planted a lot of seed. River rising fast.
 - 17 Made an arrangement with Clen to stop with him this summer at \$75 a month. Eleven discharged soldiers went down in a mackinaw. Louis went down with Lee and Ed after a load of meat. Cold.
 - 18 Went back home from Msh.
 - 22 The "Nick Wall"⁵ passed about two o'clock in the morning without stopping. Olsen and Louis went up and got aboard of her at Long Point. Fred came up on her and had a bitter row with Bill Martin.
 - 23 Went across the river in the morning. I wounded an elk but lost him. Just before we left the point we heard a shot in it, probably Indians. Joe and Louis came down from Msh. and told us that 40-50 Indians had shown themselves at Msh. the 20th. The crazy Frenchman started right out toward them and was badly beaten, but as soon as they commenced firing at them they turned and ran.
 - 24 Raining all morning. The "Ida Reese" passed about daybreak without our knowing it. We went hunting below and I killed a black tail. In the afternoon Louis and I went down the river to meet a boat, camping just below Bush-away's old place.
 - 27 Just before sundown the "Deerlodge" came along. We got on her to go up, although the captain said he was going to charge us \$50.
 - 28 Made our place a little before sundown and sold the boat 10 cord of wood. Just after sunup we met Lee —— and Tom Boggs, who boarded us and went up to Msh. on the boat.
 - 29 Bill and I went over to Dry Point to put up a wood sign.
 - 30 Raining all day. The seed coming up finely.
 - 31 The "Nick Wall" passed down without stopping. Raining all forenoon but turned into a snowstorm in the afternoon. Very cold.
- June 1 Storming all day and freezing a little at night so that the corn got nippel by the frost.
- 2 Olsen, Mills, and Chilcott came down about noon. They had been driven from the upper cabin by Indians, who killed Una (a dog.) In the evening we heard two shots in the dry point. We saw a bear in the evening right at the wood pile. Bill and I went after him and wounded him, but it got too dark to find him.
 - 4 Hunting in the morning without success. The "Viola Belle" passed here about 6 o'clock and took on 5 cord of wood. I went up on her and passed the "Ida

⁵The steamboat traffic on the Missouri greatly decreased in 1870 on account of the completion of the U. P. Railroad. The number of boats dropped from forty in 1869 to eight in 1870. Most of the wood cut during the winter was unsold and was burned by the Indians.

THE FRONTIER

- Reese" at the McKinnis point. Raining all night. I got three letters from Laurie and a lot of papers.
- 5 Stopping at Msh. The "Deerlodge" got to Lee's place at night.
- 6 She stopped at our place in the morning and took on 5 cords of wood to pay our passage. Olsen and I went down in the evening.
- 9 Fixed up Schultz's grave. I cut a tree down on my Spencer and broke the stock off. Went up into Long Point in the evening. Bill killed two elk.
- 13 The "Sallie" passed up just after midnight and took on 15 cords of wood. Olsen and Mills went up on her.
- 14 The "Butte" and "Peninah" passed up without stopping. Olsen and George Hammond came down.
- 15 Went across into Dry Point and killed a black tail in the morning. The "Viola Belle" passed down just before night.
- 16 The "Ida Stockdale" passed up just after midnight without stopping. We threw 6 cords of wood back to keep it from falling into the river.
- 17—20 Throwing wood back and piling it. We thought we heard the cannon at Musselshell.
- 21 Olsen and Joe went up to Msh. The dogs barking furiously at night; probably Indians around. On the 20th the Indians made a demonstration around Msh., firing into the stockade of the H. and F. Co.
- 22 Olsen and Mills came down on the "Bertha". The "Sallie" passed with Cutter on her. Bill and I started up after the cattle. Got as far as Msh. about midnight and staid in the point 'till day.
- 25 The "Peninah" passed down. Clen went down on her. I gave Wm. Martin a contract to cut 12 tons of hay, and hired Louls (who came down with Waring on a raft from Holly) at \$50 a month. Saw in the evening a big smoke on Squaw Creek.
- 27 We tore down the Stuart, Masterson, and McGinnis houses and commenced digging a landing.
- 29 — Charlie Morrison and the "Pilgrim" went up above after dinner. Louis and I finished the landing after dinner and commenced the cellar.
- July 3 Made a boat with Waring.
- 4 About 12 o'clock, Joe, Olsen, and Boaz came across the river and were attacked. Joe and Boaz made our stockade, while Olsen was behind and had to hang himself by the arms over the bank. We all rushed out and Indians were firing at us from just behind Lee's stockade and the nearest cottonwood trees and all through the sage brush. The balls whistled pretty lively over our heads, but we returned the fire with interest and soon drove them from their shelter, on which we fired about half a dozen shells at them. They kept hovering around in the hills the other side of the Musselshell, and we shelled them every now and then. We went out and found one young warrior killed by a shot through the upper part of the thigh. He was hit by a Spencer ball and must have been shot either by Louls or me. We got his gun, bow and arrows, and two butcher knives, and threw his body in the river. Waring scalped him.
- 6 The "Ida Stockdale" came down about six o'clock, Gus with the cattle on her. No News. I got a letter from Laurie. Joe McKnight got off at Holly.

