

THE FRONTIER
A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST



NOVEMBER

Frank Bird Linderman, a drawing by H. M. Stoops.

Night Shift, a mining account by J. F. R. Havard.

The World Beyond the Hills, a story by Ted Olson.

Caesar and Lizz, ballad of the riverfront by Queene Lister.

The Oregon Missions as shown in the Walker Letters, 1839-1851
Historical Section.

Stories, Verse, Articles.

The Sluice Box and Open Range Sections.

Book Notices.

Literary News.

Volume XI

NOVEMBER, 1930

Number 1

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Volume Eleven

NOVEMBER, 1930

Number One

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Manuscripts should be sent to the Editor; business communications to Madison Turner or Al Schak, Business Managers; subscriptions to Kenneth Good, Circulation Manager—all at the State University of Montana.

Copyright 1930, by H. G. Merriam. Published in November, January, March, and May.

Entered as second-class matter May 4, 1928, at the postoffice at Missoula, Montana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

Just now **Frank Linderman** is best known as the author of *American*. **Anderson Seruggs** (Atlanta, Georgia) has been quoted recently, from several magazines, in the *Literary Digest*. We are proud of this fine poem. **Ted Olson** sends us this second installment of his Picaresque Novel. We hope to publish other installments. **Howard Corning's** (Portland) poems and prose are well known to *Frontier* readers. Likewise the poems of **Verne Bright**. Both of these poets are working on long narratives.

Gwendolen Haste (New York City) has just published a fine volume of western poems. (See *Bookshelf*). **Raynesford Mulder** (Twinsburg, O.) is a former contributor. Other poets known to our readers are **Norman Macleod** (Albuquerque), **Joseph Shipley** (New York City), dramatic critic of *The New Leader*, **Paul Tracy** and **W. E. C. Kidd**, both of Eugene, Ore. **Queenie Lister** (Portland) has been writing several long poems of low life. We wonder what you think of this ballad of hers. **Robert Beardsley** (Chicago) is a new contributor. His poems are incisive. **Myrtle Myles** (Wendover, Utah) is also new. **Esther Sanders** lives in Missoula.

Hannah Mitchell Danskin, formerly a New York City newspaper woman, has lived in Spokane for three years. From Spokane comes the contribution of **W. S. Lewis**, well known collector and editor of western history. **Mabel Hopkins** sends her lyric from Aberdeen, Wash.

Upton Terrell (Chicago) is a newspaper man. **Jane Crosby** (Bradford, Penn.) has just returned from a summer in Europe. This is her first contribution to *The Frontier*. **Martin Peterson** is an editor of *The Prairie Schooner* (Lincoln, Neb.) **Fred Ward** knows the badlands. Last year he was superintendent of schools in an oil-field town; this year at Thompson Falls, Mont.

We have long desired a mining story of authenticity and **Jack Havard** (Montana

School of Mines) has at last supplied it. **John Frohlicher** (Missoula) is known to *Frontier* readers as a poet. A longer article, edited by **Mamie Meredith** (Lincoln, Neb.) will be published in a forthcoming number, a reprint of an old account of Minneapolis. **Jean Smith** lives in Detroit.

The *Sluice Box* used to be a feature of *The Frontier*, some four years or more ago. We hope it can be made increasingly attractive to our readers. It is designed for lighter and humorous writing. **Homer Parsons** (San Bernardino), who was one of the founders of this magazine, has been winning prizes right and left in the *Wit's Corner* of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. **Deane Jones** is a student at the State University of Montana, as is also **Joyce Donaldson**. **Con Reeder** is an old-timer living at Alder, Montana.

The *Literary News* section, edited by **Grace Coates**, Martinsdale, Montana, is a new feature. In this section we hope to keep readers who are interested posted on what Northwest writers are doing, on their publications, on the work of western publishing houses, on literary organizations and movements. What do you think of the idea? Help us.

The Walker letters are part of a collection of Walker papers—journals and letters—which Mr. W. S. Lewis of Spokane, who was a friend of Cyrus Walker, son of the diarists, got together about fifteen years ago. A copy of it, which is in the Spokane public library, was first called to *Frontier* attention by Mr. George Fuller, Spokane librarian. The copy from which we print is the personal copy of Mr. Lewis, for whose permission to reprint and for whose aid the editors are indebted.

The January issue of *The Frontier* will be off the press on December 10. It will contain, besides stories and verse and the usual features, a long diary of an exploring trip within the Arctic circle.

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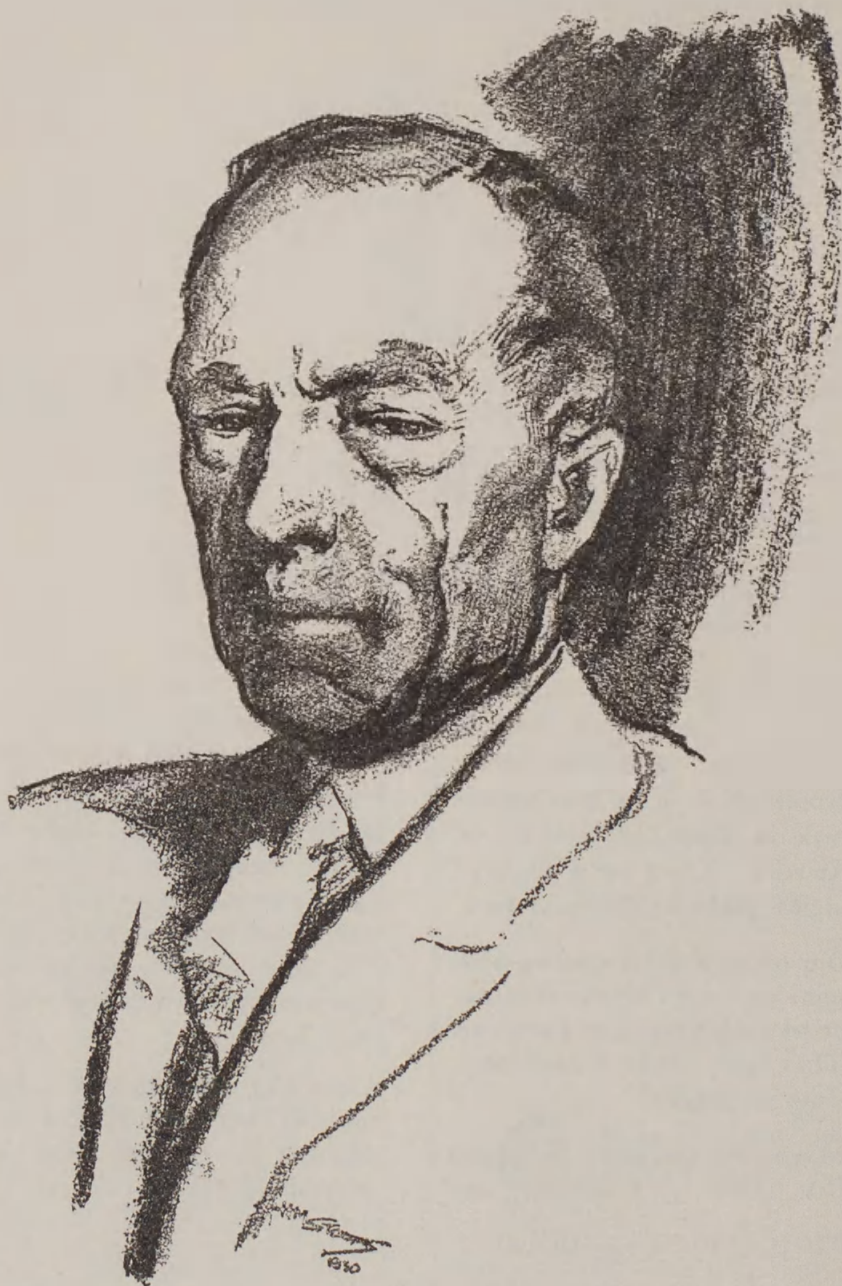
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THE FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

2449-16

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

FARMER ASLEEP

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

He lies asleep—
Old friend of the soil—
Under his tree.
He has left his toil,
Forgotten the rake
That stands by the door,
And the tools that sprawl
On the workhouse floor.
The whetstone yearns
For a creaky start,
But he lies so still
One can see his heart
Thumping the front
Of his denim shirt.
Listless, the chickens
Scratch at the dirt,
And peck at the pears
That thud from the tree,
But he does not hear,
And he does not see.

Forgotten the harrow
That needs his red hands
To guide through the marrow
Of black bottom lands,
For now he is one
With the long afternoon
Of the Indian Summer—
Ghost of June,
And breezes are sweet
With the meadow full ripe
That play at his hair
And scatter his pipe.
But soon he will stretch
From the bench where he lies,

Rubbing reality
Back in his eyes.

When the real sleep comes,
And all is forgotten,
When fields lie fallow,
And fences are rotten,
And the years creak on
Like an old cart wheel,
Will he stir in his sleep,
Will he rouse to feel
Once more for old familiar things?
When the years drop down
Like fruit long ripe,
Over six feet of ground,
Will he reach for his pipe?

Some say surely he will arise,
Rubbing eternity back in his eyes,
And some, "Nevermore,"
But the wind that blows
From the meadowland mourns:
"Who knows? Who knows?"

THE FIRST SNOW AT THE RANCH

BY H. RAYNESFORD MULDER

The ranch-house built against a slope of hill,
Bound left and right by gullies, knows how the wind
Can start at midnight, whining at the sill;
A prairie ghost that roams undisciplined.

The coyotes howl at dusk, and man gives thanks
For thickness of a wall and roof as form
Of cover before dark. It's then he banks
A fire and listens to the song of storm.

The cattle lowed at dark! No marvel they
Were grazing near the sheltered bluff and under;
For snow like stars is coming down to stay
Awhile. The air is full of crystal wonder.

THE WORLD BEYOND THE HILLS

BY TED OLSON

I. WHEAT

THE summer tide of men had set north through the midlands, and Dan Madison was caught up in the tug of it. It was a motley and irresistible tide. It clotted briefly in flat little prairie towns, identical and somehow indecent in the baldness with which they declared their meager essence to the flat and featureless sky. It dispersed again into a world of level immensity, a world expanding in planes of fierce bronze to the horizon's flickering perimeter. In that bronze circle machines nibbled like maggots along the edge of the great rectangles and lozenges and trapezoids that segmented its disc. Their drone lifted peevishly into the breathless air. They clung with dreary industry to the shrinking spiral of their course, peeling each geometrical sector as if it were an apple. When the bronze had given way to the pallid gold of stubble the tide knotted again and flowed northward. Kansas—Nebraska—the Dakotas—Montana—Alberta—clear to the Peace River, there finally to break and trickle back by a thousand obscure channels to its various sources.

Dan, sucked into the wheat harvest with small volition of his own, was too intimately a part of the current to sense its epic rhythm. He saw, instead, the burnished expanse of Peterson's northeast quarter, simmering under a July sun; the hunched bulk of Peterson himself on the header seat, reins taut in his big fists; the first shower of bearded heads from the elevator belt, steady into a river of burnt gold as

the rattle of gears swelled into a staccato song; the wiry, capable back of his companion, holding the bays to a steady stride that kept the barge neatly under the wheaten waterfall. Then the yellow tide was mounting about Dan's ankles and he had no time to gaze or ponder further until they had their cargo and Bogan swung aside and started for the stack.

Bogan, he had said his name was, disdaining to amplify it. He was a lean youth with bronze hair and a face all planes and edges like a faun's. The harvest had caught him and tossed him up, as it had Dan, at Peterson's; Peterson had sent them out together that morning because Bogan was an old hand and Dan a novice. Now they measured each other with the half-hostile, half-eager scrutiny of strange dogs or strange boys.

"First wheat harvest?" asked Bogan.

"Uh-huh."

"Where you from?"

"Wyoming."

"I'm from Texas. But I been everywhere."

It was said quite casually, with no flavor of braggadocio, and Dan was to learn that within reasonable limits of exaggeration it was justified.

When the barge floor was bared and the bays were plodding back toward the header he continued.

"This is a tough graft. You wanta get out of it when you see the chance. I'm going to. It don't pay dividends. Maybe I'll follow the harvest up to Calgary, but never again. Fall comes,

I'm heading for the big timber out Idaho-way. I'd rather freeze than boil away, any day."

"I quit the ranch because I was sick of grubbing around in the sun and the mosquitoes," Dan confessed.

"You'll be wishing you were back . . . Come on, it's our turn."

It was cruelly warm. There was no stir in the dead air, heavy as a hand at forehead and throat. The burnished stubble and the pouring bronze torrent seemed to radiate a metallic heat; the fork handle scorched calloused palms. Dust eddied up from the parched earth and furred nostrils and lips. At every visit to the stack they gulped long drafts from a canvas water bag; it banished thirst only for a matter of minutes, but at least it fed the perspiration that drenched their clothes until the cloth was cemented to the flexing muscles beneath.

Mid-forenoon Dan felt a sudden fierce sting at his neck; his hand crunched a tough, gristly insect body. He looked up to find the air thick with its fellows.

"Hell!" said Bogan. "We're in for it. Flying ants."

There was no escaping that pestilence. The bays, restive under the pain, fought and fretted, and Dan's hands were full in keeping them in control. He had no time to brush away the swarming horde. Their touch was like acid. They crawled inside collar and sleeve, and clung malignantly. Dan tucked a corner of handkerchief under his hat and let the rest flap loose, but it helped little; there was no wind to fan it. Bogan, resourceful from experience, found a better expedient. At the stack he took an old coat and fastened it to the highest timber of the

barge, where it served to decoy away some at least of their tormentors.

"We get a siege of this every day or so," he explained. "I told you this graft paid no dividends."

Dan was to subscribe fervently to that dictum that day and in the days following—days which burned past in a remorseless incandescence, sucked sap and spirit out of men. His skin, bronzed as it was by a more temperate sun, blistered and peeled. The stiff beards of the wheat ate his ankles raw, squirmed somehow into his clothes and clung there to sting the flesh with an incessant irritation. Recurrently the singing cloud of ants descended upon them. And always there was the heat.

Evening brought a certain respite, but it was only a qualified one. The bunkhouse stank of stale tobacco and sweaty clothes. A kerosene lamp burned odorously, hollowing out a ragged core of yellow. Jess and Heinie bickered interminably over cribbage. Smitty sometimes took a hand; more often he sprawled on his bed, gross and swarthy, and told stories of a casual and effortless vileness. The fourth of their company they called Molly. Night after night he sat at the edge of the table, a pair of steel-bowed spectacles low on his nose, one crooked finger tracing back and forth across the pages of a book. The hand was intricately tattooed; on the forearm a nude woman poised voluptuously; and Dan was briefly amazed when he discovered, that first evening, that the book was a Bible.

Once they invited Dan to join in a little game of seven-up, but he refused. Sometimes Smitty would sit in for an evening of solo. And once it was poker, and Bogan proceeded, very coolly and

competently, to strip the three of their available cash and to accumulate a pocketful of IOU's.

"Cigarette lighters," he told Dan later. "Playing with that outfit don't pay any dividends. They'll fade like a dollar shirt when Peterson pays off. I just wanted to clean 'em for the fun of it. I'm a bearcat at poker."

Whether it was cribbage or solo or poker or none of them, the conversation varied little, and it was incredibly scrofulous. The tale of their travels was a directory of brothels, a catalog of harlots. They debated the relative merits of the women of various nationalities. They recounted anecdotes of seduction, in explicit and nauseous detail, and it was a point of pride not to be outdone by the others. Dan was no innocent; he had mingled with hired men before and knew their speech. But he had no stomach for these chronicles. If sometimes he listened with shamed fascination, he came away feeling somehow physically soiled.

Through these evening colloquies Molly sat seemingly unhearing, while his lips flavored visibly the words of the Scripture and his finger moved laboriously along the lines. Yet once Dan came across him in the barn when a shifting hoof had bruised his foot. He was booting the horse in the belly with all his strength and his lips spewed a shrill torrent of filth.

Bogan, sharing so much of background with the others, nevertheless was not of them. He was set apart by his own cold scorn of them and by a certain sinewy integrity that Dan recognized no less surely because he could not define it. There was an edge to Bogan. Unschooled, unread, unmoral, nevertheless his personality had a hard,

compact clarity that made the others seem amorphous. A sturdy egoism, a hint of healthy arrogance kept his individuality whetted keen against the dulling friction of a society exemplified by Heinie and Smitty and Jess. He would be himself whatever the squeeze of circumstance—self-sufficient and explicit as a bullet.

Bogan was nineteen. He had been on his own, as he phrased it, since his father had turned him adrift nearly three years before.

"I ruined a girl," he explained simply. "Or her folks said I did. She was a tart, but dad wouldn't believe it. I guess she was sort of dippy about me. Women do fall for me."

It was said quite disinterestedly; a matter of recorded fact, no more.

He had made his way west to the Pacific then; worked for a while in the orange groves; stowed away on a Dollar liner and been sent back from Hawaii; hired out as a cook's assistant in a lumber camp; crossed the continent in a Northern Pacific dining car under the tutelage of Negro chefs; panhandled on the Bowery; toiled as a deck hand on a southbound coastal freighter; sweated in the turpentine camps of Alabama; labored in a Colorado smelter. He was an initiate of a surprising number of crafts, but his last thought was to settle seriously upon any one of them. One motive dominated him—an insatiable greed for experience. He did not bother to assess it or sublimate it; it was enough to savor each adventure and abandon it for the next.

"Maybe it don't pay any dividends," he summed up. "There's plenty of it like—this." He swung a disdainful hand over the flat metallic disc of the

wheatland. "But it sorta makes up for everything when you get paid off, and you got a roll bulging out your pocket, and you strut up the main drag and look in the windows and watch the girls go by, and you start figuring where you'd like to head next, and you know that nobody can tell you where to go or what to do or what not to do. And maybe you hop a freight and crawl up on top and she rolls along with the stars over you and the country drifting by and the wind cool and nice smells coming up outa the fields; and tomorrow there's a brand new town to look over."

Dan often enough needed his reassurance. He would not have confessed to homesickness; or acknowledged even to himself that he could think of returning to Grandon and seeking a reconciliation with the brother whose iron rule he had fled. But often in the laggard late hours of afternoon, when the day burned with a fierce valedictory malevolence; when muscles were a flaccid ache and the mind torpid with weariness, the picture of the ranch recurred to him with a persistent warmth. Often enough, from the edge of sleep, the future took on a bleak and minatory aspect; the world widened appallingly before him, and he was very little and lonely and frightened in its inimical expanse.

This, then, was the world beyond the hills—drudgery again, the familiar drudgery of the soil, altered in detail but not in essence; heat and the salt taste of perspiration and the stupor of muscle weariness; food gulped while the clock nibbled greedily at the brief reprieve from labor; sleep taken like a narcotic. These were the things he had thought to escape; instead he

had only learned that they were potent beyond the power of mere geography to exorcise.

II. THE END OF BOGAN

They left Peterson's suddenly and in a fashion that earned them no especial favor with their employer. It was Bogan's impulse, taken explosively one afternoon when the fires of the sun seemed to have melted into one ultimate cauldron and spilled on the tormented world, when the ants were a seething madness around their heads.

"I'm through," he announced. "Let's quit and move on. What do you say?"

Dan was too delighted by that tacit offer of partnership to demur, had he wished, and that night they found themselves in Sandersville. There Bogan took command and led the way with his calm assumption of authority—to a clothing store, where Dan added sundry necessities to the scant wardrobe he had worn away from home; to a barber shop, where they rented the bathroom and soaped and scrubbed and reveled in the luxury of thorough immersion. Afterward a hair trim and a shave. They emerged consciously immaculate and groomed as perfectly as might be. Supper followed, and they set forth seeking conquest.

That evening established a pattern that recurred wherever a town interrupted the deeper rhythm of the harvest. There were always girls to be plucked out of the drift of the Saturday night crowd, girls who giggled too easily and shrilly, who slipped pliantly into the curve of your arm in shadowy movie houses, who danced tirelessly, with a feverish enjoyment, who gave their kisses cheaply. To all this Bo-

gan initiated Dan. Bogan thought simply and moved with a rather appalling directness. He went efficiently about satisfying the needs ripened during harsh weeks in the wheat fields. Beer first, for throats furred with barge dust; clean clothes and clean skins and cropped skulls; food for empty stomachs. And then—romance.

And if the romance was strangely shrunken and cheap compared with the glamorous connotations the word had held for Dan, that shrinkage seemed characteristic of everything in this world beyond the hills. Yet he could not quite forego the conviction that all this was merely the prelude; that the real adventure lay somewhere still a little way beyond, bright and gallant and perilous.

They moved north on the crest of that great tide of which they were unwittingly a part. Sandersville and Peterson's dwindled behind; they were completed, they were nothing, they had ceased to exist. Other towns, other farms replaced them and joined them in ultimate oblivion. There was no continuity in existence as Dan and Bogan and their fellows knew it. Each day was discrete, unique; no associations, no obligations bound it to its predecessor. And yet in another sense there was continuity. One day reiterated another. Other towns were Sandersville reincarnated; their minor variations served merely to emphasize their essential identity. And labor conformed to a similar likeness: heat and flies and ants; raw skins and rebellious muscles and nights never quite long enough. Jess and Smitty and Heinie had their counterparts in every bunkhouse; the talk of an evening was equally noisome and unimaginatively vile.

There came a time when the bronze fields were pale stubble and the prairie roads were smoke as an endless procession of high wagons bore wheat to the elevators. Almost nose to tail-board they came, over all that swelling empire on both sides of the border. The harvest was over. Its henchmen, freed from the tug that had drawn them northward, blew their separate ways, like the chaff from the separators that were devouring the stacks they had laboriously built.

Dan and Bogan came into Tory River in mid-August, and debated where next the road should take them.

"Tomorrow," said Bogan, "we start west. We can ride the cushions instead of the rods if we feel like it. Two days, we'll be in the tall uncut. I'll show you country that is country, young fella. Tonight we celebrate."

Having their separate errands, they agreed to meet at the Elkhorn Bar at supper time. Dan's first objective was the postoffice, where he compressed into a postal card all he thought his brother needed to know of his past activities and future plans. It was strictly a one-sided correspondence he kept up with Jeff. He was not yet quite sure that his brother might not seek to have him brought back, if he knew definitely of his whereabouts; he was careful therefore to post messages only when the next day would find him well on his way elsewhere. And he did not particularly miss the lack of a reply. What would Jeff have found to say if he had set awkward pen to paper? Dan knew so inevitably the routine of Jeff's life that he felt letters could have told him little. Impossible to think of his brother's existence as other than static. He could return in five years, in ten, and

nothing would be different. Youth conceives thus of the world and the people outside of itself; flux, change, are qualities peculiar to it alone.

Bogan was not visible when Dan elbowed his way into the crowded saloon at six o'clock. He sipped a beer while he waited. Five minutes—ten—brought no Bogan. Then the bartender, returning from a trip to the back room, leaned over and accosted him:

"Were you looking for a red-headed kid? He's in the back room. Says to tell you to come back."

The designated room, shut off from the bar by a swinging door, was hot and muggy; it smelled of stale tobacco and the dregs of many beers. Two of the tables were occupied; at one a pair of ancients bent over a checker board; at the other he spied Bogan and three others. They were playing cards—poker, he recognized, as Bogan looked up and nodded to him to join them.

"Stick around a little, Dan," he begged. "I'll pull out in a couple hands. And say, meet the boys. This is Dan Madison. Bud Schorek and Louie Seenor and Judd Caldwell."

They nodded acknowledgement, inattentively, and returned to the business in hand. A half-empty glass stood at Bogan's elbow, and wet rings told where others had been before. His forehead was damp and a little flushed, his eyes intent and hard. As Dan watched he called Seenor's full house with an inadequate trio of kings, and his stack of chips shrank accordingly. So the play seesawed, until Bogan scowled up at Dan and said:

"Hell, I can't quit now. I'm behind. You go ahead and eat. I'll be with you later. And say, tell his nibs out front to send me back a sandwich and a beer,

will you? Make it cheese on rye."

There was a nibble of uneasiness somewhere inside Dan as he reluctantly sat down to a solitary supper. He had never quite overcome his feeling that gambling was a little unholy and more than a little perilous. His had been a frugal youth; money had been too hard to come by to permit him to squander it lightly. And there was something frightening about men's faces when they played—tense and furtive and predatory; the cards seemed to suck the humanity out of them.

But surely there was no need to be concerned about Bogan. He had seen his mastery of the cards before. It was Bogan's way to be satisfied with nothing short of mastery in any craft to which he set his hand.

So he dawdled over his meal, and the last apricot glow at the street-ends had dimmed when he turned once more to the Elkhorn Bar. The back room was busier now; all the tables were filled. The air was thicker, the rattle of converse more vociferous. The swinging door wagged recurrently to admit a white-coated waiter with a tray of glasses. As Dan entered that person nipped the empty glass from beside Bogan's elbow and replaced it with a brimming one. It was precariously near the edge, for Bogan was barricaded now behind neatly heaped stacks of chips, and those of his companions were correspondingly low. He acknowledged Dan's coming with a quick nod and a terse flicker of a grin.

"Coming my way," he explained needlessly. "Stick around and watch me flatten these boys."

He shoved four blues to the center, seeing Caldwell's raise and doubling it. Dan wondered how many times that

glass had been emptied and replenished. Bogan's hand was steady as ever and his speech clipped and true, but his face was hot and his eyes fevered.

Caldwell's four queens proved to have the better of it, however, and in the next two pots one of Bogan's neat columns melted away. Twice he failed to get openers; then he raked in another pot, but it was a small one. At length Dan grew weary of watching.

"Looks as if you were here for the evening," he grumbled. "I'm going to a movie and then to bed."

"Suit yourself. I can't quit now when the boys are itching for a chance to recoup, can I?"

A queer game, Dan mused, in which you were obliged to continue playing whether you were ahead or behind. He was a little disgruntled at Bogan's defection. They had hardly been separated this long before in their weeks of partnership. The motion picture was stupid, too; he found himself yawning in the midst of it, until at last he walked out without waiting for the ultimate embrace. It had been a dismal evening, this that was to have celebrated their emancipation from the drudgery of the wheatlands and toasted their entry upon new highways of adventure. And Bogan was responsible. Dan decided against a third visit to the card room, and turned toward their lodgings. Bogan could come when he was ready. Dan refused to worry further over his fortunes.

That mood lasted to the frontiers of slumber. Then the day and its grievances shut behind him like a door and the morrow opened out with an infinite shining promise. Tomorrow and the tomorrows that were to follow, no longer hot and narrow and drab, but wide

and splendid with the expanding horizons Bogan had pledged them to explore. The weeks past had been merely an apprenticeship; now the world was to be his. It unlocked before him in dreams which he and Bogan trod together.

Sometime in the night he stirred to a dim consciousness of a light clicked on in the room, of someone tiptoeing in and closing the door with infinite care. Then he relaxed into slumber that did not break until the bare cubicle was washed in the gelid pallor of morning.

He yawned and stretched, and in the gesture discovered that he was alone. Puzzled, he heaved on an elbow to inspect Bogan's place in the bed. The pillow was rounded and smooth, with no hollow of a burrowing head. The covers had not been flung back. Apparently no one had shared the bed with him.

Dan struggled to reassemble that confused impression of someone entering the room during the night. He was sure it was no dream. Then where was Bogan? Had the poker game lasted all night, as often enough games did? Then why had he returned to the room and gone again?

Dan gave up the puzzle and began to dress. And there he made his second discovery. He had placed his billfold, containing the ninety-odd dollars that remained from his labors in the wheat harvest, under the pillow before he went to bed the night before. It was gone.

Gone. There was no mistake. He tore the bed up in his hunt for it, tugged the bedstead from the wall and got on his knees to grub under it. There was no billfold.

A sick panic swept over him, turning his knees to gruel, planting a leaden

nausea in the pit of his stomach. He sank on the bed. His wits somehow had disintegrated; he struggled to seize upon some nucleus of ordered thought and got only spinning chaos. And then, inexorably, chaos resolved itself into a conviction which he knew he had all along been trying to escape.

Bogan had been in the room. Bogan had taken his money. Bogan was gone.

Phrasing it thus endued it with a bleak finality. Dan felt suddenly there was no doubt. Cool again and strangely dispassionate, he reconstructed the story. Bogan had lost his own money. Seenor and Caldwell and Schorck were professional card sharps; how had he failed to guess it before? His own roll gone, Bogan had refused to admit defeat, had been goaded on by that blind gambler's illogic that knows indubitably the turn of luck will come if only one can find the wherewithal for one more hazard. He had not wittingly robbed Dan; he doubtless had only meant to borrow enough to mend his fortunes. And that had gone after the other. And then . . .

Perhaps he was at the Elkhorn Bar now, afraid to face Dan, afraid to confess his betrayal—Bogan, the arrogant, the blade-like youth who cut through life so dominant and assured. Dan felt a sudden rush of compassion for that proud head bowed.

But Bogan was not at the Elkhorn. A yawning bartender grudgingly answered Dan's questions. The game had broken up about two o'clock. Yeah, they'd trimmed the young fellow proper, he guessed. He'd gone out once and come back and sat in again, and that time they picked him clean. Looked like a whipped pup when he came out.

He'd tried to tip him off, quiet, but he'd been too bull-headed to listen.

Yeah, come to think of it, he *had* noticed where he went: he headed west, toward the tracks.

Dan was out in the street again, in the tart blue morning. The sun was low; the town was still drowsing and the sidewalks were unseemly loud under random steps. He turned up the frowsy thoroughfare along the smudged swale of the railroad. He hardly expected to overtake Bogan, but he felt the need of doing something, of anaesthetizing with mere motion the chill nausea within him. He had shaped no plan of what he would do if he should find Bogan; time enough for that when they met.

A freight was clanking clumsily out of the yards, westward-bound. A switch engine dozed on a siding, breathing steamily. From the roundhouse across the tracks the seven o'clock siren swelled into a quivering bawl and subsided again.

Up ahead, where the town tattered out into sooty fringes of low shacks and leprous dump land, Dan saw a little knot of men. They were stooped around something close to the tracks where the freight was wagging its caboose as if in a gesture of farewell. Something on the ground, flat and shapeless, a huddle of discarded clothes or a form under a blanket.

Behind Dan there was the howl of a siren, the crescendo snarl of a speeding motor. He dodged to the ditch as it swooped past in a seethe of dust. An ambulance.

Dan began to run. The car came to a halt with a squeal of brake-bands; two white-uniformed men stepped down.

Dan was alongside almost as soon as they.

One of the men in the little knot by the tracks was explaining.

"You're too late, I'm afraid. It's a bo. Slipped under the wheels when he tried to hop a freight, by the looks of it. Took his legs off at the hips. Musta been here an hour, by the blood."

One of the men in white was kneeling by that blanketed shape. He folded back the edge of the covering and peered into the still face beneath. His back hid it from Dan, but there was no doubt in Dan's mind what he would have seen. The man's fingers sought the pulse for a moment; he lifted an eyelid and let it fall. Replacing the blanket, he stood up with a shake of the head.

"Dead. Better call the coroner before we move him. Can't do him any good now anyway. There'll be an inquest, I suppose. Andy will want you fellows to testify. Anybody with him?"

"Not that I know of. If there was they beat it."

Dan clamped his teeth on a chill that kept rising through him and was not born of the morning sharpness. Otherwise he was numb. Words were repeating themselves to him, orderly and precise and quite meaningless; they had lost power to penetrate the understanding.

"This is Bogan. Dead. He was afraid to come back and say he had lost my money and so he ran away. He'd been drinking and he slipped. He never did that before. It was because he was drunk. He was running away."

And then again and again, a tomtom iteration: "Dead. Dead. Dead. Bogan is dead. Bogan is dead." Until at last the numbness began to wear off and

the words were not just words, but something real and unspeakably dreadful, and he wanted to fling himself on that huddled shape and tear away the blanket and shake the still shoulders and cry "Bogan! Bogan! Wake up! It's Dan. You didn't need to run away, Bogan. You didn't need to."

Dwindling into the distance the freight hooted twice, remote and eerie. The shining rails were empty again. They arrowed westward until they were lost in the morning haze. Taut and purposeful, they pointed the way that he and Bogan were to have gone that day, the splendid way to new adventure. The way that Bogan now would never tread with him.

The little knot of men was breaking up. They drew apart from the huddle on the ground, lighting cigarettes, seeking to relax the tension in desultory gossip. Dan stood alone, wondering if he should declare himself, questioning what good he could do Bogan now, dreading entanglement in the cryptic processes of the law which the word inquest had suggested.

And then a flurry of wind skirling through the track dust flipped aside the fold of blanket over the dead man's face. It was not Bogan. It was the face of a man much older, swarthy, Latin, heavily pocked.

Bewilderment, disbelief, a dazed relief struggled in Dan. And mingled with the three was a queer something incredibly like disappointment. He felt somehow let down, a little dashed by this ironic denouement.

"Dead! Hell!" he told himself dully. "Not him. He made his getaway all right. Quit me—cold."

Shame crawled over him in the wake of the words, but could not quite banish

the curious resentment that Bogan should be alive when he himself had endured all the first fierce agony of grief for his death; worse, that he should have become a Bogan so different from the one he had known, or thought he knew.

"Quit, cold," he repeated. "He couldn't stand the gaff."

Under the words the whole image of Bogan seemed to disintegrate, to sustain a swift transmutation into something shrunken and mean and ordinary. The glory had departed, from Bogan, from the whole scheme of life he had typified. It was not gallant and debonaire and audacious. It was merely fur-

tive, cheap, a sequence of evasions and escapes, a repudiation of every responsibility and allegiance. Disloyalty like Bogan's was nothing monstrous; it was part of the pattern.

