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THE  
FRONTIER  
A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST



## MARCH

- Buffalo Run, a bronze by Lone Wolf.  
Sonnets of a Paper Mill, by Laurence Pratt.  
Bill Nye and "The Laramie Boomerang," by W. E. Chaplin.  
Deerfoot Prints, a story by Howard McKinley Corning.  
To View the Remains, a portion of a Picaresque Novel, by Ted Olson.  
Chinook Jargon, by E. H. Thomas.  
Diary of Mary Richardson Walker on a Trip Overland in 1838.  
Stories by Mary Brinker Post, Sally Elliott Allen, Anne Hamilton, Dorothy Marie Johnson.  
Verse by Benjamin Musser, Ethel Fuller, Moe Bragin, Harold Vinal, W. E. Kidd, Raynesford Mulder, Arthur T. Merrill, Raymond Kresensky, Robertson Nelson, John R. McCarthy, Irene W. Grissom, Lori Petri, Paul Tracy, Homer Parsons.  
The Sluice Box, Folklore, Open Range, and Historical Sections.  
Notices of Books on the West

Literary News

Volume XI

MARCH, 1931

Number 3

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

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Volume Eleven

MARCH, 1931

Number Three

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*Manuscripts should be sent to the Editor; business communications to Madison Turner, Business Manager; subscriptions to Kenneth Good, Circulation Manager; Publicity Manager, John C. Frohlicher—all at the State University of Montana, Missoula, Montana.*

Copyright 1931, by H. G. Merriam. Published in November, January, March and May.  
Entered as second-class matter May 4, 1928, at the postoffice at Missoula, Montana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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## ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

Four contributors, all known to *Frontier* readers, live in Portland, Oregon—**Ethel Romig Fuller**, **Howard M. Corning**, **L. Laurence Pratt**, and **V. L. O. Chittick**. Mr. Corning's story he designates "a moral portrait of the Northwest." Mr. Pratt worked in a paper mill. Three contributors live in Eugene. **Walter E. Kidd**, **Sally E. Allen**, and **Paul E. Tracy**.

Washington is the home of three of the contributors—**Mary B. Post**, Spokane; **George W. Fuller**, librarian of the Spokane Public Library; and **E. H. Thomas**, Seattle. Mr. Fuller's new history of the Pacific Northwest will be issued by Alfred Knopf early in the spring. Mrs. Post will have two stories in this year's issues of *The Prairie Schooner*.

From Montana come the contributions of **Robertson Nelson** and **Frances Faick**, University students; **Rufus Coleman**, professor of English at the University, and three early comers to the state, **Mrs. T. A. Wickes**, **Mrs. Frances Albright**, and **Pat Tucker**. **Irene W. Grissom** is the poet laureate of the state of Idaho.

California claims six of the contributors—**W. E. Chaplin**, formerly of Wyoming; **Arthur T. Merrill**, **Anne Hamilton**, and **John McCarthy**, who live in or near Los Angeles; **Homer Parsons**, San Bernardino, and **Lori Petri**. Mr. Merrill and Miss Petri published volumes of verse last year.

**Benjamin Musser** lives in New Jersey; **Moe Bragin** and **Harold Vinal** in New York; **Raynesford Mulder** in Ohio, formerly in the Hood River valley, Oregon; **Raymond Kressensky** in Iowa; **Dorothy Johnson** in Wisconsin, formerly in Montana; and **Ted Olson** in Wyoming, although he is spending the present year in Europe. All are skilled and known writers. Mr. Bragin recently had a fine story in *The Midland*.

The **FOLKLORE** section is new with this issue. It is under the advisory editorship of Professors **V. L. O. Chittick** of Reed College, Portland, and **Harry Turney-High** of the State University of Montana. **Dr. Albert Reagan** has spent over thirty-one years in the U. S. Indian Service, in that time having been in charge of four divisions of the West Coast Indians. For the Bureau of American Ethnology he made a study of two divisions of these Indians, and his collection of myths and traditions of the Hoh and Quileute Indians will soon appear in "American Folklore."

**Advance Announcement**  
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## LITERARY NEWS

Announcing "*Northwest Verse*," a collection of the best work of Northwestern writers edited by H. G. Merriam. Miss Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry*, a *Magazine of Verse*, says: "This collection will include verse by several poets familiar to our readers—H. L. Davis, Gwendolen Haste, Ethel Fuller, H. M. Corning, W. E. Kidd, Mary B. Post, Idella Purnell, Paul E. Tracy, etc. Mr. Merriam has also published recently a volume of poems by Donald Burnie of Idaho, under the title *Tscemicum*, Snake River People." The volume is dedicated to that subtle, genuine poet, the late Hazel Hall of Portland, Oregon. The volume will be ready for distribution in March.

**Robert Emmet Johns** is a unique literary figure of the day. Writing less than two years, he has sold twenty-eight stories to *Danger Trail*, *Short Stories*, *West*, etc., placing most of them on their first trip out. Mr. Johns was born in Kansas City, and went to the Pacific coast at the age of four. After finishing school he followed his father's profession of mining, prospecting and mining from Sonora, Mexico, to the Arctic Circle. He punched burros all over southwestern deserts, and spent four years in and around Death Valley. He walked across Death Valley one July day in 1909. He has prospected and worked underground in mines in Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, California, Idaho, Montana, Washington, and Alaska and Yukon Territory. He spent eight years in the North without intermission, and in one trip traveled the width of Alaska by dog team. In 1910 he floated down the Yukon from White Horse to Fort Gibbon in an open boat, a distance of 1100 miles. He has lived in Seattle since 1918.

Following the appearance of his second volume, "*The Mountain in the Sky*" (Metropolitan Press, Portland), **Howard McKinley Corning** has been giving a series of readings in coast cities, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and Vancouver, B. C. His volume has met high praise and success, and like **Ada Hastings Hedges'** "*Desert Poems*" from the same press, is beautifully printed.

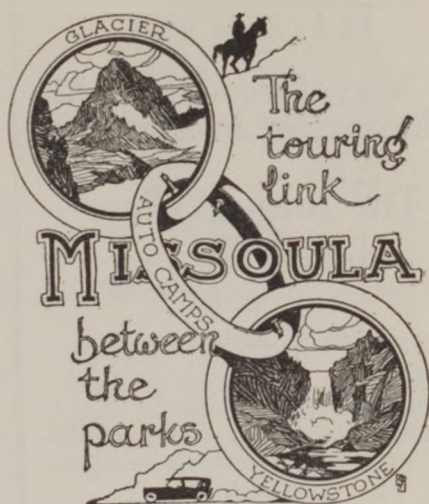
In late January a friend phoned **William Freeman Hough** asking, "How's the writing?" What's the news?" He answered, "Two checks in the morning mail, one for a long story, one for a short." So it goes consistently with "Bill" Hough. His "*Tiger Lady*," a novelette, sold to *Ranch Romances*; "*Lucky Catch*," to *Rangeland Love Story*; "*Here Comes the Groom*" (rich humor) to *Ranch Romances*—all in little more than a week.

**Kenneth Gilbert**, author of animal stories and westerns, appears in *Western Story Magazine*, January, with "*Double Decoy*," a human interest story of a boy and a dog.

**Frank Richardson Pierce**, known to thousands of devoted readers as *Seth Ranger*,

# WESTERN MONTANA

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"Montana's Garden City," Missoula is called. Down at the bases of mountains which sweep upward majestically in every direction, it has been described as a community placed in a perfect setting.

Missoula is the center of one of the finest recreation areas in the country. Several weeks can be spent in this region, and every day a trip may be made to some scenic spot or sportsman's paradise, a different tour for each day and each one packed with thrills and pleasure.

Thirty-seven fine fishing streams can be found within a radius of 20 miles of Missoula, offering unusual opportunities for fishing; also hunting, camping, mountain climbing and all varieties of recreational pleasures are offered to those who love the glorious out-of-doors.

Missoula also is Montana's University city. The State University is located on the southeast edge of the city, and from the campus proper Mount Sentinel swoops abruptly up into the high distance. A glorious view of the surrounding country may be gained by ascending one of the several trails up the mountain.

Lumbering is one of Western Montana's main industries, and a thorough knowledge of the work, from the planting of tiny trees to the finishing of high grade lumber, can be obtained here. The Forestry School nursery has a large area devoted to the culture of trees of various kinds. A trip through the nursery is a pleasure and an instructive pastime. At Milltown and Bonner, just east of Missoula and on both the motor highway and the street-car line, are the lumber mills of the Anaconda Copper Mining company, where visitors are shown how the logs are pulled dripping from the river and in a few moments are piled as lumber in the drying yards.

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has sold another serial to *Western Story Magazine*. At the present time he has one running in *Argosy*; and another, "Buckaroo Adventurer," running in *Western Story Magazine*.

**Mrs. I. B. Solberg**, Seattle, who writes under the pen name of Lorena Daniel, recently sold an article to *Good Housekeeping* on "Design in Landscape Architecture." The editor asked for more. She says, "I write stories and sell articles." Ninety-five of her articles have sold on their first mailing.

**Colette Burns** of Seattle, new associate editor of *Muse and Mirror*, has placed lyrics with the *New York Sun*, and appears with several poems in *Muse and Mirror*, *American Poetry*, and *Stratford Monthly*.

**Ruth Bailey Harlow**, of Seattle, has placed stories with the *Saturday Evening Post*, and sold poems to *Life*, *Judge* and *College Humor*.

**Dr. Ernest Fewster**, for many years president of the Vancouver (B. C.) Poetry Society, has appeared with an autographed limited edition of his poems, entitled "White Desire". Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts says of his work: "It is authentic in its inspiration, transparently sincere, rich in color and music, and dedicated always to a sane, clear sighted idealism."

**Helen Maring**, editor of *Muse and Mirror*, Seattle, will have a volume of poetry out in late spring.

A feature story in the Colorado Springs, Colo., *Gazette* of Dec. 21, 1930, carries interesting information of the work of the Stewart Commission on Western History, of Colorado College. Following the issue of "Transcontinental Trails," a six-volume reference set containing 360 blue-print maps from original government surveys by which the journals and diaries of pioneers become for the first time intelligible, the Commission is issuing a new series of five volumes on "Great Western Stage Coach Routes". Vol. 1 of this series, edited by **Archer B. Hulbert**, director of the commission, is entitled "The Deadwood Trails" and was published Dec. 17.

"Roaming the Rockies" by **John T. Faris** is a recently published book that devotes 50 of its 300 pages to Glacier and Yellowstone parks. Faris has written 20 books of travel. This one has a short introduction by Horace M. Albright, until 1929 superintendent of Yellowstone park, and now director of the national park service.

With **Will James**, of Pryor, nominated for *Vanity Fair's* Hall of Fame; and **Florence Stevens**, of Circle, Montana, selected as representative of Montana on a national honor roll of girls who have gone to New York and made good; and **Max Big Man**, Crow Indian, drawing crowds in Columbus Circle, New York. Montana need not feel that the eastern press is neglecting it. Miss Stevens is the subject of a biography by Mary Field Par-ton in the February, 1931, *McCall's Magazine*.



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"Craters of the Moon", an authoritative pamphlet dealing with Idaho's great national monument, is a book by **Dr. Harold Stearns**, now on sale from Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. In paper, 25c; leather, \$2.00.

An attractive "Montana Miniature Series" is issued from the Billings Polytechnic Institute under the direction of **Olga Weydemeyer**, instructor in art. Miss Weydemeyer is a contributor of ornithological and nature stories to *Bird Lore*, *American Forests and Forest Life*, *Auk*, *Condor*, *Montana Farmer*, *American Journal of Micrology*.

Henry Harrison, editor of *Poetry World*, N. Y., is planning an anthology of Washington poets for spring publication. Mary T. Elmendorf, Seattle, is publishing verse in the *Lyric*, *The Harp*, *Unity*, *Youth and The Frontier*. She states that **Bettie Sale**, a former resident of Washington, now in Glendale, Cal., is at work on a novel and a volume of verse.

**Sheba Hargreaves'** "Ward of the Redskins", first issued by Harper & Brothers, went into a 75c edition by A. L. Burt in February, 1931. Her book, "Heroine of the Prairies", had a satisfactory sale, and she is now at work on a full length novel featuring the Overland Trail during the Gold rush of '49.

"Before the Covered Wagon", a serial feature by **Randall Parrish** that appeared in the *Oregonian*, was issued in book form, last February, by the Metropolitan Press of Portland. Mr. Parrish is a staff writer on the *Oregonian*.

**John Scheffer**, of Eugene, Ore., is working on his graduate thesis in English, and is represented by several poems in the "New Collegiate Anthology" (Harpers). **Alicia O'Donnell**, State University of Montana, is also represented in it.

**Vardis Fisher's** novel, "Dark Bridwell", has been accepted for spring publication by Houghton Mifflin Co. The story is set in Idaho. Last summer Mr. Fisher rode all over Europe on a bicycle, sleeping and eating in small out-of-the-way places where tourists seldom go. He wanted to find out what various continental peoples are like, how they live and what they think; especially, what is their attitude toward Americans and the War. He found out!

For a year **Walter Kidd** has severed connection with writers and magazines to let a few of his own ideas and experiences ripen in their own natural way, that he may express them authentically as he has long

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wanted to. He would measure himself by trees, brooks, mountains, stars; and by humanity, not by writers and magazines. Mr. Kidd is working on a novel that he does not hope to finish in less than two years.

**Mrs. Neta Lohnes Frazier**, of Opportunity, Wash., says that through the publication of her work in *The Frontier* her stories were brought to the attention of Edward J. O'Brien and the O. Henry memorial award committee. Mrs. Frazier is an associate editor of *The Spokane Valley Herald*.

**Dorothy Marie Johnson**, whose quick success with the *Saturday Evening Post* rated oblique mention in *The Writer*, is secretary to the advertising manager of a paper-converting factory in Menasha, Wis. She is a western girl temporarily exiled, and is at present working on a 9000-word murder mystery and studying the pulps.

**Ethel Romig Fuller** heads a group of Portland writers who are demonstrating the truth of what Rebecca West maintains in "A Room of Her Own." They have offices impenetrable to household interruptions, and devote business hours to the business of writing. One could enumerate twenty magazines to which Mrs. Fuller has recently sold poems. She contributes innumerable articles to newspapers and magazines; sells second serial rights on her work through Curtis Brown, Ltd., London. Mrs. Fuller's radio poem, "Proof," goes round and round the world, usually marked "author unknown." It was published in *Sunset* five years ago.

**Dick Wetjen** has a story in the *Saturday Evening Post* of January 24, and recently placed two others with them. Good wine needs no bush, and Wetjen's sea stories are too authentically good to need praise.

**Queenie B. Lister's** mail was flooded with "fan" letters following the publication of her ballad of the riverfront, "Caesar and Lizz" in *The Frontier* (Nov., 1930). She has established herself successfully with the pulp magazines, as has **Borghild Lee**, also of Portland, and **Ivy Jean Richards**, an exceptionally clever writer of Sacramento, Calif.

**Alexander Hull's** "Shep of the Painted Hills (Stokes Co.) is making a good sale. With many other books of Northwestern writers it appears on the shelves of the Historical Library, Helena. Reporters from the Helena papers look, daily, for new western volumes there, and give those they find generous publicity.

**Idaruth Scofield Fargo** of Salem, Ore., has enough published poems for a volume, and enough published stories for another. Her work appears in *Sunset*, *McClure's*, *Independent Woman*, *American Cookery*, *Forestry*, *Overland Monthly* and many other periodicals. Mrs. Fargo is a member of the Writer's Section, Salem Arts League, an organization of ten years standing. She finds the discussions of the group stimulating.

Continued on page 307

GOETHE SAYS: "There is in man a creative disposition which comes into activity as soon as his existence is assured. As soon as he has nothing to worry about or to fear, this semi-divinity in him, working effectively in his spiritual peace and assurance, grasps material into which to breathe its own spirit."

VIRGINIA WOOLF SAYS: "Fiction is like a spider's web attached to life at all four corners. These webs are not spun in mid-air by incorporeal creatures, but are the work of suffering human beings, and we are attached to grossly material things, like health and money and the houses we live in. So that when I ask you to earn money and have a room of your own, I am asking you to live an invigorating life in the presence of reality."

## An Announcement

### To all writers, Professional, Amateur and Would-Be.

There need no genius come from the Classic Past nor from the Hit-or-Miss Present to tell us:—

### WHAT EVERY WRITER KNOWS

"The writer needs periods of uninterrupted quiet and solitude for the actual execution of his work."

"The whole history of writing is one long tale of the crippling or the crushing of the spirit of creative genius by the petty plagues of noise, crowded places, financial and other worries."

"For ready and successful accomplishment the writer needs an environment that will afford not only free opportunity for work but the inspiration that comes from knowing personally, successful writers, critics, editors."

How to meet these needs is a problem of elimination as well as of supply. Since 1900 the leader of the Holbrook Colony has learned by the trial and error method how simple but how insistent are the requirements of its members for timely and sure execution in the field of writing.

The list of essentials includes not only the right working conditions, but skilled and practical guidance as needed and—most difficult condition of all—this combination must be available at a very modest rate.

Experiment has proved that such needs are best met by colony life and the conference plan—Round Table discussions of professional problems relating to **Short Story Writing, Novel Writing, "Juvenile" Writing, Play Writing, Verse Writing, Article and Feature Writing, Textbook Writing, Advertising Writing, Play Production, Marketing, etc.** It has been proved, also, that background talks on these subjects, individual conferences on manuscripts with successful writers, plays presented in the Little Theatre, are invaluable aids to imaginative creation—all such lectures and conferences being entirely optional.

*The Holbrook Writers Colony*—in residence from June 14 to August 15 on the campus of Montana University, in the heart of the Rockies—has at its command all the rich academic resources of the University Summer School: the regular teaching staff, augmented by nationally known authors, a library of 150,000 volumes, a reading room of 200 periodicals. It provides, also, delightful opportunities amid fresh scenes for health building and recreation—the swimming pool, gymnasium, golf links, week-end mountain excursions, trips to near-by places of interest, to Glacier Park and to Yellowstone.

*For details address:*

## The Holbrook Writers Colony

TWIN CITY OFFICE.

Parkview Studios, Harmon Place and Hennepin Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

## THE FRONTIER

a magazine of the Northwest devoted to the cause of regional literature

welcomes **THE HOLBROOK WRITERS COLONY**  
to Montana because—

The affiliation of the Colony with the State University, a recognized center for the development of the literature of the Northwest, will make the Colony a helpful factor in that development.

The coming of such a group of writers to this region will bring a wider recognition of the rich resources of the Northwest, both physical and cultural.

The Colony will add to the inspiration and practical value of the Writers Conference, July 6-10, which **THE FRONTIER** is promoting.





# Good Style at Every Price



**N**OW that it's time to choose spring wardrobes, let's be sure not to practice false economy. The unbecoming frock picked up as a bargain (and never worn) is always more expensive in the long run than the dress chosen where trend is tempered with taste. You will never sacrifice smartness for saving if you shop here, because our fashions — though exclusive — are priced so reasonably that they make bargain hunting a futile task.

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COMPANY



The Buffalo Run by Lone Wolf (Hart Merriam Schultz)  
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# THE FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

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

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## SONNETS OF A PAPER MILL

BY L. LAURENCE PRATT

### THE EIGHT O'CLOCK SHIFT

With clamping tread and lively, voluble hum,  
Italians in swart groups approach to ply  
soft hands on hard machines. Their heads raised high,  
the Swedish loggers pass, god-like and dumb.  
From Shacketown by the pond dark faces come  
with glint of teeth and flash of jungle eye  
as Filipino workers chatter by,  
near Lithuanian barkers, harsh and glum.

Now dapper office clerks are swinging past,  
stenographers with rouge and cigarette.  
The spruce young office manager drives in;  
the foremen meet their crews. There comes at last  
the great mill manager himself. Now let  
steam hiss and plungers pound, and mad wheels spin.

### HEAD LOGGER

They called me "Slaughter" in the old ring days  
when I was mixin' it with heavyweights  
and mashin' mugs. I drew some handsome gates  
and put the crimps in "Dempsey" Jones's plays.  
But fellows, I was brought up on the bays  
and in the woods near Tillamook—and fate's  
recalled me, drawn me to my rightful mates,  
the hemlock rafts, the woods and waterways.

The wind is fresh out where the logs are tied;  
the river's like a springy, swishy mat.  
My punch that used to knock the heavies out  
now takes the forest champions for a ride.  
I swing a wicked peavie, spit for spat,  
and challenge hemlock giants to a bout.

### FIREFACE PETER

Old Fireface Peter of the night shift sat  
beside the glory hole, or shoveled in  
the sawdust till the furnace roared like sin,  
and smoked his pipe, told dirty yarns, and spat.



Profane and wicked, jolly, red-cheeked, fat,  
 he said he wouldn't give a cotter-pin  
 for heaven and harps, and feathered cheer-yu-bin;  
 he'd rather stoke down where his friends was at.

The glory hole was centered in the floor.  
 One night old Peter disappeared, and Boe,  
 a timid chap, took Peter's job. He swears  
 that when the hottest blazes rage and roar  
 he hears a wicked laugh far down below,  
 and sees weird faces when the furnace glares.

### PILING

The cedar piling needed for the dock  
 came riding in on flat cars through the rain  
 like huge asparagus—long poles, straight grain,  
 tied on with wires to stand the jolt and shock  
 of gravity and railroad curves. A flock  
 of dagoes armed with peavies met the train,  
 with their Norwegian foreman, where the main  
 track runs a spur out to the river rock.

Lars Larsen, huge of chest, was six feet five;  
 he cut the wires, then leaped beneath the car  
 to safety; did it well—but once too often.  
 Not even a Viking can remain alive  
 buried in logs. How short most caskets are!  
 They had to send to Landport for a coffin.

### THE WOOD MILL

—zing—whang—zing—whang—zing,  
 the snarling drag-saws bare their fangs and rend  
 the stricken forms of monster trees. They send  
 their grinning teeth deep, deep. They gloat and sing,  
 devour their victims piecemeal, whine, and fling  
 from slavered jaws the sawdust morsels—spend  
 their greed on bark and bones. Their chortles blend  
 in zing—whang—zing—whang—zing.

To free the soul, ascetics flagellate  
 and mortify the flesh. To purge the gold  
 of dross, the searching fires torment and burn.  
 To make a metamorphosis, their fate  
 brings hemlocks to the mill where gaunt saws hold  
 grim rites—where steam drives hard, and steel is stern.

### BENITA OF THE BAG FACTORY

Someway the clatter of the bag machine  
sounds musical today. Poor Jean looks tired.  
I'd like to help the kid. She may get fired  
for sluffing on the job; the boss is mean.  
This diamond sure is swell. I've never seen  
as swell a ring. Gee, soon as I was hired  
Bill fell for me. I mighty near expired  
when he made up to me instead of Jean.

Bill says I'm lovely as the stars at night,  
and classy as his new sports model car.  
He says, "Benita, you're an angel's dream"  
He sure is swell. Jean made a nasty fight  
and lied like hell. What cats some people are!  
Poor kid. This diamond has an old rose gleam.

### BACKSLIDER

Three years ago I had this very job—  
this cockroach-haunted desk, this swivel chair  
that wears me into leather; same hook there  
held my old coat when Preachin' Bill played hob  
with my ideas, and dragged me up to sob  
and pray before the altar and declare  
I'd leave my wicked friends who sin and swear,  
and turned me to a Bible-crazy snob.

Three years—good Godfrey!—prayin' like a saint,  
and talkin' holiness and sanctity  
but longin' for the good old flesh pots. Well,  
that's that. I'm back to sin and swear. I ain't  
afraid of bein' damned. By God, you'll see,  
it's prayin' hypocrites that go to hell.

### HEAD PAINTER

The answer is—? I wonder what. The hope  
of being art's true votary was mine.  
I dreamed I might achieve the faultless line  
of Leonardo, or the mighty scope  
that Buonaroti dared. I'd climb the slope  
to Raphael's realm, where beauty is divine.  
But dreams and beauty were deluding wine.  
They thrilled, then faded, leaving me to grope.

I paint flat walls, protecting them from rain,  
 and dead machines, preserving them from rust.  
 I keep ten painters daubing in the mill.  
 I will not think my life is lived in vain;  
 I leave the shrine—descend—because I must.  
 Could I have saved the dream?—No, no!—But still—

### JIM SARLIS

They caught Jim Sarlis stealing groceries—Jim,  
 delivery man and clerk for seven years  
 and nothing wrong—a simple chap, with ears  
 that stuck out slantwise—got the goods on him.  
 The company grocer thought his stock looked slim:  
 “Strange how that hard-wheat flour disappears.”  
 Poor stupid Jim, entrapped, broke down in tears,  
 scared if a word was harsh or face looked grim.

He never played the women. No, by heck!  
 He'd just delivered Mrs. Jones some bread;  
 she called him to an inner room; her duds  
 were quite askew. Her arms went round his neck:  
 “Fred's always gone on Friday nights,” she said;  
 “I need some tea, and best grade flour, and spuds.”

### POINT OF VIEW

The manager thought busily: “Dan's crew  
 must raze the old head shop by Wednesday night;  
 the underwriters whipped me in that fight—  
 Unless our Waterbury screens come through  
 before that wire on Eight gives out, we're due  
 for heavy losses—pressure's getting light  
 in that lake pipe-line; Browne must make it right.”—  
 “What's that? The screen on Eight has ripped in two!”

The oil man in his greasy shed talked on  
 and chewed his “snus”: “Ye're damn slam right,” he said;  
 “the manager don't know no more than me.  
 Us fellows runs the mill. If he was gone,  
 wy, me and you could do his stuff, by gee!”  
 The oil man paused to scratch his unkempt head.

### ELECTRIC SUB-STATION

Continuum of pulsing, throbbing hum,  
 the purring of a fierce gargantuan cat  
 that may be pleased to drowse upon its mat,  
 or may leap snarling up—a steady thrum,

the ominous rumble of a jungle drum,  
    where savages may caper, friendly-fat,  
    or steal dark-silent as the vampire-bat  
to strike the vision dark, the voices dumb.

All day, all night, the currents flow to speed  
    the hundred motors and the thousand wheels,  
    to drive machines like robots at their job.  
One day a burn—a cruel cat-like deed;  
    one night a savage flash—a workman reels;  
    but still the steady, pulsing, droning throb.

### THE DANCE

There's dancing at the Company Hotel;  
    verandas open to the lanterned lawn,  
    Hawaiian melodies from dark till dawn,  
the wavering lights; the music's ache and swell.  
The dancers go responsive to its spell,  
    with easy motion pausing, swaying on;  
    and one is careless as a drifting swan—  
one masks his eyes to hide an inward hell.

The glance, the smile, the word. "Next Tuesday night  
    beyond the bridge." . . . "Yes, Fred's O. K." . . . "Those beads  
    look hideous with that gown." . . . "I love that glide." . . .  
"Bedell must keep his place; he's got no right  
    outside his own depart—" . . . "Your husband needs  
    promotion: yes, July." . . . "It's cool outside."

### THE MANAGER'S SECRETARY

If I were amorous, or with a flair  
    for sly intrigue, or avaricious—then  
    I know the where for those things, and the when.  
But why should I hunt trouble or fish for care?  
I work efficiently, and stop right there.  
    If what I see, I cared to use again,  
    I could enjoy (through what I know of men)  
passion and power, and sealskin coats to wear.

A word to Prescott's wife—divorce—he's mine;  
    there's Morton, ruined if the manager knew—  
    I could blackmail him. There's De Vere, there's Blair—  
But give me books, my car, my flowers. It's fine  
    to feel assured, when each day's work is through  
    I've played the game, and they all know I'm square.



**BILL MACINTOSH**

Bill MacIntosh flew into fifty rages  
 when his first boy, sixteen, was caught with Jane;  
 "Why couldn't those two filthy scamps restrain  
 their lust till marriage—live by decent stages?  
 Such beastly creatures should be shut in cages!"  
 He kicked Joe out. "Don't come back here again.  
 That black-eyed Jenson slut gives me a pain.  
 You took a job; see how you like the wages!"

Next day Bill MacIntosh met Tillie Flack,  
 who mumbled to him in a low, flat tone  
 of something Bill had very near forgotten.  
 His memory went leaping long years back.  
 It puzzled her to see him frown, and groan:  
 "The kid's O. K. By God, I've acted rotten."

**BROTHERS**

Laverne and Bill, two husky lads, had come  
 together to the mill to make their way.  
 Bill chose the smithy—heavy work, good pay—  
 and beat the anvil like an iron drum.  
 Laverne avoided work so burdensome,  
 and took an office clerkship under Grey.  
 He dreamed he would be manager one day;  
 he toiled and planned, and carefully kept mum.

Bill's wife and kids are healthy and well-dressed;  
 he owns two farms—no stumpage, little brush—  
 a Hup, a summer cottage by the sea.  
 Laverne has left his auditing to rest,  
 thin-chested, hollow-eyed, with cheeks aflush;  
 the doctors say three months to go—T. B.

**NADINE**

Nadine was rosy as the hawthorne spray  
 beside her dad's garage—a slender thing,  
 all gentleness and laughter. In the spring  
 Supe Adams brought his son to learn the way  
 the whole bag factory worked. Soon Hugh would stay  
 near her machine as long as he could bring  
 some poor excuse to bear. Next came the ring;  
 Hugh loved Nadine, and married her one day.

His folks had social prospects for their son.  
They loathed this factory chit and her red cheeks  
that lured him. But Nadine was such a joy—  
so good—so sweet—soon even their hearts were won.  
Now they can scarcely wait the next six weeks  
to see which it will be, a girl or boy.

### THE ACID TOWER

As though a tree should suck through many a root  
destructive poisons, till the virulence,  
by cumulation growing more intense,  
had penetrated every twig and shoot  
and made it bear a bitter, blasting fruit  
to harm unwary things—so with offence  
to heaven the acid tower breathes out its dense  
depressing fumes that strangle and pollute.

A whiff of dragon breathings from the tower,  
and men cough restlessly and clear their throats.  
A stronger blast—one blinks—one gasps and chokes.  
And when the poison comes in greatest power  
the grasses wither, birds forget their notes;  
leaves crumple on the devastated oaks.

### ED NEWGATE

For twenty years Ed knew the tang and thrill  
of gipsying with the strong, unwedded sea  
down watery paths to lands of mystery.  
He watched a thousand tropic sunsets spill  
gold prophecies that golden dawns fulfill.  
But he has married pretty Pearl Barzee,  
who keeps him home. And Ed finds he must be  
construction foreman in the paper mill.

A year—two years. Restrained and cramped, he feels  
his spirit scream for room. The hot wheels spin.  
Gray, choking dust. Is it entirely chance?—  
the concrete mixer—buzzing shafts and wheels—  
blue denim jumper caught and twisted in—  
Ed whirled to death in wild macabre dance.

## PRODUCTION

We'll make a record, boys; she's going great!

Watch Number Twelve machine roll out the news.

What? Beaters Seven and Two are down? Hell's blues!

We'll soon need stock. Two castings broke? Can't Nate  
replace 'em? None on hand? Black blazes! Wait!

Hey, central, ring Brad's house—Brad, where the deuce  
is casting F for Beaters Seven and Two's  
main drive? Quick, Brad. Stock's low. You'll be too late.

Brad on the foundry phone: "I want Long Bill,

night foreman—Bill, are those F castings poured?

Out of the sand? Say, good enough! Have Brown  
put two outside. I'll get 'em." Then the thrill  
of speeding forty miles. Thank Henry Ford,  
old Number Twelve machine will not shut down.

## SUNDAY AT THE PLANT

There's something shocking in the quietness;

the gray hush startles like a ghostly thing,

The ten-foot saws have ceased their strident swing.

No motors hum. No cylinders now press

strong wood on whirling pulp-stones for a mess

of mushy stock. No shake-screen rumbles bring

their thunder to the ear. No hammers ring.

Like weary beasts, machines droop motionless.

Outside, the sad rain drizzles in the yard

and soaks the mountain piles of folded lap.

The car tracks are deserted. No one calls

his orders there. Within, a few work hard

to make repairs while wheels are stopped—to slap

new wires and blankets on. Dead silence falls.

## HOLIDAY

BY MARY BRINKER POST

EV FISCHER stood in front of the bus station, watching her fellow passengers clamber into the big yellow motor coach that lay hove to beside the curb. It reminded her of a boat she had seen in Seattle with its broad yellow belly smack up to the side of the pier. The driver, a small, slender young fellow, trim in olive drab breeches and grey shirt open at the throat, was stowing away his passengers, punching tickets and handling change. He looked up at her when the last one was in, his black eyes taking her in and questioning. She nodded and stepped forward. Every seat was filled but the one beside the driver. She smiled. That, of course, was what she had waited for.

Ev had a cheap straw basket with a picture of a lady in a short bathing suit pasted on its side. The driver slung it up onto the rack on top of the bus. Then he held the door open for her to climb in. She had to make quite a high step. She smiled again, feeling her skimpy silk dress slide up over her knee. Well, he ought not to mind.

The door shut with a snap. The driver climbed in on the other side, started the engine with a zoom, threw it into gear and broke away from the curb with a roar. The smaller cars in the way scurried to the right. The big yellow bus roared up the street. Ev's body quivered with delight.

She took off her enormous floppy black hat and hung it on one knee. With her two hands she patted her short pale hair into the windblown waves she demanded of it. The driver kept his eyes on the road. She glanced over at his hand on the wheel. It was narrow and

brown and the grip on the wheel made two veins stand out along the back. Ev would have given her last cigarette to touch it. Without thinking she put out her hand. Then she drew it back with a sudden fear in her throat.

Instead of watching the fields of green and yellow and brown go by, her eyes kept straying to the man's profile beside her. His cap was pulled low over his forehead and his eyebrows were drawn together as though he were puzzled. The nose was slender and the mouth under it serious. Once he glanced up at her while she was staring and, though her business was meeting men's eyes, she had to look away.

They were going rather fast and the wind of their speed blew Ev's hair into her eyes. She reached into her handbag and took out a package of cigarettes. She lit one, exhaling the smoke through her nostrils. The driver looked up quickly and said something she could not catch. Ev offered him the cigarettes. He shook his head and spoke louder.

"Oh," she said, "pretty strict, ain't they?" and threw the cigarette out the window.

Ev Fischer was taking a holiday. She picked up her hat and crossed her knees. A thin smile twitched her bright lips as the wind blew the silk back. What was there in a woman's knee that made men stare? She replaced the skirt and hat and leaned her elbow on the window.

They were going through the apple country now. Ev liked the looks of the rows and rows of soft green that were the more distant orchards. The hills around them rolled away brown and grey; there were some thin jagged peaks



like rocky staircases half-seen through the August haze.

The two men in the seat behind were saying, "Forest fires. Yup, God damn tourists."

"God damn slashings," someone else said.

"Sure is hell the way they burn 'em up every summer."

Ev thought it was too bad that the smoke hid the staircases. She got a thin feeling in her throat looking up at them; her eyes got lost in the blue, like looking into water.

She had to laugh, thinking about her holiday. It sure was a relief not to have a guy tagging along. Her eyes slanted to her side. Even so she couldn't get away from thinking about them. Habit, like cigarettes, or biting your fingernails—men. The ones with narrow lips, like that, and brown hands with crooked veins along the back weren't the worst, by any means. She bit rouge off her lip. Those were the ones she hadn't got to know. That's the way it was.

From a distance the lake was bluer than the sky, but when you got nearer it was so bright and shimmering that color was dazzled. The bus stopped and Ev waited while the driver handed down baggage. When he put down her basket she smiled. He gave her a short glance, disinterested and disapproving, and turned to the other passengers. She went away feeling snubbed. He hadn't given her a tumble. She shifted the basket to her other hand. She was sick of men anyway. This was a holiday.

"Say, girlie, want a hand?"

One of the men who had sat behind her was keeping pace with her, smiling. She looked at him with a curling lip.

"Lay off!" She passed him frigidly.

Ev walked up the board walk feeling

hot and mussy. There were men here, too, of course. She was sick of their stares and their smirks. On the beach, bathers were lying under parasols, and in the water, boys and young women were swimming and diving. There was a big raft with a high dive. The sun beat with a steady hot rhythm upon the brilliant water and the white beach and the people in bathing suits. She would have to get into the shade, this was going to be a scorcher.

The park grass was damp from recent sprinkling. She felt the grateful coolness through her low-cut shoes with their narrow strips of leather made to simulate straw. She chose a place away from the walk and the rhythm of sun. Closed in by green of shrubs and trees, and green of even, springing grass, she found the day not so scorching.

Ev sat down under a young maple tree, with retinosperas on each side. She lay back against the slender, cool trunk and shut her eyes. The greenness about her seeped into her temples, dripped against her lids. When she opened her eyes her tiredness and the vague drum of headache were gone. She felt refreshed and hungry.