- 7 We loaded the cannon, fixed up bastions, and took down the little houses behind the store. Bill Martin and Party went up above hunting.
- 8 McKnight and I agreed that it was best not to move until I heard from Tom Power, but just fix up the place in as good shape as possible and haul away the rubbish and old logs from around the house. We tore down the — house and commenced a bastion on the top of the house.
- 11—13 Hauling logs and stockade timber.
- 14 The cattle cached themselves so well in the willows that we couldn't find them. Bill and party came back from below. We went hunting across the Msh. in the evening without success. Found the cattle.
- 15 Finished the logs and commenced on the wood. An Irishman came down from Benton on a raft on his way to the States. He got his raft aground on the other side of the island and continued his way Sunday morning in a pirogue.
- 16 Finished hauling the wood. Hauled in the evening a buffalo home from Crooked Creek that Bill and Judd had killed. A Mackinaw passed down about dinner time.
- 17 B. Martin, Joe, and Olsen went up to O's hay ranch to cut hay.
- 18 They came back again having quarreled among themselves. I hired Joe, Olsen, Bill, and Ch. Morrison to go up to cut hay. Louis and Gus digging a landing.
- 22 Three deserters came down in Lee's boat. We stopped them and made them pay a revolver for it. I hired Charles Williams.
- 26 I went up to the hay ranch in the morning. Three men had stopped there that night on their way from Benton down. They brought the mail. Got only a letter from Power with instructions to use my own judgement about moving. Drew and Fennicks went above. The Benton men and Sweeney left in the evening. Just before, a deserter passed down in a boat without stopping. Finished cutting hay.
- Aug. 3 Bill, Judd, and I went down in a boat to Musselshell point, killed 2 young elk and two black tail. We cordelled the boat up again in the night.
- 4 The next morning some of them went down to try to kill an elk, but without success. There have been buffalo in sight nearly every day the last couple of weeks, and Squaw Creek is black with them.
- 10 Blowing and raining. After dark three men came down in a boat and staid in the store all night. In the morning there was ice half an inch thick.
- 11 An Arapahoe with two squaws and three children came in from the Big Horn in five days. The A. camp is just the other side of the B. Horn, and will come in to trade as soon as the B. H. gets low enough to ford it.
- 15—16 Making adobes. Killed a buffalo cow in the evening on Crooked Creek.
- 17 Making adobes in the forenoon. At dinner a storm came up with very cold weather. Just before dark Uncle Joe Lee came down from L. R., and two Indians, an Arapahoe and a Gros Ventre with four squaws. They say they are going to stay here 'till the Arapahoe camp comes in.
- 22 Twenty-six Arapahoe bucks and 9 squaws came in from Wind River to see this fort. There was one white man with them and three chiefs, the Medicine Man (Roman Nose), Black Son, and Friday. The latter spoke English well. He says all the Sioux and Arapahoes have made peace since Red Cloud's return from Washington. They want to take the whole camp here to trade this winter.