Dan felt suddenly tired, a little nauseated.

For a long minute he stared westward, along the shining empty rails that somehow had lost all of their glamour. Bogan was out there somewhere, following the trail they had mapped together. What did it matter?

"Adventure—hell!" said Dan. "I wonder if I can find another job."

He trudged heavily back toward Tory River.

DEPENDENCE

BY ESTHER TILDEN SANDERS

The old doubts come stealing back upon me,
Old buried pain creeps ghostlike thru the room.
I turn away from festive lights and laughter,—
They rasp me like a viol out of tune.

I walk alone thru streets of quiet darkness,
Night wraps me in a mantle with my fears,
And in the wind I feel a soft compassion,
And wistful clouds pass by with unshed tears.

If you could come across the miles between us
For just this hour—if space were not a ban—
If I could clasp your hand in close communion
And hear you say, "Why, dear, of course you can—"

Then I could turn on this advancing army,
These brazen doubts that come a dauntless foe,
And rout them with the magic of my laughter,
But you are gone—and, oh, I need you so.

SIX CURTAINS

BY HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

1. The Three Old Ladies

They edged at twilight down the village walks,
Met and conspired where the oaks were thick,
The three old ladies slim as hollyhocks,
Their eyes like beetles and their tongues a-click.
Somewhat beyond the village where Fall's Trail
Crept toward the hills the six black eyes discerned
The rusty shack . . . the bride's house with the pale
Six curtains where the flames of sunset burned.

"You won't stay long!" they'd said . . . "For good!" she'd vowed . . .
There in that shack all fall she'd cooked and peered
Out through six curtains while her husband plowed.
"You won't stay long!" . . . And now three spinsters leered
Across harsh fields to gloat, "I told you so!"—
And darkness coming where no white would show . . .

2. The Bride's Story

The three old spinsters went . . . Across the stumps
She saw their black hats bobbing, saw the crows
Circle, descend, then lift off toward the humps
Of the emerald hills . . . Since then how many snows
Had fallen and how many times the white
Frail curtains at the windows seemed a drift
Forever on the fields from dawn till night,
Whether it snowed or not? . . . Each time she'd lift
The curtains and her eyes no snow was there—
But those bleak stumps, and wider than before
Her husband's plowing lines, and in the air
Those black crows circling always . . . On the door
He found her note like crow feet on white snow:
"If white was black and black was white, you'd know."

3. The Husband's Story

"There are too many women in this world,"
He said, and plowed his lines, watching the furrow
Turn darkly back, and where the road was curled
Below the stumpy slope watching the narrow
Black spinsters going home. "There are too many

Dark hearts whose only magic is for knowing
 How proud the weak are, where the veriest penny
 Will turn the scales of heaven. Those curtains blowing—
 What won't women mock you with!" His constant toil
 Merged with the months. The winter spread a whiteness
 The damp earth leached away; the furrowed soil
 Stiffened, while his salt lips would not confess
 How hard life lines the heart . . . When white goes black
 It's black that leaves and only black comes back.

4. The Empty Cabin

"They're gone!" . . . The three slim spinsters pushed the door
 Against the cabin's quiet, felt the chill
 Unhuman hands of twilight. "See, the floor
 Is clean as any table! . . . Why, the till
 Of her old trunk is empty! . . . 'Pon my word,
 She left his picture!" . . . And, "Why, sure enough
 He was a foxy buzzard, a hard bird;
 I doubt he ever felt an honest love."
 They stared out through the curtains where the gloom
 Was thickening. They felt the chintz; appraised
 An epitaph in white that had been doom.
 And, seeing something less where she had gazed,
 They took the curtains down which they had given . . .
 And three black effigies marched up to heaven.

"I TELL YOU—"

BY ROBERT BEARDSLEY

I tell you
 There is in life
 In love and death
 In this day's limping hours
 In this disfigurement of a white surface,
 A thing not understood
 Not met, not fled from,
 Bluer than the eye can countenance,
 With more iron in it than ever clipped flesh,

A thing to glory in . . .
 And put at infinite remove.

NIGHT SHIFT

BY J. F. R. HAVARD

MOUNTAIN Consolidated Mining Company was driving a three-thousand-foot development tunnel deep into the granite base of that bare-topped, forest-skirted mammoth of the northern Rockies known as Red Mountain.

This is the story of one February night shift, not unusual in any respect and without the sharp excitement that marked other shifts—for instance, the night when the miners reeled out into the open from a gassy tunnel and one husky fellow collapsed with purple face and ballooned chest, or the New Year's morning when the water ran blood-red after the blast and everyone thought that the Big Strike had been made.

The mercury on this particular night was stagnant at twenty below and the sky was clear and without moon. A distant offshoot of the Continental Divide stood in jagged silhouette against the haze of the Northern Lights. The canyon, the sides of the mountains, the pines, the ice on the creek, the winding road—all things—were snow-covered. But the snow was thin atop the warm, tar-papered engine-house. A barren circle of roof on the log blacksmith shop surrounded the forge's sooty stack. And the end of the dump, which crowded Ten Mile creek against the far bank, was smeared with the day shift's muck.

II.

The night crew of six men was going on shift. The miners were in the small dry-room behind the engine-house, changing to their digging clothes in the yellow glow of their carbide lamps and the warmth of an old box-

heater, while Slim, the young engineer, started his semi-Diesel-engine-driven air compressor. This was Mountain Consolidated's first winter and operations were as yet crude. The only means of ventilation in the tunnel, then past the thousand-foot mark, was an ancient compressed-air sucker, salvaged from a deserted mine, and many battered lengths of second-hand tin pipe.

Since the miners were not expected to enter the tunnel until the compressor was operating and the sucker drawing bad air from the face, Slim was making his starting preparations rapidly. The thin, long flame of his carbide lamp, which was hooked miner-style to his cap, hissed and gurgled as he stepped quickly around the engine with an oil can or a chunk of waste. In a corner of the engine-house a blow torch, enveloped in a greasy pile of flame, tossed wavering shadows on the rafters of the low roof. Parts of gleaming gray paint and polished brass reflected the fire-light, and the pride of the engineers in the company's newest and finest piece of machinery.

Slim turned on the blow torch and placed a roaring blue flame on the hot tube in the engine's liner head. A miner opened the dry-room door, looked at the torch, and turning to the men, warned them, "She'll be running in a few minutes." The "hard-rockers" tightened the laces of white rubber boots, donned black slickers, rammed southwesters on their heads and selected dry gloves from the assortment under the stove.

The tube cherry red, Slim inspected

the engine for the last time, squinted at an air gauge, opened a valve and quickly jerked and released the starting lever. It was difficult work with only a carbide lamp to dimly outline the machine. The engine turned over slowly, sluggish with cold, was hit by another charge of starting air and still another, fired, missed, fired again, and with increasing cadence of explosions began to gather speed. A little generator was belt-driven from one of the fly-wheels and a light gradually glowed into brilliance on the switchboard. Slim made rapid adjustments here and there, and, stepping to the switches, snapped on the electricity. Lights flashed in the dry-room and engine-house, up in the blacksmith shop, out on the end of the dump, at the tunnel mouth. The compressor cut out, and idling, the engine rumbled softly with only twenty pounds pressure on the air piston.

The miners walked through the engine-house, climbed the steps to the blacksmith shop, recharged their lamps, and then, illuminated for a brief second under the light on the portal timbers, one by one stepped into the square blackness of the tunnel.

III.

The shivering trammer, Dave, out in the icy air to dump a steaming carload of muck, rapped on the air line. In response to the signal, Slim appeared in the engine-house doorway.

"Give 'em the air," Dave shouted.

Slim waved answer, slammed the door, stepped to the engine and threw the unloader lever. The swishing of air through idle valves ceased and became a sharp clicking; the gentle throbbing of the exhaust gave way to a staccato pounding that tossed rings of smoke

high into the air and told ranchers seven miles down the canyon that young Bill's men were drilling another round. The gauge on the receiver quivered up the scale and, pound by pound, gained pressure towards the unloading point of ninety-five, with sucker turned off and miners ready to drill.

IV.

At the face of the tunnel, mounted on a horizontal jack bar, a high-speed rock drill hammered a churning length of steel into the granite. A wild terror of sound roared from the machine, clamored and echoed against the ragged walls, surged into the deafened ears of miners and muckers, and crashed for hundreds of feet down the tunnel before losing its terrific energy. The whole place seemed to vibrate until the walls must collapse, and the big drops of water that spattered men, muck and slippery rails were as if shaken from the roof. Compressed air fog spouted from the drill's exhaust port and enveloped the entire scene, softened the hard walls, shrouded the figures of the men, dimmed the carbide lamps into yellowness, and, permeated with oily odor, drifted back into the darkness.

Gaunt, hook-nosed, taciturn John knelt on the muck pile, turning the crank at the end of the machine and expertly forcing the steel ahead. Indian-faced and patient as the drill vibrated forward, he made only two motions, the rotary twist of his right arm on the crank and the slow turn of his head to squirt tobacco juice over his shoulder. When a length of steel was driven to its shank, he jerked a little control, threw the machine into part speed and cranked it back while it chugged evenly. Sam, his partner,

plump, pink, white-haired and lazy, stood between bar and face, ready to change steel in the instant between the backward and forward motions of the drill. If the machine stuck, Sam pounded the steel with his wrench. Except to fill the water tank, he seldom moved from his position, where he changed steels and contemplated the slime that oozed from the holes. But sometimes the drillers had trouble.

The muckers sweated. Perspiration rolled down their faces, their wet shirts clung to their thick chests, their damp trouser knees were worn smooth by the shovel handles. When Scotty, the canny highlander, bought his annual pair of working pants, he promptly sewed three patches on the left knee, where the shovel rubs, and two patches on the right knee and the seat. The patches came from the overalls that were to be retired from active service. He and his stocky partner, Ed, worked side by side, scraped their shovels on the turn sheet, plunged the "square-points" under the muck, lifted the rock over brawny shoulders, and crashed their loads into the car behind, working tirelessly and with perfect timing. Car after car was pushed empty to the muck sheets, and car after car disappeared loaded down the track to the trammer. When one mucker rode a car to Dave's switch, the other cleaned the sheets of spilled rock and picked down the pile. The two muckers were convinced that they were the best pair of shovelers in all the camps of the county.

Suddenly, with a silence that crashed like sound, the drill ceased roaring. Something was wrong; a length of steel refused to fit into place. Sam inspected the chuck. He exploded into profanity. He raved and sputtered and somehow

conveyed the information that the water needle was smashed. John mumbled one blasphemous sentence and bit off a corner of plug.

Sam glanced at the muckers and noticed that they had a car nearly full. "Oh, Scotty!" he shouted, and when the Scotchman heard him above the noise of shovels and the hiss of escaping air, "Say, will you tell Dave to get a water needle? And, let's see, about the powder"—Sam conferred a moment with his partner—"twelve primers, all double—it's damn wet—and a box of powder."

"You bet, Sam." Scotty and Ed threw a few final shovelfuls on the loaded car and pulled out the wedge from under the wheels. Scotty pushed off, jumped on the little platform at the rear of the truck, slung his light on the side and went coasting down-grade towards the portal. At the switch ahead a light glowed. It swung up and down, clear-track signal from Dave. The car gathered momentum. A few feet from the switch Scotty grabbed his light and dropped off. Dave swung on, throwing his weight so as to gain even more precious speed. "Water needle—dozen primers, double—box-a-powder," yelled Scotty above the racket of the car. "All r-i-g-h-t," came the fading answer from the trammer as he careened down the crooked track, clicked over joints, flashed past timbers, swayed close to buttresses of rock, ducked his head under sprags, clanked over switches, and hoping that no treacherous roof-fragments had fallen on the rails, sped recklessly towards the looming, dull-gray portal with rickety car and ton of muck.

V.

It was three in the morning. The miners had drilled the top holes, eaten

lunch and, returning to the face, had just completed putting in the lifters. The muckers had shoveled the last car off the rough and had laid and weighted the sheets. Dave, the trammer, who worked split shifts, was already home and asleep.

It was nearly time to spit, time to light the fuses that set off the round. Scotty, who hated to be in the tunnel when the shots went off, was nervously loading a car with dulled steel. Sam was handing sticks of powder to John, who drove and tamped them into the holes. Ed was waiting for the spare powder.

John carefully pushed the last primer, with its long fuses, into place, and shoved the final two sticks of powder after it. Sam handed the box to Ed, who flung it into Scotty's car.

"Let's go," said Scotty, climbing in with the powder. Ed pushed off, jumped on the foothold, and the car sped down the track. Lights buzzing, wheels rattling, steel clanking, Scotty and Ed and the left-over dynamite coasted wildly towards the portal.

With speed and precision, the miners spitted their holes. Sam cut the fuses and John touched them off with his carbide lamp. No time was wasted. Sam's lamp hung within easy reach in case his partner's should fail. Each newly lighted fuse contributed to a thickening haze of heavy, white smoke. The cut, breast and back holes were spitted in order, and the important lifters last of all. With the smoke choking them and the fuses sizzling ever closer to the caps, the miners turned and walked, almost trotted, down the tunnel.

The concussion of the first shot to go off struck them a dull blow and snuffed

out their lights when they were still several hundred feet from the portal. In the darkness they kept walking, while a series of reverberating blasts followed, eight explosions in all. "One short on top," grunted Sam. After a pause, the tunnel was shaken by three muffled thuds in quick succession, the heavily loaded lifters breaking clean the bottom of the advance and throwing the muck back upon the sheets. The miners stopped only at the portal to hang up the "one short" board, and then emerged into the bitter sting of open air, where clouds of vapor rose from their wet, crinkling slickers and shiny southwesters.

Slim, his face thrown into deep shadow by his cap lamp, stood at the tunnel mouth to meet them. The lights of the homeward-bound muckers glimmered between the trees that lined the mile-long road to camp.

"Oh, Slim," said Sam, "that right-hand lifter drilled black. May be only tourmaline. Well, the boys'll know in the morning; no use us worrying."

"We're supposed to be pretty close to that Netty May vein," replied Slim as he preceded the two men to the engine-house. "Sam, if we stay here long enough we may see trains of ore running out of this tunnel and a big mill on the hillside there and tractors hauling concentrates down to the N. P. and . . ."

"Yeh—if we stay long enough," sneered John.

After he had cut in the load on the compressor to give the sucker more power, Slim stepped into the room where Sam and John were changing clothes and washing.

"I hope she'll warm up, I'm sick of thawing out everything all the time,"

complained Slim, who was not used to the long, severe cold spells of the mountains.

"Didn't I tell you it'd go forty below?" asked Sam, and without waiting for an answer, "I spent two years up in the middle of Alaska. Say, talk about cold, sixty below it was and we sunk our shaft through a hundred feet of frozen ground."

"This is a hell of a country," grumbled big John from deep in his throat as he leaned over to lace his boots. He was unconvinced that any place could be worse.

Sam wrestled with a red mackinaw. John's comment amused him; he chuckled and his blue eyes, pale Montana blue, were almost buried between fat cheek and gray brows. "Say, you shoulda been around here back in the eighties, that first winter when me and another lad come into the eastern part of the state. We got caught late in the fall out in the cattle country with winter on the way fast, so we had to get to work and throw us up a cabin. Didn't have nothin' to chink it with except lots of cow dung. Got it built just in time. It smelled to beat hell, but when she got fifty below we was OK. After that blizzard the cattle was lyin' dead for many a mile around. October of eighty-eight, I think."

John gnawed off a corner of plug. Slim grinned at the yarn. Sam spat-

tered tobacco juice on the floor. Lunch buckets under arm, lamps in hand, collars turned up, the two miners headed for the door.

"Good night," said Slim. John made no response. "Tap 'er light, kid!" sung out Sam, and then turned grinning: "About that lifter and the Netty May, remember what the old prospector said—'Where ore is ore is, and where ore ain't there I be.' So long."

VI.

At four in the morning, Slim, his shift in, strode through the little mining village. He walked past the deserted saloons—with false fronts and sagging roofs—where the hob-nailed and rubber-booted gentry had gathered forty years before, to make this one of the "roaring camps." It was a phantasy of Slim's, especially when passing the skeleton of the old mill on a dark winter night, that the shades of those "single-jackers" were watching with jealous and skeptical eyes this crew of men drive the Red Mountain tunnel, far under the snow-covered scars of forgotten prospect holes. He thought of Sam's black lifter and the expectations for the next round—always the next round. He thought of the old prospector's saying, humorous, but grim, "Where ore ain't there I be." Still that right-hand lifter had drilled black.

Come on, bonanza!

HARVESTER

BY MARTIN PETERSON

I WAS on my way to Portland, driving along the Columbia river highway, considering the Indian summer scenery. I had rounded a turn and was about to step on the gas in order to take advantage of the smooth straight-away ahead when there confronted me about fifty yards off a young fellow with a bundle. He was pointing earnestly down the highway, so I slowed down and picked him up:

"I'm cernly glad you stopped, Mister. I bet I been passed up a million times. I'm cern of one thing, harvest ain't no cinch but anklin' along on four bunions ain't no cinch too."

My companion was a stout young man, cleanly built, with black eyes and a tanned face. His nose and his other features were nicely proportioned; but there is a surprise in every countenance, he had a buck tooth.

"Well," I said, handing my friend a cigarette, "how was the harvest?"

"So-so. I work up around Waco, Beningson ranch. That's a nice jag a land there, right in the fork of the Waco and Clumbia—they allus get a crop. Ol' man Benningson move off the place year ago and his kid, a feller about my age, run it now. To hear him tell it he cernly know how to ranch and his wife's been Miss Waco once and Miss Waco County once and to hear him tell it you'd think she's Mrs. United States, now. Wut a wind-bag! He ain't so bad when he gets down to a you-and-me talk. He's windy and he's got a rep for bein' hard, but he ain't so bad. He's cernly got a nice jag a land. His wife weren't there this summer."

My new friend seemed to be in a talkative mood:

"All summer it was cernly cool mornin's. The ol' sun use to come up, real sudden always, kinda smoky red and it was cernly a nice time a day. We use to throw on our duds, ramble down to the barn in the draw—he built it there so the sand-storms couldn't catch ahold it—and every mornin' a light wind use to blow a sagey smell up from the prairie. Standin' on the gate you could look off east an' see the Clumbia and Waco—the Waco like a piece a baby ribbon windin' way down there through the canyons to the Clumbia—big as a lake.

"Every mornin' we curried down the brones. Brone-sweat is cernly terrible. Then we look over harness, oil er up, and mebbe spank in a rivet here and there. Roy's a hound on top-notch harness. You gotta hand it to 'im on that. Most ranchers fix harness just on Sundays. Roy he fix his every damn day. He cernly was a hound for o. k. harness. It took the five of us about an hour to chores. Dick did the milkin'—a half-grown kid with a pot-belly some 'ployment agency sent out from Portland. You ought to see um eat.

"Most of us got our jobs from Burnside Aployment Agency. Only Charley Wickey was from Waco where the dance-hall is. Browney come from Portland, and so did Dewey. Dewey had three of his finger-tips cut off in the Poulsen lumber mill last fall."

We rode up and down hills for awhile, neither of us paying much attention to the scenery.

"After chores we'd go to breakfast. Bacon and eggs and flapjacks cernly smell good mixed with that sagebrushy perfume from off the prairie. Your belly just aches with hunger. They had two girls cookin'. Silvy had a cocked eye but she was the best looker at that. And *can* she cook! Roy cernly didn't stunt you on food. You could eat till you bust, only you got to eat fast.

"After breakfast we rode the brones off to the combine. Each of us had a string of six. Ridin' along the road, all lit up with wild sunflowers, you could do some thinkin'. Off left was Clumbia gorge, blue and brown and a color like tan shoes. You could think about girls or dancin' or Portland. I guess I thunk about Silvy.

"We cernly had some good times. You don't get no good times like them in the big town. One night me and Silv rode thirty miles to a dance in Waco. Comin' home it was moonlight.

"Funny how you ride along on the prairie at night, kinda dozin', and your horse workin' his ears this way and that pickin' up all the little noises. Them saddle-horses of Roy's was trained to ride in close to each other. They was the mounts him and his wife had rid while he was single. Believe me I didn't try to break my horse out a the habit.

"The next day was Sunday, but Roy was scared a rain so he says, 'All out boys, le's go!'

"'All out?' I says to Charley Wick-ey, 'I'm all in; his neck's all out.'

"My job was header-tender. Roy sat on the pilot-seat and herded brones. When he come to a hill he take his blacksnake, draw his arm back, snake er out and goose some old lazy brone,

holler out a string of cuss-words, and whango, the old combine ud shiver and up the hill we'd tear, every old pound of horse-meat leanin' over till his nose touched the ground. If we couldn't make it in one jump we'd set brakes and make it in two. But Roy cernly was sore if he had to stop on a hill. One week we only stopped on three. Four brones died. Roy says, 'Them skates ain't no good to the I. W. W. now.' He meant they was lazy, anyways.

"'Ridin' along on the level it was cernly hot and tiresome. Roy use to set there sidewise on the pilot seat, hat cocked over one year, lookin' back at us fellows on the combine, lettin' the brones monkey along cuz old Sport, the lead-horse, was trained to foller the swath. Sometimes he grin and go through the damndest stunts showin' how hot he were or how choked up with dust or how hard the pilot-seat was—things like that. He was a circus. He look kinda like a Indian—fat-faced and hook-nosed like a Siwash. Strong as a goat, that bird. He lift one side of the bull-wheel one day when a gear broke. He sure pitch in when the old combine went hay-wire and him nor Charley Wickey got much noon-rest all harvest.'

He paused for a few minutes. He seemed to be thinking.

"One day it thunder and rain and the wheat won't hull out so we sat under the dog-house tarp, where the sack-puncher hangs out, and told yarns. Roy been to Ag College a coupla years and he started out on a good one about a lady who took her small boy to the zoo and they was two monkeys, but I never did hear all that one cuz a Indian came up on us all drippin' wet. He riz right up out the prairie; nobody heard him, and he said to Roy:

" 'Me got stud-ponies down on the river-flats, this side, no catch-um.'

"Roy got excited: 'Hell, Skookum, they's mares down there!' he says.

" 'Me drive ponies, plenty thunder, ponies swim river, no catch um.'

" 'This Indian, he was a kind a yellow-faced and Chineseey lookin', just stood there waitin' for Roy to make some sudgection. Them boys is wise numbers, don't tell me they ain't; they got the ol' bean aworkin' all the time.

" 'Me shoot one through the flank,' says Skookum, showin' Roy that he'd tried to get 'em back across the Waco.

" 'Jesus, Skookum, where's your gang? Charley Whitehorse and Fred Fisheye? We gotta get those ponies outta there.' Charley Wickey was standin' with his mouth wide open, so Roy gets goin' good: 'Wut the hell? Indian no catch um? Cultus wawa! Injun no good like squaw. Where Fred Fisheye?'

" 'Big Injun wedding. Hood River. No catch um.'

" 'So Roy tips his hat back and says, 'Boys we gotta go down there and stam-pede those ponies outta the meadow.' So we pull four brones outta the traces, jump on their backs and splash through the stubble hell-bent for the bluffs, Skookum in the lead. Man, them Indians cernly can ride. When we come t' the bluff we jump off, grab a rein and pull the brones over. Them bluffs is straight up and down and the brones don't like it much, but a good yank on the bridle and they come slippin' and slidin' down, usin' their rumps for a sled and raisin' a fog a dust and dislodgin' stones till you think yer goin' get kilt.

" 'Down in the meadow was about thirty head a Indian ponies, some of em

tearin' around snortin' and whinnin' and chasin' some mares Roy had down there in foal; them stud-ponies was cernly feelin' romantic. Roy says after, 'It's cernly lucky I had them mares served this spring or I'd cernly had bunnies in the foal season.' He says a Indian pony is part jack-rabbit. Charley Wickey says all Indians has white horses; that they don't like any other color. He lives in Waco where the dance hall is. Roy says, 'Ain't you a bright boy, though.' Charley let his mouth fall open, but he couldn' think up nothin' to stop Roy, so he scratched his neck and let that one pass. Roy was kinda nasty passin' remarks thataway. He says one night, 'These guys you got with are cernly dumb clucks.' I kinda stood up for em, 'Them guys ain't had no chance, no schoolin' nor nothin'—just work.'

" 'This pinto Skookum shot down was still moanin', so Roy takes the Siwash gun and puts it cold. 'That Injun otta have his brains knocked out, he's in-human,' says Charley Wickey. 'Go over and tell um that,' Roy says, kiddin' um. Wickey look kinda funny again, so Roy hollers at Skookum who was hobblin' his horse and says: 'Hi you Skookum, how come Injun so cruel? Leave pinto to die? No puttum outta belly-ache? Huh? Cultus Skookum.'

" 'You otta seen Charley's jaw drop. Some fellers think a Indian is goin' scalp you come you crossum once. Charley knows um bettern I do but he sure ack like he was scared. But Roy he just morn laid in to the Siwash. When he got through the Siwash just says: 'How we get um other side?'

" 'Me an you'll start em and the boys can line up here where the bluff heads down to the river and when they get

perty close they can wave their shirts and raise hell and they'll turn into the river—take off your shirts boys.'

"So Roy pulls his hat down and him and Skookum start a big circle of the meadow, cut between the ponies and the mares and all of a sudden start em comin', Roy flappin' his ol' ten-gallon and beatin' it across his brone's eyes and when the ponies got close enough Wick-ey and me and Dewey comes out wavin' our shirts and the ponies stop up short, snort, and turn off into the river and swim off for the other side—Skookum after um hangin' on his pinto's tail and gettin' a free ride. Roy cernly cussed that Skookum number all the way back."

Mose shifted down in his seat and watched the road ahead.

"Speakin' a bein' cruel to animals, Roy's no Red Cross nurse himself. One time we had a horse that was actin' funny and he got a vet out but the vet couldn't figure that crazy nag, just kept sayin' 'tree-pan'; so it bein' Sunday one day Roy says: 'Mose, this brone's got a cancer on the brain right above his fetlock; that vet don't know nothin'. Go up to the shed and get me all the chisels and a mallet.'

"So I got um and he tied the brone to the corral fence and we each got a holt a leg and threw him over and me an' Roy tied him down and Roy takes a chisel and taps along the skull until the brone let's out a bleat and Roy keeps tappin' til he marked out a tender spot. Then he takes his chisel and makes a line a chips and the blood all rusty-like spurts out and makes the ground muddy and squeezey. God, I couldn't hardly stand the way that horse bleated and moaned. But by crackin' and chippin' one side and the other Roy finally had

a hunk a skull loose and the bronk bein' less moany he got a chisel under the bone and up she come and there was a gummy mess clingin' to it and Roy says, 'Go to the house and fetch a bread-knife and a tablespoon.' I came back in a minute but started heavin' up, so Roy says, 'Get the hell outta here. Are yuh a sister?'

"Well, I come back after a while and Roy had 'em all sewed up with fish tackle and taped over someway. Believe me I didn't look close. Then he turned the brone loose, only hoblin' it.

"I told Charley Wickey about it when he got back from swimmin' in the Waco and he like to have fainted. Then that night he got up, got his gun and went down to the corral and I heard a coupla shots, but no one but me heard 'em, I guess, but I didn't get up—no sir, not me. The next mornin' no Wickey and a dead brone.

"Roy pulls his ten-gallon down over his eyes and says, 'Well, boys, there's a hundred and thirty bucks wages I don't pay and the damn brone would a died anyway. I was doin' it for Science. That Wickey was a dumb cluck, anyways. No brain.'

"I'd like to a seen how that operation come out. Long's the brone went through all the poundin' anyway.

"Well, Mister, I work along through harvest and that cock-eyed girl kep' gettin' on my mind more and more.

"Can you get an eye like that straightened out?" I asked.

"Yeah, I guess so. But it ud cost a lot a cush all right, all right."

My companion was silent for a while, watching a river-boat steaming along with its great side-wheel dripping and spanking the water into a cascade of spray. On the Washington shore a

long, black passenger train was skimming along, ballooning clouds of white smoke against the hills.

"I kinda had a crush on that girl, I guess. Her name was Silvia and she was cernly sweet on me, if I do say it myself. But Roy's wife was home with her folks and he sure can't stand not to be *it*. He's a good feller, all right, all right, but he cernly got the idea he's a lady-killer. Once Silv brought out the tricle and set it to me first. Roy says, 'Ain't you the little flirt, Silv, pickin' on Mose thataway', and then he says to me, 'Things is cernly comin' your way, Mose. Some mighty sweet things too, hey boys?' So the fellers hand me a laugh.

"Roy always use to start off meals with some kind of yarn. He been up to Ag College a coupla years. He use to tell 'em just loud enough for the women-folks to hear until he got to the snappy part, then he sink his voice quick so they miss it. Then when one come in he'd say, 'How'd you like that one, Silv?' Then if she'd say, 'I din't hear it, Mr. Benningson,' he'd say, 'Ask me to tell you that some time, Silv.'

"One night he made as if to tell one, but he says instead, 'Boys, do you know how Silv came to be cock-eyed?' I tried to shush him, but Dick, he was a kid worked there, says, 'No, how come?' And Roy pulls a raw one. I was cernly sore. Then Silv comes outta the parlor where she'd been waterin' the Wanderin' Sheeny and she was red as fire. I was cernly sore. I guess I had kind of a crush on her.

"I might as well tell you the rest of it. Day before yesterday we got our jack—three hundred and forty-seven dollars ain't bad and we got our food and room. Roy cernly don't stunt you

on nothin', neither. I use to order up a carton of Luckies a week an' Fourth week Roy gimme a carton for workin' on the Fourth. Just before I pulled out I went into the kitchen where Silv was and I says, 'Silv, I got paid off and I'm headin' for the big town. I'm sure glad I met you, kiddo, and you cernly done some hard work feedin' all us hungry rubes.' 'You ain't no rube,' Silv says, 'You're a city feller.' I couldn't think of no good comeback, so I says, 'Well, you cernly did some hard work feedin' us fellers.' So she says, 'I didn't mind workin' hard for *you*.' It was funny, her pickin' on *me* thataway, wasn't it?

"If I'd a thought she meant anything by it, I'd stuck around. Roy'd took me for a winter job in a minute. All he's got is just the kid, Dick, and you know yourself a kid ain't enough on a big ranch.

"That there remark Silv passed sort a gets me. Roy says one day, 'You and Silv ud make a good couple—she's got a eye to look for apples with and you got a tooth to peel 'em with.' I gotta buck tooth right here, see?

We passed Rooster Rock, a brownish green thumb pointing heavenward.

"Well, Mister, I'd like to put one question to you and I know you think I'm an ol' woman the way I been runnin' on, so if it's no, just turn your thumb down and I'll get you: That there remark Silv passed, do you think she meant anything by it?"

I took one hand off the wheel, thumb up.

"Say, Mister, let me out at this fillin' station here, will yuh? I'm cernly much obliged to yuh for the lift, but I'm goin' back to Roy's."

AGAIN, EAST MEETS WEST

BY HANNAH MITCHELL DANSKIN

THE Easterner is likely to be uncomfortable when he first comes to make his residence in the Northwest. His discomfort will be mental, not physical. And he will be puzzled for a time over what is wrong.

Never at any time will the Easterner be able to complain that his new friends are not cordial, courteous and kindly. Their lack of interest in his thought will never show in obvious boredom. Their enthusiasm—and they have a great deal—will break through at times when he least expects it. A bit of personal reminiscence, a simple detail, will provoke it.

This disconcerting variance in their reception of what he has to offer and of what he is will make him restive for a while. And then he will begin taking himself to pieces.

One of the first things he will discover in the realm of conversation and social intercourse—that his own contributions have little point. They are said all too often for the sake of being clever. An eastern audience might appreciate them in proportion to their cleverness. A western audience will be politely bored, unless there be more than just cleverness. Not that western people aren't interested in what he has to say. They are, if it is sound and has meaning.

Wisecrack thinking is not western.

Frankly, for a time after coming west to live, I was somewhat at a loss. I was not unhappy. New friends were far too kind to let that happen. They seemed to feel it a personal obligation to show me appreciation and to entertain me. And there was warmth behind the many invitations. But some way my

thinking or my way of expression did not harmonize with theirs. They seemed most eager to hear anything I had to say. They laughed too politely at some of my remarks. They were most courteous. But usually I was conscious of no real response.

One evening I attempted a story. In the group were people of college education, Phi Beta Kappas, people who loved pictures and books, people who had traveled. The story was this: Several weeks before, the Isaac Walton League had been gathered at the Davenport with much pomp and ceremony. The young woman who operates the bookshop in the hotel had that week obtained an unusual copy of *The Compleat Angler*. It was a collector's copy, made as nearly like the original as modern book-making could make it. Thinking this would be an interesting item on the Isaac Walton League's program she offered it to one of the members whom I knew. The good man had never heard of *The Compleat Angler*. Neither had my audience, for all I could see, when I told the story.

Even then, what did it matter that my story met a hollow pause? Why should fishermen, even those under the Walton label, care to see an odd little book when there were gorgeous stories to be told of prowess in the Walton field? These same men could name countless beauties of the lakes and streams in this region. They could give an account of natural history as entertaining as an adventure story. They had spent hours and days in the exquisite settings where fishing is done. What did a book which is little more than a

name and a tradition to most of us matter alongside such knowledge and such experience?

