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1932
L. Donaldson
THE
FRONTIER
MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST



THEATRICALS AT FORT SHAW, 1874

AGNES B. CHOWEN

WHEN RILEY SAW THE MOUNTAINS OF MONTANA

Poems by PAT V. MORRISSETTE

SLIDE TROMBONE

Story by HARRY G. HUSE

JOAQUIN MILLER AND HIS FAMILY

Unpublished Letters Edited by BEATRICE BEEBE

UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL OF LIEUT. JOHN MULLAN, 1858

Edited by PAL CLARK

BRIEF FICTION

by Benjamin Appel, Grace Stone Coates, Hal Driggs, Henry Larom, John E. Ludlow,
Eloise Reed, Robert Struckman

STORIES by Borghild Lee and Jose Garcia Villa

POEMS by Jason Bolles, Richard W. Borst, Beatrice Brace, Mary B. Clapp, Howard
M. Corning, Margaret Dewey, Mary J. Elmendorf, Ethel R. Fuller, Catherine
S. Macleod, H. Raynesford Mulder, Israel Newman, Lori Petri, L. Laurence
Pratt, Alex R. Schmidt, Anderson M. Scruggs, Hazel B. Selby,
Claire A. Thomson, Paul E. Tracy

ARTICLES by Alice Weister, F. B. Gillette, M. Leon French, Lulu Stone, J. W.
Redington, Albert B. Reagan

OPEN RANGE

HISTORICAL SECTION

FOLKLORE

BOOKSHELF

LITERARY NEWS

Volume XII

MAY, 1932

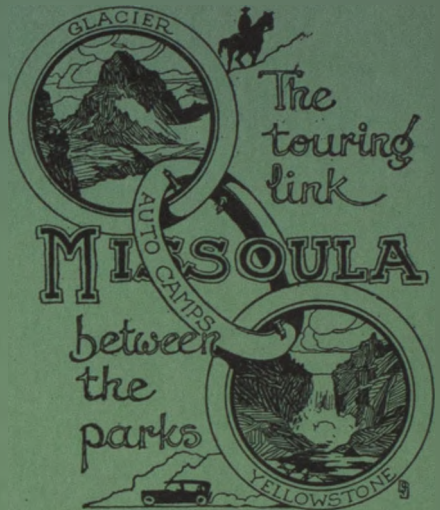
Number 4

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Muse and Mirror, Seattle, merged with *The Frontier*, April, 1932.

Volume Twelve

MAY, 1932

Number Four

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THE FRONTIER is a member of the Missoula Chamber of Commerce.

An Announcement

To Writers---professional, amateur and beginners---and Others interested.

The Holbrook Writers Colony, in this its 22nd season, offers its members a wide choice as to residence and activities.

DIVISION I. The rich academic resources of a **University Summer School**.

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Each member is free to select the working conditions suited to his individual needs, taste, and pocketbook. Experiment has proved that such needs are well met by Colony life and the Conference plan:—**Round Table discussions** of professional problems relating to writing; **on-the-page aid** in shaping, revising, editing and marketing manuscripts (all this entirely optional); **inspiration and courage** that comes from knowing personally successful writers, critics, and editors.

Now for our Old Friends: **Who, What, When and Where**, and that less friendly **How Much?**

Who and What: A Mountain Colony for adults, men and women, writers, teachers, students and Others. Members absolutely free to enjoy or ignore both each other and the rich offerings of the Mountains, the University and the Colony.

The University offers:—Credit courses in all departments; a Writers' Conference led by authors of sound accomplishment; special courses in creative writing conducted by nationally known authors; a large library; a reading room, rich in periodicals; a swimming pool, gymnasium, golf links, week-end mountain excursions, trips to nearby places of interest, to Glacier Park and Yellowstone. Members of the University Division of the Colony may spend some time at the Mountain Lodge if vacancies permit, \$4 per day or \$25 per week.

The Dude Ranch offers the usual stirring activities—with single or double cabins for writers who wish seclusion and quiet.

The Mountain Lodge offers the modern conveniences and standards of a first class mountain resort (with added golf). The Management will arrange motor trips to Glacier Park and Yellowstone, horseback rides over mountain trails, pack-train week-end excursions at reduced rates for Colony members.

Where: Division I, rooms near State University campus, Missoula, Montana.

Divisions II and III, in the heart of the Rockies near Glacier Park, a day's scenic trip by motor from the University where members may, if they desire, spend the week of the Writers' Conference.

When: June to October—two weeks, the minimum.

How Much: Colony arrangements have cut costs to a minimum. Board and room from \$45 to \$100 a month, according to requirements. University fees the regular low summer rates for credits or for listeners. The University Writers' Conference fee is \$10. The Colony membership fee, \$15 for Divisions I and II; \$25 for Division III. (This covers 3 hours a week of Council Conference.)

By arrangement with the Northern Pacific Railway, our railroad fare for the round trip is cut to but little more than the one-way fare (much less than gas, tires, deterioration and hotels)—and that on the unsurpassed new North Coast Limited.

AN OPEN LETTER

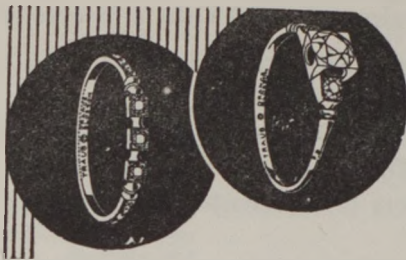
Speaking of Lions in the Way—and everybody always is—the hilly Way of Writers is infested with them. Writers and friends of writers all agree that seven of these beasts are most couchant and rampant and claw-y—seven, count 'em! 1. *Faith-lack*, 2. *Will-lack*, 3. *Courage-lack*, 4. *Time-lack*, 5. *Money-lack*, 6. *Comrade-lack*, 7. *Skill-lack*.

What happens to the writers, and, incidentally, what happens to the Lions, always depends on the *Order* to which the Writer belongs. There are first: those *Robust Souls* in whom the creative urge is so strong that all they ask of God or Man is a chance to write. They seldom get it; but they beat down obstacles or slide around them, and some way get the task done. Trouping on behind the *Robust Genius* come the other staunch hearts: the *Gifted One*, the *Talented*, the *Shy Genius*, the *Determined One*. Then tralling far in the rear, flock the *Timid Souls*, always broadcasting the S. O. S. of fear and tribulation—the *Cravens*, the *Weaklings*, the *Jellyfish*, the *Cringers*, browbeaten and trampled by their families and friends and by their personal harassments and defeats. Each of us knows his own label. Some of us do something about it.

So whether or not the Lions get you depends upon the Order to which you belong by nature and by self-discipline or lack of it. Anyway, let us be gay! Up and at 'em! To work up fighting courage and fighting tactics, join the

The Holbrook Writers Colony

Find out what the Colony has to offer you personally—thanks to the Dude Ranch and Mountain Lodge management, to the University, to The Writers' Conference, and to the large group of educators and writers who have won national recognition for Montana University as a center of creative writing. Address: Twin City Office, 2512 Humboldt Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn. Tel. Ken. 5712.



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ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

"'Living the life of Riley' is a phrase, current in the United States, which means living in a 'beatific state.' Efforts to discover the identity of the original Riley concerned in the phrase have led to the recognition that he now stands, in many minds for a universal and legendary character transformed since its origin. Attempts at the explanation of this character have been solicited from various sources, and the characteristics which these expositions revealed have been embodied in the personality represented in *When Riley Saw the Mountains of Montana*, a companion piece to *When Riley Saw the Canyon Colorado*, and other poems, which will study this character in a regional background, and which will construct an exposition of what many people in the Northwest understand to be the personality of Riley."—Pat Morrisette is an instructor at the University of Oregon.

In this issue is the work of four Oregon poets, H. M. Corning, P. E. Tracy, Ethel R. Fuller, L. L. Pratt, all known to *Frontier* readers, one Oregon story writer, Borghild Lee, an Oregon editor, Beatrice B. Beebe, who offers a third instalment of heretofore unpublished letters written by Joaquin Miller, and an Oregon poet and traveler, Alice Weister.

California is represented by the poems of Lori Petri and Claire A. Thomson, both known to our readers, and of the newcomers to our pages, R. W. Borst and Alex R. Schmidt, and by the historical note of Colonel J. W. Redington.

Mary J. Elmendorf is a Seattle poet, Hal Driggs and M. L. French live in Tacoma, and Pal Clark in Walla Walla, Washington.

Montana claims the poets, Mary B. Clapp, Margaret Dewey, and H. J. Bolles, who have published in our pages frequently, the story writers, Robert Struckman, Grace Coates, J. E. Ludlow, and Eloise Reed, these two making their initial bow, and the writers or editors of documents on early day matters, F. B. Gillette, Lulu Stone, and Agnes B. Chowen. Mrs. Chowen writes: "I got my material by living it, being one of the six children—the youngest of the girls. My sister, Hermine, my brother, Theodore, and I attended our first school at Fort Shaw." Her book *Living Wild* (Dutton, 1929) treated of the sojourn of the Boll family in the West. A book written chiefly for children.

From the South come the writings of Catherine Macleod (Alabama), and Anderson Scruggs (Georgia), from New York state the writings of Benjamin Appel and Jose Villa (editor of *Clay*). Israel Newman lives in Maine, Raynesford Mulder in Ohio (formerly Hood River). Beatrice Brace lives in Idaho, Henry Larom in Wyoming, and A. B. Reagan in Utah. Harry G. Huse and Hazel Selby live in Minneapolis.

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LITERARY NEWS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF GRACE
STONE COATES

Libraries are awake to the opportunities for service offered by the depression, says a bulletin of the American Library Association. "They are bolstering morale. They are helping men and women to think more clearly on vital public questions. The problem is not to attract more readers to the library but to bring the right reader and the right book together." This is in line with the experience of Elizabeth Abbott Garber of the Parmly Billings Memorial Library, Billings, Mont. A book circulation trebling that of corresponding months gives evidence that this fine institution is fulfilling the purpose of its founders.

The Wilson Bulletin, 950 University Ave., N. Y., designed for librarians, is worth its annual subscription price (\$1) to any writer for available material it suggests.

Fort Hall was known to every pioneer of the Northwest. *The Romance of Old Fort Hall* by Minerva Teichert of Idaho is soon to be issued by the Metropolitan Press, Portland. *Odessa of the Flatheads* by George Charles Kastner of Seattle is another forthcoming book from the Metropolitan Press. It tells in verse the story of the four Nez Perces Indians who went to St. Louis in 1832 for the white man's Book of Life. Peter A. Binford, president of the Metropolitan Press, prides himself that it is difficult to get on his firm's booklist. The second volume this firm issued, *Cathlamet on the Columbia* by Thomas Nelson Strong, was begun six months before their first book, *Marooned in Crater Lake* by Alfred Powers. The reason for this was that *Cathlamet*, like their latest issue, *A Royal Highway of the World* by Joaquin Miller, was set entirely by hand by Mr. Binford. He considers the latter the finest book they have yet issued. The original manuscript of *A Royal Highway* was discovered in Canyon City, Ore. It was written in 1906 to "The Honorable, the County Commissioners of Grant County," and is rare literature. Those who have read her description of Joaquin Miller in Gertrude Atherton's *The Adventures of a Novelist* (Liveright, N. Y. See Bookshelf) will be the more entertained by this eccentric historian and poet. The book is embellished with photographs and carries an introduction by Alfred Powers, head of the Extension Division of the University of Oregon, and editor-in-chief of the Metropolitan Press. Like his associate, Maurice M. Binford, general manager of the firm, Mr. Powers is a collector of rare books.

Literature of the Far West assumes additional significance this year, since 1932 marks the centenary of the Oregon Trail. *Lucretia Ann on the Oregon Trail* by Ruth Gipson Plowhead, well illustrated by Agnes Kay Randall, is a jolly story for boys and

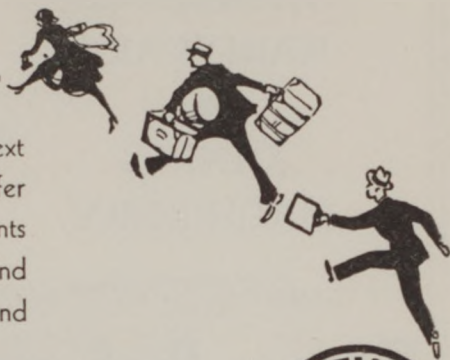


It's Time to Start—

Begin planning now for your vacation trip next summer. The Northern Pacific Railway will offer reduced summer excursion rates to many points both east and west. From Montana, westbound summer rates become effective May 15; eastbound travel on May 22.

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girls, from Caxton Printers, Ltd. *Silence* by Alice Edna Gipson is a very human novel of the west by the same publishers; who issue, as well, *Fort Hall on the Oregon Trail* by Jennie Broughton Brown, a readable and historically accurate account; and *Indian Wars of Idaho* by R. Ross Arnold. Both are copiously illustrated.

Not western publishers alone are cognizant of the growing importance of western literature: From the house of Houghton Mifflin come new editions of six early and important books by Enos A. Mills, who has done for the Rocky mountain region what John Muir did for the Sierra Nevadas: *The Story of the Pioneer Steamer, "California,"* by Victor M. Berthold; and *The Life of Sitting Bull*, by Stanley Vestal.

Lowman & Hanford Co., Seattle, report an amazing sale of *The Story of Seattle*, by Mrs. Roberta Watt. This is the story of its heroic founding, rather than of the city's later growth.

Not to be overlooked is the drive toward pamphlet publications. In February Leo M. Cooper, N. Y., announced his intention to issue novels, classics, and biography at 10c. The Modern Editions Press of New York, under the direction of Eric Naul and Katherine Tankersley Young, is starting its series of tastefully but inexpensively printed booklets. The Dragon Press of Ithaca, N. Y., is issuing booklet-size publications, and the John Day Co. has added to its regular list a "pamphlet series of prose essays that promise many lively and permanent titles," according to *Poetry*. These inexpensive issues have long been in favor in Europe, and Ezra Pound—as Miss Monroe reminds us—has fought for their introduction here for twenty years.

The Penwomen of Seattle, with Mrs. Mabel Harris Lyon in charge, are sponsoring a Book Fair in November, to exhibit and advertise the works of western writers. Frederick & Nelson are giving their auditorium for the week, and other bookstores and clubs are cooperating. For information, address Mary J. Elmendorf, 905 Allison St., Seattle.

To Lydia B. Littell of Portland we are indebted for information that effort will be made to establish a Portland Branch of the League of Western Writers. Address Mrs. Chas. Hines of Forest Grove, Ore. Mrs. Hines has been asked by the Chamber of Commerce to invite the League to hold its annual meeting in Portland in 1933. Mrs. Kay Cleaver Strahan's new mystery story is due, April, from Doubleday, Doran & Co. Scribners have accepted a novel by David Grew, formerly of Portland. Annabelle W. Stone, Portland, who won a third prize, \$5000, in the Buick Motor contest, has won other prizes for radio plays. She is a musician and short story writer. Phyllis B. Morden and Lydia Littell are collaborating on a book for juveniles. Mrs. Julia Bennet of the Diamond J ranch, Mont., says she had

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to go to New York to find buckaroos, because all the cowboys were in the East, crooning over the radio. Perhaps that is why **Margaret Larkin**, western born and western reared, author of *Singing Cowboy*, "spent two days hanging around the headquarters of the cowboys' reunion at Las Vegas without getting a single song!"

Members of the **Free Lances**, Northwest writers' organization, are finding acceptance from national magazines. **Wilbur Granberg**, **James Egan**, **William F. Hough**, and **C. A. Osier** are among those cited by the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* as making the grade.

Often signed by a penname, the stories and articles of **William Gammon** of Butte are appearing with increasing frequency in national magazines. One of his features from *Every Week Magazine* was reprinted at length in the *Literary Digest* of March 28.

With the warm-hearted generosity characteristic of her, **Helen Maring**, for eight years editor of *Muse and Mirror*, has made a gift to *The Frontier* of her magazine and its unexpired subscriptions. It was her intention to publish *Muse and Mirror* for ten years. Her growing recognition as a writer, and the pressure such recognition puts on her time—with other more personal reasons—lead her to free herself somewhat sooner from the labor of love which her editorship has been. To those who have read it, written for it, and loved it, the eclipse of *Muse and Mirror* brings disappointment, whatever their satisfaction with the absorbing medium. *The Frontier* extends its thanks to Miss Maring, and shares with her other friends their regret that her control of *Muse and Mirror* must end. In its existence it has published 1224 poems, and Miss Maring states that she read, "and criticized," more than 93,000 poems. Miss Maring will become a contributing editor of *The Frontier*.

President Charles H. Clapp, Director of the Summer Session at the University of Montana, Missoula, states that the three features marking the session of 1932 will be The National Writer's Conference, The Montana Conference on Educational Problems, and The Institute for Women's Clubs on Adult Education.

From **Estelle Holbrook**, whose writers colony was in residence on the campus last summer, comes word that one of its members, **William Burke Teeling**, has signed a contract with **William B. Feakins**, N. Y., for a lecture tour of the United States, next fall. He will speak on *The Youth Movement in Europe*, in relation to its effects on European politics. His story of the Doukhabours written at Missoula last summer was published in the *North American Review* and brought a request from *Scribners* for a book on the subject of the Doukhabours.

Howard McKinley Corning's poem on **Joaquin Miller** has just been issued by the Metropolitan Press, Portland, in de luxe edition at \$10.

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BOOK SHELF

Notices by Grace Stone Coates

Adventures of a Novelist. Gertrude Atherton. Liveright, Inc., N. Y. 1932. \$4.00.

Mrs. Atherton has written 600 pages of autobiography, not one of them dull. Certain passages may prove irritating, but that is to be expected from an author who has written thirty-seven novels in forty years, each of which annoyed somebody, and some of which annoyed everybody. Mrs. Atherton's conviction that no one likes unvarnished truth doesn't deter her from telling it. She tells it with amused detachment that lifts her above spite.

Critics in America received her first novels badly. She had an adverse, even scurrilous, press. She established herself in London, received acclaim, and confounded her American critics by winning their extravagant praise for an anonymous novel. Now it is her turn to say what she thinks—of acquaintances, critics and publishers.

Amusing sidelights enliven her pages—Joaquin Miller, collarless, in lace scarf; the American Consul-General, wretched in pink pajamas. Mrs. Atherton was in Genoa, at the moment of the pajamas, writing the first chapters of her Montana novel, *Perch of the Devil*. It was completed in Helena, after an informatory survey of Butte. She tells her experiences in these two cities, and her meeting with Mary MacLane, whom she evaluates as having the genius of personality without creative imagination; a common lack in novelists, whose stories leap from high spot to high spot without sustained power.

Mrs. Atherton moves in the current of her times. She is immersed in it, and makes no extended attempt to plot its course, from the bank.

Thurso's Landing. Robinson Jeffers. Liveright, Inc., New York. 1932. 150 pp. \$2.50.

The title poem of Jeffers' latest volume, *Thurso's Landing*, is an absorbing narrative. It deals with a man who knows no way but his own, the way of domination; and a woman who knows only the way of freedom. In each lives an unconquerable spirit, and in each is the compulsion to destroy whatever threatens that spirit. Hardly secondary, as characters, are the mother of Reave Thurso, and his brother: the mother, embittered, enduring, possessing understanding but unsoftened by it; the brother, softened but also weakened by his superior insight. Mr. Jeffers' interpretation of these souls, caught in a tragedy not of their own making, is penetrating and sound. Each is justified to himself by the law of his own nature, and so, justified to the reader. If not pleasure, there is emo-

Continued on page 384

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My Dear! . . . I Had the Most Thrilling Time

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THE FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

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

WHEN RILEY SAW THE MOUNTAINS OF MONTANA

PAT MORRISSETTE

When Riley saw the mountains of Montana
He whistled to the prairies, "Here you are:
All tied up like a song in your throat,
All tied up in immovable stone.
Strike me a song out of this pile of rock;
Get me a lullaby out of this stone;
Or let me speak out for the forests and hills.
This is the bone of the stuff that I seek;
This is the joy that is rock ribbed under the snow.

