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THE

JANUARY, 1932

FRONTIER

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST



A SHIP GOES BY

A Story by CHATFIELD KNIGHT

LETTERS OF JOAQUIN MILLER A TRIP TO THE STATES, 1865

STORIES AND ARTICLES BY

Nard Jones
Miriam Tyler
Mary Metcalfe
Miriam de Ford
Albert B. Reagan
Jose Garcia Villa
V. L. O. Chittick
Luke D. Sweetman
Frank Bird Linderman

POEMS BY

Jason Bolles Helen Stapp Borghild Lee
Robert Gates Norman Macleod Edith Mirick
Arthur Truman Merrill Bettie Sale Mary J. Elmendorf
G. Frank Goodpasture Dorothy Marie Davis Claire Aven Thomson
Elizabeth Mayer Fredericka Blanckner Howard M. Corning Wilson O. Clough

Volume XII

JANUARY, 1932

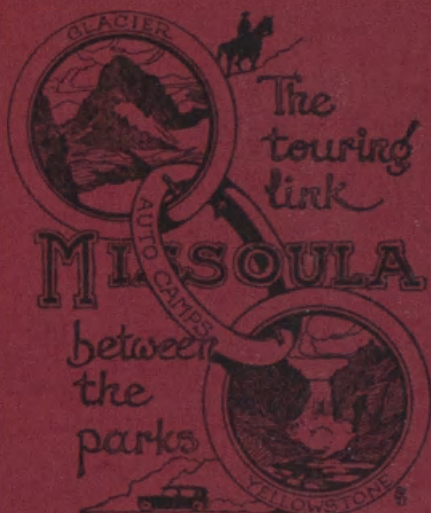
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Volume Twelve

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ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

The twenty-eight contributors to this issue have sent their writings from twelve states, the largest number, six of them, living in Washington. Four of these Washington writers send poetry and two of them send stories. **Elisabeth Mayer** (Yakima) and **Bettie Sale** (Seattle), who now, with her husband, is running the Liberal Student Bookstore in Glendale, California, contribute to *The Frontier* for the first time. **Nard Jones** (Seattle) also sends his first contribution, although readers know his writing through his two Northwest novels, *Oregon Detour* and *The Petlands*. The poetry of both **G. Frank Goodpasture** (South Bend) and **Mary J. Elmendorf** (Seattle) is known to our readers. **Chatfield Knight's** *Castaway, Set Sail*, which appeared in our May issue, Mr. E. J. O'Brien placed on his Roll of Honor for 1931. Mr. Knight's home is in Vancouver, but at present he lives in Victoria, B. C., working at an American cable-ship "kept in reserve in case any of the trans-Pacific cables should break down."

The other writers of stories, **Mary Metcalfe** and **Jose Garcia Villa**, live in St. Louis and Albuquerque respectively. *The Churching of Ossie Becker* is Miss Metcalfe's first story to be published. She writes: "I've had four stories typewritten—you've seen them all . . . Am a poverty-stricken school teacher, teaching in the grades—and I like it . . . You can tell by this story that I'm a 'hick'." Yes, and no! Mr. Villa is the editor of *Clay*, a magazine of the Southwest. **Norman Macleod** also has spent much of his time in New Mexico, but is living this winter in Los Angeles.

Miriam Tyler sends her story from Lakewood, Ohio. **Robert Gates** has his poem from Cedar Rapids, **Wilson O. Clough**, who has twice appeared in our pages as translator and editor of historical material, from the University of Wyoming. **Edith Mirick**, editor of *Star Dust*, Washington, D. C., contributes her first poem to *The Frontier*. Illinois is represented by two new contributors, **Helen Stapp** and **Fredericka Blankner**. Miss Blankner's volume of poems, *All My Youth*, "featuring poems on Italy and Dedicated to Friendship between America and Italy," comes off the press in mid-December. *Discovery* is one of the poems in the volume.

Dr. Albert B. Reagan (Ouray, Utah) has contributed often to our Folklore section.

In California live **Arthur Truman Merrill** (Glendale), **Dorothy Marie Davis** and **Claire Aven Thomson**. Mr. Merrill has published two volumes of poems. It is to be hoped that Miss Thomson will soon publish a volume. Miss Davis sends her first contribution to our magazine.

Howard McKinley Corning (Portland) has
Continued on Page 176

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THE FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

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

COYOTE

BY JASON BOLLES

When February drifts were deep
Coyote came and killed a sheep.
I think it was in April when
We found and dug Coyote's den.
Coyote came among the flowers
In June and took six hens of ours.
One August night when stars were dim
We set a poisoned bait for him.
Next month we heard Coyote laugh
While dining on an orphan calf.
November-time, among the haws
Our trap caught three coyote claws.

The year came on to Christmas day.
Beyond the barn a little way
We saw Coyote in the snow.
I raised my gun—and Dad said, "No!"
Then, "Merry Christmas, you old cuss,
Tomorrow peel your eye for us!"

That night we heard the boggy wail
Of Coyote, brisk and hale,
Arrow up the bitter air
Before we said our Christmas prayer.

TWO POEMS

BY ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

WIND LITANY

A land is lonelier if it befall
That a man has lived there and gone
Than a land where since dawn
No man has ever lived at all.

Always the sand is there
And the starved bush,
And the glowering, bare,
Uncompromising hills that push

Into the unresponsive sky,
But it is not the same
As it was once in a time gone by
Before the man came.

Something seems to hover there
—I am the Wind, and know—
Something too thin and rare
Either to come or go.

SNOW SILENCE

Where smoke from his tepee is lifting
Feet of forest in silence have trod;
Pale the spoor-ghosts left in the snow,
Frail the ghost-hooves, cloven and shod
With film-rims of ice to melt and flow
In a morrow's meridian thaw.

Where smoke from his tepee is drifting
Echo's thin sound is outlaw,
Silence itself must grow
Ghost-silent; only the night may know
When feet touch snow,
Touch snow in the night and go.

Where smoke from his tepee is shifting
Silence without a flaw
Is born of the snow;
The wan white hours silently grow
To a winter's length, then, old and slow,
Go West—Silence itself must go!

THE CHURCHING OF OSSIE BECKER

BY MARY METCALFE

IT was a bitter afternoon in January when we gathered at the Swashin meeting-house for the purpose of churching Ossie Becker. Churching, in that hard-shelled Baptist community, meant casting into outer darkness, with loathing and anathema, one who had fallen from sanctity and refused, after due warning, to reinstate himself in the Grace of God and the approval of his "brethern."

Uncle Jimmy Copes, the aged preacher, had arrived before us and there was a roaring fire in the drum-stove. Yellow gleams flickered upon the dirty reddish wall, lighted up the halo round the head of the Good Shepherd, and threw the backs of his woolly charges into high relief. The gentle Jew, with benignant eyes, seemed to look down from his summery surroundings with an air of surprise at our stern gathering. Smells of coal-oil, decayed hymn-books and dusty overcoats mingled with the stench of burning stove-polish. Without the windows was a scene of mournful grayness, within the meeting-house a feeling of settled gloom.

Neighbors arrived in little groups. By two o'clock all the regular members except the accused one and his wife were there—and none doubted that he would come. Several heads turned in a startled way toward the door as the two entered, but were quickly averted; and the low hum of conversation concerning crops and stock went on around the stove. The old couple stumped down the aisle, the loud thump-thump-thump of Aunt Becky's stick reverberating through the bare, high-ceiled room, the clump-clump of Ossie's coarse boots keeping good time. Before they reached

the group by the stove Uncle Jimmy had mounted the rostrum. He motioned for silence and was instantly obeyed by all save the last comers, who proceeded noisily till they reached the "Amen Corner" and took the honored seat which they had occupied for so many years.

There was no change in Ossie's manner under accusation; a tall, bony old man he was, with bushy eyebrows, a spreading yellowish beard and a high, hawk nose; his deep blue eyes gleamed amid his whiskers and the little patches of cheeks that showed beneath them glowed poppy-red. All there, except his wife, had forgotten what his mouth and chin were like, but well she knew how stubbornly both were set.

Aunt Becky was a little bunch of a woman, with a tight knot of gray hair and round, innocent eyes. For many years she had enjoyed the worst case of "rheumatisy" for miles around. This was her pride and was equalled only by her inordinate satisfaction in her husband's unusual name. "Yes, his name's Ossie, child," she would say with the air of one endeavoring to be modest under extreme distinction, "Ossie Cossie Becker is his full name. It was give to him by a school teacher what was boardin' at his ma's house when he was borned. The teacher was a jolly, jokin' feller an' was so fine an' hearty an' enjoyed his vittles so that Ossie's ma let him name the baby. He made a great to-do about it, she said, an' got out his big box of books writ in furrin tongues an' went through 'em all tryin' to find a name good enough. An' when it was all settled an' writ in th' fam'ly record, th' teacher said he hoped Ossie'd allus live up to his name—an' Ossie allus

has." Then she would get down the heavy Bible that had belonged to Ossie's ma and open it to the Family Record. There, sure enough, was the name, "Ossiris Cassius Becker, born in the year of our Lord, eighteen-fifty-six, November the fourth; Blessed be the Name of the Lord." These words were written in the elegant, flowing characters of the long vanished schoolmaster; but were followed by entries less artistic, "Ossie Becker, married to Rebecca Brooks, June 12th, 1876;" "Ossie Becker, baptised into the service of the Lord, June 20th, 1876." And now his friends and neighbors were gathered together to church him.

The inquisition was soon begun. After the opening prayer, in which Uncle Jimmy earnestly besought the Lord "to soften the heart of our erring brother," the church committee, chosen by vote, solemnly filed into the Amen Corner and sat down at right angles to the Beckers.

"Brother Ossie," began Uncle Jimmy pleadingly, "you know why we're all here. We'll give you one more chance, though you've been notified three times before. Confess your sin to God before us and beg forgiveness and all will be forgotten." Uncle Jimmy's old voice quavered a little and a film gathered over his dim eyes. He had baptised the couple before him forty years earlier on a summer Sunday afternoon, just eight days after he had united them in marriage. He could see them now, wading into the clear pool under the giant oak, hand in hand, their young faces alight; so afire with love for each other that they wanted to make sure they would never be parted even in the next world; so being "saved" together. What a day that had been for them! Remembering this glory, Uncle Jimmy could only con-

tinue thinly, "Ossie, we don't want to withdraw the hand of fellowship from one who has been our brother for so long."

Ossie looked straight before him, stonily silent. Aunt Becky took one of his hard hands in both her own and drew it gently onto her black alpaca lap; then fondled it softly, as if it had been a kitten.

Uncle Jimmy looked sorrowfully at the committee and they stared sadly back at him.

"Well, brothers and sisters," resumed the old man shakily, "we'll have to give Brother Ossie a fair trial and, if he's found guilty, decide by a vote of all whether he's fit to remain one of us or whether he must be cast out of the Fold. Will the chief witness for the Lord please step forward?"

There was a rustle in the third row back as Sister Jessie Curtis stepped modestly forward and stood with downcast eyes before the preacher. Sister Jessie was a consecrated Christian, whose avowed aim in life was "to do one sweet deed for Jesus every day." In prudence of this sacred duty she found it necessary to travel about among the neighbors a great deal, usually carrying a wedge of pie or a glass of jelly as a passport. Her pale, pop-eyes, when she did raise them to Uncle Jimmy's face, were full of solicitude. It was plain that she found her duty painful. Upon being urged to speak, she told her often rehearsed story rapidly, in flat tones, forgetting nothing. It was not new to anyone present, for the scandal had been abroad since last corn-cutting time.

"And you *saw* this, Jessie; you're *sure* you saw it?"

"Yes, Uncle Jimmy; Ossie there he

stood on th' fence an' flopped his arms an' crowed like a rooster."

"And then what happened? Don't tell a thing you didn't see, Jessy."

"I seen it—when he crowed she run out of th' elder thicket wavin' her little frilly apern an' laughin'. She'd just washed her hair an' it was curlin' all round her shoulders as silly as anything; an' she ast him why he was crowin' an' he said for joy; becuz he'd got th' money for her an' now she could hire a loryer an' git her pore sick brother out o' th' pen. Then she grabbed holt o' his han's an' they whirled round and round, dancin' like two young uns. Then she held out her han's an' he counted th' money into 'em—thirty fifty-dollar bills. I seen 'em with my own eyes. She stuck th' money into her stockin'—" Jessy blushed—"then throwed both her arms round his neck an' kissed him, an' he kissed her an' patted her on th' back!"

"And where were you, Jessy?"

"Hidin' behind a fodder shock, not ten feet away. I could see 'em plain as day. But he was so crazy about her an' she was so crazy about th' money, they wouldn't 'a knowed I was there if they'd 'a seen me." Here extreme bitterness tintured the voice of the witness. Ossie still looked steadily into space, but his prominent ears were now redder than his cheeks.

"And was that the only time you saw him kiss her, Jessy?"

"O no; there was th' night o' the 'possum hunt. I'd gone to bed an' been asleep when Elijah raised such a row I had to get up to let him out. I knowed I'd better or he'd tear up th' front-room winder curtains like he'd done before. I opened th' door for him an' the air smelled so good—jus' like rain fallin' on dry leaves. 'Now prowl,' I says to

Elijah; God knows I never did, but it's a cat's way. Little he cares how lonesome th' house is since Ma's gone—he put up his tail an' darted off in th' pitch dark. I started to shut th' door, when I heard a dog barkin' an' knowed it was Ossie's Ponto an' heard somebody talkin' an' laughin' all excited, an' knowed it was *her*. I put on my coat an' shoes an' slipped down th' hill an' soon seed a light in th' holler. They made such a racket they couldn't hear me, so I got real clost. Ponto was jumpin' an' barkin' at sumptin' treed in a 'simmon bush an' Ossie was punchin' at it with a long pole. She was holdin' th' lantern an' kept screechin'. 'Lemme see—lemme see! I never seed a 'possum, lemme see!' But you know how a 'possum is—it kep' turnin' round an' round th' limb an' wouldn't let go. Fin'ly Ossie took th' lantern an' she hopped up on a high stump an' he throwed th' light o' th' lantern into the 'simmon bush, an' I seed a mother 'possum hangin' there sulled; an' she had three babies on her back with their tails wropped round hern; an' they was 'tendin' to be sulled too; but I could see their bright little eyes shinin' down scared at Ponto. She jumped up an' down on th' stump an' clapped her han's an' screeched, 'Ain't they darlin'—ain't they cunnin'—don't hurt 'em!' Ossie laughed an' looked at her like he thought *she* was darlin' an' cunnin' an' says, 'Oopsie'—an' down she jumped right into his arms an' they hugged an' kissed! Then she skittered away, into th' dark, just like she'd got Elijah's eyes, an' Ossie took the lantern an' went home; an' Ponto set down under th' tree pantin' an' with his tongue lollin' out, to guard th' game; though old as Ponto is he'd oughta knowed it was no

use to try to fool a mother 'possum. I tossed an' rolled all night, intendin' to get up early an' go right over an' tell Becky—but hadn't th' heart."

"You didn't *dast*, Jess Curtis! You was afraid, Jess Curtis, t' come waggin' yor long tongue at me!" hissed Aunt Becky, "so you run around, tellin' ever'-body else!"

"And the letters, Jessy?" gently questioned Uncle Jimmy, disregarding this interruption.

"O, I found *them* by accident in a holler stump. I'd been watchin' her all summer runnin' down to th' line fence where Ossie's place j'ined th' city folks' farm where she worked. On days when Ossie worked in that field she was allus there putterin' around. Once I heard her tell him she was twenty-four."

Here the deep, rusty voice of the defendant boomed from his corner. "She brung me drinks o' cold water an' little cakes with pink sugar on 'em. She set on th' fence an' tol' me about fur countries where she'd travelled with a show. She never had no ma nor pa an' a man she liked had beat her shameful an' run off an' left her."

"The letters, Jessy," prompted the preacher, "read some of them aloud."

Ossie quivered as if a hot lancet had pierced his shrinking flesh and clasped his hands tightly around one knee, bracing himself for the blow; then sat rigid as the oak bench under him.

Jessy took a packet of crumpled papers from her reticule and began reading in a clear, high sing-song, entirely unlike her speaking voice.

"Fair, beautiful Dove; your little hands are like the white morning glories blowing in the corn; your feet are like the little squirrels running along the

top of the fence; your hair is like the edge of a bright cloud and—"

"Stop, Jessy!" groaned Uncle Jimmy, raising a feeble hand, "are all the rest that bad?"

"Worse!" gloomily answered the witness.

Aunt Becky shrank into a smaller bunch than ever. She huddled trembling against the hard bench and drew her large, bunioned feet back under the edge of her shabby skirt. Her red, misshapen hands lying in her black alpaca lap swam before the haze in her anguished eyes. Her hands had always been useful members, but never, even in their dimpled youth, could they have been likened unto white morning glories blowing in the corn. And never in all her life, not even in the sweet courting days, when she had not been too easily won, had anyone ever called her "a fair, beautiful dove." Had not Solomon called his Beloved a dove?

"Brother Ossie," said Uncle Jimmy, and his pitying voice sounded afar off to the two Beckers, "is all this that Jessy has told us true?"

Aunt Becky gently touched the petrified Ossie and lumberingly, as one in a horrid nightmare, he rose to his feet and faced the inquisitor.

"Is this true, brother?"

"Yes!"

"You kissed this woman?"

"Yes!"

"You wrote these letters?"

"I writ 'em jus' fer fun; she never read 'em—they wan't good enough for her. I writ 'em fer fun while th' hosses rested in th' field."

"And you gave this woman all you'd saved for your old age—all your poor, sick wife helped to earn?"

"We don't need it!" shrilled Becky, "we got plenty!"

"And this woman lied to you," went on the gentle inexorable voice; "she was a liar and a thief—we found out that she had no sick brother."

"She wan't a thief," growled the guilty one. "I *give* her th' money; druther she'd have it than a pore sick brother, anyways."

"She bought silver slippers," pierced the sharp voice of the witness; "an' a blue hat with a plume; I seen her at Schonberg's dry-goods store; an' she went off in a new Ford with a *man*!"

Aunt Becky felt in her heart at that moment such a venomous hatred for Jessy that, even in the midst of her torture, she was shocked at her own wickedness. She, who had ever been a gentle thing, would never again wonder at the fury of murderers who tortured women or drank the blood of innocent babes.

Ossie's eyes were fixed and glassy. He was in a trance; and through a golden mist was seeing *Her* in a blue hat and silver slippers, driving off in a new Ford with a man. He hoped the man was young and good-looking and that he would not beat her.

"Pray to God, brother," admonished the preacher, "tell Him you're sorry."

"But I *ain't* sorry," peevishly answered the accused. "If God knows ever' blasted thing, what's th' use o' tryin' to fool Him?"

Even the sympathetic shuddered at these blasphemous words.

The committee retired to a distant corner to confer; then filed gloomily back. The verdict was, "Guilty." Ten minutes later the votes were counted. Osiris Cassius Becker was churched.

For the last time he rose from his long-cherished seat in the Amen Corner. With trembling hands he tenderly wrapped Aunt Becky in her old black shawl and awkwardly wiped away her tears with his blue pocket-handkerchief. She grasped her stick and rose clumsily upon her poor crippled feet. They had been light enough once when she had balanced opposite to the young Ossie in the country dances in far away happy courting days before they had both been saved at the protracted meeting; yes, her feet had been light and diligent upon errands of mercy; but never tiny and quick like little squirrels running along the top of a fence. Ossie put his arm round her, and amid a dead silence, looking neither to the right nor the left, they stumped up the aisle. They wept together and their heads were bowed. But everyone there, even poor meager Jessy, with her shrunken maiden breasts, sensed that they might be seeing a very beautiful thing. Jessy felt a strange, dim pang which she knew would never cease to trouble her even if she secured what she had longed for all her life, a square golden oak center table with glass balls on its feet for her front room. As Ossie held the door open for Aunt Becky, she turned her twisted weeping face toward the congregation; and then deliberately wiped the dust of her feet upon the sacred threshold of the church. The door slammed and they were gone. Almost the worst had happened to them. They were disgraced and ruined; they were outcast and forsaken; they were no better than the heretic Catholics in the French settlement, who danced and drank and caroused on Sundays. They were churched. But they were churched *together*.

WILD WEST

BY ELISABETH MAYER

Searching for arrowheads
 In fields long sown;
 Gathering camas
 From sand and stone;
 Prying out mussels
 From the river bed;
 Watching the cowboys
 At the railway shed.
 Lucy, Joe and Edith
 And one-armed Dave—
 One is in Boston;
 One in the grave.
 One exhibits pictures;
 One herds sheep:
 Coyotes still rouse him
 From his early sleep.

OREGON BUCKAROO

BY DOROTHY MARIE DAVIS

<p>Sally an' me went ridin' in moonlight. Yes, by gum! Oh, by gee! I says, "Sally, are you hidin' Love fer me?" With a hi—yo, Oh, by gee!</p> <p>Sally says, "I'll have to tell you Yes, by gum!" Oh, by gee— I says, "Sally, when's the weddin' Date to be?"</p> <p>"When you've caught that palomino, I'll be yours and you will break him In for me." Palomino, king of hosses! Yes, by gum! Oh, by gee, "There's no wilder but I'll rope him." So says me.</p>	<p>Rode my Fox-hoss to the west range. Palomino snorted runnin' Windin' me! Bill and Jimmy, ridin' fer me— Cut the herd. Alone he ran then— Grand to see— With a hi—yo!</p> <p>Thought I'd trapped him at the Rim Rock, Yes, by gum! Oh, by gee— He just paused—then leaped to death and Still was free! With a hi—yo! Oh, by gee!</p> <p>Sal, she married a dude from Crescent, Yes, by gum! Oh, by gee— I'm still wranglin', single and free, Fox and me, With a hi—yo, Oh, by gee!</p>
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A SHIP GOES BY

BY CHATFIELD KNIGHT

THE General Manager was of the sea, and Morley was of the land; behind them the streets of Seattle mounted in block-long flights to where buildings topped the hill brow and stood against the sky. From the dock end where they sat to the shores of the distant islands, Elliot Bay was like a vast and grey-green washboard beneath the August sun. One lone white ferryboat moved across the surface, leaving a trail of bubbles, resembling soap foam, on the corrugations astern.

Sunday harbor-stillness is a very special sort of stillness, and, being a wise man, the General Manager came for his rest to the place he toiled on other days, while Morley came along because he found enchantment on the sun-warmed pier, above the breathing water.

Mid-afternoon passed. They had been sitting silently for a time when a long whistle blast came down the harbor line. His friend started at the sound, then swung a powerful body toward it. Morley followed his gaze.

A wooden freighter, black-hulled and white-housed, with the stubby funnel affected by the earlier Diesel-powered boats, moved slowly into view from behind a warehouse. The General Manager had removed his hat and was using it to shade his eyes, the stern lines of his face standing out, the early grey in his hair contrasting with ruddy skin.

"What ship is that?" inquired Morley.

His friend didn't reply until the vessel had come about and straightened on a course toward Puget Sound. Then he said, "*Swiftwind Merchant*," in an absent-minded tone.

Morley became interested. "That must be the one I've heard called the death ship," he commented, shading his own eyes and watching the diminishing black stern with curiosity.

The other man grunted tolerantly. "Sailormen crave something to feel superstitious about," he said, still studying the vessel. "Satisfies their desire for mystery—or mysticism. The thought that they are the object of some consideration on the part of a supernatural power—even though diabolical—seems to comfort—or flatter them . . . Twelve men have been killed aboard there during the past thirteen years. That is not unusual—many other ships have accounted for more. But—somehow—they don't get the name. Perhaps," and it seemed to Morley that a flash of emotion crossed his friend's controlled countenance; "perhaps it was because of—the woman." His voice became pre-occupied.

"A woman aboard a freighter?" protested Morley.

But the other had lost his dreamy expression and was staring down at Morley. "Do you know what hell afloat is?" he asked abruptly. "I'll tell you. It's not hunger, it's not bad weather, and it's not being abused. These things are unpleasant—but they are certainties and can be fought—even to be able to concentrate your resentment on something tangible is a relief. Hell afloat is a ship on a long voyage without a boss, without discipline; with turmoil and insubordination and uncertainty—with everyone bewildered and the heart gone from all hands. There's nothing to be fought. It hits you where you live, de-

moralizes and makes you a man without an—insides.”

Morley leaned into a comfortable position while the General Manager clasped hands around knees, squinting thoughtfully across the bay. “These days a captain is not much more than a business executive,” he resumed. “Most companies hire captains on their ability to do paper work—turn in pretty reports and save the office force extra labor. When a pinch comes along, and there’s sailorizing to be done, chances are there’ll be another lost ship. As for myself,” and Morley knew he was stating his creed: “damn the reports—bring in the ship! . . . Weyler brought in the *Swiftwind Merchant*—but it was by the grace of God. He violated every seagoing code. If he had been really big enough to have hired real men for mates it would have been all right, they would have seen him through. But as it was—

* * *

“In the winter of ’eighteen,” he continued; “one month after the Armistice, I was assigned aboard the *Swiftwind Merchant* as wireless operator and ship’s clerk. I was only sixteen but had already spent a year on the coast-wise passenger boats. This was my first deep-water voyage. I was excited. There weren’t many American vessels running to the Orient then. To Manila, and back by way of Hong Kong, seemed to me the greatest voyage ever conceived by man and myself the luckiest youngster ever born . . . until I met Weyler.

“My devotion to that ship was a certainty the moment I laid eyes on her shining black hull and tall masts—she carried sail then. Passenger boats! I had only a sneer for their gold braid, petty larceny jealousies between offi-

cers, and the abominable necessity of being polite to passengers. I wanted to laze about the world, wearing nothing but shirt, pants, and slippers, and get a coat of tan.

“At the head of the plank I asked for the Captain and was told he had stepped on the dock to phone. The Mate went ahead of me, opening the door of the room which would serve me as stateroom and also contained the wireless apparatus. Everything we passed was clean—almost too clean, even for a ship. The deck was polished, the house painted a gleaming white, the cargo booms sandpapered and varnished, the seizings on the rigging bright with silver. I noticed a row of blue stars on a life ring—also that the knob of the door to my cubicle was polished and lacquered.

“That wireless room was only eight feet square, but it was—beautiful! The paintwork had the sheen of enamel, the deck was a crimson shellac, the radiator a fresh silver. The wireless had the old style high panel with a lot of brass. It, too, was in fine condition. I itched to get at it, try it out, see what it could do. I pulled open a drawer, threw a handful of clothing into it, put my slippers in the locker, my toothbrush on the wash basin and there I was—all unpacked! The paper suitcase collapsed when I removed the contents so I stepped outside and threw it overboard.

“A bit of dust had collected on the hardwood desk and I went at it with a rag. This done I sat down and congratulated myself. I was fairly trembling with anticipation. Deep-water, blue-water, off-shore; ‘I’m a flying-fish sailor, just back from Hong Kong,’ rang in my head.

“Outside, the booms were being lowered and lashed onto the lumber deck-

The Frontier

load; the sailors were in oilskin coats, hauling on the hog chains. There was a lot of shouting done, the rain came down and the Sound was dim. Directly beneath my feet a large gas engine worked the generator, shaking the deck with slow beats.

"The cook, five feet and two hundred pounds, white apron over rotund tummy, appeared in the doorway. His body had that puffy appearance native to cooks who can't resist their own concoctions; the way a cook should look, of course. Immediately he began confiding in me: The stove wouldn't draw, the stores were poor quality, the sailors didn't keep him supplied with coal. This continued for a few minutes when the narrator happened to glance along the deck; immediately he vanished, muttering something I didn't catch as his apron tail flicked from view.

"A new voice had come upon the atmosphere—a hoarse shouting, every other word luridly profane; the voice of a driver, of a bulldozer, the voice of authority—the voice of the CAPTAIN. Down on the deckload the unfortunate Mate was rushing about, his mouth drawn into an ingratiating grin, shouting 'Yes, sir,' every other breath, and in turn giving the sailors a tongue-lashing.

"Something about Weyler's voice upset my composure, but I got out my letter of assignment and started for the door. Before I got there he appeared and shouldered through, knocking me from his path as though I didn't exist. I was only a spindly kid—then.

"Before I could offer him the letter he snatched it from my hand, glared at it for a moment, then stuffed it into his pocket and began studying me. After a pause he started pacing back and forth

in the narrow confines of the state-room. He seemed dominated by some nervous force that would not let him rest; his terrific vitality took the starch from me in a moment and I waited hopelessly, trying to figure out how I could get my clothes ashore without a suitcase.

"He was not a tall man, but tremendously muscular, with the bowed shoulders and bent elbows of one who had worked hard in his youth; his legs were slightly bowed; he walked noiselessly. As he paced, keeping his head turned towards me, I snapped a few nervous glances at his face; and a tough leathery visage it was, with a forehead an inch high, one long, connected eyebrow and hair growing down to the bridge of his nose; the nose itself carried a port list above a black mustache of vigorous growth; the eyes were slitted and secretive. Altogether a hard and ambitious man, an animal, perhaps, but a fighter—no doubt of that. And his driving force seemed to strike like a blow . . . He had me badly scared.

"Perceiving this he halted abruptly, turning his gaze on the wireless apparatus. He scowled and stepped towards it, rubbed his thumb over the panel and examined it.

"'Get into de saloon and sign on. Den come back here and put dis set in good shape,' he growled.

"He left me, going on deck and roaring at the Mate immediately. Despite the fact that the rain was coming down in sheets he wore neither cap nor coat but stood in slippers, a pair of light khaki trousers and a woolen shirt which was open at the neck.

"He left me a lot less enthusiastic than I had been, but I went into the saloon, found the Shipping Commission-

er getting himself settled, and signed my name to the articles. As soon as I got back to my room I can tell you I started shining that wireless like a good one!

"The vessel sailed while I had supper, so I ate alone. I noticed the saloon had a different arrangement than is usual with freighters, where the officers and engineers sit at one long table with the Captain at the head. The saloon of the *Swiftwind Merchant* had a long table but it also had a small one, set for two and decorated with flowers. I was looking at it curiously when the waiter, a Chileno who possessed little English, nodded and said:

" 'Captain and hees vife.'

"It astounded, shocked me, to think of Weyler having a wife; it was impossible to picture such a female.

"I was left alone for the rest of the evening, except for two calls on the bridge speaking-tube, once when Weyler gave me the eight o'clock position for the newspaper report and once when he called and asked for the weather outside the Cape. Each time he spoke he used the 'roaring-down' tone which is so criticized by the polite—but it *did* get results in my case. I rose right out of my shoes when I heard it.

"I finally got into my bunk, to remain awake most of the night, running my hands over the bulkheads, listening to the staccato pound of the twin power plants and trying to realize myself embarked upon a glorious venture.

"Directly after breakfast the next morning I discovered why the *Swiftwind Merchant* was so spick-and-span.

"Weyler slammed in, his face set in that intense scowl. He looked over the wireless equipment, an unheard-of thing for a Captain to do, then rasped: 'Go

to de rope locker under fo'c's'l head. Bos'n has work for you.'

"So that was it! The idea of me, a wireless operator, being told to do a sailor's work galled me. It was unjust, wrong. I had signed on as wireless man and clerk and that was all I intended doing. My dreams of lazing around the world began to fade. Despite my tender years and fear of Weyler I flew into a fury.

"He had started for the door before I said, half-choked: 'I am wireless man, Captain. That's all I will do aboard here.' My legs were trembling, and between rage and fear I was so weak he could have pushed me down with a finger.

"He stopped long enough to growl: 'Everybody works aboard here. I work, too. De ship must be kept up. You will work only in de mornings. All de rest of de day you can have;' he said this last as though he were conveying a great favor upon me, as he no doubt was, according to his lights. While I was thinking this over he hauled a hand back of him, shaking one immense and hairy finger at me. 'GET TO DE BOS'N!' he bellowed, in a voice that made my eardrums dent. A moment later the door closed, and, of course, I immediately began putting on my old trousers and preparing to go to the bos'n. Weyler had that effect on me—and—I later discovered—on every other soul aboard.

"Despite misgivings I found the rope locker an enchanting place. I had been on the coast boats for a year, living in a white stateroom, eating in the saloon and working in the wireless room. But as yet I had never encountered the things of the sea itself, the gear men use in handling a vessel, in handling the cargo.

The Frontier

And in this very gear, mind you, is all the charm of the past; olden days, the things that make the heart swell.

"It was a low and spacious compartment, beams overhead, piles of huge rope about the deck; the rattle of chain in hawse pipe and the soft steady slapping of water against the bow outside; and smells!—a heady perfume of tar and turpentine, manila rope and marline, beeswax, canvas and oilskin coats, all mingled together with the rush of sea air through the door!