On the other hand, when I let fall some remark revealing where and when I met my husband, I found that I had an audience which was all sympathy and attention. The honest display of curiosity almost upset me. I had never thought of such personal data being interesting to anyone save ourselves. It piqued me then, but I have grown accustomed to the attitude.

With Westerners, people are still the most interesting things in the world.

In time a sense of relief comes to the ex-patriot Easterner in western society. He is not required to make the incessant effort to be clever that he feels is necessary in eastern society. Here he is expected to have character. But he is not forced to prove it by words. What he does and what he is are the items that matter. He can be actually dull and still be beloved.

That reminds me of another phase of becoming western—the business of becoming accustomed to being wanted for one's self alone. When his first invitations pour in the Easterner asks the sordid question of himself: "I wonder what they want?" With surprise he learns that they want nothing except his society. No axes to grind. No backs to be mutually scratched. Just his happy presence is all that is wanted.

No aspersions are cast upon the East in this discovery of the forthright quality of western invitations. Time is more pressing in the East. People are more numerous. More dross has to be burned to find the metal. Friendships of expediency are the result. Luncheons, dinners, even calls and evening gatherings resolve themselves into occasions

for furthering business opportunities.

Western society has time for making the pleasant occasion something in and of itself.

As the Westerner accepts persons, so he advocates causes. Eastern people have formed the habit of taking their causes with a grain of salt. They may work hard at them. They may view them and further them most intelligently. But they are often conscious of the fact that causes do not bring the millennium.

Let the Easterner who has worked for various good things with his tongue in his cheek take part just once in a community chest campaign west of the Rockies: he will learn that the community chest is vital and that his contribution is important and not to be replaced. He and all the others in the drive will believe in it, otherwise they would not be making it.

Along with this earnestness there seems to be a lack of sense of humor. Western people believe so fervently in the cause they advocate!

They are sensitive to criticism, for to them pointing out flaws implies lack of whole-hearted belief. For the wise remarks rising from an insincere attitude, they have little time.

In the West taste is determined with honesty. There is here little of "keeping up with the Joneses" culturally. Books are read for entertainment or information, not just because "they" are reading them. And with the genius of honest criticism, the Westerner selects books, music, and pictures that will stand the most severe tests.

Did you ever watch youth select colors? He has little use for neutrals. Reds and blues are a joy to him. Grays and other dull tones leave him cold. So

it is with a young country in its taste, thought and spirit. The Easterner may find downrightness uncomfortable for a time. He has not been attuned to such positive tones. He longs for the shadings and rather futile niceties of buffs and grays.

But if he can become accustomed to

the starker light of western mentalities, he will find in it vigor and beauty of reality. A land of vivid colors in the quality of its thought has something to cultivate of its own. It has, moreover, the strength with which to work out its own culture.

AUTUMN DUSK

BY VERNE BRIGHT

Now beauty is a harvest brought to bin:
Wine-hearted winds utter no faintest cry;
The herons blow like mist along the sky;
The cricket plucks his lonely mandolin.
No golden bloom is shaken, no leaf stirs
To visionary laughter. The sun's glow
Draws down to death, dream-wearily and slow,
Falling like sleep on beauty's harvesters.

Rose-amber burn the hills; the seas below
Pulse breathlessly. From night's dark underland
The moon comes gold. . . My heart is awed, as though
Touched to quiescence by a holy hand,
Before this hour resplendent ere the snow
Sifts on the quiet wood like silver sand.

TRAIL-HERD ON MILKY WAY

BY MABEL MCKINLAY HOPKINS

The round-up's done in Heaven tonight. In restless, splendid disarray
The trail-herd's bedded down at last along the leas of Milky Way.
Thick hazy dust from pounding hoofs still drifts like pulsing powder there
Where points of flame from cooking-fires reflect on prairies of the air.

When jaded trail-camp sinks to rest, Orion rides his lonely beat,
His six-gun buckled round his waist, his golden spurs upon his feet.
He twirls his loop,—a shining shield; with golden voice he chants the lays
Cowboys have sung to bedded herds thru purple nights and amber days.

When Morning Star has flickered low and turned to heaps of dying coals,
When wailing coyotes of wind have slunk dismayed to secret holes,
The silent herd drifts far away, and amaranthine breezes bring
The tiny thread of golden song Orion and his riders sing.

BALBOA AND THUNDER

BY JANE SNOWDEN CROSBY

FORBY folded himself up, even more compactly than a little boy of seven usually can, and craned his neck so that he could see every movement of the Balboa turtle. The Balboa turtle had a lovely apple-green back and shell with tiny yellow spots, and he had just been the Balboa turtle since yesterday, so he was still very exciting.

In the turtles' home Forby had placed a little rock, which sort of divided the part which was sand from the part which was water. And yesterday the Balboa turtle had crawled slowly over the rock until he got to the tip-end, which was by the water tank. Then he had stopped, twisted his elastic neck and looked over the water just like Balboa, gazing at the Pacific for the first time. It was then that Forby had named him; he had to be Balboa.

Harris, his father, had told him all about Balboa, the Spaniard; how he had made the long trek across Panama, and finally at the top of a mountain, had gazed out on a brand new ocean. It had been a hard trip across the isthmus, though Panama looked so thin on the map Harris showed him. And it was a hard crawl for the turtle, too, but like Balboa he didn't mind. He was an explorer.

And today the Balboa turtle had done it again.

Forby chuckled. "That's the boy," he said encouragingly, "nice Balboa."

He moistened the end of a tooth pick, fitted an ant egg on the end of it, and enticed Balboa into the water. Turtles did not like to eat out of water, Harris had told him. Harris knew everything about animals because he was an an-

thro-polo--gist. It was a big word, all right, but Forby could say it now; he had practiced it.

Perhaps when he was grown-up he would know as much as Harris, his father. Mother didn't act as if Harris knew such a lot, though, but perhaps the things Harris knew didn't interest mother as much as they interested him. Naturally, ladies did not care about animals as much as men and boys.

Mother hadn't even cared when his Lightning turtle had died. She had tried to act as though she did, but he knew. Harris had cared. He had found a little box, and they had buried Lightning—just like a real funeral. It was because Thunder, his other turtle, had been so lonesome that Harris had got him the new one that he had named Balboa. He hoped Harris would get home early; he wanted to tell him about naming Balboa. But it took a long time to come to New Jersey from New York, where all the fathers worked. Harris worked at the Bureau. Forby didn't know what kind of a Bureau it was but it had something to do with animals, animals that had been dead a long time.

He fed two more ant eggs to Balboa, then shifted and fed two to Thunder. Balboa, being an explorer, was hungrier than Thunder, but he mustn't over-feed them. Poor little Lightning had died because he had crammed him too full of ant eggs.

"That's enough, fellows," Forby said. "Now you got to have some exercise."

Gently he lifted the turtles out of their tank and put them on the rug. They stayed still for a minute, and then,

when Forby gave each a tiny shove they started off in opposite directions—Balboa looking for other oceans, Thunder looking for a cozy dark place near the base board.

Just then mother came quickly into the living-room. She seemed to be in a hurry. Mother always seemed to be in a hurry nowadays. Probably it was because she went to so many meetings. Probably ladies liked to go to meetings. He was glad Harris didn't like to go.

"Forby," mother said briskly, "you must go outdoors for half an hour, and then you must get ready for dinner."

"Oh, mother, look out! You nearly stepped on Balboa."

"Balboa . . ." Mother moved her foot gingerly. "Forby, I've told you not to put those turtles on the rug."

Forby rescued Balboa, patting him gently. "But they have to have exercise. Harris says so."

"That doesn't make any difference," mother said in her strict voice, which wasn't a bit like her cuddly voice. "I won't have those turtles on the rugs."

"They run so cute, mother, just like a baby tractor. It's kind of like swimming, too."

Mother smiled a little but her voice still sounded strict. "You go on out and play. I have to make a report. But remember, Forby, don't put them on the rug again."

Forby got his sweater, and went out on the street. The late summer was turning into autumn, and the leaves—all orange, gold and red—were pretty. He collected a few of the nicest ones to bring to school the next day; in drawing now they were tracing autumn leaves. He folded them carefully in a piece of yellow paper. Harris had taught him to be careful of 'specimens'.

He went around to Arthur's house to see if Arthur could come out and play. He whistled, but Arthur did not come out. Then he made a circuit of several blocks and started home. Forby was glad he lived in New Jersey where there were trees and birds. Of course, New York had the Bronx Zoo—he would love to live near a Zoo—but aside from that and the Aquarium and Schwartz's, he was glad he lived in Westfield.

Again he thought of Balboa the turtle and Balboa the Spaniard. He would be glad when they had history in school. He was in the second grade now, and all they studied was reading, writing—making those funny push-and-pull lines—number work, drawing and spelling. Oh, and marching and singing—mostly 'My Country 'Tis of Thee'.

Forby started to run, pretending he was one of the men in the Stone Age that Harris talked about. Harris was writing a book about it. Forby liked to watch Harris typewriting, rumpling his dark hair. He rushed into the house, seeing Harris's hat in the hall.

"Hi . . ." he called, forgetting the Stone Age, "Hi, Harris!"

Harris gathered him up into a big bear hug.

"How's the old son?" he asked.

Forby buried his head in Harris's tweed shoulder. He liked the smell of Harris's clothes; such a nice comfortable smell.

"I want to tell you about the turtles. The new one is Balboa. He discovered the Pacific."

"Of course he did." Harris hung over the turtles' home with him. "He'd have to, wouldn't he? But he'll have to share it with Thunder." Harris laughed.

Forby laughed, too. It was such fun to tell Harris things.

"Later on I can have a dog, can't I, Harris?"

"A dog or maybe a monkey. Perhaps I can get a chap, going on an expedition, to bring you a monkey. They're terribly interesting."

"Do you suppose you'll ever get a chance to go on an expedition, Harris?"

"I don't know . . ." Forby, sitting on Harris's lap, felt him draw in his breath. "Chances to go on big expeditions don't come very often. Perhaps they won't ever come to a dull chap like me, plugging away at a desk. But Forby, I met a man today who has done everything—Tasmania, Java, Australia—he's dug into it all. He'd done everything I've wanted to do."

"Is he as big a man as Beebe?" Forby knew all about Beebe. Harris had told him.

"Well maybe; he's doing big things. In a different line, of course. He's an animal bug like me."

"An-thro-polo-gist," Forby said proudly.

"That's right," Harris hugged him. "It's a nice word, isn't it?"

"Well," mother said, coming into the living-room, "it's nearly time for dinner and you aren't washed, Forby. Hurry."

Forby jumped up. Mother had changed her dress, and she looked pretty. She was a very pretty lady. Forby was glad.

He lathered his hands thoroughly, but he couldn't wait to rinse them. He just wiped them on a towel. Mother would have a fit, but he was anxious to get back and hear what Harris was saying. He was telling mother about the man he had met.

"Perfectly corking chap. He's been on expeditions with Roy Andrews, and now he's working on evidence along the line of Dubois's *Pithecanthropus erectus*; thinks he's found other remains which will bear up Dubois's theory. He's got his stuff pretty cold but it will take careful checking up, of course."

"It sounds very interesting," mother said as she served the vegetables, "but rather remote."

"Remote," Harris laughed. "I should say so—thousands of years remote. That's what makes it so interesting aside from the significance of the thing, what it will mean to anthropology, to the world. This man—Bellinger is his name—has convinced himself that he's found the link, but he's got to show the scientists. He's done terribly interesting things."

"No doubt," mother said. Forby didn't think she was excited enough.

"Mother, he's almost as great a man as Beebe," he told her.

"Really, how do you know?"

"Harris says so."

"Well, you see, Harris, you are an authority already," mother said, but she didn't smile. Harris didn't smile either. His face was sort of drifting away.

"What have *you* been doing?" he said after a minute.

Mother smiled now. "I also have something to relate. I've had two articles accepted by the *Household*, and on the strength of that, the women's Club in Plainfield has asked me to give them a group of lectures."

Harris jumped up. "Oh, Edith, that's corking! I'm terribly glad, dear." He kissed her.

Forby got up. "Me, too." Mother looked sort of flushed and pleased.

"It's quite marvelous," Harris said, "I'm so glad."

"Well, it certainly is nice to have some extra money coming in. Goodness knows we need it."

Forby thought that Harris looked suddenly tired.

"Yes, it is nice," he said quietly.

"When I grow up," Forby told them over the dessert, "I'm going to sail on big ships and go every place in the world. I'm going to discover all the bones that man Bellinger doesn't find."

Harris smiled. "Good luck, old chap."

"I think you'll have to work," mother said. "When boys grow up they have to find jobs so they can earn money."

"I'm not going to work. I'm going to *own* money. Then I can do all the nice things."

Harris smiled again, and his voice sounded chuckly. "That's a great idea."

Mother didn't smile, though.

After dinner, when he was getting his number work done for tomorrow, he heard mother and Harris talking. He knew you weren't supposed to listen to grown-ups talking, but he couldn't help it. Their voices weren't a bit low, and besides they were talking about him.

"I wish you wouldn't encourage Forby in such absurd ideas," he heard mother say. "How will he ever have any sense about money when you laugh and agree with him?"

He heard a match scratch on a box, and sniffed Harris's cigarette.

"But I do agree with Forby. Entirely. At seven he understands what many adults fail to—that money in itself has no value, that the value of money lies in its power to make the

interesting and delightful things of life accessible. I think it's rather wonderful that he's thought it all out, Edith."

"You mean that you've taught him," her voice flared. "Harris, I won't have Forby made impractical and unfit for life. We can't afford more than one scientist in the family. I want Forby to be successful, comfortable, able to give his family what they are entitled to."

"His family is hardly—imminent," Forby heard Harris say, and wondered what 'imminent' was. "I want Forby to be happy. That's more important than the welfare of a family which doesn't exist."

"Of course—" mother's voice sounded worse than strict; it had an edge, but there was something sad in it, too. "You want to be happy. You care more about that than anything else."

"Why Edith, of course I care about you and Forby . . . Though I'm no good at telling you about it, dear. Besides, it's not a question of my happiness. We're talking about Forby. And there are many types of success. I want him to have the kind that will make him the happiest, that's all."

"Well, I want him to be happy, too. But I don't want him to be impractical. No doubt my idea of success isn't a grand altruistic ideal but it's decidedly more comfortable. And it's fortunate for this family that one member of it has some commercial sense."

"Call it flair," Harris said, "and God knows, Edith, many times I wish I had it. When I write an article, all I get are letters of approval or slashing criticism."

"Yes, distinguished letters, no doubt, but hardly lucrative."

"No—not lucrative."

Forby felt sorry for Harris. He didn't know what it all meant—it seemed so mixed—but Harris's voice sounded worn out. He was glad when he heard it leap up again.

"But anthropology is the most exciting subject in the world, Edith. It's so *big*! Think of it—the whole world, past, present and future, is waiting for men to grapple it, to search for the links which tie it together. And there are men who sell bonds! It's amazing."

"It's rather fortunate," mother said.

Forby didn't listen any more. He was getting sleepy. Grown-ups got so tangled up when they talked. He finished his page of number work, counting the circles under the numbers so that he could write the answers. Then he put Balboa and Thunder to bed in their sea shells, and said good-night to mother and Harris.

The next day Arthur came in with him to see the turtles.

"Mother," Forby asked excitedly, "can we exercise Balboa and Thunder?"

"*May* we. Yes, take them upstairs, Forby, in your room, but don't let them get on the rug."

"No, come on, Arthur."

Arthur followed him upstairs, his feet trudging heavily.

"This way," Forby said, "Hurry!"

"Gee, I'm coming, Forby. You're awful excited. Your eyes are popping out of your head." Arthur's own eyes were bright.

"Well jiminy, Arthur, don't you want to see Balboa discover the Pacific?"

"My brother has a puppy," Arthur said as Forby lifted Balboa onto the rock which was the isthmus. "Gee, it squeaks, though, when you squeeze it!"

"Oh, Arthur, you don't squeeze it!"

"Sure, when my brother isn't looking. I don't hurt him much, though."

"But you shouldn't. You got to be good to animals."

"Sure, I know that. Let's see how Balboa runs."

"But he hasn't found the Pacific yet."

"Well, give him a poke."

"Oh, no, he's got to find it himself. He's an explorer."

"Gosh Forby, you're the limit! He's a turtle."

Arthur grabbed Balboa, and held him upside down in his hand. Balboa squirmed, trying to right himself. With a blunt fore-finger Arthur tried to pry his shell away from his wriggling little neck.

Forby screamed. "Arthur, what are you doing?" He knocked the turtle out of Arthur's hand, patting him gently, holding him against his cheek.

Arthur got up. "Gosh," he said disgustedly, "I'm going home. I wasn't going to hurt your old turtle. I was just going to see what he was made of under his shell."

"But you mustn't. You were hurting him." Forby's face was still white.

"Well, I'm going to get some turtles of my own pretty soon, and I won't let you even *look* at them. I got fifty cents saved already."

"I don't care." Forby put Balboa back in his home. "They won't be as nice as Balboa and Thunder."

It was two weeks later that Harris, coming home one night, leaped up the front steps and caught Forby in his arms at the front door.

"Forby!" he said, "Forby! Bel-linger—the man I told you about—Bel-

linger wants me to do some articles for him. Isn't that great?"

Forby bear-hugged him. "You bet! Say Harris, then will you be as big as Beebe?"

"Not quite, old man, but you're glad anyway, aren't you? And Forby, it's a tremendous thing for Bellinger to take me on. I'm such a dud beside him. But he likes my stuff. He likes it!"

"I guess it's because you know so much, Harris. When will I have as many knowings as you?"

"Oh, you'll have a lot more, Forby. You'll have lots more to work on when you're in college."

"I'm going to be an an-thro-polo-gist, like my father."

"Better not tell mother." Harris kissed him.

"Why? Doesn't she like an-thro-polo-gists?"

"Not—in the family." Harris looked away.

Mother seemed sort of excited that night, too, but she didn't say anything until they were eating dessert; it was cottage pudding which Forby liked.

"I went in town today and saw an agent. He says my articles have a real sales quality. He's going to have them syndicated. It will mean quite a lot of money—five hundred dollars, he thought—and I can do another series. Eventually I hope to have a nice little income."

"That's wonderful, dear." Harris started to get up but mother didn't seem to notice.

"Yes, I thought it was nice. I need a new winter coat—my old one is so shabby—and you know I've wanted a radio for a long time. Every woman I know has one and they present marvelous programs now."

Harris nodded. "We're terribly out of it, aren't we? I wanted to get you one but good radios come high. Perhaps I can now. I got a commission today, too, to do some articles for Bellinger."

"Think of it, mother, for Bellinger!" Forby's voice was rapt.

"Well, that's nice. It's quite an honor, I'm sure. You're terribly sold on this Bellinger, aren't you, Harris?"

"Sold—" Harris smiled. "It isn't that. Bellinger just is, that's all. You don't have to be sold."

"Well, I hope you get something out of it. When you work so hard over those things it's too bad you don't get more."

"We didn't talk about prices," Harris said quietly. "He likes my stuff. We didn't get any farther than that."

"I should think he would. You write very distinguished articles."

Forby thought that Harris winced because his face looked just the way he felt when Arthur was pulling at Balboa's shell. He wanted to tell Harris not to look that way. Harris's face was so bright and shiny when he came home, as though he was all bubbly inside. Perhaps mother had hurt Harris some way. He wished she would turn on her warm cuddly voice. You just loved her that way, when she was tucking you in bed with her face all soft. She looked so pretty then. Mother didn't look specially pretty now.

The next few weeks passed quickly. The autumn leaves were nearly gone, and the trees looked undressed. Pretty soon the gray sky would drop snow flakes. Soon it would be Thanksgiving and then Christmas. He was going to ask Santy for a little sister—he wanted a sister because a girl would be gentle

with the turtles, and he wanted her as old as nine so that she could dive—a flexible flyer, an Erector and a big bowl for Balboa and Thunder to swim in. The tank in their home was not large enough, and besides he wanted Balboa to discover another ocean.

It was nice having a radio in the house. Mother turned it on every night, and Forby knew how to get WEAF.

"Let's get weaf, mother," he would say, pronouncing it 'weef', and she let him turn the dial. Harris didn't listen much to the radio. He was writing every night now for Bellinger, and he went upstairs in the hall to do it. Sometimes Forby would slip out of bed to say a second good-night to Harris. And Harris would tell him some more about the men in the Stone Age; how they made their tools; and about the men in the Bronze Age; and about the discovery of fire. When he was grown-up he was going to make lots of discoveries like Beebe and Bellinger and Dr. Prichard, who Harris said was one of the starters of anthropology. He was going to sail away and find bones and other things.

When Harris talked about far away places he got terribly excited, and his long thin hands jumped ahead of his words, trying to explain faster. He made it seem as if you were really seeing those countries, though Harris himself had never seen them—except Germany and Belgium, where he had dug for skulls. Those were the nicest times to be with Harris, because other times—at dinner or in the living-room—his face looked sort of shut up, and that made you feel sorry.

Mother's face looked as if she were having good times. She wrote in the daytime when he was in school, and she

went in town to see agents. Once a week she went to a club where she talked to the other ladies. Oh, and she had a lovely new coat with soft brown fur and some pretty dresses and hats. She had got him a dark blue coat with brass buttons and a red lining—just like a soldier's. He knew Arthur liked his coat, but he wouldn't say so. He played with Arthur outside now, but he never brought him in to see the turtles. It still made him a little sick inside when he remembered Arthur, pulling at Balboa's shell. Mother said he must be unselfish, but he couldn't be unselfish with Arthur—not about the turtles.

"Harris is going to take me to the Bronx Zoo on Thanksgiving," he told Arthur.

"Is he? Gee, my uncle, he knows a lot about the Zoo. He works in it. He knows all the animals by their names."

"Does he? Well, my father writes articles about animals. He's an anthropologist."

Arthur's brows bent in a frown. "Well, that's nothing. My uncle—I guess he owns the Zoo, most likely."

Forby felt a little dampened but he decided not to pursue the subject. He knew that Harris had more knowings than Arthur's uncle, even if he did own the Zoo, which Forby doubted. He decided to go home.

When he opened the door Harris met him. "Forby," he said, "Forby! just think—I want to tell you—where's mother? I want to tell her, too."

"She's gone in town. Tell me, Harris. Is it about Bellinger?"

"Yes, oh, Forby . . ." Harris's voice shook, he was so excited. "Bellinger has asked me to go on his expedition with him. He's got to go to Java again to verify his stuff. We'll find the lost

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steps in the lives of ancient peoples—you know I told you about it—and we'll dig into everything!"

"Yes, yes, go on, Harris."

"He's got his appropriation, his money. He was a long time getting that—it was hard work to convince them at the Bureau. And he asked *me*. I can't get over it. He wants me to go, Forby, and it's what I've always wanted to do more than anything," Harris's voice shook again. "It's the biggest thing that could happen to me—the chance of a life-time. I've *dreamed* about things like this. I'll get enough material to write volumes. They'll be adequate, authoritative, too, because I'll have the facts—real facts."

"Oh, Harris!" Forby hugged him.

"And then, besides all that—and that's enough, God knows—it will be an adventure . . . seeing all those places—strange far places. You know—like Balboa discovering the Pacific."

"Yes, I know." Forby's smile leaped out of his face.

"I'll be gone two years. I'll bring . . ."

"Two years isn't long, is it, Harris?"

"Two years—no, it's short, a short time to discover the traces, the links we'll find. Why, it's like finding the key to the whole wonder of civilization. And making sure that the key fits. That's what we'll do. Two years—why that's nothing."

"No, and you'll bring me back a monkey, won't you?"

"Of course I'll bring you a monkey." Harris laughed.

The front door opened. "What's this I hear about monkeys?" mother said, coming into the room, her cheeks pink from the cold air.

"Oh, mother," Forby jumped up and went to her. "Think of it—Bellinger

asked Harris to go on his expedition and . . . you tell her, Harris. And he's going to bring me back a monkey."

"Oh," mother said as she slipped out of her coat. "Oh, he is . . ."

"Yes, Edith," Harris jumped up, too, and put his arm around her. "It's true. Bellinger's asked me to go on this expedition with him. *Me*; you know what it means—we're checking up remains similar to the Pithecanthropos and finding others Bellinger's sure. It's my chance! . . . Oh, I'll do something big, Edith."

"I'll be nine when you come back," said Forby, "old enough for a monkey."

"Nine . . ." mother's voice sounded queer. "You mean it's for two years?"

"Yes, only two years."

"*Only*," mother's voice went hard now, "only two years. And you are proposing to go away for two years and leave me and Forby. Why Harris, the whole thing—though I don't doubt it's a great honor—is too preposterous even to consider. It sounds like a fairy tale."

"It is," Harris said chokily, "a fairy tale. And it's happened to me. I can't get over it."

"No doubt, but you'll have to be sensible about this, Harris. What would I do—and Forby? Has Bellinger made any provision for your family during this time?"

"Well, he's giving me something for my expenses and a nominal salary. I didn't pay any attention to that."

"No, you wouldn't."

Forby wanted to run away. This—it was all changing before his eyes. But he couldn't run. He had to stay. Mother and Harris had forgotten him.

"Good God, Edith, I didn't think of money," Harris's voice flared now. "Don't you understand, this is an op-

portunity—unequalled. Why there are men who would pay Bellinger thousands, maybe, just to have it.”

“Well, let them. They can afford to go, Harris, and you can’t. It seems to me that that is all there is about it. Pleasant things like trips are out of the question when people are in our circumstances.”

“‘Pleasant things’—My God! Don’t you *see*, Edith, don’t you *see* what it is?”

“Yes, I see,” she said distinctly, “what it means to you, but I don’t think you see what it means to me and Forby to be left—all alone—to struggle along on practically nothing for two years.”

“You’ll have about a fourth of my salary at the Bureau—that goes on just the same—and the income from my royalties. It’s not much, I know, but you’re getting along so famously with your lectures and articles I thought you could manage.”

“Yes, just because I’m beginning to be successful you thought I could carry on. Because I’ve been well paid—better paid than you ever have—for my work.”

“Don’t,” Harris said, “please . . .”

“You didn’t think or *care* about leaving us. That’s it. You didn’t care.”

“But Edith, it’s not a matter of caring. I do care—terribly. But I thought you could get along for two years. It’s worth it—why this thing may change all the scientific thinking along race lines. If it were you, I’d dig ditches—I’d do it gladly. If I could just make you see what it means to me! I thought *you’d* care enough to have me go, to be willing to . . .”

“Let’s not discuss it any more. Go and get washed for dinner, Forby.”

Forby stamped his foot. “But moth-

er, I *want* Harris to go! He has to go. I want Harris to go.”

“*Forby!*” He had never heard her voice like that before. He went.

He knew he would always remember that dinner. Even when he was grown-up he would remember it. It was so awful. Mother served and ate, but she didn’t talk. Harris didn’t eat anything. And his face—it was gray. For the first time he realized that Harris was getting old. He was an old father. He wanted to talk to Harris after dinner, but Harris went out without saying a word, and he didn’t come back until Forby was in bed. Then he went right upstairs to his room and shut the door. His step sounded tired.

The next morning Harris had left for the city before he came downstairs. And he couldn’t talk to mother. She would say ‘Forby’ again in that hard awful voice. He was afraid of mother. He had to eat his breakfast and go to school as if nothing had happened. He wondered—did you always have to act like this, so quiet as if nothing had happened—when a terrible thing had happened? He hoped not. It hurt too much.

At school he kept thinking. He couldn’t get his number work, and he stumbled over his reading. Twice the teacher spoke to him sharply. He couldn’t help it—he kept seeing Harris’s face, his face that looked so old now.

That night Harris did not come home till late, and right after dinner he went out again for a long walk. Forby wanted to tell him that he must go, that that was all that mattered. Harris must go. It was the last thing he thought about before he went to bed, and when he woke up in the morning, it was still there, whizzing before his

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eyes. He felt sick inside, too. He couldn't enjoy the roast beef and cottage pudding, which was his favorite dinner.

It was almost a week before he had a chance to talk to Harris. He had lost track of the days—they were sort of like the nightmares that he used to have when he was a little boy, before he was seven. He met Harris at the door and hugged him. Harris hugged him back—not so very hard, though.

"Harris," he whispered, "I want to talk to you."

"All right, old chap. Sit on my knee." Harris smiled at him. It was not a shiny smile, but it was something. "Well, how's school, how are Thunder and Balboa? Any new—oceans?"

"No, Harris." For once he passed by the subject of the turtles. "Harris," he said seriously, "you've got to go. I want you to."

Harris looked old again. "I know you do, old chap. It's nice to know that. But I'm not going, Forby. It isn't possible. I realize it now, so let's not say anything more about it."

"But why isn't it possible? You were going to go at first, when you told me about it, before mother . . ."

"I know. But I didn't realize all the other things that were mixed up in it. I was selfish—mother showed me. You see, Forby, it would be quite a long time and you and mother couldn't get along very well without me. You'd miss me, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, awful. But Harris, I *want* you to go. Why couldn't we get along?"

"Well, you see, dear, a man has responsibilities—having you and mother is one. And a man takes care of them. It's just a part of life, Forby. It comes. And so we forget about things like expe-

ditions and adventure." His voice dropped lower. "But I don't want you to forget, Forby. Perhaps you won't have to. That's where money comes in. It's valuable. It makes things like that—going with Bellinger—possible. I wouldn't be earning money—enough—while I was away. So it wouldn't be right for me to go, would it? You see that?"

"No, I . . . sort of. You mean, Harris, that if you *owned* money you could go?" Forby's tongue went out over his upper lip as it did when he thought hard.

"Exactly. If I owned money I could go. As I don't, it's not right for me to."

"Oh, but you must—think of all the bones you'd find and the far away places and how much Bellinger wants you. And the monkey. You were going to bring me a monkey."

"Don't," Harris said quickly, "Don't, Forby. I can't go so we won't talk about it. It's easier that way. Now it hurts. Afterwards it won't hurt so much. That's all there is—after all—to anything, Forby."

"Oh, Harris . . ." Two tears dropped out of Forby's eyes. "I don't believe you'll be the same if you don't go. You'll be an *old* father. It seems as if you weren't playing fair—you know—to the men in the Stone Age and everything."

Harris held him a little tighter. "Try to love me just as much as if I'd gone. Don't lose faith in me, Forby. We'll talk about things just the same, and who knows—perhaps you'll do them."

"I'll try." But he buried his face.

All that evening—at dinner and afterwards in bed—he thought about what Harris had told him. Harris should go. It wasn't right not to. The Stone men,

Bellinger, they needed him. And then he came back to what Harris had said—he couldn't go because he had a family and there wouldn't be enough money coming in. But if Harris *owned* money he could go. If Harris owned money.

The thought pounded in his head. If Harris owned money. There was just one thing to do. He'd have to fix it somehow so that Harris owned money, so that he could go.

He thought of ways to earn money, like selling papers, but they all took too long. Harris would have to own money right away. Bellinger was sailing next week. Suddenly he thought of a way. He went over to the turtles' home and looked at Balboa and Thunder. Arthur was saving up money to buy turtles. He must have quite a lot saved up by now. He would sell Balboa and Thunder to Arthur. He would give the money to Harris, together with what he had in his bank, and then Harris would own money. Then he could go.

He smiled at Balboa. Brave Balboa, gazing out on the Pacific. And dear little Thunder who always hurried to get in dark places. He loved them so. He took such good care of them. Arthur wouldn't take as good care of them. Arthur might—again he saw Arthur, pulling at Balboa's shell. He felt sick inside. He couldn't, he couldn't give them up—not to Arthur—but there was nobody else he knew who wanted turtles, who would pay for them. And Harris had to go. He knew that. It kept whizzing in his head all the time, even when he was loving them.

"Nice Balboa," he said, picking him up, "you know it's on account of Harris—he has to go. And I'll come and see you every day. Arthur will let me. He'll have to. And Thunder..." He

picked Thunder up and patted him.

He'd have to go right away. If he waited, maybe he couldn't. Quietly he slipped out of the house, carrying the turtles in their home. There was a box of ant eggs and tooth picks in his pocket. He'd show Arthur how to feed them. Arthur mustn't cram them, he mustn't. He stumbled a little, going up the steps to Arthur's house.

"Arthur," he called, "Arthur."

"Hi there. What you got the turtles for?"

"I'm going to sell them to you, Arthur, but it will take an awful lot of money to buy them. I got to have a lot of money—all you've got."

"Well, I've got a lot saved up. Gee..." Arthur's eyes brightened. He got his bank, and shook out the money—quarters, dimes, nickels, pennies.

Forby looked at the hoard. "You'll have to give me more. I'm selling the turtles' home, too, and some ant eggs."

"Gee..." Arthur went away again.

He returned with more money, tied up in a handkerchief. It's all I got, Forby. Honest."

"All right. I guess it's enough. You'll be good to them, won't you, Arthur? See, you wet a toothpick and put an ant egg on the end of it. And always feed them in the water. Just every three days, Arthur, real careful."

"Yeah. I see." Arthur handed him the money.

"And you'll let me come to see them, won't you, Arthur?"

Arthur considered. "Well, maybe. But they're my turtles now."

"Yes, they're your turtles. Goodbye, Thunder. Goodbye, Balboa..."

Then he ran out of the house. He didn't want Arthur to see him crying.

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He ran very fast all the way home. He still felt a little sick but he felt happy, too. Harris could go now. Harris could go! It sung in his ears.

He rushed into the house. Harris's coat was in the hall. He climbed up on his knee.

Harris," he said, his eyes wide, "you can go. You own money now." He poured the money—it was an awful lot—into Harris's lap.