"They told me how cold it was along the border.
They told me how dry the long roads were in summer.
They told me of the dust upon the sage brush,
And the far stretched loneliness in the shade of hills.
They told me of the rolling copper deserts,
And of the forests that reach across to Canada,
But they didn't tell me of this song.
They didn't know the mountains of Montana."

Riley watched the white ridged peaks
That stand between the silence
And the small gold valleys of summer grass,
Streaked with the dusty veins of roads.
Riley watched Montana mountains
Trying to speak through the dry air
To the paintless houses in the far corners
Of wide ranches hugging the security of railroads
With their silver rails pointing to other realities.
Riley watched and discovered greatness
Blooming like a universe of suns.
Riley watched and saw Montana
Standing like a boy beneath the sky.

ii

One lonesome glance they have exchanged,
The silence of rock under the whitening snow,
And Riley, whoever he was and whoever he shall be,
And they talked across the waves of sky together:

"Before my hands have lost the touch of music,
Before my age is lost in things too weak for ennui,

I want to sing the song I saw
In the mountains of Montana.

“There are tongues important to learn;
There are languages more universal than speech.
When I have learned the still language of silence,
I want to sing in the lonely valleys of Montana
My song of silence like the mountains,
Like the grey cliffs and the broken rocky shale,
Like the little homes on the mountain side,
Like the fire in the camp below the mountain,
Like the trees on the timber line of snows,
Like the far music of winds across the valleys,
Like the lost men waiting the cry of wolves;
I want to raise my song to peaks above
Where peace and strength rest unaware,
Where beauty knows and truth is still.

“Mountains of Montana, beside you I am like the grass,
And my small being becomes like violets under the snow;
And my heart cries, like the cabins in your valleys,
For the things inherent in your stone,
For the peace promised in your silence.
When we glance at each other, I seem to know
I am talking a language I cannot remember,
That I lisp the verbs and nouns of nature like a child,
Without knowing whether I speak a meaning or a sound,
Or music from a memory no longer remembered
From an unknown time I walked the valleys without a song.”

iii

Whom shall Riley seek among your valleys,
You mountains of Montana,
When he comes back to kneel at foothills?
Whom shall Riley take to guide him
Through the pathless, trackless, roadless woods,
Across the dust and shale, the wind corroded cliffs,
Across the slow glaciers and the century of snows,
Across the stranded drying valleys,
And the great green valleys of the wheat in spring,
Across the dusty streets of the mining towns,
Across the lanes of farming villages?

Whom shall Riley take to walk with
When he comes to see the glory of the mountains?
Shall he look for some shepherd in the hills,

Along the slopes and forests with his sheep?
Shall he look for some one born in old Montana,
And learned in the silence of the hills?
Only this will be said of Riley's company:
Loved to him will be the mountain dusk,
Loved to him will be the miracle of Montana mornings,
And loved to him will be the life and death in old Montana.

Over the shape and meaning of the landscape,
Over every cabin, shack, house and home,
Over every unknown grave, forgotten friend and tree,
Over every turn of every road and highway,
Over everything that glances up for peace and knowledge
To the mountains of Montana,
Riley will be wandering with his smiling
When he comes back again.
And out of his wandering he shall gather a song
That shall be the meaning of Montana
Speaking in the mountains;
And the music and the words shall be Montana hills,
Overheard at sunset in the flame.

iv

There is the peace of tall endurance
In your relentless towering to sky,
You mountains of Montana.
There is an echo of the divinity of highest reason
Calmly seeking God through stone.

For Riley, you are the fact immovable,
Save by the slow winds of time,
Save by the slow glaciers and the soft rains of skies,
Save by the end of earth and water.

Truth has a symbol in your proud head;
Beauty towers in the same quiet sky;
While the mystery of your silence
Enfolds old happy Riley
In the time and space of local being
For the moment of his singing clarity.

For Riley, you are the grace and blessedness of still belief.
You are the peace, the respite and the lull of living,
When life is the heat of an aching summer noon,
And peace the fragrance of the evening air of summer.

And Riley learned these things divine
When he saw the mountains of Montana,
And whistled to the Prairies, "Here you are!"

v

Riley walked and talked with old Montana
And he liked the mountains there.

"Lift up the stony form of faithful stone,
You mountains of Montana.
Sing for me the glory and the grief of all my being;
Be my silent trumpet; be my silent flare and flame,
The total of my singing and my woe,
Until the silence gathers meaning for me,
And I know the language that shall be known.
Be my happiness, my glory and my boast.

"When I have traveled the plains and prairies,
When I have searched the woods and forests
For the stony secrets that you hide,
I shall come awalking back
To make my peace with you,
Tall mountains of Montana,
To learn what can't be told."

BURNT SNAG

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

Salute this stoic, stark, austere,
Mortgaged in summer atmosphere
To earth, improvident, lean, sere.
About you silver ferns droop, curled
In heat earth-blasting and sun-hurled.
The breeze creeps wilted from the world.
You stand, lone, greenless and fire-riven;
Man's victim, or God's, even;
With courage still to look on heaven.
Sapless. Mistrusted by the fawn;
Bird-song and green illusion gone.
Denied . . . but confident to stay on.

EARTHBOUND

CATHERINE STUART MACLEOD

As a bird in a dull cage
I stand
With an unlatched door
Hesitating . . . forgetting
To sing my song
Carrying the notes bundled hard
In my throat.

SLIDE TROMBONE

HARRY G. HUSE

Bald Butte, Mont.,

R. F. D. 1

May 25th, 1928.

Mr. Mile High Mike,

Denver, Colo.

Dear Sir:

Well I guess you will be surprised to get these few lines from a complete stranger that does not even own a raddio his own self but sure enjoys same when asked over to neighbors or while being shaved or hair cut in to the barber shop in town and has got his mind about as good as made up to buy one if we get any rain to speak of within the next 2 or 3 wks. which is nothing you can count on in this country.

But I am a dry land rancher forty years of age, single, living 9½ Mi. from town on the Coyote Coulee road farming 320 acres of his own and you said over the raddio you would be delighted to hear from your listeners when they enjoyed your programs or visa versey.

So I am not one that is over particular having lived mostly a hard working life and not much education to speak of outside of the school of Hard Knox as the fellow says and I think your programs are just grand.

Your instrumental selections are grand and your sermons and singing and lectures are elegant to improve a man's mind but I do not think there are very many people to take any real pleasure in a trombone solo and many are probably of the same mind as the undersigned that a trombone is not a horn to be played by itself and not for church music with the slide having to be took off and turned upside down to empty in a cuspidor in the pauses.

Only of course you cannot see him do that over the raddio and traveling with a well known evangelist as you announce I guess he is considered a classical Christian musician and probably you know your business a lot better than the undersigned.

And I am not one to find fault and I think your programs are just elegant and some folks probably enjoy solos played on a trombone.

Only speaking for myself I would just as leaf that you kept right on with the bed time stories for that half hour the Little Red Riding Hood and Goldie Locks and the Three Little Pigs instead of Just As I Am Without One Plea etc. on the Slide Trombone.

And intend to get a raddio my own self as already stated and other home elegants including toney linolum rug and hand painted glass table lamp if another matter goes all right and I don't mind telling you that she is the milliner in town and a stylish dresser and refined and sings soprano in the choir at church as does the undersigned having natural base voice although untrained.

So will close for now and your programs are just grand except I do not care for the trombone playing.

Yours truly

Matt R. Gunderson

Bald Butte, Mont.,

June 10th, 1928.

Mr. Mile High Mike,

Denver, Colo.

Dear Sir:

Well I have got my own raddio now and installed in setting room with wire running from chimney to cottonwood

pole in cow corral and everything working O K except for squealing and yowling when the undersigned does not turn the knobs right but that is a matter of practice I guess and not on acct. of undersigned's hands being too big as some round here have said. But I guess they were just joking as the fellow says.

And prospects are A No. 1 for a bumper crop after the big rain and I think your programs are elegant and helpful and how to make hooked rugs and setting the dinner table properly for 6 and keep yourself fit with Denver Tommy exercises in the morning. Only I guess they are for city folks because I have been up a couple of hours and got chores done and cows milked and breakfast done and dishes washed and have to wait around for them for maybe a half hour before going into the field.

And I think the raddio is an elegant companion for the lonely bachelor living on a ranch by his own self and owning it clear and able to support a wife all right now if he had one and liking children and being asked special and coaxed to sing base in the choir.

And I have tried to be broad minded as the fellow says and guess there must be some people that likes to hear church music played on a Slide Trombone and you cannot pay much attention to the undersigned and it is a privilege as you say to broadcast the offering of so well knowed a figure in the tabernacle world.

And I haven't hardly got no kick coming because I don't have to listen unless I am a mind to. Only when a widower named Gentry that is a one horse lawyer and insurance and real estate on the side puts on airs because he plays a trombone too and acts as if it was something artistic to run the

slide up and down and make noises like a brindle cow that's lost her calf while accompanying the singing and wants to play solos with his eyes rolled up except when looking mushy at the one that sings soprano and jokes and whippers afterwards with same and says any man with a long red neck and big Adam's apple can sing base why then I do not care for trombone playing no matter who it is and I would like it better if you kept right on with the Little Pig that made his house out of straw and one that made his out of fur and the one that made his out of bricks. Only of course you know your business better than the undersigned.

And I am not one to belly ache as the fellow says and I think your programs are mostly grand. And others here owning raddios or asked in to listen are of the same mind and the Widow Brinker that lives the next place to me says it is nice I can have some entertainment. And she has two children aged 4 and 5½ and having me tell them Danny Meadow Mouse and Peter Rabbit is as good as hearing them on the raddio their own selves and they set up on my knees real cute and listen.

So I will draw to a close for now as your programs are grand and I am not one to complain. And all I have to do is not listen to the trombone and even if a one horse lawyer wears striped pants and a black coat and standup collar on Sundays and acts artistic and plays the old softy on the one that sings soprano the undersigned was asked special by her to sing base in the choir. And she is lively and a good dresser and young looking and hair the color of the girl in the story the one called Goldy Locks only yellower and curled and fixed fancy and glad to go places

with the undersigned and to a church sociable and the movie pitcher show and says she thinks it is jolly to ride in a old Ford and the racket does not bother her. And she dearly loves children the cunning little kiddys she calls them with their flower like faces and simple unstrained childish ways and she was merely joking the time in church when she said she could strangle them three brats that kept laughing all the time she was singing.

So will close now and your programs are just grand.

Yours truly

Matt R. Gunderson
Bald Butte, Mont.,
July 6th, 1928.

Mr. Mile High Mike,
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sir

Well I am getting real smart with my raddio and able to get Davenport Iowa and Clay Center Nebraska and St. Louis Missouri and others too numerous to mention and many interesting programs and talks on dip your cattle and kill the tick and choose your rouge to match your personality and reach for a cigarette instead of a piece of candy only I have never been a great hand for candy or cigarettes neither but just chewing a little snuff.

And I do not listen much to the trombone player any more but turn the knobs on him. Only I am glad this is the last week of his appearance and that you have made arrangements as announced with the seven sincopating sisters to take his place. And I am not one to make suggestions when not asked but there are many people would enjoy a good base solo some selection about storms and David Jones locker and

light houses and big waves only they are hard to sing and take a lot of practice.

And things are coming along fair to middling as the fellow says in this other matter.

She says it does not mean anything when she seems to go out of her way to be nice to a one horse lawyer and insurance and real estate and lets him walk home with her from church every other Sunday.

And I guess a woman is smart enough anyway to see the difference between a man who is always making believe smile and feeds taffy to one and all and don't own no property only some law books and another one who may not be free and easy and no social graces to speak of but owns his own ranch and able to support a wife through thick and thin and no guess work about it either except maybe dry weather.

And harvest will be coming along soon here now and it sure looks like a bumper crop so will be real busy. And have made a deal with the Widow Brinker to drive the binder for her after I get through my place while she does the shocking and she can shock as much in a day as any man. And I will eat at her house to save time and she will come over to my house for thrashing and she can cook A No. 1 and set a elegant table for eight or nine men and no fussing and complaining about it.

So will not be able to listen to the raddio as much as formerly but your programs are grand and I am glad of the seven sisters instead of Tell Mother I'll Be There In Answer to Her Prayer on the slide trombone.

And we are planning to have a big grange meeting in September and en-

tainment and tableaux and speaking and singing. And she is coming out from town to sing soprano solo and it will be My Rosary and I am going to sing *Rocked In The Cradle of the Deep* if practiced up enough by that time and able to reach the low notes without rasping and no plans made neither for a trombone solo, ha ha.

So will close now and your programs are elegant and appreciated by

Yours truly

Matt R. Gunderson
Bald Butte, Mont.,
August 20th, 1928.

Mr. Mile High Mike,
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sir

Well, I have meant to write you before only it has been a busy time around these parts what with the big bumper wheat harvest and Sundays the same as any other day and not able to get in town and they have had to get along in the choir without their base.

And the wheat is all cut and it will be some time before the thrashers come so will be back in church this coming Sunday and I guess they must of missed me and some one a little lonesome maybe only have not heard from her to that effect but she knows I have been busy with the harvest and no time to write letters or hardly to read mail if any, though I guess I could of found time.

And the big grange meeting is put off until the middle of September so everybody will have their harvest out of the way and it will be a big meeting and everybody feeling good on account of big bumper crop.

And I am practicing the base solo for the grange meeting, the *Rocked In*

The Cradle Of The Deep and it was not easy to practice at first when I did not have an accompaniment and cannot read music but must remember when to go up and when to go down and how long to stay down.

And I practiced it all the time I was driving the binder and it worked pretty good after the horses got used to it and did not keep stopping all the time because they thought I was saying whoa. Only there was considerable dust and the machinery making some noise and was pretty hoarse after the first few days. But I have got it almost perfect now and the Widow Brinker says the other evening she heard the windows rumble in her house and thought it was a thunder storm up in the mountains and maybe we was going to get some rain out here on the bench until she remembered that I was practicing my piece for the grange.

And while we was harvesting I ate my meals at the Widow's and took my raddio over to her house so we could listen to your programs during meal time. And her two children got so they could not go to sleep without the bed time stories on the raddio and then climbing up on me and my telling them all over again. So have left the raddio at her house and go over there most every night but that is all right because the Widow enjoys same and most always a few doughnuts and a pitcher of milk or part of a pie etc before coming home to go to bed.

And she does not talk much and a man feels like talking when he is with her and she does not care for trombone playing and mushy ways any better than the undersigned. Only she speaks kindly of the milliner and says she seems real nice and a stylish dresser

and not older than she lets on or a mean disposition like some in town say and has a nice voice and good luck to me and I need some one to look after me.

So I will close for now and I guess if Denver was only closter to Bald Butte you would want to put in a microphone in the big loft over Helmeses barn where we will hold the grange meeting and broadcast the elegant program that will be give there including the base solo ha ha by

Yours truly

Matt R. Gunderson
Bald Butte, Mont.,
Sept. 10th, 1928.

Mr. Mile High Mike,
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sir

Well, I have not wrote you in a long time to tell you that your programs are first class and keep them up and much appreciated by the undersigned.

But I have been busy with thrashing and practicing and after I got my wheat cut and shocked I went back in town and resumed place in choir. And she said she had missed me a lot and I guess it was true only she had run around a good deal but she said that was necessary so as not to be lonesome while the undersigned was away.

And everything almost the same as before only for the fellow Gentry the one horse lawyer putting on more airs and looking more mushy and he has no call to be stuck up because anybody that has got the use of his right arm can run the slide up and down and make as good noises as him and sometimes right in church he is so far off the tune I have to sing extra loud and drown him out.

And he had got into the habit of taking her to the hotel for dinner after church and also taking her home to the place where she boards and rooms after choir practice on Wednesday nights and so I would have to come in Thursday night because she had not been able to go home alone in the dark Wednesday nights during my long absence. And he had got into the habit of doing it and she did not want to hurt the feelings of one who had shown such solycitude.

So the undersigned come in Wednesday night for practice and drove home alone and come in again Thursday night and that meant staying up and losing sleep two nights hand running. And she said how cruel to desert her all this time to harvest wheat and I hear you got a big crop and I have missed you oh so much and how much money will you get. And she had heard a lot of dry farmers round here had their places mortgaged so they didn't hardly own them at all but she guessed I owned mine clear didn't I and had something else in the bank besides which was true.

Only she did not ask me how I was coming along with the Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep except when I mentioned it my own self and then she said to sing it soft for her. And she liked it and said it must be wonderful to be a great strong man with a powerful voice like that and not a woman with just a soft soprano.

And she said Mr. Gentry is just a friend and you must not blame a woman when she is alone for wanting friends and there are times when a woman needs the strong right arm of a man. And we was setting on the porch and it was a fine Montana night and moonlight coming in through some vines and

kind of half dark and half light. And I was feeling good on acct. of the big crop and her setting close to me and looking up at me and her eyes kind of shining and I was feeling elegant only a little nervous. And I would of got bold and said something about my being lonesome too and wanting a real home and able to afford same and liking children.

Only about this time this fellow Gentry the one horse lawyer that lives a block away up over the drug store begun to practice on his trombone. And it was not real loud because it was half past nine, but it was loud enough so as you could hear him plain and he was practicing the My Rosary.

And I said a man ought to know what time folks go to bed round here and what has he got in his mind anyway kicking up such a hellabaloo at this time of night and it looks as if a fellow holding down a soft town job ought to be able to find time to do his blatting when it wouldn't be a nuisance or else go up in the breaks along the river above town and howl with the other coyotes and what does he need to play a classical piece like that for anyway when nobody ever asks him to play nothing except hymns in the church and only then because the organ is weak and wheezes.

And she says it is a lovely, lovely night and just look at that lovely moon and why do we need to talk about others when there is just us two here together underneath the stars. And I felt better and her leaning close to me and smelling nice of perfume.

Only I could see his shadow through the window and the slide going up and down and it got me hot under the col-

lar and I said from the silly way he is staying up all hours of the night to play a piece like that you would think he was in love with somebody.

And she hung her head and said I am afraid he is and I said what do you mean. And she kept her head down and said real low that she could not help it if men fell in love with her and told her they could not get along without her. And then her shoulders trembled and she said so low I could hardly hear it, she said when one is oh so lonely one must turn for sympathy wherever one finds an understanding heart.

And it made me real sorry for her and lonesome my own self and her so close to me and her shoulders shaking and I thought she was crying and I ought to do something about it.

Only I did not know what to do so just sat there and sat there and then she looked up quick and it did not seem like she had been crying at all but her eyes kind of sharp and observing. Only it must have been the moonlight made them look that way.

And she got up then and went over to the end of the porch and stood looking up at the moon. And I was going to go over there with her only I could still see the end of the horn moving up and down through the window and the blatting was getting louder and louder and I did not feel just right so I said it is a long drive out to the ranch and work to be done tomorrow and put on my hat and started to go.

And she said the moonlight was lovely and a night like this seemed just made for lovers.

And I have not been able to figure out why I should of felt so ornery but I just said it seemed to me like it was

The Frontier

made for Trombone Players and well good night and cranked my Ford and come on home.

And there was a light in the Widow Brinker's when I come by so I went in and found her still up and setting her bread. And she brought out a chocolate layer cake and a pitcher of milk and we talked about the thrashing coming on and whether to sell our wheat or hold it and I told her I had got my song just about perfect now and would she like to have me sing it for her so she could see.

Only we had to go out in the yard on acct. of the children being asleep. And I sang it and she thought it was fine and we stood and visited and when I got home it was past midnight.

And the thrashers come the next day and stayed at my place and the Widow done the cooking and then at her place and lots of fun and joking with the thrashers and many a sly joke about the milliner and the undersigned and not having to pay big prices for her hats because she could make them her own self but she would get back at me in other ways and it would cost me a plenty all right for face powder and lip stick and perfume etc.