"Beam weather outside the Cape, and, after a couple of days, head winds; but the *Swiftwind Merchant*, though only good for seven knots under the most favorable conditions, had the unusual ability to make the same speed right into a head sea. So we wore down the latitudes slowly, heading for Honolulu, where we were to fuel.

"Every soul aboard worked tremendously. The second and third mates were busy on deck all day. The vessel had only been in service three months and the engineroom crew had their work cut out, putting things into condition. The Chief was the Captain's only intimate. He was a small and wiry German, who lived in the engineroom. The Third Assistant, Warren, a tall and lean fellow from Seattle, was making his first sea trip. He had a family which he occasionally discussed at too great length, but otherwise we hit it off well and became friends.

"Seventeen days of plunging, grey water and wind, and myself in the rope locker, shining fire axes diligently, and we reached Honolulu.

"Owing to bad weather having kept everyone off decks, and Weyler's habit of eating after the rest of us finished, I had not yet seen his wife. No one aboard

had spoken of her and I cherished no curiosity.

"I rushed up town to have a look. I galloped along the streets, sighed beneath a palm tree, picked a banana, bought some salted peanuts and returned aboard. Not even a strange port could keep me away from that ship!

"Coming down the oil tip I met Weyler, escorting a young and very attractive girl, not more than three years older than myself. I stepped aside, Weyler ignored me and they got into a waiting taxi while I goggled. I was so upset I went into my stateroom and didn't eat a peanut all afternoon.

"The first shock suffered by my romantic imagination: the slender freshness of a girl such as I might have liked—and Weyler! I became sick; I sat for a long time while something hardened along my jawbones.

"I had become so interested in my work I had almost forgotten my grudge against Weyler. He had appeared frequently, cursed and shouted, and disappeared. But a glimpse of him with that girl renewed my anger, and, not knowing what caused it, I attributed it to the fact that he was making me do sailor's work. My treatment began to assume vast proportions.

* * *

"From Honolulu on we were to have fine weather, warm days with a touch of the Trades. We hoisted our sails; they gave the decks a shade and provided that touch of buoyancy, of magic, which the power-propelled craft so sadly lacks. The engines throbbed, the sails rattled the blocks, the decks were warm, we drifted slowly westward. Having come from cool weather all hands were overcome with drowsiness. That is, all hands but Weyler.

"He fought the heat as he fought everything that interfered with his fanatical religion of keeping that ship spotless. Every morning he was out, laboring, painting, scraping—and seeing that the rest of us did the same. His will was the dynamic force which drove others to the consummation of his ideal. Despite the fact that the sails did very little besides steady the *Swiftwind Merchant* he was at them all the time, squinting aloft, calling all hands to take a pull at a boom tackle, another drag at the halyards; he even sent men up to kick the mast hoops loose, thinking they were pulling a wrinkle in the luff, perhaps. That ship was a veritable hive of industry—and a welter of perspiration!

"In addition to my morning work on deck Weyler had given me charge of the slop chest. Twice a week, in the evenings, I opened it and sold tobacco, candy, clothing, etc., to the men, chalking it up against their earned wages. The American Library Association had put a hundred-odd volumes aboard and these were in the slop chest, so I peddled them out when requested. Mrs. Weyler usually came around to dream among the books, and I became acquainted with her.

"How air-castles could exist in such an atmosphere was beyond me, but the moment I looked into her eyes I knew they did. She was serene, untouched, a charmed and inviolate princess; living proof that some women can retain the virginal essences of their spirit under all the conditions this brutal world can offer.

"Was she beautiful? I don't know. All I can remember is the purity of a steady gaze from blue eyes—the chaste set of her lips—the line of her neck

from shoulder to brown hair when she would lean her head forward to giggle at some allegedly witty remark I had made to a purchasing sailor. Because she did giggle. She was the kind of a girl who can giggle—but only at times, mind you. Some girls giggle continuously, which is silly, but she giggled only at great intervals—when giggling was the right thing to do; just a trill of notes and then she would be silent and aloof again. I spent most of my spare time—and busy time, too, for that matter—trying to think of things which would make her giggle. She must have been touching me, somehow—because my hatred of Weyler increased steadily.

"How did she ever come to marry Weyler? I heard rumors of her having been born in the country, Weyler having bought her father's farm, something about overdue mortgages—you know, all the usual nonsense. I never learned the truth. I only know she *was* married to him.

"I was put steering a half watch—I became intimate with the crew. Weyler's mistake—he made us all sailors—against us was only himself.

"As long as he remained the seaman, as long as the crew had felt that his driving had been purely for the benefit of the vessel, that there was nothing personal about it, things had gone smoothly enough. But there was the water.

"The *Swiftwind Merchant* had been primarily constructed for the Alaskan cannery trade, equipped to carry large crews of fishermen and laborers into Bristol Bay. Naturally the vessel had tremendous fresh water capacity, enough to have supplied our crew for six months. Weyler got the idea into his head to see how long he could make it last. He

could easily have taken the tank capacity, divided it by a man's daily requirement, and figured the whole thing out on paper. But no! He was going to experiment in the matter, so he put us on an allowance, a 'whack' as the sailorman calls it. We celebrated this 'Queen's Birthday' the second day out of Honolulu by having the scuttle butts locked. Every morning thereafter Weyler stood by while the bos'n doled out one decanter, a quart of water to each of us, officers included. This was all we got for purposes other than drinking. Of course drinking water was available all the time, but Weyler kept a lookout to see no one took it for other purposes.

"There was a furious outburst in the fo'c's'l about this unnecessary and ridiculous procedure. One man, a huge Norwegian, was sent up to see Weyler, to protest. He came back with his head laid open, staggering into the midst of his mates and falling down, unconscious. A moment later Weyler was there, packing an automatic. 'I'm Master here. You'll do what I tell you—you God—', and so on. No one cared for a lead pill. He went out, leaving silence behind.

* * *

"All the time Mrs. Weyler went her way, building air-castles. Weyler had the carpenter construct some trellises on the boatdeck and she planted morning glories in boxes. Morning glories on a ship, mind you, climbing towards the rigging and opening their 'bright and early' countenances on the throbbing vessel, and the blue span of sea. Also she had other flowers in boxes, and the boatdeck began to resemble a blooming farm! She rarely left its confines; it was her sanctum, and day-long she could be seen, moving about, putting shades over the flowers to keep off the tropic

sun, sprinkling them with water—with that water the crew couldn't have for its bare necessities. She had her own awning and hammock, and would lie there, sleeping and reading, while her peculiar husband on the deck below swore in ferocious bellows and drove the men about their duties. He had become disgusted with the Mate and taken the job upon himself; no one aboard could keep up with him.

"Mrs. Weyler ignored the crew; the Chief was her only frequent visitor and she talked with him at times. And after we had become better acquainted through the medium of books she noticed me, perhaps a furtive wave of her hand that would give my heart-action a pleasant fillip. She came into the slop chest every time it was opened, ostensibly to look at the books. But she could have done that any time. Weyler had a key to the place. I think she wanted to be around when the men were in, to hear a little light-hearted joshing. The men seemed to realize this, and played up to it; I fancy some of them spent as much time as myself in thinking up witty sallies, so that at times the place would be in an uproar, with Mrs. Weyler sitting in a corner, presumably reading a book but actually shaking with mirth, with the mirth the world owed her—at her age. Her presence flushed my cheeks and made me almost giddy.

"I don't think Weyler's impression of my insignificance changed much as the days wore by. Halfway across the Pacific he came to my room, did his usual peering about for dust spots, then ordered me to spend one hour every afternoon teaching his wife wireless! The first word not connected with the ship came from his lips that day. 'She hasn't

much to interest her,' he said, and swung onto the deck.

"It is hard for me to realize how I appeared to other people at the time. I was broomsticky in build, had long and outstanding hair and pimples! I often look at youngsters today, callow, egotistical and silly, and wonder—but I couldn't have been that bad! At any rate I went onto the boatdeck every afternoon from then on and sat in a chair, discoursing at length and with the greatest seriousness while Mrs. Weyler's steady blue eyes regarded me over the edge of a hammock. I brought the standard textbook, which was part of the ship's equipment, marked off lessons, propounded questions. She must have been starved for occupation, because she went at it so furiously I had my hands full.

"Weyler didn't seem to pay much attention to her. At intervals desire would seize him, he would turn to her, see her clearly for a time, then go back to his driving, his ship. One evening, when taking a wireless message to him, I came upon them, and watched.

"The deck where I stood was pitch dark. A window without a shade, Mrs. Weyler sitting inside, reading. The Captain entered from another room; his face was pale, his eyes wide open and staring; he made a lunge at her, lifted her onto her feet, buried his face in her hair; then threw her upon the settee. She lay, that inviolate princess, watching him, wide-eyed, not startled, not frightened—only puzzled and sad. In that moment I went insane—rushed away to my room and gave myself up to my insanity. Then I wiped my eyes and took the message to Weyler, who by this time had forgotten his wife and was on the bridge, sizing up the sails.

"And always we moved westward across that placid and wind-cooled sea; deep-water; rustle of canvas and thrum of engine; splash of flying fish and swift rush of black dorsal.

* * *

"The crew had become troublesome, but Weyler dominated the scene with pure force and brute courage.

"He became more particular in his inspections; a rust spot threw him into a fury, dirty paintwork caused him to bellow for the Mate—and BY GOD he drove those men to his bidding!

"But he couldn't stop us from hating him. 'Wait till we get in Manila,' was the growl that went round. Manila became a place of the consummation of all desire. When we would get to Manila! It lay ahead of us through the long and toilsome days, through the nights which became ever more unpleasant and stifling as we got west of the Mariana Islands. But deep in my heart I doubted all this—Weyler was too strong to break.

"Luzon appeared on the port bow one day, low and dark green. It remained there, falling away to invisibility, creeping closer and towering, always moving towards our stern.

"One morning, in the cool lull before sun-up, we breasted across a smooth bay, up near a low shore, and dropped our anchor at Quarantine off Cavite.

* * *

"The rush of the chain down the pipe marked off just thirty-one days since we had departed from Honolulu. The ship was spotless: on the bridge stood Weyler, clad in spotted khaki trousers and white shirt, his face the color of sole leather, his ugly mouth drawn down as he shouted directions at the Mate, his huge and hirsute hands busily polishing

the bridge rail while we waited for the port doctor; Weyler the driver, the master of us all.

"In the shadows, down on the main deck, I stood with the Third Engineer—my friend Warren—and looked upon the polished waters of the bay, upon the dark line of the shore, the distant uplands, and we bathed ourselves in the cool and scented air, which began to change as the sun appeared and smote us with a blast of heat. Stillness reigned aboard, and sounds, unheard for many days, struck upon our ears with the freshness of something new-discovered. Warren's dark and lean face, streaked with oil and sweat from the engineroom he had just left, was suspended motionless above the water, tranquil with the satisfaction of culmination; that moment of rest wherein we perceive the world is good, and then—onward.

"At eight o'clock we were fast to Manila anchorage, a half-dozen lighters and a hundred shouting Filipinos had come alongside; the ship was in an uproar, the mates rushed about, and the lumber began going onto the lighters.

"In the middle of the afternoon Weyler went ashore and returned shortly with a briefcase containing the money for the crew. I gave it to them right after supper. Every man drew the limit, half of what was due him. There was an attitude of sullen determination about them. Weyler's treatment had filled them with bitterness. 'I'm going see officials tomorrow about Weyler,' threatened Norwegian Lars as he pocketed his allowance. But he was more garrulous than the others. I understood some sort of beach reception had been arranged for the Captain.

"But he didn't go ashore that night. He remained aboard, directing opera-

tions. Mrs. Weyler spent her time with her flowers, which withered in the oppressive heat. Of course she was eager to get ashore, but she was dutiful and gave her attention to the wireless lesson. Weyler paid her no attention.

"The air moved about in the evening, cooling things a bit. The stevedores left us to quietness, the water was as smooth as though ironed, the sun sank some place in the China sea amidst an empyreal conflagration truly staggering, staining the bay an intense rose upon which the nearby vessels stood motionless against the dark strip of shore.

"The darkness came and the stars shone, as they always shine on fine tropical evenings. There were several square-riggers on the anchorage, a Chinese barque, a Shipping Board training vessel, and some others I've forgotten. Strains from a fo'c's'l piano—an accordion—songs and shouts and laughter—plash of oars. I sat at the very forward end of the *Swiftwind Merchant*, a leg hanging on either side of the stem, and listened. Sounds rendered sweet by distance, yellow anchor lights depending from shadowy spars. Enough to make a devil dream—but not an ambitious captain!

"From the fore hatch came a tremendous sound of hammering on iron, and, after a bit, cursing. In the glare of a light labored that strenuous man and his indefatigable bos'n, touching up a cargo block which had been squeaking during the day. This reminded me that I had better get into my room and do a little overhauling on my wireless, before Weyler noticed what the tropic air was doing to the brasswork. I passed aft on the dark side of the deck; something moved along the bridge, a spot of white, Mrs. Weyler's face, set towards

the distant city—dreaming of castles, perhaps!

"I polished for a time, but perspiration came too easily for pleasure. The Second Mate was doing the night shift aboard and he came and sat on my door-sill.

"There had been visitors from the Chinese barque, talk of sailing ships. He was preoccupied with his own youth. We talked and mused. He finally got up to go.

"‘The operator of that Matson steamer at the pier passed out last night,’ he said as an afterthought.

"‘What from?’

"‘Smallpox—black smallpox.’ He yawned, and vanished.

"Which gave me something beside romance to think myself to sleep on!

* * *

"Of course the sailors didn’t show up the next day—or many the day after. Then they began to arrive, drunk and broke. There was considerable uproar and cursing of Weyler. He stepped down, tapped them persuasively with his massive fist and kicked them into the sleeping quarters. Also, for each day’s work they missed, he methodically logged them two days’ pay.

"I was so interested in the harbor, and so tired in the evenings, that I kept putting off my journey into Manila.

"Warren went ashore the third day, and remained. When he didn’t return on the second ensuing day I accosted the Chief, the taciturn Chief who knew nothing but engines. ‘In the hospital. Smallpox—black smallpox. He must have been down in the native quarters.’

"I knew Warren had wanted some good pictures to send home. My friend, the tall stooping Warren, with a box camera in one hand, prying down be-

tween lanes of bamboo shacks, getting an unusual picture for his wife.

"The work continued. The crew were broke, waiting for their next advance. Weyler made a daily trip ashore, leaving his wife aboard. He would only remain an hour or so, tending to ship’s business. The Chief also went, and from him I learned that Warren wasn’t doing well.

"On the fifth day ensuing, they went ashore together—only Weyler returned. I wanted to know about Warren, how he was getting on. I went onto the bridge where Weyler was overhauling the steering gear. He growled angrily at my question and kept working, his twisted nose dropping sweat, his black mustache pasted over his mouth.

"‘He’s all right, don’t boder me,’ was what I received for an answer.

"At six o’clock Warren came back, what was left of him, in an eighteen-inch silver urn . . . They work the crematoriums fast on those smallpox cases. A six-foot-four man in an eighteen-inch urn—polished and neatly engraved. An excellent gift for his wife.

"That night I went ashore, and for the first time in my life I got drunk, beastly drunk, lousy drunk, swallowing everything I could find in the way of drinks, from light to dark and bitter to sweet, in all the bars I could find, until I finally pitched into a handy gutter and lost my senses.

"Warren had been my friend, my good friend, and I had to do something.

* * *

"The first thing I knew the next morning, before I even pulled myself out of that stinking gutter, was the fact that I had changed, lost some of my ‘edge.’ I had never been conscious of my heart before; now I could feel some-

thing soggy and heavy within my left side. Quickly I found a bar and a drink to muddle my brains.

"My reacting fury turned on Weyler. He had lied to me, he had known Warren was dead when he growled me away. As I reeled outside and down the street I began to think—my brains were topsyturvy—that Weyler, in some devious way, had been responsible for Warren's death.

"I tell you that, for me, he represented all evil!

"I purchased a knife, one of those straight, slender affairs you keep up your sleeve. Then I got myself a half-dozen quarts of rum in a basket, located a bum-boat on the Pasig and had myself paddled to the ship. The exotic surroundings hardly registered on my mind. The ungodly smells of the native markets, the turmoil of life on the Pasig River, nothing attracted my attention. My mind had room for nothing save the fact that I must get that knife into Weyler.

"The moment I stepped aboard the *Swiftwind Merchant* I knew something was amiss. At the gangplank head a sailor was sprawled drunk upon the deck. Weyler's door was closed, the hammock taken away. The freight had all been discharged the night before and we were supposed to wait a few days until our homeward cargo, Filipino mahogany, came up from the south.

"The First Engineer was in his stateroom and he supplied the details. 'We aren't to load for a few days. Weyler and the Chief went up to Baguio, in Luzon, for a three-day trip;' as an afterthought he added, 'Mrs. Weyler went along.'

"The Mate had been left in charge and promptly celebrated by losing control

of himself and getting drunk with the sailors; he spent his time in the fo'c's'l talking against Weyler. I soon discovered that my knife was not the only one aboard, that several other sleeves were occupied!

"That afternoon the doctor came aboard, vaccinating us all.

"At midnight the First Engineer was taken with a case of ptomaine poisoning and six drunken sailors rowed him ashore; they weren't fast enough, however.

"The next morning we had news of an oiler who had laid hands on the wrong woman uptown and received a stab, which cancelled his future.

"On board we pooled our resources, hired a bum-boat and kept supplied with liquor. But I soon tired of this stupidity. I began to be glad that Weyler hadn't been present when I first returned.

"Despite the Mate's dereliction things moved much as usual. No work would have been done aboard most vessels in a similar situation. The gear would have been sold wholesale. When the liquor supply ceased the Mate sobered and began working the sailors again. Weyler's personality dominated the scene and at times it almost seemed that his voice rang along the decks, driving, driving.

* * *

"One morning the Chief returned, alone, gave the Mate a message, and went back ashore. The same afternoon a few lighters of mahogany came alongside and we began loading.

"I heard the news from the Agent's runner: Mrs. Weyler, that inviolate princess, had the black smallpox. I began drinking again.

"The third day we had our cargo all aboard. Weyler hadn't returned. The

crew had run out of funds and were sober.

"Mrs. Weyler's illness threw them into an odd state. Most sailormen recognize goodness—feminine, I mean, but they never talk about it; so we waited silently.

"The third day after we had been ready to sail, the Chief and Weyler came aboard, the anchor was got up and we headed out upon the China Sea for Hong Kong. By dinner time Luzon was lost and we were alone, crawling at our inchworm pace across the glistening water. At dusk Weyler's voice, roaring as usual, ordered me to the bridge.

"I found him pacing in the wing. He seemed consumed with nervousness. When he spoke he didn't look towards me. 'I want you to get on de job and receive my telegram from Manila. I am to get one every night until we get to Hong Kong.'

"I sat down at the wireless apparatus, full of indecision. My feeling of resentment was still powerful. Suppose I couldn't receive the message. There were many excuses I could use, and none the wiser.

"The Chief came into my room at ten o'clock and sat down. 'Hear anything, Sparks?' he inquired diffidently. I knew he came from Weyler. Weyler had struck an obstacle at last—no soul aboard the vessel but myself knew a thing about wireless. It was generally regarded as a useless contraption. 'No,' I answered, 'can't get hold of anybody yet.' Which was rather a lie, as I hadn't tried.

"The Chief nodded, stepped to the speaking tube and called Weyler. 'Nothing doing yet, Cap,' he said. I heard the answering growl vaguely. The Chief began talking, absent-mindedly.

'A hard choice for the skipper.' I muttered angrily and continued twisting the receiver dials—which didn't do much good as I still had the aerial grounded and couldn't hear a thing. 'The Seattle owners got word about the delay and wired for him to either sail or get off the ship right away. That was yesterday morning . . . And he couldn't do any good at the hospital,' he added defensively, as though trying to convince himself.

" 'How was she?' I finally asked. When I had spoken a picture of her came into my mind, her submissive air, the purity of a steady gaze from blue eyes, the chaste set of her lips—and her giggle. Then something had me by the throat and I wished the Chief would clear out and leave me alone—alone with my misery. But he began to talk, droning, stopping at intervals to gaze thoughtfully at his toes.

" 'Bad, Sparks. Bad—bad — bad. Only a chance to live—and if she does—she'll be—blind . . . He saw her just before we left. He went in—highly fumigated, you may be sure—while I waited. The door was open a bit—I got a glimpse—her hand hung on his coat sleeve until he had to pull himself away—she had a hand like a child you know. . . . That's all I could see, the hand on his coat sleeve, being pulled away.'

"I was in such a state between fury and sadness that filled my eyes I couldn't stand any more. I jumped to my feet and rushed about the room, colliding with bulkheads, stumbling over the Chief's feet. 'And he left her alone in that forsaken hole! Damn him—God damn him!—let him ask me for messages to ease his mind!'

"The Chief had got of my way and was watching as I sat down, getting my

face into my hands, out of sight. 'You don't understand, Sparks,' he said in a low tone. 'Weyler is a Captain—his ship—this ship, is his duty, his heart.' As he turned away he added, 'I wonder—' and I knew he was thinking about Weyler's heart. Weyler's heart!—what a travesty! I waved my hand at the Chief and he disappeared then.

* * *

"I sat at my apparatus through the night, twisting the dials, the ear phones silent on my head. My hands were shaking. At intervals I started the transmitter, worked the key; but of course it didn't go on the atmosphere. At intervals, also, the Chief appeared to glance at me suspiciously, then pleadingly, 'You sure you can't get through?' he would inquire, and I would answer, 'Can't do a thing, Chief; too much static.' Once he said: 'You don't know what you're doing, Sparks. I'm afraid the skipper will go crazy if he doesn't hear.' Joy mounted in me like a wave of flame.

"At daybreak I went to bed. At supper time I got up, swallowed a cup of tea and returned to my apparatus. I still kept the aerial grounded and sat with the ear phones dead silent.

"The Chief came in at eight o'clock with the usual question; I could see he was badly upset.

"He went away and didn't return until ten o'clock. Then he came with a rush. 'If you can't get through, Sparks, we've got to fake a message,' he whispered violently into my ear, 'Something has to be done;' and to my surprise I saw that the Chief, that taciturn man who knew nothing but engines, was on the verge of tears! This phenomenon surprised me so much that I removed the phones and turned to ex-

amine him more closely. Before I could speak there was a thumping along the deck outside, the heavy blundering of a body striking bulkheads, the stumble of feet. Then Weyler was inside, or what was left of him. My jaw sagged as I faced him.

"It wasn't the fact that he had suddenly become attenuated, gaunt, that his cheeks were hollow and the skin wax-colored beneath the tan, or that his eyes, wide open and without cunning, were so bloodshot as to resemble two enormous garnets, but the atmosphere he brought with him, his terrific personality, filled the room like a charge, with sadness, with sorrow, with a spiritual travail that fell upon me and crushed me, extinguished me, obliterating all but itself from my mind. Alongside it my puny emotion was as nothing.

"What is that saying, a 'man unmanned'? Well, it certainly is a terribly upsetting sight, and sensation; direct evidence of the instability of human affairs, a strong man spiritually disintegrating.

"He was shaking my arm, his garnet optics damp, his voice the merest echo of the bellow of the past, gasping: 'You must get me word—you must tell me—I must know,' while I repeated, over and over again, in a half-daze: 'Yes—yes—yes—I will do my best—my best, Captain, do you understand?—yes—yes—yes.' I was doing nothing about it, however, and the Chief pulled Weyler away from me. Reaching up I threw the aerial switch, took it off the ground. But Nature had taken things from my hands.

"An enormous blue static spark jumped three inches to my knuckles and gave me a jar against the nerve center at the base of my skull as though a

hammer had struck; the safety gap began to crackle, a roaring filled the phones and I had to remove them to protect my eardrums. The weather had become unsettled, humid, and the atmosphere was filled with static; I couldn't have worked the wireless set a mile, or ten feet, for that matter. Without looking behind at either of the men I made a brief explanation, ending up: 'Doesn't usually last long—clear up before daybreak—if I can't get through then I'll have some other ship relay.'

"I heard Weyler say: 'De weather—Chief—you hear dat?—it is not a man—it is someting else after me—someting, someting, someting.' The Chief assented in a soothing voice, and then Weyler's bellow, the old bellow, suddenly filled the room deafingly, in the last fury I was ever to see him express. He got on his feet, threw back his ugly, sweating head and roared a condemnation of all the gods that oppressed him, of all the saints and martyrs and Fates that had ever existed; a last gust of defiance, a last flame from his seething heart.

"I was muttering, 'I'll do my best, Captain,' when the Chief led him away.

"I fought that damned antiquated old wireless steadily; the static roared unendingly, half the time I couldn't keep the phones on my head; they became damp with perspiration, and when I operated the transmitter little blue sparks flicked my ears. Once I got into the circuit with a white spark onto my finger from the key and another onto my ear from the phone and was knocked, half-conscious, flat on the deck. I got up deathly sick, finding it necessary to empty my stomach at once. One time, in a lull, I heard the Cavite station, the one I was after, and called him madly;

but when I listened for a response the static once again blotted everything with its frying noises. The air was so moist I stripped down to drawers while the sweat sheeted my body.

"At two A. M. Weyler came in, looked at me in a sort of dead manner, then got down, put his head on my bunk, and prayed for ten minutes, the most soul-extinguishing ten minutes I ever experienced in all my miserable days. He whispered, 'My wife—my ship—my wife—my ship,' over and over in a dazed manner.

"The Chief appeared at four A. M. 'What's doing?' he inquired. I shook my head. 'We'll have to fake a message or he won't get through the night,' the Chief continued, shaking his weary head in unison with mine. 'I had to give him some spirits of ammonia half an hour ago.'

"'You mean he's that bad?'

"I got a message blank and wrote, 'MRS WEYLER DOING WELL,' signing it, for want of something better, 'MANILA HOSPITAL,' and handed it to the Chief. Then I made him wait while I endeavored, once more, to operate the wireless. But a squall was passing over with a rush of rain and the lightning was so close as to make it useless. I finally nodded and he disappeared with the message.

* * *

"The days and nights merged into a blur. I ate occasional light meals, brought by the solicitous and round-eyed cook. I threw myself onto the bunk at odd minutes and fell into a maelstrom of hallucinations that made me leap back into wakefulness with a shudder of relief. One time I got in touch with a British vessel, for a minute, then he faded and was lost. When the morn-

ing's approach would warn the Chief and myself that hope was temporarily in abeyance we would fake another message and give it to Weyler. The Chief informed me the Captain was going to leave the vessel in Hong Kong and take the first boat back to his wife.

"My first sight of China made no impression. After running through fishing boats all one night we found Hong Kong island ahead in the morning. I got a message to the agent before we arrived at the pilot station, as the static had ceased, leaving the atmosphere clear.

"I got myself dizzily onto deck for medical inspection and tottered back to my bunk.

"When I finally awakened and went onto the deck I discovered the *Swiftwind Merchant* had anchored in the roadstead amidst a multitude of vessels. On one hand the green reach of the mountain running down into the layer of the Anglo-Chinese city, on the other the drab front of Kowloon, the Chinese city; and in between, the roadstead, crawling with life, sampans and junks and other queer craft, all going some place in a great hurry. The wind was off Kowloon and a smell came aboard that didn't improve the atmosphere. The crew were around the decks, being shaved and clipped, having their toes un-corned, their eyeball sockets ransacked and greased, or prancing about in silk kimonos while a mob of gesticulating and shouting Chinese vendors ran in every direction like voluble lice. At least fifty young girls screamed solicitations when I appeared. Immediately and forever I lost my childish belief that the Orientals were a silent race . . . As I stood and watched a boatload of Sikh ship-tenders, from the Agent, came alongside; they carried canes and clubs.

In a few minutes the decks were cleared, from all save the ones protected by members of the crew. Of course the pedlars should have been kept off by the ship's watchmen, but Weyler had gone ashore with the pilot and the Mate was drunk, down on the main hatch, dancing a hornpipe in a red silk kimono, assisted by two pajama-clad and innocent-faced Chinese girls.

"I had started to look for the Chief when a runner arrived with a note signed by the Agent, requesting my presence ashore right away. A launch was waiting, so I got my cap and went into Hong Kong. The Chief met me at the float.

"We walked uptown together, elbowing our way through a mass of human flesh which possessed legs and arms—and voices! That was all it meant to me. The Chief was silent, the man was tired from his vigil with Weyler. I finally managed to get up the courage to ask, nonchalantly, 'Where's the skipper?' He responded listlessly, 'Hospital.' 'Then he got word?' 'Yes, he got word.'

"A block passed before I could say, 'What—what was the word?' 'She died—two hours after we sailed . . . The Agent had a cable—Weyler read it, walked out the door, down the street a block, carrying his hat in his hand, and collapsed like a sack.' He added in a surprised tone, 'Right in front of the Hong Kong Hotel.'

"I wanted to hear nothing more but the Chief continued. 'He's still unconscious.' Then he nudged my elbow and we went into the Agent's office.

"I came out with information concerning the cargo, enough money to advance to the crew, and something on my

shoulders, something which couldn't be seen but could be decidedly felt.

"It seemed that in coming ashore in the launch Weyler had had a last illuminating flash about his ship. Sensing his disintegration he discovered there was no one aboard he could trust. Abruptly he saw his mistake. It was too late. He had mentioned my name—somehow he had felt and admired my obstinancy and hatred of him! The Chief had communicated this information to the Agent, and, in lieu of the Mate not being aboard, I had full powers.

"Perhaps I took my responsibility too seriously. As you remember, I was only sixteen years old. But I can tell you I was aging rapidly. The other day I was glancing at a photograph I had taken in Hong Kong that trip—some itinerant photographer. My face was as wizened and drawn—well, I never have become any older, spiritually.

"I spent the days trying to get a semblance of order around that ship; overseeing the loading and stowing myself. For two days I was the only white man aboard, doing my best to keep the gear from being stolen, imagining myself to be personally responsible to Weyler for the whole thing—if you can conceive of such reasoning. You see I was fairly certain that I could have received a message from Manila that first night—and I hadn't. Quite a load to carry, that thought, quite a load!

"The crew returned: brawls and fights. The Mate lived aboard with a Chinese girl, an infant almost, who, in his arms, for a noble recompense paid her parents, gained her first experience in the gentle ways of love. A sailor fought him and won, taking the girl to the fo'c's'l to be shared among a dozen.

And through it all I walked, a knife up my sleeve, and in my heart the determination to keep things going; to be true to some sort of crazy idea I had about my responsibility. Thus, after a fashion, I became a man. But is that a healthy thing to be at sixteen?

"The bos'n was my ally. One day the cargo was aboard; we took fuel. Another day we sailed, Weyler on the bridge. He had refused to sail until the mailboat arrived from Manila. I asked the Chief about the delay; we were sitting in his room.

"Did you see what Weyler brought aboard?" he countered my question, his small yet bony countenance set in a dour mask as he wiped grease from his arms onto a rag. 'No.' 'Well, it contained the ashes.' 'An urn?' I managed to inquire, meanwhile pressing in upon my cramping stomach. 'Yes, an urn. A beautiful silver urn. They did her better than Warren.' 'Well, she wasn't six-foot-four,' I said senselessly while the Chief exclaimed, 'What?' But I was outside, getting into my room where I could lie down.

"I was telling about 'Hell afloat' when I started this yarn. Well that's what we had all the way back. The Chief kept the engines going; the sailors steered eastward; the Second Mate sobered occasionally and found our position. The cook kept us supplied with rations, of a sort. Every day I polished my wireless, cleaned my quarters, collected weather reports and turned them into a bridge where no man stood watch . . . Don't ask me why I did this—doing so satisfied some inner necessity.

"I saw Weyler only twice during the forty days of our return voyage to Seattle. Once, after we had got to the

The Frontier

northward, into the westerlies, a bit of spray in the air, he was standing on the boat deck, looking at the morning-glory trellises being stripped of the withered stems. As the vessel rolled I saw him alternately against the rainy sky, and the black, foam-lined water. There was nothing angry in his bearing, nothing sad, nothing religious, prayerful, or, in fact, anything emotional. He just stood and looked; but I noticed that his clothes hung loosely on his bones and his hair was unshorn. The other time I was passing his window and glanced in. He had a coat that had belonged to Mrs. Weyler across his knees and was brushing it carefully.

"And day by day the untended decks grew more salt encrusted, the rigging rope fell from the pins and ravelled on the decks, or trailed overside, the paint-work darkened, the brasswork verdured and streaks of rust were everywhere. Then one day the green and gracious bosom of Washington rose from the leaden waters and put an end to the whole affair.

