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Mar. 1932

MARCH, 1932

THE

FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST



WINGREN PEOPLE

Sonnets by VERNE BRIGHT

LABOR STIFFS

A Story by EDMOND DuPERRIER

JOAQUIN MILLER LETTERS

Hitherto Unpublished

PURGATORY FREIGHT TRAIN

A Story by BRION DAVIS

THE VARIED AND THE GLORIOUS

By STRUTHERS BURT

SITTING BULL'S MAIDEN SPEECH

By STANLEY VESTAL

THE ARMY AND THE MINING FRONTIER

By RAYMOND L. WELTY

Other Stories by Elsie Knisely, Grace Stone Coates, Miriam de Ford.

Other Poems by Lilian White Spencer, Doren Tharp, Jason Bolles, John Casteel, Ted Olson, Maud Uschold, Phyllis Morden, Mary Brennan
Clapp, Carol Eglund, Arthur Johnson.

OPEN RANGE—Up the Lochsa
By SPENCER LANE

FOLKLORE—Legends of Canadian Indians.
By MARIUS BARBEAU

LITERARY NEWS—BOOKSHELF

Volume XII

MARCH, 1932

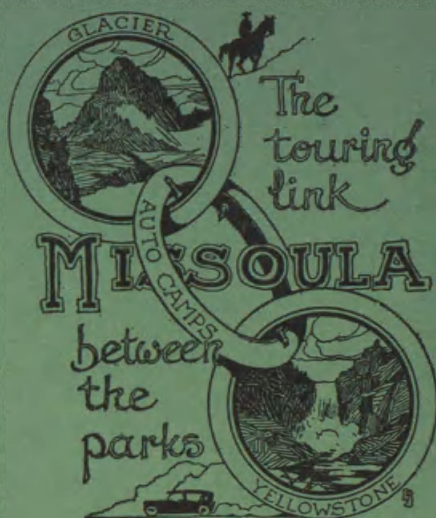
Number 3

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Volume Twelve

MARCH, 1932

Number 3

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LITERARY NEWS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF GRACE
STONE COATES

"In gratitude to **Vachel Lindsay**, and in acknowledgment of his high service, never adequately rewarded, a Memorial Fund is being started for his widow and his little daughter and son, five and four years of age." This announcement prefaces **Harriet Monroe's** statement that contributions to the fund may be sent to the secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, which is sponsoring the movement, Paul M. Angle, First Nat. Bank, Springfield, Ill. Miss Monroe quotes from Vachel Lindsay's last letter to her his enthusiastic response to her editorial, urging substantial prizes in the field of poetry. For years earnest in her service to poetry, Miss Monroe emphasizes the fact that this is the one art not yet benefited.

Yet poetry must be looking up when the *Montana Standard* devotes an editorial to it, even under the adverse title, *The Silent Lyre*. (Not all silent, spell it as you will!) More and more is verse finding its place on platform and radio programs for good or evil, and the tendency is toward pamphlet editions of real poetry that can be widely distributed—and are.

Poetry magazines combine, die, and continue to be born. *Star-Dust* (Washington, D. C.: Mrs. Edith Mirick) ceases with the current issue. It carried many fine poems by writers of the Northwest. *Contemporary Vision* merges presently with **Henry Harrison's Poetry World** with Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney, former editors, editing their section of the combined magazine. *Poetry World* has always been friendly to western contributors. Appearance of *The Contemporary* (Hudson, N. Y.) is postponed by the illness of its editor, A. E. Clements. *The Paebler Publishing Company*, N. Y. C., includes in its annual anthology of *Selected Magazine Verse* poems of Howard McKinley Corning, Ethel Romig Fuller, Ted Olson, and doubtless many other Northwest writers.

Caxton Printers, Ltd., publishers of H. G. Merriam's *Anthology of Northwest Verse*, are receiving comment in eastern papers. "One scarcely looks for great literature from Idaho," says a reviewer in the *New Jersey Trenton Times*. Why not, one wonders—without resentment, however, since the reviewer thinks he has found what he wasn't looking for: "If Idaho has more like this, send them along!" *The Waterbury Republican* (Conn.) also expresses surprise at something good coming out of Nazareth: "The Caxton Printers, Ltd., are located in Idaho—of all places!—where they make their principal business the assistance to recognition of writers who hale (*sic*) from our Northwest. Granted other talent as authentic . . . they should make a stir in the publishing world." Their *our* is neighborly.



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Frank Bird Linderman's collection of Indian folk-tales, *Old Man Coyote* has been selected by the Junior Literary Guild for their imprint, and 10,000 copies published for distribution to guild members. His new book, *Red Mother*, considered by those who have read the manuscript superior even to his great story, *American*, will be issued by *John Day and Co.*, N. Y., in July.

Western Prose and Poetry, edited by **Rufus A. Coleman** and published by *Harpers* is fine in format and excellent in content, and is getting good response from readers and reviewers. (The humor of the last statement was unintended.)

Paul Working of Wilsall, Mont., wrote a short story for H. G. Merriam's course in creative writing, last summer, and during the Writers' Conference at the Montana State University submitted it to Struthers Burt for criticism under the timely title, *Hit the Pocketbook*. Mr. Burt's literary agent in N. Y. C. has wired Working an acceptance of the story from *The North American Review*.

Echoes of the Writers' Conference come from a distance. *The Editor*, Book Hill, N. Y., oldest among writers' magazines, devotes almost an entire department in its January 16 issue to an enthusiastic account of this summer conference. It is signed by E. C. (otherwise Mrs. Esther Kalsik). If any instructor at the conference wants to see himself as others see him, here is his chance. (Frank Ernest Hill is "Shelly-like"). E. C. quotes Struthers Burt as saying that everything in writing comes down to the one word "gusto." If you are sufficiently interested in the story you tell, you will interest others. In his own case, she quotes Mr. Burt as saying, he wrote for thirteen years before he acquired the "professional touch" and got a story accepted. Since then he has never had a story turned down. Much of the discussion is devoted to a resume of H. G. Merriam's short course in creative writing.

With characteristic clarity and force **Mary Austin** expresses herself on the subject of regionalism in *Contempo* (Dec. 15). She says in part: "My novel, *Starry Adventure*, is an attempt to express through the lives of the people who live in it, the meaning of environment. To do so constitutes what is beginning to be called "regionalism" in literature. In my case this is rather explicitly undertaken with the conviction that what has chiefly ailed American fiction is the neglect of this factor in rendering human life." She attributes her priority in developing something of a philosophy of man in relation to his environment to this: that she lives in a region where natural environment is least escapable; and to long familiarity with the effect of environment on earlier races, which makes her quick to recognize and even anticipate its effect on personal behavior in contemporary life.

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"So I couldn't see any reason why I shouldn't let myself go in that environment and show something of its working upon the individual spirit . . ."

No writer still plastic in mind could read with understanding Mary Austin's discussion, and remain uninfluenced by it.

Phillips Book Store, Bozeman, Montana, features books of the west. A certain magazine answered readers' inquiries for western books by enclosing this bookstore's address to the writer. The result was such a flood of letters—from Maine to Havana—that the bookstore in turn issued a pamphlet of western titles. Dean Stone is quoted as saying of Phillips Bookstore that it is one of those unusual places where they know books, and serve customers intelligently. They keep a register of writers who come into the store, and are accumulating a collection of pungent and original comments above these writers' signatures. Lew Sarett has complimented them highly on their unusual service. There are other distinctive bookstores in the Northwest; we would like to know about them.

ANSWERING MR. WETJEN

Dear Editor:

As a response to the letter by Albert Richard Wetjen in the November **FRONTIER**, I wish to state some of my own views on the subject he discusses.

According to my comprehension of his article, Mr Wetjen holds to the theory that the magazines want tripe instead of genius. I disagree with him—almost emphatically.

The short story in America has—I admit—been placed in a peculiar set of circumstances. The magazines dictate the subject matter, treatment of same, and word length of their fiction content. But why should that deter an author from writing what he pleases? If a certain magazine has requirements differing from what he likes best to write, he can publish his output in another more friendly to his type of writing. In America today there are magazines using every kind of story imaginable—and possibly a few more. And given a good story, one that conforms to the general length and type published in his magazine, the editor is rare who will reject that story merely because it shows traces of genius.

Continued on page 287

The HOUND & HORN

calls to your attention some articles in back numbers which you may have missed:

Strawinsky's OEDIPUS REX, by Roger Sessions
(Volume I, no. 3)

T. S. ELIOT, by R. P. Blackmur
(Volume I, nos. 3 and 4)

LEONARDO AND THE PHILOSOPHERS, by
Paul Valery
(Volume IV, no. 2)

SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT HUMANISM, by
T. S. Eliot
(Volume II, no. 4)

PICASSO'S METHOD, by A. Hyatt Mayor
(Volume III, no. 2)

THE ODYSSEY IN DUBLIN (Joyce's *Ulysses*),
by S. Foster Damon (Volume III, no. 1)

RAINER MARIA RILKE, with parallel transla-
tions of his Elegies from the German, by
Hester Pickman
(Volume IV, nos. 3 and 4)

HENRY ADAMS, by Louis Zukofsky
(Volume III, nos. 3 and 4; Volume IV, no. 1)

BAUDELAIRE, by Charles du Bos
(Volume IV, no. 4)

THE PURITAN HERESY, a study of American
Psychology, by H. B. Parkes
(Volume V, no. 2)

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A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

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

PENUMBRA

By ELSIE KNISELY

JOHNNY IFFRIG'S body lay in the bottom of the canyon; half in, half out of Tumchuck river. He had been dead for six days; since the day he had stood on the railroad trestle up the canyon, flung out his arms, cried, "Here goes nothing," and jumped.

Nobody knew he was dead.

Nobody would have cared.

He was a bum.

He was not a bum by choice, any more than he was hungry by choice, or had one leg shorter than the other by choice. Nature cast him for the role of bum and what could he do about it? Nothing.

He was a physically stunted, mentally sub-normal creature; born of an anaemic father and a resentful mother. For the twenty-six years of his half-starved life—now six days happily ended—he had been shunted from pillar to post by circumstances over which he had no control. He stole when he had to; lied when it was expedient; never thought of God except as a curse word; seldom washed; had a vocabulary (excluding profanity and bum jargon) of fewer than ninety words; never read a newspaper or a book; contributed nothing to the welfare of the human race, except a bad example.

Now Johnny Iffrig was dead. Fishes nosed his body with idle curiosity, then whisked away with contemptuous flips of the tail. Ants swarmed over him.

Johnny Iffrig's spirit leaned over the body and tried to brush away the ants. Futile. There was no substance to the hand with which he brushed.

It interested Johnny, this phenomenon.

Around him were the steep walls of the canyon. Across the face of the rocks men had thrown the steel rails of a great transcontinental railroad.

The Overland was coming into the canyon. The labored puff of the engine broke the stillness of the mountain and sent echoes reverberating between the canyon walls. Each stroke of a slender steel piston drove the locomotive on and up, pulling with it the inert weight of ten passenger cars. Cars loaded with the priceless freight of life; people well-fed, comfortably clothed, and sure of a roof over their heads to shelter them from rain and cold.

Johnny Iffrig had tried to ride on that railroad without paying his fare. That is why his body was rotting in the bottom of the canyon.

He had been hungry and broke. He heard that there were jobs to be had for the lucky ones, digging the ditch for a pipe-line west of the mountains.

After dark, when the freight train took on water in the foothills, Johnny slipped onto a flat-car loaded with big sticks of timber bound for the sawmills over the mountain. All night he rode, cold to the bone, stretched out in the shelter of the denuded trunk of a once mighty fir tree.

Daylight found him going up the east slope of the mountain, hungry and thirsty, but only six hours from his goal, and still going.

Then the brakeman found him. Name of Costigan. Costigan was a good man. Not one to trifle with the rules of the company that gave him employment.

He kicked Johnny Iffrig in the ribs. "You lousy bum," he roared, "get t'hell offa here."

"Don't put me off here, Mister," Johnny whined. "I'm broke and I've only et four times in a week. Lemme stay on till we get over the mountains, Mister. I can't walk far. I'm lame."

"Tell it to the marines," Costigan growled. Through cupped hands he yelled, "Hey, Smiley, c'mere. Here's a stiff wants a free ride. Let's give him one."

The man called Smiley came with alacrity. A ruddy young man, big and well-fleshed. Deep lines were graven beside his mouth by laughter.

Smiley took Johnny Iffrig by the shoulders and Costigan took him by the heels. With a one-two-three-go, they heaved him off the train. Rolling over and over the sharp-edged rocks he heard Smiley's boisterous laugh as he yelled jovially, "G'bye, bum. Hope y'have a pleasant trip."

Johnny Iffrig brought up bruised and bleeding and only half-conscious against a stump. He had no great resentment against the brakeman or Smiley. Such pleasantries were all in the day's work for Johnny. But his head was bleeding and he was hungry and thirsty. It would be eight or ten miles back down the track to the nearest town. He would have to get there and beg or steal something to put inside him, and he would have to do it soon, or not at all. He was thirsty, but it would take him hours to climb down to the river and back. He would have to stick to the track to get out.

He climbed slowly and painfully over the rocks back to the track, groaning and cursing. Going ahead and slipping back. Stumbling and getting up again.

He reached the railroad. His feet began mechanically to tread the ties. He had walked many ties in his life, hitching his short leg after his long one.

He came to the trestle. He was too far gone with various kinds of misery and discouragement to think of danger. He went on, treading the ties wearily. Vast heights and depths of the canyon; ageless rocks; trees that counted their years in centuries. Strength, permanence and the grandeur of inanimate things—and, a moving blot on the face of it, a puny, helpless bit of life that was Johnny Iffrig.

Suddenly fear swooped down on him. He imagined he heard the train booming down the track behind him. He could not look back. He tried to run. Short leg, long leg. Missing the ties, stumbling, crawling, getting to his feet again.

The cool water below seemed to reach up and murmur, "Come!" He paused a moment, hesitant. Then, with a cry, he flung out his arms and jumped.

He was comical falling. Twisting over and over in the air, waving arms and legs in ludicrous gyrations, clutching at nothing and landing at last on the surface of the water with a flat "plop."

At the last moment the voice of the river seemed to turn from a gentle croon of welcome to Smiley's roar of laughter. With one foot over the threshold of eternity Johnny Iffrig wished that he could laugh as joyously as that, just once.

That wish held him earthbound. He could not go on until Johnny's body had the laugh it coveted. He had a laugh coming to him. He had not laughed heartily for twenty years.

Once he let loose of earth there would be no coming back; no more contacts with humanity. With his newly acquired capacity for intellectual observation he was aware that Soul was a sense—a sense that was neither sight nor hearing nor speech nor touch nor taste, but was part of all of these and greater than any of them.

When Johnny Iffrig's spirit first broke its bounds he perceived himself as an angel in long white robes with a harp in his hands. Somewhere in his mortal life he had got that idea and he carried it over with him. But the robe embarrassed him and the harp was a useless impediment. He then perceived himself in a well-cut dark suit and black oxfords and a grey fedora; with his mortal lineaments perfected—legs the same length, more firmness in the contours of the face, eyes clear, teeth good, well-muscled, firm-fleshed body.

But he was getting impatient to go on. To pay his respects to God and His Son and then hunt up Moses and John L. Sullivan. Funny—to be able to think vast thoughts and yet not be able to brush away the ants that swarmed over his abandoned body.

The Overland was puffing laboriously up the canyon. It approached, passed by and beyond, growing faint and fainter in the distance.

Ten miles up the mountain the engine shunted the train on a siding, uncoupled, ran back on the track and was returning—to pick up Johnny Iffrig's dead body. Someone had seen it from a car window and told the conductor. They didn't know it was Johnny Iffrig. They didn't know it was a bum. But they knew it was a dead body and therefore something to command reverence and respect.

On the siding, beauty and wealth and

fame and power waited and cooled their heels with what grace they could. A great singer was going to be late for his concert that evening; a million-dollar deal would fall through; an absconding cashier would miss the boat that might have carried him safely to Honolulu; a runaway wife would have time to change her mind; a son would get to his mother's death-bed too late—all because the Overland waited half an hour on a siding while one of the road's crack engines backed ten miles down grade to do the decent thing by the stinking carcass of a man whom, living, they had kicked off because he couldn't pay his fare.

Four men held their breath and averted their eyes while they rolled the body of Johnny Iffrig onto a tarpaulin.

Suddenly magnificent laughter split the air. The men jumped and glared at one another.

"Who was that laughed?" asked the red-headed man.

"Not me," said the one with a wart on his nose.

"Not me," said the fat one.

The one with the elk's tooth on his watch chain trembled and said not a word.

"Musta been the cadaver," snickered the red-headed one.

"Musta been," agreed the one with the wart on his nose.

"Yeah," muttered the fat one doubtfully.

"It was," whimpered the one with the elk's tooth on his watch chain. "I saw his chest heave and his lips curl back!"

So with a laugh at man's queer whims, Johnny Iffrig's soul shed its mortal fetters, and thumbing its nose at earthly kings and potentates, stepped joyously out into eternity.

WINGREN PEOPLE

BY VERNE BRIGHT

APRIL ADVENT

In Wingren now the budding willows make
An arras of bright green along the walls
Of bluebird hills. The meadowlarks awake,
Splitting the silence with blithe intervals
Of golden mirth. Small jonquil bugles blow;
And waterbrooks sing silver in the grass;
The wild-plum blossoms fall like drifting snow;
The soft winds stir the lilacs as they pass.

For lo! the winter is a broken sleep:
The rousing earth hums a low matin song;
Sap whispers in the birch; gaunt lizards creep
Across the sunwarm stone; and late and long
The farm boy trudges behind his furrowing plow,
Love in his heart, and dreams, in Wingren now.

COUNTRY WEEKLY

In this dim cobwebbed room a wizard dwells,
Dreaming above his ponderous machine;
At his deft touch our little world between
The sea and hills is brought by subtle spells
To strut a fugitive hour, mouthing words
Of portent: sorrowful old and joyous young,
Men of the strong heart, men of the evil tongue,
In ultimate congregation . . . Here the birds
Of rhyme chirp from a corner's dusty gloom,
And wisdom dodders over a rickety table,
Inexorable hate rebuilds the walls of Babel;
Here first-love burgeons, a white flower abloom
In misted woods; here life draws primal breath;
Here lies in state the body of this death.

HILL DWELLERS

Often along this silent road they go
Edging against the sunset, dip and splash
Into the water courses—clayed hooves dash
The spray to yellow turmoil; darkling and slow
Toward the spark of Venus in the west
Climbing they come to a twilight-guarded gate
Opening on the grass lanes where await
Two golden collies grovelling in the dust.

And I have thought: There is a low-walled house
Beyond the raw clay hill; the lamp-bright rooms

Will take them in and keep them against the gloom's
Sinister imprecation; there fear will drowse
Behind the hearth-flame imaging the gleam
And fabulous shadow of their lonely dream.

STORM IN MAY

John Arden groped into the tragic night
Heart-chilled by Frost-wind swooping down the valley,
Snuffing among the trees like wolves that rally
On the black heels of death, harrying the white
Frail-petaled boughs . . . The murky daylight found him
Cursing the merciless chance, the quenchless hate,
The incalculable fury of blind fate,
Beaten to earth with broken beauty round him.

That was a year ago: tonight he lies
Past utterance beyond his orchard rows.
Down from the blossomed branch the young year throws
A rose-fire rain upon his dark demise . . .
Inscrutably the gods, capricious, spread
Promise of life above John Arden, dead.

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

He'd be a lord of the land: this the excuse
That lured Glynn Archer from the city's ways
To Wingren village. His towered silos raise
Red donjons to the sky. Hill-pride endues
His farm with the dignity of an estate,
His house a mansion; neighbors call him Squire,
And warm their humbleness at his hearth fire . . .
He is the valley's princely potentate.

He rides his acres like an ancient king
Of Indian earth; he gloats where harvest spills
Its fruited riches on a hundred hills . . .
He climbs an Indian mound, adventuring:
Cowled in sunset fire we see him stand
Above dead warriors' bones, lord of the land.

EDOM'S MILL

All day the silver restless feet of water
Tread the wheel: the wheel turns, the mills grind:—
(A dusty woof of sound, a warp of clatter,
Weave in the gloom) the imperturbable blind
Pinions all day whirl, the furious stones
Mumble the seeds of beauty, grumbling slow
As a great mastiff gnawing at meagre bones,
Crumbling the million grain to flour of snow.

The miller, from his dark threshold of violence,
Looks on the branchy woods, the stubbled field,
The plowman dreaming of the promised yield
Beyond the winter's crystal walls of silence:
He hears the frost-wind crying along the plain
The golden epic of the sentient grain.

STRANGE FRUIT

Fult said he didn't want to be a farmer;
But old Jake Daniels swore: "By God, you will!"
So Fult, though stormy-hearted, plowed the hill,
Spurning the stony soil. His eyes burned warmer
Than August sunlight with desire for the gleam
Of golden streets, with girls like poppy flowers;
Hungry at heart for youth's impassioned hours
He fed with bitterness his frustrate dream.

He sowed the barren fields with sullen grain
And tilled the acres with unstinting toil:
Dark growths of hate and impotent despair . . .
On an orchard limb one night of autumn rain
He severed his allegiance to the soil—
Next morning Jake found strange fruit hanging there.

EARTH PRISONED

Peter dreams in the dusk beside his plow:
What of the road that dares the purple hill,
Crooking a bony arm round Edom's mill,
With quick leap vaulting the creek where the violets grow
And the wild rose-mallows, west to the afterglow
Pierced by the luring gleam of the evening star?
What is it cries to him out of the mystical far
And glamorous silence, cries as the years swing slow?

Something from somewhere over the edge of sleep:
Cool seas awash in his blood—black furrows torn
In earth are prisoning paths to a lad who has borne
The glory of dream in his heart, the perilous sweep
Of winds in his ears, and at night the going of stars
Shipwise sailing out over infinite bars.

DARK AUTUMN

She stands upon her kitchen porch and sees
The day drag deathward through the mountain doors;
She hears the farm-boy whistling at his chores
Old tunes that rouse forgotten agonies.

A goose-wedge cries along the upper air;
Beside the path tall dahlias, burning-pied,
Shake in the wind—and asters, starry eyed.
The still rain lays its fingers on her hair.

The autumn is a mist across her eyes;
Pain, an uncurving shadow on her lips;
Thus she remembers grief, not otherwise,
A roving lad and unreturning ships . . .
Swift is the dream now, after all and all,
The heart's unreason and the tears that fall.

SUMMER'S END

The sun-seared fields have come to the golden husk;
The somnolent winds are tangled in aster flame;
The swift-heart pheasants have risen to arrow the dusk
Of autumn—flying, crying the delicate name
Of beauty . . . Though nests of summer are broken by scythes
What does it matter? Out of the ruinous house
Of harvest the fledglings have gone. Now secretly writhes
The venomous snake; warily field-mice carouse
Among the stubble; homing the white lambs bleat,
Lost to dream in the sinuous pasture aisle;
Hugely the lonely harvester walks in the wheat . . .
What does it matter that death for a little while
Is vanquished? The infinite word of love is lost
Under the certain feet of the desolate frost.

EARLY FROST

She was more like a flower than anything
I can remember: a slim tulip, tall
As a dancing flame, or a hollyhock by the wall
Kindling laughter in the heart of spring.
If music can hold the color of birds a-wing
She was the music of that interval:
Moon-blown notes of silver and jade that fell
From the tree of April in cool gesturing.

Under the dew and crystal of young day
She witched the golden buds from the night of earth,
Taught the springing blades the way of mirth . . .
Too soon the autumn cried them bleak dismay;
And time saw, from his darkening ambushade,
Death like a flower on her bright bosom laid.

RETURN

Was this the hill-road that once, outward bound,
 He had trod lightly, eager for the sea,
 For ships and foreign lands? Could this house be
 The home that he remembered: the palings wound
 With creeping briar, the roof-shakes warped and wry,
 The white paint flaked to rust?

The sudden dart

Of birds curved in his eyes, and in his heart
 He heard, or thought he heard, a questing cry.

Now the bleak hill wind in his startled ears
 Was the murmur of a once familiar word
 Whispered along the dusk; dark memory stirred
 To furtive dreams perpetuate down the years . . .
 Before the door he stopped in chill surmise,
 Seeking the shadow of love in shadow eyes.

SPANISH LADY

There is a house where the road to Maltby Bend
 Curves west from Cedar ford to Edom's mill,
 With sweetbriar at the gate, and daffodil;
 Here, beautiful as night, with never a friend
 To share her dreams, the Spanish lady lives
 Behind her eyes' cold agate, dark heart barred
 To love's brief laughter, desolate, evil-starred,
 Loneliest of God's lonely fugitives.

Neighbors passing by her curtained door
 Whisper a secret word to the breeze's ear:
 She is wicked-wise, they chastely sneer;
 All things to all men, the pure hearts deplore,
 Who saves her body from the grisly mold
 By trading her soul's beauty for men's gold.

JOAB STARR: PROPHET OF GOD

"I am Alpha and Omega . . . in that day
 Man will be paid in coin of his desire:
 We have long learned the sun will be on fire,
 The earth a cindered ash, the Milky Way
 A road to swift damnation; lest ye stray . . ."
 The voice was the trump of doom, the rafters twanged
 Like harpstrings at the cry, the bronze bell clanged
 In the dark steeple . . . "come, ye, let us pray!"

OLD MOTHER BRIC-A-BRAC

She lives apart

LAMENT FOR OLD MEN

Nothing is old but men who were born too soon,
 Brothers to broken hope inured to pain,
 (The blossomy girls of spring have paled and died)
 Dazed in the wintry night bereft of the moon,
 Under the caves of the dark and savage rain,
 The strong limbs withered, the gaunt souls crucified.

At midnight of the year when fields are black
With frost, and the iron-throated cockerel cries
His dissonant defiance to the obsidian skies

And Orion draws his sword swift on the track
 Of the arduous Bull; when tremulous waters crack
 Under the whips of wind, and the lips of ice
 Press on the lips of stone first-lover-wise,
 And time is a barren outused almanac . . .
 What shall we do? Sit by the fire and ponder
 On worlds gone dead and love lost as a song
 In the stilled throat of summer; strange to wonder
 That dream is broken as a broken gong?
 Listen! Under the dark the singing horn!
 The hounds of beauty come baying from Capricorn!

THE VARIED AND THE GLORIOUS

BY STRUTHERS BURT

THE artist, much more than the majority of men, is bedevilled by the question of residence, and, at least nationally and socially, infinitely more than most men is perplexed by the universal problem of dual personality.

Most men live where they have to, that is, where their businesses or interests bid them, and as a result, most men make a pretty good job of it. In the beginning, perhaps, there is some choice, but not much as a rule later on. The average man cannot run away even if he wants. He is bound like Ixion to a wheel. And as a general thing this is a good wheel and does its victim good. It is extraordinary how much of interest and excitement can be found in the particular locality from which you cannot get away, so long as you are too busy to contemplate in idleness the delights of travel. Most men do not suffer from a wanderlust, but from an exaggerated idea of the beauties, comforts and advantages of the spots from which, had they the choice, they would not infrequently flee. This is shown by the fact that most American business men are perfectly happy in Zenith, Queen City, or Wonderville, or wherever else God

has appointed them to dwell and do business, until they prosper too much and leisure creates in them that vacuum in which Satan delights. This is also proven by the fact that our largest expatriate colony, either actually or spiritually, is composed of that generation of women, now, heaven be praised, becoming increasingly enfeebled, who are the wives of these same quondam happy business men. The younger generation of American women, being on the whole better educated and better bred, and more civilized, also more travelled, are not for the most part tempted by the questionable delights of expatriatism. For one thing, they are aware of the horrors of idleness. Voluntary expatriatism is generally the result of a certain lack of imagination, a certain lack of intelligence, and a certain amount of vulgarity.

A friend of mine, a mountain man, told me that not long ago, surrounded by Kansans, he was sitting on a porch in the center of the state of Kansas. As far as he could see there was nothing but corn. Endless miles of it, fading off into a horizon as little marked as the corn. No water, no hills, not many trees;

The Frontier

nothing but corn. During a silence, one of the Kansans, after surveying this formidable monotony, sighed happily and remarked: "Well, one thing's certain—Kansas is the most beautiful state in the Union."

To a mountain man that's funny, and my friend found it so, but although I too, being a mountain man, find it funny, I also find it splendid. I'm glad that Kansan liked his corn. How else, unless Kansans liked their corn, could we grow corn, or how else, unless Kansans liked Kansas, could we ever expect, through the slow processes of evolution, the sort of Kansas that even her worst enemies must hope some day Kansas will be? That is laying aside, of course, all the undeniable, majestic beauty at certain times of the year of such states as Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa. Perhaps it is not the sort of beauty with which you would like constantly to live, but to the sensitive artist, it most certainly is there.

The intellectual world, which is a small fragment of that general world too busy to think, or else incapable of thinking, is not divided between the critical minded and the intuitive artist. And by no manner of means is it composed mostly of the critical minded, as the critical minded themselves think. It is divided between the critical minded who indulge themselves somewhat drunkenly in their pet proclivity, and who, fortunately, are in the very great minority, and the critical minded who hold in leash, as much as necessary, this attitude for the purposes of construction. The simon-pure critic is a comparatively rare creature, and as a general rule he goes to New York, which is just where he should go. New York is one of the few places where the simon-pure critic can

make a living and from which, without doing too much harm, he can do a great deal of good. If the simon-pure critic has an income, and therefore does not have to make a living, and if he, or she, is not impelled, despite that fact, by a burning desire to enlighten the world, as a rule he, or she, drifts happily to Florence, or Capri, or Montparnasse, or other spots from which criticism years ago fled.

At a recent meeting of authors, sectional in its nature, I heard some bitter comment on the disappearance of the sectional book-page. It was being swallowed up by the book-pages of the New York and Chicago, and so on, great dailies. As an earnest proponent of sectionalism, or regionalism, or whatever you choose to call it, that is to say, in art, and certain ways of living, and certain ways of thinking, I felt that I should be harassed and worried, too. But I wasn't. I was quite calm. I came to the conclusion that artistic criticism, literary or otherwise, was one of the few things that shouldn't in its location be sectional, even if its intent and performance were national or international. I can imagine a great critic arising spontaneously somewhere, and choosing to remain in that place, and there editing a review, or a book-page that would exercise weight and a beneficent influence. But this would be a sporadic instance, and the review, or book-page, would die with its originator, as has so often happened in the past.

It requires genius to prevent a sectional critical review, or sectional book-page, from becoming sectional in the bad sense of the word, and besides, criticism—pure criticism—does not flourish sectionally, or even in smaller cities, towns or the countryside. The critic requires

crowds, cosmopolitanism, metropolitanism, constantly to be met with new opinions, and much conversation to sharpen his wits. This is not counting the obvious fact that to the great cities, and to only a few of them at that, comes practically all the material which the critic criticizes. London is the artistic clearing-house of England; Paris the artistic clearing-house of France; New York the artistic clearing-house of the United States. It is absurd, and provincial, for the American to expect great schools of criticism scattered all the way from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and from Duluth to El Paso. It would be very bad for him if this were so. There are already too many distracting voices, and too much talk. If the American would read books more, and book-pages less, he, and principally she, would know more and have a better trained live-at-home critical mind. Vicarious reading, over-indulged in, is a lazy person's literary training. What this country needs, although it needs it less now than formerly, and is needing it less progressively, is an increase of personal thought and a decrease of mob criteria. And don't make any mistake, critics are mobs.

Finally, critics should be uncomfortable both physically and mentally. Like the fretful porcupine, they must be constantly poked in order to emit sound. The moment a critic becomes happy he ceases to become a critic. If he lived in a small town, or the country, he might be unhappy but he would be less uncomfortable, and, as we all know, it is discomfort that makes one voluble, not unhappiness. We should not upbraid the critics too much, or even the publishers who toil and suffer in New York, and

go to literary tea-parties, in order that we may live.

No, on mature reflection it seems to me an excellent thing, and a further sign of the artistic renaissance that is overtaking us, that literary criticism as a whole is being confined more and more to the great metropolitan dailies or to those syndicated columns, written for the most part by excellent critics, which every Sunday are broadcast throughout the country. If you must have critical magazines, and like that sort of thing, it isn't much trouble to subscribe to *The New York Times*, or *The Herald-Tribune*, or, if you are very rich and voracious, even to *The Saturday Review of Literature*. It is better for us artistically, and without question, socially, to have the Rebecca Wests, and the Isabel Pattersons, and the William Lyon Phelps' of the world confined more or less to certain definite centers as, in the better kind of zoos, the animals are restricted by open trenches, so carefully planned that they are almost invisible. Not that Professor Phelps is not kind, he is, except once a year when, to maintain a critical average, he reaches into a hat and pulls out a number which indicates the one book he—for that year—cannot like. Two years ago this was "Farewell to Arms."