In her basket Ev had stowed two packages of neat, fresh sandwiches that she had made in her room, two hard-boiled eggs and several slices of cold ham. There were other picnic things, olives and cake and a bottle of "rotten beer, but something to wet your whistle on." She began on the basketful, munching and sipping from the bottle, gazing dreamily off over the wide soothing lanes of the park.

The sandwiches were good, the beer cool. She was contented physically and her mind was too drowsy to bother. The smell of the grass drying out under the

sunshine and the rough scent of the shrubs made her sleepy. She kicked off her tight shoes, doubled up her silk coat for a pillow and stretched out on the grass with the big hat over her eyes.

Ev did not sleep, nor yet was she awake. Her body was pleasantly inert and her mind full of the sounds of the water toboggan and the cries of the bathers. People passed on the gravel, their voices floating nebulously in the stillness and the warmth.

The park attendant came, bringing a sprinkler. Ev sat up, yawning and pulling down her skirt. She took out a small mirror and comb and tidied her hair. She fished in the basket for a green olive and sat nibbling it, watching the water playing in the air. The cloudy little rainbows delighted her. After a while the attendant moved the sprinkler away.

Ev wanted to do nothing but sit and smell the grass and feel the tempered sunshine. This was a real holiday. She would like to sit here all her life, in her ears nothing but the far-off splashing of the bathers and the nearby whirr of invisible sprinklers, and in her mind and body this vast content.

The trees were tall and the sunlight skipped from leaf to leaf on their outspread branches. There were pines scattered in dark clumps among the light, summery maples and oaks. You couldn't get away from pines in this part of the country. Ev chewed a maple leaf and looked at the pools of shade on the bright grass. Birds scattered about after her picnic crumbs. They were very business-like, chattering a great deal and stepping on each other's toes. They darted round, beady glances at her and fluttered up at the sound of people walking.

Ev yawned and spat out the olive pit. The birds had vanished like rain. She had not even seen them go. That was the way with birds; yes, and of people, too—a single thoughtless move and they were gone up in smoke. She sighed, biting at the inside of her lip. What was there in it, though, soft soap and "yes, yes," and "you're a wonder." Putting on nice clothes so that people wouldn't know what you were like inside.

Blah! She flipped a cigarette out of her bag. You had to be yourself. When you weren't, then you got sick of it and got to feeling ashamed for all you'd done and hadn't done, got to feeling sorry because of goodlooking bus drivers. What a joke!

She had a sudden fit of laughing. She took the cigarette out of the corner of her lip and buried her face in the rolled-up coat, her shoulders shaking. She laughed until she was hot. Then she lay still with her eyes shut. Suddenly something hard and hot punched at her heart and she buried her face again. Her shoulders shook unevenly. She had forgotten how it felt to cry. The long hot ache of each sob went into her body like a surgeon's knife, cleaving and laying bare and burning a raw edge.

"Oh, what a fool!" She blew her nose noisily and smothered her face in powder. The powder puff pressed the quivering edges of her nostrils firmly, indignantly. Over her trembling lips she drew a smile in paint. "A hell of a way to spend a holiday."

The green quiet closed about her again. The park attendant moved the sprinkler over to a flower bed. The water sprayed into the dancing air.

Brilliant drops spattered the rose leaves. This was the life!

Ev Fischer packed things back into the gaudy basket. What you bring back from a picnic is half-empty olive bottles, a dirty spoon and some dry sandwiches. You can't bring home the green shade under the maples or the quiet play of water against the sunlight. Where would you put it in a dinky grey room over a dirty river-front street?

She mosied on down to the beach, swinging her basket, which made the beer bottle clank against the olive bottle. Some guy on the board walk holstered, "Sounds s'picious. Can't I have a snort?" She went on, not caring, not really hearing. She could be herself on her holiday.

The sun was still hot, but the deadly rhythm was broken. The sands were so hot they burned through Ev's shoes. She sat down on a little weather-polished log and watched the bathers. It must be thrilling, all right, to come whizzing down the water toboggan and land with a splash in the lake, but it was pleasanter to paddle around near the shore, where the water was charged with the sun's heat. Some children were playing near her in the shallow water, splashing each other and discovering things in the sand. They were cute, all right, but she wasn't crazy about kids—a good thing. The dazzle of the water made her eyes smart.

A little fair-haired boy sat down up to his waist in water, in front of her log. He looked up at her, squinting his blue eyes and smiling.

"Ain'tcha comin' in?"

She shook her head. "I dunno how to swim."

The youngster's smile became patron-

izing, with a little edge of companion-ship. "Tha's all right. Neither do I."

She dug tunnels with her heel. "Uh-huh, I guess not today."

The little boy scrambled up, and stared at her accusingly for a minute, then went running down the edge of the water with funny little skipping, splashing steps. He was cute, all right. A good thing, though, that she wasn't crazy about kids.

She was thirsty, so she decided to get a root beer at the fountain where the bus came in. She glanced at the link bracelet watch on her wrist. Wouldn't be going back before seven, but she'd walk through the place and maybe grab a bite at some dump.

The crab "louie" that she ordered at Jake's Cafe wasn't strictly fresh; it tasted wilted. Flakes of crab meat clung to the roof of her mouth. She drank deeply of a cup of dark-looking coffee. The dump smelled of perspiration and stale onions. The fat man with the cook's cap who stood by the window turning sizzling hamburgers on a smoking electric plate looked actually as though he were melting. Great streams of sweat rolled down the grooves beside his nose, his shirt was plastered to his skin and below his rolled sleeves the heavy hairs of his arms were wet.

She returned some remark of his. "Yeah, hot day. Sure is hot in here and oh, boy, have we got onions?"

The black-haired cashier half-turned her sharp profile. "H'mph." She lifted the black lines over her sharp eyes. "You shouldn't be so choosy."

Ev gave her a hard smile, shrugged her shoulders, and pushed back her chair, wiping her lips carefully. "Rot-ten crab, too," she observed.



The big man nodded. "Ever'thin's rotten at this hash house, includin' the female help!" He shot a glance toward the cashier. The lady was diligently counting piles of half dollars. She slid Ev's seventy-five cents off the rubber mat into the drawer without touching it. Ev half closed her eyes and laughed. "Ain't that lily nose cold, honey?" She went out with a swagger. The hamburger man tapped on the window after her. She waved and went up the street.

It was queer how cool and light the air could be after so much brilliant heat. The shop windows didn't need lights, but they gave the street a cosy look. Ev suddenly remembered how as a child she had always been glad to go home when the lights came on. Her mother would be tired and silent, but the small house would be warm and quiet and smelling of the stew they had had for supper. As she grew older she had wanted to stay out with the lights; they had lit a strange fire in her body. They were cosy-looking now, but she wished she could be going home from them.

There weren't so many people to get on the bus, going back, but she slipped into the seat beside the driver anyway. She was sick of men, but an awful loneliness was upon her and she wanted company. There was something reassuring in sitting beside a man. The driver hardly looked at her. His face was dark and aloof; she didn't think he knew she was beside him.

They started up the little lighted street slowly. Once out of Coeur d'Alene the bus began to hum and roar. The highway was not crowded, but the homegoing cars and the loaded cars of gysying tourists who had a place

to go, made Ev feel bad. What was the use of a holiday if you hadn't a place to go home to?

At Post Falls the three other passengers got out, a farmer with no collar on, and two heavy women with market bags. Unless passengers flagged the bus, there would be no more stops until Spokane.

Ev leaned back in her corner and looked at the driver. Something had changed him since the morning trip. He kept his narrowed eyes on the road, but his mouth was hard and betrayed. The whole set of his body was different; he looked like a runner who has set his body for a goal and fallen short by a hand. His shoulders hadn't any starch in them, he was actually hunched over the big wheel. But he was stepping on it all right. The distance seemed to come up and meet them. The hum of the hot tires on concrete went round in Ev's head. She put her face to the rushing wind of their speed.

Now there was a goldenness in the air. The fields were steeped in amber quiet. Low-flying, predatory birds of evening sailed over the pale grain. The sky had no blue in it; it seemed vaster and higher than it had ever seemed, all a fainter shade of the evening's amber, with gathering grey at the edge. Ev wondered if that was where the dark came from, the place where the sky rested on the earth.

They were flying over a golden earth, a road of soft, sweet-smelling dust. Ev felt her body growing lighter, finer, as the car swung into a steeper pace. Farm houses appeared, smoke dreamed up from low chimneys, cows moved over the dry pastures with children driving them. There seemed no noise on the face of the earth but the leashed thun-



der of the motor and Ev's heart beating in her breast. She smelled hay and dusty chaff from a threshing machine left in a field of garnered wheat. Pine scent quivered through the sweets of clover. Along the road flared wild geranium and shut yellow weeds and elderberry bushes.

She wished she were the weeds growing beside the road, or the still, dark pines blurring together by the fences. Anything that could grow and feel roots pressing down into the beautiful earth, the dark-grained, moving earth that fed and yielded and took again into its body.

Ev thought that if she could reach out her hands she might gather the golden dusk and far, faint sky and the deep, grainy soil into them and have them, and they would be something to touch and feel. She wanted to get her hands in them, she wanted to know them. She yearned for an intimacy with these beautiful things that she was flying through.

The man beside her spoke suddenly. "God!"

She was not sure that he had made the word, it dropped out of silence and was there between them, the single word, the single, great, engulfing, terrible word. Her whole being shivered. What had he said? She looked at him and from the bitterness at his mouth she knew it had not been a word of power, nor of ecstasy—she knew it had been blasphemy. She had never thought of it as blasphemy before; she had said it, had heard it, had screamed it in pain. Now she drew it into herself as she might gather the pale sweet evening, or the cries of the hawks pouncing into the grain.

"Whatsa matter?" Her voice sound-

ed far and husky and full of secret depth.

He glanced away from the wheel to look at her. His eyes were full of gold, his face was like faces she saw in dreams, meaningless and pale, but too terribly lovely to look at. If he would turn to her like that and smile, murmur her name or touch her arm—that would be the reach of the amber sky and the deepness and savor of the dark earth.

His eyes went down, down, she could feel them deep inside of her, burning golden, beautiful. When he drew them out she had to clasp her hands suddenly over her heart lest the living blood gush out and stain her crimson. She trembled so that she could not keep her lips together.

He shook his head, hunching over the wheel, flashing the bus back into the road again.

"In trouble, are you?" Her words were as beautiful as a proud lady's. Here in the dusk, with her body aflame and her hands pale gold, how could he know she was not a lady?

He shrugged. "Not any kind a woman'd understand."

She pressed her palms together and looked at him with excitement making her body raw.

"I might. I—understand things."

"Women—you can't trust 'em." He laughed and broke it off snap as one breaks a brittle twig. "They know too much."

The gesture of his body, wrenching itself out of a slump to fall into a slump again, jerked out the stiff pain he was feeling. She was pitying him so much that she was not herself, not her caste, not her cog of society. She was only the quivering pity of a woman

for a man in pain. Her breast ached from the desire to hold his head there and rock back and forth. The ghost of low croons trembled in her warm throat.

"Oh, it is too bad. Don't take it too hard. Don't."

When he looked at her she knew he saw only the soft pale waves of her hair, the gold lines of her face in the shadowy corner, the pity throbbing through her intense body. He didn't see what he would have seen in daylight: the look of other men's pawing and fondling her, the hardness of having to set her face in the bright lines that please, her sharp callousness that fought against the fear of being snubbed. He saw her only as the golden dusk and the faintly aromatic earth would have him see her. Something of his pain, she saw, ebbed because of her sympathy.

"Why should you care?" he said, scornful of his own hurt, trying to be brusque to the pity that was restoring some of his lost faith in himself.

She looked away. The grey line at the sky's edge must have spread while she had not been watching. All the sky was grey, floating, covered. It would feel sleazy and sheer like grey chiffon if she could touch it. There were small rents in the chiffon and starpoints winked through. The sweetness, the gentle melancholy were gathering closer. The swift, sure passage of the bus drove the nebulous thrill, the excitement that hurt it was so keen, so edged with danger and sorrow, deeper, until she was riding over the crested corn, a tall, flying woman, with hair blowing back and breasts lifted. If only she might die now, said her heart, in this strange divinity of speed and rush-

ing nightfall and calling birds. To die, to die—the tongue loved the words.

Why should she care? Because of his narrow brown wrists, perhaps, or his eyes with the flecks of pain in them. Because there was a sweetness about him like the sweetness of this brooding evening. Because he made her want to be something better than what she was. Are those the things that make up love? She had not known such. It was a thing of hands and lips and sharp flame, but a thing that wore thin and had to be cast aside. Why should she care? Because he made her feel like a proud lady, because she wanted to die tonight before she lost it, *before her holiday was over.*

"Who am I to you?"

The headlights of the oncoming cars blazed at them, blinded them, were gone and night was as before.

"I—I like you." It was hard to say it, and yet it was the right thing, and easy after it was done.

"Thanks, lady. Though I don't know why you should." His smile pulled up one side of his serious young mouth.

They said no more. Why should they? His shoulders straightened a little, the bus hummed steadily on, the greyiness and the muted wail of insects faint above the motor, were sweet. Was there anything more she might have said? She knew he felt better because of her. And she—she was proud and filled to the brim with something that had not been in life before. The night rushed back at her through the open window. A sentimental popular rhythm went through her mind, over and over, until it became beautiful and sad because of the softness of the air and the pride in her heart. "Without you, sweetheart." She sang the cheap words and beat out

the wailing tune. She wanted to sing and sing; stand on that low hill just out of the pines; sing anything.

The electric glare of signs and street lights all about was like stepping into a noisy dance hall. There was something theatrical in the blaring streets, the artificiality of the small city's night activities. The bus went slowly up the street, weaving between cars. Farmers and cowboys from Idaho ranches and Washington farms were in town for Saturday night excitement. There was great bustle of parking and horn-tooting and jangle of street cars. How, suddenly, had this bedlam enveloped the still grey dusk? What had happened to the flowing road and the hawks over the fields?

At the bus station the driver parked the big car, then sat for a moment. Ev began to pick up her purse and hat. He touched her gently on the arm. His smile was friendly and interested.

"Say, how about a show tonight? That is—if you aren't doin' anything and would like to go."

Ev fidgeted with her things, trembling and avoiding his eyes. What did he mean, oh, what did he mean? She managed to look up at him at last. His eyes were meaning only what his lips had said. She was burningly ashamed.

Her lips formed the words of acceptance. Suddenly she thought of her love-

liness, leaning in the corner in the gold twilight with the far sky and the noble earth in her to make her a proud lady. Her hand rubbed the sleazy silk over her knees. How cruel the bright lights were. It would be sweet to go.

"Won't you go?"

Ev Fischer shook her head, smiling softly and friendly-like. She picked up her absurd big hat and her bulgy purse.

"Thanks all the same. But—I can't. It's sweet of you to ask me, though."

She started to open the door. The driver got out quickly and opened it for her. He gave her his hand. She leaned hers heavily in it and tasted with all her soul the firm, hard clasp of his brown fingers. He looked at her, disappointed, but game.

"Well, I'm sorry. I thought—you were so good to me. We might be friends, if you say so."

He handed down the cheap straw basket, and the olive bottle clanked against the beer bottle. Ev took it from him with a deep, long look.

"We are friends," she said.

As she went up the street there was a terrible sinking in her heart and a black ache in her throat, but she held up her small, uncovered head in pride. She did not see the smiles of the men hanging around Jimmie Dovan's Soft Drink Parlor, nor hear the footsteps of the man who followed her to her rooming-house.



## BILL NYE

By W. E. CHAPLIN

AT the age of 26 Edgar Wilson (Bill) Nye decided to change his residence from Wisconsin to some point in the west. He purchased a ticket to Cheyenne, Wyoming, the greatest distance his means would carry him. There he called upon a former acquaintance, United States Attorney John J. Jenkins, whom he had known in Wisconsin. Jenkins assisted him in many ways and was instrumental in securing him a position with *The Daily Sentinel*, published by Hayford & Gates in Laramie. Armed with a letter of introduction to Judge N. L. Andrews, Nye went to Laramie about May, 1876. At that time I was employed in the *Sentinel* office as an apprentice and recall Judge Andrews and Nye coming to the office and talking with Dr. Hayford, the editor. It was arranged that Nye should do the city reporting, his compensation being \$10 per week and board. He roomed at the Hayford home. Being a good mixer, he at once entered into the business and social life of the community. He had done some newspaper work in Wisconsin as correspondent of several papers and at one time made application for a position in St. Paul, but without success. He had also studied law, but beyond being admitted to the bar there was not much evidence of it. His humor was keen, spontaneous, satirical. It bubbled up on all occasions. His strongest point was quick change from the sublime to the ridiculous. On occasion he could give savage thrusts his opponents could not answer or overcome.

Not long after coming to Laramie, through their mutual friend, Mrs. Hay-

ford, Nye became acquainted with Clara Frances Smith. It was a case of love at first sight and they certainly "lived happy ever after." Their home was ever a haven of sweet accord. Their means were at first limited to an exceedingly small salary, but soon were augmented by income from other sources, such as correspondence with papers of national repute, justice of the peace, United States Commissioner, and finally postmaster. Nye made the following comment upon his marriage: "Concluding that I had more poverty than one person was entitled to I made up my mind to endow some deserving young woman with a part of it." Their home was an exceedingly modest one during all the time they lived in Wyoming. At that time Laramie had few pretentious residences and very few bath tubs. There were no telephones, no electric lights, no phonographs, no radios, no automobiles, no sewers, no sidewalks in the residence districts and no movies. There was really little to spend one's money for.

Socially Nye was a genial companion and excellent company. He enjoyed goodfellowship. His associates were the best men in the town. He liked a glass of beer and after the morning *Sentinel* had gone to press it was not unusual to see him at John Huempfer's *New York House* with Henry Mills, enjoying a schooner and the wonderful free lunch served there. After marriage this light diversion was dispensed with and there was no place like home for Nye. He enjoyed dancing, but was as awkward as a clown in a ballroom. He and Mrs. Nye were very hospitable. He had a



very warm feeling for his office force and treated them all with the greatest consideration. The first Thanksgiving after the establishment of *The Boomerang* the entire force was invited to a turkey dinner at the Nye home. Including Mrs. Nye, there were nine at table. His experience in carving was evidently very limited. When the turkey was brought in he showed some embarrassment. After struggling with it for some time, he gave it up and asked Mrs. Nye if she would not have it carved in the kitchen. This was graciously acceded to and the dinner from that time on was a great success.

Nye could meet unkind words with flashing, vitriolic sarcasm. On one occasion the paper had published an advertisement for the leading dry goods house of the city in which there unfortunately appeared a number of errors. The brother of the proprietor, who was only a clerk, came storming down the street toward the office and met Nye on the way: "I'm going down to see the S. O. B. who set that ad to tell him what I think of him," said he. "Hold on," said Nye. "We prefer to talk to the proprietor; not the man who sweeps out the store." That settled the argument. The clerk turned about and went back.

In newspaper repartee he was without a peer. On one occasion he was drawn into a controversy with the editor of the Green River paper, *The Sweetwater Gazette*. As a final clincher he made this comment:

"We have nothing more to say of the editor of *The Sweetwater Gazette*. Aside from the fact that he is a sqint-eyed, consumptive liar, with a breath like a buzzard and a record like a convict, we don't know anything against him. He means

well enough, and if he can evade the penitentiary and the vigilance committee for a few more years, there is a chance for him to end his life in a natural way. If he don't tell the truth a little more plentifully, however, the people of Green River will rise as one man and churn him up till there won't be anything left of him but a pair of suspenders and a wart."

It was not often that Nye lapsed into poetry. He did not seem to have much talent in that direction. His "Ode to the Cucumber" shows something of his poetic turn of mind:

O, a cucumber grew by the deep  
rolling sea  
And it tumbled about in reckless  
glee  
Till the summer waned and the  
grass turned brown,  
And the farmer plucked it and took  
it to town.

Wrinkled and warty and bilious  
and blue,  
It lay in the market the autumn  
through;  
Till a woman with freckles on her  
cheek  
Led in her husband, so mild and  
meek.

He purchased the fruit at her request  
And hid it forever under his vest;  
For it doubled him up like a kangaroo,  
And now he sleeps 'neath the vio-  
lets blue.

Bill Nye wrote many western sketches relating to the Indians, the Mormons, the mines, the bandits, etc. At the time Big-Nosed George (George Parrott) and his gang infested the region contiguous to the Union Pacific and not only held up trains but committed murder, Nye was doing newspaper work at Laramie. Big-Nosed George's gang held up a

Union Pacific train near the Medicine Bow river and thereafter murdered Widdowfield and Vincent, deputy sheriffs of Carbon county, Wyoming. Big-Nosed George was thereafter captured and on the way to Rawlins, the county seat, friends of the deputies took him from the train at Carbon and strung him up. They let him down to get what he might have to say and were induced to permit him to be taken to Rawlins for trial. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung, but before the date of the execution he assaulted Jailer Rankin and for this was taken from the jail by a mob and hanged. Bill Nye's comments upon his arrest and trial show how he generally treated such items of news:

"Today Judge Peck sentenced Big-Nosed George to be hanged by the neck until he is dead. He has been hanged by the neck before, but not till he was dead. That, therefore, will be the great distinguishing characteristic of the hanging. Big-Nosed George is what is known and respected as a road agent. A road agent is one who takes up an involuntary contribution from the tourist occasionally. It may be well to describe the fall and winter style of road agent in Wyoming, for the benefit of those who have never experienced the wild and exhilarating experience of being robbed. The prevailing style of disguise among the elite of Wyoming road agents is the lower half of a brown canvas overall leg. Taking the fragment alluded to, the artist rips it up a few inches on both sides, so that when it is pulled down over the head a flap of the goods cut decollete hangs down below the face in front and down the back behind. The top is then gathered into a pompadour wad and tied with a string of old gold or

gros grain burlap. Holes are then cut for the eyes and one for the mouth and the robber is thoroughly disguised. Proceeding to a good point on the stage roads between towns of some importance, the captain places his men in such positions that the coach or other outfit will meet the cold, repulsive gun barrel of the gang before there is time to make any preparation. This the road agent does for his own protection and not for the pleasure of witnessing the glad surprise of the pilgrim. The captain then tells the tourist to throw up his hands. This suggestion is generally obeyed, the victim laughing heartily all the time. The driver and passengers are then required to get down and form in line, still holding their hands as high as they can without standing on something. The gang still stands so that the squad of pilgrims may be raked fore and aft and the captain proceeds to rummage the pockets of the squad. In many instances these travelers have things in their pockets they would like to keep, but they hardly ever mention it at the time. I knew one man who had only enough fine-cut to last him one day and the holdup band took the last crumb he had, so he had to go on without it. He was the crossest man I ever saw for the next two days. He lost at the same time \$1,500 in cash, but he did not mind that. He spoke of the loss of his shining dross cheerfully and even hilariously, but tobacco was something he needed right along all the time.

"Big-Nosed George, however, got excited easily and killed people because he was afraid that while he was turning their pockets inside out and reading their letters they might get irritated and kill him. This got people down on George, and when they caught him one night they tied him up to a telegraph pole and asked him a lot of impudent ques-

tions about his past life. They asked him if he killed so-and-so and who helped him, and a lot more such questions that he had to answer while his eyes hung out on his cheeks like a loose overcoat button and his tongue was so swollen he couldn't talk fluently. Then he asked them to take him down where he could get his breath and maybe he could think of some more things to say. He said he never spoke in public before and it seemed to confuse him.

"So they took him down and he told them a lot of things they wanted to know, and then they took him away to jail. When he came to trial he didn't seem to think he had a good case and the lawyers didn't seem to want to defend him, because there was a good deal of popular feeling against Big-Nosed George, and lawyers who were not prepared to climb the golden stairs—and most of them are not—concluded not to take the case. So George plead guilty, and unless something happens he will pass up the flume."

As a business man Nye was not a startling success. Of course, in the establishment of *The Boomerang* the capital provided was small and the field of operations limited. All the money raised by the stock company was \$3,000. Of this sum he spent only \$1,800 for material and used the remainder to pay expenses while getting the paper on its feet. It never really found its feet

while Nye was connected with it. In less than a year he sold the job office to raise funds, and when he finally left the paper it was financially in a very bad way. In the winter of 1882-3 he was taken ill and for a time his life was in the balance. As soon as he was able to travel Mrs. Nye took him to Greeley and shortly thereafter to Wisconsin. From Wisconsin he wrote to me offering his stock for sale to three of us employed on the paper. As his ability as a humorist was believed to be a great asset, we declined to pay the price he asked, par, one-half cash and balance in six months and one year at 18% per annum. A little later he returned to Laramie and sold his stock to Matthew Dawson of the Wyoming National bank for 30 cents on the dollar, not knowing that Cashier Dawson was acting as our agent. We purchased a major portion of the stock of the company at this price. Nye then presented a bill to the company for \$3,300, stating that it was indebted to him in that sum. This was a poser. We didn't have the money. We told him that the only way we would consent to settle was through the court. If he would bring a friendly suit we would endeavor to pay what was actually due him. That course was pursued. The court, after taking all the available testimony, gave him a judgment for \$213. This was paid to Nye's attorney and his interest in *The Boomerang* was at an end.

## DEERFOOT PRINTS

BY HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

1

I was born in a ship's cabin at Empire, on Coos Bay, in the 1850's, on a February night when the sea was gulping more than its own. There were cries in the darkness and next morning driftwood wreckage strewn the beach. So was I cast upon the world.

2

I lay in a log cradle playing with pine cones and a rabbit's foot. I tangled my mother's hair when she kissed me, crying when the wolves howled on the forest side of town. My father pinched me and said I'd be killing the beasts some day, or going to sea with another kind of wolf. I listened to the roaring rain and fell asleep.

3

My father had been a sea captain but lured by the local rush for gold had sold his ship. The money he invested in a stock of merchandise consisting of a barrel of whiskey, a case of tobacco, and a supply of overalls to sell to the miners. His first profits were fine enough, but the mushroom gold camps moved so fast he could not keep up with the rumored strikes. He settled in Empire with a slack trade. I learned to walk holding onto cases and trouser legs. Among these were the "Forty Thieves," released convicts from the "Golden Gate."

4

My misty-eyed mother dipped her own candles and I insisted on helping her, burning myself with the hot tallow. I lay and watched the log fire, puzzling at the meaning of flame.

5

When I was seven my father gambled away his possessions to Gum Boot Char-

lie in the Seven Devils saloon on the waterfront. But gold was struck that day at Sixes River, and salvaging his dreams we three fled to stake a holding.

6

But the gravel bar we staked turned scarcely a trace of color. I wandered off looking for flowers and pulled up a rootfull of nuggets. We were wildly happy.

7

We never found any more.

8

The army of drifters slunk away. The empty shacks faced toward winter, their canvasses whipping away in the wind. Only the Chinamen stayed on, slinking among the heaps of gravel, taking out the least precious trace of dust. For my father, dispirited, the glamor of living was over.

9

That winter we nearly froze to death.

10

In the spring we made our way down the tortuous river to the open bottoms. In a clearing of green fertility we erected the first log ranch house and spaded the first garden plot in the Sixes River country. That summer of '62 the world started over again.

11

I belonged to the forest. I grew with the spruce trees; I drank from the waterfalls and was still thirty. Once I saw a fawn like a shaft of sunlight melting into shadow; when I sought to follow him he was gone and a cloud was over the sky. I found only his footprints. I ran to a fern flat and cried in its sweetness, sick with a nostalgia I could not understand.



## 12

My mother was lonely.

## 13

Three years passed. We lived frugally but sufficiently. Our mules worked well fed and our cattle munched on the swale grass. Our hogs ran wild in the forest, fattening on acorns and roots. We never knew how many the wolves and the bears got. I disliked butchering.

## 14

One fall my father and I drove the mules down to the coast to distill a keg of salt for the winter. A ship passed out to sea and my father cried—the only time I ever saw him. When we returned to the cabin after a week we found mother pinned dead to the door by a scalping knife. We never found out who did it. Before we buried her I cut off a strand of her dark hair and sealed it in an acorn shell. We buried her on the highest ridge where father went every sunset to gaze at the distant sea. Afterward I was always afraid to go up.

## 15

That winter my father drank a great deal. The wolves came out of the forest and howled every night. I wondered why we stayed on.

## 16

In the spring he journeyed down to Port Orford. He stayed so long I thought he had taken to sea. When he did come back he brought a Siletz squaw with him for wife. She wasn't my mother. They were both drunk and kicked me out to the barns to sleep with the mules.

## 17

The next morning I visited my mother's grave . . . and ran away.

## 18

In some breathless manner I reached Myrtle Point, across the mountains. But when I begged for a stage ride to Cottage Grove they found out who I was and rustled me back to the Sixes with two prospectors, dazed with a tarnished dream. In familiar country again I managed to elude them. This time I fled to the coast, following the shore down to Port Orford. It stood a white town in the full sun before the blue sea. That night I crept aboard the *Oregon Beaver* and hid in the stowage. We let up at daybreak, north, for Astoria and Portland. I cried with determination and pride, dirtying my face with the grimy canvas. I was young to be a man.

## 19

After a time I grew hungry and crept out of hiding; when the mate beat me and put me to scrubbing down the galley floor. It didn't seem so bad, for I was free and glad with that large expectation of youth.

## 20

The second morning, while crossing the Columbia bar, the captain killed the second mate in a fight, throwing his body overboard. It frightened me. When we reached Astoria I jumped ship with three of the crew, who got drunk and were dragged into a back room to sleep it off. I hung round awhile. I guess they must have thought me too young, they didn't try to make me drink. Afterwards I heard that two of them were shanghaied, while the third joined back when the *Oregon Beaver* returned from Portland, putting out for sea. I was alone.

## 21

I did odd jobs about the wharves, mostly getting in the way. One day a

horny Scotch fisherman, after yarning with me all day over his net-mending, gave me a berth on his *Jenny*. He talked dreamily about a daughter I never saw.

22

I became a salmon fisherman, fishing out toward "the bar." We were only one of the hundreds of crafts supplying the canneries. We drifted our nets all night, hauling in at daybreak. Three years of this kept me too busy to be lonely. My muscle grew harder.

23

I was seventeen now and beginning to feel my oats. But somehow I didn't care much for the stories and the hard liquor dispensed in the Astor street saloons. Once a blousy girl put her arm around me and tried to lead me into a dark room. I laughed her off and she mumbled "Kid," a cynical smile twisting her carmined lips. When I got outside I felt sick.

24

There was a bluff over south of town where I used to go of nights to put things away from me. Up there where the dark firs stood over the Columbia and the lights of the town crept out toward the forest it was beautiful and elemental. The time I ran away from the carmined lips I surprised a pale girl sitting there alone and crying in her hands. I felt foolish and edged off, but my sympathy drew me back. I tried to say something but what I said was only ridiculous. Then when I moved away again she looked up, still sobbing. But before I could get the straight of what was the matter she rose and fled away into the timber. They found her dead body three days after, heavy with child.

25

The following day MacDonald, the old

Scotch fisherman, took the yawl out alone, her white sails crimsoning in the sunset on the down tide. The next morning the salmon fleet brought him home through the dawn flush. He had drowned himself in his nets. The dead girl was the daughter he had often told me about.

27

It turned me sick and I cursed Astoria, the Columbia, and the sea. I dug back into the timber and became a logger. Life was hard. I fought a man; the sight of blood seemed good.

28

For the first time in my life I got drunk. I was a man.

29

I wandered up to Portland and the street of homeless men. At times I worked along the waterfront and at other times I was drunk. All one winter I lived with a Swede girl who said she was straight; but I found her one night with two other drunks who said forty others knew her and for me to get the hell out if I was going to get hard about it.

30

I was sick of the stench of living. That night I watched the oily Willamette a long, long time. Just before daybreak I hopped a stage for up valley. Spring was fresh on the air.

31

I flopped at Lebanon. For two years I worked for a rancher, clearing his acres of stumps. One night, wandering through the timber, I found the cabin of a hermit, who was a kind of mystic and who took me up a golden stairs to commune with philosophers and poets and the eternities. He was cracked, but his faith was whole. God grew bigger.

## 32

When I concluded my work I returned to Portland, wanting to learn more. I worked less, haunting libraries in idle hours. I questioned and studied. Life began to have a meaning. I decided to get educated.

## 33

Instead I was kicked by a horse and put to bed by a lonely mother who had a sickly daughter. We got well together. But when we married I found I had died. One night, three months after, I forgot to come back to her, and when I regained my mind I was riding down The Dalles-California highway in the blinding spring sun with the desert of wild flowers blowing around me and the bull-driver throwing his whip. I saw all life like that.

## 34

I cleared at Bend. Taking another stage I crossed to Canyon City, where Joaquin Miller read me more poetry than law. I joined the Vigilantes and we tarred and feathered a half-breed for rape, which any one of us might have committed. I tended store and became a good citizen. Sometimes I dreamed of the coast.

## 35

One summer, weary of prosaic living, I went with a climbing party into the high Wallawas. I became lost and wandered for two weeks alone, killing a bear finally with my knife. Drinking some of the warm blood I felt new again; and climbing a bouldery mountain I came into the great sky. The dark had many stars and all of them were deerfoot prints running over the night and I tried to follow them; but they were an aimless

trail and I got lost among Christ and Dante, Buddha and Spinoza; while the moon sifted a pearl mist of healing. I raced from peak to peak. The winds housed me with ice. But I was in the sky and I didn't care. Then when morning came I tripped on a bar of its gold and fell into the crater of the world where the people were flies feeding on the carrion I had left. I fled from them to wander into the prairie.

## 36

Alone now, my thirst is never quenched. The flowers I gather wither. Life is an endless prairie and the mountains keep so far away the sun only crimsoned their tops. There is no longer any fabulous forest of desire, where all my wish was to reach beyond it, and the deer-print trail lost itself in cool shadows. For where did the trail lead if not to this prairie where I journey in aimless circles! So that I keep asking: Are life and dream only this, that I must be satisfied with life? For by that journey into the sky and by those who die, I know that some day I shall find the printed trail of the stars and shall blow the small world away like a bubble. I know that back of the mystery that first was shadow I shall find the healed heart and the completed vision and shall sit down in knowledge with the Christ of beauty and the fisherman's daughter, with the blowsy girl in the Astoria saloon and the girl-wife I married and left, with my mother who loved her son and my father who loved the sea and his flesh. And we shall not die any more.

## 37

How eternally time passes and passes!

## MOUNTAINS, BEASTS, AND MEN

### I. MOUNTAIN

BY BENJAMIN MUSSER

There is an isolation in this peak  
That tears the heart. Granite above the lands,  
Immutable, through centuries it stands,  
Voiceless, that strives to speak.

Prisoner to the plain, as man to child,  
Tethered by puny vines and gagged with snow,  
Subjected to the Lilliput below,  
Still, but unreconciled.

Its shaggy head waits patiently a span,  
Until new convolutions of the earth  
Break the long silence, and it shouts its birth  
In godhood that was man.

### II. KLICKITAT HILLS

BY ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

These are no fat  
And pampered hills  
With brooks and trees  
To serve their wills.

Soil denuded,  
Blanched by suns  
To semblances  
Of skeletons;

Great ribs showing  
Through a thin  
Taut-stretched acreage  
Of skin;

Each year, more gaunt,  
More furrow-browed,  
Yet arrogant somehow,  
Uncowed;

And so refined,  
So honed by stress,  
They break the heart  
With loneliness.

### III. RAIN

BY MOE BRAGIN

In the dark wooden stalls  
The foddered horses champ;  
The hands are swapping jokes  
Under the stable lamp.

Outside the rain falls  
And picks like a great hen;  
The heart of the sky is heavy,  
But not the heart of the men.

They shout and sing their jokes,  
Their mouths wet with mirth;  
Their eyes swell up like seed  
Pushing the soaked earth.

Blessed is the spreading rain  
Under whose long soft wing  
A horse may break his hay  
And a hired hand sing.



## IV. MOUNTAIN CATTLE

BY HAROLD VINAL

They, of all creatures, know the worth of patience:  
 Upon their hills, still biblical in green,  
 They stand, those clumsy monarchs of routine,  
 Knowing the sun's sharp heat, the sky's adjacence,  
 The dewy sunrise and September, pale  
 With the first frost, the tempest and the stars;  
 The spring's bright emerald and the winter's scars,  
 And yet their timeless patience does not fail.

Rimmed round with velvet solitude, they drain  
 The summer's plush, the pools of day; the blue  
 Drifts overhead, no omen of the rain  
 Disturbs their inward fortitude, content,  
 They contemplate the eternal hills, a few  
 The yoke of ridicule has never bent.