* * *

A long silence reigned on the pier end; consciousness of the city, of the distant islands, of his satisfying and stable world, flowed in upon Morley's mind; he moved and eased his position, glancing at his friend who sat with face down, gazing between his hands into the shifting, lucent water; his friend, the General Manager, a young man with grey hair and a stern, quiet face—and sensitive eyes.

"So that's Weyler's story," he commented quietly.

The other man moved, got onto his

feet, slapped the cramped muscles in his legs. "Yes," he said. "Or perhaps it is mine—these things are so tangled up, so interwoven, like network, that it is impossible to disengage a single thread and say: 'This is so-and-so.' There's a lot more to it than that, you know. But still, that isn't the end quite. Yesterday Weyler came in and asked me for a job, as captain."

After a silence wherein the General Manager stood with his chin in his hand, Morley said tentatively, "Well—?"

"Of course he didn't know me. But I knew him—despite the fact that he is now a slender man, with a quiet manner . . . I inquired if he was married and he said he was." In the pause which followed Morley watched the face of his friend become hard, determined; his eyes become cold and keen; and in that change Morley saw all the years that had passed, all the ships, all the pain; all the growth, which had changed the fearful boy who had shipped aboard the *Swiftwind Merchant* into this man who said so curtly: "Of course I couldn't give him a job—I had seen him break faith with his ship."

Morley felt a bleakness fall upon him as he prepared to follow the other up the pier side. These men of determination and action depressed him sometimes; he called angrily ahead: "So it was his ship Weyler broke faith with, huh?"

The man ahead faltered a moment in his stride, then his shoulders began to swing rhythmically again. When his voice came back it had softened.

"No, Morley—it was both."

REQUIEM

BY G. FRANK GOODPASTURE

The shore was afar and the waves were cold,
 The face of the swimmer was blanched and grim;
 A seal drew near, grown curious and bold
 At the plight of the man, and stared at him.

"Oh, seal," thought the man, "I no longer keep
 My head above water; the drag of the tide
 With its sandy swirls is drawing me deep,
 For hours ago I was lost over-side!

"Come near and yet nearer, that I may cling
 To your spotted neck for a gasp of breath—
 You would scarcely bend to the weight I bring
 And I have grown weary, striving with death—"

With the unvoiced thought he raised an arm
 Weak as the strength of a child half asleep.
 The seal drew backward a stroke in alarm—
 And gazed at a bubble that rose from the deep!

GYPSY

BY BETTIE SALE

Turbulent one, be still—
 Rest!
 My arms enfold you lightly,
 And my breast
 Warms to your shining head.

I, too, have cursed
 This world . . .
 Raving, have beat my wings.
 Now they are meekly furled—
 Rebellion fled.

Wild Romany lad,
 Sleep
 Close to my heart—
 Or lie and weep—
 Poor child—poor captured bird!

Know that one woman brings you
 Peace
 And a soft cool caress,
 And lulls you into quietness and ease
 With a calm word.

THE GRAY DOG

BY MARY J. ELMENDORF

Whitely the tundra stretched,
Unbroken by bush or tree,
On to the sky's white brink
Like a limitless silver sea

Clutched in a solitude cruel
As talons of pain,
A solitude wide as the clouds,
Cold as the frozen plain.

"God knows it was lonely enough,"
Jo sighed, "before Greg went,
But the loneliness now is something
Different.

"I never dreamed such deadly
Aloneness could be.
There's nothing left in the world
But snow—and me."

* * * * *

It was only two years, she knew,
Since that first bright day
In the north with Greg, but it seemed
A decade away.

Two years of hope in this refuge
Of moss-chinked logs;
Two brisk, brave years of trapping
And driving the big, rough dogs.

Then—alone in the snow Jo dug,
Steel-winds at her back,
Making a bed for Greg
Secure from the pack.

Afterward—crawling days
In the cabin alone with grief
That broke on her clay-cold heart
Like waves on a reef.

Then earthward the north, uprising,
Hurtled its gage,
Loosing its savage legions
Maned and hoofed with rage,

Trampling out stars and sun,
Hummock and peak,
As the sky crashed down and the wind
Foamed up to a shriek.

One terrible night, big
With foreboding to Jo
As she crouched by the fire in the
lamp's
Pale-hearted glow,

Quick fear and the longing to touch,
To speak to a living thing
Impelled her to open the door
And call in King—

The big, gray malamute, King,
Wisest dog on the trail,
Hardened by hunger and labor
And hammering gale.

And none too soon; for wildly
The storm's white cavalry whirled
Up over the tundra, like cumulous
Columns of smoke, and hurled
Deep drifts at the window and door,
Engulfing the world.

* * * * *

By the iron law of the north
The right to the shelter,
Jo reasoned, was King's, the lead
dog's—
The rest must shift in the welter.

But what made the creature so
nervous
Indoors? Had she blundered
By calling him in? Jo fed
The fat stove—and wondered . . .

"It's prison, gray boy," she said,
"Yet why should you care?"
King rested his shaggy head

On the arm of her chair
And looked up into her face
With a long, yellow stare.

* * * * *

Strange, she mused, to be hot
One moment and cold as a stone
The next. No, this was no time
To be ill, alone

With winter and King. She must
grapple

With fever—pull on the rein
Or else it would climb and climb
Till it clawed the brain.

* * * * *

The fire was dead when at last
Jo stirred, and the roar
Of the wind but the husky whisper
Of surf on the shore.
King lay gnawing a boot—
Greg's boot—on the floor.

Water—her throat was parched;
Her hands were mere claws.
Why was King watching her . . .
keenly . . .
With dripping jaws?

Water—water—there stood
The pail in its usual place
On the bench by the stove. Could she
cross
That stubborn space?

“Down, King—down!” How queer,
How huge he looked crouching, crawl-
ing!

She rose . . . she staggered . . . steady!
Steady! No swaying—no falling . . .

* * * * *

When June lay green on the tundra,
When geese flew high
In a homing wedge, and harebells
Bloomed in the broad, bright sky,
A trapper from Lake Athabasca
Came mushing by.

He knocked on the cabin door;
He rapped on the window dim
With the blur of smoke and storm—
But silence grim
And vaguely malign was all
That answered him.

He peered through the dingy pane,
His fingers framing his head;
His face went grey as pewter:
“Good God!” he said . . .

THE WIND HAS SPOKEN

BY EDITH MIRICK

The word of grief
Needs no uttering,
Now that the wry leaf
Is crisp and fluttering,
Where, in the creamy throat
Of vesper sparrows,
Thinned to a plaintive note,
The wood-choir narrows.

There must be silence now.
Watch only
The last spring's bough,
Dark and lonely,
The lost summer's leaf,
Twisted, broken . . .
What need to speak of grief?
The wind has spoken.

LETTERS OF JOAQUIN MILLER

BY BEATRICE B. BEEBE

The letters were furnished by George Melvin Miller, youngest brother of Joaquin Miller.

CINCINNATUS HINER MILLER, better known to the reading public by the name of Joaquin Miller, eccentric extraordinaire, never cared to use a pen. A quill recorded all those poetic thoughts that finally saw the light of print, and much besides. The refusal to employ a modern pen lay probably in a deep feeling of loyalty to the father, Hulings Miller, who taught the boy, Joaquin, far back in 1845 how to write.

Too poor at that time to afford a pen, Hulings Miller learned the art of shaping the quill that it might serve to make intelligible marks on a white surface. But perhaps that word intelligible is not exactly the one to use. Certainly, one look at the handwriting of Joaquin as it is found in innumerable letters to his youngest brother, George Melvin Miller, would result in a verdict, "completely unintelligible!"

Such devices as .2 to indicate the year 1902, the persistent use of the colon to mark the close of sentences, plus the poorly-formed letters, make the translation of these letters penned by the poet a veritable task. And yet as one ponders over the queer black marks, for the most part on orange or blue paper, he can finally decipher much of what has been written.

He will perhaps be surprised to learn that the noted poet did not indulge in comforts when traveling, as the following extracts from letters of January 24 and February 7, 1903, written from Saratoga Springs, New York, clearly shows. These letters concern his grandsons, who were then at The Hights, Joaquin's California home.

"I have not yet had anything more on my work but hope to deliver it in N. Y. in about ten days: Then will know where I am and will begin to pack up if things don't improve: I am in splendid health and never worked so hard in my life: Things look o. k."

"Now the boys came to go to school, at least so their father wrote and so I wrote you: From what you write it does not seem that they have been near the school house: . . . I have seen too many boys go to the bad loafing about the Hights and will have no more of it: . . . Above all I won't have them go about looking for work: They won't find it: And then it hurts my pride, as if they had no home or help: Book agents are women now and they nearly starve:

"If the boys, one or both, want to go home I will promptly send money: They should go home by water: As I wrote first, I think and think hard and like to be listened to:

"Of course he is going to school or should be: I do not allow him to hang around Dimond: It is low, *low*: I never knew a boy about there that did not go to the bad, and will not allow anyone around the Hights who wastes one moment at Dimond: I hope the boys have a pleasant visit: No doubt they are good bright boys as you say they are and I shall like to see them: But I have neither time or money now for sentiment and since they have not taken to school as I had hoped they must go home: . . . I wrote you before they came they should come one route and return the other: So when they go back they must go back by water: and take steerage: I have

taken steerage passage even when I had money: It is lowest, best: A boy who wants to be a pet is no account and I have no use for him: There are many reasons why they should take steerage and be manly:

"If they go back by land they may be delayed enroute and besides it will cost more: Besides if they do not take a sea voyage when they have the chance they will always regret it: For my own part I never waste time or money when I travel: Always take second class or steerage when I have not a pass: I have traveled thousands of miles since I saw you but have never once taken a sleeper or taken a regular meal: A lunch is quite enough for a travelling man who has nothing to do but sit still and go ahead:"

Similar to this is the poet's avowed distaste for hotels. In a letter from the Hights, of June 6, 1905, in which he speaks of his intended visit to the Fair at Seattle, he bemoans the loss of a close friend with whom he had planned to stay while in the Washington city.

"I reach Seattle on or about the 9th I have lost my best friend Bellinger, who had asked me to stop with him—as I loath hotels—and so have written a friend to find me a quiet place where I can rest: I am awful 'Grippy', coughing too much for comfort of myself and friends and must needs be much alone: I hope change of air will do good:"

When in the East in 1903, in an undated letter he also voiced something of the same sentiments. From New York City he wrote:

"My own peoples: am here *via* Philadelphia, where I went to see a publisher but found him in Boston at present:

"I go to Saratoga Springs, N. Y., to-

morrow: Please forward any letter that may come to your hand to Saratoga Springs New York until I advise otherwise: Had a hot dusty old time, but am in splendid health and hope to begin work soon again: This past month of slowing up by car and cart and cart and car has done me a world of good: But at the same time am getting sick of all this rush and 'damn rot' and shall be glad as a girl with her first beau to get out of it all and back to first principles: Love to all in Eugene,

Joaquin Miller"

Of his literary work the poet wrote little to his brother. Only an occasional reference is found, as in the following:

"The Hights, Feb. 10, 1896

"Dear George I am about to publish a new book and want to get some early photographs of myself. You know I never keep anything of the sort; but now I need one or two: expect to put in several of several periods of my life: am particularly anxious to get the earliest: Please send me promptly what you have if any. All well and doing never so well: hope same to yourselves: letters from Jims say they are ok and getting on well.

"Hastily

ans. Joaquin Miller"

"Florence Court, California St. N. W.
Washington, D. C. 12—7/.6

"Dear George I have been deep in my work writing a sort of autobiog beginning in the wilds of Indiana when Papa was teaching school and Mother was doing almost a man's work: and so on till I got out of the wilderness of California: Last evening I got three \$100 checks: gave one to Abbie and one to Juanita Christmas gifts. I hold the other \$100 to pay on the water right you wrote about:"

"Hights 4—12—12

"I have finished the Sierra poem and it is by far my best. Today I mail to the Century a short poem on "Heroes of the Titanic" Juanita says it is my best: . . . We have had rain and wind storms so I do not write much now but hope to soon:"

"Hights 9—1—/.5

"Dear brother George This past summer I set out for the first time in my life to look once within my soul: I have at last a little money, enough to live on and do nothing but write a bit of poetry when I please: I even refused money for my 'talks': I felt so satisfied that I told you if you needed a little money I could spare it: Well Sept. finds me not only empty handed but \$100 loaned and very short: And my money does not come until the 20th: Meantime I go to the Nesenda Mission and a few other places to lecture: It is costly to be so lofty. But it was great, good, and I do not regret it: I was never so strong and well as now.

"Your opening is safe and sound and thank you for the offer: But I have written all this to explain that for the present my hands are tied. Next July I hope I will have to invest quite a lump sum which falls due in Texas at that time and shall then be glad to have you show me how and where: But I have learned to not invest or spend money till I have it in hand."

As the closing words of this letter suggest, Joaquin was interested, with George, in the promoting of land development. The brothers were especially enthusiastic over the opening of the land about Florence, Oregon, and many years before visioned that spot as the logical terminus for a great road to extend across the continent from New York

City.

In this project, Joaquin seems to have left the actual purchasing and promoting to George, contenting himself with sending money to further the venture, with occasional bits of homely advice as to expenditures. The following excerpts are typical:

"Admission Day /5

"Dear George. Your plans and papers seem 'ok'. But I have before noted that you too frequently use the term *Lane County*: Use it as seldom as you can. When do you ever hear the terms *Cook County* or *San Francisco County*? Never, except at time of big events.

"I would insist that Siuslaw Bay is the best location on the Pacific to be found between Seattle and San Francisco. I believe this is the truth. . . . I believe I am to have a bit of good luck. Two rival water companies are bidding for my Canyon for a Reservoir and as they are very rich and youthful I hope to 'realize' tremendously: Love to you and yours, Joaquin Miller"

"The Hights 3—2—/.6

"Dear George I have not a dime in the bank and as I wrote you my first money due comes late in March: I do not know when I can be with you: Certainly not until after my money comes. Besides, as you know, I am very behind with my work but I think I can leave here the first week next month—April.

"Yes, a road will be built from San Francisco to Tillamook: The travelling alone would compel that in course of time, but not in our time, I think . . . I hope to make a lot of money somewhere in a year or so and shall follow his (Marshall Field) example seldom going into debt."

The last letter of this group is written on brown wrapping paper, evidently the

wrapper of a paper received by mail, and also bears no definite date:

"Hights Sunday 24th. Dear George. All flood and storm here: but ok. I dropped a card yesterday telling you to go ahead with the 60 acre idea: but let us be careful. It sounds like a big sum but you know best and I will bide by your judgment. At the same time I must repeat what I wrote before I do not care to invest more unless we *must* to protect ourselves. In answer will explain that I shall need money for my plans in Annapolis and then am bringing out my books myself: total about \$2000: Of course I can stand it but do not want to be foolish about money . . . So if we *must* take the land, why go ahead: but be careful and do not *speculate*. Cuba and Mexico are taking all spare money: And next will come the summer and all that brings. Rich Californians are not buying here. Think things over: let me know all you do.

Yours Joaquin Miller"

Along with his interest in land, however, George Melvin Miller had another love, experiment with air craft. Back in 1892 he took out a patent on a flying device which in experiment had risen to a height of over 100 feet. Until something lighter than steam could be perfected for motor power, the machine had little practical value, and by the time that the gasoline engine had come into

being, Mr. Miller was occupied with other concerns and the flying machine idea was neglected.

Possibly he was somewhat discouraged by the cold water thrown on the notion of man soaring through the heavens expressed in a letter from Joaquin, wherein the poet voices in no uncertain terms his position on such an innovation. The letter is undated, but undoubtedly was written about the time of the patent issuance and is in part as follows:

"The Hights. Glad, glad all goes well. But let the flying machine and all flying and flying machines alone! Keep your feet on the solid ground. Its unnatural to fly: therefore it will not do. It is only a damn craze! I have *your* little machine on my wall: and let it stay there. . . .

"My affairs are flourishing: a promoter offered me \$100,000 for the Hights last week: Wanted me to go in with him and he would go to N. Y. and sell it all out for town lots!!!!

"I gave him such an answer that he soon took up his hat and put it on his head, turned round and lighting a cigar got in his auto and did not even look back!"

And yet the writer of the immortal COLUMBUS was to live to see the day when the airplane was becoming a practical reality, and when he tacitly admitted that man would in time be complete master of the air.

DISCOVERY

By FREDERICKA BLANKNER

I saw an eagle in the air
And would have been the eagle there:
But that was when I thought such wings
Were common things;

Before I knew a nearer bird,
The sea-gull,
Riding with folded wings to dream
The eagle.

FOOTNOTE TO YOUTH

BY JOSE GARCIA VILLA

THE sun was salmon and hazy in the west. Dodong thought to himself he would tell his father about Teang when he got home, after he had unhitched the carabao from the plow, and led it to its shed and fed it. He was hesitant about saying it, but he wanted his father to know. What he had to say was of serious import, as it would mark a climacteric in his life. Dodong finally decided to tell it, but a thought came to him that his father might refuse to consider it. His father was a silent, hard-working farmer who chewed areca nut, which he had learned to do from his mother, Dodong's grandmother.

I will tell it to him. I will tell it to him.

The ground was broken up into many fresh wounds, and fragrant with a sweetish earthy smell. Many slender soft worms emerged from the furrows and then burrowed again deeper into the soil. A short colorless worm marched blindly to Dodong's foot and crawled clammily over it. Dodong got tickled and jerked his foot, flinging the worm into the air. Dodong did not bother to look where it fell, but thought of his age, seventeen, and he said to himself he was not young any more.

Dodong unhitched the carabao leisurely and gave it a healthy tap on the hip. The beast turned its head to look at him with dumb faithful eyes. Dodong gave it a slight push and the animal walked alongside him to its shed. He placed bundles of grass before it and the carabao began to eat. Dodong looked at it without interest.

Dodong started homeward, thinking how he would break his news to his

father. He wanted to marry, Dodong did. He was seventeen, he had pimples on his face, the down on his upper lip already was dark—these meant he was no longer a boy. He was growing into a man—he was a man. Dodong felt insolent and big at the thought of it, although he was by nature low in stature. Thinking himself man-grown Dodong felt he could do anything.

He walked faster, prodded by the thought of his virility. A small angled stone bled his foot, but he dismissed the hurt cursorily. He lifted his leg and looked at the injured toe, and then went on walking. In the cool sundown he thought wild young dreams of himself and Teang. Teang, his girl. She had a small brown face and small black eyes and straight glossy hair. How desirable she was to him! She made him want to touch her, to hold her. She made him dream even during the day.

Dodong tensed with desire and looked at the muscles of his arms. Dirty. This field work was healthy, invigorating, but it begrimed you, smudged you terribly. He turned back the way he had come, then marched obliquely to a creek.

Dodong stripped himself and laid his clothes, a gray undershirt and red *kundiman* shorts, on the grass. Then he went into the water, wet his body over, and rubbed at it vigorously. He was not long in bathing; then he marched homewards again. The bath made him feel cool.

It was dusk when he reached home. The petroleum lamp on the ceiling already was lighted and the low unvarnished square table was set for supper. His parents and he sat down on the

floor around the table to eat. They had fried fresh-water fish, rice, bananas, and caked sugar. Dodong ate fish and rice but did not partake of the fruit. The bananas were overripe and when one held them they felt more fluid than solid. Dodong broke off a piece of the caked sugar, dipped it in his glass of water and ate it. He got another piece and wanted some more, but he thought of leaving the remainder for his parents.

Dodong's mother removed the dishes when they were through, and went out to the *batalan* to wash them. She walked with slow, careful steps and Dodong wanted to help her carry the dishes out, but he was tired and now felt lazy. He wished as he looked at her that he had a sister who could help his mother in the housework. He pitied her, doing all the housework alone.

His father remained in the room, sucking a diseased tooth. It was pain-ing him again, Dodong knew. Dodong had told him often and again to let the town dentist pull it out, but he was afraid, his father was. He did not tell that to Dodong but Dodong guessed it. Afterwards, Dodong himself thought that if he had a decayed tooth he would be afraid to go to the dentist; he would not be any bolder than his father.

Dodong said while his mother was out that he was going to marry Teang. There, it was out, what he had to say, and over which he had done so much thinking. He had said it without any effort at all and without self-consciousness. Dodong felt relieved and looked at his father expectantly. A decresecent moon outside shed its feeble light into the window, graying the still black temples of his father. His father looked old now.

I am going to marry Teang, Dodong said.

His father looked at him silently and stopped sucking the broken tooth. The silence became intense and cruel, and Dodong wished his father would suck the troublous tooth again. Dodong was uncomfortable and then became angry because his father kept looking at him without uttering anything.

I will marry Teang, Dodong repeated. I *will* marry Teang.

His father kept gazing at him in inflexible silence and Dodong fidgeted on his seat.

I asked her last night to marry me and she said . . . yes. I want your permission. I . . . *want* . . . it . . . There was impatient clamour in his voice, an exacting protest at this coldness, this indifference. Dodong looked at his father sourly. He cracked his knuckles one by one, and the little sounds they made broke dully the night stillness.

Must you marry, Dodong?

Dodong resented his father's question; his father himself had married. Dodong made a quick impassioned essay in his mind about selfishness, but later he got confused.

You are very young, Dodong.

I'm . . . seventeen.

That's very young to get married.

I . . . I want to marry . . . Teang's a good girl . . .

Tell your mother, his father said.

You tell her, *tatay*.

Dodong, you tell your *inay*.

You tell her.

All right, Dodong.

You will let me marry Teang?

Son, if that is your wish . . . of course . . . There was a strange helpless light in his father's eyes. Dodong

The Frontier

did not read it, too absorbed was he in himself.

Dodong was immensely glad he had asserted himself. He lost his resentment for his father. For a while he even felt sorry for him about the diseased tooth. Then he confined his mind to dreaming of Teang and himself. Sweet young dreams . . .

* * *

Dodong stood in the sweltering noon heat, sweating profusely, so that his *camiseta* was damp. He was still like a tree and his thoughts were confused. His mother had told him not to leave the house but he had left. He had wanted to get out of it, without clear reason at all. He was afraid, he felt. Afraid of the house. It had seemed to cage him, to compress his thoughts with severe tyranny. Afraid also of Teang. Teang was giving birth in the house; she gave screams that chilled his blood. He did not want her to scream like that, she seemed to be rebuking him. He began to wonder madly if the process of childbirth was really painful. Some women, when they gave birth, did not cry.

In a few moments he would be a father. Father, father, he whispered the word with awe, with strangeness. He was *young*, he realized now, contradicting himself of nine months ago. He was *very* young . . . He felt queer, troubled, uncomfortable . . . Your son, people would soon be telling him. Your son, Dodong.

Dodong felt tired standing. He sat down on a sawhorse with his feet close together. He looked at his calloused toes. Suppose he had ten children . . . What made him think that? What was the matter with him, God!

He heard his mother's voice from the house: Come up, Dodong. It is over.

Of a sudden he felt terribly embarrassed as he looked at her. Somehow he was ashamed to his mother of his youthful paternity. It made him feel guilty, as if he had taken something not properly his. He dropped his eyes and pretended to dust dirt off his *kundiman* shorts.

Dodong, his mother called again. Dodong.

He turned to look again and this time saw his father beside his mother.

It is a boy, his father said. He beckoned Dodong to come up.

Dodong felt more embarrassed and did not move. What a moment for him! His parents' eyes seemed to pierce him through and he felt limp. He wanted to hide from them, to run away.

Dodong, you come up. You come up, his mother said.

Dodong did not want to come up, and stayed in the sun.

Dodong. Dodong.

I'll . . . come up.

Dodong traced tremulous steps on the dry parched yard. He ascended the bamboo steps slowly. His heart pounded mercilessly in him. Within, he avoided his parents' eyes. He walked ahead of them so that they would not see his face. He felt guilty and untrue. He felt like crying. His eyes smarted and his chest wanted to burst. He wanted to turn back, to go back to the yard. He wanted somebody to punish him.

His father thrust his hand in his and gripped it gently.

Son, his father said.

And his mother: Dodong . . .

How kind were their voices. They flowed into him, making him strong.

Teang? Dodong said.

She's sleeping. But you go in . . .

His father led him into the small *saawali* room. Dodong saw Teang, his girl wife, asleep on the *papag* with her black hair soft around her face. He did not want her to look that pale . . .

Dodong wanted to touch her, to push away that stray wisp of hair that touched her lips, but again that feeling of embarrassment came over him and before his parents he did not want to be demonstrative.

The *hilot* was wrapping the child. Dodong heard it cry. The thin voice pierced him queerly. He could not control the swelling of happiness in him.

You give him to me. You give him to me, Dodong said.

* * *

Blas was not Dodong's only child. Many more children came. For six successive years a new child came along. Dodong did not want any more children, but they came. It seemed the coming of children could not be helped. Dodong got angry with himself sometimes.

Teang did not complain, but the bearing of children told on her. She was shapeless and thin now, even if she was young. There was interminable work to be done. Cooking. Laundering. The house. The children. She cried sometimes, wishing she had not married. She did not tell Dodong this, not wishing him to dislike her. Yet she wished she had not married. Not even Dodong whom she loved. There had been another suitor, Lucio, older than Dodong by nine years, and that was why she had chosen Dodong. Young Dodong. Seventeen. Lucio had married another after her marriage to Dodong, but he was childless until now. She wondered if she had married Lucio, would she have borne him children. Maybe not, either. That

was a *better* lot. But she loved Dodong . . .

Dodong whom Life had made ugly.

One night, as he lay beside his wife, he rose and went out of the house. He stood in the moonlight, tired and querulous. He wanted to ask questions and somebody to answer him. He wanted to be wise about many things.

One of them was why Life did not fulfil all of Youth's dreams. Why it must be so. Why one was forsaken . . . after Love.

Dodong could not find the answer. Maybe the question was not to be answered. It must be so to make Youth Youth. Youth must be dreamfully sweet. *Dreamfully* sweet.

Dodong returned to the house humiliated by himself. He had wanted to know a little wisdom but was denied it.

* * *

When Blas was eighteen he came home one night very flustered and happy. It was late at night and Teang and the other children were asleep. Dodong heard Blas' steps, for he could not sleep well of nights. He watched Blas undress in the dark and lie down softly. Blas was restless on his mat and could not sleep. Dodong called his name and asked why he did not sleep. Blas said he could not sleep.

You better go to sleep. It is late, Dodong said.

Blas raised himself on his elbow and muttered something in a low, fluttering voice.

Dodong did not answer and tried to sleep.

Itay . . . Blas called softly.

Dodong stirred and asked him what was it.

I am going to marry Tona. She accepted me tonight.

Dodong lay on the red pillow without moving.

Itay, you think it over.

Dodong lay silent.

I love Tona and . . . I want her.

Dodong rose from his mat and told Blas to follow him. They descended to the yard where everything was still and quiet. The moonlight was cold and white.

You want to marry Tona, Dodong said. He did not want Blas to marry yet. Blas was very young. The life that would follow marriage would be hard . . .

Yes.

Must you marry?

Blas' voice steeled with resentment: I *will* marry Tona.

Dodong kept silent, hurt.

You *have* objections, *itay*? Blas asked acridly.

Son . . . *none* . . . (But truly, God, I *don't* want Blas to marry yet . . . not yet. I *don't* want Blas to marry yet . . .)

But he was helpless. He could not do anything. Youth must triumph . . . *now*. Love must triumph . . . *now*. Afterwards . . . *it will be Life*.

As long ago Youth and Love did triumph for Dodong . . . *and then Life*.

Dodong looked wistfully at his young son in the moonlight. He felt extremely sad and sorry for him.

NORTH TRAIL

BY HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

On such an evening, then, as this, we'll go—
Before the day is spent or night is drawn
Over the winter village—through the snow.

We'll leave the burdened house; we'll draw the door
Against the warmth we've kindled, tramping forth
The chill way of the evening . . . toward the north.

We will be glad at last that we have gone . . .

. . . The village lights are sinking by degrees—
The early ones that have no dark to light,
Misty in violet, grouped in twos and threes.

How thick the mold beneath our treading feet!
Last year, too many years, lost, mortified
Beneath perennial mosses that abide
For all life takes away . . .

Come, tell me what's
This copse before us in this alder wood?
It's all in buds so soon! And those are nuts

Left scattered from the autumn's plentitude.
 And here the brook is less a waterfall
 Than once in spring; though where these crystal mice
 Nibble so slyly at the mossy shawl
 Were sun less south, we should not guess them ice . . .

No birds in nests? No, but the nests are there.
 And they've been feathered with a chilly down
 More times than once since they were left in air.

And no frail blossoms at the water's crown.

But see, along that log a conie goes;
 Two chipmunks! And a drift of chickadees
 Has settled where the only seed is snow's.
 And knowing, too, that in the bark of trees
 Fat grubs are nested . . .

Farther on . . .

We've come

Too far to count the lights we're glad to lose
 For other lights that count a higher sum,
 Distant, with the sky's wish to be abstruse.
 And they are best . . .

And if we turn just here

We can go back the trail we followed forth,
 Convinced—who may have had a secret fear—
 We can walk south who first have walked due north.

TRAIL OF THE SUNSET

BY NORMAN MACLEOD

After seven worlds have known
 the evolution of our race,
 we cover over the rugged earth
 with a painting of corn
 and habitations . . .
 but when the land
 has nothing more to offer,
 always there is
 a way into the sky
 on a golden pathway.

DAYS

BY MIRIAM TYLER

AT the close of a business day an elevator left the top floor of a city skyscraper for another downward drop. The car was empty except for the elevator man. Suddenly a red light signalled. The car came to a halt. The doors pushed slowly open. A girl stepped inside. The doors closed, and the car resumed its journey.

The elevator man glanced at the girl. She looked tired, he thought. He felt tired—and bored. Tired of standing all day; bored with elevator doors; bored with people. “Good-morning . . . good-morning . . . good-morning,” over and over again. Later: “Good-night . . . good-night . . . good-night,” ceaselessly and endlessly. Just like the doors: “Open . . . close; open . . . close,” from morning until night. Doors were deadly monotonous.

He glanced at the girl again. She was not heeding him; not even conscious that he operated the car. Only an automaton to her . . . But her thoughts were intent on something. Of what could she be thinking? Was she bored, too? Bored, like himself, with her present employment, but afraid to give up the position she held for fear of acquiring worse? He wished he knew. He’d like to talk to the girl. He thought he knew how she felt. If the opening were made, perhaps she would talk. He’d venture a question:

“Another day, another dollar?”

For a second the girl seemed startled.

Apologetically he smiled. Rudely he had jolted her thoughts back to the present. Still, he hoped his smile would invite an answer.

Languidly the girl replied, “Yes, another day.” She ignored the dollar.

“Just like yesterday?” he suggested.

“Yes, like yesterday.” She smiled faintly.

“And the day before that, and the day before that?” he persisted.

“Days are pretty much days,” she conceded.

“Just days,” he agreed.

Suddenly the girl laughed. Glum philosophy, she thought, for a man and a girl. She laughed again. This time merrily.

“But what about tomorrow?” she asked.

“That’s right; I forgot tomorrow.” The man laughed hopefully.

“Cheer up!” she cried, “Christmas is coming—only five days away.”

Instantly the man’s face sobered. “Christmas,” he murmured, “this year . . . just another day.”

How quickly his mood changed, thought the girl. She studied him closely. So disheartened he seemed . . . “Christmas, and not merry?” she queried to herself . . . Shrewdly she guessed, “Children in his home, and cruelly limited funds.”

Gradually the elevator slackened its speed. The car came to a halt. She wanted to speak; to tell him she knew how he felt: “Just days. Nothing but days.” . . . Slowly the doors of the elevator slid open. What should she say? But was there anything to say? The man was not heeding her; not even conscious of her presence. She hesitated a moment . . . Gently she whispered, “Good-night,” and walked away.

“Good-night,” he answered absently. And the elevator doors slid closed again.

ZEST OF THE EARTH

BY NARD JONES

HE heard Rose saying it again. This was the second time, and anything that John Brent's youngest daughter said a second time was meant for him. She recognized that he lived within himself, that he was with people but not always of them. He had been like that since her mother died.

"Really," Rose was saying, "everybody ought to go to Europe. People think no more about a trip like that than they used to think about a trip east."

"Sure," Rose's husband chimed in. "It'll be common as dirt one of these days. Hop in a dirigible and be there in no time. That'll be the regular thing." Placing a large slab of bread on one palm, he cleaned his knife on the warm surface and plunged it into the chunk of pale yellow butter that graced the center of the table among the steaming hot dishes of the noon meal.

So Pete was in it, too? "Well, I ain't been east since the first time," John Brent said. "An' that was only for ten years or so. Got right out here when I was about eleven. Drove one of the teams the whole way, and Dad drove the other." John Brent chuckled.

"That's just it," Rose said. "We've all been here all of our lives."