There is nothing, however, more at variance from production than criticism, and all the arguments for metropolitanism in criticism can be used to prove the case for localism in art. If you are an artist, or wish to be one, your job is to live at home quietly, or else, not living at home but, consciously or unconsciously, impregnated with a sense of the particular soil that bore you, to go about your work of writing, or painting, or making music. I think it is safe to say that no very great art has ever been

produced that is not in its essence provincial. The passion of greatness is provincial, although the mind of greatness is almost invariably international and completely receptive. Pure criticism, let it be noted, is by its very nature a minor art. Since it is a parasitic or re-productive art, just as playing the violin is a parasitic or re-productive art, or acting is a parasitic or re-productive art. Criticism does not belong to the great, major, self-contained arts such as writing, painting, composing, and so on. In order to criticize, someone else must have produced, just as in order to play the violin, unless you are yourself a composer, someone else must have written a concerto or symphony. This does not mean that there are not great and major critics, or musical performers, or actors, but whenever these are found, they are, as Saint-Beuve has pointed out, concerning critics, and Sir Walter Raleigh, as well, men who have used their reproductive professions merely as spring-boards for authentic self-expression. Saint-Beuve was one of these men, and so was Sir Walter Raleigh, and so, in music, are Paderewski and Kreisler.

All this, however, needs much careful elaboration. It needs emendation immediately concerning the sectional literary review.

When I object to sectional critical reviews, it does not mean that I object to sectional magazines. To the contrary. In so far as the latter keep away as much as possible from pure criticism, it seems to me that they are immensely useful, important and, as signs, hopeful. It is obvious that such a review cannot altogether avoid pure criticism, but just as all authentic production is provincial, so provincial mediums, in order to be au-

thentic, should place their emphasis upon production not criticism. Grain, and other crops, are grown provincially; they are sold and adjudged in centers far from the seat of production. Naturally in selecting material editors must use their critical faculties, but it seems to me that they should not allocate much space to provincial critics. By its very nature criticism is a nomad, whose winter quarters are large towns, whereas production is a homesteader.

As I have said, this needs much careful elaboration, and it brings us back to the artist bedevilled by the question of residence and by conflicting desires. These are important problems, especially to the young artist.

The artist, at least the successful artist, or even the half-way successful artist, can live about where he will. This is particularly true of the writer. The painter—at all events, the portrait painter—the architect, the sculptor and the musician usually have to live part of the year near, or in, great cities. But even they, in the beginning, can choose their cities. This is a condition of being, envied by the ordinary man who must sell his sausages where he can. It is by no means always an enviable condition. The temptations are great and the state of mind is often that of a cousin of mine who made for herself so many different homes in various parts of the world that her husband finally shot himself. This was before the great transcontinental railways sold return tickets to Reno.

If you don't have to live anywhere, after a while you may not live at all. If you can go to Paris any time you like, Paris begins to lose its savour. If you settle down in Paris, you lose touch with your own country. If you lose touch

with your own country, although you may write like an angel, it will be like a lost angel. The one thing you can never become is a Frenchman. The world is filled with expatriate artists who, like the leopard, find to their great spiritual discomfort that they cannot quite change their spots. Besides, if you go wandering around the globe, you haven't time to think, and although this may often seem a lost exercise, especially where the writer of fiction is concerned, none the less he, or she, does occasionally have to sit down.

I suppose the outstanding national tragedies in this respect are Henry James and Edith Wharton. Both are very great artists, but their total effects upon the world, save technically, will be small. Henry James' effect, except technically, has by now almost ceased to exist. He was indeed the first great fictional psychoanalyst, but outside of that it is difficult any longer to think of him except as a fussy little man who, as Somerset Maugham has put it, "turned his back upon the greatest phenomenon of the century, the rise of the United States, to record tittle-tattle at English tea-parties."

But none the less the artist is torn by conflicting desires and what is he to do about it? Not only physically can he choose, if he will, Carcassone, or Samarcand, or the Isles of the Hesperides for his residence, but by his nature he is a chameleon who likes to live everywhere and be everything. No artist has ever lived long enough to see or be even a fraction of the things he wants to see or be. It is the passion for seeing and being, vicariously or otherwise, that makes the artist.

Also the whole question of nationalism, or sectionalism, or regionalism is,

like most other things, subject to the *reductio ad absurdum*. Furthermore, provincialism as generally understood, and as the word is generally used, is not a hopeful, or an intelligent, or an artistic attitude. But then, neither is expatriatism or a lack of roots. A member of a literary group which sequesters itself somewhere in the mountains of the south, recently told me that she "spat upon every other state in the union." Outside of the fact that this is a gigantic physical feat, it is not a very wise or artistic mental one.

But what is expatriatism? If you remain an intelligent American can you, for example, live in Rome? If you remain a good Montanan, can you for example, live in New York or Chicago? If you are a resident of Seattle do you become an expatriate if you move to Portland? Are you even an expatriate if, born in Seattle, and being a writer, you choose any other locale for your works or use anything but the particular dialect of the English tongue most in favor with those who reside where Puget sound beautifies the continent?

There is of course, even in art, although in art, as in other factors of life, it is not much used, such a thing as common sense. And common sense, translated, frequently stands for the happy man. Many of these questions settle themselves practically.

The first question, that of nationalism, is fairly easily answered. No matter how quick communication may in the future become, or the League of Nations make all nationalities lie down in peace, nations will never be so close to each other, actually or spiritually, as not to make it a dangerous experiment for an artist to attempt to change his nationality or even to live permanently outside of his

own country. There is an intangible spirit, flavour and tempo to each nation which cannot be imported or exported, and whose bouquet, like that of the finest wines, is hurt in transit. But the artist should know all things and be all things. Quite so. There is a time, however, appointed for that, just as there is a time appointed for education, for the learning of technique, for experiment, and for experience. It is unfortunate, for example, but none the less true, that a man cannot know that fairly important thing, woman, without at some time knowing women. But knowledge for its own sake produces the pedant. If a man continues all his life to do nothing but seek empirical knowledge where the other sex is concerned, he may in the end be wise in that respect but he will be extremely foolish in every other. Also continued experiment, without production and analysis, defeats its own end; it becomes a lifeless thing. The harem is the *reductio ad absurdum* of love and sexual knowledge. Its sum total is nothing.

The young artist should travel everywhere that he, or she, can, and, if possible, live everywhere that he, or she, can. The more you see of other places, the better you know your own. That's an ancient truth. Also, as a mere matter of rejuvenation or the gathering of new material, it is often wise, later on, to go to new places and even settle in them for awhile. That stirs your blood and perhaps helps you to work. But the artist should be sure not to out-stay the impetus, which is national, that he, or she, has taken along. Sometimes this impetus, especially in the case of a novel, may last for a year or two. But when it fades, the artist, if wise, will hurry home.

I think it will be found that, for the

most part, the greatest artists have lived pretty close to the particular mixture of blood, soil and air that made them.

When it comes to expatriatism within the narrower circle of your own nation or state, the question is subtler. Most artists end up not where they were born, although it is odd, when they have the choice, how many of them end up in places more or less similar to the places where they were born. It is also odd how permeated their work is, if often inconsistently, by the places where they were born, no matter how far away they may eventually reside.

In reality this is a spiritual problem and cannot very accurately be described or even confined. It lies among those dark, untraceable compulsions that have to do with blood, race memories, and the texture of countrysides. Those dark, smokey, ever burning fires that have at their hearts small but hot, clear flames. And once again, one thing seems certain, and this cannot be emphasized too much, and that is, no great art has ever been produced that is not essentially national and even essentially local. Between man and all he does is this mysterious connection with the earth, and his especial earth, and if he manages to do something fine, you will find that he has never quite forgot that earth.

Now this is not a self-conscious memory. In fact, the greater the artist the less self-conscious he is likely to be. A deliberate emphasis upon folk-writing, or upon folk-music, is the sign of a scholar not an artist. That is why dialect schools of writing do not last long, and are never important. That is why in writing it is better to indicate dialect than attempt accurately to reproduce it. That is why jazz music, or, that is to say, African-American music, although im-

portant in itself, can never be made the sole basis for great national American music. It is only one of the strains. There is nothing so valueless, so self-conscious and so bound for eventual ridicule as the "By heck!" school of writing whether it has to do with France, England, Ireland, the United States or Czechoslovakia. The so-called Irish School of fifteen or so years ago was a brilliant example of this. And yet, on the other hand, no one can mistake the works of the great Russians for anything but Russian, even in the case of Turgenev who lived outside of Russia and tried to write like a Frenchman. No one can mistake great Russian music for anything but Russian, or great Spanish music for anything but Iberian, or great French music—if French music ever quite rises to greatness—for anything but Gallic, even if Ravel chooses to write a bolero. Ravel's bolero, incidentally, is marked by a lucidity and a logic that is completely non-Spanish. Grieg is always completely Scandinavian, and, what is more, Norwegian, even when he is by no means using Norwegian folk-music as a basis. Sibelius is Finnish. All through his music are the soft syllables of Finnish overlaying the harsher, brighter tones of the north.

It was only in the air of Italy that the Italian Primitives could have painted as they did, and Anthony Van Dyck, that fine painter, transferred to England, gave to all his English ladies and gentlemen a certain Flemish gravity and solidity for all their debonairness. Kipling, a Colonial, ruined himself as an artist by trying to become an Englishman. If you wish to see what I mean, read again his Indian tales.

It is obvious, then, that this thing we are talking about cannot be cultivated

or self-consciously fostered or produced. When the time is ripe for it it shows itself in a nation. I believe that time is now ripe with us, and that the sky is filled with portents. But like most important phenomena it does not arrive by a direct, or even a very clearly marked route, but by hidden and tortuous paths. Great art is invariably the result of economic, political and social precursors. The Renaissance was due to political and commercial changes in the near-Orient, although its roots were undoubtedly planted by the Crusades. It is easy to trace in the United States the economic, political and social factors which have, in the past ten years, resulted in the present, and steadily growing, authentic American self-expression.

Let me define again what I am trying to say. It seems to me that great art might always be described as a national annunciation the source and strength of which are local. It is regionalism working within nationalism, or, perhaps better, nationalism composed of regionalism. And once again, by this I do not mean in the least anything self-conscious, deliberate, or provincial. Nor has my statement any political implications. I am not a Fascist, a Communist, a Little-Englander, or a hundred-per-cent American. In fact, many a satirist of his native land is the deepest sort of lover of that land. I simply mean that if you are born a Montanan, you cannot evade that fact, and that the better Montanan you are, in residence or out, the better American you will be, and the better American you are, the better chance you have to become a great international citizen, artist or otherwise. It is understood, of course, that being a good anything means that you are educated, broad-minded and tolerant. But it also

means that you are passionate. It means that you are passionate about beauty, goodness—in its broadest sense—tolerance, and the earth that made you.

When you find this sort of educated and leashed passion, you find someone who is interested in the earth that made him, its history, its tempo and its atmosphere, and someone who eagerly retains and defends what he thinks good of that history and attempts to build upon it the future.

To begin with, and until, one might say, the Spanish War, this country was a congeries of separate states, each one engaged in a fierce struggle for state advancement, and many of them in the even fiercer struggles of exploration and settlement. Those were the days when a man was a Virginian, or a Pennsylvanian, or a Montanan rather than an American. Those also were the days of the folk-schools of American writing in which unimportant differences were accentuated. The Spanish War made the United States a nation. It was one of the few wars, absurd as in many ways it was, that served even a half-way useful purpose. From the Spanish War to the Great War, and for several years after the Great War, in the back wash it created, we were engaged in this new struggle, equally fierce. But even as it seemed to flare more fiercely than ever into life, with its increasing emphasis on standardization—and a certain amount of standardization was very necessary at the time—imperialism, federalism, and the wrong sort of nationalism, this other spirit was growing and winning converts day by day. We at last discovered that we were Americans, that there was such a place as America, that it meant something spiritually and rhythmically, and with that material we

had to work. We became self-contained and implicit nationally. We are that to-day. That is, any American is who knows in the least what he, or she, is about. But becoming self-contained nationally, we have now begun to realize that there is another side to racial self-containment, and that is local self-containment. Also we are beginning to realize that the strength of this racial self-containment is the local self-containment in question. A new sort of statehood, and cityhood, and townhood, is arising quite unlike the dogged provincialism of the past.

There is no reason why Montana should be like New York, and there is every reason why it shouldn't be. Montana is stained and washed and lacquered, like a beautiful old print, by the French coming south, the Spanish and the Texan coming north, the American coming west. It is stained and washed and lacquered by great plains to the east and snow mountains to the west. And underneath are the dark, ruddy tones of the Indian. Montana, like all the far Western states, like every American state, has a beautiful and indigenous life of its own. There has never been in history, for example, a finer life than the life of a prosperous ranch. To build New York sky-scrapers under the wide clouds of Texas is to show about as much imagination and strength of character as a trained seal. In New York, or Chicago, sky-scrapers are native and necessary, and therefore beautiful.

This question of the variations within the whole, of the relationships of the parts to the whole, is a subtle and difficult one, but the artist has to answer it, either consciously or otherwise. Saint Paul, as we all know, was not only an

excellent politician and psychologist, he was also no mean artist. In the First Epistle to the Corinthians are these words which, alas, we hear too often: "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, for one star differeth from another star in glory." There, for all time, is the answer to unwise standardization, which is very different from the standardization which would merely make life easier for man and release him

for other things. But in another place, Saint Paul goes further. He not only describes individuality, but how it can be merged and yet retained. He says, "For even as we have many members in one body, and all the members have not the same office, so we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and severally members one of another."

Translate that from metaphysical and theistic language into ordinary life.

HELLO, PRAIRIE

BY DOREN THARP

"Hello, Prairie!" I shall shout, under my breath—

I'll stretch my legs a bit

And fill my lungs up full of golden prairie air.

I'll heap my hands with cool soil,

And, when no one is looking, touch my cheek to it

And whisper to myself:

"God, but this is good and real!"

I'll stick my feet under the kitchen table;

I'll prop my elbows each side of my plate

And hold my coffee cup in both hands.

Through the wisps of steam and evening smell of

ham and eggs and fried potatoes

I'll tell of hunkie-towns I've seen, and signs in Greek,

sky-scrappers and steel mills, and strap-hangers

and unemployment—

And furs and jewels and cars of foreign make—

Of speak-easies, and, with a wink at Jim, of easy

red-lipped girls . . .

Oh, I'll have the air of one who's been places and seen

things, all right!

And then I'll step outside and stretch my arms

And look into the west, sniffing the air, and say knowingly:

" 'Bout time for snow. Seed corn all in?"

TWO AMERINDIAN POEMS

BY LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

BEAR DANCE

Sisters, brothers, life rejoices:
It is spring!
Now we hear the forest voices
Whispering
That the Bears have stirred in sleeping—
We must make
Medicine; hard vigil keeping
For Their sake.
Call the maidens! Call the mothers!
Call the warriors and others
To the dance!
In the world of spirits, gladly
Step all dead Utes with us; madly
Ghost-Bears prance.

Hold the singing notched sticks steady!
Row on row
Male and female we stand ready—
Let us go!
May the mighty noise of drumming
By us played
Tell our Bear-kin we are coming
To Their aid!
Up and down our circle, tapping
Earth with footfalls, we are rapping
At dark caves.
Winter killed Them. We are giving
Once again dear ways of living
To Their graves.

Music low to high is howling
On the air
Through the second day like growling
Of the Bear.
We have waked Them. Forth They wander
With the breeze.
She-Bears in the woods up yonder
Claw at trees
This third morn our weak are dropping—
Now the dance is never-stopping
Night or day

Mountains hear the he-Bears grunting
Hunger-crazed. For Their good hunting
We must pray.

We have saved Them. At this hour
Every one
Fed and mated by our power
Sees the sun.
March winds blowing in our faces
From above
Tell us Bears in high lone places
Live and love.
Men and women now are meeting
On this fourth day, touching, greeting—
Our hearts sing.
Noon is bright, the dance is over:
Feast awaits each maid and lover:
It is spring!

WAR-BONNET

Old and at set of sun I walk no trail save one—
The past. There, thoughts are rabbits running down . . .
Young from our wars I came heavy with scalps and fame
And worthy of an eagle-feather crown.

For it I chased a hide that was the forest's pride
And seized white fur when cold made whiter breath.
Up where the last rock looms I gathered sacred plumes
My head against the blue, my foot on death.

After long fast a bird into my dreaming whirred:
Sign of the helper-god who gives me love.
It met my waking sight and stopped my arrow's flight—
So—as my good-luck crest—was sent a dove.

I wrought a deerskin cap and backward-streaming flap
On which to set each holy eagle-feather
With ermine at the ear in token I could hear
All sounds and leave no track in any weather.

But not the longest life with horse and bow and knife
Can gain, alone, the glory of a bonnet.
The biggest of my needs were deeds and deeds and deeds:
A valiant act must buy each plume upon it.

Our chiefs are friendly men for every brave Cheyenne
 Added his own to honors I had won
 And in my tipi's shade with song and story laid
 White wings until the splendid length was done:

Each feather bore a bit of hair tied fast to it:
 Red-painted scalp-locks that were taken, black.
 It touched earth when I stood and on the warpath would
 Lie terribly along my stallion's back.

* * * * *

*Now, I give my bonnet to the son of my son
 He is beautiful and strong
 He will bring greatness to my dust.
 The boy is glad, the warriors rejoice, the women wail.
 Our squaws are wise. War-bonnets ride with death.
 Not for him the bowed gray years.
 Toward us from the east white shadows come . . .*

PIONEERS

BY JASON BOLLES

Barbers hearkened across the prairie;
 Lawyers squinted beyond the years;
 Doers all, uprose the merry
 Pioneers.

They crossed their streams in a miller's hopper,
 They built their roads with a farmer's hoe,
 They fought their foes with a butcher's chopper,
 And hung their thieves with a latigo.

They cast their bullets of tinker's metal,
 They nailed their houses with cobbler's brads,
 They panned their gold in a brewer's kettle,
 And drove their drifts with a cooper's adze.

They have served a writ on the bare, bright acres;
 They have shaved the mountains behind the ears:
 Heroes, adventurers, doctors, bakers,
 Pioneers.

ESTRANGEMENT IN WINTER

BY JOHN L. CASTEEL

Snow will spread the world out wide
Till miles will melt and distance dim
The hills too sunken now to hide
The blue horizon's thinning rim.

Nothing is left of field and fence,
Of wintering tree and windy slough,
Nothing known in this immense
Estrangement of the land I knew.

All afternoon my cattle lie
Around the rick and stare abroad
Amazed; the frisky calves must try
Encounter with this hoary fraud.

At evening I come out to chore,
To feed and milk by lantern light,
And bed my team and bar the door
Against the ghostly chill of night.

Around the corner of the shed
The wind drifts—in the path I walk,
And through the pool of light I spread
I see a black-limbed spectre stalk.

I stop and hold the lantern high,
Thinking to catch this over-bold—
Nothing for ear or narrowed eye
But shadow shivering in the cold.

I'll hurry to the house and go
To bed, and stay in covered sleep,
Till sun and wind take off the snow
That lies too wide, too deep.

NOSTALGIA

BY ARTHUR JONSON

There's something crying in the wind tonight,
I hear it sobbing in my heart again,
And like an ancient memory the pain
Goes throbbing, throbbing endlessly. The light
Is dim but in my mind I see the bright,
Sharp incandescence of an early sun
That leaps the ramparts of a day begun
Too early for these eyes still pledged to night.

O Cibola, my heart is sick for you
When night-born winds come whispering your name.
I hear your voice in every rush of rain
And see your lightning's splash of vivid blue.
O Cibola, whose magic will not tame,
Tonight I'm desert hungry once again.

PURGATORY FREIGHT TRAIN

By BRION DAVIS

ABOVE the ceaseless thunder of Little Purgatory Creek, the wind moaned down the canyon, like a dirge for the long-dead trees whose gnarled and whitened bones clung to tomb-like recesses in the rocks.

Jeff dumped his saddle on the ground. "That wind's unwholesome," he muttered.

"Beg pardon?" I said.

He grinned sheepishly. "Don't suppose things hit you that way—young fellow what sets at a desk all day in the city. Myself, forty years and more out here in the lonesomeness. I've kind of got so I—well, now that wind, it sort of felt clammy, like maybe it come out of the cellar of a old house where somebody once hung hisself—if you get what I mean."

Pausing a moment from his work relieving the pack horse of his burden, Jeff gazed in silence across the gulch. At best the canyon of the Little Purgatory is a place of half-light and darkness; the rays of the sun can touch the jumbled boulders and stunted jack pine along the creek only for a few minutes at midday. Now it was late afternoon following a thunderstorm.

I looked up, hoping for a glimpse of the sky, and saw the somber walls rising a thousand feet or more. The hidden sunset hurled blazing beams of yellow down the chasm, painting eerie slashes on the crags far above me. Down below, in the gloom, unendingly the waters of Purgatory roared, black and swift.

We were on our way, Jeff and I, over the ridge to the Leniger Basin country where deer were said to be plentiful.

Coming to a spot where the trail crossed the turbulent stream on a timbered suspension bridge and where an open space on our side of the gorge extended ahead for two hundred feet, Jeff pulled up his horse.

"We better camp here," he said. "Trail ain't safe to travel at night any more."

So we picketed the horses by a clump of aspens and built our fire.

Darkness closed upon us as Jeff cooked supper, and the strangely sudden gusts of wind that swept again and again down the gulch worried the fire and sent monstrous shadows leaping up the cliff at our backs.

From where he squatted on his haunches turning the bacon in the frying-pan, Jeff looked up at me. One eye was squinted quizzically. "Did you ever stop to think about ideas?" he asked.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, take a gent what's got something he figures is a big idea. He mulls it over in his mind and dreams about it and gets all sizzled up with the notion. That idea is a sight realer to that gent than the real things around him what he could lay his hand on. Ain't that so?"

"I suppose it is," I answered, laying a tarpaulin out on the ground for a table.

He dumped the bacon on a tin plate and set it near the fire while he proceeded about the business of making flapjacks. "Take a woman who's got a sickly, crippled kid. She knows nobody else thinks much of it, but that makes her all the more wrapped up in her baby. You know, neglects her other

kids, lets them go their own way just so she can give more attention to the puny one. Well, sir, the way I look at it, a man is just the same way with his ideas. If they're all wizened and deformed and ever'body laughs at 'em, why it just seems like he's willing to let all the rest of the world around him go to pot and give ever'thing he's got to that idea. Did you ever notice?"

Wondering what it was all about, I hauled the coffee pot from the fire and sat down to wait for the flapjacks.

"Don't suppose you get time to think about such," he went on. "Just as well, I reckon. But myself, out ridin' herd at night and lookin' at the stars, I get to rememberin' ever'thing what ever happened to me and ever'body I ever heard of and tryin' to figure it out. Good way to go loco, maybe." Jeff laughed shortly and sat down cross-legged to the meal. He sighed and chewed meditatively on flapjack and bacon.

"Take this canyon now. Course that's what I'm tryin' to get to. The way this place hits me, it's just the graveyard of old Dave Leniger's big idea. It was this gulch what broke Leniger. Broke him every way. Broke him in money and broke his mind, too. Broke the body of his idea, if you get what I mean, so the spirit of it is hangin' out there all mournful and lonesome in the night."

Jeff rubbed his chin in an embarrassed manner as he looked at me.

"Leniger?" I asked. "That's the man Leniger Basin was named for?"

"That's the gent," he replied. "Old Dave Leniger. Sure, you must have heard of him. I know your dad knew him in this country before you were born. Poor old Dave. Yes, he's still up here in the hills. Been a hermit for years and years. God only knows how

he lives—traps a little, pans a little gold, shoots a little game. But the old man had a idea once. Anyhow he *thought* it was a idea. And crazy as it was, the way I figure things, that dream got to be bigger'n Dave himself—bigger'n anything else around him."

Jeff poured himself another cup of black coffee. "Let me tell you—you know Leniger Basin was a real town back in those days, don't you? Course it's dead now. Nobody lives where she used to be but John Blake's folks—that's where we're going to stop. But say, she sure was live once."

Leaning back against his saddle, Jeff filled his blackened piped and lit it. Beyond our little circle of firelight all was blackness, a blackness filled to overflowing with the roar of Little Purgatory.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "all day ore stamps clatterin', and blasts boomin' underground, and the old saw-mill snarl-in' through the pine and spruce logs, and the carpenter hammers bangin' away buildin' new houses. And then all night long the dance hall pianos tinklin' and the roulette wheel clickin' in the dollars.

"Old Dave was sort of a king then. You know, maybe, he discovered the Rosa Bonanza vein. What's more, he developed it and two more mines he got hold of and he founded the town. Yes, sir, old Dave was sort of a king in these parts. Well, you know how kings are. They get kind of drunk on kingin'. Want all the time to get bigger and bigger and get more and more power. That's the thing, the very thing what's busted lots of smarter men than old Dave. And that's just what sent him out in the hills hermiting.

"Leniger, he got the notion that his town was goin' to be the big city of the

West. He got to struttin' around and figured out that God Almighty had put him here to see that Leniger Basin got what was comin' to it." Jeff took his pipe from his mouth and grinned at the lotion.

"Anyhow he opened up a couple of saloons and a general store and a dance hall and he sold ever'thing at just about cost so's to draw folks into the town. Well, they come to town all right. And the mines they run night and day and old Dave got richer and richer.

"He'd already built a three-story brick hotel and now he put up a stone opery house. No half-way business about him. I'll tell you there wasn't. That there opery house outshone anything in Denver at that time.

"Well, this theater was his first bad mistake. Hard time to get acts over there. From Denver, say, they had to go up to Sullivan, Wyoming, and then take the stage over the ore road on up this canyon and over the divide. Couldn't make it in less than three days each way the worst kind of travelin' and the actor folks just didn't care much for it. So most of the time there wasn't anything showing at old Dave's opery house, but Rosa the dancing girl. Yep, she was the one he named the Rosa Bonanza vein for.

"Well, he see there wasn't anything for it but to put in a railroad, so Dave gets him out a engineer gent from Chicago, a gent who's been buildin' railroads through the little mountains back East. Believe me this engineer didn't know what he was gettin' into. Dave takes him on horseback the way we just come, from Sullivan where the U. P. crosses the Big Purgatory on up this Little Purgatory, over the divide to Leniger Basin and tells him to figure out the railroad.

"Don't think it can be did,' says the engineer gent.

"Course it can—what you mean!' snorts Dave. 'You're supposed to be a high-grade engineer feller. You just figure it out and then tell me how much it costs. That's all you got to do.' "

Jeff stretched out his legs to the fire and dropped a twisted chunk of jack pine on the flame. "Guess the engineer gent knew his business all right," he went on. "Anyhow he finally schemed out some plans of loops and tunnels and switchbacks and things and put the blue prints down in front of Leniger.

"Humph!' says old Dave. 'Why don't you just wind her up the hill the same's the ore road? What's the idea of all them fumadiddles?'

"Couldn't do that, Mr. Leniger,' says the engineer gent. 'Railroad engine can't dig its hoofs in like a horse or mule.'

"Hell it can't,' says old Dave. He'd seen the iron horse snaking forty or so boxcars across Wyoming at thirty miles an hour and he wasn't going to be joshed. 'I got this idea,' he says, 'and it's a big idea. I'm goin' to put her through and nobody's *can't's* is goin' to stop me. What you figure all this blue fireworks goin't to cost me?' he asks, shaking the papers.

"Well, the engineer gent didn't know just exactly how much cash old Dave had behind him, so he sort of sparred for time. 'Can't make a exact estimate,' says he. 'My survey shows the road will be just about sixty-four miles long. Course you'll figure on a narrower-gauge track. That way we can have lighter rolling stock and steeper grades and sharper curves. Well, takin' that into account and without knowin' exactly what kind of rock conditions we'll

hit in the tunnels and cuts, I'll say we can count on an average of \$150,000.'

"I told you before that Leniger had a sight of money in those days. Don't know how much, but I reckon it must have run way over a million dollars. So he leans back in his chair, tryin' to keep a poker face, but lookin' happy in spite of himself.

"Well,' says he, 'a hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a power of money, and it seems kind of steep for just layin' the tracks. But I tell you, mister, I'm mighty set on my idea and I want to put Leniger Basin on the map, so here's just what I'll do: You put the right kind of tracks from Sullivan to Leniger Basin and I'll pay you that hundred and fifty thousand. The way I calculate, it ain't goin' to cost you more'n a hundred and thirty thousand to do it—you know that yourself—so you'll stand to make a clean profit of twenty thousand dollars. Is that doin' the right thing by you or ain't it?'"

Jeff laughed noiselessly and relit his pipe. "I guess the engineer gent didn't turn pale then. Say! Well, he told old Dave that he'd misunderstood him. 'That hundred and fifty thousand estimate was a average per mile!' says the engineer gent.

"Leniger just stared at him. 'Yes,' says the engineer gent, 'and I doubt if you can build a railroad over them terrible sixty-four miles for less than ten million dollars.'

"Right there Dave hauled out his old .41 caliber Bisley and chases the young man out of the building. 'Go get on that livery stable nag of yours,' yells old Dave. 'Go get on that nag and you make tracks to hell out of this country.' Yes, sir, and the engineer gent did just that. You know he had to sue old Dave

to get pay for taking his survey and drawin' those blue prints."

Jeff puffed on his pipe, staring out into the blackness, listening to the mournful thunder of the creek. "You'd kind of think dope like that comin' right from a railroad builder would be enough to stop a man, wouldn't you?" he mused. "But when you figure that you're not counting on a man like Leniger. And you're not counting on *any* man when he's got a idea really eatin' his liver out. There's no stoppin' him then until they butt smack into a brick wall and then sometimes they butt the brick wall down. Yes, sir, the way I look at it, lots of times a man makes a success because he ain't got any brains. Just because he don't know enough to see his idea won't work.

"Did old Dave build his railroad? Say, did you see those two old rusty railroad engines standin' out in the weeds down beyond the mouth of the gulch?"

Yes, I had noticed them that morning and wondered. Down there where the Little Purgatory burst with fierce joy from out the emprisoning walls of the canyon and raced on to join the Big Purgatory, stood two of the little swogan-stacked locomotives of the early 'eighties, caked with red rust and with the lush valley grass growing through the spokes of their dished drivers, and from casual cracks in their corroded boilers. An aspen sapling had even presumed to worm its way up through one of the latticed cow-catchers and to grow high enough to rustle its brittle leaves sardonically into the headlight.

"You saw 'em?" went on Jeff. "Well, they're all that's left of the Leniger Basin and Big Purgatory Railroad. Yep, old Dave built his railroad. Didn't

bother with a accurate survey. Didn't bother with much of anything to tell the truth. A six per cent grade didn't mean anything to Leniger, nor a ten or twelve, either. He just pushed his gangs of men right up this canyon and on over the mountain. Tunnels? He didn't need 'em. Switchbacks? Say, Dave never heard of 'em.

"Course I was just a kid then, but I was hangin' around the U. P. round-house in Sullivan a lot and I heard the railroad men talk about it. I heard 'em tell how this one and that one had tried to make Leniger see that there wasn't a locomotive in the world could climb those grades he was puttin' in, and I heard 'em laugh about how old Dave told 'em to go to hell.

"Yes, sir, that idea was just eatin' the old boy's liver out. And it was eatin' up his pocketbook, too, let me tell you. Course you understand he couldn't run his mines, or at least he couldn't get any ore out. You see, he had this ore road closed with buildin' his railroad on top of it.

"So when he began to need money he starts sellin' things. His saloons, his hotel and then all three of his mines. Yes, and before he was able to buy rollin' stock to run on his rails he had to mortgage that big stone operry house for all it was worth.

"He wasn't any piker, anyhow, old Dave. He chucked his last dime into the pot."

Jeff kicked the unburned butt of a log into the fire with a spurred heel. "No, sir, he wasn't any piker, anyhow. Well, bye and bye his railroad is finished—all the way from Sullivan clean over the ridge to Leniger Basin. And by and by his two engines and two passenger coaches and six or eight box cars and

gondola freights come loaded on flat cars of the regular railroad, just like something you get from a mail order house. Then Leniger put on a party.

"Course the whole scheme of his was a big joke to most ever'body in Sullivan. But then there was lots of folks thinkin' his money would see him through. Folks are like that, some of 'em. When a man once makes a million dollars they figure he just can't fall down on anything.

"Ever'body was more excited than for a circus or hangin', and about half the folks in Leniger Basin had come down for the big openin'. That day there was signs in every saloon, 'Name Your Drink—It's on Dave Leniger!' And there was barrels of lemonade down on the station platform for the women folks and the kids.

"Old Dave brought up a brass band from Cheyenne and, while the firemen got up steam in the little engines, the band boys got up steam on free bourbon and played *Buffalo Gals* and *Marchin' Through Georgia*, and *Maggie*. The crew made up the train—the first train what was to make the trip—with red, white and blue bunting all over the cars. But before Dave would let the passengers get aboard, he climbed up on the rear platform in a black frock coat and a celluloid collar without any necktie and held up his hand.

"By and by the drunk cowhands quit their howlin' and then old Dave, he called the Methodist church parson—Reverend Purley Atkins was his name—and old Dave asked the parson to thank the Lord for the blessin' what'd fallen on Colorado and Wyoming.

"Well, the parson prayed and Leniger boomed out amen. Then he made the crowd a speech. Say, I can see the old

boy now and I couldn't have been more than twelve years old at that time. That's just what I was—twelve years old. Standin' up there on the rear platform with the wind wavin' his hair, there was old Dave Leniger. And he points one finger at a little boy in the crowd. Charley Whitcomb was the boy's name and his daddy was a switchman on the U. P.