THE FRONTIER

- 23 I made them all presents and got a little trade from them. Raining all day and the store leaking all over.
- 24 The Indians all left. Some for Hawly and Browning, some for camp. Tom stays here 'till Glen returns. A Mackinaw went down with two niggers, man and woman, and two Frenchmen. They brought the mail from L. R. with a letter from Laurie and mother.
- 28 Raining in the morning. Louis came back with four young fellows from Beaufort that had been hunting up the river. They told us that 60 Sanntees started from Spread Eagle about 20 days ago to clean us out. Trading a little with the Arapahoes. They left by the Hawly trail. Uncle Joe came down just after dinner.
- 29 Hendricks horses came up and afterwards Tom, hunting them. Uncle Joe went home after dinner. I sent letters up with him to be sent up by Lohngre. I sold a Mackinaw to the four boys below. Overhauling the skins.
- pt. 1 Shortly after breakfast a party of Indians showed themselves on the hills the other side of Musselshell, yelling and shooting. After cutting up a while they went down into the Msh. point and burned Bill's hay. We saw 20 or 25.
- 2 Heard a shot down the river. A Mackinaw load of soldiers came down. They passed Geo. Boyd with 2 Mackinaws. About 20 miles above here they passed an Indian camp.
- 3 Another Mackinaw passed early in the morning. They had also seen those Indians. Drew, Horn, Louis, and Bill went hunting and fetched home a deer. In the afternoon Bill and I went up to Holly to get the mail. I lost my glasses in the fourth point. In the fifth, I killed a splendid white tail buck. I got separated from Bill after dark, and got to Holly a few minutes ahead of him. Boyd came down about an hour afterward, Morrison and Morris with him. I got a letter from home, one from Powers, and papers with news of the defeat of McMahon and Bazain.
- 4 We started down in Charlie's boat and got to Msh. a little before sundown. Just afterward we heard shots toward Crooked Creek.
- 5 Next morning 28 Crows came in reporting a fight with ab. 15 Plegans a few miles from here. About 10 o'clock Sioux showed themselves in the hills the other side of the river, while some at the same time made a dash for Tom's horses, and Ed and Joe who were hauling wood. Our shooting alarmed them and they reached the stockade safely. Our fire turned the fellow driving the horses. Lee knocked an Indian off his horse just as he was going to shoot our brindle ox. Bill, Judd, Morrison, and Hendrick went across the river. The Crows started out too, after borrowing all the pistols and breech loaders we could spare. One of them came near getting drowned in crossing and lost one of our Henry carbines. They went up the hill and kept up a skirmish for a couple of hours, supported by Tom and part of the time by Lee, Judd, and Morrison. Casualties: one Sioux pony. They returned a little before sundown and had a feast, and presents of a little powder and lead, after which they started back up the river.
- 7 About noon the Arapahoes returned with 8 lodges of Gros Ventres on their way to the Yellowstone. They came from Holly where the Sioux had stolen all of Louis' horses the same day they tried it here. The Arapahoes promised to be here by the first of Dec. to trade.

- 8 The Indians left. Charlie Morrison bought a horse and a mule from them. About noon the mule broke loose and started on the Indian trail. Charlie followed her on the horse.
- 9 Charlie not yet returned. He got in about breakfast time with the mule. He had got to the Arapahoe camp where they took his horse, pistol, and half his cartridges and told him to get on the mule and go as quickly as possible. There were 5 Sioux in camp. After dinner, Drew, Horn, Tom, Bill and Olser went above.