"Why yes, Forby, I see, dear. But where did you get it—all this money?"

"I sold the turtles to Arthur." His lip trembled but he stiffened it so that Harris wouldn't see. "You have to go, Harris. You have to go. And now you own money. Now you can."

Harris's arm tightened about him. "Oh, my dear," he said, "my dear son, you shouldn't, you shouldn't . . ."

"That's all right, Harris. I didn't mind—much. You can go now. You're going, aren't you?"

"Well, I . . ." Harris got up. "There are a lot of things to consider, Forby. I'll never forget what you've done, old chap, but . . ."

"Oh, Harris . . ." There was agony in Forby's voice. "You won't be the same if you don't go. I don't believe I could love you as much. I'd try but I know I couldn't. Oh, Harris, isn't there enough money?"

Harris looked away for a long minute. Forby couldn't see his face but the world was standing still, he knew. Oh . . . if he had sold the turtles and still there wasn't money enough. But it made such a pile. Oh, he couldn't stand that. Tears started.

Then Harris turned around. His face was all bright and shiny, and he looked like a young father again. He caught Forby in his arms and held him tight.

"Yes, Forby, there's enough," he said with a little choke. "There's enough. I can go now. 'You've done it, old chap. I'm . . . going . . .!'"

Forby helped him pack his bag, putting in lots of shirts and some khaki clothes. He hurried Harris. He wanted him to go right away. He was afraid if mother should come home . . . Harris talked excitedly—the way he used to—about the Stone Age and everything.

"You'll be another Prichard or another Beebe," Forby told him.

Harris laughed. "Yes, I'll be both of them."

He held Forby in his arms for a long moment and then kissed him.

"I'll remember this always," he said, "what you gave me."

Then he dashed out of the house, carrying his bag. He waved his hand gaily, like a young father. "I'll bring you a monkey!"

Forby waved back.

After Harris had gone, he felt afraid. Mother would come and he would have to tell her. And her voice would be—awful—the way it was that night. It seemed a long while before she came. Then he heard her open the door.

"Hello, Forby," she kissed him. "Has Harris come?"

Forby kept hold of her hand. "He's come and he's gone, mother. Harris has gone with Bellinger. Mother, he had to go. I couldn't love him if he didn't. And I sold the turtles to Arthur so that Harris could own money, so he could go. Harris said it was enough."

He waited. He was still afraid of mother's voice. She didn't say anything for a minute. Then she gathered him up in her arms.

"Oh, Forby . . ." she said. And her voice wasn't a bit—awful.

CHILD OF THE BORDER

BY GWENDOLEN HASTE

WINTER FARM

The trees that clustered it with warmth in June,
 Ungracious hosts today withdraw their sweet,
 Leaving it to the pale and soundless winter.
 The chimney sends its desperate small heat
 Into the sagging curtain of the storm.
 Snow leans against the walls in wind-curved hills
 And lays inquisitive siftings on the floor.
 The isolate watch behind their fragile sills
 Those who with frightless eyes indifferent run
 The stepped streets of the wilderness. The boy,
 Cherishing summer in the core of frost,
 Fondles his town-bought apple like a toy.
 Hidden away from acrid older sight
 It is his for weeks, a rosy perfumed token
 Of sunfree days, dead with the circling year,
 To be born again when the white charm is broken.

SANCTUARY

The warm repose of summer day
 Is broken by the hunters' bay.
 Over the pasture fence a deer
 Leaps with the rapid feet of fear
 Among the cattle as a brother;
 While every fierce and staring mother
 Turns on the yelping foe a crest
 That chokes their ardor for the guest.
 Defeated thus by horned hate
 The dogs retire disconsolate.
 Their bawling moves upon the breeze,
 Rueful and far among the trees.
 Through silver silence of the day
 The delicate deer leaps on his way.

DEATH OF LINCOLN

A thing most dreadful has befallen.
 Nor flood, nor scalping, nor the rape
 By wolves, nor frozen years of war
 Can match this deed's unholy shape.
 Press in upon the lamp,
 And clutch the crackling sheet

Brought by one sweating through the night.
Those whose fierce strength has been our meat
Are broken now. Hide your strange panic
At tears in eyes that never ran
At other grief. Cover your sobs.
See how the light is bent as by a fan.
A breath from some cold hell has struck this room.
This air is darkened by a nation's gloom.

FALL CRESCENT

BY JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

When the oak puts off his gosling gray
And the world is keen for frost,
A maiden lingers by the way,
Her eyes in summer lost.

Oh the moon is mad at Melmouth Town,
But the days are wearily sane and sombre-cold.
And shall I wander up to you, or shall I wander down
And join the moon in a mirrored spray of gold?

"The even ash-leaf in my glove,
The first I meet will be my love."
Hi, mate o' mine! was it the wind of autumn brought ye shivering to the door?
Here is no shelter but the walls of heaven, no food but the store
I filched from husband squirrel when the leaves were crackly ground—
Are you awearied of the view? Turn around!

Hobble-de-hoy,
Neither man nor boy;
Came with the bluebell
Ringing for joy;
Smiled with the flowering
Under the rain,
Twinkled away again
Leaving the pain.

I was a gaudy flower, they said,
Bright for the hair of a harlot's head.
The smaller the pease, the more to the pot,
The fairer the woman, the more giglot.

Maybe the moon is only feigning mad;
Maybe the moon and I, we really know
The ceaseless flow
Of bad to good, and good again to bad.

Followed it flees; and fled, returning follows,
Over the peaks to the turrets of windy days,
And cornerakes cry on the heaths and along the hollows
Where the werewolf plays:

And all the tunes that it could play
Was "Nix my dolly, pals, break away."

However far a bird may fly, it takes its tail along.

I once had a song, a pleasant song,
That danced me to my lover's arms,
And drowsily lulled my drab alarms
And a voice that whispered "Is it wrong?"

And so the moon is mad tonight,
And I have drunken from its horn,
And I can't forget the lad tonight
In whom my love was born.

Wind, snatch a breath of my wanderwail
And cheerily
Sweep it a mad triumphant hail
To him of me.

Melmouth Town is a dirty hole:
God rest my soul.

Go sprightly; love lightly;
Drink roundly; sleep soundly.

Be the day never so long. . . .

CAESAR AND LIZZ

A RIVER FRONT BALLAD

BY QUEENE B. LISTER

He had cross eyes . . .
But I didn't care—
Wen I looked at his eyes
I thought uv his hair.

His hair wuz like
Short curly rope—
An' it smelled uv tobacco
An' tar an' soap . . .

I wuz skermishin' wood
By Dump-street moorage
Wen he headed his skiff
Thru weeds an' sewerage

An' landed amuck
Some drift I wuz catchin'.
We gabbed an' he asked
If I maybe wuz "batchin" . . .

An' he smoked a pipe
Mixed up with a grin—
A grin whut wolloped yuh
Like straight gin!

His face wuz brown
As the bark on trees.
An' the top uv his boots
Whut come up to his knees
Come mos' t' my waist—
That tall if yuh please!

Me an' him built a porch
T' my house-boat shack—
An' wen he'd go way
He'd al'us come back . . .

Oncet he staid with me
Two months an' a week
Wile he wuz a healin'
A scar on his cheek . . .

He nailed new planks
On my gang-way t' shore . . .
Gosh! I'd never had
Me a *rill* man before!

Dump Moorage al'us
Minded its bizz—
So's they called him the man
Whut belonged t' Lizz.

An' hones' t' God!
I wuz prouder than rum,
Tho I never dared ask
Whur the 'ell he come from.

Seein' he'd anchored
But might go fer good—
I kep my cur'osity
Quiet as wood.

If yuh ain't been a woman
Whut's fell fer a man—
I might jus' as well
Make a carp understan' . . .

But gee! He wuz handsome!
. . . Six feet-seven! . . .
He played a jew's harp
An' . . . an' I loved him like heaven!

He bought me two hens
An' a spring fer my bed;
An' a toney plush book—
Tho I ain't never read,

He sed 'twas a book
That I'd like cause it lied—
Wen I opened the back
It played music inside!

An' wile I sat there . . .
 Sat there on his knee—
 He sez, "'Lizz, my gal—"
 He sez that t' me,

"I'm strong fer yer vittals
 An' long fer yer kisses,"
 An' he gev me a ring!
 So that I wuz his Missus!

Wen the river that night
 Sloshed against the log floats,
 An' lights slipped a passin'
 Green an' red, on the boats—

An' our lantern shined down
 In the shack, on us two—
 An' I looked at his arms
 With their stylish tattoo—
 Whee! It seemed like, I felt like
 I'd *never* be blue!

Fer no dudish fella
 Coulda made a gal pleased-er
 Than I wuz with my man
 Whut called hisself, "Caesar!"

He tarred up my rain-barrel,
 An' fixed me a door-latch;
 He wired up the drain-barrel
 An' dug up a shore-patch;

An' he made a stick fence
 T' show whut ground wuz ours
 Whur we planted some grub—
 An' mind yuh, some flowers!

We had cabbage an' spuds,
 An' a row uv tobacco;
 Petunias an' garlic,
 An' red portulacca!

In the Spring wile I waited
 Fer it t' perduee
 I sold driftwood, an' mushrooms,
 An' crawfish . . . An' juice

Uv dandyliion posies.
 (They wuz easy t' pick—
 An' made a nice tonic
 With a whoop uv a kick . . .)

Wen Caesar went skiffin'
 Fer fish down the levee,
 I'd sing an' fergit
 How my wood-sacks wuz heavy.

Wen he staid days an' weeks
 I knowed he'd drift back—
 So's I worked extree hard
 Fixin' up our boat-shack.

I found a wash-biler
 One day on th' dump,
 An' a wild trumpet-vine
 By an old willer stump;

An' I brung 'em both home
 An' fastened th' vine
 To a piece uv fish net.
 It looked awful fine
 A treakin' up high
 Plumb over the door—
 An' then treakin' down
 Almos' to the floor!

I watered it grand
 An' put chicken manure
 In the biler uv dirt
 T' help it endure . . .

At nights after supper
 I'd tie my black hair
 With a purty green tassel
 (Whut Caesar liked there)

An' I'd toss a moss-pillar
 In my one rockin' chair
 An' set on the porch—
 Lookin' out everywhere,
 Lookin' up, lookin' down,
 Lookin' out everywhere . . .

But wen any bums
(Wot I'd knowed b'fore Caesar)
Come snoopin' at night—
I hadn't no leisure . . .

I showed 'em my gun,
An' told 'em—oh well,—
I told 'em a plenty.
Then cussed 'em a spell . . .

But if yuh ain't *ever*
Changed inter a lady—
After bein' whut some called
A Dump Moorage "shadey",

Yuh won't get me. See?
Yuh won't understan'
How I sunk net an' float,
An' boat, fer my man . . .

How I set lonesome-like
Near my breakin' vine,
An' let 'em move on
With their gab an' moonshine . . .

How I bunked by myself
Wile I knowed jus' as true
That Caesar'd come back
Like he figgered t' do . . .

'Twas early one mornin'
Wen the moorage wuz wakin'
That the floats on my boat
Acted kinda earth-quakin',

An' my stove went to jiggin'
(That wuz al'us a sign)
Lands! my heart gev a yank
Like a shark on a line!

Thinks I, if it's Caesar
Tyin' up there outside—
I'm so glad I could bust!
I kicked the door wide! . . .

Fer a minute it wuzn't
Nobudy a tall—
Then I seed who wuz landin'.
She wuz old. An' her shawl

Hung over a big
Market basket she toted—
Next, my heart wuz a sinker!
Fer a feller, blue coated,

Showed up just behind—
Squintin' mean as a lizzard,
(I'd as leave had the moorage
Fruzz up with a blizzard!)

I decided t' act
Rill perlite tho an' pleasin'
An' I reckon I did.
They come in fer some reason . . .
But the old one warn't set
Till that basket wuz sneezin!

"A baby in ther! . . . ?
Whur th' hell, now?" I sed.
The old woman sniffled
An' wagged her thin head . . .

'Twas a durn little brat
With curly rope hair—
An' crooked blue eyes,
An' its feet in the air . . .

The old woman blubbered
With a lip-full uv snuus;
The cop yanked her arm
An' called her a goose.

Then she bawled tiil her mouth
Slid all over her jaw—
Sayin', "Caesar got *life*!
'Cause . . . 'cause he blinked the kid's
maw!"

An' she told how poor Caesar
Had been a swell son—
(Excep' maybe, sometimes—
Actin' quick with his gun)

She wuz pinched fer suspec'.
The cop just t' ease her
Let 'er fetch me the kid—
Seein' she'd *promised* Caesar.

As soon as *he* knowed
He'd be taken fer 'life'
He told 'em that *I*
Wuz the same as his wife! . . .

Yep . . . as soon as he seed
That he had t' be took—
He . . . tole 'em *I'd* raise . . . it
T' not . . . be . . . no crook!

I blinked at the skinny
Little cuss layin' there—
An' the squinty-eyed cop,
Settin' on a barrel-chair;

An' I thinks me uv *him*,
My on'y *rill* man—
Wen the little durn brat
Rams a fist in my han'

Now, I'd never took no stock
A tall in *no* brats—
(They allus seemed orn'ry
—Er as useful as rats.)

But somethin' inside me
Whooped, "Lizz, yuh blamed fool!"
Cause th' little brat's mitt
Kicked my heart like a mule!

So I swiped some new soap
Whut smelled like wild rose—
An' made him some togs
Outa Caesar's old clothes.

Gee! He ett jus' as happy
As moon on a ripple—
From an empty beer-bottle
Fixed with milk, an' a nipple.

'Twas Eagle Brand milk
Black Lil, down the row,
(Whut had brats thick as rats)
Sed it fattened 'em. So

Seein' how he wuz purtin' nigh
Thin as a feather—
I fed 'im on that
Mixed sometimes together

With little soft bites
Uv meat whut I'd chew—
If I had beef-shank
Er horse-liver stew . . .

My lan' it wuz takin'
T' watch that kid grow!
Allus actin' so knowin' . . .
Why, he got so he'd crow

Like the Chink's fightin' rooster
In the shanty next over;
An' he learned ter say, "Bow Wow",
Like lame Hattie's Rover! . . .

* * *

That squinty-faced cop
Comes snoopin' rill often—
Sez he orter keep posted,
Sez a crook's ways don' soften.

Wen he mouths th' word "crook"
An' watches me close
I'm durn glad my gun is—
Oh well—whut yuh 'spose . . . ?

My shore-patch perduced
Rill surprisin' that summer.
I done skermishin' too . . .
Some sed I wuz dumber

The Frontier

Than any fool livin'
Fer totin' the kid
Besides luggin' wood sacks
The way that I did.

Lame Hattie sed leave 'im
An' padlock the door,
Er she lowed she could keep 'im—
But I laughed till I swore!

Lame Hattie's all right,
Yet . . . her oar fer a crutch—
(Without nary weapon . . .)
If . . . she 'ad t' fight much—

Well, seein' it's th' truth
Whut I'm figgerin' t' tell—:
That cop made me jumpy—
'Bout my brat—skeered as hell!

An' black Lil, the wop's gal,
(Like I sed—down the row—)
Wuz willin' t' mind 'im,
But she whiffs too much "snow".

Lil mightn't wake up! . . .
A course it's durn silly
Fer me t' be thinkin'—
Yet rilly—gosh! rilly

With a man like my Caesar
Put away in a prison—
Why *wouldn't* I want
This here baby uv his'n . . . ?

Am I lonesome? . . . God, yes!
Wen th' river boats chug
Er whistle at night . . .
Thur's a hell uv a tug

At my heart fer some
Orn'ry reason—er other—
Till I thinks how I'm bein'
His baby's mother . . .

An' that's how I happened
T' do whut I done—
Walked thirty miles, Gov'ner,
With this kid an' my gun . . .

Yuh see I can't write
Ner pay yuh a cent—
But I heerd someone sayin'
You wuz a *rill* gent—

Now, I ain't minded waitin'
All night in yer garden,
If—my gosh! Mr. Gov-ner,
If yuh'd write him a pardon . . . ?

THE REBEL

BY NORMAN MACLEOD

Let me speak of the insurgence of strata
In the sombre of granite mountains.
Let me remark upon the cataclysm
Of rebellious centuries
From the early nativity of geologic dawn
Exemplified by Montana
To the western coast,
If I were to expatiate
Upon the revolutionary religion of soil
Or the hardened character of regions
So seemingly subdued by man.
Man is a minute moron
On the face of an intransigent globe.

GEORGE SLANT

BY UPTON TERRELL

I DIDN'T learn all about George Slant in a few days. It was during the year I had gone to live in Santa Fe that I saw him about on this day and that day, sat with him on my back doorstep when he came with eggs. I found out some things about him and about his life in this period, things everybody doesn't know. What happened to him while I was living there is common knowledge. However, it is all a part of the story I have set myself down to tell.

One walks along a reach of yellow road which runs eastward from the edge of town into a purple break in the pinon hills to the old adobe house in which he lived. If you had been to Santa Fe, and had ever known him, you would recall that his bronze face was quite as wrinkled as the walls of his house. You would have thought, perhaps, that those old walls could have been built no longer ago than his feeble body was born.

Walk along this road in mid-afternoon. The Sangre de Christo Mountains rise up before you in a great emerald wall with golden tints lighting the high prominent points and blue shadows lying in the canyons. The sun hangs over a cloud of purple mist in the west which is the Jemez Range, swept usually at this time of day by great blue brooms that are rain storms. The Jemez lies beyond the valley of the Rio Grande, the river running from the sky through a valley changing constantly its shades and tints under moving heat waves like a chameleon. Southward is a colored patchwork of desert running down to the distant round blue peaks of the Sandia standing before a turquoise sky.

Suddenly you come upon the house. There it is just around a sharp turn in the road where tall sage hides the view ahead. To the left of it are a row of poplars and a path leading through them to a round pole corral and a dilapidated log barn with a sloping roof. There will be a burro and two or three dirty children about, for now the place is occupied by a Mexican wood-cutter and his family.

When he, George, lived there, and when his wife was alive, there were tall hollyhocks, red and lavender and ochre, standing in a wavering line across the front of the house. Long strings of chili peppers hung in the sun from protruding eaves. And there was a washtub sitting on a box under the trees. In a high wire enclosure built to keep out prowling animals, Rhode Island reds scratched and dusted themselves in holes in the powdered earth.

People of Santa Fe who knew him as I did, who bought his eggs and frying chickens, sometimes speak of the house as "the cake house." When they are in a joking mood they may use a modern term when referring to him and call him "the original cake-eater." It is rather a poor pun. Yet, there was nothing which played so important a part in his life as the cake he ate, nothing which governed to as great an extent the fortunes and misfortunes of his existence.

His wife's name was Sally. He always spoke of her merely as Sal. Neither of them were natives of the western country. Both were born in the east; but they came west so young in life that one could not consider them anything

but westerners. There was no touch of the gentle east about them. Even their bodies had adopted the ruggedness of the sunburnt ranges. Their eyes seemed constantly fixed on the distance . . . the infinite spaces of empty valleys under an empty sky. And their natures were as quiet, as calm as the mountains and deserts around them . . . and as unchangeable, although during the latter years of his life age did commence to play tricks with his mind. That is, he sometimes acted a bit childish and he lived more in retrospect than in the day at hand.

But I am going ahead too swiftly with my story. I must begin at the beginning, begin where he began, if I am to tell it properly.

This was in Pineville, Ohio, where he lived until he was eighteen years old. When he was very young his parents died and he was adopted by a neighboring family named Gubbins. As soon as he was old enough to drive horses he was put to work. He received no schooling, no training of any kind other than whippings from a brutish paternal guardian and slaps across the mouth from a worn wretch poorly playing the role of his own departed mother.

There were four other children in the Gubbins family . . . two boys and two girls . . . and these went to school a part of the year. Soon they were able to letter and make figures, and so could ridicule their adopted brother for his ignorance.

Jake Gubbins was a drunkard. He owned two teams of horses and conducted the only draying business in the town. In this way he managed to feed his ragged family as well as to pay for the vast amount of liquor he consumed.

George worked on the wagon driving

the horses while Jake sat on the seat beside him dozing in a drunken stupor. At times, when Jake was too drunk to work in safety, George would go alone on the wagon, moving those things from place to place which were not too heavy for him to handle. Those things which were too heavy were either loaded and unloaded by the customer or remained unmoved.

When business was slack, as it was a great part of the time, George and Jake would drive to a hitching-post in the main street where they could be located easily, and Jake would go into a nearby saloon, leaving George to attend to the business. So while his adopted brothers and sisters were playing and obtaining an education, he was earning the money to pay for their food and rags and for the liquor of their father.

One day he delivered a bag of flour to the little cottage at the edge of Pineville in which lived Myra Slant, an aged widow whose husband had died many years before, and whose only son, Bert, was a soldier in the west who came home on a leave once a year.

It was a cold winter day. When he had come into her kitchen she set out a cup of coffee for him and a plate of cakes. He sat behind the hot range eating the cakes. He had never tasted cakes like these the widow gave him. They melted in his mouth and the taste of each mouthful seemed to linger. When he left she gave him half-a-dozen wrapped in a small piece of cloth. He put them in his pocket and later munched them as he drove about town.

It was those cakes which George ate in the Widow Slant's kitchen that day which marked the beginning of a great friendship. They marked the turning-point in the uninteresting path of his

life. They opened for him the way of a brighter trail, an adventurous trail running to the horizon. And they awakened in him a desire to know more of the good things which he came to understand were really to be found on earth.

However, it did not all happen as quickly as I tell it. His mind was dull, and the wonders which he came to know existed he saw and imagined only vaguely through the haze of ignorance. He knew nothing of the world beyond the limits of Pineville. He did not know that beyond the ends of the field which surrounded the town the earth continued, flesh lived and died, the sun and moon and stars shone, the wind blew and winter followed summer, as in his own tiny world. These were not the wonders he came to know existed. No. They were wonders far more simple. They were the wonders of kindness, good food and comfort, things of life he had not known in the fourteen years of his existence.

The Widow Slant was pleased to find some one, even a mere boy, who so enjoyed her cakes, for she enjoyed making them. She was lonely, and George, in his rags, who ate greedily and whose blue eyes spoke so plainly the appreciation he did not know how to express in words, awoke in her a great pity.

George soon became a regular caller at the Widow Slant's cottage, never failing to find awaiting him a yellow crock of cakes under a cloth on the table in her kitchen, as well as coffee or milk. While he ate she would talk to him, telling him of her son Bert, and of some of his adventures as a cavalryman.

She would say: "Bert will be home soon, and then you'll meet a fine soldier. You'll like Bert. You look a little like he used to look when he was

your age, only his hair was darker."

Or: "My sakes alive, Georgie, you must wash your neck and ears. Here now, bend over while I take off some of that mud."

Or: "Well, George, you need that hole fixed in your shirt. Now take it off and let me patch it. Always remember, never put off 'till tomorrow what can be done before sunset. That hole has been there for three days now and you never would get it fixed if I didn't do it."

And one day she went fishing in an old trunk and brought out a pair of Bert's boyhood breeches for him, her eyes growing misty as she watched him get into them. And on another day she gave him a pair of mittens she had knitted. But one of his brothers got these the first time he came home with them, and when he made an effort to regain them he received a push from Jake's heavy foot which sent him sprawling into a corner. When he told the widow what had happened her eyes flashed and her face grew red. But in a moment her anger had subsided.

"Never mind, Georgie," she told him. "Let the dirty shanty Irish have them. I'll make you another pair. God always punishes people like that."

And she at once set about making him another pair, which he never took into the Gubbins house with him but kept hidden between two logs of the barn.

By the time George was sixteen and had come long before to feel that the cottage of the Widow Slant was more his home than the untidy Gubbins shanty, and had met Bert Slant twice and considered him the greatest man he had ever known, Jake seldom rode on the wagon. He had made what he called "a change in the work." One morning

he had said to George, "You're big enough to work alone all the time now, and I'm busy. If you get anything to haul that's too heavy for you, get that dam' nigger Joe from Mason's store to help you. But you take care of the money. Don't you let that nigger get his thievin' black hands on it or I'll beat your hide off. And don't you be loafin' around none."

George accepted his added responsibility without complaint. He was, in a certain sense, his own boss, and this part of the arrangement he did not dislike. He knew that Jake would bother him little, being "busy" . . . he would have more freedom.

When Bert was home on leave, he would go to sit in the Widow Slant's kitchen in the evening and listen to him tell of his adventures in the west. Perhaps there would be two or three other men there, and maybe one or two of them would bring their wives, or their sweethearts if they were young men. On such occasions there would be an immense bowl full of cakes on the table. Every one would munch cakes and drink coffee, or if it happened to be in the summer they would drink milk brought in a cool white crock from the earth cellar outside.

On these nights the widow's face would be flushed with happiness. They were the times George would notice that she seemed to be younger, and that she moved about with a firmer step. And in his simple mind he came to understand the love which one individual may hold for another, the love which is demonstrated in so many different ways and is of so many different depths. He came to know that his own feeling for the widow was no less than this strange, mystifying thing. And there were times

when he would hear her voice, listen to her words, "It's so nice to have him home, but so painful to think that soon he'll be off again, maybe never to come back . . .", that his heart would thump wildly in his breast and he would have cried if he had not come to believe very early in life that crying was wasted effort.

Whenever there were sweethearts or wives present Bert would tell stories which would make them shudder and close their eyes as if to shut out the horrible pictures he painted with his quiet flow of words. George enjoyed these stories the best, and during the telling of them he would never move his eyes from the great cavalryman of the west whose immense bony, brown hands, parched red face and broad shoulders tightly covered in the blue uniform coat were symbols of a land and of a life very difficult for him even to imagine.

"That was the hardest ride I ever had, folks. Two days through white dust. And when we got there, what did we find? Bodies, that's all. Bodies with their eyes picked out by birds. Women and children, too. Not a heart beating. Blood everywhere. Bodies left to rot in the sun or be eaten by animals. It took us two days to bury them. I tell you, folks, them Sioux is bad Injuns. They've got to be wiped out. But it's agoin' to take many a year and many a life."

In the spring when George was eighteen, Bert came home in a lieutenant's uniform, and while he was home his mother died.

That night the soldier and the boy sat in darkness beside her body in her tiny bedroom . . . the soldier who had many times in his life been close to death, and the boy who knew nothing of it, who

could hardly understand the finality of it. They sat in silence until the soldier said, "She'll be cremated. It was her wish. And she wanted her ashes scattered out in a field. I won't put her in a grave. I'll do as she wanted. It'll cost more money, but I'll do it."

The boy didn't understand the meaning of "cremated." It was more of the great mystery which year by year and day by day was being unfolded before his eyes. His breast was full of pain and his throat was choked. He would have liked to cry out a word, any word; but he said nothing, and finally he went out, leaving the soldier sitting alone in the dark room.

They were walking on a road beyond the town, between fields sprouting the first green of spring. The soldier carried a metal urn. The boy walked silently at his side.

Death and cremation . . . he had come to understand their meaning. It came to all flesh. Something mysterious leaves the body, something he could neither feel nor see nor describe. She had told him God in His heaven cares for the good after death. The bad go tumbling down to perdition.

"By the creek," Bert said quietly, "I think is the place."

When they came to the creek they sat down beneath an elm tree. Above them new and tender leaves trembled with awakened life, lettuce-green in golden sunlight. The water of the creek murmured round a rock and moved like a blue curving mirror reflecting the trees and the drifting white clouds. The stillness was heavy and profound, broken only by a bird song. And the air hinted of mid-summer, warm and fragrant.

Bert, sitting on the ground, held the

urn tightly clasped in his hands. He seemed to be awed as if by some weird thought; but suddenly he leaped up, ran away from the urn to the bank of the creek and fell down on his knees with his hands covering his face. He began to sway and moan. George was filled with fear.

"I can't do it," cried Bert. "By God, I can't. I don't want to see them. You've got to do it."

He got up and came to stand over George, who sat staring at the ground between his feet.

"You take them up there on the hill and scatter them out where there will be a wind," he said in a commanding voice. "Go now, and be sure to scatter them all out. Throw the urn away."

Half way up the hill George stopped and looked back. Bert was sitting with his back to a tree. He waved a hand as if to signal George to go on, and George went on up the hill. When he reached the crest a cool breeze struck his face.

He stood there staring at the urn in his hands. What would he see when he removed the top? Were they really ashes, as Bert had called them? Or some inexplicable thing which the eye could not see but which the flesh could feel? A spirit? His hands shook.

He closed his eyes when he removed the top and threw it away. He hesitated, trembling in every part of his body. His hair was creeping . . . Quickly he turned the urn up-side-down. He felt it grow lighter, and at that instant opened his eyes. Something soft struck him in the face, in the eyes, and mouth. He was so terrified that he dropped the urn and fell to the ground. Instinctively he rubbed his eyes. Something ground in his teeth. He spit and

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spluttered. It might have been soft clay; but, there was no taste of clay.

The memory of the occurrence on the hill-top remained the most vivid of all his memories. And years later, even long after he had become too old to be a freighter, too old to handle a half-wild six-team on desert and mountain trails, he would speak as if it had happened only the previous day.

He had run away not long after he had scattered the widow's ashes in the wind. Pineville became in his eyes a desolate place. He drove his wagon about the streets in sadness and loneliness. The summer of his life seemed to have suddenly become cold, dreary winter. Tears would fill his eyes when he passed her little cottage, tears he would force back, as was his habit. And always he hungered for her cakes, finding no satisfactory substitutes.

He had set out for the west one night, taking with him what money he had collected that day and the few dollars he filched from Jake's pants while the sot slept. He had made up his mind to become a soldier, and so he set out to find Bert, who he knew was stationed at a place called Fort Russell, in Wyoming.

He never found Bert; but he became a soldier under the name of George Slant.

He was a soldier for twenty years, riding the far ranges and deserts of the western frontier. He saw the wild conquered and finally vanish. And when this was done, he left the army. Adventure in the western cavalry was suddenly history.

It was shortly after he had quit the army and become a freighter, hauling supplies from the new Santa Fe railway to the inland towns and ranches, that he

met Sally. It happened in Las Vegas, where he sometimes went with his six-team.

One night he was walking in a narrow street on the way to the room in which he was staying. It was a June night, and the desert stars wheeled overhead, blown on a silver wind. He had been gambling, and having won he had bought several drinks for his friends and had taken several himself, so that he felt in fine feather. It was a night for adventure, a night for riding. And as he walked he was thinking of what he proudly called the "old days," when he was a young soldier.

Thoughts like these came to him on such nights, and sometimes he regretted that he had not continued his life as a cavalryman. But the Indians had given up. The old west was gone. The old adventures were lost in the multitude of recollections which stirred the blood. Better than army life now was the life of a freighter, driving a six-team over desert and mountain trails from the line of steel to the open country inland where the cow ranches remained undisturbed by the invasion of civilization. Life in the army now was mostly waiting for something to happen which one knew never would happen. Life as a freighter meant freedom, and one could mingle in towns with the strange, restless men who came and went silently out of the night into the night, and without interference or question from anyone. And one could move about as one wished, and one could have one's girls and one's drink and one's play and one's work without consideration for rule or regulation. Better the life of a freighter . . . But he would never forget the sound of the troop riding at night the empty ranges that reached to

the stars, the clink of bit and the clank of sabre, the creak of oily leather and the dull pounding of the horses' feet on the dry earth.

He turned a corner, and something very nearly struck him in the head. Almost at once there was a tinkle of breaking glass and a dull thud as the object landed in the road behind him. He jumped into the shadow of a nearby wall and drew his revolver. He heard a woman scream. Perceiving that no one was intent upon attacking him, he stepped out again into the road. The sounds of a struggle came from a nearby adobe house.

When he had kicked open a door and stepped into the house he saw a woman lying on the floor beside a table. There was no one else in the room, but a door ajar in the rear indicated that someone had made a hasty retreat in that direction. Several chairs were overturned, and a bowl lay shattered on the hearth. The thought passed through his mind that it was such a bowl thrown through a window which had very nearly collided with his head. He closed both doors, and then lifted the woman to a chair and bathed her face with water.

When she had come around, when she had got control of herself, he sat down beside the table looking at her in a strange way. He could think of no words worth while uttering, so he just looked at her across the table. On the table were the remains of a meal. Once or twice she looked at him but let her eyes drop quickly when they met his. She was a slender, dark-haired woman with very black eyes and a tanned face, probably ten years younger than he. At last she seemed to gather enough courage to look steadily into his calm blue eyes.

"Gracias," she muttered, hardly moving her thin lips.

"Will he come back?" George asked.

She shook her head. "Not tonight." Then she stood up quickly, unsteadily, holding to the table. "Dam' him," she cried. "No, he won't come back. He'll get drunk as a hoot. He's a coward. That's the last time he beats me. I ain't a goin' to stand it no longer. I'm a-goin' off, I am."

She sat down again trembling and wringing her hands. George said nothing. He was looking at a yellow bowl on the table in which there were four small cakes. Suddenly he reached out and picked one up. He held it in his fingers, looking at it as if contemplating its possible taste, considering its size and shape and color as an artist might study a landscape with an idea in mind to paint it. Then he stuffed it into his mouth. When he had swallowed it, he at once ate another. He ate all four, chewing them slowly and staring into space.

She was watching him. When he had swallowed the last one she said, "You must be hungry. I'll warm some coffee and frijoles."

"No," he said, "I'm not hungry." He looked at the empty bowl. "But I'll eat another cake if you got one, and a dipper of water."