## V. BEDDED SHEEP

BY WALTER EVANS KIDD

These flocks, we gave for winter bed	Then crowd to keep their bodies warm
The comfort of a lambing-shed,	Beneath the threats of flying storm,
Now nuzzle ground of sullen ice	And stare through weather nine below
For summer grass, paw once or twice,	With bleats as colorless as snow.

## VI. WEANING TIME

BY H. RAYNESFORD MULDER

You take the gray, I'll ride the little mare,  
 We'll canter to the climb, then loosen rein,  
 For horses find bits easier to wear  
 With a free head; and trails are like a lane.  
 They need no fence, yet will arrive some place  
 At top zigzagging around bluff walls and up  
 A coulee where cow hoofs have left their trace.  
 Bench-winds blow chill, a cool refreshing cup  
 To cheer a heart across the miles. Beyond  
 Wolf Butte the herd grazed quietly last night.

Yes, there, the old cows watch us near; still fond  
 Of half-grown calves they turn as if for flight,  
 Huddle about their young as leaders sniff  
 The wind for scent of us.

It's weaning time,  
 And on the range an autumn rite. Where cliff  
 And prairie join, corrals receive the prime  
 New blood of range-stock fat with summer growth.

Something distresses me at weaning time,  
Like stricken youth with its first sorrowing ;  
Or breaking spirit of the range at prime  
When asters bow to frost while blossoming.

BY ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

I seem to hear the flowers confess  
To the priestly winds that pass  
That love is a great giving  
And a self-forgetfulness.

BY ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

Behind a cabin on a Northwest plain      What though red oleanders grow in Jericho  
I know a length of wind-swept lane      And scented yellow Cadiz roses blow  
With sifting drifts of winter snow      Where dreams are made in Spain?  
Heaped high beneath the lonely tree      Such lures are made for him in vain  
White birches and a tall pine tree.      Who knows a length of wind-swept lane  
With sifting drifts of winter snow.

By L. LAURENCE PRATT

One who will probe our singing hearts may find  
The light rispetto of the April wind,  
The still, sweet tinkle of red currant bloom,  
And laughter of white trilliums through the gloom.

## DOWN TO CLOQUET

BY RAYMOND KRESENSKY

Down, down, the lumber goes to Cloquet  
Till the forests of pine are cut away.  
Today a thousand lumberjacks go  
In the mists of autumn, in the clouds of snow.  
The sounds of their axes sharply ring  
Through a bed of ferns in early spring.  
When summer hangs low with silent heat  
Ten thousand pines lie at their feet.

In the camps they chew tobacco, and sit  
Telling old stories when the lamps are lit—  
Drowsing through cards and a jiggy tune.  
Outside a snow-covered winter moon  
Lays shadows on the trees that dropped  
That day. The treacherous rivers, stopped  
With the floating mass of leafless trees,  
Perhaps will mirror one of these  
Tall men whose courage the swift stream broke.  
Now they sit, and talk, and sing, and smoke.

Down, down the winding road to Cloquet—  
All of these men have gone away.  
Here is a weary desolation  
Of dead trees, felled trees of time's creation.  
A score of daring farmers grub  
The land, and only one low scrub  
Grows here among the rotting stumps.  
The song is dead! The farmer humps  
His back and rubs from his face the smirches  
Of fire and smoke. But the slim birches  
Grow slender, and the young pines straight.  
The romance of trees can never wait  
For men like these who plow the sod.  
It will rise upward and touch its god.

Down, down the winding road to Cloquet—  
The romance of lumber has died away,  
But the romance of young men such as these  
Lives and grows like the sturdy trees.  
East, West, wherever they may be  
They live again in this growing tree.

## IN LEAGUE WITH THE STARS

BY SALLY ELLIOTT ALLEN

D R. HENDERSON'S mind halted in its ruminations on whether to put Mrs. Maxwell's baby on modified milk and whether that trouble of Lorena Nelson's could be cancer; for the doors of the small, frame church he was passing were open, and from it rolled an oratorical voice. He stood still, listening.

"Dear me, they're holding that meeting for Arnie Ransome that Anne was telling me about. I suppose, now, I ought to go in." He glanced at his watch and a deep-worn crease of amusement showed in his cheek. "I guess Mrs. Small's rheumatism will wait for me." He stooped automatically as he went through the high doorway, folded himself into a hard pew at the back, put down his worn bag, and looked about.

There were fifty-odd people seated in the cheerless room, listening tensely to a tall man, thin but flabby, who stood with one hand on the narrow pulpit and who was speaking with a studied resonance. One or two glanced at the doctor as he came in, but their faces were blank and strained.

"And therefore," the weighty voice was saying, "I felt it to be fitting that we, his neighbors, who are kindly disposed toward this young man, should ask him to meet here with us and explain to us his conduct. We are reliably informed that he attended a meeting of a so-called pacifist society. The action has occasioned much criticism, bitter criticism and, I cannot but believe, just criticism. There have been threats—. But I, for one, felt it to be due to an even-handed justice that he

should be given an opportunity to explain, if he can explain, his actions. I, myself, have been instrumental in bringing about this meeting and I am willing to shoulder the blame, if blame there be, for requesting these men and women to come together to listen to this young man. Let us do so with what tolerance we can, under the circumstances, maintain." The speaker pressed his wide lips together and turned his face to where a boy, with hands thrust deep in his pockets, sat low in his seat. "Arnold Ransome," he said, his summoning voice rounded with unction, "I yield the floor to you." He sat down heavily in the high chair at one side of the pulpit and looked out over the people in the uneasy pews, his straight and narrow face set in a conscious gravity.

People craned their necks; voices murmured. Why didn't Ransome get up? Wasn't he going to speak? No defense, probably. What was to be done then?

But after a moment, the boy's slender figure pulled itself up and slouched slowly to the front of the room. He did not mount the platform, but turned and confronted the curious, hostile faces, his brows lowered, his eyes sullen. Then he threw the hair back from his forehead with a defiant gesture of the head.

"I don't know," he said, and his nervous voice rang loud in the silence, "why I should have to explain to anybody what I did. But my mother wanted me to come tonight, so I did."

A whispering blew through the little crowd. His poor mother! It must be



hard to be ashamed of one's son when other mothers were being so brave and so proud.

"I did go to a meeting in New York of people who think war is wrong. Nothing happened but talk. I think war is wrong, too. So did you before all this propaganda got you."

"Slacker!" said a voice distinctly.

The doctor's big body stirred. People looked about but no one could see who had spoken.

The boy swung around. "Oh, I was drafted, all right, but I have a bad heart and didn't get in."

"Very convenient." It was the comment of a small man sitting in the front pew.

A bony man with a harsh beard stood up. "Such a meeting in time of war, young man," he said raspingly, "is giving aid and quarter to the enemies of your country. It is a *traitorous* activity." He sat down.

Hands were clapped. The eyes turned back to Arnold Ransome.

"I don't agree with you," the boy said stiffly. "That meeting was held in the—the interests of humanity. I tell you I haven't done anything traitorous."

A small woman with sharp eyes and sandy hair shot up near Dr. Henderson. "I should like to ask Arnold Ransome if he has bought Liberty bonds or contributed to the Red Cross." She bit off the words and sat down promptly, with a preening motion of her shoulders.

The eyes swept back to him again.

"No," said Ransome loudly. "I haven't."

"'Humanity,'" someone breathed, "and doesn't subscribe to the Red Cross!"

A plump man with a bald head stood up briskly. "I've known Arnie Ransome all his life," he announced in a high voice, "and I have a word to say. He has a good mother, none better. But he hasn't been too good a son to her. He's always gone his own way. He always wants to be different from what other folks are. He talks big about ideals and all that, but he don't keep rules. Now that may go for a while, but in a time like this when the welfare of the whole world's at stake, we can't have that kind of thing, that's all. Boys can't just be fresh and get away with it, now. If we stand for that sort of thing, the sacrifices all the rest of us are making are going to go for nothing—"

He was interrupted. From one of the side seats, a woman in black had risen. She was trembling all over but there was a sort of exultation in her face. She put up her hand and the plump man stopped his speech. People turned to look at her.

"I—" she said hoarsely. She stopped and cleared her throat. "I had a boy," she said, her voice trembling like her body. "He didn't go to meetings. He went to war. He went because his country needed him. He is dead. He is—dead." Her voice broke and she fell back into her seat, sobbing.

Dr. Henderson turned his face away. Rising murmurs eddied about among the little crowd.

"Make him subscribe to the Liberty Loans, and to the Red Cross, twice his quota," said a voice at the back.

"That's too good for him. I'd say ride him out of town on a rail," called another.

"Tar and feathers," said someone vehemently.

The man in the pulpit chair rose and spread out large, soft hands for silence.

"My friends," he said, "we are not met here to condemn this man, but to give him an opportunity to explain himself, if such a thing be possible. We are met here, even in this great crisis, when the fate of democracy, of humanity, is at stake—we are met here, I say, in the spirit of neighborly kindness, to listen to this lad and try, if may be, to show him the error of his ways. Arnold, have you anything further to say?"

The boy was very white, but he pulled himself up with a spasmodic jerk and ran his fingers through his hair so that it stood out untidily. "Yes," he said. His voice had grown shrill. "Yes. I think war is terrible. I'm glad I was exempted. I didn't want to go to kill people, boys just as decent as Mrs. Baker's boy. It's all terrible, I tell you. I don't believe it gets you anywhere, ever. Read history. Use your heads. And I won't pay to support it or to cure up boys to go back and kill some more. I won't—"

Down the aisle a figure came striding, a handsome, full-bodied boy in a natty lieutenant's uniform. He swept Ransome aside so that the boy stumbled against the platform, and took it himself in one leap. Low on the wall at the back hung a flag, and he lifted a corner and draped the bright silk across his shoulder.

"What are you listening to him for?" he shouted. "He's insulting every one of us. He's insulting your dead, those who gave the last full measure of devotion to their country. He's insulting this sacred flag. A man

who won't answer his country's call in the hour of her need—"

His voice was drowned in the response of his audience. They were on their feet. The man sitting on the platform did not move now, but sat watching, a deep glow of excitement in his eyes. People pressed forward. One or two took their women's arms and started to lead them out of the church.

Then there was a slowing of the movement, a dying away of the noise. For Dr. Henderson, who had stood up with the rest, had moved down the aisle and was standing beside Arnold Ransome. He put his long arm across the boy's shoulders and stood still, turning his eyes from one to the other. People paused, looking at him in surprise, and there was a moment's silence.

"I guess all of you know me," he said mildly. "I guess we're all friends here. We're angry now and excited, and likely to do something we'll be sorry about tomorrow. It's a hard time we're going through. War hurts so much we hardly know what we're about." He looked down at the boy's dropped head. "We don't any of us here believe in killing, either, Arnie, not really. But I guess most of us have figured that since we couldn't stop the war, it might be better to put it through as fast as we could. I've bought bonds and all that, God forgive me, and maybe I'm wrong and the boy's right. As for the flag there—" He turned his head to look at it. "Look out there, Fred, you'll pull it down," he added, speaking to the young soldier, who let go of it hastily, glancing uncomfortably up to where it was fastened. "As for that flag—you see, we've all been taught to care about it ever since we were little shavers." His

eyes dwelt on it, then he faced back, shaking his head. "Don't know but I'm too fond of it," he said, looking about on the surprised, indecisive faces with a slow grin. "But we'd be ashamed if we did anything to Mrs. Ransome's boy, here. He's a good boy, and he's got a good idea, too. It wouldn't do the other boys any good to bother *him*, now would it? Let's go home and cool off. Come on, Arnie."

He began to walk down the aisle, his arm still across Arnold Ransome's drooping shoulders.

"But, doctor—" someone said protestingly, as he passed.

And another, "That's all very well, but—"

People commenced to talk again, turning, moving uncertainly after them, toward the door.

"Got your bicycle, Arnie?" the doctor asked in a low voice, as he stopped to pick up his bag at the back.

The boy shook his head. He was shivering violently and taking deep gulps of air.

"Guess I'll walk home with you, then." They started down the steps together.

In front of the church, a battered car was standing and, as they came out, a young man jumped out of it and ran up the walk, leaving the engine on. "Is Dr. Henderson in this meeting?" he asked hurriedly.

"I'm Dr. Henderson."

"Oh, I've been looking for you, doctor. My name's Miles Winter. I came to get you for my—my wife. She's having a baby and she needs you right off."

"All right," said the doctor. "We'll stop at the house for some things." He started to climb into the car, then hesi-

tated, for the people had begun to stream out of the little white church and there were angry voices. "We'll take this boy along if you don't mind," he said. "Climb in, Arnie."

"I don't want to run away," said the boy violently. "Let them do their damndest."

But Dr. Henderson's hand fell on his shoulder. "I guess I wouldn't act like that, Arnie. They'll feel different in the morning, I hope."

The leader of the meeting came down the walk. "With all due deference to you, Dr. Henderson—" he began.

"Sorry," said the doctor. "I have a patient. Let's go." Pushing Arnold Ransome before him, he climbed into the car, and the young man in the front seat gave a small, derisive laugh as he threw in the gear.

"I'm on," he said. "I've heard a crowd that sounded that way, myself. 'Let's go' is right."

The car jolted off and the boy slumped down in the back seat, his head dropped into his hands. "Do you think I'm a coward, doctor?" His voice quavered.

The doctor's big hand fell on his knee. "No, you're a brave boy, Arnie, braver than most of us. I figured it wouldn't do much good for me to talk and lose out on my usefulness here, maybe go to prison. And there was Anne to consider. But I don't know, I don't know. Now you stay here while I get my things."

"Slacker?" inquired the driver briefly as they waited.

"Pacifist," answered young Ransome defiantly.

"M-m-m. Better take a short trip, I'd say, from the sound of that mob back there. Not a healthy job you've

taken on. All ready, doctor? Meg's at the tourist camp five miles out and I'm going to step on it."

There was a few moment's silence as the little car rattled along the highway, and the doctor sat with his hands on his knees, his body hunched over in the cramped car, his eyes peering out at the sky.

Presently he gave a little chuckle. "Never have cared much about going so much faster than with a horse. But you know I sort of like to watch the stars. They don't seem to move much even when other things go racketing by."

Young Ransome roused himself from his brooding. "I'd better get out and go home, wouldn't I?" he said. "No point in my traveling around."

"Oh, you just stick about with us for a bit, Arnie. Does no harm. What you planning to do?"

"God knows," said the boy wearily. "I don't much care. What's the use, whatever I do?"

"You'd better light out," Miles Winter flung back from the front seat. "No use giving that gang the satisfaction of torturing you."

"It's all so silly," said the boy, "and not real, somehow. They always seemed sort of nice people."

"I'm through with 'nice people'," said the driver. His voice cut. "They're the worst. Give me sinners, every time."

"Oh, well, now," said the doctor, his voice amused, "all depends on what you mean by 'nice,' doesn't it? And all this isn't very real, Arnie, one way you look at it. Doesn't last, you know, comes and goes, sort of."

The car turned into a small tourist camp, bumped over the grass, and stopped before a shabby tent. A girl's

figure in a soiled khaki coat appeared at the door, in the light from the car, and Miles Winter leaped down and went hurriedly to put his arm about her.

"I brought the doctor all right, Meg," he said. "How are you feeling now, dearest?"

"Pretty good," said a girl's voice clearly. It was a vibrant, flexible voice, with a deep sweetness. Just now it was strung to courage.

The doctor climbed out of the little car and took the girl's firm hand, that quivered in his. He glanced beyond her into the tent, and about him. "Not a very good place for what's before us," he said cheerfully. "How often are the pains coming?"

She lifted her dark eyes to his and smiled. The corners of her lips trembled, then closed firmly. "About every five minutes, I should think, doctor, but I haven't been timing—" Her voice snapped off. Her fingers closed desperately about his, but no sound came from her. The doctor pulled his watch out hastily and held it into the light of the car. Arnold Ransome slipped out of his seat and disappeared into the darkness. Miles Winter tightened his arm about her shoulders. Then a long breath of relief passed her lips and she turned to smile into the strained eyes beside her. "Don't worry, Miles dear," she said, a lilt of determined gaiety in her voice. "This sort of thing has happened for every person in the world, you know."

Miles did not answer and his face questioned the doctor.

"If you'll get your things, Mrs. Winter, with your husband's help, I believe we'll run in town. There's plenty of time."

There was a moment's hesitation.



"We haven't money for a hospital, I'm afraid—"

"Oh, that's no matter. We've only one, anyhow, and it's too full now. But I was thinking of a bed at home I use sometimes. My Anne's a capital substitute for a trained nurse. Likes nothing better than someone to fuss over. Oh, Arnie!" The doctor turned, calling into the darkness. "Can you drive this car back for us? Mr. Winter here will want to sit with his wife."

"Of course I can." The boy came eagerly out of the shadows.

But there was another moment of hesitation. Dr. Henderson caught the look that passed from the dark eyes to Miles Winter's, and saw the man's young shoulders square themselves. "If we're going to your home, Dr. Henderson," he said, and the words were cold from the effort that brought them out, "you should know—"

The girl's smooth head lay against his shoulder. "You see, I'm not his wife," she said softly.

"But the baby is mine," added Miles Winter with pride.

"Well, then," said the older man with vigor, "you'd better quit talking so much and get this girl into town as quick as the Lord will let you. Climb in, Arnie, and easy does it."

No one talked on the way back. The girl, wrapped in an auto robe and with Miles' arms about her, sat quietly in the back seat. Once a little moaning breath passed her lips. "I'm sorry," she said quickly, "I didn't mean—"

Miles Winter's teeth grated together. "Oh, hush."

In the town, they stopped before an old, square house with high windows, set in a mass of trees and flowers. Arnold Ransome carried the battered suit-

case up the brick walk behind the young couple, who clung to each other's hands. Anne Henderson, plump and competent, took Meg briskly into her charge, and set the two young men to work moving furniture, bringing sheets and towels, heating water.

"There, that's all we need from you," she said crisply after a while. "You two boys go out in the back yard. By the way, Arnie, don't you go home. Your mother's been telephoning me. There's some folks been at your house looking for you and she's worried. They've been here, too, and gone, so they probably won't be back here again. You'd better sleep out in Nat's old room in the barn tonight."

"Yes, Mrs. Henderson," said the boy gratefully.

"Now you kiss your wife and get out, Mr. Winter. You young husbands all take this business so hard," she scoffed. And then added, clicking a drawer shut, "Not that I'd have any use for you if you didn't."

"Perhaps you ought to know that I'm not her—" Miles began.

"Oh, tush," snapped Anne Henderson. "We've got more important business on hand tonight, the doctor and I."

At the door, she met her husband. Their looks crossed and together their eyes turned toward the bed. The carved oval of the girl's face, pale between her dark braids, lay quiet upon the pillow, but her shadowed eyes were lifted to smile at the other young face with its tortured forehead.

Ten minutes later, Dr. Henderson came into the back garden. The two young men were tramping silently back and forth on the box-bordered walk to the old barn, but the doctor took Miles' arm and led him farther from the bed-

room window to where some garden chairs stood near a small sundial.

"Come on over here and sit down. Your Meg's all right, and my Anne will stay with her. Say, you'll have to pick up all those cigarette stubs you're throwing around, Arnie, or Anne will be on your neck in the morning."

Miles Winter stood rather stiffly by the chair, facing the doctor. "I want to tell you about Meg and me," he began.

"Guess I'll go to bed," said Arnold Ransome. "It's getting late, isn't it?"

"Don't go, Ransome. You're a—fellow rebel. I don't mind your hearing."

"She's a lovely thing, your Meg," said Dr. Henderson. "Anybody with half an eye can see that. Knows how to do with suffering, too." He stooped to sniff at the honeysuckle on the sundial. "Ever notice how extra sweet flowers are at night?"

"She's had a lot of suffering," said Miles, his voice hardening. "I wanted to save her some, but I got her into more."

"Been on the road long?" inquired the doctor. He had knelt awkwardly to pull a thistle that was crowding the honeysuckle vine.

"Nearly half a year, and with only odd jobs to keep us going. But even that wasn't as bad as—. He's divorcing her at last. Thank God, we can live outside the rotten system. I never want her to have to call me husband."

"Better sit down," said the doctor, pulling himself up. "Quite a wait ahead." He wandered slowly off down the garden walk, and Miles dropped suddenly into the chair.

"Great old guy," said Arnold Ransome. "Everybody around here swears

by him, even the fools, even these 'righteous' people. He's so damn decent to everybody. Say, have a smoke, won't you?"

The deliberate stride came back up the walk in a few minutes. "Guess I'll go in and see how that girl's getting on," Dr. Henderson remarked.

Miles watched him go in, and sat, tense and silent, staring at the light in the window. When the doctor finally reappeared in the doorway, Miles stood up and his breath hissed between his teeth. The doctor crossed the grass without hurry and sat down, the chair creaking beneath his bulk.

"She said a nice thing just now," he remarked gently. "She said, 'I'm glad I'm having Miles' baby, doctor'."

A strangled sound came from Miles' lips.

"She's a lovely thing," said the doctor again. He leaned forward, elbows on knees, his head sunk, slowly tracing patterns on the grass with his finger. "You know," he said presently, as if he were thinking aloud, "I see things something like this. It's like—like a river. There are cross-currents and rapids and little backed-up pools and all—but it does go to the sea. It does. And our job is to get into the steady flow of it, all we can, anyhow. Sometimes the cross-currents make a fellow seem against it, don't they? Like you three young folks."

"I don't think I understand." Miles for a moment had half-forgotten, as the doctor would have him, the struggle at the house.

Even in the light of the stars, they could see that he was smiling at them. "Well, I'd count kindness in that main current, wouldn't you; and the need for beauty? As for love, that's just

both of those, isn't it? Well, then, there you are—you and your Meg, and Arnie here—really with the current even if you're being tossed about just now. Pretty hard to tell sometimes whether it's better to buck those cross-currents, maybe go clear to the bottom in the whirlpools; or to go way round, shortest way home, you know." He stood up again, pacing back and forth, then he stopped, leaning against the old dial, looking up. "They don't seem to change much, the stars, do they now? But they do move, though it's pretty slow. And if we can get the feel somehow that we're on the same side with them—" But he stopped to chuckle at himself. "Well, I do get my figures mixed up, now, don't I, what with rivers and stars and all?"

A slow-paced clock struck midnight.

"What shall I do, doctor?" asked Arnold Ransome abruptly, out of the silence that had fallen. "Go away? Or try to fix things up? Or talk pacifism and get arrested?"

The doctor shook his head. "I don't know, boy. That's your puzzle. And there's your mother to think of. You'll have to do whatever's going to make you feel right. If you've got the spunk and the stamina you'd need—well, I don't know. Only this, try not to get bitter, Arnie. Just remember how slowly those stars do move." He paused. "You know, I take a lot of comfort sometimes, thinking about that steady old Socrates and his hemlock."

"But they got him," said the boy quickly, "and killed him."

There was a pause before the doctor answered gently, "Well, if that's really the way you feel about it, Arnie, you'd better leave town, I'd say."

"Oh, I know—" the boy muttered. "That didn't end it."

"No," said Dr. Henderson. "No, it didn't."

After a little, he went in again and stayed longer than before, and when he came out he put his hand on Miles' shoulder. "Not long, now," he said, "and everything's going all right. What are you going to call the little chap?"

"Meg says 'Miles' if it's a boy." The voice had the pride and tenderness that the doctor had heard such countless times.

"'Miles'—?" He paused. "Well, I should sort of think he'd need your last name, too, when you can manage it. Kind of hard for a little fellow the other way."

Miles Winter stirred. "Whatever Meg says, of course—"

A light breeze brushed their faces and fluttered delicately the leaves above their heads. A tight-held groan stole out through the lighted window.

"Oh," cried Miles, gripping the doctor's arm, "oh, she's so *brave*."

The doctor's eyes were looking up again beyond the shifting leaves. "Yes," he said gravely, "oh, yes. It takes courage; it takes courage."

## CHINOOK JARGON III

BY E. H. THOMAS

## Jargon Words That Come From the Pure Chinook Dialect.

ON the very first page of Boas' *Chinook Texts* we find an old friend, *alta*. It is pronounced *ahlta*, both in the Jargon and in the original Chinook. It means *now, the present*.

The next one is not so easily recognized, due to Boas' attempt to give it the exact sound of Cultee's pronunciation—*smokst*, the equivalent of the numeral *two*. It is *moxt* in the Jargon. *Kwanisum*, with a long *a* is pure Chinook; *kwanesum*, with an *ah a* in the Jargon.

Shaw says *he-he*, the Jargon for *laugh*, is onomatopoeia, or a rude attempt to imitate sound; but Boas' record of the Cikla myth uses *he-he* as Chinook for *laugh*. We must accept the word, therefore, as of Chinook origin.

We find in the same text the strangely spelled word *neitkum*. It is used for the expression, *I am half*. *Half* in the Jargon is *sitkum*. Cultee probably pronounced it with a partial elision of the *n* sound and an explosive *s* sound for the *c*. In Jargon *sitkum dolla* is *half a dollar*. *Sitkum siwash* is *half Indian, half breed*, or literally *half savage*, as *siwash*, a generic term applied to all the Indians of the Northwest, is merely a corruption of the French word *sauvage*.

Farther along we find *kwanisum* again, but this time Boas spells it *kuanesum*, giving a *q* sound to the *ku*, a long *a* and using the capital E to denote a partial elision of the sound of that vowel. *Kwanisum*, wherever he uses it, is the equivalent of *always*.

*Kwanesum*, with the *ah a* is *always* in the Jargon, too.

Now we come to *ikta* and find it used both for *what* and for *thing*, just as it is used in the Jargon. Sometimes Boas spelled it *Ekta*, with a capital E.

Another old friend, rather nude and uncouth in appearance, is a word he strangely spells *aiak*. The meaning in Boas' translation is *quick*; so we readily recognize *hyak*, which is Jargon for *quick, fast, hurry*.

Then we encounter *naika*, the first personal pronoun *I* in Chinook, which in the Jargon is *nika*. Likewise it is used for *me* and *my*; and *mika* is *you* and *yours*, but is *maika* in the original and *mika* in the Jargon.

*O-pol e ka* is really two words, according to Boas, or rather it is an odd-appearing word that means *night thus*. The Jargon word is not so strange in its spelling, for in it *night* is *polakli*. It is also used for *dark*, or for *the darkness*.

*Enatai*, pronounced *enati*, is the equivalent of *across, on the other side*, both in Chinook and in the Jargon.

Boas gives *kanauwe* as Chinook for *all*. The Jargon uses *konaway*. He gives *ikanim* for *canoe*; in the Jargon it is *canim*, long *a* and accent on the last syllable.

In Boas', or Cultee's, *anqate, long ago*, we have no difficulty in recognizing *ahnkuttie*, Jargon for the same expression.

There are many others but these will be sufficient. Cultee was talking the language of the ancient Chinooks to Dr. Boas, a tongue that had been in use for untold centuries by an active, powerful,



warlike, once-numerous trading tribe of intelligent Indians. These words are found alike in their dialects and in the Jargon. Their pronunciations have undergone some transformations, modified by long use among the many differing tribes and the half-century or more of later contact with white traders; but there is not much doubt that more than half of the present Jargon vocabulary was in use as a primitive, prehistoric trading language long before these Indians knew that a white man or white race existed.

Concommolly, chief of the Lower Chinooks, spoke words taken from the original Nootkan when he said, *waket commatux*, for *I do not understand*, to Lewis and Clark in 1804. That was seven years before there had been other than maritime traders on this coast, and seventeen years before there was a Hudson's Bay post anywhere on the shores of the Pacific.

One word in Meares' account of his experiences on the Northwest Coast in 1788, a phrase or two in the *Journal* of Lewis and Clark, ten words of the Nootkan vocabulary given by Jewet, two others in the body of his *Narrative*—*Tyee* and *pechak*—and his discovery that the tribe had two languages, one he thought for purely poetical expression in their war songs and lyrics and the other for common use, show beyond doubt that the Jargon existed and was used by widely separated tribes at least—going all the way back to Meares' quotation of the word *cloosh* spoken by Callicum—thirty-two years before the Astor party arrived at the mouth of the Columbia. For *kloshe* is original Chinook; it is also Jargon, and it was spoken by a Nootkan in 1788 off the west coast of Vancouver Island.

Callicum's use of the word was natural. He was talking to a stranger, a foreigner, a man from another tribe, even though the tribe was white. The Jargon was the common means of communication under such circumstances among all the hundreds of tribes and families of the whole vast region. The Nootkans used it in their relations with Jewet for the same reason, and so did Concommolly, the Chinook chief, or *Tyee*, in his attempt to talk to Lewis and Clark.

That the whites could not respond in kind may have given the natives a poor opinion of the visitors' attainments. They may have felt that the whites lacked education, and from the Indian standpoint they did; but they respected the force of ships and firearms and the wealth of goods the ships and traders brought with them, and in time taught them the Jargon. At that point they all finally found a common ground, for they could communicate with each other.

Though there were many ships in the maritime trade prior to 1800 there was little contact before that with the natives. This accounts for the meagerness of the records. The ship masters cared only for furs. They cruised off shore during the summer and the Indians came out to them in canoes. When all the trading was done the laden vessels sailed for the ports of China, or, if out for several years, wintered in the Sandwich Islands. These ship traders knew nothing of native customs, tribes or languages; cared nothing for them, had no interest in such squalid people except the trade they could carry on with them in the most primitive methods of exchange and barter.

It is for this reason that study of their logs and records offers so little evidence

## The Frontier

either for or against the prehistoric origin of the trade jargon now known as Chinook.

### Boas' Chinook Texts

Before this interesting native race, the Lower Chinooks, lost their last identity some valuable work was done by Franz Boas in collecting and recording their myths and stories. These were published by the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution under the title *Chinook Texts*, but are now out of print and copies are rare and difficult to obtain.

In his introduction to this collection Dr. Boas says:

"The following texts were collected in the summers of 1890 and 1891. While studying the Salishan languages of Washington and Oregon I learned that the dialects of the Lower Chinook were on the verge of disappearing, and that only a few individuals survived who remembered the languages of the once powerful tribes of the Clatsop and Chinook. This fact determined me to make an effort to collect what little remained of these languages.

"I first went to Clatsop, where a small band of Indians are located near Seaside, Clatsop County, Oregon. Although a number of them belonged to the Clatsop tribe, they had all adopted the Nehelim (now generally spelled and pronounced Nehalim) language, a dialect of the Salishan Tillamook. This change of language was brought about by frequent intermarriages with the Nehelim. I found one middle-aged man and two old women who still remembered the Clatsop language, but it was impossible to obtain more than a vocabulary and a few sentences. The man had forgotten a great part of the language, while the women were not able to grasp what I wanted; they claimed to have forgotten their myths and traditions, and could not or would not give me any connected texts. One old Clatsop woman, who had been married to a Mr. Smith, was too sick to be seen, and died soon after my visit. The few remaining Clatsops had totally forgotten the history of their tribe, and even maintained that no allied dialect was spoken north of the Columbia River and on Shoalwater Bay. (Now Willapa Harbor.) They assured me

that the whole country was occupied by the Chehalis, another Salishan tribe. They told me, however, that a few of their relatives, who still continued to speak Clatsop, lived on Shoalwater Bay among the Chehalis.

"I went to search for this remnant of the Clatsop and Chinook peoples, and found them located at Bay Center, Pacific County, Washington. They proved to be the last survivors of the Chinook, who at one time occupied the greater part of Shoalwater Bay and the northern bank of the Columbia River as far as Grays Harbor. The tribe has adopted the Chehalis language in the same way in which the Clatsop have adopted the Nehelim. The only individuals who spoke Chinook were Charles Cultee and Catherine. While I was unable to obtain anything from the latter, Cultee proved to be a veritable storehouse of information. His mother's mother was a Katlamat, (Cathlamet) and his mother's father a Quilapax; his father's mother was a Clatsop, and his father's father a Tinneh of the interior. His wife is a Chehalis, and at present he speaks Chehalis almost exclusively, this being also the language of his children. He has lived for a long time in Katlamat, on the southern bank of the Columbia River, his mother's town, and for this reason speaks the Katlamet dialect as well as the Chinook dialect. He uses the former dialect in conversing with Samson, a Katlamat Indian, who is also located at Bay Center. Until a few years ago he spoke Chinook with one of his relatives, while he uses it now only rarely when conversing with Catherine, who lives a few miles from Bay Center. Possibly this Chinook is to a certain extent mixed with Katlamat expressions, but from a close study of the material I conclude that it is on the whole pure and trustworthy.

"I have obtained from Cultee a series of Katlamat texts also, which appear to me not quite so good as the Chinook texts, but nevertheless give a good insight into the differences of the two dialects. It may be possible to obtain material in this dialect from other sources.

"My work of translating and explaining the texts was greatly facilitated by Cultee's remarkable intelligence. After he had once grasped what I wanted, he explained to me the grammatical structure of the sentences by means of examples, and elucidated the sense of difficult periods.

"This work was more difficult as we conversed only by means of the Chinook Jargon."

Boas' texts are written first in the pure Chinook dialect, as spoken by Cultee, with an accompanying literal translation line for line beneath the original. Each of the stories is followed by a free translation entirely in English.

These texts, as he relates, were told to him by Cultee, transcribed into the difficult and complex dialect of the original Chinook, translated literally and again in free form, all by means of the Jargon, which shows its marvelous flexibility, as the entire vocabulary contains but little more than 500 words. Of this number, however, nearly half, or two hundred and twenty-one words, are of Chinook origin. Only twenty-four are from the Nootkan dialects, thirty-nine are from the various other Salish tribes other than the Chinook, and all the rest, except forty, which are imitations of natural sounds, are the contributions of the French *voyageurs* and English and American traders. The most guttural of the Jargon words are those which

came from the dialects of these Chinookan tribes.

These facts do seem to show beyond any possibility of doubt that the Jargon came into existence during some long past pre-historic period as a polyglot of native words use in inter-tribal commercial and trading intercourse, and that it was later enlarged to fit the requirements of trade when the fur companies established posts in the region.

The dominance of Chinook words also seems to indicate that the Chinooks were, as the early explorers and traders repeatedly said, the dominant tribe of the Pacific between the 42nd and the 57th degrees of latitude.

This dominance of Chinook words in the Jargon doubtless made it easier for Dr. Boas so faithfully to record these texts. Study of them will show the marked present-day similarity of many Jargon words to the Lower Chinook dialect from which they came.

## BALLAD OF JED STRONG SMITH

BY JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY

Hark to the song of Jed Strong Smith,  
Young knight of traps and furs;  
He wooed the wench Adventure  
And knew no bed but hers.

Oh, some men stack their silks away  
And lock their honor up,  
And stumble forth at the break of day  
To drain Adventure's cup.

And many have loved Adventure,  
Her breasts are cold as snow,  
Her dancing gown is flowing mist  
Where winds on waters blow.

A many seek Adventure,  
Leave true loves behind,  
And home at last in happy rags  
To find their own loves kind.

But Jed, he followed Adventure  
(His own true love was she)  
By mountain, sink and desert,  
And worshipped faithfully.

Once the wench Adventure  
(His own true love was she)  
Took claws and mouth of a grizzly  
And kissed him bloodily.

Jed laughed at his lover's antic,  
Had his ear sewed back on his head,  
And soon was off over no-man's land  
To the shores of the sunset red.

He followed the witch who mocked him,  
The first of all her train,  
From the Great Salt Lake in Utah  
To California's main.

Over old Mount Joseph  
The wench went beckoning east;  
Jed followed Hell's daughter, with  
sweat for water,  
An old dead horse for a feast.

Then back across the desert;  
His true love whirled again  
In a band of wild Mojaves,  
She smiled and killed his men.

But Jed was a stronger lover  
Than the swift Adventure knew—  
When she took the trail to Vancouver  
He grinned and followed her through.

How kind, the bitch Adventure!  
Led Jed to Willamette's shore,  
Then swooped, in a thousand Umpquas,  
To feast on flesh and gore.

But Jed, he loved this spider-maid;  
Despite lost men and furs  
He set his grim lips unafraid,  
He knew his soul was hers.

He reached Wind River rendezvous  
And met his pard, Sublette;  
He sold his share in the furs and  
traps,—  
A lover has more to get.

'Twixt Arkansas and Cimarron  
Lies a hot, dry bed for love,  
And there at last a wench might wait  
For the chance she was dreaming of.

And there at last the wench did wait,  
Adventure, golden-locked—  
Eve's own daughter, changed to water—  
A gay mirage, she mocked.

Jed stumbled on for the Cimarron,  
For life and Santa Fe;  
But the spider-maid he loved so well  
Gave in, and named her day.

Gave Jed a river clean and blue—  
Her body for a river—  
Then with Comanche fangs she slew  
And feasted on her lover.  
Now Jed Strong Smith, who loved so  
true,  
Is Adventure's self, forever.

