

Vol. no. 2
Jan. 1931

archives

THE FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST



JANUARY

Cow Camp Christmas, drawing and sketch by Irvin Shope.

Fox-Heart, a narrative poem by Lew Sarett.

The Great Hunter of the Woods, a Paul Bunyan yarn by James Stevens.

Castaway, Set Sail, a sea story by Chatfield Knight.

Romance, a Montana poem by Jason Bolles.

Exploration of the Koyukuk River, Alaska, by Robert Marshall.

Fort Laramie Peace Conference with the Crow Indians, 1867.

Minnesota in 1855-1856.

Stories, Verse, Essays, Article on the Chinook Jargon.

The Sluice Box and Open Range Sections.

Book Notices.

Literary News.

Volume XI

JANUARY, 1931

Number 2

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Volume Eleven

JANUARY, 1931

Number Two

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ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

Irvin ("Shorty") Shope is a Missoula artist of western subjects. Alicia O'Donnell is a student at the State University of Montana. Fred Gilsdorf lives in Washington, D. C. Brassil Fitzgerald, an assistant editor of *The Frontier*, is a professor of English at the State University of Montana. Grace Stone Coates, also an assistant editor, has three stories on O'Brien's Roll of Honor for 1930. Jason Bolles, Butte, Montana, has frequently published in *The Frontier*. Frank B. Linderman, a contributing editor, is the author of *American* and *Morning Light*, recently published by the John Day Co. (N. Y.)

Chatfield Knight publishes his first *Frontier* story in this issue. He lives in Vancouver, Washington. James Stevens, formerly of Seattle, sends this Paul Bunyan yarn from Bay City, Michigan, where he is spending the winter. He is a *Frontier* contributing editor. Lew Sarett, also a contributing editor, sends this poem from Evanston, Illinois. It will appear in his fourth volume, to be published next autumn. E. H. Thomas contributed an article on the Jargon to the May *Frontier*; we shall publish two other articles by him in the March and May numbers. Nan Riddell lives in Victoria, B. C. We published a poem by Anderson Scruggs, Atlanta, Georgia, in the November *Frontier*. Dr. Israel Newman, Augusta, Maine, has frequently contributed to this magazine. He is a psychiatrist. Raymond Kresensky's writing has not appeared in this magazine for more than a year. He lives in Iowa. Doris Bradley lives in Arizona. This is her first prose to be published.

Four contributors hail from Wyoming: Clara McIntyre is a professor of English at the University (Laramie); Robert Underwood lives in Casper; Wilson Clough, also a professor of English at the University, is studying this year at the University of Wisconsin; Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, also a professor at the University, is an editor of *The Frontier's* historical section.

From Oregon come the writings from Idaruth Fargo (Salem), Ada Hedges (Portland), Margaret Skavlan (Portland), Eleanor Hansen (Forest Grove). Mamie Meredith, who is an editor of *The Prairie Schooner*, contributed to the November *Frontier*.

Marjory Turner lives in Weiser, Idaho. Mary J. Elmendorf, Seattle, has contributed to this magazine before.

Jane Culver sends her story from New York City; and Catherine Parmenter her poem from Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Robert Marshall, who was formerly at work in the U. S. Forest Service, spent last year in research work at Johns Hopkins University, and made this trip to the Koyukuk in the summer of 1929, is spending

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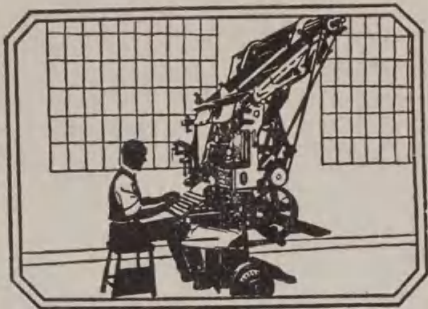
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this year in sociological and forestry study in Wiseman, Alaska, within the Arctic Circle.

Beginning with the March, 1931, issue *The Frontier* will conduct a folklore section. The two advisory editors who will conduct this section are Harry Turney-High, professor of Anthropology at the State University of Montana, and V. L. D. Chittick, professor of English at Reed College, Portland, Oregon.

We expected to publish in this issue a third installment of Ted Olson's Picaresque Novel; but he left for a year of study in Norway in mid-October and has miscalculated the speed of the mails.

LITERARY NEWS

Contributors to "Northwest, a Collection of Verse", compiled and edited by H. G. Merriam, Missoula, are to be congratulated that the book will be issued by Caxton Printers, Ltd., of Caldwell, Idaho. Their imprint assures us of a book well made, and satisfying to the eye and hand. It will be issued in de luxe and popular editions. Mr. J. H. Gipson, owner and manager of Caxton Printers, has a real vision for the publication of Northwest literature. His firm has already issued a number of books significant to the West, such as Alice Edna Gipson's "Silence," the story of a desert homestead; Byron Deffenbach's "Red Heroines of the Northwest"; James A. Herndon's "To Him That Endureth", now in its second edition, a novel of the Salmon river country by a new western author; and Dr. H. L. Talkington's "Heroes and Heroic Deeds of the Pacific Northwest", a two-volume source book for teachers.

Caxton's spring list will include "Verse of the New West", by Irene Welch Grissom, a volume of seventy-one poems illustrated by the staff artist, in a popular edition at \$1.25, and a de luxe edition at \$5.

Publications by H. G. Merriam now available are: Donald Burnie's "Tscemicinium, Snake River People" (\$1.25); Mary B. Clapp's "And Then ReMold It" (\$1.25); and a Historical and Romantic Map of Montana (\$1.00).

The Metropolitan Press (Portland) reports a strong sale for Dr. Powers' "Marooned in Crater Lake". It will issue this month two volumes of verse, one by Howard M. Corning

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and one by Ada Hastings Hedges, both of Portland.

From Mr. Binford, President: "You may be interested in the indigenous binding we gave to the de luxe limited edition of "Marooned in Crater Lake". We had the Seven Oerding Brothers of Coquille, Oregon, make covers of myrtle wood that had been seasoned for eight years. Myrtle wood, as you know, is said to grow nowhere except in Coos and Curry Counties, Oregon, and in the Holy Land. You can imagine what a beautiful dress for a book was accomplished with this wood and red morocco.

"Our most ambitious fine printing project will be the Joaquin Miller manuscript."

The Adventure Books of Theodore Acland Harper, including the latest story, "His Excellency and Peter" are among the Junior Books of Doubleday, Doran & Company; and three books of fairy tales have been placed with Penn and Appleton. Mr. Harper never has to wonder what to write about. His life has been too varied for dearth of material. He was born in New Zealand and has followed his profession of mining engineer in Arizona, in Nome during the gold rush, and on the Amur river, where he went to develop a mining concession, and spent eight years, during the Russo-Japanese war and the revolution and famine that followed. His work is done in collaboration with Winifred Harper, who says she "knows about commas", but, more important, knows about Theodore Acland Harper.

Doubleday, Doran also issue Ann Shannon Monroe's "Feelin' Fine", a book of verse.

"The Journal of John Work", a chief-trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, edited by William S. Lewis and Paul C. Phillips, is an important volume from the publishing house of Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland. It is issued in a limited edition of 1000 copies at \$6. Mr. Lewis also collaborates with Naojiro Murakami in editing "Ranald MacDonald", issued by the Washington State Historical Society. In pursuing his law practice, in Spokane, Mr. Lewis spends considerable time prosecuting the claims of Northwest Indian tribes against the government before Congress and the U. S. Court of Claims. He is now completing monographs on minor phases of the history

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of the Northwest Frontier, and working on a collection of short stories and sketches under the title, "Some Undeveloped Prospects". Many of these have been published, some as far away as the *London Graphic*. His contribution toward the bibliography of the camel, with particular reference to the camel pack-trains in western mining camps, will be published in the December issue of the California Historical Quarterly.

Ernest Haycox's "Whispering Range" will appear in January, Doubleday, Doran & Company, who issued "Free Grass" (1929) and "Chaffee of Roaring House" (1930). All are westerns, and have appeared serially in *West*. "Chaffee of Roaring House" is now out as a reprint, and is also being published in England. Mr. Haycox writes half a dozen novelettes and a dozen short stories, yearly, for *West* or *Short Stories*, and has recently sold a short to *Colliers*. In 1929 three of his stories were listed in the O. Henry Memorial index, and this year, five. He is at work on his fourth novel, dealing with the west of the '60s, in the country between Cheyenne and Salt Lake.

While taking photographs in Salmon canyon for use in his "History of Idaho" on which he is now working, Byron Defenbach fell, Sept. 4, and carried his left arm in a sling for weeks thereafter. Mr. Defenbach will conclude his work as state treasurer of Idaho, Dec. 31, and hopes then to give his time to writing. His historical romance, "Red Heroines of the Northwest", previously mentioned, is in its second edition.

Edmond A. Du Perrier, Portland, has recently returned from a trip to Canada, where he went to fish, hunt, shoot pictures, and collect material for news features, fiction, and articles on which he is now working. His action and outdoor short stories find a place in *Triple-X*, *Boy Life*, and *Outdoor Life*, under such breezy titles as "High Fishing at Highwood" and "Between the Rounds". Mr. Du Perrier will have a novel completed in the spring.

Charles Oluf Olsen's long adventure story, "Creek Stealers", was published in *West*, Oct. 29.

Borghild Lee, Portland, will appear in *Commonweal* and the *American Scandina-*

Continued on page 200

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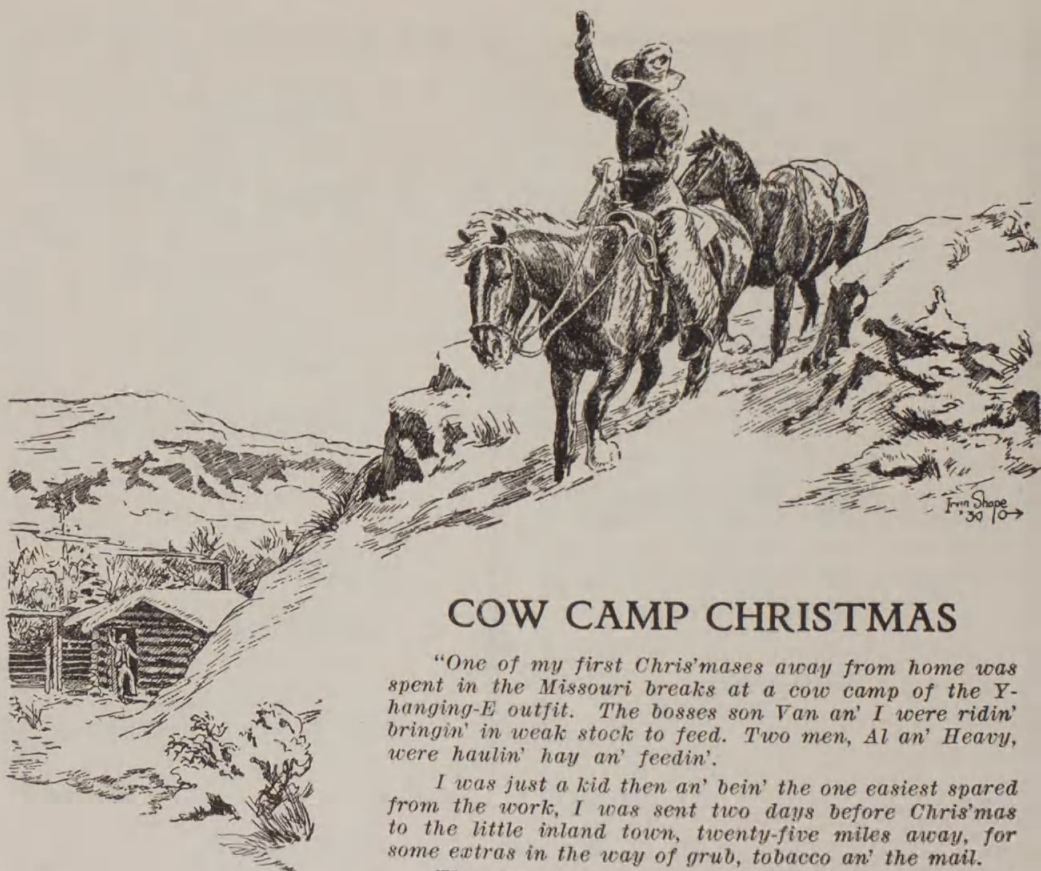
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COW CAMP CHRISTMAS

"One of my first Chris'mases away from home was spent in the Missouri breaks at a cow camp of the Y-hanging-E outfit. The bosses son Van an' I were ridin' bringin' in weak stock to feed. Two men, Al an' Heavy, were haulin' hay an' feedin'.

I was just a kid then an' bein' the one easiest spared from the work, I was sent two days before Chris'mas to the little inland town, twenty-five miles away, for some extras in the way of grub, tobacco an' the mail.

The ride in was cold with the wind in my face an' the horse I led to pack hangin' back on his rope. Hittin' for camp next day with the wind to my back, an' the horses eager to get home wasn't bad, even tho sun dogs flared on each side of Old Sol, an' the snow was pretty heavy.

There's a bit of excitement that Chris'mas Eve in our cabin as there's some kind of mail for each of us. A few packages and cards go a long way 'with men who only get mail once or twice a month.

Just before our evenin' meal Al produced a half-filled flask. Apologizin' for its half-emptiness, he claims that Heavy found where it was cached. There's a couple of drinks around, to which toasts of different calibers are made, supposed to be in the spirit of the night.

The meal over an' the dishes stacked, nobody seemed to care for cards, which we usually took to for pastime, so Al drug out his guitar an' Heavy got his beef-rib bones to workin'. Van an' I sung. We drifted thru a lot of old tunes, then paused. Sudden-like Al thrummed a few chords that sounded familiar, but from other places, an' Van's voice rolled into, "Holy night, silent night." He knew two verses and we sung 'em over an' over. Then we kind of got still.

We must 'a made a queer picture sittin' there—dark-haired Al with his eyes like blue ice, still softly chordin' that tune; Heavy in his bright flannel shirt, an' his red beard glowin' in the firelight, his bones hangin' loose atween his fingers; an' Van's head up an' back, jus' like he quit singin', his eyes sparklin'. We was four rough-clothed men, unshaved, with rumpled hair, held quiet by the glory in a song.

Van broke away an' stepped out into the night, guess he wanted to be alone. Then Al struck the chords of an old Spanish dance; soon Heavy's bones began vibratin' like castanets. Then his body started swayin' an' with a grin an' bow to me he stepped into the dance, nimble-footed, even heavy as he was.

When Van come back his eyes twinkled. For more than an hour we sang or joked. Heavy, seein' how I liked his dance, went thru it again, his beef-rib bones keepin' a steady rattle and beat to his step.

It's been years since that night, but the good feelin' I had as I crawled into my bunk, listnin' to Heavy kiddin' Al bout hangin' up their socks, beats lots of times I've had more things and people to be happy over."

IRVIN SHOPE.

THE FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

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

CASTAWAY, SET SAIL

BY CHATFIELD KNIGHT

I.

A THOUSAND leagues of the North Pacific breathed under autumnal fog. The homebound Yankee freighter, at the apex of its eastward circle, breasted without motion through an atmosphere sundown had made tenebrous.

Four steel bulkheads, painted white and streaked with rust from rivet heads, a lapped steel deck underfoot on which encircling radiators sat in rusty puddles, all stark before the stare of unshielded incandescents set in piped sockets against the steel deck above, formed the crew messroom. Much-boiled coffee and mixed foods fumed the heavy air. Directly underneath was the propellor shaft and a heavy rumbling bounce vibrated the electric filaments.

At intervals the fog whistle sounded faintly.

The two men, sitting opposite one another at the end of the long table, waited, each for the other to make the first movement of offensive; hatred charged the atmosphere between.

The smaller of the two, a man who wore that look of sinister jocularly achieved only by the excessively hook-nosed and thin-lipped, spoke in a jeering voice, slightly nasal: "What are you going to do about it, Swede?" Replacing a cigarette he inhaled slowly.

The big man compressed heavy lips beneath bristling mustache, opening

them to puff air violently out, as if from over-pressure. Leaning forward he spoke in a menacing bass rumble: "For tree monts you try to get my goat; tree monts, every day you laugh at me, make fun wit me. . . I say nothing." He waved his hand towards the rest of the table, towards the waiting, silent sailors; his words, influenced only slightly by native intonations, continued: "You make everybody laugh at me. I have try to be peaceful man. I don't like argument. But you—!" He swallowed heavily. "You are not to always have good time wit me. I am tired of your laughing—I am getting mad." Leaning back he breathed deeply.

The hook-nosed one took a puff of his cigarette, deliberately blowing the smoke across into the big man's face. He laughed shortly, and the laugh made the other squirm. "Well," he jeered again, "What you going to do about it?" His eyes never left the other's face.

In the short silence the fog whistle sounded briefly, and was still.

The big man suddenly jumped to his feet; his face was crimson; his massive fist crashed upon the table and the dishes leaped. "Den you vant it, do you!" he roared. "You vill have it! All right—I fight you—I fight you now—and by God, I kill you!"

The other dropped cigarette to the steel deck, grinding it carefully beneath his heel. He grinned at his opponent,

a derisive grin. "Easier said than done, Swede," he drawled.

The big man drew his head down between his shoulders; his hands curled into fists; his elbows crooked. Stepping away from the table he swung towards an open space near the door.

The other followed, moving with that uncanny precision and quickness manifested by a certain type of bowlegged person. A watching deckboy giggled hysterically, to become still before his glare.

They faced in the center of the open space. The big man's face was distorted and black; the hook-nosed one's held a sneer, with eyes cold and watchful.

They circled.

Silence.

Abruptly the men in the messroom gaped at one another; the adversaries slowed and stopped, staring.

The vibration beneath their feet, continuous for ten days, had ceased; its absence dazed them.

A blond youth shook himself free of the general spell, saying breathlessly: "The propellor quit turning."

The men remained motionless. A small engine roared momentarily in an adjoining room. A black-bearded man turned, to gaze through the doorway.

"The helm is hard over," he blurted.

The door leading to the outer deck was hurled open, the room filled with fog's cool breath.

Four short blasts hooted the whistle above. Another whistle, a strange one, answered with a roar, close by.

Babbling voices—stamping feet—a brief tussle at the door—and the two combatants were alone.

The hook-nosed man moved, kicking

an empty box beneath a porthole, mounting it and peering through the glass.

"Jesus!" he said.

The big man, gazing dumbling at the white bulkhead, was abruptly aware that it was moving past him. He threw his arm in front of his face as he crashed into the steel plates. . .

The vessel righted itself slowly.

After a short time he clambered to his feet, moving painfully, dimly conscious of sounds from without—exhausting steam, the strange whistle sounding sharply, muffled shouts of men. He shook his head, grasping a stanchion to steady himself. Then his eyes narrowed with remembrance. On the deck before him lay his late antagonist, hands thrown above head in an oddly relaxed manner. Upon his chest a spreading spot of rose showed where the collision shock had pitched him against the table. A red trickle streaked his waxy face from mouth to ear.

The Swede's rage returned; his face darkened; he kicked the body. It gave before him, soft and helpless. Quickly he withdrew his foot and ran through the door into darkness. He mounted heavily to the upper deck. The lifeboats were already swinging over the water. A scramble of men was about, clambering into the small craft. Beneath his feet the deck was tilting forward.

The uniformed figure of the Captain appeared. "All hands in the boats?" His voice was husky—it sounded crushed.

The Swede moved forward, among the shadow ventilators he seemed a giant. Waving his hand, he gobbled like a turkey; he seemed distressed;

finally he emitted: "Dat oder feller." When the words were once out he appeared astonished, befuddled, and became silent.

From the lifeboat the Captain surveyed him with surprise. "Who?" he asked childishly. "Who did you say?"

The big man waved helpless hands. The crew were impatient. Someone growled: "No time."

"Come on, Swede," shouted a voice. "In with you."

Unexpectedly the giant found his voice again. "Vait!" he roared, and disappeared, leaving the lot of them staring at where he had been.

"What did he say?" queried the Captain. "Who?"

There was no answer. The vessel lurched sharply ahead; the lifeboats jerked on the davits; a confused babble sounded; the lifeboats began to lower. The Captain came alive, shouted, demanded—then crumpled beneath a swinging oar butt.

II.

In the messroom the Swede listened until the shouting died. Only the roar of steam remained; the vessel moved sluggishly with a slight swell, and the deck became more slanting. He filled with senseless fury; his face contorted; he shook clenched fists above his head, roared oaths down at the unconscious man. He went to the door; then stopped; came uncertainly back.

Stooping, he lifted the hook-nosed man; got the body over his shoulder; turned and stumbled heavily into the darkness.

On the boatdeck escaping steam, coming through the smokestack gratings, lent the fog substance and a flat, vaguely-offensive smell. The vessel was dark.

Two, lifeboats had vanished. The Swede put down his limp burden and labored at one of the remaining two boats, which had been swung clear and abandoned. He fumbled around, removing canvas covers from the tubs containing the rope falls. He frequently lifted his head and listened.

The hoarse whistle of the strange vessel roared at intervals; it approached. He saw a yellow nebula moving through the mist. The whistle jarred his eardrums. Suddenly a beam of white light shot out, roved slowly the length of the sinking vessel. He rushed across the boatdeck, waving his arms, jumping up and down, yelling frantically. The searchlight snapped off, the yellow nebula faded back into the fog. He returned to the unconscious man. Grunting, he heaved him into the boat.

He began lowering it, one end at a time. The deck of the steamer was pitched at so steep an angle that he had to hang onto the davits while he worked. It didn't roll with the small swell, only giving sullen, jerkey lunges.

He did not lift his head any more to listen for the whistle. He slacked away enough line to permit the ends of the lifeboat to drop about eight feet at a time. When moving from one davit to another he cast quick, nervous glances at the fog-wrapped vessel.

When he heard a soft splash as one end of the lifeboat touched water he hurriedly cast off both falls. Without another glance behind he reached out, grasped a fall, and slid down it. Once in the craft he clambered over the thwarts, clearing the boat from the falls.

He fumbled around, and grasping an oar placed it against the rough, steel

side of the stricken vessel, shoving violently. As the lifeboat glided into the mist he located two oarlocks and dropped them into sockets. Pulling another oar from the bunch on the thwarts he began rowing, standing on his feet and pushing ahead, fisherman style. The oars were long and heavy, the lifeboat floated high on the water; but it crawled ahead, inching its way across the silent, glass-topped swells.

After a minute he glanced behind to judge his progress—exclaimed involuntarily. A huge mass, magnified by the fog to titanic proportions, was steadily rearing skyward, almost above his head, it seemed in the dark. He rowed violently, threshing the long blades until they bent. The lifeboat inched along. Mist and darkness wrapped the menacing shape from view.

From rearwards, after a time, came a reverberating roar, then a tremendous sound of rushing water. The lifeboat, despite his frantic efforts, was suddenly swept towards the sound. But it met a returning wave and stopped, bouncing lightly on the black water.

He dropped to a thwart, breathing heavily; sitting with closed eyes and bowed head, not moving for several minutes. Finally he opened his eyes.

As the lifeboat rolled and pitched easily the hook-nosed man's relaxed body slid across the floorboards from one side of the craft to the other; in the misty shade his face gleamed phosphorescently.

The big man watched him, and again his features convulsed while he shook fists above his head.

"Damn you," he muttered, shaking his head in vast wonderment.

After the sound of the plunging vessel died away the other ship did not

whistle for some time. Finally it blew a long, sustained blast that sounded like a question, an inquiry.

He grasped the oars and began to row toward the sound, which came frequently to guide him. He made slow progress; the length and weight of the oars hampered his movements, the boat floated so high out of water that it swung crazily about in all directions. But he rowed on doggedly.

After an interim the faint slap of a triple expansion engine, turning slowly, came to him. The whistle became more distant. Then the engine stopped, and another long, inquiring blast was followed by quiet. He rowed fiercely. The sound of the engine began, going faster than before, and after each pause the whistle bellow was more remote.

Dropping the oars he groped around in the bottom of the lifeboat. Getting hold of the hand foghorn he wrenched it free, and pumped forth a mournful bleat; then he hurled it away with an oath. Grabbing a bucket he beat on the bottom with an oarlock. Roared with all the force of his lungs. But each time he stopped to listen the whistle was fainter. Finally he dropped the bucket and oarlock, listening. The blasts could hardly be discerned. He cupped his hand behind his ear, straining. They couldn't be heard at all.

Silence.

He dropped upon the thwart and buried his face in his hands.

IV.

Night long the Swede's gaze brooded upon the figure of his enemy as it flopped across the floorboards at his feet; towards morning it jammed in a corner and became motionless. He watched until his weary head began to fall onto his shoulder. He slept.

Unseen, cresting waves whispered from the surrounding murk.

When he woke he lifted the unconscious figure in his arms, to pull it out of the way. The pale, sardonic face rose into clearer view, and he let it go with an oath, sitting back on the thwart.

He shouted at it: "Dis whole business is you—you—" He burst into obscenities. "I bring you here to fight—now you are sick. . . I say I kill you—I do it now!"

When he had said this he became silent, save for rumbling growls deep in his throat. His huge form seemed reluctant to obey the words; but finally he arose, stooped and encircled the body with his arms. Hoisting it onto the gunwale he steadied it there while he panted stertorously and his face beaded with sweat. He swore loudly, but his body remained motionless, held back by something.

The hook-nosed man's stomach was against the gunwale and one of his hands hung into the water—a white spot, like a piece of bleached seaweed. The other peered down at it, thrust his own hand alongside, in the cold ocean. For a time he held it there, pondering. Then with a push he sent the limp figure back onto the floorboards. He was lost in thought; his brow furrowed painfully. A solution finally occurred to him.

"Ven you get vell," he spoke defiantly. "Den I fight you."

He gazed as the lax figure rolled awkwardly, like a child asleep.

V.

Two days passed; the fog still held.

Beneath its grey and red stubble the injured man's face was shrunken, but

his nose, by the recession of flesh, had been made more challenging than ever. He was lying at the forward end of the lifeboat, well-wrapped in the canvas sail. Alongside him a kerosene lantern burned warmingly. His eyes were closed.

The Swede sat in the stern. A growth of black hair covered his cheeks and chin, making his mustache less conspicuous. He wore a rough vest, fashioned from odd pieces of canvas stitched together. At intervals, during the past two days, he had placed the small compass in its slots on the thwart ahead of him and studied it, shaking his head. One time he had started to row, watching it meanwhile, but soon stopped, mumbling doubtfully.

At intervals, also, he had climbed over the thwarts in answer to the injured man's delirious cries for water. At first he had gone slowly, growling vague curses into his mustache. But when he had noticed how trustfully the patient had sucked water from the cup, then settled back with a relieved sigh onto the hard bed; when he had observed the blue patches under the other's eyes grow slowly darker, and the neck and hands more attenuated, then he had been more prompt. Now he even crawled across when the other was quiet, to tuck the canvas in more securely, or to trim the lantern. Sometimes he remained a few minutes, and once he had pulled out a red cotton handkerchief, and, dampening it, clumsily wiped the blood from the other's face.

This morning the eyes of the sick man had fluttered open, but before they could focus he had tried to sit up, and had promptly sunk back into stupor, groaning. There had been another

trickle of blood for the other to wipe off.

It was evening. The big man studied the compass, lips moving slowly as he whispered ponderous calculations to himself. Shaking his head in final resignation he looked up. Abruptly he stiffened.

The eyes of the hook-nosed man were fixed upon him. After the manner of eyes separated by a nose of that description they had first glanced about, taking in conditions—the lifeboat, the fog, the canvas blanket, the warming lantern—and now they were surveying the other with a cold stare. The owner of them opened his lips, and, after a couple of painful starts, rasped out, "What's the game—Swede?"

At first the big man seemed confused, self-conscious; but he recoiled at the epithet and his face flushed. Growling an indistinct threat he half arose, only to sit down once more. The other watched malevolently.

"Well, yellow," he snarled. "What's your backbone made of—spaghetti?"

At this the giant leaped to his feet with a shout of rage, but before he could get over the first thwart the other had become unconscious, his head falling onto the canvas.

The Swede dropped astraddle the thwart, mumbling. He smashed his fist violently against the board beneath him; he grasped an oar, thrust it over the stern, heaved on it and snapped it in two. He looked blankly at the piece remaining in his hand before throwing it overboard. He relaxed despondently and sat brooding.

Morning.

His eyes opened wearily on a world of luminescent mist hanging low above

uneasy water. Blinking, he hauled himself erect, grunting with effort.

After consuming a handful of hard-tacks he drank a cup of water. Then he sat and looked steadily at the unconscious man with an expression that was morose and resentful. His gaze wandered over the hollowing cheeks, finally resting on a rough brown patch of dried blood which was matted in the stubble around the line of a mouth. He looked away into the fog, but his gaze came back. Shrugging his bulky shoulders he grunted belligerently. He scratched his bristly chin with an expression of disgust, then pulled the red handkerchief from his pocket and leaning forward turned the handle of the water-breaker faucet to moisten the cloth.

He stood erect to look straight into the eyes of the sick man. Hook-nose was watching him. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes held determination. He lashed out with invective, flailing the big man on sensitive spots. Again the big man's face darkened with rage; his arms flexed.

"By God—by God!" he howled in final desperation. "I fix you dis time!" As he started over the thwarts the face of the other flashed a look of fierce victory, then became a mask, as he waited. When the attacker lurched over the last thwart, the other, with superhuman determination, flung himself half-way to his feet, only to collapse, rag-like, in mid-air, and fall beneath the onslaught. One of the big man's immense paws sought the throat, the thumb of the other hand groped for an eyeball. But here was none of the fierce resistance which begets battle and destruction; only a scrawny neck, and a head that flopped helplessly about like a rag

doll's. Becoming conscious of a faint warmth, penetrating slowly the calouses on his hand, he let go the neck suddenly, sitting back on his haunches.

After a period of puzzled thought he reached out, felt the neck again, noted how loosely the collar hung on it. He meditated on the drawn face, on the relaxed, bony hands. Taking an immense breath he muttered, "By God," in deep admiration.

He folded the canvas in around the inert shape, retrieved the handkerchief and began dabbing off the dried blood. While so engaged the patient moved restlessly.

"—take nothing—take care of myself, I tell you—let no guy get anything on me."

When his eyes opened again, several hours later, they were dark with pain, but still truculent. For a time he watched the big man fish. He was hopefully jiggling a line over a finger and squinting into the depths. He turned when addressed.

"What's your idea—packing me on this boat? I don't let NO guy do anything for me. When I can't paddle alone—I don't paddle. Get me?"

Before answering, the big man pondered over the first question. Shrugging his shoulders he said blankly: "I do' know. I was crazy fool wit all dat noise."

The other watched him sharply, studied the puzzled expression, then grinned with understanding, and relief.

" 'S'damn funny what a guy'll do sometimes," he croaked.

The giant stared, uttered a short laugh. "Dat's right," he rumbled, as if this point of view had never before occurred to him. "Dat's right. Crazy

tings." He thought it over, shaking with mirth at the absurdity of his actions.

After giving the patient a drink, which he accepted without remonstrance, and offering him a pilot bread, which he refused, the Swede munched his meal, stopping to shake with silent merriment whenever the thought of his own foolishness recurred to him.

The darkness sifted down through the fog, and the yellow lantern cast a fan-shaped illumination above them. Ripples slapped the thin metal sides of the craft with a plunking sound; unseen, the long, gentle swells moved them.

As the night grew older a feeling of relief and intimacy crept into the boat. The hook-nosed man, having thoroughly satisfied himself that his rescue had been an act of Providence, and therefore carried no odious personal obligations, talked thoughtfully.

"You know," he said, stopping occasionally for breath. "I'm always in trouble—can't help it. 'S'funny thing." He stopped and mused while the other struggled for the expression of feelings that stirred up the whole inside of him; he managed a halting, "Dat's right. I am too."

"Yeh," he agreed. "Had to fight all my life and I got used to it. 'S'funny thing, though." He shook his head, puzzling.

The two talked. Primitive philosophies and metaphysics were rediscovered in halting accents, laboriously born. The big man trembled with ecstasy as he felt the similarity of experience and understanding of the other creep in and make his own incoherent soul less lonely. Even the fog seemed friendly as the night wore on.

Towards morning the sick man fell asleep and the giant crawled softly to his side, tucking in the canvas and refilling the lantern before lying down himself.

It was afternoon before the sick man's eyes opened again; his cheeks were slightly flushed and there was a dew on his forehead; he sipped the proffered water silently.

There was a cross swell, moving at right angles to the older one; the angling seas advanced from beneath the fog, lifted the lifeboat, and sped on out of sight, endlessly.

The hook-nosed one observed the changed motion of the boat and asked in a weak voice: "What direction is that new swell coming from?"

The other glanced at the compass, then at the sea, answering: "Due west."

The sick man closed his eyes, wrinkling his brow with the effort of thought. Several minutes passed before he spoke.

"Means wind by tomorrow. Then the fog'll lift. When the breeze comes, put up the sail and steer northeast by the compass. Allow for plenty leeway as this thing will sail like a crab walks. It's about three hundred miles to the islands. You'll make it all right." He subsided and closed his eyes.

"Yah," the Swede boomed cheerfully. "Ve'll make it in tree days."