She brought more cakes from a clay jar on a shelf and set them before him. Between bites he sipped water from the dipper. When he had finished he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and leaned toward her over the table.

"It's been many a year since I tasted cakes like them. I was a boy back in Ohio." Then as if the words had made him very sad he asked, "Who made them?"

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"I did," she told him. "They ain't as good as sometimes. But then a person don't get decent flour out here. It ain't never as good as I used to get back home in Indianny. Pshaw, I could turn out cakes then!"

He seemed to be lost in a realm of profound thought. But all at once he was standing with his back to the door.

"You want to get out of here?" he said huskily. "You want to run off from him? Then you come with me. I'll be good to you. I'll take you to live in Santa Fe, and you won't be beat."

She was staring at him in open-mouthed amazement. Then she seemed to slump on the chair.

"How can I do that?" she asked hopelessly. "I'm married to him. How can I go with you?"

He had become a bit excited. "Who'll know? Who'll ever know? There ain't nobody in Santa Fe will ever know. He'll never find you. Look, he's even a coward. He run off when I come to the door. He won't even try to find you."

She was looking steadily into his face as if searching there for some sign, some expression, some false movement of an eye which would warn her of danger in such an undertaking, but finding none she stood up. "All right, mister, I'll go. I don't even know your name, but whatever it is it's mine now. I'll go. Hell would be better than living with him."

Now when he was a very old man and feeble he would go about Santa Fe with eggs in a basket knocking at doors and chuckling and shaking a snow-white head in appreciation of the bits of money he received from housewives and the artists and writers who lived in the

colony. And sometimes he would sit down in my doorway in the sunlight and talk of bygone days, chuckling in a childish manner and blinking a pair of eyes which for all their years of unceasing service were as blue as the sky above them. And sometimes he would reach into his pocket and bring forth a small cake and as he talked munch it with toothless gums.

When he had emptied his baskets of eggs he would trudge the reach of yellow road that runs eastward from the edge of town into a purple break in the pinon hills to the old adobe house in which they had lived since that time they had run away from Sal's husband in Las Vegas.

One day he failed to come with his basket of eggs. I recall that my neighbor was provoked. She came to borrow of me, but I had none, and she was obliged to buy from a shopkeeper on the plaza. When he did not come on the second morning she sent her boy to the little adobe house to find out the reason.

This is how we came to know that Sal had died. How long he would have sat there beside her lying stiff and white in their bed, one cannot say. But they took her away, and they cremated her because he demanded that she be cremated and produced the money to pay for it.

One evening he trudged a purple road toward the old adobe house under the wall of the Sangre de Christo Mountains red with the blood of the wounded sun, the red which the conquerers had seen and called the Blood of Christ, and in his withered hands he carried a metal urn containing her ashes.

The people of Santa Fe who bought his eggs after that day knew an old

man who had lost his childish chuckle, and who mumbled to himself as he trudged along the road. They knew an old man who never spoke of bygone years, who never sat in the sunshine on kitchen doorsteps, but who took his money and went about his business with shaking head and downcast eyes. Then one day they found him lying dead at the doorway of his house.

The coroner took charge of things, owing to the mysterious circumstances. No one was allowed to enter the house until the coroner's chemist had made his report. And when the chemist came with his report, he stood beside the table in the house with the coroner and the undertaker. The chemist's face was very serious.

"Death was caused by poisoning," he said, "but I have not been able to ac-

curately determine as yet the kind of poison which killed him. However, I found it in what I presume to be cake he had eaten."

The coroner reached down quickly and picked up a small cake from a plate which contained several. He broke it open. Inside it was a dull gray color.

"Well, here are your cakes," he said. "They couldn't have been made more than a day or two ago. See, they're soft yet . . . still fresh. He must have made them. He was living here all alone, and hardly anybody ever came around."

"I'll analyze them," said the chemist.

At this instant the undertaker gave a start. He reached down on the floor under the table and picked up a metal urn. The top was removed, and the urn was empty. "My God," he said.

GAL CHICKIE

BY WALTER EVANS KIDD

Are you dead, Gal Chickie, really dead,
Lyn' there so doll-like on your bed?

(You was full of jazz from your toes to your crown
And the queen of life to the gang over town.)

With your hands crossed so, you sure lie there
Like an angel gone to sleep in prayer.

(Remember how them saxophones
Poured their jazz right down our bones—)

It ain't real to see death in your face
That'd smile the stars into the place.

(—and, Gal, how we'd speed to a cabaret,
Cuddle and smoke all our blues away?)

Here they come to put you underground
From the down-town gang and jazzin' sound.

(Now nothin's left—nothin's left in the world of you
And the blues is breakin' my heart in two.)

BAD LANDS

BY FRED J. WARD

IN AN hour of weakness I once lent money to a honyocker, which he neglected to repay. His homestead comprised a half-section of land by the edge of the brakes on the Labin Creek divide. In due time the civil authorities pronounced the property mine.

They call the lower half badlands, but I have learned to call it home. There is a house, or rather I should say, the remains of one, by the upper reach of the draw. The sod walls are still there to mark the spot. The dirt floor is still undisturbed. Close by is a hole in the ground in which one may drop a stone and hear the splash of water a hundred feet below. There used to be a pump but the kindhearted neighbor who carted away the wooden parts of the shack pulled it up and removed it.

The draw where the house used to stand is broad and gentle in slope, like an empty hammock. It drains toward the west, altho there is no sign of creek or ditch. Water from a spring thaw or summer flood comes down in a broad sheet, converges at the edge of the brakes, and pours into the big hole where the badlands begin.

From this point westward there is a succession of sharp ravines and gumbo buttes. Here and there a tiny cinder cone tops the edge of the divide where a few scraggly cedars, no taller than a man, stand against the sky. A dealer in real values would pass this half of my place without a flicker of interest.

Yet to me there is something very intimate, very friendly in these tiny buttes. One little fellow, within a half-

dozen steps of the big hole, has won my heart. It is almost a perfect cone of blue gumbo no taller than I. The top is flat and soft as a cushion. I have christened this butte "Krypton", for it is indeed the little stranger which taught me the joys that await the loiterer in silent places.

The jack-rabbit which had dug his shallow nest under the sagebrush is aroused at my coming. He starts off in a lope, then seeing that I have no mind to follow, slackens his pace, and halts. He rears himself upright and eyes me with suspicion, lest, after all, I may decide to run him a footrace down through the alkali bottoms. Try as I will, I cannot assure the wild fellow that my visits to the spot have nothing to do with him.

To the west are the buttes. They extend as far as the eye can travel. There are round buttes and long buttes. There are pointed buttes and flat buttes. Some are topped with red scoria and cinders. Others are made entirely of cracked yellow stone, whence the river derives its name. The gumbo buttes are tinted in black, slate blue and white, arranged in layers as children sometimes fix colored sands in a bottle.

These layers of black are coal, for this is a lignite country. Neighbors will be here before snowfall to dig it out of the cutbank. Nine miles to the north of me are the Labin creek gas wells. Geologists have asserted that there is a lake of oil some five thousand feet below the spot where I am sitting. That does not concern me now, however. I have never hoped to make money out of this

half-section of land since that day I suffered the lapse of financial discretion.

There are no visitors to this spot, for it lies three miles off the main highway. I say no visitors but that is not strictly true. Seven antelope came over the divide last week on some obscure mission; when they discovered me sunning myself against my favorite butte they gave vent to their peculiar whistling signals of alarm. They flipped their white cotton tails and ran away, and circled back to watch me. For a half-hour I was the center of a ring of curious observers. They reminded me of the seven sons of Gustav Amerski, the Russian, who owns a ranch down beyond the badlands.

Occasionally a mother grouse has made the trip up the draw with twelve little disciples to the clump of plum bushes at the edge of the brakes. A month ago the twelve were reduced to ten, and in the numerical difference I read a family tragedy. The young ones are grown, now. A week ago the family held a dance, possibly a bringing-out party, to which I was an unobserved spectator. The feather-legged young roosters fairly outdid themselves to show their sisters what dashing young coxcombs they were. They strutted back and forth, ran in erratic circles with wings outspread as if in pursuit of an imaginary insect, and uttered unmusical squawks when the excitement reached its pitch.

I brought out a gun from camp this afternoon, for those grouse cocks put me in mind of a delicious pot-pie. But when the covey made its way past me I found that there had been another trag-

edy out in the badlands, and I had no heart to shoot.

Yet an hour later the lost member came up the draw alone. When he reached the shadows under the plum bushes I pulled the gun to my shoulder; but before I could pull the trigger the youngster spread his wings and began running around in erratic fashion among the plum trees. He ruffled his feathers and worked himself into a frenzy, until his comb turned red and mottled from exertion. Every so often he paused and gave a little squawk of delight. He was trying to sing. There is something vastly unmusical in the song of a prairie grouse—something very much like adolescent verse. He meant, of course, to sing that the day was fine and it was good to be alive in the world. Since those were my own thoughts, there should be a bond of sympathy between him and me.

The clever little fellow disappears in the tall grasses beyond the plum bushes. A purple twilight settles down, smoothing off the ragged edges of butte and coulee and cutbank.

There is a faint "boom" to the west. I cannot tell from the vague sound of it whether it is a shot by a hunter who has discovered this refuge of sage hen and prairie chicken, or the report of blasting by the road workers who plan to carve a highway through my place. Possibly neither: only a distant stroke of lightning giving promise of storm tomorrow. The fringe of plum bushes and buck brush stand motionless in the gloom. A silence like the dream world amid the elusive shadows of harmony and contentment.

FRANK BIRD LINDERMAN SIGN-TALKER

BY JEAN PAULINE SMITH

FRANK Bird Linderman has spelled West for me since our first meeting in Montana in 1915. Last fall he came East under protest and planned to remain a few weeks. He is a modest person of the open and hates haunts of men, but *American* needed him in the East as natives had needed him in the West. For New Yorkers he was a refreshing breeze from his own mountains. He was feted, and made a host of loyal friends who persuaded him to remain seven months.

A visit in his home at Goose bay on Flathead lake in Montana is like stepping back into frontier days. Each bronze figure he has cast, each trophy, each picture breathes the beauty, the tragedy, the humor, the friendships, the hazards of an earlier period. For example, I asked the author as he stood beside his open fire in his red voyageur's cincture about the portrait of Aeneas. "Oh, he slapped my mouth once. That's Big Knife. He wanted me to leave the country." F. B. L. chuckled reminiscently, "And, by George, I did! By the way, he was an Iroquois who became chief of the Kootenais. The Jesuits gave him the 'Aeneas'. It was a great warrior."

Viewing this man's collections, one realizes what his friendship must have meant to the Indians, for most of his souvenirs are goodwill gifts, each with its own story, a part of the romance of the West. F. B. L. won the confidence of the Indians at a time when they had every reason to doubt the sincerity of our civilization. From the early '90's when Linderman showed his honest desire to help the red men they have come

to him with their problems, they have trusted him with their lives. Indirectly, the government owes much to this wind-blown youthful man whose face shows the careworn lines of one who suffers for those he loves. He has struggled for and with these red brothers—"my people", as Co-skee-see-co-cot proudly calls the tribesmen of his adoption—to retain and regain some of the rights usurped by unscrupulous agents. An expression of sadness comes over his face as he rides over old trails and sees the barren, unproductive lands left by the white man to the Indians, whose former ranges extended far and gave food and clothing. Because his "people" realize this sympathetic understanding, Frank Linderman has been able to study them as few white men have been privileged to do.

His *American*, the life-story of Chief Plenty-Coups of the Crows, is a monument to the Red Man. It is the biography of the race, as well as of one chief, and will do more to inspire a true picture of these people than can all the distorted, imaginative sketches of past decades. In it we feel the heartbeat of the red man in his struggle against white domination and hypocrisy. We sense the beauty in his nature. Thru this brave story, for the first time we realize the deep significance of the philosophy of the Indian—"I am standing in this world alone."

Frank Linderman has set himself a great task, to tell the truth about the Indian.

* * *

Books by F. B. Linderman are, *Indian Why Stories*, 1915; *On a Passing*

(Continued on Page 102)

SIAAMI

Celebration of the Seventy-Fifth Year of the Founding of the Indian Mission at St. Ignatius, Montana.

BY JOHN C. FROHLICHER

MONTANA'S racial melting-pot seethed and bubbled with mingled emotions four days in the spring of 1930, the emotions of religion, of memory, of feasting and of curiosity. A celebration, unique in the history of the state, became an Indian revival meeting, mixed with a fair amount of trade and barter and an even greater amount of showmanship. The occasion was the Diamond Jubilee of St. Ignatius Mission, on the Flathead reservation, and marked the completion of seventy-five years of service among the Indians on the part of the Society of Jesus.

One minor discrepancy—that of time—crept into the plans. The mission was moved from the old site to the present site on Mission creek in 1864, and perhaps the celebration, to be accurate, should have been held the fall of 1929. But the good fathers of the Mission decided that since the first Easter celebration on the site was held in 1865 it might be just as well to hold the Diamond Jubilee at the time they did.

Some six or seven hundred Indians gathered at the Mission on May 29, 30, 31 and June 1. Father L. Taelman told the writer that there had been a considerable slackening of church attendance on the part of the Indians, and said that the clergy hoped to see some revival of the old interest. They did.

Starting with a series of plays and skits, presented at the Ursuline academy the first night, and running through to the last day, when Governor J. E.

Erickson spoke, there was no time when the religious note was not apparent.

The first program was divided into two parts, one put on by the girls of the Ursuline school, the other by the boys, under the direction of Father E. Frederick.

The usual presentation of white children's pageants featured the girls' show, the girls appearing in modish white lawn dresses and black silk stockings. Their hair was bobbed in the moment's style.

The boy's show was a pageant depicting the journeys of Big Ignace to bring the Blackrobes from St. Louis. The howls of the boys who were in the party that killed the emissaries were enough to make the blood run cold. The boys enjoyed the bloody work of killing their fellows. Father Frederick made a most successful Father DeSmet.

In the audience were thirty Jesuit priests, and at least as many sisters, several orders being represented. Notables from all the Indian reservation schools were present, bringing, in many cases, their own tribal parishioners as guests of the occasion.

Foremost in this band of visitors was the Piegan delegation from Browning, dressed in all the finery of bead and buckskin that the Blackfeet have learned through years of selling such things to the tourists at Glacier park. The Indian bead work of the Jocko Indians, especially that done by Felicity Clark of Arlee, was outstanding.

And by the way, Felicity's oldest son,

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Vincent Matt, attired in all the panoply of a Flathead chief, played two cornet solos. The noise-loving Indians paid less attention to his gentler cadenzas, but the applause was vociferous as Vincent finished his rendition of "Red Hot Mama."

Intermittent drizzlings ceased Friday morning as the clergy, sisters and the throng of Indian worshippers filed through the churchyard and out the mile and a half to the cemetery, where the memorial service for the Indian and Jesuit dead was to be held. Led by fifty mounted riders, bucks and squaws in their finest tribal clothing, the bannered procession marched to the weird chant of an Indian choir. Mass was celebrated in the cemetery. "Sound wagons" and technicolor motion picture cameras preserved the intonations and gestures of the priests, the motionless pictures of the Indians, and the racket of the milling crowd of whites.

Real historical values seemed to be lost when the procession passed from the cemetery to the Ursuline building for a benediction, to the hospital for another benediction, to the church for the final benediction. The only place that was left out of this formality was the little log hut, now used as a machine shed, which the first Jesuits erected in the sixties, the little hut where the first mass at the new Mission site was held.

Indians loitered in the big yard before the fine brick church after the ceremony. Except men who served with the Jesuits on the committees, the paleface was barred from the enclosure. The "siaami", or Selish feast for the dead, was about to begin.

For hours steam kettles made of oil barrels had been smoking and bubbling, filled with the most savory of stews.

The meat ingredient was bison, two of the ponderous animals having been bought from the United States Bison range, west of St. Ignatius, for the purpose. The cost of these animals was defrayed by the two senators from Montana, T. J. Walsh and Burton K. Wheeler. There were also bushels of bread, tens of gallons of coffee, canned milk and sugar and canned fruit. The Indians gorged themselves, and the squaws filled sacks, cardboard cartons and empty boxes with provender to take to their teepees. Then the dance began, in a big circus tent erected between the Ursuline school and the chapel.

This "siaami" is said to be an old Salish custom, a dinner given by survivors of some dead Indian after burial has been held. The idea seemed to prevail, among the priests in charge of the celebration, that the Indians, in speaking of the dead tribesmen, would recall the lost glories of the mission and the sacrifice on the part of nun and priest. Duncan McDonald, himself an Indian, said that nothing was said by any of the Indian speakers about the glories of the church, and he added that the "siaami" has become part of the Indian custom only since the late seventies.

The dance, scheduled to begin at two o'clock, was delayed by the orchestra. The big bass drum, of white man manufacture, was wet, and the cord that tightens the drum head was off in many places. While thousands of impatient palefaces waited beyond the fence for the dance to start, a dozen Indians wrestled with the drum. A fire was kindled to dry out the instrument and shrink the flabby rawhide, and two St. Ignatius merchants, George Beckwith and Leo Hill, put the cords in place.

Then the dance began—Blackfeet

braves furnishing the best as well as the stateliest exhibitions. At least fifty bucks were cavorting in the arena at one time, while a dozen of their fellows were beating the drum with a peculiar rhythm that no white man can imitate.

The dance lasted until five o'clock, when the priests asked that it cease. Angelus sounded at six, and all the encampment was quiet, save where white vendors hawked hot-dogs, pop and Indian souvenirs to the white men.

The camp itself was pitched among the disreputable shacks that fringe the Mission proper. Rickety log dwellings were surrounded by white lodges. Actual count revealed ninety-three lodges in and around the celebration site. Cars of all descriptions were present, the Indians long since having become motorized.

Horses played a part in the celebration, and many spectators exclaimed over the beauty of the steeds. But the stock used in the parades was not Indian; it all came from the Scott and Lane ranch at Arlee. This stock is of Arab extraction, mostly palomino in color, and has been used in many Indian affairs at roundups and rodeos in large cities, east and west. The Jocko agency Indians rode these mounts, most of the Indians having accompanied Scott and Lane on their peregrinations to the population centers. Except for the Blackfeet, the costumes of these Indians were outstanding.

Saturday started off, as did Memorial day, with a long church service. But the scene of activity, from the picturesque viewpoint at least, was transferred twenty miles north to the falls of the Flathead river, leased to the Rocky Mountain Power Company, a subsidiary of the Montana Power Com-

pany, in May, 1930, as a dam site. Here Frank M. Kerr, vice president and general manager of the company, was made an honorary member of the Kootenai tribe, Chief Koostata performing the ceremony. Peculiarly apropos was the name of the interpreter at this electrical affair—Jimmy Kilowatt.

At the Mission the usual church ceremonies were being held. There was no dancing.

Sunday was a repetition of Friday, another feast having been provided by the white men of St. Ignatius. And Governor John E. Erickson spoke, carrying a message of congratulation from the people of Montana to a religious group that has accomplished wonders among its charges. A dance concluded the affair, held this time on the lawn before the church.

Several highlights of the whole occasion stand out in the writer's memory. One was old Sam Resurrection, Salish Indian, who seemed much put out at the whole affair. "All this country belong Injun," said Sam. "Injun here long time ago. White man come this country in fourteen hundred and nineteen two. Then all Injun. Now all white man." The drum sounded then, and Sam danced off, capering and smiling at the plaudits of the crowd.

An eagle soared above the feast that last afternoon, and seemed to symbolize the pagan religion of the Salish people before the Blackrobes came. Memory of the Indians pointing at the great bird will remain long.

And Duncan McDonald, whose father was the last of the Hudson's Bay factors in the United States, will be remembered. He told the writer that the costumes were not Indian.

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SLUICE BOX

ON THE CRITICAL FRONTIER

BY HOMER M. PARSONS

THERE ought to be a law against Scholasticism, with all its futile and quibbling debates, the latest of which is kicking up more of a powwow in our magazines than its merit deserves. Who are the Humanists? What is Humanism? Unless these questions provoke a withering blast of satire to lay them low, or join of their own accord the speculation on the age of Ann, we magazine readers are going to have a tough time of it. Many of us already have come out of the same door where in we went, while doctor and saint continue their argument from month to month, about it and about.

Surveying the progress of the battle to date, I have reached the conclusion that there are fourteen Humanists: Irving Babbitt is the first seven and the other seven, reading from left to right, are Paul Elmer More. If they had taken the trouble to stake out a claim, as the Pollyanna books did when they became Glad (trade mark), or the house and lot salesmen did when they turned realtor, much of the resulting confusion would have been avoided. But they didn't. Other Humanists arose, and Stuart Sherman turned apostate. Heresies crept in among the disciples, making it the painful duty of the faithful to unscramble the Humanism of, let us say, Walter Lippman, from that of More and Babbitt. To add to the excitement, Harry Emerson Fosdick arose and discharged his blunderbuss at what he considered the religious implications of the movement.

What, then, is Humanism? In the More-Babbitt sense it is the word which describes the essence of their philosophy as elaborated in several volumes of critical dicta. The Humanists of the Renaissance brought the Greek and Roman classics into new vogue, and the new Humanists have

much the same sort of ambition. It is their insistence on property as the basis of civilization, their attack on Rousseau, their rejection of all things hinting at anarchy on the one hand or socialism on the other; it is this attempt of theirs to fit all literature into the Procrustean bed of social, political and economic conservatism that stirs up the main rumpus. Some very able critics have begun to suspect that More and Babbitt will soon require all works of art to vote the Republican ticket. Critics who lean toward the Left are beginning to froth at the mouth.

H. L. Mencken, who might be expected to bray or kick up his heels, calmly nibbles his grass on the other side of the pasture. His ears are not half as long as Seward Collins, of the Bookman, believes them to be. Mencken can recognize an artist as an artist without inquiring into his politics, and can let out appropriate whoops of delight at the discovery; and he can deflate a stuffed shirt in two seconds flat. Moreover, he has never needed a Stuart Sherman to translate him into intelligibility.

But the war is not between Mencken and the Humanists, but between the Twentieth Century and the Nineteenth—and earlier. The Bolshevik faces the Jesuit, and the Libertarian confronts Authority. Cocky ignorance and sentimentalism heave brickbats at stuffiness and pedantry. All of which is entertaining for a month or two, but the show gets tiresome. There ought to be a law.

In its declining days, in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, Scholasticism argued over how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton might conceivably base a school of criticism on that argument no more absurd than Humanism, with its prop-

erty qualifications. A masterpiece is a masterpiece, whether written by a Wobbly or by a Rotarian. Who knows, or cares, what Blake thought about property—or Shelley? or Shakespeare? or Barrie? What's all the shooting for, anyway?

I wonder if anybody has told Messrs. Bab-bitt and More that one of the finest of the

classics, a best seller for several hundred years, is a Book whose Protagonist advises a young fellow that if he wants to be perfect he ought to get rid of his property and give the money to poor folks? Dr. Mencken, won't you tell them for me? I've got to write to my Congressman. There ought to be a law.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

BY DEANE JONES

MICKEY sat in his dressing-room, dressed ready to enter the ring, in trunks and shoes, with his hands taped and bound. He was slumped over in his chair, and to his seconds appeared relaxed. He was whistling softly to himself, apparently unworried. His mind, however, was racing swiftly, and he could feel his muscles tremble. In a few more minutes he would crawl through the ropes to face his opponent, a fighter from the coast whom he had never seen. He tried hard to keep his mind off the battle, and allowed his eyes to stray around the dressing-room. Every detail was photographed on his mind so that he remembered the appearance of the room when the fight itself was over. The shower at the end of the room, dripping, dripping, dripping. That bothered him. That row of lockers along the wall. Six of them. His clothes were in the third one. He'd better lock the door; his watch was in his pocket there. The broken-backed chair beside him, upon which Jim, his chief second, had laid out smelling-salts, collodion, bandages and tape. A water-bottle sitting on the floor. Jim was rubbing his legs now, asking him how he felt, was he nervous. Of course he was nervous, but he hoped he didn't show it. His other second was looking out the door. The semi-final bout was almost over. Mickey felt all of his muscles grow taut and an empty feeling came over him, but he tunelessly whistled as he drew his dressing-robe about his shoulders and headed for the door. His legs seemed leaden, so that it was hard to force them to carry him to the ring. As he left the dress-

sing-room and came within sight of the crowd of spectators he ceased whistling and waved his hand. He hoped he looked care-free; but his damned legs kept shaking. Maybe no one would notice it while he was walking. He reached up, grabbed the second rope of the ring and pulled himself in. His second climbed in after him, carrying the first-aid articles that had been lying on the chair in the dressing-room. Someone shoved a stool into his corner and he sat down. He looked across the ring, to the opposite corner, where his opponent was already seated, with his seconds busying themselves around him, massaging his legs, and arranging towels on the ropes. Mickey looked at his own seconds, who were performing similar services for him. The referee stood in a neutral corner of the ring, leaning against the ropes. Everyone was waiting. Mickey shook inwardly. He still controlled himself outwardly, however, and to the spectators he appeared perfectly at ease, lounging back against the ropes.

The referee stepped to the center of the ring and called Mickey and his foeman. Jimmy finished tying the laces of Mickey's gloves and then pushed him out to the center. The referee gave them instructions. "Break clean. No hitting in the clinches." If either man was knocked down, the other was to step back to a neutral corner and wait until he rose. Mickey had heard these same words many times before, in every one of his fights, but he appeared to listen attentively. In reality his mind was else-

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A DOG'S LIFE

By FRANK BIRD LINDERMAN

THE Major cleared his throat. He always prefaced a yarn by clearing his throat. "Aheem—hu! You know Mert Wise?" he asked. Everybody did, and everybody liked him. No man stood higher among his acquaintances than Mert Wise.

"Mert sees much and says little," continued the Major. "Life appeals to him, and he knows a lot of its ups and downs—sees the funny side of everything as well as the pathetic. I never knew a more charitable man, or a better sport than Mert Wise.

"One cold morning Mert and I were talking in the entrance of the *Combination Gambling House*. The legislature was fussing with a gambling bill, and as proprietor of the *Combination*, he was wondering what they'd finally do out there at the capitol.

"A man passed us and nodded to Mert. I did not observe him closely, but I noticed he wore what had been an elegant seal-skin coat, a shabby silk hat, and that he carried a cane. Close at his heels, with his toe-nails clicking on the tile floor walked a little Cocker spaniel. The dog's head was down, and his long ears nearly brushed the floor.

"The swinging doors let the pair out, and we felt a rush of the keen winter air as they went.

"Know that man?" asked Mert.

"No, I don't," I said.

"That's John W. Clarkston."

"He saw that didn't mean much to me, and said: 'The hole-card of every sucker pairs with a jack, I guess. John W. was more or less to blame for his bump, but it wasn't coming to him, at that. He's a square old fellow. He's dealing bank for me now, but when I first saw him—Say!

"A man by the name of Akers had built a gambling house in Missoula, but after he got the place fixed up nice he found himself broke. So he went over to Spokane to find a man with a bankroll. But in the end he sold out there, and came back.

"Then John W. Clarkston came to Missoula. He was the new proprietor; the man with the money. The place opened, and it was a fine one for those days. I worked for John, and he was a good man to work for.

You should have seen him then. He had a bright, bay team of pacers, with docked tails, and the swellest buggy that money would buy. I remember that the first set of rubber tires I ever saw on anything was on that buggy. John drove about Missoula like a king. He was a swell dresser without going in for flashy things, and he carried himself well. I can see him yet sitting straight up behind those docked bays with that little dog beside him. The dog was a pup then. He's old now—mighty old for a dog.

"We were fond of the little fellow. Every dealer used to bring him bits of meat. We'd select the very best part of a steak for that little dog any day, and bring it to him. The boss loved the dog, and being nice to him didn't escape our employer's notice. I suppose that had something to do with all the attention the dog got. But he *was* cute. John W. had taught him a lot of tricks. He'd take a chip from a dealer, and buy sugar with it at the bar—all that stuff, you know. Life was mighty fine for John W. and the little dog till one day—bang!

"John went broke. He had staked a friend—signed a dozen notes; and besides the games had been running against him for a long stretch. He lost everything, and dropped out of sight. I often wondered what had become of him. And last month he drifted in. I gave him a shift to deal at the faro-layout.

"He comes in, hangs his old coat, cane and hat on a hook, slips into the chair and deals his shift. Never talks; and the little dog lies under the chair. When he's through, he walks to the hook, takes his coat, cane, and hat and goes out as he came in—without speaking—the little dog at his heels. Life is a big gamble, Major; and some of the players are mean, sometimes.

"Yesterday when old John went out, there were two no-good rounders standing near the door. One of them had known old John when things were different. He said to the other: 'See that little ol' dog? Well, I knowed him when he was the smartest thing you ever did see in your life. But now he don't know the first damned thing.'

THE OPEN RANGE

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

THE CORRALLING OF OLD CREAM

BY CON REEDER

THE corralling of Old Cream and her band, which was attempted by cowboys and horsefoggers of fame on the Wyoming range, failed completely. Many lay awake at nights laying plans for their capture with grain-fed saddle horses—the tops and pick of the country—as there was a small fortune offered for them. Some wanted them for their superior quality and beauty. There was a \$500.00 reward for the capture of the cream stud, the king and ruler of the band. They was called Old Cream's Band because when they was crowded close Old Cream took the lead and led her band to freedom and safety. She died of old age. Her daughter next in line took her place at the head of the band, so there was always a cream leading the band. Most of the band was cream in color, but the band met their equal in two kids, Roan Clay, 13 years, Daisy Cole, 12 years. They was ranch raised and poor, more often dirty than clean, but healthy as two young deer, and as trim and graceful in movements. You could see their muscles through their scout clothes move like they were rubber. They were barefooted and generally bareheaded. Old Man Clay was a frontiersman, but drinking and trying to gamble was his best trade. So Roan's mother was dead, he was left to stay at Mrs. Cole's a widow and Daisy's mother, who had took a homestead a half mile from the Clay ranch. There was no other children within ten miles, so Daisy and Roan were sole pals and companions in their rides and rambles through the sage and hill for miles, hunting coyote dens or hawk's nests in the sand cliffs, or anything that struck their fancy. Roan always rode a bay gelding that his father had got in a horse trade, when it had been a colt, with a Roman nose, mawk-eyed, and a caved-in rib, which made an ugly dent in his side.

Nobody would have him or wanted him, so one day Old Man Clay came home drunk and felt generous and said, "Roan, you can have that homely brute. I named him Spare-ribs. I should have called you Leopard, for the size and amount of freckles on your face." Roan ignored the slam, for that was a happy day for him, for he knew there was not a cleaner limbed, faster, or surer-footed horse in the sagebrush and hills country than Old Spareribs, named from his broken rib. They called him old because he was homely and sleepy looking, but he was only five years old. Daisy rode a bay gelding, but not as tall as Spareribs but chunkier. He was a born freak with a dent in his neck, so he was called Yoneck. He had great lungs. For a long race he had no equal, and sure-footed as they make them.

It being the spring, Roan says, "Daisy, if we can find that coyote den there is two dollars bounty for each puppy."

"Oh, shoot, we don't want them; they don't do us any harm. Look! There's Old Cream's band."

"Sure is," said Roan. "Let's us corral them."

"All right," from Daisy, all smiles from the happy thought and game for the ride.

"All right, I'll go up this trail to the top and get above them and force them down under the sand cliffs then they can't get back on top till they get here, so you stay here and stay out of sight till they get close, then ride in plain sight, wave your bonnet and holler. That will cause them to swing down when they see they are headed off at this trail. Then fall in along the side of the lead and swing them towards the corral. Don't let them get by the long wing running out from the corral. Lay right along beside the lead. Keep swinging them down. You will sure

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have to ride, girl. Fight them with your bonnet."

"I'll sure do that."

"When they hit the wing you drop behind and crowd them all you can. When I get here I'll cut across and be at the corral, for my horse will be winded when I get here, for I'm sure going to bring them on the fly. It's three miles to here, so I'll wind them, and your horse will be fresh." Over his shoulder as he starts to climb on top he says, "I'll take the lead when they hit the wing and keep them headed for the gate."

Daisy hollers, "All right." It was a long wait for Daisy, for she was all a-tremble with excitement, and it was five miles around for Roan to get above Old Cream's band. Roan took up plenty of time so that old Spareribs would not be tired when he got there.

After what seemed hours Daisy saw clouds of dust and said aloud, "They're coming," but she could not see Roan or the band yet.

Two of Old Man Simpson's riders, Slat and Shorty, just got on top of the mountain, stretching their legs and rolling a smoke, when they saw the dust raising. "What's that?" said Slat.

"Bunch of horse coming down to water," answered Shorty.

"Damned if it is; they are coming this way," said Slat. "I'll be damned if he ain't bringing them. They move like Old Cream's band, Shorty. There's no other bunch that can skip through that sage rises and washouts like that but them in this country. Say, man, watch them come! Who do you suppose that is?"

"I don't know," said Shorty, taking the thrill quietly.

But Slat was stepping around with his hat in left hand, chain quirt in right above his head, cigarette out, mouth open, "I'll be damned if it ain't that Clay kid shure."

"Hell, it's worth a man's life to ride like that," said Shorty.

"I'll say, but that kid sure is breezing them. What's that little fool trying to do? He rides like a feller that meant business."

"He can't corral that band."

"Well, he sure is giving them a run, you will have to admit. Why don't he get above them? They will come up that trail down

there! Let's head them from that trail the way they are coming!"

"They'd be on top the cliff before we could get started."

"They are getting winded!"

"Nah, they're slowing up for their second wind."