## CONCRETE WORKER

BY ROBERTSON FREDERIC NELSON

Hi! The clatter and roar of the cement machine—  
And you work in the same old rut.  
*Gravel! Cement! Gravel! Cement!*  
And water to throw in her gut!  
Yi! Hi! The days roll by!  
A slush and a slush and a squidge!  
Empty her out; Fill her again!  
The public must have a bridge!



Ho! The rattle and din of the grey-green thing,  
 And you ache and bake in the sun.  
*Gravel! Cement! Gravel! Cement!*  
 And dump her, then give her the gun!  
 Yo! Ho! The hours drag on!  
 The blaze of the sun at its peak!  
 Empty her out! Fill her again!  
 The public must cross the creek!

Hia! You muck away in the sun and heat,  
 And you sweat and choke in the dust!  
*Gravel! Cement! Gravel! Cement!*  
 And you work 'til you damn near bust!  
 Yi! Yo! The day is done,  
 Hurrah! The bullecook's bell!  
 Clean her up! Let her set!  
 The public can go to hell!

## WHEN THE RAILROAD COMES

BY IRENE WELCH GRISSOM

The children play their merry games  
 Where dusty roads of summer gleam.  
 On Main street rise square wooden frames  
 Of busy stores. A patient team,  
 White flecked with sweat, of shaggy limb,  
 Stands at a post. The driver smiles—  
 The straggling town means much to him.  
 The rails have conquered weary miles  
 And brought world markets to his land.  
 The long freight train just pulling by  
 Fills him with joy. He waves his hand  
 To the engineer, who shouts reply  
 In jovial words he faintly hears  
 Through clanging bell and grinding wheels.  
 The sounds are music in his ears.  
 And watching it contentment steals  
 Into his heart and brain. He sees  
 His eager dreams at last come true—  
 The cool, deep green of spreading trees  
 Above the homes so raw and new;  
 The dusty road a wide paved street  
 Of gray stone blocks, that echoes roar  
 Of trade and tramp of many feet.  
 The train unlocks a kingdom's door!

## HIGHWAYS ARE HAPPY WAYS

BY DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON

*"Highways are happy ways  
When they lead the way to home."*

ALL her life, Diz had watched the army of apple-knockers come like conquerors with the first ripening fruit and leave carelessly when the harvest was over. All her seventeen years she had envied them.

Mostly unskilled were the pickers; roughly clothed men who drifted with the fruit harvest because they would always drift, women who could climb a sixteen-foot picking ladder without getting scared, and who didn't care if rain-wet branches slapped their faces. Some didn't care how they picked apples, either; they were paid by the box, and what difference did it make if they clawed off the fruit-spurs with the fruit, or threw apples into the bags so hard that they were bruised or stem-punctured? Diz had heard her father grumble about it often enough: "Darn bums," he called them—especially when he had to borrow money at the co-op warehouse to pay them off.

The pickers were privates in the army of fruit harvesters. They swarmed through orchards and stripped the trees. After that, loose-boxes of fruit were trucked to the warehouse where the aristocracy of the harvest took charge—skilled sorters, highly paid packers and lidders.

It was a rush season when Diz first went to work in the co-op packing shed, and her father was sour about it. "Stay around and help clean out those Winter Bananas. You can make plenty for a kid like you are. I'll pay you like the rest."

He blustered; he would not beg.

"I've tried that before," Diz an-

swered. "I can get on at the shed and I'm going to learn to pack."

"Go ahead then!" her father shouted, his temper worn with worry over the shortage of pickers and the multitude of difficulties that the fruit harvest brings. "You won't make enough to earn your bread and butter. Sensible women sit at the grader and sort, if they work down there, but no—you've got to be learning to pack. Going to be just another bum, aren't you?"

"Now, Will!" interposed his wife.

"All right! I just bet I can support myself!" shot back Diz, her dark eyes blazing. "I'll live in town, too, and won't have to do housework like Ma does after she picks in the day time. And if I have any debts by the season's end, I'll pick your lousy apples for you free for twenty years."

So she *had* to learn to pack. In the roar of the graders the packers did their work, under the dazzle of electric lights, moving their stands from bin to bin. She learned to toss the shining fruit from one white gloved hand to a wrapper in the other, twist it, set the apples in rows that would come out the right number to a box, and lift the filled box, heavy as it was, onto the rollers and give it a shove down the line. Then the same thing all over again, with eight or ten other packers on the same grader doing the same thing, endlessly, the apples rolling down endlessly from the sorters, dropping automatically into the bins for different sizes, tripped by weights. With muscles tired and back aching, hands cramped from the continual wrapping, she went on and on.

Diz was a good packer, small and quick.

She happened to be the only packer in the whole shed who was native there. The sorters were wives of growers or business men, working for some money of their own, or to help out the family, but the other packers were wanderers who followed the fruit: apples here in Washington, down to California for the orange crop, perhaps lettuce in Arizona, and cantaloupe, maybe, in Imperial Valley. Skilled workers, these were, who made big money and spent it all, whose homes were tourist camps and cheap hotels, in towns crowded by the fury of the harvest swarms, whose treasures were flivvers, and whose ambition was the next harvest. Pariahs who laughed at the stay-at-homes and envied them sometimes, who were despised by the stay-at-homes, but were vital to the seasonal work of harvesting.

Bert Enders was of that wandering crew, a smiling giant who lidded for two graders without anxiety or exertion, wielding his box hatchet hour after hour, flipping the completed boxes onto the carriers with a deft turn of the hand.

Diz climbed one day over the rolling track where the boxes travelled, to argue with the checker about yesterday's record, and slipped on the rickety step. But just before she hit the rollers, Bert Enders caught her in his arms and did not let her go.

"You clumsy kid!" he shouted above the din. "Look where you're going, why don't you?" But he was grinning.

"I will, after this." Her smile was impish and startled. "Let me go—the whole gang of old biddies up the line is watching."

With mock ceremony he set her down and firmly dusted off the seat of her overalls. "See you at six," he shouted,

and turned back to his everlasting pound, pound, pound, flip the box, pound again. No time for foolishness when the fruit is coming fast.

And Diz, strolling unconcernedly back to her stand, with the eye of the foreman sharp upon her, saw none of the tiresome turmoil, heard none of the ceaseless roar. She heard only his laughing promise, "See you at six."

The harvest ended, the packers took their southward road to California or the Florida grapefruit harvest, and Diz went back to high school. But she was apart from the rest. They had picked in their father's orchards, perhaps, during that fall vacation period, or just helped around home, but she was a packer—and she was practically engaged.

She moved back to the ranch, of course, when the harvest was over, and came in to school on the bus. But she had a bank book to show her father. "One hundred and thirty-seven dollars," he read with dazed eyes. "Well, I'll be hanged!"

That startling revelation lasted for almost a week, and Diz took advantage of it to get her sister to do the dishes.

Winter was a dreary time. Some pruning was to be done, in the dark, cold orchard beneath a grey sky, but mostly there was nothing to do but plan for next year and worry about the light snow-fall.

"If this dry weather keeps up the government ditch will be dry by mid-summer. Aw well," her father philosophized, "if the drouth don't get the crops, worms will." But he had money in the bank and a new Buick. Ma had a new coat, and they talked some about an electric range.

During those long winter evenings

Leslie often dropped in, from the ranch next to theirs. Leslie was old stuff; he smoked a pipe and talked to her father instead of to Diz, comparing prices on Jons and Saps and Delicious, urging new spray methods, discussing new irrigation projects, listening to the radio. He ate pop-corn with her father, too. He did everything her father did, except take off his shoes. And he called her Bessie, as her father did.

"He's only twenty-three," Diz often had to remind herself. "But he acts fifty, talking about that old orchard of his and lime sulfur this, lead arsenate that, and the scale and the worms and the water."

Nevertheless, he was visiting Diz. It was comforting to have a steady; when you got to be a senior in high school you really ought to have, just to talk about. Actually, though, he fitted in so well with the family around the heating stove that it was easy to forget he was there.

"It wouldn't be like that if Bert was here," she meditated, watching sandy-haired Leslie hunched over the checker board across from her father. "We'd be out riding, and we wouldn't care how cold it was. And we'd get some good jazz on the radio instead of those funny old Carry Me Back to Old Virginny programs."

Still, when Leslie didn't come over, she missed him. Her father wandered around uncomfortably in his stocking feet, and finally went to sleep in his rocker. Her mother fussed aimlessly in the kitchen, rattling pans, and the kids scrapped over their arithmetic and got sent to bed. Diz found she couldn't even enjoy her book so much. But of course that was all foolishness.

Another summer passed, with blossoms fallen and forgotten, and green

fruit miraculously swelling on the burdened trees.

"That's your next year's bacon and beans," her father told the boys solemnly. "See that you thin out the misshapen fruit, now, and leave the best, or you may get just beans."

Another harvest opened with a bang. Pears and 'cots went through the sheds, all the rest of the soft fruit. Piles of clean boxes lay under the propped branches in the tangled alfalfa. The bunkhouse was cleaned out for the pickers, and her folks planned for long hard hours in the orchard. Diz worked in the packing shed again, and welcomed the familiar odor of fruit, fresh and sharp and sweet, the lights, the racket, the ordered confusion. And she welcomed Bert Enders.

"How's my little girl friend?" was his greeting. "Been stepping out on papa any?"

"Maybe I did, maybe I didn't." She smiled from the corners of her eyes.

"There's an end to everything." He smiled down at her, his thumbs hooked in his belt. "I bet your freedom's just about ended!"

In November they were married.

Her mother looked pleadingly and her father belligerently into the smiling eyes of Diz Enders' new husband when it was time to leave for good. Settled things and settled people would be done with now, for Diz.

Leslie sauntered up the lane to shake hands violently with Bert. "Take good care of Bessie. She's a fine girl. Fine girl."

The flivver jolted down through a lane of patient, barren trees, and Diz turned to wave back at Dad and Mother and the kids, but Leslie had disappeared. The rest waved and threw



kisses, and Diz looked in vain to wave at Leslie.

"Well, that's over and you're a married woman, Diz Enders. Got a kiss for your old man?"

They narrowly escaped running into the ditch while Diz kissed her new husband. The familiar orchards and ranch houses receded behind them, along the dusty highway. They were off to California.

Their southward journey was like a flight from winter. Day by day they left cold behind them, for oranges are pampered fruit and grow only in soft climates. Bert's erratic driving gave them unnecessary jolts, but Diz, tired as she was from riding two and three hundred miles a day, gazed with starry eyes as the world went by.

"Honey, I never was away from home before more than a hundred miles. Why, I thought Wenatchee was a big city! And now I'm free to see the world!"

"You'll see plenty of it," her husband promised easily. "Frisco and L. A. and San Diego. Next year we might run over to Florida for the grapefruit, just for the trip."

"Gee, I didn't know anybody could be so happy." She snuggled against Bert and his arm went around her. "Guess you've driven with one hand before, haven't you?" she inquired with that impish sidewise glance.

"Hope to tell you, kid. Best thing I do, aside from pack apples and lid and a few other things."

Bert had friends in every town, it seemed. There were packers from other sheds, keepers of low-rate hotels—these last none too jovial, but pleasant enough. The fruit tramps they met in tourist camps were boisterous and

hearty, men in worn corduroy, some of the women wearing overalls and boots.

"That's the old kid!" they shouted, or "Well, how's the boy? Married, are you? Well, whaddaya know about that! Be settling down, first thing you know!" And after that there was raucous laughter of men and sharp-eyed women. "By gee, think of old Bert settling down!"

Diz, close beside her husband, smiled and loved the easy friendliness of it all, the generosity and the freedom from worry that they all boasted.

They found a town that suited them in California, and Bert breezed into the nearest packing shed and hit the boss up for a job for both of them. He lidded and Diz packed, as before. The odors were different, the feel of the fruit was strange, but the noise and the hurry and the system were much the same as the apple packing sheds in Washington. Diz learned easily, and they piled up big checks each week.

It was there that they met Hank and Astrid, packing at a different shed. There were the same effusive greetings as at other meetings with Bert's old friends. Bert slapped Hank's shoulder lustily, and put an easy arm around the tall, soft blonde. "Hi ya, kid?" he said to both of them, and introduced Diz. "Meet the little wife, folks! Hank, Diz, Astrid, Diz. That's all done now. How's everything along the line?"

Astrid's slow, smiling gaze dismissed Diz casually. "Fine, Mister Enders. So **you** got roped in, did you?" She smiled queerly.

"And you're the little black-eyed beauty that did it, are you?" Hank's voice was caressing. He tucked her surprised arm under his and suggested, "Let's all go eat, folks."

So Bert paired off with Astrid.

Diz was glad when Hank and Astrid had a row with the warehouse boss and quit in the middle of the season to seek greener pastures.

"You never did tell me what their last name was," she remarked to Bert. "I don't mind Hank, but I don't care much for his wife."

"Heck, she's not his wife," Bert answered in a matter-of-fact way. "They're just traveling together. She was with another fellow last year. She's a good packer."

"Oh," was all Diz could say.

The orange harvest over, they went on the road again.

"Gee, think of all the women that are keeping house all the time and missing all this!" Bert chuckled as the miles rolled past. "They never go any place, and never have any money."

"Must be tiresome," Diz answered, and watched the world go by.

But Bert and Diz never seemed to have any money, either. You don't want to start a bank account when you're only going to be in a place for a month or two, and there are so many things to do with money! A new dress you happen to see—of course it will get awfully mussed in the suitcase, but there'll be a cleaner in the next place you stop. New shoes get scuffed when you wear them in the car. Maybe that coat would look nice, but you'll be South in the winter. Gas and oil and groceries, room rent if you stay at a hotel, four bits apiece for lunches—money went fast enough. Sometimes it worried Diz a little, but it never Bert.

"Plenty more where that came from, kid. What's the use of having money if you don't spend it?"

At one packing shed she met the

Saunders couple, middle-aged, uncommunicative people who packed as though their lives depended on it.

"Gosh," Bert chuckled, "those birds work like that all the time, as if they had fourteen kids to support. Been at it for fifteen years or more, trying to save for an orange grove. Think we'll buy us a grove some day, most likely."

A few months before, Diz would have laughed. But she answered seriously, "It sounds like a good idea. Why don't we start saving up for it before we get old like they are?"

"Sure, that's what we'll do." But somehow they never got started. And Diz learned that the Saunders couple didn't have a cent put by, for all their years of serious effort.

"They've got a girl in a private school," Bert informed her. "In vacations she bums with them."

But what, Diz wondered, had they done with that daughter when she was a baby? What *did* wanderers—she preferred not to say "fruit tramps"—do when they had children? But she didn't mention her thoughts to Bert, because *they* weren't going to have any children.

Another apple harvest came, but it seemed better not to go "home."

"The crop has been better around Yakima," she wrote to her mother. "And as the season will be longer there, Bert thinks we'd better work there this year. Probably we can run up for a visit after the sheds close."

When the sheds closed, though, she had to write, "If we are going to get to Florida in time for a good chance to look around, we will have to start right away, so guess the visit will be postponed until next year."

While she wrote, she blinked rapidly, for she had just discovered that no mat-

ter how many miles of orchards they passed, no orchard looked just like the one at home; no gate was built just like Dad's. And lovely as the world was, with trees heavy-laden and fruitful, or stark and bare after the harvest, it was after all someone else's world, and she and her husband were wanderers in it.

"Next year, sure, we'll go home, won't we, hon?"

"Sure, kid. Next year we'll go see your old feller and the folks."

It was about then that she began to put small amounts of money away from time to time, a five, or a two—just in case they might run short. Bert was always running short of cash.

"Loan me a couple dollars, kid? Dropped mine in that crap game last night." When she refused he got along good-naturedly without it, but often she found it necessary to slip a dollar under the table to him so he could pay for their meal. She learned to excuse her fibs by telling her conscience, "But I haven't really got any money for him; it's in my handkerchief case in the grip." She said nothing to Bert about the hoarded dollars. That would be a surprise some day.

When they drove late into the evening she could watch people sitting comfortably around set supper-tables in lighted windows. The meals she set for Bert were not leisurely and pleasant like that. Sometimes they ate from tin plates in the tourist park, always in a hurry, because some of the gang was going on a party and wouldn't like to be kept waiting. Or they hurried through poorly cooked meals, sloppily served, in restaurants full of din and chatter and smoke from burned grease.

Diz did some of their washing on Sundays and had to be careful to get

it in before dark or somebody would be sure to steal it. She watched, on Mondays, home-keeping women hanging out snowy sheets and linens in the wind on lines in their own back yards, clothes to be ironed with meticulous care the next day and folded gently away in closets or dresser drawers. Diz jammed things hurriedly into a suit case or a roll of bedding in the back seat of the flivver. She thought about things like that, but Bert was snobbish about people who just stuck in one place.

Bert was always restless. "A fellow can't just sit around and play rummy all the time," he argued. "We got to go places and be with people. Saw Astrid and Hank today; they're slinging a party and the gang will be there."

The gang was half drunk when they reached the rooming house. Astrid, the tall and buxom blonde, opened the door herself and fell, laughing loudly, into Bert's arms. He did not let her go at once, but propelled her ahead of him into the smoke-clouded room, with his startled wife following.

"Here's us!" Bert shouted, "and we found this crazy blonde out in the hall, half swacked. Where do you suppose she got the stuff?"

"Right here, old kid, right here!" a man's voice shouted. "Have a little shot?" That invitation it was impossible for Bert Enders to refuse.

Diz lost him in the rowdy confusion, and found herself with Hank, who was very courtly and intoxicated. "Well, you're a fine little kid," he answered every thing she said. "And another little drink wouldn't do us any harm." Diz was pushing him away impatiently when Astrid lurched by.

"There's the little kid from Washington, Bert," she screamed, "and darned



if she hasn't got my old man! Never mind, Diz. Hank thinks all women are little darlings!" She gave him a shove and swayed over to Bert. Somebody had a phonograph going, and somebody else was singing "Sweet Adeline."

Diz looked up just in time to see her husband kiss Astrid heartily upon the mouth—and it was as though he had kissed her many, many times before. Diz's heart almost stopped. She felt sick. She turned to Hank, who blinked stupidly.

"You'd better call off your dog," she snapped. "And go tell my husband I'd like to go home."

"Sure, I'll shtop her. Sure. But how e'n you go home? You ain't got no home! You're a tramp." He lurched to his feet, shaken with laughter. "Bert! Hey, Bert! Th' little woman says she wants to go home! And I'm just telling her she ain't got no home."

Diz's eyes blazed. "You—you didn't need to rub it in!" she choked. But nobody noticed.

She heard a man's appraising voice. "Astrid's going it . . . whiskey's getting her. She's as crazy about Bert Enders as ever, and Hank knows it."

Diz stopped crying. She heard nothing more, but she had heard enough.

She could see, suddenly, into the years ahead. Years of working in cold and heat, years of earning and spending, traveling and loafing and planning to save and never saving. Years of wandering with Bert, who had wandered with another woman—no telling how many other women. And she saw what she had been afraid to see before, that the shining road across the world was dirty and long and rough, and worse, it was a road without an end.

She crossed through the smoke and

confusion to touch Bert on the shoulder. "Come on, big boy, we're leaving."

They were on their way to another apple harvest, and Diz was twenty. Diz sat at a restaurant table and was utterly miserable. A dirty restaurant, somewhere in southern Oregon, run by a Mrs. Evans.

A short, firm lady, was Mrs. Evans. She never smiled. Without seeming haste, but with unbelievable sureness and dexterity she waited tables, fixed short orders, and kept order in the midst of chaos among the boisterous, hungry fruit workers. Bert had strayed away somewhere, and Diz sat alone, dull-eyed and worried.

"You a tramp, too?" Mrs. Evans inquired, with a sharp glance and disconcerting frankness, as she set down the pork chops.

"Why, I'm a packer," Diz answered with some resentment.

"Folks are either tramps or they ain't," Mrs. Evans stated firmly. "Them that follows the fruit are tramps."

"I'm not. I'm going to settle down." Diz caught her breath sharply.

"I never argue," the busy lady said. "Since I left my husband, I don't have to." She passed on to another table with a firm step. Diz sat still and stared into the smoky air.

Bert strolled in, greeting friends, and dropped into the chair across from Diz.

"Funny old bird, this Evans woman," he remarked, looking at the penciled bill of fare. "She used to be a good packer, and she up and quit her old man like nobody's business. She's bringing her little girl up to be a musician. She hates everybody."

"Cranky old thing," agreed Diz, staring miserably at nothing.



"I'll say she is. Her old man's in the fruit business yet. Saw him a couple of years ago down in Imperial Valley. Drink's getting him down. He used to pack, too."

Diz shifted her tragic gaze to Bert's carefree face. "When are *we* going to settle down, Bert?"

"Oh, when we get old we'll buy us an orange grove and stay in Sunny California," he murmured easily around his cigarette.

"What'll we buy it with—worn out tires?" pursued Diz.

"You're always worrying about something," he scowled. "No use worrying. Why cross your bridges before you come to 'em?"

"Maybe the bridge'll be out," his wife mused bitterly. "And there we'll be, stuck on the bad side of the river. Then what?"

"Don't you worry, kid. Don't you worry." Bert lit another cigarette and helped himself to the French fried on his wife's plate. "We're young and healthy. We make around a hundred and thirty-five a week when we work, between us. What more do you want?"

"It's not what I want, it's what I have to have," Diz told him, staring bitterly ahead. "I didn't want to tell you here, but—I'm going to have a baby."

"Huh? What'd you say?" His mouth dropped open and he lost his cigarette.

"Didn't you hear me?" Her voice was tired, and her mouth quivered.

"I'm afraid—I'm awfully afraid, I did!" He pondered for a moment, his brows knitted. "Well, you ask Astrid what to do. She knows." He chuckled. "Gosh, she ought to."

Diz pushed back her untouched plate and stood up.

"I guess you didn't hear me, after all," she answered slowly. "I'm going to have a baby. And I have to have a home." She turned away, tears blinding her.

"Sit down here, you little fool," her husband ordered sharply. "We'll talk this over sensibly."

"Your idea of sense isn't like mine. I have to have a home. If you won't settle down and help me make a home, I'll just go back to the one I used to have." Her voice was toneless.

Bert's anger blazed, but he sounded queerly relieved. "Go on, then! Go running back to pa and ma! I never thought *you'd* be a piker. I thought you wanted to see the world!"

"Not any more," she choked.

She walked wearily out of the place and left him sitting there, confidently waiting for her to return. But she never went back. She went instead to their room and counted the bills in her handkerchief case, and packed her clothes. She never saw Bert again.

Diz always remembered the relief in his voice in that last angry moment, his head held back defiantly and his eyes blazing. After a while it did not hurt to remember him. Later still, she remembered him, just as something that had happened, long ago.

Diz's boy is big enough to walk now. He squeals and toddles recklessly to the door when he sees Leslie come striding up the lane through the orchard.

Leslie argues with the old man about new spray dope and bees for pollenization, while Diz rocks her boy and listens gravely, because on these things depend the lives of the fruit growers.

## TO VIEW THE REMAINS

BY TED OLSON

A TUNNEL gulped the Overland Limited for a long minute of din and blackness and sooty stench. Then it was light again, and at Dan Madison's elbow was a vista of flowing jade prairie dipping down in a giant trough to lift again into the crumpled wall that was the Ghost Range. In the summer distance it was blue and white like calico, and Dan's throat was suddenly taut with the clutch of recognition. He could not get his eyes full of that familiar beauty. And then the porter was taking away his bag, and the train was slowing past a street of dingy rooming-houses and soft drink bars and pawnshops, and the big man in the wrinkled brown suit who stood on the platform and scanned the Pullman windows so anxiously was indubitably Jeff.

Jeff. His hand closed on Dan's greedily, after that first hesitant moment when recognition had not been quite certain.

"You old horse-thief," he said. "You damned old horse-thief!"

"How's everything, Jeff?"

"Fine. I mean—well, about as usual, other ways. Hard trip? Plenty hot, I'll bet."

"Not so bad."

They paused, awkwardly, ill at ease. Jeff suddenly discovered that he was still squeezing Dan's hand; he dropped it hastily and reached for his brother's suitcase.

"The flivver's outside. Say, what do you think of our new depot? Some improvement on the old shack, ain't it?"

"Nice," Dan agreed. They were in the car and Jeff was backing out of

the parking row before either found more to say.

"Jeff," Dan fumbled. "I'm sorry. You know that, though I'm a dub at saying things.

"Sure. I understand. Everybody's been awfully good. You learn who your friends are, time like this."

He thrust out a hand and turned into Mountain avenue, and Dan stole another look at his brother. It was shocking, the change in him. Somehow Dan hadn't realized that Jeff would be changed. And yet—it was thirteen years. But it hurt to see Jeff shrunken and sagged, his ruddy face seamed, his blue eyes bleached behind incongruous horn-rimmed spectacles. Jeff, of all people, in horn-rimmed spectacles!

"I wanta stop in at the *Pioneer* office and tell 'em about the funeral," Jeff explained. "We decided to wait until tomorrow so Emily's sister could get here from Florida, and then this morning she wired she couldn't come. Better come in with me. Rawleigh will be glad to see you."

Rawleigh professed to be. He, at any rate, looked no different—perhaps a bit grayer, a bit more bowed of back, but with no diminution in the professional zeal with which he hurled his catechism at Dan. Not until he had tucked into his diminutive notebook the material for a "personal" did he remember the amenities of the situation, and recite: "I want to express my deepest sympathy in your bereavement." It was obviously a speech that had done similar service times without number.

Dan thanked him, and Jeff set about dictating a list of pallbearers. His

hand was on the doorlatch when he thought of an addendum:

"Oh, yes, put in that friends may view the remains tomorrow from ten a. m. to noon. Thanks."

Outside he turned doubtfully to Dan:

"I guess you could see her now, if you wanted to. Or would you rather wait until tomorrow?"

"I think I'll wait. You'll be wanting to get home, won't you?"

"Yeah, I reckon I'd better. There's chores to be done. But maybe you'd like to stick around and meet people . . .?"

"Lord, no! I want to see the ranch. I've always been intending to come out for a visit, or stop off sometime, but something always turned up."

"I wish you could have. Emily was awful interested in you. She always read your letters, and kept prodding me to answer quicker than I did."

"I'd like to have known her."

"She was sure proud of that wedding present. Said it was the nicest thing we got."

They were out of Grandon, and the battered little car took the road like a hunter under Jeff's big hands. Fields of potatoes and grain and alfalfa swept by; hedges of sweet clover bathed them briefly in a tide of rich fragrance. Ahead of them the range lifted higher, fragile in its afternoon pastels of mauve and plum. Dan was glad to be here—glad in the way of a boy whom he had left behind one night thirteen years ago, when he had ridden to Grandon, running away. So much of his life, Dan thought, had been a going away from things he loved, and for no better reason.

They passed the familiar covey of mail-boxes and turned from the highway. There was no need now to wrestle

with the wire-gate; a cattle-guard gave them unhindered passage. The river-bridge clattered under the wheels; the water was smooth as oil in the late slant of the sun, save where a trout dimpled it briefly. A gust of red-winged black-birds rose bickering from the willows as they passed.

"Look natural?" queried Jeff.

"Looks great," Dan answered.

More cattle-guards, another hill—and there was the ranch, its emerald meadows flanking the bluff, the buildings sprawled in the shade of the cotton-woods. Dan blinked at a treacherous moisture. The log house seemed strangely low, shrunken in upon itself, somehow. There was a new porch and a square of lawn, incongruously sleek. The spruces he and Jeff had planted in a fever of youthful ambition were lank and tall.

"Emily got me to build on that porch and put in a patch of lawn," Jeff explained. "And we've got water piped into the house from that spring up under the bluff. I boarded up the old well."

Dan felt a queer resentment when they stepped inside. This wasn't the cluttered, homely kitchen he remembered. There was something prettified and false about the dainty curtains, the chairs that looked too frail for the lounging weight of tired men. He rebuked himself for the feeling; it was only because the habit of memory had made the older order sacrosanct, bound up obscurely with all his recollections of his mother, all his boyhood associations.

Jeff had hung up his hat and was doffing his coat. Dan saw that he was shinily bald to the crown.

"Make yourself at home, Dan," he

said. "I'll pail the cows and then we'll have some grub."

"Got an extra pair of overalls? I'll help—though I'm a little out of practice."

"Shucks, you don't have to. You're company. Take it easy. We're only milking five, and two of them's strip-pers."

"But I want to. Rustle me some overalls and quit arguing."

The overalls draped Dan voluminously, but they served, with a few tucks at the bottom. Jeff eyed his brother with a grin.

"Why didn't you finish growing while you was about it, kid?" he gibed. Dan warmed at the long forgotten nickname.

"I did my growing from the neck up," he retorted. The raillery put them more at ease.

His fingers ached from the unaccustomed labor when they had filled the mangers and turned toward the house with the brimming pails. But it was good to turn the separator handle again, watching the spouting streams churn up a rich suds; good to see the gangling calves guzzle and butt their way to the bottom of their pails; good to spill the slops down the hog trough and share vicariously the greedy delight of the plump Poland-Chinas. Dan was absurdly pleased that he still knew them for Poland-Chinas.

Meanwhile Jeff had a fire going and the fragrance of frying steak and potatoes greeted Dan when he entered. He scrubbed face and hands at the immaculate white washstand that had supplanted the old granite basin, and hesitated a moment before sullyng the scanty white towel hanging where he

remembered a capacious oblong of crash.

"Hope you'll make out," Jeff deprecated. "I'm sort of out of the way of baching. Emily was a swell cook. She made biscuits that would melt in your mouth. We used to have biscuits about every night. They do in the south, you know. Emily was from Alabama."

"How did you meet her, Jeff? You're a rotten letter-writer, you know."

"Why, it was in the hospital. She was a trained nurse. I landed in there with a broken leg—Dusty turned a somerset with me when we was heading a cow on a rocky sidehill. It was four weeks before I could hobble about on crutches, and it got lonesome as hell. And she was new up here, and lonesome, too, and we got to talking together. And she took a lot of interest in the ranch and everything; she'd read about the west and always wanted to see it for herself. She said I was the first cowboy she'd ever known. She always insisted on calling me a cowboy." He chuckled a little sheepishly. "And when I got out again we got started going together, and two years ago come September we got married."

He paused, gazing past Dan with a little absent-minded frown, while he stirred his coffee assiduously. Dan waited in silence. He was facing the window; the west was a tide of flame brimming through the cottonwoods. His heart quickened to the splendor of it, as it had always quickened. How often that memory had sought him out in the years of exile—whenever he was tired and distraught and dubious of the logic of his wanderings. Was there any logic so sure as this simple statement of



beauty, this unassuming ecstasy of pure color?

Jeff came back to the business of eating, suddenly matter-of-fact again. They talked desultorily—of Dan's work in New York, of the price of beef and wool, of how Jeff had turned fifty acres of wheat land into alfalfa and leased a school section to the south for pasture. Then Jeff rose and went to the stove with an air of mystery and pride.

"Plum pudding," he announced. "Pretty nice, huh? Mrs. Nellen sent it over. The neighbors sure have been decent, about everything. Frank wanted to do my chores, too, until after the funeral, but I told him it wasn't necessary."

"Mrs. Nellen's awful proud of her plum-pudding," he went on reflectively. "Always makes some for ladies' aid meetings, and takes prizes at the fair, you know. We was over there one Sunday, and there was plum-pudding for dessert. And Emily must have said something, or maybe she didn't praise it up enough; I never did get the straight of it. Anyway, Mrs. Nellen froze up like a water-hole in January, and never did really thaw out. We asked them over twice after that, but they always had an excuse. And yet here she comes with this plum-pudding now. Women are funny."

"Many a wise man has found that out," Dan assented.

It was fun to be doing dishes with Jeff again. Dan insisted on washing them while Jeff wielded the towel and stowed them trimly away. The task stirred both to gleeful reminiscence.

"Lordy, how you used to hate doing up the dishes at night!" Jeff chuckled. "Especially when there was three installments, sort of cold and crusted.

You were in such a rush to get back to those magazines your nose was always buried in. Still read as much as ever?"

"Too much else to do, most of the time. But I do like it."

"You'd have liked Emily. She was a great hand for books, too—deep stuff. You want to look them over. Maybe there'd be some you'd like. She'd be glad for you to have 'em. I'm too dumb to appreciate that kind, I guess. She used to read to me at night, at first, but finally she gave it up as a bad job. I always kept dozing off."

He let the sudsy water gurgle down the drain, rinsed out the dishcloth and hung it neatly away, and gave the kitchen a final judicial scrutiny.

"Emily kept the place looking like—well, neat as a pin," he explained. "You could've eat your meals offa the floor. . . . Let's go in the other room and have a smoke."

It was a chaste and immaculate room they entered. The walls were papered in delicate creamy tints. There were pictures—a dusky cathedral interior, a color etching of the Bridge of Sighs, an "Age of Innocence." On a brittle-looking table lay an *Atlantic Monthly* and a *Mentor*. Jeff looked queerly huge and awkward as he lowered himself into an obese chair, so obviously a concession to masculine ideas of comfort that it appeared uncomfortable itself in that setting. He tendered Dan a cigar from a half-full humidor, and took one himself when his brother declined in favor of a cigarette.

"Since when have you joined the plutocracy, Jeff?" Dan quizzed.

"Joined what? Oh, you mean these. Emily liked 'em—I mean she liked to see me smoking 'em, after sup—dinner. She'd get me my slippers—can you fea-

## The Frontier

ture me in slippers?—and light my cigar and plant me here while she read. Only I couldn't help dropping off, after a hard day."

He sucked deep at the cigar, and blew a slow balloon of smoke into the quiet room. Outside a nighthawk shrilled briefly; a miller blundered in ragged orbits around the snoring gasoline lamp.

"Emily took a lot of pride in this room," Jeff resumed. "It sure don't look much like most ranch houses. That carpet, now, cost as much as I got out of one of those steers that topped the market in Denver two years ago." He chuckled deeply. "Billy Capps was over here one evening, dealing for a couple of ton of oats. Maybe you remember how he gets waving his hands when he talks? Well, first thing he shook off a big wad of cigar ashes on the carpet. And Emily scuttles over and plants an ash tray by him. He never takes any notice, and pretty soon another chunk of ashes hits the floor. And Emily stands it as long as she can, and then slips over, sort of gentle, and moves the ash tray. No good; he still scatters ashes; and Emily keeps moving the ash tray at him; and I keep trying to keep from busting out laughing. It looked so damn funny. And finally Emily gives the ash tray another shove; and just then Billy wants to make a diagram so he shifts his cigar over to the left hand, and Emily has to start all over again. And I let loose a snort, just as Emily was trying to make another shift, and Capps looks at me a moment and then suddenly gets wise. He got red as a beet and slammed the cigar down into the ash tray, and then up and stalked out without 'Goodbye' or 'Go to hell' or anything. Funny? I like to 'a' died. But Emily couldn't

see any joke, and Capps was hostile for a month."

He rose and stretched, with a mighty yawn, and walked to the screen door to peer out into the murmurous night.

"Wind's coming up," he remarked. "I hope it doesn't blow up a storm tomorrow."

Turning, he paused by a sectional bookcase, and said:

"Here's Emily's books. She had a trunkful of them when she came, and she used to get more by mail from Denver."

Dan peered at the triple tier of shelves. "An American Tragedy," "The Forsyte Saga," "Many Marriages," "Jurgen," "Point Counter Point"—it was like a list of best-sellers of the last half-dozen years.

"No ordinary ranch library," he remarked. "I remember most folks got along with the Bible, and 'Ben Hur,' and the latest editions of Montgomery Ward and Sears Roebuck."

"They still do. Mrs. Stroud's quite a hand for reading, though, and when she found out that Emily liked books she brought over an armful to lend her." He grinned reminiscently. "And Emily loaned her a bunch in exchange. It wasn't much of a bargain. Emily looked the lot over and said she never saw such trash. And a few days later Mrs. Stroud breezes back with Emily's books. Emily asked her if she'd liked 'em. 'I can't say I did,' she snapped. 'I didn't know they were *allowed* to publish such things. Why, they're just plain *dirty*!'

"And Emily said they were a lot decenter than Mary J. Holmes and Mrs. Southworth, 'cause at least they were honest, and Mrs. Stroud said she didn't believe it; thank goodness the people *she* knew weren't like that. And they had

it hot and heavy, and Mrs. Stroud marched home and she hasn't been here since."

"Literary censorship on Paint River," commented Dan. "I suppose Dreiser and Anderson would be a bit strong for the average Wyoming stomach."

Jeff stretched and yawned again.

"Well, they were a bit strong for me. I sort of gagged when Emily read some of the things they said, out loud. She told me I was narrow-minded—and there wasn't any particular argument about that."

He picked up the lamp and turned toward the kitchen. "Reckon I'll turn in, if you don't mind, Dan. Got to get an early start tomorrow. You can have your old room, if you want to."