And I sang my song for them and they said it was the equal of many a song heard over the raddio only if I was broadcasting folks wouldn't need no loud speakers.

So I will close for now and your programs are grand and much appreciated by one and all including

Yours truly,

MATT R. GUNDERSON.
Bald Butte, Mont.,
October 1st, 1928.

Mr. Mile High Mike,
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sir:

Well I guess you thought I was so interested in the program we give at the grange meeting I hadn't been paying no attention to the programs you have been broadcasting but such is not the case. Only I have been through an experience as the fellow says and badly upset and it happened like this.

The grange meeting come on a Friday night and I had been in to call on the milliner on Thursday night and she had not said much about the entertainment. And she had seemed chilly one minute and sticking up for this fellow Gentry and saying he was a good friend and then changing and being nice and moving closer and then cold again and nice again and I didn't hardly know what it was all about and couldn't seem to say or do nothing.

So I come home early because the next night was the big grange meeting and she had give me to understand she was coming out with some of the other folks from town and I was planning to take her home my own self and no more beating around the bush but find out what was what.

And the next night I come early to the big loft up over Helmeses barn to help get the place in order. And I brought the organ out of the house and got it up in the barn and it was a big job all by myself I tell you and hard on my clothes but some who were there had said I could not do it alone and egged me on as the fellow says and I done it.

And the people begun to come and it was time to start only the milliner was not there yet and the folks I had thought she was coming with was there

and no news of her at all. And I was fixing to start my car and go in town to get her when a car drove up and she was in it and it was this fellow Gentry's car, the one horse lawyer.

And he got out and helped her down and escorted her into the barn and I could see in the back of his car and there was a long black leather case.

So everybody went into the barn and I was mad and seeing red as the fellow says. And I took the case and I took out the horn and I took it in my two hands and I wrapped the trombone right around a post where Ed Helmes used to snub up a wild milk cow. And it took some strength but I wrapped it right around the post and it stayed there and looked like some kind of a necktie tied on the post.

And then I went into the barn and up the stairs and on the stairs I met him coming back down. And I would of liked to take him and wrap him around the post too and could of done it all right but just passed him by like I didn't see him and went on up in the loft and down the aisle to the front row that was reserved for the talent.

And I sat down alongside her and I said low so the others would not hear only the folks was packed in so close I guess those in the first few rows heard anyway, I said you did not tell me you were bringing along a trombone player. And she said the hall was so big and her voice so small she decided she needed an accompaniment to give volume.

And I said it is a shame while he was practicing he did not learn to play on the leather case as well as the horn. And she said what do you mean and I said you will see. And just then this

fellow Gentry come in and he had the case in his hand and there was no horn in it.

So he come straight down to where we was and right up in front of me and he said there was a horn in this when I left town and there is no horn in it now and I would like to know what you know about it.

And I said maybe you dropped it out on your way in and I thought I see something that looked like a horn out around that post in the yard. And he went out and come back and he had not been able to unbend the horn where I had bent it but he had slid it up the post and off over the end and it was there in his hand and it did not look like a trombone any more but like one of these here French horns.

And he come back down the aisle and everybody laughing on acct. the horn looking so funny. And he come right up in front of me again and I did not think he was going to do anything except talk big and swear. But he hauled off with the horn and made a pass at me and it hit me on the ear and cut me some, so I picked him up and throwed him down one of the shoots where they put down hay for the horses.

And I guess I lost my temper as the fellow says and might of hurt him real bad only there was some hay at the bottom and even if he did light on his head he was not hurt much only stuck, and we pulled him out with a rope we throwed over his feet.

And the milliner said you big lousy roughneck everybody is looking at us and laughing their fool heads off. And I said I put him down there once and I'll do it again with one hand this time if he don't shut up about having me arrested and if you don't want me to

be rough you had better keep the one horse lawyer to home and do your singing with Trombone accompaniment where it won't bother nobody and he won't get hurt.

So she left and took him with her and did not sing the soprano solo the My Rosary.

And I was bleeding some but the Widow Brinker fixed up my ear with a piece tore off her skirt and it did not keep me from singing. And I got up and sang just the same and some babies got woke up and started crying and seemed to get worse as I went along but did not bother me none and finished the song and was give a big hand and congratulated on furnishing one and all a good entertainment.

So a good time was had by one and all and I did not feel as bad as I thought I was going to and I took the Widow Brinker home after the program and played the raddio some while she was getting the children to bed and it was real fancy music and classical and something about Samson and Delila.

And after the children was asleep the Widow took off the first bandage and put on a better one with some salve and she said my song was fine and she hoped I did not feel very bad about the other affair and she was sure if I was fond of the other I could make up with her later on and not to worry and everything would be all right. And she brought me something to eat and I just enjoyed myself setting there and talking to the widow.

And it seemed like I got to remembering all the things she had done for me and how hard working and cheer-

ful and really as young as the milliner after all and well filled out and better preserved as the fellow says and not skinny or face drawed up when she got mad and liking children too. And we talked a lot and she was real pink in the lamplight. And I said it is time and past to go and got my hat and she went out in the yard with me.

And the moon was just going down and a little breeze blowing. And you could see the mountains off in the south dark and cool looking and her big straw stack and further away mine and the lonely bachelor home.

And I said this is sure a fine country ain't it and she said yes. And I said a person can do some real living here if he ain't afraid of work and it was so nice when you was over to my house doing the cooking for the thrashers and the children playing around the place and wanting me to tell them bed time stories and all and I have been barking up the wrong tree as the fellow says and don't you think we ought to make a first class team if we throwed in regularly together.

And she said she did.

So I will close for now and may be writing you again sometime because your programs are just grand and elegant to entertain one and all including the lonesome bachelor ha ha.

Only he will not be the same after tomorrow morning but a married man with some family to start with and keeping up the good work and much obliged for bed time stories and the The Three Little Pigs.

Yours truly,

Matt R. Gunderson

CORNFLOWERS

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

In a world of meadows
The wild blue cornflowers chose
The wallow back of Burton's barn—
Why, do you suppose?

Not for dour Matthew,
Not for Matthew's son—
They chewed on straws and cursed the pests,
Their chores done.

Not for the woman Matt called wife—
A vituperative slattern,
Forgetting once she had a dress
With a cornflower pattern.

Not for Abby Burton
Hiding out, like water
In a marsh, when strangers came—
Folks said she was Matt's daughter.

No, not for furtive Abby,
Stealing like a hare
From her maze of tasks to stand
Near the place, and stare . . .

In a world of meadows
Why do you suppose
It was Burton's wallow,
The wild blue cornflowers chose?

THE DEAD BRAIN

MARY J. ELMENDORF

This queer gray house, gabled and turreted,
That graced so long its lonely, timbered crest
Like an eager falcon poised for skyey quest
With eyes aflare and high unhooded head—
This proud gray house that freely shared its bread
And wine with many a gallant royal guest
And many a traveler in homespun dressed—
Now crumbled lies, its pride and power fled.

The rooms are mouldering walls roofed by stone skies;
The doors are blind; no ghostly wind stirs bough
Or leaf; save for the gnawing of decay,
Sound, too, is dead. Yes, *here* the ruin lies . . .
But where, where is the gracious owner now?
Where are those guests and travelers today?

THEATRICALS AT FORT SHAW IN 1874-'75

AGNES B. CHOWEN

ON a pretty stream in the foothills of the Montana Rockies slumbers old Fort Shaw, at one time one of our country's most important frontier posts in the West, built on the historic Helena-Benton stage route to protect settlers from the Indian, and especially to protect from lawless white men the big shipments of gold and the hundreds of thousands of valuable furs that were hauled to Fort Benton to be sent down the Missouri River to St. Louis.

Fort Shaw was named in honor of Robert Gould Shaw, colonel of the 54th Massachusetts, first regiment of colored troops from a free state that was mustered into the United States service. On anniversary days the colored people of Boston carry floral offerings to the Shaw memorial on Beacon Hill—a relief bronze by St. Gaudens, over which the sculptor is said to have lingered lovingly for more than fourteen years. More impressive, though, to the Westerner is the memorial almost across the continent in the shape of this isolated fort, fast fading from the sight and memory of man.

Fort Shaw was established in June, 1867, under Major William Clinton and was named Camp Reynolds. Two months later the name was changed to Fort Shaw. To General John Gibbon, in command from 1870 to 1878, is due the great improvement that raised the fort to its highest point of beauty and efficiency. His irrigation ditch, brought from Sun River about seven miles above the post, gave the yellow-gray monotone of fort site and environment, flower gardens, green lawns, beautiful trees and many acres of luscious vegetables.

One day the wife of General Gibbon was returning after a visit to Helena, and being obliged to stop in the Prickly Pear canyon for ambulance repairs saw a house which she had not noticed before, and went to it to ask for a drink of water. The lady of the house opened the door, and Mrs. Gibbon, with her first glance at the woman and her long-haired, smooth-faced doctor-husband, who was painting local scenes in water-colors, realized that these people were entirely out of their natural sphere. The conversation soon revealed that they were actors of European birth who had been persuaded by a relative to come to Montana during the gold rush. They hoped to return to the states the next summer. There were six children, the oldest a girl in her 'teens and a clever actress.

Fort Shaw had a theater in which the soldiers amused themselves and the settlers of the surrounding country, with minstrel-shows, variety performances, farces, and an occasional drama. Before her call was half over Mrs. Gibbon had decided to bring the Boll family to the Fort for at least one season of professional theatricals, realizing the advantage of having real women in the plays instead of pretty-faced soldiers who spoke in falsetto when wearing the petticoats.

The Bolls were overjoyed at again having what was meat and dessert to them, and the visitor was hardly out of sight continuing her journey before Mr. Boll was unpacking a trunk into which he had thrown a few plays and costumes while packing to leave Chicago for the West. At the time they had laughingly remarked that the properties might serve

at least to stampede buffaloes or hypnotize Indians. And the fact that during the Seminole war a band of Indians had captured a company of strolling players, killed some, appropriated their costumes, and, arrayed as Othello, Macbeth, Romeo, Iago and others, rode in high glee back and forth in front of the fort where the surviving actors found refuge, did not in the least deter the Bolls from joyously embracing the opportunity to act in the wilderness at the very time when Sitting Bull and his cohorts were in the ferment of hostility that culminated in the Custer horror.

True, the Bolls never had acted in English, but that fact brought no pause. Mr. Boll began at once to translate some of his best German plays, hoping to have one, starring Ida May, ready for the opening performance.

Letters brought by the regular stage kept them informed of the progress of their dwelling, which was being built against one side of the theater and was to consist of two spacious rooms, like the theater proper built of slabs and other rough lumber hauled from a saw-mill on the Missouri River thirty-five miles away. The officers and soldiers were doing their utmost to further the scheme. In due time the ambulances from the Fort came and conveyed the Bolls and their belongings to the new home.

This frontier theater was a great barn-like structure, a hundred and twenty-five feet long, with a stage measuring twenty-four by thirty-five feet. It was unfinished, unpainted, and unfloored, but had this advantage over the early theaters of Shakespeare—nowhere was it "open to the weather." All the front seats and two additional rows to the right were reserved for officers and

their guests. Before every performance fresh sawdust was sprinkled in front of these seats and in the main aisle from the door to the stage. Kerosene lamps, large and small, with reflectors, furnished the light. The footlights consisted of flat lamps set in a row where they lighted the orchestra as well as the proscenium. When melodramatic dimness was needed, a signal was given the leader and the entire orchestra rose like one man and turned the wicks down to the blue. In the same way light was restored.

The price of reserved seats was one dollar; other seats were four and six bits, and were sold to the soldiers on credit, the first sergeant of every company keeping a list of those in his company who attended the performances, and, when the paymaster came, deducting the amount due the theater from each man's roll and giving it to the manager.

The music, in charge of the post's bandmaster, was excellent, he being one part German and three parts music--German music at that.

The Boll's living-room, which led directly to the stage by two low steps, served as dressing-room for the women and Mr. Boll, though the latter did most of his dressing in the kitchen.

Fort Shaw was at the height of its well-being in 1874, and on their arrival the Bolls found the theater managed by a man of superior stage-knowledge, having in his youth been under the personal training of the famous Lydia Thompson. He was now *premiere danseuse* and leading lady of the organization, which was officially known as The Fort Shaw Dramatic Association. He and all the others gladly ceded to Mr. Boll the leadership and received him with open bottles.

Every evening directly after supper

the living-room began to fill with actors and other satellites of the profession until not a foot of seating space could be found. Everybody sang, regardless of voice. The songs in vogue then were Annie Laurie, Mary of Argyle, Shells of the Ocean, Come All of Ye Young Drivers, The Dreary Black Hills, The Cold, Chilly Winds of December, Good Old Colony Days, darkey songs, and others. The cowboy had not yet arrived. Jokes and riddles were extremely popular. When tattoo sounded the visitors departed, for a little later all lights had to be out in the Fort.

The Bolls were the first professional actors to appear at the Fort, and their coming was heralded by word of mouth and handbills, distributed all over the territory. Mr. Boll could not complete the translation of his favorite play in time, so "Ingomar, the Barbarian" was selected for the opening performance.

Everything possible had been done to make the first performance an outstanding affair. Early in the day the heterogeneous collection of rigs from plain and mountain began to encircle the theater premises like flies round spilled molasses, and at night the house was packed to overflowing.

As expected, the music was unusually good. Mr. Boll as Ingomar was in his element, and Mrs. Boll looked very pretty as Parthenia, wearing a white Grecian garment of flowing folds, a bunch of scarlet flowers on one shoulder, and a broad white bandeau holding her dark ringlets in place. The slight foreign accent added interest to the text. Many plays were later put on in which Ida May vivaciously played the ingenue or soubrette parts until the tragedy of her first love-romance saddened her. Many of the soldiers were in love with her.

Among the odd people who attended

the first play of the Bolls was a nondescript individual who probably never before had seen a theatrical performance. Ingomar moved him ecstatically. He was bound to give Mr. Boll a token that would make the giver remembered always. It happened that his one earthly possession was an ordinary mule with an extraordinary bray, that started with a long-drawn breath as though he were going to sneeze, then changed to the wail of a steam calliope, and ended in wet, human sobs. This creature the man humbly presented to Mr. Boll—handed it over the footlights like a laurel wreath, as it were. The recipient became greatly embarrassed. But the actors about him were equal to the occasion and accepted for him with cheers, then straightway named the animal, Ingomar. The donor went wild with delight and took the whole male cast of the play out to celebrate.

Ingomar became the pet of the fort, the soldiers taking turns at caring for him. He wallowed in crusts of bread from barracks kitchens, and in potatoes and other food, varied by an occasional surreptitiously secured measure of oats, depending on who was on duty for the day at the government stables. While all delighted in feeding, currying, roaching and otherwise ornamenting Ingomar, no one presumed on Mr. Boll's right as owner, much to the latter's sorrow; for Ingomar the popular, became the bane of the Boll family and might have been returned to his original owner had they known where to find him or even his name.

The wily beast knew perfectly well who was responsible for him at the post, and when the messes at the barracks were closed for the night, or he had been emphatically ejected from the premises for helping himself to unguarded pro-

vender, he wandered disconsolately around the theater building for hours, and on reaching the open windows behind which the Bolls were reposing opened that terrible bray-duct of his. He had a trick of lifting the cover of the water-barrel, and his persistent rubbing against it often made Mr. Boll spring up and look for a whip, which he never had. The hogsheads used for household water were the erstwhile containers of whiskey, and for a long time retained a strong odor of the liquor, giving a piquant flavor to many things cooked in it, and almost making a highball of the drinking water.

When the water barrel was finally hopelessly closed to Ingomar he developed a fondness for the parade ground, because the little gardens in front of the officers' quarters were not always well guarded at night, and the recently planted trees around the parade ground had luscious grass springing up near them. In the daytime the soldiers on duty did their quickest to get him out of sight before he should be seen, but Ingomar was hard to manage, after being so much favored. In despair the guard would hasten to Mr. Boll and inform him that his mule was on the parade ground again, and Mr. Boll, as distressed as the soldier, would lead Ingomar for miles into the hills. But always on his return he found Ingomar at the fort ahead of him, making straight for the forbidden spot. It did no good to picket him, as he was wise about untying himself and gnawing the rope or pulling up the picket-pin.

One Sunday afternoon when the elite of the fort were congregated on the porches, in holiday attire and atmosphere, to listen to the band concert on the parade ground, Ingomar unexpectedly appeared on the scene and marching

straight to the flag-staff began to rub his bites. That was the last of his offenses on the parade ground.

In spite of all rules and prohibitions, the soldiers could always get whiskey at one or the other of two places in opposite directions and about five miles from the Fort. Their credit was good for the amount left after their legitimate debts were paid. So when Mr. Boll decided to put on "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," there was some hesitation among those who knew that though the Seventh Infantry had won the titles of "crack" regiment, "gallant" "warring," it was also noted for its "fighting" members, and "Ten Nights" was a strictly temperance play. However, it was considered high-class melodrama by rural audiences in the East, and Mr. Boll put it on for its possible moral effect.

His daughter, Minnie, the most talented of the Boll children, played the part of Mary Morgan. Besides her talented acting she had a sweet singing voice, and her hair curled naturally.

The house was filled to capacity, and Mr. Boll experienced the surprise of his career when he saw this gathering of fighting men, coming red-handed from an Indian battle, sitting soundlessly absorbed in every word spoken in the play. There was little applause, so intense was the attention, and the silence gave Mr. Boll and Minnie better opportunity to bring out the strong points of the play.

She sang "Father, dear father, come home with me now"—one verse just before her entrances in the first three acts. When, at the end of the third verse, she staggered onto the scene with blood covering her face after having supposedly been struck by the bottle hurled at her miserable father, a concerted move of ominous sound sent a tremor of apprehension through the actors and

spectators, and Mr. Boll with a simple but imperative gesture quelled it and proceeded with the play. A decided snicker was audible in response to the swift ducking behind the bar of Slade.

But when the next scene revealed the interior of Mary's home with her lying on a white little bed and having a white bandage around her forehead, the silence was so absolute that one could hear Ingomar rubbing against the water barrel, and it remained so until she whispered, "Come nearer, father, I don't want mother to hear—it would make her feel so bad. I am not going to get well, I'm going to die." Then came unrestrained sounds, like the closing notes of Ingomar's bray, and Mr. Boll beamed with satisfaction and relief.

The next day the sutler did a tremendous business in dress-goods and trinkets, and from every building, be it barracks, stable, bakery, tailor shop or officers' quarters, came the subdued verses of "Father, dear father, come home with me now." Soon the whole Boll family, except Mr. Boll and the oldest boy, Theodore, blossomed out in new calico dresses all alike, for the soldiers, unknown to one another, had bought dresses for Minnie from the same bolt of material, because it was the brightest in the store.

The oft-repeated declaration of Sitting Bull that he would not stay on the reservation, that the government had no right to interfere with him, that the country belonged to him and his people, and that he had the right to go where he pleased and do what he pleased, had so inflamed his followers that white people were being molested to a degree where the government had to take drastic measures. This resulted in the first retaliatory move against these Indians that opened the terrible Sioux war.

Early in the spring the Sun River valley was thrown into a ferment of excitement and fear, for the Piegans and Blackfeet lost no time in harrassing the settlers, who were ordered to form a protective association and be in readiness to flee to the Sun River crossing where the fortifications were being strengthened and enlarged.

When General Gibbon and three-fourths of his men departed for the battle-front, the Bolls realized that they must leave for the East if leaving were still possible. With a small escort they reached Fort Benton, where they soon secured passage to St. Louis on one of the Missouri river steamboats, and made the trip without interference from Indians.

The Fort Shaw soldiers reached the scene of the Custer disaster the day following its occurrence. The field was strewn with stripped and terribly mutilated bodies of their fellows, which they buried as quickly as possible. The body of Custer was not stripped or mutilated. He was found lying fully uniformed, his hands folded before him, his hat drawn low over his face. There were two bullet-holes in his body, which was sent to Bismarek and later to the military cemetery of West Point.