"Watch that kid ride, will you? He is trying to get above them. Look at that old Spareribs take that washout! Simply sailed over it! Hurdle ain't in it. By damn, he is outrunning them! Look! look there is that gal headed them from that trail. Now she is laying along the side of Old Cream waving her bonnet. Watch that girl fight that lead! Did you see that cream stud bite at her? She hit with her bonnet and turned him!"

Roan drops out of the race, makes a short cut for the corrals, watching Daisy do her stuff. Slat with hat and quirt high in the air hollers at the top of his lungs, "Look out for that washout, Daisy," but Yoneck took it like a flying squirrel. Slat forgot himself so completely that he brought down the chain quirt on Shorty's head. Shorty swore terrible, saying, "You crane-legged bunch of slats, I will uncouple you with a boulder." Blinking the tears from his eyes, Shorty moves out of reach of chain quirt and is all attention to the race. "S-a-y, boy, ain't she doing some riding? Ain't she a darling? Watch her set that old horse just like a horse-fly. Can't shake her." Looking back, Shorty moves farther from Slat when he heard the chain quirt rattling. "Yes, but they are cleaning her; she can't swing them to the wing; Old Cream is too foxie."

"Wish I was there, I'd blast that old gal! Damn her old hide! Cunning old devil! Yes they have got away, sure as hell! Too bad, Daisy. That was the hardest and prettiest ride I ever saw in my forty years of eating alkali dust in these flats and hills. Look! She is swinging them! No, Shorty, she never can do it. They have got the bulge on her. Look at that piece of sage—flew twenty feet high! Old Yoneck sure is going strong when he makes sagebrush fly like that!"

In the meantime Roan stops on a sage ridge. Aloud, "She can't turn them. Damn that old mare! But she won't give up. Sure

has grit—still fighting them with her bonnet."

Daisy had thrown caution to the wind and was riding determined, not thinking of danger and risk. If Yoneck should make a mistake she would be crushed like an egg shell. Whipping over handed with her bonnet, first to Yoneck's flank, then to old Cream's face, blinding her and forcing her to give a little towards the wing.

"Slats," says Shorty, "she is swinging them."

"Yes, she sure is, by damned! She is turning them. There! She forced them in the wing!"

"Sure as hell! Now she is trooping behind crowding the drag."

"Look, she is right among them waving and whipping with her bonnet!"

"Watch that boy! He has took the lead, whipping Old Cream with his long bridle reins! Watch them horses lay back their ears and lean to them!"

"That's the finest bareback riding I ever saw. Them kids are aces."

"I tell you, Slats, it looks like they are going to corral that band!"

"I don't know. Lots of things can happen in that half mile to the corral gate."

Old Cream had the cunning traits of the three generations before her. She bit Spareribs on the neck; her teeth came off with a terrible crash. She then tried to out-run Spareribs, but Roan gave him a slap in the flank with his reins, making him hold her in the straightaway. Seeing she was beat at

her own game, she tries to drop behind Spareribs. Ears laid back, she bites him in the side, barely missing Roan's knees. Roan hits her fair in the face with his old flapped hat, almost blinding her. Before her eyes cleared she was in the gate. Roan barely missed getting his leg badly mashed by the gate post. Daisy was crowding the rest of the band so hard that Old Cream could not turn back. When the last ones went in Roan and Daisy run for the gate. It was a heavy pole gate like the rest of the corral. It made them use all their strength to close it. Their bare feet sank deep in the soft dirt. The gate closed, Roan ran for some wire to tie it securely. The whistling and snorting of that band scared them. Was like a bunch of buck antelope, so shrill and loud it was startling. They backed away from the gate. Daisy got behind Roan, took hold of his ragged shirt, ready to run but meant to take Roan with her. The band milled and stampeded from one side of the big corral to the other, raising a terrible dust. The smell of bruised and torn sage lingered over the corals and snorting whistling band for some minutes. It was a wild and thrilling scene.

If you can picture two kids hold to each other, wildeyed with surprise and wonder at what they had done; Spareribs and Yoneck with heads down, sides pumping, sweat dripping from their bellies and necks and off their head and faces like large tears, rolls of foam standing out on their shoulders and flanks, you might get some idea of the scene which speaks plainer than words.

A FRONTIER DIVORCE

An Incident of the Sixties.

BY WILLIAM S. LEWIS.

OLD Stephen B. Howes was a Kentuckian. He was born on a farm near Lexington, about a hundred years ago. When I first met him he was already a man well along towards his nineties and a great, original, unexplored source of frontier history for the whole region from Illinois to the Pacific Coast. In 1863, the year of the great Sioux massacre, Steve wintered at Denver. Early the next spring along with another man named Lutton—a jayhawker from Kansas—he set out from Denver with

wife and family headed for the placer gold mines of Montana Territory. Each of the two men had a team of horses and a prairie schooner into which they loaded their chosen worldly possessions, their respective wives and children.

There were no roads and they traveled cross-country without even an Indian trail to guide them. Along the way they encountered many trials and misfortunes. Finally in going down a hill one of the wagons was so badly wrecked that it was im-

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possible to repair it and it had to be abandoned. A halt was now made. Each family selected the most necessary of their goods. Leaving the rest beside the wrecked wagon they loaded the meagre remainder into the single wagon and proceeded on their weary way.

Hardships and misfortunes continued to disturb the harrassed emigrants. In the close proximity of the single wagon the two families did not now get along well together. Weary and forlorn the two women began to nag their husbands and grew acrimonious towards each other. Each day the situation grew worse and it finally developed into a most violent quarrel between the two harrassed men. The two wives now took sides against their respective husbands, who finally came to blows. Realizing that their situation had become very serious and that if they continued any longer together they would finally grow so desperate that one might kill the other, and being thus no longer able to travel together, the little party finally halted way out there on the plateau hundreds of miles from nowhere.

In desperation the men unloaded the wagon, grimly sawed the wagon-box in two, separated the running gear and fashioned two crude little two-wheeled carts, with square box-bodies, out of the single remaining wagon. As owner of the original wagon Howes took his pick of the improvised carts. Each man then loaded his few remaining possessions into his little vehicle, and hitched up his team to it. When it came to the families the breach between husband and wife had widened too far for any reconciliation. Howes' wife angrily refused to go with him, and chose to go with the other man. Lut-

ton's wife in turn deserted her husband and cast her lot with the harrassed Howes.

The children were likewise divided. Howes' little daughter was taken by her mother. Lutton had three children, a boy and girl about grown, who cast their lot with the father, and a little boy, Walter, who was taken by the mother. Howes' wife and daughter stolidly climbed into the cart alongside his erstwhile friend and, without a parting word or a backward glance, stolidly drove away to the South, headed for California. Howes, with the other man's wife and little son, proceeded on alone to Montana. As old Howes used to say, "There wasn't any divorce courts handy on the plains thereabouts, so we did the best we could at the time."

Howes, with his adopted wife and son, eventually reached Montana where, along in the summer of 1864, in company with old Jim Simpson, Howes, according to his own statement to me, built the first house ever erected on the site of the present town of Bozeman, Montana. Old Howes used to tell me that he was entitled to assert several claims to distinction: That he was the first discoverer of gold on Crow Creek, now Broadwater, near Radesbury; that he dug the first mining ditch in that vicinity; and that he had participated in the first divorce proceedings in the whole Territory. He died a couple of years ago at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, with no known heirs or further estate than this tale bequeathed to me to be released on his death. Howes' name and exploits have escaped the notice of Montana historians; the only historical reference to him is the obscure mention that a man named House was associated with Col. Bozeman in the founding of the town Bozeman.

SKY-PILOT TALES

Related by Joyce Donaldson.

THE REV. JOHN HOSKINS.

Rev. John Hoskins came to Montana in 1884 as the seventeenth Methodist minister to enter the state. He is making his home in Missoula at present, where he is ever ready to tell the tales of the early days.

IN 1885 I had a charge at Townsend, Montana. One day as I was walking down the main street I was stopped by a man whose appearance told me that he was a

miner. "Say, Parson," he began abruptly, "are you too proud to come up to Diamond City and preach to us placer miners?" I answered, "I'll come any time arrangements

can be made." The next Saturday I saddled my horse and started out for Diamond City, which lies by the way of Confederate Gulch. The road I followed was the stage line, which at that time ran from Helena down through the Missouri river bottom at Winston, through Diamond City, and on to White Sulphur Springs.

When I arrived at the mining camp Mr. Allan, who owned the hotel, took charge of my horse, while his wife and daughter took charge of me and my saddle bags, which contained my Bible, discipline and several hymn books. That evening I strolled down to the cabins of the placer miners. Some of the miners were working, and others were in their cabins. Those dwellings were the cleanest cabins I had ever seen in a mining camp. The tables and stools were homemade and had been scrubbed white—real white.

I announced that services would be held in the hotel Sunday morning from eleven to twelve and in the afternoon from three to four. Sunday morning between ten and eleven the miners could be seen wending their way toward the hotel, each carrying a homemade stool or chair, as it was necessary to improvise pews. At eleven o'clock the bar in the hotel was closed, and the services commenced. At the close of the service the bar was opened for refreshments, but I was given refreshments of a different character in the other room. At three in the afternoon the miners again appeared for services and the bar was duly closed. At the close of the service the miners expressed the desire to have a social time with the dominie. The bar was opened again but none, however, invited the parson to take refreshments. One grizzled old miner stepped up to me and said, "Dominie, don't we take a collection?" I said, "That's if you please." So he asked Mr. Allan for a sack, which proved to be made of chamois leather about one inch wide and about four inches long. "Could you also loan me a spoon?" queried the miner of Mr. Allan. Rising to his full height the instigator of the collection said in a dignified tone, "We will now take up the collection." Turning to Mr. Allan he said, "Will you use the spoon first." The hotel proprietor stooped down behind the counter and dipped his spoon into a bag. When he withdrew the spoon it was full of

gold dust. The spoon was then passed to each man, who in turn scooped a little of the precious dust from his bag into the chamois leather sack. After the bag, which took the place of the more conventional hat, had been passed all around the room, it was handed to me with this pointed question, "Do you know what to do with it?" I answered, "Well, I think so." I was then warned to "be sure and tell the man at the Assay office in Helena where you got this, for he's apt to arrest you for robbing sluice boxes."

Upon arriving at the Assay office in Helena I was greeted by a smile, which indicated that someone had already told the assayer about my collection. He took my dust, weighed it in a sack and dumped the contents out onto a marble-topped table. Then after mixing it thoroughly, he shoveled up a little and weighed it again. The next step was to put the dust into a crucible, where it was soon boiling over a hot flame. The assayer skimmed off the dirt and poured it out into two little molds, where it was allowed to cool and harden. After the gold had hardened he weighed it and turned to me and said, "Well, how much do you think your collection amounts to?" After I had made several futile guesses he said, "Well, Parson, you earned forty-five dollars by preaching to those miners."

When I lived in the Deer Lodge Valley, around '84, the Indians were just getting their first taste of civilization. The Montana Union was an independent Montana railroad which ran from Butte to Garrison, where it connected with the Northern Pacific. Along this line at any point where the train stopped there was certain to be several Indians who would climb on just before the train started. Having no comprehension of a ticket they would coolly ignore both the ticket agent and the conductor. They never got any farther than the steps of the train, and there they would ride until some whim beckoned them off at one of the numerous stations along the route.

A wedding thirty miles away in the eighties didn't mean a half-hour ride. Getting up about seven o'clock, I hitched my horses and started out for the place where I was supposed to make two people happy for life. Between five and six in the aft-

ernoon I saw that I had reached the end of my journey, for I saw a log house with three tents pitched around it. I was later informed that the tent at the rear was for the babies, the one on the south side of the house for the men, while the third tent was for the women. After I had performed my part of the ceremony, one of the men a little bolder than the rest suggested that I lie down. He sent me up a ladder to the second story, where I was supposed to go to sleep. After time had been allowed for me to get to sleep, the fiddle commenced and I could hear them dancing until three or four in the morning. As I hadn't slept any I dressed and went down stairs, after they were through dancing, and asked a young man if he would feed my horses while I got a cup of coffee. It was four-thirty when I started; I arrived home about one that afternoon. I went to bed immediately and slept until five, when I was awakened by my wife's shaking me, saying, "John, get up. There's a man out here who wants to get married." "Where?" I drawled out sleepily. "Up Paradise valley about five miles away," was her reply. Seven times during my ministry I had two weddings, a funeral, preached twice, and attended Sunday school, in the same day.

In the year 1888 I was the pastor at Glendive, Montana, the seat of Dawson county. Dawson county at that time was bounded on the east by both North and South Dakota and on the north by Canada. Seven counties have since been taken out of this county. I was the only resident pastor in the county. One evening an Indian scout rode up and informed us that Sitting Bull intended to drive all the whites out of Dawson county. The five hundred people who lived in Glendive at this time began to prepare for defense. A message was immediately dispatched to Helena for ammunition as there was not over a dozen cartridges in town. At night the women and children were put in the brick school house, while the men, two by two, went on sentinel duty. Before the ammunition arrived we heard that Sitting Bull and his band of five hundred Sioux Indians had left Poplar and gone down to Sidney, where they had crossed the Yellowstone and had made their way into Dakota, from where they went down

into Wyoming. When we heard this our fears were allayed, but we felt even safer when news reached us that Sitting Bull had been killed.

One of the funniest sights that I have ever seen was in the Deer Lodge valley in 1884. At the small town of Stewart the railroad had sunk a well so that the railroad might have a water tank. A hydrant had been attached to the tank in order to supply water for the depot and the community. One day about noon a group of Indians got off the train. They approached Mr. Kinney, who owned the postoffice, restaurant, grocery, store and rooming-house, with the usual request for food. Mr. Kinney filled a dishpan full of pieces from the table and scraps of meat and led the Indians to the hydrant, where he showed them how to get water. To see those Indians eat the meat with their fingers, meanwhile turning the faucet on and off in an effort to fathom its source was as good as any curiosity show I ever saw.

THE REV. WILLIAM E. KING

In 1882 William E. King was the thirteenth Methodist minister to enter Montana. His first charge was at Virginia City.

One day at Virginia City a woman whose drunken husband had threatened to beat her came running into the Methodist parsonage. My grandfather was absent and the woman found only my timid grandmother to offer her protection. Just then a step on the porch signaled the approach of the enraged husband. With her baby on her arm my grandmother grabbed a revolver and pointed it at the drunken man, who at the sight of the gun backed off the porch. The revolver proved to be unloaded, but the man was later heard to remark, "The parson's wife drew a gun on me, and she'd have shot, too."

When the King family first arrived in Virginia City, the mother was sick in bed with rheumatism, while the family was faced with poverty, as the charge was several months behind in salary. Winter was coming on and the three small children were in need of winter clothing. Rev. King, however, was able to secure some new but moth-eaten army coats free of charge from a local store. Taking his two-year-old son in his arms, he laid him on the table on a piece of paper, marked around him, and thus

secured a pattern with which to make a suit from the army coats.

My grandfather was an exceptionally strong man, having at one time been on a life-saving crew at Lake Michigan, in order to earn his way through Northwestern University. His physical strength combined with his moral fearlessness contributed to his successful pastorate. The boast was made in Virginia City that every new parson had to take a licking. Upon hearing this Rev. King rolled up his sleeves and offered to take on any man who cared to fight. Curiously enough the size of his muscle seemed to hold back any opponents and from that time on the parson was treated with the utmost respect.

However, a man who had whipped his wife and was reprimanded by the minister threatened to "get that parson". The minister's friends, knowing the man, warned the minister to keep off the street. The next day this man was in town, the minister, undaunted, made it a point to walk

through a crowd of men where his enemy was standing. Farther down the street, within eyesight of the man who had threatened to "get him", a group of men were demonstrating their physical prowess. Rev. King joined the group and, in his turn, bent his leg at the knee and held it rigid behind him, then invited the men to take turns standing on his leg. Whether or not his enemy saw the demonstration was never known but he was never heard to make another threat against the minister.

In the early days each pastor had several appointments beside his regular charge to fill. These appointments were often scattered within a radius of sixty miles or more in different directions. While driving to one of his appointments in Madison valley, Rev. King came to a swollen stream, which was too deep to have the horses ford. He was proud of his boast that he had never missed an appointment, so he swam the stream and walked the short distance to his destination. He preached in a puddle of water, made by his dripping clothes.

TWO POEMS

Editor's Note: Shortly after the news item appeared that wild horses were being rounded up and sold for meat *The Frontier* received several protesting poems and a long prose article. These poems were selected.

I. MUSTANGS

By MYRTLE TATE MYLES

We topped a rise and came upon them feeding quietly.
 The leader raised his head and saw us standing there:
 Then mad wild hooves tore at the earth
 And loosed an avalanche of rock into the gully.
 One startled snort of warning set a spirit free
 That ate the desert distance with great strides
 Till now they were a moving blurr along the blue horizon.
 "Desert yields food for canneries." "Wild horses trapped."
 Upon my inner eye the cruel news lines flashed
 With sick reality; and sudden tears
 Of bitter anger stung and smarted on my cheek:
 Dare men set snares to trap this matchless thing
 And lay it low? And quench this fire that runs
 Across the desert in a smoke of ecstasy—
 Swift spurning feet and wind-meshed manes,
 Spirit of wide valleys, hills, the wilderness?
 O kindred of the red-gold dawn, O kindred of the silver moon,
 Shall strong sure limbs be stilled and proud arched necks
 Be broken for the sluggish slaves of trade
 Who never knew your flaming soul and wild fleet wonder?

II. HORSEMEAT

BY PAUL E. TRACY

Wild horses are always feeding in Eastern Oregon.
 They nibble at noon. They browse in the twilight.
 Even in darkness they rattle the balsam-root leaves.
 They eat the dry grass until thirst sets them trotting
 In dusty strings miles and miles to water. They trot . . .
 Tireless as watch springs. All summer these horses,
 With hoofs polished by sand and lava, are grinding dry grasses.
 In winter they paw for it in the snow;
 They do not stand and whinny for sugar.

You, reader by the electric light, think of the horses,
 Momentarily untroubled by gnats, dozing in Eastern Oregon.
 Some sleep on their feet. Others are listening . . . watching.
 Some lift scraggy manes and watch a shadowy coyote.
 They are an unlovely lot who greet the sun in gray wastes.
 They are survivors of Conquistadore herds;
 Poor relations to the Clydesdale-Percheron aristocracy—
 An untamed, unroached, tick-ridden herd.
 At night they nod under the nearby stars subject
 To similar cosmic draughts and silences.

And who cares?

But there is one man who cares. And this man sends riders
 To gather the wild horses in Eastern Oregon. He invites them
 To the city and pays their fare; he feeds them well.
 He is the friend of all wild horses.
 He even sends the provincial, unlettered cayuse abroad
 In fifty pound tierces so Germany and Holland may judge
 How good are the horses running wild in the West.

And while you are reading this, some perplexed European,
 Saddened by local woes, is eating horsemeat. And in Eastern Oregon
 Some wild little horse, equally sad, is nibbling bunchgrass.
 He lifts his scraggy mane, now and then, and looks around.

SIAAMI

(Continued from Page 62)

"Beads belong to the white man,"
 Duncan said. "So does thread." He
 touched a buckskin jacket Mrs. Froh-
 licher wears. "Only buckskin is Indian.
 All the rest—cut, style, beads, thread
 and buttons—is white man. You come
 with me. I show you the real Indian
 garments."

So we went with Duncan to his little
 cabin in Dixon, a dozen miles away.
 There he showed us a beautiful dress,

ornamented with dyed porcupine quills
 and ermine skins.

"Even the thread is sinew," Duncan
 explained. "It was my wife's." Then
 he put it away. "Now, if you will take
 me back to St. Ignatius, I will see some
 of my old friends."

That, to me, covered the historical
 significance of the occasion. A place
 and time to meet old friends.

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

THE OREGON MISSIONS AS SHOWN IN THE WALKER LETTERS, 1839-1851

FOREWORD

Elkanah Walker and his wife, Mary R. Walker, came as missionaries to Oregon in 1828. They were sent out by the American Board of Commissions for Foreign Missions to aid Marcus Whitman and Henry H. Spaulding who, two years before, had established missions at Waiilatpu, near the present Walla Walla, and in the Lapwai valley. Walker with Cushing Eells established a mission on the Tsimakain branch of Spokane river. The Indian name of Tsimakain or Tshimakain means *The Place of the Spring*. Walker traveled extensively among the Indians of the Northwest and acquired a fluent knowledge of several of their languages. He was influential with the other missionaries and quite often moderated the course proposed by Whitman.

The following letters, printed for the first time in *The Frontier*, were copied many years ago by William S. Lewis of Spokane, from originals in the possession of Cyrus Walker, son of Elkanah and Mary Walker. At that time it was planned to publish these and the Walker diaries, but publication did not then go beyond a number of typewritten copies which Mr. Lewis placed in various libraries of the Northwest. The originals possessed by Cyrus Walker have disappeared. The letter books of the American Board of Commissions for Foreign Missions in the Congregational House at Boston contain the originals addressed to Dr. David Greene, secretary of the board.

—PAUL C. PHILLIPS.

Waiilatpu Dec 3d 1839

Marcus Whitman¹ to Elkanah Walker

My regret is that I must be so short in writing you but first as to the frustrating of the meeting or call for a meeting of the Mission. Your Mr. Gray² was urgent for it to be here but in such a case I said we could not expect Mr. Spaulding or Mr. Smith³ and that I was engaged to be away at that time and of course I overruled to appoint it at Clear Water and as the case of Mrs. Spaulding was objected by Mr. Gray I said Mr. Gray & Griffin⁴ will be there and the meeting shall not disturb Mrs. Spaulding and to make it plain on this point, I said if necessary we will occupy our tents. The getting the Mission together was the only point of interest to me and not the fear that of all the houses and out houses at Clear Water that we could not find a comfortable place for our purpose. We could not find it consistent for us to call a meeting as we found by consulting Mr. Smith he could not attend. The season of the year forbid us to call you and Mr. Eells from home I was at Clear

Water the 15 of November and could not but feel how foolish it was to make so much of the case for Mrs. Spaulding was as well as she has been for a long time and if Mr. & Mrs. Gray had staid at Clear Water and the Meeting had been called there would only have been three more persons to have required attention. What is to be the course of Mr. Gray I know not. He is with his family at Walla Walla. I invited him here & offered to arrange a house for him; Mr. Spaulding and myself, as the only way to make known the views of the mission, wrote to him as the Credential Committee of the mission requesting him to fulfill his resolution to build by coming to Waiilatpu to assist to build a school house and at the same time laid before him the views of the mission as to his locating but he objected to all we propose either as individual & denies all right on our part as Committee—but at least he has the views of the mission before him. Mr. Spaulding seems to take some strange evolution [*sic*] in the case and to raise strange arguments. I wish you would give me an

¹ Marcus Whitman is the popular hero of the Oregon missions. His fame rests partly on the Whitman Massacre, and partly on the story that he saved Oregon for the American people.

² W. H. Gray was the author of a highly colored *History of Oregon*. He came to Oregon with Whitman and Spaulding in 1836 as "secular agent for the American Board."

³ Rev. A. B. Smith came as a missionary to Oregon in 1838.

⁴ Rev. J. S. Griffin was sent out in 1839 by some Congregationalists of Connecticut as an independent missionary.

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extract of what you speak of his writing when he says Mr. Gray is not to locate. I must close as I am crowding time Your & Mr. Eells goods are all at Walla Walla. The weather is very fair indeed Mr. Spalding has a son & both mother & babe were well. Love to Mrs. Walker & Cyrus

Wailatpu Oct. 18th 1841

Mary Gray to Mary Walker

We were quite surprised to see Mr. Overton so soon, for we had hoped that by this time he had almost got you a comfortable place in your new house—I wrote you by him, telling you how greatly I was disappointed in not seeing you this fall—But we all thought it would be best for Mr. Overton to go as he was only one, & if we went we should be six, which would pretty well fill your little house, though we expected to take a lodge along for some of us, I am sorry that you are obliged to winter again in your old houses, & much fear that you will suffer in that cold region. We have had what we called cold weather for this place & the season of the year, but nothing compared with what you speak of. I want to see you all very much, and hope I may at the next annual meeting, if we are permitted to have one. Mr. Eells will tell you what our prospects are, & the severe trial we have already passed through. Both Mr. Gray & the Dr. have been threatened with immediate death. Dr. W[hitman] had an axe raised upon him & Mr. Gray a hammer upon him to strike the fatal blow, but God in mercy did not permit it. Mr. E[ells] will give you all the particulars. I cannot write them. What will be the result of this affair we cannot tell, but my Dear Sister, do we not greatly need each others prayers & counsels in this trying state of our missions? We certainly do, & I trust we shall enjoy them. This people seem bent upon bringing on themselves certain & immediate destruction. Mr. Spalding has been here & held a series of meetings with them, for a night or two we heard very little of their noise & gambling, but they seem to have returned to their vices with increased dili-

gence. Poor wretches! It can be truly said of them, they know not what they do, because they shut their eyes, & their hearts, that they may not know. I hope we have had a profitable visit with Mr. Eells and Mr. Spalding. It appears to me as though we were nearer now together than we ever have been. I hope we may all henceforth live, & love as brethren & sisters. John Henry & Caroline are well with the exception of colds. They would have enjoyed our contemplated visit very much as they are extremely fond of young society. But it is doubtless for the best that we did not go, for had Dr. W. been alone in the late struggle, he would doubtless have been killed.

Husband unites in love and good wishes to yourself, your husband, & little ones. Do write every opportunity.

P. S. I have sent a jar of catsup for you and Mrs. E. will you please return the jar when convenient. Mrs. W. sends cheese this time, call upon me for the next, If I have any I will share with you. M. A. G.

Wailatpu, Jan 24 th 1842;

Marcus Whitman to Elkanah Walker

Yours of the 6 & 8th of Dec had not been replied to yet you may rely on my doing all I can to leave home for your house as near the first of March as I can If Solomon comes well; so with relation to the horses but I shall not wait for either. The sawyers are off much to our relief & I do not think you need look for them. This will give you time to employ Indians They are gone to the Dalles & were told they might return & go & saw for you but do not expect them. We have heard nothing of your watch. I trust we can let you have what pork you want but we must wait our opportunity Mr. Rogers⁵ wrote me which came to hand to day. He will be up here by and by that is early in the spring He was boarding with Mr. Munger⁶ at the time of his death. Mr. Clark⁷ has hired to teach a school for the children of the Methodist mission Mr. Littlejohn⁸ is by himself as he says for several reasons & Mr. Rogers sais he left the com-

⁵ Probably Cornelius Rogers who joined Whitman's mission in 1838.

⁶ Rev. Ashabel Munger came to Oregon with Griffin in 1839.

⁷ Rev. Harvey Clark came to Oregon as an independent missionary in 1837. He was a pioneer for higher education in the Northwest.

⁸ P. B. Littlejohn came to Oregon with Clark.

pany of Clark & Smith⁹ abruptly. He writes us in very happy mood & seems determined to do what he can for the cause of our Master in Oregon. All our letters have been consoling except from Mr. Perkins¹⁰ of whom I will say no more till we meet. Mr. Smith did not much like my letter to him & writes in a way to demand that I must let him know how much occasion I had to feel about the manner he felt and talked to Mr. Clark & Littlejohn about going home &c &c Marie went home with him. We have had but few Indian with us but all are on the move to come back. There has been more feeling than usual on the subject of religious truth & some tokens for good. The winter has been most quiet in regard to the Indians. But it has been too good to last & to day has let out what has been pent up. Ajes has had the care of horses & cattle but gave up today & Alfred failed to take charge as agreed. Moc hai kin & Wife formerly one of the greatest gamblers in the country & the one who had his horse killed at Colville last summer are greatly awake to their state as sinners & have appeared so as to give hope of further reformation Their manner of expressing the way truth has been brought to their minds is such as to call forth opposition from the Feather Cap as though Angels had spoken to them but it seems more to me like the holy Spirits operation on the heart although they say it seems as if they were spoken to as if it were by a person or an Angel. Of course I try to connect such ideas & by citing [*sic*] for the work of the Spirit let them see if it is not his work.

P. S. I am happy to hear by a letter just come to hand that the mind of Mr. Gray is to go to Clear Water & await the wish of the Mission that is the ordained Brethern to do mechanical work for them. I hope you & Mr. Eells will lose no time to let him know that you want his work and give him the opportunity to assist you. Let him have no excuse to say no one would employ him. I expect to see your or Mr. Eells down for your things yet this winter. We do not feel any where near the North Pole and have fine warm weather and very little freezing for ten days past. I have not seen

an opportunity to send to you as you requested and besides have felt you would be down or at least send for your things if they come up. I have kept the boy longer than I expected so as to be able to write more than I thought at first I should be able to do I will not trouble you by writing what we are doing in building but let you know by and by

I see you were correct when you say of Mr. Gray his knowing the way across the Rocky Mountains did not secure his return.

Tshimakain August 10, 1842

Elkaneh Walker and Cushing Eells to Rev.

H. H. Spalding, Marcus Whitman M. D.
& Mr. Gray

Dear Brothers

As you have been promised our opinion in regard to the vote that was passed at our annual meeting advising a change of stations between Messrs. Spalding & Whitman we are decided that it is best that the change should not be made. We are fully agreed to this and would say that we came to this conclusion without regard to personal feeling but by the circumstances in the case & we believe that a desire to promote the interest of the Mission were the motives which influenced us in the decision. This doubtless enough on this subject. We are all in pretty good health & are anxious to hear from all the good folks of the Mission & to obtain all the information in regard to what we may expect whether there is any prospect of our house being fixed for winter & whether we are to receive any help from any quarter. We have never had an opportunity to say anything to the old chief about Shi-shi-ni-mal as yet. We expect him here in a day or two & shall lay the case before him.

In great haste & with much love Yours in the bonds of the Gospel

Tehimakain, Oct. 3, 1842

Elkaneh Walker to Rev. Dr. Green,

It is with no ordinary feelings that I address you at this time. The receipt of your letters has placed us in a situation, which we feel demands a fair and candid statement in relation to the affairs of the Mission. You will readily perceive what course we felt authorized to pursue when

⁹ Probably Rev. Alvin T. Smith, an independent missionary and associate of Clark's.

¹⁰ Rev. H. K. W. Perkins was a Methodist missionary in the Willamette.

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we read the letter addressed to you by the committee, of the Mission who was appointed to answer your communication to the same, that the difficulties were settled and if any action had been taken on any previous communication received from the members of this Mission, we ought to wait till we could receive an answer to the letter of the committee.

You will doubtless receive the doing of the Mission from the stated scribe so far as there was any definite action taken by the Mission. We do not pretend to say that we committed no errors, but only that we acted as wisely as we could in view of the circumstances of the case, and where we erred we should be extremely glad to have our errors pointed out that we might know how to act in the future. We are conscious of no desire to do wrong or to disregard the wishes of the Prudential committee. I feel safe in saying that it is our earnest desire to act as the Committee would were they placed in the same situation, and it was often stated during the last meeting; that if we had some responsible person to direct us we should feel greatly relieved. There was one consolation left us, that was that our doings would be revised by the Committee, and our errors corrected as far as they could be. But without dwelling on this point, I will refer to what is the principle design of this letter.

The first this [thing?] in course is the importance of the Mission to the best interest of the country. There is every reason to suppose that there will be at no distant day a numerous white population, for they are not only coming in from the States but from other countries. I do not pretend to say that it will be a great agricultural country but a manufacturing country. It offers great encouragement to this class as the soil and climate are well adapted to herding and there is no want of water privileges. It matters not whether a manufacturing or an agricultural population comes in the same importance is attached to the need of sustaining institutions of the gospel. Another thing it is reasonable to suppose that there will be considerable commerce carried on at no distant day with the Islands of

the Pacific and China. There will be openings for the timber of the country. This with its manufacturing and the great facilities for raising and fattening feet [*sic*] will not only be strong motives to induce immigration to this country, but will open ways for a moral influence to go abroad in to the world, whether good or bad. A country situated like this will exert an influence abroad and its influence will be felt by that part of the world which needs that a religious influence should be exerted upon them. Moreover there can be no doubt that no small part of the immigration to this country will consist of Catholics, and no one need be told that they need the pure influence of the gospel. But allowing that none of the above circumstances did exist and could not exist to increase the importance of the Mission or the sustaining of the institutions of the gospel, admitting that only a modest population were to come in, and these in connection with aborigines of the country as it seems to me, place the importance of the Mission beyond a doubt. Even if we should admit that there were to be no addition to the number of white settlers to what there is now in the country still the importance of the Mission could not be doubted.

The [Hudson's Bay] Company have about six hundred men here and most of these have families of mixed blood and are growing up in all the ignorance of heathen or under what is but a little better, a Catholic influence. These families of mixed blood are destined to exert a powerful influence upon the native population, in as much as they are themselves superior to the natives and are so viewed by the natives. If we were to judge from appearances and the statements of the Indians, the native population is rapidly increasing. But it is pretty certain that this country is settling by whites and not a few of them are Catholics, and it is said that more are coming in to this country.