(The diary is discontinued here)

JOURNAL ON A TRIP FROM MUSSELSHELL TO FT. ELLIS

Monday

- Dec. 12th, (1870) Clendenin, Harlow and I left after an early breakfast. Took the trail through herds of buffalo. Toward night we struck for the river and got down into the point below Dr. [Clerkvin's?] where we camped. It snowed occasionally all day and was pretty cold. Harlow is suffering greatly from the rheumatism and I have got the diarrhea.
- 13 We slept pretty comfortably and started to make Little Reddy the next morning. About three miles below L. R. [Little Reddy], we met Tom Hardwick and ——— who returned from the Gros Ventre camp with a number of Indians. Yank coming in from the Crow camp. The two latter turned back with us. We staid at L. R. the rest of that day. Very cold at night.
- 14 I stayed at Joe Sinix and got up before day-light and called the rest. We got off about 9 o'clock. We crossed the river opposite to Joe Lee's home on the ice, crossed L. R. Creek, passed Sand Creek opposite Stowell's Island, and creek 13 miles from L. R., Two Calf Island, Grant Island, and Baggage Island, and stopped at night at Gordon's cabin. The bluffs are getting bolder and more rocky and come down to the river. There is hardly any more timber along the river. Harlow and I are both better today.
- 15 We left Gordon's where we had only found a boy and a squaw, and made (Busodes,) cabin three miles further, where we stopped the rest of the day.
- 16 We started out before day with splendid Northern Lights. Going up the hill, Sam and his horse rolled over down into a coolie, but without hurting either. It was a bitterly cold day with a fresh breeze blowing right in our faces. The country is getting wilder and more mountainous. Behind us are the Little Rockies, to the right the Bears Paw, to the left the Black Buttes and Judith Mountain and Little Snowies, ahead the Belt M. with the Square Butte. We travelled about 40 miles and went down a very steep and rough trail at the mouth of Dog Cr. We stopped with Mr. Dwight at ———.
- Dec. 17 We parted here from Harlow, Sam, and Yank, who are going across the country to Bozeman. Clen went up to Indian camp, so that we didn't get started till noon. We stopped for dinner at Condenay's, and found him about eaten out of house and home by the Crows and Gros Ventres. From his place we took a very rough trail to the mouth of Arrow Creek, where we camped in a place where the Indians have burned two cabins.
- 18 We started at 5 o'clock in the morning to try to make Benton that night. After ascending a very high, rough hill from Arrow Creek, we got up on a

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rolling prairie. Kept to the right of the Square Butte so as to strike the Missouri at Benton, but a terrible snowstorm came up, we couldn't see more than a few hundred yards ahead and had to go by guess. The storm got worse and worse, blinded us completely, and tired our horses out. At dark we found ourselves close to the Highwoods, about 25 miles from Benton. We had kept altogether too far to the left. After trying in vain to find Mr. Shonk's, struggling for three hours in the dark against the storm, walking, as our horses were played out, we had to camp at last without wood or water.

- 19 After spending a miserable night, we started a little after sunrise, and found ourselves very close to the Shonk's. We got into Benton after three hours very cold ride and stopped with Mr. Power. I got a letter from Laurie. We, as well as our horses, enjoyed the comfortable quarters and good feed immensely, as we have only had a couple of biscuits since we left Condenay's.
- 20 Glen and Power settled their business. I traded my Henry Carbine for \$42.50 worth of clothes.
- 21 Glen went up on the stage. I started with the horses and made the 28-mile spring in a bitterly cold day across a rolling prairie, very uninteresting.
- 22 After stopping with the stock tender at the station all night, I started out for Sun River. I intended to make the crossing, but had to stop at the Leav- ing's as it got late and commenced storming. I found everybody there pretty drunk and pretty near frozen as they had just come in.
- 23 The weather much milder, but blowing a gale. I passed the Sun River Crossing where there is quite a settlement and got into the mountains. Just before dark. I made Bird-tail, so called from a very prominent rock of that shape. The two coaches from Helena to Benton always stop there for the night. Mr. Bolter came in with the former.
- 24 I lost my hat before I started, it blowing off my head before daylight, and, as it was blowing quite a gale, I don't know where it went to. I passed that day several ranches and stopped that night, Christmas Eve, at Kennedy's place in the Little Prickly Pear.
- 25 Christmas Day. I went through the Prickly Pear Canyon, a narrow dark chasm with steep rocky sides hundreds of feet high, through which the Pr. Pear, a beautiful little stream, foams. As there was considerable snow and Pat led very badly, I had to stop at Silver City.
- 26 Went into Helena, leaving the horses on a ranch at the race course.
- 27 I stop with Glen at the National Hotel and take my meals at different places.
- 28 Went out after the horses in the morning and left Helena at 10 o'clock. Made the Half Way House where I found an excellent table.
- 29 Kept the foothills and Missouri valley some 32 miles through a fine stock country with a good many ranches. It was quite warm all day but started blowing a perfect hurricane toward night. I passed Springville and stopped at Crow Creek.
- 30 Pleasant again. Made Gallatin City, crossing the Jefferson and Madison. Gave a foot passenger a lift on the led horse.
- 31 I crossed the Gallatin Valley to Bozeman, a pleasant looking, quite lively little town on the East Gallatin, situated right under the mountains. The roads were terribly muddy, while they had been quite dusty from Helena to Galla- tin. I went up to Ft. Ellis, where I got about dark and stopped at the sutler