Years later Ida May realized the dream of her life—to visit the scene of her only youthful romance. Unknowingly, she chose the unfortunate time when Fort Shaw had been abandoned as a military post and the government had not yet made use of it otherwise. She went by automobile from the nearest town, and was plunged into a spell of bewildered pain. At the Crossing she began to strain her eyes for the flag floating from the tall pole over a square of pretty buildings surrounded by trees.

"That can't be Fort Shaw!" she ex-

claimed as, at the foot of the well-known bluffs, she beheld a group of low, gray buildings huddling together like a band of sheep in the rain.

"It sure is," the chauffeur replied.

"But—but where is the theater—with the little house attached? It was the largest building at the Fort, and the first to be seen when coming up the road."

"Oh, that! It was burned several years ago."

Before she could say anything more, the car came to an abrupt stop, and the man exclaimed, "Here we are, on the parade ground! Do you want to get out?"

Dazedly she nodded, repeating, "The parade ground! The parade ground!" She alighted and turned around several times, glad that no one was by to witness the bitterness of her disillusion. Not a sign of life anywhere; fences and buildings torn away and the prairie entering. And this was Fort Shaw, the very center of her universe when those dismal buildings across the southern border of the parade ground were neatly painted and well-kept quarters of officers, having airy porches and pretty flower gardens to tempt Ingomar; when the popular broad walk, especially at evening, was animated by beautiful women modishly gowned, and distinguished-looking men resplendent in uniforms with gold lace, gold cord and epaulets, as they went to a ball in the long building beside the school, or promenaded in the direction from which, through open windows, came sounds of laughter, lively conversation, music, interspersed with clink of glass, china, and silverware, foretelling a gay function.

Now, more than one-half of the board walk was missing, the remaining part

broken and disintegrating; the porches were out of shape and sagging to the ground; portions of fences were strewn about, and the gardens had left not a reminder.

The barracks opposite the officers' quarters were heart-breaking. Lumber torn away everywhere, roofs caving in, adobe falling out of the cracks and mingling with the general devastation usually wrought by range cattle and horses. The buildings that had lost their doors and windows looked at Ida with hollow, questioning eyes, as though asking why she had come. She, too, asked whether that urge through the years had persisted just for this?

The bandmaster's neat cottage had completely disappeared, as had also McKnight's sutler store, which was post-office and stage-station as well. Germania Hall, beside the theater, where the band used to practice and give concerts, gone as though it never had existed. After reflecting on the past for half an hour, Ida May told the chauffeur to take her to the cemetery. There she strewed the graves of remembered ones with wild flowers and read inscriptions that made the tears come.

On returning to the city she passed again through the Fort. The smoke-reddened sun was sinking rapidly into the limitless benchland stretching northwest, its last beam momentarily illuminating the ghost of Fort Shaw, already drawing night's gray blanket across its feet as though to hasten her departure. At the foot of the bluffs a shadowy coyote was pausing; listening wistfully to the plaintive cry of a curlew skimming low till the broad bow of its wings dissolved into nothing. Then all was still save the talking night-wind, hurrying up the valley.

DIRGE FOR A PIONEER

HAZEL BARRINGTON SELBY

Take him over the plain,
In the dust bury him . . .
Deep in the dust.
Lost forever now in sleep
Give him to this hostile land;
Though it stole his youth and gain
He has met with dauntless trust
Bitter blow, unseemly thrust.
Still he strove though eyes grew dim—
Only death could conquer him!
Under blue and arid sky
In the dry dust let him lie,
Under sky that will not weep.
Here with far-flung faith he fought
Cruel, constraining blows of Fate;
Here his sinew, flesh and bone
Laid he down
In the structure of a state.
Parching winds of summer
Never ran with famine's rumour
Of a black Montana harvest,
Never bullets of the hail
Beat the ripened heads of grain,
Never weak ones cried, "We fail!"
But he answered, stern his smile,
"We will conquer, wait a while!"
If these plains shall ever bloom,
Recking not their pain or doom
Pioneers as he must leave them
Bones and flesh and will unbeaten,
Stubborn land to save and sweeten . . .
Dust is death and death is dust:
Let the dusty earth receive him.

DIRECT ADDRESS

CATHERINE STUART MACLEOD

Midnights
Laden with vacant brittleness
You
Have made more brilliant
Than forest-fires
Racing
Down steep Montana hills . . .

SHORT FICTION

OUT OF A FEUDIST DIARY

BENJAMIN APPEL

AUGUST 5: It's almost a week since it happened. I don't know why I waited to write it down but I reckon I was upset. I'm only sixteen and though I always thought I was a regular man, maybe I'm not. You can't tell about those things and book learning won't help you. My paw and brother Lem laugh at my being educated. Lem once chucked *A History of the Dark Ages* into a creek. Maybe they are right laughing at me? Well, it's all over and I can put it all down in my diary just as if it was nothing, just as I used to write down: "July 5. Today, I killed a possum back by Kildare creek with one shot out of my trusty gun." "Trusty" sounds bragging but I don't mean it that way. I mean it in the old pioneer way. I'm a descendant of pioneers though paw's pretty shiftless and my brother Lem's a champ drinker of corn licker. I guess the corn licker started the trouble. Lem got drunk and had an argument with Joel Caulkins. Joel was drunk and later that day Lem was shot in ambush like they used to do in the old Indian days. He crawled home to the cabin cursing like the devil. Paw wasn't much help. Maw's dead and there's no one to stop his drinking. That's why I'm educated, all account of maw. Anyway, I fixed Lem up. His shoulder was bleeding real bad and all the time paw was cleaning his rifle and singing that nigger song about the river and the nigger gal called Susan. It's not a nice song and his hopping around didn't help it any.

Well, here was where I began to doubt whether I was a regular man. And when Gabe Smith the next day came in and said that Joel had heard we was suspecting him, and that Joel was going to come to our cabin to explain or shoot it out, I sort of felt I wasn't as much of a pioneer as I thought. Gabe left and the three of us were together. Paw set down on the stool. His eyes were as iron-like as the rifle barrels. They were old bad eyes and I almost didn't recognize him. He had been guzzling all night. His beard was dirty and stained yellow from the tobacco around his lips. And Lem was on the bed with a couple of bloody handkerchiefs, blue ones with polka dots, laying on the floor. It was all pretty queer what with the sun spreading on the floor like a carpet. It was sunny and yet everything felt dark. Paw's eyes made me shiver. They said things to me, bad things about killing and revenge, and I was afraid. I'm not so big as Lem. I'm small, my face is soft and beardless, my chin isn't so big and square as it might be. I know all these things about myself. Education is to know all about one's self. Paw's eyes got me nervous. It was queer. And that sun was dancing on the floor as if it didn't know or care whether Lem was shot. Why, our cabin was just chock full of tension and I thought the sun was exactly like the funny stories the soldiers used to tell one another on the dawn of a battle. The sun was needed and final. Paw's eyes kept on getting badder. He looked

like an executioner, like the man who chopped off all those royal heads in the French Revolution.

We didn't know whether Joel had shot Lem but, here was Joel coming, drunk sure as anything. What were we to do? There are two trails to our cabin. One, the big one, led up from the valley and then there is the short one over the creek where I used to shoot a lot of possum. Paw figured Joel'd use the short cut but he wanted me to go and hide behind the rock, two miles away, on the big one. I was just to spy and if Joel happened to come along to chase home with the news. If I heard any rifle shooting I was to come home. This plan scared me. Suppose Joel didn't take the short cut? Suppose he shot at me? But I was afraid to talk about these things. And wasn't I as much a pioneer as paw or Lem?

Anyway I was glad to leave the cabin although I was pretty shivery. My gun barrel was painted yellow. I remember looking at it and thinking how it ate up the sun just as if it were a plant and needed the sun's energy. It was a nice day but I didn't seem to belong. The trees and shrubs, the singing birds, the sky mottled with leaves overhead, were cold to me as if they knew I wasn't after any possum this time. I was terribly scared and thinking of the pioneers didn't help me any. I knew that Joel was going to use the big trail. I might even kill him, put a bullet in his head. I cried a bit and told myself they were tears of rage but that didn't fool me. I brushed them away afraid someone might see me bawling.

Then I came to the rock, a real big one shaped like the body of a horse but much larger. I sneaked down behind it and looked over the top, down the trail

winding downhill and curving out of sight some fifty feet away. I heard my heart go shooting. I heard it sound dull and booming like a partridge that's scared. I wondered why paw had set me to guard the big trail. Then I knew. Paw wanted me out of the way when Joel came. But this didn't cheer me up. Joel was coming over my trail and I couldn't leave. It was my duty to do as paw told, to obey to the death like the children of the first whites who came into our hills. I thought of Joel. He was a stocky man dirty as a pig. Pig made me think of bacon and eggs. It was a game. I thought of everything that had to do with pigs. It killed time.

Maybe I'm too educated. My nerves can't be trusted. Once, I thought I saw Joel coming up the trail but it was only a rabbit. I could have shot it easy. My lips were dry. When would he come? I gripped my gun and believe me the feel of the weapon didn't give me new courage as it's supposed to do. I thought of dying and how awful it was to be still. I shrugged my shoulders, wriggled my arms, turned my head from side to side to make sure that I could still move. I had to find out because I was getting weaker and weaker. I wanted to cry. I pictured the funerals I had seen and me laying in all the coffins. I reckon I wasn't much of an ambusher.

Suppose Joel saw me? It'd be a case of who could shoot fastest. I began to sweat. My skin seemed full of little knives. I was being peeled alive, flayed like a dead horse. My heart hurt. My eyes felt like stones. I thought of the oddest things. Suppose Joel could look through the rock. He would climb up the trail and make believe he didn't know I was hiding, and all the time he would be planning a bloody surprise. I

almost fainted as I thought of Joel's eyes, wicked as my paw's, cutting through the solid rock and seeing me there. That was an awful moment. But it was soon over. Nobody can look through solid matter. I ran my fingers over that rock. It was hard and seemed thick for miles.

I didn't like the sun beating down on me. I didn't like the silence although every first-class pioneer used to live in silence all the days of their lives. That's the trouble with education. It spoils you for some things. I listened hard. A wind skipped up in the trees. Far away almost a million miles, I heard old red-top woodpecker hammering. Anything was better than the silence. I didn't recognize the woods or trail. They were strange. I felt as if there was magic somewhere. I thought of the fairy tales maw used to tell me, about the pixies and the dream world in which they lived. I tried to find some pixies but no use. I, for one, could never see any of those men of the woods. Education hasn't much use for pixies anyway. I reckon I was nervous.

I had another bad moment. The world went twisty. My head exploded. The grass, the sun, the old-time voice of my maw, the sky, the bloody handkerchiefs with the polka dots, Lem, the rock and the tobacco stains on paw's beard, the rabbit, everything in the whole wide world mixed together like dust in a wind. My mind kicked like a horse. I felt small. I thought of a brown fist holding a gun. I saw pixies with the round bodies of porkers jumping about. I sweated. I wanted to run away. I saw blood pouring on the grass. I al-

most ran away. I was almost a coward. It probably was all a hallucination. I've read about them and education hasn't any use for them, no more than it has for pixies. But just the same a regular man, a pioneer wouldn't have had them. Hallucinations, I mean.

Then I heard the spit-spits of rifles. I jumped up. There was no one on the trail. My mind became like ice and I was glad. So Joel must have used the short trail. I felt tough and older. I felt like a man. I hated Joel. I wanted to kill him. I became a man. I'll bet my pioneer ancestors were proud of me. I remember shouting out something like this. If that pig has shot paw I'll kill him. I went off on the dead run. Gee, my face was like stone, like one of those gargoyle things they have on the cathedrals.

But when I got to the cabin what do you think I saw? Paw and Joel drinking together like brothers. Lem was singing from the bed. Joel had fixed things, he had sworn he hadn't shot at Lem. Lem and Joel are partners. They make corn licker in a still they have. Joel said some other moonshiner had shot at Lem. They were so drunk they had shot off the rifles. They laughed at me as if it was all my fault. I was disgusted. I hated them for the things that had happened to me. If they were regular men and pioneers I didn't want to be one. Anyway I reckon the days of pioneering has gone out of style. The pioneers are all washed up. Even though I'm the descendant of pioneers—the hell with them.

. . . the end . . .

POOR PEOPLE

ROBERT TOD STRUCKMAN

ON the treeless side of town, where poverty walked and pushed its baby-carriage, stood a two-room house in great simplicity. Maria Cellano sat in the morning sun outside the house, holding a large baby in her arms. A boy of three lay asleep near her feet; long eye-lashes touched his cheeks. He was full of breakfast, and sleeping as a full animal sleeps, stretched out to give his stomach room. Two children were playing gravely and silently in the shade beside the house. These were twins, a boy and a girl, six years old. They were full of breakfast but they were hungry, always being hungry because they were so thin.

Maria's husband sat beside her in a weary old chair, with one of his legs in a cast. He was Frank Cellano, and he was little and tough. He had the battered face of a fighter—and the tender eye of a lazy man.

All the family were full of breakfast except the baby. Maria bared her breast to the warm sun and the baby broke his fast. Maria was young; she had a compact figure, with lusty, curving hips. Her bare arms were small and brown.

On the side of town where trees were growing stood the bungalow where Mrs. Douglass lived and acted with charity. An auto stood at the kitchen door. Small awnings, with fringes, kept the sun from the front seat.

In the kitchen Mrs. Douglass was talking rapidly as she worked. "It is a shame," she said; "a very pitiful case. The mother is only twenty-two, and already there are four children." Mrs. Douglass put a large can of hominy in the basket of food she was preparing.

"There are vitamins in hominy," she said. She put in a handful of small, white bulbs. "Garlic," she smiled. The throbbing sun outside her kitchen door made Mrs. Douglass sigh for the people on the treeless side of town.

Out, and away from trees and grass, silence sat with Maria Cellano and her family hour after hour. It was broken only by the whispering of the twins as they played. Frank slept and awoke smoothly. The sun warmed them with fierce affection, through and through, inside and out. A sparrow alighted and walked across the yard to the shade of a fence post. Grasshoppers rose angrily, snapping and crackling, as the bird passed. Hour after hour the family tasted a great beauty; the joy of being fed, and warmed, and of doing absolutely nothing. The boy asleep on the ground made a minute stir with his breathing. Maria, with long lashes to shade her eyes from the sun, held her great baby in her arms.

An hour before noon Mrs. Douglass whirled her sedan up to Maria's door. A small dog sat up beside her, staring out of the window at the children. The children stared at the dog, and at the car, and at Mrs. Douglass.

"Good morning, Mrs. Cellano," said the lady. "Good morning, Mr. Cellano; how is your poor leg?" She made no pause for an answer. "How are the children this morning, Mrs. Cellano?" In the kitchen, she said, "Why, Mrs. Cellano, there's hardly a thing in the house left to eat."

"No," said Maria.

"You poor little thing; you've worried."

"No," said Maria.

Mrs. Douglass transferred packages from her basket to the table. The twins stared at her from the doorway. Their eyes disconcerted the lady.

"And these are the two children who will start to school next fall. Will you be glad to go to school, young man?"

The boy lowered his gaze and backed away.

"He says he doesn't want to go to school," said Maria.

"But of course he wants to go to school. Everyone wants to go to school. Of course you will send him, Mrs. Cellano."

"I don't know. He says he doesn't want to go."

Mrs. Douglass couldn't think of an answer to that. She retreated to the car.

The dog yapped as she got in. She soothed it, and held it to her face. The car leaned and spewed gasoline smoke as she whirled around and drove rapidly away.

Maria Cellano sat down again in the sun with the baby in her arms. Her husband was scowling. "She brings hominy and I don't like hominy." Silence settled. "She brings garlic again," he snarled. "You throw that garlic away."

"Ah," said Maria sorrowfully.

"You throw it away. If you eat any of it, it makes the baby sick."

A long silence. "Frank," said Maria, "don't be mad with her." Ten minutes later she added: "The poor thing."

CLIFF DWELLER

H. V. LAROM

BECAUSE it was Saturday, the office let him out before noon. They often gave him privileges like that, because he was a conscientious worker, a married man in his late thirties who had been with them six years.

It was spring, and he started to walk west in the pale sunshine. As he neared the river he could hear the sound of tug whistles, and once he paused to listen to the great rumble of an outward bound liner echoing through the street. Each vibration of the whistle touched something inside him and made it quiver in answer, as though he were a sounding-board tuned for the purpose.

Into his mind flashed thoughts of different lands—disconnected pictures of travel advertisements, perhaps. A tall ship lined with little native boats

full of brown bodies eager to dive for pennies; a hill town surrounded by olive trees; strange disconnected pillars against a red sky. He heard the rushing of water past a porthole, felt the throb of engines, and saw a gently waving skyline with a mere smudge of smoke across a sky-dome of polished steel. He heard soft, guttural language in the dark; palm leaves clicking together gently. It was spring, time to live again, to free himself, to be a man.

He strode out from the roaring mass of tall buildings onto a dock. Barges full of crushed stone were tied to it, but there were no sheds near at hand and the wharf, jutting into the sparkling river, afforded a fine view of the shipping in the bay. He walked to the end and seated himself on the stern of a barge.

The sun was hot. Behind him the towers glistened and bulged with the life of millions. In front of him, a slender schooner, a rare sight nowadays, was being towed up the river by a snub-nosed tug. The frail masts of the sailing-ship looked infinitely delicate against the smoky shore-line.

He expanded his chest in the sunlight. He was young yet. He must get out and be a man among men as he had been upstate—how many years ago—among his father's orchards. By God, it must be romantic working on this river! Even a tugboat captain lives outdoors and sweats. He wasn't so weak himself. All he needed was hardening.

Down the river came a freighter bound, he imagined, for North Africa, Genoa, Bayreut, and Constantinople. She was running at half-speed with a curl of water at her bow and a boil of foam under her stern. Low amidships, a cigarette funnel belched black smoke. The captain on the bridge would soon watch the city's great towers disappear behind Sandy Hook. His next sight of land would be Gibraltar against the low coast of Spain. That man was living! The seaman chipping paint and scouring decks—he would see all these things and get drunk in a roaring, lusty way . . .

He heard a sound behind him. On a pile of lumber a few yards away sat a woman reading a magazine. She had dark hair piled low, a swarthy complexion, good features, and an exotic look. Her dangling gold earrings glittered in the breeze.

Taxi horns scratched the surface of sound; water lapped against the pilings. For a moment, the woman glanced at him. It would be nice to talk to her, to walk up and speak to her casually as

though such meetings were common to his experience. She had dark eyes. She was Italian, probably, with a dissatisfied nature, longing, as he was, for life—deep, vibrant life. Perhaps if she looked at him again . . . He felt good and squared his shoulders.

His reflections were interrupted by a loud hoot from a tug which was headed for the barge where he was sitting. It was a runty, stubby little fellow with a blunt nose well padded for bumping and pushing. It chugged and blew a bass whistle frequently to show that it was thoroughly masculine and much more important than it looked. As the *Richard J. Sweetman* drew nearer, he saw the captain, a man of about his own age, spinning the wheel through his fingers like a toy. An Irish lad, hard and chunky. He personified the stocky virtues of the tug itself. The man on the barge admired the captain, and felt a strange friendship for him. They were of the same kind, kindred under the skin. When the tug drew alongside, he saw a great chest bared to the sun in the engine-room door. The engineer was giving the woman on the lumber pile the once-over. He evidently weighed in his mind certain possibilities. And she was looking at him—and, yes, she was smiling. The captain rang a bell; the engineer disappeared; a rope was tossed neatly over a piling. A deck hand leaped to the barge and made fast.

The man on the barge enjoyed all this. For a moment he felt a part of the free harbor life. The waves of a passing steamer rocked the barge gently making the towlines complain, as though they, too, desired to be cast free.