There can be no doubt the designs the Pope had upon this country, he is multiplying his forces here and they are coming in in all directions. Mr. DeSmet¹ has returned to the States this summer with the express

¹Pierre Jean De Smet, the founder of St. Mary's Mission in the Bitterroot extended his activities throughout the Oregon country.

design of reinforcing his mission. Two more have just entered the country by way of the Sandwich Islands. They intend to act both upon the white population and the natives, and how shall their influence be staid with out this Mission. If this mission should be given up the whole of the uper country would be thrown open to them, and the first influence that the settlers to this country would meet would be that of Romanism. If the errors of Romanism are to be met and corrected by the truths of the Bible, then it is necessary that there should be the supporters of the truths stationed in this country. Is it not evidence that providence had a design in thus permitting the defenders of the apostolic See to follow up the Protestants in their exertions to spread the gospel. It seems very plain to me that there is a wise providence in all this, in as much as this is placing truth and error side by side. In this way truth can be brought to bear more directly than it can in countries wholly under the influence of Romanism. In such countries the inlets for truth are closed and conscience is chained. If the doctrines of the Pope cannot stand by the side of truth in heathen land, its tendency will be to lead those under its influence to inquire why it is so and they may be led to think the truth of it may be doubted. There is every prospect that the Romish priest will make great exertions here, and they will work by the settlers and in any other way they can. But is there nothing as respects the native to render this Mission important? It seems to me that there is much and they have a claim upon the christian community as great as any other heathen people in comparison to their numbers. It is true that they are not numerous but they sustain an important relation as they are a connecting link in the great chain to the islands of the Pacific. Is it not reasonable to suppose that if they should become christianized they would exert a salutary influence on the whites. Christian influence is beneficial to any country let it be exerted by whom it may, and if they should erect good standards of morals who can tell how much licentiousness it might prevent. One thing is very certain, that the influence of the gospel will have the tendency to make them more submissive

to the rule of the whites and will be the means of preventing them from wars with their new neighbors, and save them from utter extinction. It seems the only [way] they can be saved from being destroyed from the face of the earth is by their yielding to the controle of the whites, and nothing will induce them to do this but a cordial reception of the gospel, and how can this be done without the labors of the christian missionary. I say this because it is not to be expected that others will do it. The christian world looks to the missionary society to perform this work, and they contribute for this object, and will be likely to do what they think they place others under obligation to do, and who is so well prepared to do it as those on the ground. They have an amount of knowledge that would require new beginners time to obtain. It seems vastly important that this mission should be continued from the fact that so much truth has been communicated to the natives. They have been so far enlightened that if now left to themselves would make them more wretched in this life, more desperate more wicked and above all sink them deeper in the world of woe. The fact that they have been partially instructed adds much to its importance just in proportion to the knowledge communicated. It has never seemed so important to me as at the present time. All that I have felt, said or done by ways of discouraging others my conscience utterly condemns, and all I have said in favor of it or to induce others to remain has the full assent of my conscience. I do not say that I have said all in the best manner, but the motive by which I was acutated and the principles on which I acted meet the approbation of my conscience. Nor do I feel wiling that it should be abandoned and left open to the Romish Priests to come in and make use of our retiring from the field, to prejudice the minds of the people against protestantism, which they will do if this Mission should be given up. The people have already been told that our teaching was erroneous and we should soon be compelled to leave the field. If we actually should do it they would at once look upon the priest as correct and we as false.

In all I have said I have only spoken of the importance of the Mission as a whole.

Much more might be said. It is impossible for me to do full justice to the subject. But I trust that what I have said will be sufficient to show that I view the Mission as one of no small importance. I infer from your letters to the Mission that much has been said by way of discouragement based on the character and habits of the people. I am ready to admit that they are not pressing into the kingdom & are heathen and degraded lovers of self more than God. But is that any reason why they should be abandoned and left to work out their destruction? Is it not rather a strong motive to labor long and earnestly for their salvation? They that are whole need not a physician but they that are sick. There is every reason to indulge the hope that they will be regenerated. Their case is no more hopeless than those of other parts of the heathen world and it is questionable whether there is so good attention given to the word generally spoken by the heathen as by this people. There seems at present to be no prejudice against the gospel, none to keep away from listening to what is said. I would not be understood as saying that they received the truth in the love of it, but that they do attend worship when present, and when we go among them they appear to be well pleased or when we go to any of the neighboring bands to spend the Sabbath. If we admit that their wandering about in quest of food is a great hindrance to their spiritual welfare, their being no more under the direct influence of their teachers, still I think that it is not attended with all the evil one might at first view suppose. It has some mitigating circumstances attending it. At such times they are generally scattered and have not so many temptations thrown in their way. It is not at such times that wickedness reigns among them with a high hand. It is when congregated together that vice and immorality is carried to its height. It is then gambling horse racing, fighting and licentiousness are indulged in to an unlimited extent. It requires to deep penetration to discern that the tendency of such things is to efface all impressions of truth from their minds. I do not present these things as grounds of discouragement or as reasons for abandoning the Mission, but contrary to show its importance and the

absolute need there is of their being under christian influence to place before them objects to attract their attention from these vices and lead them to adopt other habits, and no habit could be more safe than those of a live and devoted missionary. Habits of industry would have a beneficial influence upon them. Human nature must be active about something and if not directed toward moral habits, it will be toward those of vice and immorality.

But doubtless I have said enough on this point. There is another point which seems to demand attention and about which I fear the committee are not correctly informed, that is the relative importance of North and South branches of the Mission. Judging from your letters of Feb. 25, 1842, more importance was attached to the Northern than the Southern branch. In order to understand their importance their locations together with the different character of the [natives] should be considered. As to location the southern branch is far more important than the northern. The climate is far more mild and better adapted to cultivation. There is but little fear of a good crop in that region, where in this region nothing can be depended [on] except wheat. In the other part there is but little snow and if a snow does fall it does not remain on the ground but a short time. Last [winter] while we [were] buried up in snow there was not snow enough at the other station to make sledding for two days. We had snow about three months and at least three feet deep. While [our] region offers but little encouragement to settlers that holds out to them good prospects. Furthermore there is much good land for tillage and also for herding. It is too the highway to the lower country, This part of the field will not [be] settled till that part is pretty [well] occupied. Nor will there be herds in this part till that is filled up. In fact that part is destined to give character to all the upper country, in fact all east and north of that to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in as much as it is the thoroughfare to the sea and will doubtless continue to be so. Another thing those Indians sustain a greater name than any [other] on this side of the mountains. To be an Indian from that region is like being a Roman Citizen

in the best days of Rome. They are far more wealthy than any other band and in proportion to their wealth their influence is felt. On the other hand the Indians over whom we have an influence at this station are poorer, exert a less influence and inhabit a country which affords but few inducements to settlers. They are too less proud and revengeful. It should be borne in mind at either of the other stations in the southern branch they [have] direct influence over more than we do. The members of that part are much further advanced in the language. The Indians are further advanced in civilized habit having provided themselves with cows and do much at cultivating while ours do nothing [at] cultivating, comparatively speaking. There is only one who had cows. If these Indians are urged to cultivate they reply that it is so cold, that it is of no use. As we can get but little by our labor, and here permit me to say, if necessity demanded that one part of the Mission should be abandoned, the north part of the Mission could have been abandoned with far less disastrous consequence both to the country as respects white settlements and the natives and with little or no sacrifice of property as we have nothing here of any amount but might be moved to the other part for our buildings are just ready to fall down over our heads. But in the other part they have good & durable and well built buildings and mills which it is no easy matter to move. I think I am safe in saying that it was the prevailing opinion that if the direction had been to abandon the north branch, it could have been done with out much evil being done to the southern branch. But the south branch could not be given up without great injury being done to the north branch. It was said by the members of this part that we could not sustain our selves. But if the good of the natives if to have any influence to regulate our action, it seems almost impossible to give up any part and it cannot be done without much evil to the cause. As the stations are now no influence can get in to the best part of the country without coming in contact with the influence of the Missions. The station on the north branch stands in the way of any influence that may come in the Company's express route across the moun-

tains, the clear water Station is the most direct route from the upper Flathead to Vancouver, and Wailatpu is to meet all influence that shall come in by way of the American Fur Company's route? As it (the Mission) is now situated it forms nearly a triangle and seems well located to exert the greatest influence upon the interests of the country. It seems as though providence had a wise design in our location, and I can see no way in which any part of it can be given up without any injury being done, which would require a great length of time and a great amount of men and means to remedy. In this view of the case the southern branch will appear far more important in as much as there will be a much greater amount of influence to be met and foe a long time so far as the good of settlers is concerned will be alone important. It should be borne in mind that this station is much dependent upon that for supplies as we cannot raise wheat we want for provisions without double the expense that they can at that station, aside from the uncertainty there is owing to the monthly frosts.

I have said in as short a space as I could what I thought it necessary to say on the importance of the Mission and the relative importance of the two branches, and I think that any one acquainted with the country and the locations of the two stations would admit it as correct what has been said comparing the two branches. With this view of the case will be able to understand why we are so unwilling to abandon that part of the Mission. We did think that the design of your letter had been accomplished by the reconciliation which had taken place. It was a trying time to us. We knew not what course to take. But concluded that it was best that we should wait until we had an answer to the letter sent by [the] committee stating that the difficulties were all settled. We found too that there was a difficulty in sustaining the Mission as to many had left and as the reinforcement sent to the Mission had stopped by the way. In this state of things a proposition was made by Dr. Whitman and supported by Mr. Spaulding for him to return to the States this winter and confer with the committee and conduct a reinforcement out next summer. The proposition was made to Mr. Eells and myself

just as we were on the eve of leaving to return to our place. We felt at first that we could not then decide upon it, that we wanted to think and pray over the subject as it seemed one of too great importance to be decided in a moment. We proposed to return and give the subject a serious consideration and then write them our views, but were told that would be too late, as no time was to be lost. After more conversation on the subject and feeling that something must be done and that with as little delay as possible we came to this conclusion, that if Dr. Whitman could put his station in such situation that it would be safe to leave it, and make proper arrangements, we would consent to his going.

We do not approve of the manner in which this question was decided and nothing as it seemed to us but stern necessity lead us to decide as we did. It seemed like death to put the proposition in force and death to remain in the state in which the Mission was. I have no doubt if his plan succeeded it would be one of great good to the Mission and country. It is to be expected that a Romish influence will come in which will [be] most difficult for the Mission as now sustained to with stand. As we are now situated we are much straitened in our mode of operation and cannot exert that influence that we could if we had more men, especially those of the right kind. We need more lay members such as mechanics and farmers. We want those who are willing to be such all their days and not as soon as they get in to the field feel that they can be more useful in some other department. We very much need men of this description as it is next to impossible to get help in this country, especially in this part of the mission. I have had the walls of a house up going on two year and have been unable to obtain help to finish it. It is more-over desirable and I might say almost indispensable that those in the employ of the Mission should be men of good moral character. One of a loose character employed by the Mission would [do] more injury than we could repair in a short time. Where there are so many conflicting interests at work it is necessary that all connected with it should possess a disposition and be desirous of furthering the cause of the Mission. If

men are engaged they do not as a general thing feel interest enough to relieve the missionary from care. As regards expense I think that one or two men of this character instead of increasing the expense would lessen the expense of the Mission with its present members, that is, if we had the addition of two good laymen, the expense of the Mission would not be increased above what it now is. In order to make up the number occasioned by the withdrawal from the Mission equal to what it was in number three new men are needed. As many as this with the addition of a physician is needed for its energetic operation.

As it is now expected that Whitman will visit you, you will be able to confer with him. We have perfect confidence in his views of missionary operations and the course best to pursue in regard to settler. He will be able to give you correct information as to what kind of men is needed and how many. We are not without our doubts that he may fail to get through. In order to repair as far as possible the evil that would result from a failure, a copy of this will be forwarded by way of the Islands.

My time has been so much occupied of late that I fear that I shall fail to write you by this opportunity respecting the state of our station. I can barely say that a merciful providence has added another year to our lives and that it has been one of peace and quietness with the Indians. We hope that we are gaining influence over them and that they have a more solemn feeling when listening to the truth. We need the outpouring of the Spirit both as respects ourselves and the natives. We are not able to report any conversions. We think we can address them more intelligently and they have a more correct idea of religious truth. My own health is I think some impaired. I find that I need all the strength of body and mind that I can command to meet the labors devolving upon me. You will not understand by what I have said about the importance of the Mission that there is no dark side. It is the dark side which adds much in my mind to its importance.

If anything that I have said does not meet your approbation, I should be glad to have it pointed out.

Yours very submissively in fraternal christian affection

P. S. I should be very much gratified if I could obtain some few books, viz. An Historica and Descriptive Account of British America & by Hugh Murray F. R. S. E. In two volumes, the History of the United States from discovery of the American continent. By George Bancroft. Perhaps his whole work is not yet finished, but I would like to receive what is completed and the remainder as it is published. There are many more that I would like but I will ask no more at this time. We need Histories of all kinds and if you could send Dr. Mosheim's Church History it would be very desirable.

I ought in justice to Mr. Eells to say that this postscript has been added since he put in his note.

[Note to Mr. Eell's letter to Mr. Green Oct. 1842.]

I may say that I was present at the last meeting when the statement of Mr. Gray was made, setting forth the reasons why he left the Mission and can cheerfully say that so far as I understand the case the remarks of Mr. Eells upon his proceedings do not present the case more favorable to Mr. Gray than it appeared to at the time. My views have not undergone any change.

Cimakain January 23d 1843.

Elkanah Walker to Rev. David Greene

I wrote you last Oct very fully and I suppose that before this reached you, you will have received that and will see Dr. Whitman. Perhaps you were surprised to see him without letters from the Mission. You can be no more surprised than we were that he should go without them. We thought the arrangement was made when our letters should be at his place, we were punctual at the time, unless one day in advance of time specified, would be considered to be sufficient to destroy our punctuality. We sent an express on purpose to take the letters down & it was so much expense incurred for nothing. You will readily perceive by the letter sent by the Island, a duplicate of the one designed to go by Dr. Whitman that it was with reluctance that we gave our consent. It was only as it was an extreme case—I might say a desperate case—that

consent was given. We have but little hope of success as it is not to be expected that such hastey and prayless undertakings will receive the blessing of God. When we were getting ready to start something was said about [his] leaving immediately. He was told that he could not, that we could not get our letters ready & that he must not start until he had secured a good faithful man to go with [him] & that it would not be safe for him to go without going to the Willamette and securing a good guide. This seemed to satisfy him that he must go to the Willamette first & the last words I said to him or about the last was Dr. do not start until you are sure you are ready. I suppose I shall have to bear my part of the responsibility of his going. Let it be received as it may by the Committee I am conscious that I had no motive in giving my consent [except] the good of the Mission. If it fails of that it must be viewed as one of the events [in] which providence sees not as man sees. I thought that if he would wait two or three weeks longer that [there] would be more time to deliberate upon it and to pray over it. [In] the letter that I wrote to Dr. Whitman at the time the express was sent I stated to him that we prayed he might go, & we prayed that he might not giving him to understand at least that we were in doubt of the expediency of the thing, and showing that we hoped providence would over rule all things as should be best. But it is not necessary that I should say more at this time on this subject. I regret much that my letter did not go by the Dr. as I think the information it contains would be of service to the committee & it would second perhaps the exertions of Dr. Whitman in inducing the committee to send a reinforcement to this field or take some other measures in regard to it. Since you were last written to from this station a small book has been printed. The type was mostly set by myself which detained me at Clearwater about eleven days. You will readily perceive that it was slow work as it was wholly new business both to myself and Mr. Spalding the setting of the type. He understood working the press I required no little time in putting up the press, and making a new roller as neither of us knew anything about it. After three or four at-

tempts we succeeding in making a roller and is was a good one.¹²

The book as you will expect is very imperfect. We were compelled to spend much less time upon it than we ought to have done to have had it as it should have been. It was past the middle of Nov. When I left home to go to Clearwater and I was compelled by fear of being shut up through the winter to make all the haste I could and had snow come on as early as one year ago I should have found it quite difficult in reaching home. As I did not understand the route very well & the Indian with me knew nothing about it I was fearful lest I should be lost in the plains, I was not so fearful that I could not find home as that I should get into the plains where I could not find wood which would be a hard case at that season of the year and it was uncommonly cold even for that season of the year. The school has been rather small at the station. Not more than eleven have attended. We have had another, five or six miles off of twenty two which has been visited about every day by one of us. The people have been very much scattered this winter. There has been only one lodge at this place of four families. It is very evident that they care less and less about being instructed. My fears and expectations in regard to them are being verified that it is but ours they wanted and when they found they could not obtain that, they would manifest but very little regard for us. Perhaps their dependence upon us may keep them a little closer. I have no doubt but if all their wants which are few indeed could be supplied they would leave us altogether or drive us off. To show you why I think so I will just state the case of one whom we have even considered one of the best if not the best Indian in the band. He has been employed for a teacher considerable & is considered the best & has received more favors than any one else. He was rather poor & has always been very obliging if he was wanted for anything he always manifested a disposition to do. One of his daughters was in our family most a year and has been employed much since and always well paid. Last fall one of his daugh-

ters was taken by a young man who was a son of one of the company's men. He was paid pretty well for her which made him rather independent & since that time he has not hardly been at our place. He had formerly been about us more than any other Indian in the band. It seems now that we have no hold upon them only as they are dependent upon us for medicine and some other things. I think the desire among the children to be instructed is not so great as it was two years ago or at least they do not manifest so much. The reason why our school has been so small at the station is that we preferred to go the distance above stated than have them assemble here without their parents. They said they would do just as we said, that if we said come to our place they would come. The chief had considerable provision left here for the purpose of his coming here. Perhaps if the school had been wholly here there would have been a greater number attend than there has been at both places. The reason why so few has wintered here doubtless is they do not like the restraint our presence imposes upon them. They know that we disapprove of their medicine & they wish to be off where they can indulge it without any restraint & there has been a great amount of it this winter and no one has been so zealous as the chief. The Wihum has been played three times by three different men. There has not been so much of the Tahwa as there was two years ago. Both winters that the chief has been away there has been very little of it. The first winter we were here there was none of it. The next winter he was here there was no grand display of it. The last winter he was away & all was quiet except at one lodge at the river and some that were said to have lost their spirits did not attend; but this winter those who formerly said they had no faith in it, have been as zealous as any. There are some things that are very strange & hard to be met. If you ask any which is the most powerful their medicine or the Lord, they say without any hesitancy that the Lord & they think it is not inconsistent with their worship to him & I presume do attend to worship in their lodges just the same when

¹²This printing press was given by a church in Honolulu. Eliza S. Warren, *Memoirs of the West*. (Portland 1916) 10.

they are playing their medicine as when they are not I know when at this place they attend morning worship which we held with them just the same. There can be no doubt but that it is devil worship. They gave me [to] understand that it was, & I did not know that they had belief in an evil spirit until they were giving me some history of their medicine & the object they had in view of playing it. The truth has a strong enemy to encounter in their medicine. The medicinemen [do] not prevent it and never manifested any opposition only as the claim to possess power & manifest no disposition to undeceive the people. There can be but little doubt that many of them are sincere in their belief of the power & skill of their Medicine men. There is one consolation left to those who are laboring for their spiritual good that there is One who can show them that they are trusting to lying vanities and break the chains of superstition by which they are held. Satan has held them from time immemorial, they always say in justification and if anything is said to them on the subject of their superstitious practices that so their fathers believed. Thus one generation of them have lived and died & another come on the stage of action & followed in their footsteps & gone the way of all the earth & this from time immemorial & thus they will continue to do until the gospel is brought to bear upon them with a power sent down from on high. There are the people who are so knowing as to have it said of one who came to teach them when requested to hold worship with them said that they knew how to worship better than he did, and they were allowed to spend the sabbath without anything being said to them on the things of eternity. But the same individual could say on another occasion and that to the Board that the character of this people was so bad that there was no hope in laboring for them and thought it best for him to leave the Mission and go to the Islands. I never supposed that we ought to think that we could make them better without a blessing from on high & that we never ought to cease to use the appointed means of God. It is a great mercy that we are permitted to labor for the salvation of souls and that we may expect success to attend our labors is a mercy that exceeds

all computation. It should be an occasion of thanksgiving & praise that we are permitted [to] labor even if we did not see any fruit of our labor but what should it be when we have the sure word of God that our labor shall not be in vain in the Lord. It is a matter of astonishment how any one should dare to leave the field let the appearance be what they might unless he was fairly driven from it by the natives, or his health should be such as to render him unfit to perform any part of his duties as a missionary. I am yet to be convinced that any one who has left the Mission had sufficient reason for doing it, for there is not one now in the Mission but might offer as good reasons as any that have been urged by those who have left or those who have stopped at the Islands. I could not believe until I had official authority for it that the committee would sustain Messrs. Paris [Parish?] & Rice in the course they pursued. I think had the members of the Mission made correct and impartial statements which they might have made that Mr. Gray would have received a recall long ere this. I say this judging from the course that has been pursued in regard to Mr. Spalding. I should not say this only that Mr. Gray has left the Mission & I suppose the committee have no more control over him. The Mission gave him a paper saying that they approved of his leaving to take charge of the secular affairs of the school about to be established in the Willamette. I signed that paper as chairman of the Mission. But should not have done it only as Mr. Eells thought best we should. That his course [had not] met the approbation of the whole or even a majority of the Mission was made evident at the meeting. There was no member of it that could have been more useful than Mr. Gray if he had professed the right disposition and was willing to move in the sphere Providence seemed to mark out for him and that which the Board doubtless intended he should move in. There was no member to whom more deference was paid than to him. But he thought that other members should have the liberty to act according to their views of the best course to be pursued. When at the Meeting last fall Mr. Gray wished that he might be permitted to take some property of the Mission, my opinion

was at first that he ought not to take any but it was thought that the influence would be better to let him have something but not so much as it would take to carry him home, even to carry him home by the mountain rout. As we were then situated we found it very difficult to say what he should have, but some intimation as to the amount. This amount we think he far exceeded and took those things the Mission stands very much in need of especially tools. It has been stated to me that the influence of some of the Indian Missions on the borders have been destroyed by engaging half bloods who were papists.

Tshimakain Nov. 1. 1843

Elkanah Walker to Rev. D. Greene

I should not attempt to address you at this late day if Mr. Eells had written as I supposed he intended. It may still be quite doubtful whether this will go to the islands till Spring as I expect it will be too late to go in the Co's ship or Capt Cough who was in the river at the last dates from the lower country.

We were glad to receive the communication from you that we did allowing the Southern branch of the Mission to remain and also allowing Mr. Spalding to remain in the field. On this point I think I said enough in my letter of last March. If you have received my two last communications you will have as correct [an] idea of my views and feelings in regard to this mission as I can give them.

Perhaps I ought to make some apology for not having my letter prepared in season. One reason was I thought I had already written so much about the state of the mission and Mr. E not having written anything of late that a communication from him would be more acceptable and have more influence with the committee. Another reason is I was called, as it was supposed to assist in committing Mrs. Spalding to the grave. This detained me a long time as my assistance was much needed. Before it was thought prudent for me to leave the season had [passed] to send by the company's express. As soon as Dr. Whitman reached home he was called to this place to attend on Mrs. Eells and it was thought best for me to go

directly to Waillatpu to assist if need in disposing of food to the emigrants. Perhaps I should not have done at that time but as I must make a trip there this fall that was judged the best season. From the latter place I did not return until 20th of the last month & then so unwell that I was not able to do much of any [thing] for more than a week. In regard to Mrs. Spalding I would say that God had mercy on her and not only [her] but also on us and the poor Indians to whom she is endeared and raised her up. That you may have some idea of how much help was needed. The only help at the station when I arrived was Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn and Mr. Geiger, [who] arrived a little more than a day before me. Mrs. S.[mith] was in a senseless state Mr. S. confined to his bed Mrs. S. requiring some one at her bed all the time, and Mr. S. most of the time during the day, and some one with him all night. I have hardly, since the first of August, been at home long enough to write a letter if I had had nothing else to call my attention. My cares have been very great this season as I have had part of the time three men employed and have so far finished the house spoken of in former letters that we can inhabit it & the walls of a meeting and school house are partly laid up.

The expense incurred for help in finishing the house will be something like \$150.00. A considerable part of this has been paid in such a manner as not to increase my bill at Vanconver. It was thought best to submit to some inconvenience rather than have the draft on the Treasury of the Board increased as we did not know but there might be a deficiency in the Treasury department. I think I understand something what it is to individuals to get along with a debt & I suppose it is not much different with societies. At this station I can say that economy has been studied and we have preferred to labor with our own hands rather than increase our expense. Another thing which had no small influence in deterring us from employing labor the character of the men who offer themselves. If by employing one or two hands each of us could do twice as much would there be any thing gained when there was more than an even prospect that more than half of our influence would be neutralized.

Wailatpa Nov 20 th 1845

Marcus Whitman to Rev. Elkanah Walker

Yours of the 15 instant from Lapwai was handed me by Eells I wrote you a few days since which will go by Mungo at the same time with this. This letter before me is most frank, full, plain, undisguised, kind, and let me say in every way all and as much as we could have desired from you on the subject of the Barrel [*sic*]. In connection with that you have also given us such general assurance of kind and cordial feeling not only on your own part but also on the part [of] Mrs. Walker as will not soon be forgotten nor is it lightly esteemed. There is nothing we are more anxious to maintain than kind, confidential, and cooperative feeling in the Mission I was in a great degree compelled to write as I did from the effect I had produced on Mrs. Whitman's mind by my remarks to her in the matter. But I may say for her as well as for myself it will not be a matter of hardness or trial any longer. I hope the plainness in the case however will not be forgotten by us for it is a duty we owe to bear these things so much in mind as not even in appearance to transcend the proper limits. I make such remarks in my power as I thought your state of mind demanded [but] I may add more in this with propriety. First you and Mrs. W. may be assured there is nothing in our minds that detracts from a proper Christian affection toward either of you or that limits a proper desire for a mutual cooperation in the Missionary work. We need the sympathy & support of all & each now in the Mission and we should not fail to exhibit it to each other. I hope you will not indulge in gloomy feelings as to the work in which you are engaged but will be willing to feel that only a clear providential indication for its discontinuance will at this stage be sufficient to cause you to look for another path of duty. Need I say more on the part of Mr. Greene—I will say it is better for us to think the best of all he may find it duty to write. And then where a doubt is left as to what he intends; is it not better as well as duty to keep the best construction upon what he says until all doubt is removed? I said to Mr. Spalding last fall,

probably if you had written cooperative letters you would before this have had all the assurance of confidence which you now desire to obtain from the Board & their Public reports would have made the amends you so much seek. We should be happy to see you with Cyrus but as Mungo will be going & as the season is so far advanced it might be better to send him with Mungo & wife. I shall bear in mind the time indicated for me to be at your house. With esteem in the best of Bonds & compliments from us both

Wailapu 9th Sept. 1846.

Marcus Whitman to Rev. Elkanah Walker

We are expecting Mr. Geiger to teach school for the children of our family and as many as see fit to send. Mr. Spalding will be no less pleased now I have employed Mr. Geiger than when he expected Mr. Rogers was to teach. We expect both of his children to come back when Mr. Geiger returns from Lapwai. Mr. Rogers will teach awhile after Mr. Geiger closes so that the school will continue for the winter even if Mr. Geiger does not stay more than eight or ten weeks.

We shall be pleased to have you send Cyrus and Abigail and we will give all the care that we are able to watch over and keep them. I should have been most happy to have seen you and Mrs. Walker before this lest something may not be right in your minds toward us—But should it be so I trust you will let us know it that nothing be left to disturb the harmony between us—I hope nothing will deter you from sending at least Cyrus & Abigail if not Marcus.

The Imigrants are not likely to call on us much this year as those that come this way are mostly passed. Only to have called yet & that was to get some corn bought of an Indian ground. The rear of the party have gone off on a route to take them south having been met by Capt. Applegate¹³ and others at Fort Hall, who first explored the rout. Mrs. Spaulding has a brother who has gone over to see her. A single man of the present Immigration. I see a letter here for you from Mr. Spaulding so that I need not speak of his visit to the Willamette. It is a good while since I have had a letter

¹³Capt. Jesse Applegate prominent in Oregon history.

from you—I hope nothing will intercept our correspondence. With best regards to yourself & Mrs. Walker from us both.

Fort Walla Walla January 1st 1848
H. H. Spaulding to Walker & Eells.

My dear Friends

I arrived here with my family accompanied by a large escort of friendly Nez Perces this afternoon in perfect safety, and all in very good health—I was six days in reaching Clear Water from the Uvilla suffering much from fatigue, cold and hunger—My dear family were safe with the protections of the friendly Indians but in great anxiety for my safety, they having been informed of the inhuman butchery of our dear friends at Walatpu by Mr. Canfield¹⁴ who made his escape wounded—Many of the Indians were opposed to my leaving and I accordingly promised them if they should remain neutral and not embroil their hands in blood, I would return to them. This promise was made before I had heard of the arrival and success of our friend Mr. Ogden¹⁵ in rescuing the unfortunate captives, since which I have made the same promise, adding that if all my property should be restored and all their people should request, I will return to them—Now by these conditions it remains optional with me, for I fear that these conditions will never be complied with—Now Gentlemen I wish you to make the same promises to your people and to pack up all your movable property with as little delay and as privately as possible and go to Fort Colville where you will be protected,—for let me assure you not to rely upon your friendly Indians for protection, they would be easily overcome by the Nez Perces & Cayuses in case of a general outbreak—I caution you to pack up privately to prevent the Indians from plundering—

Your cattle and horses you may be able to leave with the Canadians if your people should not consent for you to take them—You must not think of coming down the river without the protection of the H. B. Company, but embrace the first safe escort

and join me in the Willamette where we may make arrangements for our future operations—We must be governed entirely by circumstances trusting in divine providence for a restoration of our Missions—There has been a rumour here for some days that the Americans are already approaching, and an Indian from Wailatpu this evening brings the intelligence that the Cayuse leave tomorrow morning to meet them—This I think is mere bragadoccia, for the report is not credited, but the arrival of boats at the Dalles is for the property of the Dalles Mission—Let me repeat. Make no propositions to your Indians in regard to your remaining, or leaving, or promises to return, and by *all means* secure the assistance of Mr. Lewis or the Canadians in transporting your effects to Colville, where I *advise* you as you *value your lives*, as soon as the circumstances of your families will admit. “A word to the wise &c—” I am happy to say I found my daughter alive, but in bad health and much reduced from the ill treatment she suffered from the Indians while in captivity. Mr. Ogden takes his departure tomorrow morning and consequently I am much engaged in preparing myself for the trip—I have succeeded in getting the most of my movable property to this place¹⁶—Give my love to your family's, and may God grant you a speedy deliverance is the sincere prayer of yours

Dalles Friday June 6 1851
Elkaneh Walker to Mary Walker

I wrote you from the Cascades. We had a long and difficult time in making portage owing to the great amount we had to get across. I reached this place yesterday morning after a long, perilous passage I shudder at the thought of the danger we were in I can not think of yawning waves which were ready to engulf us & the horrid frowning rocks against which we were in momentary danger of being dashed to atoms without feeling indurable [?] If the least thing had given away we must all have gone to the bottom But a merciful Providence carried us

¹⁴Canfield escaped from the Whitman massacre.

¹⁵Peter Skene Ogden, chief factor for the Hudson's Bay Company in Oregon.

¹⁶Duncan McDonald, an old Indian, of Dixon, Montana, relates that Te-hul-wetsolt, a brother of the Nez Perce chief, Eagle from the Light, told him a story of the Massacre. Tamahos, an Indian whose son had died under Whitman's care, was persuaded by Joe Lewis and Nicholai Finley that Whitman had poisoned the boy. Tamahos was the first to attack. Lewis and Finley fled to the Jocko Valley in Montana and lived there for many years.

safely through & we were permitted again to tread terra firma with feelings of gratitude of no common kind O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness to the children of men.

I had the pleasure of meeting the old chief with quite a number of his people here. They intend travelling with us, how far I do not know The Doctor had a talk with them & I have been called upon to exercise my talking powers. I find that I cannot use the language as well as I did when I left the country three years ago But I think I shall be able to make them understand all that is needful if my health does not fail me. I have felt quite unwell yesterday & today I cannot get the kind of food I need I got on quite well so long as the strawberries lasted which was till we reached the Cascades Since then I have had no fruit nor nothing which is sour I am in hopes we shall find plenty of fruit on the way. There is no mistake about our house being burned at Tshimakain It is all gone Mr. Eells home is still standing so that if we were disposed to go back we have no house there. The people are as urgent as ever for us to return. They ask for nothing but teachers. We know what that means. I am fearful that I shall forget that I am interpreter & not chief speaker I think I shall learn after a while

I saw a man the other day by the name of Jackson who told me that he had one hundred dollars laid by to give to the Spokan Mission when it should be established again to be expended to benefit these Indians. I am glad that there is so much interest felt Doctor Dart¹⁷ has told them that they should have someone among them if we did not go back. He also told them he had written to Washington to have me made a chief to live among them. I want very much to hear from home I wish I were there now No place like home to me. You may be surprised to learn that the spring here has been very dry & the weather hot not warm The Dr. will be compelled to hear considerable religious instruction I do not hesitate to tell all the people say. Dr. Dart remarked to me that it must be very gratify-

ing to me to discover so much devotional feeling among them. I must say that there talk excited me some.

I am busy all the time & am nearly worn out I did not know how hard work it was to interpret until I had a trial of it? There seems but one opinion in regard to the importance of the Mission It seems that the fate of the country depended upon the impression made at this time We expect to make a move in the morning I fear for the Sabbath What I shall do I know not, I think the Dr. feels the importance of keeping the Sabbath If we do not move tomorrow I will write some more I have kept no journal as yet but shall commence when we get on the road. I obtained a bottle of pickles today & I feel better for it to night.

Utila June 20th 1851.