“‘Ladies and gentlemen—see that child!’ bellers Dave so loud that cattle out on the buttes two miles away must of heard him. ‘Some day,’ says he, ‘when that little boy grows up and has children and grandchildren, he’s goin’ to take ‘em on his knee. He’s goin’ to take ‘em on his knee and he’s goin’ to tell ‘em that the greatest day in his long and intrustin’ life was that day when he see the Leniger Basin and Big Purgatory railroad opened.

“‘He’s goin’ to tell ‘em that it was this day what turned the eyes of the whole United States and the world to the wealth and grandeur of this country out here and started Leniger Basin on its way to greatness.’”

Jeff shook his head sadly and refilled his pipe. “Well,” he went on, “Leniger told ‘em all about the troubles he had buildin’ the railroad. ‘I ain’t askin’ any profit out of this thing myself,’ he says. ‘What I want with money? I ain’t got no folks or family. I just got a idea how to make this country big and I put my idea over in spite of all the pooh-poohin’ of some of the smart fellers around here. And now it’s done all I want when Leniger Basin gets to be a big, beautiful city, like Chicago, only beautifuller, all I want is for folks to say, ‘Dave Leniger, he done it!’”

“Well, the folks cheered him to a finish—even them what said before that

he should be shut up in a insane asylum. And when the cheerin’ was dyin’ down some miner from over the ridge yelled ‘Dave Leniger for governor of Colorady!’ Yes, sir, and the Sullivan folks they come right back whoopin’, ‘Dave Leniger for governor of Wyoming!’

“Say, for a minute it looked like things would break up in a free-for-all. But old Dave, he settled it himself. He holds up his hand and calls out, ‘Ladies and gentlemen, inasmuch as I’m the man what’s linked these two states together with bands of steel I think I’m the man what’s got a right to hold both offices. If the people demand, ladies and gentlemen, if the people demand, I’ll run for governor of Colorady and Wyoming, both of ‘em.’

“Well, sir, finally the folks was let aboard and both coaches was jammed and two flat cars and another for the band was filled. By and by they started.

“Brass band bammin’ out ‘*Hail Columbia, Mighty Land*’; revolvers whangin’ away like the Fourth of July and the little old double-header steams out of Sullivan and across the spindle-legged trestle over the Big Purgatory. My paw and I was on one of the flat cars and I was havin’ the time of my life.

“On we went, followin’ the Little Purgatory across the flats and then into the mouth of the gulch. Puffin’ right along, band still playin’, cowhands still howlin’. Half a mile maybe we make it up the gulch, then we hit a innocent little grade—innocent little grade when you compare it to some farther up the canyon—no grade at all beside those on the ladder up the ridge.

“Slower and slower we went and those two little railroad engines were just puff-

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fin' themselves to death. Say, they woke up echoes that hadn't been sounded since this gulch was made. Slower and slower, and then we stopped.

"I can see old Dave now, runnin' up there to the locomotives, his frock coat tails flappin' in the wind and the sun glintin' on his collar. 'What's the matter? What's the matter?' he yells. Steam was roarin' out of the safety valves of both engines, but nobody had trouble hearin' Dave.

"Couldn't hear what the engineers said back, but they sanded the rails and tried to start up, but the wheels just spun like the track was greased.

"Then Leniger got another idea and had 'em back up maybe two hundred yards. A lot of us got off to see the fun and watched the little train come on the gallop—whoopety-whoop, whoopety-whoop. But she was slowin' up as she come. Dave was beside the track, red in the face, wavin' his arms and yellin'—maybe cussin', maybe prayin'—the words is so much alike you couldn't tell which.

"She passed the spot where she got stuck first all right, and then seemed to gain a little speed. For a minute it looked like maybe the little old engines might make it. Then a hundred yards on she slowed down more and more and the wheels began to spin.

"The engineer of the rear engine got out of his cab and walked back to meet us. His red face was drippin' with sweat and streaked with dirt.

"He shook his head. 'No use,' says he to Leniger. 'It just can't be done. Not a locomotive in the world can make it up here with a load. Done ever' thing we can, but it's just no go.' This engineer wasn't very happy about it himself.

"For almost a minute Leniger stood there, just lookin' at the locomotives, not sayin' a word. Then, very quiet, he says, 'You got to make it. Back down there farther and take a longer run at this hill.'

"So they slid on back, clear around the bend, and in a little bit here they come chargin', swayin' from side to side until it looked like they'd jump the track. It was the same story. Didn't get quite as far as on the second try. Then the little train, flags and brass band and all backed on down the canyon, licked."

Again the night wind wailed among the rocks, blasting a shower of sparks from our fire. The sound of our horses rustling back of the aspens was comforting.

Jeff told the shameful thing that followed—how the cowboys and miners, drunk with Leniger's liquor, full to bursting with his free lunch, had hurled jibes and epithets at their host until, broken by the bitterness of his defeat, he had ordered the train stopped at the mouth of the canyon and forced his jeering passengers to walk back to Sullivan.

Leniger was through. This failure meant there could be no further attempt, for the last of his money had been spent on the celebration. The furnaces of the two rusted little locomotives down at the mouth of the canyon never have been scorched by fire since that day.

"Old Dave's temper got bad. I know that myself," went on Jeff. "One day I was playin' along by myself, playin' train. You know the way kids do—arms goin' back and forth like pistons and makin' a noise, 'chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff!'

"Well, sir, I passed old Dave, not thinkin' a thing, but he figures I'm try-

in' to make fun of him and he grabs me by the nape of the neck and cuffs me until I got a bloody nose. I goes home bawlin' and paw had old Dave arrested. It wasn't long after that Leniger hikes off into the hills and makes a hermit out of himself."

Jeff stared long and sadly into the fire. I wished, unreasoning, that the black waters of Little Purgatory would cease roaring for just one moment. My ear drums ached from the incessant registering of that one deep, thunderous note.

"Suppose I'm kind of to blame," Jeff mused. "But his idea was broken first and of course I was just a kid. I—" His glance up at me became a stare, a stare fixed not on me, but at something behind me. His eyes widened strangely. As a shiver flashed up my back, I whirled to see an old man standing on the rim of our circle of firelight.

He was old, I say, but that gives no picture of age as it rested on this patriarch. His stringy, white beard hung nearly to his waist and the skin of his face, brown as rusted old iron, was cross-hatched with literally thousands of fine lines. The greasy, flannel shirt and overalls hung in tatters and his feet were encased in moccasins. But the eyes of him, sunk far back into his skull, glowed oddly in the firelight.

I heard Jeff's voice, tense and strange, coming seemingly from nowhere: "Set down, Mr. Leniger—make yourself at home. Have some grub?"

"Obliged," quavered the ancient, sitting down by the fire. "Don't need grub, but obliged. Ain't many'd offer it to Dave Leniger. Not now. None of 'em gives him credit." His speech had that peculiar quality of one who is coming out of an ether dream.

"Welcome to anything we have, I'm sure," I heard my husky voice saying.

He nodded toward me. "Not many'd say that now," he remarked sadly. "Even Rosa. Even Rosa. Named my mine for her, I did—Rosa Bonanza—the mine what started the gold rush. Had money then. Had money and ever' thin' was hunky-dory. Then I lost my money. I lost Rosa, too. She run off with a damn mule-skinner." The old man spat with contempt.

"Guess you fellers know about me, though," he droned. "Maybe you fellers know I made Leniger Basin what it is. Maybe you know if somebody else had of discovered the bonanza, the town wouldn't ever of been nothin' but a min-in' camp."

Jeff, with chin in hands, stared in bewilderment across at the old man.

The bony hand of the patriarch stroked his throat under the beard. "I made a mistake," his monotone went on. "I made a bad mistake oncet. But it weren't the mistake what they said, what them *smart* fellers said. No, sir. Dave Leniger had a idea oncet. So he put his life and money to helpin' people—to helpin' people."

The old man paused and tugged at his beard while the wind of the Little Purgatory sobbed an obligato to his sorrows. For an age-long moment he sat there, mumbling to himself, the firelight painting deep shadows at his sunken temples.

"My mines is lost and my theater and my stores. And my gal—she's lost, too." He shrugged his gaunt shoulders and nodded toward the rocky rampart that shut us off from what remained of Leniger Basin.

"What's Dave Leniger to them folks over there?" his shrill voice asked.

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Less than the damn mud under their boots. And Dave Leniger built their railroad and made them a city from out of a mining camp!"

Jeff flashed a startled glance at me.

"And them folks over there?" The old man waved a ragged arm toward Sullivan. "Why them folks down there—half of 'em right now says the Leniger Basin and Big Purgatory railroad's a joke. Says trains can't run over it!"

As he talked the black awfulness of the canyon seemed to be drawing in and in upon us. There was a feeling of the cliffs themselves drawing closer, entombing us with the dark of the roaring Purgatory. My throat was constricted by unseen hands; my mouth was so dry I could scarcely swallow.

Leniger slowly pulled himself to his feet and stood a weird figure in the guttering gleam of fire. A gurgling laugh rose from his scrawny chest and, as he gestured down the canyon, I found myself standing close to Jeff, straining my eyes into the darkness where the hermit pointed.

"Them folks say trains can't run over it," he cried. "An' look there! . . . Look there!"

And as I hope to escape the sinner's torments in Judgment Day, a yellow light appeared down the canyon at a bend in the trail, and it moved on, closer and closer. And as the light approached the suspension bridge I made out the dim outlines of a locomotive—such a locomotive as I had seen mouldering at the mouth of the canyon—sparks showering upward from its great smokestack as it labored up the way. And I saw the engine turn and cross the bridge, followed by the hazy shapes of perhaps twenty box cars, then swing along the other side of the chasm.

Even above the thunder of the creek could be heard the unmistakable "whoof-whoof, whoof-whoof" of a freight locomotive pounding up a grade and the clank and rattle of the cars as they passed opposite us. Then I saw the impossible thing disappear with the winking out of green lights on the caboose as it flipped around the bend upstream.

Leniger's insane, cackling laugh rasped my ears again as the old man stepped from our circle of light and disappeared into the night.

I became conscious of a throbbing pain in my arm where Jeff's horny fingers were embedded. But I did not move.

"That—thing . . . What—was—it?" Jeff's voice was a hoarse whisper.

"A freight train," I answered confidently.

"You're crazy. There ain't any tracks for a freight train to run on any more and . . . Oh, God!"

The expletive was more a supplication, a prayer for deliverance, than a curse.

Jeff's voice broke into something very like a sob. "Son, it was a ghost train."

I felt my own nerve giving way. I felt an almost overwhelming inclination to scream for help, to run until I fell exhausted—anything to get away.

"Let's get out of here," I said, fighting to give my voice a tone of naturalness.

"How?" demanded Jeff. "Down the gulch and get run over by that damn thing? Myself, I don't move one foot from this camp before daylight."

We sat down again and piled more wood on the fire. For an hour I struggled to gain control of the wild thoughts racing through my brain, struggled to

evolve some solution for the reason-devastating thing we had witnessed, some solution which could withstand the light of logic. Then, my mind clearing suddenly, the idea came like a magnesia flash.

"Jeff, did you ever see a man with the delirium tremens?" I asked.

"Certainly," he grunted.

"Did you ever see a person with hallucinations—an insane person maybe, or one delirious with fever—who sees all sorts of things which don't exist?"

"Well, a alligator with sideburn whiskers come and set on my bed when I had typhoid," said Jeff. "He told me right where I'd find a gold mine—only he lied like hell."

"There you are," I went on. "Old man Leniger has brooded so many years over the notion that he's been wronged, and over the idea that trains could run up this canyon that he's come to believe they're actually running now from Sullivan to Leniger Basin. Sure, he's crazy, but he believes he can see 'em. It's the same principle as your untruthful alligator."

"Hell's bells, man," Jeff objected. "But you and I saw the freight train. We ain't got delirium tremens. We ain't crazy—or are we?"

"I'm coming to that," I told him. "You've seen hypnotists work. You know it's possible to transfer a thought

from one brain to another without spoken word, don't you?"

Jeff made no answer.

"Both you and I were in a particularly receptive mood before the old man called on us. This dismal canyon, you telling the story of Leniger, and the wind moaning around. Then the old man himself pops in on us so mysteriously. Do you get what I mean? We were ready to see anything weird, our subconscious minds were open to any wild impulses. Unconscious hypnotism or thought transference or anything you want to call it, Jeff—that's what made his hallucination take hold of our minds, that's what made us as, well as Leniger, see a freight train pounding up the canyon. It's a mighty interesting phenomenon, but that's what happened sure's you're alive."

"You mean the old billy goat hypnotised us and that train of cars was as much a fake as the alligator what climbed on my bed?" Jeff queried. "All right, son, it's a nice explanation, but you know what I think? I think it's just the soul of old Dave's idea, the idea that he'd run trains from Sullivan to Leniger Basin. The grades was too steep for the iron trains and they tore the tracks up. But the idea itself was bigger than Dave and bigger than the grade up the mountain. That's what we saw—just the idea, lonesome and homeless and wanderin' up this gulch."

YOUNG GIRL AT THE PIANO

BY MARY BRENNAN CLAPP

She does not guess that at the sound of her playing
I must turn aside lest she see my eyes fill with tears,
Because I remember too poignantly her mother's
slim hands saying
Just such exquisiteness in the unrecoverable years.

MORE LETTERS OF JOAQUIN MILLER

EDITED BY BEATRICE B. BEEBE

The letters were furnished by George Melvin Miller, youngest brother of Joaquin Miller. They have not been published heretofore.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S close association early in life with the Indians created the vital nucleus of his literary creed. "Use only simple words, all great writing is simple in its vocabulary" was his constant admonition to those at the bottom of the literary ladder.

His letters to his brother, George, between the years of 1903 and 1912 well illustrate his strict observance of his own rule. For example, there is found in almost every one the expression "OK." Sometimes it is enclosed in quotation marks, more frequently not. Sometimes it is used to express a complete thought, at others to take the place of adjectives or adverbs. This may be a direct result of his long years of converse with the Redmen, in some of whose dialects the expression occurs. Certainly for Joaquin Miller its brevity and completeness had a direct appeal. There are times when it even replaced the customary brotherly salutation.

The Poet of the Sierras was not a business man, although he frequently expressed his views on how his brother's business should be handled—that business in which he himself had invested a considerable amount of money, the development of the Eastern Oregon territory about the seacoast town of Florence.

As early as 1882 George Miller had organized a small party to forge its way across the mountains between Eugene and the coast. Joaquin had a vivid memory of the long trek across the continent begun by his family in

Indiana in 1852, which culminated in the settlement one year later on a land claim near Coburg, Oregon. And to him especially, of the Miller children, did the discovery of a pass over the Cascades connecting by almost direct line the south Willamette valley and the Pacific shore carry a significance of highway progress yet to come.

But between the first announcement in 1886 of a proposed commercial road and the final decision to follow the route of 1882, over twenty years elapsed. It was not until 1908 when George and Joaquin and their brother, James, met at Florence to confer over possible routes that the one now under construction was definitely chosen as the most direct and the most advantageous. When that road, U. S. Highway No. 28, is completed, Florence harbor, washed by the waters of the Pacific, will be joined in an almost straight line with U. S. Highway No. 30, which terminates in New York harbor. Thus the two major oceans will become one so far as that is possible to the mid portion of the United States.

With such a vision, in itself poetic, it is little wonder that Joaquin was a liberal supporter of the project for the development of the city of Florence. It is also little wonder that he felt privileged to offer frequent bits of advice to George as to expenditures, modes of advertising, plans for sale, and so on. This, although he often expressed a recognition of his own lack of business acumen and avowedly left such matters in the hands of his broth-

er, who, he felt, was competent to act as his agent.

The following excerpts from letters over the period before mentioned, 1903 to 1912, illustrate the point. They are arranged according to the time order in which they occur, beginning with 1903.

Hang on to all the land you have hard and fast. The world is coming West, but do keep out of speculation and city building. If you have land be satisfied to hold it. Time will do the rest. My Texas land is all up rising. I hope to not have any more hard times.

If things look ok when I see you I shall by degrees put in all the thousands of Texas money, and this will help you lots: help us both: but I can't buy anything now: Not until we get ready.

When the money comes about Sept. 20th I will write in answer and ask Mr. Collins, who bought my lands to add to his 12,000 acres, if he will advance \$500. If he can and will I will have you invest it for me as proposed.

I like your revised posters. But I should say after "700 acres of land, over 500 town lots" "all entirely unincumbered as the records show, etc." And if I can get the land you proposed I should add if I were you that the title of all this is the property of your family acquired thus and so: So many acres and lots secured to yourself—1800—as the records may show; So much by Mrs. Lieschen Miller and so much by purchase from so and so by Joaquin Miller. In many Oregon land frauds as well as in most of the "wildcat schemes" all over the world, most crooks try a sort of recruiting. To get full confidence you must lay the foundations on the bed rocks. Of course this is only suggestive.

It is well to keep on the firing line—one must—continuously in spite of the black clouds . . . Marshall Field, clerk, merchant, and over 200 times a millionaire always had a little money on hand. When the sword of

Damocles in the shape of a mortgage hung over a man's head, he would as a last hope rush to Field. "I will give you just half what you ask or half what the land is worth." The poor man could not do better. He had tried and tried and so Marshall Field died the richest man who ever touched real estate and really did a great deal of good by this iron rule.

Here is your certified check for \$150. Also your deed please put later amount in it and record promptly so that I may know where we are at.

Your idea of a big lot of land is the only one they consider in California: the only plan that will pay and the land must be *good* land of course. In this case the more the better. Don't talk about it too much. You have a close mouth but have to much heart. You like to help the other fellow: self first. Let the other fellow fight his own battle.

I am getting more and more offers of tide lands. All the way from New York to Texas, and the tide lands are from one to 100 miles wide. I went to the Agricultural Department where it is the duty and pleasure to explain and asked why these lands lie idle while those of California are cultivated. I was told it was because we have no mountains along the Atlantic as there are on the Pacific to make rich soil. I set this down as almost laughable. The Siu law may be as rich as claimed or may not be. We will have to take care. I wrote of sending \$100 for the land you had taken on verbal promise about the 15th inst. Do you want it? Or can it wait till I come? I have no money here now but will have it in time if you are waiting for it. Let me know if you have any further data or ideas. I have a few lecture dates to fill here in Washington after N. Y.—then can return West.

Go ahead with the water works: I also insist on taking up a claim when I come on. Here is the check from Texas: have not had time to go and have it certified as you want it *now*. But it is so small that any Eugene bank will cash it if requested . . . I speak

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in San Jose tomorrow so must be brief. Hope to see you when the plant is big and strong.

Ok. I sent you the pamphlet merely to point out the fact that the world is looking westward a bit. The water plant is now a fashion and will last. Take no chances on profiteering rights. Keep James or someone there at work all the time. Yes, he must have 1/3 but he must stick to it: a fortune for us all.

I can send \$200 anytime but am waiting a few days for the whole amount. Meantime I am writing to Jeff Myers offering to pay expenses if he will go with you: or if not to furnish you all possible information when you see him about the Crook Co. business. His address is the Commercial Club Portland. He is a manly good fellow but a little too hasty. He lost lots in that Portland bank failure. I will send you his reply.

Here is the check for the \$200: Observe it is dated Oct. 1st so do not hand it over before that. The big money has not yet come up from Texas and I am not fully straightened at the bank but it will be ok. I send it now so that in case of storm or stress there need be no anxiety.

No! have nothing to do with strangers who want to lease our water rights. Hell is full of jay birds of that sort. I am still sore about an affair in Shasta. I had a fortune there on a water right. It got into the papers: and then a young engineer came on and took command and swamped the whole thing: then sued me for his wages. There are plenty of good men. And they do not "bite in": do not need to. If I were you I would feel out the Springfield Co. with a view to mutual good: but give adventurers from abroad a wide berth . . . I will write when more money comes.

I wrote you I did not like stock companys: but I have been thinking it over. Where there is merit why not? And you have a meritorious enterprise. So if you like, go ahead put in all the land you have at the point and more if it can be had cheap. Several hundred acres running down to the beach if required. It will read up well.

Make it almost one quarter of a million. Sell about \$200,000 at about ten per cent cash to open up the thing and then about ten per cent assessment to put in the plant. The movement will help Florence and Eugene greatly. So go ahead when you get ready and get good big men in as directors. Make yourself president for you have a good business head and make James or one of his boys secretary.

Let us call it the Joaquin Miller Water Power Co. I am serious. We have good names, we should make use of them. We have earned our good names. They are our best property.

Thinking over that 60 acre proposition: I am bound to say that I don't like it at all. Since the Canada alfalfa and wheat land no one here buys anything except cheap tracts—just lands in big blocks and cheap. Twenty trees on 60 acres! That would not pay for cutting and we would let it go back to brush. Besides the price is too high. It would not bring half that sum in tomorrow. \$1200 is a big figure. That would leave little money in hand for the morrow. Let us be conservative.

Hurrah for Eugene. Six hours only to tide water. A little road will make it fine . . . But beware the promised boom and let well enough alone. Of course Oregon and California are ok at present and will lose the last. A panic is quite as likely as a boom.

I have given Ralph Vining, nephew of George Doris of Eugene, a line to you. He thinks he can place our property in Portland. Vining is bright, and, I believe, very honest. He is of good family and his wife is sister of Mrs. Jim Fountain. I think he may want to buy an interest after he looks over the property. However, you and he can talk it all over. My houses are full here. How is sister Lieschen? Let me hear soon.

I hope Vining will see you and hope you may be of mutual service. His father perished in the fearful disaster of some years ago and he has made his own way manfully

and is honest and above all the most enterprising man from Oregon I have met. He spent a summer here with me and was of great practical help about my town works.

His plan of investing money is to take a property over get it on a paying base and then dispose of it at a big profit. He did this in Los Angeles and then in less than six months did the same thing in Hermiston and is now footloose with much money. Of course he is close and like most business men does not do it for fun. But if he wants to buy into the water works or any of our other openings let him have a chance. He is all ideas and energetic.

A young fellow whom I knew as a lad in Canyon City got his fortune by setting up a little light plant in John Day. He is owner, engineer, agent, collector all in one and has everything. Now if we could only do that or something like it: Anyhow let us get things started if we can. And we can if Vining takes hold.

Glad you can buy and sell so wisely and so well: But don't do it too often: or try to do it. The day Garfield was shot I took a half million in stocks in Wall Street. I had on the advice of Jay Gould bought shares as high as 93. Still have certificates of Johnson's and Jay Gould's terms. It began to tumble and tumble and today is 35! Of course land is more solid than stocks. And then you have the experience and sense while my equipment of course seems now very limited to begin with.

Here is the check. But it would seem that I must acknowledge it. Or can that wait until I come to Florence? Anyhow tell me what to do and I will do it. Glad of the sale. Glad *you* have your trade.

Please, please don't buy anything more. You know I spent years and a fortune in Wall St. And always whenever the Lambs were prone to believe in a *boom* time there was a slump instead . . . So be satisfied with what you have.

Babe has a letter from you asking advice as to a sale. All I have to go by is Jim Kerns Wall St. rule which I believe hard sense should follow "Sell 'em when up, buy

'em when down." If you think the time is "up" then let go. For my part I am going to hold on here, not at all for money but climate and scenery . . . For my part I say hold our land for the water right. But of course in this, as in all other matters pertaining, you are to use *your* judgment *not* mine.

From the references to Marshall Field, Jay Gould, and other and lesser lights of the business world one can read the poet's admiration for the qualities lacking within himself. At the same time he had a pride about money matters, disliking to admit that his finances were not flourishing. This is made evident in a letter to George under date of February 11, 1910. Perhaps the realization of his mistake in letting a fortune of something close to \$100,000 get away from him by following Jay Gould's advice made Joaquin super-sensitive on the subject. His *Destruction of Gotham* is proof of his contempt for Wall Street tactics.

Hights

2—11—10

Dear George: So good in you to take an interest in Aloysius: he is fine. I have got him a little library: he studies as if he meant to make a man of himself; and Dr. Wilson says he is the best at the college. I am doing the best for him in return. But I find I am now out of money and will not have more till the last day of March. Please, if you can, let me have one hundred or so until then. I must keep up with my improvements and don't like to let him or anyone else know I am temporarily "short." Let me hear, yea or nay, so that I may look about. Love to you and yours,

JoacMiller

Joaquin's deep interest in the Western Oregon country was in part the outgrowth of an ambition to represent that state in the Federal Senate. This was during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, of whom he was an ardent admirer. It is confessed in his own hand-

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writing in the following paragraphs from letters covering a two-year period from 1905 to 1907.

Here is a certified check \$100, make the remaining \$400 payable on or before May 1. My money is due in March but bad roads, rain, etc may make delays. Have it in my name as I shall stand for the Senate and wish to begin being a resident once more.

Let me know if the land you spoke of is still to be had on the same terms. I have a few hundred in bank now and will have more January and \$500 more in March, and I can be with you in March and bring the money and get the deed and go with you to Florence and take a homestead. Senate ahead, see? My plan was to go East but Mother's health will not allow it. So I can spare some little money now. I go up the line to speak soon.

For whom did you buy the land and in whose name? Do you want me to have it all or half? You know the only reason I had for consenting to your plan was to have some land in my name in Oregon in case I was chosen to go to the Senate, as I was then living in California . . . The money will get here the 4th. I can then go East or not. Of course, my purpose is to look over your country and visit all I have there next June, July 1907. But I wish at present some land in my name or our two names. Now can we have the deed together by my putting in \$150—one half?

The next two selections are from letters sent in 1906 from Washington, D. C., where Joaquin had gone in the interest of his works.

Shall put \$100 in my bank at Oakland and send you my check from there as before. Please write me a line to Dimond and let me know if the matter is still open and tell me what we are buying and how much we are to pay for it. I have almost \$400 in Oakland now after paying my taxes. Of course we must select as to homesteads you wrote me about. I am determined to push the Senate proposition to a successful conclusion. My new book gives me a great chance to say good things of Oregon and

her grand people, not a bad thing to do. I speak once in Philadelphia then home.

I still adhere to the idea of a "no party"—and the Senate. I can do and really have done more for Oregon than all her politicians put together. What Oregon wants and what the Senate wants is Oregon—Oregon as she *is*, not politics or politicians.

The next letter is dated from Eugene, July 29, 1907, and is addressed to George at Florence.

Dear George: am on my way south. Shall "do" the caves and then, I think go to the Hights. Mr. Darling is down there and I should go home for a time even though I return soon. Shall let the Senate alone for a time but not for all time by a long shot. Things are all my way east of the mountains . . . I shall today leave \$200 in Eugene bank as you desire. Let me know if ok. I shall not have any money to spare further until the last day in Sept. I do not wish to invest further in the coast: but have an eye on other things East. Nor would I advise you to buy more on the promise of that Siuslaw Railroad . . . Write to the Hights. Yours,

Joa Miller

Joaquin Miller was a lover of the beautiful in Nature and in Character. For that reason his nature project at his California Hights home became full of character as well as beauty. It was Joaquin who sponsored the first Arbor Day in California on November 27, 1886.

For the *Golden Era* he presaged Joyce Kilmer, whose *Trees*, with its beautiful simplicity, would have struck a responsive chord in the elder poet's soul. Or did Joaquin's words, by any chance, strike that same responsive chord in the soul of the younger poet who gave his life on Flanders Fields? The resemblance of thought and phrase is strangely striking. Joaquin wrote in part:

A tree standing to the four winds of heaven, holding up its great strong arms in mute prayer, waiting the rain and the sun,

and the majestic march of the seasons, how grandly upright, patient, appealing, faithful, and true!

No architect that has ever been could build a tree. Artists can paint men; but even the Titanic Titian hardly dared call attention to the trees he tried to paint as a groundwork for his figures.

This love for the sentinels of God Joaquin planted in the soil of his own Hights, where care for his baby trees was a chief concern, as bits from his letters indicate.

My farm is good—houses all about the trail and for the first time the place begins to pay taxes. Land is away up in the air and I begin to have a stream of men and women . . . This place will be a part of the city.

I am believing a bit. Maybe Juanita will come. But it is too isolated as yet for her. Like you, I am waiting for a miracle. But all the time I am striving, striving, striving and developing.

This has been my hardest year and I am worn out and need a rest. I wrote Juanita I should be with her in the spring via Panama . . . My farmer and his wife are still in bed and they have let more than half the flowers die. So what with looking after them, and the chickens, and the trees, I am really not fit to visit you but should take ship when the spring comes and have a long rest.

I planted 10,000 more tiny trees Thursday—eucalyptus—and have to keep a force of men all the time in the field digging and trimming them this first June. Am very busy but will see you all so soon as I can.

You are later to come here with the first rains and visit in Juanita's new cottage. No,

can't leave here this summer, too much danger of fire—this beautiful grass—and I am tied in California—but most of my 100,000 trees will be above ground. Love and luck to both you and Jim.

I am trying to get water out of the Canyon: have a cut 50 feet deep by 300 long and it is only about half done: I **must** get it through before the rains. It is about half done and is costing about \$1000. I have put all my money in account in bank—\$200: First in my life. I have a \$500 payment every six months but my next is not due until the last of Sept. I want interest to go to the bank gain. Now please send me one or two or three hundred or if you can't do it now let me know when. My first trees are trying to fill my time.

I have decided to not sell the Hights. Here is a combination of climate, scenery, and the finest trees I have ever seen. This is a sort of crucial season: I must look after my trees, and I hope with the help of a few good friends to keep the green down below the fire danger. But I must be here all the time until the baby trees are big enough to stand alone. They are doing finely, the biggest and best I ever saw: and they may soon pay: but it is possibly a great dream of the future: and then the satisfaction of making a forest all my own—a sentinel sublime! Ah! Ah!

This last is contained in a letter dated April 12, 1912, after the poet had been very ill and not many months before his death. The last sentence would seem to say the end was near to his own consciousness.

But today The Hights fulfils his dream, and perhaps he knows his hope realized.

LABOR STIFFS

By EDMOND DUPERRIER

I got my first introduction to the life of a labor stiff when I was thirteen years old. I was in Edmonton, Alberta, half-freezing, half-starving. I had gradually wended westward from Quebec, where for a year I had learned the cruelty of being a charity student in a French boarding school.

I drifted down Jasper avenue to face the chalked boards in front of the employment offices.

One announcement attracted my attention. I didn't know what a bull-cook was; but I was willing to take a chance, if they were willing to take a chance on my youth and small stature. The sallow but not unkindly agent took no heed of size or age. He grasped my last remaining dollar with thin, blue-veined fingers. My estimation of myself rose accordingly. In minutes I was a bull-cook signed for Camp 139, B. C.

"Wait a minute," the agent ordered, as I turned to the door and faced a giant from whom blew the odor of Scotch and the winds of the world.

"I want that dynamite job," the giant ordered.

"All right, Sullivan," the agent answered. "One kid signed for 139 just now. Bull cook. Get out on the night train. Here's passes." He handed each of us a slip of paper.

Sullivan bent a quizzical glance on me.

"See you later, punk," he said. He tramped out the door.

Forty of us left the Union depot on the train. Forty labor stiffes crowded into the one car which the railroad had provided for the transport of its workers. The seats were of wood and could be turned into beds. Strong backs from

every section of Europe slouched into them.

Night gathered the lights of Edmonton into a black hand. Despite the restless spirit which had driven me from the Atlantic seaboard and which had allowed me to starve for weeks without an inward whimper, I felt lonely. I needed something more tender at the moment than the sight of labor-calloused and labor-wracked bodies . . .

Two Italians sat opposite me, their dark faces twisting in argument. A terrific odor of garlic arose from them. There is a peculiar grating quality to the odor of breathed garlic that always nauseates me. I moved opposite a drunken and positive Cockney.

Sullivan came down the aisle, glancing quickly into each seat. He saw me at last and his eyes smiled. He had two smiles, which I was to learn. His eyes smiled when he was pleased. His lips when he was not.

He picked the Cockney from the seat and thrust him down the aisle. The Cockney turned a weak, depraved face, distorted in anger. His fists doubled. Sullivan's lips drew into a smile. The Cockney muttered beneath his breath and sought another seat.

"What's your name?" Sullivan asked me when he had finished rolling a cigarette.

I told him.

He was a hard-bitten Irishman with the soul of a mother. He gathered me under his wing with the confident protectiveness of a mother hen. My feeling of loneliness passed.

We moved over for two more giants. World travellers were these three men;

yet they knew nothing of the world. They remembered only the labor, the brothels, the saloons. Cuba, Panama, Brazil, Africa, Egypt . . . names that fascinated me with romance. Yet the full meat of their conversation was of the shifting of so much matter to make room for other bits of matter; or the varieties of drinks or women to be procured. The women and the drinks ranked about equal.

As neither interested me at this particular period in my life, I found the expressions on the faces before me of vastly more interest than the tales which animated them.

"Now there was a blonde girl in Rio . . . and a blonde girl in Rio is damn choice . . ." and another tale was under way, wrinkling the corners of the eyes and twisting the mouth into a lascivious smirk.

Sullivan, pettishly careful of my morals and hygiene in other cases (giving at a later date a sad whipping to a transit man who looked upon my youth and innocence with a lustful eye) seemed to realize, more deftly than most parents, that, having no actual experience, I would be left cold by these stark presentments. He was right.