The crew were preparing to take his barge away. It wouldn't go far. But still, if the captain would let him go,

it would be adventure. He looked a nice fellow, too. He called to him, "Say, Captain, where are you going to take me?" The engineer was standing in the doorway again, sweat glistening from muscular arms. The captain looked at the man on the barge a moment, an easy contemptuous look. "I'm not going to take *you* anywhere," he shouted. The man in the waist grinned. The woman's lip curled. The words cut through the air and landed.

The man on the barge rose and looked at his pale, slender hands; he felt thin.

He didn't belong here; he was a clerk in an office. The sun had gone under a cloud and the air was getting chilly. He passed the woman, who took no notice of him. A breeze tinkled her earrings and brought him a faint smell of cheap perfume. She was looking at the engineer who, in preparation for his conquest, was wiping his hands on some oily waste. The clerk walked toward the windowed cliffs. A whistle blew somewhere. He had promised to take his wife to the movies; he must hurry home. He reached the street and was swallowed up by the Saturday crowd.

THE PICTURE

GRACE STONE COATES

THERE was something dark in my childhood, that centered around a picture. The picture was a photograph of a woman. She seemed very beautiful to me, for her hair was piled intricately on her head, and fell in innumerable curls. The lace over her shoulders touched her neck and breast, and in its soft folds rested a gold locket on a linked gold chain. I was sure they were gold. Even the links of the chain were creased with delicate lines, until each looked like a carved strand of hair. At her wrists were ribbon bracelets. I made myself some like them, as soon as I had finished looking at them.

Her dress was silk, and shone where it curved around her under her bare arms. Whenever I looked at the picture I thought of my nicest mother cat, the black one that I had supposed was lost until I found her in the loft with kittens. It was not because about both the picture and my cat there was something I didn't understand that I thought of them together. It was because of some

thing else, something that was immediate, and mine, that gave me no wonder. The picture and the cat were alike.

The strangeness about the picture belonged to the things we didn't ask questions about. Not knowing about it didn't make me angry, as wondering about the cat did, but only made me feel as if I were standing in twilight, looking at something far off where it was always dark.

What I didn't know about the cat made me hate Carl and Teressa. Before I found her they would look at each other sideways, while I was hunting, and say parts of things to each other: *No, she'd only bother her . . . not big enough . . . until they're bigger . . .*

If I asked, "What? Until *what* are bigger?" Teressa would say, "Your hands, baby!" or maybe, "Your eyes and ears, you little nuisance!"

I saw the picture only on days when father went to Wichita. There was less to do when father went to town. He went early in the morning, and came

back late, and his going made the days longer. In the afternoon everything stopped, and mother had time to sit down before she began getting supper. If she was very tired she lay down instead. She would say to Teressa, "Wake me up in exactly fifteen minutes," and to me, "Either stay in the house or go out doors, but don't keep running back and forth."

The times she didn't sleep, mother would take her box of photographs from the place where she kept it, and look through them. Sometimes she looked at pictures of persons she used to know, grown persons who had gone to school with her. She would smile, and tell us stories about them; but sometimes she looked at other pictures, herself, and herself, and herself, all in different dresses. When she looked at these she would cry, except when she noticed I was looking at her.

There were pictures of father, too. The one I liked best made me feel excited, because it looked as though father had just stopped doing something important, that he would go on with as soon as he moved. He wore a sealskin coat and a sealskin cap, and one hand was thrust inside the front of his overcoat, as though it had been cold where he was walking. After looking at her pictures, and father's, mother always looked last at the beautiful lady.

Mother hated her. I knew that. I supposed mother's hating her was part of her not liking cats. Mother's lips would shut tight when she looked at the picture, but she did not cry. I leaned against her, and tried to pull her arm toward me to bring the picture nearer; but when I said the woman was pretty, mother twitched her arm away from me, and said the face was swollen. I had

noticed the curls more than the woman's face. Mother said, "She had no business having such a picture taken." I asked "Why?" I supposed it was because her arms were bare, but mother swept the pictures together quickly, on her lap, and straightened them in the box without answering me, or looking at them again.

It was long—Oh, long, measured by grief, before I saw again one of the lovely lady's pictures, on a stranger's floor, fallen face up a little apart from the tumbled pile beside it. I stooped for it with a little cry of recognition.

"My picture," I cried.

"Your picture," answered Teressa, rather sourly. "What do you mean by 'your' picture?"

"I—don't know. Just my picture. It was always 'mine'—inside, I mean—when mother used to look over old photographs . . . I am going to keep it," I added.

"For Heaven's sake, *why?*?" protested Teressa.

Teressa was more bitter than I. We were clearing away our past, to begin our own lives. With youth's cheerful cynicism we were tossing away what we would wish, vainly, to retrieve in later years. My part was mostly shrugging acquiescence in whatever Teressa suggested; but for her each photograph cast down was the symbol of a chain broken, a hatred given to the flames. "I knew nobody," she had asserted, earlier. "Mother's friends that she was always telling us about were infinitely more real to me than any one I met, myself. I lived her friendships over again, instead of having any of my own."

She was in no mood to sympathize

with sentimental seizures. Over her mobile face played incredulity, and impatience, and contemptuous affection.

"Why?" she repeated. "You know who it is . . .?"

"No," I answered slowly, struck for the first time by the fact that I had never wondered. I felt, vaguely, that mother had met my childish question with: "Someone you will never know," and the answer had satisfied me. Instead of delivering me to curiosity, it had placed the subject beyond time and space. The picture remained a picture only, belonging to me as my black tabby cat did, by right of inner possession.

"It was father's first wife," Teresa said.

Something heavy, like silence that had become weight, pressed down and down on me as I stood staring at the picture without speaking.

"It was taken just before Augusta was born," Teresa added.

She stepped nearer, and flipped the picture scornfully from my fingers. "I'm sick of sentimentality," she said. "I've been fed on it until I'm sick!"

It was long before that day of revelation; and longer still, measured in pain and happiness and understanding, before I saw another print of the lovely

lady's picture, this time wrapped in her own letter to her mother. The note was brief, its purple ink unfaded; dreadful in its permanence when hearts were dust, and grief and ecstasy a souging of the wind:

"I am sending you this picture so that you will know—and one of Henry's. I didn't want to have my picture taken this way, not at first. And dressed up, too! But Henry insisted—we are so happy. I am sure it is going to happen on my own birthday. Only a little while, now, to wait. I haven't told you before, because it was such a dear secret to keep, and, besides, I didn't want you to worry. I *know* it's going to be twins. Twin boys! Isn't that a royal present to offer, on my birthday, to my regal husband?"

Once more silence immured me, and my body seemed empty with the emptiness of all human longing. Then, without my volition, the odor of hay enveloped me. Dust hung in creviced sunlight, and loose boards gave under my feet. I was bending breathless over a mother cat's weaving, whimpering kittens. They nuzzled her dark flanks blindly; and she lifted her head a little, and looked up at me from eyes wide with love's anxiety, and trust, and ineffable pride.

DANCE HALL

JOHN ENGLISH LUDLOW

WHEN the dance hall had been built, its floor had been good, its orchestras "hot," and the crowds large enough to warrant a seventy-five cent admission. Now there was only a handful of people on the floor. A nickel a dance. Sometimes a dance on the management to get more couples

started. Tonight a piano, a banjo and an accordion wheezing out last year's tunes.

Vergil, Angie and the kids came early to the Springs. The kids splashed about in the water of the swimming tank until nine o'clock, when they were put to sleep in the back of the Ford truck.

Then, Angie went into the dance hall to wait for Vergil, who said that he wanted a few games of horseshoes before he came in to dance.

Angie had her hair cut "wind-blown" and she wore her dresses short, but there was a weariness about her that made her look older than she was.

"Not much of a crowd tonight," Angie droned to Mrs. Seelye, the resort manager's wife. "And it's not surprisin', either, with them dance halls down the road so close to everybody. If it wasn't for the swimmin', Verge and I wouldn't come up."

A dance on the house soon and Vergil and she would dance. Three girls in overalls, from the tourist camp, strolled into the hall. They sat down at the edge of the floor and self-consciously waited to be asked to dance.

Mrs. Seelye nudged Angie. "Can you beat it!"

"No," Angie replied. "Where's Verge?"

"'At was what I was thinkin'." Mrs. Seelye looked at the tourist camp girls disparagingly.

"Oh, no, it's not *that*. I was just wonderin' where he was. He's probably out pitchin' horseshoes yet." It was dark outside.

"Not that I'd think Vergil'd—you know. But I'm here to tell you Andy'd be up to the mischief. There's certainly a great deal of difference between brothers."

"I'll tell the world!" Angie said bitterly.

"It's certainly a good thing you didn't marry Andy. Vergil is worth ten his kind."

"Yeh, I know that." Angie spread her hands across her lap.

The two women sat together silently,

looking at the people pass them on the floor. There was one couple, probably up from the college, doing some intricate new steps.

Vergil came in the door with three other men when they announced the free dance. The other men went over to the tourist camp girls. Vergil's large eyes sought Angie. His red necktie stood out brightly from the blue of his shirt. He came across the floor, awkwardly dodging the dancing couples.

"Good evenin', Mrs. Seelye!" He grinned sheepishly and made a stiff move toward Angie. "Ready to dance, huh?"

Angie stood up, pulled down the gingham dress that always seemed to bunch up in back, and put her arm over Vergil's shoulders. She was as tall as he, though she was rather short. They danced away from Mrs. Seelye.

"Where'd you go?" She had noticed a smell of whiskey on his breath.

"Say, you know I don't like to gab when I dance!"

"Well, I've got some rights!"

"Rights? Hell! As long as I'm keepin' you in grub and clothes you ain't got no bid to talk."

"Yeh. Yeh. Don't yell so loud. We're passin' Mrs. Seelye."

Mrs. Seelye bowed her head to them and smiled as they danced away.

The dance ended, Vergil took Angie back to Mrs. Seelye and went out of the hall again. A short man in plusfours came into the room. Mrs. Seelye caught sight of him immediately.

"Angie," she whispered, "that's the man that's stayin' down in 36. He owns a twelve-story building in Toledo, Ohio. He's got a swell big car. But he's sure nice—not snobby or anythin'—just always talkin' to people and tellin' about

what he's got as though he weren't stuck up at all about havin' so much."

"It's them what have that don't put on airs."

"Yes, Mr. Seelye and I can always tell the *real* folks."

The man in knickers came over toward them. "I'll bet he's goin' to ask you to dance!" Mrs. Seelye said under her breath.

But he stopped directly in front of Mrs. Seelye. "May I have the pleasure?" he said pompously, but in a weak voice.

"Delighted, I'm sure, Mr. Hopkins!" She shot a swift, superior glance toward Angie.

The man nestled close to the bulk of Mrs. Seelye and pushed her out onto the floor. She talked incessantly while he nodded his head and grinned.

A young boy from down the road—one of the Belknap boys, she thought—asked Angie to dance.

"I'm sorry. I'm sittin' 'em out."

The boy asked the woman next to her. She jumped to her feet excitedly, and giggled.

"It's sure a compliment for the old ones to be asked by a good-looking kid like yourself." She giggled again. She shook her whole body to the rhythm of the music.

Vergil came in and crossed the hall toward her. "Jakie's bawlin' about somethin'. You'd probably better go out and see what's the matter."

She left the dance hall. Vergil had begun dancing with one of the tourist camp girls. It was a pay dance.

Jakie's toothache again. She'd have to get Vergil to drive down into town to get it fixed. "Now, now, there, Jakie. Mamma's got some oil of cloves. Open your mouth wide. That's right.

Feel better now?" The child's towhead rested against her. He was still sobbing. She stroked his hair gently. Jakie resembled his father; sometimes, she almost mistrusted the child because of it, but Jakie was the best behaved of her children. Not like Amos. Amos was wild, agile, gay—like Andy. She loved Amos most of all her children.

She placed the sleeping child's head down on the pillow beside Amos. Amos was breathing heavily and at times his little body twitched. Angie sat with her legs over the end of the truck and looked up at the sky.

The music was filtering through the lighted dance hall and people were laughing and talking in the automobiles run up beside it. Occasionally a new automobile drove into the resort grounds, casting its headlights here and there, its engine expiring when a parking place was found. It wasn't like the old days when Andy and she used to come up to the resort while the dance was in full swing. Then, they could hardly find a place to put the car. The dance hall was crowded with people and the music wonderful.

She slipped off the truck and walked to the platform that overlooked the river. The stream rushed beneath her, flecked with whitecaps where the water ran deep. The trees came down to the water's edge. Once she had said to Andy, "If you throwed me over, I'd jump down there and drown myself." She hadn't forgotten saying that, but she disliked thinking of it now. She sat on one of the benches near the edge of the platform and bent over to look down at the water.

Someone touched her lightly on the back. She turned about suddenly.

"Andy! Gee, you scared me!"

The big man laughed deeply. "Just like you always was!" He was wearing heavy corduroy pants and a red woolen blazer. His shirt was open at the neck.

"Now, don't—" She looked at him quickly, then over to the dance hall. "You know Verge."

"Yeh, I know Verge, but I know you better."

He sat down heavily beside her. She felt her hand become cold and her pulse quiver at her throat. She looked down at the water indifferently, yet she felt the excited tremolo of her desire beating warmly within her. She touched his chest lightly. The man's arms moved about her and drew her close to him. Tonight she couldn't go away. She would stay here with him—Andy. The whiskey on his breath was sweet to her. Andy was always best with a few drinks inside of him.

She hardly realized that he was kissing her. She had become excited. She was like a person in a dream, scarcely aware of what was happening. Andy's arms were great braces holding her thoughts within.

"Let's go in and dance," he said, letting her slip away from him.

She recovered her senses immediately. She was terrified. What would Vergil say? God, it didn't matter! Tonight. Like old nights. She caught Andy's arm.

They came into the dance hall and she saw Vergil almost stop dancing when he saw them. She looked over at Mrs. Seelye. Already Mrs. Seelye was nudging her neighbor and glancing nervously in their direction.

They began to dance. Vergil passed them on the floor and glared at her. Andy was oblivious of everything. Only the rhythm was pounding whiskey-

strengthened against his mind. He was almost oblivious of Angie, too. She knew it. But there was still the touch of his body and his arm about her. It was almost as good as the old days. The floor flowed beneath them like newly created space. Everything seemed new. Even the electric light globes were bursting with fresh energy. The music stopped. The accordion player rubbed his bald head with a handkerchief. The dance had been short.

"Thanks, Angie. See you again." Already Andy's eye had caught sight of the tourist camp girls. The blond one.

Angie went over to Mrs. Seelye. Mrs. Seelye smiled. "I seen you and Andy come in. What'll Vergil say to that?"

"I don't give a damn!"

Mrs. Seelye looked at her amazed.

Vergil was coming over to her. "What about goin' home? It's gettin' late."

They crossed the dance hall. Andy was talking to the blonde girl who giggled and looked brightly at him.

Vergil said nothing until they had driven out of the resort grounds. "What'd I tell you about speakin' to Andy, huh?" He pinched her arm. She twisted her lip defiantly. Vergil stepped hard on the accelerator. "What for, I asked, what for?" he yelled.

"It wasn't me! It wasn't him. We just came back into the hall together at the same time." Her voice wavered.

"Humph! You needn't have danced with him!"

"He's *your* brother. He's nothin' to me!"

"It doesn't look so good, I tell you—bein' that you and him used to be thick."

"Not any more!" She looked out of

the window behind the seat to see if the kids were safe.

"Well, I can't say that I'd be sorry to see you go if you wanted to go with *him*. If you're dumb enough to pick up with a no-good like his sort."

They drove home in silence. The kids were taken from their little cocoons of sleep, carried into the house, and put into their cribs. As they made ready for bed, Angie said, "That no-good of an Andy sure makes a fool of hisself at those dances. Been that way as long as I can remember."

"Yeh, I know. Ain't he my brother? You don't have to tell me!"

No good. No good. They were still dancing. Outside the dance hall the river was rushing. Who'd ever feel sorry enough to jump into the water just because a man threw one over? All things wore down as time passed, she thought. Like the dance hall.

"Prescott said they'd be an old-time dance next Saturday night," Vergil said drowsily.

Angie was still seeing the red woolen shirt of Andy's that she had been held against while they danced.

"Those dances up there'd be better if they'd get some hotter music," he continued.

"Yeh," she responded wearily.

JAKE

ELOISE REED

JAKE rode up one spring and asked for a job. It was only a week before the round-up started and the boss was short-handed, so he put him on. He was a young fellow, not over twenty-five. His hair was yellow and straight and grew down to a point on his low forehead. His eyes were cold slate blue, and his gaze was always riveted a few inches above your head. His fingers were long, slender, nervous, continually picking at something. The boys said he carried a gun in his bootleg. One of them had seen it when Jake was cleaning it and said there were two notches on the black handle. The foreman's wife, who was always curious about the history of the boys, asked him his name. He gave her one of his shifting glances. "Ramble," he said, "Jake Ramble; I go when I get ready."

When the round-up was over, Jake was given the job of herding the mares and colts. One night supper time came and he had failed to appear. Seven

o'clock, and the cook put his supper on a tin plate and set it in the oven to keep warm. Eight o'clock, and the last chore was done. The men were enjoying a last leisurely cigarette. Jake had not come. Nine o'clock, and suggestions were made as to the cause for his delay. Eyes, now anxious, searched through the summer twilight to the north. Ten o'clock, and horses were saddled. The men, now alarmed, started out seriously to look for Jake. They rode swift and silent through the hushed moonlight, each man pondering his own thoughts. They crossed the creek without letting their horses drink. They loped across the flat, thick with badger holes, and climbed the steep hills to the bench. At last they came to small bunches of motionless horses. Little colts were startled at their approach and sprang to their feet and ran to their mothers. Then, when they had almost given up, on the top of a lone hill they saw what appeared in the moonlight to

be the silhouette of a saddled horse. They spurred their tired horses on. They reached the top of the hill. There stood a quivering horse, his body covered with sweat, caked and dried. A catch rope was tied about his neck. At the other end of the rope lay a white form. The rope was fastened to an arm that had been jerked from its socket. The body was dragged bare of clothing. The face was cut and torn. One eye was ripped from its socket. It was Jake. He had

rambled for the last time.

The men dismounted and took off their hats. They covered the stark form with a stiff yellow slicker. They cut the rope from the neck of the trembling horse. Two of the men stayed as guards; the others started back to the ranch. Off on a hill a lone coyote raised his plaint to the stars. Next morning the cook, when he built his fire, found the tin plate of food. He walked to the open kitchen door and threw it into the ditch.

CANT-HOOK MAN

HAL DRIGGS

A fellow don't want to have a pair of clumsy, farmer's shoes on his feet when he's hiking up a tote-road in the February slush; nor he don't want to be wearing thin overalls, and an old serge coat, and a foolish-looking, speckled cap when he's figuring on getting himself a job in a short-log camp at the end of the tote-road.

But how should I know that I'd come down with pneumonia right after I'd blown in my last stake? Or that some dirty crook would steal my pack sack, with all my clothes, while I was in that hospital? Of course, the people at the hospital had to dig up something for me to wear—they couldn't turn me out in February without clothes.

I was pretty wobbly on my feet yet. I'd left twenty pounds of weight in that hospital, so it was after dark when I dragged into the camp. I'd smelled the tar-paper on the roofs of the shacks, and knew I must be near, before I saw the lights from the windows. Supper over, too—my luck!

The small shack with the telephone-wire going into it would be the office. I opened the door and walked in. It looked like any office—a counter, and

behind that, shelves, with tobacco, and socks, and woolen-clothes and stuff. The young fellow would be the time-keeper, of course, and the older fellow, hunched up on a low stool, reading a paper, would be the push—foreman, some people would call him. He had a face like a chunk of granite-rock. "Need any men?" I asked him.

He just barely looked at me—and my cap and soaked shoes. Didn't like what he saw, naturally. "Oh," he said, and shook his paper like he was mad at it, "guess so. Git yourself an axe in there." He jerked his head at the tool-room off from the office.