The eyes fluttered open, regarding him for a moment. As they closed slowly the head moved a little in negation.

The big man finished his meagre supper before the other wakened. As soon as his eyes were open he tried to speak, failed, and signalled to his companion.

Stepping over the thwarts the Swede got down on his knees, like an elephant at prayers. He had to hold his ear close to the other's mouth to hear the whisper.

The hook-nosed man's eyes were self-mocking as he painfully formed the words. "Something's busted inside me," he said. "My light is going out pretty soon—I can tell. When it does I want you to do something for me right away—will ya?" The listener nodded dumbly. "I want ya to let Davy Jones have me, sabe?" When the other appeared puzzled he whispered impatiently: "Give me the deep six. I don't want no worms working on me."

The big man didn't move; he remained on his hands and knees, head hanging like that of a stunned ox.

The whisper, rattling now, came in snatches. "—you're a good guy—I'd go to Hell for you now—'s'way I am—"

There was a long silence wherein the Swede was conscious of some unexpressed wish forming in the other's mind, of an attempt to move an arm; he understood, grasping the flaccid hand in his. There was a faint pressure and a whispered, "So long, shipmate—northeast—"

The hook-nosed man coughed suddenly, and a streak of blood came from his mouth. It grew larger. The big man, finding he could not keep it mopped clean with his handkerchief, reached under his canvas vest, wrenched loose a handful of his shirt and used that; but pretty soon the blood ceased coming; the hand in his began to grow cold. He shivered a little, lifting his head.

The fog was like soot. Faint wash-

ing sounds came from the invisible ocean.

He became aware of loneliness.

VI.

He remained upon his knees until the fog began to grey. Then he got slowly to his feet, and gaped around. Intelligence came to his face. He moved towards the fulfillment of his promise. As he loosed the small anchor, placing it at the foot of the body, he stopped

and raised his head. Following the swell of yesterday, a light breath of air was moving from the West; faint, but steadily growing stronger.

He let it play on his face for a time; he smiled then, proudly, but humbly, too.

"He vas smart feller," he muttered softly. "He know dis damn ocean like a book."

Shaking his head over such tremendous wisdom he returned to his task.

DESERT HILL

BY ADA HASTINGS HEDGES

A mural, it might be, upon a wall—
A frescoed hill is not more fixed, unreal—
Its features bare, and yet inscrutable
With shadowy meanings it could well reveal.
Since a far, flaming birth gave this hill form,
With every desert rapture it is one,
Is ravaged by the mad wind and the storm
And by the passion of the desert sun.
From its dramatic stillness, I surmise,
That it has lived with self and sky and space—
That it has grown inured and grave and wise,
From porphyry sorrow chiselled on its face.
Yet with a fairer hill shall I delay,
Awaiting utterance . . . something it shall say?

FOX-HEART

BY LEW SARETT

Any November storm in Pointe du Loup
Will drive a coyote slinking to his den;
But I had never seen such avalanche
Of elements combine to barricade
The world with ice, as on the biting night
That heralded the winter of five-foot snow.
Such cosmic din!—the pine-trees split of heart,
And bellowing with pain; the keen-toothed wind,
Spitting beneath the eaves like a frozen cat,
And scratching on the sashes of the windows.

In all the sea of tossing wilderness
Our logging camp was like a friendly lighthouse.
Banked round the roaring bunk-house stove—so hot
That it could pop a chestnut to the rafters—
The men were bent on drowning out the gale
With thump of hobnailed boot and red-lunged laughter;
Perched on a keg, the bull-cook, Jacques Mineau,
Was tuning up his fiddle; at his side,
McCandless fingered his accordion;
Pawing each other, maneuvering into place,
The shantymen, grown rosy with good gin,
Were shouting for a reel. . .

Promenade all!—

We heard a timid knocking at the door;
Merely the wind, we thought, upon the panel,
Tapping its sleety fingers.

Allamen right!—

Again we heard a knocking at the door,
A scratching on the pine, as if a cat,
A homeless cat, were trying to get in.
We flung aside the bar, and on the threshold,
Sleety from crown to toe, two spindling urchins
Tottered and almost fell; the half-breeds—twins—
Whimpered and queried us with eyes as bright
As buttons on a shoe,—like little foxes
That stumble in the night upon a den
Of bears, and, whining, squat before the hole.

We let them in. As straight as wildlings trot
To find a dusky corner in a room,
They scurried for the wood-box by the stove
And burrowed in the logs; nor could we coax
Them out, so shy and wild their Indian hearts—
Till Swamper Jack, who always had a way
With women and children, with wandering cats and dogs,
Wheedled them out with monstrous bowls of stew,
A steaming mulligan. And while they lapped,
We set about to find a name for them,
For something told us they had come to stay—
And whatever loiters in a logging-camp
Must answer to a call. After hot talk,
We baptized them, with the shanty's oldest rye:
One, Demi John; the other, Jimmie John—
They were no taller than a jug of rum.

Their story came at last, with fitful jerks
Of Chippewa pidgin-talk: the squawman father
Gone with the big-knives' sickness-on-the-lungs;
Nobody left, except the shattered squaw,
To rustle food for the undernourished nestlings;
And when at night the last blue wisp of spirit
Slipped from her flesh and vanished down the wind—
Leaving the two alone, and full of fear—
The children stumbled down the dark and came
Upon the logging-camp. We gleaned no more,
Except that life had been as cruel to them
As any heel to a family of ants.

And so we sheltered them. Somehow they brought
New spirit to the loggers, something to talk
About, to gambol with on snowed-in nights.
Oh, it was good to see the granite hearts
Of shaggy-breasted brutes go crumbling to soil
Beneath the touch of twenty copper fingers,
Offering at last a root-hold for the blossom
Of warm compassion.

But it would tax a man
To put his hands upon the twins, so wary
And timid they were—so Indian-like. At first
They rarely ventured from behind the stove
Where Swamper Jack had bedded them with quilts;
They squatted on the birch like little foxes

Sunning themselves upon a hillock, drowsy,
Alert of ear with every sudden sound,
Scampering off at every sudden gesture.

With the cycle of the winter-moons they lost
Much of their Indian quiet. Antoine taught
The two to shuffle up the floor in jigs
That stuttered with his old accordion.
Geoffrey Beaudette, who owned one yellow tooth—
Scurvy and fights had wiped out all the others—
Set out to make life pleasant for the twins
By coaching them in the art of chewing snuff.
The walking-boss gave up his nights of leisure
To teaching them English—of a dubious nature;
Jeremy's chest would swell when they poured out
In treble tones a waterfall of words,
Pungent, malodorous as angry skunks,—
Refinements of imprecation that Jeremy
Had learned on his drunken evenings of romance
Among the frowsy cats of Trois Rivières.

Although their wild hearts yielded day by day
To the woodsmen's awkward friendliness, the two
Rarely forsook their cave of piled up logs
Behind the fire, their refuge in the shadows.
Each night, when Jacques, the bull-cook, made the rounds
To snuff the lights and feed the stove with fuel,
He found the two rolled snug within the den,
Like cublets burrowing in a dusky hole,
Dozing with one black eye low-lidded, open
To every flash of match and flicker of candle.

In a playful mood one night I strove to lift
Them from their ragged covers while they slept.
Into their deep dark hole I shoved my arms;
My fingers thrilled to the velvet warmth of cheeks
Buried among the folds, the rise and fall
Of bellies round and marble-hard with food.
I clutched their rumps and tried to drag them out;
Startled from sleep, they fastened on the logs
And wriggled like angleworms that cling to a hole
And squirm from out one's fingers. I reached for them
Again—a snarl, a whimper, then at last
A very storm of feet and clawing hands,

Of tooth and toe and nail! I let them rest.
Somehow my thought went back a year to the spring
When I went hunting foxes, with the hope
Of selling all the whelps that I might catch
Alive to Angus Camron for his fur-ranch.

One day I tracked a red fox to her hole;
Plugging the burrows, I began to dig
My way and follow down the winding tunnels,
Driving ahead of me the litter of cubs
From pit to pit, until I cornered them
At last in one deep chamber. There they huddled,
Trembling with fright—the vixen had disappeared.
I tried to lift them with my naked hands
And put them in the pine-crate one by one.
Bitter that moment! The arm that groped along
The silken black of burrow, suddenly cringed
Beneath the slash of furious claws, the grip
Of needle-pointed jaws, and came up gashed
And running with a dozen crimson rivers!
It flashed on me that I had come a month
Too late for trapping, that foxlets in the spring
May grow sharp teeth with the passing of a moon. . .
And thus it dawned on me, the two-John boys
Truly were foxes, and growing foxes, too.

Starting one day at sunrise for the pines,
Where I had planned to swamp the trail, I felt
A subtle coming spirit in the woods,
A pungence in the air like rotting cedar
And old wet leaves turned over by the wind—
A stirring, faint, as if the muffled hills
Were coming out of death and into life.
I knew that I should see by night the thaws
Of spring set in.

At noon the jam of ice
Broke and went out, and tossed upon a freshet.
The forest was alive with yellow flickers;
Hammering upon their maple drums, they loosed
A hundred silver runnels down the trunks.
Deep in the wintergreen, upon a knoll
Blown free of snow, I came upon a bud
Pushing its frail pink petals through the leaves
And reaching for the sunlight—the first arbutus

Breaking the winter torpor of the hills
With color of life and fragrance of the earth.
And I was glad for this—the stir of life,
The promise of companionship tomorrow;
Month upon month of labor in a land
Of snow-crowned stumps like leaning drifted gravestones,
A solitude forlorn with stark gray ghosts
That crouch among the snowy-hooded balsams,
Breeds in the heart a hunger for the sound
Or sign of any pulsing growing thing—
A bird, a bee, a palpitating bud.
And so thrice welcome was the splash of paw
I found upon a patch of tattered snow—
The scrawl of bears fresh out of winter-den.

That night there was less bedlam in the cabin—
A little talk about the jam of logs
Hung up at Split-rock, a fragmentary word
About the drive, the scaler's escapades
In Trois Rivières. And when a flock of geese,
Flapping against the silver of the moon,
Bugled their wild free music on the wind,
And coyotes answered, a spirit fell on us,
A mood mysterious and vaguely pregnant.
We felt it, even the boys, who seemed more wary,
More restless, more disposed to show their teeth
If anyone set out to nuzzle them.

At last the candles sputtered and went out.
We fell asleep, within our hearts the faint
Far echoes of a wolf among the hills,
A lonely coyote baying at the moon,
Calling to all the slumbering silver world,
Calling to every pricked-up silver ear.

When pale pink morning slanted five o'clock
Among the shadowed spruce, and stirred Belile
To bellow his "Daylight in the swamp! Roll out!"
And to jangle us from bunk to breakfast-board,
We bolted for the drying-racks to get
Our socks and boots, and huddled at the stove
To break the morning chill. While we were bustling,
Tony Le Banion whirled upon the wood-pile:

“Wak’ up! Sauvages! You hear it those crazy cook
She’s ringing his bell!—aint?”

He hurled a shoe-pac
Across the room; its exclamatory thump
Upon the log-box punctuated his sentence.
No sound came back to us.

“Sacre de Dieu!
Might be those boys she’s dead from sleeping!—ain’t?”

He tiptoed to the pile and plunged his arm
Deep in the hole to drag them out of sleep—
Only to lift to light a clutch of quilts
Bedraggled, frayed; the cairn of logs was empty,
Cold as a long-deserted foxes’ Den;
The Johnny boys had vanished with the night,
The trumpeting geese, the shadows on the moon.
We did not grieve, or spend much time in talk
Beyond a grunt; we had foreseen this day,
Knowing as woodsmen, as kinsmen of the earth,
That when the sap goes sparkling up the stems
Of maple-trees and the homing snow geese call
Across the dusk, the wild heart must answer—
That foxes must be foxes.

But when November,
Tapping its sleety fingers on the roof,
And moaning dolefully among the pines,
Comes out of night and finds us by the fire,
A knocking, any little sound—a scratching
Upon the sash—will bring us to our feet.

And when December stars the vault of night
With incandescent ice, and the snow-dust creaks
And crunches under foot, and not a sound
Shivers the hollow air, the hollow sky,—
Never a word is uttered, never an oath
Or song to break the spell upon the crew—
Until a something in the starlight knocks
Upon the window; we fling aside the door
Always—to let the frozen wind come in.

A PINE TREE

BY GRACE STONE COATES

AS soon as father had found a house for us in Kansas City, and told Carl to go to school, he left; the Plano company he worked for needed him in another place. He was to take charge of an exhibit of their machinery, and could come home only for a day or night once in two or three weeks.

Carl attended high school in a different building and a different direction than Teressa and I, so we were with him very little. Even at night I hardly saw him, since he was always on the street or at the drug store with Leo Reinhart or other boys bigger than he. Mother did not like Leo Reinhart.

It was after Christmas when we were ready to start to school, near the end of the term, so mother went with Teressa and me to the principal's office to see if we might enroll. Teressa had a report card. We knew where she belonged, but I had studied at home. Mr. Terrill heard me read, and said, "Her reading is all right." He asked me questions in arithmetic that were so easy I didn't answer until I had looked at mother; he said, "Her arithmetic is all right." Then he pointed to a sentence in a Reader and asked me what part of speech it was. I answered that there were so many words I didn't know what part it would be. He tapped his pencil on the word *house*, and said, "I am not asking about the whole sentence, I am asking about this . . . one . . . word."

I thought of all the languages there must be, and knew one word couldn't be a very big part. I said, "A millionth, maybe?"

Mother looked as if my answer bothered her. She said I hadn't studied technical grammar yet, but even so she hoped Teressa and I might be assigned to a room together. I was sorry she did, because I had hoped we wouldn't be. Teressa wanted me not to spend time with any one but her, but I liked other children.

Mr. Terrill put us both in Miss Helm's room. Miss Helm was little and dark, and wore a green silk dress. The children said she was cross, but she was nice to us after the first few days. We sat in a double seat, and Miss Helm was sorry we had only one set of books. The third day we were in school, she asked us to stay after the rest left, and told us we must not whisper—that I must not, for Teressa didn't except when I made her. I said I didn't whisper; I explained that I was only speaking to Teressa, who was my sister. Miss Helm stopped frowning at me and smiled, and said she knew Teressa was my sister, and that I must stop speaking to Teressa my sister during school hours.

We had been in Miss Helm's room only three weeks when the class was promoted to Miss Wilson's room. Just before we were promoted, Miss Helm asked us to remain after school again, to tell us Miss Wilson had complained that we whispered to each other when we were standing in line to be dismissed. She wanted us to get along well, and wanted Miss Wilson to like us; and she was sure it would be better if we were careful not to talk.

I did not speak to any one in the new room. Miss Wilson was particular about everything, so we did wrong with-

out knowing it, until she began punishing us. She hit my hands with a pointer during the writing lessons, but that was only because I sat on the front seat nearest her.

She drilled us on one set of lessons over and over until we knew them by heart. Pupils who had been in her room two terms said they were the lessons we would recite when Mr. Greenwood visited us. Mr. Greenwood was the city superintendent. If a boy from the room below came in and laid a Music Reader on Miss Wilson's desk without saying anything, Miss Wilson would send the book on to the next room, and begin on those lessons. We would be reciting them when Mr. Greenwood came in.

One of the definitions she drilled us on in mental arithmetic was weight: *Weight is the force by which a body is drawn to earth through gravity.* I said it over and over. We were reciting this when Mr. Greenwood came, early in the afternoon. Miss Wilson smiled at me and asked if I could tell her what *weight* was. I had been sitting so still my arms and feet felt queer when I stood up, like glass. I began, "*Weight is the force*" . . . —my thoughts ran ahead—*gravity . . . gravity . . .* that meant *not laughing when something funny happened . . .* it must be the wrong word. I stopped, and began again: "*Weight is the force by which a body is drawn to the earth thru gratitude.*"

A boy laughed. Teressa pinched me—hard—when I sat down. Mr. Greenwood asked if he might talk to the class, and asked us questions, not ones in the lesson. He was quiet and pleasant, but some of the pupils cried because they didn't know what he wanted them to answer. I didn't hear all he said, be-

cause I was thinking about *weight*. Miss Wilson sat looking down at her desk. Her hair was soft and pretty on top of her head, as she bent over, and she did not raise her eyes until Mr. Greenwood left.

Teressa had a note from mother, asking that she be excused at recess that day because mother was sick. She pinched me again as she was taking her books out to go home. After recess Miss Wilson said the class should go to the blackboard to diagram sentences. She numbered us, and gave each pupil a different sentence. I didn't know what *diagram* meant, so I watched to see what the others did. Each was putting the words of his sentence on lines. Some of the lines were one-sided and awkward, and I knew I could make mine evenner than those. My sentence had eleven words, and I arranged it like a pine tree lying down, with a little word at the tip, and two words of the same number of letters at the other end for roots. I was almost the first one thru when I looked around at the others, and thought my diagram was the best. Miss Wilson picked up the pointer as she came toward me. I thought she took it to point to my work, and stepped aside so quickly for the class to see it, that I forgot to lay my crayon on the crayon rail. She hit me over the hands to have me lay it down, but I dropped it, and when I stooped to pick it up she hit me over the shoulders and head. She talked louder and louder, and said I had disgraced the entire class, and should never have been permitted to enter her room in the first place; I might be some other teacher's pet but in her room I would learn to do my work, or get out.

It seemed a long time until school was dismissed. The children who walked

home in the same direction I did said Miss Wilson wouldn't have dared touch me if Teresa had been in school. I did not eat supper when I reached home, and in the night I dreamed, even when I sat up in bed with my eyes open, and saw diagrams on the wall. I confused things that had happened in school with things that happened before we came to Kansas City. Part of the time I thought I was hunting for my horn, that mother gave away, to put it with other things she had let me bring with me from our farm.

I didn't go to school with Teresa in the morning, or even get up, but stayed in bed while mother put cold cloths on my head because I had been delirious in the night.

When Teresa came from school that evening she was crying, and her face was so swollen her eyes were nearly shut. At first she could not answer mother's questions, but stood at the sink bathing her face and catching her breath. She was angry.

I hadn't told mother about my diagram having been wrong. We didn't tell her things that would worry her; but other children had told Teresa when she went to school the next day. When Miss Wilson asked her why I wasn't in school, she didn't answer. Miss Wilson had tried to put her arm around Teresa the second time she asked, and Teresa had pushed it off and told her she hated her. Miss Wilson had sent her to the cloakroom until she would say she was sorry, and Teresa had stood there all day.

Miss Wilson said Teresa could not come back to school until she apologized, and Teresa said she would never say she was sorry, because she wasn't.

Mother was astonished that Teresa had spoken as she did to a teacher, until Teresa told her that Miss Wilson had punished me. She said she would go to school with Teresa, the next morning, and for Teresa to stop crying, and lie down, and let mother bathe her face. Mother was more bothered, because father was coming home soon, and she wanted everything smooth.

I was still out of school when he came, and he and mother agreed that I would be better off playing outdoors than studying. When mother told him what had happened, he sat down at once to write a letter to Miss Wilson. Mother let him read it to her, but would not let him send it. He called Miss Wilson a hellicat, and a devil-begotten vixen, and said the sublime simplicity of his daughter's answer about language, when assailed by scholastic imbecility, was beyond a pedant's flight.

He wanted Teresa taken from school at once, and asked mother whether she had used her authority to force apology from her elder daughter for speaking the truth.

Since mother would not permit Teresa to leave school, father took Carl out. He said he wanted Carl exposed to the sweet reasonableness of piston rods and cam wheels; so Carl worked in a machine shop until he ran away, and only Teresa went to school.

IN A CEMETERY

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

Who speaks of death as shadow does not know
That death is light as summer clouds—as light
As startled morning's first November snow,
And bright as rain-washed April suns are bright.
Who speaks of death as shadow, let him thread
His hillside way through plots where dead men lie,
With slabs of alabaster overhead
Kindled by radiant arrows from the sky.

Here is a brightness only death can give,
And here white silence deeper than deep seas;
Shadows are only known by those who live
Within the gloom of houses and of trees.
But death is bright as silver wire new-spun,
As bright as gravestones burning in the sun.

SNOW ON THE DESERT FOOTHILLS

BY NAN T. RIDDELL

The pines like snow pagodas stand beneath
A turquoise sky. The crystals at their eaves
Are pendant jewels whose every flash retrieves
An arrow shot by the ambushed sun. A wreath
Of fallen pinyotes like dark garnets burn
On the snow. From junipers blue shadows flow
Like folds in ivory satin. Impaling the snow
On their thrusting spears the cacti twist and turn.

Oh scene of pristine gods' barbaric splendor!
Your glory from the throbbing heart wrings beat
For beat of singing color. Oh, this aching
Anguish of the human heart's surrender
To beauty! Vain man's efforts to repeat
In paltry pattern of words such matchless making.

TIGHT-ROPE WALKER

BY ISRAEL NEWMAN

Perverse she was and bitter; seemed to lack
Those kinder traits whence lovers' lives are wrought.
Some buried will would always hold her back
From what she might have rushed to. He had "Sought

A lump of lead and found a coiled-up spring".
 He thought she was unbalanced. Could he guess
 Her life was but a constant balancing
 As hers who walks the tight-wire in distress?
 "Fell in my arms at length," he proudly said,
 "Which proves her judgment is mature and sound."
 They break, who fall from those high wires they tread,
 When there is neither sawdust on the ground
 Nor arms wherein to land. How could he tell
 She had been broken long before she fell?

GLEANER OF ECHOES

BY ELEANOR E. HANSEN

Gleaner of echoes from the mothy past,
 He trod on fragments of forgotten dreams,
 Wearing a misty halo woven of gleams
 From silver moons shattered under the fast
 Hooves of the golden racers of the dawn;
 And, gazing backward thru an interval
 Of ghostly time, he saw the fabled fall
 Of Troy, the rise of ancient Babylon.
 He never burned with the imperious fire
 Of living passion. Hermit of desire,
 He walked unscathed where mortals fear to tread.
 But lonely night and night he lay awake
 Grieving for long-forgotten beauty's sake
 And mourning over lovely ladies dead.

ICE-LOCKED

BY MARGARET SKAVLAN

What pinnacles of pearl, cascades of ice
 Are these?—What cliff, what peak, what cataract
 Or barricade of glaciers shall suffice
 To hem me in? Behind what chilling fact
 Can warm reality take refuge—cease
 To be itself? May not a sound be lost
 In silence and its isolating peace,
 Or may the dew not change its form in frost?
 The measure of the universe is such
 That sleet may fall upon volcanic cone,
 And love lie buried, be it less or much,
 Its outline altered in Time's drifted zone.
 I follow only where the blizzards go.—
 The blood which called to blood now calls to snow.

CHIVALRY AND COMFORT

BY CLARA F. MCINTYRE

SEVERAL years ago someone—a masculine someone, by the way—wrote a clever article accounting for the attitude of men toward women by an inferiority complex. Man's assumption of superiority, he said, came really from an uneasy distrust of his own powers, a sneaking suspicion that the female of the species was in sober truth more deadly than the male, and a defensive determination never to let her find it out.

Being a woman, it is hardly seemly for me to comment upon this. Personally, I have never inclined toward the ultra-feministic view of woman's superiority, any more than toward the clinging-vine acceptance of masculine domination. So far as I am concerned, the relation between the sexes was long ago satisfactorily expressed by Mrs. Poyser's epigram, "I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

But there is no doubt that, at least in the last few hundred years, man has been more comfortable than woman. He does not realize this, of course. Part of his enjoyment in life has come from thinking how comfortable he is making her. In the days of chivalry, he will say, he rode forth to war and left her to a peaceful life at home. Yes, he left her in a draughty castle, where the arras billowed in from the walls in the whistling wind and the only sizable fire filled the great hall with smoke. He left her to the boresome embroidery of endless yards of tapestry and to an unexciting love affair with some callow page too young to fight. Her only hope of

diversion was that she might help to pour down boiling oil if an enemy should arrive.

As in the old days he escaped to the thrills of battle, in these days he makes his escape to "the office". On the commuters' train if he lives in the suburbs of a great city, in his own car if his home is in a smaller place, he leaves, to spend the day in a steam-heated, mahogany-furnished room where his word is law. His helpmate it is who in zero weather pokes the furnace until the house becomes temperate, who runs up and down stairs on countless petty errands, who deals with the butcher, the baker, and the modern equivalent of the candlestickmaker. In place of the feudal lady's tapestry, she has an inexhaustible darning-basket full of stockings and socks.

Virginia Woolf has called attention to the part creature comforts have played in man's artistic endeavor. The creative spirit does not draw proper sustenance, she feels, from mutton and boiled potatoes and prunes and custard; it thrives more appreciably on partridge and rare old wine. One might comment also upon the fact that comfort bestows a sense of adequacy, of superiority if you will. Our business man, well-filled by a Rotary luncheon, surrounded by a warming atmosphere of comradeship, leans back and lights his cigar. The world is good and he is its master. Meanwhile his wife picks up the remnants of a meal hastily devoured by the children, who must rush back to school, and plans a pudding for dinner while she stands at the kitchen sink. It is unnecessary to emphasize the differences these two

experiences must bring in one's attitude toward the world.

Sometimes we are inclined to wonder if developing man subconsciously felt that woman would be more submissive if she were uncomfortable. Certainly, as the queer process of civilization went on, his growing wardrobe continued to be more or less related to the shape of his figure, while hers more and more was planned to conceal and impede. And the less of her he actually saw, the more apparently he admired her. In the days of chivalry when woman was supposedly on her highest pinnacle, she trailed her silks and velvets over the dirt of rush-strewn floors and adjusted her stiffened ruff with chilly fingers. Through the Victorian period first crinoline then bustles, and always the tightly encased waist, kept the weaker sex properly subdued. Now and then some voice in the wilderness proclaimed that this must be in truth the stronger sex, for no man could perform his duties against such handicaps. But the world hears what it wants to hear, and by that time feminine virtue had come to be in direct ratio to the number of wrappings enfolding it.

It is only in the last ten years or so that women have taken determined steps in the direction of comfort. The war, tragic enough for them in other respects, brought them at least this relief. Men could see that women who were harvesting crops or tending dangerous machines must not wear flying, trailing skirts. They had not been able to see it when it was a question of scrubbing the cellar stairs. Short hair, too, which seemed at first to have for men some odd connection with a drop in morality, gradually came to please them. They discovered a new criterion of beauty

when the lines of the head were revealed, and they were able to meet social engagements a bit more promptly since a woman no longer had to keep them waiting while she "did her hair."

For women themselves a new era had apparently begun. During several years they had been moving away from the tight-corseted ideal of their mothers and grandmothers. Now, in straight-lined frocks a little below the knee, with hair which an occasional visit to the hairdresser kept in shape, they had attained a comfort even more complete than that of men. The younger girls, who had never experienced long skirts or long hair, whose supple bodies knew not the slightest confinement, seemed born under a lucky star. No such freedom had been in the world since the days when Diana twanged her bow.

But that, it appears, is the trouble. We are producing Dianas instead of Venuses. Man, pleased for a time to find that woman could be a comrade and an equal, discovers now that she is not sufficiently intriguing. He wants a veil of romance, and this veil can be supplied, we infer, by the two or three extra yards which the dressmakers decree.

It gives us rather disturbing food for thought. Does man's agreement with the dressmakers—of course in many instances men *are* the dressmakers—mean that he is trying once more, subconsciously, to protect himself? Does he realize that his sense of mastery will be weakened, that his serenity will be troubled, if woman also is used to being comfortable? With short skirts and short hair, whether connected or not, have come greater economic independence for women, more freedom in sex relations. Does the man, in alarmed perception of these changes, think that some-

thing must be done or this will no longer be "the world as he sees it"?

Not in his conscious mind, of course. He honestly thinks he is protecting a woman when he is keeping her from doing many of the things she likes to do. He really believes she would rather stand on a pedestal in flowing robes than have the fun and activity of fighting by his side. He cannot quite outgrow the mental attitude of the jailers who told Joan of Arc to put on her woman's clothes.

But what of the women? There is the rub. The women apparently do not know just what they want most. They want, as they have always wanted, poor souls, to be beautiful. And men have always been considered the judges of feminine beauty. They want, naturally, in a world only too unromantic, to be as romantic as they can. If men tell them that a yard or so of cloth puckered about a waist line which is now, alas, hard to find, and some tags of lace and silk hanging to the floor will transform them into romantic figures, they marvel a little, but they comply. If concealing their heads by piling upon them what men have poetically called "woman's crowning glory" will make them more mysterious and alluring, they are ready. The army of hair specialists they have helped to mobilize can turn to making hairpins.

Joking aside, perhaps never in history has woman faced such a test. Will she continue to enjoy the comfort she has at long last succeeded in winning, or will she let man persuade her that in being comfortable she has ceased to be feminine, and that she must sacrifice herself in order to bring back the romance of the world?

It is a ticklish subject, this of ro-

mance. Man is accustomed to consider himself the more romantic sex. In many ways probably he is. It is quite possible that his superior achievements in creative art come from his persistent habit of seeing things not as they are but as they ought to be. Woman, however, can perhaps claim at least in one way a more romantic spirit, for outward trappings have nothing to do with her emotions. She can idealize a man in spite of his socks and ties. This is some argument in her favor. For certainly, if clothes could destroy romantic glamor, the average masculine garb would have done it long ago.

Men are saying at present that they crave more aloofness in women. The sport clothes and the accompanying free-and-easy manners make a woman "too easy"; a man does not find the spice of daring and struggle in winning her favor. Evidently the new form of contest which has grown out of the economic situation does not satisfy this craving. A man might, one fancies, feel more than ever the urge to make himself attractive and interesting, now that the woman has achieved not only a latch-key but a pocket-book. And surely it is more of a triumph to have her give up independence because she really wants him than it was, formerly, to be accepted as the only certain meal ticket.

But a man does not like to feel that a woman is giving up anything to take him. He wants to be necessary to her—indispensable. And the egotism that is neither a masculine nor a feminine trait but the one buoying quality which keeps us alive assures him that though other men may be meal tickets he himself is receiving the devotion he deserves.

This consciousness of masculine indispensability was at the bottom of the

elaborate system of chivalry, and probably accounts for the persistence of the chivalrous tradition. The retired and gracious life of the lady, the flower of it all, was built on the labor and struggle of men. Not, indeed, of men alone. Many a humble and unesthetic sister toiled so that the lovely flower might bloom. There are indications—even definite suggestions—that we are heading toward something of this sort again. On the whole, however, there seems to be little chance of this. The working-woman of the past has been no more ready than the society leader to ignore the changes of style. She has clerked and typed and even scrubbed, before, in a sweeping skirt, and she will do it again if only in that way can she prove that she and the lady of the Sunday photograph section are sisters under the skin.

Probably it is not much more than psychological trifling to find any deep significance in the changes of style. In the warring of fashions as in the warring of men economic motives are apt to be the determining power. But there is some significance in the fact that against these reactionary styles there is a more organized protest from women than

there has ever been before. And there seems to be significance, too, in the way men have tried to read meanings into the change. It is evident that in some way—psychological or otherwise—men's comfort is involved.

The whole situation brings home to us once more the conflicting ideals between which the world has struggled. I knew once a bride who began on the honeymoon to train her husband, sending him on unnecessary errands so that he might get the habit of waiting on her. Her mother, she said, had given her this sage advice. That is one ideal—the fading shadow of knightly homage. We are all familiar on the other hand, with the old-fashioned columns which counseled, "Meet your husband with a smile and have his slippers warming." Between these two theories the world has limped along, uncertain just where it was going.

Is there no middle path? It is an interesting problem, it seems to me, for modern sociologists, psychologists, philosophers; it will tax their powers to answer the question. Can we have something of chivalry, of the old fantastic romantic glamor, which in spite of its faults and inconsistencies has kept the world going, and still let both sides be comfortable?

TRIOLET

BY ALICIA O'DONNELL

Oh! You gave me your heart on an April day,
 A bud of a heart that you said would flower!
 We danced through the whole of a blossomy May.
 Oh! You gave me your heart on an April day!
 And we frolicked the gold of a June away,
 But you took it back in a summer shower.
 Oh, you gave me your heart on an April day,
 A bud of a heart that you said would flower!

THE GREAT HUNTER OF THE WOODS

A Paul Bunyan Story

BY JAMES STEVENS

"I WAS thinkin' of the most famous hunt of history," said old Larrity the bullcook. "That was when Paul Bunyan, the first great hunter of the woods, shouldered his scatter-cannon to bring down the wing-tailed turkey that had ravaged the Round River country of its game. A terrible turkey that was indade, for even such hunters as Paul Bunyan and Dublin, the wire-haired terror who was tall as any tree. Such huntin' there was in that time long ago, a time too far away for even mention in the history books."

The old logger stopped there for a shrewd glance at the two by his side. They were Jeff Gavin, whose grandfather was the owner of the logging camp, and Mike, the boy's wire-haired terrier pup. Both were staring mournfully at the flaming leaves of dogwood thickets up the creek. There three men in red caps and brown coats with big spotted dogs sniffing and scampering at their heels, had vanished a few moments before.

"Whist, now, and you should be glad your grandpa left you with me. Pheasants they will be shootin'," said Larrity scornfully. "And the huntin' of chickens is too triflin' for the bother of old woodsmen like us, so it is. How much better, Jeff, to sun ourselves here on the creek bank and talk of the days of real huntin'."