store, where Mr. Anders, a very pleasant gentleman, is in charge. The horses were completely worn out.

- Jan. 1, 1871 Had hard work to get anything to eat for my horses.
 2 Took the horses down to Bozeman from where Mr. Hoffman took them out on a ranch.
 3—7 Staying at the store. Remarkably mild weather. Sam Yank and Harlow came in. Clendenin got to Bozeman Saturday night.
 8 I was cooking, as their cook suddenly left them.
 9 Clen came up to Ellis. I got a good letter from L.
 10 It turned cold and continued snowing. I went into Bozeman with some letters and staid there all night.
 11 Bitterly cold. Copied a map of the —— road.
 12 McDonald refuses to let his cattle go in this weather.
 13—15 Pleasant. Clen went to Yellowstone.
 16 Thermometer 18 below zero in the morning. Clen and [Stanley?] came back. Horse Guard with 25 lodges is at the agency.
 17—20 Fine weather. Uncertain yet about getting off.
 21-22-24 Trying to get off all the time, but as yet without success.

(Journal discontinued here.)

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BOOK SHELF

Reviewed by the Editor.

Back-Trailers from the Middle Border.

Hamlin Garland. (Macmillan. 1928. \$2.50.)

The new *Trailer* volume is, of course, like the three other *Trail* volumes, biographical, but without reflection in the background of a mode of life of a time and a class of people. This volume deals with "pioneering" in the East. Mr. Garland writes of his contacts with literary men since his removal in the East. Admirers of the three earlier books in the series will admire this one, for its pleasant literary gossip, its geniality (the blurb was correct in using the term), its detail. The book is well got up, with illustrations, well printed, pleasantly bound.

Toilers of the Hills. Vardis Fisher.

(Houghton, Mifflin. 1928. \$2.50.)

Way for a Sailor. A. R. Wetjen. (Century. 1928. \$2.50.)

Homer in the Sagebrush. James Stevens. (Knopf. 1928. \$2.50.)

It is the fashion nowadays to hail any book written with gusto an epic. Two of these four carry that claim on the jacket blurb. The last mentioned book—and the reader is grateful—carries no jacket blurb, or undoubtedly it too would be hailed as an epic. (The reviewers have corrected the publisher's remissness.) Living life crudely, two-fistedly, in the great open spaces, against odds doesn't make a story epic. However, all three are set in the right tone, lusty and forward-moving, and have the right swinging rhythm, and suggest space and stretch of time and elemental forces, and their people and their stories attain to representation of a way of life. They are, in these respects, just the material *The Frontier* welcomes. They are building toward a vigorous literature.

Toilers of the Hills is a story of dry-land farming in Idaho. The hero—all "epics" have them—is an ignorant, cruel, tobacco-spitting, superstitious, good-hearted, persistent man of the soil. But he has a vision, and his vision and his dogged faith in it and work for it alone make the book significant. He knows that wheat can be grown on the dry land; and thru years of toil, with the aid of slow

native intelligence, he learns how to grow it. Meanwhile squalor, poverty, animal existence carry his wife and rapidly growing family and his neighbors thru dreary, hope-killing years. The writer knows the country, the climate, and the people in minute detail. And he gives the sense of the slow winters dragging and the toilsome summers wheeling by. The literary standard of the writer is excellent—unabashed truth-telling, freedom from exaggeration, a running undercurrent of humor (perhaps too slight), recognition that man lives by faith as well as by bread. Adherence to such a standard deserves strong commendation. The land emerges as the taskmaster it is, the tester of human character. And a few finely drawn persons stand in the reader's imagination—notably Hype and Mary Hunter and Dock himself. It is a fine possession of the West to have such a sturdy and honest writer depicting its life. May we have other books from the same pen.