So I got myself the best axe in the rack. Road-clearing, or swamping—that's what I'd get. The time-keeper was onto his job. He stacked my blankets on the counter, then opened a time-book and said, "Name?" And I told him. So I had a job, and took my blankets and axe to the bunkhouse.

There was a big stove, made out of an oil-barrel, booming away in the middle of the big shack, between the rows of bunks. You could smell Peerless tobacco, and you could smell woolen-clothes steaming on wires over the stove.

The floor of the shack was all cut up and splintered by calks. There was about thirty men in the bunkhouse—fairly hard-boiled looking bunch. They were smoking and reading, and there was a little poker game going. Of course, they all had regular clothes on—good woolen pants, stagged off at the bottom, and good calked shoes or low rubbers, and heavy shirts.

They all looked up when I came in the door with my blankets and axe, but with me looking like a farmer or a bum, nobody said anything. I didn't expect they would. I found an empty bunk and rolled in; then, when I could forget my aching legs, I went to sleep.

The next morning I was out in the woods, swamping, before daylight. Anybody can swamp. All you have to do is size up the best way of getting a bunch of logs out of the brush, then make your road in to them and trim the limbs off the logs. It was pretty bad, though—with the clothes I had on. The snow was about a foot deep in the woods, and handling the brush and limbs would get me soaking wet, during the middle of the day, and then toward evening when it commenced to freeze again, my clothes would freeze, too. But the next two or three days I got my axe ground up in good shape, and by working hard I'd keep from freezing.

The boys in the bunkhouse had good times among themselves, telling stories and playing jokes, and the little poker game going. I got so I knew the different ones by sight. Big Tom Brady was the top-loader on the log-jammer. That's the most important job. Below that comes the cant-hook men, and then the teamsters, and then the sawyers. The swampers are at the bottom.

Al Benson and Dave Cummings were

tailoring down on the landing skidways. That's cant-hook work. They have the best men for that. You have to be quick and strong and fast on your feet. You have to know how to catch a rolling log with your hook, and cut it ahead or back.

I was pretty lonesome. Nobody talked to me. The push would come by where I was swamping once in a while, but he never said anything. He chewed Horse-shoe plug. He'd watch me trim off a limb, and then spit in the snow and go on. He was plenty hard-boiled. He'd talk to Tom Brady, once in a while, or say something to Al Benson or Dave Cummings, but not much. The crew liked him.

We had a good cook at that camp. In about a week I noticed that my face didn't feel so hollow to my hands when I'd wash it.

We had a little cold snap, for a few days, and I frosted my toes. I rubbed 'em with snow that night, and the fellow that bunked next to me saw me, and said, "Hell, kid, you can't work in the woods without clothes." I didn't say anything. Some logging outfits will let a man draw clothes, sometimes, and take chances on him working long enough to pay for them, but I thought I'd better wait till I had enough coming to buy them. The time-keeper didn't look like a bad fellow, but I didn't like to ask for credit. He might bawl me out . . .

Finally, I counted up what I had coming, and there was enough to buy a pair of wool-pants. So I got 'em out of the office commissary. I stagged 'em off, and they felt fine, but looked funny with the farmer shoes I had.

The next day, the push came along and watched me work a while. He bit off another chew, and chewed a while

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and watched me. Then he spit in the snow, "Think yuh could drive team?"

"Guess so," I said.

"Well, the feller that drove the big bays quit. You take 'em out tomorrow."

So the next morning I went to the barn early. The other teamsters was busy, but I could tell that they was watching me. I stepped up behind the big bays, that was eating their oats, and slapped the off horse. "Git over, boy," I said. Then I curried 'em off—made 'em shine. I buckled their collars on, and slapped on their harnesses, and walked out of the barn. After breakfast, I hooked the team to the skidding-rigging, and drove 'em out into the woods. I backed 'em up to a log—a big blue butt. I threw the skidding-tongs onto the log, and let the bays lean into their collars to tighten the tongs. Then I said, "Git over, gee," and the bays swung around and stopped. I tightened the lines, and chirped, and the big log came out of there like nothing.

The push came around, after I'd bumped about a dozen logs across the skidway. He watched me a few minutes, then took another chew and went.

Then I got enough ahead to have the time-keeper order me a hat—thick felt—round crown. When I got it, I pulled it down over one eye, and felt better. Two of the boys spoke to me that night. One asked me how the bays pulled, and one asked me where I was from.

I got a few dollars more on the month for driving team, and at last I got enough saved to buy a pair of shoes. I got regular loggers—sixteen-inch tops, best leather. I borrowed a calk-setter and calked 'em up with double-naught calks. Then I oiled 'em up good and put 'em on and walked across the floor. It felt good to feel the calks bite into the wood.

One night, on my way to the cook-shack, I passed big Tom Brady, the top-loader. He said, "Well, how's she went-in', kid?"

I went and gathered up all my old clothes—the farmer-shoes, and the overalls and coat, and that damn speckled cap, and I took the lot of 'em outdoors and threw them as far as I could out in the snow. Then I went into the office and said to the time-keeper, "Say, I need a few woolen-clothes. I haven't got enough money coming, but how about getting 'em, anyhow?"

"Why," the time-keeper said, "yes, I guess that'll be all right."

So I got woolen-clothes—all I needed.

I put the clothes on, and walked around a while. Then I went back to the office. The push was reading his paper. "Say," I said to him, "I'm a cant-hook man."

The push looked at me, and spit into a box full of sawdust he had. "Well," he said, "you're big enough." And, about a week later, Dave Cummings quit his job on the landing skidways, and the push told me to take Dave's place.

So I picked out a good cant-hook, and went down to the skidways with Al Benson. I flipped the hook into a log, and gave it a twirl and let it roll fast. Then I jumped back and caught the small end with my hook as the log went by me, and cut it ahead, and let it go to the bumpers. I hooked into a big, three-foot pine log. Al grabbed the other end. We swung our weight on the cant-hook stocks. The log began to give. I could feel my arm-muscles bunch up and swell. My calks grabbed the ground . . .

After a while, the push came around and said to me, "How's ever'thing?"

"All right," I said.

COUNTRY

SOUTHERN FARM HOUSE

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

Hardened and sinewed by the summer sun,
 Bronzed as the rusting corn that round it stands,
 This old house looks with stolid eyes upon
 The road that cuts a red gash through its lands.
 Swelled with the seasons like a ripened pod,
 Its sides bulge out where ribs of chimneys lean,
 And not a flag of grass invades the yard
 The foraging of fowls has burnished clean.
 Cleaving the mid-day calm, a swirling cloud
 Of dust that cloaks a car goes by the door,
 Dropping a silty snow upon the shroud
 The cedar wears; then silence comes once more—
 Silence the deeper for the distant lowing
 Of cattle in some clover-cool recess,
 And the soft monotone of chickens mowing
 Across the barnyard's sandy barrenness.
 This home is more than tawny stone and beam,
 And arid lawn that spares no valiant leaf;
 Here is a people's heart, their brown hill dream,
 And all their sombre years of silent grief.

FENCES

LORI PETRI

Criss-crossing bleak hills, that have been
 So closely cropped by cows and sheep
 Their bones bulge under taut brown skin,
 Thin miles of pencilled fences creep.
 To fix these million pigmy pins,
 To climb these hills and trudge their girth,
 Men must have drawn, from giant bins,
 The patience stored by sky and earth.
 Strange that the increment they won
 For driving stubborn stakes in holes,
 Could not, born of the soil and sun,
 Assail the fences in their souls.

DROUGHT

CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON

The farmer broken by worry waits
A depth of rain that hesitates.
"Go . . . wife . . . go to the garden wall!
No dark cloud like a welcome guest
Out of the east, out of the west?"
"I see nothing, nothing at all . . .
Never a whisper . . . never a word,
Wheat in the field grown penny-high,
A shriveled tree and a thirsty bird
Winging his way to the distant sky."
"Farther . . . yet farther to pasture bars!
No faint roll of damp and thunder
Sucking the breath of dry soil under?"
"Nothing . . . Ah, nothing . . . livid sears
Where once the golden cornbuds stirred
And gathered the wind to their tasseled loops;
And over all a silence droops,
A silence greater than any word."
"Farther . . . yet farther . . . the open road!
No avalanche of silver wings
Beating into the heart of things?"
"Less than nothing . . . a lonely toad
Lost in too pale adventurings!"

SERVICE BERRIES

H. RAYNESFORD MULDER

The ranch-house left behind looks like a blot
A half-mile down the valley. Shale and brush
Would stay my climb. The sun stares smoky-hot,
And silence fuses me into its hush.
The catbirds chide my theft. Such feast of earth!
This food and wine far distant from a spring.
But still I pick cloud-misted fruit, the worth
Of hills that only time sees withering.
No branch withholds its harvest. Cattle browse
The service berries soon to rustle dry
And wrinkle down to dust. Here full years rouse
New fruit, and gather it against the sky.

WORK

CRETONNE

BEATRICE BRACE

I do not like
 White bedrooms,
 All frilled
 With furbelow—
 White bedspreads,
 And lace,
 And pillow slips
 As white as snow.
 It just don't seem
 To fit
 Gray landscapes,
 Tang of sage,
 And mountains
 Scarred and bare,
 Where real men grip
 With a real man's work
 And women do
 Their share.

And so I have a
 Bedroom,
 All done in
 Bold cretonne!
 Where a real man
 Sleeps
 When a real day's
 Work is done!
 A pattern zig-zag,
 Like mountain scars,
 And colors vivid,
 That contrast,
 With landscapes
 Gray and brown.
 Yellow, red, black,
 That seem to fit,
 Somehow,
 This little car-roofed
 Shack.

LINESMAN

PAUL E. TRACY

I see you walking down the street
 Swinging your safety strap
 And clinking the pavement
 With bright steel spurs,
 Why do you not dance, linesman?
 You work aloft with the birds,
 Where they are singing.
 You see smoke rising lazily
 From happy chimneys.
 You see the wind dawdling
 In long waves through the grass.
 Why do you not dance, linesman?
 I am in irons, brother,
 For light and power.
 And I still see my pal
 Stiffened . . . rigid on a crossarm.
 Death pulses these wires
 From pole to pole.
 I have no heart, brother, for dancing.

RAINY AFTERNOON

RICHARD WARNER BORST

The drizzle settled down for steady hours
Of sleepy pattering on the attic roof.
A drowsy warmth filled all the room where I,
A small boy, weary with endless plowing and chores,
Close by the brown-bricked chimney, read my story.
I finished my tale, and then Scheherezade,
The Caliph's queen, loosened her spell sustained,
Till the worn book fell from my listless fingers,
While through the rain-blurred window I looked out
Upon the solemn autumn.

The barbed-wire fences
Were beaded thickly with diamond drops of mist;
Bedraggled turkeys stood in the wild-plum thicket;
The cattle, resigned, and stupefied with chill,
Were crowded in the lee of a high-board fence;
The spruces in the front yard dripped with damp;
There was the smell of trampled leaves and earth;
A loose door slammed against the barn's wet side;
A somber moaning of wind sighed around the eaves.

Then comfort fell upon me like a hand
Caressing, and the bleakness of the world
Became delicious rapture, when I remembered
That those still hours were mine,—were mine to spend
Slowly and warily, like the dimes I carried
On rare days-off to town or county fair.

SMOKE STACKS

ISRAEL NEWMAN

They look an angry crop of rich black quills
Red forest fires left smouldering on their track—
Charred timber bristling over some razor-back—
Or tall dim candles thrust up from the mills
Where wind is coal-dust and no stack but spills
Gun-metal on its smudge—smokes gray and black
That roll like tumble-weeds over shop and shack
Or rise like ropes unwinding over the hills.
And so do they crowd out from there, the people,
In thick black ropes the iron gates release
To ravel out on foot, in trains and cars.
At night dense smoke streams over roof and steeple
Bearing what house-smokes rise to join its peace—
The spirit of the works against the stars.

THE MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE RIZAL

JOSE GARCIA VILLA

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Dr. Jose Rizal is the national hero of the Philippines. Educated in Europe, he became doctor, lawyer, linguist, painter, sculptor, poet and novelist. Upon his return to his native land, then under the sovereignty of Spain, he was accused of sedition against the mother country. He was arrested, deported, imprisoned, and finally shot. The day of his death is observed annually in the Philippines as an official holiday.

ONCE there was a man who looked like Rizal. His face had a sad geometry and his eyes were always sad even when he was happy. His hair was black and it was perched on his head like a black mother hen; the hen had one wing spread and it waved like a suspended cloud over his right forehead. He was puny and his dark skin, which was wrinkled as if he had been dipped in glue and the glue had dried, clothed him tightly. When he got angry he remained quiet but his half-decayed, yellow, square teeth chattered.

He was an insignificant person but for his face that resembled Rizal's. He was reticent and restrained and his life beat a dull tempo. Too, he was always sentient of things about him; but whether he liked them or not he assented to them quietly. Sometimes, when he was bathing and he stood naked, he looked at his body and flexed his arms to try his muscles, and when he found that he was weak he cried softly. Then he stood still while he mastered himself, and then continued his bathing.

He had narrow, quick-sloping shoulders and his neck was too thin to keep it in good proportion with the rest of his body. His chest had a deep groove along the middle and sometimes he imagined it was a long river that deposited sediment of unrest in him. But if the river between his breasts deposited such sediment at all, it was latent, for he was a very quiescent, innocuous person.

To his wife he was loyal and he loved

her as well as the two children she had borne him. They were longitudinal, glutinous children and he knew there were not good-looking, but still he loved them. He thought of them when there was nothing else to think of and the thought made his heart feel big and generous.

His wife was a short, young woman with a little black mole on the nape of her neck. He loved that mole and sometimes he felt he wanted to touch it to see how it would feel. He thought that maybe if he pressed his little finger to it his wife would be tickled and she would titter. But he was undemonstrative and afraid to be called silly, so he never dared to touch it and his wife never learned his little secret desire.

He had married her young, but he himself had been her senior by half her age on her bridal day. It had been a simple marriage, he recalled, for they were poor. There had been no feasting and the day had passed dully, but in the night they had slept together. She was young still although not so light-bodied now. She dressed often in green and he liked it for it reminded him of trees. He was a carpenter and he loved trees because they yielded good, fragrant, strong wood. Once he had even told her he wished they lived in the country where the greens were abundant and inspiring. Here in the city, he said, the greens were expressionless and left a gap in the souls of people.

He told her such things for he was poetic-minded and he had desires that

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he knew physicalities could not quench. Sometimes he had beautiful thoughts but he lacked the words with which to express them. When he could not say them he touched his hands to his temples and closed his eyes and his lips trembled. At such times his wife looked at him silently, for she did not understand him and even thought him a little crazy.

He said, "If I were not a carpenter and poor, my hands would be beautiful." He said this looking at his work-deformed hands by the gaslight while his wife spread the mat on the floor for them to sleep on. His wife, who did not understand him, looked at him with compassionate eyes and he thought as he looked back at her that she was beautiful and that she understood his meaning.

One day accident befell this simple quiet man. He was a carpenter and he worked with nails, hammers, and chisels. While chiselling a board the chisel slid suddenly and landed transversely on his toe. The instrument struck deep and much blood flowed. He felt great pain and fainted and the foreman of the laborers ordered somebody to call for an emergency ambulance. When the ambulance arrived he was put in it and taken to the hospital. There they severed his cut toe completely.

When he returned home his wife blamed him for being careless. She said this weeping, but at the same time her voice was chiding. "You had to cut your toe off as if you had too many toes," she said.

"But I didn't want to cut it off," he said earnestly, as if he were pleading with her not to be so hard on him.

When his foot healed he had a slight limp in his gait and his wife told it to him satirically. "You have learned to

dance," she said. But he did not mind her, thinking she was joking him.

When his daughter reached school age he enrolled her in the district school. He was a proud father and each morning before she left for class he gave her centavos with which to buy little things she liked. Sometimes she asked for more and he gave it to her, foregoing his cigarettes for the day.

One day she squeezed herself in playfully between his legs and talked to him about the things they did in class. She said the teacher was a woman who had thin arms but she seemed to know much for she knew every word in the book they studied. How did she know all those, she asked; and he said because she did much studying, "Teachers study for many years and then they teach," he said.

Then his daughter recited to him that c-a-t spelled cat and meant *pusa*, and b-o-y, boy, meant a male *bata*, and that Juan, the little brother, was a boy. To explain herself further she said, "When you were young, father, you were a boy," and he nodded to tell her he understood. She was happy and ebullient and she said she liked going to school.

Then she told him she had almost forgotten the most interesting thing she had to say. "In our classroom," she said, "there are three pictures on the wall behind the teacher. The middle one is big, but it is not very big," she said, "and the man in that picture looks like you, *tatay*. His name is Rizal, the teacher said."

Then because he made no reply she said again, "You look like him, *tatay*."

Now he gazed at his daughter from the sad observatory of his eyes and she thought she saw a puzzling light in them, so she moved quietly away, turning to

look back every two steps or three. When she reached the end of the room she continued gazing at him, but still he did not move and she began to have a queer feeling so that she cried.

When his daughter had told him that he looked like Rizal the man's mind began to have strange thoughts. He was a weak, puny man and his daughter had compared him to Rizal. In his mind the thought started by his daughter created a catena of thoughts. He imagined he was really Rizal and forgot his ugly reality. He became a great man, noble, loved by everybody. "I am a hero," he thought, "and people love me. I am immortal, I shall not die. In dying for my country I have learned to live forever. I am the resurrection and the life." He was a tower of love and from the top he scattered seeds to his people below. The seeds were light and soft and the winds made love to them; they fell tenderly, flower-soft, onto the bosoms of his countrymen. "They take root, my seeds, and I myself become a seed again. I would be a seed and sprout with my children seeds, for I love them so." As he thought these he realized he had become a poet and he grew excited. "I am a poet," he said with trembling lips.

He was no longer the carpenter but a different man. He was Rizal and he felt big as the soul of the man who was shot at Bagumbayan field. He was in a cell and on the morrow he would be shot. "I shall be shot," he said. "I shall be shot and my body shall give forth blood. The blood of my body shall be many rivers of color . . . Make the pale flower of my country's soul beautiful. Take me. I am the color and I give myself to you."

He was Rizal and he was a poet. "I shall write poems," he said. His one

rough hand clutched fervently an imaginary pen and began moving across his lap. He was writing a poem. He had many songs in his being and he wanted to let them out. "I am a man of many songs and because I have many songs I am a woman. My many songs have made me a woman." How freely his hand that was writing the poems moved. "I am the womb of song and I am filled with music. My songs are only half-born, they are struggling to come out of the womb."

He wrote many poems and when he grew tired he laid his head on the windowsill and thought nothing. He pretended that he had no life now, he was only a mass of flesh and what happened round him did not matter. He was tired and all he wanted to do was to rest.

After he had rested he looked for the poems he had written, but he could find none, not even the pen he had used. And he felt a deep void in him that hurt. He was disappointed that his poems, written when he was a great man, were lost. He wept softly.

He was the carpenter once more but he was sentient that a few minutes before he had been Rizal, a great man. He had written poems while he was Rizal, but now that he was the carpenter again he could not find these poems—the beautiful thoughts that lived in his mind and for which he had had no words, but which as Rizal he had been able to express. They were his songs and now they were lost. "I was a poet and I wrote poems. First they were seeds in the house of my mind, later they became stalks, then flowers. I made them beautiful and they ran away from me. They ran away from me and I cannot find them."

Later, when he got over his disappoint-

ment, he touched his hands to his breast and knocked lightly. "Open," he said. "You are a soil. Rizal is a tree and he grows in you. His roots are strong and because his roots are in you, you are strong, too. You are a soil that is black and coarse, but because there is a tree living in you, you are become beautiful."

He felt tender and compassionate with himself after he had said this and he told himself he was not sorry he was not Rizal.