"Nobody around here is goin' to Europe that I know of," her father said.

"What if they aren't?" Rose asked, raising her flushed, handsome face in half-defiance. "Why shouldn't *we* go? Harvest is over, and almost all the wheat hauled to the warehouse. What will we do all winter?" Without waiting, she

rushed on to give her own answer. "We'll go to the movies, and to the Memorial hall dances, and just visit around."

"And church," mentioned old Brent slyly.

Rose was exasperated. "But *papa*, you really ought to get away. You ought to get out and see something before . . ." She drew to a quick halt, and reddened deeper than the stove-flush on her cheeks. "You've worked hard, *papa*, and you deserve a change."

"I thought maybe we'd all run down to Portland before Christmas."

"Oh, Portland!" Rose dismissed the nearest metropolis with the two words and a shrug.

"It's a fact you need a change, John," Pete argued. "Be a great thing if we could all chase over there and see Paris and Venice and—and all those different places."

"I can't speak the languages," old Brent objected seriously. "Neither can you two."

"I guess I know some French," Rose spoke up. She had attended the University of Oregon for three years, and she would have completed the fourth year if she hadn't fallen in love with Pete Ellis, majoring in agriculture. "Besides," she added carefully, "Frank speaks French real well. He learned when he was overseas."

"Frank?" Brent asked. "You figured on Frank and Mable going too?"

"Why, of course, *papa*. It wouldn't be right not to have them, would it?"

Old Brent put his hands flat on the table, the way he always did when he had finished eating. He raised them

once and put them down again. Then he got up from the chair and lifted it to its place against the kitchen wall. "We'll have to see what wheat does," he said. "The price isn't so good now."

Behind him there was silence. He could sense the glance of "what *can* you do with him?" that passed between Rose and Pete. Ignoring it majestically, he walked out of the kitchen door. Outside, he cut a small corner from a new plug of tobacco and inserted it against the inside of his cheek with the knife blade. The knife snapped shut in one hand, and both it and the remainder of the plug dropped easily into his overalls pocket.

Old Brent felt a little lost, as he always did now after a meal. Before Pete and Rose had come into the house to live there had always been something to do after breakfast or dinner. Even after supper there had been little chores to attend to before going uptown to the drug store to see what was going on.

Sometimes he and Delia had walked uptown together, and she would go to Mrs. Freece's or old lady Dutton's while he talked with the fellows in the drug store or the barber shop. But that had been a great while ago. Almost eight years—yet the memory always carried the freshness of something that had happened only yesterday.

He remembered, too, how Rose had come back from the University one summer and announced that she was going to get married. Pete Ellis had come into town that summer, too, and worked on John Brent's harvest crew. He was a good worker, but he had a lot of college ideas about farming. Pete talked about them at supper, and Rose listened like a girl does when she's in love with a fellow.

John Brent, walking aimlessly down to the big red barn, had to admit that Pete's ideas were all pretty good. They all worked, and they all made less labor and fewer head of horses necessary. But why keep getting things just so you didn't have to work? They were all dissatisfied now, and always wanted to go some place. Well, he confessed, he was dissatisfied, too—but blamed if he'd go running off to strange countries.

What he hated most of all was the way they tried to handle him. They were always trying to come up to him on his blind side. They talked about him needing a change, and they knew that they were the ones who wanted a change. Right now he was practically as good a man as Pete, and he didn't need any change.

There was plenty of change here, anyhow. For old Brent it was enough that each year there was yellow wheat to harvest from the rolling hills. It was enough that green wisps struck up through the wet black loam, that they grew taller and ripened into gold. Change! My God, wasn't that change?

He looked up and saw Pete coming down the barren ground to the barn. He wore light-laced boots that came almost to his knee. He had on whipecord trousers and a leather jumper. Pete never looked like he was farming, somehow. He was one of these gentlemen farmers that Brent and his cronies had made so much fun of up at the drug store. But there were a lot of them now, all doing pretty well, and Brent and his contemporaries took them with good humor and good grace. It might have been different if they were usurping anything; but they were only the sons and the sons-in-law of the older farmers, and the

ground they farmed still belonged to the pioneer names.

"Figure I'll be cleaned up on the hauling by tomorrow noon," Pete said, walking briskly toward where old Brent leaned against the warm side of the big red barn.

"Got a load all ready to go?" Brent asked.

"Yes . . . going to start out right now."

"Mind if I ride down to the warehouse with you?"

"Sure not. Come on."

Then John Brent remembered that they wouldn't be riding high atop a wheat wagon. They'd be cooped in the cab of the hauling truck that Pete had argued him into buying. Well, he'd go anyway. He followed Pete around to the other side of the barn where the truck, piled carefully with pregnant sacks, stood waiting. He climbed into the seat with Pete, heard the low hum of the starter, and then the noisy engine. The truck moved off heavily in low gear. There was no straining and creaking of chains and leather, no pleasant smell of horses, and no sight of their pretty heads bobbing up and down in rhythm.

Neither spoke until the truck had traveled the irregular road out of the ranch yard and onto the asphalt highway. Then Pete said, "I don't want you to think I was trying to tell you what you ought to do." He always said something like that after he had been arguing Brent into something. The last time it had been about the purchase of the tractor.

"Of course not, Pete. That's all right. Only I can't see—"

"It isn't as if you couldn't afford it, John. I guess you could make two or three trips like that and never miss the money."

"I guess so," old Brent said. Pete was always making attempts to obtain an idea about how his father-in-law was fixed. And always the old man stubbornly refused to satisfy him. Not that it made much difference whether the boy knew; but somehow Brent resented his curiosity. If Pete had known, old Brent would have felt uncomfortable about being alive. They'd all know some day, and that would be soon enough.

Sometimes he was troubled with the feeling that perhaps he wasn't giving them enough, that there was no real need of making them wait like this. Yet he knew that Pete and Frank had fallen into pretty soft places, marrying his girls. Frank Leete especially. Frank wasn't a good farmer like Pete, although Mable was always defending him. Mable badgered Rose because the Leete ranch wasn't as good as the home place, and Frank couldn't be expected to have the luck that Pete had. Some day, old Brent had decided, he would give Frank a deed to that ranch and that would sort of even things up.

The sight of the warehouse with its tall towers brought him out of his thoughts. Coming in sight of it so soon, he was startled. By team it had been a full hour's ride. He had stopped trying to figure how many times he had driven over that road. All he remembered was that in the summer of 1908 there were only half-a-dozen trips because there had been hot winds and the wheat ran only twenty bushel to the acre. Too, that was before he had so many acres. It was the year he had stolen a cord of wood from Jim Blodgett, and when old Brent remembered that he always got red in the face and couldn't talk. It was not so much because of shame—for Jim Blodgett had eventu-

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ally received a twenty-dollar bill anonymously—but because he remembered how Delia kept the children in bed and shivered all day so there would be a fire for him when he came in at night.

That was one of the things that made it all seem so unfair. It was Delia who had done all the work, laid all the foundations, and then left everything to him and the girls and their men. What did Rose or Mable know of keeping a frigid house for want of wood, or of driving all day in an open buckboard, or of washing hard grimy clothes for a whole harvest crew—and cooking for them, too? The girls had closed cars of their own, thought nothing of dashing to Pendleton and back in an afternoon. They didn't cook for the harvest crews, not even though, because of modern machinery, the crews were much smaller than they had been years ago. And now, on top of it all, they wanted to go to Europe. Europe! Here among the wheat and the dust and the adolescent beauty of eastern Oregon, the very idea seemed fantastic.

Pete was driving the loaded truck into the scale shed of the warehouse, and the attendant greeted him and old Brent jovially. "First load after lunch," he told them. "In another twenty minutes you'd been waitin' in a line half a mile long." Expertly he slid the indicators across the arm of the scale, made notations in his book. Then he made out a receipt and held it up to Pete.

Old Brent watched Pete take it, fold it neatly and put it with the others in the breast pocket of his jacket. He was vaguely piqued because the man hadn't offered him the receipt. Damn it all, it was his wheat, and he'd driven more loads to this warehouse than any of them. He grunted to himself. Maybe he was

getting childish. Old and childish, jealously guarding a power that he really didn't own at all. Maybe . . . the thought crept in stealthily . . . maybe the kids were right, and he ought to get away and sort of get a new slant on things.

That night, after supper, Frank and Mable dropped in. They rarely visited except on Sundays, and old Brent knew instinctively that he was going to be attacked by the lot of them. Mable hurried in with face flushed, deploring her "house dress" to give the impression that the visit was spontaneous. And Rose, taking up the cue, appeared surprised by the sudden entrance of the Leetes. Old Brent, watching them, felt somehow ashamed for both his daughters, so patent was their deception.

Frank and Pete had the natural awkwardness of men who have been made accomplices to women. They exchanged short greetings with the old man, and then Frank said: "I see wheat went up a little today."

Brent nodded: "A cent and a half," he said.

Mable threw an expensive fur coat over the back of a chair. She threw over the back of a chair a coat that had cost John Brent four hundred and fifty dollars, and revealed herself in aingham house dress with no sleeves and no calculated lines. Mable was filling out into her late thirties and had that bustling, matronly air which women acquire from secretaryships in clubs.

"My, it's been cold," she said. "And so early, too. I do dread another winter in this place."

Involuntarily Brent's eyes went toward the fur coat, and he remembered how it had never occurred to Delia and him to go anywhere else in the winters,

even had they been able. Delia had never owned a coat as warm as Mable's, and there were days when not even the old thick blanket had kept her from shivering in the wagon seat beside him. Furthermore, John Brent told himself a little resentfully, she had never been able to get so sleek and fat as Mable. Delia had always been thin, more like Rose.

"I was talking to Johnny Kilgore this morning," Frank was saying. "He said it was going to be the hardest winter in fifteen years. Johnny always hits it, too."

"I hate to think of it," Rose said. "I was just saying to papa at dinner that I wished we could all get away. We all ought to get away to Europe or some place."

"Wouldn't it be heavenly in southern France—or in Italy? Mrs. Biddle was reading a paper about southern France at the club last week. It was awfully interesting."

Old Brent sat quietly. Why did they want to go away from this place where Delia had been? Why would Mable and Rose, who were a part of her more than he was a part of her, why would they want to go to a place which couldn't possibly hold any memories of her?

For the first time he recognized that for all their frequent talk of "poor Mother" and of what "Mother always said" they really remembered her less than he remembered.

Resentfully and deliberately he recalled Delia while they all talked about France and Italy and other places where the winters were not hard. He tried to imagine her sitting in the room, listening with that amused smile she always put on when the girls were talking big. She was thin and small, and she sat with her plain shoes close together and her

worn hands folded in her lap. She was not discouraging this talk, but instead was waiting to know what he thought about it. Whatever he thought would be all right, and then she would say, "Now, girls, you mind what your father tells you."

But the picture didn't work very well. Those two weren't little girls now. They were grown women, and somewhere they had found assurance. Then there was Frank and Pete—strangers who had influence. Before this formidable quartet Delia vanished, and old Brent could not think of her just then except as he had known her when she was young. He looked at this young woman, knowing now what he had not known then: that she would suffer with him, and bear his children with too much pain, and then leave him before she had a chance to own either her children or the fruits of her labor with John Brent.

"Where," he asked them suddenly, "did this Europe idea come from, anyhow?"

"Why, we ought to go," Mable answered in a tone of astonishment. "Frank's been to France," she added weakly, "and he could help us a lot and see that we weren't charged too much and all."

"But where did the idea come from? I mean, why should we ought to go?" her father questioned stubbornly.

For a moment there was a silence. Pete and Frank looked at their shoes. Rose looked expectantly at Mable and there was a barely perceptible nod.

Taking a breath that went considerably toward filling the gingham to capacity, Mable plunged ahead. "Well, we're the most well to do family in town, papa, and one of the oldest, and it seems like we ought to do something. You

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know yourself that farming isn't like it was. Frank and—and Pete have done wonders in getting system into the two places and there's just all sorts of extra time. Nothing at all to do in the winter, practically."

But Rose, younger, not quite so direct, was afraid of Mable's plain statements. "You see, papa, it's really you we want to see take the trip. But we couldn't think of you making it alone."

She thought old Brent was smiling at her thoughtfulness. In reality he was struck with the humor of such a body-guard for him. He could imagine the quartet in foreign places, watching after him. Mable and Rose looking through the women's stores where they had those foreign gowns. Pete and Frank experimenting with foreign liquors. Most likely they would all return to tell the neighbors indulgent stories of what papa had said and done—at the wrong time.

John Brent sighed. He knew them all so well.

"Have you got any idea how much it would cost?" he said.

His daughters and his sons-in-law had been set upon victory, but this sudden question found them unprepared. Frank and Pete looked up at the old man with their mouths open a little.

"Frank could find out," Mable said. "He could find out tomorrow, couldn't you, Frank?"

"Sure. You know, it might be best to go the whole way by boat. Take a coast liner through the Panama."

Brent got up. "Let's see what it would cost us and then we'll talk about it." He went to the door, beginning the walk he always took before going to bed. "Good night," he told them, and went out onto the porch. He would walk around the house a few times, and

then come in the kitchen door and go up to bed. It was a lonely habit he had somehow acquired since Delia had gone.

In the big front room there was excitement—the flushed excitement of victory. "That's what he always says. When he's going to do a thing he always asks what it will cost. He was that way about the combine, and the tractors that time."

"He was that way about our new house," Mable said. She was putting on her fur coat triumphantly. The gesture stated more plainly than words that it took Mable Leete to handle situations involving papa.

With Machiavellian restraint, Mable did not force the issue the next day. Instead she waited casually until Sunday when they all had supper together. It was just after the apple pie with its thick cheese that Frank brought out all his information on a European trip. It seemed very complete. It took into consideration such items as tips and cab fares, and it allowed a sizable sum for what Frank designated as "stuff we might want to buy over there and bring back with us." There was also an expense which Frank said should be considered, but which really couldn't be called an outlay for the trip itself. This was compensation for a couple to look after the two ranches while they were gone.

"I was talking with old Biddle," Frank said, "and he and his wife'll be glad to do it for their keep and twenty-five a month."

John Brent listened patiently. There it was. There it all was, and how they had gone into it!

He did not tell them that it was less than he expected. A European trip

had meant to him a fabulous sum; but, even for five, Frank's figures seemed reasonable to Brent's inexperienced mind.

"I think the Pacific Coast way takes too long," Leete went on. "A boat on the Hamburg line sails out of New York every Wednesday."

Rose squirmed excitedly in her chair. "Oh, papa, wouldn't it be grand!" She touched his arm tentatively.

Old Brent looked around the table at them and chuckled. "All right," he said, "you blamed kids . . ." Then he was smothered with kisses from Mable and Rose, while Frank and Pete looked like men who have asked for a loan and received it and are a little sorry to have asked.

The decision was made rather late Sunday, so there was no real chance for the news to get about. By Monday noon, however, the town knew quite generally that old Brent was taking his "outfit" to Europe. Mable and Rose saw to that.

At the drug store they kidded old Brent. They told him what would happen to him over there. They made jokes about tourists, and French girls, and American bars, and *mal de mer*, and every conceivable situation they could recall from books and magazines and moving pictures and plays. Old Brent, as always, was good-natured about it, and rather silent. He was more silent than usual. Usually he had something fitting to say.

But he was in the drug store most of the time because the home place was a madhouse of preparation. And if he caught Rose in an idle moment she immediately adjured him to buy some new suits and he did not want to buy any new suits. Finally, after the promise

that he would purchase apparel in New York, she relented.

Getting to the main line which would speed them from the wheat lands to New York was rather a complicated business. They would have to drive to Walla Walla, and take the train there for Spokane. Then they could embark on the transcontinental as it came through from the coast.

When the day of departure came it found old Brent not the least hurried or the least excited. That morning he was at the bank when it opened, and converted several thousand into two separate books of travelers' checks. At five o'clock he was still in his overalls and flannel shirt and logger's jacket. Rose was frantic.

"Papa, for heaven's sake, get ready! Mr. Biddle will be here at six-thirty to drive us to Walla Walla, and you won't be ready."

"All right," he said, and clumped heavily up the stairway to his room. Rose, her heart beating so high and hard that she could scarcely find breath, didn't remember about him until Mable and Frank had come and Mr. Biddle was waiting outside in his car.

Then she called up the stair and was relieved to hear old Brent's voice tell her he was coming right down. Talking excitedly among themselves they did not hear his steps on the uncarpeted stair, and when he appeared in the doorway there was a collective gasp.

"Papa, you haven't changed!"

"You'd better hurry, John. The Walla Walla train—"

"I've decided I wouldn't go," John Brent said.

Nothing he might have done could have had more effect on them. Nothing

unless it might have been the shooting of them all as they stood there.

"But *papa*—"

"Now you kids haven't got time to argue." He walked toward them, pulling the two books of travelers' checks from his pocket. He handed one each to Pete and Frank. "I had these made out for you two. Guess it'll be enough for a while, and you can cable me if you get stuck."

Mable seemed dangerously near apoplexy. "Can you tell me *why*—" she forsook words and wound up with a helpless gesture.

"I just decided I didn't want to go," old Brent said patiently. "I can sort of look after things here and I'll be perfectly all right."

Pete shifted his feet. "Gee, John, it seems like . . . You see, we all thought—"

Outside, Mr. Biddle's horn cut keenly through the cold air. He had been looking at his watch.

Old Brent herded them to the door. "You go ahead now . . ." He walked down the steps with the bewildered four. At the car he kissed Mable and Rose, and shook hands with the two men. When they were inside with Mr. Biddle he said, "Be sure and write me."

Rose was crying. "Papa, your trunk's gone, and I think you're positively mad to do this."

"My trunk ain't gone. I told Jim not to check it. I'll be all right."

Mr. Biddle stepped on the starter, drowning out something that Rose said. Old Brent waved and the car jerked a little and then went off down the road. He stood there until he was sure they could not see him, and then he went back into the house.

When he was inside he stood a moment as if waiting for something to happen.

Then he smiled to himself. He had been right; it was not lonely without them. Not lonelier than it had been with them.

He walked through the house, through all the downstairs rooms and in him was the keen sense of owning it, of belonging to it. Presently he stopped before a little table. There was a package of cigarettes on it. Pete's. Old Brent took them up and dropped them into a vase out of sight. Then he looked around searchingly, as if for something else that might belong to Pete.

Clear through the old house he went and into the huge kitchen. There he got the feeling that Delia Brent was in the room. Better than that, he received the consciousness that she would be there again. Now that they had gone, she would be able to get near him again. So he found he could go out the door, secure in the knowledge that she would be there when he returned. He wanted to walk down through his ground, the ground that he had worked, and then come back to Delia.

Already it was dark outside, but as soon as the moon emerged from behind a low hanging cloud John Brent knew that he would be able to see as clearly as though he carried a lantern. Sure of his footing, he walked down the sloping ground toward the barn which loomed only as a black mass above him.

He went on down past the barn and into the first productive section of the home place. Now the ground was softer underneath and its surface was rough. Over it was a thin crust of frost through which his boots broke with pleasing sounds. The earth was a little cold and a little hard now, and it would be still colder and yet harder, but old Brent did not care. If he wanted, he could remember how it was when everything was

warm. When everything was warm your boots sank deeply into the soft loam, and the smells of the earth came up to you. When it rained there were warm, damp currents wavering up into your face. In the stubble fields there would be the smell of wet straw in your nostrils.

That was how it would be in summer, but old Brent, walking along through the night, loved it just as much this way. Clear across that field he walked, cutting across it, thinking of the seed beneath him, of the yellow wheat that would thrust up from it. Across that field and into the next, fallow ground with close-cropped stubble that would need to be plowed under.

He walked almost carefully here. This was ground in which there was no life just now. This was ground which must rest so that it could work next year. But he wanted to follow across it to the top of a little knoll. In the old days, walking in from the field—sometimes when it was as dark as now—he would stop there because from it he could see almost the whole ranch.

He walked a little faster, half anxious, and reached the tip of the knoll breathless. He did not look around him at first because he was afraid that things might not seem as he remembered them. But they were. The rolling ground, with the frost making silver-tipped waves.

The clouds, between the earth and the moon, throwing black shadows all around him. Change . . . they had wanted change from this, than which there could be no greater change anywhere!

Down into the hollow he looked, toward the old house which he had refused to rebuild. He started suddenly, then relaxed, a smile on his face. There was a square of light from the kitchen.

He began walking down toward it, happily. He was coming in from the field, and Delia Brent was waiting. It was even before Mable had come. There would be just Delia and him, happy and tired. Up in the field was the plow behind which he had trudged all day; ahead of him was the unhitched team with butt chains thrown over their hames, making a sort of mad tune of evening.

Swiftly he walked, taking the wide strides of youth, as if his legs, too, had somehow caught the spirit of his brain.

If they knew, they would call him mad. They would be frightened. Rose and Mable would say, "Papa is getting just a little odd. He's worked *so* hard." But they didn't know, and they would be gone a while.

John Brent laughed into the night. It was the laugh of a young man, clear and ringing. In it was the zest of the earth beneath his feet. Earth that he loved and understood, and in which was mixed all that had ever mattered to him.

SONG TO PAGAN BEAUTY

BY CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON

No stunted growth of winter beauty in
This pollen-minted galaxy of jars
Bottled to sweetness of the summer sun,
To citron breath and glaze of yellow stars!
Beauty that startles . . . moon drenched apricots
That knew a fragrant petal-flooded hill . . .
Lush currants swayed to depth of scarlet bloom,
To wanton blossoming of summer's will;
Wild purple plums lost in a mottled wood,
The fullness of young breasts to hungry birds . . .
Oh, here is beauty deeper than a glance—
Or for the muted loveliness of words!

A song to pagan beauty . . . nectared jars
Of summer sun, of wind, of mellow stars!

DESERTED MINING CAMP

BY WILSON O. CLOUGH

From the gray-rock rim far under the blue
The evergreens marshal down the long slopes
To the hidden trough. In the lost valley
Grasses bend to a stripling brook.
Three cabins stand there, and a slab-sided shed
Where a rusty boiler humps its back at the roof,
And a rusty cable gropes down a black hole.
The sun slants ragged lines on a drunken floor;
And tiny claws scratch in the corner beams;
A lazy wind around the eaves
Fingers the fringes of the pines;
And a clump of aspens whispers apart.

In the lost valley
Raindrops splash on the brown slab roof,
Swish on the cobwebbed panes.
Mist-gray clouds roll down from the hills,
Thin veils of spray that catch at the trees,
And trail on the clotted-wet mountain grass.
A drooping doorway gapes black in the rain;
Three roofs slump heavily with moss and mud,
Rotting to feed the insatiable grass.

Down the lost valley,
 Shrilling down from the pass,
 Sweep thin-edged winds, and snow with streaming hair.
 The grasses stiffen. Three cabins stand lone.
 In the shadows of the shed
 Some palsied ghost stirs and sighs;
 Rattles feebly the rusty levers;
 Listens fearfully down the shaft
 Where black surges up from a bottomless well,
 And no echo comes.
 Snow taps at the windows, pelting, insistent,
 Sifting in, edging in;
 Beating, lunging at the last crazy door,
 Till on the pale margin of the night
 It whips inside in savage, cynic gusts.

A SHOP BY THE TRACKS

BY ROBERT GATES

I PIGEONS

"Sam Elder ran the lathe ahead of me.
 Eight years, they say, he's worked there by the door.
 His work is all routine and nothing more
 Than changing parts. His mind and eyes are free
 And wander out to where the pigeons soar
 Black in the sun and on a white blue sky,
 And white as drifting snow-swirls when they fly
 Across the walls and settle on the floor.

" 'It seems a funny thing,' he sometimes said,
 'That all the years that I have put in near
 This door where I see pigeons fly around
 That I have never seen one lying dead.
 I wonder if the same birds will be here,
 Flying across when I'm laid under ground.' "

II AND BOX-CARS

"I run a lathe myself and often stand
 Watching the box-cars shunting through the yard.
 My work is all the same and not so hard
 But that I do it mostly with my hand.
 I like to watch the lumber, coal, and sand
 Pass through to cities I have never seen,
 Los Angeles, Seattle, Abilene,
 New York, and Baltimore in Maryland.

“Sometimes in spring their roofs bring mountain snow,
An open door will drop a trail of wheat,
A load of tractors flash by, red and green,
And wandering box-cars make me want to go
Out on the road and following my feet
Off to a job some place I’ve never been.”

CINQUAINS

BY HELEN STAPP

INSPIRATION

As strong
The slender moon
Can pull the ocean tides
So all my future moves in thoughts
From you.

RELEASE

My soul
Had bruised its wings
Against the window pane.
You came and showed the upper sash
Was down.

INSOMNIA

Like wolves
Strange worries gnaw
My soul until it lies
A mutilated thing that fears
The dawn.

HOUSE OF DARKNESS

BY BORGHILD LEE

I know
The stark
Terror of those
Who walk in the dark.

Through a world
Two feet wide,
Two ahead
Two aside.

I know
As never before
The tap of the cane
Across the floor.

Without shadow
Without sun
They go
One by one.

Hesitant . . .
Slow . . .
With reaching hands
They go

Tapping the cane
On the floors,
Walking the endless
Corridors.

THE OPEN RANGE

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

LAST OF THE NORTHERN BUFFALO

BY LUKE D. SWEETMAN

IN the spring of 1883, when buffalo hunters broke camp and packed their robes for the long haul to steamboat landings and other shipping points, great herds of the shaggy creatures still roamed the range. The following fall, when again they resumed the hunt, not a buffalo was to be seen. What had become of them?

Many thought they left the country in a general stampede; some contended that in the stampede they plunged over cutbanks, piled up and lost their lives. That theory was not probable, for buffalo knew too well how to choose their route over the rough range. However, there was one spot near the Pryor Mountains in Montana that showed signs of a pile-up. Some hunters thought the buffalo had gone farther north, into the British possessions.

It was customary for buffalo to migrate south in the winter and north in the summer. Now, being cut off on every side except the north by the advancing settlers, their instinct told them north was the way to go. There was left, however, a small remnant of the herd—125 or more—that did not choose to go with the general stampede, or in some way were left behind. This small band ranged along the divide between the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, and as far northwest as the mouth of the Musselshell and the rougher breaks of Squaw and Hell creeks—from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Miles City, Montana. That section of the country, at the time, was seldom frequented by human beings. There, they were not disturbed until 1885, when stockmen brought in cattle from Texas and Oregon. Immediately after the coming of cattle and cowboys it was a game of chance between riders and buffalo. Odds were against the buffalo . . .

If the cowboys had time to spare when

buffalo were sighted—or if the boss had been seen going over a distant range of hills—the cowboys left their cattle to run buffalo. But if they were deep in their work—or, rather, if the boss was in sight—they only sat their horses and looked on as the buffalo left the country under clouds of dust.

In the summer of 1886 I was with the LU (L U bar) outfit on the Little Dry. We were out on a calf roundup, branding. One day, it happened to be my duty to pilot the mess wagon across the rough badland breaks. In the distance we sighted a herd of buffalo, the main herd—about a hundred head.

I had just shown the cook where to camp and was dragging up some wood for him by the horn of my saddle when suddenly I noticed other riders of the outfit, a dozen or more, wheel their horses and start on a high lope in the opposite direction. I loosened the rope from my saddle-horn, left it attached to the wood, and was soon with the riders in hot pursuit of the buffalo. It was interesting to note that when the bunch started calves were placed to the center, cows took the lead, and bulls kept outside and to the rear. This was their protective order of flight.

As we spurred our horses a drenching rain was turning the alkali and loose gumbo into deep, sticky mud. The hoofs of the frenzied buffalo dug deep into this and filled the air with mud balls, which soon likened the appearance of the riders and their mounts to that of the scenery around us. The broncho buster of the outfit was riding an outlaw horse called Sam Bass. I had given this horse his first ride the year before down in the Indian territory. He bucked considerably, then stampeded, so I headed him into the Salt Fork river and bogged him down. I named him after the famous outlaw, Sam Bass. The broncho buster was also called

The Frontier

Sam Bass—so named because none of us knew his real name and the outlaw was the first horse he had ridden when he came to the outfit the following spring. The horse went through his usual maneuvers as Sam started him out after the buffalo; consequently he was behind the rest of the riders. He took a short-cut to catch up and coming suddenly to a deep coulee, the banks of which were nearly straight up and down, he skidded the entire thirty feet or more, his horse making tracks like sled runners in the loose mud.

In the midst of the turmoil, a dozen six-shooters were re-enacting the drama of by-gone buffalo hunts. Four bulls were dropped along the trail. And someone roped a calf. By this time we were quite a distance from camp, so we turned back to get fresh mounts for the afternoon circle. We skinned out a hind quarter and the hump of the bull that had fallen nearest camp. G. F. ("Dick") Ingersoll had killed it, so he took the horns for a souvenir.

* * *

It was a common sight on the range to see the carcass of a fresh-killed buffalo . . . one by one they were being wiped out of existence. I had thought some of following up the straggling herds to rope young calves and start a buffalo herd of my own.

Late that fall I was riding line from the L U bar line camp, which was located along the divide between the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. Two of us were at the camp; we rode alone each way from camp and "threw" cattle back to the north when they attempted to drift south. (Antelope were plentiful; we were seldom out of sight of them. We could kill an antelope for food any time we wanted one, with a six-shooter. They often drank at our spring near the tent. We gave little thought to their presence, and often never looked up as they stood watching us ride by them.)

As I galloped across the head of Little Porcupine one day, towards the lead of the drifting cattle, suddenly one of the bunches, that I had taken for cattle at a distance, took on the resemblance of a lively whirlwind. My horse's ears pointed forward. The thoughts of cattle left my mind as we dashed towards the moving mass. It was thrilling

to ride in the dust of a bunch of buffalo, across sage-covered flats, clearing sharp-cut washouts with a bound, my wiry little Texas horse as eager as I to get among them. I swung the loop of my sixty-five-foot Manila rope high over my head and dashed it over the head of a five-months-old calf. A few seconds later the rest of the bunch had put space between them and the calf. A question then occurred to me, what was I going to do with him? Thirty miles to the home ranch over a rough country to take a calf, or to ride there and bring a team and wagon back, would take time. I decided I didn't want him.

Dismounting, I went hand over hand along the rope, trying to get close enough to that lively little piece of buffalo flesh to cut the rope at the hondo. With the rope fastened to the saddle horn, my horse was doing the holding, but the calf was cutting circles around him so fast that it kept the intelligent pony guessing and changing ends to keep from being tangled up in the rope. Finally after the calf had run the full length of the rope and thrown himself flat, I reached him and cut him loose. He scrambled to his feet and I watched him scamper across the flat in the direction his mother had taken. I decided it was a great deal harder to turn him loose than it was to catch him.

* * *

A heavy frost carpeted hills and valleys as I rode out on my line in the early morning sun of an October day. I rode leisurely to the top of a knoll, and there, in plain view, was a bunch of seven buffalo. All were lying down except one, the sentinel. Within a split second they were on their feet and headed for the highest point of the divide. The temptation was too great to be ignored. In the same fraction of a second I unconsciously dug the rowels deep in my horse's sides. I wanted to get among them before they gained the divide, if possible; but I failed—and worse, they had outwinded my horse on the steep slope. Buffalo are long-winded. When I had reached the top they were splitting the air down the opposite side. For the time I seemed to be losing ground; then my horse got his second wind and began to reach out with long strides that fast closed the space between us. After five or

six miles on a down grade, we crossed the Little Dry, and I was drawing closer. A monstrous big bull guarded the left flank of the bunch. As I closed in beside, I emptied my six-shooter into him. The rest of the bunch plunged into the deep washout and out at the opposite side. I reined in my horse and sat resting with my weight in one stirrup while I watched them until they were out of sight up the steep slope of an arroyo. Their speed never slackened and they seemed to have wind to spare. In the bunch was a young calf and a yearling. As I watched them go I thought it a shame that they were not protected instead of hunted. I even regretted that I had shot the bull; he was a perfect specimen, one of the largest I had ever seen.

* * *

During the fall of 1886 a hunter of considerable note appeared. This man was W. T. Hornady, the naturalist. He had hunted big game in many parts of the world, and was employed by the U. S. government to collect buffalo to be mounted in their natural state for the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Hornady outfitted at Miles City, Montana, with teams, wagons, camping outfit, saddle-horses and provisions. He employed men who knew the country, and in early fall set out for the buffalo range. His chief

helpers were Jim McNannie and Irving Bold, both of the L U bar ranch. (I had taken McNannie's place at the line camp when he decided to go.)

Being thus equipped with a good outfit and plenty of provisions, Mr. Hornady intended to abide his time and stay out as long as necessary in order to accomplish his purpose. He covered the country thoroughly where the buffalo ranged, and although the snow was deep and the winter a severe one, he followed the herd, camping wherever the occasion demanded. He did not return to Miles City until Christmas day, with his trophies of the hunt.