It was bitterly cold outside and, after the grey of dawn had cleared, I could see the Rockies. Born and raised in the east, the overwhelming massiveness of these peaks held me rigid for hours together, when tales and quarrels and the slap of cards around me were more distant than the peaks before me. The reek of liquor and smoke and sweating bodies seemed swept away by the clear icy winds of those Zarathustrian heights, and something touched me then about mountains which has never touched me since the sweet imagination and clear

sexless thinking of boyhood have left me.

We clattered into McBride the following morning. We left the train in a loaded body. McBride at that time was the end of the main line. Camp 139 lay still another fifty miles up the line. The transportation consisted of an engine and two box cars.

There was a general movement to the tented city. The last bar was here, and they swarmed to it. I stood alone by the train we had quitted. I walked toward the engine and the box cars of the work train. The engineer, as he looked over my brown button boots, my thin mackinaw, my string gloves, and cheap cloth cap, asked me to ride in the cab. I accepted. Though I was poorly dressed for such weather my blood ran thick and warm, and I have no recollection of discomfort from the cold.

Presently the men staggered back through the snow. Sullivan missed me. He roared my name the length of the cars. I stuck my head from the cab.

"I'm going to drive the engine up," I shouted.

He grinned with his eyes. "Damn smart kid, that," he said to no one in particular. "Going to drive the train up." It was the only time I ever saw Sullivan drunk.

I was warm and cosy by the fire-box, but the rest rode out in the bitter cold, traveling at thirty below in an unheated box car to torture their bodies with labor, as in the following year some of the same men rode out on a different box car on a different continent to have their bodies wracked by a more efficient instrument of torture.

Late in the afternoon we came to the camp. It lay on a large flat on the banks of the Frazer. Log huts clustered

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it, deep in the snow. We struggled down the bank. A triangle of steel before the door of a large building designated the cook shack. I tramped in. Billy Ridgett, the cook, eyed his new assistant noncommittally. Calm lower-class English, different from any other camp cook I have seen; in my four months with him I never seemed to touch his reserve. Yet, he was very kind to me, and I think once or twice I touched the well of his imagination. Later he was blown to pieces when a bomb was dropped on an English hospital where he was cooking.

He had been a pastry cook apprentice in England, and the piece of pie he gave me "to hold me until supper" was top-string pastry.

After supper had been served I was told the nature of my duties. The supper had been a Gargantuan affair. Two or three hundred men clustered at the long board tables and mountains of food vanished. The body engines that had burned in a ceaseless, merciless drive for six solid hours since noon, needed great quantities of food to recreate the lost energy.

I was to supply the camp with wood and water. It appalled me. There were four, one hundred-gallon hogsheads; two for hot water and two for cold. They were to be kept filled at all times. Billie's humor was the sort that made me sweat, thinking of endless buckets the night through, as I lay in a bunk with an aged flunkie snoring above me, and a moronic flunkie dreaming wild dreams and muttering below me.

There were stoves in all the bunk houses. I could see the smoke curling up into the grey mist. There were several stoves in the cook house and they

gobbled wood. I lay on that bunk, a frightened, disheartened boy.

But in the morning all fear was smoothed away. The water was pumped from the Frazer, now a large, wide stream, thick with ice. Two days before we had seen it from high on the mountain side, as a dwindling rivulet. A gasoline pump did the work of filling the hogsheads. It was my duty to see that this pump worked perfectly at all times. Ignorant of gasoline pumps, the cranky, incoherent thing was a problem to me for days, until with youthful naivete, I shot and had Billie prepare two plump rabbits for the camp engineer.

The engineer was not fond of rabbit, but he saw the point. I was never troubled with that engine again.

The wood was a problem that was easily solved. Fortunately, I liked chopping and splitting. Then I would beg two hunkies from Sullivan to work the cross-cut saw. They thought it a relief from pick and shovel. In three days we would chop enough wood to last nearly two weeks. Life was made simple for me. During the winter we cleared the whole flat.

With my problem of work solved, I peered inquisitively into every phase of the project of which I had become a part. A mountain had reared itself in the path of a railroad. With restless impatience Sullivan and his crew waited to attack it. Men unaccustomed to idleness, they fretted while the engineers altered a miscalculation in the survey.

A week after arriving Sullivan and his gang attacked the scarred face of the hill. Black powder, dynamite, and muscle! Powerful tools to sculptor the highways of the world. Sullivan's first charge of black powder and dynamite kept the hunkies busy for a day. Tiny

cars and tiny engine skirted the mountain, using the rock and dirt as ballast for a fill on a farther twist of the river.

Sullivan and his gang were tearing at the rock. Gang after gang cleared away the debris they created. They were tools that sweat mightily, digging and twisting at the huge piles, trundling them away with hoarse "Yo's" and "Ho's" and "Endo's". A gaping, yawning mouth appeared in the hill.

The second day after the work started we had the first accident. Limey, the Cockney who had annoyed me on the outward journey, was foreman of a pick and shovel gang. The inner brutality and feeling of power—which he was not capable of controlling—made him merely a slave-driver. They stood waiting for a big shot to clear. A large rock, impelled by some peculiar quirk of the powder, drove unusually far through the air. It struck Limey on the leg.

"Oh, God . . . Oh, God . . ." he moaned. His leg was badly twisted.

"Oh, shut up," Sullivan growled at him. "You're lucky it wasn't your bloody neck."

Limey quieted as Sullivan lifted him in gentle hands and bore him to the bunk-house. A man who had been a veterinary student laid splints on his leg, and they sent him back to the doctor at McBride on the work train.

This was the first of many accidents. Brute labor is a war, and nature is the enemy. She does not submit to rape without a toll of many victims. A week later two Wops died. They were boring coyote holes in the tunnel now. Thirty minutes was supposed to elapse before any one entered these holes after a blast, because of the dangerous gases. Either the Wops were ignorant of this rule or the itch to attack the result of the shot

was more than they could stand. At any rate they walked stupidly to their death.

The flexing of giant muscles demanded play even on Sundays. For amusement the men did feats of strength. Tossing the caber was the favorite sport. The caber is a large log, held upright in the hands and the winning point in the heavy, sluggish sport is won by he who can toss the log, end over end, the farthest. Sullivan, the largest and the strongest of them all, easily excelled at this sport. I moulded one of my own. Sullivan took it as a spear and threw it over one hundred feet. My worship of him as a superman made the laughter that followed easy to bear.

Christmas came. Sentimentally regarding it, I put up a tree in the cook shack, decorating it with the red and green paper which came in the huge boxes of cookies. There were several cases of whisky around and a case of small bottles, samples. I distributed these as gifts. They must have contained only one drink, for when the men put them down they were empty.

After this, two hunkies I had nursed after they had tangled themselves in a knife scrap and had subsequently sworn blood brotherhood, came to me and handed me an envelope. I thanked them, and alone, I opened it. There was a fifty dollar bill and a five dollar bill.

I drew Billie Riddett and Sullivan into conference.

"If anyone wants to throw money around like that, hang on to it," Sullivan commented. I kept the money.

He stooped from his height and gave me a small stone.

"A luck stone," he said. "It's my gift. 'Tis more valuable than all the money I could give you."

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I said nothing, as is my wont when I am pleased beyond expression. I tucked the green and yellow stone away.

The flunkie who did the washing for the resident engineer's wife came to me with a gaily decorated parcel. Inside was a copy of Grimm's Fairy Tales.

Of the three gifts, I have only one remaining. That is the copy of Grimm's Fairy Tales, with its list of contents marked, as I read them over to Billie Riddett. There are few unmarked.

It was at this time I sensed that I touched some deep imaginative well in Billie Riddett, as I read of fairies and knights and princesses of incomparable beauty.

New Year brought another calamity. A calamity which for once disturbed the matter-of-fact attitude Sullivan held toward the toll of injury exacted by Ptarmigan Mountain.

A mud slide was struck within the tunnel. The mud, similar to sinking sands, ran in streaks throughout the country. It covered everything with its slime, and defied extermination.

This one broke through the tunnel roof and tore away the timbering. It hurled a big Swede by the name of Hanson, a "hammer-striker" as he called himself. He was drill man, swinging a sledge all day long, except when Sullivan needed his giant strength elsewhere. When they cleared the timbers away, he was dead. A beast for work, Sullivan took the loss sorrowfully.

We sent him back to Edmonton with no ceremony. Sullivan knew his wife and children. He made me sit up half the night with him composing a letter to Mrs. Hanson. The Irish sadness con-

cerning death gripped him, and tears wet his rugged cheeks.

He got the letter written at last, with nothing more than moral support from me. I set my face against grinning when I read it. But it must have touched her, for she wrote back a full, sentimental letter thanking him for his kindness. He wrote:

"Dear Mrs. Hanson:

It gives me a great grievance to be the one to write this letter to you. Your revered husband, the object of this serious calamity, was so well liked by us all that it is hard to put into words the sympathy we feel towards you. We too suffer a great loss, for your husband was an important item in the success of the work here. The death of Mr. Hanson was caused by forces beyond our control and I only wish the Great Recorder, who dictates these things, had picked four hunkies instead.

I close with sorrow,

Patrick McVanev Sullivan."

He folded it, and addressed the envelope.

"I don't give a damn for the Swede," he rumbled, dashing away the last of the tears, "but that woman of his thought that slow-moving Swede made the sun rise and set. It's her that has to suffer the consequences, not him."

There was sweat and blood in the tunnel next day. Through eyes conditioned by the reading of fairy tales, I saw these sweating, glistening bodies, gleaming copper in the half-light of the gloomy cavern, as men of a different world. They were phantasms, gnomes, hairy giants, low beasts with no intelligent purpose, activated only by the urge of their mighty strength.

So they were. Years later, I met a stunted Italian, body-bruised by a ter-

rific labor, who had worked on this self-same tunnel. No pride was there in him because the engines of his muscle had helped to carve a ribbon of steel over the twisted, scoriac earth. He recalled only that his muscles had survived the test of striking blow after blow with a heavy sledge upon a sharpened tool through a daily shift of twelve unending hours.

Sullivan was in the thick of the labors. He missed Hanson. The sluggish brute had possessed the strength of three men when it came to putting his bulky shoulder under a timber and holding it in place until it was securely bolstered.

If I had been held numb by the sight of struggling brute force before, I was more stricken now. They worked! Or more than worked. They grovelled beneath the tyranny of Sullivan, who was as tyrannical with himself. He worked with the strength of half-a-dozen of them, inspiring them with curses, blows, example. The slide was conquered. They went on into the bowels of the mountain.

After the Ptarmigan Creek side of the tunnel was well started, they sent out another dynamite crew from Edmonton to open up the other end. This crew was headed by a gigantic Frenchman by the name of Le Blanc. Difference of blood, the impending competitive labor, started an immediate argument between Sullivan and Le Blanc. Sullivan had his pride to keep.

They fought in the center of the camp. Fought brutishly slow, intent to injure with every blow. As they could survive brute labor so they could survive blows.

My money rode with Sullivan, and the camp had divided. Hoarse, animal

cries filled the space between the huts as the two brutes circled and swung. As lust had called queer lights into the eyes of these men, now they licked their lips with the sight of pain as desirously as a ring of wolves. And I among them. This I understood.

Even so, the men established a tactic fairness. On the ground or on their feet, they aimed blows only with their fists. Corked shoes, biting, gouging, kneeing to the groin, which would have been the tactics had any other two men fought, were mutually barred. They fought to seeming exhaustion, then rose to fight again.

Their faces seemed to be the point of attack most desired. Unschooled in the finer points of fighting, they did not seek the weak spots of the body. To injure, to mar, that was all.

They both fell to the ground. They stayed there. Their blows became feebler and feebler, and still we shouted or pushed each other aside in seeking every last detail of the shedding of blood.

At last they lay side by side. Sullivan attempted to aim a blow. Le Blanc attempted to ward it off. Neither was able to complete his desires.

"You got guts, Frenchy," Sullivan panted.

"An' you, too." White teeth shone in the Frenchman's face.

At that Sullivan grinned, and together they got to their feet and shook hands. Someone cheered and we joined in. It resulted in a friendship that could not be shaken. There were no more competitive sports in camp after that. Neither Sullivan nor Le Blanc could be drawn into a competition of strength.

I grew fond of Le Blanc, mostly because I was French and he and Sullivan

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were friends. Both understanding and speaking French, we never exchanged more than greeting or answer.

"Comment ca va, Le Blanc."

"S'il vous bien."

Instead of throwing the caber on Sundays, we would hunt wolves. I made some extra money with the wolves I shot. Furs were high that season and the wolves the two giants shot were donated to me. I accepted this bounty with little thanks.

The tunnel moved to a close with great shape. Nearly four months we had been slogging at it. Four easy months for me, monotonous months in a sense, for the routine of labor was continually the same.

As the closing date for many of the contracts grew near, the frenzy of labor ran at a high pitch. There were many accidents. These came to the men whose coordination of body and mind was as tepid, as inactive as a slug. Men like Le Blanc and Sullivan, exposed a hundred times more seriously to danger, always escaped.

They struck another huge mudslide. The railroad hired the engineers, but most of the other work was let out to independent contractors. This in turn was let to smaller contractors. Le Blanc and Sullivan worked for the dynamite contractor who had charge of the tunnel. His penalty date was imminently close when the mudslide again barred their path.

Work in the tunnel continued for as many hours as the men could stand each day. Le Blanc and Sullivan were the points of this wedge that gouged at the guts of the mountain. Sharp, bitter points they were. They drove with a furiousness for which they were not paid. At last it seemed they battled the

immutable, unanswerable stuff of life, for which there was no wage other than the terrific joy of using the leverages of their great muscles. There was no answer to their striving except this. Or perhaps the chance to say, in brief words, on their way to such another similar stretch of labor, that they had shoved Ptarmigan Tunnel through in four months. A tunnel which would only darken the casual traveler for a little better than a minute.

Yet, the strain told. I had until now seen that phalanx of labor as a solid mass whose strength was joined in one, unified effort. Now they developed individuality.

Four Italians, maddened with driving, flung themselves at the beast who drove them—Sullivan. With that twisted smile about his lips he drove them off, and back to work again.

Billie and I brought hot boilers of coffee to the men. They came out of the gloom and sucked it up in great draughts and went back to the face of the unfinished tunnel. Sullivan last of all, thanking us with his eyes, cursing us with his lips because of flavor or warmth. Le Blanc, generally voluble, was silent now as he bore the strain. Both men wore out two gangs daily.

It was May Day. Over a stone wall in Quebec a year before I had seen a pole twirled with bright ribbon as boys and girls of my own age, fashioned the ancient rite in dancing and laughter and happiness.

This was a different May Day. I saw a ring of men, labor-chastened, gathered before a jagged earthy wall. Bowed shoulders, begrimed, their bodies crushed with pain, imprisoned to beast-like wallowing because of their brawn, they waited for the last shot which would tell

them that their work on Ptarmigan Tunnel was nearly over. There was no happiness, no joy, no quickening . . . I can see them now, stupid, ox-like, standing like driven horses at the end of a long run. And more fantastic because of the gloom of the hole wherein they stood.

At the forefront was a group that was entirely different. Red-faced and jovial they were, these officials who came to see the completion of this figment of their brain. They wanted to see the joining of one side with the other. In their eyes was the vision of the thing completed, and the realization of what it would mean to the vast steel line that went through the mountains. The men back of them were not men. They were tools, picks, shovels, mattocks, created solely to dig with their muscles the creations of these men's brains. I remember a quick calculation I made out of that comparison as it struck my young mind. I knew on what side I would stand hereafter. But it is not so easy to escape from the toils of labor.

After the big shot, a jagged hole appeared. Two officials shook hands solemnly through it. The applause was a flash of the photographer's flare. But a weak, hoarse, tired shout arose from the beasts that had made it possible when Le Blanc and Sullivan, with friendly eyes gleaming at one another, shook hands through the hole.

There was no photographer's flash to this, but the officials eyed each other in an inscrutable sort of way.

That wasn't the finish. There was the permanent timbering and track-laying to do. Le Blanc and Sullivan were getting restless. They stayed on another week to blast out some ballast for a fill. Then one night they drew their time-checks and packed.

I drew mine at the same time. With out them I would be lost here. I knew that the contacts of the road are as vagrant as the labor stiff himself. Yet I packed. My purse was heavy. From poverty I had risen to the high estate of four hundred and fifty dollars, what with the gift and the wolves, and the wages, and some gambling.

We caught a work train to McBride. We rumbled out on the passenger. Sullivan and Le Blanc moved into the smoker, but with a longing for clean sheets and clean bedding, I bribed the porter for a berth, which was not included in my pass.

I awoke once to catch the gleam of silver the moon was making of the glaciers on the mountains. I was no longer a boy, and the boy's spirit I had taken with me to Camp 139 was not coming back. I had been a man in a man's world—or a labor stiff in a labor stiff's world—and the depth of my imagination was overlaid with the remembrance of those driven bodies striving in that damp and half-lit tunnel.

Jasper avenue had no fears for me now. It was May and I had money. I would eat for many months. The three of us trod the pavement with light hearts. I walked, high-stepping, a mid-get between two giants.

Sullivan stopped in front of the *Pendennis*. I knew it was farewell when he held out his hand. A choke came in my throat. Yet I grasped his hand with casualness, and said, as he would have me say, "So long, old timer."

"So long, kid," he said.

"So long," answered Le Blanc.

Sullivan waved a hand and grinned as we turned away—with his eyes.

At One Hundred and First street Le

Blanc turned for the Empire hotel. I had no plans, but I knew it was farewell to him, too.

"Au revoir, mon coq," he said. "Bon chance!"

He squeezed my small, slim hand in his heavy grasp.

"Bon chance," I answered. We sep-

arated. I never saw either one of them again.

Sullivan and Le Blanc were direct in their necessities after the camp life. Equally direct was I. I turned into the nearest confectionery and broke the first of my many dollars on three maple walnut sundaes.

INCANTATION FOR BREAKING SOD

BY TED OLSON

Let there be proud words said, an incantation
portentous and profound,
now that we join in marriage sod and steel:
giving the passionate brown maid to her shining wooer,
alien, mothered of darkness, sired of fire.

It is a brave and a cruel thing
to bring a maid to bed.
Let it be done with solemn words and proud.
Blow a brave music over them; let the bright horns
of sun and wind blow round them.
And say gravely:

"She that was whole and arrogant is cloven
with pain now; she that danced
goes burdened." Say:
"She shall know exultation, but more of agony.
She shall bear tall bronze children, and be bereft of them.
Plundered and empty at last, she shall know peace."

Then let the horns be silent for a space,
and say also:
"Women have known this always, and have laid them
no less bravely and proudly with their lovers."

And say no more;
but let a prouder music blow above them
in a last tumult: the brazen horns of the sun,
the shining silver trumpets of the wind.

CATTLE COUNTRY

BY GRACE STONE COATES

IT was cattle country. The *Crazies* and the *Belts*, gigantic, encircling arms, embraced the valley south and north. Sheep men had closed in on the place, and dry-landers pressed it hard; but its bouldered hills and prairie lakes shimmering too white in summer dusk, were dotted only by dark shapes of cattle feeding, or standing indolent in trampled muck. After fall rain the lakes were restless with teal and mallard wings; but for successful sport hunters needed a blind, and a boat or dog to retrieve their birds.

That these alkali flats held sometimes only phantom lakes made no difference to stockmen, for the land was watered. From the base of *The Butte*, springs bubbled, augmenting foot by foot the flow that trickled eastward down the coulee. Within a mile the creek became a competent stream, secretive in weed-hung pools, violent down minature waterfalls.

Willows lined its banks. The coulee opened from a narrow tangle of rose and gooseberry bushes smarting with nettles, surrounding a circle of quaking asps. It widened between rock-layered hills, with chokecherry trees and service berry branches spreading from its sides.

Seasons drifted over it. In winter, snow fogged from the great butte and leveled the ravine, and water from the warm springs that fed the river seeped its way, muffled and choked, to form thin ice sheets under the white drift. Above, flurries of snow birds came and went, and rabbits lost their dodging race with coyotes in brown-flecked patches of trodden snow. Winter overpowered the land, clutched it, grew indifferent, and

relinquished it to the hesitant confusions of northern spring. Service berry bushes shook out their scrawny blossoms, and racemes of chokecherries hung acrid. Summer raced forward. Hidden in banks of ragged golden glow, the stream grew pungent with mint; and, almost without interval, chokecherries shone black on branches thin with yellowing leaves, and rose hips flaunted a scarlet challenge. Winds whistled, and cattle ran bellowing to their waterholes.

In this coulee, Mrs. Droove and her son, Havey, took up a homestead. He was not Havey Droove, but Havey Winsor, born to the second of her three husbands, whom Mrs. Droove had divorced. Her third mate was long dead. Winsor still lived—on the other side of the divide, aged and alone, in enmity with his single neighbor. He had been a violent and brutal husband, and Mrs. Winsor a bitter and vindictive wife. Mrs. Droove's entire life had been difficult. Relatives coming west had brought her, orphaned, from the Isle of Man; and at fifteen she had found herself married to an unbalanced creature, who, she said, tied her to a hitching post and horse-whipped her when he felt the need of exercise. She spoke of her past with ironic simplicity, and its horror was alive within her.

Mother and son took possession of a homestead two miles below *The Butte*, where the spring-fed stream widened placidly and offered water for irrigation. Here they built a comely cabin against the rise. East and north before them stretched the valley.

The Droove homesite, cuddled against the rolling bench and dominated, even

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at such distance, by the sheer wall of *The Butte*, stood in a recess. Yet the boulee was so high above the eastward falling valley that the land below it lay open to the sky, in amplitude like the sea's. Loving it, one longed for a human loved one to stand beside him and share the valley's wonder. It had a thousand aspects. In flat light, irregularities of landscape ironed themselves out, and only the mountains on the horizon shone transparent and tenuous, like tissue against the sky. At other times the evening sun set every ridge and pinnacle in golden clarity, swimming above pools of violet light. One privileged to look across the valley might pity others, crowded in cities, and wish they, too, might here relieve their sight from the impact of walls and people.

The two worked hard.

The first year they grubbed out tenacious willows along the creek, to make elbowroom in yard and cow corral. Already Mrs. Droove was planning a church social on the still non-existent lawn. They would have the ladies out, she asserted with defiant shyness. Why not? (Why not she as well as other women, she inwardly demanded.) Association with church seemed to Mrs. Droove the ultimate expression of a unified, consistent life. In religious companionship inhered not only the validity of life, but the significance and dignity of death. To be for once the commanding central figure, toward which all grief, all deference and agitated whisperings converged; to be the unchallenged object of expenditure, full eulogy and tears—this, to Mrs. Droove, was the spirit's final triumphant retort to life's humiliations of the flesh. She did not say this. She said only that, as soon as they got a good lawn started,

they would see to having the church ladies out.

Havey scouted the idea. Nevertheless, with his first leisure, he dug up cottonwoods and placed them amiably as his mother suggested at irregular intervals in the yard—where all but two died.

The second year, they went in debt to fence the lower forty, and bought more steers on time. Their third summer saw the cabin painted, and ground broken for a garden. The fourth year Mrs. Droove planned to buy curtains for the three cabin windows; and a bed—for Havey still slept on a homestuffed mattress over a willow frame. Things went badly for them that year, and they could finance no luxuries. The next year brought more subtle disappointment.

The sixth summer they raised a fine garden. Spring had opened full and sweet, with no June frosts to discourage venturing leaves. By August, Mrs. Droove had the satisfaction of carrying vegetables to her acquaintances in town. She knew the postmistress and the blacksmith's wife. The blacksmith was a gentle-spirited, simple Norwegian, who shod long strings of pack horses for the big sheep outfits when herders were preparing to start their bands into the mountains for summer range. He built new sheepwagons, substantial and diminutive houses set on chasses of discarded automobiles, for herders' ambulatory homes; and wished, as he bent above refractory hoofs, that he had time to raise a garden, like Mrs. Droove, or that his wife cared for gardening as much as for dancing. Mrs. Droove knew the two Mrs. Bents, sisters-in-law, whose husbands ran the chain store next the post-office, but she did not take them vegetables. She avoided them, half-unconsciously, for they were a factor in her

previous summer's discomfiture. She also knew Mrs. Lee, a sweet-faced woman who welcomed her never impatiently, and called to whatever daughters might be within earshot, "Come in, girls, and speak to Mrs. Droove."

Weekly, during the summer flush of garden, Mrs. Droove tramped the three miles to town to carry gifts of vegetables to her acquaintances, and take their gossip in return. She walked with gaunt strength past boulders, lichened orange, black, and soft sage-green, without altering her stride. Her leather-brown face was set straight ahead, with black eyes alert for rattlesnakes among the warm rocks.

Once a week her son also took vegetables to town, always to the same house, Mrs. Lee's. The excited irritability with which he left the ranch quieted into dogged assurance when the first hill cut him from his mother's view, that grew more dogged and less assured when he came in sight of town. As he climbed Mrs. Lee's steps, his muscles, even the muscles of his cheeks, began a curious and unwilling dance. He shook while he waited at the door, until, when it was opened, he could not return Mrs. Lee's greeting: for he loved her eldest daughter.

He loved the girl, yet he had never spoken to her, not even to answer her careless, "Good morning," when she passed him on the street, or to return her salutation, if it was she who opened the door to his knock. He could not command his speech quickly, and she always passed quickly, and was gone; or called quickly to her mother, and turned away with the bright, slender carrots and white-and-green onions, exclaiming charmingly over them as she disappeared. Yet, hopeless and compelled, every Saturday he must leave his meager

fields, change his sweated garments for others more formally pathetic, and make pilgrimage to her home. Sometimes, as the door opened, scurry of footsteps died in remote closes of the house, and laughter hushed itself. This girl, thought of whom agitated him like water under wind, had sisters jesting and high-spirited, moved facilely to privileged derision.

Because at each visit he turned away emptied of everything but intolerable need, Havey began to loiter in town to catch glimpses of the girl. He delayed longer and longer each week, trembling more violently at sight of her when he remembered that frosts were imminent, to blight all gardens.

He carried her the last of the late peas one September morning; and the next Saturday, out of a moon-sodden night, with burning eyes and pale face he edged for the first time into the village dance-hall. Thereafter, each Saturday night he sat and watched Amelia Lee dance past him with this partner or that. If her skirt brushed his knees, he shook until his feet chattered on the floor, and persons near him turned to look.

Mrs. Droove learned from the postmistress that Havey was attending the dances. She was bewildered at a turn, on his part, at once extravagant and out of character. If on Sunday morning as they breakfasted, her comment circled the subject of dancing, his twitching hand would spill black coffee on the bare planks of their table, and he would shake uncontrollably. She learned to remain silent. She walked to town at longer intervals, now, since her garden gave no further occasion for going. Friends were thoughtful of her isolation when she appeared, and shared the neighborhood news . . . A new minister was coming—young, folks said . . .

The Frontier

Cal Rimes and the barber had gone hunting the day before the season opened, and each got a deer. Cal's wife told it, before he remembered to tell her not to, and now they were both scared . . . The Duffy kid tried to run away, but came limpin' home after a week in the hills, looking pretty peaked . . . Amelia Lee was going steady with 'Gene Parker.

Because she liked Mrs. Lee, and thoughts of her were pleasant ones, Mrs. Droove dwelt longest on Mrs. Lee and Amelia when she recounted to her son the gossip of the day. She speculated on 'Gene's prospects with the girl, whether she would ever marry him, and where they might live; and was perturbed because, even while she was seeking to divert Havey with transient and indifferent matters, he became a stranger before her eyes, withdrawn into quivering solitude. When she persisted, in her nervousness enlarging on what came easiest to her lips, he would frighten her by the violence of his agitation, and rise, and quit the house.

During the seventh spring, after much argument, Mrs. Droove persuaded Havey that they couldn't hope to make it on cattle alone. It was difficult to hold Havey's attention to anything, that spring, but at last he drove around to the nearest sheep outfits, and came back with eleven lambs. Before the lambing season was over he had increased his orphan band to twenty, and Mrs. Droove began to feel reassured. Now, though an exceptional summer might burn them brown, or winter level snow around them for uninterrupted months; with a few cattle, a few sheep for Havey to shear by hand, a dozen pigs, a little grain and hay; with chickens, turkeys and geese, they could always live. Havey liked

the sheep. When the lambs were weaned, he took them to the coulees to feed. Coyotes might snatch an occasional turkey, but never a lamb. Havey watched from the hill, carrying his rifle all day, and folding his band each night.

Everything seemed to promise well for the Drooves, except . . . Something had come into the valley, something that watched. Havey felt its eyes upon him as he herded sheep, though all he might see, when he looked cautiously around, would be a coyote in the distance, or a "picket-pin" reared on its haunches, paws adroop, listening. Eyes were upon him as he mended fence, and the startled whistle of marmots told him that they, too, were aware and on their guard. Activity, secret and adroit, went forward while time hung suspended; expectant in the night, unremitting through heavy afternoons.

The valley was no longer a place where loved ones might be brought for healing, but a region sinister and remote, where men had been and men no longer were. Something lived in the valley that did not let itself be seen. Eyes searching for it, furtive or terror-wide, saw only the coyote, curiously urbane in his wilderness, or rabbits humping themselves to small grey boulders as they subsided among rocks. Ears heard only the shrill marmots that flattened their loose bodies to scoot for cover, the quarrel of magpies with despondent crows, or the staccato crackle of grasshoppers.

Havey tried to inform his mother of this presence. As lengthening evenings gave them more time together, hesitatingly and without furtherance from her, but more and more insistently, Havey tried to tell her of something in the valley whose purpose was undecipherable but sure. Both were tortured. His

torment was that, being sick, he could not pass the barrier of her preconceptions, or waken in her a question whether here might not be something real, beyond all his sickness created. Even when he haltingly conceded his plight, that, by conceding it, he might set it aside and engage her attention for other issues, she defeated him by pretended acquiescence, soothing and humoring him. His earnestness could make no headway, and he was frustrated and impotent, unutterably prevented and estopped. She bore with his exasperation patiently, holding it a symptom of his mental sickness, and tortured him the more.

Her torment was that love itself could not follow the beloved into unreality.

She tried to divert Havey from imagined things by present planning. They might buy chairs. Next spring, if things went right, they might buy chairs and have the long-deferred lawn social.

So far they possessed only homemade willow chairs with woolen cushions stuffed with goosefeathers. Nightly, after the chores were done, mother and son rested each in his homely chair. In the garments of their day's labor, sweated and soiled, they sat and rested. Mrs. Droove thought of the Brent women when she looked at the two chairs. When the Brents were newcomers, twittering and eager, affable to everyone until they should get their bearings, the two women had called on Mrs. Droove. They came one hot day when Mrs. Droove and Havey were shelling peas for canning, and made a great commotion about their jaunt. Mrs. Droove greeted them somberly, yielding her chair and seating herself on the bed, while Havey offered his seat

to the younger woman and dropped to the doorstep. The guests wriggled with polite restraint and exchanged glances. They might as well have wrinkled their noses and said aloud that the cushions were not clean. They chatted and laughed effusively, but refused tea, and left early. Mrs. Droove knew they would mention their call to the postmistress, and look knowing, and come no more.

She did not discuss the women with Havey. Their superciliousness was a dry burr that attached itself to the garment of life. But she remembered them when she talked to him about the chairs they must buy, and turned pages of thick mail-order catalogs before his indifferent eyes to beguile his inner distress. She searched her mind for gossip . . . they were talking about building a telephone line into town . . . the Jacksons got starved out on the bench—had to pull up stakes and hit for the coast . . . Mrs. Lee said the Ladies' Aid was raising money to paint the church as soon as the weather got good, making rag rugs. They wanted to get it painted before the big wedding—Amelia Lee was going to marry 'Gene Parker in May.

Talking fast against the terrifying collapse of Havey's muscles, she expatiated on the approaching wedding.

Maybe, she added as an afterthought, if they could get hold of a little extra money in time, they might have some kind of a church doings at the ranch even if it wasn't a lawn social, to help out with the painting money. It was nice, working for the church. It made you feel you belonged to something. She liked being part of things. Even if some of the church women was a little stuck-up and hity-tity, everyday,

look how quick they was to help when anybody died. Just to be around a funeral made her feel better; the women, even the swellest of them, and the minister and all, bowed over the casket, stepping soft, trying to make the dead one understand how they felt: that he was the important one, now, not them. People needed church, if only because everybody had to die, sometime; and she'd like to do something for the church, and for Amelia.

Her son's malady grew worse. His inexplicable torment filled Mrs. Droove with stolid anguish. It frightened her to see his incessant trembling, and worried her to have him in the hills alone, carrying his rifle. He would sit staring at it across his knees, fondling it and whispering. If she tried to persuade him to leave it behind when he went out, he would answer evasively that there were rabbits, or ducks; and if she insisted, protesting that one didn't hunt ducks with a rifle, and that he couldn't come within range of them on the prairie lakes, anyway, he would make querulous and irrelevant retort. The rabbits were diseased, he said; and walked out to shoot one near the fence. It lay through the shortening days, shrunken to a wind-ruffled pelt. Havey no longer stood on the hill gazing across the valley or toward the unresponsive butte, but, shaken and mournful, stared down at the forlorn body of the rabbit.