Way for a Sailor is a robust book, written by a man who knows how to write. His word pictures have not only vitality but also affect the reader's emotion. Shipping offices, steamships, captains and mates, fo'c'sle men, port women, sea storms, sea sunsets, the seas themselves, world ports sweep by the reader in vital display. The book has a sense of underlift like the ocean itself. The least commendable features are the too great preoccupation of the writer with sex, and his seeming failure to realize that man does not live on the physical side of life alone. Sailors may "be that way," but if they are then they can never make good fiction characters. It is owing to these ideas, perhaps, that the captains and mates, altho they are a glorious gallery, and in spite of the abundant vitality with which they are described, do not live in the reader's mind long after reading. The finest features of the book are the steady weaving of the network of sea gossip that is over the oceans of the world, of the persistency of sea reputations everywhere where sailors go, of the superstitions of seamen, of the pride and insolence of "deep sea" men, of the feel of weather,

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and of the buoyant energy with which experience is taken. In truth, the keynote of the book is, that "life is damned interesting." The book is interesting, too. Wet spray is in it.

Homer in the Sagebrush is the sturdiest collection of tales of the Northwest that are authentic portrayals which has yet been published. The workers of the last generation who thru hard labor and hard playing stalk (when they don't stagger) thru the book are *their real selves*. It has taken wide first-hand knowledge to construct these tales of Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Washington, Oregon. It has taken likewise courage, in the form of a challenge to literary convention, and a definite lusty sympathy with these "outcasts of society" (for such the workers are shown). There are not many better tales in American than *The Old Warhorse*, *The Hardshell Elder*, and *Jerkline*. And *The Dance Hall Fisherman* is their equal.

These men—women are only incidental—live in a world that "nice" people *wouldn't* recognize if it were before their eyes—it is not "polite," it is not "elevating." It is not what *should be* "in a Christian country"; and the men are hogs, whorers, gamblers, desperadoes, bums—the drifting workers living in a hard day. But they have physical courage, strong wills, imagination, and they parade for what they are. Society barred them; very well, they will live worthy of the debarment. In their own way they about as often as "respectable people" live "up to their lights," and what is more, fully as often up to their dreams.

It is great good fortune that James Stevens is preserving these types of society in living tales. The sentimental tinhorn men of Bret Harte are being replaced and in tales that people will read. And Stevens doesn't exaggerate as Mark Twain did. And he doesn't fabricate as Jack London did. And he doesn't invent for thrills as most writers of "westerns" do. He doesn't have to, for he knows what he is writing about and he has sympathy and understanding for the life he shows. When he occasionally fails, tho sometimes thru momentary neglect of his sense of humor, as in *C. P. R.*, he fails usually in technique. When he best succeeds, which he does in all but two or three of the tales, he succeeds as a great storyteller does.

White Peaks and Green. Ethel Romig Fuller. (Willett, Clark and Colby. December, 1928. \$2.00.)

Mrs. Fuller, who lives in Portland, is one of the staunch builders of a North-

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west literature. She brings to her verse a leaping fancy, imagination, and a quiet, firm lyricism. Her most penetratively imaginative poetry comes from her love of mountains. With nature her touch is delicate or strong at her will, and always sure. With people she has not yet arrived at her measure—she is unsure of her insight into and her love for mankind, altho her humanity is sympathetic. The best poem of a person is *In a Truck Garden*. Two poems, *Peter Schatt* and the ballad, *Back of a Mountain*, carry a satiric note.