I was invited to have Christmas dinner at the hotel with the famous hunter, and regretted while the story of the hunt was being told that I had not been one of the party on the last real buffalo hunt.

That year nearly exterminated the northern buffalo. But until 1889 a half-dozen that had retreated to the rough breaks of Hell creek were occasionally seen. This section of country was so rough that stockmen had to send the cowboys out with pack outfits on their roundups, it being impossible to take a wagon through.

When this last little bunch of buffalo had finally been wiped out by reckless riding cowboys, the Northern Herd was a thing of the past.

THROUGH A TELESCOPE

BY FRANK B. LINDERMAN

THE MAJOR was polishing the brass barrel of a small telescope when I entered his cabin. "I've had it since buffalo days," he said reverently, handing the instrument to Harry Stanford, who was seated by the fireplace. "Got it from old Many-tail-feathers, a Piegan warrior," went on the Major, feeling in his coat pockets for his pipe. "Every Indian had one in those days; cost about a dollar and a half. But they are really good glasses, surprisingly good."

"Yes, Major," laughed Stanford, "I can vouch for their quality. One of them took all the gloss from a play I made once, and I thought I'd been mighty clever, too.

It was in May, 1884. Jack Lee was driving stage between Fort Benton and McLeod, over the line. He used to do a little business in whisky trading on the side, as most of them did. There was just enough danger connected with handling the goods to spice the business, and old Jack liked spice. He had some kind of a stand-in with Bill Moyea, a Northwest Mounted Policeman, and used to get across the Canadian line with a few gallons of forty-rod booze quite often. I liked old Jack. One day he asked me if I'd make a trip with him, and of course I was keen to go.

Nothing happened until we reached Fifteen Mile Butte, this side of Whoop-up, when

Jack pulled up, and said, 'Kid, I've got four four-gallon kegs under the stuff back there, besides a two-gallon *permit* keg. I reckon we'd better smell out the trail a bit, me an' you. Jest run ahead to the top of that there knoll, an' look around fer me, will ye?'

Thrilled by the office I hopped out and scooted up the hill, leaving Jack and the stage in the coulee. On top, looking north, I saw two red-coated policemen. They were far off, riding big, strong horses, and were coming toward us. One look was enough. I fairly flew down the hill, calling: 'Jack! Jack! They're coming. Look out!'

Jack got out of the stage. 'Here,' he said, 'get busy, Kid, an' he'p me cache this here whiskey, jest the four four-gallon kegs. Cache 'em in the sage-brush, quick!'

In almost no time I had the four four-gallon kegs cached where a bird-dog wouldn't find them in a week, and stood looking north for the Mounted Policemen. But I saw nothing, heard nothing.

'I'll not cache that two-gallon *permit* keg, by thunder,' growled Jack, watching the knoll-top. 'It's for Doctor DeVeber, of Fort McLeod. They sure can't nail me fer that, 'cause it's a *permit* keg.'

I knew the Doctor. He was post surgeon at McLeod, so I felt that all was well with the two-gallon keg. But still no Red-coat showed up on the hill.

'Funny what's went with 'em,' muttered Jack. 'Anyway we'll camp, an' eat a bite. We'll make 'em think we're *noonin'* here, see, Kid?' He unhooked the horses from the stage, and hobbled them. 'Ye're sure ye saw 'em, be ye?' he asked, anxiously.

'You bet I saw them, and they were riding our way, right toward us.'

The horses began to feed about, hobbling farther and farther from the stage; and Jack got out our lunch. I wasn't a bit hungry, myself. The knoll-top was too interesting for me to waste my time eating. 'What can be keeping those Policemen,' I kept wondering.

'Looks like a frame-up of some kind,' whispered Jack, knowing my thoughts. 'Look!' he pointed, his mouth full of bread and bacon.

Our horses' ears were pricked toward the

knoll-top, or at something that we could not see.

'Eat, Kid, eat!' whispered Jack, stuffing his mouth. 'We're *nooning*' here, damn it.'

I did eat a little, but without tasting anything. By this time our horses had again turned their attention to the grass. Whatever had interested them had disappeared.

'They're playin' some dodge or other,' whispered old Jack. 'But we are all in the open now. Let 'em come on into camp if they want to. They're a leetle late this trip.'

But they didn't come. 'I've got confidence in Bill Moyea,' Jack told me while he was hooking up the horses. 'I don't believe he'd deal from the bottom with me. But this here play looks like somethin' that seems dead, an' *ain't*. We'll jest leave them there four kegs where they be. You saw red-coats, and our hosses saw 'em, so we'll play safe, me, an' you. We'll jest pull out of here quiet an' nice, like a couple o' peaceful citizens of a sister nation.'

We had scarcely got out of the coulee when we saw them, the same two Policemen that I had seen, and they were riding toward us, just as they had been an hour before. I was a kid then, and couldn't understand. But now I feel sure they were either giving old Jack plenty of time to get rid of his whiskey, or waiting for us to proceed, so that they might catch us with the liquor in actual transit. Anyhow, Bill Moyea, Jack's accomplice in the whiskey-peddling game, was one of the Mounted Policemen that rode up to us. The other's name was Bennister, I remember. Moyea, leaning from his saddle, began to jolly old Jack, and Bennister, after a quick greeting, rode on ahead of the stage in the trail.

'Got anything aboard today, Jack?' asked Moyea, shielding his voice with his hand.

'Nope. Did hev, but I cached it back there. Got nothin' now except a *permit* keg for Doctor DeVeber, at Fort McLeod,' Jack told him, honestly enough.

'There *isn't* any such thing as a *permit* keg, Jack. Get away with it at once. I don't feel that we can trust Bennister—da—da-da—da.' Moyea began to hum a tune, spurring his horse to catch up with his comrade.

Old Jack was plainly dazed. He believed

that the two-gallon keg was legal. 'Say, Kid,' he said, 'this here is funny business. I don't savvy it, me. Anyway, slip out of the rig with that there damned little keg. Cache it someplace, anyplace; an' be quick about it.'

I crawled back of the seat. The road was rough just there. I bounced about like a ball on a board, but finally got the miserable little keg in my arms, and crept to the hind end of the stage. Great patches of tall rye-grass grew along the trail, even in it; and now I wanted a patch badly. Old Jack knew what I was waiting for, and purposely ran over a bunch. Just as the hind end of the stage went over it I fell, tumbled head-over-heels, into the tall grass with the darn keg hugged to my breast. It was a beautiful, stagey fall of nearly six feet, well-timed, and perfect in every way. There's a badger-hole in nearly every fat patch of rye-grass, and there was a big one in mine. I came up in a second, without the keg. I'd shoved it down into the badger-hole as slick as a whistle. I got up brushing the seat of my pants as though I'd accidentally fallen out of the rig, and felt mighty proud of my achievement.

'Fine, Kid, fine,' chuckled old Jack. 'That there was pretty work, I'd tell a man. Now we're all right, clean as a pair of preachin' elders, me an' you.'

We were right behind our escort when we pulled into McLeod, and yet neither Moyea nor Bennister said another word to us. Dave Acres was in charge at Fort McLeod. He was glad to see us, did everything he could to make us comfortable there. We spent the evening at story-telling—I mean that old Jack and Dave told stories, and that I listened. Dave's woman was a squaw. A band of her relations was visiting Dave, as usual. There was a big bunch of them camped in the post. They'd been there for a week or two, and Dave said he hoped they'd be pulling out soon. It was pretty late when we finally turned in, and yet we had been in our blankets an hour or more when the door opened. Sitting up I saw old Dave with a candle in his hand.

'Jack! Oh, Jack,' he called, softly.

'Hey? What's up? Reckon I was asleep. What's botherin'?'

'Did you have any whiskey aboard today, Jack?' asked Dave.

'No, Dave. Not a damned drop. Did hev, but cached it back at Fifteen Mile Butte. Why?'

'Listen!' Dave held up his hand. 'Hear it?' he asked.

A wild dance was going on. An Indian drum was being worked hard, while the yips and yells of dancers often drowned its cadence.

'What it is?' asked Jack, sitting up.

'Sounds like whiskey to me,' answered Dave. 'Nothing but war, or whiskey, makes that racket in an Injin camp, and there's no war here that I know of; no whiskey, either, unless you fetched it in. But it's one or the other. I'll go and see.'

We got up and dressed. Dave was gone quite a while. When he returned he walked to the candle, that he'd left burning near our bunk, with a small, two-gallon whiskey-keg in his hand. 'Is this yours, Jack?' he asked, holding the keg in the candle-light.

'It sure as hell is,' marveled Jack, looking carefully at the luckless thing. 'It's dead sure my keg. Kid, I'm a liar if I ain't lookin' at the very keg you cached in the rye-grass back near Fifteen Mile Butte. Where'd ye git it, Dave?'

'I bought it, and what's left of the liquor that was in it, from a fourth cousin of mine, by marriage; paid him two dollars for it. My woman's brother was on the top of a high knoll watching for antelope with his telescope this afternoon, and saw this young man fall out of your stage with a keg in his arms. He raised the cache, of course. Then he gambled the keg away, lost it to my fourth cousin; and I bought it as I told you. Have a little drink, Jack?'

'By Gosh, yes. I'll take two, mebbly three,' laughed Jack. 'They come pretty high, too. An' ain't them little Injin telescopes hell-keen fer *seein'* things?'

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

A TRIP TO THE STATES IN 1865

Edited by EDITH M. DUNCAN

FOREWORD: "A Trip to the States" is the diary of J. Allen Hosmer, who was the sixteen-year-old son of Montana's first territorial chief justice, Judge Hezekiah L. Hosmer. The book, which is the second book to be published in Montana, tells of a trip made in 1865 by Montana people including the Hosmer family from Virginia City, Montana, to Detroit, when it took a week's staging to reach the head of navigation on the Yellowstone, and forty-four days' boating from there to get to the nearest one of the states, Iowa.

The book is 4½ by 5½ inches, done on common news print paper in old-fashioned 10-point type. The cover is of cardboard, covered with butcher paper and bound along the back with brown cloth. It is hand-sewn in whip-stitch. There are ninety-four pages, printed one page at a time on a hand press.

This little book is very rare. Only three copies can be located. One belongs to the Montana State Historical Library; another was exchanged by the State Library with a middle-west state library, either Minnesota or Wisconsin; and the third from which this reprint is made is one loaned us by Mrs. Flora McKay McNulty of Sheridan, Montana, to whom the book was presented with the following letter.

WM. H. CHILES

HENRY C. CHILES

CHILES & CHILES

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
LEXINGTON, MISSOURI

Nov. 10, 1914

Mrs. McNulty,
Virginia City, Mont.

Dear Madam:—The enclosed little volume "A trip to the states," I donate to the public library of my old home many, many years ago.

It may be the first, and if not, then the second book printed and published in Montana Territory and thus has an historic if not intrinsic value.

The first three books published in Montana were printed in Virginia City:—This volume, the "Vigilantes of Montana," first ran as a serial in the "Montana Post," of which the author, Prof. Thomas J. Dimsdale, was the Editor and the "Montana Addresses of Gov. Thomas Francis Meagher," compiled and published by Maj. John P. Bruce, the Editor and publisher of the "Montana Democrat." I regret that I cannot send you the other two volumes, but my copy of the "Vigilante" book was liter-

ally worn out by its numerous readers, while the Meagher addresses, dilapidated and worn, I cannot find.

J. Allen Hosmer, the author, Editor, printer, publisher, and binder of this unique and ancient account of a trip back East via the Yellowstone was the 16-year-old son of Judge Hezekiah L. Hosmer, district judge and presiding justice of Supreme Court of Montana. The book as to origin and make-up speaks for itself. Its original cost was one dollar in gold-dust.

I return it to its birthplace to spend its old age in a congenial home, where it may be examined curiously long after its author and this donor shall have passed into dust and out of recollection.

With kind regards,

WM. H. CHILES.

J. Allen Hosmer was born in Toledo, Ohio, September 15, 1850. He came to Montana with his parents in 1864 and made his home in Virginia City. His father, Hezekiah Hosmer, had been appointed by Lincoln the first Chief Justice of Montana. A year later Allen Hosmer started with his family on a visit to the East and the record of this trip is here reprinted. A few months later they returned to Montana and young Hosmer became clerk of the court and studied law with his father.

He found time also to start a newspaper, which he called the BEAVERHEAD NEWS. It was published from August to October, 1866. To print this paper, Hosmer had purchased the "Tilton Press." This press, which is now in the Montana State Historical Library, was brought from Denver to Bannock in 1862-63, and sold by Tilttons to Lott Brothers in Virginia City, then later to young Hosmer. On this press, too, he printed "A Trip to the States."

Both father and son were deeply interested in journalism and literature. The father had published in 1859 a novel, "The Octoroon." At a later date he also wrote a critical essay on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. Before coming to Montana, he was editor of the "Toledo Blade."

In 1872, Allen Hosmer removed with his family to California, where he was later admitted to the bar at the age of thirty-five. He served as prosecuting attorney in both Joaquin County and in San Francisco; and in 1907, just a few months before his death, he was appointed to the supreme bench of California, a position which afforded him the satisfaction of fulfilling his life's ambition by occupying, as his father had done, a position of judicial authority.

—EDITH M. DUNCAN.

A TRIP TO THE STATES

By the Way of the

YELLOWSTONE AND MISSOURI

By J. ALLEN HOSMER

With a Table of Distances.

Virginia City, Mon. Ter.

Beaverhead News Print.

1867.

A TRIP TO THE STATES

INTRODUCTION

I am about undertaking to write a brief sketch of a trip to the States by way of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, which trip was not only through a beautiful country, but was also very unpleasant.

As I have headed this pamphlet a trip to the States, I will commence at Virginia City in this Territory and finish at Detroit, Michigan.

The story will speak of the camping grounds, the boats, and the beauties of the river.

Entered according to an Act of Congress

By J. A. Hosmer

In the Clerk's Office, of the First Judicial District of Montana Territory.

1866

A TRIP TO THE STATES

SEPT. 21, 1865.—After a great deal of trouble getting ready, at last a light wagon drawn by two black horses drove up in front of the door and after putting on about half a ton then we all took a farewell glass of wine and got into the wagon. After getting in, one of our neighbors threw an old shoe after us, but the shoe went crooked and we supposed that it meant crooked

luck, well, we started at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and on ascending the divide between the Stinkingwater¹ and Madison rivers, we encountered a storm of snow and rain, and having only a cloth cover to our wagon, we were [2] rather wet when we had got across the divide.

At one o'clock we arrived at the Eight Mile House where some men were a little merry on account of having more liquor on board than they could comfortably carry.

We stayed here but a moment, and then started, and in a short time we came on to a level plain and there you may see a beautiful range of mountains² in the distance, and by looking back we could see the snow-storm we had just passed through, finally the sun came out and we had pleasant weather the rest of the afternoon.

At about half past three we arrived at Newmans ranch, situated at the crossing of Willow Creek, twenty miles from Virginia, here we met some men bound for the Yellowstone, whose wagon had broke down the day before a few miles back, and they were waiting here for it to come up, they were armed with double barreled shotguns and Colt's revolvers.

We were here only a few moments and then started on, we passed a great many wagons bound for the Yellowstone after about an hour's travel from Newmans. At half past five we entered a very pretty [3] canyon, and in crossing a mud hole in said canyon we broke one of the whiffletrees to our wagon after a little trouble we succeeded with birch wood and rope in fixing it up, we started on, and just at dark we drove into Merritt Young's ranch or as it is often called the Half-way House, we got a very good supper of Antelope and potatoes, and after spreading our blankets on the ground floor of the cabin we retired, having made thirty miles.

Sept. 22.—At about six o'clock we arose and the first thing on the programme was to find our horses, we looked until half past seven, but saw no signs of them, then we

Square bracketed numbers represent the pages of the original copy. Other numbers correspond to footnotes.

¹ Alder Gulch in which Virginia City is built drains into this stream, called by the Snake Indians Passamari, by early settlers the Stinkingwater and now known as the Ruby River. It flows into the Jefferson. Virginia City, the great placer-gold bonanza, was then the territorial capital, with a population of 10,000.

² The Madison Range, one of the most beautiful in all Montana.

The Frontier

got breakfast, and about half past nine we found the horses two miles down the road, we harnessed them and then could not start on account of Major Barrett one of our passengers being absent, at length he came up the road swinging his arms and we jumped into the wagon and started, after going three miles we came to the Hot Spring from which the Hot Spring Mining District receives its name, we took a look at that and then went on and crossed the divide between Meadow Creek and the Madison river which divide is covered with beautiful Pine trees and huge boulders.

[4]After crossing this divide we went down into the valley of the Madison, and we followed this river over a rocky road for six miles then we crossed at a place known as Foreman's² ranch forty miles from Virginia, here we left the Madison and after going twelve miles we left the road and took to the open prairie. Not one of us knew where we were going at the time,⁴ but at last after climbing hills and crossing long prairies; we at last came to the canyon we were looking for, we entered the canyon about five o'clock in the afternoon and were then about four miles from the Gallatin river, when about mid-way in the canyon, in crossing a sideling place in the road, the wheels of our light wagon with its heavy load broke, and the wagon and its contents after turning three times in the air, landed in a ravine thirty four feet from where we started, there were six of us in the wagon and not one of us was hurt, the tongue broke from the wagon and the horses stood still and looked on. Gingerbread, sugar, paper collars, quartz specimens, and divers and sundry other things were found here and there, we gathered them up and we got them to the top of the hill with difficulty on account of the hill being perpendicular.[5] The fire arms landed on the chickens which we were taking to our ranch.

We then started on foot, and a little after dark arrived at our ranch, and after par-

taking of a small supper we retired for the night.

Sept. 23.—This day we stayed at the ranch, and I went fishing with Mr. Samuel Russell in the Gallatin, but his luck was a little better than mine, because he caught about thirty fish and I caught one, but we had a fine mess of fish for supper, nothing else of account happened this day.

Sept. 24.—To day we went to a beautiful spring situated on our ranch, and in the afternoon we practised firing at a mark, in the evening we took a walk around to a Frenchman's that lived near by and bought a quarter of Antelope, we then returned to the ranch and retired.

Sept. 25.—Left the ranch at about eight o'clock in a lumber wagon drawn by two mules and horses, after going about a mile we forded the Gallatin river which is a very rapid stream, then we rode through a pine forest about a mile in length we then forded Cottonwood creek, then we crossed a prairie nine miles and then forded the East Gallatin [6] river, and at eleven o'clock we arrived at Bozeman City,⁵ seventy five miles from Virginia, we bought potatoes and turnips enough here to last us through the trip, while here an old man came running up from the East Gallatin and said he had heard some Indians in the water at that place.

Then to tell the truth I was frightened, I expected at every turn in the road to be met or pursued by a hostile band of Sioux or Cheyennes, but as good fortune would have it they were not Sioux but Flatheads⁶ who were friendly toward the whites but deadly enemies of the Crows who have their hunting grounds in this vicinity.

We left Bozeman at twelve o'clock and after going a few miles we ascended the divide which separates the Gallatin from the Yellowstone, the ascent is very steep, and as we went up, we looked back and could see Bozeman City and nearly all the Gallatin valley in the distance.

This divide is twelve miles in length and

² Known to old-timers as Black's. Here was a toll-bridge over the Madison. The toll was \$1.00 per wagon.

⁴ E. A. Maynard of Jeffers who came with Bozeman in his race with Bridger gives this route as up Elk Creek to Fly's Bridge than on to Emigrant Gulch.

⁵ Bozeman was then a place of fewer than a dozen houses. Judge Hosmer later held the first term of court here.

⁶ The early home of the Flatheads, a Selish race, was in the Bitter Root Valley. The Passamari, the Gallatin, the Beaverhead, Jefferson, Big Hole and Madison were all disputed Indian territory.

for most of the way is covered with very large pine trees. the rest of the way is rocky.

At four o'clock we descended the divide,⁷ which is as steep as the ascent, after getting down we ran into [7] a mud hole and got stuck, the tongue went under the root of a tree, and in trying to get it out we broke the evener, here we stayed for a while and finally succeeded in getting out, and after running through ruts and mud holes for about five miles, we camped on an open prairie ten miles from the Yellowstone, not more than three miles from where, two weeks before, two men were killed by Sioux Indians. There we were only six in number, and in a hostile Indian country. We all felt a little nervous expecting that our "har might be rized" before morning, but darkness had overtaken us and the roads being bad we were in danger of breaking the wagon if we went on, so after making a fire, and having a supper of Antelope without any seasoning and bread without any butter, we retired under the wagon, and had a blustering wind during the whole night.

Sept. 26.—We arose very early, and harnessed up the horses and started without breakfast, after driving a few miles we came in sight of the lofty peaks of Immigrant Gulch, and the green trees that border on the Yellowstone, at half past seven we entered the canyon, the rocks on either side rise [8] to the enormous height of almost a mile.⁸

After following the canyon up two miles, we drove into a beautiful grove of cottonwood trees, in this grove there were over three hundred people encamped, they amused themselves by hunting, fishing, reading and stealing, but the latter was soon put and end to by the Vigilance Committee, who put out notices that they were in session.

The scenery in this vicinity compares in grandeur with that of the Yo Semite valley in California only the trees are not so high.

We could not start on account of all boats not being built, we spent most of the day in and around the camp, and in the evening formed an assembly and made some rules.

One of which was as follows. That they should not fire a gun in the Indian country, (you will see how well this rule was kept,) after this was over we retired to our boat.

Sept. 27.—Early this morning the boats were finished being thirty six in number and divided into four different fleets No. 1. Knox & Bradbury's fleet of 10 boats, these boats were sharp at the bow thirty two feet long, three feet high, eight feet wide in the centre, and four feet wide at the stern.

[9] The names of the boats in this fleet were as follows, No. 1. Jeannie Deans, 2. Montana, 3. (our boat) Antelope, 4. Lady Pike, 5. Helena City, 6. No name, 7. St. Louis, 8. Lady Jane, 9. Otter and 10. Autocrat.

The second fleet was Bivens' of nine boats, these were common flat boats, and were of different length they had small cabins on the stern, they set sail on the 26th. and therefore I do not know the names of the boats.

The third, was the German Flats of nineteen boats these were common Flats or mud scows, the family boats had cabins but the others were the plain scow used in the states for hauling mud.

The boats spoken of above were all built of pine lumber. Fleet no. 4, belonging to Van Cleave & Hanson, consisted of four boats, built of Cottonwood lumber, and sharp at each end like the original Mackinaw boat, there were a few other boats which were built for use of private families, one of these was the handsomest boat in the outfit which they called the "Gipsey Nell" it was built similar to Knox's boats only on a smaller scale.

Having described the boats, I will now proceed [10] to describe the trip.

This morning we hurried about and got our things from the wagon into the boat, and at ten o'clock our boat got its crew on board which consisted of the following named persons, Mrs. H. L. Hosmer, Miss S. E. Hosmer, H. L. Hosmer, L. E. Ingersoll of Wisconsin, R. M. Campbell of Detroit, Edward Hosmer of Leavenworth, W. M. Buchanan of Sioux City, O. D. Barrett of Washington, D. C. Sheldon Schmidt a dutchman from eastern Iowa and myself.

⁷ Bozeman Pass where James Bozeman was killed in 1867.

⁸ From this description it would appear that from the top of Bozeman Pass the party had followed a canyon which leads southward, instead of the main pass which comes out near Livingston. Emigrant Gulch in the Upper Yellowstone was a gold camp discovered by D. B. Weaver in 1864.

We started on rapid and sailed down one mile and camped for the rest of the boats to come up, in going that mile we passed through five rapids, we encamped in a thick-et, after landing some of our men set the woods on fire and it burnt very pretty for awhile, we loafed around until about three o'clock when most of the boats arrived and then we all set sail for America,⁹ there were about twenty boats with us at this time. After going about two miles we made our exit from the canyon, and sailed on, after going four miles we ran on a gravel bar, our men jumped into the water to get the boat off, some of them jumped a little too far and went into water above their waists, but we finally got off and sailed [11] down eight miles and hauled up to an island, when we arrived a large Elk with immense antlers crossed the river, some of our boys attempted to follow it but it gave them the slip by re-crossing and they having no means of following were obliged to abandon the pursuit. An old hunter told us that we had chosen a very good spot for fighting Indians because said he, "the Indians will not fight unless they have the advantage," and here we had the advantage because the island was covered with willows, and furnished ambush for us as well as the red skins.

We cooked our supper of bacon and potatoes, and ate it, after they had all had their suppers, they formed a meeting and Charles Davis an old Missouri steamboatman was elected pilot of the fleet, and Lieut. Robert Shilling a man who had seen considerable service in the late war, our military commander. We then retired to our boats, and it was very comfortable under a pair of Mackinaw blankets, because it was a freezing cold night.

Sept. 28.—Having learned that some of the Flat boats that were to bring families were behind, we agreed to wait for them to come up, at nine o'clock they arrived and we once more set sail, [12] we ran into rapids every half mile, just before reaching one of these rapids, we landed to let the slow boats catch up, in landing, Schmidt (who was almost always in trouble) attempted to take the rope ashore by jumping from the bow of the boat, the stove being on

the bow, that set him to stumbling, and next moment he went head foremost into the river and the first thing he grabbed for was the stove, but he did not hold on to that long, he grabbed an oar and with a little assistance was saved with but the inconvenience of a good ducking. O. D. Barrett caught the stove, thus the idea of going on with uncooked meals soon obviated. Schmidt went back behind a large boulder and changed his cloths, after that it was a byword with the folks on our boat that "Schmidt when he went into the Yellowstone, took the stove along for a life preserver."

The river thus far is bordered on one side with beautiful Cottonwood groves on the other either with high bluffs or level plains, at noon we camped in a thicket of rose bushes, here we saw the foot prints of a very large bear, but the "bar" was not to be seen, at one o'clock we left this camp, we passed through a great many wild rapids during the afternoon [13], but passed through them all except one without any trouble, this rapid we reached at four o'clock where all the boats hauled up in short order, the rapid is at the crossing of the Bridger road, which runs from Fort Laramie to Virginia City, the water in this rapid is not over a foot and a half deep, after a little trouble we got off and sailed on, this rapid is eighty miles below our starting point, after we got off we travelled fifteen miles and drew up for the night, our camping ground this night was on the left hand bank in a thinly scattered grove of Cottonwood trees at the back of which was a small hill about two hundred yards from the bank, on which we placed our guards, we had a very good supper of Elk and after eating it, we spread our blankets on the ground and went to bed.

Sept. 29.—We arose very early, got breakfast at half past five and were afloat at six, soon after starting we saw an Elk fight on one of the distant hills.

The river still continues to be full of rapids and are very dangerous ones, the country through which we are now passing is an open plain, and seemed as if it were filled with mounds.

[14] At about ten o'clock as the boats were passing a sand stone cliff, the inmates of

⁹ This shows how far out of the world these people felt themselves to be. This was a common expression used in the Northwest when referring to the states.

each boat fired toward it as they passed, we all thought the dreaded Sioux were upon us, but turned out to be a little duck which everybody was firing at, but no one seemed to hit it, soon after we came in sight of wagons corraled in a Cottonwood grove on the right bank of the river about three miles ahead, (this looked like civilization) we sailed on and found it to be Col. Sawyer's expedition, bound for Virginia City, the colonel was very kind and gave us some tomatoes, peaches and fresh milk, we stayed here two hours, during which time we got a narrative of their trip from Judge Smith.

At two o'clock we started, and after going a short distance, at a bend in the river where the water had cut under a high rock, the current was very rapid, and the channel runs very close to the rock and it requires a skillful steersman to pass it in safety, all passed by safely except the "Lady Jane" which ran into the rock and stove a hole in the bottom so we had to stop to fix her, this let the flat boats get the advantage. We landed in a thick Cottonwood grove.

We were here about an hour and then started on.[15] Twelve miles below Sawyer's camp we passed the mouth of the Big Rosebud river, which is about half a mile wide at its mouth, and when we passed it looked rather shallow, we went on and at half past five we turned a bend in the river, which runs at the base of a large mountain, it looked as if it might be an ambush for Indians, the river was not over four hundred yards wide, notwithstanding the looks of this place our pilot made himself interesting by crossing and camping on the opposite side of the river which was the worst of the two, I would not speak of this if there had been any necessity of stopping, but the sun was over an hour high, and we could get better camping grounds below.

Our camping ground this night was among a lot of dry timber and on a bank ten feet high, from all appearances it had lately been the camping ground of a band of Indians, a great many in the fleet complained of this camp to the Commander in Chief, who answered in a very interesting tone "I would not want a better place for fighting Indians," but most of the fleet did not have that opinion of the place because it was plain to be

seen that if the red skins should attack us we would have to take to our boats [16] and the river being full of rapids we were in danger of sinking our craft, and breaking our necks getting down the bank if we had to fly during the night, but luckily the Indians did not attack us. We had supper of fried Elk, then spread our blankets on the ground and retired.

Sept. 30.—We arose this morning at half past three, the dew that fell during the night wet our blankets through a few moments after we arose a voice from our boat said a man was in trouble, we went to see who it was and it turned out to be Schmidt who had gone to get some water to make coffee, and fell head foremost down the bank, we got him out and his first exclamation was "Mine Got und Himmel." We set sail at twenty minutes after six, the country now breaks into Yellow sand stone cliffs it is from these rocks that the river receives its name.

The Flat boats were ahead this morning, and the rapids still continue to be bad, at half past ten we came to a very bad one, a flat boat got upon a boulder in this rapid and could not be moved, a man started with a rope in a small row boat to be of assistance, but the current was so strong that it upset the boat, and the man floated down a short distance, [17] when somebody threw him a rope which he succeeded in catching and was thus saved from a watery grave. Our boats came along just as this man started out, and our boat was the only one of the Mackinaw's that struck, and we landed on a boulder in the middle of the river, the rest of boats went on and waited for us a mile below, we were almost dipping water when we swung off, we expected every moment to see the bottom of our boat floating on ahead. This rapid answers the description of the first rapid of the Yellowstone, mentioned by Lewis & Clarke.

We went on and met the rest of the fleet, and all proceeded on together. In the forenoon we saw as we imagined a herd of buffalo feeding but I think it was only a mirage. During the day we passed a great many grey cliffs with large veins of coal running through them, these cliffs were very high and invariably at the base was a rapid. The bad rapids still continue and in the after-

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noon in descending one, we ran into a tree that had lately been fallen by beaver's, and broke a double barrelled shot gun all to small bits, and the stock off from a Smith & Wesson rifle, this looked discouraging but we [18] fixed the rifle up, and was only minus a shot gun.

At half past four we passed the mouth of Clark's Fork, it is a very good sized stream, and comes in from the south side under a high bluff, at five o'clock we camped in some willows, backed by a small grove of trees and back of the grove was the open prairie, in this grove was an old Indian wickiup, but soon after our arrival was torn down and sude for fire wood. We had supper of Antelope, and after our camp fires were lit there appeared on the distant hills just as the sun was setting a large drove of Mountain Sheep. Our blankets were spread on the sand, and we went to bed more contented than we were the night before.

October 1.—We arose and got an early breakfast, and was off at fifteen minutes of six, we passed a great many remarkable grey cliffs on the right with veins of coal, like those we passed yesterday.

During the forenoon we passed the mouth of Pryors Fork which is a small stream and comes in from the south, a little after noon we passed "Pompeys Pillar" one of Lewis & Clark's landmarks, we had a copy of their travels with us, and it is with great accuracy that they have described the land marks [19] thus far.

Pompeys Pillar is a large yellow stone rock, and can be ascended only from one side, it seems as if the river had cut it from the main range of yellow sandstone which is on the north side of the river, the river bends around the rock which is over three hundred feet in height, and perpendicular, all except at the back where you can ascend, we did not stop and I can therefore only speak from appearances.

About thirty-five miles from where we camped last night, we passed three points of yellow stone on the north side of the river,, which seemed to be covered with hyeroglyphics, and as no one had named them before us we called them the "Three Towers."

The cottonwood groves still continue and some are very beautiful, the river begins to

grow deeper and less rapids appear, but still rapids appear once in awhile. We have passed a great many cliffs with veins of coal to-day, on these cliffs we saw game paths which run up almost perpendicular, we supposed they were the tracks of the Mountain Sheep we also saw in these cliffs a large quantity of swallows and the twittering of these little birds cheered [20] us up and made the men row easier.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon we saw an old Buffalo bull on a distant hill pawing dirt this was the first animal of this kind we had any certainty of seeing since we started. At four o'clock we saw a large herd of Buffalo feeding on the hills, our boys in accordance with the rule made September 26 stopped the boats and went hunting, we got a little vexed at this and went on with a few other boats.