Fleetingly consciousness would shadow Mrs. Droove's mind, of Havey's dependence on her. If anything happened to her . . . She would come to seek him where he stood motionless and powerless to move, and take his arm to lead him to the house. His dark eyes would stare strangely into her

troubled dark ones with wordless questioning.

She wondered whether it might not be well for Havey to leave the ranch for a time, but at her first suggestion of such change, he shrank from her, terrified, whispering, "Not the sheriff!" She realized with dismay that he was more fully aware of his condition than she had supposed. From that time, in spite of all her reassurances, he lived in apprehension that the sheriff was waiting, momentarily, to take him away.

Other matters worried Mrs. Droove. She was no longer wholly well. She, who had been sound with nature's soundness, was recurrently sickened. The vagueness of new trouble agitated her. Queer things began to happen. Her turkeys that had started life with feathered sturdiness, and ranged wide, began to die. By twos and threes they dropped. It occurred to her that the stream might be polluted, although stock was barred from the springs, and no living thing could bog down in their shallow depth. The possibility that their one wholesome and assured possession might fail them seemed more appalling than harvest hail or winter blizzard. Mrs. Droove determined to walk to the foot of *The Butte*, some evening, to investigate the water supply. She would have Havey milk early, so she could make the trip and be back before dark.

But that evening no cow came tinkling its desultory bell into the corral. Havey had not been himself, all day; but against his mother's protest, he insisted on hunting bossie-bell until long after dark. She was preparing to look for him and insist on his leaving his search until daylight, when he stumbled into the cabin, all hold on rationality gone. "It watches me," he whispered, eyes unsee-

ing with terror. His mother worked long to quiet him, and at last he slept, but even in sleep he babbled of eyes watching him, and others watching them.

He was still sleeping when Mrs. Droove left the cabin, the next morning, to hunt for the cow. She decided to go first to the head of the coulee, to examine the springs. She swung west over the hill which, on townward trips she was accustomed to skirt. From its crest, looking toward *The Butte*, she was surprised to see an unfamiliar, fairly defined trail leading from the head of the coulee toward *The Butte's* southern slope. Still puzzling over the origin of this trail, she came on the body of the cow. From its bloated side two legs thrust upward, patient and obscene.

Mrs. Droove did not delay, but pressed forward, intent on what was ahead.

The quaking asp thicket, torn wide, revealed the stream's defilement. What had been concealed there cared no longer for concealment, or had been withdrawn in haste. A cone of earth, fallen away, retained the circular impression of a still. Wooden vats—seven—eight—thirteen—filled the space once enclosed by trees and tangled thicket. They were heavy rectangular bins filled with deliquescent mash. Flies swarmed, and odors rose. In the mash, flattened like flying squirrels, coarse-haired groundhogs lay tawny and half-submerged. An unlucky porcupine showed its quills above the grey surface of the central vat. Mrs. Droove recalled hearing 'shiners complain that staying awake nights to scare off the groundhogs was the hardest part of their job. Cracks yawned in the drying containers, spilling a trickle of filth to the springs below. Boards were bulging away under the weight they bore, yielding the caked

mess slowly to the water. The stench was forbidding.

Mrs. Droove plodded around, humanly interested in the unusual size of the layout, but more anxiously concerned for the threat to her water supply. If the vats were emptied where they stood, the stream would be useless for months. If they were left standing, the ruin would be only more gradual and prolonged. They were too heavy to remove. She felt a thrust of humor and appreciation at the 'shiner's lean-to built into the side of an earth-bank, so roofed with dirt and young growth, that she had stood almost inside its door before she detected it. Timbers were scattered around. A length of garden hose was coiled under the foot-plank that spanned the spring, and a rusty stove lay overturned. Commanding every approach, in a cradle of twisted willows was a cushioned rest, half chair, half bed. Beside it hung a battered lantern, and under it straggled three tangled pairs of discarded overalls.

Sunlight slanted into the coulee before Mrs. Droove realized that morning must be well on its way. She had not intended to be gone so long. She thought uneasily of Havey, fearing that he might waken, alone, and leave the house. Suddenly she stopped short, as understanding flooded her. There *had* been eyes, that watched him. For weeks there had been a presence, furtive and alert, that his nervously quickened senses felt. Even last night there might have been a person, actual and alive, who intercepted him. She walked homeward, hurrying, wondering if this new, exciting business at the spring, with the work it entailed and the explanation it provided, might not catch Havey's attention, and bring him back to himself. Above her latent anxiety she felt a repossession of hope;

and even when she reverted to the problem of their water supply, a lifting of life's monotony, and a surge of anticipation at this unique difficulty confronting them. Her thoughts ran ahead to the town women, listening while she described . . . some of them might want to walk out and see. The minister—a sermon, maybe . . . then returned to the nearer anxiety for her son. It flashed upon her with instant conviction that the sheriff had been at the spring, and her throat swelled with an aching eagerness to find Havey quickly, and reassure him, and explain.

From the top of the hill she saw him standing in the doorway of the cabin, and her relief was almost gay-spirited as she ran toward him. Words died in her dry mouth as she came nearer. He threatened her with his rifle, and barred her entrance as she approached the house.

"Keep back," he muttered.

She did not fear for herself. She wondered only what were best for him. His muscles were no longer twitching, and his eyes, though infinitely tired, were steady. To force her way past him might excite him unnecessarily. Acquiescence seemed best.

"I will dig some parsnips," she answered casually. "Hand me a pan."

Since he made no motion to comply, she lifted the rusty washbasin from its nail beside the door, and turned toward the garden.

She was straining over her spade when she heard the shot.

He lay sprawling on the floor.

She ran to the village, screaming, but when questioners hurried to meet her, she had no breath to speak.

They buried Havey from the dance-hall.

The minister who consigned the body to dust was a stranger, a young man, and bothered. He stammered valiantly, setting both God and Havey in a favorable light. The funeral was well attended. The Christians who had barred the body from their church were not indifferent to its final rites.

"It was a *lovely* service," reiterated the postmistress to the Mrs. Bents, as they lingered outside the door. "It was a *lovely* service, and I'm sorry, since Mrs. Droove took on so about it, that we couldn't have had the funeral at the church. But I say again, as I've said before, to do that would be to just overlook all distinction between corpses. And we've *got* to recognize distinction between corpses, or what's religion for?"

BEFORE WISDOM

BY CAROL EGLAND

Among the candle flames, rainbow prodigal,
I laughed, and lit my candle at the nearest gleam.

Beloved,
Through fading smoke I see your crystal flame;
Through tears, the countering shade of Fate.

SPRING MOVING

BY MAUD E. USCHOLD

Now Spring is come,
And it is Spring;
The chickens cluck,
The bluebirds sing,

And farmers bounce
Their lumpy loads
Over the humpy
Rutted roads,

With bed and baggage,
From farm to farm,
Where the same work waits
The same brown arm.

For the winds blow strong
And the sap runs free,
And the cow's new calf
Bawls at her knee;

The frisky colt
Kicks up his heels,
For this is the time
Of rolling wheels;

The wind has left
The gelid north,
And a man must move
And the leaf come forth.

RENT FARMER

BY MAUD E. USCHOLD

The moment frost withdrew from his lean fields
He put the share to them, driven by fear
And hunger of the mind, aches more severe
Than belly hunger. Courting its scant yields,
He turned and turned again the sour soil,
And blindly hoped this year the saving rain
Would come; for should it fail the thirsty grain
He and his folk might starve for all their toil.
The drought gripped while the grain was in the milk
And sucked the substance from the simmering ears.
He cursed the drought, the farm, and all his ilk;
Through, he was through; damn all the wasted years.

While he played cards in town and cursed the heat,
His wife in silence reaped the ten-cent wheat.

BYWAY ORCHARD

BY PHYLLIS B. MORDEN

Captious April passed by these
Gnarled and unlovely trees,
Hidden in a tangled press
Of moss and brambles. Fruitfulness
Comes to branches green and lusty:
These gray boughs toss in the gusty

Air of springtime, and implore,
Plaintively, one blooming more.
And April, pausing in the cold,
Hangs upon one tree, apart,
Five bells of ivory and gold
That wake old echoes in the heart.

PLAGIARISM

BY MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

HE was funny about it. I could hardly get him to show me the letter at first, then he wouldn't talk about anything else.

I had just finished dictating the last installment of a serial for *Big Western Tales* when he came in, without knocking, the way he always did. I could tell right away by his face that something had happened. "You can go now, Miss Beale," I said. "Just get that off to Russell today," I said, "and wire him it's coming." Getting three and four cents a word like I did, even then, when I wasn't as well known as I am now, I had to cater to the editors a little.

"Well," I said, "Windsor, what's on your mind? Have a smoke."

"Falconer," he kept saying in a funny voice. "Falconer."

He wouldn't sit down, and he kept on walking up and down the room, kicking the waste-basket every time he passed it.

"All right," I said. "I know something's happened. Spit it out."

I had always been kind of interested in the little cuss. He would never have been what you'd rightly call a big writer—like Zane Grey or Harold Bell Wright or even like me, for instance. For one thing, he fiddled too long with the darn things. Every word had to be just so. And then he never really had any *story* to his stuff, that I could see. Just a lot of people doing things that everybody does, kind of living around on paper, and some deep point in psychology or something mixed up with it that wouldn't mean a thing to Mr. Average Reader. And you've got to hit Mr. Average Reader right between the eyes, rub his nose in it and make him

like it, if you expect to get into the big money class.

I told Windsor that the first time I met him. When he told me he was a writer—"trying to write," he put it—I asked him right away where his stuff had appeared. Well, I'm darned if I ever heard of any of the places he mentioned. He acted like he was mighty proud of some of them, but I could see he was just trying to hold his end up and put a front on. Hell, I could see right away he'd never once made any of the big fellows, the ones that pay anything. I doubt if he'd ever got more than a cent a word in his life.

"Ever try any of the pulps?" I asked him, just to see what he would say. He tried to make out he didn't even know what I meant. But I called his bluff, and just rattled off half a dozen names of the places I've been getting my stuff in ever since I quit the range.

"No," he says, "no. I never tried any of them, I'm sure."

"Let's see some of your stuff," I said. "I can tell right away if you've got the makings."

So he asked me to come up to the house some night, me and the wife, and we did. Met his wife then—funny little thing she is. Kind of sloppy dressed when you first look at her, and yet somehow she isn't. No looks, but she's got a nice smile. And anybody could see she just thought Edward G. Windsor was the second coming. She ran a public stenography office in town, so he got his typing done free, anyway.

"I made Edward leave that office job of his," she said that first evening we met. "It was killing him. He's a writer

and he's going to get a chance to write as long as I can earn anything."

"Let that be a lesson to you, big girl," I says, sort of kidding, to the wife when we were driving home afterwards. "I bet *she* never grabs his first royalties for a new fur coat."

"She couldn't buy a fur handkerchief with *his* royalties, I guess," Gladys shot back at me. She didn't like it any too much, I could see that.

Well, anyway, you'd think people like that would be sort of high-hat and queer; I've noticed that sometimes about these guys that go in for upstage literature. But the Windsors weren't that way at all. I liked them both, right off. Gladys didn't cotton to them much, so we never saw much of Mrs. W.; just Ed himself would come down and chin with me. I must have queered things, kidding Gladys like that.

He was a funny one, all right. I remember one time I said to him, "Well, what *are* you trying to do? Make *The Universal* and *The Friday Morning Mail* with your stuff?"

"Lord, no," he says, kind of flushing. "I can't write that way."

"Not good enough for you, maybe," I kidded him. "Well, what *is* your big idea?"

"Some day," he says, "I hope I'll be good enough for—" and then he rattled out a string of names, and I swear to God, some of them I never heard of before, and there's not one of the bunch would pay more than \$300 for a story. And here's this goof thinking it would be heaven on earth to write for them. I had to laugh, when I thought how Remington of *Ghastly Stories* paid me \$2500 flat for the last short I did for them. But I kept my face as straight as I could.

"Well," I says, "here's hoping you make it. Good luck to you, my boy," I said.

So when he really did make one of them—*Martin's Monthly*, it was—he came rushing right over to tell me. Believe it or not, they didn't even have a phone in that joint of theirs. The first night I was there, I kept lifting up dinky little jugs and vases and things, every time thinking one of them was hiding the phone or covering it. I had told Miss Beale to phone me there about a wire I was expecting, never having heard of anyone before that lived without any phone in the house at all.

"I made *Martin's*!" he comes yelping in, no hat on and his hair all blowing and his face all red.

"Well, that's fine, Ed," I said. "Put her there. We'll have a snifter on that. How much'd it come to?"

"About four thousand, I think," he says.

"What—*dollars*?" I fairly yelled. I thought for a second I'd been missing a real bet.

"What—oh, no, I thought you meant how many words!" He laughed like he was surprised. "The check was for \$140," he said.

"Three and a half cents," I said. "Not so hot." But I didn't want to make him feel bad, so I shut up about it and poured the drinks.

Well, about eight months from then they printed this story, and you'd have thought a baby was being born, the fuss that went on at Windsors'. It almost slew Gladys; she used to take off Mrs. Windsor at her bridge parties, fit to kill you. "Oh," she'd say in a funny kind of voice, "did you know Edward has a story in this month's *Martin's*? Yes, isn't it *wonderful*?"

The Frontier

It was only about two weeks after this that Ed came rushing in that day, all fussed up and sick in the stomach about something. I could see it right off that something was eating him. Finally about the thousandth time he kicked the wastebasket, I said, "Come on now, Ed, get it out. What's up?"

So then he pulled this letter out of his pocket and handed it to me without a word. He turned his back on me and stood and looked out of the window.

The letter was from the editor of this *Martin's Magazine*, and I can't remember exactly how it ran. Anyway, it was to the effect that they were very much shocked to get a letter from one of their readers saying that this story of Windsor's was nothing but a plagiarism of some story by a guy I'd never heard of. "Even the characterization is the same," they said. I remember that part, because that's what seemed to get him most.

"Even the characterization! Good God!" he kept saying in a kind of dry whisper.

"Well, how about it?" I asked. I couldn't see such an awful lot in that. I've had 'em ride me harder than that, plenty, and I just tell 'em where to get off and shoot out another that curls their hair.

"My God," he says, "I never even read this thing they're talking about. I've heard of it, but I never read it."

"Well, tell them so," I says.

"What good is my unsupported word? They don't know me," he groaned. "Falconer, I went down to the library this morning and read that story. And, great God, it *is* like mine, though I'd never seen it before! And the characterization *is* the same, because it's the same

sort of character. I'm ruined, Falconer, ruined!"

He sat down like he was tired and buried his face in his hands. I could see his right index finger all smeared with green—he always wrote in green ink.

"Ella's sick," he says, kind of muffled, between his hands, "just sick."

"You mean she's sick anyway, or just over this?" I asked.

He looked at me kind of blank, as if there wasn't anything else in world anyone *could* get sick over.

"Well, look here," I said finally, when he'd groaned all that was good for him. "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go right down to a notary's office, and you take affidavit that you never read this yarn by this Whoozis in all your born days. And I'll take one, too, to go with it—even this *Martin's* fellow must have heard of me—saying that I know you never read it."

"How can you know that, except just my say-so?" he says. But he cheered up some and got out of the chair right away, all set to go.

"I'll tell 'em I've known you for years and that your word is unimpeachable," I told him. "That's a ten-dollar word, son, 'unimpeachable.' You watch; we'll fix 'em."

Well, we did, I guess, for he got a letter back from this man, sort of stiff, but polite enough, saying that it was a very remarkable coincidence, but that such things could happen, and for the present he would take Windsor's word for it and not expose him to anybody else, and it ended up, "Write us another story as good as that one, one that nobody can accuse you of having plagiarized, and we'll not only end this discus-

sion in your favor, but we'll be delighted to publish it in *Martin's*."

"There, now, Ed, you're all set," I told him. "All you've got to do is turn out another masterpiece, and you're fixed for life. You'll be a regular contributor to *Martin's* before you know it. This may be the luckiest thing that ever happened to you, know that, my boy?"

"Well, I'd like to think so," he said, with a kind of pale smile. "I don't feel much up to work just this minute, but I'll get on my feet again in a few days. And I'll show them! You watch me! Ella feels just the same way about it that you do. I've had a story bothering me for days, anyway, that was just made for *Martin's*."

That's the funny way he always used to talk—about stories "bothering" him till he wrote them. Hell, they never bother *me*!

I didn't see Windsor for about two weeks after that, and then one night I decided to drop over there and see how he was getting along, Gladys having gone to spend the week-end with her mother. Mrs. W. opened the door for me, and I could see right away she was worried. I'm always psychic that way; I guess it's what makes me a fictioneer.

"Edward's having a difficult time," she whispered to me in the hall. "Maybe you can cheer him up a little."

When I got in the living-room, Windsor was all hunched up over his writing-table. He had a pen in his hand and some paper in front of him, but there wasn't a word written on it.

"Well, son," I said, "how's she coming?"

He looked up at me and his face looked dreadful, as if he hadn't slept for a week.

"Falconer," he kind of croaked, "I'm done for!"

"What do you mean, done for?" I asked him.

"I'm afraid to write! Every time I put a sentence down, I think, 'My God, suppose somebody else wrote that first?' Every time an idea comes to me, I wonder if it isn't just something I've read somewhere."

"You've got the heebie-jeebies," I said. "Don't let 'em get your goat, big boy. You know what you've read and what you haven't."

"Yes, but I hadn't read that other story—I swear it—and yet look what happened. And besides, you know how the subconscious mind works."

"Now, don't get any of that psychology rot into your head," I said, soothing him all I could. "That won't do you any good; it's just something that gives the college profs a living, and no concern of yours."

"But it's true," he answered me right back. "Your conscious mind forgets things, but your subconscious mind never forgets. And when you're morally sure a thought is original with you, it may very possibly be something you read long ago and have completely forgotten."

"If that was true," I laughed, "we'd all be taking in each other's washing to the end of time. There wouldn't be any new stories. And besides, there's only so many story situations in the world anyway, and every story has to come from them. I forgot how many there are, but I know I read that in a book once."

"See?" he says sort of wildly. "You forget, but you can bet your subconscious mind remembers how many there

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are! Besides, that applies to plot stories, not to my kind."

"All right, then," I said. "Why don't you drop your kind and try your hand at plot stories, where nobody cares who said it before as long as it's got a fresh twist?"

"I can't—that's artificial," he says, "I've got to depict life or not write at all."

"Then I guess you'll have to not write at all," I cut him short, and turned on my heel and walked out on him. It made me pretty sore. I may be artificial, but my wife doesn't have to earn my living, and I can afford a living-room rug without a hole in it.

But when I got outside I began feeling sorry again for the poor little devil. I realized he didn't mean anything against me; he was just upset. So I turned around and walked back again.

I thought he'd apologize or else be mad, but he acted like he didn't know I'd gone. His wife was out in the kitchen making coffee for him—I could hear her. He was just sitting there still, staring at that empty paper.

"Listen," I said, putting my hand on his shoulder. "You're in no shape to do any new work just now. Haven't you got some old things put away that you can kind of revamp and send to this *Martin's* guy?"

"Oh, yes, I've got plenty of them," he said, in a kind of sarcastic tone.

"Well, aren't any of them any good? You told me once your best stories were the rejected ones." I said that just to cheer him up; that kind of statement is pure bosh, and I can prove it. If I can't sell a story on ten times out, Miss Beale can have it for scratch paper; I *know* it's on the bum.

"Oh, yes, they're good," he says, in

the same sarcastic way. "But what of it? They may be plagiarized just the same. I don't dare to send anything out. I'm through."

"It's your nerves," I said. "You oughtn't to drink so much black coffee. You give yourself a rest for a while, and you'll get over this. Do something else."

"I've got something to do," he says, kind of funny. "I'm going to start tomorrow."

So I called out goodnight to Mrs. W., and beat it. I was in the middle of some work myself, and I didn't think about him for a week or so. Then Miss Beale told me there was a lady wanted me on the phone. It was Mrs. Windsor, calling from her public stenography office.

"Could I stop by and see you on my way home tonight?" she said. "I want to tell you something."

"Sure," I told her. "My secretary will be right here, if my wife isn't."

"Oh, that!" she says, and kind of laughed. Both those Windsors were half goofy, I always thought, though you couldn't help liking them.

I asked Miss Beale to stay a while over-time, and Mrs. W. turned up about half-past six. She wouldn't even sit down—just beckoned me into the hall where Miss Beale couldn't listen in.

"I'm worried," she said, "and I don't know what to do."

"What's wrong?" I asked. Ed still fussing over whether he wrote his own stuff?"

"He can't write!" she said. She acted like it was a major tragedy, though she'd brought nearly all the money into the house for goodness knows how long.

"Oh, he'll get over it," I consoled her. "He just got a shock, and he isn't over it yet. Listen—do you know what I'd do in your place? I'd pick out one of

those old stories of his, make a fresh copy of it, and send it out somewhere—maybe not to *Martin's*, but to one of those other outfits he's written stuff for. If he sold one story without any trouble, he'd get over the whole business."

"Oh, do you think I ought to do that?" she said, very doubtfully. "He wouldn't like it, I'm sure. And he's so strange lately. That night you were over, he told me he was going down to the library and stay there every day till he'd read every first-class piece of fiction in it, to make sure none of them had any ideas or characters of his in them. Then he laughed as if he was out of his mind, and said, 'That would be a great way to give the old subconscious plenty of plagiarism fodder.' Mr. Falconer, I'm frightened."

"You needn't be. Old Ed isn't a fool, and he's got a backbone. He isn't going down under just one lick, like that. Say, why don't you let him go back for a year or so to an office job, like he had before? Sort of get all this out of his system so he can start in again from scratch, and maybe pile up a little stake to go on, too."

"I'd hate that," she says. "We worked and saved and planned for years to give him his chance. I know we don't look it, Mr. Falconer, but we're both over forty. I don't know that Edward could even get a job any more, and if he did it would be the end; he'd never have the courage to start again."

Catch Gladys telling a man her age like that! She's right—Mrs. Windsor hasn't any too good sense, but I couldn't help feeling kind of sorry for her, anyway—for them both.

"Well," I said, "if you won't do that, you try my other plan. Pick out some magazine he's always sure fire with—it

doesn't matter if it pays half a cent a word—and send them something of his. All he needs is something to give him confidence again."

"I'll think about it," she said, and then she left. I thought it was a swell plan; I still think it was, in spite of everything. You can't count on the reactions of a nut, that's all.

Just by pure dumb luck I was in at the finish. I didn't even know if Mrs. Windsor had decided to take my advice or not. But July 30th was Ed's birthday, and his wife asked Gladys and I over for a little celebration. He was so glum she was trying to put some life in him, I guess. He was just mooning around and looking at blank pages of paper and bellyaching, from all I could make out.

Gladys got out of it, in a way I didn't like a bit, pretending she was sick instead of sacrificing just one evening for those poor devils; so I got mad and said I was going whether she did or not, and I went alone. I knew they wouldn't have much of a birthday party with just themselves, and I swear I never saw anybody else around there but me. Ed seemed to take to me first time we met, but they didn't seem to have another friend in the world—just casual acquaintances and the girls that worked for Mrs. W. in her office.

Ed started right in on his old song and dance while Mrs. W. was out fixing the dinner.

"I'm through, Falconer," he kept saying. "I've come to the conclusion that I've never had an original thought in my life—just a trick of style that's deceived poor Ella and made a fool of me."

"Who has?" I came back at him. "The only original ideas are locked up

in asylums. Now, listen, son, this is your birthday, and we're going to forget your troubles. I brought you a present—here, gargle some of that and see how long you can stay blue."

He tried to cheer up, then, but I could see it was just on the surface. About the third drink he told me he'd been walking the streets for three weeks trying to get an office job again, and everybody'd turned him down because he was too old.

"I could have kept my old job forever if I hadn't left," he said. "But they don't want me back now, after two years. What a fool, Falconer, what a fool! Perhaps even my style—no, damn it, I know that's my own! But how do I know? Perhaps that's caught, too, from some author whose very name I've forgotten. Edward G. Windsor, plagiarist—in person. I had a letter yesterday from the editor of *Martin's*, Falconer. It was quite cordial, but I could read between the lines—'If you didn't plagiarize that story, why can't you send us another one as good, and above suspicion?' And I can't write a word!"

Then Mrs. W. said dinner was ready and we talked about other things, and kidded a bit all around, and I thought everything was getting normal and cheerful again. Then over the coffee—he drank three cups, I noticed, and every minute he wasn't eating or drinking he was smoking cigarettes half-way down and then killing them—she sprung her big surprise.

"Edward, dear," she says, reaching under the table for something, "I've got a lovely gift for your birthday."

"Oh, Lord, Ella," he kind of groaned, "don't you do enough for me?"

"But you'll love this. And I wanted Mr. Falconer here to see you get it, be-

cause it was by his advice I—I secured it for you."

She pulled a magazine out of her lap, opened it where a page had been turned down, and passed it over to him. It was one of those arty things he used to write for all the time—one of the kind that pays on publication, if you can call it pay.

Windsor just sat there and looked at it kind of dumb, without saying a word. His face was about the color of library paste.

After a minute he moistened his lips with his tongue and then he said in a dry, grating voice, "'Ecstasy,' by Edward G. Windsor. I never sent them this."

"No, dear," says his wife, "I did. Mr. Falconer advised me to, to give you confidence again. I never told you, and I hid the letter of acceptance. It seems just like a miracle that the story came out just on your birthday."

Suddenly he jumped to his feet and slammed the magazine down on the floor, hard.

"Didn't I tell you I can't write?" he screeched in a high, squeaky tone. "Don't you understand that every word I write may be plagiarized? Do you realize what you've exposed me to? Oh, my God, my God!"

"Why—Edward—Edward—" murmured Mrs. Windsor, like she was stunned.

I couldn't say a word.

And he kept going on with this tirade, gasping for breath every minute.

"And Falconer advised you—*Falconer*! Oh, Ella, you fool, you fool! What have you done to me?"

"Easy, Windsor," I said quietly. "Your wife isn't to blame. And nobody's done anything to you except out

of kindness and affection. Have you gone completely crazy?"

That seemed to shut him up. He gulped once or twice, then he clenched his fists and calmed down.

"Sorry," he said. "I'm not used to drinking. I didn't mean to be offensive. Don't cry, Ella. It's all right. You two go on eating. I'll just go in the living-room a few minutes and get control of myself."

He walked out of the room as if his legs were stiff. I watched him through the door, but he just switched on the light and sat down quietly at his writing-table.

"See," I reported to Mrs. Windsor in a whisper. "That's what he needed—one good explosion to get it out of his system. Believe it or not, he's writing."

She dried her eyes and tiptoed over to look, too. Then we both sat down, giggling like a pair of kids after the excitement, and ate Ed's birthday cake and cut a piece for him later on.

We didn't like to interrupt him if he had really started working again, so we stayed there till he came back to the door. He had his hat and overcoat on.

"I'm just going out to mail some letters," he said.

"Why, Edward," his wife objected, "Mr. Falconer can mail them on his way home. Don't go out now and leave us."

"There's a collection at nine; I want to catch it," he said, calm and self-possessed as he hadn't been for weeks. "I'm

sorry, Ella, for making that scene. You've always been so good to me, dear: I love you."

She laughed kind of shaky when she heard the front door close. "That's quite a valedictory for a man who's just going to the corner mail-box," she said . . .

That was the last time either of us ever saw or heard of him. He mailed the letters all right, and then he just disappeared. Mrs. Windsor is still waiting for him, but it's five years now and it's not likely he isn't dead.

She found out about the letters. One was to the magazine she had sent that story to, saying that he felt it on his conscience to tell them that he'd plagiarized it, that all his work had been plagiarized from the beginning. The other was to *Martin's*, saying that the reader was right, that story they'd printed was plagiarized from the one they'd said it was. He advised them to "expose" him, so as to keep him from "voluntarily or involuntarily" plagiarizing anybody's stories in the future. Both magazines printed the letters; that's how she found out.

And yet I'll take my oath that the day Edward Windsor came over to show me that accusation, he had never in his life read the story he was supposed to have plagiarized.

People are funny, and don't I know it. And the funniest of the whole lot, take it from me, are the ones in the writing game.

DURING MUSIC

BY MARY BRENNAN CLAPP

This is perhaps enough for joyance,
That now and then the restless soul may know
All its distressful care and sorrow
Submerged in beauty transiently aglow.

THE OPEN RANGE

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

UP THE LOCHSA RIVER

BY SPENCER BRIDGMAN LANE

IN the spring of 1909, I finished the first two years of my course in Civil Engineering. Looking back from a perspective of twenty-two years, I can see that I was the victim of the youthful fear that I might miss something. But at the time, I had a subconscious idea that all the really important development work might be finished before I graduated from school.

At that time James J. Hill controlled a system which included the Northern Pacific railroad. E. H. Harriman controlled another system which included the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Co. They were each striving for new territory. I got a job on the Northern Pacific, and was sent to join one of several parties which were making a survey for a new railroad up one side of a river in Idaho. Some O. R. & N. parties were running their line on the opposite side. In those days the Interstate Commerce Commission did not have to be consulted. The first railroad to file a complete survey secured the right to build, if there was only room for one road, which was the case on this river.

Late one June afternoon I reported to the engineer in charge of the work in a small town at the junction of the Middle Fork and the South Fork. He told me to get a saddle horse at the livery stable the next morning and ride up to camp with the pack train, which was to leave at seven o'clock. I didn't know anything about either saddle horses or pack trains, but I wanted to be one of these men who were doing things, to be part of the picture instead of an observer, so I tried to take the order as a matter of course and to appear as if I had been doing that sort of thing for years.

The owner of a vivid imagination always does a great deal of needless work. I worried a good deal that night as to how

I would saddle my horse, but when I got to the stable in the morning I found that he was already saddled and waiting for me. By watching one of the packers mount his horse I discovered that this should be done from the left side. As soon as I was in my saddle I realized that Mack, the head packer, had been watching me.

Mack was long and rangy. He looked to be about two sizes too large for the horse he was riding. He wore blue overalls covered with leather chaps, a flannel shirt which had once been red, and an old battered felt hat. His hair and mustache were in the process of turning from black to gray, and he had apparently been too busy to bother with a razor for four or five days. When I glanced at him his brown eyes seemed to smile approval, and he started his horse.

"Might as well ride with me and keep out of the dust," he said, so I joined him and we led the train out of town.

A gray mare, with a bell fastened to her neck followed us. Behind her, in single file, came some thirty mules, each carrying a large load roped to a pack saddle and covered with a paulin. Behind the mules rode two men, Mack's assistant packers. As I looked back over my shoulder I felt that I had found what I was looking for, a part in the work of the world.

We left the town, crossed a low neck of land, and came to a ferry across the Middle Fork. It was the first time I had seen a ferry which used the force of the current to move it across the river. Two boats, with their bows pointed up stream, were placed about five feet apart and a platform built on them. This platform held the boats in position and was large enough to accommodate a team and wagon. A cable with a traveller on it had been stretched across the river above the ferry, and a rope from each end of this

traveller had been fastened to the corresponding corner of the platform. By shortening one of these ropes and letting out the other it was possible to point the bows of the boats in the direction it was desired to move the ferry, and the force of the current hitting against the sides of the boats carried the ferry across the river. The traveller on the cable moved with it and kept it from being carried away down stream.

As soon as all the mules were across we started out again, Mack and I riding ahead. The mountains were very close to the river on this side, sometimes leaving only room enough for the road to skirt the edge of the water, and were covered with a rather scanty growth of small pine trees. On the other side there was a strip of flat country with here and there a ranch house. The road was wide enough for a wagon, and there were wagon tracks in the dust, so I asked Mack why he didn't use wagons instead of a pack train. Mack squirted a stream of tobacco juice into the brush before he answered.

"The road stops at the head ranger's place about twelve miles out," he told me. "From there to the forks there is a government trail, but at the forks the regular trail heads for the divide and we use a trail the O. R. & N. has just cut along the river."

Nobody had said anything about the distance to camp, but I had expected to reach my destination some time that afternoon. This information forced me to revise my ideas, but did not worry me, as my camp bed was on one of the mules, and I was satisfied that I would have no trouble if I watched the other men and did as they did. I began to wonder how much of a trip lay ahead of me.

"How far is it to Fred Newton's camp?" I asked.

"Last time I was up to Fred's, about two weeks ago, he said that he would be at Old Man Creek by the time I got back," Mack answered. "Old Man Creek is about forty-five miles in." Then, after a pause: "We will get to Bob Sherwood's camp this afternoon. I've got some stuff for him, so tomorrow we will be loaded lighter and can make better time. Hope to get to Fred's camp tomorrow afternoon."

This prospect of stopping for the night

rather complicated things, just as I was congratulating myself that I had successfully passed my initiation into this kind of work. I did not want to pose as a western man; my Boston accent would have prevented any such attempt if I had wanted to try it; but I did want to do my part, to fit myself in as a man who was able to do his share of the work and not be a helpless encumbrance.