Curiosity lightened the boy's eyes. On other Saturday afternoons he had listened to stories of Paul Bunyan from old Larrity, who had learned them many years ago in the faraway Michigan woods. Here in the Oregon timber the

stories would come to life. The Gavin grandson forgot his grief at being left in camp by the hunters. Mike, the terrier pup, also seemed resigned, as he stretched himself out in the rusty grass of the creek bank, crossed his paws, rested his chin on them and shut his eyes.

Old Larrity was telling of the great hunter of the woods. As his voice drawled on, the boy saw a mighty figure rising dimly among the shadows of the trees. . . Paul Bunyan, whose curly black beard brushed the tree tops . . . and at his heels trotted Dublin, wire-haired terror of the hunting trails. . .

On the first day of a certain Christmas week (said old Larrity) the great hunter of the woods and his dog, Dublin, marched into the Round River country. This was the game country in the time when Ameriky was all one big timberland, and Paul Bunyan was the ruler of it and all the rest. In the black wild woods circled by Round River the famous logger always did his Christmas huntin'. That was only to provide rare holiday dinners for his seven hun'erd bully men. This huntin' season the reg'lar game was ruined. And all because the terrible turkey, the most ferocious fowl of the tall timber, had at last migrated to Round River from the mountains of the North.

Paul Bunyan had no hint of the trouble and grief ahead as he tramped through the autumn woods for Round River. He saw nothin' but a promise of cheer in the keen, bright mornin'. Above him shone the clean blue sky and

about him blazed the fire colors of leaves. The frost made his breath steam till white clouds trailed him. Sunlight glinted from the forty-seven barrels of his scatter-cannon. At his heels the tremendous terror was a gay dog, ever waggin' his tree of a tail.

For Paul Bunyan talked to Dublin, even as you talk to your Mike when the two of you walk together. It was all gladness in the mighty voice, for Paul Bunyan spoke of the men in the camp behind. Of Johnny Inkslinger Paul spoke, that timekeeper who was such a big figger that his pens were made of peeled trees. He had kind words also for the Big Swede, his foreman, and a man with legs so much like sawlogs that the reg'lar sized loggers were forever goin' after them with crosscuts and axes. Paul Bunyan spoke fondly to Dublin of Babe the Blue Ox, a beast that was even bigger than the dog, measurin' forty-two ax handles and a barrel of pickles betwixt the horns.

Of all these big figgers Paul Bunyan spoke kindly and well, but his best words were for his seven hun'erd men, who were no bigger than me or your grandfather. Never had his men done such fine loggin' as in this season. And for a reward they should have the grandest Christmas dinner ever heard of at all.

"What game shall it be for such a dinner?" said Paul Bunyan to Dublin, when they were to the bank of Round River. "The best meat will be none too good for my loggers' Christmas dinner, no, sir! Should we bag some fat bucks for rabbit stews, Dublin? Or deer, to make a great steak dinner? Or cinnamon bears for the spicy roasts the loggers like so well? What do you say, you wire-haired terror, you?"

Dublin acted for all the world like he understood every one of Paul Bunyan's words. He sat down, and slowly scratched his ear with his left foot, seemin' to be in the deepest thought.

"I know what you want to be huntin', first, last and all the time, Dublin, I do." Paul Bunyan smiled down through his beard. "Yes, sir, mince-hunter that you are. You would have us go back with nothin' but mince meat for the Christmas pies, you would. But we must hunt other game than minces."

Sayin' that, he leaned restfully on his scatter-cannon and gazed into the black wild woods across the river. Now he began to notice that they were silent, almost. Every other autumn the woods had been roarin' with sounds of wild life. The game of the country had never migrated beyond the river that circled their home.

We would think such a stream as Round River most peculiar nowadays, but sure, in the time of Paul Bunyan rivers were young and wild, and each one would run to suit itself. It suited this river to run always in a circle, bein' too proud, no doubt, to run into another river, or even into the great salt ocean.

Whatever the reason, I'm telling you now, that river was round. In its circle lived timber beasts like the hodag and sauger, which are remembered only by old loggers. And there were creatures like our deer, rabbits, bobcats and bears, only mind you they all had tails in those times when the timberlands were young.

Fine and flourishin' tails were on all of them. The roarin' rabbit of the Round River woods was no such timorous, cowerin' and cringin' beastie as the rabbit of our time. Before he lost his tail the Round River rabbit would

tackle a panther, he would, noosin' his powerful, long tail about the beast's neck, jerkin' him down, then kickin' the life out of the panther with both hind feet. In them days the blood-curdlin' roar of a rabbit was the most awful of all the wild woods sounds. The rabbits had run all the panthers out of the woods when the terrible turkey come to Round River.

The deer of them woods also had a fine tail for himself, one like a plume and the brightest spot of beauty in the forest. The bobcat's tail was more of a fightin' kind, like you'd expect. It was a fang tail, with sharp teeth in the tip, and with them the bobcat would strike like a snake at birds and small beasts for his prey. The black and cinnamon bears had stiff brushy tails which they used mostly for the sweepin' of their caves. There were never cleaner creatures than the cave bears of Paul Bunyan's time; always hustlin' and bustlin' in every nook and cranny, keepin' everything spick and span.

Paul Bunyan did not dream that such a course had befallen the timber beasts as the loss of their tails. He had never even heard of the wing-tailed terrible turkey, so of course he did not know how this ferocious fowl made its meals. The dismal quiet of the black wild woods was all a mystery to Paul Bunyan, a quiet broken only by a whispering moan like the rustle of wind in trees at night. But this was no wind, indade; it was the timber beasts of Round River, hidin' away, and sighin' in sorrow and sadness for the lost tails of them.

Paul Bunyan wondered and worried, as he forded the river. Not even the mutter of a mince was heard, for that little beast, whose meat was so good for pies, was entirely gone. On no other

huntin' trip had Paul Bunyan and Dublin come into the woods without hearin' minces mutterin' from their lairs. For the minces of Round River always muttered, so they did, just as the rabbits roared and the bears bellowed and growled. That mutter was the sweetest of music to the wire-haired terror's ears.

At last Dublin thought he heard it, when they had reached the inside bank of Round River. Paul Bunyan leaned on his scatter-cannon again, and wondered and worried still more about the dismal quiet of the black wild woods, with only that whisperin' moan to break it at all. But something else was soundin' in the terror's ears. He perked them up and made himself believe that this was a mince mutterin' out of the woods. So he came to a point, with the blunt muzzle of himself stuck out, and his tail wavin' and waggin' in the wind. For Dublin could never point a mince without h'istin' and waggin' his fine tail, such a gay dog he was when huntin' his favorite game.

Then it happened. What Dublin thought was the mutter of a mince suddenly grew into growlin' thunder. Paul Bunyan stiffened up, but before he could bring the scatter-cannon to his shoulder a coppery streak touched with red at the head of it and with a whirlin' blur behind, flashed from sight along the circle of the river. In the same instant there rose a fearful howl of grief from the wire-haired terror.

Pore dog, indeed pore Dublin, sure he had a right to howl, for all but a stub of his tail was gone, clipped clean away before he could wink an eye. Now he was a sad dog, with tears tricklin' from his eyes as he looked up at Paul Bunyan. He whimpered and moaned with a sound

which melted into that whisperin' from the forest, and now that was a mystery no longer to Paul Bunyan. He knew the reason for the sorrowful sound. Certainly all the timber beasts had been denuded of their tails, and like Dublin all were bemoanin' their loss. And the robber of all was none other than this red-headed thunderbolt in coppery feathers, this ferocious fowl who drove like lightnin' through the air by the power of his whirlin' wing tail.

Paul Bunyan figgered that out as he doctored Dublin's hurt with arnicky, stanchd it and bound it. Then with kind words he comforted the grievin' terror. As he did so, he again heard that sound like the mutter of a mince from its lair; and it soon growed into rolls of thunder.

The great hunter of the woods stared up at the sound, his head turnin' back till the tip of his curly black beard waved at the sky. And here was the roar and the rush again; but now it was Paul Bunyan's time to howl; for all of his beard was gone, so it was, nipped and clipped slick away from his chin.

But Paul Bunyan did not howl with grief, nor did he roar with rage or sigh with sorrow or anything like that at all. Paul Bunyan was not that kind of a man. Enough had happened, indade, to drive anybody distracted—the ruin of the game, the loss of the grand Christmas dinner he had planned for his men, the thievery of Dublin's fine tail, and the snippin' and pluckin' away of his famous beard. Disaster and disgrace it all was, enough to make even a hero like Paul Bunyan despair.

But sure the great hunter would not give up, not even when he realized that he could do no thinkin' until his beard growed out again. Paul Bunyan could

think only when he brushed his beard with a young pine tree. Now he had no beard to brush at all.

"If I cannot think, then I must act," said Paul Bunyan, makin' the best of things. "And I'll do that soon and sudden."

What to do was plain enough. Paul Bunyan could see it all without thinkin'. Both times the wing-tailed terrible turkey had flown in a perfect circle, follyin' the course of Round River. To get the feathered thunderbolt on the wing, he must shoot in a circle. So Paul Bunyan first bent the forty-seven barrels of his scatter-cannon so that they would do just that—shoot their loads of cannon balls in an in-curve that would exactly folly the course of Round River.

Next, it was plain that he must set up a lure, to bring the ferocious fowl swoopin' down again. Paul Bunyan fixed a lure by pluckin' a colossyal cat tail from the river bank and bindin' it to the pore stump left to Dublin. The dog whimpered, and he shed more tears at such a fake of a tail; he felt disgraced, indade, to have a cat tail foisted on such a tremenjus dog as himself, and would have stuck it betwixt his hind legs and crept off in shame. But Paul Bunyan spoke to him stern-like, and Dublin, obejient wire-haired terror that he was, set up and took notice, flourishin' the shameful fake of a tail to please his master.

Well, the fake fooled the terrible turkey, who had no more brains than the small gobblers of our own time. Soon there was the mutter again, and then the thunder. A coppery streak bolted down from the blue sky, and the false tail was snipped up like lightnin'. So fast was it grabbed and gobbled that

The Frontier

Paul Bunyan's scatter-cannon would have been no use at all, had not the terrible turkey gone red with wrath over the deceit played on him. He stopped in mid air to spit the cat tail out of his beak, and also to strut and pout—and that was the chance for the great hunter to bring him down.

For two seconds Paul Bunyan took careful aim. The terrible turkey hovered low, and so was on a level with Paul Bunyan's shoulders. While he hovered, he puffed and swelled, the terrible turkey did, till only his wattles showed like flames from his ruffle of coppery feathers. His wrathful gobbles sounded like the stormiest thunder now. The wing tail of him, spread like a windmill, whirled slow, just holdin' him above the trees.

Paul Bunyan's aim was set. He squeezed the trigger, and the forty-seven barrels roared as one cannon. The balls whistled and screamed, powder smoke fogged up like a storm cloud, the earth shook, the timber shivered, and waves rolled over the river from the mighty blast of Paul Bunyan's scatter-cannon. The terrible turkey took alarm in the instant of an instant, so he did.

The cloud of balls was hardly out of the muzzles before he was off at full speed, his side wings spread, his wing tail a whirlin' blur again, his body a red-headed coppery streak.

"A second too late," groaned Paul Bunyan. "He is out-flyin' my cannon balls, a curse on me now for bein' too careful and slow!"

The terrible turkey was gone. The streak and blur of him disappeared around the curve of the river. The cloud of cannon balls curved after him, but slower, and they were soon left behind.

Paul Bunyan was like to give up at

that. He was minded to turn his back on the huntin' woods at once and return to his loggers with an empty bag. Never had he been so grieved, to know that this year he could give his loggers no fine Christmas dinner. Dublin stood by him and licked his hand, tryin' also, pore dog, to wag the stub of a tail which was left to him.

"So we must go back, Dublin," said Paul Bunyan sadly, "without even a mince for the loggers. Dear, oh, dear, and such a curse!"

He swung his gun over his shoulder to go. Just then the terrible turkey thundered down the river again. It was roarin' thunder indade this trip, for the fowl had his wing tail whirlin' at the speed limit. Down the river he curved, and was gone. And now, from away back up the river, sounded the whistle and screech of the cannon balls, too slow indade for that feathered thunderbolt. Paul Bunyan blushed with shame to see them so far behind.

Now they were beginnin' to fall. White spouts of water and foam gushed up from the river as spent cannon balls dropped, the spray flashin' in the sunlight, makin' rainbows bright to see. But Paul Bunyan took no joy in the sight. He was ashamed to think that his cannon balls were so slow that the terrible turkey might catch 'em from behind in the great circle of the river.

Paul Bunyan raised his eyes, to look behind the cannon balls which still whistled and whined down the river. And now Paul Bunyan got a hope, a flimsy and scrawny hope, but he needed no more. Paul Bunyan was that kind of a man.

"Up and ready, Dublin!" he roared. "Sic 'em, boy! *Up* the river!"

That was enough for Dublin. What

was up the wire-haired terror didn't know, but he lepped up river. And with that Paul Bunyan threw up his scatter-cannon with the forty-seven barrels of it curved like a hoop; and he let fly. After the terrible turkey? Not at all. Sure, he'd tried that once. The bird was too fast for that. Paul Bunyan turned his back and fired in the opposite direction. For when he said to Dublin, "*Up the river, boy,*" he'd bent the forty-seven barrels to the other side. Down the river curved the big bird and was gone. So *up* the river curved the shot, whistling and screeching. And Dublin after them.

There was a great sound as the terrible turkey flew head on into them new cannon balls. Feathers flew in clouds, and the river boiled and foamed as the cannon balls splashed down. The terrible turkey fell, but in a great rainbow curve, for his speed carried him on, turnin' him over and over, while the dog lepped in frantic chase of him.

Paul Bunyan, runnin' after both, saw the terrible turkey sail down like a coppery cloud, while Dublin lunged up like a black-spotted white cloud to meet him. The great hunter reached the death-grapple just in time. With one snap Dublin had taken off the terrible turkey's head in return for his tail and was goin' after the rest of him. Paul Bunyan had to grope his way to the dog through a snowstorm of feathers, but he got there in time.

Dublin soon had the terrible turkey well plucked. And when Paul Bunyan saw the royal drumsticks of the fowl, the rich meat of his breast, the grandeur of his giblets, and all the rest, his gladness was so great that he was like to sheddin' tears of joy.

"Would you but look at the drum-

sticks of him, Dublin!" cried Paul Bunyan. "What logger would ask for a rabbit stew, deer steak or cinnamon bear roast, when he can have such fine eatin' as this for his Christmas dinner? Tender and plump, juicy and drippin', crisped to a fine golden brown, stuffed till he bulges, this behemoth of a bird will be enough for twice seven hun'erd men. Here is the meat for the finest Christmas dinner ever heard of; yes, sir!"

Yet the Dublin dog looked troubled. And Paul Bunyan knew why.

"Never mind," said the great logger cheerily. "I'll invent a recipe for mince meat which will beat that from the mutterin' minces of the Round River woods. You leave it to me, Dublin."

And so Paul Bunyan did. He invented such fine mince meat that cooks have used it ever since, and minces are never hunted any more for their meat at all. And the dinner from the terrible turkey was so ravishin' to Paul Bunyan's seven hun'erd men that they took his breast bone and made a mountain out of it, to stand as a monument to the first Christmas turkey dinner.

And so we have had turkey dinners for Christmas ever since. To be sure, they are not terrible turkeys nowadays, for Paul Bunyan glued up the tails of all the young ones of the turkey tribe, and soon they had forgot how to fly with any but their side wings. But even our tame turkeys of today will pout and strut and spread their stiff tails, just like the terrible turkey of old. And their tails look like windmills, but never can they twist and turn, to make turkeys fly like lightnin' and thunder. Nor can our tame turkeys bite off dogs' tails, but

Continued on page 194

CHINOOK JARGON

BY E. H. THOMAS

Existence Unknown to Explorers

PRIOR to 1800 there was hardly any reference to the Chinook Jargon, and then it was not recognized as such. Meares gives an account of a chief who hurt his leg and sucking the blood from the wound said: "Cloosh." *Kloshe* in the Jargon means *good*. The word is Nootkan, and *Callicum*; the Indian who used it was a Nootkan, a chief but little inferior in rank and authority to Maquinna, the Tyee of all the Nootkans. *Tyee* is Nootkan, meaning *great chief*. Jewet frequently uses the word in his "Narrative."

Neither the story of Jewet nor the journal of Lewis and Clark gives any evidence that the writers of these two contemporaneous accounts of their experiences among the Nootkans and Chinooks regarded the words they quoted as other than words of the dialects of these two widely separated and dissimilar people.

Jewet had an inkling of it; at least of the use of two separate tongues among these people, but reached a wrong conclusion. This is found in a footnote and an appendix to his "Narrative" (Ithaca edition), in which he prints a "War Song of the Nootkan Tribe". In this song occurs the expression *Ie-yee ma hi-chill*, which he says means *Ye do not know*. But he adds: "This appears to be a poetical mode of expression, the common one for *you do not know* being, *wik-kuma-tush*. Then he observes: "From this it would seem that they have two languages, one for their songs and one for common use." *You do not know* in the Jargon, as it was spoken from

1820 or 30 on and as it is spoken today, is: *Mika wake kumtux, mika* meaning *you*.

Jewet almost discovered the truth. The Nootkans, and all the other north-west tribes, did have two languages: each its own dialect, and all the common trade Jargon. The Nootkan tribal songs were in Nootkan, but communication with outsiders was had through the polyglot tongue built up by their commerce with each other. Jewet, of course, was an outsider, a remote foreigner, and these Indians undoubtedly talked to him in mixed Jargon and Nootkan. The Chinooks, from long habit, used the same method when they tried to hold conversation with the men of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Jewet left a very limited vocabulary which he called "a list of words in the Nootkan language the most in use". In it are eighty-seven words, and among these are ten easily recognizable as either belonging to the Jargon or as words in the Nootkan tongue from which the Jargon grew in part. In addition to these ten he makes frequent use of the word *Tyee*, which is both Nootkan and Jargon and which means *chief* in each instance.

Jargon Words in Jewet's Vocabulary

There are two Jargon words used by Jewet in the "Narrative" which are not found in his vocabulary. These are *Tyee*, referred to before, and *pechak*. *Pechak* is a Nittinat word, and the Nittinats are Nootkan Indians. *Pechak* means *bad*. Maquinna used the word when he returned the broken musket to

Captain Salter of the Boston. *Pechak* is also Jargon for *bad*, but so is *mesachie*. The latter is from the Chinook dialect, and is more commonly used on Puget Sound and the Columbia than the Nittinat word; but the latter appears to have been in common use among the Nootkan related tribes. Either or both—*pechak* and *mesachie*—are acceptable and proper Jargon.

For the purpose of this argument we will examine the ten words referred to in Jewet's vocabulary, and then we will take up Chinook dialect words contained in the book of "Chinook Texts", by Dr. Franz Boas. We will find in both of these tribal dialects words which are also in the Jargon, either just as used by the Chinooks and the Nootkans in their own languages, or which, with slight and easily recognizable modifications, were taken from those dialects and converted into accepted and standard Jargon.

As these words were used by both the Nootkans and the Chinooks in their attempts to converse with the very first whites that came among them—notably Meares in 1788, Jewet in 1803, and Lewis and Clerk in 1804 and 1805—long before the advent of the Hudson's Bay or any other fur company, this circumstance would seem to fairly disprove the Hudson's Bay Company invention theory.

What the Hudson's Bay Company did to the language, after it came into sole control of trading in this region, and all it did, was to enlarge and enrich the Jargon and extend its use over the whole of its great Pacific Coast domain, from Alaska to southern Oregon and from the ocean to the Rocky Mountains.

Jewet's Nootkan vocabulary gives the word *klootz-mah* for *woman*, *kloot-chem-*

up for *sister*, *tenassis-kloots-mah* for *daughter* and *tenassis-check-up* for *son*. *Check-up* is *man*. (We have followed Jewet's not very uniform spelling literally.)

In the Jargon *klutchman* is *woman* and *tenas* (short e) is *lesser*, *little*, *younger*. *Tenas klutchman* is *little woman* or *daughter*, and *tenas man* is *son*. *Man* is *man* in the Jargon. *Boston man* is *American*, due to the fact that the early ships trading on the coast came largely from Boston. Then came the British influence with the Hudson's Bay Company and *King Chautsh man* became Jargon for *Englishman*, *Chautsh* being the nearest approach to *George* the Indian was capable of.

There was another word that was a near equivalent then for person, whether man or woman. It was *tillikum*. Some writers of Alaska and northwest stories who have heard the word, erroneously think it means *friend* or *partner* and would restrict it to indicate some very similar close personal relationship—a sort of super-friendship. The proper word for friend is *sikhs*, pronounced six. *Tillikum* is used in that sense now, but was not so used originally.

Tillikum means *people*. The early Jargon and many of the dialects recognized but two groups—*tyee* and *tillikum*. All authorities, from Gibbs to Shaw, agree on that. *Nesika tillikums* is *our people*. It is far-fetched to try to make the word mean some deep, subtle inner relationship. There are no subtleties of meaning either in the Jargon or in the dialects. An illustration of the flexibility of Chinook, the Jargon, and of the manner in which *sikhs* may be employed is found in the concluding phrase of "Told in the Hills". That entertaining

romance ends with the expression: *Klahowya opitsah*. It is meant to be an equivalent for *goodbye, sweetheart*: but is a wrong expression.

There is no word for sweetheart or lover in the Jargon. *Opitsah* is literally *knife*. So *klahowya opitsah* really was *goodbye, knife*. If the author had had her hero say: *Klahowya opitsah sikhs* she would have used proper Jargon. *Opitsah sikhs* is literally *fork, friend of the knife*. "Every knife has its fork," says Gill, so *opitsah sikhs* is made do duty for *sweetheart* or *lover*.

Tyee is *chief* or *ruler*. In the Nootkan only the highest chief seems to have been a Tyee. In the Jargon *Saghalie Tyee* is *God*, literally, *the ruler of heaven, the chief above*. The word is commonly pronounced as if it were spelled *Soekalee*.

Jewet says the Nootkan for sky is *sie-yah*. In the Jargon *siah* is *away, far off, remote*. If very far, it is indicated by prolonging the first syllable, and if the speaker desires to indicate a very great distance indeed, he prolongs the word and separates the syllables to give almost the identical sound of Jewet's spelling—*s-i-e-yah*! It is quite likely that sky to the Nootkans was the very-far-off.

No, according to Jewet, is *wik*. Commonly said *waket* to Lewis and Clark. In the Jargon as it has been spoken for about a hundred years the word is *wake*. *Wake kumtux* is *don't understand*.

Iron, says Jewet, is *sick-a-miny*.

Chickamin is Jargon for *metal*, but usually means *money*. The Indians knew nothing of paper as money; accepted only silver and lesser coins.

Mamook-su-mah in Jewet's vocabulary is an expression which means *to go and fish*, and *to-go-and-fish* was work to the Indian, about the only work he knew. *Mamook* is Jargon for *work* or for any other performance; anything one does. *Mamook muckamuck* is *to get the food ready*. *Ikta mika mamook* is *what are you doing?* *Cultus mamook* is *bad work, evil deeds*, doing the wrong thing or doing it in the wrong way. *Mamook kumtux* means *to teach*, literally *to make known or understand*.

Chee-ault-see-klattur-wah is used in Jewet's "Narrative" as the equivalent of *go away*. *Go* in the Chinook Jargon is just *klatawa*, and *go away* would be *klatawa siah*, or *go yonder*. It is probable that the string of suffixes Jewet uses qualifies or enlarges the meaning of his *klatterwah*.

Mahkook is to *buy, sell, trade or exchange*. It is one of the most used of Jargon expressions. Jewet spells it *ma-kook* and limits the meaning to *to sell*.

For *I understand* he uses the one word *kom-me-tak*. The proper Jargon for *I understand* is *Nika kumtux*. This is *kummatux* when spoken by a native Chinook, or was when there were any pure stock native Chinooks alive.

DIMINUENDO

BY JOHN E. UNDERWOOD

JX ranch, Elk Valley, Wyoming
Sep. 4

Dere Betty—

This place dont seem rite sinse you gone back to Chicaggo. I got that lost feling like being on a hoss thats mean and finding the cinch is loossning up. You know, nothing to go on but luck and not much chanse of that. Even old Crasy what ought to be bizy with cooking and nothing else is moony and acs haff locod. I spose youve fergot all us boys out hear and am having a swell time but we aint fergot you not by a dam site. Escuse swaring please but I mean it and I hope you well and in good helth. Dudes are perty genrally quere but you was real stuff and made a hit and dont fergit the moonlite rides we had and how you sneaked out to nitehawk with me up on Twin Mountains etc. I dont spose you hav much time but rite me to the JX ranch Elk Valley.

Yr. frend
Shorty Carter

Sep. 16, JX ranch

Dere Betty—

Yr. leter was mighty good news and I red part of it to the boys but not all you no what parts I mean. I mean the parts I didnt rede to the boys. Jee you was good to rite me and so quick. Did I tell you the boss, I mean Mr. McLoughlin, I gess thats spelt rite like it is on the checks wants me to go to Los Anjelez Callifornia with him when he gos home the end of October and get a job and edication and things but I dont no wether I ought to go this sity stuff dont sound good to me and

Id have a time without hosses an things around, and most sity peple seem funy acting out hear. Not you, you no you was difrent Betty, but Id hate to be a dude they sertenly are quere mostly. Mr. McLoughlin ses I am brite and ought to have a chanse fer something bessides what this place is got fer me but shucks hosses and ranches are alrite fer me and I been thuroh seventh grade over to Cottonwood where my folks lived for the flood kild them so I gess I wont go but the boss give me to the end of the munt to say no or yes.

I hope I get a leter from you agen.
Yr. frend
Shorty Carter

Oc. 25, JX ranch Elk Valley
Dere Betty—

Yr. leter came some time back but the boss, I mean Mr. McLoughlin, is been hunting and we only got back a wile back so escuse me being so long riteing. I gess Im going to Los Anjelez like you think I ought too but jee I savvy hosses now and I no something about farming good too but mebbe itll be fun seeing what a sity is like and I can alwus come back. Tom ses he bets I stampede or get locod in the sity but I gess not tho I dont no. I saw a couple of movies with sitys in them and it luks bad but I can fork a mean hoss and ought to lern quick if dudes can get along in the sity. I gess Im as brite as most of the mavricks that come to the JX sumers.

Been some dances and things in town and me and Tom been sellebrating befor I go away. You dont mind do you

Betty we was pretty good behaved. I tole Tom and Crasy hullo like you sed. Rite me at Mr. McLoughlins in Los Anjelez we leewe neest week.

Yr. frend

Shorty Carter

Novem. 4

Los Angeles

4572 Juniperra Str.

Dere Betty—

Well I am hear and this is sunday and tomorrow I go to work in the bassment of a big store that a frend of Mr. McLoughlins has. I am going to lode and unlode things and after awile meb-be I will get a beter job tho the pay is perty good fifteen dollars a weak. I got a room at the address above and take a trolly to work and back its shur hard work riding one of them things. Whoopee they are wurse than a bucking hoss and I pull lether all the time but will get onto them perty quick I gess and outride any of these sity fellers. Peple looked funny at my close so Mr. McLoughlin helpt me to get some new sity ones and I have my stetson hanging in my cubberd nobody weres them round hear and my boots to. I had most my pay saved up so I had a litle to go on but I must get to bed now as I get up at six and haff to be at work at seven perty near as bad as on the ranch.

I gess there isnt time fer a leter from you yet but will hope to hear soon.

Yr. frend the dude

Shorty Carter

November 18

4572 Juniperra Street

Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Betty—

I am glad to get your two leters and would of ansered sooner but am real

bizy working and going to school nites. I take writing and spelling and arithmetic. The school is some difrent from in Cottonwood. It was a small school this is a big one hear, peple go that work that dont speak english and things at nite and its hard to write leters. When I get back to my room Im tired, walking on sidewalks is harder than up in the mountans riding. I shur like your leters they cheer me up I get lonly and awful homesick times.

Im still loding and unloding things in the store, been reading Trails Plowed Under that cowboy book jee it makes me homesick for the open range what there is left of it around Elk Valley. Got a leter from Tom you remember him dont you he ses theres nothing new up there and wuld like to be hear but hes crasy I guess itll be good for me but jee Id almost be willing to go to sheephearding if I could be back in Wyoming. Excuse me crying on your shoulder this way but I guess you savvy.

Must close now and do some lessons. Id like to see you Ill bet you wuldn't say such nice things to me if you was talking to me rite hear but I wish you wuld.

Sincerely your frend

Shorty Carter

December 3

Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Betty—

Your leter came yesterday and I am ansering it so quick in order that you may know I was glad to get it. I am still busy with working and school but am userder to it and the city and it is warmer here than in Elk Valley this time of year and that is nice. I would like to fork a brone again but I am getting along very nice here. I got a

raise in pay this week and now get twenty dollars per week and have a different job driving a delivery truck for the store. I didn't think I could ever drive in this city there are so many cars and people but if you learn what the traffic signals mean it is easy.

I spent Thanksgiving with Mr. McLoughlin and we all went to the movies afterwards, he and Mrs. It was a swell show with this talking stuff, The Virginian, maybe you've read the book, it's a good one.

The lady that owns this house has a daughter Berril, I've just seen her a few times, she looks nice. The fellows and girls at the store are dumb just like all dudes, not meaning you Betty, but I pulled that old one, you know, about the mule cow with the droopy horn and they just take it all in. Gee, I sure would like to get back to the JX and see Tom and get onto old Custer again, he was the one I rode all the time usually, do you remember him, a big black gelding with a bald face, and a plum good one for everything, ranging or roping or anything.

I must close now and do some composition, we start in on letter writing soon, maybe you will think I write a better letter after awhile, I am very poor now, I guess.

Sincerely your friend

Shorty Carter.

4572 Juniperra St.,

Los Angeles, Cal.

December 18

Miss Elizabeth Smith

6650 North Damen Ave.,

Chicago, Illinois

My dear Betty—

Your letter of the eleventh was received on the fifteenth and proved to be very welcome. It is a pleasure to

receive such letters. I am answering it now.

I attended the theater last evening. I was accompanied by Miss Beryl Jordan who is the daughter of my landlady. The show was "Evangeline". It was dreary but was acted good, she told me.

I am still delivering for the store. It is nice whether but wet. School goes on.

Sincerely yours

Stuart F. Carter

P. S. I have been having letter writing in school and this is the way they says to write and I wonder if it is worth the trouble as you can't say anything you want to when you write that way, but I will drop the city stuff for a minute and say that a letter from Tom, you remember him don't you, says that one of the boys up there in Elk Valley says that he was over to the other side of Twin Mountains and saw Custer my horse and that he was locoed and they was going to shoot him the next time they saw him. Gee, I hate to think of that. He was the best horse I ever rode and it don't seem right to think of not ever riding him again.

Yrs.

Shorty

Los Angeles, Jan. 17th

Miss Elizabeth Smith

6650 N. Damen Ave.,

Chicago, Illinois

My dear Betty—

Your letter of the twenty-third received and I enjoyed it very much. I would of answered sooner but I've been very busy, working and going out to parties and shows some. I have missed quite a bit of school but the birds around here tell me I can learn more practical knowledge by going

around and seeing places and doing things than by remaining in school. Just the same I am going when I can find time and I know you will think I am doing what is the best.

Beryl Jordan, my landlady's kid, goes to shows with me sometimes and has give me introductions to a lot of her friends. She is real nice and I think likes me, she is blond and got swell blue eyes. Whoopee, I mean Hot-dog, that's what they say here.

Guess I will shut up as it is near to midnight and I ought to hit the hay.

Sincerely

Stew Carter

March 3rd

Los Angeles

Dear Betty—

This town is getting to be hot stuff. There are some smooth girls around and I am tearing around most of the time, working daytimes, school evenings, and lots of times going on parties without bothering with school. I can pick up what I need to know from the guys I run with. I used to think you could have a good time in Elk Valley but it is dead and buried alongsides of this place. Of course Mr. McLoughlin don't know but what I'm keeping up in school but he's kind of old-fashioned and an old foggy and I'm making out good with no thanks to him. He brought me down here of course but I would have got here somehow anyway likely, and I'm sure having a big time.

Now don't be fussing at me about running around a little but I didn't do much but sit around and act like a darned angel for so long but Beryl, that's my girl here, got me introduced

to a lot of folks and it's been fun since the beginning of the year.

Write me sometime.

With love Stew

L. A., May 9th

Betty dearest—

Sure I miss Wyoming and the horses and all, but there isn't many people around up there, and God, it's dead when you think back on it. Maybe you've forgot you asked me a lot of sob stuff about home sweet home and beautiful animals and God's Great Out of Doors. Say, I used to be a country boy and a hick but me for the bright lights now and no foolin'. Sorry not to of answered your letter sooner but I'm mighty busy, still working for the store but down in the same place as when I first started. I had a couple of smash-ups with their cheap truck and they crabbed about it, but this is a softer job anyway. And say, kid, I'm quitting them soon. I got another job lined up that'll amount to something. But anything for money enough to get along and have a date once in a while.

Got a date now so I'll have to beat it.