The room under the eaves was aching-ly familiar. It had escaped the transforming hand that had changed the rest of the house to something alien and finicking. The window stood open and through it came the vibrant cadence of the frogs, the moist sweet fragrance of flowering meadows, the stir and ferment of summer night. He gazed out into the darkness; the Ghost range bulked huge against the stars. The moon must be rising in the east, for the higher peaks were incandescent with a frosty fire. Dan remembered how he had stood here on similar nights long ago, and looked unseeing past that mighty westward wall toward an imagined world of lights and color and glamour. Well, he had seen that other world, or some of it, at any rate; and it seemed to him now there was nothing in it so precious as the beauty and the peace of these mountains.

And yet he had had to go away to learn that. Would he forget it if he were here among them again? The ques-

tion was still unanswered when sleep found him.

## II.

Dan followed Jeff at the heels of Mr. Oliver, and wondered why undertakers' assistants were so sleek and buttery of manner, walking with exaggerated delicacy, nursing you with their solicitously muted voices. They made of death something a little surreptitious and vulgar. Jeff looked uncomfortable in that shining high collar, and embarrassingly conscious of his role of chief mourner. Dan, rebellious, suppressed the impulse to tiptoe, as his brother certainly was doing.

"Just as if she were asleep," soothed Mr. Oliver, hovering possessively over the gray casket.

"What a damned lie!" Dan told himself. Sleeping people didn't look that way—frozen and immaculate. Sleeping people were towseled and bleary and flushed. This was death. Why pretend?

And so here was Emily. Not in the least the woman he had imagined. He had pictured her a little spinsterish and edged and acrid. This was a child-face, essentially, strangely young for its thirty-five years; rounded of chin even now, with a broad low forehead under hair that must have been like honey once, and an abrupt nose and an upper lip a trifle too short. Even in death it was a wistful face, bewildered and a little grieved at life.

"She looks awful natural," Jeff murmured huskily. He had forgotten to be awkward now. Dan's hand found his and they tightened.

"Perhaps you'd like to see the flowers?" Mr. Oliver purred. They followed him down further corridors of muffling carpet; it sank under them like turf at



a swamp's edge. The flowers were an explosion of incongruous color in that gray solemnity. Two women hurriedly abandoned the pastime of looking over the cards and came cluckingly forward.

"Poor Jeff! We're all so sorry."

"It was such a shock."

"And she was so young; her life before her, you might say."

"The ways of the Almighty are hard to understand, sometimes."

"But I suppose it's all for the best."

"At least she didn't have long to suffer, as some do."

This in a duet from Mrs. Stroud and Mrs. Nellen, as they clustered on Jeff. He submitted, his ruddy face ruddier with embarrassment, and fumbled for words of acknowledgment, though they were hardly needed in that torrent of commiseration. He won a respite when they spied Dan, and when the exchange of greetings began to ebb he made a gesture of escape.

"Excuse me a minute, will you, folks? I want to see Mr. Oliver about the cars."

"Is there anything *we* can do?"

"No, thanks just the same, Mrs. Stroud. You've been swell. Wait for me, Dan."

"Poor man," crooned Mrs. Stroud, when he had gone. "He bears up awful well, though."

"It's been hard for him, all along," agreed Mrs. Nellen, with a grim nod. There was a swift glance of warning from Mrs. Stroud. "I mean," she explained, "her being sick that way, and the busy season coming on, and— and everything."

"He said everybody'd been so helpful," Dan contributed.

"We tried to do our Christian duty. Though it wasn't always the easiest thing."

Again a warning glance.

"The flowers are lovely," Mrs. Nellen proffered, with a sort of doleful enthusiasm. "I guess everybody on Paint River must have sent some. I always said nobody had more friends than Jeff Madison."

"And Emily," Mrs. Stroud supplemented.

"And Emily, of course."

"Emily was so good-hearted."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Nellen. "She *was* good-hearted. I always was sure she meant well. Of course our ways was a little strange to her, I suppose."

There was a minute of exhausted silence. Dan fumbled automatically for a cigarette, and then remembered. He wished desperately that Jeff would return. This precarious fidelity to the edict that nothing but good may be spoken of the dead began to be wearing. He delved for something safe and impersonal with which to alleviate that gravid silence.

"That plum pudding sure hit the spot, Mrs. Nellen," he managed at last. Strange how easily the old manner of speech returned to him. "Jeff and I just about ruined it last night."

"Why, I'll send over another, first chance I get." She preened visibly. "I always keep a few cooked up. They keep so well, you know; and it's handy to have something quick like that for dessert on a busy day. I do think I had good luck with the last batch."

"You always do, from what I hear."

"Well, most folks seem to think so." A little tartly, "I've never found occasion to try any other recipe, the way some people have suggested, hinting mine was soggy. It suits the judges at the county fair, anyway." She set her lips with an air of grim triumph.



"Here's Jeff back," Mrs. Stroud hurried to interpolate, with obvious relief.

"I guess everything's fixed up, Dan," his brother said. He was warm and ruddy; he polished his bald spot with a damp handkerchief. "I had to round up another pallbearer. Jim Clintock phoned that a horse tromped on his instep this morning and he couldn't hardly hobble. I got Joe Anderson."

"If there's anything we can *do*, Jeff . . ." proffered Mrs. Stroud vaguely.

"Thanks a lot, but I guess everything's fixed up. Have—have you seen her?"

"Yes; she looks so natural, don't she?"

"Just like she was asleep," supplemented Mrs. Nellen, glumly.

The funeral was set for two-thirty. The cars were clustering already around the mortuary when they returned. Dan felt a splash of moisture on his cheek and another on his hand as they turned in through a scattering of men who mumbled awkward greetings and drew aside to let them pass. They were ushered into a room that felt plushy and airless. Then there was an interminable interval. Mr. Oliver glided in for a muted word to Jeff, and vanished again, with the air of mighty responsibilities upon him. The brothers waited. Dan found himself craving a cigarette, and foolishly ashamed of the craving. He wondered if he looked as uncomfortable as Jeff, perched precariously on the edge of the gray plush, his brown fists locking and interlocking, his eyes fixed miserably on nothing. Outside there were dulled rumors of activity, furtively hurrying steps, the drone of arriving motors. In Dan's pocket his watch was ticking nervously and unnaturally loud.

"Lordy, I wish they'd get started," muttered Jeff.

"Me, too."

Still the minutes inched past. Then, at last, Mr. Oliver was at the door.

"If you'll come with me, please," he whispered.

They tiptoed down a velvet-shod corridor, and suddenly music broke on them—the stertorous thunder of an organ. There was a rustle of many people, a glimpse of craning heads, a simmer of whispers. And he and Jeff were pacing up the aisle toward a mound of flowers that seemed somehow alien and unimportant, no matter how often he told himself that it was Emily—his sister-in-law, Jeff's wife.

It was rather confused, after that. A choir sang; they stood up and sat down again; a prayer was droned, and he sat with his eyes focussed on a flaw in the wood of the pew ahead; it looked grotesquely like a half-winking eye. Then the Reverend Herbert Gormley was talking. His knuckles were huge when his hands grasped the stand and he leaned over, and he had a way of stopping while his Adam's apple worked strangely; it gave one the sensation of seeing the words moving visibly toward the threshold of utterance. Dan found it hard to keep his mind on what he was saying: something about "The Lord has given and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." After a while he stopped trying. Jeff, beside him, was very still, his hands folded in his lap, his eyes staring straight ahead. Despite the seamed brown skin above the tight collar, the curve of bald pate, he looked strangely young and pathetic and puzzled, like a boy who had been punished for something and who did not quite know why.

And then they were pacing out again, while the organ groaned throatily. Someone obsequious was guiding them to a car. It moved away, leading a long caravan that snailed across Mountain avenue and then gained a modicum of speed as it turned north along Lincoln road. The rain was slanting hard against the windows; the wiper hissed back and forth like a pendulum, making a little fan of clear glass.

They paused at last and got out. There was a heap of raw yellowish earth, down which the rain channeled little furrows, and an oblong hole, walled chastely in gray. Two wide, tape-like bands spanned it, and six men were placing that gray box on them. The Reverend Mr. Gormley was intoning something; there was a subdued hum and the gray box began to descend. "Dust unto dust—" a muddy clod broke and spat on the lid as it went out of sight. Dan's mind was numb; he was conscious only that the rain was soaking through his coat sleeves, and that there was a chill trickle crawling down behind his ear. He hunched against it and shivered a little, but Jeff stood immobile. The tight, shiny collar was deliquescing; his thinning hair was plastered hard to the skull.

It was over. They were in the car again. The man at the wheel, Dan discovered, was Frank Nellen. He turned when they were out of the cemetery, and said: "Where to, Jeff?"

Jeff suddenly was his normal self. "Why, Mills' garage, I guess," he said. "The flivver's there. We'll have to be starting home, I spose."

"Like to have you stop by and have supper with us. The missus told me to ask you."

"Thanks, Frank. But we got cows

to milk. Awful nice of you, though."

"Some other time, then. While Dan's here. We'll call you up."

There were others at the garage—Joe Anderson, and Henry Stroud, and Will Hogan, and a stubby man whom Dan did not know and whom no one thought to introduce. They were subdued and formal.

"Reverend Gormley preached a nice sermon, I thought," the unnamed man ventured.

"Mighty nice," Will Hogan agreed; "short and yet there was a lot in it." Jeff nodded assent. There was a strained pause. Henry Stroud brought out his pipe absent-mindedly, and then pocketed it with a little shuttling look of guilt, hoping no one had noticed. Joe Anderson bit reflectively at a finger-nail. All looked uncomfortable. It was the stubby stranger who again broke the silence.

"Looks like it was settling down for an all-night rain. Hope it don't bust loose regular now, with haying coming on."

There was a stir and nods of agreement.

"Capps told me they was starting Monday," Jeff volunteered.

"Hardesty cut that patch along the creek yesterday," said Hogan. "Said he was getting short of hay for the barn. He'll be cussing if this keeps up."

"Well, I'm not kicking," Anderson remarked. "I got forty acres of oats that was beginning to blister. This'll save 'em."

They were at ease again, on the casual terms of everyday. The fact of death ceased to weigh upon them as an immediate presence, demanding recognition and fumbling homage. There remained the familiar things that went

on in spite of change and decay, the inexorable and comforting routine of the soil which even death could not long interrupt. Henry Stroud filled his pipe; Dan proffered cigarettes. They chatted desultorily of crops and cattle, until Jeff reminded himself again that it was time to be starting.

The road was greasy with rain; the little car slued and shied like a nervous colt. Not until they turned off the grade and down across the river, where graveled ruts made the going firmer, did Jeff find time to speak. It came hesitantly, gropingly; he did not look at Dan.

"You know, Dan . . . I'm afraid . . . I wonder sometimes if I really made Emily happy."

Dan did not know how to answer. He tried over sundry formulae of reassurance and dismissed them as meretricious, to end by saying nothing. Apparently Jeff did not notice.

"I tried. I was—I was awful fond of her, Dan. But after the first she didn't seem exactly happy, somehow. It got lonesome for her, I suppose. You know how busy we are, out here—not much time for calling. And lately folks didn't get over very often. Emily got a foolish notion it was because they didn't like her. Nothing to it, of course. You could see for yourself today—all those flowers, and the way everybody on the river turned out."

Dan managed an inarticulate murmur of assent. It was like Jeff, not to suspect that the tribute was in reality his.

"I asked Frank Nellen, right out, once, why they never came over—and when Emily found out she looked at me and sort of sobbed, 'You *did*? Oh, Jeff Madison!' and slammed the door

into the bedroom and had the weeps. Women are so damn funny." That sounded a little like disloyalty, and he sought to amend it. "I mean . . ." but the amendment trailed off into silence. Dan dredged for words of comfort.

"Don't get to imagining a lot of things. It's easy, when somebody dies, to accuse ourselves and say things might have been different if we'd done this or that different. It's usually all imagination. You made Emily an almighty good home; everybody says that. There's nothing to blame yourself for."

"I hope you're right," brooded Jeff. "I'd feel better if I could be sure." He did not say much more until they came dripping into the house. But he was the old Jeff as they faced each other again over a table-cloth on which the stains of masculine housekeeping were already visible. There were so many things to talk over, now that the strangeness had worn off. Thirteen years to be bridged; yet somehow they were closer now than they had ever been in those remote days when they had gulped hurried meals in preoccupied silence, Dan deep in his magazine, Jeff busy with the worries of the ranch. They were both wiser, perhaps; both a little more conscious of the inevitable loneliness of life and more appreciative of the precious relationships that ameliorate it.

Again they were hilarious over the dish-washing. Jeff had a disconcertingly detailed memory of the boy whom Dan had been; he teased his brother with reminiscences of that callow youngster, until Dan retaliated by heaving the dish-rag, dripping and sudsy, so that it caught Jeff across the face. Jeff swooped down on him; they grappled and went reeling to the floor, to roll over



and over, pummeling each other with wild swings, until of common consent they declared an armistice and lay exhausted with laughter.

And then Jeff was suddenly sober.

"We oughtn't to carry on this way, with Emily—just—under the sod. It's like we'd—forgotten her, already."

Dan did not dare to admit that he had indeed forgotten Emily. He tried again to play the comforter.

"You know she wouldn't want you to brood. That doesn't do any good. You can serve her better by carrying on with life on normal terms. She'd prefer it that way."

"I wonder if—if there is anything in this life after death. I wonder if she's anywhere that she can look down and see us."

"I don't know," Dan was forced to say. "I hope not," he told himself. He didn't think, somehow, that Emily would be happiest in Paint River, even as a disembodied shade.

They were subdued and silent as Jeff picked up the gas lamp and led the way to the living-room. The rain had ceased

and the wind had risen; drops from the eaves splintered on the windows; the cottonwoods heaved gustily.

Jeff sank a little heavily in the cavernous chair by the table. He looked tired and dismayingly old. Absent-mindedly he dived in the humidor and selected a cigar; he bit off the end, spat it out in the ash tray, and fumbled for a match. Then he paused, still with eyes brooding and remote. For a long half-minute he sat with the cigar poised halfway to his lips. Then, with a deliberation that had in it something of the somnambulist, he restored it carefully to the humidor. One hand fumbled in his overalls pocket, the other in his vest, and emerged with a scarred briar and a red can. Carefully he filled the pipe, meticulously removed a scrap of spilled tobacco from his knee and deposited it in the ash tray, gravely accepted the light which Dan proffered. Only when the bowl was glowing did he speak again.

"Clearing up, after all. Think I'll get the mowing-machines out tomorrow and put 'em in shape. If she stays fair I want to start cutting, middle of next week."

## MYSTERIOUS JEREMY PINCH

By GEORGE W. FULLER

The spring list of Alfred A. Knopf contains *A History of the Pacific Northwest*, by George W. Fuller, Librarian of the Spokane Public Library and Secretary of the Eastern Washington State Historical Society. The work is in one volume, with numerous illustrations and maps. The following account of an episode in Northwest history which has very recently come to light is taken from Mr. Fuller's book, with permission of the publisher.

THERE is good reason to believe that a party of Americans somewhat larger than the Lewis and Clark expedition was on Columbia waters in 1807, a year after Lewis and Clark went home, and that their plan was to build military posts and occupy the country. They selected a site, either at Lewiston, Idaho, or in the Flathead valley, Montana, for their first establishment, and it is possible that they were in the Spokane region, at Coeur d'Alene lake. Wherever they

located, they were ahead of David Thompson. Thompson, who built the first permanent trading posts in the Pacific Northwest, crossed the Rockies into the valley of the upper Columbia on June 30, 1807. He built Kootenae House, near Lake Windermere, and stayed there until the spring of 1808. On August 13, 1807, he noted in his diary that Kootenai Indians told him "that about three weeks ago Americans to the number of forty-two arrived to settle a military post at the



confluence of the two most southern and considerable branches of the Columbia, and that they were preparing to make a small advance post lower down the river. Two of those who were with Captain Lewis were also with them, of whom the poor Kootenae related several dreadful stories. The establishment of the Americans will give a new turn to our so long delayed settling of the country, on which we have entered it seems too late."<sup>1</sup>

This part of Thompson's diary was not published until 1925, and the information seemed to be only an Indian story until Professor Robert C. Clark of the University of Oregon found two important letters in the Public Records office, London.<sup>2</sup> One is from Lieutenant Jeremy Pinch and is dated at "Polito palton lake," September 29, 1807. It is addressed "to British Mercht. traffick-ing with the Cabanaws" and was evidently intended for Thompson. It threatened expulsion of the British traders if they should

prove unwilling to obey American regulations, and it asked him not to continue supplying arms to the Indians. Pinch wrote that "the Pilchenees with their bloodthirsty allies" had attacked the friendly "Polito palton"<sup>3</sup> and wounded one of his own soldiers. Thompson replied on December 26, saying that he had just received the letter and politely disclaiming responsibility for settling the boundary question. He made a copy of this letter and added a note regarding the probable identity of the tribes mentioned by Pinch and the arrogance of young officers in general. Clark thinks that Pinch's party may have been with Manuel Lisa, who hastened up the Missouri soon after the return of Lewis and Clark and built a post at the junction of the Big Horn and the Yellowstone some time in 1807. With no regular communications across the mountains, it would not

*Continued on page 271*

<sup>1</sup> Elliott, T. C., ed. *Discovery of the Source of the Columbia River*. *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, v. 26, 1925, p. 43.

<sup>2</sup> Clark, R. C. *History of the Willamette Valley, Oregon*. Chicago, 1927. v. 1, pp. 122-123, 839-841. See *Washington Historical Quarterly*, v. 19, 1928, p. 151, for comment on Clark's discovery.

<sup>3</sup> The name for the Palouse Indians in the Lewis and Clark Journals is variously spelled Palletepaller, Pallotepaller and Pellatepaller.

## WISHING RING

BY LORI PETRI

If I could rub a wishing ring  
And give a jinnee my commands,  
I would not order him to bring  
Me fame or pleasure, gold or lands.

But I would bid him swell the small,  
Warped cell of self that shuts me in,  
Until my spirit compassed all  
The moods and views that men may win.

So, looking widely on the world,  
I should, from every depth and height,  
Behold the scenic sweep unfurled  
Within the range of mortal sight.

Then, like the farmer, I might find  
A solid worth in planted sod,  
While brooding, with a poet's mind,  
On life that soars from clay and clod.

Blue, misty mountains would be taunts  
To start me on a rover's quest,  
And guide me, too, to inner haunts  
Of peace and prayer within my breast.

A rose, for me, at once could fit  
In learned grooves of growth and form,  
And seem a glowing taper lit  
By Beauty's hand to keep me warm.

If I might rub a magic ring  
And raise a jinnee at my feet,  
I would not call on him to bring  
Me silks or silver, bread or meat.

## SLUICE BOX

### THE PIONEER ON ESTHETICS

BY PAUL E. TRACY

Your poets keep singing of smoothness  
And the beautiful cadence of life;  
"—the even, unhesitant sweep of the swallow.  
"—the uniform heaves of the tide.  
"—the steady, unruffled cruise of the moon  
    through a still cloud bank."  
And all that.

But life to me is a series of yanks and jerks.

Night jerks a black cap over the sky  
And all is darkness about me—  
Even the trees stop breathing.

The sun pops over the hills with a bright  
    bang!

And I, as a boy, have been yanked out of bed,  
—Out of smoothness, to keep up with it.  
Smoothness is not life, young man,  
Unevenness is life. Jerks . . . yanks . . .  
Tugs are the pulsations of life.

Young man,

I have been jerked through the greasewood  
By a bull. Runaway horses have yanked me  
Through a forest, and bronchos  
Have burned out my hands with hot ropes.  
I have been pitched into rivers to gulp  
Gallons of gritty water. I have been yanked  
Out again. That, young man, is life.  
Life is as uneven and sharp as a wildcat's  
    teeth.

The pulse of life is jerking . . .  
Yanking us along. Some day a hand  
Will flick out and jerk me into eternity.  
And I will be still and motionless.

I see your poets, young man, find it hard  
To fit melodious measures to the free-for-all  
    fight  
Of life.

But they will learn.

### BALLADE OF GOOD FOOD

HOMER M. PARSONS

Bestes' grub I ever et  
Wa'nt in no swell dinin' car:  
Jes' a cabin. I declare,  
Sho' is cookin' hits de spot.  
Golden cawnpone, pipin' hot,  
Hog an' hominy—ain't dey keen?  
Still I 'nounces (pass it on):  
Dey ain't no food like 'possum meat!

Tell me whar de melon's at:  
Gimme plenty elbow-room!  
Sweet pertaters, suga'd ham:  
Lead 'em boy, I follers suit!  
(Chicken am my fondes' fruit—  
No, it ain't; I disagree.  
Roast, er bake, er barbecue,  
Dey ain't no food like 'possum meat!

Spare-ribs off'n a yearlin' shote  
Make you lick yo' chops and smack:  
Bacon, cured in hick'ry smoke—  
Boy, oh boy! An' channel cat  
Done crisp brown—tell me whereat!  
Yas, indeed! I highly 'steem  
All dem dishes, but—hot damn!  
Dey ain't no food like 'possum meat!

L'ENVOI

Set up, Boss, an' pass yo' plate.  
Luscious? Tell 'em, what I mean!  
'Nother helpin'? Sho' is plain  
Dey ain't no food like 'possum meat!

### BLUE SERGE

BY ANNE HAMILTON

"I want to see some street dresses . . .  
Blue, with white collars, and cuffs, please!

\* \* \*

"Well, dearie, did you hear me mention  
a price? Show me what you got! . . .

"Say, would it be too much trouble to  
scoot that footstool over here? My feet are  
awful tired! I says to the dancin' teacher  
this mornin' was he trainin' us for the stage

the way he made us step? And he says, hateful like, 'Hardly, MaDAM! Ziggy don't want 'em over a hundred and sixty pounds!'—I suppose he wants 'em stringy like Miss Spencer! . . .

"There! That's better! No thank you, it's no trouble; this soft mink slides off easy. . . . Now show me a blue dress. . . .

"No, I don't want to match my eyes; blondes look too big in light blue if they're not sixteen. . . .

"Well!! Thank you!! Glad you like it. No, not a gray hair! Natural blonde. My George says last night he's glad I don't dye *my* hair! . . . No, not if he don't like it! Touchin' up ain't dyein', is it? . . . The girls in class was sayin' this mornin' they bet I'm the only woman in San Francisco that's been married twenty years and is still crazy about her husband. Museum piece, they says! George sure will get a kick out of that! . . .

"If you'd any idea what I want to pay? I don't know myself, dearie! I don't have to think about prices any more! . . .

"Lucky? I'll say! George says he's goin' to make it up to me for the time I hadn't nothin' but gingham house dresses! . . .

"Oh, just about a year ago. But we had the land a long time before they struck oil. Say, it was a scream when the first one come in! George was just wild to give me things. And after we come here, it was charge accounts everywhere and season tickets to everything. . . . He says we ought to improve ourselves. So I go to please him if it don't interfere with somethin' important like my facials or dancin'. You can pick up a lot of ideas places like that! Just last week I seen a woman at a concert with a skirt clear to her ankles! Say, are skirts goin' to be long? . . . George says he hopes so; maybe women are growin' up! He's a scream! . . . My newest ones are all long. What he likes suits me—that is, if it's chick, too! . . .

"That one's nice! Only not dark enough. I want midnight blue, plain, but snappy. . . .

"N—no, no lace. . . . Don't you just *love* lace? I got a dinner dress of the swellest coral lace with a nile green bow on the hip! Wore it the other night when George's partner took us to the opera. Usually George compliments me, but he never said a word

about this dress, so after while I asked him did he like it. He shook his head, but I think he meant not to talk while the music was playin'. . . . He's nuts about that kind of music. . . . I like the Harmony Four better. Ever tune in Wednesdays? . . .

"I love buyin' things! We got an apartment on Portola Drive; everything brand new! George says, 'Too fluffy, but suit yourself!' . . .

"But he wouldn't listen to me about his new office. Now *I* would have done it modern. Bookcases like skyscrapers; black and silver with a touch of bright green. . . . You know. . . . Mr. Petty that done our apartment told me how it oughta be fixed. . . . But George said he couldn't sign oil leases with an orchid feather pen! So he got a friend of his that knows about China—we're goin' to China on oil business as soon as the fightin's over—and they got a dull old rug that's frayed on the edges and a tea-wood desk that's hundreds of years old. No nice filin' drawers, nor anything convenient, just two drawers that you have to press a button to get in to! George took to that stuff like a duck to water! . . .

"He had one of them long paper Jap pictures that he'd been holdin' on to ever since I've known him and he hung *that* up on the wall! All by itself! Not even a calendar! His friend didn't want him to use it, but Miss Spencer—she's the college girl secretary George got—backed George up by sayin' that the idea come from China in the first place so it was all right. . . .

"I was down there with them and I says, 'George must be goin' to make a Chinaman out of himself!' Miss Spencer smiled and says, 'Oh, he's a thousand years too late for that!' . . . George just looked out of the window and says, 'I'm a thousand years too late for a lot of things.' . . .

"George is studyin' China—politics, art, and everything. Thinks there is oil in China, and how can you get a Chinaman's oil well if you don't know nothin' about him? Well, everyone to their taste! I only hope there's good dress shops in China! . . .

"George's Miss Spencer took us to the Museum Tuesday to see some Jap pictures like George's. I didn't care anything about goin' but George says, 'Oh, come on Hon!'

He feels awful respectful to people who've been to college. . . . At the Museum she asked me if I'd like to see some textures, no, textiles! . . . She meant material by the yard! . . . I says, 'No, thank you! Not unless it's made up!' . . . She got red, and George says he's glad to find out she's human! . . .

"George got away this mornin' before I'd looked in my purse. I'm goin' to lunch—luncheon, I mean—with some of the girls and I didn't have only ten dollars so I went by the office. . . . It sure was a sight! Books piled up on the floor with little slips of paper stickin' out of them, and George settin' at that funny desk readin' aloud while Miss Spencer wrote things in her notebook. . . . I don't go there often, but I'm awful glad I did this mornin'; that's where I got my idea about the blue dress. . . .

"I guess I disturbed George for he looked at me kinda blank. . . . I had to ask him

twice before he got me. . . . Usually he says, 'More dresses, honey?' But he was sorry that he hadn't heard me and he wrote me out a check in a hurry. He gave it to Miss Spencer to get cashed and when she was leavin' the desk he raised his head and watched her go out the door. . . .

"It was just the way he used to look at me!" . . . My heart just turned over, and before I knew it I says—'Why, George!'

"He got red as a beet. 'N—n—nice dress, ain't it, she's wearin'?' he says. . . . Imagine stutterin' because he liked her dress! . . .

"His little notions mean a lot to me, and if George likes a blue dress with white collars and cuffs, I'll get me one! . . . I sure was scared for a minute. . . . But he ain't like most husbands. . . .

"Find me one in a hurry, will you? I don't want to keep the girls waitin'."

The End.

## MYSTERIOUS JEREMY PINCH

*Continued from page 268*

have been possible for Pinch to stay very long in the country.

Alexander Ross speaks of seeing the ruins of an old camp in the vicinity of Ravalli, Montana.<sup>4</sup> He thought that it belonged to Joseph Howse, but Howse's post was on Flat-head lake. This site has been suggested for Pinch's post, but Ross saw only "some faint traces of civilization," far more likely to have been Courter's Saleesh camp (not House) mentioned by Thompson—an outpost

of the traders. Nothing further has come to light regarding the mysterious Jeremy Pinch—as to who sent him into the Oregon country or what became of his expedition. Many have been searching, and an early settler in Missouri by the name of Jeremiah Painsch has been discovered, but he has not been connected with the doughty Lieutenant.<sup>5</sup> There can be no question, however, about Pinch's presence in the region and his location of an American post previous to the arrival of the British.

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<sup>4</sup> Ross, Alexander. *Fur Hunters of the Far West*. London, 1855. v. 2, p. 9.

<sup>5</sup> Information from Professor Clark and the Rev. J. Neilson Barry. An important question is how much David Thompson knew of the southern tributaries of the Columbia when he referred to Pinch's location. If he had heard of the Snake river, Pinch's post was probably at Lewiston, and his association with the Palouse Indians is explained. They could have guided him to Coeur d'Alene lake.





Linoleum Cut by Frances Faick

## FOLK LORE

### I. THE MEDICINE CEREMONIES OF THE WEST COAST INDIANS

BY ALBERT B. REAGAN

The West Coast Indians have three kinds of doctors, principal among whom is the witch-hypnotic type, commonly known among several of the tribes as *tomanawis* doctor or *tomanawis* medicine man; and the powers they exhibit are usually termed *tomanawis* or *tomanawis* powers.

Belief in the power of the medicine man exercises a persuasive and paramount influence in the lives of these people. He has such charms and songs and such powerful medicine that he can put himself into communication with the higher and powerful spirits and can perform many wonderful things, and, as a material consequence, is able to perform many cures by exorcising the evil spirits causing sickness; they believe that sickness is caused by one's spirit temporarily leaving the body, believing that its leaving is usually caused by a magic spell or by the bad witch power of some medicine man. They believe, too, that the shaman can restore the departing soul (spirit), provided he can overtake it, in spirit, before it crosses a certain river in the land of the dead, they assert. To them he is a person of influence and is treated with great respect or fear, depending whether he is friend or foe, for they also believe that he can kill them as well as cure them with his witch power. For this reason his good will is sought, lest he should injure them with his *tomanawis*.

When doctoring the sick the West Coast medicine man sits down opposite the patient and recites charms and incantations over him, while the musicians chant and beat rude drums to aid him and to drown the groans of the sick one. To aid in the curing process, the shaman also manufactures little images to represent the sickness and then destroys them. In addition, he dips his hands into cold water and pats the supposedly afflicted parts with his moistened hands.

He also blows his breath on these parts, rubs them, then sucks on them, and then generally shows some hard substance which he claims to have extracted from the diseased parts, and which he says was the cause of the ailment. This bad substance he then destroys or takes some distance off and throws away, with the exclamation, "Go away, sickness!"

Should the patient fail to get better it is evidence that evil spirits are at work and that his soul has started on its journey to the land of the dead. The medicine man's only resort now is to go to the spirit land and bring it back. To effect this he goes apart by himself, crouches down, covers his head and shoulders with a mat or blanket, and permits himself to go into the trance state, when his soul leaves his body and goes in search of that of his patient; and should he overtake it before it crosses that river in the land of the dead, he may be able to bring it back.

The medicine performances reached their culmination in the Tsiyuk, Kayklakwal, and Klukwalle dances about twenty years ago. Here the medicine men exhibited their powers before the populace (and still do in certain localities, it is reported). Here they went through the torture acts to bring back the fleeting spirits of the deathly sick.

We are in one of the isolated places where these ceremonies are still being carried on.

A medicine man hypnotizes a group of men, then he has them climb the wall, try to fly and ride imaginary whales, and do many other kinds of absurd things, some even posing, one on the shoulder of another, as a giant totem pole. Two medicine men toss *tomanawis* (witch-hypnotic power) to each other—a performance which looks much like two persons tossing a ball to each other, except that no visible thing is tossed, one tossing and the other catching and *vice*



*versa*. One of them fails to catch the *tomanawis* thrown to him, it striking against the roof of the building with a thud, though no visible thing is seen to leave the thrower's hand. However, he catches it as it bounces back and then tosses it to his opponent who retosses it to him again, and again he misses it and has to clamber up the house wall to get it. Two medicine men fight each other with their *tomanawis* power, the hypnotic power of the stronger silencing the adversary, who falls to the floor choking and frothing at the mouth, now wholly hypnotized. A medicine man takes a little snake out of his neck. Another places a single feather under a mat and performs over it a few minutes, then lifts the mat and there are feathers enough under it to fill an elk skin. Another causes a feather to dance and to do all sorts of antics. Another picks up and carries scorching hot stones in his bare hands, handles fire and dances about on burning objects in his bare feet without apparently harming himself. Another throws a stuffed pine squirrel into the fire in the presence of all and immediately thereafter a live squirrel is seen to be running up the wall of the building. Another produces two stuffed meadow larks which he tramps on and pounds with a heavy club, then, tossing them into the air, they fly off actually living birds. Another shaman takes a six gallon sealskin bag of whale oil and drinks the entire contents before everyone, then throws the empty bag on the floor and tramps on it to show that it is empty. And so on. And we cannot make the simple-hearted aborigine see that he is being made to believe these things because he is hypnotized or because the shaman is tricking him. Instead, he emphatically affirms that it is the medicine man's *tomanawis*, and not the medicine man, that is doing these out-of-the-ordinary things.

At this moment a patient is brought into the building to be doctored; and the medicine man does his utmost to draw out the sickness but fails, for the sick one's soul is evidently already taking its departure from the earthly body. The medicine man then imagines that this soul is held prisoner on the back of the great thunderbird by evil spirits who are causing the bird to fly away with it and them (any other imaginary condition might have been conjured up in his subtle mind). Quickly he builds a great fire and throws wet grass, sea kelp and green salal brush on it to make the most possible smoke; for, as you are aware, the thunderbird likes smoke and fire and if the people of earth will not furnish them for him when he is flying about, he will strike something with his lightning bolt and thus produce both fire and smoke himself. The whole hall is filled with the fearful smoke till it pours through the smoke hole in the roof like it was being emitted from an active volcanic vent. Suddenly there is a terrible boom-thunder noise and at once the medicine man produces an imaginary rope and proceeds to lasso the (imaginary) thunderbird when he comes to hover over the black-smoke area. He encircles its mighty talons and closes the loop around them. He pulls laboriously on the unseen rope to bring the bird to earth so he can release the chained soul. The excitement becomes immense as he works and sweats pulling on the unseen. Medicine sticks are brought into play. Many people become hypnotized and dance the frenzied medicine dance. The dancers slash themselves with knives and thrust themselves through on lips, arms and legs with arrows and pointed bones and sticks. The medicine man cuts and gashes himself fearfully in his frenzied, hypnotic condition. But the captors with the captive soul proceed unmolested to the Shades.

## II. THE DEVIL'S DANCE OF THE WEST COAST INDIANS

BY ALBERT B. REAGAN, PH.D.

### NOTE OF EXPLANATION

While making a geological survey of the Olympic Peninsula, Washington, in 1905-06 I stayed one night at the house of a white man who had been married to a Clallam Indian, then dead. He and his grown daughter told me of the Chinakum massacre. Later when on the work at Chemakum (Port Townsend, Wash-

ington) I found the battlefield on the spit there, as described, the tide washing up the bones of the slaughtered Chemakum-Quileutes of that terrible night. On my way back to Quileute, where I was then stationed in the government service, I was told the same story by another white man who was also married to a Clallam Indian woman, then one of the best educated

women in that whole country. Later that fall I asked my assistant in the school, Gordon B. Hobucket, a full-blood Quileute, if his people had any tradition about this terrible massacre, as had the Clallam Indians. He said they had and that after supper that evening he would bring his father and uncle to the office and they would tell me the whole story as it had been handed down in tradition. The account here is practically word for word as they gave it to me. Later practically every medicine man of the place related this tradition to me, it being essentially the same in each case, varying only in details.—A. B. R.

The purpose of this ceremony, in which spite work and petty jealousies of the medicine men play an all important role, is to rid the world of witches and bad *tomanawis* (witch-hypnotic) medicine actors. It, too, is all that it signifies, for all the horrible-ness of the Indian ceremonies culminates in it. And the writer, who with strenuous efforts once prevented the occurrence of one of them in the region of this paper, thus saving an alleged *tomanawis* man's life, hopes that it does not occur anywhere now.

Let us visit one of these performances, as they were performed in the region only yesterday, so to speak.

A pestilence breaks out and everywhere there is disease and death; and the whole is laid to the black *tomanawis* of a medicine man by the name of Kleckonbuck. The dead people are buried; and at the close of the funeral rites the shamans as one man denounce him and call down vengeance upon him.

A great assembly of the tribe is at once called and he is dragged before it. In one vigorous, passionate harrangue the leading medicine man against him, abetted by his colleagues, carries all, for Kleckonbuck is given no chance to make a defense.

"My brothers," begins the medicine man, "this Kleckonbuck has evil *tomanawis*. He has communication with the evil ones. I have seen him communing with them."

"That's so, we have seen him also," interrupts many voices in several parts of the big hall.

"To continue," resumes the leading medicine man, in a little more high-keyed voice as a sinister smile sweeps across his face, "seven years ago he caused it to be stormy weather throughout the halibut season. Again he spoiled the elk hunting by his *tomanawis* chasing all the game out of the country."

"I vouch for that," shouts a medicine man near the entrance. "I then saw his *tomanawis*, a lizard with immense horns, chasing all the game to the land of the blue ice and the home of the thunderbird. He was also the cause of the poor whaling last year, for he danced backward in the whale dance. I saw him thus dance. He, too, has owl feathers in his house."