We followed the road until it ended, and then went on over the government trail. The farther up stream we went the narrower the valley became, and at the end of the road the mountains on each side of the river dropped abruptly to the water's edge. These mountains were now covered with a dark green growth of pine trees, with here and there a bare gray crag of rock sticking through. The river was getting swifter and the stretches of white water more and more frequent as we went along. The sun was shining and the sky was blue, a deep vivid blue, and a few soft clouds drifted lazily with the wind. I felt very well satisfied with life, in spite of indications that the saddle was causing some wear and tear on parts of my anatomy.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when we saw a camp across the river, its five white tents standing out plainly against the dark background. When we came opposite this camp, Mack turned off the trail and led down to the water's edge. Here we unpacked the train and sorted out the freight which was to go to the camp across the river, and then, as it was late, prepared to camp for the night.

After supper, which everybody cooked for himself, I unrolled my bed beside a large log. I had no trouble getting to sleep, but when I woke up the next morning I felt as if I had been taken apart during the night and put together again by somebody who didn't know his business. I was too proud to let the others know how I felt, so I tried to get out of bed as if nothing had happened. After a while my muscles loosened up and I felt almost human.

That morning, after breakfast, I helped with the packing of the animals, but as I had never seen a diamond hitch before, my assistance was limited to holding boxes and sacks in position while one of the packers roped them in place. When he had finished

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with this work, my horse was standing beside the saddle. I had unsaddled him the night before and tried to notice how everything had been fastened, so I put the saddle blanket on his back, swung the heavy stock saddle into place, and cinched him up as well as I could. I stepped back when I had finished, and saw that Mack was standing beside me.

"You and the horse will both be laid up by noon if you try to ride him that way," Mack commented. "Here, I'll show you."

Mack showed me how to spread the blanket, how to settle the saddle in place, and how to secure the cinch so that the knot wouldn't be uncomfortable to either horse or rider. When he had finished I thanked him and apologized for the trouble I had caused him.

"That's all right, kid," he replied. "We all had to learn once."

Once again Mack and I led the way. Along toward noon the trail started to climb a steep grade. Mack waited for me when he reached the summit. There was an abandoned log cabin on the point; its roof fallen in and its door and window openings empty. Below us two rivers came together, one from the north and one from the east, and formed the stream which we had been following. As we sat there we could hear the bell on the gray mare as she led the mules up the grade we had just climbed. At the edge of the clearing a jay chattered at us from his perch on a dead branch.

"Here's where the government trail turns off and heads for the divide," Mack remarked. "We have to leave it and use the trail the O. R. & N. has just cut."

"I shouldn't think they would let us use it," I commented.

"Can't help themselves," Mack grinned. "This is national forest, and any trail built in a national forest is free to all comers."

When the bell mare came up with us Mack guided her into a newly made narrow trail, and then we rode on ahead. This trail had been made by cutting away the trees and brush so that a pack animal could pass, and, unlike the government trail we had been following, there had been little or no attempt made to level the ground. We followed this trail all the afternoon, and then, when the sun was getting low, I heard one of the mules bray. Another mule took it up,

and the noise passed down the train like a wave. I looked back and could see that each mule, after he had stopped and made his comments, looked back over his shoulder as if to be sure that he was understood by those following. Mack, who had been riding ahead, stopped his horse and waited for me to come up.

"A mule don't need a watch," Mack remarked. "When five o'clock comes he knows that it is time to stop, but it is only about a mile to Old Man Creek, so I am going on."

We worked our way down a steep grade and came out on a small flat, covered with cedars, at the mouth of a creek. The camp was in plain sight on the other side of the river, and a man in a skiff was poling across to meet us. This was the first sign of human life I had seen since leaving camp early that morning. It seemed to mark the end of the preliminary chapter and the beginning of my share in the actual work of developing new country.

I threw my bed into the boat, and Mack and I crossed the river. We found Fred Newton, the engineer in charge of the party, bending over the drafting table in the corner of the office tent. Fred was a young man, about twenty-eight or thirty I guessed, and rather heavy-set, but as hard as nails. He looked up and took his pipe out of his mouth as Mack pulled back the tent flaps.

"Hello Mack, you old pirate," he greeted the packer. "Time you were showing up."

"Brought in a young fellow who says he is going to make your map for you," Mack told him, putting mail on the table.

"Damned near time," Fred commented. "I have been so busy that I haven't had a chance to draw a hand since you left." Then to me: "Know anything about making maps?"

I assured him that I did, and he appeared to take the statement at face value. I liked Fred from the start. He worked his men hard, but he worked himself just as hard, and met whatever came with a smile. Later I saw him in a tight place more than once, but he never appeared to worry or lose his cheerful good nature. His weakness was a good poker game, and he was seldom to be found among the contributors. It is interesting to notice how often a good poker player is also efficient in handling men.

There were three other beds on the floor of the tent, so I picked out a vacant space and unrolled mine. It was impracticable to bring cots in on account of their weight, the number of men in the party, and the fact that everything had to be transported by pack train, so we got along without them. Later several of us sewed the canvas covers we had for our beds into tubes, put two saplings through this tube, and rested them on logs, notched to hold them apart. This made a satisfactory cot, and did not hinder moving, as we cut new saplings at each camp.

The cook called us to supper by beating on a dishpan with a stick of kindling, and Fred led the way to the cook tent. A home-made dining-table filled one side of the tent, and a range, work table and rack for perishable supplies occupied the other. The cook and his flunky prepared the meals and served them. The food was good and well cooked, although the menu was restricted owing to the distance from town and the long intervals between arrivals of the pack train.

"I suppose you want revenge for that money I won last trip," Mack suggested when he had finished supper.

"Hell, you didn't win any money from me," Fred replied. "I just let you carry it around for a while."

They adjourned from the cook tent, spread a blanket on the ground, lighted some candles, and five players took their places.

"Want a hand?" Fred asked, as he shuffled the cards.

I declined the invitation, but stood and watched the game for a while. It was evidently a contest between Fred and Mack, and when I saw the size of the game I was very glad that I had not risked the few dollars which were in my pocket. After a few pots I went to the office tent, put five or six candles on the drafting table, and started to go over the notes and map so as to find out how far behind my work was.

I had gone to bed by the time the poker game broke up, but the next morning after breakfast Fred stayed in camp to see that I got started right instead of going with the field men. When we were alone I asked him how the game had come out.

"If the candle had lasted another half-hour I'd have had one of Mack's mules," he grinned. "If you want to keep a gang of

men like this satisfied, you have to work 'em hard, feed 'em well, and give 'em a chance to spend their money."

We discussed the work for a few minutes, and then Fred grabbed his hat and went off to join the field men, leaving me alone with my work.

A few days after I joined the party Fred came in grinning.

"Passed Miller today," he announced. (Miller was the engineer in charge of the O. R. & N. party across the river.) "By the end of next week we will be so far ahead that he will have forgotten all about us."

We were working east toward Missoula, and another Northern Pacific party had started from Missoula and was working west to meet us. We knew that there was another O. R. & N. party which had started from Missoula and was working toward Miller's party. It was necessary that we connect our line with the one coming to meet us, and I asked Fred if he had heard who was ahead on the east end.

"They were about even on that end, but don't worry about Bobby Andrews," Fred assured me. "Bobby will get through first if he has to tie up the other party and leave them beside the river."

Fred was working on line six days and moving camp on the seventh, so when Sunday came we loaded the cook tent equipment and supplies and started up stream with the first boat load, towing it against the current with a rope. Everything went all right until we came to a bad piece of white water with many submerged rocks. The boat had to be steadied and worked carefully around these obstructions, so one of the men waded out into the river. He had just about succeeded in getting the boat by a particularly bad place when his foot slipped. The boat swung quickly against a rock and upset, spilling all our supplies and equipment into the river.

Fred immediately told us to scatter out down stream along the bank and recover everything we could. That afternoon we gathered at the camp we had left that morning. We found that we had salvaged the cook tent, and had an iron kettle which had been left behind when we packed the boat, but that there was nothing to eat. Fred realized that he had twenty-five men to feed

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and that the nearest supplies were almost fifty miles away, so he started a messenger out on foot immediately. I have often wondered how many of the men realized the serious side of the situation. I know that I didn't, and I suspect that most of the men were inclined to treat the whole thing as more or less of a joke.

As soon as the messenger had left, Fred told the rest of us to start fishing if we expected to have any supper. We scattered out in small groups.

The fishing was good, and we brought back an abundance of trout, both salmon and rainbow. As there was no way of frying them the cook boiled them in the one kettle we had left, and we ate our supper from plates made of thin slabs of cedar, using wooden spoons made from the same wood and our pocket knives instead of knives and forks. That supper was quite satisfactory, but we had eaten twenty-two consecutive meals composed exclusively of trout before the relief pack train reached us, and by that time nobody in camp was willing to admit that trout could ever again be regarded as a food.

It was during this period that I had the best chance to get acquainted with the men in the party, as it was impossible to carry on the field work to any advantage. For the first day or two there was some grumbling about the progress the O. R. & N. would make while we were idle, but that quieted down soon, and the men took the delay as something which they could not avoid. There was one man who had worked on the Alaska Central Railroad. This man was quiet and efficient, and at the same time pleasant to be with. I believe that if he had been dropped onto the moon he would have simply shaken himself and gone off to look for wood to make a fire. I know that for several years afterwards I always thought of Alaskans as that sort of people. Another man, a graduate of a middle western university, had come to us from the Southern Pacific, where he had been working on their line across the Great Salt Lake. Still another man was smooth shaved when he joined us, but promptly grew a red beard. I asked him what his name was when he came in, and he told me Ben. When I suggested that it would be a good idea to have another name,

as it would be rather unusual to make his pay check out to Ben, he told me to suit myself, suggesting that "Cactus Ben" would be entirely satisfactory to him. Beyond the fact that he had been prospecting in Nevada, and had been grub-staked by Tex Rickard I never learned any of his history. There were men with a great variety of backgrounds gathered on that party, but they all fitted into their places and worked together smoothly. Later there was a man who was unable to find his place in the organization, but he came in with the relief pack train.

The night the relief pack train arrived with real food we put on a dinner which returned the cook to his former popularity. It had been days since I had heard any talk about beating our rivals across the river, and several of the men had stated that nothing could prevent them from quitting and going out with the pack train, but before supper was over many of the men were wondering how much of a start Miller had got. After supper we built a large fire and sang many songs, using a galvanized iron wash-tub for a drum. The singing was neither polished nor tuneful, but it was tremendously noisy and entirely satisfactory. The tension, which had been building up during the past week, was entirely blown away. When Fred came back to the office tent I remarked about it and asked if he thought that many of the men would quit in the morning.

"Hell, no. They'll all be ready to go to work after breakfast," he replied, and he was right.

The relief pack train brought us a young man from Minnesota, a recent graduate of some university. I don't remember what his name was; Peter will do. Peter was one of those unfortunate mortals who are unable to adapt themselves to conditions and fit themselves in among their fellow men. We suffered with him for a week or so, and then somebody suggested that we take him on a snipe hunt.

We took him about two miles above camp one moonlight night, placed him on a sand bar, and showed him how to hold the sack and candle so that the snipe would run into it when we drove them out of the brush. Then we left him, and made our way back to

camp. We waited patiently for his return until midnight, and then went to bed. It never occurred to any of us that a man would have any trouble finding his way back to camp, as all he had to do was follow the river, and if he left the river he would have to climb a steep slope. When he had not returned by breakfast we began to be worried, and most of the party went to find him.

When we reached the sand bar where we had left him he was gone. We followed his foot-prints and saw that he had gone up the mountain instead of following the river to camp. It was almost noon when we found him. We were all badly frightened, but he was absolutely panic stricken.

Peter refused to leave camp again until the pack train returned, and then he drew his money and went back east. As I look back at the situation, Peter presents a very pathetic figure and the snipe hunt seems a cruel trick, but when was youth other than cruel to the Peters of life, who are unable to take their places among their fellows?

It was a long hard chase, but we finally passed Miller's party again. It was slow going, because the country was covered with a thick growth of small pine trees and was very rough. We frequently encountered steep narrow spurs which ended abruptly at the river, and which we had to cross. The general slope of the country was now so steep that the river was just one rapid after another, and followed such a twisting course that our line was a succession of curves.

A few days after we got through the Black Canyon we met Bobby Andrews and his party, and connected our line with his. It was almost time for me to return to school, so I agreed to take the filing maps out to town as soon as they were finished. The night of the day we connected the lines I worked late and finished the map. It was a seventy-mile trip to town, and as there was no horse available I had to make the trip on foot, but I was determined to do it in two days.

It was a case of speed and not comfort, as I didn't know how long it would be before Miller started a man out with his maps. I started out the next morning carrying only the maps, a few candles, and some sandwiches in my coat pockets. I started out with a five minute rest out of every hour,

and followed that schedule all the way in. I was in good condition after a summer spent in camp, and I enjoyed the first day—a warm sun and a shaded trail, with frequent streams for drinking water. The trail was steep and rough in places, but I tried to keep a steady pace, as that is what eats up the distance.

Along toward dark I picked up an empty coffee can at an abandoned camp, and cut a hole in the side just above the bottom. By fitting a candle into this hole I made a lantern, and with this for light kept going until I had only one candle left. By that time I was getting very tired, so I selected a place under a large tree, rolled up my coat for a pillow, and stretched out to get what sleep I could.

When I woke up it was getting light, and I was stiff and cold, and had a blister on one heel, but I ate my final sandwich and started down the trail again. At first my muscles were cramped and sore, but the sun came up and warmed the air, and after a short distance I began to limber up. I was sure that the O. R. & N. messenger had not passed me, but I did not know how near he might be, so I determined to reach town as soon as possible.

I now had nothing left to eat, and I was trying to remember how far it was to the first ranch, when I heard voices ahead. In a short distance I met one of our parties moving in, and not only got a real breakfast and a cup of hot coffee, but replenished my supply of sandwiches. A short distance farther on I reached the government trail, and from there on made good time to town, delivering the maps to the engineer in charge of the work that evening.

The maps went out the next morning, but I rested for a day before starting my trip. When my train pulled out, the second morning after my arrival, and the O. R. & N. maps had not yet reached town, I had the satisfaction of knowing that my long walk had been successful.

On the trip east I reviewed my experiences of the summer, but failed at that time to realize the importance of one of Fred's remarks: "To run a bunch of men, work 'em hard, feed 'em well, and give 'em a chance to spend their money."

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

THE ARMY AND MINING FRONTIER (1860-1870)

BY RAYMOND L. WELTY

THE duties of the army in regard to the mining frontier were five-fold: first, the protection of the routes of communication to the mining regions; second, the protection of the miner and prospector from marauding Indians; third, the protection of the peaceful Indians from the encroachments of miners upon their lands which were guaranteed by the United States treaties to the Indians; fourth, the punishment of hostile Indians so that they would respect the power of the United States and permit the peaceful development of industries complement to mining, as agriculture, stock raising, and trading; and fifth, in many new regions, such as the Territory of Arizona, to open up new roads or trails to the mines.

The discovery of gold in California in 1848 created a new West. People flocked from all over the world to win riches in these mines. The miners who had suffered the hardships of the overland journey or the tiresome journey by sea to reap wealth in this new land, were not content with the single mining region of California. If gold existed in the mountains of California why not in other regions of the West? The people of the West became so afflicted with the gold fever that in the two decades following, the prospecting miner discovered rich gold and silver fields in almost every corner of the great mountain region of the West. One billion two hundred and five thousand

dollars worth of gold and silver were produced by these miners between 1848 and 1867.¹ The production from 1860 to 1870 was three-quarters of a billion dollars or an annual average production of seventy-five million dollars.²

The discovery, in 1859, of gold and silver in the Territory of Nevada led to the growth of Carson City and Virginia City. The Washoe excitement in 1860 was responsible for the organization of three thousand mining companies with a combined capital of one billion dollars, the actual market value of which, however, was only sixty million dollars. Thirty thousand persons invested in the silver mines of Nevada. Virginia City became the metropolis of a region of fifteen thousand people which produced twelve million dollars of precious metals annually. The silver panic of 1863 burst the bubble and speculators in Nevada mining stock lost millions of dollars.³ A new mining district, White Pine, was discovered in 1865, but it was not until 1868 that the "rush" began.⁴ The rapid increase in population as a result of mining was responsible for the admission of Nevada as a state in 1864.

In the Pike's Peak region, at that time a part of the Territory of Kansas, gold was discovered in 1858. A large migration followed in 1859 and in 1860 to this new "El Dorado." "Pike's Peak or Bust" became the slogan on the Kansas frontier; but within a year many disappointed miners returned

¹ "Report of J. Ross Browne on the Mineral Resources of the States and Territories West of the Rocky Mountains" (1867), *House Ex. Doc. No. 202, 40th Cong., 2d Sess.*, pp. 6-7.

² These figures are compiled from the reports of mining commissioners given in the following government documents: *House Ex. Doc. No. 29, 39th Cong., 2d Sess.*, p. 9; *House Ex. Doc. No. 202, 40th Cong., 2d Sess.*, pp. 6, 511, 535; *House Ex. Doc. No. 54, 40th Cong., 3rd Sess.*, p. 5; *House Ex. Doc. No. 207, 41st Cong., 2d Sess.*, p. 7; *House Ex. Doc. No. 10, 42d Cong., 1st Sess.*, pp. 511-512.

³ *House Ex. Doc. No. 29, 39th Cong., 2d Sess.*, pp. 28-31.

⁴ Beadle, J. H. *The Undeveloped West: Or Five Years in the Territories* (Philadelphia, 1873), pp. 156-158.

with a truthful motto painted on their prairie schooners—"Busted! by Gosh."⁵ Horace Greeley's trip to the mountains, in 1859, did much to advertise the new discovery.⁶ In a few months there were five thousand people at Gregory Diggins and hundreds were arriving daily.⁷ By 1860 the newly created Territory of Colorado had a population of over thirty thousand, nearly all of whom were able-bodied men.⁸

The Washoe and Pike's Peak booms were only two of a series of mining episodes which let the light of exploration and settlement into hundreds of valleys scattered over the whole of the Rocky Mountains. A professional class of miners grew up, mobile, restless, and adventurous. By the close of the Civil War they had permeated the remote recesses of the mountains from Arizona to Montana.

In Oregon, discoveries of placer gold mines were made in 1860 on the John Day and Powder rivers, and two years later on Willow Creek, a tributary of the Malheur River.⁹ In the region which is now the state of Idaho, four important mining districts were discovered: Orno Fino mines and the Elk City region, in 1860; Solomon River mines, in 1861; Boise Basin mines, in 1862; and Owyhee mines, in 1863. By 1864, the value of the gold produced was six million dollars. In order to satisfy the demand of the miners for home rule, Idaho, in 1863, was made a territory. The population increased rapidly and by 1867 was estimated at 21,725.¹⁰

In the Territory of Montana, gold was first discovered in paying quantities in Deer Lodge Valley in 1861, Grasshopper Creek, or Bannock, was discovered in 1862, Alder Gulch or Virginia City, in 1863, and Last Chance, or Helena, in 1864. "It is said that during

three months of the summer of 1866 three miners took 2,100 pounds of gold or \$441,000, from a space three rods square, on Montana bar, in Confederate gulch."¹¹ Montana having attained a population of 29,500 by 1864, was organized as a territory.¹²

Other gold discoveries were made along the Sweetwater River, in modern Wyoming, and in the territories of Utah, Arizona and New Mexico. However, mining in the territories of Arizona and New Mexico was not highly developed until after 1870. By 1870 the production of gold and silver in these territories was as follows: Wyoming \$100,000, New Mexico \$500,000, Arizona \$800,000, and Utah \$1,300,000.¹³

During the series of mining discoveries the professional miner went from one boom region to another. Twenty thousand miners left California and Nevada for the Idaho and Oregon mines in 1862 and 1863, and in 1866 five thousand miners went to the Montana mines.¹⁴ This shifting population, augmented by adventurous people engaged in various businesses, flocked from place to place over night. The population of the mining camps consisted principally of young men. Disreputable women were common and the social tone was determined by the preponderance of men, the absence of regular labor, and the influence of a continual speculative fever. The temporary residence for gain, the speculative or gambling nature of gold mining, and the remoteness from the seat of stable organized government were causes of the low political tone of the mining camps and cities. The bitter struggles, the hardships, the low standards of living and the dismalness and loneliness—accentuated by the tinsel of gambling, drinking, debauchery, and adventure, made the life of the miners picturesque if not roman-

⁵ Paxson, Frederic L., *The Last American Frontier* (New York, 1910), pp. 142-146.

⁶ Greeley, Horace, *An Overland Journey from New York to San Francisco in the Summer of 1859* (New York, 1860), pp. 107-165.

⁷ Richardson, *Beyond the Mississippi* (Hartford, 1867), pp. 157-201.

⁸ Secretary of the Interior, *Annual Report for 1861* (Message and Documents of the President, 1861-1862, Vol. I, pp. 443-914), p. 710; Population of the United States, Eighth Census (1860), pp. 486-487.

⁹ House Ex. Doc. No. 202, 40th Cong., 2d Sess., pp. 590-592.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 517-536.

¹¹ House Ex. Doc. No. 92, 39th Cong., 2d Sess., p. 6.

¹² House Ex. Doc. No. 202, 40th Cong., 2d Sess., pp. 487-511; House Ex. Doc. No. 54, 40th Cong., 3d Sess., pp. 143-152; House Ex. Doc. No. 92, 39th Cong., 2d Sess., pp. 6-7.

¹³ House Ex. Doc. No. 10, 42d Cong., 1st Sess., pp. 511-512.

¹⁴ House Ex. Doc. No. 29, 39th Cong., 2d Sess., p. 36.

ic. Vigilance committees, with their stern remedy for the sins of a frontier society, were necessary for the establishment of order, because legal government did not exist in these remote recesses of the mountains. The stages of development in a mining region were as follows: first, peaceful exploitation by the discoverers; second, an invasion by hordes of professional and "make believe" miners and their followers who led a life of debauchery, violence, and crime; and, third, the reign of the vigilance committee, which made living tolerable for the respectable classes and their property secure from outlaws.¹⁵

The miner prospecting from place to place and the stampedes to the gold field by hundreds of thousands of people from the States in the East, familiarized the people of the United States with the whole area of the West and dispelled to a large degree the old tradition of the West being a desert. The people on the mining frontier completed the political map of the United States by the creation of new territories. However, some of these territories did not secure a large permanent population until after the railroads were completed which made it possible for agriculture to become profitable on a large scale.¹⁶ The fifty odd thousand persons who were actually engaged in mining¹⁷ in the West created a demand for better transportation and on a larger scale than stage and trail would permit.¹⁸ This demand brought the trans-continental railroads.

In the discoveries of gold in the West the miner showed no respect for the rights of the Indians. If gold was discovered upon land guaranteed by a solemn treaty of the United States to belong forever to the Indians, the miners without respect for the obligations of the government rushed in and took possession of such parts as produced "pay dust." They cut down the timber on the Indian lands, changed courses of streams

and dumped the filth and waste of mining into them, opened and built roads through the Indians' hunting grounds and killed or drove off their game which was the source of their subsistence. Mining camps, cities and even territorial capitols sprang up almost over night upon land whose ownership according to treaties of the United States belonged to Indians.

The Nez Perce Indians in the Territory of Idaho had by the treaty of 1855, obtained a reservation in the vicinity of and including the Clearwater River Valley.¹⁹ The discovery of gold on the Clearwater River, in 1860, became known in the West. The Indian agents and the military authorities tried to prevent the opening of these mines, for they dreaded a renewal of hostilities by the Indians who had been promised not only the ownership of their lands but also the exclusion of whites from them. The civil and military authorities were helpless before a rush of miners; so Superintendent E. R. Geary, after conferring with Colonel George Wright, in charge of the Military Department of the Columbia, made a treaty with the Indians to meet the exigencies of the coming mining stampede. The Indians were promised military protection from the miners and the enforcement of the United States laws, especially in regard to the sale of liquors. The Indians in turn allowed the miners to open up the mines. This was a treaty of necessity rather than choice as the miners would do as they pleased anyway. The Nez Perce under the leadership of Chief Lawyer, therefore, gave way and let the miners in.²⁰

The Nez Perce, who numbered about 2,830, were very much dissatisfied as the miners continued to rush in to the number, estimated by Governor Gabel Lyon, of nearly fifty thousand. White men began to sell whiskey to the Indians, stole their horses, roamed and prospected over their lands, built

¹⁵ For life in mining camps see: Richardson, *op. cit.*, pp. 179-200; Collins, *Across the Plains in '64* (Omaha, 1904).

¹⁶ Paxson, *op. cit.*, pp. 172-173.

¹⁷ House Ex. Doc. No. 202, 40th Cong., 2d Sess., p. 613, states there were 52,000 miners for the Pacific slope and Montana.

¹⁸ The relation of the army to the protection of the routes of communication to the West is important but will not be considered in this article.

¹⁹ Kappler, *Indian Affairs. Laws and Treaties* (Washington, 1903), Vol. II, pp. 528-531.

²⁰ Bancroft, Hubert Howe, *History of Washington, Idaho, and Montana* (San Francisco, 1890), pp. 234-236; Secretary of the Interior, *Annual Report for 1862* (Message and Documents of the President, 1862-1863, Vol. II), pp. 448, 538-542, 574-575.

roads, and in every way showed their disrespect of the Indians' rights. The Nez Perce became more dissatisfied when their annuities failed to arrive because of the delay in mails and the failure of the agent's bond to arrive at Washington, and also because their new treaty had not been ratified. The capital of the Territory of Idaho was located on land which belonged to the Indians, and the territorial legislature was passing laws permitting the miners to infringe upon their rights. Chief Lawyer did everything in his power to keep the warriors peaceful by making excuses and by promising the war party that the government would meet its obligations if given a little more time.²¹

War with the Nez Perce was narrowly averted by the combined efforts of Superintendent C. H. Hale and Chief Lawyer. They were supported by the establishment of a temporary military post at Lapwai. This military detachment of one company of dragoons was ostensibly to protect the Indians from the impositions of the miners, but it remained a standing menace to the warlike faction of the Nez Perce. All these factors helped Chief Lawyer to maintain peace.²² Shortly afterward the troops were withdrawn, for the military authorities feared they would desert and go to these rich gold mines. However, in the autumn of 1862 a permanent post was found necessary and two companies of troops were garrisoned at Fort Lapwai.²³

In order to make a new treaty with the Nez Perce a council was held May, 1863. The unruly attitude of many of the chiefs and their bands so alarmed the Indian agents that they asked for troops. Four companies of the 1st Oregon Cavalry were sent to Fort Lapwai to awe the Indians. The difficulties were finally removed and a satisfactory treaty was made with Chief Lawyer and the vast majority of the tribe. The Indians

relinquished about three-fourths of their land for a consideration of \$262,250 and the fulfillment of the money provisions in the treaty of 1855.²⁴

The failure of the Senate to ratify this treaty until 1867 and the failure again of Congress to appropriate the money promised under the old treaty caused new dissatisfaction. While waiting for the new treaty's ratification the Indians naturally clung to their rights under the old treaty while the miners insisted upon the terms of the new treaty. Of the appropriation of \$70,000, in 1865, Governor Lyon failed to account for fifty thousand dollars and claimed that amount had been stolen from him on the Overland Trail.²⁵ Rumors of the overthrow of the government spread by unprincipled persons served to increase the grumbling of the war party among the Nez Perce. But after the close of the Civil War the government made satisfactory arrangements with them and peace, in general, was maintained until Chief Joseph's outbreak in the '70's. However, to insure peace, Fort Lapwai was continually garrisoned, except for a part of the year 1866, when it was temporarily abandoned because of the lack of troops at that time.²⁶

The other mining regions of the Territory of Idaho and eastern Oregon were subject to the attacks of the Snake and Shoshoni Indians. Early miners at the Owyhee mines had to work with guns and revolvers lying on the bank beside them, in constant readiness for Indian attacks.²⁷ Between 1862 and 1865 eighty-two whites were killed by these Indians.²⁸ One hundred Chinese were reported murdered by Indians on Battle Creek in 1866.²⁹ The hostile Indians, who numbered three hundred warriors, committed more depredations along the trails or at isolated ranches and farms than at the mining camps. These hostilities prevented pros-

²¹ Commissioner of Indian Affairs, *Annual Report* for 1865, pp. 29, 231-240; *Ibid.*, for 1866, pp. 38-40, 193-195.

²² Secretary of the Interior, *Annual Report* for 1862, pp. 538-541, 566-574.

²³ *Official Records of War of Rebellion* (Washington, 1880-1901), Series I, Vol. I, Pt. II, p. 272. Hereafter cited as *Official Records*.

²⁴ For Treaty of 1863: Kappler, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, pp. 644-649.

²⁵ Commissioner of Indian Affairs, *Annual Report* for 1866, p. 38.

²⁶ *House Ex. Doc. No. 20*, 39th Cong., 2d Sess., p. 11.

²⁷ Richardson, *op. cit.*, p. 504.

²⁸ Commissioner of Indian Affairs, *Annual Report* for 1865, pp. 472-474.

²⁹ Bancroft, Hubert Howe, *History of Oregon* (San Francisco, 1890), Vol. II, p. 521; Commissioner of Indian Affairs, *Annual Report* for 1866, p. 190.

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pecting over many regions and kept out needed supplies.

The military authorities attempted to give as much aid as possible, but the small forces available and the vast territory to be covered made it impossible to protect everyone. Posts were established both to protect the mining districts, and what was more essential, the routes of communication to the mines from Oregon, California and the East. During the winter of 1862-1863 Camp Baker was the only military station for the long exposed line of this frontier.³⁰ In December, 1863, Fort Boise was garrisoned with two companies of volunteers; Camp Connor, north of Salt Lake, and Camp Bidwell, in northern California, each had a garrison of one company.³¹ In 1864 Camp Watson was added and by 1867 Camps Lyon, Three Forks, C. F. Smith, Logan, Warner, Steele, McGarry, and McDermott were the new posts to aid in the protection of this country.³² "The bitterly hostile bands of outcast Shoshones and other tribes, which infested the Owyhee, Powder River, and Snake Valleys, rendered it dangerous for small parties to traverse these regions, and almost impossible for them to stay long in any one locality and pursue the peaceful work of discovering and testing metalliferous deposits."³³ The vigorous and persevering policy of General George Crook, who was assigned to the Boise district in 1866, brought this marauding war to an end in 1868, except for a few straggling bands.³⁴

The mines in the Territory of Montana were comparatively free from Indian raids, although the Sioux, who roamed from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, were hostile after 1862. Their depredations were generally confined to the routes leading to the mines. They opposed strenuously the building or laying out of roads because they drove away the buffalo and other game. The Crow and Blackfeet tribes caused considerable trouble. The Crow objected to prospecting in the Yellowstone Valley into

which the miners were going. A treaty was made with the Crow in 1868 in which they were assigned a reservation in this valley.³⁵ General W. S. Hancock in commenting on the selection of the reservation reported: "This situation is not in accordance with the wishes of the population, who are burning to enter the Yellowstone Valley to explore it for gold. There are placer gold mines in successful operation at Emigrant Gulch, situated about fourteen miles above the mouth of Bozeman Pass . . . Three or four hundred miners were digging there for gold when I was at Yellowstone [1869] and were understood to be making not less than ten dollars per day each. These miners are on the Crow reservation. Under the treaty it will be necessary to remove them by force, or to amend the limits of the Crow reservation so as to leave out that part of it on which the miners are situated. The area is not great, and was occupied by the miners, who had expended much labor there, when the treaty was made giving this country to the Crows. These Indians have already called the attention of the commander of Fort Ellis to this infringement of the treaty, who pacified them temporarily by permitting them to hunt on the Missouri; but the time is approaching when this matter must be disposed of to prevent collision. (The area of the mining operations will soon extend.) I recommend, in view of the fact of prior possession, that measures be taken to except from the Crow reservation that portion of it at least occupied by the miners when the treaty was made."³⁶

The activities of the army in quieting these Indians were not very important. The upper Missouri Valley and the Territory of Montana were not protected by posts until after the close of the Civil War. The hostilities of the Blackfeet, Sioux and certain bands of Crow were responsible for the establishment of Camp Cook at the mouth of Judith River in 1868. The hostilities by the Sioux

³⁰ Secretary of the Interior, *Annual Report* for 1862, pp. 174-178.

³¹ *Official Records*, Series I, Vol. L, Pt. II, pp. 712-713.

³² Secretary of War, *Annual Report* for 1867, Vol. I, pp. 444-451.

³³ *House Ex. Doc.* No. 207, 41st Cong., 2d Sess., p. 234.

³⁴ Secretary of War, *Annual Report* for 1866, pp. 31, 34, 37-42; *ibid.*, for 1867, Vol. I, pp. 29-30, 70-71, 76-82; *ibid.*, for 1868, Vol. I, pp. 45-46, 68-74, 770-773; *ibid.*, for 1869, Vol. I, pp. 139-141.

³⁵ Kappler, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, pp. 775-778.