Yrs. for better likker Stew

L. A., July 10th

Hello Babe—

So you're back at the old JX, are you? Well, good luck. Tell Tom I guess he won't be seeing me up there again for awhile until I get rich but if he comes down here I can maybe find him a job and its damn sure he'll have a good time. You sound mad and say you'll tell old McLoughlin how I'm acting but what the hell, why should I care? He probably knows it already and if you can't can the preacher stuff burn your letters before you mail them

and see if I care. That's all now, I'm making some whoopee to-night and I got to start.

Goo'by forever Stew

L. A., July 29th

Hey kid, who talked me into coming down here to begin with? So quit bellyaching and remember I'm a big

city boy now and you can't pull any sob stuff on me like you used to. I can't be bothered. Tell the gang hello and God bless 'em, may they stay pure and stick to the straight and narrow. But as for yours truly, I'm hitting the high spots and nothing else.

Ta-ta S. C.

THE SUN GONE DOWN

BY IDARUTH SCOFIELD FARGO

My father and his father both came West
When Oregon was young; with ox-team and
A dozen cows possessed.

Along the Coast

They found two ranches, much alike, and slashed
A pasture for their stock. Great trees were felled:
The aromatic myrtle, pitch-veined fir,
And spicy cedars, all were cast into
The flames that timothy and velvet-grass
Might grow and feed the stock.

We children, small,

Kept house by burned-out stumps, and watched the deep
Roots char and glow!

Father, and his father,

Together worked—this ranch, then that. Until,
One evil day, they quarreled. My father threw
His hoe aside. Harsh words he spoke, and turned
And homeward strode—three miles of wilderness!
(The way was long: anger had time to cool.)

"I'm wrong," he thought, "to speak my father thus.

Early, at break of day, I will return

And make all right; but Martha claims me now."

Darkness came down with wind and heavy rain.

Then late, a heavy knock fell on the door.

Martha, my mother, flew to open it:

"Who comes so late?"

A woman, old and bent,

Her eyes were like live coals, her hand a claw

To clutch her shawl. "Your sire," for thus she spoke

My father, low, "Is dead." . . .

From that day forth

My father smiled no more, his face the face

Of one who walks through purgatorial fire.

ROMANCE

BY JASON BOLLES

I.

"I am the angel of the Lord," saith the
clock,
"Tick-tock
It is so
And I swing
To and fro

A pendulum that is my flaming sword.

Dare ye mock?

Dare ye scoff?

Woe! Woe!

Tick-tock.

Mighty is the Lord, His commandments
are a rock.

'If thy hand offend thee cut it off!' "
saith the clock.

"Let the outland places hear his word.

Go,

Till the field,

Tend the flock,

Praise the Lord,

Tick-tock!

Let the people know,

Let the people hear,

'If thine eye offend thee pluck it out!'

Do you doubt?

Let the wanton tremble.

Let the froward fear.

Glorify the Lord and His Angel in the
clock!"

II.

The little house dozes with folded
paws.

The little house dreams to the quiet
hum

Of wandering water and sighing haws.

Two great fire eyes come

With a muffled grumbling, up the trail.

Pale, pale,

The moon hangs over the hill.

A whisper, a laugh, the fire-eyes go.

A slender shadow with legs moon-bright

Drifts to the doorway, tip-toe light,
Over the threshold, slow.

Past the table and past the chair,
Past the rug where the moonbeams
spill—

A door flings wide, a blaze of light
Over a girl with yellow hair,
Over her father, angry-eyed,
Who stands before her and bars her way
Curling his lip at her disarray,
Hugging his battered prayer-book tight,
Pointing out to the prairie night.

Tick-tock ding!
The clock is telling the hour.
Wandering waters sing,
Hawthorn is in flower.

III.

After the end of romance-time,
A-weary of their load,
Feet that were eager with dance-time
Faltered down the road.

Said the wind, warmly blowing,
With a nudge sly and knowing,
You must not be too hard
On your father, poor old man!
He is one who serves his Lord
As best he can.

Though his words were fierce and burn-
ing

His old heart was sick with yearning,
For he thinks it is not right
For a girl to slip away

In the night

To a ball,

To a tipsy, sordid revel,

He would say,

And come back in a dishevel

—You shouldn't have undressed in the
hall!

Now you're bound for the devil
All along with me
And a sorry friend is he!

Feet that were weary with dance-time
Stepped in a daze of mischance time.

Said the wind,
You have sinned.
It was not the dancing part,
But you shut your father out
From your heart.
He would wish you, never doubt,
Like a flower, like a knife,
Like a clear, white candle in a white,
 holy place.

He would never see your face
Bleak with your woman's need of life,
Need of growing.

Said the wind, warmly blowing
From the benches long and level
Down the valley deep and narrow
Bringing scent of sage and yarrow.
So he sent you to the devil,
Said the wind in her ear,
For he loves you, my dear—

After the end of romance time
Lips trembled with rage,
Feet plodded at ants' time
 Through the yarrow and sage.

To the devil, to the devil, oh my dear,
Said the wind loud and clear.
Never a word did she hear.

IV.

Blossoms are fragrant,
Buds are asleep
Night winds are vagrant.
Maytime is deep,
Turn to me dimly,
Glimmering white.
Cling to me slimly,
Love me tonight!

The moon is gone that hung above the
 hill.

Dark is uprisen.

Out of the grass roots creeps a shallow
 chill

And cobwebs glisten.

Hushed is the coyote and the nightjars
 all

Nest low,

And no birds call.

Now clumsily and slow

The great sage rabbit seeks his form.

Now fitful is the wind and cold

That had blown warm;

And now the primrose buds unfold.

Dimly, dimly in the little light

Tufted lupine shows,

Loco grows

Sick and sweet, ghostly white.

Pasque flower, larkspur, shooting star,

And all the myriad blooms that are

So quiet and so slight amid

The sturdy sage, are lost and hid

In the black night.

A sudden rush and a rataplan

Of hoofs. A rider towers

Out of the dark. With a frightened leap

The girl has fallen, is lying deep

In the glooming flowers.

The man swings down and kneels and
 lifts

Her slender shoulders while thin light
 drifts

Far and faint, faint and far

From flaring planet and clustered star.

Without a word, without a sound,

Slim arms twine his neck around.

Cold lips burn against his cheek.

Soft lips press but do not speak.

Without fear, without restraint

Strange, wide eyes his own eyes seek,

Starlit, starlit, far and faint.

With a slackened pace and a double load
The black horse travels the lonely road.

Stars through the dark, love,
Gleam in the trees.
Our world's a spark, love,
Even as these,
Twinkling and lonely,
You are its light;
Glow for me only,
Love me tonight!

V.

Little blonde Esther is sleeping.
Little blonde Esther is safe in her bed.
Is she not?
Esther is slumbering on her white cot
Safe in her father's keeping.
Pillows are billowing under her head
White is the blanket and white is her
cheek
Soft is the glint of her hair
In the gloom.
Hush, do not speak!
She is asleep in her little room
Quietly, securely,
Surely she is, surely.

Bye, bye, hushabye,
Warmly, drowsily, lie,
Under the folded coverlid.
Bye-lo, yellow-hair kid.

Bye, bye, hushabye,
Sleep, soft lidded eye
Rest and nest in a cuddling curl,
Bye lo, goldenhead girl.

Little blonde Esther is osier-slim
Supple and slight as a light willow limb.

Little blonde Esther is dreaming, I know,
Under the narrow tester.
Soft, soft is the ebb and flow

Of her breath, quiet the rhythmic stir
Of the covers over her.
What is her vision?
What is it she sees?
Does she smell the reek of a sweaty
flank?
Is she gripping the broad black barrel
Of a lunging horse with her slender
knees
Chafed in their coarse apparel?
Is there a path that winds and twists
Where upland balsams rank?
Does she cling with aching wrists
To a rigid shoulder that rasps her cheek?
Where does the great horse take her?
Hush! Do not speak!
You will awake her.
She is sleeping under the white cover.
She is too young to have a lover.

VI.

Two ghosts wag their heads.
Two ghosts argue together.
“Now the thing to do,” says one
“The thing to do
Would ha' been to slip out to the barn
And curl up in the hay.
Comf'table place to sleep, a good hay-
mow is.
Then in the morning, eve'thing been fine.
Old man 'da been sorry, they coulda got
t'gether.”
“Good idee, good idee,” says the other.
“But my folks hain't built that way.”

Grandfather ghosts, wind-racked,
With wavering, nebulous hands.

“Well, what' she do?” says the first.
“Lopes out.
No more clo's on than 'u'd thread a
ramrod.
Grabs a pair a overhauls an' a coat
An' fogs down the road, faunchin' an'
stompin'.

Along comes some fly-by-night scissor-
bill—

Hoss thief—sheep herder—all the same
to her.

What' she do?

Grabs him.

Lollops on him. An' away they go.

Nice goin's on."

"The boy rides a good horse."

Answers the second.

"An' he rides hard.

Where's he takin' her?

What' she figgerin' to do?

When her mad dies down she's go'n' to
be a mighty sick girl.

Go'n' to wish she was safe in the tim-
othy.

Go'n' to wish she had to get up an' feed
her hens."

"She'll go through.

When my folks takes cards they plays
them out.

It all comes of you lettin' your woman
raise a preacher."

Gray ghosts wrangle.

VII.

After the long ease of cold and snow
Spring comes, and all the fallow hills
accept

The gripe of roots, the urgency of rain.

After the lax and simple night, arrives
The busy, punctual sun and bares the
world.

Not the least twig has any privacy.

Stiff hinges creak, feet trample, voices
sound.

An old house is aroused from its repose.
A touch upon the door and life spews in.

So, once upon a time when coulees
bloomed,

Dawn broke over far lowlands. Balsam
boughs

Moved in a gust of wind. A new, soft
green

Of cranesbill, pea, and ryegrass ankle-
tall,

Stirred and was still. First tawny
beams of light

Colored the roof-sods of a little cabin

High in the hills. Swift-rilling water
chirped

Woodward, and far away a bird
screamed twice.

The four-square walls were vibrant
and alert,

The sprouting roof was cocked atten-
tively.

The cabin marveled.

Hairy, tramplng men

It knew, for these had wielded lashing
steel

And hewed it from the forest. Every
year

Their like returned with droves of
bawling beasts

When grasses hid its base-log, went
away

When snow hissed in the chimney.
Rope and spur,

Saddle and lantern, gun and branding
iron

Had thumped its floor and dangled
from its walls.

Sputter of bacon, flick of grimy cards,
Pipe smoke and whiskey fumes and
oaths and song,

Groans and tired snores—all these the
cabin knew.

What, then, was this that stood erect
and slender

With shining yellow head, that flung
aside

Two ragged ancient garments and re-
vealed
A scant soft underdress of petal glisten
And slimness hawthorn white, that
spoke so swift
And sweet and tense and held forth
pale bright arms
Disdainfully to the tall one who stood
back
Answering gravely, fiercely, quietly,
Gazing with rigid careful eyes. The
cabin
Watched, hearkened. There was won-
der yet to come.
Little enough the fir trees see of love.
There is a short time of purple pollen,
A while for wooden blossoms, nothing
more
Unless perhaps birds nest among the
branches,
Or plummy squirrels beget their squeak-
ing broods
In hollow boles; never again would
come
Pollen or nest or nut to mortised logs.
Yet flowers blossomed underneath the
windows,
Stag belled to doe among the nearby
brakes,
The strong red cattle held their lusty
loves
Around about the meadow. All of this
Was pleasant, but never had there been
note
Of bird or deer or mellow rumbling bull
Like that which sounded presently
when these
Taut voices sank and softened, never
had bud
Burst to such glory as now shone in
the eyes
Of two who knelt before a crackling
fire.
The dreaming walls folded them close
about

To hoard their words.

“Sweetheart, I love you so!
Last night when you kissed me I knew!
I was riding, riding,
I couldn’t sleep.
What was it led me to you?”

“In the nighttime dim and deep”

“With the scent of the hawthorne
drifting. . .”

“Oh, but you gave me a start!
I saw you loom through the dark and
the gloom,”

“Riding, riding,”

“Riding into my heart.
I was so bitter, all alone,”

“I saw you fall.”

“And I felt your kind hands lifting.
I felt your strong arms hold me.
I must have known.
I clung to you, kissed you, there in the
stillness
Under the stars.
Something called to me, something told
me.”

“And I carried you away
Far into the hills”

“Into the dawning day!
Oh, the smell of the pines,
The smell of the flowers,
The creak of the saddle leather!”

“Riding, riding,”

“Riding away together!”

“Sweetheart!”

"I love you so!"

(Silk and scent and flesh
Bind the twain together
In a magic mesh
Strong as dragon leather.

Scent and flesh and silk
Serve the bridal feast,
Paradisa! milk,
Lotus of the East.

Flesh and silk and scent
House them, roof and wall,
In darkness luculent,
In silence orchestral.)

VIII.

Around, about, behind, before,
The broad lands lie beside that door.
On either hand the acres stand,
Green in summer, in winter white,
Soft with beauty or bitter-bright.
Or white or green, the ranges run

From the hills of dawn to the set of sun.
Be they black with spring, be they
brown in fall,

They are ruled from the great house
one and all.

The long, gray highway dips and glides
Down from that tall stockade,
And up the valley an old man rides
Through the sun and the shade.

His Bible across his knees,
His buggy rattling and lurching,
Bowed with repentance, ill at ease,
Worn with a night of searching.

Duty has called, and answering
He drives up the winding way,
For the son of the ranges' stern old
king

Is taking a bride today.

They have summoned an old man,
stooped and slight,

To come and give them the marriage
rite.

He rides to the great house wearily,
And he wonders who the girl can be.

SALVAGE

BY GRACE STONE COATES

Like an infant,
Clutch what shines;
Drop the goblet.
Vintage wines

Are the least
Of your concern.
When the years
Have had their turn,

Out of fragments
Youth let fall
Shape a cup
To hold life's gall.

TWO RIVERS

BY FREDERICK J. GILSDORF

To the Potomac:

Have you rivers, like your sisters in the flesh, consciousness of each other?
You have. As I sit in the blackness of these drooping plaits of willow
Peering into your depth of modesty,
You have; for I feel a restlessness,
A puckering at my cheek—not from the brushings of the damp, cool leafy
wands—
But from resentment you cannot put aside.

Oh Potomac, you glide on with the slowness of hidden wisdom—
Hardly a sound as your lips cling to the clean-washed stone.
You pretend to be indifferent. You are not.
Why pose?
This same moon that shines upon your jet-like tresses
Spreads its silvery rays upon many another river—
Has in the eons of its own youth, still-existing,
Shown its face to many times the thousands of tonight—
And has told you of your fairer sisters.

You move; your breast heaves slightly. No? You pretend
That is only a swell from the shore of the tree-spined island.
Own it! There are, as with your sisters in the flesh,
The dark-haired among you and the light,
And the river I have left so recently
Was she of the flashing, golden hair—she of the indomitable spirit.
She of the passion that crunches rocks in her path.
She, the unsubmissive Yellowstone.

What care you? Nothing?
Then know this: As I slump here asking comfort of you
My thoughts are of her.
You dark, quiet creature of hidden thoughts, hear:
I tell you she is all fire! She strikes fire in man
As she rushes madly, swiftly, scooping out rocks and ledges;
A spirit uncaptured—dripping gold from the sun-ball—swifter racer than
blue sky.
Conventions? None. Traditions? Not of powdered wig,
Fluffy laces and silver shoe-buckles.
A colonial lady courtesying beneath one of her cottonwoods?
The maddest man could not wish it. She would not have it.
The sight of wasp-like, tortured waist would drive her

To a drowning frenzy—she would beat a whole night through,
 Tearing tall slabs from the yellow sandstone.
 Traditions? Not traditions of tight-laced women.
 She was born with God's promise of freedom. And He has kept it.
 The herds are gone, the prairie platted, the blue mountain mined, but
 She plunges on, flinging wildly against her boulders,
 Roaring recklessly over falls and rapids,
 Unfettered by boats loaded with people.
 You have wisdom from meditation. Hers are pure flashes
 Of inspiration. You would bear up resignedly under
 The burdens of a tyrant; she would dash him lifeless against the rimrocks.
 A river for a man, she of the golden hair.

Of course you are weary listening. A sister in the flesh would be.
 It shows you are conscious, you of the jet-like tresses.
 Ah, you are modest, quiet, demure; you are faithful,
 Uncomplaining, peace-giving. But my soul cries
 For your sister of spirit. You would bathe a man's hurt;
 She would urge him to fight. And I shall return to her and the rimrocks.
 I shall—I shall!

COYOTE

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER

Hunter and hunted, the night is yours . . .
 A great moon shines
 Serenely still—and a west wind soars
 Through ragged pines.

The mesa surges, somber and sheer
 Against the sky . . .
 Sorrow—defiance—or love—or fear—
 Whence stirs your cry?

Out of a silence that subtly fills
 The moon-weird dark,
 Lifts to the desolated hills
 Your mocking bark . . .

Lifts gallantly—like a bird in flight—
 And then is gone . . .
 Hunter and hunted, swift is the night—
 Swifter the dawn!

THE STAR

BY JANE CULVER

PHYLLIS waited in her own room for the sadness to come. Grandmother was dead; the afternoon went on without her. But the incredible thing was that it seemed only a mild unkindness, her dying, when Phyllis had thought it would be too sharp a sorrow to bear. Though they had expected her death, only Uncle Jack had been brave enough to speak of it: "Poor mother"—his sigh this morning—"I'm afraid it's just a matter of—an hour or two."

"Don't say that, Jack. Don't even think it." Aunt Beatrice had been almost cross, sitting by her desk with the telephone on it. She'd looked wilted, in a lavender kimona she'd had for years; and she had even worn a boudoir cap, its exhausted little ribbons dropping against her face that hadn't been massaged for a week at least. "If anyone were to see me like this," she'd begun.

And then the nurse had come in with a big pot of lilacs for Aunt Beatrice. "Your mother wants you to have these," she'd said, bright with a gayety not at all appropriate to Grandmother's illness.

Aunt Beatrice had looked nervously from the lavender kimona to the lilacs. "You take them, Phyllis, she'd said. "I'm so tired—you have no idea. I'm just not equal to them. Their color, their fragrance—so sad, so sort of—." And her voice had sighed itself away.

So Phyllis had taken the flowers to her own room, and set them on the little table by the door.

Now they were blooming through the afternoon, and Phyllis couldn't help

wishing that they might have—died, too. She liked them, of course. She loved lilacs, but their having been in Grandmother's room while she was dying rather spoiled them. She knew she oughtn't to feel this way; it was somehow disloyal to Grandmother.

She lighted another cigarette. . . "Do have a cigarette, Phyllis." The words had belonged to their afternoons together. . . Grandmother, in the bright corner, in her own chair, and Phyllis, on the chaise longue, in the full serenity that comes after lunch and a grand stretching of the arms.

"Thank you, Grandmother." Phyllis had been awfully grateful to her, the only older person who invited her to smoke.

Grandmother had loved listening, and asking questions about the people Phyllis knew and the places she had been, which had made Phyllis feel pleased and important. Sometimes they had laughed together, in a little duet, as if they'd shared a funny secret.

"Grandmother, do you sometimes think Miss Spalding is the homeliest person in the world? I do."

"Don't say that she is homely, Phyllis. Say instead that she is interesting looking."

It had made Miss Spalding a different person altogether, thinking of her as interesting looking.

And then, although there was no great occasion for it, they had had one of those moments together when Phyllis had felt that she and Grandmother had caught each other's hands and understood one another. . .

Now Phyllis could only look out of

the window and remember, without a tear, a sigh, when she ought to be aching with sorrow, mourning Grandmother, not ostentatiously, but truly, deeply, with a damp handkerchief to quiet those sobs that hurt her arms and head and breast.

She had felt awfully heartless after the doctor had gone—only an hour ago—and Aunt Beatrice had come into the living room with real tears on her eyelashes. "I can see her with Father now." Her voice, too, had been damp. "He has waited twelve years for her."

And Phyllis had seen Grandfather among curly clouds, seated before the grandest Steinway of them all: "Listen, Mother. Isn't this the ultimate Bach? I'm in heavenly form this afternoon."

Why had she thought of that? She hadn't meant to. It wasn't at all the proper key in which to think of the dead, those people who were missing this green April, this living afternoon.

And Aunt Beatrice had gone on: "Phyllis, my mourning. I'll have to get Christine at once. I haven't a thing, for some reason. I don't know why. I might have known. I thought some simple things, simple but very smart, you know. And hats—I'm tired to death—" a little cough—"I'm terribly tired of clothes."

Phyllis still burned with disliking Aunt Beatrice for so coarse a disloyalty to Grandmother. She knew what Aunt Beatrice had been hearing in her mind: "What a tragic figure Beatrice Lake is since her mother's death." "Yes, but even more beautiful than before. Her mourning—perfect taste. And this new wistfulness."

Not a thought for Grandmother. . .

Uncle Jack wandered into Phyllis' room without knocking. Vaguely he

looked about him; aimlessly he walked around.

"How could Grandmother always have thought of him as a young man?" Phyllis wondered, aware of his pitiable baldness and rounded figure. "If he were a woman he'd be called 'matronly.'"

Uncle Jack spoke in a private, indefinite voice, as if he were communing with his inner man. "There were so many things I could have done for her that I didn't do. I was a disappointment to her, I know. I've been thoughtless, and selfish. I can't understand it now. And she always wanted me to marry."

His pale sad eyes wandered round the room and stopped at Phyllis as if they almost saw her.

"Those things don't matter, Uncle Jack." Phyllis wanted to be nice to him. "I mean people always love their children anyway, and if they're sort of—erratic, you know, it only makes them love them more."

But he wasn't listening; he wasn't comforted. Quietly he blew his nose. Phyllis lit another cigarette. It seemed the only thing to do.

"I remember when I was a little fellow—" the words began to glow with the warmth of a confidence. Uncle Jack went over to the window and stood there, looked thoughtfully out.

Phyllis decided—she shouldn't be bitter about so trivial a thing—that Uncle Jack's tie was awful, disorderly with faded polka dots. "You wouldn't call this tie loud, would you?" he must have asked himself. "I must be careful about my ties. At my age—" Because in his heart he must resent being forty.

"The undertaker." Now his voice

was a worried question, different from his usual voice busy condemning things that didn't matter. . . . Last night, for instance, when he'd complained about his drink: "My God, Phyllis, where did Mother find this rye? How she's been taken in! This is the sort of thing that gets my spleen. There's no excuse for it."

"What a rye face you're making, Uncle Jack." The words had bubbled in Phyllis' throat, but they'd been far, far too silly to say. And when she'd thought of Grandmother, ill upstairs, she had wondered at her own frivolity.

"There's no excuse for this sort of thing." Uncle Jack had still been furious. "I'd rather drink embalming flu—" Something had made him stop there, and he had said "carbona" and looked embarrassed.

And now he was as sorry as he ought to be, and Phyllis wasn't. He walked out of the room, and with him went the burden of his troubled conscience and his regrets. The very air seemed lighter without his presence. The door closed after him, and the draft it made awoke the scent of the lilacs, warm, and soft, and almost secret. Now she remembered it, the high wonder of it, because the lilacs had been part of it, like the costumes in a play. . . . When they had walked from the porch together, Larry had begun to sing "Come fill your shaving mugs to Williams, to Williams, to Williams," and the last Williams had been long and dreadful. His hand warm in her hand, his steps longer than hers. Then they'd come to the lilac hedge. In the blue light the flowers had shone pale, and a little wind had blown their fragrance round Phyllis and Larry. It had all been so perfect that for just a moment she had

thought there must be footlights not far from them, and that if she brushed the hedge with her hand it would be canvas. "Remember this, Phyllis." They had spoken in whispers because they could say things then that frightened their ordinary voices. An amazing thing was that his ears had been cold when she touched them—his dear absurd ears that stuck out from his head a little as if they were eavesdropping against their politer judgment. His arms tight around her. "Phyllis, I love to kiss you." . . .

He was so far away that wishing for him just wasn't practical. If he were only here now, instead of in New York, frowning at the caterwauling of the elevated, knowing the unhappy smell of Chelsea. After a while he would walk down to Union Square because he'd hope it would remind him of the country, but he would find only immigrants and old newspapers there. The stars all dimmed and untidy, no lilacs, no Phyllis. "Larry, if you were only here now, not gentle, nor funny, but just sort of strong and wild. I love your hair and your silly ears, and your hands, and you're not here; you're not with me."

She turned to see the lilacs, the flowers that had been Grandmother's.

"Grandmother, don't let me think things like this." Phyllis looked away from the flowers.

Beyond the river the sun was setting, and by the window the oak leaves shone and turned in the light almost mischievously. "Grandmother saw that sun this morning." But it was as hard to believe as if it were not true. Why didn't the sun dim itself for a little while? Why didn't the oak trees bend themselves, as if they were sorry?

Everything was so usual. What in all of this belonged to Grandmother? But there was nothing, it seemed, that belonged to her dying. And now she, who'd known life and color and music, would stay forever in the old desolate mausoleum, and the same morning light that bathed the tennis courts would filter slowly, reluctantly into the tomb. In the afternoon people would speed by the cemetery on their way to picnics, forgetful of Grandmother, rejoicing because there were devilled eggs and sticky bottles of strawberry pop in their baskets. When Phyllis drove by the cemetery she would remember Grandmother, be deeply, loyally sorry she had died.

She lighted another cigarette. The smoke burned her tired throat; it was awfully peculiar. It tasted like tweed, rough, smoky herringbone brushing her face, her eyes. Larry's shoulder with her face against it. "What jazz this is, Phyllis, salty and kind of savage, the way it ought to be. Do you hear that old shivery cymbal? I'd like to keep on dancing with you forever." And he danced perfectly. There was never the slightest danger of their bumping anyone, even if she didn't look. . . . Grandmother had said it wasn't nice to dance with your eyes closed—"It really isn't nice, Phyllis." And when Phyllis had thought about

it, it did seem rather carnal. So after that she had watched the lights above Larry's shoulder, and when they danced past the corner where Grandmother used to sit with her friends, Phyllis had turned to wave at her. "My granddaughter and her beau," Phyllis had heard her say. "He is such a fine young man. Phyllis tells me—"

Larry. Grandmother.

Phyllis went over to the table and lifted up the pot of lilacs and set it in the hall. She closed the door behind her, and took all the cigarettes from their box and dropped them from the window. They fell slowly, at quaint angles, to the blackness of the tulip bed. She could hardly see them lying there; the day had changed to evening. Phyllis looked toward the sky. There was just one star, glistening soft and pale as a little tear. All alone it lay on the great quiet surface of the sky. Suddenly Phyllis felt terribly alone, too, in the dark, still room. She had never listened to such a silence. . . . If she could hear in the fall a footstep to break the quiet, a knock at the door. A voice, "Tell me about Larry, Phyllis. Where does he live in New York? And does he still like his work? And do you really like him better than the other boys?"

And Phyllis felt a warm, soft tear on her cheek.

INDIAN PROTEST

BY ISOBEL STONE

We who owned a green earth
Ride a narrow dim-marked trail
With bridle reins loosened.
Only a lynx cat's drawn-out wail
Reminds us of forests as they once were,
Thick leaved and full of wild game.

We whose eyes were once twin suns
Fast riders of the wide plain,
Know that song and shadow have met
In a new night that seems strange.
Our ponies nose together, and silently
We look across a crowded range.

NEXT TO GODLINESS

BY MARJORY SHIER TURNER

As the very late afternoon sun made a long parallelogram across the kitchen floor, little Marje took her tin bath-tub from the nail by the kitchen sink. She filled it from the reservoir at the back of the stove and set it in a corner by the wash-stand. Then arranging a screen of towels across the open space, she scrubbed her tired little self.

She had the sections all mapped out. Hair, right arm, left arm, and so on. When she had completely circumscribed her slight form, she slipped her apron over her head, and looking like a small drowned ghost emptied the tub of soapy water on her precious morning-glories. Getting a fresh tub of water she repeated the process until she was thoroughly rinsed.

At last clean, spent, she went up the narrow steep stairs to her room. She swung open the little high windows and looked out at the stars that were beginning to show through the sunset glow. She knew how spirits feel when washed clean of earth—they rise through blue spaces.

As she slipped into her white night gown she heard her father and mother returning from their round of pastoral calls. What would they think, she wondered, of father's clean study, and the bunch of Queen Ann roses from the fan trellis? Marje hoped, as she slipped in between the clean crisp sheets that they would notice how she had polished the top of the desk and how clean the ink-well was. She knew the sermon to be written there this night would have to be strong. Hadn't she heard father say, "Inda, the choir's out again?" That meant there would be no music

and everything depended upon father.

As, listening, she followed their movements below she knew that they had come into the study and father had lighted the huge lamp over his desk. She pictured mother sitting in the last light of the window with her sewing, saying laughing, unexpected things that father loved. It was she who had to light the sparks in father's big handsome head.

It was quiet for a time. Father must be writing. Then after a while, "How's this, Inda?"

She knew that mother's needle paused in a sort of fearless uplifted way while father read his opening sentences. Marje's heart paused, too, for the needle seemed to stay suspended until father's "Well?" and mother's soft drawl, "Very pleasing! I believe Mr. Wakefield will rather like it. Perhaps he will put an extra five dollars on the collection plate."

Marje's heart suddenly hurt. Father had sprung up and was pacing the room. She heard his feet set down angrily on the carpet—drop—drop.

"God knows what I want to say! The tiresomeness, the selfishness — the damned hypocrisy—it all gets on my nerves. I can't say what I think, can I? What's the use, Inda—what's the use!"

Then she heard mother's voice. It had a sweet and even joyous ring, and Marje relaxed in peace.

"Dan, smell these funny little prim rosebuds. The child has been at work in all this dust and shabbiness. Couldn't we—I mean—"

Mother did not finish; but it was very quiet for a while, then she heard

father and his voice sounded more natural. "Inda, you always say the right thing. I can write it now." She heard him tear up the paper and knew that he had started all over.

Now that Marje felt safe about the sermon she began to picture how it would be tomorrow in church. There she would be sitting straight in the hard pew, in Sunday cleanness, Saturday's dust forgotten. The church windows would be open to summer. Mrs. Wakefield would rustle up the aisle in the perfumed grandeur becoming a banker's wife, with a huge tight bouquet of flowers, one of each kind. Mother called it "Garden Sampler."

She could hear father's voice—not the words, but the musical tones, and she could float away upon them as with the cadences of a great organ. First there would be the soft pleading sadness, then some laughter, then beauty, then the rising awe, mounting into a thunderous climax, and gradually blending into a benediction of peace.

She sighed with satisfaction.

Then it seemed to Marje that the sermon was over. Uncle Hiram sat in wrapped enjoyment. He was in heaven. Mrs. Skates and Mrs. Beetle were weeping noisily into their handkerchiefs over their sins. (The young folks would be safe for another week.) Dr. Cole, Judge Borray, and even Canny Wilson from the bank, who limped and didn't believe in God—all now pressing heartily up the aisle declaring, "Great sermon, Elder!" One of them taking his arm chumily as though it were a fishing trip, "By the great horn spoon, Elder, you'll get us sinners yet!"

Then there were the really regular church folk, who hung back a little and looked a trifle askance at so much worldly stir, but still proud to have the best preacher in town.

And there in the corner the trustees, very happy over the collection plate.

"Inda, does this sound—"

But Marje, asleep, was living in a world of jade and chrysoprase without a speck of dust.

WILD HONEY

BY GRACE STONE COATES

Within the man there is a boy
Who tracked the wild bee for its honey
On sturdy feet. It is my joy
To summon in the man, the boy.
He offers me the wistful, funny
Ways of affection men destroy.

A bit of rose-geranium leaf
In apple jelly holds for him
Wild honey from the stolen limb.
And for a moment dear and brief
I see an urchin's round eyes follow
A bee's flight thru the timbered hollow,
Unmindful of time's grief, time's grief.

THE HOLD-UP

BY MARY J. ELMENDORF

By the bend of the lonely road he lurked,
His black mask blotting his face,
His gun in his hand, alert and alive
With a panther's quicksilver grace.

Thick were the boughs overhanging the
road;
Sheer was the cliff at the right;
A rocky precipice plunged at the left
Into a chasmal night.

With jangle of harness and thud of
hoof

The stage came lurching around
The turn. Four horses sprawled on
their haunches.

The highwayman stood his ground.

"Hands up! Out, all of you—lively
now!"

The driver cursed through his teeth,
But he held the quivering ponies back
From a grave in the torrent beneath.

Old and young, with lifted arms,
Out of the coach they came.
One was a woman with frosted hair;
One was a girl and lame.

The eyes of the woman were wide with
terror—

One brown and the other one gray.
The hands of the lame girl trembled like
leaves

And her lips were white as whey.

"The lady's fainted!" someone cried.
"Look to her, girl. I'm not
A robber of women," the bandit growled.
"You men—let's see what you've got."

"She's dead!" the cry shot piercingly
upward,
Stabbing the air like a dart.
"Too much of a shock," a harsh voice
muttered.

Another one sighed: "Weak heart."

The highwayman glanced at the limp,
gray head

In the curve of the lame girl's arm.

"Say, boys," he gulped in a queer,
quick tone,

"I never intended her harm."

Closer he came, wary and wiry.

"Back there—stand back there, you
men!"

The eyes of the driver narrowed.
Adroitly

He shifted a hand, and then—

"I've got him—he's covered!" he roared
with an oath.