"He has evil influence over others with his bad *tomanawis*," asserts another medicine man. "He even causes his enemies to lose all the gambling games."

"I know he is an evil *tomanawis* man, for I have doctored the sick with him," shouts the first shaman. "In this last sickness I often saw him take the soul out of the patient's body and in a hand-clasped, *tomanawis* grip carry it, in spirit, to yonder rock near that needle-point amid the boiling surf and imprison it there. And then, helpless, I was compelled to sit by and see his *tomanawis* spirit laugh and grin a sickening grin as he tormented the spirit like a mountain lion torments a squirrel before it devours it. Then I have seen his black *tomanawis* spirit send the pleading soul to the darkest spot in the land of the dead. He is the death doctor of our tribe. He is an evil witch *tomanawis* man, a man of the blackest art. May the mother earth do unto him as he deserves. May the demons of darkness take his spirit to the lowest, darkest Shades."

A unanimous vote decrees him to be burned as a black *tomanawis* witch, as an evil-spirited doctor. He is then immediately fettered and tied to a tree, after which all slink from him to make the final preparations for the tragic act. For, indeed, they not only have to kill him and obliterate his influence, but, of necessity, they also have to make a great sacrifice to appease the wrath of the gods for their having let him live so long.

Everyone is busy the day following the trial. Some of the women go to the clam beds and gather clams. Others go into the woods and gather berries. Others prepare soups and other eatables and collect whale meat, oil and dried fish for the great occasion. Some of the men drag canoes of every sort to the place of destruction. Others



collect all the robes and all the household goods at hand and pile them in a great heap. Other men go to the woods and drag a huge pile of wood to the place of meeting. Then as the sun begins to go down toward his western home, all again slink into the woods and everything becomes as silent as the dead, all but the moans of the poor, helpless man who knows that for him the last sun has set.

It is in the full moon time. Near the midnight hour an owl hoots in a thicket adjacent to the death inclosure. A wolf yelp answers. Quickly following these signals, the cleared space around the alleged witch is filled with shouting, hallooing, screaming, shrieking people. The devil dance is on. Near the victim where the intense heat will scorch him, they kindle an immense fire. Then around it and the helpless man they dance in circular order from left to right. Vigorously they stamp from the very first. Louder and louder grows the

hideous chant. More and more frenzied the actors become. The extreme pitch of violent agitation is reached.

With a terrifying, hideous, horrific howl the whole scene instantly changes. Each dancer lunges forward from his position in the dancing circle and seizes whatever Indian property he can seize from the collection that lies in heaps along the outer circle of the cleared dancing space, be it robes, canoes, or what not. This is proceeds to destroy, making the most possible noise by voice and by any other means he can devise, as he does so. The air is full of flying debris, the awful din is sickening.

Again the scene changes. Two cougar cubs are thrown into the midst of the maniac-acting throng. Instantly they are seized by the teeth of the human-demon actors and literally torn to pieces. Then to a man the diabolically acting performers rush forward upon the helpless man and tear him to pieces likewise.

## COLONEL CROCKETT'S RIDE ON THE BACK OF A BUFFALO

EDITED BY V. L. O. CHITTICK

Around no American frontier figure has there grown up a more extensive cycle of tall tales than around David Crockett, adventurer and illiterate backwoodsman, campaigner under Andrew Jackson against the Indians in the Creek War, and three times a member of Congress from Tennessee. While the principal facts of his life seem to have been established beyond question, all recoverable contemporary accounts of him are colored by fiction. Even the formerly supposed authentic *Narrative of the Life of Colonel Crockett of West Tennessee* (1834), purporting to be an autobiography brought out to correct an earlier and unofficial account, has been pretty clearly proved the work of another than Crockett, though there is little evidence to show that it was not written largely from the famous Tennessean's dictation, or from notes taken of his familiar talk. All the other early recitals of Crockett's career, or of any of its various alleged incidents, are palpably spurious. These extend from the anonymous *Sketches and Eccentricities of Colonel David Crockett* (1833), the popularity of which probably called into being the *Narrative of the ensuing year*, through innumerable "Idle Hour" books, American "Joe Millers," and comic almanacs down to the time of the Civil War. An indication of how wide-spread they were in their appeal is afforded in the circumstance that the tall tale collection from which the following yarn is reprinted (*Traits of American Humor* (1852), edited by Thomas Chandler Haliburton), was made by a resident of Nova Scotia and published in London.

Though the growth of the Crockett legend took place too soon for the Northwest to make much, if any, contribution to it, the pseudo-Crockett was on at least one occasion represented as being aware of the existence and concerns of this district, as witness his presentation of himself to his constituents for re-election to Congress as "one that knows how to talk about Oregon, annex Texas, flog Mexico, swallow a Frenchman whole, and lick John Bull clar out of his britches." (*Davy Crockett's Almanac*, 1847.)

The detail that the title of this story does not fit it any too well is of a piece with the recklessness with which it and its kind were often written, and that, in turn, with the reckless spirit of the times which produced such happenings as those they so frequently record.

**A**BOUT ten years ago I fell in with a camp of Konzas, a good piece off the north fork of the Canadian. The Injuns a kyind a sorter give me a sorter tanyard grin, and the old chief specially puckered up his pictur like a green persimmon; but there were three real roarers from Salt River with me, so I didn't care a picayoon

if it cum to skulpin. Besides I was tetotaciously tired, and I slepp so sound that I wish my rifle may hang fire for ever if I don't think it would have took something rougher than an earthquake to wake me. So I lay till after daylite, and then one of me comrades shook me, to tell me the Injun

*Continued on page 305*

## THE OPEN RANGE

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

## FRONTIER PICTURE

By MRS. T. A. WICKES

Fifty years ago, and to be exact, in September of 1880, Wickes, in Montana Territory, was booming. Some five hundred men were employed at the Alta and other mines. Concentrators had been built, the smelter was reducing ores, and families were moving in, for the fame of the temperance camp, in the midst of lawlessness, had been widely published.

The camp stretched out like a giant hair-pin. Two long gulches sloped down and converged at a center, where stood the post-office, the store, the butcher shop and the Concannon hotel. Opposite, on the mountain-side, intervening between the gulches, was the concentrator for iron pyrites, reached by a difficult grade. Here teamsters held conversations with their mules and deemed profanity indispensable. Over toward the sunrise, towering above the smelter and "the works," rose another hill, grass-covered, but criss-crossed to the very summit by long-since-unused paths, trails of departed buffalo; resulting now in squares of fresh fallen snow.

At night from its sparse patch of tamarack and spruce could be heard the "whire-whire" whine of the mountain lion, as he lay in ambush watching the crimson glow of the furnaces, and the smoke, taking form in the crisp air, above the never-ceasing noise of machinery.

On this early September morning, leaving unlocked his rather pretentious cabin of four rooms at the far end of the West Gulch, steadily trudged a middle aged Welshman, the boss of the smelter, in unusual attire. Freshly shaven, in his best brown suit, and shoes shining, a new brown felt hat, and a fur coat over his arm, he hurried past many cottages, but still attracted no attention, for at that hour, every man in town was at work; and the three (and only three) women

in camp, were washing their breakfast dishes. No one had guessed that he was boarding the Salisbury coach to bring home, from Butte the next day, his bride.

But trust a mining camp for gossip!

The furnace fires had to be maintained day and night, to prevent what was known as "freezing"—and the substitute necessarily placed in charge couldn't resist telling the news at noon, and the next evening when the stage arrived, with a burst of speed horses love at the beginning and end of a long line of travel, a goodly crowd had assembled, to see the new woman—ostensibly for many other reasons.

Men were there expecting *The Helena Independent* and *The Butte Miner*, with territorial news; men, expecting letters from "The States." Black ear-ringed swarthy men were there expecting no mail, having left their names, as well as their crimes, beyond the sea. Men were there to buy fruit from a freight wagon, en route to Helena from Ogden, Utah, which had arrived that day. Men, leaning against the outer wall of the hotel, tipped back in kitchen chairs, smoking! Close by, a row of young men, who were dangling their legs from the hotel platform, where the stage would disgorge its contents.

The faces of this waiting crowd were very different, but the swinging legs were much alike, swathed in gunny sacks, encased in German socks, and lumberman's rubber-soled shoes. The owners looked expectantly, waiting for orders to be sent to Bonanza Chief or the Alta mine.

Thus all intent, for various reasons, on the incoming stage.

In a moment, sacks of mail were pitched from the coach; while dropped from roof and sides its customary load of a dozen or more laborers, each with his roll of bedding,

who walked rapidly away. The body of the coach was bouncing and re-bouncing with the change of weight on its leather springs. Apart, with one large foot on a front wheel of the coach, stood a burly Norwegian, his pipe in the pocket of his mackinaw, his six-mule team around the corner, still hitched to two empty ore wagons. His face had the full, deep red glow that marks climatic exposure in the Rockies; his features large, heavy, and unattractive; his pale blue eyes, unblinking, showed him honestly and eagerly scanning the wedding party, as, last of all, it alighted from the stage.

Erik Monskagen was looking with a purpose. The boss was helping down a portly, rosy Welsh woman of middle age, followed by two girls, who bore no resemblance to each other, and were, in fact, not related. The younger, the daughter of the boss by a former marriage in Wales, was smiling and tossing out grips, and paper bundles, right and left, and lastly extending a crutch to the other girl, who seemed not the least interested in the groups around her. She was the only child of the widow, who had left all her hardships and cares behind her, to become the wife of the well-paid boss of the smelter at Wickes.

Laden with luggage they started cheerfully for the long walk up the Gulch, except Isabelle who, with bowed head, trudged laboriously along, leaning on the crutch. Her hat had been lost on the journey; but in spite of fresh sunburn, and disheveled hair, and notwithstanding the dust, with which all were covered, she had a dainty look. A bunch of kinnikinnick was pinned to her jacket, and its red berries rivaled the color in her cheeks.

Thus equipped the party walked up the long gulch, crossed the tinkling brook, to find the house of their destination lighted with a carbon-oil lamp, and a table, mysteriously but opportunely spread with a "working-man's supper." The keen air had furnished the "working-man's appetite." Nor did they heed the fact that those furnishing the surprise were peering at them from the cracks over in Bachelor's Row.

Erik in the meantime found, unconsciously, that his "purpose" had speedily developed into a firm decision. Still neglecting his

tired mules, he drew from his wallet a five-dollar gold piece, and two silver dollars from his pants' pocket. He reached over the sideboards of one of his wagons, dumped his new shoes onto the floor, and presently in the shoe-box (number eleven, the shoes) were placed from the Ogden freight wagon, four apples (representing four dollars), and the balance of space filled with grapes in heavy bunches.

Surreptitiously, later, they were conveyed to the doorsteps of the strangers' home, shoe-box and all, and were the first of many gifts that followed later.

The gift had nerved Erik also to make an early call next morning when his shadow fell across the open doorway of the smelter. "Say, boss," he stammered, and paused for a moment, watching the puddling of the silver ore. "Say boss," he repeated rapidly, "I want one of your girls."

"What's that? Need a cook?" came the leisurely question of the man with the long iron ladle, lifting into the light the bubbling, glowing stream of metal.

"I want a wife," said Erik very simply, and waited.

"You do? Which one?" quickly responded the busy worker of the silver ore.

"The lame one," came in hushed tones the reply from Erik.

"Well, that's all right; better talk to her mother. We can't spare Nettie, but Isabelle will decorate your cabin with white buckberries and stuff, while you go hungry."

"Then I'll get her a Chinaman," said practical Erik.

The boss raised his eyes at this extravagant speech, for the Chinese cooks demanded forty dollars in cash, their "keep" and sometimes that of their various cousins.

Not long after, Isabelle's mother was informed of the situation and without waiting for preliminaries, she adroitly began singing Erik's praises to Isabelle. Belle gave her mother a prompt rebuff. With rising color she informed her mother that the nice fellow in Butte, Welsh, too, and a beautiful singer, had long since asked, and received her promise to wait for him, until he could make a stake in this new land. He was young, he was handsome, and— With a finality of tone but with an arm about the girl's shoul-



ders, the mother gently said, "Yes, I liked him, but he's no good, hasn't a penny, has no 'pull,' and you'd better forget him. Erik owns his mules, gets twenty dollars a day hauling ore, has a nice cabin, and they say he has an undeveloped mine in the same drift as the Alta."

Continual dropping will wear even a rock, it is said, and although Belle kept a tintype of a stalwart youth under her pillow, she hid it in the daytime and watched daily when the Comet ore team went by the house, and sighed!

Soon she and Nettie joined the Good Templars' lodge, the only social organization in the village. They met a lot of new people. The next Saturday night Erik joined the lodge, and took the two girls home on a hand-sled.

One day, Erik, having been to town (Helena), brought home from Bailey's jewelry store an oval pin for Belle, a large carbuncle in it, set with pearls. Without a thought of unsuitability in so doing, Belle gladly accepted it.

Only the finest goods were placed on sale, in the early day in Helena. Freight was as heavy on a tin dipper as on a silver ladle; white silk flannel not so heavy as outing, and far more to be desired. If in the market at all, the best could always be had. So soon Isabelle's pretty wrists wore the longed-for bracelets, and almost before she knew it a ruby ring was on her forefinger, and she was betrothed.

The marriage, when it came, was a prosy affair. A stage ride into Helena, Nettie, and Belle's mother, the only witnesses; Belle in a ready-to-wear brown silk, bought with Erik's money; a minister found who would take the responsibility of marrying two strangers, for no licenses were issued in Montana until a much later date. It was Jewish New Year's day. The ceremony over they had a wonderful dinner, served by Mr. Zimmerman in the old Cosmopolitan hotel, famous for its Columbia River salmon, its venison, its wild fowl, and its city guests on that anniversary day.

Back in an unexpected snowstorm to the new home, close to the hillside, where today speed the trains through the Great Northern tunnel!

New dishes, new carpet and a rocking chair went with them on the coach.

On the mantel, over the open fireplace, Belle's mother had placed her wedding gift, two beautiful blue and white china teacups of ancestral date, brought from Wales, across the sea, each cup and saucer in the famous "Willow pattern," with its birds, its lovers and its rustic bridge. On either side stood a huge specimen from the concentrator; ore in brilliant red and yellow upon snow white; deadly poisonous, but exquisite iron pyrites to grace the home.

Harder than ever to realize that far-off wedding day, when one of those teacups, outlasting its owners, is today placed on the table where this sketch is being drawn.

Time passed on.

Ever, even after a year or two, Erik's pocketbook was cementing the affection of that home, in a homely, helpful way. Isabelle had a sewing machine, a wringer, and later on, a baby carriage with a silken spread. New joys and new tenderness were in the cottage, but the golden-haired baby, that brought the sunshine, came only to leave it within a few short months in deeper shadow.

Never to be forgotten, the music of that Elkhorn band! Back from the memories of those far-off years, comes again the funeral music of that band of Welshmen! The wonderful dirge, the low, sweet, true minor notes of Welsh harmony so loved and mastered by that people, as by no other!

No liquor was allowed in camp, in those early days. Occasionally, a vinegar jug, or a kerosene container, with intoxicating contents found its way into the bunkhouse beyond the Reading Room.

Erik, too, had a quart can labeled "axle grease" that he carried from the Comet, in his ore wagons, whose contents flushed his face and made him rough and rude, at home, more frequently.

Life for Isabelle grew lonelier, day by day.

One wintry day, the men who did the loading at the Comet, were for some reason unable to attend to it. Erik had it to do, or go without his load, and his pay.

Overheated, and driving more slowly than usual, on account of an icy road, he went with brakes locked down the slippery grade, chilled to the bone, and facing the north



wind all the way. Pneumonia followed. In a short week he was gone!

There was a ready purchaser for the outfit, mules and wagons, but six months passed before the samples of ore from the undeveloped mine were sent to an assayer, and now again the unexpected happened. The mine was valuable, was sold, and as Erik had no parents living, and no brothers or sisters, by Montana law it all went to Isabelle. Stranger yet, she knew what she would do with the money.

She would buy beautiful clothes, a seal-skin cloak, more jewelry, and take a trip "across the pond" back to Wales, and show her faraway kindred her resplendent presence!

The trip across the sea was taken, and excursions into the mountain fastnesses where for a thousand years Isabelle's ancestors had resisted invaders, until, at last, Lewellyn's title had been given to the heir of the English throne. Isabelle loved the land where she was born, but the lure of the

mountains of Montana ever carried her most loving thoughts, the land of white-capped peaks, far away.

Soon it was springtime in the Rockies. When a letter came with a Montana postmark, Isabelle went where she would be all alone, to read the pleading words from the Butte lover of long ago, who had ever loved and waited for her, and now begged her to return to him and happiness.

The eager journey was soon taken, with its felicitous conclusion.

Life, sometimes, as for Isabelle, has its compensations!

Silent, the old smelter is today, in that busiest of early camps, in the Rockies; no smoke drifts from its tall chimney; hushed, the crunchings of the slag-pile; gone, the deafening din of the crusher, the whistles, the shouts of the drivers; and as still, as silent, the voices of all those intimately associated with this sketch, for they sleep, their last unbroken sleep, beneath Montana skies.

## A PIONEER CHILD'S STORY

By FRANCES E. ALBRIGHT

I will not tell you anything of the wild outlaws, as I never knew or saw any of them; and their deeds are well told by Judge Callaway and other speakers on early days. Rather, I will tell you of a pioneer child's recollection of life in this old town.

Our train from Fort Bridger was ten men and mother and a three-weeks-old child and a little girl.

We came in September, 1863, and lived in a large tent, as the weather was very mild, until our log cabin was finished, in Spring Gulch, Pine Grove. We moved down to Virginia City in the spring and lived in a two-room cabin with a dirt roof, no floor, and no glass in the windows. We had robes and furs on the ground and a fireplace for cooking and were as comfortable as could be. The beds were built against the walls and were called "bunks." The only chairs we had were round blocks of wood with three legs, called stools.

The first thing I remember was the creek which runs through the town. It was much

larger than it is now, as there was no irrigation or city water taken out of it then. Father had a partner, Tom Smith, who had a big Newfoundland dog which could be ridden by a little girl. He also had a sack of candy, some apples or nuts and would call to me to come over. Although I was forbidden to go near the creek, I always forgot. The man went inside to get the treat and just got back in time to pull me out of the water as there was only a board to cross on. Mother got there about the same time. And I got what I deserved. It seems funny to think of water being peddled in this town; but I have watched a man fill his barrels at our spring for a long time. Every man had a well, and of course with so many people here and no sewer system the water was not pure. Many died with mountain fever, but I am sure it must have been typhoid, as you never hear of mountain fever now.

School was my next recollection. The first one was in a log cabin next to Mr. Emslie's

stone house and in the library grounds. Here I learned my letters, or A, B, C's, as they were called. This was a private school taught by Miss Royce. Next I went to the public school, also a log house of two rooms, which stood where the Callaway house is now. The small children went to a Mrs. Eldred. Here we were taught "reading and writing and 'rithmetic to the tune of the hickory stick." She gave you about half a page of spelling, and every word you missed she gave you a slap on your hand with a large wooden ruler. The other studies were taught the same way. After we were promoted to the higher grades, the teacher, a Mr. Marshall, did not slap us with a ruler. He had a strap for those who disobeyed the school rules. I can say very few were so punished. However, he would throw pieces of chalk at you if you whispered. He was an expert, almost always hitting his mark. Then he said, "Bring that chalk here and stand on the floor." Oh, I had a wonderful time at school. We had speaking and singing every Friday afternoon and spelling bees once a month, when the town folks came to spell with the kiddies. Every one who went took a tallow candle (as there was no other kind of light), a lunch, and a tin cup. We always took a lantern with a candle in it when we went out at night. I went to school to Mrs. Mary B. Elling, who had a private school one summer before she was married. I also went to Mrs. Mary Bennett and her father, who had a church school.

One of the main business streets was from Vicker's corner up towards the gulch. It was a toll road after you left the city. You had to pay to get to Summit on it, even people on foot. There was a large hotel, picture gallery, several dry goods stores, a Catholic church, a hospital, a Good Templars hall on this street. The side where the Vanderbeck house is also had a big store, warehouses, and another hotel. Most of the dances were held in this Good Tempars hall. Here was where I learned what little I knew about dancing, at the tender age of ten years. The Ortons, a family of musicians, had children's dances from seven to ten o'clock at fifty cents admission.

Another thing I remember was the freight trains, the only way we had to get groceries

and dry goods. They surely were the covered wagons! The freighters had three or four big wagons trailed together and drawn by twelve to fourteen yoke of oxen. They could only make two trips during the summer as the nearest railroad was at Corinne, 360 miles away, and oxen travel very slowly. I don't think I will ever forget the poor oxen, so tired and weary, with those heavy oaken bows on their necks, straining and pulling those heavy loads, and the driver with a big whip that he would crack like a gun. Fresh fruits, apples, peaches, and plums were very scarce, as they had to come by express; so our fruits were the dried and canned ones, or the wild raspberry, huckleberry, gooseberry, and chokecherry, which we gathered ourselves. These berrying trips were considered pleasure trips, as the men fished and hunted the wild grouse, ducks, and sage hens; and we camped out several days at a time. Our early vegetables were raised in hot beds by two French women, who peddled them like they did in Brittany in panniers on the backs of donkeys which they led by a halter.

Another thing that was of great interest to me was the sleigh riding, mostly in two-seated cutters; the horses wore strings of bells around their bodies and necks, and as each bell was a different size or tone they were quite musical. Father had a large bob-sled painted green with a name in gay colored letters, "Gambarinus," on the slides, which was the name of the man who first made beer. With a lot of buffalo robes in the bed of the sleigh, father would let us gather our little friends for a ride. Many times the big flakes of snow would be falling down. We surely had a lovely time. This sleigh was very popular for moonlight rides. Even the governor's wife did not object to a ride in it. I remember when Governor B. F. Potts first came to the town. The citizens wanted to give him a welcome, so they brought the cannon out in front of our house and fired the national salute of thirteen guns as he was coming over the Bozeman trail way.

You may think I was a cruel little wretch, but a funeral was a wonderful sight to me. In those days the lodges came out in full regalia and had one or two brass bands

playing funeral dirges and marches. The processions were from town to the cemetery. I also recall a Chinese-Masonic funeral. It surely was very wonderful—three or four hundred Chinamen marching and throwing little sheets of red paper, burning joss sticks, and firecrackers to keep the devils away; they also had a band playing their strange music. Some of them had beautiful embroidered silk clothes, and each had a white sash over his shoulders and all wore wooden shoes. There were many flags and banners, also several wagons of hired women who wailed and cried, and turned around to laugh.

I remember the building of the present school house and court house. I also went to school in this one to a Mr. T. B. Gray, Mr. R. B. Hassel, and A. A. Leonard, and several others.

I don't remember the date of Ten Doy's visit to Virginia City with his five hundred warriors, squaws and papooses; but I remember that the town was guarded by scouts on all the hills and every man who had no gun was given one from the arsenal and plenty of ammunition. The cannon was placed in a good position and all were told to be ready at the first shot. However, the chief said he was friendly and liked the white folks; so they took a big lot of beef, flour, sugar, coffee, and blankets, and made

a treaty of peace with him; but every one kept his gun handy until they moved on. The Indians all over Montana were on the warpath and were killing and burning out all the isolated farmers. We went up one Sunday to his camp and he put on a war dance for us. The Indians had on their paint and feathers and strings of scalps. They gave their war whoops and beat on their tom toms, flourished their tomahawks, and danced so fast and furiously I was afraid. The chief asked why more did not come and seemed to think that we did not trust him.

Politics was another thing that had great interest for me, as they had torch light processions, bands, and speeches, as well as having the windows of the houses lighted with rows and rows of candles. Although I did not know what it was about, I thought it a grand time.

Virginia had a theatrical troupe who lived here and put on Shakespeare plays twice a week. I remember Hamlet. When the Lady drowned herself, I surely screamed until mother said a fisherman had caught her and pulled her out. These shows were partly vaudeville, as they had singing, dancing, and clowns. They had a real circus here one winter—trained animals, riders and horses. Sleight-of-hand and musical shows came real often, so we had some fun in those old days when I was a child.

## THE LONG HORNS

By P. T. TUCKER

Fred Remington and Charley Russell were born painters; they were both good friends of mine. They painted the West when it was in the rough; they painted the Indian, his features and actions; his squaw and papoose, his hoss and wickiup. They put him on canvas, when he was fighting, smeared with war paint; and also pictured him in his peaceful camp. They have painted the Long Horn ox-teams, with the long string of freight wagons, the bullwhackers, the mule-skinner, who drove from eight to sixteen mules. The six-horse stage driver was painted when he was being held up.

Now I am going to say to you: Charley

Russell was a born artist. I used to tell Russell a story, and within a day or two he would have it painted—man-hoss-action, everything in detail. Remington also painted my word pictures in detail.

I came to Montana in eighteen seventy-six. On June 1 two "hoss wranglers" and I trailed in two hundred and forty head of young saddle ponies that were raised in Texas, and were to be used in the United States army. These horses were to be turned over to Generals Reno and Custer, and were to be used to round up the poor Indians.

We were camped on the north fork of the Cheyenne River, when General Custer and



four hundred brave troopers were to open the battle with the Indians, then he was to get help. Did he receive help from the men who pledged their word of honor that they would be there with reinforcements when the battle began? The trap was set for Custer and his brave men by a bevy of cowardly U. S. officers, who were afraid of their own shadows. Ask me if I know; I say, "Yes." I leave it to your own judgment: would a man, knowing there were eight thousand Indians ready to go into action, willingly risk his own life and that of 400 of his men, against those heavy odds? Custer knew how many Indians were ready for battle, and relying on Reno's promises of help, walked into the well planned trap, where they died fighting, as only brave men can die, in a veritable hell of savagery. After the massacre, what became of General Reno? He was court-martialed and sent to Cheyenne. He has never appeared, in print, since that time.

Our outfit milled around northern Wyoming and southern Montana herding these horses for weeks, and giving the hostile Indians a few of them now and then, to save our scalps.

Our herd was fat and slick, and we picked up some very good cavalry horses by trading with the Indians. Their horses were well broken, and some of them good animals, but thin and tired from hard riding. After running in our bunch for a short time they were in excellent condition.

The long cloudless days dragged into Indian summer, and during this pleasant season, Tobe, one of the wranglers, would often saddle his horse at daybreak and ride the highest points, to try and locate some of the U. S. troops.

Whenever he left me to tend camp I waited and watched the foothills and jackpine ridges, fearing his old Texas horse would come loping back to camp with an empty saddle.

One afternoon while camped on Powder River, Tobe Boone and I were sitting on a high pinnacle, our horses tied to the ground. From this point we could see our herd of horses, split up in small bunches, quietly munching the late grass in the jackpine thickets. Down in the lowlands, far below

us, a dust cloud rose here and there, which told our plains-practiced eyes that the Indian scouts were on the lookout, knowing full well that the massacre of Custer and his men would mean trouble for them.

Tobe and I had been sitting on our high roost all afternoon. The sun was warm, and what little breeze there was had just a tang of autumn coolness. We had been rehearsing our experiences on the old Rio Grande, when suddenly our horses threw up their heads and pointed their ears, as they always do when they sense an approach which is not yet visible.

We rose hastily, and quietly mounted, ready for action. Several tense moments passed while we strained our eyes in every direction. Our horses were not to be deceived, for round a hill along a high rim-rock there slowly came into view seven riders. As they trailed straight toward us we could see the glint of a bright button, and a blur of blue, and recognized them as U. S. scouts.

Calamity Jane was with them. They had been hunting for our camp for some time, but had given up hope of finding us alive. Owing to the lawlessness, the attitude of the whole country was such as to imbue even the hardiest with a sense of alarm. The chief scout advised us to trail our horse herd across the Yellowstone and camp at the North Fork of the Tongue River; and we lost no time in following his directions.

When we arrived we found that the American Fur Company was camped on the north side of the Yellowstone river.

Tobe and I packed our few cooking utensils, food, and bedrolls, on our pack horses and swam our herd across the mouth of the Tongue River, then trailed them to Buffalo Camp.

Blondy Jim was captain of the buffalo hunters and a very good friend of ours, helping us stock our meagre larder with delicious cuts of buffalo and venison. Big hearted Jim, a product of the sunny south, whose friendship was genuine, and whose hospitality was without rival!

Their camp comprised twelve men, and the cook—all vigorous, husky, outdoor men, who never tired. We hunted buffalo for

*Continued on page 306*



## HISTORICAL SECTION

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

### THE DIARY OF MARY RICHARDSON WALKER, JUNE 10-DECEMBER 21, 1838

EDITED BY RUFUS A. COLEMAN

**Editor's Note:** Two administrative organizations were chiefly responsible for the first Protestant missions in Oregon territory: The American Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, the latter a tripartite union including the Presbyterian, the Congregational and the Dutch Reformed churches.

Under the leadership of Jason and Daniel Lee, who were soon supplied with reinforcements, the Methodists established missions in the Willamette valley and at The Dalles on the Columbia. The first settlement authorized by the Board of Commissioners had been made possible by the indomitable Marcus Whitman and his wife, the Reverend and Mrs. H. H. Spaulding, and W. H. Gray, who years later in his *History of Oregon* was to publish entertaining but not very reliable reminiscences. So promising looked the field that the tiny missions at Waiilatpu and Lapwai were immediately deemed inadequate. Mr. Gray, therefore, in 1837, returned for reinforcements and succeeded in persuading Reverend and Mrs. Elkanah Walker, Reverend and Mrs. Cushing Eells, Reverend and Mrs. A. B. Smith, and Cornelius Rogers, teacher and bachelor, to return with him. Gray himself brought back a wife.

The writer of the following journal, Mrs. Mary Richardson Walker, was born in Baldwin, Maine, April 1, 1811. Raised in a strict religious environment, she naturally grew into the calling of a missionary. She had been appointed by the Board of Commissioners to Slam, but, on her engagement to Elkanah Walker, cast her lot with him to sail for South Africa. When, however, owing to dissension among the Zulus, the appointment was cancelled, the Walkers were receptive to the overtures of Gray.

The missionary group assembled in New York City and from there journeyed westward, stopping at different church centers, where they assumed roles of exhorter or exhorted. The missionaries allied themselves, as was the custom, with a company of trappers—this time men of the American Fur Company under the command of Captain Dripps. They traveled on horseback over the customary trail to Fort Hall, where they diverged northward to Fort Walla Walla, located at the junction of the Walla Walla and the Snake rivers, and to Waiilatpu, the settlement of the Whitmans a few miles distant.

The journal here printed is from one of three transcriptions made in or before 1917 by Mr. William S. Lewis of Spokane from manuscripts obligingly placed at his disposal by Cyrus Walker. One of these Mr. Lewis owns; the other two are to be found in the Spokane Public Library and in the library of the University of Washington. Occasional excerpts from the Walker manuscripts have appeared in newspapers of the Northwest. A few transcriptions, I believe, are in the collection of the Oregon Historical Society at Portland. Most of the Walker originals have since been collected by the Huntington Library.

Sunday, 10. Platte River. Today they were designing to cross the Platte, but the rain prevents. So we have for the first time an opportunity to lay by on the Sabbath. I am not sufficiently well to enjoy it as much as I should. Yet I am glad to rest. I have reflected much on the goodness and mercy of God. \* \* \*<sup>1</sup> My health at present is rather feeble, and I find it difficult to keep up a usual degree of cheerfulness. If I were to yield to inclination, I should cry half my time without knowing what for. My circumstances are rather trying. So much danger attends me on every hand; a long journey yet before me, going

I know not whither. Without mother or sister to attend me, can I survive it all? I feel that God is able to carry me through all, if he sees good. But I cannot expect to escape suffering. Hope I shall have grace to bear it patiently. Thus far I have been enabled to keep my temper on all occasions, though my feelings have been tried exceedingly by some of the company. \* \* \*

Monday, 11. The Platte. Rainy; the water came into the tent. I was sick of diarrhea. A little past noon we were summoned to cross the Platte. Just at that time the rain ceased. We crossed safely in a boat constructed of buffalo hides and the bottoms

<sup>1</sup> The omissions indicated by the asterisks were made by Mr. Lewis at the wish of Cyrus Walker who thought them too personal for publication. The editor has read these deleted passages in the original diary in the Huntington Library and has found them to be chiefly bits of acrid criticism of her fellow-missionaries or querulous introspections—outbursts easily explainable on the grounds of Mrs. Walker's ill health. They are sometimes only a line or so in length. Their omission does not greatly detract from the interest of the narrative. Mr. Lewis has likewise modernized the spelling of some of the words.

of two wagons. In the forenoon I cried to think how comfortable father's hogs were. In the afternoon felt we were dealt with in mercy; I was relieved; the snow capped Mts. appeared.

Tuesday, 12. Made only one camp. The Rocky Mts. covered with snow in view. Passed what appeared to be slate stone.

Wednesday, 13. Made a long camp. A. M., short one P. M. Collected pebbles, drank sulphurous water. Sick a little.

Friday, 15. Last night camped at the Sweet water at the foot of Rock Independence, so called because the Fur Company once celebrated Independence here. This morning, there being no dew, went in company with Mr. & Mrs. Gray<sup>2</sup> to the top of the rock. It is I should judge more than 100 feet high and half a mile in circumference, elliptical in form. The rock is a coarse granite, in which the quartz predominates. It appears as if it had been scraped hardly by something. I forgot to say that near it we passed a salt pond half a mile one way, and a mile the other, at the edge of which were concretions resembling stone. We forded the Sweet Water, and soon passed the place where the Rock Mt. is cleft to its base and the Sweet Water passes. The rock on either hand perpendicular, is perhaps 200 feet high. Rock Independence form the entrance, some say to the Rocky Mts., others say not. We have traveled today about 15 miles over a level prairie or plain, encircled by naked Mts. of solid granite. The scenery has been beautiful, and magnificent; and with me the pleasure of beholding it has relieved in great measure the weariness of the way.

Dear God, the mountains speak aloud  
thy power,  
And every purling rill proclaims thy  
praise. \* \* \*

Saturday, June 16. Nothing of particular interest. Near to the left a magnificent wall of granite far to the right another. The hunters shot 7 buffalo about 100 rods from the road.

Sunday, 17. Very pleasant. More leisure than we have sometimes had. Not so hard a day's work. Met some of Capt. Walker's company.<sup>3</sup> Picked a mass of goose berries.

Monday, 18. Made only one camp. Not so much fatigued as sometimes. Weather quite warm and pleasant. Our tent close to the bank of the Sweet Water which is a remarkably pleasant stream; not turbid like most we have seen. Most of the country we have traveled since leaving Ft. Williams<sup>4</sup> has been a sandy desert, bearing little but sedge and wormwood, flowers and grease wood. Most of the way plenty fuel, though lately we have often had nothing but sedge. The minerals are interesting. But I have to ride over most of them without picking them up. If I could only mount and dismount without help how glad I would be. Not at all discouraged by the way. Ride in company with Dr. & Mrs. Gray most of the time. Mr. W. gets along without quarreling, a strange thing for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful. If he had as much difficulty as most of the company, I think I should be homesick enough.

Tuesday, 10. Crossed again the Sweet Water. Made a long over hills of sand. Rode to leaving off place, dismounted, held

<sup>2</sup> "He met Miss Mary Augusta Dix, a handsome, stately brunette, on the evening of the 19th of February, 1838, and became engaged to her the same evening. Six days after they were married, and on the morning of the 26th started westward to join the caravan of the American Fur Company." Bancroft, *History of Oregon*, Vol. 1: 137.

<sup>3</sup> "Joseph R. Walker was born (1778) in Tennessee. In early life he migrated to the Missouri frontier, and for many years was a trapper and trader in the direction of Santa Fe. Once he was captured by the Mexicans, and afterwards participated in a battle between them and the Pawnee Indians. In 1832 Captain Bonneville secured Walker as a member of his trading party and the following year sent him on an expedition that explored a route from Salt Lake to California, through Walker's Pass, which took the name from the explorer. On this journey he claimed first of any American to have seen the Yosemite. His knowledge of the West brought his services in demand as guide and pilot. In 1843 he led out a small party of emigrants. . . . For twenty years longer he continued his vagrant life in the mountains, finally settling (1866-7) in Contra Costa County, California, where he died in 1876."

Footnote—*Early Western Travels* (Thwaites' ed.) Vol. XXX: 70.  
"Encamped on Sweetwater: met three men from the mountains." (Diary of Mrs. Eels for Sunday, June 17.) "Mr. Walker an American trader in the mountains, comes to our camp with a large company, perhaps two or three hundred horses." (Diary of Mrs. Eels for Monday, June 25.)