³⁶ Secretary of War, *Annual Report* for 1869, Vol. I, p. 62. In regard to the opposition of the settlers to the reservation, see: "Memorial of the Legislative Assembly of Montana," *House Mis. Doc.* No. 43, 40th Cong., 3d Sess.

on the Bozeman road, in 1866-1867, created an alarm in Gallatin Valley and throughout the Territory of Montana. Acting Governor Thomas F. Meagher called out six hundred volunteers, built forts and prepared for a war until regular troops could be brought in. During the excitement two Blackfeet Indians were killed and one Crow Indian was hung. Governor Green Clay Smith, having returned to the Territory, organized the First Regiment of Montana Volunteers. General Alfred H. Terry of the Department of Dakota sent two companies of regulars to Gallatin Valley under Captain R. S. La Motte who founded Fort Ellis. In order to conform with the Peace Commissioner's policy, General Terry ordered the Volunteers mustered out and the Indian war ended. However, the Territory of Montana had spent \$1,100,000 on her volunteer army and the government refused to pay the claims because the troops had been raised without the authority of the War Department. But Congress, in 1873, settled the matter by appropriating \$513,000 for the claims.³⁷

The Piegan and Blood Indian difficulties were not settled so rapidly. These Indians, who lived in the region north of the Missouri River, raided the mining and other settlements on the upper Missouri River and its tributaries. The warriors who were guilty of raiding were those located near the Canadian border, which permitted them to make raids on the settlements and then return to Canada. The hostilities along the Missouri River had prevented the Indian agents from living with these Indians and their annuities were sent up very irregularly.³⁸ In 1865, the Blood Indians killed ten men at the mouth of Maria's River. The militia under James Stuart pursued the Indians but they escaped to Canada.³⁹

The establishment of Fort Shaw on Sun River, which was to prevent the Indians from coming down on the settlements, did not stop the hostilities.⁴⁰ By 1867 the three

posts in the upper Missouri region, Forts Shaw and Ellis and Camp Cook had garrisons of 363, 185, and 428 respectively.⁴¹ In the summer of 1869 four companies of the 2nd Cavalry were sent to the territory. The military authorities now decided to put an end to the raids of the bands of Blackfeet Indians who kept the settlers in the Gallatin Valley in constant terror. The fact that the war parties could dash into the settlements, steal stock and kill all who resisted, and then escape through the passes of the Little Belt Mountains, baffled all organized resistance. The only way to put a stop to it was to punish them severely. To make a summer campaign was useless for the Indians either scattered into the recesses of the mountains or fled to Canada.

Major E. M. Baker with four companies of cavalry and two companies of infantry made a campaign in January, 1870, from Fort Ellis. In the dead of winter during the coldest weather that the Territory of Montana had had for years, as cold as forty degrees below zero, this little band marched six hundred miles in the Indian country. Baker surprised a Piegan village on Maria's River, January 23, 1869, and killed 173 Indians, of whom at least 53 were women and children. He captured 140 women and children and 300 ponies and destroyed the village. Baker's loss was only one man killed. Because of the lack of subsistence and the prevalence of smallpox, Baker released his prisoners and returned to Fort Shaw.

When the results of the campaign were known, Baker was criticized severely by the Indian Bureau and many others interested in the Indians, for this attack upon the women and children. The military authorities maintained that it was necessary to surprise the Indians in their villages as it was impossible to punish them in the open, for they would flee from the troops when hard pressed; and the troops were handicapped by supply trains, the lack of minute

³⁷ Secretary of War, *Annual Report for 1867*, Vol. I, pp. 32-33, 52-53; *Senate Report No. 31*, 41st Cong., 2d Sess.; *House Ex. Doc. No. 121*, 41st Cong., 2d Sess.; Bancroft, *History of Washington, Idaho, and Montana*, pp. 694-704.

³⁸ Secretary of the Interior, *Annual Report for 1864* (*Message and Documents of the President, 1864-1865*, Vol. V, pp. 1-776), pp. 437-444.

³⁹ Stuart, Granville, "A Memoir of the Life of James Stuart," *Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana* (1876), Vol. I, pp. 58-59.

⁴⁰ *Senate Ex. Doc. No. 8*, 41st Cong., 3d Sess., pp. 3-6.

⁴¹ Secretary of War, *Annual Report for 1867*, Vol. I, pp. 438-443.

The Frontier

geographical knowledge of the country, and their horses exhausted by the hard marches, could not successfully pursue the well mounted Indians in a region familiar to them. The military authorities adopted the Indian mode of fighting—the raiding of surprised villages—in order to punish them. In the dim light of the early morning, for such attacks were made at dawn, the attacking troops could not readily distinguish the difference in sex. It was often necessary to fire into the tepees to drive out the warriors, who would fire from within, and, as sometimes happened, when escape seemed impossible, the squaws would arm themselves and defend their homes. The character of the fighting at close quarters in a crowded village tended also to make it unsafe for any living creature, and no doubt there were many accidental deaths. The military authorities deplored the killing of women and children, even though the troops may have intentionally killed some, but they were unjustly condemned as being cool deliberate murderers of women and children. For almost ten years these Indians had committed depredations on the Montana settlers. The Indian Bureau could not control them and had requested that the military authorities punish them even before the military authorities in the Territory of Montana were convinced that they were guilty.⁴²

However, it was true that many of the Indians were peaceful, but the fact that they received the guilty ones into their camps and protected them from punishment forced the military authorities to hold them responsible. The intolerant attitude of the frontier towards all Indians and the illegal sale of "frontier" whiskey to the Indians were to a large degree the basis for the hostilities.⁴³ The Indian Bureau held that the failure of the government to carry out all the stipulations of the treaties negotiated in 1868, was

responsible for the hostilities.⁴⁴ General Sheridan and General Hancock thought Baker and his command were entitled to the thanks of the people of the Territory of Montana and of the nation for making the frontier of the Territory secure.⁴⁵

The discovery of gold had been reported as early as 1842 along the Sweetwater River in the region which was later the Territory of Wyoming. Early attempts to work these mines failed. In the fall of 1861, an expedition of about fifty miners collected at South Pass. They were driven away by the Shoshoni. In 1866 and 1867, the country was prospected by miners from Virginia City, Territory of Montana, and a valuable lode was discovered. The Indians killed three of the miners in 1867, but the survivors wintered there. By 1869, gold valued at \$155,000 was mined by two thousand miners.⁴⁶ In 1868, General C. C. Augur of the Department of the Platte, after investigating the need of troops at the Sweetwater mines, decided that the friendly Shoshoni reservation on Wind River would not be sufficient protection for several years, and sent troops to protect the miners.⁴⁷ The opening of these mines gave another remote point exposed to Indian depredations, "and one from its position—in close proximity to the wintering grounds of the Northern bands—difficult and expensive to protect."⁴⁸

A company of troops was sent in 1869 to the Shoshoni Agency, 35 miles north of the mines, on the Big Popo Agie River, to preserve order. This detachment could not protect the miners and so a company of cavalry was stationed in the vicinity of the mines.⁴⁹ The troops were not prepared to stay all winter but a detachment was left at Miner's Delight during the winter to relieve the natural apprehensions of the miners and settlers.⁵⁰ The mining district was near the wintering grounds of the northern In-

⁴² House Ex. Doc. No. 269, 41st Cong., 2d Sess., pp. 4, 11-12, 28.

⁴³ *Ibid.*, pp. 1-74.

⁴⁴ Senate Mis. Doc. No. 136, 41st Cong., 2d Sess., p. 10.

⁴⁵ Secretary of War, *Annual Report for 1870*, Vol. I, pp. 29-30; Rodenbough, *The Second Dragoons* (New York, 1875), pp. 401-404; the best accounts for the expedition and the attitude of the citizens of the territory, the Indian Bureau and military authorities are: House Ex. Doc. No. 269, 41st Cong., 2d Sess., (74 pages), and Dunn, *Massacres of the Mountains* (New York, 1896), pp. 509-542.

⁴⁶ House Ex. Doc. No. 207, 41st Cong., 2d Sess., pp. 325-338.

⁴⁷ Secretary of War, *Annual Report for 1868*, Vol. I, p. 22.

⁴⁸ Secretary of War, *Annual Report for 1869*, Vol. I, p. 73.

⁴⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 73.

⁵⁰ Secretary of War, *Annual Report for 1870*, Vol. I, p. 31.

dians—Sioux, Northern Cheyenne and Arapahoe—but heretofore the miners had not been subject to attacks until late in the spring. But on April 2, 1870, the Sioux and Cheyenne, and possibly some Arapahoe, made a raid, killing six men. Previously a large number of the Arapahoe had agreed to go on the reservation with the Shoshoni and a treaty to that effect had been made. But unfortunately some of these Indians, the year before, had stolen some horses from the settlers. After the raid of April 2, the settlers followed the trail of the murderers, which passed near the Arapahoe camps. This caused the settlers to conclude, with their previous convictions, that the Arapahoe were guilty. The citizens organized and started for the Arapahoe camps and on the way met a party of Arapahoe who were going to the military camp for supplies. The citizens attacked them and killed the men, but spared the women and children. These Indians were, without doubt, innocent of any offense after they had agreed to go on their reservation.

Two companies of cavalry were at once ordered by General Augur to the place to protect the miners from the raids of the revengeful Arapahoe and their old allies, the Sioux and Cheyenne. Captain David Gordon repulsed a raid, May 4, with a loss of one officer killed and one man badly wounded. On June 26, another raid was made in which three men were killed and some stock stolen. The Indians were hotly pursued by the troops, but escaped by going into the mountains. The military authorities at once established a permanent post, Camp Brown, and the excitement died down.⁵¹ The majority of the Sweetwater mines failed to produce gold in paying quantities so the miners drifted away.⁵²

The mining frontier in the Territory of Colorado required no protection, although the routes of communication to it and some of the outlying ranching settlements did require some protection from the Indians of the Plains and the Utes.⁵³ In the Territory

of New Mexico the mines were not important at this period and required little protection except in the southwest part of the Territory.⁵⁴ In the Territory of Arizona the Apache prevented a full development of the mineral resources. From 1859 until the '80s the Apache carried on a relentless war upon the whites for the sole object of plunder. Rossiter W. Raymond, mining commissioner reported in 1870 that, "These Indians have done more to retard the settlement of Arizona and the development of her mines than all other causes. As soon as a miner's camp was formed within their range, they would hover about until they had stolen the last of the working stock and killed or driven off the last one of the miners. Very few mining camps have been able to outlast this continual danger, and those that have so far withstood the Apaches have done so at a fearful cost of property and human life."⁵⁵

After the reoccupation of the Territory of New Mexico by the Union forces during the Civil War, a rush started for the Arizona gold fields. The troops in that territory were principally employed in opening and guarding roads to the newly discovered gold mines, whose fabulous riches attracted large numbers of miners and traders to this hitherto barren territory.⁵⁶ The expense of maintaining the troops in the territories of New Mexico and Arizona for the three years, 1865-1867, was over \$16,000,000.⁵⁷ The cost of maintaining the troops in the Territory of Arizona was far more than the value of the gold and other metals produced in that territory. In 1870, there were fifteen permanent army posts in the territory, with garrisons totalling 1,885 troops; yet the white population was only 9,581.

The discovery of gold and silver, in the last analysis, was the cause of most of the Indian wars on the frontier. The wars in the territories of Idaho, Montana, Arizona, and part of New Mexico, were the result of mining; while most of the Indian wars on the Great Plains were the result of opening new routes to the mines.

⁵¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 31-32.

⁵² *House Ex. Doc. No. 10, 42d Cong., 1st Sess.*, pp. 333-335.

⁵³ *Secretary of War, Annual Report for 1866*, p. 20.

⁵⁴ *House Ex. Doc. No. 207, 41st Cong., 2d Sess.*, pp. 396-397.

⁵⁵ *House Ex. Doc. No. 10, 42d Cong., 1st Sess.*, p. 228.

⁵⁶ *Secretary of War, Annual Report for 1863*, p. 30.

⁵⁷ *Senate Ex. Doc. No. 74, 40th Cong., 2d Sess.*, pp. 1-2.

The work of the army for this reason was indirect. The large number of men concentrated together in the mining camps was usually sufficient protection from hostile Indians.⁵⁸ The army's work was to keep the vicinity free from Indian marauders, so that prospecting could be carried on. This was accomplished by the mere presence of troops or by expeditions to punish hostile

Indians. The success of the army cannot be measured by a definite scale, but the fact that the call for the army usually followed the first rush of the miners, and that troops were stationed near all mining centers where large numbers of Indians were living, indicates that the army was essential in checking the Indians.

⁵⁸ Secretary of War, Annual Report for 1866, p. 20.

SITTING BULL'S MAIDEN SPEECH

BY STANLEY VESTAL

Editor's Note: This is a chapter from Mr. Vestal's Biography of Sitting Bull, to be published this spring by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

SITTING BULL, though a young man, was already making himself felt as a leader of what we may call the National Party among the Sioux west of the Missouri River. And in the summer of 1857 something happened which gave him an opportunity to take a prominent part in international affairs. So far as is known, he made his first notable speech at this time, a speech which sums up the policy of his faction among the Hunkpapa Teton Sioux with admirable clarity.

General "White Beard" Harney had made a treaty with the Sioux only the year before at Fort Pierre, following his victory over them at Ash Hollow in 1855, and had named a number of chiefs of his own selection. Sitting Bull was not one of these, for Harney naturally named men who were most pliant and friendly towards the white man, and Sitting Bull was not the man to serve two masters.

In 1857 General Harney was in command of the United States forces sent against the Mormons. His topographical engineer, Lieutenant G. K. Warren, was detached and sent into the Black Hills from Fort Laramie to make a survey of that lovely, and as yet unexplored, region. Warren was a man of unusual character and intelligence, a fine type of the scholar-soldier, and was later a general during the Civil War. He and his handful of men ran into a camp of forty Minniconjou Sioux lodges near Inyan Kara Peak.

Those who are acquainted with the pe-

culiar charm of the Black Hills will not wonder that they were the most precious part of the Sioux domain, a region so dear as to be considered sacred, where generations of seers and shamans had climbed the peaks to pray, where game abounded, clear streams slid down between hills clad with white aspens and dark pines, a region believed to be the capital and metropolis of all the Animal People. Nowhere in all the Sioux country are there lovelier pastoral valleys, or peaks which—though imposing—lack so completely the harsh ruggedness and fatiguing scale of the great Rockies farther west. The highest range east of the Rockies, and the most individual, the Black Hills have a feeling all their own, a friendly, home-like feeling, offering rest and comfort. The eastern ranges of North America, what are they but old men, gracious—but bald? The western ranges, crude and vigorous in their lusty youth, have not yet shaken down into their mellow maturity. But the Black Hills range has something lacking to them both: of all the ranges in America it is unique—having a quality as of some charming woman, midway between youth and age.

There the Minniconjou were encamped, looking after the great herds of buffalo in the neighborhood, waiting for the animals' robes to get into prime condition. Then they intended to make a series of surrounds, kill each herd without alarming the others, and so provide themselves with shelter, clothing, and food for the coming winter. They were, as Warren puts it, "actually herding the ani-

mals." In former days such methods had not been necessary, but now the buffalo were becoming scarce, and the Southern Sioux had to be careful. If the herds were stampeded, they might run into enemy country, where the Sioux would have to hunt at the risk of their lives. Indian "soldiers" had been put in command of the camp, and had forbidden any Indian to hunt on pain of death, until the tribal hunts were ended. The "soldiers" told Warren that he could not proceed.

Their lives depended upon those bison, and Warren frankly admits that "their feelings towards us under the circumstances were not unlike what we should feel towards a person who should insist upon setting fire to our barns." The Minniconjou could not put up with such sabotage. White men did not understand buffalo, or buffalo hunting; they were careless, wasteful, and stampeded the animals senselessly. Indeed, it was believed that buffalo would never return to a spot where their nostrils had been offended by the smell of a white man. Some of the Minniconjou threatened to kill Warren's men, if he went on. But when Warren reminded them of what Harney had done to Little Thunder's band in 1855, they begged him to take pity on their children. Warren goes on to say, in his report, "it was almost (sic) cruelty to the Indians to drive them to commit a desperate act which would call for chastisement by the government." Not many military men were troubled by such humane scruples.

But Warren was a reasonable man, and agreed to wait three days, until Chief Bear Ribs (the head chief appointed by Harney in '56) could get there and talk it over. Meanwhile Warren's Sioux guide became so alarmed that he deserted and camped with his own people. But that was not the most trying thing. Suddenly Chief Four Horns and his Hunkpapa Sioux came dragging into camp—tipis, dogs, kettles, pack-mules, and all—and with them a lot of Blackfeet Sioux. Sitting Bull rode with his uncle, Four Horns.

At once the Sioux tone became firmer. The Hunkpapa dominated the council, because they outnumbered the men of other bands. Their Strong Hearts erected a big double lodge in the middle of the encampment, and sat in council. At such a time—

as at all times when the Strong Hearts appeared determined—the chiefs were glad to let them decide upon the course to be taken. Afterwards, the chiefs would present the consensus of opinion to Warren.

At this time Sitting Bull was twenty-six years old, and on the verge of being made head man of the Hunkpapa chapter of the Strong Heart Society. While the sleet pelted upon the taut lodge-skins and the long pipe was passed from hand to hand around the circle, he made his first important speech: a declaration of policy which stands as one of the most significant of his public utterances. It may not have been his maiden speech, but it is the first that has come down to us.

He stood up, a stocky figure with a single eagle-feather upright in his hair, and with that peculiarly individual combination of force and graciousness which he always showed to his own people, summed up his views. The question before the house was: *Shall Warren be allowed to go on with his survey?*

"Friends! The Black Hills belong to me!

"Look at me, and look at the earth. Which is the oldest, do you think? The earth, and I was born on it. How old is it? I do not know. I will tell you what I think: it is far older than we are. It does not belong to us alone: it was our fathers', and should be our children's after us. When I received it, it was all in one piece, and so I hold it. If the white men take my country, where can I go? I have nowhere to go. I cannot spare it, and I love it very much.

"Let us alone. That is what they promised in their treaty—to let us alone.

"What is this white soldier doing here? What did he come for? To spy out the land, and to find a good place for a fort, and a road, and to dig out gold. He is thinking about the next war, after telling us to make peace with all nations and go to war no more. The white men tell us to make peace, but our enemies will not keep the peace. We have to make war, and besides, it is our pastime."

"Hau! Hau!" came the hearty response of the Strong Hearts. Sitting Bull went on.

"This white soldier chief, this White Beard (General Harney) came out here and told

us to make peace, to shake all nations by the hand and smoke together. But after he left here, he went to war himself, first in the South (Florida), and now against the Mormons. He says one thing, and does another.

"Friends, the Black Hills belong to me. This white man must stop here. He must go back."

These remarks were reported to Warren, and as Bear Ribs did not come at the end of three days, the officer wisely took his detail and went back towards Fort Laramie. Later he turned aside to the east, and explored the southern valleys of these mountains. And there Bear Ribs found him, bringing another Indian along.

Bear Ribs repeated all that the Hunkpapa had told Warren, and added that his own faction was in a hopeless minority among the Tetons, and that—if Warren persisted in going through the Hills—the chief was powerless to protect him. Yet Bear Ribs was trying hard to be friends with the whites, who had given him such importance as he possessed, had made him chief. He said he would try to get the Sioux to leave Warren alone, upon certain conditions:

"Tell the Grandfather at Washington," he said, "not to let white men come into our country. That is what they promised in their treaty—that white men would only come up the Missouri River in boats, or follow the White River between Fort Laramie and Fort Pierre. If you think you are buying

the right to go through our country with your annuities, keep them, we do not want them. What good are they, anyway? They are not worth making a special trip to get. If we cannot get them when we visit the posts to trade, you may as well keep them. One more thing: I hear that the Yankton Sioux are going to sell you their lands. If they do, tell them not to come to *us* and ask for land. Let them live with the white men; we will not take them in. Those lands belong to *all* the Sioux. Why should the Yanktons steal and sell our lands, and then ask us to feed them?"

Warren accepted these terms, and went on his way to Bear Butte. Bear Ribs rode away and persuaded the Sitting Bull faction not to harm Warren, as he was now well away from the precious buffalo herds.

But for all that, Sitting Bull's determined stand did the Sioux little good. That year there was a panic in the East, and the bottom dropped out of the robe market. Furs, of course, have no intrinsic value; their price depends upon the whims of fashion. And as will be readily imagined, the traders had a hard, hard time explaining this to the Indians who came laden with shaggy robes, expecting the usual rate of exchange in goods. There was much ill-feeling, some threats. One hot-head of the Hunkpapa killed a half-breed, Le Clare. But there were no hostilities against the white nation.

"All we ask is to be let alone," Sitting Bull kept saying. "If the Grandfather can control his young men, we shall have peace."

NO MORE FRONTIER

Editor's Note: The following letter with its introductory note was contributed by Colonel J. W. Redington, pioneer and veteran of the Indian Wars, now living in Oakland, California.

CAPTAIN H. B. LeFEVRE was a pioneer of Eastern Oregon, rode horseback in there when it was a real frontier, and was the man who put the rox into Rock Krick. But Old Father Time was the worst speed devil on earth. He made the years fly fast, and the frontier faded. New settlers came in and began measuring off the land into inches, and soaked in alum water and shrunk up were the wide open spaces where men were mostly men, and some strong-minded women near-ditto, and Cap-

tain LeFevre felt cramped and crowded. Hadn't he been one of the reception committee that welcomed Bourbaki's army of the Loire into Switzerland? And because that aggregation overcrowded the limited territory, he had gone west; and when Eastern Oregon began to get short of breathing room, he went on to frontier Alaska. And now he finds a faded frontier up there, and writes to a fellow-pioneer as follows:

. . . "We are supposed in Alaska to be living in a frontier country but

alack and alas we might as well be in a vast city park. We can't locate in a supposed wild woods without the permission of the Forest Bureau; we can't sell a boat except the transaction is inspected and registered in the U. S. Customs House; we can't catch a muskrat without obtaining a license and receive the special permission of the Biological Survey duly vised by the Alaska Game Commission; we can't cut a tree without the lordly permission of the Forest Ranger; the Fish Commission regulates the angling; we can't have a tame fox or any

other animal without a license from somebody; we can't milk a cow except under the supervision of the Dairy Commission, and I do not believe any people are as thoroughly regulated as we are unless it perhaps would be in Soviet Russia, and it is dangerous to take a drink. Our legislature is in session and we are counting the days between now and its adjournment in fear that it will do something else to us. About everybody in Juneau has a federal or territorial job and those who haven't are living off those who have.

"I feel that you and I have lived too long."

NORTHWEST FOLKLORE

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTHERN INDIANS

RETOLD BY MARIUS BARBEAU

I. THE SONG OF NATURE

An Indian Narrative from the Canadian Rockies

I stayed many moons in the mountains, at fifteen years of age, undergoing training, all alone, all alone.

One summer night I slept in an open field, in the grass, near a patch of fireweeds. A great wind rose at dawn and I heard a voice, a sweet voice, floating above, floating back and forth with the tufts of cotton from the fireweed stalks. "Dear Son, listen to me, listen to this song!" I opened my eyes, but could see no one. It was only a dream—a *sekwalaah*. As I woke up slowly, again I heard the voice of the wind; it grew clearer to my ears. It was a voice with many tones, as if people were singing together, singing very softly at dawn.

Now I understood the words of my old god-father, "When you wake up at day-break, you will hear the voice of the wind, the song of all nature. Listen to it, son, for it holds a lesson for you." I listened

to the wind, the strong wind from the valleys below. It swept the grass, the fireweeds, the bushes, swept the trees, the trees large and small, the trees with leaves or with needles. It was the voice of the wind that makes all nature sing, the rivers, the canyons, the mountain gorges, the forests. I could hear them all singing in the wind. Their songs were beautiful, endless, dream-like.

I woke and sat up. Oh, the strong wind, the wind that blew up the mountain slope! The grass, the fireweeds, the trees, the canyons were all singing together a mighty song. I learnt the tune and began to hum it to myself. I picked up my hat and used it for a drum. It was impossible to sit still, for the song floated all about in the air, and every one must dance when the trees and the brush and the grass dance in the wind.

What did I see? Two women, two young women, sisters, coming from the east. They were not walking; their feet only swept

the weeds as they drifted in the wind. They sang the song of nature as they came, picking flowers, grass and leaves all the way. One of them picked an aspen twig and passed it on to her sister, who threw it away. The other picked an aspen twig and handed it to her sister, who also threw it away. And they went on picking aspen twigs and throwing them away, singing all the while.

Now they were near; now they stood next to me. It was like a dream of night, yet like a vision in daylight. The elder sister had vermilion spots painted on her cheeks and the younger red spots on her breasts. And the red spots seemed like flowers raised above the flesh, though they were the scars of healed wounds. I could no longer sing, I fell prostrate. They stooped over me and brushed my head and my shoulders with their soft, leaf-like hands. Now the elder sister said to me, "Look at us, brother! You see these wounds of ours, you see them in our flesh?"—"Yes, sisters, I do!"—"These wounds came to us when we were shot, shot at in death by hunters. But we did not die; we are still alive. We could not die, because this is our song, the song of the wind; because we pass on the flowers and the twigs to one another, as we walk along, the flowers and leaves of the earth. Have you seen us coming, brother, have you heard us singing?"—"Sisters, I have seen you coming, I have heard your song as you came in the wind."—"Brother, listen! If you sing our song, if you dance to its tune, perhaps it may also come to you, the power that we possess. When a bullet pierces your flesh, paint vermilion on the wound as we have done, and you shall be well again. Sing our song, brother, for it will make you strong as we are, strong as the weeds, strong as the trees!"

They shook me, saying, "Wake up, friend! The day has dawned; listen to the warbling of the birds!" When I looked up, they had turned back with the wind; they were drifting away like two white clouds above the long prairie that stretched upwards in direction of sunrise. Their limbs were so white, so luminous, that they left a glittering trace behind them in the wind. It was like white dust from their feet. At the eastern edge of the prairie in the distance, they came to a basin surrounded by a spruce

forest. A snow drift swept down from the timber and covered their shining wake. "Brother," they said, turning to me, "our enemies cannot pursue us. They lose our tracks. They who shot and wounded us cannot do any harm, for we sing the song of all nature."

Before disappearing they threw their song into the mouth of Salalaw, the diver, who repeated it while they changed into female black bears. Then I knew who they were—the female Twin-bears, my own *snam*, my guardian spirits. I wanted to walk after them, towards the spruce forest. But I could no longer see them. They had disappeared in the twilight, in the shadows cast by the sun as it rose in the sky, after day-break.

Many times in the following years I had other visions of the Twin-bears. Whenever they appeared to me, after a fast in the mountains, it was for my good, my own welfare.

It was winter time, fifteen years later. I fell sick at my winter camp. For three weeks I lay ill and I became thin and very weak. It seemed as though I would soon die. As I was asleep one morning, I heard a song in my dream, a song that came from the lake shore. The wind moaned among the trees and the waves broke on the beach. The song was almost lost in the noise of the wind and the waves. But still it went on, it grew more distinct, and drowned all the other sounds. I wondered where it came from.

Opening my eyes I saw many bears, and the bears were singing the song. Their tune was so irresistible that I could not help singing it too. I woke up. Instead of bears I saw only large stones, the stones along the beach. Looking again, I did not see the stones, only the flat beach where the waves were breaking one by one, and the trees stood near the shore, the trees swaying in the wind. "Let me reach the one I love!" were the words of the song that rocked me to sleep again. As I slept I had a vision. Next to me stood my *snam*, the elder of the two sisters, she whose cheeks were painted with vermilion. She said, "Brother, you are far gone, you are almost dead."—"Yes," I replied, "I am far gone." My *snam* kept looking at me for a while, she who had

appeared at the place where the sun rises. Speaking once more, she said, "Eat the soakberry;" and she vanished, all at once.

I awoke, I called my wife and the other people in the camp. "What is it?" they asked. "I had a *sekwalawh*, a dream," I answered; "I wonder if you could find soakberries for me." It was winter time and berries were not easy to find. But the people went out and looked for the berries. They searched and at last found a handful of dried soakberries on a bush, miles away, at another camp. They galloped back with them on horseback, and, soaking them in water, beat them up into a froth with a *sopolally* stick. I ate the froth, a spoonful, and the next day I sat up, I stood up, I felt well, very well as usual. My wife and all my relatives looked at me; they were glad. "You see that my *snam* has not forgotten me. She still loves me and helps me."

Then followed a gap of eight years, eight full years without a single glimpse of my *snam*—the *snam*s are forsaking us everywhere now; they are leaving the country. I was working on a Government trail, working with pick and shovel. As I slept there at night I had a dream. An old man appeared to me, all clad in white, in a long white robe like that of a priest. Around his waist was tied a white woven belt. When he appeared to me, his song was that of the twin-bear sisters, my former *snam*s. "Do you recognize it?" he enquired. There was no spirit voice in me; I could not reply. "Have you heard of me before?" he asked. "Grand-son, if you don't sing this song, at noon tomorrow you shall die."

I began to sing my dream song, sing it aloud in my sleep. I was still singing when I awoke, and the old man seemed to be standing near me, singing likewise. My wife said, "What has happened? What have you seen?" I replied, "At noon tomorrow I shall die if I do not sing my song. I have seen Old Man." My wife joined in the song with me, and as soon as she began to sing, the Old Man moved towards the creek, Siwash Creek, about a hundred yards away. When only halfway there he turned around, opened the flap of his white robe and said, "Do you see my dress?" I looked at his dress, which was white as snow; but it was his own white hair, long, long hair flowing down all around

his body, with one braid twisted like a belt around his hips. Then Old Man sang his song, "Since the world first grew have I been. You see my hair, my snow-white hair? You see how old I am, as old as the rivers, as old as the mountains? Yet I remain what I am, strong as ever, old though I am. The *snam*s of the grass, the *snam*s of the fireweed, of all other weeds, are in me; the *snam*s of the trees, the *snam*s of the lakes and the mountains; the *snam*s of all nature."

Old Man turned again towards Siwash Creek, walking slowly and singing as he went. At the edge of the creek he looked at me once more, then stepped into the water, up to his ankles, up to his knees. He began to sink slowly in midstream, very slowly. When the water reached his head, a layer of white hair spread over the surface, like bubbling foam. The song "Since the world first grew" echoed softly from the stream, from the water running down the cascade, from above, from below, from the trees all around. It was as in a dream, a dream changed into a vision.

My soul then departed from my body; it went to Siwash Creek, then past the creek to the deep ravine three miles beyond, where two tall trees stood at the edge of a cliff. Beneath these trees were bushes. My soul hovered about the trees and the bushes for a long while. Death might come there to me the next day. Now the tracks of two bears appeared on the soft ground. I seemed to follow them away from the trees and the cliff, though it was only my soul that tracked the bears up the steep slope.

As I was still sitting and singing in the camp with my wife, someone shouted outside. Two Indians were staying in a tent beside me, and another tent was full of white men, white labourers. A white man opened the tent flaps, crying, "What's the matter, Jim, old boy? It's past midnight. Are you crazy?"—"No, I am not," I replied, "I have had a dream. If I do not sing now, at noon tomorrow I shall die." The white men laughed—they did not believe in dreams, in guardian spirits.

But I kept on singing with all my power, singing all through the night until dawn. My soul meanwhile followed the tracks up a rock slide to a deep hole, the den of the Bear spirits. My twin-bear *snam*s now

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joined in the song of my soul, the song I sang in my cabin with my wife, the song of weeds, of grass, of trees, and of rivers, the song of all nature, that made me share in the strength of all the *snaams* on earth, in the water and in the air.

In the morning I went out with my pick and shovel as usual. With three Indians and many other workmen I walked past Siwash Creek to the deep ravine three miles away where stood the two tall trees on the edge of the cliff. Unknown to us all a large tree trunk was lying on its side above our heads as we passed below a steep incline. "Look out!" shouted an Indian. The tree trunk was sliding down the hill side. I was caught by the tree and carried a hundred feet down, below, like a bullet, between the trunk and another large log resting at the bottom near the water's edge.

The people cried out, "He is dead!" I was not dead, only half asleep and half awake, as in a dream. My song was still singing inside me, the song of strength, the song of life. I could hardly breathe; I was choking.

The men chopped the tree trunk away and removed me from a hollow the size of my body between two large limbs. I was not dead, only fainting. "Are you still alive?" they asked me. I nodded; I was too weak to speak. But my song was still in me. Soon I could stand up. For many days I stayed in camp, very weak, but I never ceased to sing the Twin-bear song in my heart, the song that saved my life.

"Oh, my sisters, my sisters of the glowing dawn, can you hear me, can you hear my song? Perhaps you are travelling far to the east; perhaps you are gone forever. You may be here, you may be there. Here or there, alas! But now I can see the sun near the gate of sunrise, I can hear a voice, the voice of the great wind on the mountain crags. How strong, how mighty the voice of the wind! And these are the words of his song, while the grass, the bushes, the fireweeds and the trees were swaying, 'Dear son, listen to me, listen to my song!' I open my eyes, but I cannot see you yet, Twin-sisters of sunrise. I cannot see your glittering trail in the wind, the dust of your feet in the twilight. When is it that I shall hear you again singing the song of all na-

ture, see you drifting in the wind, picking flowers and grass and leaves as you move along? Oh, when is it? Dawn is near, the wind is strong, I am here, sisters, waiting for a glimpse of you, a word of you, the word that alone can save my life."

So did Tetlaneetsa end the narrative of his visions, the ancient manitou visions that are passing away with the older generation of Indians.