Somebody gasped for breath.

"Fetch me the rope from under my
seat—

He'll pay for this woman's death!"

The lame girl frantically caught at the
rope.

"No, Dave, not that way!" she cried.
The face of the driver was cold as
granite.

Grimly he pushed her aside.

They tore the mask from the bandit's
face;

The features were youthful and clean.

The bold eyes blazed, but he spoke no
word.

Tall he stood and lean.

Continued on page 194

SLUICE BOX

A LONDON FANTASY

BY BRASSIL FITZGERALD

"I often wonder what the vintners buy"

IT was a quiet hour in the tavern.
The day was jaded and the night was
timid in the streets.

A potboy sprinkled sand.

A countryman with smelling boots dozed by
the fire.

It was warm.

And in the inglenook a voice droned pleas-
antly:

"My Ariel, chick,

That is thy charge: Then to the Elements

Be free, and fare thou well."

The voice fell in a sigh.

"It ends thus, Ben.

"Twill do, I think.

It was a dream, you know. A curious dream,

And now it's come to words.

We'll sell the dream.

What say you, Ben?"

Ben Jonson stirred his bulk against the
table edge

And on his pock-marked face there came a
frown.

He dipped the flagon to his cup,

"Twill do," he said.

"The people love you, Will, and so—'twill do.

Should run three weeks. A thousand cups
of sack.

What wouldst thou, man?

We all have dreams and turn 'em into
shillings.

The groundlings pay the score—and we grow
old.

The Tempest—is it?

A pretty piece.

But mark you, Will, 'tis not great art.

A curious fancy? Yes.

A gift of poesy—and something more.

A—damme if I know—a seeing deep.

And yet, by God! I build the better plays.

The classic Unities,

I mind them shrewdly.

I pull to harness, Will;

While you—

You leap the hedge like any unlicked colt

And gambol where you please.

It isn't art."

Will Shakespeare's eyes were gentle deep;

A man with greying beard, you'd pass upon
the street

And not look twice.

Only his eyes were sad and deep.

He smiled at Ben across the guttering candle-
light.

"Twill make sack, coz. That's something.

Let it be."

Now while they drank and mused a man
came to them;

A little certain man, precise of look and
speech.

The London fog was in the tavern

And he was like a shadow out of it.

The potboy did not see him.

The drover belched and nodded in his sleep.

The man was there and speaking in a certain
voice.

"It likes me not, this idle talk of sack.

Sirrah!

Wouldst make thy lady Muse a tavern wench,

Like any trull that smirks for greasy
pennies?

I know thy plays.

Thou hast a kind of talent,

But ever wilt thou please the groundings

And pleasing them—art one of them.

Hamlet, thou spoiled

With drunken diggers and the hack of swords

And stable smut to make the lackeys laugh.

Mammon hath wenched thy art."

Will Shakespeare's face was still.

Ben Jonson growled.

The shadowy voice went on:
"And thou hast been a thief—hast gone to
Books for plots:
An artist looks at life, and thou
At histories.
Go back to Stratford, Will.
To Stratford and thine own experience.
Let's have the Avon fields.
The look of them—the smell of them;
The dung on honest ploughboys' boots.
Thy fancy roams the world and tells us—
lies.
Miranda never lived.
Give us some wench of Stratford."

The voice trailed off and was the shuffling
of the potboy's shoes.
The door creaked in the wind.
Ben Jonson's rugged paw that once laid
brick
Rubbed the amazement from his brow.
"Did'st hear it, Will? Did'st so?
There's ghosts that walk these London fogs,
But zounds! what ghost was that?"

Shakespeare's long fingers pulled his beard.
"Methinks it was a don; some Oxford don.
His words smelled academic."
He laughed within his beard.
"Perchance it was a don not yet alive,
A don that is to be when our Globe's a mar-
ket place
Where cattle moo in place of Burbage.
The dons are all so old;
Even the young ones, Ben."

Ben's laughter rumbled out:
"Thou hast a crazy fancy, Will.
We heard it not.
There's voices in the grape."

The wine dripped on the foolscap.
The potboy yawned.
Will Shakespeare's eyes were deep and very
sad.
"It said, 'Go back to Stratford.'
Perchance I will.
Anne must be wrinkled now.
Well, so am I. And tired, Ben.
But still one dreams;
And dreams are sold for sack."

CIRCLES

BY RAYMOND KRESENSKY

A TALL, skinny girl came down the
gully. When she came to the bank
of the stream she stopped and for a
moment stared into the sluggish water. Then
she ran up the bank as if trying to get
away from something.

When she reached the top she found her-
self on a small rise of land. The wind
blew her long calico skirt against her legs
and twisted her hair to one side. Her hair
was bleached a straw yellow and the wind
made it scraggly. Her face was browned
and when her forehead relaxed there were
white lines to show where the wrinkles had
been. Most of the time the wrinkles were
there and her eyes squinted, squinted into
the white sun, against the hot winds, across
the monotonous prairie.

She looked back of her, in front of her
and to both sides, and there was nothing
but prairie. The horizon described a dizzy
circle around her and it never varied up
or down. White, blue sky above and brown
prairie beneath—her eyes closed and she
clenched her hands.

Presently, opening her eyes, she studied
the prairie. Here and there were patches
of buckbrush with a tint of red. Sage,
"old man," "shoe string" and "dusty miller"
turned one small hill gray. When the wind
caught the grasses they rippled like water.
The prairie could be silver, but the girl
thought of dry, dusty sage that choked her.

She looked down to the stream below her.
The stream had never had enough force to
cut its way through the hills, for it was
nothing more than a thin line of lakes and
ponds. She saw a brown bittern rise from
the water, squawking out of the stillness.
And on the tall weed a red-wing balanced
itself. Three black crows came out of the
distance. Flying and cawing over the valley
they alighted in a clump of willows.

The girl could see the narrow paths wind-
ing down to the water. The buffalo had
gone there once. Now they had disappeared
with the Indians. She sought out a small
circle of stones a little back on the prairie.
Here a tepee once stood and the stones had
been rolled away from the tent when the
Indians left. Indians and buffalo had left,

but far back on the prairie there were small sod houses. A thin line of blue smoke showed the girl where her mother and father lived.

A narrow circle of horizon, jack rabbits, sage and buckbrush—not like New England. If she let her thoughts go back she'd see tall elms and a lake of water by moonlight. White houses and herself running over to the neighbors. Husking bees, dances, and many friends. She would not dare to think of them. The circle of stones and the circle of horizon held her. She could not go beyond.

She rose and kicked away the stones, as if the break the circle, and all the time she was biting her lip. Hot tears were running down her face. She stopped and braced herself as if to tear open the circle of horizon. Her head was held high and defiantly. But the circle was tightened on her.

Night was shadowing the valley. Far on the other side she saw a small light and she recognized the home of her nearest neighbor. The night emphasized loneliness. The first cries of the night animals stabbed like pins. The chilly wind turned her aside. That light was the light in the home of an old sourdough.

"I tell you," he once said to her father, "We folks out hyar getting crowded out. Cemetery's all taken up."

Recalling his high-pitched, alkali-cracked voice, she somehow smiled.

Circles for everyone, maybe.

She cut out across the prairie and hurried home.

MOUSE-LIKE ONE

BY DORIS LUCILE BRADLEY

SO you see, Renehan, what your arguing has done. I *did* "get an education." I delved as deeply as possible into your revealing sciences and glamorizing arts. And I tell you that for me it was a waste of time and more. No, I wasn't bored. I was brutally disillusioned. I grew up in a world whose apparent beauties and subtle veillings made it endurable. What was termed ugly was merely bizarre. And now I've plucked at it dutifully, torn off fragments that fit nowhere, and turned the petty microscope on

puzzles that no one ever can really understand.

What an agony of learning! Trying to sense the why and wherefore of—what? Of Things whose Truth is eternally at the feet of the sky.

I mean it, Renehan, you've shattered quite successfully my own crystal globe. You think I'm going thru what the almanacs designate a soliterraneous storm period, that I'll soon subside and gradually use and appreciate the electrical currents with which Education has charged my mind.

Oh, Renehan, have you forgotten my love of sunsets? Now I do not see the incredible sweep of passion that buries the deathless sun. I see merely a chaos of unformed mists. The stars that formerly lured me with a thousand messages are now catalogued mathematical entries. My "trained" mind analyzes and criticizes masterpieces I once loved, but the pleasure of loving is lost in dissecting. And do I care how the Master arrives at this or that effect, how he mixes his themes and colors, or the name and history of his art? It is always disastrous to stand behind the artist's shoulder . . .

But above all, Renehan, I condemn you for—the prosaic knowledge of Knowledge.

Yes, I am weary from this burden, this supplement to Life's infinite complexities.

THE BOGIE OF THE BOX

BY FRANK B. LINDERMAN

WE were gathered in Bill Mosby's cabin, six of us. The fireplace lighted the room, and the storm outside was forgotten in recounting the credulities and ancient beliefs of men.

"The superstitions that pursued our forbears like wolves in the wilderness of dense ignorance still cast an occasional shadow across our way," said the major, a little heavily, rapping the ashes out of his pipe against an andiron.

"Ain't it the truth," said Bill. "My grandmother'd die before she'd go anywhere on the thirteenth, or buy anything on Friday; an' do you know, I hate to do it, myself. But I do do it. I *make* myself do it. Not to spite old Granny's ghost, but to drag myself away from them same wolves that chased her all her life."

At this Harry Stanford chuckled. He's a big man, and his chuckles are contagious. "When I was a kid I played with Indians and half-breeds of my own age, here in this town of Fort Benton," he said, his eyes merry. "What the Major said concerning shadows has brought something to my mind.

"An Indian had died. The squaws were wailing across the river there; and the next day the dead man was buried up on the hill, just put into a rough box that was placed upon a rack or low scaffold made of sticks to keep it from the ground. The weather was warm, good and warm. A few days after the funeral a half-breed boy came to me and said: 'My mother says that if you stick a rye-grass stem up a dead man's nose he'll open his eyes.' I can't think of that boy's name just now, but perhaps it will come to me. Anyhow, I told him that I didn't believe it.

" 'Well, it's so. My mother says it's true, an' she knows, I guess,' he declared, belligerently.

"That rather got me. His mother was a full-blood Blackfoot squaw, and knew a great deal, I felt certain. So I said, 'Let's try it. There old Big-bull up there. He hasn't been dead very long.'

"We agreed that at sundown (I believe we made it after dark in the first agreement, but nobody kept the date) we were to go to the hill, and push a rye-grass stem up the nose of Big-bull to see him open his eyes.

"We met before sundown. There were three of us, two half-breed boys and myself, and we had the finest collection of rye-grass stems you ever saw. The sun was yet half an hour high when *Napoleon Deschamps*—that's his name, said, 'Come on; Ha! I ain't afraid.'

"We began to climb the hill. As we drew near to the place, and anybody'd know we were nearing it, I noticed that the brave Napoleon was weakening, that the enterprise had suddenly lost a lot of zest. So I taunted him, a bit. 'Fraid of a dead Indian! Ha, 'fraid!'

" 'I ain't.'

" 'You are.'

"We were nearing the rough box now, and with the instinct of plainsmen, got on the windward side of the remains. A big

black raven flew over us as we ranged ourselves alongside the box. I shall never forget the awfulness of the noises that came from that old bird's black throat.

" 'Well, what you waiting for?' I asked. 'Fraid?'

" 'No, I ain't,' he declared, and lifted the cover from the box.

"Gosh! There was old Big-bull with a buffalo robe wrapped about him, his face turned toward the sky. His visage was wrinkled, deeply, his eyes already sinking into his head.

"We stood there, the three of us, a prickly sensation creeping up my legs like a million red ants. 'Well,' I whispered, 'do it, if you're going to.'

"Napoleon hesitated. Somehow I couldn't taunt him now, looking at the shriveled face of Big-bull. But remembering that I was a *white* boy, and of a brave race, I selected a rye-grass stem from my own store, and with a hand that trembled a little, I guess, pushed it close to the nostril of the dead man. I was hesitating now, myself, when, Lord! Napoleon shoved my elbow! The rye-straw went into the nostril half its length. My hand struck his nose, the nose of the corpse!

"Wow! Down the hill we tore, the three of us. And here, again the white blood asserted itself; I was ahead.

" 'Wait—w-a-i-t' called Napoleon, in gasps as we fled down that hill.

"Wait nothing. I never stopped until I was back in this old town; and it was some time before the others got in, I'll tell you that. When they did get in, Napoleon panted, 'Gosh! Oh, gosh! He *done* it; didn't he? Gosh!'

"And speaking of shadows, I still believe that old Big-bull *did* open his eyes that evening, even though I know positively that he did *not*."

TO A WRITER READING HIS OWN WORK

BY ALICIA O'DONNELL

The words

You dwell upon

Are nauseously sweet.

Why voice them so to crystallize

The ill?

THE OPEN RANGE

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

JOURNAL OF THE EXPLORATION OF THE
NORTH FORK OF THE KOYUKUK BY
AL RETZLAF AND BOB MARSHALL

DIARY OF ROBERT MARSHALL

July 25, 1929. At 8:50 we left Wiseman for a 25-day exploration of the North Fork of the Koyukuk River and the adjacent Brooks or Endicott Mountains. Al led the spirited but strong Brownie, I the docile but weak Bronco. Brownie carried about 175 pounds, Bronco 150. Both horses we had rented from Jack Hood, farmer and teamster of the Wiseman. We followed the road seven miles to Nolan in an intermittent rain. When we reached Marsan's, Mr. Marsan insisted that we go no farther, but spend the rest of the day and the night there, and he insisted so strongly we couldn't decline. . . .

July 26, 1929. The kindly Marsans refused to take anything for our meals and board. They treated us, though we were total strangers prior to two days before, like favorite brothers.

Before starting out Mr. Irish and Jess Allen, who had hunted sheep up the North Fork the previous winter, drew us maps, showed us pictures, and explained to us as much about our route as men who had never been over it in summer could do. It seems that only five white men in all history have been up the North Fork as far as Clear Creek: Ernie Johnson, who has hunted there several winters; Irish, Harvey, and Jess Allen, who hunted there last winter; and Ed Marsan, who was up as far as Clear Creek the winter of 1907. No one has ever explored Clear Creek except for a short stretch between about 8 and 15 miles above the mouth. The West Fork has had considerable travel by people going over to Wild Creek.

We left Nolan at 8:30 and headed for Pasco Pass. We were aided for a way by

wood roads, but later wasted more time looking for them than they helped us. Much burned territory. An old cabin in the pass. From here we could see two ponds on the flat below us. We dropped down the steep hillside and crossed the flat exactly between the two. Here we got our first taste of niggerheads. I might as well explain right here what these curses are. They are tufts of sedge which gradually build up out of the swamp, the younger sedge growing out of the dead remains of the earlier ones. As they grow larger they also grow wider so that they are much bigger on top than below, becoming more or less mushroom shaped. They get to be 18 inches to 4 feet high. They are, of course, very topheavy, and when you step on them they are almost certain to bend over and pitch you off into the swamp. But when you try to walk in the swamp you have to step over these high humps, and sometimes they grow so close together you get your foot caught in between. Either way it's hell. Anyway, we struck $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile of this going which seemed like five, and at one place we were afraid we couldn't get the horses through. But we were green then. This was nothing to some of the spots on the North Fork.

But finally, near the west end of the western lake, we struck an old sled road which led right down to Glacier Creek and across to the Henry Yale cabin. On the way Al pulled a stunt I had never seen before. In a small brook was a grayling trout. Al grabbed the shovel and by a quick thrust caught the fish right in the middle, pinned it against the bottom, and cut it in two. It tasted very nice for lunch.

The Yale cabin was filthy but a haven from the mosquitoes. We rested the horses there four hours. When we left the cabin we left our last trial behind. We descended Glacier (Seattle) Creek for five miles, crossing it twice. At one creek, which headed from a red mountain and mouthed at a white bluff, Al said: "Just a couple of minutes and I'll get us those two trout in there for dinner." And sure enough, in two minutes he had cut a pole, tied his line and landed both fish. We camped at the ruins of an old cabin. The mosquito-proof tent was a great blessing.

July 27, 1929. We descended Glacier Creek for a mile to Conglomerate. Here Al fished a couple of hours and caught about 35 trout while I made various ecological observations. . . .

We followed up the North Fork for four miles, now on the hillsides just above it, now on the bars. We made camp on the side of a hogback between the mouth of Richmond Creek and the river, pasturing the horses across the creek. We pitched our tent among a cluster of firekilled spruce, tying the tent between the trees. . . .

As an example of the great fire hazard in this country, despite the long winters, the boggy country, and the rain, the following may be cited: The small cooking fire we built on the moss almost immediately started racing away through the dry lichen, plate moss, and dead blueberry bushes. Had to trench all the way around the fire to make it safe. I dug down 6 inches to a foot without hitting mineral soil, but it was wet enough down there that the fire couldn't possibly spread.

July 28, 1929. About a mile ahead of us was a limestone bluff which rose sheer from the river for about 400 feet. We had to climb above this, and kept up on the hillside all morning. Encountered fair going despite niggerheads, to which we are becoming accustomed. Dropped down to Bonanza Creek for lunch and let the horses feed for 3½ hours. . . . There was considerable spruce on the lower slopes of the mountains, especially east of the river. West of it most had been burned off. The trees of the valleys were chiefly hardwood: white birch, willow, alder, but there was also some spruce.

We started again at ten minutes to six and struck five miles of exceptionally tough travel, the hardest yet encountered. It was straight niggerheading. . . .

But when we struck the river bars shortly before the 8:30 P. M. sun dipped behind the high western mountains every hardship and discomfort was forgotten in the presence of the rugged mountains sprayed by the soft light of evening, and the turbulent river rolling wildly from the unexplored north.

We made camp among the gravel bars of several sloughs, about 200 yards back from the river. Here was the best horse feed we had struck yet: some grass but mostly Equisetum. The sloughs were all cut up with moose tracks.

It got very cold this night, dropping to 29° F., which was quite a record for July. At nine in the morning small puddles of water were still covered with ice.

July 29, 1929. Left camp at 10:30. Followed the river bar for quite a way, but then it ended and we had to take to the brush. Alternately all morning we varied from bar to brush, making about three miles an hour on the former and one-half mile per hour in the latter. At one place we had to cut a patch one-eighth mile through a jungle of fallen cottonwood and live alder. It took us 1½ hours to make this eighth mile: several men have covered one-eighth mile in 21 seconds. . . .

The West Fork we reached at 2:25. It is a big river about the size of the North Fork of the Coeur d'Alene. We had to climb out of the bottom here into niggerhead terrain. We stopped for lunch at a place where we were scared to hobble the horses for fear the horses would break their legs, so we had to tie them to trees. The mosquitoes were fierce, but by crawling inside a mosquito tent we ate lunch quite comfortably if somewhat cramped. Just as we were ready to start again we saw a big black bear. Al took two shots at 400 to 500 yards but missed.

Now came three miles of the worst niggerheads we had yet encountered. It was mount up and fall off and stumble and sink into mud above your shoetops and drag the horses and in general pretty nearly wear yourself out.

Finally we reached the river and struck a mile of easy bars. We camped early at a

lovely island where we found the only passable horse feed of the day. Back of it, across the main channel of the river, rose a 3,500-foot mountain with ravines and ridges covered by dark spruce below and a thousand feet of gray rock to cap the summit.

It got very cloudy again toward evening.

July 30, 1929. Rained from 8:20 A. M. to 3:00 P. M. and was cloudy the rest of the day. Stayed in camp all day.

July 31, 1929. This was one of those days on which everything goes wrong and yet the net result is better than if everything had happened perfectly.

We started out all right: got breakfast, broke our two nights' camp, cached about 25 pounds of food in the branches of a cottonwood, packed and were away before nine. It rained a little in the morning, but about eleven cleared up into a perfect day.

For three miles things went nicely as we followed up Clear River, the east fork of the North Fork of the Koyukuk. But then we came to the foot of the Clear River Canyon, where the river boiled between precipices which came down sheer to the water's edge. It seemed impossible to get the horses through here, so we decided to essay the left-hand hillside of the canyon. As we progressed we had to keep continually rising because the walls of the canyon kept rising. After three miles we came to a point where we got a superb view of the upper end of the canyon; saw a turbulent river raging between giant cliffs for 10 miles. I suppose there are probably a couple of hundred canyons as fine as this one scattered throughout the North American continent, but even so there was an indescribable joy at viewing this bit of perfection, and a great egotistical thrill at the thought that we were quite surely the first white men who have ever gazed upon it.

But aesthetic joys are one thing, practical considerations quite another, and so the very steepness which added so much to the grandeur of the canyon made a descent to it with horses impossible. As we continued, our side hill route grew rougher and rougher. We both scouted for ways down but without avail. After another mile we had to rest the horses and so we ate lunch. During this rest period Al found a snail in the dry bed

of a receded glacier, a most surprising place. We saved it for Mozely. I bored several spruce trees and found the exceedingly slow growth anticipated.

A mile after resuming our journey our side hill route became so extremely rough that we didn't dare to take the horses a step farther. We decided to strike for the summit of the hill on the side of which we were traveling. At this point we were probably 1,200 feet above the river and about 1,300 feet below the peak. We reached the summit after nearly losing the horses several times in the soft underfooting left behind by the recently receded glacier.

The view from the top gave us an excellent idea of the jagged country toward which we were heading. The main Brooks Range divide was so high that it was entirely covered with snow. Close at hand, only about 10 miles air-line to the north, was the exceedingly precipitous east portal of the Gates to the Arctic, which I tentatively christened Boreal. The west portal I called the Frigid Crags. To the east and southeast also stretched range after range of unscaled mountains, less rugged than those to the north, however. Directly below us to the northeast was a low pass connecting the North Fork with Clear Creek. Across it were several cliffy peaks, also that strange mountain we had been told about which is capped by a great red star, or at least we could see three of the points of the star from where we were. The other two which should be on the far side I believe are missing. From the center or peak of the star to the furthest tip is probably 1,500 feet. In the pass were about half a dozen ponds, of which all but one flowed into the North Fork. Toward the single Clear River pond we determined to descend and camp for the night. In the morning we would make the eight miles or so over to the North Fork, giving up for the present our plans of further exploring Clear River, due to the impossibility of bringing horses up there.

We descended rapidly to within about half a mile of the pond, to a place where a few spruce trees seemed to furnish the most eligible site for a camp. The rest of the country for miles around was treeless. Water was poor and some distance away, feed was

poor, and the mosquitoes thick as hell, but we knew the horses must be terribly tired after their fatiguing day, so we stopped.

The ground was so rough we thought we would chance leaving the horses without hobbles. Evening in this barren land was thoroughly enjoyed as we cooked supper. As usual we ate inside the tent, because to lift our mosquito nets long enough to consume the meal outside would have been positive agony. After supper, stretched out in that luxurious ease which can only follow a real hard day, Al regaled me with stories of moose hunts. He had just killed his third or fourth when all of a sudden we noticed that the horse bell had stopped ringing. We jumped out of the tent. The horses were nowhere to be seen. Following tracks Al took up the mountain at a breakneck speed in the direction from which we had come. In just 19 minutes he was back leading the two renegade horses, after having chased them nearly a mile. This time we hobbled them. Then we dropped down to the little pond below us. While the sun was setting far to the north Al fished unsuccessfully and I collected a few snails, until we chanced to look up the mountain and saw the horses just disappearing. A wild dash for both of us followed. After a mile of heartbreaking sprinting over niggerheads we got above the horses, easily caught them, and led them back to camp. We now realized it was out of the question to stop here. The mosquitoes were so bad and the brush to scratch on so lacking that the horses were simply driven crazy, and would unquestionably run away again, hobbles and all. So we broke camp and at 10:30 started for the North Fork, eight miles away.

That midnight journey was one of those memorable occasions a person can't forget. We were both just tired enough to be in a placid mood of resignation to take a lot of punishment. But the punishment didn't come; the going really was relatively good. Only at a few creek crossings did we have much trouble, and also at one soft side hill. Here Bronco, which Al was leading, went down in the muck. I thought for a moment he was lost. But Al was wonderful. He talked to the excited horse just as one would speak to a baby, and while he was calming it down he cut off the pack. Meanwhile un-

der Al's directions I had Brownie safely across the ooze, and together we then pulled Bronco out and led him to dry land. When we repacked him it made the sixth packing he had undergone that day, once in the morning, once after lunch, once at the start of the night march, twice when the pack shifted, and now. Generally we only have to pack each horse twice.

The remainder of the night passed peacefully. The red glow of sunset moved from the west to the north and then around to the east. It never really got dark, though at midnight it was distinctly dusky. We passed numerous gray ponds. Once at about one o'clock we came to one bigger than the rest. At the water's edge a large bull moose stood outlined in the dawn-light against a hillside covered with a pale yellow mat of reindeer moss. The pink eastern sky mixed with the black of scattered spruce trees, in the reflection in the water.

At two o'clock we reached the North Fork, just as the sun was tipping the high peaks to the west. Over Boreal floated a single pink feather. We soon found a fine place for the horses to feed, with plenty of brush on which to scratch. In a jiffy they were unpacked and turned loose, and shortly later the tent was up and we were enjoying our long deferred slumber.

August 1, 1929. We slept off our night's debauch until quarter to ten. Spent the remainder of the morning doing minor jobs in a leisurely manner.

At 1:15 started up the river again. We travelled 10 miles, following bars virtually all of the way. We waded the river 10 or 12 different times, the water being anywhere from 1½ to 3 feet deep, and always quite swift.

As we advanced the mountains became more and more precipitous until finally they culminated in the Gates of the Arctic. Here on the west side of the valley a whole series of bristling crags, probably at least a score, towered sheerly for perhaps 1,500 feet from an exceedingly steep 1,500-foot pedestal. From a similar base on the west rose Boreal with almost a sheer precipice of 3,000 feet or so. This mountain in all rose about 5,000 feet almost straight up. Between these two stupendous walls, the valley was probably a mile, mostly covered with dry river bars.

Thank goodness this was not in the United States, for if it were the wild sublimity of this gorge would almost certainly have been exploited. Fancy and sumptuous hotels, automobile roads, dance pavilions would clash totally with the natural beauty which caused their existence. As it was, we camped in the very center of the Gates, 74 miles from the closest human being and over 1,000 miles as one would travel to the nearest automobile. This was a fitting environment in which to view for the first time the scarcely ever viewed Gates of the Arctic.

August 2, 1929. Left the Gates at 10:30 and proceeded upstream one mile to a large brook which came in from the west. Here Al stopped for 50 minutes to fish. Continued up four more miles, mostly along the river bed. The stream forked into 6 or 8 channels so that we were wading continually. At one place we cut through a spruce forest in which many trees exceeded 12 inches at D. B. H. and one actually measured 15.2 inches at 4½ feet above the ground. Some tree for north of latitude 68. Its height was about 60 feet.

We ate lunch opposite the mouth of a deep gulch surrounded by more pyramidal-shaped mountains than I have ever seen concentrated together. Consequently called this bit of topography Pyramid Gulch. From our lunch place there was a superb view of the Gates: Frigid, a couple of jagged needles protruding from a pyramidal base; Boreal, just a great wild looking tower of rock. On the north side of this mountain, just under the east peak, which is probably the highest one, is a large hanging glacier. From every side we have seen this mountain, and that means every side except the east, it seems absolutely impossible of ascent.

After lunch we continued up stream for 3 miles, when we came to a place where the river forked into two branches of almost identical volume. One, after twisting a little to get through a small canyon, continued into a broad valley which ran N1°E just as the one we were following had run for 30 miles. The other turned sharply to the east and entered a chasm between some very high mountains, especially to the south. We climbed a low ridge between the two, and after a little consideration concluded that the one that continued straight north was

Anatovic Pass River, while the one which bent to the east was the main river. If this was really Anatovic it came in some seven miles too soon for where Irish and Allen told us it should be.

We camped between the two rivers in a spot with a view which certainly tied for being the prettiest in the world because it was perfect.

August 3, 1929. This was a very hot and muggy day. The thermometer rose to 80 in the shade; in the sun it must have been over 90. Puffing up the rolling hills on the west bank of Anatovic we both felt more as if we were in the tropics than the Arctic. Except for the niggerheads.

Five miles above the mouth of Anatovic we saw the last spruce. Six miles up we found the most satisfactory feeding since we left the Island Camp, so we decided to make camp though we had only covered 6 miles.

After lunch I set out to climb the mountain rising directly back of us. Al had a headache and stayed home. He caught 24 grayling in 25 minutes, including one which was 20 inches long.

My mountain rose about 3,500 feet above camp. It was just one great pile of loose slate heaped up in spots to the very steepest possible angle of repose. At places I had to go exceedingly carefully in order not to start a landslide which would carry me down a couple of thousand feet. The final going was along a knife edge of crumbly rock.

The view from the summit—but I must jump into the superlative again. This really was the finest of all. The hour and 20 minutes I spent on the top of the Slatepile were easily worth the entire journey to Alaska. In every direction rose mountains higher than mine. I seemed to be on a pedestal in the center of a great towering amphitheater with more precipitous and lofty walls than anyone ever dreamed of. But there was variety as well as grandeur. To the southeast were three ragged giants with great glaciers near their summits. One of the three (Boreal) together with the ever cragged Frigid bounded the great Gates of the Arctic to the south. Westward, against a clouded sun six massive black needles projected into the sky, and there was also a great black basin at their base. Northward about 15 miles was the main Endicott Range,

least jagged of the visible mountains, but higher than any and capped with snow. Through a notch I could see rocky mountains still further beyond, on the Arctic side of the divide. They appeared entirely barren. In the same direction I could also look into the head of the John River, and could pick out the route we were to follow, though Anatovic Pass itself was hidden by an immense nearby rock looking something like the pictures of Gibraltar, but three times as high.

August 4, 1929. Got away to a good start and pushed all morning up the Anatovic, sometimes keeping the stony river bed, sometimes among the willows, sometimes on the rocky or slightly soggy side hills. The river ran quite rapidly, dropping perhaps 125 feet to the mile. About noon we entered a canyon through which the water poured with great fury. We had all we could do to force ourselves and the horses up the channel, and were in continual fear that they would slip and break their legs on the great boulders. The river made a Z going through this canyon. When we reached the upper arm it levelled off again and ran smoothly for several miles through a level floored canyon.

The new valley was bounded by higher and darker and more dangerous looking precipices than I have ever known of. It beat Yosemite all hollow. On either side cliffs of brittle slate rose from a 1,000-foot U-valley slope for two or three thousand feet. For five miles these immense boundaries to the canyon stretched, with only two or three narrow breaks on either side where deep side canyons had been cut in the soft rock. Much of the strata of these sheer mountain faces was tilted at about 30 degrees, and consisted alternately of hard and soft rock. Wherever the soft strata crossed the skyline they had crumbled away, leaving in between hard serrations which added to the jaggedness of the scene.

After five miles of this austere grandeur the Valley of Precipices came to an end.

Here, 101 miles from the closest human being, we made camp among the bleakest surroundings imaginable. There was no timber nearer than 13 miles; just dwarfed and tangled willow in the river bottom. . . .

August 5, 1929. Next day a wind lashed a cold downpour against the tent for 12 hours. We cooked breakfast and supper, but it was

too soaking to make a fire for lunch. The thermometer hovered between 51 and 55 all day, but the penetrating wind and the barren country made it seem 20 degrees colder.

Immediately after breakfast Al started out in the drenching rain for the West Fork to pan for gold. I sat peacefully and comfortably in the tent reading "Diana of the Crossways" to the beat of the rain on the canvas. Suddenly I heard the horses snorting and dashing down hell-bent toward the tent, their hobbles affording but slight impediment to their progress. I dashed out with sugar and succeeded in mollifying them enough to halter and get control of each, but they were still terribly agitated. I thought maybe they'd stepped into a hornets' nest or smelled a bear. Suddenly Bronco gave a tremendous leap, tore completely out of my grasp, and started like fury down the valley. Brownie tried to follow but I managed to cling to him, though I could not stop his progress. Then looking up to the hills 100 feet above camp and perhaps 600 feet away I saw an immense, whitish brown humped mass taking gigantic strides toward camp. It was a grizzly. A moment later another smaller one appeared in the background.

I managed to halt Brownie at the tent long enough to snatch up the gun which lay near the door, but then he continued dragging me down the valley toward Bronco, who had paused in terrible disturbance, for his comrade. Meanwhile the bear kept approaching the tent, the horses kept growing more agitated, and I was being dragged further from home and possessions. I couldn't take aim at the bear without dropping the halter and losing Brownie, so I shot from my waist without aiming and still holding the halter rope tightly. I thought to scare the bear, but the shot must have echoed and re-echoed, so that the grizzly imagined it came from behind him. Anyway, he proceeded to double his speed toward the tent. Then I knew there was no choice but to let Brownie go and shoot in earnest. I hit the bear all right, though not fatally, but anyway he turned around and retreated into the hills. The other bear had already disappeared.