An interesting journal in connection with this one of Mrs. Walker is the diary of Mrs. Myra F. Eels. So close is the parallel that many of the following notes will contain brief quotations from the impressions of Mrs. Eels. Her diary may be found in the *Transactions of the Oregon Pioneers Association*, Portland, Oregon, June 18, 1889.

<sup>4</sup> Fort Williams—an early name for Fort Laramie, Wyoming.

on to trees, and looked down. It was a view altogether different from anything else I ever beheld. The declivity was 100 feet perhaps; the country for miles appeared as if the foundation had given away, and the land had sunk. Picked up a peculiar kind of stone; knew not what to call it. We rested soon after, while the carts descended a hill so steep we walked down. I set off in company with Dr. G. he was so anxious to go ahead, we went on not knowing where. Lost the company; was obliged to go back. Found the cart train and came on. Had a hard jaunt, but stood it quite well. Feel better able to drill about than a week or two since. Encamped on Wind River.

Wednesday, June 20. Mrs. & G. & S. had quite a talk. Rode some time with husband, which I have not done for some time before. I have rode ahead with Dr. & Mrs. Gray, and Mr. W.[alker] has driven the cattle. So I have been first on the spot and he last. Mrs. S.[mith] is a great hand to hurry, but her husband is a real poke, & last ready about almost everything. Encamped in a beautiful spot.

Thursday, 21. Have reached the place near where they rendezvous. Encamped on the South W. side of the Popeasia<sup>5</sup> (?) Have plenty of wood, water, grass, greens and thickets. Know not how long we may be detained here. Health good. Animals in better order most of them than when we started.

Friday, 22. Busy repairing, Concluding whether we had better cross Popiassia. Mr. & Mrs. S. went out and were gone several hours; so husband came and made me quite a pleasant visit.

Saturday, 23.<sup>6</sup> About noon took a sudden start and crossed the river without the least difficulty. Mr. S.[mith] is going to construct him a lodge, so we shall have the tent

to ourselves. Our situation is delightful, in a little grove up in the wood consisting of some twenty trees, in the forks of Popeasia and Wind River. Husband looked more happy than I have seen him for a long time.

Sunday, 24. The first time we have had a Sabbath of rest. Mr. S.[mith] has gone to living by himself. Queary:—Does the course he is pursuing cost him some mis-giving. It will be pleasant not to hear so much fault-finding. It is indeed pleasant after so long and wearisome a journey to enjoy a day of rest. It seems almost an earnest of the rest that remains. Mr. Walker preached in the A. M. on the judgment, sitting in the open air in the shade of our beautiful grove. He had 18 hearers including himself. We enjoyed the meeting much. In the afternoon Mr. Eells preached in the tent. Text. If I regard iniquity in my heart &c. Read Saint's Rest<sup>7</sup> between and after meetings. Husband seems to like to stay in the tent now. We all put on our Sunday dresses, and acted as much like Sabbath at home as we could. I think I am rather happy; But fear I do not live as near the Throne of Grace as I ought.

Monday, June 25. Rendezvous. Spent most of the day talking and dividing things with Mrs. S.[mith].

Tuesday 26. 26 of the cattle having strayed, Mr. Jn. S. Stepton<sup>8</sup> had a hard jaunt after them. Found them ten miles up the river still going ahead. Think I enjoy myself, quite as happy as Mrs. S.[mith] [?] For she has seemed to cry half the time. I have not once since she left. Think I have [not] refrained as long before since we left Westport.\*

Wednesday, 27. Creg and Roberson<sup>9</sup> came to get their dresses out. Mrs. Gray baked mince pies. Day before yesterday she fried cakes. This morning Mr. W.[alker] got al-

<sup>5</sup> The Popo Agie river joins the Wind river in central Wyoming to form the Bighorn. Early spelling was phonetic and a name of this complexity would lend itself to varied spelling. "Ride five and one-half hours, encamp on the Popuasua, twelve miles, the water, so high we can not cross the river, or we should be at——, which is on the opposite side." (Diary of Mrs. Eells, Thursday, June 21.)

<sup>6</sup> "Here we expect to spend a few days, but know not how many. Hear nothing from Mr. Spalding or Dr. Whitman or the Indians who were to meet us here." (Diary of Mrs. Eells for same date.)

<sup>7</sup> "Saint's Rest" is *The Saints' Everlasting Rest* by Richard Baxter (1615-1691) published in 1650.

<sup>8</sup> Perhaps a mistake for Stephens, who was hired as a cattle driver.

<sup>9</sup> Westport was the eastern terminus of both Oregon and Santa Fe trails. It was on the Missouri river in the present state of Missouri, but has since disappeared.

<sup>10</sup> "Creg and Roberson" probable mistakes for Craig and Robinson, Indian wives of some of the traders. "... cut and help make a dress for Mrs. Craig." (Diary of Mrs. Eells, Wednesday, June 27.)



most out of patience with S.[?]. Mr. Walker traded for a pony; paid 80 dollars in goods that in the States would be worth 20. Tent in a clutter all day.

Friday, 29.<sup>10</sup> Made some repairs, regulated my trunks, wound up my balls &c.

Saturday, June 30. Baked pudding, sewed on a hunting dress. Weather warm; health good; mosquitoes plenty.

Sunday, July 1.<sup>11</sup> Public services at half past ten. Mr. Smith preached. There were I judge, as many as forty persons from the camp, many of whom would not understand what was said; but they enjoyed the singing. In the afternoon Mr. W.[alker] preached. The day has been so warm, I felt languid enough.

Monday, July 2. Fried cakes, and sewed some.

Tuesday, 3. Finished the Hunting shirt. Very tired. Creg came after it as it was done, glad to get it off my hands.

Wednesday, July 4, The same place. Rode out in the morning. Mr. Stept—gone. Had baked pudding toro (?) & greens for dinner. Washed a few things; made a few repairs. A fine day hope friends at home have had some sort of a good time. I *do* want to hear from (them) very much. Could be quite content if I could hear; but not to see nor hear—it seems too bad.

Thursday, 5. Last night disturbed by drunkards. Rose early and washed. A large company arrived under command of Capt. Bridger. A band of them came to salute us. One man carried the scalp of a Black-foot. The music consisted of tin horns accompanied by an inarticulate sound of the

voice. They halloed, danced, fired and acted as strangely as they could.

Friday, 6. The same place. Some of the squaws came to get some dresses cut. We were again saluted by a company on foot. The same musick, scalp &c. Their faces were painted. White men acted like Indians. It is said that many of the white men in the Mts. try to act as much like Indians as they can & would be glad if they really were so. Several squaws were here who united in the dance. They were warmly clad the weather excessively hot. For several nights the noise in the camp has continued most of the night. Some of the Capt.s & I suppose, many or most of the men are drunk nearly all the time.

Saturday, July 7. Baked some pies in the morning. Finished putting together my riding dress.

Sunday, July 8, 1838.<sup>12</sup> One day has been to us a day of rejoicing. A company of 14 from the Hudson Bay Company arrived. Among them were Rev. Jason Lee from the Methodist Mission on his way to the states, & several boys who were going to be educated. They came to Green River expecting to find the rendezvous there. But on reaching they found no signs. The country was full of Buffalo. But in an old trading house, they found a line, "Come on to Popeusia: plenty of whiskey and white women." They accordingly came, and on the fourth day found us.

Mond. 9. Tues. 10, Wedn. 11. Rendezvous.<sup>13</sup> Wrote one big letter to all the folks, and one small one to sisters. Forgot to tell them how little Indian children ride, and how the mothers do; how much the way is short-

<sup>10</sup> Friday 29—"Mrs. Drips, Mrs. Walker (probably Mrs. Josiah R. Walker), and Mrs. Robinson call on us. Wish me to cut a dress for Mrs. R. (Diary of Mrs. Eels for same date.)"

<sup>11</sup> Sunday, July 1—"... Three men arrive from Cap't Bridger's camp." (Diary of Mrs. Eels for same date.)

<sup>12</sup> "An express from Dr. Whitman, Mr. E— and one Indian for a guide on the opposite side of the river, to escort us over the mountains. Say that we have four fresh horses and provisions at Fort Hall, sent us by Mr. Spalding and Dr. Whitman. Mr. [Frances] Ermatinger is one of the chief factors of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. Mr. Lee, a missionary on the Columbia, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Ewen came here with him and are going to the states which gives us safe conveyance for our letters." (Diary of Mrs. Eels for same date.) Mr. Edwards is Philip L. Edwards, Kentuckian and layman. "There were also with them F. Y. Ewing of Missouri, and two Chinook boys named W. M. Brooks and Thomas Adams, who had been in the mission school for some time. Possibly the three sons of Thomas McKay were also of the party, though there is a conflict on that point in the statements furnished." (Bancroft—History of Oregon, Vol. 1: 169-70) "Thomas McKay, one of the race of Alexander McKay of the Astor expedition, and one of the company's most celebrated leaders, occupied a farm on the Multnomah (Willamette river) opposite the lower end of Wapato Island." (Bancroft—History of Oregon, Vol. 1: 15)

<sup>13</sup> Monday 9—"All writing, Messrs Lee, Edwards and Ewen call on us. Mr. Edwards has been with Mr. Lee, who is on his way to the States for re-enforcements to that mission. Mr. Ewen has been over the mountains for his health." (Diary of Mrs. Eels for same date.)



ened by the company of plants and minerals. Was sorry not to be able to write more.

Thursday, 12. Enroute.<sup>14</sup> Left rendezvous, forded three streams, made a long camp; like my pony very much. On reaching camp, Mrs. Gray had lost her cloak, and Mr. Ermetinger all his pack letters. The cloak was found near camp. A man was sent after the letters: returned about noon the next day.

Friday, 13.<sup>15</sup> Made one camp of 10 miles over hills of red rock and earth. Attended most of our way by clear, murmuring rivulets. Encamped where we found plenty of gooseberries. Poor King having his feet blistered, followed making much adoo. Think I have not felt so mean since leaving the States.

Saturday, 14. Rode ahead, could scarcely keep (ahead) Think they drive most too fast. Passed a patch of snow: eat some of it. A good deal of scolding because they drive so fast.<sup>16</sup> Encamped for the last time on the waters of the Atlantic.

Sunday, July 15. Last night had quite a rain. Followed close to the guide. On our right, snow-capped mountains. Saw a flock of antelopes. Last night a large herd of buffalos passed so near we could hear them pant. Fell in with a company of Snakes. Encamped to trade with them on Little Sandy.<sup>17</sup>

Monday 16. In the forenoon rode ten miles. Encamped on Big Sandy. Got my horse in the mire: not hurt any. Felt well: picked gooseberries at noon. In the afternoon rode 35 miles without stopping. Pretty well tired out, all of us. Stood it pretty well myself. But come to get off my horse almost fainted. Laid as still as I could till after tea; then felt revived. Washed my dishes, made my bed, and rested well. In the morning spent an hour washing, rub-

bing and dressing. Feel quite well again. But 45 miles to ride in one day is hard.

Tuesday, 17. Crossed Green River. It was quite as high as any we have passed. It was divided into two forks. Travelled only a few miles. Crossed a good many pretty pebbly brooks. Feel much better than I expected to.

Wednesday, July 18. Passed mounts that appeared as if they had been Macadamized, and along the steep side of a hill, where had a horse stumbled, he and his rider must have been precipitated into the stream below. Encamped near th base of a snow-capped Mt. Went a slivering, the hill back of the tent being covered with yellow pine. Collected a variety of plants.

Thursday, 19. Noon. Have passed most of the way through woods of pine & fir. Saw yellow violets, and strawberries in blossom, and a great variety of new plants, the poison hemlock, a plant resembling Angelica, and good to eat &c. Have been in camp one hour; and husband is just arriving. Am very glad to see him alive; but am sorry he has lost his coat.<sup>18</sup> Have suffered more from fear than anything else. Was so much excited in descending one hill that when I reached the foot I almost fainted. Have (felt) that God only could make us go safely. Perhaps were my eyes opened I might behold angels standing by the way, not as they stood to stay the wicked prophet but stationed there to guard my feet from falling. Dread the afternoon ride. P. M. Had a pleasant ride. Not so very bad places to pass.

Friday, July 20. Passed at first pleasant groves, and hills covered with plants tall and nice, and fields of grass that looked like brown-top about ready to be cut. Then suddenly we came to the top of a hill where the split rock set along the summit. This

<sup>14</sup> " . . . Mr. Ermatinger eats in our tent; loses the letters Mr. Lee sent to his wife by him." (Diary of Mrs. Eels for same date.)

<sup>15</sup> "Wait in camp for Battis, the guide, to go back after the letters; but now he returns with them." (Mrs. Eels) For reference to this guide see Mrs. Walker's diary for Friday, July 2.

<sup>16</sup> "Saturday, 14—" . . . Mr. Ermatinger says we are on the backbone of America Scenery, romantic; mountains of red sand stone piled on mountains on every side of us, so steep that we can only go up and down them sideways; crossed four creeks. My husband is fatigued and almost discouraged. Will God give us strength and grace equal to our day." (Mrs. Eels' diary for same date.)

<sup>17</sup> Little Sandy flows into Big Sandy, a tributary of Green river in southwestern Wyoming.

<sup>18</sup> "Thursday, 19—" . . . Our course west through thick pine woods, over high mountains and through deep ravines. The ground covered with flowers. Mr. Walker loses his coat, Mrs. Walker loses the frill from her bonnet, all of us lose a piece of our vells; all in good health." (Diary of Mrs. Eels for the same date.)

hill was a quarter of a mile at least, and as steep as an ordinary flight of stairs. I passed down most of it, as it were, alone. Rode a short distance, and passed another similar to the former. Soon Dr. G.[ray] came on, and we hastened to overtake the guide. Then passing along the side of hill, we heard crackling in the willow bushes. I looked and saw something black. The hunters sprang from their horses, drew their guns from their cases, and aimed them at the willow swamp. They watched till they saw the bushes stir, then fired; then waited till they stirred again, then fired. After 5 or 6 shots one of the bears was wounded, and ran out to escape. But one of the hunters whose gun was not reloaded rode on and headed him off, and drove him back to the thicket. The firing continued, and soon we heard a growling. After a few more charges the other bear was routed, and attempted to escape; but just as he had proceeded up the hill far enough to give a fair view, a hunter lodged a bullet in his neck. He stopped instantly, turned a fine summersault, and lay still for a while. They fired again. After struggling a while he crawled back to a bunch of willows and died. We then rode to the spot, and took a fair survey of a Rocky Mt. bear. He was dark brown, about the color of a buffalo. The other which was the larger was killed in the bushes: so we did not see him after he was dead. Encamped at noon on Thomas Fork.<sup>19</sup> Collected a supply of salt. The water of the stream is not salt. The stream divides into several branches, and along the sides for some rods the ground appears as if covered with a light fall of sleet and snow. When there has been some days sunny weather there is plenty of salt, but after rain, very little. We made a long noon; and our guide Batiece returned with Mr. W.[alker] to find a lost heifer. In the afternoon I rode the old pony. Supposing we had passed hills enough for one day, when I was ready, I rode on alone, but soon found there were hills enough yet. We had some frightful places to pass. We passed along the steep sides of mountains where every step the loose earth slid from beneath our horses feet, and seemed to

threaten to leave them without a footing. In passing one of the side hills covered with a slaty stone that slid and crumbled beneath the horses feet, my horse apparently came near sliding off. He was so close behind Mrs. Smith's that he had no chance to save himself by springing. I was surprised to see a squaw who was riding just before me. The mountain at the top came, as it were, to an edge.

We passed it by going down the base. But she with her child in her arms, rode over the edge. I could scarcely believe it possible a horse could stand there; as besides being as steep as the roof of a house, and a steep one too, there was nothing to stand on but shelly rocks that slid from beneath the feet at every step. I think the only way I could descend it myself would be to slide down. It was really surprising to me that so many animals could pass such places in safety. On reaching the foot of the mountain we passed a delightful little grove, and came at once to an open plain where the tall grass was in a good state to mow. On entering the plain my pony set off on an easy canter; and I reached the camp, and unsaddled my horse before any of the company arrived. As there was abundance of roses, I picked leaves till my tent was pitched. Find my health very good. Husband came in with the lost heifer before tea; and glad was I to find we were all once more safe in camp. I have suffered considerably least both of us should not live to reach our journeys end. \* \* \* We also passed ground where the stones appeared as if composed of pebbles, and earth baked together. When the hunters came in, they brought news that we were surrounded by cows. Concluded to lie by and make meat.

Saturday, July 21. Hunters busy killing meat; others busy cutting and drying. About noon it was announced that a village of about ten lodges of Indians was approaching. The horses were brought to the picket; the Indians went out to meet them. Finding them peaceable the horses were loosed. They were Bannock: more savage than any we have seen in their appearance, as many of the boys were entirely naked. A knife was

<sup>19</sup> Fork of Snake river in southeastern Idaho.

put in the hands of some of their squaws: and they assisted in cutting meat. One of them had a very young child.

Sunday, July 22.<sup>20</sup> Rather a quiet Sabbath, though the meat requires considerable attention. In the P. M. Mr. W. read a sermon. Quite a number of Indians collected around the door of the tent: were much interested in the singing kept very still during the sermon, and in prayer time remained with their eyes fixed on the ground. I was surprised to witness their devout appearance. Do not know how to account for it. I felt as if I almost would like to stay with and instruct them. Would like well to know what ideas they have of God &c.

Monday, 23. In the forenoon still found hills to climb. At noon the horse-flies were so thick the men could scarcely pack or saddle. P. M. Reached the plain, and left the back bone of America.<sup>21</sup> The Flies seemed like a swarm of bees and plagued the horses exceedingly. Old mountaineers say they never saw the like.

Tuesday, July 24. Noon at a cold spring; camped at the Soda Springs.<sup>22</sup> My horse fell and tumbled me over his head. Did not hurt me. Passed Basalt in abundance.

Wednesday, 25. In the morning baked soda biscuit, and fried soda fritters; both fine. Last night had quite a rain. Encamped in a grove of red cedar. As for the springs, some of them are a rod or two in circumference. The water seems to boil. When dipped near where it boils, it tastes like spruce as nearly as anything. After standing a while it tastes flat and insipid. All about the springs are numerous little mounds, with craters. Evidently they were once springs, but have filled up. We visited one

which is about milk warm; the water shoots about two or three times in a minute, much as water gurgles in a funnel, or as it boils over a hot fire.

The orifice whence it issues is on the brink of Bear River. It is now a foot or two in circumference; but a concretion is constantly forming, so that like its neighbors, it must ere long be stopped. Near the spring is a small orifice whence issues only air and gas. A few miles before we arrived at the springs, we passed a white soft earth, dried and cracked. It tasted like slaked lime. Whether it was lime or soda I know not. All about here are the Basaltic rocks, some black, some white, some gray. All of them are full of little holes. They descend imperceptibly from that now forming to the big, black, hard rock.

Thursday, 28. Yesterday we had a cold raw rain, and I took cold in a tooth which ached so that I scarcely slept an hour all night. Had rather an easy day's ride. Past rocks not basaltic, composed mostly of quartz.

Friday 27. Enroute & Ft. Hall.<sup>23</sup> Left the camp ground half past four in the morning after a sleepless night with tooth ache. Set out as usual with Dr. Gray and wife; But Ermatinger and Batiece (?) came on, and they set off with them and left me behind. Capt. Sutor happened to be with me, and not having on his spurs, was unable to keep up (with them) So he and I were left alone without guide. I suffered my pony to do as he pleased; but having left the trail and seeing no one ahead, he began to be alarmed, and hastened over the sedge. I succeeded in checking him and turning his head the other way. Saw Mr. Richardson approaching. He came up, and my pony

<sup>20</sup> "... Mr. Walker read a sermon, and although they could not understand a word, they were still and paid good attention. They appeared amused with our singing." (Diary of Mrs. Eels for the same date.)

<sup>21</sup> When Mrs. Walker says, "we left the back bone of America" she evidently has in mind the picturesque phrase of Ermatinger which Mrs. Eels quotes in her notes for Saturday 14.

<sup>22</sup> Soda Springs in Idaho. "... Encamped at the Soda Springs, spoken of by Mr. Spalding in the Herald—think that correct." (Diary of Mrs. Eels for same date.)

<sup>23</sup> "... Arrive at Fort Hall; introduced to Mr. MacKay, one of the chief factors of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company; also to a number of Nez Percés Indians. They came here last night directly from Mr. Spalding's, on an express to the Rev. Mr. Lee, with the painful news of the death of his wife and infant. The same express will take letters for us to the states; nearly all improve the opportunity. Received kindly at the fort. Mrs. Walker almost sick. ... (Diary of Mrs. Eels for the same date.)

This is the Captain Sutter of California fame. "John Augustus Sutter was a German Swiss born in 1803. After serving in the Franco-Swiss Guards (1823-24) he came to America (1834) and embarked in the Santa Fe trade (1835-37). In 1838 he started to California, going via Oregon, the Sandwich Islands, and Alaska." (Footnote by Thwaites—*Early Western Travels*—XXX: 229. Mr. Paul Richardson was a mountain man who overtook Jason Lee with the bad news that the diaries have here noted. Thomas McKay, stepson of Dr. McLoughlin, is referred to in the note for Sunday, July 8.



kept up with him. So I reach Ft. Hall after a ride of four hours, pretty well exhausted by fatigue and tooth ache, and found breakfast ready which was indeed acceptable. Husband and the rest of the party arrived about an hour after. So I think, though no one calls it so much, that we have often reckoned the distance 18 miles when we did not come farther. After breakfast I laid down and tried to compose myself; but my nerves were so excited, and my tooth still aching, though I laid nearly all day I could not get even a nap. So, most night, I concluded to have it extracted, after which I felt better. On reaching the fort we received letters from our Missionary brethren, and the sad intelligence that Mr. Lee's wife and child were dead; and so an express goes to overtake Mr. Lee, we have still an opportunity to write home.

Saturday, 28. Ft. Hall. Pretty much sick all day; had to let my work all go. Wrote part of letter to our folks.

Sunday, 29. Slept most of the day. Attended meeting at the fort in dining room. Mr. Eells preached.

Monday, July 30. Ft. Hall. Quite well. Washed &c.

Tuesday, July 31.<sup>24</sup> Left Ft. Hall. Mr. McKay and lady, Battice &c accompanied us to our first encampment.

Wednesday, August 1, Enroute. Travelled five miles, and encamped at the Falls in Snake river.

Thursday, 2nd. Friday, 3rd. Saturday, 4th. No time to write journal. Encamped over the Sabbath on the big river among the tall grass.

Sunday 5, Monday 6.<sup>25</sup> Sixteen miles in the forenoon, Nooned under the shade of a broad-spreading cedar. P. M. 19 miles. Encamped on Rock Creek. Cold nights, and rather cool, pleasant days. Had quite a pleasant rain Saturday night. Mr. S.[mith] preached in his old patched pantaloons. Sermon rather flat. Basalt and sedge all the way.

Tuesday, August 7. Followed down Rock Creek, properly called so, as it has on either

side, a high wall of basaltic rock. Made only one camp of about 25 miles. Opposite our camp, quite a stream gushes out of the rocky side of the hill. It is so white and gushing that at first I did not suspect it was a river. Springs in this country are said to thus loose themselves in the sand, and then gush out again in this manner. The roar of the river is heard for some distance. Before reaching camp we descended a hill about as bad as any we have ever passed. Last night, water in a covered dipper froze quite hard.

Wednesday 8. Made only one camp. Passed more streams gushing from among the rocks.

Friday 10. Yesterday and today over what are called mountains. Near the river passed lodges of Indians. Procured salmon. Made a very short camp in the P. M. Dr. Gray and wife went to the crossing place, spent the night alone. Where we found today at noon. (Something seems missing.) Mr. W.[alker] not very well for some past days.

Saturday, 11. Rode 22 miles. Passed hills of drifted sand. Plenty of Indians about; fear they will steal our horses. Passed over hills in the A. M. level plain in the P. M.

Sunday, 12. Rested; so warm, had no meeting.

Monday, August 13. Started from picket, travelled 35 or 40 miles before stopping. We passed two creeks at one of which we should have stopped, having rode eight and a half hours. Animals very hungry; two gave out and were left by the way. Mr. & Mrs. Gray left and went ahead.

Tuesday, 14; and Wednesday 15. Have been looking for the fort at the next camp, yesterday and today. All along the banks of the river where it is sandy the ground appears to have been a camp bed. Some of the shells are unbroken. Then the ant hills are spread with fragments of shells. There is nothing but clam shell that I can discover. Were these salt or fresh water clams. Where the soil is clayey, there is salt on the surface or something that resembles it.

<sup>24</sup> " . . . Mr. McKay and wife and two or three Indians go with us to our encampment, take tea with us and return." (Diary of Mrs. Eells for the same date.)

<sup>25</sup> "Afternoon Mr. Smith reads a sermon. Two men come from the Fort who will guide and act as interpreters to Boise." (Diary of Mrs. Eells for same date.)



Thursday, 16. Last night encamped opposite Boisie. Had milk and butter for supper. Found that what we had expected was only 40 was nearer a hundred miles. Animals pretty well worn out. Today had salmon, boiled pudding, turnip sauce for dinner. One cow at the fort gave 24 quarts of milk a day. Have pumpkins too. Weather hot.

Friday, 17. Had Mr. Payette<sup>26</sup> (?) and Capt. Sutor to tea. Pumpkin pies, Sturgeon, and turnips.

Saturday, 18.<sup>27</sup> Baked &c. The fields are many of them yellow with sun flowers. Grass good; and soil fertile.

Sunday, 19. Rather a quiet pleasant day. One service Mr. Smith preached.

Monday, 20. Left Boisie. Travelled perhaps 25 or 30 miles.

Tuesday, 21. Encamped on Burnt River. Found Choke cherries, Elder berries of the finest sort & Sumac the first I have seen on the journey.

Wednesday, 22. Made one camp over hills. Conner's squaw sick. Had to stop.

Thursday, 23. This morning a number of the animals missing; supposed to be stolen. Conners squaw just about to give birth (?) Can't move camp on account of horses. Feel anxious to reach the end of this journey. Can't take much comfort riding. Concluded it was no use to try to recover the horses. Moved camp about ten. Climbed hills higher than any we have passed at all. They told us we were done with mountains long ago; but if these are not hills I know not what they are. The woman safe in camp; think it a hard case in such circumstances to ride some 12 miles up hill and down. Passed some granite; have seen none before for a long time.

Friday, August 24.<sup>28</sup> Rode 25 miles &

encamped at the lone tree. This tree stands in the midst of a plain; on both sides of the snow-capped mountains. At the tree met an Indian with letters from Drs. Whitman & Gray.

Saturday, 25. A. M. 15 miles. Good road and cloudy cool weather. P. M. 25 miles; some rocks and hills. Just as we approached Grand Round we descended a long hill; longer than I ever walked down before. Conner's wife was confined. She followed camp about 30 miles; at noon she collected fuel, and prepared dinner; gave birth to a daughter before sunset.

Sunday, 26. Another quiet Sabbath. The squaw came into camp about ten with her child in her arms, smart as could be. Grand Round is a *grand round*.

Monday, 27. As the company were catching up, Mr. Roger's<sup>29</sup> horse threw him and hurt him considerably. He made out to ride as far as the Big Creek<sup>30</sup> where we left him and Mr. & Mrs. Smith. Conner and his squaw. Crossed Grand Round and encamped at a beautiful place for a settlement.

Tuesday, 28. Travelled through woods of beautiful pine and fir, down and over hills. Encamped at a pleasant spot where we met Williams coming out with fresh horses to hasten us on.

Wednesday, 29. Wailatpu. Left baggage behind to hasten on. Rode my pony through the woods, then took Mr. W's and then cantered on. Arrived at Dr. Whitman's about 2 P. M. Found Mr. & Mrs. Spalding there. Mr. Gray and wife gone to Walla Walla. We were feasted at first on mellons, pumpkin pies and milk. Capt. Sutor was with us. Just as we were sitting down to eat mellons the house became thronged with Indians. So we were obliged to suspend eating and shake hands with some 30, 40 or

<sup>26</sup> Friday 17—Francois Payette was Hudsons' Bay factor at Fort Boise. " . . . Some of the gentlemen of the Post send us a piece of sturgeon for breakfast." (Diary of Mrs. Eels for same date.)

<sup>27</sup> Saturday 18—"Messrs Smith and Walker purchase some skins for pontoons." (Diary of Mrs. Eels for same date.)

<sup>28</sup> Friday August 24—"Rode seven hours, twenty-five miles; encamp at 'Lone Tree,' so called because it can be seen miles distant and no other tree in sight; crossed five creeks; meet an Indian three days from Dr. Whitman's, with an express, telling us of Mr. Gray and wife's arrival at his place, and wishing us to make all possible speed; Mr. S. was there and would wait until we came." (Diary of Mrs. Eels for same date.) The "Mr. S." in the above note of Mrs. Eels is Mr. Spalding not Mr. Smith.

<sup>29</sup> Monday 27—"Cornellus Rogers was a native of Utica, New York; but at the time of his joining Gray's missionary party was living at Cincinnati, Ohio. He remained as teacher at the different missions until 1842, when he went to the Willamette Valley to settle, soon after which he died." (Bancroft—History of Oregon 1: 138.)

<sup>30</sup> Big Creek is in Baker County, Oregon.

50 of them. Toward night we partook of a fine dinner of vegetables, salt salmon, bread, butter, cream, &c. So our long and toilsome journey has at length come to a close.

Thursday, August 30. Wailatpu. Dr. Gray and wife returned: Mr. Pombre<sup>31</sup> (?) came with them. Mr. & Mrs. Smith arrived and Rogers; so at last we all met. Before breakfast and supper the Indians were collected. In the morning one prayer was offered in English and one in the Indian language. It was truly affecting to witness what two years had accomplished among this people. The exercises in the P. M. were out of doors. Dr. W.[hitman] and Mr. Spaulding addressed first; then the other gentlemen addressed them, and Mr. S.[paulding] interpreted. Several of the chiefs then replied. It was to us an interesting scene. The addresses of the chiefs were as sensible as those of the White men, and, I think, a little more so.

One said he was old and should die soon: did not know whether he would go to the place above or below, perhaps he would go above. He had heard that the gentleman of the trading company had been telling a long time; had tried to persuade his people to listen—but they would not hear. But he hoped they would mind what was said to them. A young chief who said he liked what the missionaries said: but he was also concerned about trade, and pointed out Pombre as a bad man. An old chief seemed inclined to smooth over what the young chief had said. He said it was not his doings binding Mr. Pombre, that he ordered the cords cut, he was alive still. An old flat head chief was present who said he was ignorant, but wished to be instructed and have his people.

I am glad to find so comfortable a house prepared for me, and find it very gratifying to meet mothers who know how to sympathize with me.

Friday, August 31. Moving: a day of business. Some difficulty settling with our men. Mr. Gray was for having Mr. Stephens paid in goods. Rather than have trouble, our hands paid their own specie. John Kanine (?) got the joke on Dr. Gray, had pay for a horse which the Dr. bought of him and gave him a shirt to take back. Now there is to be a consultation. I expect difficulty before it is over. None of them love one another well enough to live in peace together, P. M. much consulting, no deciding. The case is a difficult one.

Saturday, September 1, Wailatpu.<sup>32</sup> It was decided that Mr. Smith remain with Dr. Whitman: that Mr. Gray go with Mr. Spaulding to assist in building a mill, that Mr. Walker and Mr. Eells go to explore, assist Mr. Spaulding &c. I find it hard to be reconciled, yet trust it is for the best. We are shortsighted creatures, and know not what a day may bring forth. All will be right in the end, although we cannot foresee how it may be. It is very trying to me to think of having my husband gone. Inclination would make me wish to be where no one else scarcely could see me. Had female prayer meeting, a very good one.

Sunday, 2. Wailatpu. We all united with the little church formed which now consists of sixteen members. Mr. Walker preached from the text, Herein is my Father glorified. The communion was held, Mr. Spaulding and Mr. Smith officiating. Mr. Spaulding made rather an interesting and affecting address. Mr. Smith also made one. Mr. S.[paulding] closed by explaining to the Indians what

<sup>31</sup> Wednesday 29—Mr. Pombre is a misprint for Mr. Pambrun. "Prominent among the chief clerks of posts in the interior was Pierre C. Pambrun, for several years in charge of Fort Walla Walla, where he dispensed hospitality with a free hand." (Bancroft—History of Oregon 1: 35.)

Hitherto when the abbreviation "Mr. S." has been used it has referred to Mr. A. B. Smith. From now on it may mean Mr. Smith or Mr. Spaulding. Since Mr. Smith has just arrived any reference to interpreting must plainly indicate Mr. Spaulding.

<sup>32</sup> Saturday, September 1, Wailatpu—"After committing our cause to God, the missionary brethren proceeded to do business. Voted, that there be but one new station, that Mr. Smith join Dr. Whitman's; that Mr. Gray, Mr. Spaulding, and Mr. Rogers, be hired to teach at Mr. Spaulding's station for the present, and that Messrs Walker and Eells form a new station in the Flathead country." (Diary of Mrs. Eells for the same date.) "Among the important early settlements in Idaho was that made in 1836 by Rev. Henry Spaulding and family on Lapwai, a tributary of the Clearwater river. This first location was at the foot of Thunder Hill near a big spring about two miles above the mouth of the creek, and approximately twelve miles from the confluence of the Snake and Clearwater rivers where the city of Lewiston now stands." W. J. McConnell—Early History of Idaho—36. Walker and Eells after some months spent in reconnoitering finally located on Tchimakain creek, thirty-six miles north of Spokane near the present settlement of Ford.

we had been doing. We had an interesting, and I think, a happy season, notwithstanding all the hardness that has existed among us. We feel that we have great cause of gratitude, and much encouragement to go forward in the work.

Monday, 3. Wailatpu. We formed a Maternal Association, Mrs. Spalding president, Mrs. Whitman corresponding secretary, Mrs. Gray recording secretary. The Monthly Concert was observed. The Maternal Association is to meet on the second and last Wednesday of each month. I was appointed Vice Pres. We are to hold meetings at each Station, and report to the Recording Sec. as often as is practicable.

Tuesday, 4. Wailatpu. A social feast on mellons. Messrs. Spalding & Gray & wives left us.

Wednesday, 5. Wailatpu. Husband, Eells and wife went to Walla Walla; I regulated my room and washed.

Thursday, Sept. 6. Wailatpu. Assisted Mrs. Whitman a little in washing. Sewed a little. Put up seeds &c. Mr. W.[alker] and Mr. Rogers returned. Mr. Eells and wife took a wrong road, and we know not what has become of them.

Friday, 7. Wailatpu. This morning rainy, Mr. & Mrs. Eells found their way back without getting much wet. Worked some in the kitchen; finished making Mr. W's leather pantaloons. Ironed.

Saturday, 8. Wailatpu. Repaired a pair of pantaloons &c. Mr. Eells commenced lesson in musick on the blackboard. Had an interesting group of 20 or 30 Indians. They appear much interested. I feel anxious to be able to teach them myself; think there is every encouragement to labor for their good.

Sunday, Sept. 9. Wailatpu. Prayer meeting in the morning. Then instruction to

natives. Then sermon by Mr. Eells—Behold what manner of love &c was the text. Two expresses from Walla Walla; letters from the Methodist Mission. News of the death of (?) Mr. Whites' child, 8 months old.<sup>33</sup>

Monday, Sept. 10. Wailatpu. Rose early; worked hard as I could till Mr. Walker got ready to start which was at three P. M. After crying a little picked up and found myself somewhat tired. Oh! dear how I would like to be at home about this time, and see brothers, hear from all the good folks! I wish I could have a letter from some of them.

Tuesday, 11. Wailatpu. Worked with Mr. Rogers some. Not very bright today. Toward night had an express from Clear Water.<sup>34</sup> Dr. Whitman returned from W.[alla] W.[alla]; brought good news from our husbands (Walker & Eells) Hope they will make a successful expedition.

Wednesday, 12. Wailatpu. Attended an Indian funeral for the first time. Our Maternal Association was observed. Feel very much like doing very little. Don't know when I shall do all my sewing, it tires me so.

Thursday, 13. Felt rather indisposed in the A. M. in the P. M. felt better. Washed all the afternoon.

Friday, Sept. 14. Baked bread in the morning, sewed for myself in the fore noon, with Mr. Rogers in the P. M.

Saturday, 15. Gathered seeds in the forenoon, wrote in the afternoon. Mr. McCay came.

Sunday, 16. Wailatpu. Mr. Smith preached. Finished writing my letters, one to Mr. W[alker's] folks and one to mine.