As we left the pilot halloood something after us which we understood, "if you leave us we'll hang you for mutiny when we catch you," but we went on.

Just after we left four Buffaloes crossed the river right in front of our boat, we sailed on some twenty miles and stopped in a cottonwood grove on the right bank, opposite to a high grey bluff, for the night with seven other boats.

We slept on the bank until midnight, when waking up my ears were assailed with the intermingled cries and howlings of wolves, cayotes, night hawks, and other creatures, whose business it seemed to be to render "night hideous." Among other noises was a peculiar whistle, long, trilling and frequent, which came from different directions. [21] This aroused my suspicions that all was not right, and that the Indians were in reality upon us, and were surrounding us, and signaling each other, to mark their progress. I roused the family and we changed our quarters to the boat, with the intention, as a last resort, to push out into the stream, in case of an attack, but just as we had got fairly located in the boat, one of the guards came in, and on making known to him our apprehensions, he, on hearing the marvellous whistle, informed us that it was the call of the male to the female Elk, and was very common, in the rutting season with those animals.

We slept soundly after this, until the hour arrived to make preparations for our departure in the morning, and awaked with scalps untouched by the "friendly sone of the forest."

October 2.—This morning we were afloat at twenty minutes of six, it was a very beautiful morning, and we sailed on down by the yellow bluffs, and picturesque groves.

At nine o'clock we passed the mouth of the Bighorn river, this river gives a muddy color to the Yellowstone which heretofore has been very clear, the river also begins to grow wider and a great deal of [22] the time to-day, the river was over a mile in width.

The Bighorn river comes in from the south and is not very wide at its mouth. At the mouth of this river there is a very pretty site for a town, and before many years shall pass away, the metropolis of Montana¹⁰ will be at the mouth of the Bighorn river, and more than likely some of the members of the last Legislature will take up their abode in this vicinity.

Twenty miles below the Bighorn we passed a high yellow sand stone rock, and on account of its shape, we called it Citadel Rock.

The handsome cottonwood groves still continue, and if it were not for the expectation of being fired into by savages every moment, the traveler would enjoy the trip hugely.

In the afternoon we came to where an island occurs in the river, the left hand channel around this island is filled with snags and rapids, and most of the boats went this way but we did not like the looks of it, and took the other channel which is the longest and the river runs very slow, and we were an hour going around this island which is about two miles in length.

This island answers to one described by Lewis & Clarke,[23] where they speak of going ashore, and finding an Indian lodge, but it being toward evening we did not land. After we got around this island we came in sight of old Fort Sarpee,¹¹ we stopped here and cooked our supper, all that remains of this old fort is two chimneys, this fort is on the south side at a bend in the river.

While we were encamped here, the Mack-

inaw fleet we left the day before, came up and passed us, after supper we started and caught up with the rest of the fleet about three miles below and we all camped together for the night, having made about eighty miles, our camping ground this night was under a high bank, which bank was on south side of the river and covered with cottonwood trees.

October 3.—We were afloat very early this morning with the rest of the fleet the pilot did not threaten us with hemp, but told us to take our place in the fleet which we accordingly did. During the day we passed a great many red sand stone cliffs described by Lewis & Clarke, and many other things described by them, among which were the Buffalo Shoals, these shoals are six miles in length, and the river is not more than two feet deep, in the deepest [24] place on these shoals, we were two hours crossing these on account of very often running aground, and the moment we would strike bottom all the men would jump overboard and push the boat off, and we would start on again.

The bottom of the river on these shoals is hard yellow sand stone. The fall of three feet, spoken of by Lewis & Clarke as being at the end of these shoals has worn down, and only a rapid marks the spot where sixty years ago there was a waterfall.

About twelve miles below the Buffalo Shoals we passed the mouth of Tongue River which comes in from the south, we passed this river about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Directly opposite the mouth of Tongue River is old Fort Alexander,¹² which was used as a trading post of the North West Fur Co. from 1825. until 1850., this fort was built by Alexander Culbertson Esq. of Peoria, Ill. This fort is in the same condition as old Fort Sarpee, there being nothing left except two old chimneys.

Late in the afternoon we reached what is called the Bad Lands (proper) the cliffs with veins of coal grow more numerous, the cottonwood groves begin to disappear, and the soil is white sand, rapids [25] are also becoming less frequent.

Our camping ground this night was in the bad lands on a sand bank, when we arrived

¹⁰Here today is the little town of Bighorn below Billings.

¹¹Fort Sarpy was built by the American Fur Co. in 1850 and abandoned in 1860.

¹²Fort Alexander was built by the American Fur Co. in 1839.

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he men enjoyed themselves by washing for Moss Agates¹³ and some very fine ones were found, some of the men went to hunting Elk and Deer, the bullets whizzed around a persons head as if a battle was going on, one Elk and one black tailed deer were all that was killed, we had Elk for supper, and slept in our boats.

October 4.—This morning we took two men on board to help row, whose names were Ben. Payne and ————Lewis. We ran today with two sets of oars. Cottonwood trees we begin to miss. And the scenery changes into large bluffs with veins of coal, and high banks of different colored earth which were very beautiful. During the day we came to another place described by Lewis & Clarke known as Bear Rapid, this rapid is half a mile in length, and the stream is filled with very large boulders, some of these rocks are large enough to build a house on.

At noon today we landed to get wood and while looking around we came across a green wolf skin, and following on further, we came to fresh foot prints [26] and we being aware of the fact that no Caucasian Mongolian or African traveled in this part of the country alone, we came to the conclusion that the foot-prints belonged to an Indian, where upon we took caution to get into our boat, and strike for the middle of the river, we were behind most of day, at last night (which was always welcome) came, we camped in a grove of straggling trees, after supper we all went to work to rig a wail-pole for the boats, they were all finished by ten o'clock and looking through the moonlight we could almost imagine a large harbor of commercial vessels in front of us, and for a description of what was at our back, I will refer my readers to the last part of Goldsmiths poem of the Deserted Village.

October 5.—This morning we arose at half past five, it was a very beautiful morning, and soon after starting we came in sight of blue mountains in the distance, we expected to reach the Missouri by evening, but we were deceived, we passed more of the red hills spoken of by Lewis & Clarke.

At about nine o'clock we passed the mouth of Powder River, which comes from the

south. At half past ten we heard a loud roaring ahead, [27] not unlike that of a waterfall, we expected the noise came from a rapid that we had dreaded from our start, which Lewis & Clarke called Wolf Rapid, from the fact of seeing a wolf on a boulder in the rapid, it was what we expected, soon after hearing the noise we came in sight of white surges in the distance, we sail on, the "Jeannie Deans" piloted by Davis entered the rapid first and in trying to avoid the white surges, landed on a rock.

The "Montana," piloted by R. J. Paulison of Haekensack, N. J., followed Davis and got on a rock at the bow, the current then took the boat around and it struck on a boulder at the stern, it was now aground both at the bow and stern, and in a helpless condition. Our boat came next piloted by Edward Hosmer, who made for the white waves, the rest followed us, and all passed through in safety, except No. 6. which received a slight injury at the head of the rapid, Davis' boat got on a rock close to another that stuck out of the water, and one man got out and pushed it off, Paulison as this boat passed threw a rope, which was caught, and they all got off safely. This rapid is almost as wild as those of the Niagara or St. Lawrence rivers.[28]

We camped below and looked at a vein of coal. Wolf Rapid is the last rapid of the Yellowstone, and by far the worst. Today the scenery was large bluffs and high banks. At evening we camped on a sand bank about a quarter of a mile from a small clump of trees, to which place we had to go for wood, some of our men while out after wood, came across an old Indian lodge, and in this lodge they found an old log covered with hyeroglyphics, which were made with some black substance. We drew a sketch of these hyeroglyphics, and I have tried to have them interpreted but as yet have succeeded no further than to find out that they belong to the Blackfeet Indians.

During the evening a very beautiful Aurora Borealis appeared in the north and lit up the whole surrounding country. These lights were so bright, and the night air was so chilly, that we could imagine ourselves in the Polar seas very easily.

¹³Montana ranks first of all the states in the Union in precious and semi-precious stones. There is much demand today for the agates of the Yellowstone.

The man whom I have mentioned as ———Lewis left us this night and took another boat.

October 6.—We left this morning in advance of the other boats, but were passed soon after, and were behind most of the day there being only one [29] or two Flat boats with us.

At nine o'clock we passed the last place described by Lewis & Clarke which they called York's Dry Creek, this comes from the north, there is only a bed of a creek comes in here.

At about ten o'clock we saw as we supposed, Indians hunting Buffalo, but were not certain whether it was or not, we being behind the others, it was most likely imagination.

We have been looking for the Missouri all day but see no signs as yet, the river is wider and the banks are like the Missouri. In the afternoon we came to a place where the river looked as if it had stopped, one of the men of the flat boat saw this, and said in a forlorn hope sort of a tone "I guess the river's played out," but the river had not played out. We sailed on and about four o'clock we came to the mouth of a small stream that comes in from the east, the name of which I did not learn, at its mouth it is so rapid, that it and the Yellowstone together formes a whirlpool, we whirled around once and then got out.

At evening we caught up with the rest of the boats which were encamped at Braseau's¹⁴ Houses.

[30] These houses as they are called, are situated on a plain covered with brush and are a little back from the river, they were used as a trading post for the North West Fur Company, but like the other two nothing remains except chimneys.

The "Montana" was taken out this evening and fixed for an injury received on Wolf Rapid. After supper two of the flat boats started out to run all night. This night we slept on shore.

October 7.—We arose at three o'clock and were off at four, soon after starting a large drove of Elk crossed the river right in front of our boat, some one asked what they were

and Payne answered "they must be either Antelopes or Leopards," this raised a laugh, although Payne seemed to be in good earnest all the time.

Passing a bluff in the forenoon the inmates of each boat began to fire we waited to see what they were firing at and found it to be a Big Horn, who was standing about half up the bluff which was perpendicular, and as every shot was fired the animal would shrug up against the bank as if, to avoid the bullets. Finally one of the men belonging to the "Otter" killed it, and with difficulty succeeded [31] in getting it.

To-day we passed a great many curiously formed banks resembling mason work. The banks grow lower and the river wider. We sailed along a little behind the fleet all day. About three o'clock we heard a tremendous firing a little way ahead, we did not know but what the other boats had been attacked by Indians, but it was not so, after going on about a mile, we found the meaning of the firing was that the boats had reached the looked for Missouri.

Where the Yellowstone empties into the Missouri it is about a mile wide, below the mouth the Missouri is the same width as the Yellowstone, but above the mouth it is not much more than wide enough for a good sized steamer to pass through.

We took a farewell look at the Yellowstone and sailed on, after going two miles we passed Ft. William¹⁵ an old ruined fort that was used by the North West Fur Company some years ago.

We sailed down seven miles and emaped for supper, Dr. Bradway of the Otter, made us a present of some Bighorn and we had a very good supper.

After supper (knowing there were no rapids ahead) we started for a nights sail.

[32] At seven o'clock the moon rose just as we were passing the Glass Hills, these hills are on the south side of the river, they receive their name from their smooth appearance, while passing these hills the boys amused themselves by hallooing and hearing the echo, which reminded us of the Hudson Highlands, it being very distinct, they soon got tired of hallooing, after they got through

¹⁴Braseau's Houses were built by a trader named Braseau about 1830.

¹⁵Fort Williams was built for Sublette and Campbell in 1833, and abandoned the next year when the American Fur Co. bought out the former.

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an Englishman, on No. 6 sang the song "When first I went to sea," he sung it very well, and we felt quite at home during the evening.

At eleven o'clock we hauled up on a sand bar, all the men jumped overboard and we were soon off, after getting off the bar Davis turned his boat upstream and ordered his men to row, and turning to the rest of the fleet, with a loud voice said "follow me boys," but we had just come from that direction and we had no idea of going back, so we all turned down stream, as soon as this "Ancient Mariner" discovered his mistake he turned his boat around, but his dignity of superior pilot was somewhat lessened.

October 8.—We landed at half past three for breakfast under a high bank, and were off at five, we sailed through a desolate looking country all day [33] during the day we passed the mouth of the Big Bombese or as it is often called the Big Muddy river, at this river there is a large bend in the Missouri which is about half a mile across, and twelve miles around.

At five o'clock we landed for supper, and to wait for the moon to rise, while here we made an arrangement with man whom we called "Jack" (who belonged to the "Gipsey Nell") to come on board and help row, he had been on two or three whaling expeditions, and was tattooed all over. at nine o'clock the moon rose and we started and sailed all night.

October 9.—This morning we landed on a sand bar at six o'clock for breakfast, after breakfast we started and sailed on with a head wind all day.

In the afternoon we passed White Earth River, this river comes in on the north side, and at its mouth the ground is very white, this is 185 miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone. Late in the afternoon we were hailed by one of the Flat boats who told us that a Crow Indian hailed one of Van Cleve's boats in the morning and told them that a great number of Indians were lying in wait for our fleet, this put us on our guard.

This evening we encamped on the south side [34] of the river in a thicket of willows for supper, and when the moon rose we sailed on.

October 10.—This morning before daylight we were hailed by some Indians in the following words, "Charley come out cheer," as soon as we heard this all heads were down, and rifles were taken in hand, but as the Indians did not fire at us, we thought we would follow their example.

This day it was very windy and also very cold, at seven o'clock we landed to get wood, and after getting some we started.

The country through which we are now passing belongs to the Assinaboines, which are a very treacherous tribe of Indians, they go on the principle of to-day a friend to-morrow an enemy.

Soon after breakfast we passed the mouth of the Little Missouri River, it is a small stream and comes from the south.

During the morning Schmidt got a little mad and wasn't going to row, and made himself disagreeable generally, finally Major Barrett spoke up and said now you can see the reality of Mr. Lincoln's joke the difference between an Amsterdam dutchman, or any other * * * dutchman," this raised a laugh, [35] and succeeded in quieting Schmidt.

In the forenoon we came to an Indian Village situated on the north side of the river, two Indians came out to meet us in a bull boat (a bull boat is a round boat made of hide and ash wood, only two persons can ride in it, a person must get into a bull boat close to the shore or at least in shallow water, because if they get on from a sterner or row boat, they are in danger of being upset.) these Indians traded a Buffalo robe for one of our blankets, we found out that these Indians belonged to the Arickarees or as they are more commonly called the Ree tribe, this tribe is about 800 in number.

Soon after leaving the Indians we overtook one of Bivens' boats, that left us at the canyon of the Yellowstone, they told us that they had been fired into once since they started. We sailed on through a head wind all day. Late in the afternoon Major Barrett shot a wild goose on the wing, we got it, and had a first class supper.

At five o'clock we turned a curve in the river, and right in front of us was Fort Berthold,¹⁶ this fort is situated on a very

¹⁶Fort Berthold was built by the American Fur Co. in 1845 and became a military fort in 1864.

high bank with a vein of coal running through it, this coal is all that they use at the fort [36] for fires.

At this place there is an Indian Village of the Gros Ventres, Mandans and Rees, which three tribes consists of about 2500 people, they have died off with small pox, and what remains of these three tribes have joined themselves together for the purpose of defending themselves from the hostilities of the Sioux and Assinaboines, at this place we met an old Indian of the Gros Ventres, whom they called "Long Hair" on account of his hair being so long that it nearly touched the ground, and he prized it very highly, he had lost his daughter, he explained her dying to us as well as he could by signs, and in mourning for her he had cut his hair close to his head.

Here we met Captain Bassett with sixty rebel soldiers who were guarding the fort, we visited the sutlers store and bought some canned grapes, damsons, etc.

We overtook the whole of Bivens' fleet here, and two large flat boats from Fort Benton, which went by the names of Helena City and Raw Hide Clipper.

We were told here that we had beter go through [37] Painted Woods an Indian Village eighty miles below with a good force, the reason they gave, was, that every boat that had passed through there the goregoing spring, had been fired into, so we made preparations for that place, and then retired for the night.

October 11.—This morning we arose at six o'clock, we got breakfast, and then went to look at an Indian Cemetery, about a quarter of a mile from the fort, these Indians bury their dead on scaffolds, but when they are "great big," such as a Chief, Soldier or Medicine Man, they stick them up on poles. This is the most ghastly looking place I ever was in, at every step you take you can see skulls and bones lying under the scaffolds and poles exposed to the human eye and winds of heaven.

After viewing this last resting place of the poor red man, we turned our steps toward our boat.

We started with a head wind and sailed

down three miles into Dancing Bear Bend, and drew up to the shore to wait for the wind to cease, it being so strong that we could hardly move, the other boats stopped with us, we made some large fires and spent the day as well as we could under the circumstances.[38]

My readers will see by adding up the number of boats spoken of heretofore, that they amount to more than thirty six. I have failed to say that a great number of the German Flats foundered coming from Immigrant Gulch to the starting point.

At two o'clock the wind ceased and we got into our boats and set sail. after going eight miles we came to Cerec¹⁷ Bend, here Davis who had most of the boats under his command ran down two miles into a pocket then had to turn around and row back I think he thought his occupation was gone after this, because all the boats left him, that is, they would not follow him, he sent word on by another boat to have the fleet land we did not obey, until after sailing four miles, when we all camped together under Manuels Rock, we made a fire of coal, had a very good supper, and then retired. Manuels Rock, is a lone rock on the east side, of a bend in the river, about fifteen miles below Fort Berthold.

October 12.—We started at six o'clock, thirty six boats in number, we had a cold head wind most of the day, at about three o'clock we passed the old Mandan Village, where Lewis and Clarke spent the winter [39] of 1803-4. the site where the village was is on the west side of the river, on a small bank, about two hundred yards from the water, a few sticks stuck up in the ground are all that marks the spot where the Mandan Nation (who now have their reservation at Fort Berthold,) once lived, this tribe numbers about 400.

Six miles below the Mandan Village we passed old Fort Clarke,¹⁸ where the North Pacific Railroad is designed to cross the Missouri, Fort Clarke is a high bluff, and the remains of a fence are all that may be seen. We sailed on about four miles, and all camped together among some willows having made about sixty miles.

¹⁷Named for the Cerec brothers, early traders who had a fort at the mouth of the Teton.

¹⁸Fort Clarke named for Gen. William Clarke was fifty-five miles north of the Northern Pacific crossing at Bismarck. It was built for the American Fur Co. in 1831.

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October 13.—We all started at four o'clock, and at nine o'clock we passed through Painted Woods, this is a narrow place in the river, with thick woods on each side, which affords a good ambush.

In the summer of 1864, a mackinaw boat with twenty five persons on board started through this place, and got aground, their powder had got wet so they could not use their guns. The Indians attacked them, and they had to rely on a howitzer for protection, but that soon knocked a hole through [40] their boat, and they were forced to give themselves up. The Indians massacred them all.

About one o'clock we passed the mouth of Hart River, some Indians appeared on the bank with a white flag, we supposed from this that they were friendly, but when they invited us to come on shore we did not accept their invitation, the boats were all ahead except the "Raw Hide Clipper," which was with us.

Hart river is a stream of clear water, and comes into the Missouri from the west side, under a high bluff, at a bend in the river.

We sailed on with a head wind, and at evening we passed the other boats which were encamped on Burnt Boat Island, this island receives its name from the steamer "Assinaboine," which was burnt off this island, it is sometimes called Assinaboine Island, but not very often, we sailed on all night.

At about eleven o'clock we came across an old Buffalo bull who was swimming the river, our boys fired several shots at him, but did not succeed in killing him, so we landed, and followed him over a sandy plain about a mile, and then succeeded in bringing him to the ground, we butchered him, [41] and took half on board of the "Raw Hide Clipper," and the other half we took ourselves.

During the night we passed Fort Rice,¹⁹ without seeing it, and were looking for it all the next day, but having come up the river since, I can explain its situation. It is situated on an elevated bank, on the west side of the river, and is backed by the open prairie. The river at this place is about a mile wide, and is very shallow, this is the largest fort on the river and is directly op-

posite the place where Sully and Sibley had their battle with the Santee Sioux.

October 14.—Early this morning we passed the mouth of Cannon Ball river, the mouth of this river is filled with rocks of different sizes, all of which are round like a cannon ball, it is from these that the river receives its name, this comes in on the west side ten miles below Fort Rice.

After going twenty three miles further we came to Beaver River which comes in from the east.

Before reaching Beaver River, we were followed seven or eight miles, by an Indian, who hailed us, but we somehow did not like his countenance, and therefore did not land, when he found he could not [42] get us to go on shore, he hallooed some gibberish which we understood to be, that some Dakotah Indians wanted to make a treaty with us, but we gave him to understand that we had nothing for that purpose, and so he left us.

During the day we passed the mouth of Grand River, this is a small stream and comes in from the west, this was all of account that happened this day, but during the night we got hard aground, every body jumped overboard, and in three quarters of an hour we were off and sailing on.

October 15.—About seven o'clock we passed the mouth of Moreau River, this river comes in from the west, when we passed there was a small rise, and this stream, although small, came in with great rapidity, sending water so thick with mud that we could see it floating, we had nothing to settle our coffee, but if my readers had seen the bottom of our cups, they would say we had something to thicken it.

We sailed on with a head wind all day. About noon we saw a steamer some distance ahead, every body was making up their minds to desert the boat, we sailed on, and a little below the mouth of the [43] Little Cheyenne River, we came to the boat, it was the steamer "Belle Peoria," but was high and dry on a sand bar about eighty yards either way to water, we went on board of her and looked around, we found three barrels of coal oil, and the cabin furniture all there, but the boat was deserted, we were here about an hour, and then proceeded down the river,

¹⁹Fort Rice, a military post built in 1864, was located six miles above the mouth of the Cannon Ball River. The battle was fought in July, 1864.

after going about four miles we stopped to gather bull berries, these berries are like the red currant, we had a head wind all day, toward night we were hailed by a party of soldiers, whom we at first thought were Indians, and we made tracks for the opposite side of the river, but when we found that they spoke English we landed, we found that one of their horses had given out, and that a soldier wanted to go on with us, we consented, and he came on board, night came on, and it was very dark, so dark that we could not see where to go, so we tied up under a high bank for the moon to rise and then started on.

October 16.—This morning was a very pleasant one. We sailed along with a sail raised most of the day.

At eleven o'clock we passed the mouth of the Big Cheyenne [44] River, the water in this river is of a milkish hue, this river comes in from the west.

Soon after passing the Cheyenne we were passed by the rest of fleet, they travelled with us until evening, when they camped on the west bank of the river, and we went on.

Soon after leaving them the wind began to blow very hard, we raised the sail, and went along very nicely until we reached the mouth of a small stream which goes by the name of Shanty River, here we hauled up rather quick on a sand bar, with difficulty succeeded in lowering the sail, then came thunder and lightning, Payne was cooking his supper at the time, and he got frightened, and he would very often say "we'll all be killed, we'll all be struck by lightning, there's too much iron on this boat," and other expressions which showed that he was fearful that his day had come. Finally it began to rain, and Payne was going to be on the safe side, so he takes his coffee-pot and empties its contents into the fire, when he found the coffee did not extinguish it, he takes a bucket full out of the Missouri and tries that, with this he succeeds. The storm still continues, and Payne still complains of the lightning [45], to the great amusement of the rest of our party. After raining about an

hour the storm ceased, most of the men jumped overboard and soon got the boat off the bar, we raised the sail and started, and we felt like saying in the language of the poet.

"How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquility!"

After getting off the bar we sailed down one mile and camped on a high bank, the men had to go half a mile for wood to make a fire, and there was but one dry match in the outfit, and with this they succeeded in lighting the fire.

Soon after our arrival Major Barrett (who was fixing the fire) went to the boat, and asked Payne (who was yet excited) to hand him some kindlings, Payne answers "get them yourself if you want them." Barrett then told him not to be a fool, Payne then said "you call me a fool? where's my gun?" after rummaging around awhile he found his gun, [46] he cocks it and levels it at Barrett, who squares himself and says "shoot," with this he lowered his gun, took his blankets, and started for the woods to retire, we slept in the boat in wet clothing and wet blankets.

October 17.—We started this morning before sunrise, and went along "kiting," as the saying is.

After going seventeen miles, we passed Fort Pierre.²⁰ this is on the west side of the river, and all that remains of it is a number of old chimneys, this place is considered half way from St. Louis to Fort Benton, we did not stop at this place.

At about noon we came in sight of a steamer tied up at the Fort Sully Landing, again the crew were going to desert the boat, we sailed on and found the steamer to be the "Calypso," which in the employ of the Government, for the use of the Indian Commission who had come up to treat with the Sioux Indians.

Major Barrett and our family left the mackinaw for the steamer. In the afternoon the mackinaws started, and we started to

²⁰Fort Pierre was originally named Fort Tecumseh. It was built by the Columbia Fur Co. in 1822. The American Fur Co. bought it in 1827. In 1832 it was renamed Pierre in honor of Pierre Choteau of the American Fur Co. For account of this expedition see Frederick L. Paxson *Last American Frontier* (New York, 1910), p. 268.

visit Fort Sully, which is about a mile from the river bank. This Fort consists of one stockade, three sutler stores, one billiard hall, [47] and while we were there the fort was surrounded by Indian tiepies, or as they are more commonly called, wigwams, after looking around a while we returned to the boat, about supper time, the "grub" looked a great deal better than any we had seen since we left Virginia.

And I being aware of the fact that I had nothing to eat, since the preceding morning, made up my mind that I was hungry, and took steps accordingly.

October 18.—The Indian Commission consisted of the following, Major General Curtis, of Keokuk, Brigadier General Sibley of Minnesota, Rev. Mr. Reed of Epworth, Iowa, Hon. Orrin Guernsey and son, of Janesville Wisconsin, Brevet Lieut. Col. Curtis of Fort Leavenworth, Messrs Ruth and Hitt of Washington, Dr. Wood and family of Pittsburgh, Hon. Newton Edmunds, Governor of Dakotah, E. B. Taylor of Omaha, Hon. A. W. Hubbard of Sioux City, and Captains Morrisson. Mott and Maurice.

During the day the commission listened to a speech made by Shon-kah-wak-kon-ke-desh-kah or Spotted Horse third chief of the Two Kettle band of Sioux.

[48] Speeches were also made by some of the leading men of the Blackfeet, Minneconjou and Sans Arc, band of Sioux, and concluded with a speech from Ah-ke-tche-tah-hon-sah or Tall Soldier, one of the chiefs of the Oukpahpah²¹ band of Sioux this chief is a tall savage looking fellow, and is said to be a great friend of the whites, we had very good meals on the boat and felt quite at home.

In the evening we visited the Indian camp, and saw them dance, I will explain as well as I can their mode of dancing. They form a circle composed of four or five males, and the same number of females, then the old chief begins to halloo and jump up and down, soon after this the squaws join in the chorus, and thus they keep it up, until morning light appears.

"Making night hideous, and we fools of nature.

So horribly to shake our disposition,

²¹Hunkpapa.

With thoughts beyond the reaching of our soul."

After witnessing their dance, and hearing their unearthly yells, we returned to our boat, more enlightened, as to the Indian character.

October 19.—This morning we saw a very fine eclipse of the sun.

[49] The Commissioners held council today with the Two Kettle (hostile) band of Sioux, the tribe was represented by the following named chiefs and soldiers, viz—Chiefs Cha-tan-scab, or White Hawk. E-to ke-ah, or The Hump, Shon-kan-wak-kon-ke-desh-kah, or Spotted Horse, Mah-tah-to-pah, or Four Bears, Chantayomeneomene, or Whirling Heart Mahtonahachah, or The Bear that is like him, and Tahboohazahnompub, or Two Lances, the last named individual made a speech of two hours and a half in length, in which, the following was some of his language.

"You wish us to go and plant corn, God gave us the heavens and the earth, the Buffalo and a little stick (meaning the arrow) we use the arrow to slay the Buffalo, we have always done it, we have planted corn, and when the frost did not destroy it, the whiteman generally did, we do not want you to build forts upon our lands. We do not like to see these piles of little earth that you throw up, for we know that roads will soon follow, they will frighten the Buffalo away, and the Buffalo is what we live upon and when it goes the red man goes too. [50] Can't you see it? You know this, and you lie when you say you don't. We will be at peace with you, if you will let us alone. We show you our papers, there is not an arrow or a ball on them. They were given to us by the big chief who swears (meaning General Harney), the chief with the grey beard.

Tell our Great Father (meaning the President) these things." In this manner this man continued and gave the commission much trouble, but finally came forward and touched the pen six times, once for each offence that he had against the government.

I copy the above report of the speech of "Two Lances," from a letter to the "Mon-

tana Post" by one of our company, from Fort Sully.

After the above named chief had finished, the soldier "Whirling Heart," who had become a little vexed at the speech of "Two Lances, came forward and said, "who's afraid to touch that pen, I'll touch it with my hands and feet," whereupon he touched the pen with both hands and both feet.

The above speeches were spoken in the Indian tongue, and interpreted by a Frenchman named Zephier Recontre, and he would always commence his interpretations in the following manner. [51] "He says, say he, that he says," after going through with this rigmarole he would tell what the Indian said, but that was always the commencement of his interpretations.

After this was over we returned to the boat and got dinner. After dinner we returned to the fort to hear the council with the Blackfeet²² (hostile) band of Sioux, this tribe was so wild that it was with difficulty that the commissioners succeeded in getting the head men into council.

This tribe was represented by the following, viz. Wah-hah-chunk-i-ah-pee, or The One that is used as a Shield, wah-mun-dee-wak-kon-o, or War Eagle. Oya-hin-di-a-man-nee, or The track that rings when it walks, and Shon-kah-hon-skah, or Lost Dog, a speech was made by the former and a treaty effected.

October 20.—The most interesting thing that took place to-day was the distribution of goods to the Two Kettle band heretofore spoken of. Early this morning the deck hands were at work unloading the boat of over 200 boxes of Pilot Bread.

And wagons came from the fort with Coats, hats, calicoes, sugar, coffee, blanket, hams, powder and bullets.[52]

After the goods were all landed, the squaws came and opened the boxes that contained the goods, and took what was given them by Captains Morrisson and Mott, and then started with their packs, some of which weighed over a hundred pounds, but these women seemed to shoulder their loads very easily and would carry them to fort without stopping to rest, the men would stand around and tell the women what to take.

Dr. Wood's family and our folks were coming from the fort to the boat, and we heard as we supposed a person singing we went to see from whence the noise came, and found an old squaw wringing her hands and crying like a good fellow, we found interpreter and asked him to find out what the matter was. From her story it appeared that she was one of the squaws of "Spotted Horse," and that she had got into difficulty with another squaw, and the other squaw had given her a whipping and a couple of hard tack and told her to leave that she couldn't have any thing more, so she fled to the willows, and began crying, and muttering curses on the other squaws.

[53] This day a council was held with Brule band of Sioux, this band was represented by the following chiefs, Muz-zah-wy-ah-tay, or Iron Nation, Tah-ton-kah-wak-kon, or Medicine Ball, Pta-son-we-chak-ay, or the One who Killed the white Buffalo Cow. She-o-tche-cah, or Little Pheasant, and Pta-san-man-nee, or the white Buffalo Cow that walks.

A treaty was effected with the above named individuals.

Having spoken of all the councils that I attended, I will now give you a list of the population of Dahkotah.

Whites		500
Yaneton Sioux	(friendly)	2530
Ponka	"	1100
Santee	" (hostile)	1043
Brules	"	4800
Ogalala	"	3065
Two Kettle	"	780
Minneconjo	"	2220
Yanetonais	"	4200
Onkpahpah	"	1225
Sans Arc	"	1175
Blackfeet	"	1200
[54] Wandering Sioux	"	800
Cheyennes	"	3000
Araphahoes	"	2800
Gros Ventres	(friendly)	2500
Arricarees		
Mandans		
Crows	(changeable)	3500
Assinaboines	"	3280
Total		39718

²²The Blackfeet are not a Siouian tribe.

Today we visited the fort three times during the day and once in the evening. During the evening Captain Rea's Mackinaw boat from Fort Benton, called the "Deer Lodge,"²³ arrived, this boat was ninety feet long and twelve feet wide. Captain Rea came on board our boat and spent the evening.

October 21.—We visited Captain Rea's boat in the forenoon and saw a few men from Virginia, this boat was very comfortable, but we preferred the "Calypso," we visited the fort once, and loafed around the boat during the day, nothing else of account happened.

October 22.—To-day being Sunday we were on the boat most of the day, in the evening the Rev. Mr. Reed [55] delivered a sermon on "Faith," it was a very fine discourse.

October 23.—We are still in quarters and do not know when we will get away. It is raining and snowing, consequently we spent the day in the cabin. The pilot begins to complain, and says, "it will be impossible to get the boat down this season," the river is falling two or three inches every twenty four hours, and dark prospects of getting down begin to loom up, we have very good meals, and have to enjoy ourselves by sitting in the cabin.