The next job was to catch the horses, but this was not so easy. They were simply

wild, and galloped away toward the three forks, hobbles, halter, and all. By dashing as hard as I could over some rocks too rough for them and wading right through the river I managed to get below them. They stopped but when I tried to approach they charged by me with a force no human power could stop. By another short and desperate dash I managed to get below them again. Then I waited patiently in the chilling driven rain for the steeds to calm down. I pretty nearly shivered away. Finally after half an hour Brownie was composed enough to approach. I got hold of his halter again, but Bronco I couldn't touch. I started back for camp with Brownie, anxious to return and make sure the bear had not come back. I trusted that Broncho might follow. He did not, but anyway one horse was better than none. An eighth of a mile from camp Brownie, still frightened, refused to budge a step closer to the scene of his terror. I was prepared for another long, cold wait. But to my joy just then Al appeared about a mile away, coming down the West Fork. He saw Bronco, who had by this time calmed down enough to be caught. He joined me, and with this augmentation of forces Brownie regained a little courage and we proceeded together to the scene from which we had departed so precipitately an hour and three-quarters before.

August 6, 1929. A cold rain fell practically all day. Felt very uncomfortable in this beyond-timber camp. A tremendous volume of water coming down our fork of the Anatovic.

Read Krutch's "Modern Temper," made ecological observations in flat around camp, tried unsuccessfully to dry clothes by dismal fire between showers, and took afternoon walk to view Falls of the South West Fork and visit John River Divide. Got soaked; saw little. When I came back found that Al, with his remarkable ingenuity, had rigged up a stove for cooking inside the tent. It was made out of 5 candles and 1-lb. tea can.

The day was dismal and soggy. Only excitement when part of a mountain fell into the main Anatovic about two miles below camp. It nearly drove the horses wild, scared as they still were from the previous day's adventure. We determined to leave camp in the morning unless it was all cleared

off. We were afraid the rivers might rise so high as to cut us off from home. Discussed uncomfortable possibility of rain for the remaining 12 days of our trip.

August 7, 1929. Had a fine nine hours' rest. After breakfast it showed great hopes of clearing so we decided to take a chance and remain one more day while I made a try for the Arctic Divide.

As I set out up the North East Fork the mountains were covered with clouds, and they never became uncovered for more than brief instances all day. There was intermittent blue in the sky, and sunshine for brief periods, but there was more rain than sun. But despite the worst the weather could do it was a wonderful trip.

First came two miles of roaring river cutting through a slate canyon. About the end of the canyon a gulch came in from the south in which there was one sheer 200-foot waterfall, and hundreds of feet of cascades. A mile beyond on the left side a very deep canyon cut right back to the Arctic Divide. It must have fallen at a 10% grade. I thought I might get to the divide by following it up, but found it to be a box canyon ending in sheer granite cliffs. The lower part cut deeply through slate, and was filled with sandstone and igneous boulders which apparently are continually tumbling from the giant peaks which tower high above the canyon.

The main Arctic Divide is apparently set on a base of slate and capped by granite with occasional igneous intrusions. The top part exhibits sheer cliffs of about 1,500 to 2,000 feet for most of its course, but there are places where it has been eroded down into barely ascendable talus slopes. Great chunks of the mountain top break off from time to time, either leaving shattered fragments all over the lower mountain side, or else remain as tremendous chunks bigger than bungalows. I measured one such chunk which was almost box-shaped, being 20 feet high and 45 x 40 feet on the base. There was one canyon, a mile beyond the one I followed, filled with these great chunks of the mountain as well as myriad of smaller fragments.

Five miles above camp the creek forked again. One branch doubled back and went due south, apparently almost returning to

the North Fork near its junction with Anatovic. It was overhung by one great glacier, and one slender cascade, probably a thousand feet high. The left hand branch of the creek forked again after half a mile. The South Fork came plunging out of mountains half hidden by mist in leaps of 50 to 100 feet. It was still a big stream. The North Fork seemed to continue for miles through a deep canyon.

So many miles in fact that I gave up hope of getting to the divide by following streams and determined instead to climb directly to the top of the great tabletop mountain which we had seen intermittently for many miles of travel up the North Fork. It was stiff climbing up a talus slope almost too steep for repose, and near the top I had to be very careful not to dislodge any of the great boulders which seemed all poised to plunge down the mountain side. Just below the table were thousands of great, square projections sticking up in the air like sore thumbs. It was an unforgettable garden of rocks.

On the summit I was even worse off than Old Man Moses, while all I saw of the Arctic was fog and two barren, snowclad peaks visible for a brief instant in the shifting mist.

My tabletop mountain also had a little snow on it. The last thousand feet were entirely devoid of any vegetation except lichen. The last vegetation to be seen on the way up included: Arctic willow, alpine avens, sphagnum, a sedge, two lichens (*Letharia* and *Dactylina*), Arctic sandwort, and cassiope.

August 8, 1929. After a rainy night it promised to clear again in the morning, and the sun actually came out intermittently. We broke camp leisurely, allowing things to dry in the process. I climbed the hill on which the grizzly had been seen and took half a dozen pictures.

Anatovic Creek was a raging torrent, but we managed to ford it just above the Forks. The five miles through the Valley of Precipices was easy going and we hit up a three mile an hour pace.

We camped on a sandpile about a mile nearer the river than our previous camp. It was a good site except for the sand, which made quite a mess.

August 9, 1929. Al decided to stay in camp, do a little fishing, cook up a lot of bread and other food, which took a long time, and keep an eye on the horses. I set out to explore the Upper North Fork.

The flooded North Fork was turbulent and unfordable. Leaning trees from cut banks extended out over the water and framed shifting vistas of gray, jagged mountains, which looked exceptionally wild as a strong wind blew low flying black scuds across their summits. On each side of the broad U-shaped glacial valley tremendous rock masses rose into cloud-capped peaks. The highest and ruggedest were south of the river, being the two easterly of the "three ragged giants" which I had observed from Slatepile mountain. These great mountains rose probably five to six thousand feet above the valley floor. They were topped by hanging glaciers and sheer precipices. The most westerly of these two mountain masses we called Hanging Glacier. The easterly one we named the Matterhorn of the Koyukuk, though it appeared far less ascendable than its famous namesake. It would be impossible to express the diminutive feeling one has after walking for hours beneath the stupendous grandeur of these colossal mountains.

Though I have stressed the mountains south of the river, the great rock masses to the north, some of them with precipices a thousand feet sheer, would be things of surpassing wonder in almost any other region. Two good sized streams which cascaded into the North Fork from this side emptied from gorges which were tantalizing. But there was no time to explore them.

The Forks of the Upper North Fork were reached at one o'clock. They were about 11½ miles above the junction of the Upper North Fork and Anatovic Pass River. Here I measured a spruce 11.3 inches D. B. H., yet just a mile beyond was the last timber. This was about 20 years old. One thousand, two hundred feet back was some 70 years, 800 feet back of that some 130 years, and still another 1,000 feet back a stand of 170 years. This stepladder arrangement, together with the fast growth of the very most northerly trees, clearly seemed to indicate that it was not the severe climate which kept the forest from moving further north, but simply that there had not been time since

the recession of the last glacier for the seeds to blow further. A white spruce would probably have to be 50 years old before it bore seeds, and these would not be apt to blow more than 1,000 or 1,200 feet. Then there would have to be another wait of 50 years until these new trees matured seed before there could be another advance of the forest.

I followed up the river about two miles above the upper Forks, passing close under a great cliff. Returning the sun came out for a change and the Matterhorn of the Koyukuk became completely visible. Far down the valley it was storming violently, giving a curious cloud effect.

On either side of the Matterhorn were deep gorges. The upper had a fair sized brook which broke into a great silver plunge of several hundred feet height. The lower gorge was a narrow cleft which divided the Matterhorn from Hanging Glacier Mountain. This I determined to explore.

With much difficulty I managed to ford the North Fork at a place where it was broken into four channels. A quarter mile climb up the bottom of the U-valley brought me to the mouth of the cleft. This I followed for a mile and a half between frowning, almost overhanging walls till I came to an enforced halt when precipices rose unscalably on every side. But more marvelous were the waterfalls which literally were plunging down on every side. I was continuously in their spray, so narrow was the chasm. Some were just small trickles of water, but others were good sized streams. In all I counted 13 falls in this mile and a half with an estimated sheer drop of 200 feet or more, while the smaller cascades were innumerable. This, to be sure, was an abnormal condition due to the unprecedented rains of the past few days and their effect on melting the two hanging glaciers. But abnormal or not, it gave an impression which was in many ways the most unique that I have ever seen.

August 10, 1929. We found when we got started this morning that the heavy rains of the past few days had so swollen the North Fork that it had cut a new channel. Instead of joining Anatovic Pass River about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile below our camp, as it had done when we were on the way up, there was now

only a small slough entering that point, while the main stream came in three miles further down, clean at Pyramid Gulch. . . .

We pitched camp in a pouring rain right where we had pitched that morning after our all night march. It was so wet we had to split logs to get dry wood, and we were forced to start the fire under the shelter of a tarpaulin. But we got a dandy supper. Poured all evening, but the tent was dry and the beds warm, so after wringing out our clothes we retired for a comfortable night. . . .

August 11, 1929. It stopped raining just long enough for us to cook breakfast and break camp. But about when we resumed our march the rain, which had fallen all night long, resumed too. We struck two miles of easy going along river bars, but then had to take to the hills where we remained for about six miles. We kept high up above the river on ridges covered principally with reindeer moss, sphagnum, Labrador tea, sedge, and dwarf birch. The going was quite easy: the frequent views of the very winding river fine. But of the mountains we saw nothing but their bases. After three miles we crossed the highest point, and then descended gradually for three more to a big bend in the river. A mile before we reached it we stopped for lunch in a queer pit which was the basin of a dried up lake, about 200 yards across. The shoreline was plainly apparent all the way around. In the center were large stones so evenly sorted as to size that, as Al remarked, it looked as if someone had been there with the sifter. . . .

We found the Island Camp an island indeed. The shallow slough which had formerly separated it from the peninsula between the North Fork and Clear Creek was now a good sized though shallow pond. The North Fork was a wild river absolutely uncrossable except by boat or raft, whereas previously we could have forded it quite easily. Clear Creek rose three feet, and is now a raging torrent. It gives us a great deal of consternation as how we will get across. Our old ford is absolutely impossible, while the canyon precludes the possibility of going more than three miles upstream to find another. Very likely we will have to build a raft.

We found our cache intact, which was lucky. The streams are all so high and dirty we can't get fish any more, and so will not have any grub to spare.

After supper Al reconnoitered up Clear Creek for about a mile to find a possible ford. He reported it completely, absolutely and unequivocally out of the question to wade it. A raft is the only possibility. We could take ourselves and the stuff over that way and drive the horses across. But it is a chance at best. The only other thing we could do would be to wait two months for cold weather, when the river would go down and we could ford it. But we have only about five days of normal rations, with a fighting chance to get a moose. So that looks like a poor bet, too. Of course, we could barbecue the horses. And our nearest neighbor is 49 miles away.

August 12, 1929. I awoke this morning shortly after three with the desire to get up, but it was raining quite hard and bed felt so warm and comfortable that I couldn't make up my mind to arise. But after a while I did and went outside and discovered to my surprise that the water in the quiet slough next to camp had risen until it was almost up to the fire, and there was a strong current boiling through it instead of the former slackish water. I moved the cooking pots back to what I thought was a safe place, commented casually on the phenomenal rise of the water to Al, and then buried myself once more in bed. Moved by my report Al took one sleepy look out of the tent and immediately was all fire and consternation.

"Hurry, get up," he shouted. "We've got to get out of here God damn quick. The main river's cutting back of our island and if we're not damn fast we'll be cut off from everything."

Even this report didn't stir me very much at first: I thought he must be exaggerating, but one look at his grim countenance and feverish haste in dressing made me change my mind, and I started putting on my clothes with all speed. This was at 3:23. Al, dressed first, grabbed the halters and started after the horses, calling for me to hurry and pack things up. In a few minutes he was back, more agitated than ever.

"It's too late for the horses. It may be too late anyway, but we've just got a chance.

Water's up to my thigh already and cutting out the bottom. We've got a few minutes at best. Never mind the little things. Just pack up the tent and the bed rolls, but for heaven's sake hurry. I'll take this box awhile."

And away he went with his little pack-sack on his back, a heavy box of food on one shoulder, and the axe.

I continued the packing at breakneck speed; I appreciated our grave danger, but strangely enough never felt calmer in my life. But I'm so damn slow that Al was back again before the tent was struck. He admonished me to desperate haste, and I worked as desperately as I could. He started over again with my big packsack, the gun, and the extra harness. When he returned a third time I had the tent practically done up.

"Just about time for one more load," he cried, taking the other box of food and the tent. But it was too big a load and he had to drop the latter. I followed with his bed roll which also contained a great many stray items. We got across safely enough, though the water was nearly to our waists and just about as swift as we could stand. Then we immediately turned back, Al to pick up what was left around our old camp and I to recross with the tent. Then I returned and met Al under a clumsy load of everything that was left. I relieved him of his bed and some pots while he continued with the saddles, tarps, and shovels. It was 3:54 when we staggered on to the safe shore for the last time, just 31 minutes after Al's first alarm. Ten minutes later the channel was absolutely impassable to any human being. Had chance not aroused us when it did, had we slept even a quarter of an hour longer, we would have been caught like rats in a trap on a tiny island covered with willows and half a dozen cottonwoods from 3 to 6 inches in diameter. No game, no fish, only five days' food left, we would have either to stage a race between starvation and the autumn freezeup, or chanced the raging torrent clinging for life to a tiny log.

Sometime during the excitement it stopped raining. We set up camp again at what we assumed was a safe distance back from the river on the highest spot of ground we could find, but it barely gave us a four foot mar-

gin. I walked down once more to the edge of the river in the grim, gray light of a cloudy morning, and watched the absolutely mad torrent go raging by with a sheer power which defied comparison with even the mightiest of humanly developed forces. Mankind may be taming nature, but no man standing on the bank of the North Fork of the Koyukuk at 5 A. M. on this gray morning would ever claim that nature has been conquered.

We went back to sleep for three hours. Were awakened by a queer noise, which we feared meant one of the horses in distress. Once more we dressed as fast as we could, but when we reached the horses they were feeding calmly. We then continued up the North Fork half a mile to where we had seen the felled logs the day before. We found to our delight they were sound enough to use for a raft. We had by now decided that our only hope of escape from our trap between the unfordable North Fork on one side and Clear Creek on the other was by raft. The horses we would first make to swim Clear Creek.

We returned to our Refugee Camp for breakfast. By now it had definitely started to clear up, which made the situation a little more cheerful.

After breakfast we reconnoitered two miles up Clear Creek for a possible place to drive the horses across. There was none, and the river had run completely wild. It was split up into three or four different channels, each one impassable. It seemed almost as big as the North Fork, and much swifter. We estimated its speed at 15 miles an hour, the North Fork's as about 12. On the way back to camp we scared up a moose cow and calf. Al didn't have quite time to get a shot and felt very badly about it.

We now set out for the old logs which we were going to utilize, and started the construction of our raft. I say we, but it was really Al, for his was the plan, all of the skilled labor, and half of the unskilled work. He was very much of a hero today, both in the morning dash to safety where perhaps he saved both of our lives, and in his ready plan for a vessel to carry us from our dilemma. . . .

We first cleared out the brush and small trees from the area in which we were going

to build our raft. Then we cut two skids sloping to the edge of the water and laid nine 16-foot logs on top of these, alternating big and small end at one side. When they were all laid down they made a foundation for a raft 16 feet long and 6 feet 3 inches wide. Al very deftly notched each log above and below at both ends so that there were four grooves running the width of the raft, one each above and below at both ends. In these grooves we will fit stout, green spruce poles and by lashing them firmly together with rope we hope to provide a firm binding for the raft. These will be augmented by two smaller poles holding the center, by six 6 inch spikes which we found around here, and by additional rope. If I were born 100 years ago I would no doubt say that all we could then do would be to shove her off and pray, but as it is that last solace must be omitted and we will have to trust our lives to nine logs and the torrent of the Koyukuk.

August 13, 1929. Yesterday's beautiful weather is gone, and it is pouring once more. It is a case of now or never while the low water due to yesterday's dryness still holds. We will shove off the raft as soon as we can. This may be the last thing I ever write.

But everything turned out differently than expected due to one of the strangest breaks of fortune.

After 2 hours and 20 minutes of high tension work on the raft we finished it at 12:15.

As soon as we finished the raft we took the horses down to the very tip of the peninsula between Clear Creek and the North Fork and tried to make them swim Clear Creek to the main land on the east side of the North Fork. But they refused to do it, returning to us in great terror. This entirely upset our plans, for our only other choices were: to leave the horses; to wait for a big lowering in Clear Creek right when the prospects of clearing seemed nil and it had rained steadily for eight hours and our rations were reduced to four days; or to tow the horses after us on the raft, which in that shallow water and terrific current would have tremendously augmented the already great hazards of our voyage.

We started back up Clear Creek in a desolate way, vainly harboring the ridiculous

hope that we might by some 100 to 1 chance find a ford across which we could lead the horses. And by a chance so miraculous that if you read about it in a story you would say "impossible," we actually did find such a spot. About a quarter of a mile from the mouth the terrific current of Clear Creek was cutting a new channel and filling up the old one with a wall of boulders substantial enough that we could barely cross it. Meanwhile the new channel was not quite deep enough to bar us. Al tried the crossing, found it just passable and decided that if we rushed we could still make it before the new channel was too deep. We ran with the horses most of the way back to the raft, to which we had transported our entire equipment in the morning. It was all ready for loading. As fast as we could we unlashed the ropes from the raft, repaired the packing outfit, and packed the two horses. Inside of an hour we were back to our miracle ford. We crossed the torrent in a great semi-circle of about 200 yards distance. The river at the worst place where the new channel was being cut was 3 feet deep and raced along at about 8 miles an hour. By walking with the current, bracing ourselves for all we were worth, and using the horses for support we barely managed to get across. Several times we were swept off our feet, but by clinging to the halters were able to get our bearings again. Inside of five minutes we stood on the far shore, miraculously escaped from our flood toothed trap. An hour later and we would in all probability have been too late. An hour sooner would have been too early.

We proceeded down stream for $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles along the high bench just back of the river. Some niggerheads, but nothing very bad. At the end of that distance we dropped down to a flat about three feet above the river where there was scant but passable horse feed. We pitched camp in the same rain which had continued steadily since morning.

It was a cold, soggy night, a wild camp still 47 miles from our nearest neighbor, there were many hardships and possible perils ahead, but freed as we were from our nerve-wracking plight we felt cozier and jollier than if we were housed in a modern steam-heated apartment.

About 8:30 P. M. we heard part of a moun-

tain across the river tumbling down. It made a noise very much like thunder. This is all a very new country geologically. Mountains and rivers are in constant flux, and the effect of the recently departed glacier is everywhere manifest.

August 14, 1929. A soggy and uneventful day. Traveled 14 miles down the North Fork to the mouth of Bonanza Creek where we pitched camp among the willows. . . .

August 15, 1929. Rainy when we awoke, but it stopped before breakfast and we had a day of pretty fair travelling. . . .

August 16, 1929. Got off to an early start for the last day of our journey. Glacier Creek was high and exceptionally cold, but by taking a long, upstream ford we got across without too much trouble. We wrung out our pants and put on dry socks.

Followed up Glacier Creek for five easy and pleasant miles to the point opposite the Yale cabin where the sled road comes down to the creek. At Cutthroat Brook we ate lunch. Here Al caught the first fish since the floods. After the meal we checked up on what food we had left after twenty-three days and found the following to be the total: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. tea.

Continued up the sled road to that bad bog where we had encountered our first real niggerheads on the way out. They didn't seem nearly so serious after the three weeks' experience we had had in the meantime. . . .

When we struck the Nolan-Wiseman road the last real hardship was over. . . .

At the top of the long grade from Wiseman Creek to the Middle Fork we saw our first human being in 22 days. Pete Dow was standing beside his tent. He told us that there had been considerable speculation during the past few days whether we would come back.

At 7:30 we drew up in front of the roadhouse at Wiseman. A whole mob of people came out and welcomed us delightfully, held the horses, and helped us unpack. Jack Hood was there, too, and he was grinning from ear to ear. They had been kidding him and saying that we had probably crossed over to Fort Barrow and run off with the horses. Martin Slisco was more warm-hearted than ever. He kept slapping us on the back, and laughing, and reiterating how

relieved he was that we were back. There were many questions about the mysterious upper North Fork which it was very pleasant to answer. Martin soon had a delicious dinner ready with caribou liver the "piece de resistance." We rather gorged ourselves, but then we had been travelling on pretty light rations for several days.

Adventure is wonderful, but there's no

doubt that one of its joys is the end. That night there was a pleasure unknown to anyone who has not experienced days on end of cold and soggy weather in sitting in a dry room by a warm fire. That night lying in bed with no rising rivers, no straying horses, no morrow's route to worry about we enjoyed a peacefulness which made a glorious conclusion to a glorious adventure.

LETTERS FROM OLD-TIMERS

Editor's Note: These two letters to Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, author, with E. A. Briminstool, of *The Bozeman Trail*, are of human interest and of some historical value. Mr. Rivington has written several letters revelatory of his early deeds and friendships. "Portugee" Phillips was one of the frontier heroes of Wyoming. The late John Hunton, who wrote the letter about him, came to Fort Laramie in '67 and that winter bunked with Jim Bridger and two or three other men. His correspondence and journals have been left to Dr. Hebard to use as her judgment dictates. The letter printed here came to her on June 13, 1930, from John Hunton's widow. Neither letter has been published.

I. FROM TOM RIVINGTON

Gering Nebraska april 1930

Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard

Laramie Wyo

historian, Wyo, University

to day I was handed a clipping of a Wyo, paper which gave the deth of charles Bocker in november 1929

in the 60 and 70' I was well aquanted with charles Bocker in the 60 when the union pacific was bulding the railroad in, Wyo. Jim bridger—charles Bocker fidler smith (george Beldon Better Knon as the White cheaf.) We formed a company and made a trade with the grading camps. Wher by they would buy all the wild meat we would bring in Bridger—Beldon—and me wer to Kill the game and Smith—Bocker wer to hall it to the R. R. grading camps us hunters could get plenty of elk and deer and once in a while we would get a bair we don our hunting in the hill country South of fort steele for 3 weeks evry thing slid along smothe—bocker—drove a six horse team and he had a big load of meat but when he seen a band of indians coming his way he Jumped from the wagon and ran for the tall timber down in the river that is named the big sage river now for several days. he stade hid in the wood coverd nob's by the river and when he got to fort steele he found his teams and wagon there while, Bocker, was hid too of the indians drove the out fit to fort steele and sold them one

shure thing Jim Bridger never could get bocker to hall any more meat Bocker told bridger he did not wan to make the aquantence of any more wild indians then Bocker went to work in a tey camp the remaning for of us Kept up the wild game hunt till the deap snows came the sumer of 1863 Bocker drove stag for Jack slade but Bocker took on too much mountain dew and let the horses run away the stage was upset and the passengers wer skind up quit a bit but bocker came through with out a cratch but he was so scared that he cantered a way to parts un Known and he never did get his wages from Jack slade for bocker was a frade to com in to colect for slade past the word down the stage line that if ever he could get to see bocker he would Kill him rite then—and slade would hav don it I new slade well slade was good to me but I was a boy when mrs slade was a nice woman and she wanted me to make my home with them slade would let me ride on the stage any time I wanted to as it did not cost me any thing I took rides quite ofton and I could stay at any of the stage stations as long as I wanted to in this way I got aquanted with Jim bridger and I made my home with him at old fort bridger when Jim stade at the fort he don black smith work for the emigrants Jim made a frame for a boat out of old wagon tiers then we stretched grean bufalo hides over that and

let it dry Jim a ute indian and me went down the green river in this boat we staid in the colorado river till we got to the high mountains over by the east edge of nevada by this time the skin boat had so many holes punched in it that we had to give it up I am shure that I could go to the very spot where the boat sunk in the colorado river the old iron frame would be a curiosity to day if I could get to see you I could give you information that would fill a book I am glad that the state of Wyo is going to preserve Old fort bridger there is sweet memers of old Jim and the fort that will always cling in my mind Jim was 50 years older than me I was aquanted with very near all of the old timers the last time I shook hands with Kit carson was before 1868

I may go to the mountains to prospect this sumer for I like to hunt for the shining metle rite to me

II. FROM JOHN HUNTON ABOUT "PORTUGEE" PHILLIPS

Fort Laramie, Wyoming
February 20 1919

My dear Miss Hebard:

I have just received your esteemd favor of the 18th inst. in which you enquire about John Phillips. I knew him very well, having first met him in Oct. or November 1867 at this place on which occasion he was here from Fort Reno to get quite a lot of merchandise which he bought of the Post Sutler to trade and sell to soldiers at that place and at Fort Phil Kearney. I helped pack and load the goods—four wagon loads—and I am going to enclose you a copy of the account. When trying to get information concerning him from any of the "Old Timers" if you will ask concerning "Portugee Phillip" instead of John Phillip they will be more likely to know for whom you are enquiring. He told me he was born and raised on the Island of Fayal and that his parents were

Portugees. That he first landed in America on the Pacific Coast and worked his way East with mining prospectors. That some four or five of them had gotten to Fort Phil Kearney in the summer of the year 1866 and were employed by the Contractors and Quartermaster part of the time and loafed part of the time. That on the morning of December 21 1866 when Col. Fetterman and his Command went out after the Indians and never returned that he was at work (My recollection is that he told me he was driving the team to the water wagon but I am not sure) but that two of the men who arrived there with him went with the Command and were killed. That on that night he, a Sergeant, a man named Gregory and one other man, whose name I do not remember, left Fort Phil Kearney, all well mounted and arrived at Fort Laramie on (I think) Christmas night. He received, I think, \$1000 for making the trip. After Phil Kearney and Reno were abandoned in 1868 he went to Elk Mountain and got out ties for the U. P. R. R. In 1869 he located at Chug Water Station and engaged in freighting cattle raising, and running a road ranch. About 1880 or 1881 he sold his ranch and cattle and established his residence in Cheyenne.

He married at Elk Mountain in 1869. There were two children a boy and girl. The girl died in Cheyenne at an early age and the boy died in California some five or six years ago. I think "Portugee" died in Cheyenne *about* 1889 or 1890. The widow lived on the Laramie River from the time of his death up to about 1899 when she left this part of the country. Senator Warren and Mr. Mondell secured a pension of \$5000 for her on the reputation made by bringing the news from Phil Kearney of the killing of Col. Fetterman and Command. I have written the main points as they occur to me just at the moment but with more time I could say much more. With very great respect I am Very Truly Yours

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

FORT RUSSELL AND THE FORT LARAMIE PEACE COMMISSION IN 1867

TRANSLATED AND ANNOTATED BY WILSON O. CLOUGH

The March issue of *The Frontier*, 1930, described the visit of M. Simonin, French mining expert and traveller, to Cheyenne in 1867, as he himself recorded that experience in a little book printed in Paris in 1869. The present article continues M. Simonin's account of his visit to Fort Russell, and particularly his journey to Fort Laramie with the Indian peace commission of 1867.

Space limitations have necessitated the omission of several passages from the translation. Such omissions are indicated by the customary dots.

FORT RUSSELL.

Fort Russell, November 1, 1867. While awaiting the peace commission, I am living among soldiers who hardly resemble those of our country.

Some of the officers have studied at West Point, the Saint-Cyr of the United States; others are soldiers of fortune who took up the musket in the war of secession, and who have preferred to remain soldiers rather than learn to be lawyers or merchants like so many others. One finds in all of them the most polished and civilized manners, which fortunately temper the military rigidity.

There is a library at the fort, but no one reads much. More often they hunt, or play billiards, or drink. The commander mixes business with arms. He has bought in Cheyenne what they call a corner-lot, one of those sites which touch on two streets at once, so preferred by the wine-merchants of Paris. You may guess how they are sought after in Cheyenne and elsewhere. In all the newly founded towns there is competition to see who will get one, and men gamble and speculate on getting them.

General Stevenson, not satisfied with his lots, has also built a vast storehouse in Cheyenne, a regular warehouse in stone, if you please, and not of wood. He hopes to store merchandise from one world to the other when the Pacific railroad unites the two seas and becomes the great commercial highway of the globe. Everyday the general goes to visit his growing estate, drawn in his *buggy* by two smart horses, and calculates like

Perett¹ how much they will bring him. . . .

The glass of whiskey has numerous adepts here; what can one do in the desert if he doesn't drink? Each officer is the owner of a little chest with compartments which he carries with him on his travels. You might take it for a chest of books, the library of the amateur tourist. Glasses and flasks are artfully arranged in it. "Will you take a drink?" is the first word they utter, as soon as you enter the tent. You would be tactless to refuse. You say yes, and the old Bourbon whiskey (Kentucky) is poured out in your honor. Glasses circle round. What a bouquet, my friend, and what a traitorous liquor is this Old Kentuck! Our old cognac is nothing in comparison. . . .

Some of the married officers have brought their wives with them. These courageous women have said farewell to New York or Boston, and have come without a word of complaint to settle at the end of the desert with their husbands and children. After all, they are only a thousand leagues from their native land.

The private soldier merits less praise than the officers.

You know that the regular army in America is reduced to nothing in times of peace. There are scarcely 65,000 men at this moment to guard a country as great as all central Europe; and, furthermore, of these 65,000, one of four deserts, as General Grant states in his latest report. . . .

How different this regular army from our European troops, so well regimented and dis-

¹ See La Fontaine's fable of the milkmaid and her milkpail.

ciplined! These soldiers are from all countries except the United States. They are Canadians, Irish, Germans, Belgians, French, discharged men from the Mexican legion, and all they can say with certainty is that the most curious thing about this cosmopolitan army is to find themselves in it. All of them enlisted in the American army with the hope of soon becoming generals, and all have remained private soldiers. "It's the fault of my English," said one of them to me, a discontented Breton; "this cursed English, I understand it, but I don't speak it." . . .

Nevertheless all these soldiers of the desert, these pioneers of a new type, do their duty bravely when occasion demands. Many times they have fought the Redskin, and they too have played their part in the colonization of the great plains. . . .

THE JOURNEY

Lone Tree Creek, Dakota, under the tent, November 9, 1867. We left Fort Russell at an early hour three days ago. Some thirty wagons, drawn by 130 animals in all, thirty-five mule-drivers and agents, and finally our twenty-four soldiers, comprised the total of the expedition. The soldiers rode in the wagons with all their camping apparatus. At the head of the convoy the officers wheeled their horses about. . . . The cold was biting; the thermometer kept below the freezing point, for the wind had passed over the frozen peaks of the Rocky Mountains on its way.

Leaving Fort Russell under such circumstances, we arrived toward the afternoon at Hill's Dale. This place is the last station on the Pacific railroad, a title soon to be given up to Cheyenne, which in turn will cede it to its next western neighbor. . . .

Pole Creek, where we arrived toward four o'clock, was already occupied by the mule-drivers who had left Fort Russell that morning to transport the gifts which the commissioners would take to the Indians. Our men ranged themselves beside them. The soldiers installed their tents quickly, and soon the camp fires were shining in the night. The mule-drivers dug a hole in the ground, lit their wood there, and set up their stoves. Without losing any time, they cooked the **flat-jacks** (sic), a sort of fritter or pancake, and ham or bacon cut in slices, while on

a corner of the fire an immense kettle held the tea or coffee, the customary drink with all American meals. In these expeditions in the great West, the mule-drivers are always the first and the best served, and our men had already finished their meal before the soldiers had scarcely begun theirs, and before the officers' cook, at whose mess we were invited, had set up his stove. It is true that it was a sheet-iron stove, and that its installation, because of the raging wind, demanded more time than it took to cook the meal.

Sleeping, like supper, left much to be desired. Our wagon served us for shelter. A bearskin was our bed, and a buffalo-skin our cover. The baggage was disposed about the back of the vehicle, and protected us in part from the wind and cold; but we slept none too well.

The scene from our camp was most picturesque. The unharnessed mules had gathered in separate groups. They had soon eaten their slender ration of corn, and grazed on the grasses of the prairie, now yellow with the autumn frosts. The wagons were lined up and formed a sort of rampart.

In the other direction, toward Pole Creek, stood the soldiers' tents. At right angles were those of the officers. The water of the stream was frozen at the edges, and here and there, in tufted bunches along the banks, stood the hazel-trees (sic) and bushes. A natural talus of soft stone and alluvium formed one slope of the stream. Otherwise the vast plain stretched everywhere to the horizon with its slight undulations. The sky was brilliant with stars, the moon lit up the prairie, and in the distance one heard the muffled barking of wolves or hungry coyotes. The last fires went out and the silence of the camp was no longer broken except by the lingering step of some watchman seeking his tent, or the whinny of some mule disputing a tuft of grass or the shelter of a wagon with its neighbor. Soon a great calm fell, and nothing was heard in the solemnity of the night except the whistling wind.

The next day, the seventh, the sun rose on the Pole Creek camp without bringing fair weather with it. The storm had even redoubled in violence. One saw wagons move with the wind's force alone for several

metres on their wheels. Some tents were thrown to the ground. Walking outside became impossible. On top of this, the commissioners had not yet arrived, and we had another long day to wait for them. Yesterday morning, very early, we were finally notified of their arrival, and camp was lifted to the great joy of everyone.