About a week after this, his wife ran away with another man, leaving her children behind. He did not know his wife had run away, he was so latent he came to know of it only when his daughter came crying to him. She told him between little sobs that she had heard their neighbors say her mother had left them for another man. She said she didn't want another man to be her father. "You are my father," she said.

He took it calmly. He was always passive on the outside, but really his wife's desertion made an hiatus in his existence. He loved her and she had run away from him. "She ran away from me, but I cannot run away from her. It is because I am breathless, I am breathless with love and I cannot run away. I love her, I love her."

He learned the name of the man with whom she had run away. He was a vicinal acquaintance, a big massive fellow with a quadrate face and pileous arms and chest. Pedrong Sabong the people called him. And he was a plumber, but he made his money in cockfighting. He was a better and he gambled on the sly. On Sundays he dressed himself gaudily and the women rested their eyes on him. He liked women to look at him.

For a time the man whose wife had

left him had the desire to meet Pedrong Sabong face to face. He would get angry, mad, hurl incisive words, use his fists. He would be so angry he would not feel any counterblows. "I shall be like a fortress and I shall not feel anything. As I lick him I shall be a giant. I shall pound him to a pulp. Pulp. Pulp. Pulp." He said, "Pulp. Pulp. Pulp," and he repeated it three times because the sound pleased him.

Then he thought of his wife. She had been good to him and she did her housework well. She cooked with taste and took good care of the children. He wondered why she had left them behind. But after all he was glad the children remained with him. "I love my children," he said, "and I suppose they love me, too."

He had not been aware of any carrying-on between his wife and Pedrong Sabong. Why did she leave him? She had never complained to him of their life. He had thought her faithful and he was himself faithful to her. She had a little beauty and was still young. Around twenty-five was she, and she had a shy, fluctuant voice. Whenever he heard her voice with its little dancing notes, he had prided himself that she was his. "I own her—her and her body and her voice," he had often told himself. "Her arms are my lovers and they are not afraid of me. It is because they are woman lovers and they know how to love."

As he thought of her he suddenly rose from his seat and closed all the windows of the house. "She ran away from me and now I am alone. I am dangling in the wind and if the windows are open I shall sail away with the wind. It may be that if I sail away with the wind, out of the windows of this house, into in-

finity, I shall be running away, too, like my wife. I shall be guilty like her and I shall have run away from myself. How am I to find myself again?"

Then because the room was dark and the children began to cry, he himself opened the windows he had shut. He looked at his children and asked them why should they cry. "You are young and do not understand, why should you cry?" ran the question in his mind. "You are young, my children, and you should not cry. It is all right for me to cry because I am old and I love her, you see." And he wept silently.

He became tender and his thoughts of revenge fled. If he met Pedrong Sabong he would not get mad as he had planned. He would understand. "She ran away from me because she liked you better. It was not your fault. A woman likes one man better than her husband and she leaves her husband for him. Don't I understand?" He would shake Pedrong Sabong's hands and then there would be no more hurt feelings. "I shall tell him further . . . to be good to her," and he felt big as his heart. "I am strong and big. Lord, I am strong and big," and his eyes moistened.

The months passed and things began to grow fit again. His children became used to him, eating with him, sleeping beside him, and he bathing them. He became their mother and a happy thought lighted his mind. "I have become a mother," he said. "I, a man, have become a mother and I am proud. I did not think I could become a mother."

His children loved him and he knew it and it made him happy. His daughter who went to school combed his hair for him and taught him the few English words she learned in school. To her he

talked about his work and on Sundays, they three, he, his daughter and the little brother, went to the district *cine* together. Before they entered they bought boiled maize, or sometimes peanuts, which they ate inside. He did not know how to read and when his daughter asked him to explain the subtitles of the film he felt embarrassed. He told her they were written in Spanish and in English and he did not understand any of these tongues, so he could not explain them to her. She believed him and said never mind.

They lived in so harmonious a filiation that their neighbors said to each other it was indeed a pity such a good man should have been left by his wife. They said his wife had been senseless to abandon him, him so quiet, so reposed, and who knew if now she was not repenting her behavior, "She will not come to a good end. Restless woman!"

One day it came to pass that the man who looked like Rizal went to a Chinese store in a near corner to buy cigarettes. He was accompanied by his young daughter and he held her little brown hand in his as they crossed the street. He told her to make her strides big, for look, there was a big, blue automobile coming and he told her automobiles ran over children and the poor children either died or became humpbacks or lame or lost their limbs. "I do not want you to get run over by it," he said.

So they crossed hurriedly and went into the cube-like affair that was the Chinese store. On the walls there were nailed tin advertisements of American cigarettes and soaps and they were in colors that glistened and attracted. She looked at these while her father bought his cigarettes.

Her father asked for a match and she

turned her attention to him to see how he would light the cigarette between his lips. He struck a matchstick against a sulphured side of the box and a pale flame sprang.

He was about to raise it to the tip of the cigarette in his mouth when he lowered it abruptly and looked at his daughter and said, "Did you see? Did you see?" He was pale and the cigarette dropped from between his lips and he stepped limply out of the store.

He had seen a man pass by and suddenly he could not light the cigarette. The man had passed by with his face not very visible from the angle at which the carpenter stood, but he had recognized the wide heavy shoulders and the way the long feet touched the ground.

Pedrong Sabong it was and the man who looked like Rizal remembered the story of his life. There had been a wife with a shy, fluctuant voice and Pedrong Sabong had run away with her, the wife he loved, the mother of his children. Suddenly he recalled his resolve, that he would not be angry, that he would be big enough to forgive. He felt soft and tender and a great well of good-will rose in him. He wanted to follow and call the man. He had things to tell to Pedrong Sabong. "Be good to my wife. She is not my wife any more for she has gone to you . . . but she is the mother of my children. Love her and do not scold her. I never scolded her yet, Pedrong Sabong. And tell her I . . . understand. Tell her I am sorry I was . . . not good enough for her . . ."

As he thought this message his eyes became clouded and he saw in a hazy blur. And groping for the hand of his daughter he hurried out to catch up with the man who was luckier than he.

Together they ran after Pedrong Sabong and when they were already only a few meters distant from him the man who looked like Rizal called, "Pedro!"

Pedrong Sabong turned and seeing them his knees weakened. He wavered and a nervous pounding troubled his chest. He felt guilty all at once and he blamed himself for passing through this street. But he determined to grow bold. If this aggrieved husband desired vengeance, well, let him see. He wanted to resume running but the man and his daughter were already so near him.

Undecided for a moment Pedrong Sabong rushed towards the man and struck him blows. The man who looked like Rizal gazed with poignant eyes at his aggressor as he curled down and fell helpless to the street. He was silent—not a moan left his lips, but they trembled deliriously. His face rasped against the stony ground and bled and his lips cracked under the force of his teeth. He did not rise and his daughter wailed with all the lust of her lungs.

A crowd had gathered round them when the man who looked like Rizal was able to lift himself up. Little sharp stones clung to a side of his face and thin lines of blood flowed from his mouth.

"He attacked me from behind," Pedrong Sabong was declaring to the crowd, "and I turned around and beat him down. I had to protect myself." He stood tall and big and his words rang with vibrant force. "Imagine trying to attack me from behind. It's treacherous!" he said and looked at his adversary with flinty, lying eyes.

The man who looked like Rizal gazed at him with his sad impotent eyes while his daughter beside him continued crying. He was a weak, shrivelled figure

and he saw the eyes of the people around looking on him with scathing pity. He felt a revolt in him, he wanted to tell them no, he was not so mean as that, that what Pedrong Sabong said was not true. "I am not treacherous, I could not be. I ran after him because I wanted him to know I had forgiven. I wanted to tell him to be good to her . . ." But the intensity of his feeling choked him down, left him powerless.

"If he were not so helpless I would have given him . . . a more thorough beating," Pedrong Sabong told the crowd.

Then, the heart of this puny man rising above all ill feeling, noble enough to rise with strength above the dolour in his soul, he waved a pathetic hand and commanded all to hear:

"You have heard him—you have heard Pedrong Sabong," he said. "Yes, all is . . . true."

And then he clutched his daughter by one thin hand and they walked slowly away. The crowd followed them with their eyes and someone laughed derisively. Pedrong Sabong stood still, but when he heard the man's laugh he could not control the lump that had risen in his throat and his thick arm described a swing that sent the man who laughed down. Pedrong Sabong did not look at the fallen man for his eyes kept following the figure of the shrivelled man whom he had not treated fair—and somehow his very masculine lips trembled.

When the man and his daughter reached home, he sat his daughter on a chair and he knelt contritely before her, as if she were a little, precious goddess that he treasured and loved infinitely, as if he were a penitent sinner and he wanted to confess himself to her, to purge the bad blood out of him. He wept and explained himself nervously to her, holding her little hands tightly.

"I was not afraid of him, daughter. No, I was not afraid." He appealed to the little girl with his little, wet eyes that were like sick, little cats. "It takes a big, strong man to admit he is wrong," he said, sniffing softly, not removing his entreating gaze from her. "And it takes a bigger, stronger man to admit he is wrong . . . when he is right . . . and apologize. You see, daughter, I am . . . a big, strong fellow," and he knelt straight and put out his narrow, thin chest, his shaking lips essaying a conceited smile. "It is because I look like Rizal," he added bravely. "It is because I am like Rizal, daughter, and he was . . . great . . . a great, noble man. It is because Rizal is in me . . ."

His little goddess did not move but looked at him with helpless, wet, un-understanding eyes.

"Did you understand me? Did you understand me, daughter?" he pleaded, kissing her little frightened hands.

And the little daughter looked on.

THE PAPER MILL

LAURENCE PRATT

PAPER

There is a spinner makes a three-fold strand
of many colors blending into white:
one cord is red with labor of his hand,
one green with forest song and blue with night;
 the last is myriad-threaded, twisting in
 to a bright filament of varied hue,
 regret and pleasure, sacrifice and sin,
 passion of love that's false and love that's true.

They weave a paper web. On every page
there lives a story hidden from the eye:
beneath the words there lies a heritage
of hemlock hills and sun and windy sky,
 and bodies burned by toil like incense fire,
 and lives of sorrow, ecstasy, desire.

DEADERS

Christ, yes! I seen hell-travelers seads o' times.
One night I was workin' here at this machine—
winter—cold as hell— a feller named Grimes
was there at that one. Whadya think I seen?—
 We worked the graveyard shift. Just about two
 a. m., right there by that damned iron post,
 god-bust-me, there was a deader, kinda blue
 and fishy-like. A deader—yeh, a ghost.
I heerd Grimes scream just then. He'd missed the lap
he was a-tryin' ta skin off the maple roll.
He tried ta catch it below, the garn damn sap.
I stopped his machine—but he'd lost his garn damn soul.
 I ain't seen deaders now f'r quite a spell,
 but every time, some yap was yanked to hell.

AMERICAN WAY

“Be An Executive”—the Institute
stirred high ambition in the lowly breast
of Orville Hodge. The longing grew acute
to rise like Jones, and Desmond, and the rest.
 So in the stockroom where he kept the shelves
 he studied Business Principles, and read
 volume and volume—good books in themselves,
 but all unsuited to his stupid head.
He read, and let important stocks get low,
and studied when he might have stacked and swept.

When requisitions came he was so slow
the harried foreman cursed and almost wept.

Still he explains his failure to advance:

"The manager won't let me have a chance."

ALICE, CLAIRE, AND THE SUPERINTENDENT

Must a man be a black-blind mole for claws to catch?
or a stupid rodent, lost if a woman purrs?

Why couldn't Frank have known, and been a match
for Claire and that subtle-stalking way of hers?

I could almost admire her silken stealth,
her velvet voice and all her lean-limbed skill,
her quick eye to discern the mouse of wealth,
her easy, sinuous leap to make her kill.

But all the time I saw his after years
barren and cold, with love a thing apart.

I could have said his children would be tears;
he shouldn't have let me see his lonely heart,
nor told me how he longed to have a son.

I know—I know I could have given him one.

FURNACE ROOM

The red heart in a body will beat all day
and pulsate through the night, though the mind seems dead,
to force the courier blood on its burning way
pouring life through the trunk and limbs and head.

So red flame throbs in the furnaces that glow
hell-hot, and roaring-voiced as a thunder storm;
and off through the arteries of pipe-line go
the demons of the steam in a driven swarm.

Then the limbs of the great mill-body give reply:
saws swing, conveyors run, and grinders speed,
chipper and shake-screen roar, and huge wheels fly,
beaters make food for the paper machines' vast greed.

Where the withering heat flame leaps and steam grows shrill
the mad red fire is the pulsing heart of the mill.

BARKER

Here, bark this hunk o' wood, you whirling knives;
cut and slash. *I stabbed and stripped him clean.*

This bark's all brown and stained. The color drives
me crazy. *No, it doesn't!* God! I've seen

that cold face everywhere for thirteen weeks.

Here, bark this hunk. His coat was brown like this,
and stained with blood. His face had bloody streaks
where my hand slipped across it. He can't miss

his coat where he is now below that trough.
 Strip off this bark—his clothes were all he had.
 His arms hung wobbling when I pulled it off—
 his coat—that hellish brown. *I'll not go mad!*
 I burned his clothes and sank his body down.
 His coat was brown—this bark—*his coat was brown.*

PAY DAY

“Say, Bill, if ya can’t spend it, call on me,
 I’ll help ya!” “Go to roost, I’ll spend my own”—
 “I’ve got to pay that crooked doctor’s fee
 for Jessie Stipes”—“Five on my saxophone”—
 “Let’s see, that Bible costs three dollars. Now”—
 “My Chev eats every cent”—“The Institute
 takes all my check will possibly allow”—
 “Hell, I don’t blame you, Clark. That jane’s a beaut”—
 “The last installment on the radio”—
 “Coretta’s college money has to come
 from this”—“I’ve got eight hundred bones to go
 to finish on the house. Gosh, what a sum!”
 Food and clothing, Jezebel and Paul,
 love and lust—the pay check knows them all.

HEMLOCK AND SPRUCE

There is a long, slow patience of the stars;
 there is a satiate wealth of golden sun;
 there is the wind’s insistence. There are scars
 of peaks upthrust and continents begun.
 Waiting, waiting, straight and tall and still
 stand the stalwart forest multitude,
 though spring flaunts by, though autumn burns the hill,
 and tense frost shatters summer’s fragile brood.
 The stars spill silver patience on the spruce;
 the winter clouds whiten the moving air
 with muffled peace. Winds teach an endless truce
 with ancient gods of struggle and despair.
 All this the breathing hemlocks know; and then,
 a prescient priesthood, destine it to men.

DIGESTER VALVE

If Bill had said “Let’s wait,” he’d be alive.
 It’s funny what a word or so can do.
 He said, “It won’t be cool till four or five;
 let’s open it and let the cook go through.”
 Something had clogged the blow-off to the tank.
 The digester was full; the cook was done.

It seemed a shame to lose eight hours, so Hank
 got wrenches for the valve. We'd just begun
 when all the stock blew out across the floor
 and up around our legs. Acid and steam
 ate into us. Bill died that night. Before
 the next, Hank went. It's like a frightful dream.

After the mess and stink they worked in here
 the graveyard must seem cool and clean and queer.

PAPER MACHINE

Built by the brain of man to serve his need,
 built by the thought of man to serve his thought,
 frame and cylinders—hiss and roar and speed—
 ponderous form that subtile mind begot,
 the huge machine consumes its woody drink,
 strains and gulps, and roars for a greater draught,
 and screens white water away till the fibers sink
 to the blanket, shaping news or tissue or kraft.

Carried away, around the casks of heat,
 the sagging sheet is deftly held and warmed
 till, up and down and up—repeat, repeat—
 the growth is made, the paper web is formed.

Gigantic slave that puny man created,
 speed on! The needs of man are never sated.

PAPER TESTER

Yes, it's my birthday. I am seventy-two.
 I've been here doing this for fourteen years,
 since I went bankrupt. Satisfied? Do you
 mean satisfied? Good God! I think fate sneers
 right in my face. I spin this hateful wheel
 to test the fiber's strength—again—again
 and all day long, and all day long. I feel
 like any convict rotting in the pen.

Monotony, monotony, the days
 revolve like this unchanging wheel I serve.
 It isn't fair. God could have made up ways
 to give me something like what I deserve.

I'd like to chain God here and make him find
 the ghastliness of this eternal grind.

NIGHTWATCHMAN

Yes, I am getting old; I'm seventy-two;
 and when I lost it all—my home and store
 and what I'd saved, I thought that I was through;
 fate stole my apple—ate it pulp and core.

I walk all night and punch two dozen clocks;
I walk all night—I've learned that there are stars.
I walk alone across the yards and docks;
I've noticed that the moon shines through her scars.
I see the self-sufficient ages pass
where constellations preach eternity,
and learn that I am trivial as grass,
and know it's well to be forgetting me.
There is white glory stacked on Heaven's shelf
I couldn't see when gazing at myself.

GERTIE

We girls have got to have a little fun;
typing six days a week just gets me dead.
Gosh, what a town! A dance is just begun,
when, phoo! the kids all toddle home to bed.
I can't see what ails fellows in this town.
Gee whiz! I like to give the boys a break,
but they can't see past where their nose slants down.
What chance is there to give when they won't take?
I lounge across their desks with my loose blouse,
and lean against 'em back among the files;
they haven't got the passions of a mouse.
They just exchange sly winks and snotty smiles.
Of course the mill hands get me quick enough,
but these stiff office kicks don't know their stuff.

GLUMPY-FACE

Does fate perform experiments on men
to find how they are changed by this or that?
Old Glum-Face there was young and cheerful when
fate blew a breath and laid his card-house flat.
Look at the white hairs there above his ears,
and notice something sad about his face.
He's really just a young man yet, in years.
Why, once there wasn't a foreman in the place
laughed oftener. The little chap was six—
looked like his dad. The only child. He fell
into the pond. Was walkin' logs. Kid's tricks.
Got drowned. It broke the old man up like hell.
And so the fine experiment is done;
does fate grieve over it, or think it fun?

PULP MILL

As silently the seeds in brown mulched earth
turn buried life to tall, mysterious growing,
as quietly great rivers rise to birth
and leap to vigor past our power of knowing,

so quietly these mighty grindstones go
 unseen within their frames, their stunning force
 made by the thrusting cylinders to throw
 its friction on the wood, to grind a coarse
 and broken mushy stock from hemlock sticks.
 Thus power lies deeply hid. An atom split
 would vomit strength as if the sea should mix
 with sudden fire, and we should die of it.
 These stones devour, to sate their greedy lust,
 huge forests, as earth grinds men's hearts to dust.

LOADING CARS

You fellas keep yer eyes peeled fer old Snout
 while I sneak in this car o' bags ta smoke.
 Damn right—the cop I'm tellin' ya about
 scrunched down right where I beaned him—thought he'd croak.
 I caught the rods from Butte, and ain't been back
 in old Montana since. I'm homesick too
 fer some o' the old jungles by the track,
 under Missoula bridge, and where the crew
 kicked me off once near Bozeman—and the jails
 at Helena and Butte and Kalispell.
 I'd sure be hoofin' the Montana trails
 if I just knew that damnfool cop got well.
 Here comes old Snout. Step on yer fag ends quick.
 Load in yer stinkin' bags. Come on, let's click.

PAPER TRUCKER'S WIFE

A bright red berry may kill a witless bird;
 a dove may break its wing where a wire is hung,
 A life may sink at a subtly whispered word,
 or a heart may die because a song is sung.
 I see it now as clearly as light can shine:
 I had read the novel that day, and loved the thought
 of the gracious Eloise who held it fine
 to wed the penniless lover romance had brought.
 So after the dance, when he proposed, I took
 his kiss, his name, the shack he offered me—
 and a stupid clod who never read a book,
 and children to bear and rear in poverty . . .
 The song is sung and the whispered word is said,
 the crimson berry is tasted, the bird is dead.