Monday, Sept. 17. Mr. Whitman set out for Vancouver. We rose very early. I churned and wrote to Mrs. Perkins &c.<sup>35</sup> In the P. M. began to work on my husband's coat. The Dr. hurried and austled about just as

<sup>33</sup> Jason Lee White named after the missionary, Jason Lee. The father, Dr. Elijah White, came with the Methodist delegation in 1837. The following reference from a letter of Mrs. Whitman, dated Sept. 25, 1838, may be found in the *Oregon Pioneer Transactions* (1887-1892, Page 110): "Mrs. White, in paying a visit with Mr. Leslie to Mrs. Perkins, at The Dalles, who is expecting to be confined soon, on her return in an Indian canoe, with the Indian pilots, got upset. She was taken up by the Indians, and hung to the canoe, which was bottom upwards. Mr. Leslie was taken up in the same way, but the little son about eight months old, could not be rescued until life had become extinct. They floated for more than a mile, with the bodies in the water, before they could be taken to land. Thus you see dangers stand fast on every side." A more affecting though longer account of this accident may be found on page 120 ff. of this same volume.

<sup>34</sup> Mr. Spaulding's mission was on the Clearwater river in Idaho.

<sup>35</sup> Mrs. Perkins—probably one of her many eastern friends.



my husband does. Finally he got in such a fret that his wife began to cry which brought him to himself; and he went on more calmly till he got ready to start.

Tuesday, 18. Wailatpu. Mr. Rogers returned from Walla Walla. Left Francuis(?)

Wednesday 19, Wailatpu. \* \* \* Mrs. Eells helped me, and we finished Mr. W's coat. Then I washed and did up her silk dress. My health is good and I enjoy myself quite well: only I want to see my good husband. Hope Mr. Eells will come soon so I can hear from him.

Thursday, 20. Mr. Rogers left for Mr. Spalding's. In the afternoon letter from Mr. S. informing that they were in trouble. Dick & Conner so alarmed they can neither eat nor sleep. He does not dare part with Compa.<sup>36</sup> (Rest of word missing.) I hope that it will please god to turn the hearts of the Savages, and stay them from violence, and not suffer our hopes of success as missionaries to be blasted.

Friday, Sept. 21. Sewed in the A. M. washed in the P. M. Hope when I get to our Station, I shall make a manage to do my washing in the morning, and a few other things I will try to have different from what I find them here.

Saturday 22. Mrs. W[hitman], E[ells] & myself went to visit the Indian lodges. Found some eating, some lying down, some dressing skins, &c. And some were packing up to move. They, most of them, seemed busy, especially the women. If they only could have tolerable opportunities, I see not why they could not soon rise to a rank among civilized beings.

Sunday, 25, Wailatpu. At morning worship, a family prayer meeting. Worship with the Indians. Mrs. W[hitman] read from Mr. Spaulding's book; prayer in English, singing in Nez P. In the P. M. sermon by Mr. S. [mith] They faith have saved thee. Pretty good for him. Toward evening a marriage Mrs. W. (&) Creekey interpreted for Mr. Smith. I have read considerable today; but every little while I would my mind on my husband. It seems a long time already

since he left and longer still before he will return. I can hardly refrain from tears every time I think of him. I know I am foolish; but I cannot help it. I ought to be thankful that I have so good a husband, and that I have enjoyed his society so much; and not be sad because he is gone a little while.

Monday 24. Run here and there; accomplish but little. The weather is so warm I can (have) little comfort.

Tuesday, 25. Rote verses a considerable part of the day. Had a letter from Clear Water, Nothing said about dangers and the like. Concert in the evening. All of us prayed. I succeeded better, I think, than I do sometimes.

Wednesday, 26. Maternal Association, Reading, four prayers, singing original lines.

Thursday, 27. Rain last night and this morning. Mended a pair of gloves.

Friday, 28. Pleasant. Mr. S. is thrashing wheat with his Indians.

Saturday Sept. 29. Wrote letter to Mrs. Chester and Aunt Moody. \* \* \* We were hoping to hear from our husbands by this time. Mrs. E[ells] manifests much solicitude about hers; and I would like at least to hear from mine.

Sunday, Sept. 30. Wailatpu. Mrs. Whitman's babe sick, exercises in consequence rather deranged. Was much interested in hearing an Indian go over the story of the Prodigal Son. His gestures were so expressive. No sermon in English; Mr. S[mith] taught the Indians as well as he could.

Monday, October 1. Wrote in the morning to Miss Harriet Johnson. Did not fill my sheet for want of time, tho' I might have had time as well as not; for Mrs. W[hitman] kept the Indian waiting for her letters two hours.

Tuesday 2. In the morning wrote to Mr. Pumbun, and Dr. Whitman. Washed some and that is about all that I have done today that counts. This evening weekly concert; made a prayer. Wish I knew whether my husband likes to have me pray before folks or not. When he comes home I will ask him. Fear when he comes home he will be disappointed that I am no better pro-

\* "Quite early in the spring (1838), Charles Compa, Mr. Parker's interpreter came here and put himself under our protection and went to cultivating land here, and assisting my husband in his cares. He is an excellent man, and we feel as if the Lord had sent him here." (Letter of Mrs. Whitman—Sept. 15, 1838—Oregon Pioneer Transactions—1887-1892 Page 111.)



ficient in the language. Hope I shall soon be able to give more attention to it.

Wednesday, 3.<sup>37</sup> Wrote to Mary Blodget. Ironed; & made some black lines for Mrs. E. Mrs. W. and myself.

Thursday, Oct. 4. Wrote to Eliza Richardson and Josiah Pierce.<sup>38</sup> Helped hull some corn. Mrs. Eells is in a great worry because she expects to be obliged to winter here; and Mrs. Smith is worried for fear her husband will not get along so well (if) Messrs Walker and Eells are here. All goes well enough with me. Am glad I am not one of the worrying sort. I know I do not seem to be doing much; but I do as much as I can, and what is the use of being troubled and impatient. I have finished all my letters, and wish husband could read them before I send them off.

Friday, 5. Wailatpu. Sewed some, read some, Had letters from Clear Water. Campo came. Female prayer meeting.

Saturday, October 6. Reading, sewing; commenced making my dictionary. Mr. S. requested Compo to say something to the Indians. \* \* \*

Sunday, October 7. One service in English, two in N[ez Perces]. Mrs. W.[hitman] succeeded very well with the aid of Compo. Liked Mr. S.[mith's] discourse very much better than any I have heard him preach before. Have been searching my heart today to see how much sinfulness could be found there. Detect so much in others, fear I do not see it quick in myself and husband as I do elsewhere. Do not think I have so much of the small kind, yet suspect the principal may be the same deeply implanted in my heart, and secretly be working its mischief there. O that in heart and life I were in more degree conformed to that of the Savior!

Monday, 8. \* \* \* Wrote to husband and did some other things.

Tuesday, 9. Hear our husbands are at Mr. Spaldings. Weekly concert in the evening.

Wednesday, 10. Have sorted out the more important words of one third of the dictionary. Maternal Asso. in the P. M. In the evening plenty sing with the Indians, a hymn prepared by Mr. Smith.

Thursday, 11. Sent off more letters for the States. Worked about the house most of the day, hulling corn, taking care of Alice,<sup>39</sup> washing, ironing, picking husks. Got quite tired. In the evening finished my dictionary. Sat up till near 11. Thinking it might rain, brought in the clothes.

Friday, 12, Wailatpu. Rained considerably last night. Mr. W. & Mrs. S. were much concerned about their clothes; glad this morning to find them safe and dry.

Saturday, Oct. 13. Stewed pumpkin, baked pie. Mrs. Whitman was quite out with Mr. Smith because he was not willing to let her have Jack to help her. Husband and Mr. Eells came about noon. Was glad enough once more to see my husband; and he seemed glad to see me. I suppose he really was; for he has no faculty for making believe. Could not sleep all night for joy.

Sunday, 14. Meeting out doors; large assembly. Husband preached in the house in English.

Monday 15. We were beginning to be anxious about Dr. W.; but before breakfast he came. We were glad, glad, glad to see him. A day of rejoicing all day. Husband writing to the secretaries.

Wednesday, 16. Dr. W., Mr. Walker, & Mr. Eells went to Walla Walla. Repaired a dress for Mrs. Whitman.

Thursday, Oct. 18, 1838. Husbands returned from W[alla Walla] in the evening; when they came, complained of the cold. Eat apples sent from Vancouver.

Friday, 19. Confusion all day, dividing books, goods &c.

Saturday, 20. Rain yesterday and today. Fear that the winter is about to set in.

Sunday, 21. Mr. Eells preached, Text. Godliness is profitable &c.

<sup>37</sup> An extract from one of Mrs. Whitman's letters written this same day reads: "Messrs W. and E. have gone to explore, and letters from them recently received, say the Big Heal's land, the chief of the Flatheads, situated near Spokane Falls, is the place recommended by Mr. McDonald as the most favorable for a station—had not yet decided—intended to visit other places. Their ladies will probably remain with us during the winter, particularly Mrs. Walker." (*Oregon Pioneer Transactions*—1887-1892 Page 119.)

<sup>38</sup> The first her sister; the second, a friend.

<sup>39</sup> Alice Clarissa Whitman (1837-39). She was drowned. For an affecting account of this tragedy, see letters dated Sept. 30 and Oct. 9, 1839—*Oregon Pioneer Transactions*—1887-1892 Page 120 ff.

Monday, 22 Choring all day. Hulling corn, made a little soap. Washed and ironed a little.

Saturday, 27. For several days past have been cutting and fixing little things. Mrs. Eells has helped me sew. Today baked pies and hulled corn. Health good, weather fair. Dr. W's house going up. Mr. Rogers here; left yesterday, owning (?) discouraged.

Sunday, Oct. 28. Wailatpu. Mr. Walker preached in English. Dr. W.[hitman] instructed the Indians. There are many sources of happiness with me. But I am ashamed and confounded when I reflect on the pride and self conceit of my heart; there is no coming to the bottom of it, go deep as I will, pride still lurks under pride.

Monday, Oct. 29. Washed; wrote a letter to mother.

Tuesday, 30. Cutting out small clothes, and repairing old ones. Stay in my room most of the time, though it is rather cold.

Wednesday Oct. 31 to Friday Nov. 2. Busy about sundry affairs; sit up late nights, and sleep well.

Saturday, November 3. Last night Mr. Pumbrun sent us a quarter of beef. He was expecting some Catholic priests to visit him, and so he slew the old creamcolored cow which was 23 years old. He also sent the tripe, so that I have had the job of cleaning it. Mr. P.[ambrun] also invited the old gentlemen here over to call over and make his guests a visit. They hardly knew what to do about accepting it, but finally concluded it was best. Dr. W.[hitman], Mr. W.[alker] & Mr. Eells have gone; Mr. S[mith] declined saying that it looked too much like countenancing Romanism. Hope our husbands will manage discretely.

Sunday, 4. A long day to me. A day seems a week as it were when my dear husband is absent. Worked too hard, took cold or something, so that I have not felt very well today. Have felt to irresolute to read much, so have thought and prayed the more. This evening I have been looking over my old journals, and weeping over fond recollections.

Love my dear husband so much that almost the only fear is that he does not love as much. I find it hard to be reconciled to the thought of ever being separated from

him. If he should be taken away, I should be so lonely and disconsolate, I could be more contented to die and leave him, could I know that he could obtain another better than myself. After experiencing so much of the goodness of God, shall (I not leave) myself, my husband, my all in his hands. Thus I will endeavor to do. May God still be merciful to us, and if constant with his will spare us long to be a blessing to each other May his blessing also rest upon the little one which we fondly expect soon to welcome as ours. Oh may it be dedicated to God, and sanctified from its birth.

Monday, 5. Husband returned from W.[alla] W.[alla] just as we were dressing in the morning. Did not meet the Catholic priests, the boats having met with a disaster, and 12 or 13 persons drowned. Very windy, unpleasant riding this morning.

Mr. Walker has laid in bed most of the day. Monthly concert in the evening. \* \* \*

Tuesday, 6. Slept little last night, mostly in consequence of something husband said to me, Rather indisposed all day.

Wednesday 7, Thursday, 8. Making small affairs. Weather cold and freezing, so they cannot use the wind mortar.

Friday, 9. So cold everything freezes. Door latches stick to the fingers only a few feet from the fire. Washed, and wrote to Mrs. Perkins.

Saturday, 10. Filled my bed. Pleasant weather.

Sunday, 11. Sacrament. Mr. Smith preached and officiated. Oh that I had a little chamber where I could secrete myself and not see so many folks all the time.

Monday, 12. Wailatpu. Staid in Mrs. Whitman's room and sewed all day. A little snow last night.

Tuesday, 13. At work about house most of the day. Mrs. W.[hitman] rather indisposed. Mr. Walker's favorite mule kicked him.

Wednesday, 14. Dr. W.[hitman] sick with toothache. Mrs. W.[hitman] nurses him. Mr. Eells mule throws him and lamed him, Murta sick; her husband I found by her bed weeping. Maternal Meeting postponed. The hills all around covered with snow.

Friday, 16. Worked about the house all day. Got very tired. Mrs. W.[hitman] appears

to feel cross at every body. Was so tired I thought I would not work so again; but this evening tried to sew a little. Got so tired that I could do but little. Talked with Mrs. Whitman: she seems to worry about (something): went out and blustered around, and succeeded in melting over her tallow.

Saturday, 17. Notwithstanding my resolution not to work so hard. I commenced in the morning and continued till night without even stopping to warm my feet, which were rather cold. \* \* \*

Sunday, 18. Did not rest comfortably last night, being so much fatigued and worried. \* \* \* Mr. Eells preached.

Monday, 19. "Tuesday, 20. Not as well as I have been. Am obliged to let the work about the house go without doing it.

Wednesday, 21. Maternal meeting. Fear I shall be sick before a room is ready for me. Messrs. Walker and Eells very much engaged in making harness and whips. Mr. W[alker] has not bathed for some weeks. Maria not about yet. The weather is not as cold as it has been for some time. Eat nowadays plenty of boiled wheat, potatoes, horse meat and salmon. No bread for a week past.

Thursday, 22. Mrs. Whitman making soap. Somewhat rainy.

Friday, 23. Mrs. W.[hitman] washing. Cross time of it. Had to work about house more than I meant to because no one else offered to do it.

Sunday, 25. Rather indisposed yesterday and today. Mr. Walker preached. Weather damp and foggy.

Monday, 26. Quite better. Washed a little; Sewed a little, Jack washed the floor. Tonight rainy. Has been dark and foggy for some days.

Tuesday, 27. Washed with Mrs. S.[mith] A very pleasant day.

Wednesday, 28. Casting candle wicks. My turn to lead the Maternal Association. Weather foggy.

Thursday, 29. Mrs. Whitman dipping candles. Ironed sundry things. On my feet

most of the time. Husband at work on harnesses. Sits up with me till 12 o'clock. much to the annoyance of Mr. Eells.

Friday, November 30. Dr. W.[hitman] quite out of patience with Mr. Smith. Mrs. W[hitman] washing; think she has less help from the other ladies than she ought.

Saturday, December, 1. 1838. Wailatpu. Rose as soon as I could see to dress by daylight, having rested well. Mr. E.[ells] very careful to have me understand that he was much disturbed by my late hours. Have worked very hard all day. Health good.

Sunday, 2nd. Mr. Smith preached. Have assisted Margaret in doing the house work. Have been reading the Memoirs of Martha Reed.<sup>40</sup>

Monday, 3. Monthly Concert in the evening, after which Dr. his wife, Mr. E & wife, husband and self sit up till midnight talking about Mr. S &c. Mrs. W gets to feeling very bad, goes to bed crying.

Tuesday, 4. Mr. S. moves into the new house. Mr. W puts up a partition. I work about the house some and make a cap. Mrs. W in a sad mood all day, did not present herself at the breakfast table, went out doors down by the river to cry.

Wednesday, 5. Moved into my new room. Think to find it very comfortable. A kind Providence seems to provide for me all I need.

Thursday, 6. Mr. Walker went to W. W. I was busy all day regulating my room. My bed spread. Had my room washed. After which I went out several times, brought in fuel, and built a fire to dry it. Put up my curtains in the evening, and after 9 o'clock made two table cloths. Retired about 12.<sup>41</sup>

Friday, December 7, Wailatpu. Awoke about five o'clock. (gave birth to a son)<sup>42</sup>

Saturday, 8. Quite comfortable. Mrs. W. dresses the babe.

Sunday, 9. Took medicine, Mr. Eells preached: Mr. Walker remained with me.

<sup>40</sup> Memories of Martha Reed—Unidentified—Possibly a journal of another missionary; everyone made diaries then.

<sup>41</sup> "Allowance should be made for Mrs. Walker's condition in judging of what she writes about others. Furthermore, no one who has not been through it can form any idea of the effect of such isolation on the minds and temper of the best of people. It is a test, not so much of the goodness of their hearts, as of their natural ability to endure the unnatural conditions under which they are obliged to live." (A note by W. S. Lewis.)

<sup>42</sup> This is the Cyrus Walker through whose help Mr. Lewis was able to make his transcription.



Monday 10. Up for the first time. Mrs. Smith took my washing.

Tuesday, 11. Nipples very sore. Worry with my babe, get all tired out.

Wednesday, 12. Mrs. E taking care of me. Very nervous. Milk gets caked in my breast, have it steamed and drawed alternately till it seems better, then cover it with sticking plaster. Go to bed; husband sleeps, but I get very little.

Thursday, 13. Little Cyrus, for so we call our little son, having slept all day was very troublesome all night, so that his father got very little rest. Mrs. Eells is my nurse by day, and Mr. Walker by night. Margaret draws my breasts for me, else I know not what I should do.

Friday, 14. Nipples very sore. Think I have a rather tedious time of it. Gain very little strength on account of suffering so much with my breasts. Hope they are beginning to heal a little. Have just brought my journal up to present time, which was a week behind.

Saturday, 15. Rather smarter today than yesterday. Eat some broth, beef and potatoes. Nipples sore as ever. Babe nurses all I have, and has to go a begging. Thought a week ago I should be out of the house by this time. Have great cause for thankfulness that I am as well as I am.

Sunday, 16. Gaining in health and strength. Breasts some better. Mr. W. preaches. Stays in my room most of the time, converses with me a good deal; enjoy his society very much. Think he never seemed kinder. Have commenced reading today for the first time since my confinement.

Monday, 17. Felt quite out of sorts this morning because they did not bring me plenty to eat, was very faint for want of food. At breakfast took hold of horse flesh with a pretty good appetite. Thro the day I have been pretty well supplied. Tonight felt I had been ungrateful to murmur. Sat up and tended my babe about half the day. Took a nap. This eve made a cap for my babe. The first time I have sewed any. Fear have worked too hard.

Tuesday, 18. Waitlatpu. Very sick all day. Steaming, fuss over breast all day. Have

taken cold; experience soreness in all my bowels. Am relieved by sweating. Take morphine and calomel. Go to bed, sleep sound.

Wednesday, 19. Margaret continues to draw my breast. Extracts curd and salt milk.

Thursday, 20. One breast quite comfortable; the other sore as ever.

Friday, 21. Eat and drink all I can, and keep nursing my babe in order to make milk. Mrs. Whitman plenty jaw at me. Right breast very painful.

Saturday, 22. Slept pretty well last night; quite comfortable except my sore nipple. Wish much to write a great deal in my journal, but suppose it is not prudent at present. Have abundant cause for gratitude, not withstanding I suffer much pain and anguish.

Sunday, 23. My very kind husband spent the whole day with me. What could I do were it not for my husband.

Monday, 24. Was restless and uncomfortable the first part of the night. This morning quite discouraged; fear I shall not be able to nurse with more than one breast.

Tuesday, 25. More comfortable, partly because my boy is unable any longer to draw my breast which is nearly dry. The other about as it has been for some time, as painful as I can bear without ado.

Wednesday, 26. Letter from Mr. Spaulding; more peaceable than some former ones. Dr. Whitman half resolved to go to Clear Water, partly on Eliza's<sup>43</sup> account, who, he is apprehensive, has the dropsy in her head.

Thursday, 27. Am up and stirring about my room again today. Hope I shall not take cold again. My left breast quite sore: Feel much concerned lest I lose that also.

Friday, 28. Looked for the first time since my confinement beyond the confines of my little apartment. Husband and Dr. W[hitman] are gone to the mountains. Tavie is sleeping on the floor. Babe rests well. I have worked hard all day. Was pretty tired when I came to bed, but am getting rested.

Saturday, 29. Try very hard to invent artificial nipples. Do not succeed. Feel very much unreconciled to the idea of being unable to nurse my babe.

<sup>43</sup> Eliza was the maiden name of Mrs. H. H. Spaulding. This may have been the daughter, Eliza, who was born November 16, 1837.



Sunday, 30. Took supper with the family. Find my health in a good measure restored. Babe in good health, no appearance of sore mouth. Nurse him mostly with a bottle. Feel more reconciled than I did yesterday. Though the dispensations of Providence often appear dark, yet they are in the end for the best. How do I know but the want of means to nurse my babe may be the greatest of blessings?

What else I want or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.

Monday December, 21, 1838. Wailatpu. Oregon Territory. Have obtained a mare's tit. Hope to succeed in using it. I have now reached the close of another year. It

has been a year of mercies. A year ago tonight I sat with my sisters by the fire side of my father, and watched the old year (go out) Now I find myself on the other side of the continent a wife and a mother. Surely this is a changing world. With no one has God dealt in more mercy than with me. O! may I be quickened to a sense of my duty to God and man, to myself, my husband and my child. Affliction drops a tear at the thought of friends and home I have left; but it is not a tear of regret. I rejoice to find myself where I am with a prospect of entering ere long on the labors I have so long sought. Farewell departing year; I number thee among my happiest. Thanks to God for all his goodness.



## BOOK SHELF



*Comment by the Editor.*

**Desert Poems.** Ada Hastings Hedges. Metropolitan Press (Portland, Oregon). 1930. \$1.25.

**Anthology of Southern California Verse.** Sponsored by The Verse Writers Club of Southern California. Primavera Press (Los Angeles). 1930. \$2.00.

In quiet verse of great beauty, mostly in the sonnet form, Miss Hedges brings to expression her love and fear and understanding of the desert. Obviously she has not rushed her verse into print, but has allowed her poetic conceptions and her command of expression to mature, with the result that her small volume of poems is a genuine literary possession of which the Northwest can be proud. There is hardly a poem but has its beautiful phrase or conception or flash of revealing insight. Throughout there is evenness of execution indicative of careful and loving artistry. The title of the volume suggests the narrowed theme; the prevailing form indicates the narrowed field of technic. These are self-imposed restrictions. Within them material is finely molded. The Metropolitan Press is to be congratulated upon publishing in one month two such volumes as this one and Howard Corning's *The Mountain in the Sky*.

The *Anthology of Southern California Verse* indicates much poetic activity around Los Angeles. The editors in the introduction point out the lack of a local note, asserting that it will take some years for it to develop, since "adopted voices have come from every community of the world." One wonders

whether this region is not "old enough to have acquired cultural identity." A reader of the *Anthology* misses a dominant cultural note, and is not quite convinced of the presence of the "cosmopolitan" expression. Mr. Palmerston, however, writes an interesting introduction.

Several *Frontier* contributors have verse in this collection, notably Arthur Truman Merrill. Two or three nationally known names appear. One wishes that more of the writers came to grips with life more consumingly. Miss Probst's not quite successful "The Steeps of Dawn" and Mr. Merrill's successful "Homesteader" are interesting because they do make the attempt. Young poets seem inevitably drawn to thin themes and conscious expression. It takes time to learn that poetry is not words rimed and rhythmed, but thought and feeling in the heart of man. Two sonnets by LeRoy MacLeod, "Shadows" by Colin Palmerston, and "Dawn Poem," aside from the two poems already mentioned, deserve special notice. It is good to have anthologies. Out of abundance of effort come the few living beauties.

**The New Regionalism in American Literature.** Carey McWilliams. University of Washington Chapbooks. 1930. 65c.

Professor Botkin in *Folk-Say* for 1929 provided the basis for Mr. McWilliams's discussion of *The New Regionalism*. In the second annual edition he provides another introductory essay in part meeting some of Mr. McWilliams's strictures, though written before his pamphlet. Mr. Botkin seems, however, to have merged, in his thinking, folklore and regionalism even more complete-



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ly, almost to the point of abandonment of the latter term. He does think more in terms of the present in this essay than in the earlier one. On the whole, he places provocative queries before workers in both American folklore and American regionalism. Some critics, notably Mr. John T. Frederick, editor of *The Midland*, regard the regional movement as in a late stage; critics living farther west than Chicago regard the movement as in its highly productive stage; and some even farther west feel that, for their region at least, it is decidedly "on the grow." Some of Mr. Botkin's queries will be answered, they feel, out of experience yet to come. And the present writer for one believes that regionalism has yet to establish its full force as a power in American literature. Readers interested should read Section VII carefully.

Meanwhile, such volumes as *Folk-Say*, rich with tales, traditions of the people, poems of local nature, fragments of essays on folk backgrounds, and book reviews, are valuable editions for scholars and creative workers alike. The material is classified under seven headings: The Wind Rides By, Old Timers, One Foot in the Road, Many Voices, To-My-Rang-Tang-a-Whaddle-Linky-Dey, Wide River, Folk Backgrounds; and there is a section headed Bibliographical, divided into sections on The Quest of the Folk Tale and the Folk Song, and The Southwest in Literature. The book has the collaboration of many reliable and tested writers. It is also a beautifully printed volume.

Mr. McWilliams has massed considerable evidence of a *new* regionalism, yet one feels that the essay would have done better to scan regionalism in America as a whole, at least since, let us say, 1910. The only *newness* one feels in present writing is *lateness*. It is regrettable, also, that the author based so much of his essay on Mr. Botkin's *Folk-Say* (1929) essay. His hits of criticism are palpable, but not of great consequence. Mr. McWilliams penetrates into more significance and writes much more entertainingly at the end of his essay when "on his own." He should not have trusted Mr. Botkin's lists of names, either, as indicative of regional writers. Even errors of initials and spelling are copied. Still, the essay throws out into relief for notice and discussion a literary movement of importance, and one can only be grateful to Mr. McWilliams for undertaking the task and presenting his thought so as to provoke discussion.

**The Navajo Indians.** Mary and Dane Coolidge. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. \$4.00.

A more informative book or one that the reader unlearned in Southwest Indian lore feels he can trust has not been written. To establish the Mongolian origin of these Indians will require more evidence and more writing than this book contains. When, however, the authors describe the daily lives, the beliefs, and the lore of the Navajos the reader feels on secure ground, and the book

assumes importance. Parts II and III, dealing with Navajo Arts and Crafts, and Mythology and Ceremony, which run through 150 pages, are most valuable and interesting. The book has been finely printed and illustrated, and the inside of the cover carries a map of Navajo territory.

**Black Cherries.** Grace Stone Coates. Knopf. 1931. \$2.50.

Many years ago a French seamstress, Mlle. Audoux, wrote a book entitled *Marie Claire*, which, when translated into English, stirred American critics into extravagant praise. There was a singular artistry exhibited in the restraint with which the author wrote and the nicety with which details were chosen; but the penetration into the child's mind was not complete and the attitude was a little too sentimental and somewhat doctrinal. Mrs. Coates has presented with finer language skill, with as significant choice of detail, without a trace of sentimentality, and with no sense of instruction or reverence for childhood, the genuine working of a child mind. Emphasis should be laid on the fact that this child's mind *works*; it struggles in an endeavor to understand those strange folk, grown-ups. The two worlds, therefore, of child and adult, get clearly presented, the former richly, with play of imagination, and the latter critically from the child's viewpoint. One is somewhat reminded of Hergesheimer's *Presbyterian Child*, but makes little comparison when he recalls that writer's preciousness in the writing of that splendid portrayal. Mrs. Coates's prose is natural and at the same time alive and brilliant with color and sheen. The sentimental reader will find a hardness in the attitude; but he will be one who never knows how objective, and therefore how hard, children's views are. It will be a long time before a book about childhood will be written with comparable whimsy, imagination, understanding, honesty, brilliance. Mr. Knopf has given the book beautiful printing and binding.

**The Quest for Literature.** Joseph T. Shipley. R. H. Smith, Inc. 1931. \$2.50.

This book is "largely a conspectus of what men through the ages have thought about literature." It presents; it doesn't argue; neither does it come often to conclusions. Some such book has been needed for four or five years, to orient the new theories and practices in art with the stream of theory and practices flowing down the centuries. The reader must keep his wits about him—as the author has kept his.

**Towards Standards.** Norman Foerster. Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. \$2.50.

**The Dilemma of the Liberated.** Gorham Munson. Coward-McCann. 1930. \$3.50.

Quite evidently each of these books was written to supply the obvious need for a manual of information concerning the movement known as The New Humanism. It is an ironical fact that the successive attempts

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of Mr. Foerster, the self elected call-boy of the present day humanists, to serve his ardently cherished cause reveal him as increasingly ineffective. The single important chapter which his latest volume contains is reprinted from an earlier, and much abler, work. Humanism would languish if it had to depend for its appeal upon such exegesis as Mr. Foerster's.

Though Mr. Munson stands apart from the inner circle of its adherents, he champions the humanist doctrine with skill and ardor. What is more important, he criticises it, also with skill and ardor. As a result of this double service his readers are likely to find their interest in humanism agreeably stimulated. In any event they can hardly escape becoming enlightened about it. For Mr. Munson provides them not only with an adequate account of the history and recent status of this the most vital of movements in modern thought but with trustworthy guidance to the significant writings of its high-priests and interpreters as well.

The standards toward which Mr. Foerster and his fellows would have mankind progress must, in Mr. Munson's opinion, be advanced beyond the domain of humanism on into that of divinism. In other words the major defect of the humanistic program lies in its insufficient concern with religion. The dilemma of the liberated, which is to say of the humanists, is that sooner or later they are bound to be confronted with the realization that having attained a disciplined way of life they have nothing further to live for.

Among the lesser defects of humanism Mr. Munson points out its attitude of disdain for psychology, which amounts to a stupid refusal to employ the one scientific tool available for carrying out its basic precept, "Know thyself." Again, there is the incomplete understanding of economics and politics evinced on the part of its leaders, and the consequent lessening of the value of their comment on current social problems. Finally, the humanists' insistence on the law of measure in all things precludes the possibility of their teachings ever making good the inhibiting lack of spiritual ecstasy in the contemporary state of mind.

Portland

V. L. O. Chittick

From Henry Harrison, New York.

**Selected Poems**, by Benjamin Musser. Unity of effect is difficult in a book of selected poems. One does not feel here the individuality and sincerity of *Bucolics* and *Caviar*. The sonnet sequence, "The Ladder," has beauty to recommend it but just fails to grip the reader because of uncertainty in the story that necessitates constant reviewing to determine who is who. One poem selected from *Bucolics* and *Caviar* is especially beautiful and appealing, "To His Children." But one is tempted to ask, "Why not call it just 'Children'?"

**The Little Blue Flute**, by Charles Beghtol. This is a Hopi love-story attractively and

tinklingly told. One recalls Laughing Boy and its background of high mesas, mountain retreats, waterfalls, silver and turquoise belts, bracelets, rugs on the looms, sacred dances, charms, Christian aspirations, pagan prayers that seem just as honest, and parental blundering that seems quite modern. Much of the story is in rhymed free verse, some of it in un-rhymed. The meters may be Hopi, but the impression is strong of a white girl rather than an Indian maiden telling the story.  
From The Claflin Printing Company, Lincoln, Nebraska.

**The Out-of-Doors**, by Willis Hudspeth. One's first thought was, he must have found a rhyming dictionary approved by Elinor Wylie. But it is more than that for one meets such amazing words in the middle of his lines too—drupes, gracile, crunk, lowth, strake, glyptic, hurst, sprangles, calidity!!! And his range of subjects is as broad as his vocabulary. He uses innumerable forms and his verse varies in quality from very good to very poor. Among his sonnets, "Where Things Are Big" and "A Whiff of Tar," are best. "Daguerreotypes" is probably the worst.

*Missoula*

*Mary Brennan Clapp*

## COLONEL CROCKETT'S RIDE ON THE BACK OF A BUFFALO

*Continued from page 276*

boys had found a huraah's neest. I took up old Kill-devil, and out I went, and about a hundred yards from the camp there war an old buffalo bull with a hundred little screeching imps about him, with their bows and arrows. They'd stuck so many arrows in him that he looked as thorny as a honey locus or a porky-pine; but they hadn't got deep enough to touch the rite spot. First the old Turk would go arter one full chizzle; but then another would stick an arro into his posterity, saving your presence, and round he would turn and arter the little torment like an ate-horse baggage waggin. I raily pitied the old cretur, and sez I, "It are raily a shame to let this uncircumsised Fillistin defy the army of Israel in this ridiculous way. I'll let him know there's a warrant out arter him," and I wur gwine to blaze away; but an old Injun kort me el-bow, and axed me if it were the way in Kentuck to hinder the children from having a little dust of diversion that did no harm to no one.

"Truth are the truth," sez I, "if an Injun do speak it, and my sarvis to you for the compliment."

After a wile the old devil's baby of a bull

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laid down, for he'd lost a purty smart chance of blood, and what doz one of the b'ys do, but gits astraddle on his back. The way he riz up warn't slow, and off he sot as if the prairie were afire behind him. I've a notion the b'y never rode so sharp a rail before as that bull's hump.

The old Injun the b'y belonged to wur as white as a lump of chalk for fear his b'y would be killed, and he bangs away at the bull and hits him in the belly, for he wur afraid of breaking the by's leg if he squinted at the heart. That maid the cretur as ugly as a copperhead in July, and he takes arter the old hero like a whole team of thunderbolts.

"Run! run, father!" screeches the young varmint to the old one, "or I'll be down on ye like a falling star," and I begun to see the old one was in danger pretty considerably much.

So I sung out to the b'y to raze his leg, cause it kivered the critter's heart, and I wish I may be shot if he didn't do it as cool as if I held the breech of the rifle at him and not the muzzle, but that's the nature of an Injun. Bang goes old Kill-devil and down comes old bull-beef; but the b'y couldn't walk for a week, and he kyind of thort he'd never ride bairbacked on a buffalo agin, without he seed some special 'casion.

### LONG HORNS

*Continued from page 283*

two months with these hard-riding plainsmen, who were all crack shots, carrying carbine saddle-guns. A half-dozen half-breeds followed, and did the skinning.

The hides brought on an average of \$2.50 apiece, and were sold to leather concerns in the East. They made harness, and various other things of them.

We broke camp on Milk River the last of November when the first cold winds came roaring out of the mountains. We began thinking of a warmer climate, so Tobe and I rolled our cotton, packed our provender on our pack horses, and trailed back to Texas.

We had many tales to tell the cowmen about the new country up North, of our adventures, hardships and the long trip back home.

Nelson Story was the first man to have nerve enough to brave the new country in a



large business way, trailing in the first bunch of Longhorn cattle from Texas to Montana.

This was many years ago. The Indians, or those left of them, are on their respective reservations. The old cow trails are plowed under. The old Santa Fe trail is drifted full of sand; and the real cowboy, with his leather-tanned face, is a figure of the past. There are a few of the old timers left; fewer still who can neither read nor write, as youth, in my younger days, meant action and education of a far different type from what is considered education today. These few who are left can tell stories of adventure on the plains, rivaling even gangland warfare of today. True stories of trail and forest, Mexican bandits, white renegades, urging on the depredations of the lawless element, the Texas Ranger, the Vigilantes later.

#### LITERARY NOTES

*Continued from Front Advertising Section*

**Hannah Mitchel Danskin**, Spokane, Wash., is devoting her time to a novel.

**H. L. Davis** continues his many contributions to *The American Mercury* with "A Pioneer Captain"—Applegate, who, when "the state cinched down on him . . . turned over, not only all his own property, but all his wife's with it—every hoof, acre, nickle, and nail—and, totally destitute for the first time in his life, went out and hunted up a job, at past sixty years old, working for wages as a sheepherder on the Klamath Falls range." **James Stevens'** "Iron Man of the Saginaw" appears in the December issue of *The American Mercury*.

"Black Cherries," a prose volume by **Grace Stone Coates**, was issued by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., in February. (See Bookshelf.)

The story of the covered wagon has been told many times. The life of the settlers after reaching their goal has recently been described in an unusual book, "On Puget Sound," by **Robert Wilkinshaw** (Putnam's Sons, New York). Mr. Wilkinshaw's book went into a fourth edition during its first year.

"Verse of the New West," poems by **Irene Welch Grissom**, Idaho Falls, Idaho, will be issued early in the spring, finely illustrated, by The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho.

**Charles Oluf Olsen's** name was featured on the cover of December *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse*, in connection with his three-page poem, "Around the Ring."

**Norman Macleod** is on the staff of *The New Masses*, and is editing the American section of *Front* (Holland) and *Morado* (Italy).



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