General Sherman and Senator Henderson had not been able to join the commission of which they were the principal members, having been called to Washington by their duties and the impending date of the opening of the legislative session. General Sherman was replaced by General Augur, commander of the Platte district, with headquarters at Omaha. . . .

The aged General Harney, now become the best friend of the Redskins after having fought them without mercy, distinguished himself among all the commissioners by his kindly, paternal manner. Despite his sixty-eight years, he agreed to take a most active part in all the tasks confided so unexpectedly to him. An old military man, veteran of the western forts, he never relaxed a moment, neither in the vicissitudes of the journey nor in the length of the councils. He invariably wore his uniform of general, and it was good to see this straight, proud soldier, with his moustache and white hair, young in spite of his years. With the general came the president of the commission, the Honorable Mr. Taylor, commissiomer of Indian affairs at Washington. He was clothed in strict civilian costume, and his features had something reverend about them. His pacific, I might almost say ministerial, behaviour well fitted him for the peace commission of which he was head.

The general and colonel of the volunteers, Sanborn and Tappan, who recently distinguished themselves in frequent encounters with the Indians of Colorado, had about them a more martial air than their colleagues, the generals of the regular army, indicating that the militia and national guard are taken seriously in the United States.

Mr. White, secretary of the commission, Mr. Howland, painter, Mr. Wallace, stenographer, and finally the reporters from some

papers of St. Louis, Chicago, and New York, represented the younger and noisier part of the expedition, and mingled their jokes with the graver discussion of the commissioners. . . .

The Canadian, Leon Pallardie, interpreter for the Sioux language, accompanied the commission. At the same time he acted as guide for three Sioux chiefs², Mato-Looza or Active Bear, Mato-O-Ken-Ko or Lively Bear, and Ish-Ta-Ska or White Eye. At least, these are the names by which the commissioners have agreed to recognize these sachems, for the first two have names absolutely untranslatable in our modest language. They could not even be written in Latin!

Today we lifted camp early, and set forth more cheerfully than yesterday, for the storm has finally ceased, and the cold has given way to a more clement temperature.

The spot where we are camped this evening is the most picturesque of the Far West. It is named Lone Tree Creek. Picture a rampart of sandstone crowning a vast plateau of jagged rocks worn down by the elements, the rain, wind, ice and snow, for a thousand centuries since they were first deposited. They have thus taken on strange and striking forms by which the very eye is deceived. Here is a tower in ruins, there a long wall with more than one breach in it. Farther on is a gate giving access to the city protected by these fortresses; above, a human form seems to watch, a guard ready to give the alarm. And the illusion persists, for opposite it is another plateau topped by the same walls, the same bastions. They seem two rival cities, with only the deep valley between them. Half way up grow dwarfed cedars and cypress whose dark outlines from afar resemble the yawning mouths of so many caverns dug into the walls to topple them over. This is Scott's Bluff, so named, no doubt, in memory of the trapper who first saw them.

They stretch over an immense distance, and we discovered them on the horizon long before we arrived in camp. The sky was partially clouded, some black clouds disputing with the sun for a place. The sun played

² The account of the council mentions a brief meeting with the Araphee chiefs after the main council, but states further, "The Sioux and Cheyennes of the North, whom they had expected, not appearing, the commission disbanded."

with the clouds, now lighting up and now darkening the bluffs, so that the gray sand-stone ramparts seemed now white with snow, and now shadows that almost disappeared. This surprising optical effect was repeated at regular intervals, and none of us could take our eyes from the magnificent sight. The view changed as we approached. It was a wholly different thing when we had arrived at the foot of the bluffs. The mule-drivers halted their animals of their own accord, and for a few moments all remained in silent awe. . . Here a complete wall surrounded the plain, interrupted only by the narrow passage of the Lone Tree stream, and offered protection at once from the wind and the Indians.

FORT LARAMIE

Fort Laramie (Dakota), November 11, 1867. The fort where we are camped is one of the principal military posts of the West. It was built some thirty years ago on the site of a traders' post for the fur-trade carried on with the Indians by a great Saint Louis house, the Chouteau. Laramie or Laramee, who gave his name to the fort and region, was a Canadian hunter who was killed here by the Sioux, while he was setting his beaver traps. This took place toward 1830. . . .

Seen from the route we followed, the fort more resembled a Spanish-American village than a military post of the United States. The barracks, the warehouses, the offices, the officers' quarters, are all constructed of stone and whitewashed with lime. On one side of the large manoeuvre ground is the residence of the general of the fort. With its two-story *veranda* or outer gallery, one would take it for a hotel in Panama or Central America. Not far off is a building of a style still stranger for this country, a sort of Swiss chalet, which the *sutler*, or supply merchant of the post, has built from his profits. This elegant dwelling puts to shame the mean appearance of the low, gloomy canteen. By the chalet is the only tree to be seen about the fort. The new barracks and storehouses are built of wood.

Along the Laramie river is the *corral*, a large square enclosure surrounded by a fence. There the hay is kept and the mules enclosed. The angles of the corral on the side

away from the river are each defended by an octagonal structure of adobe, or bricks burned in the sun. These defenses were originally built to resist the incursions of the Indians, who usually surprised emigrant trains or military posts by first seizing the mules and horses, so highly valued by them. Today the Indians are far away, and the corral forts have been transformed into mess-halls for the mule-drivers. Instead of iron weapons there are only kitchen utensils.

A wooden bridge connects the two banks of the river, the piles joined by swaying planks. On the left bank is the fort with all its outbuildings; on the right, the one hotel of the country, where the officers eat their meals. In winter the floods carry the floor of the bridge away, and then a boat anchored to the bank carries the boarders across. The hotel is built of adobe and large logs, like the log-house of the American pioneer. There is but one story, but it is most comfortable for living or meals, especially when one reflects that everything must be brought from the states, five or six hundred miles away. Beside the hotel is the indispensable saloon, where ale and whiskey are chiefly sold. As if to temper the effect of these drinks, the dealer also sells books, though his customers apply themselves more frequently to his casks than to his library. It is true that the post-office competes in the latter, by selling novels and newspapers in the intervals between the arrival and departure of the couriers. These take place only every two weeks, and are besides subject to the good will of the redskins, as the director takes care to announce on his placard.

The residents of Fort Laramie number five or six hundred: officers, clerks, soldiers, and army mule-drivers. As at Fort Russell, some of the officers have studied at West Point.

Residence at Laramie is none too agreeable, as the climate is very severe in winter, during which time they sometimes remain without news for several months. They fight the boredom of this isolation chiefly by hunting: on the prairies, the buffalo and antelope, the squirrel and the wolf; in the mountains, the deer, the elk, the buck, the wild cat, and the bear, some species of which are very dangerous, offer the hunter the emotions and perils he desires. In some buildings one

finds fine trophies, proofs of numerous victories. As is customary, some of the officers have brought their wives with them. Like all American women, they arrive in the desert without a word of complaint, and mingle the sweet joys of family life with the rigors of forced exile. As for the soldiers, they are as in all the army the sweepings of the population of the United States. They number rebels from all countries, except true Americans.

The garrison at Fort Laramie comprises four companies of infantry and two of cavalry. You know how readily all these soldiers desert. "As soon as I get a chance," said one of them to me, a Canadian who spoke the old French, "I shall skip out." They are all discontented and quarrel with their comrades. There are none satisfied except Macaron, another Canadian, a soldier turned cook, whom the officers of Fort Russell brought with them. He never washes his face or hands, which are always black with smoke. Nor is he ever on time, especially with breakfast. It is true that he blames the officers: "Those fellows are always the last ones up," he says, "and I can't do anything with them."

Fort Laramie is a fort only in name. No ditch or wall surrounds it. On the side away from the river is only a sort of ditch where the dirt dug out is thrown in a heap, with a large circular outline, as if for the foundations of a tower. That is the only work of defense raised against the Indians. Since the fort has never been attacked since its founding, the defense has never been kept in repair. Beyond the ditch is the cemetery where Indians and whites sleep fraternally in their last sleep; then comes the prairie, with its hillocks of rounded stones. These hillocks are strewn with pines, like sand-dunes which someone has wished to keep in place; but these pines are natural growths. If you climb the hills, you enjoy a fine view of the Platte. . . .

From the top of the banks of the North Platte, one may look toward the setting sun and perceive a high conical peak on the horizon, like the volcanic domes of Auvergne. It is Laramie peak, standing alone in the middle of the plain, and serving as a landmark for emigrants and nomadic Indians who cross this country. . . .

Fort Laramie, November 15, 1867. At the news of our arrival all the hunters of the great West, buffalo hunters and beaver trappers, traders and those energetic adventurers of the Rocky Mountains whom the Americans call mountaineers, came hastening to Laramie. They knew the commission was to come and arrived before it. I saw Pere Bisonnette, an old Louisianan trader of French origin. He lives now on a farm near Laramie. He has always frequented these latitudes. If you read Fremont's account of his expedition to the Far West, you will notice that he makes mention of Bisonnette.

"He has earned money as thick as your arm," said Pallardie to me. "Beauvais and I were his agents, we worked under him. Today we are rich and he is poor. What do you expect? In the desert we gamble and amuse ourselves to pass the time. Women, good cheer, they will take you far. Bisonnette has lost everything, but he's still a good fellow."

Another trader of pure French origin (he came from Havre), invited us today to his tent for a meal of dog. He said so without any quibbling. We ate a young dog, fattened and killed for our benefit. The flesh of the finest sheep couldn't compare with it, and I understand the Redskin custom of reserving dogs for holiday feasts, especially when they wish to honor the whites.

"How do you find this meat?" asked General Harney. He has grown old in Indian wars, and sat down to such a meal for perhaps the hundredth time.

"Excellent, general". . . .

THE PEACE CONFERENCE WITH THE CROWS

November 12-13, 1867

Fort Laramie, November 14, 1867. The hour indicated for the opening of the palaver was ten in the morning. The Indians, who never hurry, and who tell time by the sun only, were a little late; perhaps they were concluding their big medicine ceremonies. Finally they appeared, adorned in their fine costumes. Some were on horseback; they forded the Laramie river; the others, followed by their women and children, squaws and papooses, came by the bridge. The wife of Bear Tooth, one of the chief orators, was

on horseback like her husband, whom she never left. Indian women ride straddle like the men.

The great chief Black Foot, having set foot on the ground, made a sign for the braves to line up. Each had a different costume, this one a buffalo skin over a linen shirt; that one a woolen blanket and a jacket of deer skin, ornamented with fringes, but deprived of its decoration of scalps, which the Indians hardly dare exhibit before the whites. Scalps were left at home that day. Another wore an officer's coat and pantaloons without any seat; fortunately the tails of the coat were sufficiently long. . . .

After being lined up, the sachems intoned a song of their nation, solemn and sombre, mingled with discordant cries and sometimes sharp calls. The bases, baritones and tenors observed no time in this choir, and yet this primitive, savage music fits well with the type of singers and the setting.

Thus the chiefs advanced in single line, slowly, and in good order, ignoring the crowd which pressed about them. Never had the athletic forms and majestic figures of the Crows appeared more dignified. . . .

The hall where the pow-wow was held was of considerable dimensions. It was built of wood, and could easily hold 250 to 300 people; it had previously served as the quartermaster's storehouse.

The Crow chiefs, seated on benches according to their rank, and the commissioners each in his single seat, formed a circle such that one might say that extreme civilization faced extreme barbarism. The orator's place was in the center of the circle. On one side were the interpreters and the Indian agents; on the other, the stenographer, the secretary of the commission, the journalists, etc. Women and children of the chiefs were there, and a few, the oldest matrons among them, were seated on the benches with the chiefs. There were Running Water, Yellow Mare, and Woman-Who-Killed-a-Bear. The little papooses, some even at the breast, often troubled the peace of the assembly with their cries and tears, but no one paid any attention, least of all the Crows.

The Laramie Loafers³, the three great Sioux chiefs guided by Pallardie, the officers,

soldiers and employees of the fort, everyone came to witness the debates which were to take place.

When silence was established, Dr. Matthews, U. S. agent for the Crows, arose and said in English, "I have the honor to present to the peace commission the chiefs of the Crow nation"; and turning toward the chiefs, he said in Crow,

"Here are the commissioners sent from Washington to make peace with you. Listen well to what they will say, and you will see that I have not told you lies."

The Crow interpreter, Pierre Chene, a Canadian part Irish and part French, translated these words into English for the commission. He was aided in his duties by John Richard, son of that Frenchman who, half Sioux, had temporarily set up his tent with all his family in the midst of the Laramie Loafers.

Pierre Chene and Richard did not shine as interpreters. They translated the eloquent discourses of the day into bad English, without regard to the genius of the Crow language, and they made the commissioners regret the brave spokesmen whom they had just left at the council with the five nations of the South. . . .

While these double introductions took place, the Crows gave their low cry: *A'houl!* which serves at once for the prairie Indian salute and sign of approval. At the same time, the calumet circled from mouth to mouth, while the silent sachems sat immovable and apparently indifferent.

Finally Bear Tooth arose, took three puffs from the peace-pipe, and said, presenting the pipe to Dr. Matthews, "Smoke, and remember me today and grant what I ask." Then passing it to General Harney, he said, "Smoke, father, and have pity on me"; then to President Taylor, "Father, smoke, and remember me and my people, because we are poor"; and offering the peace-pipe also to the generals Augur, Terry and Sanborn and Colonel Tappan, he said to each, "And you also, father." Each of the commissioners took the pipe to his lips, took a whiff, and returned it to Bear Tooth, inclining his head in assent, or giving the guttural cry: *A'houl!* This done, Bear Tooth sat down and said

³ The Laramie Loafers, M. Simonin explains elsewhere, were so called because they had settled about the fort, and lived on the aid and the alms of the government representatives at the fort.

that he was ready, he and his nation, to hear the words of the whites. Then, amid profound silence, President Taylor arose and read the following speech, each sentence of which was translated into Crow by the interpreter Chene. I reproduce the speech textually:⁴

"My friends, chiefs, captains and warriors of the Crow nation, the Great Spirit made all men, and that is why we are brothers. On our invitation, you have made a long journey with great difficulties to see us. We too have come a long distance to see you and to shake your hand. Your Great Father in Washington, even though he is far away from you, has learned of your good will. He knows your friendship for his white children. He knows, too, how many proofs of peace you have given the government. He knows the troubles that besiege you. He has sent us to see you and to learn from your mouths your condition. We can thus advise the necessary measures to drive all troubles away from you, so that we may travel together peaceably. We learn that rich mines have been found in your country and that in some cases the whites have taken possession of them. We learn also that roads have been opened across your territory, that settlements have been made, and that the buffalo which you hunt have been scattered far and even rapidly diminished. We know also that the whites become more and more numerous about you, and take possession of the best lands to occupy them before long.

"It is because these things have happened that we are sent to you by your Great Father in Washington. We are sent to take measures which will mend this unfortunate situation as much as possible, and which will at the same time protect you against all future difficulties. We wish to separate a part of your territory for your nation, where you may live forever, you and your children, and where your Great Father in Washington and the commission will not allow any whites to settle. We wish you to indicate the section of your territory which will suit you best for this purpose. And when you have thus pointed out the territory which we can never occupy, we wish to buy from you the rest of your lands for our use, allowing you for all

time the right to hunt there as long as the buffalo continue there. In the reserve which you shall choose, we mean to build a house for your agent, a mill to saw your wood, a mill to grind your grain, a forge, a house for your farmer, and all the other houses that may be needed. We wish also to furnish on these reserves the horses and animals which will assure you of provisions, and which will feed your families when the buffalo have disappeared. We wish also to send you each year warm clothing to cover you comfortably, and agricultural tools which will teach you how to earn your living by working the land. In order that your children may become as intelligent as the whites, we wish to send you teachers who will instruct them. You have made our hearts happy by coming here to see us, and you will not go away with empty hands. We have presents for you on the way. They must be already here. We shall always be grateful to you for the peaceful sentiments you have never ceased to show toward our people, and we expect in the future to show you our friendship by our acts. Now, we wish to hear from you all that you have to say. We shall give all our attention to your words, and we shall answer you in the best spirit. I have spoken."

The first part of this discourse was received by the Crows with marks of general approval, and interrupted by those guttural sounds which are the Indian parallel of our legislative "Good! Fine! Bravo!" The second part, on the contrary, was heard with defiance and with glacial silence.

When the president had ended, the peace-pipe continued to pass from mouth to mouth, and the Indians appeared to consult together. One of the commissioners, General Sanborn, wishing to dissipate this cloud and restore calm to the minds of the Crows, asked the interpreter to make them understand that the whites did not wish to occupy all their territory, but only that part which was already on the way to settlement. This did not seem to convince the chiefs.

Nevertheless Bear Tooth arose and said, "What you have said I have understood perfectly. I have come to see you, and I am going to say what I think." Then, shaking the hand of President Taylor, he said, "Fath-

⁴The speech is here translated from French back to English, and so may not follow the original text in every detail.

er, I have come far to see you; do me justice"; then to General Harney, "Father, you have sent for me; listen well to me"; then to General Angur, "Father, I am happy to see you and to shake your hand; do something for me"; and to General Terry, "Father, I am very tired; I am a poor man; I have come from very far to see you"; and to General Sanborn, "Father, do something for me; on the way here I camped where there was no wood or grass, and where it was very cold; my horses are tired"; finally, addressing Colonel Tappan, "Father, look at me, I am poor; love me as I love you, and grant me what I ask."

Four times Bear Tooth made the rounds of the half-circle occupied by the commission, repeating the same formulae, which he varied very little, each time shaking the hands of the commissioners. One wondered when this preparatory exordium would end, but Dr. Matthews took pains to warn the assembly that it was a Crow custom to repeat the hand-shaking ceremony four times with those they wish to honor most. Finally Bear Tooth, taking a buffalo robe from the hands of his wife who was there, presented it to General Harney, saying, "Father, your hairs are white, protect yourself with this skin; it will shelter your years against the cold." Then the orator went to the center of the circle and asked permission to speak. The interpreter translated his speech sentence by sentence into English. Here is what he said, as I wrote it down myself, a stenographic report, so to speak, under the direction of the interpreter:

"Fathers, last spring I was coming on foot from the mountains of the Big Horn Sheep and one of your men told me you were coming to see us. My white father asked me to make a journey. I hesitated, for it was far, very far; but finally I agreed to start on the way. This autumn when the leaves of the trees were falling, the Crows were on the banks of the Yellow Stone stream. Your messenger brought me ten cases of tobacco, and told us of your wish that we should come to Laramie. In answer I said, Yes, yes. I should have preferred that my white father came to Fort Philip Kearney, and not to Laramie, and I say that if he had gone as far as that, I should have consented to all that he might have asked of me; but in the mean-

time the bad weather came and I had to come to Laramie. It was cold and my horses looked very poor. Therefore it is my white father who will answer yes, yes, to all the requests I am going to make of him.

"Fathers, I have made a long journey to see you. I left Fort Smith. I am very poor; I am hungry and cold. We found neither buffalo, nor wood, nor water on the way. Look at me, all you who listen. I am a man like you. I have a head and face like you. We are all one and the same people. I wish that my children and my nation may prosper and live long years."

Then rising, Bear Tooth went toward the commissioners Taylor and Harney, and grasping their hands convulsively, he cried three times,

"Fathers, fathers, fathers, hear me. Call back your young men from the mountains of the Big Horn Sheep. They have run over our country, they have destroyed the growing wood, and the green grass, they have ruined our lands. Fathers, your young men have devastated our country and killed my animals, the elk, the deer, the antelope, my buffalo. They do not kill to eat; they let them rot where they fall. Fathers, if I went into your country to kill your animals, what would you say? Should I not be wrong, and would you not make war on me? Well, the Sioux offered me a hundred mules and horses to make war with them, and I did not go.

"A long time ago you made a treaty with the Crow nation; then you took one of our chiefs with you to the states. You understand well what I mean, I suppose. That chief never came back. Where is he? We have never seen him again, and we are weary with waiting. Give us what he left. We, his friends, his family, have come to learn his last wishes.

"I learn that you have also sent messengers to the Sioux. You have made them presents of tobacco as to us; but the Sioux have told me that they would not come; for you have always deceived them. The Sioux told us: 'Ah! the white fathers have called you and you are going to see them. They will treat you as they have treated us. Go and see them, and come back and tell us what you have heard. The white fathers will seduce your ears by pleasant words and soft

promises which they will never keep. Go and see them, and they will make sport of you.'

"I let the Sioux talk and I came to see you. When I shall return, I expect to lose half my horses on the way.

"Fathers, fathers, I am not ashamed to speak before you. The Great Spirit has made us all, but he made the red man in the center with the others all about. Make me an intelligent Indian. Ah, my heart overflows, it is full of bitterness. All the Crows, the old chiefs of former days, our ancestors, our grandfathers, our grandmothers, have often said to us, 'Be friends with the white man, for they are powerful'.

"We, their children, have obeyed, and what has happened?

"A long time ago, more than forty years ago, the Crows camped on the Missouri.

"Our chief was shot in the head by a white chief (here General Harney interrupted the orator and said, "The white chief was mad. I was there. I saw it.")

"One day, on the Yellow Stone, three wagons were camped. There were three white men and with them a white woman. Four Crows came to them asking for a piece of bread. One of the white men took his gun and fired. Sorrel Horse, a chief, was hit and died. We, we forget this misdeed. These things I tell you to show that the Palefaces have done wrong as well as the Indians.

"Sometime ago I went to Fort Benton, for we too have done wrong. My young men fired by mistake on some whites. I asked pardon of the white chief. I gave him nine mules and sixty buffalo robes in payment for the wrong which we had done. It is thus I pay you for our wrongs.

"From there I went to Fort Smith, on the banks of the Big Horn, and there I found the whites. I went to shake hands with their officers, but they answered me by thrusting their fists in my face and throwing me to the ground. It is thus we are treated by your young men.

"Fathers, you have spoken to me about digging the earth and raising animals. I do not wish to listen to such speeches. I was always with the buffalo and I love them. From my birth, I learned like your chiefs to be strong, to lift my tent when necessary and to go across the prairie according to my good

pleasure. Have pity on me, I am weary with speaking.

"And you, father"—addressing President Taylor and giving him his moccasins, "take these moccasins and keep your feet warm."

The speech of Bear Tooth was interrupted on the side of the Indians by frequent marks of assent, and even the commissioners gave their approval to certain passages with no uncertain accent.

The orator had been influenced by no sign of applause, but continued his speech slowly, stopping at each sentence to give the interpreter time to translate; then without difficulty picking up the thread of the speech, as if he had pronounced it as a whole. And yet he improvised. . . .

When Bear Tooth had finished, Black Foot, another great orator of the Crows, arose and shook hands with each of the commissioners, thanking his white fathers for coming to see the Redskins, and confirming what Bear Tooth had said, that the Crows were poor and weary; that they had suffered on the way from cold, hunger, and lack of water, and that their horses were sad to see. He begged each of the commissioners individually to hear him with patience, and with an attentive ear, and to give justice to his requests. . . .

"Several years ago the whites came to buy from the Crows the route to California, which passes by Fort Laramie. For this route they were to pay fifty years of indemnities. The Crows received these indemnities only two or three years. . . .

"Don't speak to us of confining us in a corner of our territory; first give up the route of Powder River. Recall your young men who have camped along that river and all those who seek gold there. It is they who are the cause of all our wars and misfortunes." Here the orator's voice wavered, his body trembled, the perspiration ran in large drops from his face, and his eyes shone with an unusual gleam. So must the old prophets of Israel have appeared before the kings of Asia, when they came to make known the complaints of the Jews. . . .

Rising to his full height, and proudly raising his arm, he cried, "But in all this, my heart is of rock; I do not wish to complain." And recalling how they had been fraudulently deprived of their lands: "Even though

I am poor, I shall not die; my arm is firm, and I can still hunt the buffalo as my fathers hunted it. . . We are not slaves, we are not dogs. One day at Fort Smith, when I asked some food from the soldiers, they struck me on the head with a club. When I remember it, I become bad and angry. Are there no men in your country, that you send us these children to put these vexations on us? . . .

(Translator's note:

The conference was closed for the day after three hours of speeches, to take up again the next morning. Some of the Crows failed to appear the second time. A few paragraph excerpts will serve to give the French observer's account of the failure of the peace conference. As M. Simonin observes elsewhere, the conference gives a clear picture of the actual situation of the Indians and their gradual and certain dispossession of the West. The following paragraphs indicate what happened the second day of the conference.)

President Taylor opened the meeting by replying to the speeches of the Crows. Following his custom, he read his speech, and read it coldly, with great deliberation. The official discourses prepared and read were the same throughout, without animation or life. Mr. Taylor would have done better to improvise some warm words before these chiefs whose speeches of the preceding day had been such models of eloquence, and who indicated to the white orators the methods they should always follow in their pow-wows with the Indians.

The president thanked the Crows for not having avenged themselves against those who had mistreated them, and said he would inform the Great Father of their good conduct and of the misdeeds of the whites, who would be punished. "In the future," he added, "tell your agent immediately, and he will give you justice"

"You say," continued the president, "that you prefer to live as you have lived, instead of being shut up in reservations. It is for your good that we designate these reservations; the buffalo is rapidly disappearing, and in a few years will be gone entirely. The whites are now on the great plains, and have built towns even to the western sea. We wish to guarantee you a territory while

there is still time, which shall be forever yours and your children's. You will not need to go on it at once. Hunt now where you please, but on this territory, which you will reserve, whites will not be allowed to set foot; the Great Father will drive them off with rifle shots." . . .

This speech ended, the president asked if any one of the chiefs present had any remarks to make. Black Foot arose and said . . . "I ask of you today payment for the part of my lands on which you live. And you speak of making treaties! You have not observed the one you signed at Horse Creek. Pay first what you owe us, and you shall speak afterward about concluding another treaty!" Here Commissioner Taylor and Generals Harney and Sanborn could not refrain from declaring that for ten years the indemnities due the Indians had been sent regularly from Washington; and if they had not been received, it was because the agents had stolen them. "We are ashamed of that," they said, "but justice will be done"

The treaty of peace was then unrolled and presented to the Crows for their signatures, but none of them wished to sign. Some said they could not do it without the consent of the Sioux, who were not there; others, that they would not sign unless the routes and forts of Powder River were first abandoned, the object of all their discussion. The Wolf added that not all the Crow chiefs were present, and that he had not learned their wishes. In short, the failure was complete, even though results had been so decisive with the five great nations of the South, and the commissioners saw themselves forced to postpone the renewal of their labors to a more propitious time and a more favorable season. They agreed upon a conference "in seven moons, when the grass was green", that is, in the calendar of civilized peoples, toward the fifth of June, 1868. The place of meeting this time is to be Fort Philip Kearney, and not Fort Laramie. This satisfies the Crows, who save several hundred miles on the way. Finally it was announced to the chiefs who were impatient to receive their gifts and depart, that the gifts had arrived and that there were many fine ones, to which the Crows responded with grunts of pleasure; and the meeting was adjourned.

ROBERT MERRY IN MINNESOTA IN THE WINTER OF 1855-6

EDITED BY MAMIE MEREDITH

From *Merry's Museum* and [Peter] *Parley's Magazine*, Vol. XXXII, Old Series. J. P. Stearns and Co., Publishers, New York. "Robert Merry" is the Rev. S. T. Allen, one of the editors of this popular magazine for juveniles.

TWO days¹ and a half after I parted from you ["Hiram Hatchet," one of the editors of the magazine] in New York, found me at Dunleith, a small town on the Mississippi river, opposite to Dubuque, in Iowa. The steamer *Lady Franklin*, which was to take us up the river, was already puffing at her wharf, and her signal bell, which summoned us on board, hardly gave us time to get our breakfast. The *Lady Franklin* is one of six packets that ply between Galena and St. Paul, as a regular mail line. There are numerous other boats that carry freight and passengers, but they are irregular in their days of sailing. The distance up to St. Paul is four hundred miles, and is performed in a little more than forty-eight hours. The downward passage is much shorter. These boats stand high out of the water, and afford ample accommodations; being flat bottomed, and without any keel, they can run in shallow water, and approach very near the shore. The main deck is but a few inches above the surface of the water, and is occupied with the machinery of the boat, the wood to feed the engines, the boatmen, the steerage passengers, and horses and carriages, and every variety of household furniture in transit with its owners to new homes in the West. Above is the main cabin, with comfortable accommodations for one hundred passengers. We had three hundred, and consequently were not very comfortable. Among our number, were a great many families, going to establish for themselves new homes in the beautiful prairies and groves of Minnesota—the land of "sky-tinted waters." One poor family met with a sad disaster on our way up, and their grief appealed strongly to our sympathy. They came from Michigan, the father, mother, and five children. They had sold their little all, and converted it into money, which amounted to only two hundred dollars. With this they

intended to purchase land and build a temporary abode, while the labor of their hands was to supply their bread through the approaching winter. The first night that they were on the boat, the father went out upon the guards; it was very dark, and he stepped overboard and was drowned². All their money was in his pocket, and was lost. The wife and daughters were overwhelmed in grief. They were surrounded with sympathy, and a liberal contribution among the passengers supplied their present want. But, oh! how sad was their future! A few miles below St. Paul, we landed them, at a lonely spot on the shore, from whence they were to make their way to their new and unknown home: the snow was falling, and when we had a last glimpse of them, they were standing around their scanty household goods, as if they knew not where to turn, or what to do next. Kind reader, shed a tear over the fate of John Besse, and pity his forlorn family.

There are no large towns on the Mississippi river between Dubuque and St. Paul, but there are landing places and small settlements, which are rapidly growing into villages and cities. They are backed by beautiful lands, which are now being rapidly settled.

The boat approaches the shore. The bell rings for the engine to stop. We are about to land some passengers at one of these new settlements. Let us look over the guards, and see what goes off. There is no wharf, the gang-way is pushed out, and rests on the sandy shore. The boatmen "set to," and put ashore a two horse wagon, in pieces, a span of horses, with their harness, a cooking stove, and two or three bedsteads, a bureau, chairs, trunks and boxes. Now the family goes ashore. The father, a middle-aged man, with an intelligent face, and a brave heart to battle with hardships, sets himself

¹ From the February, 1856, issue, pp. 43-46.

² I have read of several similar accidents on these river steamers.

to put the wagon together. The mother, in her tidy travelling dress, looks over the trunks and household wares, to see that all are there. Thomas leads off the cow by a rope, ties her to a tree, and then comes back to get the baby wagon. Lucy carries the baby, and Mary carries the looking-glass. Eddy looks out that Rover, the dog, is not left behind, and William and Jane take each other by the hand, and walk quietly off. Now they are all on shore. The bell rings for the engine to start, and, while we move quietly up the river, they are loading their things into their wagon, and going to their new farm. We wave to them a good-bye, and inwardly invoke blessings on that enterprising happy family. The scene we have pictured is one of many that are daily occurring. Not a boat passes up, but it scatters just such families all along those beautiful shores. These families carry with them industry, intelligence, and virtue, and, in a short time, the beautiful groves and prairies of Minnesota will be dotted all over with thriving happy homesteads.

To one who has never sailed on the upper Mississippi, it is difficult to give a correct idea of the scenery. There is nothing that resembles it in any other part of the world, where we have been. In beauty and variety of outline, it surpasses the scenery of the Rhine; but it lacks the sombre ruins, the tasteful husbandry, and the historic associations that so attract the voyager on that classic river.

Between conical bluffs, that stand as sentinels, all along the banks of upper Mississippi, are shaded ravines, extending back from the river, and stretching away to the prairies, which are on an average eighty or a hundred feet above the river. These ravines, and the slopes of the bluffs, are not heavily wooded, but are covered with rank grass and straggling trees, which at a distance look like a thrifty old orchard. They serve as shade and ornament, and produce a very pleasing effect.

This is the season for prairie fires. The frost has killed the green leaves. The grass is dry; and when it once gets on fire, as it often does by the carelessness of hunters, it burns with astonishing fury. Sometimes the fire runs before the wind almost as fast as a horse can trot, and it spreads over, and

blackens the whole country for miles. As soon as the darkness of night comes on, you can see the horizon lighted up, on every side, with these fires, some of which are near, and some a great many miles away.

The first night that we were on the Mississippi, it was very dark, and the rain was falling fast. Our pilot could not see where to go, and just as we had gone to sleep, down came one of our great tall smoke chimneys, with an awful crash, upon deck. The passengers started from their berths, or from their sleeping place on the floor, (for more than half had no softer bed than the carpet,) and rushed out to see what was the matter. It appeared that the boat had taken advantage of the darkness, and attempted to perform an overland route, in order to shorten the distance. But she was brought up by same large oak trees on the bank, that stretched out their great arms, and held her fast. There we lay, helpless and immovable, seven hours. At length, the limbs were cut away, a temporary chimney was erected, and we proceeded on our way. Our chimney did not work very well, and we sailed the remainder of the way, like a duck with one broken wing.

See that little cabin standing all alone on the river bank, not a house within miles. There are little children playing before the door, two pigs are nestling together by a log, and the dog is watching the approach of our boat; now the mother has come to the door to see us pass—poor woman—she must have homesick times there, for she has come from a happy home in the East, and is not used to such solitude. This is a chopper's family. See yonder is the chopper preparing wood for the steamboats, and up on the side of the bluff don't you see the oxen grazing? The oxen are used to haul the wood to the river side.