October 25.—Still in quarters and no prospect of departing very soon.

October 25.—A messenger arrived about noon from Col. Pattee, and reported to the Commissioners, that he left the Colonel the night before, one hundred miles back on the Fort Rice road, with fifty Indians belonging to the Ogalala Sans Arc, Minneconjou, Onkpahpah and Blackfeet bands of Sioux, and would be at Fort Sully²⁴ in four days, and they wanted the Commissioners to wait, and treat with them.

The river is still falling, and the pilot is still complaining.

[56] In the evening the Commissioners held a meeting and passed a resolution, to the effect that, "If the Indians did not arrive on Thursday the boat should start on Friday, after hearing this we retired hoping the Indians would not arrive.

October 26.—It is still very cold, and floating ice appears in the river, the pilot still complains and says he cannot get down. The Indians do not arrive, and the Commission agree that the boat shall start to-morrow, and General Curtis, Governor Edmunds, Judge Guernsey and Mr. Hitt, will remain and receive the Indians, and then go overland and meet the boat at Sioux City. We were all very glad to hear that the boat was going to start in the morning, and the inmates of the boat spent the evening in playing muggins, euchre, whist, dominoes and backgammon.

October 27.—This morning at ten o'clock the fires were made in the furnaces, the above named gentlemen left the boat, and a company of soldiers commanded by Col. Thornton (commander of the post at Fort Randall²⁵) came on board.

At a quarter past eleven they fired a howitzer which meant they were ready to start. At a quarter [57] of twelve, the Calypso with her:

"streamers sailing in the wind," was afloat. Soon after starting there was a report that the boat was on fire we went to see where it was, and found the tar covering of the back deck to be in a blaze, but with a few buckets of water we succeeded in extinguishing it without it doing much damage. At two o'clock we stopped to wood, they soon got enough wood, and then they started, after going half a mile they stopped on account of a sand bar, which happened to come in our way, we soon got off, then sailed up stream four miles, and then crossed to the opposite side of the river, we then sailed down five miles and then stopped to wood again, at four o'clock we again started, we ran very nicely until we reached the foot of Roys Island (eight miles below Fort Sully,) when we again got aground, they began working with the spars, and they worked away until half past nine we got off, then we ran back to last place we took on wood, and camped there for the night.

October 28.—Early this morning the Captain took four men and a yawl and went

²³The Deer Lodge was a new boat and arrived in Ft. Benton four times in 1865.

²⁴Fort Sully was a military post below Pierre established in 1863. For comments on this conference see Paxson, op. cit. p. 271-273, and Granville Stuart, *Forty Years in the Frontier*, (Cleveland, 1925), II, p. 69-73.

²⁵Fort Randall, a military post built in 1858, became military headquarters in place of Fort Pierre.

down and sounded the water on the bar. At ten o'clock the boat [58] again started, and again struck the bar, they then began to work with the spars and nigger, and at two o'clock we got off, and started back to the old wood yard, we took on a good supply of wood, and then started down the river, we had no sooner reached the bar than we struck again, they again went to work and got off at eight in the evening, they were sounding the greater part of the time, and the deepest place on the bar was two feet, and the boat was drawing thirty inches. After getting off the bar we started back to the wood yard for the night.

Captain Morrisson of Keokuk, Iowa. (of whom I have heretofore spoken) was playing on a violin in the evening, while the ladies on the boat sung. I was passing behind his chair and accidentally touched his head, and then turned around to excuse myself, when, what should I behold but a wig on the floor and Captain Morrisson's bald pate exposed to view. He seemed a little embarrassed, but soon got his wig and put it on, amid the laughter of the passengers.

October 29.—This morning we again started, and were again stopped by the bar, at noon we got off.[59] The Captain now began to feel discouraged, and was going to take the boat back to Fort Sully and lay up for the winter, the Commission would not agree to this, but they made an agreement that everything should be taken from the boat and then try it once more, and if they did not succeed they could return to Sully for the winter. So they set sail up stream, and took on a large quantity of wood. They then started back, they landed at the head of the bar and put off all the cargo, except the ladies and children, the passengers and soldiers started on foot for the lower end of the bar, a distance of four miles, and the *Calypso* put on as much steam as she could without "bustin her biler," and then started for the bar, this time she succeeded in making it. We went down and got on board of her. We could not leave on account of the goods not being on board they had to send to the fort for wagons to take the cargo around the bar, they arrived late in the afternoon, and the goods on board by eight o'clock.

In the evening the Rev. Mr. Reed preached,

after which we retired, rejoicing in the great event of the day.

October 30.—Started rather early, at seven o'clock [60] we passed old Fort George,²⁴ which is at the commencement of the Big Bend, nothing remains of this fort but two chimneys, they stand on a small bluff on the west side of the river.

We made a very good run to-day, but we were stopped by sand bars a great number of times, and as soon as we would stop the nigger and spars would be at work.

About noon we passed the mouth of Medicine Creek, it is a small stream and comes in from the east. It is said that its banks are covered with Prairie Dog Villages.

A great quantity of mush ice has been floating in the river to-day, and we have apprehensions that it will freeze up before we can get down.

We camped this night near the head of the Big Bend, the passengers spent the evening in playing games of different characters.

October 31.—Started this morning before daylight, and while we were at breakfast we heard a tremendous thumping on the bottom of the boat, cups of coffee were upset, the table was cleared, and the passengers all hurried to the deck to see what the matter was. It turned out to be a reef of rocks [61] which the boat had run on, they are very bad in low water, but when the river is high they can be passed over without any difficulty. The river at this season was very low, and was also filled with floating ice, and this hindered the pilot's steering. We were on these rocks until three o'clock in the afternoon, they had the spars at work a little while but they didn't seem to do any good, so they stopped them. After they found the spars would do no good, the mate and four men went ashore and made a "dead man." A "dead man" is four sticks planted in the ground, and an anchor or a stout piece of wood is placed between them, (we used an anchor.) a rope was attached to the anchor, and brought on the boat, they then wound the rope around the capstan, which is worked by the nigger engine, we broke four hawsers, and then did not get off, so we tried a fifth one and with it succeeded, after getting off the boat swung, and hit another rock, the

²⁴Fort George was a fur trading post twenty-one miles below Fort Pierre, built in 1842 for Fox, Livingston and Co.

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jar was so great that it sent a soldier overboard, he had on a heavy blue overcoat and cape, when he fell the cape went over his head, he managed to get this off from his head, and then struck out for shore, but before he got there he landed on a sand bar, [62] and waited for the yawl to come to his rescue. He was brought on board chilled through and his first works were "The boat was too slow for me, and I thought I could reach Fort Thompson²⁷ before it." Dr. Wood was ready with a hot whisky toddy, the soldier partook of it and then visited a warm fire, at which place he spent the day.

This night we landed at the foot of the Big Bend, the crew made up their minds that they would land here for the winter, after landing they reported this to the Commission. Gen. Sibley told them they could land here, but the Government would not be responsible for their boat, after hearing this they said they'd make another trial. In the evening a number of the passengers visited Fort Thompson which is four miles by land from where we camped.

November 1.—Started before day-light. At eight o'clock we passed Fort Thompson, this is a very handsome fort, it is built of logs, and white washed, which gives it a good outward appearance it is situated on the east side of the river, it is a reservation of the Santee Sioux, this place also goes by the names of Crow Creek Agency and Ushers Landing.

[63] Just after passing Crow Creek Agency, we ran on a sand bar, and spent the day, we did not get off until after dark, we then went ashore and laid up for the night.

November 2.—Gen. Sibley, Col. Thornton and the soldiers left the boat this morning, to go by land to Fort Randall. They left us two Indian messengers, to put off at American Creek and White River, they were left to take word to Gen. Sibley, whether the boat could cross the bars at the above named places, or not, and if not they arranged it so as to bring wagons down, and take the passengers.

Major Shreve, a Paymaster in the U. S. A came on board at this place. We started about ten o'clock and sailed along very nicely, at half past eleven we came in sight of

American Creek, then came the thought "Now for another day's visit to a sand bar," but we passed over it all right, after passing the creek, we landed to let one of the Indians off and then started on. At two o'clock we came in sight of White River Bar, this is considered the worst bar in the Missouri River, as soon as the pilot saw the bar, he gave the signal to put on a good head of steam, [64] we rubbed across the bar, going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour and should we have struck I think some of the passengers would have received a fall, just below the bar is White River, this is a small stream and comes in from the west, where it makes its exit into the Missouri, it is very shallow, the mouth of this stream is filled with white rock and the banks are bordered with straggling trees.

After getting past this river we landed to let the other messenger off, and as we left we could see him ascending and descending hills, until he was lost to view.

To-day we made sixty miles, but we could not get along without the daily disaster. The one that happened to-day was off St. Mary's Island, at which place the rudder of the boat came in contact with a sand bar and was unshipped, and it was with much trouble that the pilot succeeded in getting ashore.

November 3.—At an early hour we started, and at ten o'clock we passed the Bijou Hills, these hills are some five miles along the river, they are very high, and bare of verdure of any kind. These hills are the most picturesque scenery on the Lower Missouri. [65] We sailed on, and about noon we got aground off Little Cedar Island, we soon worked off, then we sailed up stream three quarters of a mile, and camped. The Captain and four men went to sound the bar, but they could not find a place deep enough for the boat to cross, so they returned with the expectation that the bar would wash away during the night.

November 4.—We had to stay all day, at the landing before mentioned, on account of a head wind, near the bank was a thicket of rose bushes. I was roving among these thorny plants, and tore my "Sunday Breeches," as soon as I discovered the rent. I found the chambermaid and had her sew

²⁷Fort Thompson was headquarters for the reservation of the Santee Sioux and Winnebago Indians. It was built in 1863.

them up, so it might not be seen, but three days afterwards a keen eye discovered the stitches, and wasn't there a few remarks made about my carelessness, "OH NO!"

The deck-hands gathered wood all day and most of the passengers spent the day in hunting, but like our Yellowstone rangers, brought nothing back with them.

November 5.—This morning we started very early, and about four o'clock we came in contact with a sand bar. One of the passengers who slept [66] in an upper berth said "the way I found out that we had struck a bar, was by waking up and finding myself on the floor." We soon worked over the bar and was again sailing on.

Today the wind was not so strong, we made very poor progress, we stopped to wood several times during the day. At about three o'clock we came in sight of a flag-staff, and almost as soon as we saw it, a sand bar came in our way, and we stopped, the nigger and spars soon got us off and we sailed on.

After sailing about four miles we landed in a beautiful cottonwood grove, we walked through this grove which is about a half a mile in length, at the end of the grove is the village of Fort Randall, in the centre of the village is the fort (which is the handsomest one on the river.) inside of the fort are the Officers Quarters and Dwellings and the Parade Ground. Outside of the fort are the Residence of Gen. Todd, a Sutler's Store, a Photographic Gallery, a Block House, and a few private dwellings.

We all wanted to leave the boat, and take the stage for Sioux City, as soon as the Calypso landed my father hired an Indian to take him across the river in a dug-out, so that he could engage passage [67] in the coach, but they could not take our baggage and had a sideling road to cross on the banks of the Missouri, and we remembering our disaster in the Gallatin Valley, concluded not to take it.

My father went to visit Gen. Todd, and his son came with his horse and carriage, and took my sister and self out to grave-yard, for a ride, it was getting dark, and one of them said they saw a ghost, as soon as the word "ghost" was uttered, the old horse was wheeled around and they started back to the fort at a rapid rate, but as soon as they

had passed the first house in the village the horse lessened his speed. We drove around the village, and then returned to the boat.

November 6.—Left the fort before daylight. A short distance below Fort Randall, on the south side of the river some distance from the bank, is a large rock which is called the "Tower," from its shape, you can see it after passing Andy's Point, which is the grove before mentioned.

After going twelve miles we got aground, we soon worked off, then sailed down two miles and landed at the Yankton Agency, they were here two hours taking account of stock, of some of the things [68] that the Commission left on their journey up the river. We went up into the village, and saw some Big Chiefs, among others was "Strike the Ree," head chief of the Yankton band of Sioux, while we were here, we bought some Moccasins, and Dr. Wood bought each of his little boys a pipe, and gave them some strong tobacco to smoke, and before the day was done the boys were sick a bed.

At half past two we reached the mouth of the Niobrara River, this comes in from the south west, at its mouth it is a quarter of a mile wide and also very shallow. The English name for this stream is Running Water, and the French name (by which it is more commonly known) is L'eau qui Court, we were on a bar at the mouth of this river for a half an hour, after getting off we again started. This river forms the boundary line between Dakotah and Nebraska. The country in this vicinity is claimed by the Ponka (friendly) band of Sioux. Two miles below the L'eau qui Court, on the Nebraska side of the river, is a little place containing four houses and is called Niobrara City.

At three o'clock we stopped to take on wood at a lone house on the Dakotah side of the river, fifteen miles [69] below the last named city, we stopped here for the night.

November 7.—We were detained at the lone house (on account of a head wind) until four o'clock when we again started on our winding way. After sailing seven miles we passed Bonhomme Town, this town is built principally of logs, and is situated on a high hill, on the Dakotah side of the river, we sailed along very nicely until we reached the west end of Bonhomme Island, when one of "these

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ere things you call bars," came in our way, we soon spared off, and ran down to east end of the island, where we got aground between two snags, we stayed here until eleven o'clock when we succeeded in getting off, we then went ashore.

About eight o'clock in the evening, while one of the deck-hand's was fixing the spar, the rope broke, and a large sized pully came in collision with his head, and laid him senseless on the forecastle. Dr. Wood attended him and he was at work the next day.

November 8.—We waited until eight o'clock for Dr. Burleigh's folks, who were going down on the boat, finally they arrived, and got on board, then we could not start on account of the absence of Captain [70] Mott and the Second Pilot, who were out on a hunting expedition, after blowing the whistle a dozen times, they made their appearance, crawling along under the willows that grew on the water's edge, they had no game, but said they had fired at a rabbit and missed it. The boat then started, and we sailed along down, feeling as if we were reaching civilization once more. During the forenoon we passed some small cities which go by the names of Frankfort and Tepeota, but they not having more three houses each, there is no use to dwell upon them.

Eighteen miles below Bonhomme, we passed Smutty Bears Camp, this is a low, marshy bottom on the Dakotah side of the river, and is where "Smutty Bear," a leading chief of the Yankton Indians, had his camp many years ago.

During the morning we got aground twice, but got off without much difficulty. My readers will notice in the List of the population of Dakotah, I have set the population of whites down at 500 it should have been 5000.

At eleven o'clock we came in sight of houses on an elevated bank on the Dakotah side, this was by far [71] the largest place we had seen since we left the Mountains, we went on and landed. The town was Yankton, the Capital of Dakotah Territory. This place is on an elevated bank that is washing into the river at a rapid rate. This town has no streets but is scattered about in spots. The Capitol is a three story frame building, and looks more like a school-house than a

place where they make laws, there are two groceries, and one hotel which they call the "Ash House," and there are also some very handsome private residences at this place.

We were at Yankton an hour, and then started, at half past one we passed the mouth of James or Jaques River, this river is very wide at its mouth, and there is also a very bad bar at this place, but we escaped it (How Strange.)

At half past three we arrived at the city of St. Helena (not the one that Napoleon was banished to, but a more desolate looking one, unless the pictures flatter the other one very much.) This city contains one house and a saw-mill, when we got down to this place we found we couldn't go any further on account of a sand bar, and we couldn't cross on account of a bar, so we were pocketed, [72] had to go up the river three miles, and then cross to the opposite side. After getting out of this scrape we went along very nicely, and hauled up for the night near the mouth of Bow River. During the evening we had a dance on the back deck, while we were dancing, there appeared in the distance a prairie on fire, the blaze of which loomed up over the tree tops, and looked very beautiful.

November 9.—This morning we were off at four o'clock, at ten o'clock we passed Vermillion City, we did not stop. We made a very good run today, and camped for the night near the Heron's Roost.

November 10.—We were afloat early. About breakfast time we passed through the Heron's Roost, this is a very narrow place in the river it being not more than a hundred feet wide, and very deep.

We sailed on, at nine o'clock we stopped to take on wood, at what is known as the Dragoons Camp, this place is six miles from Sioux City, by land, and thirty five miles by water, we got wood enough to last us a short time and then started. Six miles below Dragoons Camp we passed a small place called St. John City.

[73] We spent a great part of the fore noon in the cabin, on account of the wind being very strong. After dinner we ventured on deck, and a short distance ahead saw a yellow sand stone bluff, this is the first I remember of seeing since leaving old Fort

Clarke. At the foot of this bluff was the mouth of a river, I asked what river it was, and was informed that it was the Big Sioux, which forms the boundary between Dakotah and Iowa, just after passing this, we came in sight of houses, Judge Hubbard told me this was Sioux City. We had really reached the States and our "har" was on our head.

We soon arrived at the landing, got our baggage ashore, and left the boat. We went to the Wauregan House and got rooms, and had made ourselves contented until Sunday night when the stage started for the rail-road.

Rev. Mr. Reed, Judge Hubbard, O. D. Barrett, Dr. Wood, and family, and our folks, left the boat.

The Wauregan House, is on the river bank, and is shaded by four or five maple trees. In the evening the inmates of the boat and hotel, had a supper and dance, I being tired went to bed.

November 11.—This morning when we arose, we saw [74] the Calypso winding her way under Floyd's Bluff,²⁸ this was the last we saw of her she was sunk by a cake of ice, at levee in St. Louis, the following month.

How changed was the Wauregan to-day, from what it was last night, when:—

"mirth, and song, and wine,"

ruled the hour. In a sequestered room, in the upper story of the hotel, lay a man, far from his family, closed in the arms of death. "For him no more blazing-hearth shall burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lip their sire's return,

Or climb his knee's, the envied kiss to share."

I spent the day in looking around the city, got some hosiery, and other necessary clothing.

Sioux City is situated in the north-western part of Iowa, two miles from the Dakotah line. It is a place of about one thousand inhabitants, and is built principally of frame buildings. It has one hotel which furnishes very good vittuals, but I can't say the same for the beds, (may be its because I had to sleep on the floor.) There is only one business street in this city, the rest are occupied by private [75] residences, and some of them are very handsome.

November 12.—I spent most of the day at

the hotel. In the afternoon I attended the funeral of the gentleman spoken of on the 74th page. After this was over, I took a walk out to a saw-mill at the upper end of the city, I returned to the hotel about six o'clock got supper, then visited the parlor, where I spent the evening.

At nine o'clock P. M., the stage drove up in front of the hotel, and only fourteen got on board, besides the baggage and express matter, there were three seats in the coach, and ten occupied them, the other four rode outside with the driver. After going a mile, we all had to get out of the coach, to walk across the bridge over Floyd Creek, because the bridge was full of holes, we took a look at it. In the Middle States, people would hardly trust themselves to walk across such bridges as these, let alone driving a heavily loaded team over. After getting across we all crowded in, and the rattling of the old coach was once more heard.

At twelve o'clock we arrived at American Town, twenty miles from Sioux City, I wanted to see what sort of a town it was, and with difficulty got a peep through [76] the window, and saw the town, this town contains one house and a barn, the people in this country go on the principle of one house a village, two houses a town, and three or more houses a city.

We left this place with a drunken driver named Macklehaney. After going eight miles we came to a bridge, and this fine specimen of a driver, missed the road. The passengers were all asleep, we felt an unusual jar, we woke up and found one side of the coach, five feet higher than the other, the wheels on left hand side had gone off the bridge, we all hurried to the door, and such scrambling was never seen before. Lieut. Rouse, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., got to the door and was seized with cramps, and it was fun to see them pitch out over him.

A few stayed back and got the coach out of difficulty, while the rest walked on, this was the first night I ever walked on the open prairie, the night was calm, and falling stars could be seen in all parts of the heavens, and we had a very nice tramp "by the beautiful light of the moon," after going two

²⁸Here was buried one of Lewis and Clarke's most valued men. See *Journal of Lewis and Clarke*, Thwaite's ed. (N. Y., 1904), Vol. I, p. 114.

miles the coach overtook us. We jumped in, and we were soon in the land of Morpheus.

[77] November 13.—When we awoke, the old coach was still rumbling along over the prairie. At seven o'clock we entered a very pretty grove, through this grove flows the Little Sioux River, which we crossed, this river empties into the Missouri, 106 miles below Sioux City, we drove on a short distance and halted in front of two dirty looking log cabins, the driver informed us that this was the breakfast station, and such a breakfast was never before seen for a dollar. We had beef steak which was tough that we could hardly chew it, two pieces of fried potatoes, a very small cup of coffee, sweetened with brown sugar, bread and molasses, the house was as filthy as a barn, and two or three dirty looking children stood looking at us, but the best thing of the lot, was charging a dollar, to make it pay (as they said.) We asked the name of the place, and they said it was Correctionville, (a very suggestive name.) We left on foot as soon as possibility would allow, the coach overtook us a mile beyond this place, where they correct people that make hogs of themselves. We had a very good driver from this place, to the next, which was Ida Grove, where we arrived for dinner, this is a very pretty place and we [78] got a very good dinner here. This place is situated on a steep hill, at the foot of the hill flows Maple Creek, (one of the tributaries of the Little Sioux,) which we crossed just after leaving the Grove. We travelled all the afternoon, over a prairie, and could see nothing but the blue sky, level ground, and sometimes very bad sloughs, in one of these we got stuck, we had to unload the coach, and "lick the horses like blazes before we could get out, after an hour's pulling they succeeded, then we loaded the coach and got in, and the old rattle trap once more was in motion.

At nine o'clock we drove into Sac City, this place contains about five houses. The eating houses at this place and Ida Grove, are the best kept on the road, we got a very good supper, and then started. Just after leaving Sac City, we forded the Raccoon Fork of the Des Moines river, after crossing this stream I bid farewell to the world for the night.

November 14.—We awoke this morning at Fitz Patrick's Farm-House, or as it is sometimes called "The Grove." We got a breakfast here of potatoes, beef steak, preserves and coffee, and a dollar, as usual, was the charge.

[79] We got a mean driver here. Soon after starting one of the horses gave out, and the coach "went to the tune of Old Hundred," but we succeeded in reaching Jefferson City (a small town in Green Co. Iowa.) at half past one, this is fifteen miles from Fitz Patrick's. We got a very good dinner at the hotel. From here we had a very good driver, who took us to within six miles of rail-road by ten o'clock. During the evening we passed a prairie on fire, it was a very pretty sight. We got supper at the Six Mile House, and it being a bad road from here on, we concluded to stay all night.

November 15.—This morning we started very early, the scenery now changes from the open prairie to steep hills covered with dense forests, after descending one of these hills, we came in sight of the Telegraph, and didn't it look handsome? After going a short distance further, we forded the Des Moines River, this is a very pretty stream, after crossing this river we began to ascend another steep hill, then we drove through a forest about two miles in length, then broke upon our visage the town of Boonesboro, this is a very pretty town, but the handsomest things in the place were the cars and locomotive.[80] A person who has spent a year in the Mountains, and then returns east, will know how it seems at the first sight of the "Iron Horse."

We got dinner at the Boone City Hotel, and at half past one, we started on the Chicago & North Western Rail Road for home. We passed some very pretty towns, named:—Nevada, Belle Air, Marshalltown, Toledo, Blairstown, and at dark, we arrived at Cedar Rapids, on the Cedar River, we got good "square meal" at this place, and took a palace sleeping-car, this was the finest one I ever was in, I was asleep soon after starting. This rail-road crosses the Mississippi at Clinton.

November 16.—This morning at 5 o'clock we arrived at the city of Chicago, we rode across the city in a rickety old omnibus, and took morning train on the Michigan Central

R. R. We passed through a great many pretty places, got a good meal at Marshall, and arrived at Detroit at 5 P. M. We went to Biddle House, we were in Detroit two days, when I went on a visiting tour, and the rest of my folks went to Nes York. Now my readers, (in the language of Col. Thoroughman, when finishing a speech to a jury) I am done.

[81] Having finished this pamphlet, I must now go to work and make a few apologies. My readers will notice, that in a great many places where there ought to be full stops, nothing appears but comma's, my reason for this is, I had but one small font of type, and scarcely any capitals. One large "W" was all of that letter I had.

Secondly, I must make an apology for the register of the pages, having nothing but a little hand press, and being unable to print more than one page at a time, the register would very seldom print right.

This is my first effort at writing. And having read the printed edition, I find a great many grammatical mistakes, which I must ask you to overlook.

And I also behold more than one typographical error, but they happen in some of the best regulated offices, and besides I don't profess to be a first class typo. Through the kindness of Major Bruce, in lending me a font of type, I am enabled to give a list of the distances on the Missouri River.

TABLE OF DISTANCES ON THE MISSOURI

Fort Benton		2	Island No. 35	73	1	Creek	222		
Kipp's Point	}		1	Island No. 36	74	2	Cow Island, 49	224	
5, Concha Creek		5.	1	Island No. 37	}	2	Willow Bar	226	
Willow Island No 1				Island No. 38		3	Round Island, 50	229	
4. Fort Harvey		9.	2	Island No. 39	}	4	Island No. 51	233	
6. Fort Harvey Island		15.		Sandy Creek		4	Grand Island, 52	}	237
2. Island No. 3		17.	2	La Barges Landing	}		Island, 53		
2. Island No. 4		19		Eagle Creek		2	Island No. 54		239
2. " " 5			15	Kipp's Rapid	94	2	Two Calf Creek	}	241
2. " " 6		21.	6	"Citadel"	100		Two Calf Island		
3. " " 7		24.	7	"Hole in the Wall"	107	2	Emmils Creek		243
3. " " 8		27.		Willow Bar			Island No. 56	}	245
2. " " 9		29	4	"Steam Boat"	111	2	Island No. 57		
1 " " 10		30	9	Island No. 39	120		Creek		
2 McKenzies Fort		32	4	Publows Rapids	24		Island No. 58		
2 Island No. 11		34	1	Willow Bar	125	11	Island No. 59		256
2 Island No. 12		36	3	Willow Bar	125	1	Upper Rocky Creek		257
Island No. 13			3	Willow Bar	128	3	Willow Island 60	}	260
2 Island No. 14		38	3	Island No. 40	131		Cadottes Creek		
Island No. 15			7	Drowned Man's Rapids	138	2	Creek		262
2 Burd's Island, 16		40	4	Judith River	}	3	Chippewa Island	}	265
2 Island No. 17		42		Island No. 41		142			
1 Island No. 18		43	3	Island No. 42	145		Tow Island, 61		266
2 Marias Island		44	2	Council Island	147	6	Island No. 62		272
1 Ophir			2	Island No. 44	149	17	Creek		299
0 Marias River		45	3	Island No. 45	}	12	Island No. 63		311
Island No. 20				Island No. 46		152	10	Busba's Island, 64	
" " 21			2	Island No. 47	154	1	Dry Point		322
" " 22			2	Rodans Rapids	156	20	Muscleshell Island	}	342
1. " " 23			5	Kettle Island, 48	161		MUSCLESHELL RIVER		
" " 24			3	Kettle Rapid	164	12	Creek		354
" " 25			4	Dolphans Rapids	168	10	Willow Bar		364
		46	10	Lone Pine Rapids	178	4	Island No. 66		368
11. " " 26		57	10	Snake Point	}	4	Island No. 67		372
1. Willow Bar		58		Burd's Rapid		188	15	Island No. 68	
4. Willow Bar		62	15	Willow Bar	203	1	Owl Creek	}	388
3 Antelope Island	}	65	3	Tow Head	206		Foshets Point		
Deer Island			5	Creek & Bar	211	10	Creek		398
2 Elk Island, 33		67	5	Tow Head	216	1	Creek		399
1 Willow Bar		68	1	Creek	217	5	Willow Bar		404
3 Island No. 34	}	71	3	Willow Island	220				
Creek			1	Willow Tow Head	221				

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Continued on page 179

NORTHWEST FOLKLORE

BLACK HARRIS

FOREWORD: As stated in a previous issue of *The Frontier*, stories from or about the Northwest are not to be found among the tall tales so generally in circulation throughout the United States during the eighteen-thirties and forties, although the "Oregon country" was not unknown to those who told them. That the material for such tales, and tellers to tell them, were to be found in these parts is, of course, certain, but scant record of either made its way into print. Among the few famous raconteurs of the genuine tall tale type of frontier adventure story to whom the Northwest has some right to lay claim is one Moses ("Black" or "Major") Harris, who guided the Gilliam and Ford emigrants into Oregon in 1844, and is said to have conducted Marcus Whitman on his first journey into the same country. Harris also rendered valuable service in helping to discover a feasible trail across the Cascade mountains. In 1847 he trapped and fur-traded east to Missouri, in which section of the union he had originally begun his wanderings, and died there. It had been his intention to return west, to either Oregon or California. According to another account of his death he was shot for his traps and tobacco while on a hunting expedition in the Rockies.

The story which follows was attributed to him and retold in George F. Ruxton's *Life in the Far West* (Edinburgh, 1848). It is reprinted here through the courtesy of Miss Irene Upson, Assistant Secretary of the Oregon Historical Society.—V. L. O. CHITTICK.

A group of trappers, encamped on the north fork of the Platte, have been spinning yarns. The lynching of one "of those Spaniards," who if they "wasn't born for shooting why was beaver made?" has just been mentioned. The talk continues.

"Surely Black Harris was thar; and the darndest liar was Black Harris—for lies tumbled out of his mouth like boudins out of a bufler's stomach. He was the child as saw the putrefied forest in the Black Hills. Black Harris come in from Laramie; he'd been trapping three year an' more on Platte and the 'other side;' and, when he got into Liberty, he fixed himself right off like a Saint Loui dandy. Well, he sat to dinner one day in the tavern, and a lady says to him—

"'Well, Mister Harris, I hear you're a great trav'ler.'

"'Trav'ler, marm,' says Black Harris, 'this

niggur's no trav'ler; I ar' a trapper, marm, a mountain-man, wagh!'

"'Well, Mister Harris, trappers are great trav'lers, and you goes over a sight of ground in your perishinations, I'll be bound to say.'

"'A sight, marm, this coon's gone over, if that's the way your "stick floats." I've trapped beaver on Platte and Arkansa, and away up on Missoura and Yaller Stone; I've trapped on Columbia, on Lewis Fork, and Green River; I've trapped, marm, on Grand River and the Heely (Gila). I've fout the "Blackfoot" (and d—d bad Injuns they are); I've "raised the hair"² of more than one Apach and made a Rapaho "come" afore now; I've trapped in heav'n, in airth, and h—; and scalp my old head, marm, but I've seen a putrefied forest.'

"'La, Mister Harris, a what?'

"'A putrified forest, marm, as sure as my rifle's got hind-sights, and she shoots center. I was out on the Black Hills, Bill Sublette knows the time—the year it rained fire—and everybody knows when that was. If thar wasn't cold doins about that time, this child wouldn't say so. The snow was about fifty foot deep, and the bufler lay dead on the ground like bees after a beecin'; not whar we was tho', for thar was no bufler, and no meat, and me and my band had been livin' on our mocassins (leastwise the parflesh³) for six weeks; and poor doins that feedin' is, marm, as you'll never know. One day we crossed a "canon" and over a "divide," and got into a peraira, whar was green grass, and green trees, and green leaves on the trees, and birds singing in the green leaves, and this in Febrary, wagh! Our animals was like to die when they see the green grass, and we all sung out, "Hurraw for summer doins."

"'Hyar goes for meat," says I, and I jest

¹ Meaning—if that's what you mean. The "stick" is tied to the beaver trap by a string, and, floating on the water, points out its position, should a beaver have carried it away.

² Scalped.

³ Soles made of buffalo hide. Hodge's *Handbook of American Indian* defines a parfleche as a sort of packing-case and not the sole of a mocassin.

ups old Ginger at one of them singing-birds, and down come the crittur elegant; its darnd head spinning away from the body, but never stops singing; and when I takes up the meat, I finds it stone, wagh! "Hyar's damp powder and no fire to dry it," I says, quite skeared.

"“Fire be dogged,” says old Rube, “Hyar’s a hos as’ll make fire come;” and with that he takes his axe and lets drive at a cotton wood. Schr-u-k—goes the axe agin the tree, and out comes a bit of the blade as big as my hand. We looks at the animals, and thar they stood shaking over the grass, which I’m dog-gone if it wasn’t stone, too. Young Sublette comes up, and he’d been clerking down to the fort on Platte, so he know’d something. He looks and looks, and scrapes the trees with his butcher knife, and snaps the grass like pipe-stems, and breaks the leaves a-snappin’ like Californy shells.

““What’s all this, boy?” I asks.

““Putrefactions,” says he looking smart; “putrefactions, or I’m a nigger.””