II. GIANTS IN THE FAR NORTH A Tale of the Hare Indian

There once lived a man of our race—poor, wretched and sullen in his misery. He was a captive in the cave of the Porcupine mountains, alone, in the darkness, knowing full well that he was to be tortured and burnt at the stake in the tribal festivals. But he had a spirit protector—Enagwaynee, the One Who Looks Back and Forth all at once. Enagwaynee hit the mountain with his thunder, split the cave in two and bid his protege, Kronaydin, Without-fire-and-country, go forth around the northern lakes.

Before Kronaydin started on his travels he saw his giant protector walking on a bed of flames and cinders, as was his wont, and he exclaimed, "How fearful this is to me, grandfather!" Enagwaynee replied, "Be not afraid, grandson, for I am kind-hearted. I do not destroy the people, but save them when they fall upon evil days. Come and let us travel together from now on. You shall know the truth of my words!"

Kronaydin, Without-fire-and-country—whose name is also The Wanderer—then began his travels with the giant Enagwaynee, the One Who Looks Back and Forth. As they could not walk at the same pace, Enagwaynee lifted Kronaydin to his shoulder, at times kept him in the warm palm of his hands, or again, in the soft fur lining of his mitts. The giant would kill reindeer and beavers for food and do all on earth to please the Wanderer, his tiny man friend of the dark cave.

They travelled on until, one day, Enagwaynee stopped and said, "The Tall Man is my enemy, the One whose head rubs the sky—Yanakwi-odinza, so he has always been from the beginning. Young men swarm about him. Some day he will kill me in an encounter. When he does, my blood will stain

the vault of the sky, stain it all over with red clouds." The Wanderer felt sad in his heart; but his protector urged, "Let us go forth, grandson! I see my enemy in the distance. Soon we will wrestle together."

Giving a beaver tooth to the Wanderer, the giant said, "Hold this weapon firmly in your hand while you stay hidden there, under the brush. I must fight him now." Alone he went ahead.

The two giants, the tallest there were, then met in a life and death struggle. The Evil One, Yanakwi-odinza, soon after was groaning under Enagwaynee's blows. The Wanderer heard him. But the battle was not easily won. Long the enemies wrestled, long they fought with fury. The trees in their path were uprooted and the rocks were ploughed in heaps out of the earth. Enagwaynee, the friendly one, weakened in the end and the blood dripped from his veins. "My son," he cried, to his tiny man friend, "where is your weapon? Cut his leg sinew, cut it at the shin." So did the Wanderer. He cut the giant's leg sinew with the magic beaver tooth, and He Who Rubs the Sky With His Head fell over to rise no more. He was dead. That is why we see the evil Yanakwi-odinza no more in our country, on the Lakes or on the River (the MacKenzie). But we never eat the leg sinews of the animals when we kill them.

"Very well, my son," exclaimed the victorious Enagwaynee, "we are now come to the end of our wanderings together. Here is my last word to you: Keep this staff; it is a parting gift. Plant it near you at night. When ever you are much in need, call me. If ever you see red clouds in the sky, it is that my blood has flowed from my veins, that my enemies have killed me in a battle. Remember!" And they parted forever.

The Wanderer remained alone; he was down-hearted. In his later travels he met with perils—enemies in ambush, swollen rivers, and fierce animals endangering his life. When in danger, he would climb on a tree and cry, "Grandfather Enagwaynee, come to me!" His call never was in vain, his call to his unseen helper. He planted the giant's staff near him at night, this he never failed to do. Then he would see in a dream his mother's lodge as it stood long ago, before he was made a captive by the

raiders of the far north. This was the Wanderer's fate, whose loss was mourned for many moons, but who never found the trail back to his homeland.

He happened once to spy a young woman, lost like him in the barren stretches. As she was shapely, he liked her, followed her, lived with her, built a lodge for his new home with her. But, what does all this matter?

One day he noticed strange things above, and he remembered. It was his friend Enagwaynee's blood that stained the sky vault, stained it with red clouds all over. He burst into lamentations, crying, "Grandfather, alas, you are done for!"

After a long time, many moons, many years, his travels came to an end. He gave up hunting, gave up everything. He failed to rise from the ground one morning. He dug a trench with his hands, dug it very deep. "This is my grave," he said, "here my bones shall rest." And he died. We still see them—rock ledges—bleaching at the edge of the great northern lake.

III. RAIN-DROP

A Story of the Alaskan Indians

This took place long ago, in the mountains. Two hunters of our own tribe were travelling along the trails, in the passes. The name of one was Rain-drop, and of the other, Cloven-hoofed. As they were preparing to ford a deep creek, two men unlike anybody else approached them. "These are People from the Sky," they thought to themselves. But they could not move away; their legs were as if stiffened by the cold. Rain-drop said, "I will kill them." Cloven-hoofed retorted, "Beware! it means disaster for us!" They only had hafted stone axes in their hand. When they saw that the ghost-like strangers were not afraid but drew nearer, they thought, "We cannot do anything, we cannot help ourselves."

One of the two men—who were white like peeled logs—then took a shining cup and a crystal-like bottle from his pockets and poured off a drink. Rain-drop was too frightened to drink from the cup. So was Cloven-hoofed. The man then swallowed some of the contents himself. "If he can drink it," thought Cloven-hoofed, "it may not be hurtful." Rain-drop's idea now was,

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"If we drink it we may become as white as they are. We may get the power of spirits." Now they were both willing. Rain-drop took the cup first. Then it was his friend's turn. They found it good, very good, much better than anything they had ever known. After one cupful, another. They felt most happy. "We will now be turned into white beings from the sky." The change seemed so wonderful that they clamoured for more drink. But they sat down to rest, and fell into a stupor. When they knew no more the white men departed.

They must have stayed there a long while, a day or more. Their limbs were stiff and cold and their stomachs sick when they came to. Rain-drop was the first to stand up. What he did was to look at one of his hands. It was not white, but about the same shade as before. The other hand was not much different. He had not had enough to drink; that was the whole matter. The change had only begun. Cloven-hoofed was quite sick when he came to. He fell to sleep again, and when he awoke, his friend was gone. "It is all very strange," he said; "Rain-drop is surely gone to the sky, and I am left alone here. I did not get enough to drink; that is the whole trouble." He was much disappointed to find the shade of his skin unchanged. After crawling a short distance he found his friend asleep on the trail. "He stopped only half-way," he thought; "not enough drink!" And he also lay down to sleep again.

Before a few days had passed, they felt much disappointed. The new change had left nothing but disappointment to them. When they reached home and told their experience, some old men laughed and said, "You speak like fools. These truly were not ghosts, but only white men."

IV. THE COMING OF THE MEEDAW

An Indian Recollection of the Alaskan Frontier

The events I will relate happened when my grandmother was a young woman, about the time of the coming of the Meedaw (the White People) to this country.

My ancestor Malulek went to Wilegush, Where-it-is-silent, his hunting ground five days distant from Sasaayen (Bear Lake). A few of his relatives and the warrior Keedzap followed him to the silent forest, where

they usually lived together during the hunting moons.

Malulek then visited his ground-hog traps in the low valleys. While he was away, the Tssetsaut, our traditional enemies from the east, came to the winter camp. Keedzap invited them in and seated them as honored guests on mountain goat skins. One of the Tssetsaut men, after partaking of the dish offered him, spoke up and said, "Keedzap has a good name. He is a strong man. So we have heard, we, the people of the east. I wish to test my strength with him."

Keedzap agreed to the contest. The Tssetsaut and the Gitksan wrestled in jest. The challenger failed to overcome his rival. Another one took his place in the circle of the assembled relatives. The Tssetsaut again went down, and so did they all, the others that followed, one after the other. The strangers resented their defeat. They went to the door, then turned back. From their hands issued the noise of thunder—this was the first time a gun was fired among our people. Keedzap fell dead on the floor of the house. The other Gitksan hunters were killed to the last. It happened before the day was over.

When Malulek came back home, he was struck with grief. His nephews and friends were dead. He did not care to take to flight, even though the enemy was still there. Death now meant nothing to him. But he was a great sorcerer. He walked around the camp just as he would among his friends. The Tssetsaut saw him coming their way, the corners of his mouth streaming with a green fluid, as happens to witches. They feared him for his power over the spirits, the hayuks at his command. Yet they trusted their own magic weapon—the gun they had received from the White Man. They shot him as they had done Keedzap, and he fell down dead. They burnt his body out of reverence, as he never himself failed to burn the remains of a dead enemy.

Then they started on the trail to their home in the southeast. With them they brought back Guslaws—Bright-Moon, a niece of Malulek, whom they had made a captive for her good looks. Not half a day away from Where-it-is-silent, one of the Tssetsaut raiders fell dead by the trail, a green fluid streaming from his mouth. Like the others,

Guslaws saw it. She thought, "It was he who killed my uncle Malulek." They camped there for the night and burnt the body of their companion. Thus sadly ended their triumphant return from Where-it-is-silent.

They again journeyed some distance, the next morning. Another raider died, and they halted at once. The green fluid ran from his mouth, and Guslaws thought, "It was he who killed Keedzap, our best friend." The Tsetsaut burnt the remains, and mourned the loss of their two best warriors. And thus every day a raider fell dead, the green water streaming from his lips—until only half of the company was left to bring the news home.

It was at Sasaayen (Bear Lake) that the survivors put up their camp. Guslaws was frightened at the sight of a strange people moving there, a people whose faces and hands were white like those of ghosts, of decayed corpses in their graves. These beings, she thought, are the Ganawdzet, the singing spirits, whose sight causes death. She was mistaken. Those strangers were not corpses, not the Ganawdzet, but the Meedaw, the White People. They had just arrived in this land for the first time.

The Meedaw visited the Tsetsaut camp and saw Guslaws, Bright-Moon. They knew that she was a stranger, a captive of the raiders, and they said, "This we will not permit. No one will take slaves again, in this country." So they induced Bright-Moon to follow them, away from her captors. They kept her in their house. They wanted to save her for her beauty. Maseloss (Mr. Ross), the chief, and his wife took good care of her, and they knew how to be kind. Their children were fond of her. Bright-Moon liked them all and stayed with them all summer . . .

The autumn came. The huckleberries and the soapberries were ripe on the mountain-sides. Guslaws did not know what to do. She was lonesome. As she could not speak to the white woman, she made signs with her hands: The water has dropped very low in the river beds. It was the best time to travel. So she was allowed to go back to Sea-gull village, among her own people. A Tsetsaut and two servants of Maseloss escorted her to the mountain trail. Then she travelled by herself from dawn till night.

She camped three times on her way home, and once more she felt happy when she saw Sea-gull.

Late as the season was, the people still lived at the canyon. But fishing was near the end, and the hunters were soon to go to the forests beyond the mountains. Bright-Moon stood on the edge of the bluff a long while. She did not move, as she looked. The people below gazed at her. She seemed a narhnok—a spirit; for she was unlike other women. Her dress was that of a white woman—a thing they had never seen. She walked down and talked to them. For the first time her tribe beheld the Meedaw's bright cloth and wonderful finery.

Malulek and his nephews, they still believed, were hunting near the Silent-place. They were grieved at the news of their death. So were Keedzap's relatives, the Wolf people. They followed Bright-Moon to Malulek's empty home in the village, and sat down to the tale of his woes. It was there that they first heard of the gun that killed Malulek and Keedzap, and of the Meedaw, the white people of sunrise. Then their duty came to their thoughts—retaliation upon the Tsetsaut. The chiefs assembled, and the whole night long they prepared for a raid against their deadly enemies, the murderers of Malulek and Keedzap.

The raiders started off at dawn in single file. They belonged to every crest—the Fireweed, the Raven—Malulek's crest, and the Wolf—that of Keedzap. Bright-Moon was their guide; she led them over the mountains. Waigyet was the name of the Fireweed leader, Neekyap, of the Wolf, and Weemenawzek, of the Raven. Thus the three clans of the Sea-gull people marched together against their common foe. They were four days on their way . . .

Then they arrived near the lake where the Meedaw, the White People lived. They stood for the first time beside the road, broad and smooth, that led to the fort. They gazed silently at this wonder, a broad road, so utterly different from their own forest trails. They looked at the even cut made by the saw in the tree trunks, the saw-dust and the large chips made by the axe from the trees. How different this was from the splints and the beaver-like irregular cut made by their own stone blades! They camped right there,

and marvelled at it. They held a council.

"What shall we do with the Meedaw?" the question came. The reply was, "It is they who saved Bright-Moon, when she was a captive of the Tssetsaut. It is they who sent her back home to tell of Malulek's death. So they must not be harmed." Everyone at first agreed that the Meedaw should be spared. But some warriors argued, "If the Meedaw had not given a gun to our enemies, Malulek and Keedzap would still be alive." Of this there could be no doubt. Not a few wavered in their mind. Others declared, "It is only right that we should kill them." A dispute followed, and their anger was rising. They nearly fell out. But the wiser among them, Waigyet, Neekyap and Weemenawzek, remained silent; they stood aside by themselves. Then they gave their word of advice, "If we only kill each other here, instead of the Tssetsaut, what shall the people think of us? What shall they say of the brave Sea-gull warriors?" Thus they came to concur in one idea—that the Meedaw should not be attacked.

The Sea-gull party went openly to the fort where the White People lived. As they approached, a Tssetsaut servant of the White People pointed his gun at them, but they

snatched it away before he had time to fire. They held him fast and tied his hands and feet with cedar ropes. His wife, who stood away crying, was captured by a young warrior; but, "No, let her go!" objected an old chief; "Brave warriors never raise their hands against a woman. Let her be your prisoner, my son, and every one will laugh at you and say—This is a woman; was she the only one you dared attack in yonder country?" The Tssetsaut captive, upon this, pleaded earnestly, "If you will not kill me, if you will release my hands and my feet, and let me return to the white chief, I will pay my ransom, I will give you half of the mountain, which is my hunting-ground. This shall be yours ever after." Consulting each other, the raiders agreed, "It is better that we give our consent, otherwise we lose half of the mountain, his hunting-ground." So they freed the Tssetsaut and accepted the prize. The Sea-gull warriors went away, the next day. They did not even see the White People, for they believed they were ghosts. On their way back the Sea-gull people declared, "Had we met twenty of our enemies we would have killed them all. But it was not worth killing just one, or making of a single woman a slave . . ."

BOOK SHELF

NOTES BY THE EDITOR

Brothers in the West. Robert Raynolds. Harper and Brothers. 1931. \$2.50.

The Harper Prize Novel for 1931-1932. A powerful fresh, life-searching novel. The two brothers, strong in themselves rather than in a supernatural or any other force, paganly using life, knowing that "Wherever you look there's only one thing—life moving toward death" with life to be enjoyed, realists and dreamers, by their unquenchable, almost mystic affection for one another and for the woman Karin, stride through experience unmindful of the social conventions and laws and amenities that deaden the spirit toward whatever fulfilment they desire, and in the end toward death. The brothers are primal forces. They live the natural life of primitive man, but with wisdom and love, and always strength.

In method the writer has scorned both realism and romanticism, uses both, and suc-

ceeds in presenting the whole man in the complex of experience that is life.

Folk-Say. Edited by B. A. Botkin. University of Oklahoma Press. 1931. \$3.00.

Professor Botkin with this annual volume is doing valuable pioneer work for the folk aspect of Regionalism and is bringing to light new writers and material. That he considers folklore the "foundation stone" of Regionalism makes his editing of the volume, although partial, only the more devoted and able. This volume is easily the most significant of the three he has issued. The only quite new material now given literary form and handling is the poetry of Pat. V. Morrisette dealing with "The Riley legend" of the Pacific Northwest. Other Northwest writers are James Stevens and Nard Jones. Most of the stories in the volume ably carry the raw, elemental emotional experience of uneducated and often unprincipled people that is one side of the life of the "folk" of

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these United States—the boisterous joy of a cantankerous shyster lawyer, the superstitions of people of the soil about witches, the brutal bouts and murders of an oilfield bully, the dirty desire for women of men who have been “saved” at a religious revival and are getting drunk on “corn,” and so on. Mari Sandoz succeeds admirably in contrasting the hearty, generous, rough life of early Nebraska with the false, semi-educated, exclusive life of today's sandhillier. Philip Stevenson writes with penetrative imagination into the life of the New Mexican *penetentes*. Commendably the prose is characterized by sincerity, and loyalty to folk flavor. In verse Pat Morrisette's lyric portrayal of Riley, Sterling Brown's accurate and strong poems of negro moods, Thomas Hornsby Ferril's honest and interpretative Colorado poems, Anne McClure's fixation of town types in rugged solid verse are fine accomplishments.

The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth. Edited by T. D. Bonner. Knopf. 1931. \$4.00.

This book is a welcome addition to *Americana Deserta* published by Alfred Knopf under the editorship of Bernard de Voto. It is the most colorful book written about the plains country. Beckwourth both lived an exciting life—going West with Ashley first in 1823, living among the Crow Indians for six years as their powerful chief, serving in the army during the Mexican war and being in the midst of the Cheyenne war in 1864—and was a superb egotist. In 1856 he dictated his life and adventures to T. D. Bonner, so that the book ends with Beckwourth in California. It is “neither history nor fiction—but mythology,” and this new edition has been put out “for the sole purpose of providing the public with an interesting book,” in which the mountain man is “illuminated as completely as possible in the space at hand.”

Bret Harte. George R. Stewart, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. \$5.00.

Professor Stewart for eight years has sifted Bret Harte material, found and weighed new material, and finally written a biography that disposes of several Bret Harte myths and places the man before the reader as clearly and understandably as scholarship and a later day can know and depict him. The book is not critical of Bret Harte's writings, yet it reveals the nature of his early successes, of his failures, and of his late comparative failures. The story of Harte's life is one of quick successes and gradual failures, of seizing of opportunities and the working out of his literary vein. In the end Harte was a hack writer in London for many years, a glib story-teller for money only. There is strange strength and strange weakness in the man. Professor Stewart gives us comprehension, not condemnation, not praise. He has written the book in alert, though not expert, language and style.

Western Prose and Poetry. Rufus A. Coleman. Harpers. 1932. 502 pp. \$1.40.

This book is an interesting collection of poems and narratives giving genuine pictures, impressions, and accounts of life in the West, including, let me say hastily, humor. Mr. Coleman presents writings mostly of living persons, many of them as yet little known. There is therefore a fine freshness in the reading. The classic writers, like Washington Irving, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Andy Adams, Mary Austin, Charlie Russell, and Frank B. Linderman are represented; writers also, like Stanley Vestal, Willa Cather, James Stevens, A. B. Gilfillan, Lew Saret, whose writings of the West are rapidly becoming classics. Of the fifty-eight contributors thirty-five are writers as yet little known. Recently a deluge of western writings has fallen over us; from this wave come these little known but admirable fresh poems and narratives. John Frohlicher, Harvey Fergusson, H. L. Davis, Mary Hartwick, Harry Huse, Oliver LaFarge, Verne Bright, Ethel Fuller and many others of this group should be watched, for they are producing interpretative accounts of western life with skill and imagination.

The arrangement of the material in sections—from Indian legends to the modern scene—gives the reader a sense of the development of the West. Of the seventy selections twenty-six are verse, lyric, descriptive, and narrative. The book is illustrated with eight full-page Remington pictures, one Paxson, and one Charlie Russell. The editor has furnished succinct and pertinent headnotes to each section, and at the back of the book has placed short lively biographies of the contributors and interesting notes and queries. The volume stands a fine accomplishment of a difficult task.

Sunlit Peaks: An Anthology of Idaho Verse. Edited by Bess Foster Smith. Caxton Printers. (Caldwell, Idaho). 1931. \$2.50.

Friendly Firs. Anthony Euwer. Metropolitan Press. (Portland, Oregon). 1932. \$1.50.

Kitchen Sonnets. Ethel Romig Fuller. Metropolitan Press. 1932. \$1.50.

The Torch Undimmed. Edna Davis Romig. Dorrance. 1931. \$1.50.

Mead and Mangel-Wurzel. Grace Stone Coates. Caxton Printers. (Caldwell, Idaho). 1931. \$2.00.

The first two volumes are popular verse. The editor of Idaho verse writes in her preface, "*Sunlit Peaks* is not compiled primarily for literary critics—but for those who read verse because they like it." (Mayn't critics, please "read verse because they like it?") And Mr. Euwer's prefatory poem tells the reader to "go get another book" unless he is content "with thoughts that anyone might think—with now and then a little try To make the heart beat quicker, Or here and there a little prod To raise a smile or snicker." Popular verse means common ideas

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and emotions clothed in images long accepted as poetic and in rhythms so familiar as to require little of the reader's attention. It is usually sentimental. Such verse does not achieve distinction, the mintage being too familiar, yet it passes in wide circulation at face value. It is the right verse for the interests of many people.

In *Sunlit Peaks* the verse of Vardis Fisher is the most skilful and surely the best. Other poems ranking among the best are by Edith Graham, Marianne Jenkins, Maud Wullstein, and Ruth Mead. *Friendly Firs* is for the most part newspaper verse—that is, verse written for the day's consumption, but it is a good quality of that kind. It has considerable humor, which often keeps the sentiment from getting too sticky. There are several poems of parenthood and of childhood that strike the bull's-eye. The book has nine full-page decorative block prints by the author, and is exceptionally well printed and bound by the publishers.

Kitchen Sonnets (and Lyrics of Domesticity) is likewise well printed and attractively bound. These poems are continually breaking through the desire to be popular verse into genuine poetic achievement. The sentiment, the common themes, a determined optimism are present, but so also are freshness and personality and a light, yet strong lyric expression. Mrs. Fuller's imagination seldom allows her to dwell with commonplace image and expression. One triumph is that the reader finds himself often cast into a new attitude toward the commonplace. Poignancy frequently enters the theme that is glibly and unemotionally expressed by a lesser poet. Read *For an Old Woman Picking Wild Blackberries* and you will find a full illustration of all I am asserting. Or *The Spare Bedroom*. Nor can Mrs. Fuller be satisfied with stale, crystallized beauty—it is then for her not beauty; but must find it pristine, fresh. Read *Jack-Be-Nimble*, or twenty other poems chosen almost at random.

The Torch Undimmed reveals Mrs. Romig writing verse in the current of tradition; her themes are largely either out of culture or expressed in the language of culture. I am unable to determine whether this is verse written as a journeyman practitioner before that in her previous two volumes, *Blue Hills* and *Lincoln Remembers*, which were better, or whether she is being anew charmed by the quietness and objectivity of tradition. On every page there is evidence of the true poetic spirit, but not everywhere fulfilment in poetic conception and expression. The poetry is deserving of better printing and more attractive binding than the publishers have given it.

With such edged and compact artistry as characterized her novel, *Black Cherries* (Knopf, 1931), Mrs. Coates has written her modernly conceived and expressed poetry of the hidden, the subconscious, mind. The poems are persistently, mercilessly introspective. As arranged the poems read some-

what like a story: The writer has to make an adjustment to life, of mental attitude and of spirit, that concerns itself with the so-called battle of the sexes; the poems form a record of attempts to make the adjustment. The struggle is primarily with the feminine self, rather than with another, a masculine, self. The key poem seems to be *Exorcism*.

*Here I brought my shattered desire,
Edged like broken glass,
To cut you from my life, entire;
Hopeful I might pass
From this casual wayside clinic
Mutilated, healed;
Neither martyr, mope, nor cynic,
But a woman, steeled.*

*Ghostly wisps of thought, like vapor
In the upper air,
Hide away from pain, or caper
Grinning on the stair;
I, too worn by life to solely
Cherish or despise them,
Weave me holy or unholy
Words to exorcise them.*

The poems of the tormented spirit are the sharpest, most accurate, most meaningful, most "expressive"—in the very modern sense, and are written with energy and craft. They are a genuine contribution to modern psychological poetry. The poems in which semi or momentary adjustment, in the last third of the volume, has been made are less keen, less oriented, less really expressive. Throughout the volume the reader must keep his wits about him, to follow the writer into piercing imagery and what seems at first unclear expression; but if he does keep mentally and imaginatively alert he will experience a hidden life strangely illuminated.

*"My Visitants . . . [are]
. . . dead desires keeping trust
Beneath remembered cedar trees"*

*"There is a hardness in woman . . . [she]
. . . can leave a man, without
quitting his dwelling,
To Loneliness deeper than night with
no star-spawn."*

[She] "can endure and endure."

A Century of Gunmen. Frederick Watson. Ivor Nicholson and Watson, Ltd. (London). 1931. 10/6.

The cover of this book rightly announces the linking of the gunman of the Far West of early times with the city gangster of today; but the material has been assembled by a man who knows the American people from a distance and through printed matter. This lack would hardly show as an inability if Mr. Watson were not constant in his irritating reference to how much better England handles crime and politics and lives its social life. Nevertheless, the book is a challenge to the American attitude toward education, politics, crime and the gangster, and the police. His serious contention that

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America's elimination of religious ethics from the schools, her refusal to consider politics a high professional calling, foster the attitude of lawlessness in the citizen, and disrespect for the police, who cannot function without respect and support, and condonement of crime, is a real and portentous indictment.

The Voyager. Grace Lee Nute. Appleton. 1931. \$3.00.

This study of the *voyageur* gives clear, exact information of his appearance, the making and use of his canoes, his day's work, on stream or in fort, the songs he sang, his actions as soldier, settler, and explorer. It gives little sense of the vast reaches of wild country he traversed and no imaginative picture of his life and work. The writing is dull. The book lacks literary values; but it is an interesting factual account.

Big - Enough. Will James. Scribners. 1931. \$2.50.

The United States Catalog shows that for the last six years Will James has been turning out on the average a book each year. In 1931 there were two: *Sun-Up* (a collection of stories, some previously published), and *Big-Enough*. Few Writers can stand such an output and do consistent work, especially when their scene of action is as circumscribed as is that of Mr. James. Picturesque colloquialisms may attract for a season, but they cannot long take the place of a good plot and convincing portraiture.

Big-Enough (the story has to do with a horse and a boy born on the same day and "big enough for most anything") unfolds too much man sense for the boy and too much horsensense for the horse to convince even a tenderfoot. The biography opens auspiciously with several skilfully told episodes, but toward the close there is a decided falling off into sheer melodrama. *Big enough* becomes entirely too big. Even Easterners are becoming a bit weary of the ubiquitous cow-puncher. If you don't believe it, read the amusingly clever squib, "Phoney Boy," in the February issue of *Vanity Fair*. Still *Smoky* is to Will James's credit.

Buckaroo. Hess, Fjeril. Macmillan. 1931. \$2.50.

A young Eastern girl in a spirit of bravado (almost like that of a wager) comes to Nevada to teach. As is to be expected, she learns more than she teaches—how to build a school house out of willows and mud, how to ride a cayuse, how to braid a riata, together with numerous other duties incident to life on Pinon Ranch. She is an excellent teacher, too, although it must be confessed that her extra-curricular activities comprise the major part of her year's experience. Through her influence the ranch house is renovated to the dignity of a small town dwelling.

Buckaroo makes good reading and is especially recommended for girls in their teens. While circumstances at times deal too kindly

with the young heroine, she deserves most of her "lucky breaks," carrying us with her, happily satisfied to the end of the narrative.

Rufus A. Coleman

Caballeros. Ruth L. Parker. Appleton. 1931. \$3.00.

This is a book about "La Villa Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco de Assisi," and how, in the progress of time, it became Santa Fe. It is the story of the *caballeros* who rode north along the Camino Real in satin and flashings of scarlet taffeta, and of the civilization they built in the desert.

Mrs. Barker writes gently of the conflicts that rose when the caballeros were shouldered by Yankee wagoners, and the flag of Mexico came down. Such expansive acts seem reprehensible only to distant eyes. Mrs. Barker's book will offend neither Anglo- nor Spanish-Americans. But the dusty glamor of the old trails, and the picturesque reality of the tall men who ventured down them, evade the sweet reasonableness of her narration.

The many and charming pen and ink illustrations by Norma Van Swearingen are more potent of illusion.

Gun Notches. Capt. T. H. Rynning. Appleton. 1931. \$3.00.

This is an interesting book, but not an important one. It is the life story of a roughrider and captain of the Arizona Rangers, put down, and presumably dressed up, by Al Cohn and Joe Chisholm, whose habitat is Hollywood. The foreword by Rupert Hughes is the sort of criticism that ordinarily gets printed on the flaps of the paper cover.

There is material for a half-dozen western thrillers in this book, plenty of shooting and hard riding. The reader who looks for more than this will be disappointed. Rynning neither gives himself nor his times away. He puts on a rodeo. Valeted by his Boswells, he dresses up for the tourists, like the depot Indians of Santa Fe.

Brassil Fitzgerald

Hymn to Chaos. Harold Vinal. The Stephen Daye Press. 1931.

Bensbook. Benjamin Musser. Oglethorpe University Press.

When certain big fish in literary criticism rebelled against poetic abstractions, and demanded concrete revelation, they were followed by a school of minnows who exhausted their critical resources in the dictum: "We don't like poems about beauty." Beauty was definitely out, and if it happened to be capitalized Beauty it was carried out with tongs. "There is no such thing as beauty," they said truthfully enough (since "An abstract noun is something you can't see when you look at it"—*Bensbrook*). And beauty was the poor ass that bore the blows for all her sister-abstractions. If one tried to suggest that whether a poem about beauty was worth reading might depend on what it said, he was condemned before he had his mouth fully open.

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Harold Vinal disregards this tabu in the title poem of his volume, *Hymn to Chaos*. Beauty, the unceasing builder, challenges Chaos:

*Unto you light shall run
Terribly fleet.*

And with the courage of his conviction he continues to write what is natural to him, poems that are neither over-smart, nor acidulous, nor obscure, nor eccentric; on themes as old as life and as new as each individual. Mr. Vinal has sure craftsmanship, and gives each poem a satisfying surface clarity that opens on ampler interpretive fields. He has sure taste for characterization: Charon's "fatal and malicious barque;" the "colloquial" robin. His sonnets attain felicity, and his work never drops to the level of mere facility. In his sonnets and his love poems he is most direct and authentic; next, in his portraits direct or masked. I see his natural objects through a golden mist, that sets them lovely but remote. This is a book I will turn to more than once, to see how mood affects interpretation.

Bensbook is by title and foreword exactly that: Ben Musser's book, as personalistic as a letter; exposing Ben's faults and virtues, his wit and his lacunae, so that by its reading his friends will like him better and his enemies—if he have any—will find food to feed their grudges. It ranges from erudition anent language—"The Catholic Language," a veritable handbook for those who like words—through derisive refusal to be "made a gent in two lessons," to the unconscious humor of schoolboy howlers:

"What did Paul Revere say after his famous ride?" "Whoa!"

Grace Stone Coates

ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

Of the writers known to *Frontier* readers Mr. Bolles, Mrs. Clapp, and Mrs. Coates live in Montana; Miss Beebe, Mr. Bright, and Mrs. Morden in Oregon; Mrs. Spencer in Colorado, and Mr. Olson in Wyoming.

Of the writers new to *Frontier* readers Miss de Ford (author of *Love Children*), Mr. Johnson, Mr. Lane, and Mr. Redington live in California. Mr. DuPerrier is a Portland story writer; Mr. Casteel is an instructor at the University of Oregon. Mrs. Knisely writes in Everett, Washington.

Struthers Burt (author of *The Diary of a Dude Wrangler*, *Festival*, and other books) lives in Wyoming, but winters in South Carolina. He was a lecturer at the Conference for Writers which was held last summer at the State University of Montana.

From the Southwest comes Mr. Welty's article on the army and the frontier (Texas Christian University, Fort Worth), and Stanley Vestal's account of Sitting Bull's speech. Mr. Vestal (University of Oklahoma) is the

author of *Kit Carson*, *'Dobe Walls*, and other books.

The Middle West is represented by Miss *Usehold* (Illinois) and Miss *Egland* (Minnesota). Mr. *Tharp* sends his poem from Pennsylvania (University of Pittsburg), and Mr. *Davis* his story from Kenmore, New York.

Mr. *Barbeau* is one of Canada's most distinguished anthropologists and folklorists. With Edward Sapir he edited from the Yale University Press *Folk Songs of French Canada*.

ANSWERING MR. WETJEN

Continued from front advertising section

Many writers of "quality" and smooth-paper fiction often sell to the pulp-magazine field without losing either dignity or professional standing.

Magazine fiction is not nearly so financially glorious as Mr. Wetjen would have us see it. He says even a beginner can obtain often as much as four hundred dollars for a story sold to a first-rate magazine. The trouble is, that same "beginner" usually spends from five to twenty years writing for as low as one-half cent to rarely over six cents *before* he can sell to the first-class magazines. Of course there are some who jump right into the big money right away, but how about those that never graduate from the news-print magazines?

Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser, and Kipling may have written such tripe in their earlier days. But who heard of Dreiser before "Sister Carrie" or of Kipling before "Plain Tales from the Hills"? And who imagined how Sinclair Lewis could ever escape the poor-house in his old age—when he was grinding out fiction for the *Saturday Evening Post*? He was barely able to save enough money ahead to write a book, *as he wanted to write it*, but after its completion he soon began to worry whether or not all the money in the world was being wished on him.

I'm willing to wager that if Mr. Wetjen had written as many stories of the kind he wanted to write as of the "made-to-order" type, he'd be a dozen times more well-known and probably considerably richer than he is now. Yet, his letter expressed in a very clear manner the temptation to the present-day writer. I, and, I believe, others, are indebted to him for writing it, and to you for printing it.

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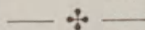
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