The wood-chopper leads a solitary life, but he makes his money easy. Cutting the wood from government lands, it costs him nothing, and he readily sells to the steamboats all that he can prepare, for two to three dollars a cord.

At Red Wing, a few miles above Lake Pepin, there was once an Indian village, and a missionary station. They are removed, and a flourishing town is now growing up there, and a college is being founded, which prom-

The Frontier

ises to be a fine institution. At Kaposia, a few miles further up, is another station, where our missionaries labored among the Dakotah Indians. Two neat white houses, built for missionary purposes, remain there; but the Indian tents are now all removed, and the children of the forest, with their teachers, have, two or three years ago, taken up their march farther towards the setting sun. The white men are coming in to cultivate the fertile acres that the Indians valued only as hunting ground, and civilization is spreading her wing over realms long under the dark dominion of barbarism. The evening was just setting in, when from the high bluffs the cheerful lights from St. Paul greeted our approach. Standing on successive terraces that rise one above another in a grand amphitheatre, three or four miles in diameter, St. Paul is unsurpassed for beauty of location. More of this in my next.

—R. M.

* * *

When³ I closed my last I had just arrived at St. Paul. This is the principal city of the North West, and the capital of Minnesota Territory. After travelling four hundred miles into the heart of a country that has, within seven or eight years, been rescued from the dominion of Indian tribes, I confess I felt quite curious to see what sort of a city they had got up here. . .

Carriages were in waiting, on the arrival of the boat, to take passengers to the different hotels, of which there are a sufficient number to accommodate an eastern city of twice the size; but owing to the great amount of travel in this direction, and the large number of settlers daily arriving, the hotels are usually crowded, and often it is quite difficult to find lodgings. It was dark, and the stores were lighted as we rode up through the city. Ascending from the levee where are the large warehouses and depots of heavy merchandize, we came up on to a high plateau, where the principal streets of the city are laid out. Could I believe my eyes? A large city stretched far away along the line of the river, and more than a mile back. On either hand were substantial blocks of stores, and here and there, in all directions, tall spires, whose tinned caps

glittered in the moonlight, while numerous dwelling houses in all directions bespoke tasteful and happy homes. . .

The Mississippi river here makes a broad semicircular sweep northward, and then back again on its course, and the city stands on the outer bow in the form of a vast amphitheatre, with a sweep of three or four miles. Along the river bank are the landings for the boats, and the marts of heavy merchandize, and a little back of the river, a bluff some sixty feet high sweeps round, and, level with its top, a plain extends back about a mile, and affords a most beautiful site for the principal streets of the city. At the back of this plain another bluff parallel with the first, and similar in height, extends around with a wider sweep, and on its summit are some of the most picturesque sites for private dwellings that can be imagined, commanding a view of the entire town that lies beneath, and of the river far up towards the south west, and far down towards the south east, and of the country round about, that is agreeably diversified by rolling prairies and openings of rare beauty.

You know, Uncle Hiram, that I am not enthusiastic: what will you think then when I tell you that I can endorse every word of the following paragraph from a late paper:—

"St. Paul is the fastest and smartest city of its size in the world by all odds. You see this is a striking characteristic of the place as soon as you land: you see it in every man, woman, and child's countenance that you meet. They have the appearance of heroes, on whom the eyes of the world are cast, and who are determined to shine on history's page as neither laggards nor cowards. They seem to feel that they are the nucleus of a great city—the founders of a truly magnificent and beautiful country. If ever a city had any reason to be called 'Young American' in its character, that city is St. Paul. The property holders here are men who possess the elements of go-aheadativeness in its highest form. Bold, resolute, and determined, they have set out to make the city of St. Paul the greatest city in the North Western Territory, and there is every probability that they will be successful."

³ From the April, 1856, issue, pp. 77-80.

In 1847 the site of St. Paul was a wilderness: its population now numbers 7,000, and, owing to its relation to a Territory that is being rapidly settled, and to other causes, the amount of business transacted here is astonishing. Come here, Uncle Hiram, and look out of the window while I am writing. This is St. Anthony's street. See the two-horse wagons, with here and there a sprinkling of chaises, that line the sides of the street as far up and down as you can see; then look at that almost unbroken line that is moving along the middle of the street. There is one man taking home a load of boards to build his house—another is coming in with a load of wood, which he will sell for five dollars a cord, and carry back groceries. And there are five or six wagons in a string, freighted with household furniture; see the women and children up on top of the beds, and between the tables, wrapped in their warm cloaks. They have just arrived in a boat. They are from the State of Maine, and are going out a few miles, where a part of the company have gone before to prepare houses. They will have a school house before three months, which they will use on Sundays for a place of worship. See that light wagon with two seats and four men in it: one of them is Col. F., an old settler, who carries his compass. They are going out to look at some lands, and make some shrewd locations. Now look on the plank sidewalks. Some of them are already made of stone, and all will be pretty soon. See with what a free, independent air the men walk! What if they haven't blacked their boots since Sunday, there is character and purpose in their very tread. Did you ever observe how much is expressed by one's walk?—As you have an eye for beauty, I need not ask you to observe the ladies as they pass. How clear their complexions in this fine atmosphere! What elasticity of movement! What perfect health! Latest New York fashions too: you see they are up with the times. There is a group of misses with their satchels. They are members of the "Baldwin School." This institution was founded by a gentleman of that name in Philadelphia. It was incorporated and went into operation in June, 1853: you see the building on the

square yonder—a substantial brick edifice which cost \$20,000. The female department alone now contains one hundred pupils, and the course of instruction is said to be as good as in any similar school in the country.

There are also the Episcopal mission school, and several district schools, and there is to be a college. It is already chartered and called "The University of St. Paul."

Do you see those tall chimneys, one near us here on the river bank, and a group of them lower down—the smoke does not go out day or night. What a clatter of saws from seven mills! and yet they can't saw lumber as fast as it is wanted; and those three grist mills, that now turn 1500 bushels a day, won't do a quarter of the business, when all these young farmers that have just arrived get to raising grain.

Do you see that large brick building, with pillars in front and spacious grounds around, enclosed with an iron fence, That is the Territorial Capitol. Down this way, nearer to us, is the Court House, with a jail near by that looks like an Irishman's shanty. I don't believe they have much use for a jail here. If you try, you can count ten or eleven churches scattered over the city, some of them of stone or brick, but mostly of wood. There is plenty of fine building stone here—a blue lime-stone rock: many of the finest edifices are constructed of this material. It is so abundant and so easily quarried, that it is thought it will hereafter be chiefly used in building. . .

The people are a reading, thinking people. Why there are in this infant city four daily and six weekly newspapers, all well conducted, and printed in a style of typographical elegance that would do credit to any city a century old. I tell you, Uncle Hiram, they have got something here besides acres and muscle out of which to form a State.

More hereafter.

Merry.

* * *

If the city of St. Paul⁴ is beautiful for its location, the suburbs, for miles around, are equally so, and the day is not far distant when travellers from afar, will be attracted hither on pilgrimages of pleasure. Drive out in any direction, and your eye will never become weary looking on the kaleidoscopic

⁴ From the May, 1856, issue, pp. 97-102.

changes of scenery that meet you at every turn. A prairie, though ever so rolling in surface and rich in soil, and beautiful with rare flowers, soon becomes monotonous, but when that monotony is broken by shaded openings, which look like old pleasure grounds, by streams and cascades, and sparkling lakelets, whose pebbly bottoms glisten through the deep waters, you can never be weary of the landscape. . .

My friend Mr. B., with whom I now board, was one of a party to go with a commissioner up to Pembina, some four hundred miles above St. Paul, and treat with the Chippeway Indians.

On the way they met with a great abundance of game. One of their encounters with a herd of buffaloes I will give you in his own words:

"This morning, when near Goose river, we discovered two buffaloes about a mile distant; gave chase to one and killed him after a long run. At noon, some of the party, who had been on a scout ahead, returned with the tongues and a portion of the flesh of five buffaloes they had just killed, and reported large droves ahead. After dinner we soon came among the buffalo, and found large numbers on both sides of the road. We immediately darted among them, pell-mell, each fellow for himself, and then such yelling, shouting, firing, shying of horses, as their riders with belted waists and handkerchiefs around their heads, swayed to and fro in their saddles, loading and firing while at full speed, and in a manner that would have done credit to Ringgold's flying artillery at Palo Alto⁵. . .

"We killed on this occasion about twenty buffaloes, and took out their tongues, leaving their carcasses to the wolves. We saw, in all, from five to ten thousand; the plains, as far as the eye could reach, being dotted with them. At our camp at night they were all around us, some within half a mile."

I don't know how you would like this sport, Uncle Hiram, for my part I can't help feeling a pity for the noble animals that fought so heroically for dear life. I would rather have seen that old bull buffalo that was so hard to kill, get away, than to see

him lie panting and bleeding in the creek. . .

While we leave the buffaloes to graze for the present on the prairie grass, suppose we take a drive from St. Paul up to St. Anthony's Falls. We go in a northwesterly direction, and the distance by the usual road is nine miles, but if we follow the course of the river it is fifteen miles. We go up, by a gradual ascent, on to a high bluff to the westward of St. Paul. The road is smooth, and we are soon beyond the city limits, past the last straggling house in the suburbs, and out at sea on a prairie six miles wide. What a field of corn there on the left, now fully ripe and glistening in the November sun! It is the most luxuriant growth that I have ever seen, not even excepting the corn fields of Illinois; and those squashes! why, they cover the ground. I now believe the story in the newspaper which told that a man, near St. Paul, raised seventy large squashes on one vine, and that when gathered they filled his cart. It may be cold here in winter, but that crop of sweet potatoes yonder, and those tomatoes which were ripe long before the first frost, look as though farmers could flourish here.

Hark! what is that? The deep solemn roar, "the sound of many waters." The Falls must be near. There they are! See the spray ascending like clouds. And now we are in sight of the great cataract of the northwest, second only to Niagara on the American continent. The quantity of water is not so great, nor the fall so precipitous, as at Niagara, and yet the scene is, in some respects, more impressive, not that it overwhelms one with such emotions of awe and reverence, or crushes him into utter insignificance before the mighty power that chains him to the spot, but it is a scene that holds you in solemn revery. You want to be alone, and stand for hours in unbroken silence, while God comes near to you, not in the whirlwind of his power, but in the sublimity of his external existence. . .

Father Hennepin, the adventurous voyager, was the first white man to break the silence of these northwestern wilds. He found his way hither in 1680, and when he came in sight of the cataract, he fell upon his knees in mute wonder and adoration, and gave to

⁵ "Merry" here describes an ordinary buffalo hunt.

the frowning waters the baptismal name of his patron saint.

Interesting as these [St. Anthony's] Falls are, as a sublime spectacle, attracting hither multitudes from afar, they are in a fair way to be converted into the working purposes of every-day life. Adventurous Yankees, from down-east, couldn't sit still and see the best water power in the world idle, while there were above it immense forests of pine lumber that the current of the river will float to a market. There are three islands in the river just below the Falls, situated in a direct line one above the other. The upper one contains about ten acres, the middle one about forty acres, and the lower one some fifteen acres. The lower part of the Fall is towards the west side, and the channel on the west side of the island is larger; but mills are erected on both sides, and if half the power is even occupied, this place will become the Lowell of the West.

The city of St. Anthony, which now contains two or three thousand inhabitants, is beautifully picturesque in its location, being directly opposite the Falls, and on the east side of the river, and its business and population are rapidly increasing.

Above the Falls there is a magnificent wire suspension bridge, across the river, built at the expense of the United States government, and connecting the city of St. Anthony with its rival city, Minneapolis, on the west side of the river. Minneapolis and the country round about, is a level prairie, and on some accounts very suitable for a town site. The city is about as large as St. Anthony, and is destined to be a very large place.

Here is the land office for this district, and the auction of lands being in progress, we hitched our horse in an oak grove, near by the Falls, and went in. Probably very few of the Merry family have ever heard much about a government land sale.

The office is a low wooden building, and there are gathered in and about it two or three hundred respectable looking men. You will see them in little groups talking together, and looking at land plots which they hold in their hands. The auctioneer stands on a box with a plot or town map in his hand, talking very earnestly, and you hear something like the following:

"The east half of the north-east quarter of section sixteen, township one hundred and fourteen, north range eighteen west—how much am I offered—gone, at a dollar and a quarter, to J— N—."

Now this at first seems all Greek, but the description of the land is very simple. In the first place they are surveyed into townships six miles square, and commencing with a given parallel of latitude, all the townships in a range east and west, are called township number one, and the next tier of towns is called township number two, and so on, through the whole state. Then taking a certain line of longitude as a starting point, the line of towns north and south lying on the west side of that line of longitude, is called range one west. The next line of towns is called range two west; the next three west, and so on. If you were on the east side of the starting line, it would be range one east, range two east, and so forth.

Having thus designated the township, then each township is divided into thirty-six squares, of a mile square each. These squares are called sections, and contain six hundred and forty acres each. Then each section is divided into four quarter sections, of one hundred and sixty acres each. The section in the north-east corner of the town is always number one, the next west of it number two, the next west of that number three, and by counting back and forth you can in an instant tell in what part of the town any given section is; thus section thirty-six will be in the south-east corner. The quarter sections are designated as the north-east quarter, north-west quarter, south-west quarter, and south-east quarter. Then these quarter sections are divided by a line running north and south into halves. So they say: "The east half of the north-west quarter of section sixteen, township one hundred and fourteen, range eighteen." If any of the Merrys don't understand that description, let him take a slate and work it out, it will then be plain enough. In Minnesota sections sixteen and thirty-six, in every township, are reserved for a school fund, and they will thus secure an allowance for schools, which will hardly be equalled in any state.

But we must quit this land sale, or we

Continued on page 203



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GREAT HUNTER OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 134

they will peck at them every chance, in memory of what the daddy of 'em all used to do.

There is a bit of sadness to remember, too. For the rabbit was made a coward by the loss of the tail with which he choked panthers in the old times, and the rabbit roars no more. Nor did deer, bobcats and bears ever grow fine tails again. Neither do you see tails worth the mention on wire-haired terriers, these tiny descendants of Dublin, the tremendous terror who follied the first great hunter of the woods.

But sure it was worth it all to discover the glory of turkey for Christmas dinner. For that you must ever remember Paul Bunyan."

Old Larrity was silent. Jeff stroked his dog's head and stared out into the tall timber. Now, here in the autumn woods, he could imagine that he was Paul Bunyan and that Mike the pup was Dublin, a wire-haired terror as tall as a tree.

THE HOLD-UP

Continued from page 157

They lynched him there at the bend of
the road

And left him dangling in air.

The stage rolled on with the living and
dead;

And the lame girl mumbled a prayer.

"He lost his nerve," a passenger said.
The lips of the driver curled.

He spat in the dust: "Plumb yellow.
Well,

There's one snake less in the world."

The little lame girl said nothing at all.
She sat looking quietly down.

"Strange," she pondered, "one of his
eyes

Was gray and the other was brown."

BOOK SHELF

Tall Tales of the Southwest. Edited by Franklin J. Meine. Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. \$3.00.

The Outlaw Years. Robert M. Coates. The Macauley Company. 1930. \$2.50.

It looks at last as if the general public were going to learn what the textbooks in American literature rarely tell them. The beginnings of our native humor are not, in spite of innumerable academic statements to the contrary, to be found in Mark Twain and his contemporaries. Back of them all lies a fully developed tradition of western humor extending over a period of at least thirty years. Most of the body of writing that forms it has long since been lost sight of or forgotten. But a few of the names of those who once gave it a vogue seldom equalled by that of any literary genre since still persist in the memories of elder readers: those of Judge Longstreet of Georgia, T. B. Thorps, author of "The Big B'ar of Arkansas", and Sol Smith, famed for his connection with various pioneer theatres, for instance. Mr. Meine has done well in his endeavor to make accessible and again widely known a number of the sketches and their authors of the once eagerly read "tall tale" school of the south and west. He would have done better, perhaps, had he followed a principle of selection somewhat different from what he has. Inclusiveness rather than divertissement appears to have been his aim. The yarns he reprints are more representative of the average of their kind than truly "tall", more the usual exhibits of a collector's finds than inherently interesting. But for his zealous service, whatever its shortcomings, in preserving a portion of the most colorful of our records of frontier life and manners many will doubtless feel deeply grateful. The contribution of his publisher to the same cause in the choice of a binding that suggests neither he-men nor red-blood can scarcely be counted on to overcome the sales resistance of a possible purchaser certain of being pleased with the acquisition of a genuine "western".

"The Outlaw Years" deals with the history of nearly the same period of our nation's development from which the early humorists drew mostly fiction. Some of the figures it presents follow with about equal right in either the field of fact or of myth: notably the infamous Harpe brothers, Mike Fink the "Snapping Turtle" of the Ohio, and the bandit justice of the peace, James Ford. Mr. Coates probably makes a mistake in playing-up his material in an over-theatrical style of writing instead of leaving it to create its own effect by virtue of its ingrained element of "thrill". But he has, for all his questionable straining to impart extra tense-

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ness to what without it was already tense enough, examined his sources conscientiously and completely, and he has mastered the art of effective quotation. Here and there he leaves an erroneous impression as to minor details of his drama. The statement that the freight packets before the coming of steam power on the Mississippi never returned up-stream after discharging their cargoes at New Orleans is a case in point. That Mike Fink terrorized the riverbank citizenry along the upper reaches of the inland waterways during the years when flat-boating was in its infancy is another: he has repeatedly been mentioned in authentic accounts of him as "the last of the boatmen". And it is doubtful whether any unless the pseudo Davy Crockett ever appeared on an electioneering tour in Memphis. But such things matter very little. Mr. Coates has been caught by the pulse and spirit of the roaring times about which he writes, and recreates them both with reasonable fidelity.
Portland V. L. O. Chittick

COMMENT BY THE EDITOR

Songs of the Lost Frontier. H. H. Knibbs. Houghton-Mifflin Co. 1930. \$1.75.

The Mountain in the Sky. Howard McKinley Corning. Metropolitan Press. (Portland). 1930.

Mr. Knibbs is pastmaster in the writing of the typical western verse on the usual western themes—outlaw horses, mules, badmen, bartenders quick on the trigger, sheriffs, and so on. He writes with a firmer hold on his materials and his tools than most writers of western verse, with more frequent touches of imagination, with more concern for human nature as such, and with less sentimentality. When he lets his imagination run free he produces poetry, such as "Stallions in the Storm." Readers who have enjoyed his four other volumes of verse will enjoy this one equally.

Mr. Corning's second volume of verse records development in his art. It has variety. There is the purely personal reflective poetry like "Full Tide at Sunset," which has real power; there are lyrics like "Pruning Vines" of real beauty; there are objective lyrics that are semi-narrative, like "Candary's House"; straight narratives, like "Return of Two Natives," in which Mr. Corning is not at his best; veiled narratives, like "Six Curtains." Among the best poems are the ballads, "Willamette Portage" and "Chant for the Brethren of Dust." In a few poems there is blur of meaning and intention and a tendency toward rhetorical writing. But in all poems there is careful craftsmanship. Mr. Corning has a gift for sensing beauty which he does not allow sufficient play, as if he were a bit fearful of it. He has also the gift of symbolic reach, as in "A Proud Man Walks in the Desert." In many poems there are phrases and lines that lift the imagination and often carry interpretative

power. The volume is western in spirit, thoroughly; it could neither have been written in the East nor by an Easterner.

Conquest. Jack O'Connor. Harpers. 1930. \$2.00.

Frontier Trails. Frank M. Canton. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. \$3.50.

Sixty Years in Southern California. Harris Newmark. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. \$6.00.

America Moves West. Robert E. Riegel. Holt and Co. 1930. \$3.75.

Westward. E. Douglas Branch. Appleton and Co. 1930. \$5.00.

In this saga of the Southwest Mr. O'Connor has given a picture as authentic of its land and times as Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil* and Rolvaag's *Giants in the Earth*; and he has stripped his characters of the usual heroics of "westerns" much as Vardis Fisher stripped his persons in *Toilers of the Hills*. As a result the reader is roused to both disgust and admiration for this pioneer who broke the way for white settlement and prosperity. No one can miss who reads with eyes even half-open the debased procedure of building society in a raw and ruthless frontier—the cruelty, the immorality, the part played by saloons and bawdy-houses and stage stations and adobe huts, the dishonesty and exploitation, the role of the "strong man," utterly unprincipled and his business and love adventures. The story is largely chronicle, somewhat unevenly told, the style often rising into power and beauty, and the successive incidents revealing social pictures of historical value. There is excitement in the tale, also. It is not for squeamish persons and not for sentimentalists; it is for truth-lovers and robust natures.

Frank Canton's book is the straightforward telling of personal experiences by a brave man who delighted in the part his courage caused him to play in various adventures. He was the born criminal hunter and fighter. When life became regulated, "cleaned up," in one scene of his activities Frank Canton sought a community that still suffered from the deeds of criminals, undertook the most dangerous captures, made good, and departed for another community in need of cleansing. Such a man has a natural sense of the dramatic, and if he has a clear mind, as Frank Canton had, tells his tale with natural excitement. Canton was in Wyoming in its worst outlaw days, in Oklahoma in its worst days, and in Alaska as the only U. S. deputy marshal in a territory of many hundred square miles. For an instance of stupendous courage the reader is referred to the chapter entitled "The Rescue of the Walrus." The Johnson County (Wyoming) war as told in the chapter of that name is valuable history written by an active participant. The capture of two Indians in the chapter entitled "Sam and Beaver" is a saga in miniature, a classic bit of thrilling narrative.

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HAROLD G. MERRIAM

Missoula, Montana

A *Yankee Trader in the Gold Rush* is a series of letters written by Franklin Buck to his sister from departure from his Maine home in 1846, to New York, around Cape Horn, up the western coast of South America to San Francisco in 1849, to Sacramento and several gold rush towns, to the Nevada mines in the sixties, back to California in 1880. Buck tried his hand and his business sense in gold mining, trading in provisions, running saw-mills, farming fruits, cattle ranching, dairying and butter-making, mine owning and speculating, lumber dealing, and other occupations. The letters are record showing development first of the man himself from a timid New England inhibited youth, a young man of New York, a youth gradually gaining self-confidence in the West, a trader who didn't quite know what to do with himself, to an open-minded tolerant, purposeful man constantly seeking new fields to try his courage and skill against, and secondly the growth of frontier communities. Any writer who wishes to add to fiction of the Gold Rush period can get first-hand records in this book. Buck was at first restrained in what he wrote, since he was addressing his New England sister; the early part of the record would have been better had he been addressing a man his own age. The style of writing is awkward; Buck was not gifted in expression; and yet he obviously enjoyed writing. The humor is almost pathetic in its attempts. However, one recommends the book to persons interested in early California.

Southern California has been written about extensively. Los Angeles has come in for a goodly share of history. Harris Newmark's book, *Sixty Years in Southern California*, first published in 1916 and here offered in a revised edition, is a storehouse of names and facts. It is written soberly, with accuracy, and with little dramatic sense, and is therefore wholly unlike the two books of Horace Bell. There are notes in an appendix and a full index. "The Great Boom, 1887," is a most amusing chapter. It is a grand source book, and not uninteresting reading.

The two remaining books on the list are second-hand tellings, being founded on manuscripts. Professor Riegel's purpose is not clear. At the opening of the book the academic note is present in the scholarship manifested and the writing is dull. Toward the end the writing becomes sketchy and popular. It is difficult to see just what this book adds to those already written on this subject. In *Westward*, on the other hand, Mr. Douglas Branch has written with a definite purpose and consistently held to it: "throughout, the history of the American frontier is an electric suggestion of advance against opposition"; and this advance is not made by Calamity Janes and Billy the Kids, but by the pioneers, coming into "a primitive region to gain a livelihood" and themselves, to accomplish their purpose, becoming

ing primitive. The book therefore becomes the record of advance and retreat and advance as shown in the lives of men whose names mean nothing electric, but mean everlasting persistence in the face of obstacles. Mr. Branch has written out of full knowledge based upon painstaking research. The nature of his task makes generalization necessary, but whenever the writer makes a generalization he has authority ready to quote. Furthermore, Mr. Branch has written this history in as flowing a narrative style as I recall seeing in such a book. There is movement in the language itself.

Grub Street Book of Verse. Edited and published by Henry Harrison. N. Y. 1930. \$2.50.

Lyric Invaders. Also edited and published by Henry Harrison. 1930. \$2.00.

Startled Flight. H. M. Nelson. Henry Harrison (N. Y.) 1930. \$1.50.

Poetry is queer stuff. In the right mood a reader calls it fine. In the wrong mood he is inclined to call it twaddle. Perhaps this is why we are coming more and more to expect and enjoy anthologies with their variety—greater than any single writer can offer.

Mr. Henry Harrison offers this month two anthologies, his annual "Grub Street Book of Verse" in which nearly two hundred writers are represented, among them several from our Northwestern states, and a smaller anthology of fifteen poets, entitled "Lyric Invaders." In both collections a few really exquisite lyrics break through the usual anthology-verse level. One feels, however, that some writers in both collections though unusually strong in thought, are weak in music. And one cannot forget that the quality of music is essential in poetry.

Another Henry Harrison publication is "Startled Flight" by Harry William Nelson. By his choice of peculiar words, Mr. Nelson creates an almost cross-word puzzle atmosphere. This may be coincidence or he may be an addict. One fine poem, not illustrative of this trait is brief enough to quote.

Precipice

Suddenly it was there.
The pathless uncommitting air
That fell straight down to vanished sod:
The empty open hand of God.

I saw too late. An eagle screamed:
The sky turned once; and yet it seemed
I still sat by the eagle's berth
Until I saw a living earth
Bare her breast with bated breath:
Come rushing up to meet my death.

Missoula

Mary Brennan Clapp

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LITERARY NEWS

Continued from front advertising section

vian Review, N. Y., with the poems, "Sea Maid" and "Cook Car Inga"; and in *Nativity*, a new American quarterly, with "Prairie Born" and "Sea-Children". Her "Newcomer Ragna" will be reprinted in an anthology of modern American lyrics, to be published by Four Seas Company, Boston.

Helen Maring, Portland, manages to edit *Muse and Mirror*, place from twelve to twenty poems a month (eliciting for most of them that excellent comment, a check) and write short stories. *The Spectator*, *the Argus* and the *Christian Science Monitor* are regular markets for her. She is compiling a volume of verse.

Eleanor Allen is another writer who seems to live a life busy enough for any one. She is a music critic for a Seattle paper, and covers all Portland music; manages concerts; writes a weekly 2000-word serial for the *Morning Oregonian*; broadcasts "Poetry Impressions with Music"; writes radio continuity; song lyrics for such distinguished composers as Charles Wakefield Cadman, Andre Kotalanetz, Mary Carr Moore and Daisy Wood Hildreth; has produced one play, "The Apache"; founded the Beaux Arts Society in Portland in 1920; her play "A Paris Night" was broadcast over KGW; has published 500 poems in the past five years—and still has time to write short stories! Her poems are appearing in New York, Los Angeles and Portland papers.

Verne Bright will appear in a group of six poems in Harold Vinal's *Voices*, N. Y., in *The Lantern*, and *The Spectator*, Portland. May Williams Ward, editor of *The Harp*, says of his poem "And the Ghost of Dreams" published in that magazine: "The poem is almost hypnotic in effect".

Laurence Pratt, of Portland, will have a long poem, "Oregon, a Panorama," in the *Portland High School Teachers' Magazine*, Feb., 1930. His "Sonnets of a Paper Mill", a series of 18 or 20 sonnets, will be published in the *March Frontier*. Mr. Pratt publishes consistently in the *Overland Monthly*, *Muse and Mirror*, and *The Spectator*. He has recently had a lyric published in *Lyric* (Virginia).

Howard McKinley Corning's second volume of verse, "The Mountain in the Sky", will be available in December. Mr. Corning

has a book review worth reading, "In the Mutations of Immortality", in the current number of *Voices*. He reviews Kreymsborg's "Our Singing Strength". Mr. Vinal has accepted five lyrics, and the N. Y. Sun, four poems from Mr. Corning.

Alice Weister, of Portland, is working on a novel.

Dorothy Bendon, Miles City, Mont., frequent recipient of the James Deval Phelan sonnet prize while a student in Mills college, is now studying French and Italian in Lausanne, Switzerland, by chattering to the people she meets on the street. Her first book of verse has been accepted by Horace Live-right, N. Y., and she is already at work on a second novel.

Clifford Gessler, who tempers mercy with justice in his reviews for the Honolulu *Star Bulletin*, has been "ti-leaf sliding, Sunday, on the mountains back of town". (It sings itself.) "Six of us hiked up Puu Ohia for ginger blossoms, and picked a few red ginger buds for the girls to use as shampoo. We had lunch in an old crater on top of the island, then made a holua slide in the long grass on a good steep mountain side, broke off great stalks of ti, straddled them, sat on the leaves, and away we went. The chiefs used to do it up in fine style, with elaborate stone-paved holua slides and wooden one-runner sleds; for the common people a bunch of good tough ti-leaves was plenty." Mr. Gessler, Helen Maring and Grace Stone Coates appear in the October issue of *Poetry World*, where Mrs. Coates for once tells the truth in "Mood." Mrs. Coates' first prose volume, "Black Cherries," will be out in February (Knopf, N. Y., \$2.50).

Will James, Pryor, Mont., will illustrate Vaida Stewart Montgomery's forthcoming volume, "Locoed, and Other Poems", from the Typerie Press, Dallas, Texas.

Herbert Thompson of Washington, D. C., former newspaper and Associated Press writer, and native son of Oregon, who was a member of the First Oregon Volunteers in the Philippines, has now with a publisher a book entitled "'98", dealing with the influence of the Spanish-American war in developing the United States from a local American, to a World power.

A. R. Wetjen (Oswego, Oregon) has a serial, "Return of Jerry Mitchell", running in *McClean's Magazine* (Canada); another, "Courtship of the Duke", is running in *The*

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Farm Journal; a story, "The Error", is soon to appear in *Satevepost*; a novelette, "The Mutiny of the Western Star", will be published in *Short Stories*, issue of January 25; his book, "Fiddlers' Green", which will be out in the spring, is to have 23 illustrations by Hovarth, of Boston.

General George A. White (Ared White) is to have two books published in 1931 by Houghton Mifflin Company.

The American Indian is going to try to speak for himself. Before Christmas will appear the first number of a new quarterly, *The American Indian Journal*, edited by Bob Pettit (a Cherokee) and Frank Shively (a Crow). It will be issued from 108 North 29th Street, Billings, Montana, and will cost a dollar a year. Frank Shively was the interpreter used by Dr. Frank B. Linderman when Chief Plentycoups (a Crow) told him his life-story, that resulted in "American".

With more than 150 professional writers present and representation from fourteen states, the League of Western Writers convened in the picturesque Hotel Claremont in Berkeley, California, on October 15 and adjourned on October 19 to meet next year in Vancouver, British Columbia. On the side of organization a constitutional amendment provided that students regularly enrolled in higher institutions who have given evidence of literary ability through publication, not in periodicals of national reputation, but in student or other institutional publications, may become *student members* in the League and organize *student chapters*.

The objects of the League are to stimulate production through freer association among the writers of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States, the Southwest, Western Canada, Alaska, Mexico, and the Panama Canal Zone, to aid in securing adequate copyright legislation, to develop a Legal Department from which information may be obtained by authors as to rights and interests, and to create a Clearing House, or sales agency, to assist in marketing.

Officers elected for the coming year included E. A. Lucas, contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines, Vancouver, B. C., Secretary; A. M. Stephen, Canadian poet, Vancouver, B. C., Treasurer; and M. Elwood Smith, dean of the School of Basic Arts and Sciences, Oregon State College, writer in educational and scholarly fields, President.

ROBERT MERRY IN MINNESOTA

Continued from page 192

shall spend all our money, and not have enough left to get back to New York. To see as handsome and rich land as there is in the world, selling for a dollar and a quarter an acre, is a pretty strong temptation to buy at least a piece large enough to live on, when we are too old and blind to conduct the Museum.

It is now time that we take our horse and go back to St. Paul. We will go down on the west side of the river. The road is over a beautiful prairie till we come to the Minnehaha river, a beautiful stream with low grassy banks, almost on a level with the prairie. Just before it reaches the Mississippi river, it pitches over a perpendicular rock fifty or sixty feet down into a chasm. This is the Minnehaha Falls, or the falls of the "laughing water," which Longfellow has so beautifully described. The water pours over the rock like a stream of liquid silver, and no words can give you an adequate idea of the beauty of the place.

From Minnehaha we go two miles further down, and come to Fort Snelling, where some United States troops are stationed, and where the officers treated us with great attention and politeness. This fort is situated on a tongue of land at the junction of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers, and commands the navigation of both.

But the shades of evening are falling upon us, the full moon is rising in the east. We will cross the Minnesota in a wire ferry boat, and drive homeward, for Fanny, who has drawn us in gay style to-day, wants her supper, and so do we. We have seen enough in one day to think about a week, and if our imperfect descriptions afford the Merry family any pleasure, we are doubly compensated. Adieu, till our next.

Merry.

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Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold G. Merriam, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of The Frontier, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Editor, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont., Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Madison Turner, State University, Missoula, Mont.

2. That the owner is: Harold G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagee, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1930.

R. L. JOHNSTON,

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My commission expires May 12, 1933.

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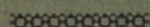
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