“‘La, Mister Harris,’ says the lady, ‘putrefactions! Why, did the leaves and the trees and the grass smell badly?’

“‘Smell badly, marm!’ says Black Harris; ‘would a skunk stink if he was froze to stone? No, marm, this child didn’t know what putrefaction was, and young Sublette’s varsion wouldn’t “shine” nohow, so I chips a piece out of a tree and puts it in my trap-sack, and carries it in safe to Laramie. Well, old Captain Stewart (a clever man was that, though he was an Englishman), he comes along next spring, and A Dutch doctor chap was along too, I shows him the piece I chipped out of the tree, and he called it a putrefaction too; and so, marm, if that wasn’t a putrefied peraira, what was it? For this hos doesn’t know, and *he* knows “fat cow” from “poor bull,” anyhow.’”

THE ANCIENT AGRICULTURISTS OF BRUSH CREEK VALLEY, IN NORTHEASTERN UTAH¹

BY ALBERT B. REAGAN

EAST of Vernal in northeastern Utah there is a southeastwardly running stream called Brush creek. It heads in the southeast foot of the Uintah mountains and is swallowed up by Green river in the vicinity of Jensen, Utah. In its upper course both it and its tributaries cut through the mountain ridges in deep gorges and picturesque boxed canyons, thus exposing rocks of almost every color one can imagine. The ages-worn rocks about these canyons and gorges and on the adjacent, retreating mountain fronts stand out in fantastic shapes in the brilliant morning sun as comb teeth, buttons, slim rocks, slipper rocks, lazy buttes, knobs, monuments, isolated small mesas, and witch-like figures. In its lower course the stream flows through a wide-floored valley that it has chiseled out of rolling hills and beautifully colored, cross-mountain ridges. Tourists and artists consider the upper reaches of this stream a summer haven, while the lower valley is dotted with pros-

perous ranches. But these are not the only people who have lived in this beautiful region and enjoyed its striking scenery; for in the long ago at least four sets of ancient peoples somewhat successively held sway, Basket Makers, Earth-lodge peoples, a house building people, and Head Hunters.

The Basket Makers lived in the region when Abraham was a boy at Ur of the Chaldeas. Caves were their homes in the stormy periods, while they hunted in the adjacent mountains and lived probably in brush houses in pleasant weather times. They enjoyed the scenery and often camped about the most picturesque places, often leaving their rock writings to attest their having been there. They wore their hair in side bobs, drew square-shouldered drawings to represent human beings, and were worshippers of the sun, moon, stars, and rainbow, we should judge from the petroglyphs they left.

These people occupied the region for hun-

¹ The field work on which this paper is based was done under a grant from the Laboratory of Anthropology at Santa Fe, New Mexico. It should also be mentioned that Mr. Leo C. Thorne, Dr. J. Marion Francke and others of Vernal, Utah, kindly assisted the writer in the work.

The Frontier

dreds of years, only to be superseded by an earth-lodge people who were tillers of the soil, though they also probably hunted in the enchanting foothills of the surrounding mountains. They also built circular, truncated, cone-shaped dwellings whose floors were about sixteen feet in diameter. Could we have visited those people in that far-off long ago, we might have thought that we were in the land of the Navajos, their houses were shaped so much like those of that people; but, on close examination, we soon find that they were differently constructed.

In most cases the walls of these houses seem to have been composed of a lattice, wattled-work frame, over which mud was plastered to a thickness of probably six inches. The roofs were flat and similarly made. These edifices were collected into villages, of from ten to twenty lodges each. In this valley at least six of these villages are known; and about them are scattered hammer, milling, hand-hammer, and smoothing stones, an occasional stone drill, stone agricultural implements, stone plug-stoppers for their water jugs, arrow heads, stone knives, spear or lance heads, considerable chipped flint stuff, and quite a number of crude, undecorated, gray, pottery fragments.

As we take a run up the valley in the Indian jog-trotting way one morning not many centuries after Alexander had strangled the Persian Empire we are greeted by a happy people. The cheerful smoke ascends toward the clouds from the central smoke-exits of their lodges. Some are conversing in front of their lodges, and others are returning from the hunt laden with game. Six women are making beads from serpentine rock and elk horns. An old woman is making gray earthen pots near her lodge, while her husband is scraping the hair off a deer skin with a stone scraper. Other men are busy irrigating their fields and hoeing their crops and several old men are singing and praying to their gods and sprinkling corn pollen on their numerous altars. Then suddenly there is a hue and din on every side and pandemonium instantly takes possession of the formerly peaceful valley. In one terrible battle (though in reality it probably took many raids before they were all destroyed) the tranquil villages of an hour before were

captured and the earth-lodge peoples who did not succeed in fleeing to the mountains were either killed or carried into captivity. And, as we really motor up the valley in our day, we find plenty of evidence that these villages were actually destroyed by fire, presumably by an enemy, as the mud (earth) walls have all been burned to the consistency of brick, leaving the imprints of brush, twigs, thatch, and poles on the brick-like clay. The mound that now marks the site of each lodge is due to the fallen, burned-clay walls.

The people who made these earth lodges were raisers of corn and pumpkins, as excavation and the digging of prairie dogs about the villages have exposed both pumpkin rinds and corncobs of a small variety of corn. Their petroglyphs also depict growing corn and domesticated turkeys.

A house-building people are next encountered. They were probably the earth-lodge people we have previously met, as in the regions adjacent to Brush creek the earth-lodges gradually change into walled houses and pueblos, thus showing that they occupied the region for a very long period of time. On their return they constructed somewhat squarish houses, of from fifteen to twenty-seven feet to a side, some of them having a "vestibule" abutting the east wall. These houses and similar ones at Greendale, over the mountains to the northwestward, were all built of undressed, river cobbles which were laid up in thick walls, with a chinking of mud, probably being made thick-walled for the better protection they afforded; and about these edifices, which were not built in groups, are artifacts which are very similar to those in the vicinity of the earth lodges; while variously shaped stone shrines and stone altars dot the region on every side.

The builders of these houses were also agriculturists and constructors of extensive irrigating ditches. Many miles of their irrigating ditches can still be traced. One ditch is now four steps wide and a foot and a half in depth; three others have recently been cleaned out by white settlers and are now in use after having been in disuse for hundreds of years. The remains of a large reservoir where the foundation of a double

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rock wall of a dam, fifty feet in length, the walls being four feet apart, still can be traced.

Like the earth-lodge dwellers before them, they were raisers of corn and pumpkins; and, besides dressing in the skins of animals, the women wore woven cedar-bark skirts. Their blankets, too, were of woven cedar bark.

They were in their heyday 1,600 years ago. Again consternation takes possession of the whole valley as if by magic, as we are again visiting it in those far-off yesterdays. A lone runner, a scout of their people, suddenly appears on an eminence and makes the sign of chopping heads off. He then gives a sweeping wave of his hands toward the heavens and completes the movement with a cross to represent stars. He then makes a sign of an ear of corn, then the sign of chopping the end off of one hand with the other hand, following this movement by waving his hands in an upward-down dive toward the west. He then makes a sweeping wave southward down the valley and disappears.

"A host of head hunters are coming," is shrieked from one end of the valley to the other. "They have killed all our people (the corn eaters) over the mountains. Flee down the valley (southward) for your lives." And at once they are fleeing in hot haste, leaving everything in possession of those head-hunting people, who were probably a part of the present Ute-Chemehuevi division of the Shoshonean family of Indians. Furthermore, these victors depicted themselves in their rock pictures, just over the mountain ridge to the westward, time upon time as returning from raids with captured Pueblo women and children and the heads of the braves who dared defend their homes. The captured women were unquestionably Puebloan maidens, as they are shown wearing their hair as Hopi virgins now wear theirs, the heads probably being only trophies of war as were scalps among many American tribes.

ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

Continued from Front Advertising Section

been a staunch contributor and friend of *The Frontier* since its beginning. So has **Borghild Lee** (Portland), a series of whose short stories will appear in a forthcoming issue. **V. L. O. Chittick** (Reed College, Portland) is an editor of the Folklore section. **Beatrice B. Beebe**, a teacher of Eugene, Ore-

gon, has had placed with her for publication as she sees fit many letters written by Joaquin Miller to his brother, George Melvin Miller, who now lives in Eugene. The editors of *The Frontier* extend to Mr. George Miller and to Miss Beebe appreciation of their generosity and interest. There will be other instalments of these letters in later issues.

The contributors from Montana are four: **Jason Bolles** (Butte), whose *Roadhouse Girl*, in our May issue, received commendation from many readers; **Luke D. Sweetman** (Billings, though he is now living in Winslow, Washington), whose reminiscences are well known and enjoyed by *Frontier* readers, **Edith M. Duncan** (Alberton), whose interest and labor in early Montana history is well known in that state, and **Frank B. Linderman** (Flathead Lake). A new book by Mr. Linderman, *Old Man Coyote* (see Bookshelf) has just come off the press.

LITERARY NEWS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF GRACE
STONE COATES

John Willis of Glasgow, Mont., "one of the most expert hunters and guides the west has ever known, has topped off his career of more than 50 years in the Treasure state by a book, *Roosevelt in the Rough* (Ives Washburn, Pub.) In his enthusiastic review of the book (the *New York World-Telegram*), Harry Hansen says, in part: "Jack Willis was making a living selling deer hides when T. R. interfered. Willis received \$1 a hide from Gloversville, and killed thousands. Roosevelt protested against the wholesale killing and converted Willis.

Libraries need a directory of Montana writers. Here is a chance for some one to compile an authoritative handbook of Montana authors. It is disconcerting to make first acquaintance of one's nearest neighbors through Ted Shane's column, or the *New York Times*. Mr. Shane's comment on a book "that might have been penned on the flyleaf of a Jewish bible, so homely, warm and biological is its flow—a family history of the great open spaces where Jews waver on the brink of Christian Science and the orthodox synagogue is threatened on Saturdays by the influx of *goyem* miners greedy to patronize the clothing business," gives no hint (unless is the cliché *wide open spaces*) that the author, **Myron Brinig**, was from Butte. Mr. Brinig is now at work on a substantial "three-generation" novel, spiritual successor to his *Singermann* rather than his later novel, *Wide Open Town*.

Irvin Shope, of Missoula, is establishing himself as an illustrator and painter of western scenes, and has been in the news, recently, by reason of his growing success.

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Teaching Composition in the High School, by Lucia B. Mirrielees, professor of English at the State University of Montana and for the past four summers instructor at the Breadloaf School of English in Vermont, was issued by Harcourt, Brace and Co. in October.

Rufus A. Coleman's anthology entitled *Western Prose and Verse* (Harpers) will be off the press this month. *Northwest Verse*, edited by H. G. Merriam and published by The Caxton Printers, is now in its second printing; a third printing will come off the press this month.

The *Atlantic Monthly* announces Archer Butler Hulbert winner of their \$5000 non-fiction prize, with his *Forty-Niners*, "the Epic of the Argonauts in Truthful Chronicle." The book is reviewed in *Bookshelf*.

Edward W. Titus, editor of *This Quarter*, Paris, announces the division of the Richard Aldington American Poetry Award of 2,500 francs between E. E. Cummings, the committee's choice, and Walter Lowenfels, who has just released a book, *No More Poems*. The two other prizes of 2,500 francs went to John Collier, a young English poet.

The Contemporary, a new journal of verse, has been established by A. E. Clements, 448 Union St., Hudson, N. Y. Mr. Clements hopes to keep his standards high and his prejudices low.

The New Review, Paris, announces a winter edition of Objectivist poetry, edited by Louis Zukofsky, contributions for which are paid for—\$5 each.

Reviewing the concluding section of Lew Sarrett's *Wings Against the Moon* (H. Holt & Co.), Harriet Monroe says, in *Poetry*: "I like best the dialogue between two woodsmen as they skin a grizzly bear; one is manifestly the poet, and the other an amiable realist who delivers himself of matter-of-fact wisdom in his delightful mixture of two or three languages." In this preference, Miss Monroe is in accord with many readers of *The Frontier*, where this poem first appeared. Perhaps no poem heretofore published in *The Frontier* has called forth such general comment from "lay" readers.

James Rorty's desert Indians, in an earlier issue of *Poetry*, fare less happily than Sarrett's wolves and bears, and move Derrick N. Lehmer, editor of the *California Chronicle*, to protest. Mr. Lehmer believes that even among Indians, life's children are too delicate to shake a totem-pole in a rain-dance. His apologia for complaint is worth considering: I have seen the standardization of western stories. It is impossible for the writer of 'westerns' to get publication unless he adheres faithfully to a formula; . . . I have seen Indian music standardized so that unless your song is one deadly thrumming on the bass and a continual slide of

a third downward in the treble it will not be recognized as Indian stuff at all. I am looking forward with misery to a similar standardization of Indian poetry." **Lilian White Spencer's** *Shoes of Death*, in the same issue of *Poetry*, should be reassuring to Dr. Lehmer.

Harriet Monroe's rather poignant reflection that her editorship of *Poetry*, and the magazine itself, are of necessity co-terminous, leads Henry Harrison to respond in words as soothing as a curry comb, and fling the word, "vanity." But modesty, at its worst, is inverted vanity; and vanity, modesty in eruption. Editors corrupt poets, and poets corrupt editors, and self-interest creeps in as soon as there is the mediation of print between writer and reader.

Mr. Harrison's anthology of Oregon verse, with a foreword by Ethel Romig Fuller, and his anthology of Washington verse, with a foreword by Mary J. Elmendorf, contain names long familiar to readers of *The Frontier*.

Ethel Romig Fuller's new volume, *Kitchen Sonnets*, is from the *Metropolitan Press*, Portland.

The continuance of *The Midland*, which hung in the balance, is assured by a drive for funds that returned approximately \$2200.

Readers' comment that the October number of *The Frontier* was "more alive" than other issues is a challenging one. Why? What makes a magazine alive? We wish those who feel that way would find the reason for their feeling, and words for their reason—and let us know.

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lished by The College Poetry Society of America, is edited by Eda Lou Walton, with fourteen prominent poets as sponsors.

TABLE OF DISTANCES						
Continued from Page 172						
4 Creek	}	408	27 Creek	525	6 Pillow Camp	616
Willow Bar			5 Dry Fork	530	8 Spread Eagle Camp	624
6 Island No. 69		414	10 Willow Island	}	19 Bonaparts Monument	643
8 Island No. 70		422	FORT COPELIN		<i>Reviere au Tremble, or</i>	
8 Willow Bar		430	14 Willow Bar	544	12 Poplar Creek, or	655
1 Island No. 71		431	2 Spread Eagle Point	}	Quaking Asp Creek	
10 Round Butte		441	Rose's Point		13 Buffalo Point	668
2 Round Butte Island		443	3 Tow Head	549	2 Elkhorn Prairie	670
14 Willow Bar		457	6 El Passo Point	555	1 Elkhorn Creek	671
7 Willow Bar		464	5 MILK RIVER	}	4 Tibeau's Cut Off	675
4 Willow Tow/Head		468	Milk River Island		14 Frenchmans Point	689
5 Willow Bar		473	5 Dry Ash Point	565	3 Choteau Point	692
3 Willow Bar		477	2 Dauphins Point	567	8 Etiennes, or	
Island No. 73			4 Porcupine Prairie	}	Horse Shoe Cut Off	700
3 Champaygnes Creek	}	480	4 Porcupine Creek		2 " " Wood Y'd	702
Island No. 74			12 Harveys Cut Off	}	2 Dead Man't Lodge	704
2 Island No. 75		482	Harveys Creek		4 Rollets Trading Post	708
4 Deserter's Creek		486	1 Little Dry	584	12 Upper Bombeuse, or	
4 Tow Head		490	8 Dawsons Cut Off	592	Muddy River	720
1 James Busha's Grave		491	1 Creek	593	4 Mackinaw Creek	724
1 Harvey's Point		492	6 Wolf Point	599	4 Dawson's Bend	728
6 Morgan's Houses		498	Creek	599	33 Little Bombeuse, or	
			3 Sunk Boat Bend	602	Muddy River	761
			6 Fort Charles	}	22 FORT UNION	738
			Horse Shoe Bend			

EDITOR'S NOTE: This takes the distances to the juncture of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. In the book the table continues with the same detail all the way to St. Louis.

Dr. V. R. Jones

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BOOK SHELF

John Henry. Roark Bradford. Harper and Brothers. 1931. \$2.50.

Jonathan Gentry. Mark Van Doren. A. & C. Boni. 1931. \$2.50.

First the slow fragmentary growth of the legend, then the backward tracing of its many branching development by scholars, and at last the craft-conscious attempt to utilize the results of the double process by the professional artist—such has often been the evolution from folklore to final epic. It is that which has carried the variant stories of John Henry, the black Paul Bunyan of the South, into contact with the fusing power of Roark Bradford's narrative skill. An earnest of what was to be expected of Mr. Bradford had been given in his "Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun" (the book source of "Green Pastures"), and the promise there afforded has been more than fulfilled. "John Henry" is the most satisfying piece of American tall-tale retelling that has been produced up to date, and that by virtue of its three-fold fidelity to its originals in point of humor, wisdom, and plain good yarn.

In only one respect does this redaction of the John Henry saga disappoint. The earlier versions of the tales make it clear that the figure of John Henry is a symbolical protest of the post-Civil War negro against the labor-speeding intrusions of the machine age. The single incident that Mr. Bradford's roustabout dies in competition with a lighter-loading donkey-engine hardly suffices to bring home the well-established moral of his traditional forebears. But perhaps the continuous revelation of other aspects of southern home-spun philosophy and social criticism, not widely known outside the cotton-belt, amply compensates for the lone deficiency.

Though Mr. Van Doren writes, in verse, about traditional Americans, affairs, and setting—farmers, the Civil War, and the pioneer West—he employs none of the matter of our regional folklore save occasionally in his songs. And he has no concern with humor. The story he tells is the old, old one of what happens from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. This time five generations are involved before the relentless train of events swings full circle, and the fortune that rises and falls is emotional, not economic. As different as these two books thus are in treatment and material, they disclose one trait in common, a dread of industrialism, but while in the one it is incidental, in the other it is central. In "Jonathan Gentry" it appears in the handling of that recurrent conflict of the modern era, city lights versus country life. The lure of the former prevails, of course, and brings down

the last sustaining wall of hope for the doomed family.

Mr. Van Doren will never be a popular poet. His verse is too hard-lined and flinty, and his comment too stern and startling, for that. But the few who prefer subtle movement to mere melody, and a philosophically controlled presentation of both the beauty and banality of American life, rural and urban, to either sentimental enthusiasm or naturalistic despair, will look forward to his successive volumes with eagerness based on appreciation of sound performance.

Portland V. L. O. Chittick

The Picture of Dorian Gray: A Dramatization by Mary Mills Miller. Henry Harrison. 1931. \$2.00.

To those whose appreciation of Wilde is merely a literary one, this dramatization will be no more than a gross travesty on his famous novel. The original is toppled into melodrama with the following for final roars: Lord Wotton, onetime essence of languid decay, crashing noisily into the last scene to die a meaty, nobly fraternal death; Dorian hacking and slashing his picture, instead of stabbing it; Scotland Yard (and not nemesis, as the author, in her preface, would have one believe) becomes, at the end, Master of Ceremonies.

On the other hand, for the true decadent, for him who discovers the occult in the ironic, there must be something fascinating in a mutilation of Wilde's ghost, thoroughgoing to the point of such embellishments as this—Dorian, the fantastically delicate Dorian, does not say to Lord Wotton and Hallward, "There is really not much to tell;" the line reads, "There is really not much to tell, fellows."

The play as a play, apart both from the original and the pretensions, in the preface, to High Greek, is somewhat superior to the average melodrama.

Missoula Paul Treichler

COMMENTS BY THE EDITOR

We Are Alaskans. Mary Lee Davis. W. A. Wilde Company. 1931. \$3.50.

This is the third of Mary Lee's books about Alaska, the other two being *Uncle Sam's Attic* and *Alaska, The Great Bear's Cub*. This third book tells stories of Alaska's people in a chatty, even gossipy manner. The reader learns chiefly that Alaska and Alaskans are not so different from the rest of the world as fancy would wish. The conditions in a raw land, a last frontier, are here. The writer has tolerance with people whose customs, habits and ideals are different from her people's and her own personal ones, and she has human sympathy; but little gift for tale-telling. She writes like the newspaper reporter she states she has been.

Forty-Niners. Archer Butler Hulbert. Little, Brown and Company. 1931. \$3.50.

Forty-Niners is the best three-dollar-and-a-half buy on the market for anyone interested in the westward trek of the forties. Dr. Hulbert, who is an advisory editor of *The*

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Frontier, professor in Colorado College, and director of the Stewart Commission on Western history, has been indefatigable in his labors to authenticate every statement in his book. He has read 250 journals and diaries of overland trips, has traveled the various routes many times, has issued the thoroughly authentic maps of the trails, published by the Stewart Commission, and has steeped his mind and imagination in the writings about our westward-moving pioneers and in their lives and modes of living. He is the author of several books on Western history and of one significant essay, book length, entitled *Frontiers: The Genius of American Nationality*. No wonder that when he writes a composite journal of the overland trip the reader is captivated by his mastery of detail, his sense of the sweep of the expedition, his recreation of covered wagon life day by day. One splendid feature is the gathering and recording of the songs sung by the travelers. One misses, however, the presence of women in the company he selects, so that the feminine life and the child life are not seen. (One realizes that this aspect of life showed more in the Oregon Trail travel.) And the narrator Dr. Hulbert has selected is so eminently genteel that the rowdy aspects of the life of the trip get only mildly recorded. The book, however, cannot be too highly commended, and one is happy that it won the \$5000 Atlantic prize "for the most interesting unpublished work (not fiction) dealing with the American scene." In this day when so much trash about the West of early and of present days is blowing off the country's presses this book is an anchor to windward; one can resort to it for the authentic picture.

The Great Plains. Walter Prescott Webb. Ginn and Company. 1931. \$4.00.

Professor Webb has also written a western book that is highly commendable. He too has been meticulous in his search for fact. No aspect of the Great Plains region has been neglected—the physical basis, its Indians, the Spanish approach and the very different American approach to it, the part played in its history by cattle, transportation, fencing, the search for water, its land and water laws, its literature, and finally, its mysteries. Where statistical tables, maps, diagrams, illustrations are needed or illuminative, there they are. Though scholarly in tone, at times "academic," the writing is possessed of a vitality that makes reading not only interesting but almost exciting, even in the absence of all action. Professor Webb thinks for himself, and has arrived at some conclusions differing from commonly held ideas. The book is adapted to either scholarly study or popular reading.

Old Man Coyote. Frank B. Linderman. John Day Company. 1931. \$3.00.

With this interesting collection of Crow Indian tales, taken straight from the Indians themselves as they told him these stories, Mr. Linderman again "counts coup." And

it is with a volume pleasingly bound and beautifully illustrated by H. M. Stoops.

So Indian in spirit and language, these folk-tales, like the fairy-tales of other peoples, have their own delightful imagery and devices. To shoot a Medicine-arrow into the air, cling to its feathers as it leaves the bow-string and be carried afar on it; to ride on a crane's back to the place where the sky touches the world and to raise the sky from the ground and pass into the bird country, singing and dancing; to look from the land of the Sun through a hole in the sky-floor and see the people moving about on earth, these wonders and many more must endear such tales to the magic-loving hearts of young and old alike.

It is fine to know that complete faithfulness to accuracy can be combined with so much charm.

Susan Spray. Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harpers. 1931. \$2.50.

One cannot love Susan Spray—nor hate her, either. She is a very human being, with strong weaknesses and mixed motives. Born into a poor but very religious community, she saves herself a beating, at the age of six, by seeing a vision of God in the thunderclouds. Later she discovers her gift as a preacher and through this gift, her power over people. Her religion is a strange combination of personal ambition with a little pure religious feeling injected into it. The portrayal of her character is another delightful example of Sheila Kaye-Smith's art. One is absorbed in the character study without at any moment caring very much what happens to Susan Spray.

Plain Anne Ellis. Anne Ellis. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. \$3.50.

This book is a continuation of *The Life of an Ordinary Woman*, and evidently carries the narrative of Mrs. Ellis' life up to the present. We follow her experiences as a camp cook for construction gangs and sheep shearers, as a self-made politician holding the office of county treasurer for three terms, and lastly as an invalid struggling for life, and trying to write, in New Mexico. Her pioneer qualities of indomitableness and idealism continue to be characteristic of her. Her sense of humor is still a saving grace. Those who enjoyed *The Life of an Ordinary Woman* will eagerly read this second half of Anne Ellis' life history.

Here Is My Body. Jack Woodford. William Godwin, Inc. 1931. \$2.00.

Here Is My Body is supposedly a frank novel of sex; it is really portrayal of a society, pretentendly big business society of Virginia (God help Virginia), which eats, drinks and sleeps with thoughts of seduction or gratification of lust.

Best Short Stories, 1931. Edited by E. J. O'Brien. Dodd, Mead and Co. 1931. \$2.50.

In explaining what he means by a period of integration having begun in the creation of the American short story Mr. O'Brien in his Introduction states: "The integration of

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which I am speaking is characterized by a general sense of wholeness. A story tends to start clean, to discard irrelevancies, to see lucidly, to allow no falsities, to rub in no morals, to discover and reveal life. The old pretentiousness is gone. The false sentiment is gone. The 'hard-boiled' mask is gone. The reader is now confronted with two or three people and a situation." Since 1915 Mr. O'Brien has been working for this result. If it is even in the offing, great credit is due his persistency and courage.

North of Laughter. Rosa Zagnoni Marioni. Oglethorpe University Press. 1931. \$2.00.

California Writers Club Poems, 1931. Privately printed.

Emmaus. Raymond Kresensky. The Torch Press (Cedar Rapids). 1931. \$1.50.

Unrest, 1931. Edited by Jack Conroy and Ralph Cheyney. Henry Harrison, 1931. \$1.75.

Selected Poems. Glenn Ward Dresbach. Holt and Company. 1931. \$2.50.

In *North of Laughter* only occasionally the reader meets with a genuinely poetic conception, and then usually in a single line. These occasional lines offer evidence of strong imagination that has not been patiently enough and with sufficient judgment called into service. The verse seems struck off hastily and put out to the public, with the result that many of the poems which might have proved powerful prove only sentimental, and sometimes empty. *The Big Blue Shawl of Mary*, perhaps the best poem in the collection, would profit from longer and deeper brooding of the imagination and care in workmanship.

The California writers have issued this the second of their annual anthologies. It carries the names of skilled writers of verse—Lori Petri, Anna Blake Mezquida, Harry Noyes Pratt, among others. The Foreword states: "In the vastly articulate world of today, only the few may sing or write the deathless song. But many lovely little lyrics, memory-haunting cadences or brief vivid similes enrich and give significance to the poetic expression of groups of sincere beauty-seekers throughout the country." Several of the beauty-seekers in this volume would do well to take root in California, learning its truths and its beauties. The poems of most robust imagination in this volume are by Don Farran.

Emmaus is a gathering of Mr. Kresensky's religious verse. It is manly in tone, social in spirit; it rebels against the devotion of religion today to material splendor and persons of wealth; it speaks perplexedly of life; it relies in the end on a simple faith that finds its expression in simple acts. Mr. Kresensky has thought and felt persistently. His technical skill in expression gives his emotional ideas appealing strength.

Unrest is rightly named, for the poems in it are on the whole mild in conception and unpassionate. The volume could never rightly be entitled *Rebellion*, although of course it

contains some burningly revolutionary verse. Also, the reader often can't make out for what public the poems were written. A. B. Magill's *Go to Sleep, Charlie* seems to me the model for rebellious poetry. As is to be expected, specific instances of social injustice, like the imprisonment of Tom Mooney and the killing of Sacco and Vanzetti, stir the poets to their best utterance; when the idea of social injustice is indefinite the poem becomes weak.

The lover of poetry that is American in savor should be grateful for this collection of Mr. Dresbach's poems. He is one of our finest lyricists, principally of nature. In this volume, also, he handles several narratives effectively. Without using big or unusual or striking phrases he manages to create memorable and effective poems. The exactitude with which he uses words and phrases gives clarity and compactness to his ideas and emotions. Mr. Dresbach is not a social-minded poet, in the sense of having traffic with today's conditions and troubles; rather he writes "in time and space." For greatness most of Mr. Dresbach's poems need fire; and their tone needs greater variety in expression. Yet the volume is full of beauty, of quiet, speculative thought, of calm appreciation of nature. There is a sense of frustration, a sense of the struggle life demands. If one were obliged to choose among the six sections of his volume, one would rank the mountain sonnets and the section entitled *Of the Southwest* highest, with the section entitled *Of the Middle West* pushing hard for first honors. Mr. Dresbach's is a high achievement. It is also a genuinely American achievement.

Two Books for Children

Notes by Alison W. Merriam (age, 11 years)

Lucretia Ann on the Oregon Trail. Ruth Gipson Plowhead. The Caxton Printers, 1931.

Lucretia Ann on the Oregon Trail is a book telling of Lucretia Ann's adventures while going from New England to "The Land o' Dreams"—Idaho. It tells how her tortoiseshell cat, Benjamin, got her into all kinds of trouble, and how she, when chasing the runaway scamp, came in contact with Indians and lost the caravan. Lucretia Ann was a rather disobedient girl, sad to tell, and that also brought trouble to her and her companions. She and her brother, for instance, had to sit in the same room opposite each other because of Lucretia Ann's disobedience.

It is not the kind of book I would like to read many of because the events are so exciting that when I am reading I feel afraid of what may happen. I myself do not especially like to read stories about little girls; but I know that the majority of girls I know would like it because it is the type of book girls generally enjoy. The book has several full-page illustrations in color and many tail-

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piece illustrations—of buffalo, covered wagons, tepees, horses, and tortoise-shell cats.

Sun Up. Will James. Scribners. 1931.

Sun Up is a fascinating collection of cowboy stories. They tell of the cowboy life in what one would call cowboy language. Will James in his introductory letter tells us that he is trying to get us "in touch with what is flesh" and not "tin and bolts."

I have often wanted to be able to ride. I can sit on top of a horse in a saddle while he is going, but that isn't much. I have often wondered what it would be like to be able to spread the loop over something, even if it was only a fence-post. I know one kind of horse and as if in answer to my questions *Sun Up* has told me of another kind of horse and life.

The book contains all kinds of stories, exciting and humorous. It tells of the different kinds of cowboys and horses and facts of cowboy life. *Sun Up* is one of the best books I ever read; it held my interest from beginning to end.

From Henry Harrison:

The Posthumous Poems, of Louis Archibald Douglas—Verses written by a boy who died in his senior year at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee. The subjects are collegiate, love affairs and philosophy tinged with the sharp heartache of youth.

The Red Trail, by Jessie G. Eble—Metrical tales of southwestern pioneer conflicts with Comanches, Pawnees, Cheyennes, and Kiowas.

Footsteps, by Georgiana Bole King—contains one unusual, brief poem called *Buttercups*.

Florida Poets—Selections from 44 poets. Those poems on regional subjects are the most interesting. Something very beautiful should come out of Florida.

From Poetry Publishers:

Horizon Frames, by Tom Sweeney—on alternate pages prose frames to suit the brief rhymed pictures they precede—the avocation of an insurance man.

From Dorrance and Co.:

Moods, Tenses, and Intensives, by Dr. J. W. Harper—richly descriptive poems written by a doctor who had an intense love for nature. The main fault might be called self-plagiarism. It is a pity that Dr. Harper's life was cut off before he could work on the poems en masse.

Missoula

Mary Brennan Clapp

Candle Flowers. Blanch Lee. James T. White & Co. (N. Y.) 1931.

This slender volume of fifty-five lyrics, following the author's *Singing Gardens*, is at its best in "Empty House," and the disarming poem that concluded the book, "Candles in the Sun."

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Books received—to be reviewed later:

Robert Reynolds: Brothers in the West.
Harpers. \$2.50.

T. D. Bonner: The Life and Adventures
of James P. Beckwourth. Knopf. \$4.00.

Captain Thomas H. Rynning: Gun
Notches. Frederick A. Stokes Company.
1931. \$3.00.

Grace L. Nute: The Voyageur. Appleton.
\$3.00.

Frederick Watson: A Century of Gunmen.
Nicholson and Watson (Lord). 10/6.

Clifford Allen: Swift Water. Poetry Pub-
lishers. \$1.50.

Ruth Laughlin Barker: Caballeros. D.
Appleton & Co. 1931. \$3.00.

State of Montana, County of Missoula—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold G. Merriam, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of The Frontier, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Editor, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Managing Editor, none; Business Managers, Robert Blakeslee, Jack Waldbillig, State University, Missoula, Mont.

2. That the owner is: Harold G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.

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H. G. MERRIAM, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1931.

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