For searching imagination, for her surest poetic grasp, read *Concerning the Speech of Mountains* and *Who Knows a Mountain*. For that condensed into brief lyric space read *Discovery* or *Winter Orchard*. For winging fancy read *Black Raspberry Bushes* and *Wind Is a Cat*; and for beautiful blend of fancy and imagination, *The Grand Dalles Hills* and *In a Night*. Lyricism that is as sure and singing as Sara Teasdale's is in *Refugee*.

Six of the poems have been reprinted from *The Frontier*, six from *Poetry*, one each from *The Ladies Home Journal* and *The American Mercury*, and the others from twenty other magazines. The volume is printed in a beautiful type and intoxicatingly bound; it would make, both for format and for content, an excellent gift.

A NOVEL FROM ANOTHER FRONTIER

Kubrik the Outlaw. Theodore Acland Harper, in collaboration with Winifred Harper. (Doubleday Doran. 1928. \$2.00.)

Mr. Theodore Harper writes romantic adventure fiction in the manner of the realist. In his story of the virtuous *Kubrik the Outlaw*, setting and situations might call for melodramatic treatment. Mr. Harper keeps strictly to objective fact. Even in the most exciting scenes, he does not himself become wrought up. The Russian characters are faithfully portrayed, as seen from without by a sympathetic foreign observer; and one learns from this novel many things which one could not learn from fiction written by a native Russian. There is no attempt to give the morbid, brooding, introspective atmosphere so marked in Russian novels since Dostoevsky; this story is healthily external. Mr. Harper shows no trace of influence from the psychological novelists. He calmly assumes the position of the omniscient observer, who knows what is going on everywhere at once. There is no attempt to maintain a single point of view, or to represent the scenes and the

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characters as they appeared to some one actor in the story . . . or even to one spectator. Instead, Mr. Harper follows the older tradition, whereby the novelist knows everything that is going on, even inside the characters' minds. This is convenient. Why should not the writer know what is going on there? He created these characters.

This story does not have a plot: it is rather a series of actions, as is proper enough in an adventure story. The Russian characters, Kubrik, the outlaw who robs the rich and helps the poor; Peter, the hardy little Russian boy; Father Anthony, the old village priest; and the peasants—these are all real enough.

Woven in with the story of the outlaw is the other main action of the tale: the fortunes of Stephen Wyld, mining engineer, and his wife, Joan. I do not find these Americans so convincing as the Russian characters. They are too good to be true, and have no personal traits—only generic ones. The Russian characters, on the other hand, seem to be self-active.

Certainly the author should know his subject. Mr. Harper was himself a mining engineer in Siberia for many years before he settled down to become the best known novelist in Portland, Oregon. . . . or, for that matter, in the state. But while the details of mining are brought in with ease, and the technical operations of the mining engineer in defending and attacking, in the desperate fights which follow the Russian revolution of 1905, are most convincing, I still do not find the man beneath the engineer, in Stephen Wyld. His only vice seems to be too great industry. . . . But maybe I have been spoiled by reading too much smart modern fiction. The action tableaux in the story are good. The style is compact and easy, there are no lapses into the hackneyed or obvious. I should like a little more tension, a little more preparation for the exciting scenes, and more indication of excitement in the emotional attitudes of the characters.

I have heard Mr. Harper tell stories, so I know that he has not put all of himself into this written novel. I hope to see the warmth, the vivid color, the humor of character, which he commands in his oral stories, work gradually into the written versions. Kubrik is an admirable action story, but Mr. Harper can command character and wit as well, and I trust he will perfect his command of the written medium. If he will only write as he talks!

Eugene

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American Criticism. Norman Foerster. (Houghton, Mifflin. 1928. \$3.50.)

Destinations: a Canvass of American Literature Since 1900. Gorham B. Munson. (J. H. Sears. 1928. \$2.50.)

Spokesmen: Modern Writers and American Life. T. K. Whipple. (Appleton. 1928. \$3.50.)