Elkaneh Walker to My Dear Wife and family

We were here all day yesterday without seeing or hearing anything from the Cayuses & we are about satisfied that they do not intend to come We leave this morning if the Indians do not come by the time we are ready to start. I consider the object I had in view of the Mission has already been accomplished There is everything that indicates that time has not yet come to recommence Missionary work among the Indians in the Spokan country The Cayuses and Ploluse Indians manifest so much unfriendliness I did think much of leaving this morning to return and may do it yet. You will hear from us as soon as opportunity occurs again Mr. Eells and from some idea what to write the Board

Friday Afternoon. We have just finished a talk with Cayuses It has gone on quite well The Indians have consented to have an agency placed on the Utila Still there is not that friendly feeling towards the Bostons¹⁸ that could be wished I am undecided what I shall do Mr Craig¹⁹ spoke to me to take charge of the horses and let him remain at home collect his stock and meet us at the Dalles How this may be I cannot now say I shall decide something before we leave this place. You may well suppose that it is a great relief to me to think that we have got on so well with the Indians

¹⁷Anson Dart, superintendent of Indian affairs.

¹⁸Bostons, Indian name for Americans.

¹⁹William Craig was Indian agent at Lapwai.

Still it may all [be] turned over The Indians will not leave us till tomorrow morning. We shall leave at the time We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Wm. McKay by whom we are expecting news from the lower country & I hope I shall hear from home. If any [thing] new turns up before we leave I shall note it.

I had worship [with] our people twice today I found I need to talk to refresh my mind in the language. The people seemed highly [pleased] with my being along. They reported some considerable defection from the Priests. They report that one of the priests has said that the Protestants were right and that they (the priests are) wrong. Since the death of the little chief at Colville. Many have left the Jesuits & go no more with them. We must make allowance That it is important that there should be some missionary in the upper country there can be

no doubt. Dr. Dart told me that if I went among the Indians as an agent I should be allowed to preach but not to denounce other denominations and think I ought to preach. It was what was necessary in order to accomplish the object the government had in view I have not much confidence in his being a very firm friend to missions. His conduct today in regard to the Bill of the mission has changed him much in my estimation I shall regard myself as quite fortunate if I can get one without breaking with him I expect we shall not see a single Cayuse Indian It is plain to my mind that the priest are doing all they can to get the Indians against the Americans I may write again before I have a chance to send this (excuse me for it is amidst a swarm of mosquitoes I write and I can only [add] a word before I have to stop to fight them yours as ever,

THE PRONUNCIATION OF INDIAN PLACE-NAMES IN THE NORTHWEST

BY MAMIE MEREDITH

THAT Indian place-names have suffered from the lack of standards as to their spelling and form was shown by Mr. Allen Read in an article in *American Speech* entitled "Observations on Iowa Place Names."¹ It is with pleasure, then, that one reads the occasional notes on spelling and pronunciation of the aboriginal names which were set down by travelers in the United States sixty or seventy years ago, when Indian names were somewhat more plentiful than now. Crofutt's *Tourist Guide* for 1871 among many other items of practical information gives the pronunciation of several Indian terms.

"A little below this point, the San Joaquin river unites with the Sacramento, entering from the left, forming *Suisin Bay* (pronounced Soore-soon)". P. 186.

"Mokelumne Station (Pronounced Mokel-m-ne.)" P. 190.

"The grandest scenery on the American continent, if not in the world, is to be seen in the Valley of the Yo Semite (pronounced

Yo Sem-i-te; by the Indians Yo Ham-i-te)." P. 192.

"Lake Tahoe, or Bigler, as it is called on some of the official maps. Tahoe is an Indian name, signifying 'big water,' and is pronounced by the Indians 'Tah-oo,' while the 'pale faces' pronounce it 'Tahoe.'"

A. D. Richardson in his *Beyond the Mississippi* (1865), tells of a variant spelling and pronunciation which has, I believe, been lost.

"[Wallamet] Often improperly spelled Willamette. It is an Indian word of the same class with Walla Walla. The 'a' is broad and the accent upon the first syllable." P. 398, note.

The aboriginal name of "The Father of Waters" was mentioned by the British journalist, W. H. Russell, in *My Diary North and South* (1863):

"I saw some numbers of a paper called 'La Misachibee,' which was the primitive Indian name of the grand river, not improved by the addition of sibilant Anglo-Saxon syllables." P. 263.

¹ October, 1929.



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BOOK SHELF



COMMENT BY THE EDITOR

On the Old West Coast. Major Horace Bell; edited by Lanier Bartlett. William Morrow & Co. 1930. \$5.00.

John Marsh, Pioneer. George D. Lyman. Scribners. 1930. \$3.50.

Major Bell, self-styled "truthful historian", is a natural storyteller who loses no effect possible to be gained by "artistic" telling. His pages pop with the firecrackers of unconscious rhetoric—strange and quick climaxes, preposterous assertions told simply and calmly, suspense sometimes deliberately planned but seemingly natural, fact and imagination interwoven but usually distinguished for the reader by the author with a show of care, authentication next to guesses, mysteries and evidences of occultism among historical data. This is a grand book for experience of the "atmosphere" of Los Angeles when it was first a pueblo and later an American small town. Apparently the Ranger, the author, never forgot a detail however insignificant. He has his ideas, too, which he states with vigor and clarity. Against Bancroft, the historian of the sunshine state, he bore a grudge to the end of his days. Each chapter is interestingly annotated.

Dr. Lyman writes of his subject, the massive and crabbed pioneer, John Marsh, much more in the scientific spirit. The bibliography, which is given for each chapter, covers forty pages. Yet the modern fictional method in biography plays its part—Dr. Lyman, usually with reference ready for any doubter, informs the reader of facial expressions of his subject under varying circumstances, of what was going on in Marsh's mind, of weather conditions. The writer also possesses the modern regard for truthfulness in biography. His subject was often cruel, sometimes hypocritical, unscrupulous (with the curious Yankee twist of scruples), and sensual, and the author, altho he bears as lightly as possible on them, does not ignore the instances. His impartiality seems strained only when he feels necessity of asserting Marsh's great influence, especially on the development of California.

Marsh was a Harvard graduate. He thought to go into the ministry, but was taken by circumstances into early Michigan, then, in order, into Wisconsin, Missouri, the Oregon trail country, the Santa Fe country, southern and then northern California, with up and down fortunes, more down than up until he settled in the San Joaquin valley. There he acquired a wide rancho with huge herds of cattle. Then he became wealthy on the gold diggings. Finally, he was murdered, out of revenge for bad treatment, by

Mexicans. The reader comes to understand not only the man but also a good deal about the different frontiers Marsh was on. It is a valuable book both historically and humanly.

Washakie, and Defense of Settlers of the Northwest. Grace Raymond Hebard. Arthur H. Clark Co. 1930.

The Sun God's Children. J. W. Schultz and Jessie L. Donaldson. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. \$3.00.

Here, into fifteen chapters and three hundred pages, Dr. Hebard, indefatigable researcher and authoritative historian of the Northwest, has gathered about all that will ever be known of the famous Shoshone Indian chief, Washakie, who, seeing the inevitability of white man conquest, allied himself ingratiatingly with the enemy that he and his people might benefit rather than suffer ruin. The fate of the Shoshones, however, seems not to have been greatly different from that of bellicose tribes, for the white man who in epic generosity gave wide tracts "forever" to the Indian for his exclusive domain found, when portions of the donated tract became economically valuable, that a treaty with an Indian, being merely a scrap of paper, needed to be replaced by a later and more restricting treaty. As the white man wanted he took, and the Indian signed "his mark" on the dotted line—Shoshone and every other Indian. The Shoshone territory had its boundary lines drawn in several times; the United States government recompensed the Indian by allowing Washakie to enlist as a private in the U. S. Army, at a few dollars per month, even after he was ninety years of age. And now all the lieutenants, captains, and colonels who dealt with Washakie are writing glowing testimonials to his valor and wisdom and manhood!

Dr. Hebard's book is practically a history of the Shoshone tribe and the country over which it roamed. No stone on the hundreds of square miles, literally, has been left unturned for historical facts. Letters have been written, documents searched, facts sifted first-handedly, forts and streams and valleys explored, old-timers interviewed. And here lies the material easily accessible for the reader.

The Sun God's Children in its opening chapters states in a popular way what is known of the Blackfoot tribes historically. Mr. Schultz has lived, as everyone knows, for years with a branch of this tribe and should know them thoroughly. Miss Donaldson, who was formerly a professor of literature at Montana State College, is now devoting her entire time to the study of

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Indian ethnology. She has spent the last two summers among the Bloods in Canada.

The notes on "Religion" leave a reader somewhat doubtful as to whether these Indians can really be called "sun-worshippers." Did any plains Indian ever look upon the sun as god? The later chapters of the book, in which representative old Indians at a powwow tell of their youthful exploits is interesting and valuable. Some of these stories are told with dramatic vigor and a lyric style. The illustrations by Winold Reiss are alone worth the price of the book—distinctive, characterizing, picturesque, finely conceived and drawn. The most valuable portions of the book are a detailed account of the Sun Dance, another of the Sacred Tobacco Rites, and the fascinating story of the Beaver Medicine. The book leaves one believing in Indians as human beings like white men and all other men; it is a contribution to our sympathetic understanding of another race.

The Range Cattle Industry. E. E. Dale. University of Oklahoma Press. 1930. \$4.00.

The cattleman was a fascinating figure in the development of the West as long as the public range lasted. What he did, his difficulties and his success and final quasi-disappearance have not only appealed to the imagination of fictionists but has challenged the interest of scholars. This book, written with sympathy for the cattleman, rather stresses his difficulties—his forced retreat into less and less suitable and profitable regions, his troubles in leasing Indian lands, the varying markets, the getting of his cattle to markets in top condition.

Dr. Dale has his eye most steadily on Texas, Oklahoma, and Kansas. Dr. Osgood in his equally illuminating study of the cattle industry, *The Day of the Cattleman* (University of Minnesota Press, 1929), has his eyes more steadily on Wyoming and Montana. The two books complement one another. Dr. Osgood had the decided advantage of access to the books of the Wyoming Stockgrowers' Association; Dr. Dale had the advantage of access to much more manuscript material, particularly that relating to the Southwest. The former writes with more attention to detail, in a firmer English and more flowing exposition; the latter writes in a looser English and sketches his story more rapidly. It is good fortune that the cattle industry has two such books. Now the sheep industry should be as carefully studied.

The Trans-Mississippi West. Edited by J. F. Willard and C. B. Goodykoontz. University of Colorado. 1930. \$2.00.

This book is a collection of papers written by men who are authoritative scholars of western history, like Archer B. Hulbert, Frederic L. Paxson, Joseph Shafer, W. S. Campbell (there are a dozen others) and read at a conference on "The history of the Trans-Mississippi West" held at the University of Colorado on June 18 to 21 in 1929.

The idea of regional conferences is excellent. The book is a necessity to all students of the West.

Red Heroines of the Northwest. Byron Deffenbach. Caxton Printers (Caldwell, Idaho). 1929. \$2.50.

Mr. Deffenbach tells in popular tales, with moving understanding of life and care for historical accuracy, the stories of Sacajawea, the Dorion Woman, and Jane Silcott, Indians all; and in doing so he spreads before the reader in free and interesting narrative great stretches of Northwest history. The "noble savage" does not exist for this writer; but human beings though red of skin and in an early state of civilization do, and the pictures he gives are both plausible and exciting. In his onrushing eagerness the reader overlooks the few offending discourses that creep into the narrative, some of them sentimental, some quite unmotivated; so that his experience with the book is generous and quickening to the spirit and firing to the imagination. Mr. Deffenbach makes history stronger and stranger than fiction. The book is good for all readers, and should especially be made available for every high school pupil in the Northwest. It is amazing how much genuine history and how much "feel" for the early-day conditions a reader picks up in tracing the deeds of these heroines. Jo Martin has done a splendid drawing of western life that is both imaginative and authentic.

Silence. Alice E. Gipson. Caxton Printers (Caldwell, Idaho). 1930. \$2.50.

Although the author of this novel has little natural gift for story-telling and in spite of the fact that only occasionally her characters "come to life," the reader is emotionally stirred during the progress of the conventional story. But, as the jacket on the book states, the author so well knows the life she is portraying, dry homesteading in southern Idaho by people ill-equipped for the struggle, that she creates exact moods of the land and space and weather and their effect upon the several types of people. It is therefore a novel which all people interested in authentic portrayal of western life will purchase and read. The Caxton Printers are building an interesting and valuable list of books on western subjects.

Marooned in Crater Lake. Alfred Powers. Metropolitan Press (Portland, Ore.) 1930. \$1.75.

Each of the stories that make up this book, originally written for boys, deals with ingenious extrication from difficulty of its chief person by use of his own wits. They are simple accounts told with skill in exciting and holding a boy's attention. Dr. Powers "knows his stuff." The book is admirably got up by the Metropolitan Press, which has published several "books of the Oregon trail" country. "Oregonians made this book"—stories, illustrations, cover design, printing, paper, and binding.

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MONTANA

Songs of a Scythe. Arthur Truman Merrill. Bozart Press. 1930. \$1.25.

Young Land. Gwendolen Haste. Coward-McCann. 1930. \$1.00.

Blue Hills. Edna Davis Romig. Dorrance. 1930. \$1.50.

Lincoln Remembers. Edna Davis Romig. Dorrance. 1930. \$1.50.

Animals and the desert most surely stir Mr. Merrill's muse into poetic song. His poems on these themes have more distinction than on any other themes. *Water Ousel* and *Spring in the Desert* seem to me the two finest in this small collection. Aside from four or five poems I have seen better ones by Mr. Merrill, so that we may look forward to a second volume. His strength is in simple themes simply expressed, never in sophistication.

Miss Haste's strong spirit cuts to the quick of her subject, so that one finds in her verse essential ideas expressed in compact and imaginative language. In her poetry there are no surface observation and understanding, and no loose poetic phrases. She has the penetrating poet's mind that shakes away unessentials. I like her rhythms best when she writes in regular metres; they seem stronger and sounder. These poems, which truly interpret that part of the life of the West which they consider, are written from a clearly definite point of view and definitely mean something. And Miss Haste must have selected from her written poems ruthlessly. What a brave deed among contemporary poets! To my mind *Homesteader* and the group called *Montana Wives* are the highest achievement. Such poetry is rich possession for the West.

Edna Romig raises no thin voice out of mere desire to sing, but a full, resonant, strong, natural voice that is in splendid process of mellow cultivation. She is one of America's genuine women poets, these volumes attest. Her gift of poesy is fine and of real quality. In her best poems like *Loom of October* and *Golden Stallion* there is fulness of imagination, of idea, of emotion, of language. It is to be regretted that she did not make as ruthless a choice among her poems as Miss Haste made. Why include such trivial poems as *Escape*, or such ordinary ones as *In a Japanese Garden* and such derivative ones as *Miracles* (cf. Rupert Brooke), when such strong and beautiful poems exist in sufficient number as *Silver Spruce and Aspen* and *Trail Maker* and *Mesa and Foothill*?

Lincoln Remembers is a series of sonnets attempting to present Lincoln's private thought and musings during the years of the Civil war. Here are mastery of the sonnet form, knowledge of material that is both full and freely accessible to the writer, and sympathetic imagining and portrayal of the Lincoln spirit. The book is stirring. I think it a grand book, a national possession.

A TEN-INCH SHELF OF BOOKS

FROM THE PITTSBURG COLLEGE PRESS, PITTSBURG, KANSAS.

Pittsburg College Verse, edited by Margaret E. Haughwout, Associate Professor of English at Kansas Teacher's College. In this collection the Younger Generation continue to conceal their joys. The spirit is serious, subtle, and deeply tainted with sadness. Where is the fine frenzy that repairs the college car and banishes sleep of nights? To be recollected in tranquility perhaps.

Sheep's Clothing, "a first volume by Margaret E. Haughwout, reflects an alert mind of ironic bent. Miss Haughwout has much more to say, and will say it increasingly well."—Grace Stone Coates.

FROM THE AMERICAN GUILD, NEW YORK CITY.

Dust of Dreams, by Marcia Lewis Leach. The 62 short poems show melodic ability. One hopes the author will soon leave spinet themes and try her ability on the pipe organ.

FROM THE BOZART PRESS, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

I. Orpheus in Exile, by L. Logan Kean. However, Orpheus returns from his exile in such poems as "To Anatole France," where the author has used material cleverly and with appeal, and in "Dead Men Tell No Tales," that gives a story briefly and movingly.

II. Unison, edited by Ellen M. Carroll, culled from Mrs. Carroll's column, *Choir Practice*, in the *Charleston Evening Post*. The title is apt, for the verse seems inspired by the common and sincere desire of all the contributors to sing all the time on all subjects. Forms are for the most part simple newspaper forms, but deal with material of daily life that shines with reality and variety of experience. The book is marred by some unfortunate misprints.

III. Bucolies and Caviar, by Benjamin Musser. Of verse on the shelf this little book is one most carefully written. The caviar is served in a bucolic atmosphere and a sort of sweetness and courage are distilled from the poet's keenness of realization, which is akin to pain. One wishes him well, which of course means to keep on writing with more and more care.

IV. The Passion Called Poetry, by Benjamin Musser. Poets will enjoy these essays although they were written to explain the poet's point of view to the non-creative mind. They are mordant, sometimes to irritation, but pleasantly stimulating and no poet tires of the consolation of reading, "The poet creates not for an audience but because the pain of not creating has become unbearable."

FROM HENRY HARRISON, NEW YORK CITY.

I. A Penny a Dream, by Mary Edgar Comstock, author of *Flickering Candle Light*. The lyrics seem to be extremely personal. Their prevailing spirit is unhappiness, which makes the humor of one little poem, "Romance Off the Pedestal," doubly welcome.

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II. **Floodmark**, by Jamie Sexton Holme, author of *Star Gatherer*. These poems have a strong appeal. The singer knows fear and pain, but has kept her sweetness through all and held fast to whatever of beauty and gladness life offers. Her philosophy is balanced. Her personality is vivid.

III. **Thorns Are a Style**, by Ruth Hannas. The book is of much promise, full of music and emotion. One could wish the author a broad span of writing that she might work through the suffering of revolt and loneliness to a transcension which her ability is certainly fitted to express.

IV. **Deeper Silence**, by Samuel Heller. The atmosphere is fresh and breezy with the interest of youth getting acquainted with the wonders of the world, physical and spiritual. The author has the gift of melody and a strain of cheerful courage which is welcome.

V. **Fifteen South Dakota poets**. Here is a beginning of handling the wealth of material the prairie holds. No one has ever done justice to the prairie. The book includes also many lyrics whose figures are from the prairie but whose themes are life-wide. One of the loveliest is "Black April" by Grace Putnam whom North Dakota might claim, since she has spent so many of her years as student and educator in that state.

VI. **This Experimental Life**, by Royall Snow. He puts life in a test-tube and watches it, according to the cover design. His observations are not to be read lightly. He has material for many slim volumes of briefer, more lyrical presentations.

Missoula

Mary Brennan Clapp

Heroine of the Prairies. Sheba Hargreaves. Harper & Brothers. 1930. \$2.00.

Salita, orphaned on the Oregon Trail, found herself responsible for the safe arrival in the Oregon settlement of a demented woman and a half-dozen children. The woman, Cynthia Harkness, was unable to cope with pioneering hardships, and an ensuing loss of memory prevented her from acknowledging her newly arrived red-haired baby. The critics of the newly-founded community near Oregon City were assured that no good could come of a girl in masculine attire and with a baby in her arms. A grim determination, coupled with a gallant courage that won undying loyalty from the hardy settlers, rewarded her efforts with generous success and found her the truly surprised victim of a colorful romance. Interesting reading.

Missoula

Vera H. Frohlicher

Ward of the Redskins. Sheba Hargreaves. Harper & Brothers. 1929. \$2.00.

In this novel of early fur-trading days of the past century a painstaking study of the coastal fauna and flora leads to a story that rings true in every phase. The hero searches for the "ward of the redskins" and finally finds her at a "medicine lodge" beside

Crater Lake. Careful delineation of character, especially of the aborigines, gives credence to barbaric mysticism, used as a psychological background. Interesting reading from the literary standpoint; valuable from the botanical and anthropological angles.

Missoula

John C. Frohlicher

Lone Cowboy. Will James. Scribners. 1930. \$2.75.

One has only to read the brief introduction which is printed in fac-simile of Will James' own handwriting, to know that he has "the knack." His book is an unusual mixture of the artful and the apparently artless, which accounts for much of its attractiveness. It is written, like his other books, in "cowboy language," that is appealing and sometimes very telling.

Will James was left an orphan at four years, and was adopted by an old French trapper, who was lost in the icy river, before the boy was in his teens. His life of cowboy wandering and adventure makes a varied story of many experiences and much unconscious courage. Through it runs a theme, his unalterable devotion to horses and to his sketching pencil. The book, illustrated delightfully by him, proves his talent by its interest and appeal.

Missoula

Doris F. Merriam

Books received to be noticed later—O'Connor: **Conquest** (Harpers); Reigel: **America Moves West** (Holt); Branch: **Westward** (Appleton); Buck: **A Yankee in the Gold Rush** (Houghton Mifflin); Knibbs: **Songs of the Last Frontier** (Houghton Mifflin).

LITERARY NEWS

In this section of the magazine will appear in each issue notes on Northwest writers and writings and literary projects and publications. News should be sent to the editor of this section, Mrs. Grace Stone Coates, Martinsdale, Montana.

ARIZONA

H. L. Davis (living at present at Portal, Ariz., via Rodeo, N. Mex.) is working on a Northwestern novel (very philosophic and insulting) and a book of sagebrush sketches, "Team Bells Woke Me," several of which have appeared in the *American Mercury*. Published this summer: "Three Hells—A Comparative Study," *American Mercury*, July; "Red Calico Meadows," *Country Gentleman*, May; "Flying Switch," *Colliers*, Aug. 2; "Shiloh's Waters," *The Miscellany*, July.

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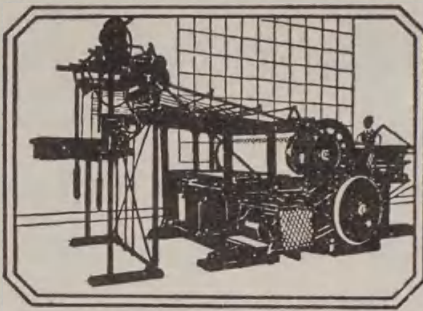


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COLORADO

Lillian White Spencer has broadcast from Denver, KOA, four programs of her own poems—"Indian Poems," "Colorado Pictures," "Southwest Tales," and "Lyrics of Earth." Her Pueblo opera, music by Charles S. Skilton, "The Sun-Bride," was broadcast from WEAJ, N. Y.

IDAHO

Irene Welch Grissom, Idaho Falls, is at work on a novel. Her story, "The Sawyer at the Riverside Mill," and poem, "Ridin' Home," appeared in the August and September *Westerner*.

Edith MacDonald Graham, Twin Falls, Idaho, is making final revision on a series of short stories.

MONTANA

Mary Brennan Clapp (Mrs. C. H.) is preparing a second book-length manuscript of verse. Has published: "The Grace of God," *Catholic World*, May; "Return," *Commonweal*. The *Catholic World* and *Sunset Magazine* carry reviews of her volume, "And Then Remold It" (published by H. G. Merriam, Missoula).

Knopf, N. Y., has accepted for spring publication a prairie biography, "Black Cherries," by Grace Stone Coates. Several stories included have appeared in *The Midland*, and two, reprinted from *The Frontier*, are included in O'Brien's yearbook of Best Short Stories, 1929 and 1930.

Dorothy Marie Johnson, Waukau, Wis., former student at the University of Montana, is now "writing stories in a Wisconsin town of 150 where they think Iowa is out West. No mountains, no room. Only barns and silos and—" enough! Photographers for Chicago and Milwaukee papers caught Miss Johnson, pajama-clad, helping with the family washing, that readers of "Bonnie George Campbell" in a forthcoming *Satevepost* might see what the author looked like.

H. T. Gisborne, Missoula, contributes to the *Scientific Monthly*, July, a technical article, "Forest Fire Research;" to *The Timberman*, August, signed editorial, "After Advertising and Mergers—Then What?" His research report, "A Five-Year Record of Lightning and Forest Fires," will appear in the *Monthly Weather Review*.

Will James, Pryor, cowboy artist and author, has the satisfaction of seeing his sixth book and life story, "Lone Cowboy," (Scrib-

ners) the September selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

"Young Land" (Coward-McCann) a first volume by Gwendolen Haste, is a collection of pioneer poems. Many of them were written while Miss Haste lived in Montana, and saw at first hand the hardships as well as the glamour of life in a new country. Her long poem, "Gold," which appeared in *The Frontier*, is included.

ILLINOIS or MONTANA

Loving solitude—loving people—Lew Sarett brings serenity to his four vocations and avocations. He holds a professorship at Northwestern University, offering this year (and hereafter) a course in metrics and modern poetry to a heavy enrollment of graduate students, teachers and writers. A two-months winter tour, Nebraska to New York, has every evening booked for lectures on wild life and poetry recitals. Summer will find Mr. Sarett in the woods of northern Wisconsin. And all the year he writes. More than forty of his poems enrich school texts this summer. Many of his poems are included in recent anthologies; and a dozen or more have recently been accepted for publication.

Chicago Commerce, June, and *Nature Magazine*, August, carry interviews with Mr. Sarett concerning wild life and the needs of business men. *The Rotarian* will present his advocacy of a regime whereby men might come to know Nature and Beauty better. Mr. Sarett's lovely old home at Ravinia, Ill., is surrounded by trees—pines, spruces, hickories, oaks—and hundreds of shrubs, that till leave room for a perennial garden. He has raised over 4,000 plants from seed even thru this summer's drought.

OREGON

Sheba Hargreaves, Portland, has published an historical novel, "Heroine of the Prairies" (Harper & Bros. 1930). "The Cabin at the Trail's End" has gone into reprint (A. L. Burt. 75c) after a good sale. "Buffalo Gals," first story in a series, is completed.

"Marooned in Crater Lake," by Alfred Powers of the U of Oregon, and "His Excellency and Peter," by Theodore Winnifred Harper (Doubleday, Doran) are recent western books.

Albert Richard Wetjen, Oswego, Ore. Recent publications: "Youth Walks on the Highway" (Heron Press, N. Y. lim. ed. \$7.50) erotic allegory, illustrated by John

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Alan Maxwell; stories: "There Were Giants," *Satevepost*; "Pride and the Mate Remarks," *Adventure*; "On the Beach," *Colliers*. Accepted: "Fiddler's Green" (Little, Brown, Boston) a novel based on legends of the sea; "Way for a Sailor," (Chapman & Hall, London; Century Co., N. Y.) narrative of a boy rising to shipmaster, is now filmed under the same title with John Gilbert in the role; "The Quest of the Golden Girl," *Complete Stories Magazine*; "You Can't Explain These Things," *Adventure*; "Jorgenson of the North Fork," *Country Gentleman*; "Phenomenon," *Women's Home Companion*; "A Prince of England," *McClean's* (Canadian magazine); "The Return of Jerry Mitchell," serial for *McClean's*; sold to Doubleday, Doran, second serial rights of "Meeting Steamers," British rights for eight stories, *Amalgamated Press*, London. Working on a book, "Overdue," another book, "Deep Water," long novelette, "Mutiny of the Western Star."

Ared White (Major-General George A. White, commander of the National Guard for all Northwest, Salem) has a war-spy story in almost every issue of *Adventure*. Dan Markel, feature writer for *Portland Telegram*, is doing two radio plays for N. P. hour over KGW. Ben Hur Lampman, editorial writer for *Morning Oregonian* and *O. S. Monitor*, has completed an allegorical novel.

Stewart H. Holbrook, Portland (Ed. *Four L Lumber News*) has been a logger in almost every important logging camp in U. S. and Canada. Has published: "Gastronomy in the Woods," *American Mercury*, July; "Hercules in the Timber," *American Mercury*, October; "Lumberjack of Romance Passes" and "Bad Times in the Timber," *N. Y. Sunday World* (May 18-August 3); "The Drive Is Coming Down" and "Spring in the Timber," *American Forest* (April-May).

Paul H. Hosmer, Bend, humorist, contributor to *Four L Lumber News*, has placed stories with *American Boy* and *St. Nicholas*. Theresa Stevens, wife of James Stevens, has an article on Bay City, Mich., famous old sawmill town, *Four L Lumber News*, October. James Stevens is engaged in research for the history of the lumber industry in that territory.

Howard McKinley Corning last winter made a four months' stay in New York. Has published "Bows for Arrows," *Books*: N. Y.

Herald Tribune; many lyrics and sonnets in the *N. Y. Times*; verse and reviews regularly in *Voices*; verse in *N. Y. Sun*; his "Men of the Rock" in *American Caravan*, 1930; appears in Untermeyer's (revised) *Modern American Poetry*; Kreymborg's *Our Singing Strength*; Sherman Ripley's *Poems on Death and Immortality* (Appleton); *Leading Poets of the World* (Mitre Press, London). Is at work on a novel, and an historical narrative poem.

Charles Oluf Olson, one of the Portland group of poets, (Borghild Lee, Queene B. Lister, Howard Corning, Ethel Romig Fuller, Elizabeth Olson, Eleanor Hammond, Leland Davis, Ada Hastings Hedges and others, who meet for the joy of meeting) writes adventure stories and poetry. Sells action and adventure to *Ace-High*, *Complete Stories*, *Top-Notch*, *West*, etc.; poetry to *Poetry* (Chicago); *N. Y. Sun*, *Herald Tribune*, and *The Spectator* (Portland).

Ethel Romig Fuller, Portland, works consistently. She gives regular radio readings over KOIN; is assembling a second volume of poetry to follow "White Peaks and Green;" is compiling a text book of western verse; publishes widely—in *Good House-keeping*, *Poetry*, *Commonweal*, *N. Y. Times*, *Hollands*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Modern Priscilla*.

Verne Bright, Beaverton, Ore., president of the Northwest Poetry Society, is working on two long narrative poems, and translations of French verse. Contributes to *Muse & Mirror*, the *Overland Monthly*, *Spectator*. Won C. S. Jackson contest sponsored by N. W. Poetry Society. Is included in *Rebel Anthology*, "Unrest," and will appear in *Poetry* (Chicago), three poems; in *American Poetry Magazine*, *Choir Practice*, *Voices*, *Westcard*, and *Star Dust*.

Mrs. Sally Elliott Allen, Eugene, Ore., spent one week in the woods, writing 50,000 words.

WASHINGTON

Nard Jones, Seattle, is finishing a second novel, "Sin of Angels," for spring publication. He has two long stories and a short to *College Life*: "Hollywood," "Expatriates," and "Please May I Have Another?" For the past three years Mr. Jones has engaged in trade journal work. Recently he took the "Oregon Detour" by auto—"without being shot at, or hanged"!

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

(Continued from Page 64)

where. He stared at his legs and noticed his left knee was twitching. He wished it would stop, people would think he was afraid.

The referee was through giving instructions now. Mickey shook hands with his opponent and stepped quickly to his corner. His seconds had removed the stool from the ring, and one of them reached forward and pulled his robe from his back. Mickey drew a deep breath, grabbed the ropes with both hands and shuffled his feet in the rosin on the canvas mat. Still waiting—

Clang! The bell for round one. His nervousness disappeared like mist before a wind, and the empty feeling in his stomach was gone. The muscles that had been trembling steadied and moved only as he willed them to. He danced to the center of the ring. He was cool and alert.



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Mary J. Elmendorf, Seattle, American Penwoman, has appeared recently in *The Poet*, *The Harp*, *Muse & Mirror*, *Poetry World*, and *Gypsy*.

William Freeman Hough (also known as Araminta Abbott; William Wills Bradford) is always at work on novelettes and shorts; attends rodeos for material, taking quantities of moving pictures for reference; finds plenty of color and plot in the Northwest. In August sold two novelettes and three short stories to *Ranch Romances*.

Lucy C. M. Robinson, Spokane, publishes in Stoddard King's column, *Spokesman-Review*, and *Victoria Times*. Is preparing a second collection of verse.

Stoddard King's "The Raspberry Tree," light verse, is his fourth volume issued by Doubleday, Doran. Mr. King will go east in January on a lecture tour under the management of Lee Keedick, New York.

"East Sound Girl" by Mary Brinker Post, appeared in the *Prairie Schooner* in May.

WYOMING

Ted Olson, Laramie, Wyo., appears in a 5-poem group, "Heritage," in *Poetry* (Chicago), June; "Trial by Fire," *Bozart*, May-June; Accepted poems include: "Acquiescence to Autumn," *The New Republic*; "Page From an Imaginary Geography," *The Midland*; "Seed of Age," *World Tomorrow*. Chapters of his "Picaresque Novel," on which he is at work, have appeared in *The Frontier*.

Olga Moore, Laramie, Wyo., is publishing in the *Satevepost* and the *Ladies Home Journal*.

FRANK BIRD LINDERMAN

(Continued from Page 59)

Frontier, 1920; *Indian Old-Man Stories*, 1920; *Bunch-Grass and Blue-Joint*, 1921; *How It Came About Stories*, 1921; *Lige Mounts, Free Trapper*, 1922 (reprinted 1930 as *Morning Light*); *Kootenai Why Stories*, 1926; *American*, 1930. He has been successively trapper, cowboy, assayer, newspaper man, insurance man, state representative, Republican nominee for House of Representatives, 1918, and for the Senate, 1924. He is a member by adoption of the Cree and Chippewa Indian tribes.



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