Signs have not been lacking of late to mark the long delayed popular acceptance of the gospel of humanism. If one man more than another is responsible for the coming into its own of a much needed ideal of living it is Professor Irving Babbitt, of Harvard. For years he has been vigorously pointing out the lamentable shortcomings of living according to the prevalent ethical code of the modern era as contrasted with the possibilities of living according to that of the golden age of Greece. Humanism he defines as being "moderate, sensible, and decent," in the fullest meaning of those terms suggested by the example of the great Greeks. His doctrine, that is, amounts simply to this: that we should so direct our lives as to bring them as closely as may be into conformity with the classic conception of a perfectly balanced existence attained through a proportioned development of every human capacity, intellectual, physical, and emotional. Persuasive as so reasonable a position would seem, it took nothing less than a world war and the threat of wide-spread madness born of despair over the ensuing chaos and the attendant unbelief in everything save futility to secure for it any very general endorsement. That such an endorsement has finally been secured is evidenced by the fact that a considerable number of critics of both life and letters are now resolutely confessing their faith in Professor Babbitt's creed and ardently throwing themselves into the struggle which previously he has been allowed to carry on almost unaided.

Of the three authors of the books before me for review two are avowed disciples of the Harvard humanist. Professor Foerster is one of his former students. If Mr. Munson never enjoyed the same privilege he has made up for his loss by applying himself to the works of his master with a diligence that has resulted in an abler account of them than any other in print. Between these two followers of a common leader, however, there are all the differences that separate the so-called older and younger generations of today. Professor Foerster's tastes invariably urge him towards the established and traditional. For him the American

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criticism that matters is that of Poe, Emerson, Lowell, and Whitman. Believing as he does in the properly balanced life, he demands a properly balanced art to express it, and a properly balanced criticism to guide it. For that reason he is forced to reject much even of that which interests him most. Poe was too dependent on rational processes unsupported by morality; Emerson was deficient in "articulated thought"; Whitman was over-concerned with prophecying the course of a new world literature, and not enough in determining the sound principles upon which it should be based. Only Lowell sensed the true critic's role, and he lacked the native ability to fill it. If Professor Foerster's conclusions appear depressing in summary, his book considered as a whole comes far from producing that sort of an effect. The learning and care with which he has studied his subjects, and the enthusiasm with which he pleads his case for humanism, ensure its being altogether invigorating.

Mr. Munson, though a native of this country, belongs by inclination and performance to "The New Criterion" group of English writers, which includes such startling and diverse gifts as those of T. S. Eliot, Humbert Wolfe, Herbert Read, and Wyndham Lewis. That is as much as to say that he must be the cause of some serious head-shaking on the part of the gray-beards into alliance with whom his views on life and art bring him. But with all his disturbing approbation of the experimental and the undeveloped he sees eye to eye with his elders in defining the nature of the renaissance needed in America, and in specifying that it must be approached through a movement held under control by the standards of the classics.

While Professor Whipple is not usually named in the roll-call of the "modern" humanists, and it is doubtful whether he would greatly concern himself to urge his claims to that honor, yet his steady insistence on the superiority of "the life of realization" over "the life of exploitation" clearly entitles him to be ranked among them. If he displays decidedly more gusto in accepting contemporary literary output than Professor Foerster, he reveals little or none of Mr. Munson's gratification over such dubious promise as, say that of Hart Crane. And he steers his course safely mid-way between these extremes of disposition by a consistent application of the very principles from the great past which his fellows in present-day humanism constantly invoke—and occasionally ignore. Personally, therefore, I find him

sounder as a critic and more confidence-inspiring as a prophet than either of the others with whom I have here associated him. Probably neither he nor they will ever be listed with the twelve intellectuals whom Mr. Munson predicts would be sufficient to produce the desired American rebirth, but certainly he, and they too, will have to be credited with having materially assisted its coming.

Portland

V. L. O. Chittick

IN THE MARCH FRONTIER

H. L. Davis, Oregon poet, writes on the Eastern Oregon cattle country; Elise Rushfeldt writes an unusual story, *A Coffin for Anna*;

Ralph Cheyney, H. M. Corning, Steve Hogan, Ida Lou Walton contribute verse.

Paul C. Phillips writes a note on the third book published in Montana.

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