PAPER

Weird master of the centuries, man spins
out of the mystery that is his brain,
out of bright virtues, fascinating sins,
out of experiential joy and pain
 a slender strand of thought, which he desires
 to share with man and his posterity;
 it shall withstand the centuries' slow fires,
 and live when his own self has ceased to be.
So when the hemlock and the spruce and pine
have caught in their embrace the rain and sun,
the virtue of the soil, the sky's design,
man saves through them the treasures he has won—
 he makes a fibrous sheet on which to scroll
 his thought, his art, his intellect, his soul.

TINTAGEL

JASON BOLLES

Still as of old Tintagel's towers spring
Still as of old, Tintagel's turrets spring
White as the covert of a magpie's wing,
As dandelion milk, as winter hare.
Still down the uneven wind is borne a blare
Of wizard trumpets, wild and sweet and keen,
That is not echoed in the resonant air.
Still over headlands rich with tossing green,
Lilybud towers pass, that are not seen
In this cramped age unless it were by two
Lovers who lie where hawthorn blossoms preen
Their curven petals of May morning dew,
Or some lone herder pausing his slow walk
To nibble dully at a loco stalk.

SONG

CATHERINE STUART MACLEOD

You say to me, Come,	To be turned,
And the word is music	Before I go to seek
Sweeping like wind over barren land!	Cool spray from water-
	Falls in dense woods;
There is a chapter yet	Before midnight is a solitary
To be written,	Lotus petal floating calmly
There is a page yet	Down placid waters.

JOAQUIN MILLER AND HIS FAMILY

In which use is made of hitherto unpublished letters from the poet to his brother,
George Melvin Miller.

EDITED BY BEATRICE B. BEEBE

THE Poet of the Sierras was a loyal and unselfish son and brother. His devotion to his parents is known to every reader of his autobiography. Joaquin Miller's tender tribute to them is one of the beautiful contributions to our Western literature.

The familiar photograph of the poet—and his own favorite—taken in 1899 by Edgar Felloes, shows him with fingers of right hand touching right temple, elbow on table, and eyes reverently raised, and is without doubt an unconscious outgrowth of the reverence he always showed when at his father's table. One can almost hear the words of grace issuing from the lips of the Quaker father, so full of character is the photograph.

Mary Margaret Miller, mother of the poet, resided at the Hights until her death, in a cottage built expressly for her. To his brother, George, Joaquin frequently wrote of her, and from one letter of April 12, 1903, it is evident that George was also a dutiful and loving son.

Ok: Mother is "lively as a cricket" and loud in her praise of your care of her. It is raining now but when all is sunshine she can go to live in her cottage. It is hard keeping her out of the wet . . . I hope soon to start work on my new poem. I shall then write but few letters. I received a line from Abbie. They are all so comfortable and happy at Saratoga. I had a splendid rest: Yet I never worked so hard in my life.

Letters to George¹ from his mother near the close of her life, in handwriting

far more legible than that of her distinguished son, show deep love for both her boys.

Dear little ones at Eugene . . . I do wish you could look in and see how beautiful everything looks . . . Every available place has been planted to corn and vegetables and still planting . . . Joaquin sold an acre and a half to the poet that stops in the little cottage down near the Darling's house.

My dear Baby Boy

I am alone today Joaquin is gone on a lecturing tour up towards Oregon. He was very well when he left home and full of life. He wished me to write to you, he sends love to you. For me I am no more well and strong as I once was. I am eighty-five years old . . . Joaquin has made many improvements since you left here. I hope you have heard of his crematory monuments and towers in mem of his departed . . . I get so very lonesome for my children.

Joaquin's concern for his mother is displayed in such paragraphs as the following, taken from letters to his brother, George. These are dated in the first decade of the twentieth century, in the last years of the lives of both the poet and his mother.

Thanks for cutting the roses, etc., but don't harm any brush. That will do in a flat country but we need all the brush to fill up the gulches. There are, or were, some limbs broken down by cows up back of the fence east of the flower house. Please see to them. I think that is about all unless you like to put in a little garden for Mother.

I have not delivered my book yet as the last of it is still in the hands of the typist and I do not yet know if it suits the men for whom I write it. If it does I shall be

¹ All letters, unless otherwise stated, were written from The Hights, Joaquin Miller's home near Oakland, California.

The Frontier

in funds. If not I shall get home as soon as I can anyhow. Meantime I have a little money here in hand, enough to get home on. I enclose you \$30 and shall send Mother \$10. This uses up nearly all I have in advance. I shall get Aloysius his coat and shoes as soon as I get back . . . Mother should not move till warm weather. Encourage her to be quiet and to not change things too much. You know she always wants to cut down trees and burn brush. That is the old Wabash way, but we are planting trees on the Hights and not cutting down except as needed. I sent her, from Washington, lots of seeds and hope she has a little garden to look after . . . I have written at length . . . to explain that I have not as much money as I hoped to have; but still have *hopes*:

❖ ❖ ❖

Shall now only try to make my living and write my songs. The boys did not go home. I am disgusted with them. I have all I can do to take care of the helpless folk here. If they want to work they can work at home as well as here . . . Mother is getting on wonderfully well, as usual at the last has decided not to try the Fair. And I think this is wise. For the heat of the Sacramento Valley is said to be terrific at this season and of course the cars are crowded. Everyone trying to get into the mountains. Her girl is her good angel. She took her driving yesterday four miles up in the mountains and they brought home a big old fashioned bucket of raspberries! This is better than the Fair. For the girl knows all about trees and the house and flowers and yard, etc.

❖ ❖ ❖

I have been slow to answer letter Mother has been in doubtful health. But now she is able to be up to dinner and the doctor says she is not in danger. Of course at such times one does not have time to think of money. Besides one must be prepared for the worst. I have a good girl, my famous daughter, and I have also good Japs, also friends:

❖ ❖ ❖

Mother is now in her nineties and in better health than ever. I gave her a gorgeous party on the 2d. [The date of this letter

is April 4, 1905.] All goes well with me now as I have a good girl to take care of her. She is in the visitors' cottage and my farmer with his abundant and beautiful family is in her cottage.

❖ ❖ ❖

Mother is ok. Of course she has the usual relapses when she is at outs "with the world and the rest of mankind" but this only shows her strength and vitality. She goes up to the barn and helps the girl feed the two cows . . . Storms have delayed the mails a bit . . . Let me hear from you soon. . . . Hope the magazine featuring Mother reached you and was then forwarded to James and Kate.

❖ ❖ ❖

It is still cold and wet here, *awful* for California. But Mother is up and about and we yesterday cleaned up her cottage and it is hard to keep her out of it till fair weather. She is stronger than for years: she will be ok if I can only induce her to take better care of herself. . . . I am building a bit and have good plans for a scenic boulevard coming up from the western side of Redmond Peak—then through my dooryard to the University—a perfect crescent. And the Golden Gate below at my turn. As the ten million syndicate and I own all the land it will be easy and the greatest thing for Oakland in the world. . . . I am a bit weary of striving in getting out my six volumes² and am not doing any new work and so am about out of money.

Of the bust of Mary Margaret Miller now to be seen in the Library at the University of Oregon, the poet wrote under dates of April and June, 1907, and December, 1909:

I have placed the bronze bust of Mother in the Guild room, S. F. It is a splendid bit of work and is much admired. I will bring it on for the University when I come: I don't quite know when but with the coming blossoms maybe. Shall release your friend B. but no "swap." Every foot of land here is in demand and *cold cash*. So why bother to exchange. Am well and hard at work. Hoping the same to you. Yours Joac Miller.

² Undoubtedly the seven volume Bear Edition, put out in 1905.

I start soon . . . and hope to be with you say about the 12th inst. Tomorrow shall check you the bronze bust from S. F. You had better take it up home till I can see the University about where we shall place it.

❖ ❖ ❖

Ok here. Am busy planting trees, planting and planting. Hope to be done by Xmas. Glad the bust is where it may remind the coming young folk of the true pioneers. Do not let me dissuade you about investments: but you have enough. So have I or shall have as soon as my grounds . . . are planted: but am going to keep close to shore and *rest soon*. We are now a part of Oakland and the Hights high and dry: everything booming but I buy no more *enough is enough*. Do your best with the water and all that but let us later get money to rest and take our rest.

Hulings Miller, the poet's father, was one of the most generous, trusting souls that served a pioneership in Oregon in the fifties. It is apparent that the same impracticality evidenced in the clock episode, when he exchanged his all for a wagonload of clocks, was his heritage to the son James. His brother's lack of sound business sense was a constant source of concern to Joaquin, who often commented upon it in letters to George, but always in sympathy, with never a trace of criticism or condemnation.

Poor dear James! Forty years on the firing line: solid, virtuous, honest and still no home. Now why can't he put his family in a wagon and drive down here. It would be a fine trip if not too late in the summer. I have houses and more jungle than he ought to work. The trouble is he always tries to do too much. The only restriction or order I would give is that he should not plow or plant too much. He should have everything free and all he could make. I am paying three times what I paid for potatoes last year and double what I did for hay. By irrigating he could raise tons of potatoes. I have two new cows, have a buggy and a few tools. He would need a team and teams are high here now. It would hurt his pride to buy a home and put it out of reach of his

obligations, even if it were possible. I am poor, terribly poor: but here is a home for him and his if he will come and take charge of it. I think he would do better here than there. . . . Write and ask and urge him.

❖ ❖ ❖

I wrote you yesterday to have James put his family in a wagon and take an outing down this way. . . . The more I think of it the more I think it is the best thing to do. Dust and dirt and cold and cloudburst! That is Eastern Oregon. They have had enough of it. And see where it has landed them; James should not have any scruples in trying a better climate when broken down: even if he is in debt. I will provide what little they need till they get settled here. Explain to Kate this will, so far from being a bother, be a great rest and relief for me. And I am sure they will all be better and happier here: A good place to camp is the Hights wood water and what you need. Write soon. JM.

In fact Joaquin's generosity took in every member of his family, as the items that follow clearly demonstrate.

My dear George: . . . My dear boy, I am concerned about your health. You are thin: You think too much and eat too little: I know it is not very spiritual to eat: but it is right. I would not let even a horse or cow look hungry if I could help it.

Glad the boys go back to help at home. I sent \$30 Wednesday for their passage—steerage—then home: with a dollar or two over to stop a night in Portland as they may not connect in time: keep what is left to use as needed. . . . There is a suit of silk tailor-made corduroy in the closet: give it to one of the boys: there are also shirts of all sorts in the bureau drawers: give them everything of the sort you can find about the house, *except my boots, muckluks and moccasins*. . . . Don't forget this. Please brush and then get a little camphor and put in my muckluks and Arctic cap and then roll them up tight in newspapers and put in my trunk and fasten the lid down tight.

Juanita Miller, the poet's daughter, was very dear to her father. Whenever she is mentioned in letters to George, it is with the greatest affection.

Here is a little photo of Babe and I be-

lieve you will like her quiet good sense. Here is the deed: ok I hope. After it is recorded you may return it to Juanita with a power of attorney or any document you may desire for her to sign giving you authority to handle all the property without the trouble of asking her to sign papers at every deal you make.

Am getting Juanita's little cottage ready for you and Lischen. Here is a picture of Babe. She is the best, truest and most charming little girl that ever lived. Congratulations on Lischen's health.

That her father's love and admiration was fully appreciated by Juanita is seen in a letter to her Uncle George under date of February 28th, 1911, written during a serious illness that attacked the poet about a year before his death. Juanita had come from the East to be with her father at the hospital.

You see I want a *live Papa* not a dead Poet Philosopher and what is the use of skimping and starving and then leaving property for great grandchildren or perhaps other people to enjoy after one is dead. I want Papa to *live* and I want you and Lischen, Mother and myself to be well and happy and comfortable. . . . Believe me nothing would matter to me without Papa.

Nor did Juanita wait until the end was near to express her daughter love. In the spring of 1910 she wrote him from New York a letter that so pleased the poet he sent it on to George. In it she said in part:

You have made a success of your life

my perfect Papa, to be a great poet and also to have land and successful business interests is the work of three men and O! the pleasure you give me when I remember that I am your daughter.

Joaquin Miller's interest in all mankind found expression in the Hights project, where many a needy, worthy one was given a chance to help himself. There struggling artists, poets, writers found a sanctuary overlooking the Golden Gate. He loved them all.

But even his close associates, familiar with his handwriting, were often in doubt as to what the poet had written.

Ina Coolbrith, Poet Laureate of California and the friend responsible for the poet's choice of the name "Joaquin" to replace the "Cincinnatus Hiner" of his youth, tells in a letter to George Miller in March, 1911, of an instance in point.

Joaquin had promised that he would write a poem to be read on the Memorial Day program for their mutual friend, Charles Warren Stoddard. Joaquin was ill and some one made a copy of the poem as he had written it and sent it on to Ina Coolbrith. But there was one line that refused to make sense.

In the copy occurred the line with the word "Bodin." No one could give even a guess as to who or what "Bodin" was. When the original came it was clear as print, "Beduin," which made the sense and the rhythm.

QUALITY

MARGARET DEWEY

The loveliest lawns have fences round them,
Or well clipped hedges like the hem
On a velvet gown.

My lawn is brown in spots and worn,
So many rollicking feet have torn
And tramped it down.

FJORD STREET

BORGHILD LEE

THE STREET

THE street begins down where the sea is blue. Where the sea washes against the quays. Where the moored ships rock on the swells. The seawind with the tang of tar is like a strong drink warming your blood.

The street is narrow and runs like a snake to the top of the hill. The houses lean against each other and the smell of rotting fish and poverty hangs like a thin smoke over and in the houses.

From the hill the street looks like a gray snake slightly coiled and stirring with life. The houses like bulges under the skin.

The children play all day on the wharfs and quays, bathing their feet in the green waters, climbing the iron steps that lead down into the waters, up and down all day.

But towards dusk the windows open and shrill voices call. The smell of fried hamburger, the smell of fish boiling, and strong coffee fills the air. Now it is quiet. But soon the children emerge with big pieces of rye bread in their sticky fingers and sit on the stone steps. And the women come. They watch the children play and call to each other. The women, if they are old, are fat, or if they are young, are thin with many children.

Lame Hans sits by the window all day, his pale face pressed against the pane, waiting for the Hovering Angels, the fish-vendors, waiting for the monkey and the organ-grinder. Waiting.

Bodil, the cripple, listens to the song of Asle, Asle with the sweet voice, who mends the fishing-nets.

Blind Lisa thumps her stick on the

cobble-stones. The children run when they see her coming.

The organ-grinder with the one leg and a monkey comes and the children are happy; handsome Asle sings and the women are happy!

Life is like a sea rising and falling. Like the sea itself, dark and grim when the storms sweep over, but peaceful when the sun is shining. Peaceful on the surface, but underneath there is turmoil.

Through the air that is like smoke, through the smell of many people living together comes the wind from the fjord. It sweeps up the street and around the corner. It is as though someone opened a door to a stuffy room and let the air in. Ah, it is fine the wind when it sweeps through the street. The people say: "It is good to be alive, yes?"

The women come down the street on their way to market, shawls around their shoulders and baskets on their arms. They lean against the fence listening to Asle, the mender of the fishing nets, listening to his songs.

Andrew the cobbler, who owns the corner where the street turns toward the fjord, walks the street as though he was the borgermester himself, swaggers down the street, his feet spread a little apart, his one eye a little lower than the other. Birgit, his wife, the shawl around her chin, follows after.

At dusk the light-tender comes and the light throws long shadows across the street.

Laughter and sound come from behind doors . . . cries of children . . . cries of women . . . harsh voices of men. The street is like the sea itself, rising and falling.

FEATHER TICKS

Andreas, almost invisible beneath the two feather ticks on his back, came through the room and placed them on the bed. He puffed and wiped his red, round face with the back of his coat sleeve. One blue eye was a little larger than the other which gave him a look that really did not belong to him at all. The cobbler was a good man. Now as he looked proudly at the feather ticks, it seemed as though the one eye drooped a little more than usual. He felt with loving hands the smoothness. Then he called Birgit, his wife, to come.

Birgit sat by the kitchen table staring at the floor, her hands clasped tight in her lap. Feather ticks . . . Andreas had gone up in the world and now the straw bed was not good enough. Now they must sleep on feather ticks as though they were the borgermester himself. Ever since Andreas had become the owner of the corner where the street turns toward the fjord, he had said that now they must have this and that . . . now that they had gone up in the world. Birgit was afraid.

She walked to the door and stood a small figure with large childish blue eyes and yellow hair streaked with gray. It was drawn back and enclosed in coarse black net, but little tufts of hair stuck out as though they were trying to escape. She smoothed her blue apron nervously and looked with troubled eyes toward the feather ticks.

The bed stood in one corner of the low room and wisp of thyme and dried parsley hung from the ceiling. With the feather ticks heaped on the bed it was as though a mountain had moved into the room. The feather ticks reached to the top of the slat bed and Birgit felt as though the ticks changed to huge

black clouds that came towards her and settled over her heart. But Andreas took her by the hand and led her towards the bed.

"See!" he said, "We are going up in the world! The borgermester himself has not a finer bed. Now when your heart is bad it will be fine to sleep on feather ticks." And again he stroked the tick with loving hands. But when Birgit smoothed the tick it was as though she was smoothing a bloated fish.

Andreas went back to his shop and when the people came to have a patch on their shoes he told them that now he had bought Birgit feather ticks! Andreas walked up the street swaggering a little, his short legs spread apart, when he stopped to tell the people that now they must come and see the feather ticks.

It all began with the widow hat. Ever since they had walked to the store to buy the hat Andreas had become proud and vain. No longer could she go to the coal man for her bucket of coal; no longer could she carry the wood in her arms. Andreas walked the street and said that Birgit was a lady that walked to church in hat and cape.

The hat was made like a tiny boat with wimples of wide black ribbons at bow and stern. When Birgit placed the boat upside down on the tight knob of hair the jet garden on the keel shook brilliantly. Birgit had never worn a hat. The shawl the cobbler gave her when they walked to the pastor had protected her head from the sun and cold; but when the cobbler bought the corner where the street turns toward the fjord he had said that now, Birgit must wear a hat. Hadn't he gone up in the world and wasn't it fitting that Birgit should now wear a hat when she walked on the street?

"Ah, yes," said Birgit, "But the shawl is warm on the ears and throat and my heart beats when I think of walking the street like a lady. If riches should make you vain, Andreas, then I would that you had never gone up in the world. Doesn't the street say about you: 'Andreas is a fine man! Now he has bought for Birgit a sack of flour. White flour. And again: 'Now Birgit need not go to the coal man to fill her bucket nor carry the wood in her arms.' See? Then let me cover my head with the shawl!'"

But Andreas as usual had fallen asleep in the chair by the stove.

The next day he had taken Birgit by the hand and crossed the square to the big street where the shop was. Andreas swaggering a little, his derby to one side now that he had gone up in the world, walked the street as though he was the borgermester himself, but Birgit held her head a little lower and pulled the shawl a little closer around her chin. They should not lean on the window sill and say that she, too, had become vain since Andreas bought the corner where the street turns toward the fjord.

When they met the fish-vendors, with their long black skirts the wind filled and their black raisin eyes looking brightly out from beneath their knitted bonnets, Birgit stopped to see and smell the shining fish overflowing the cart. She would show Andreas that although she was to wear a hat she was not a lady. But Andreas walked on, and Birgit had to run to catch up with him.

The sun beat on the cobble-stones and small glistening beads covered Birgit's forehead. A strong smell of tar and salt wind came from the sea and the smoke curled lazily from the ships in the harbor. The children shouted by the

water's edge, and their naked brown feet climbed the kegs on the wharf. The smell of rotten fish came like puffs of smoke. The fjord was blue, but turned saggreen where the sun shot through the waves. The brown faced men loaded the ships and wiped their faces, and their shirts were black-streaked where the sweat came through.

When they came to the big street where the shop was, Birgit waited by the door until Andreas came back with the lady. The lady was kind. She removed the shawl with the flower border from Birgit's head and laid it on the table. But Birgit took it and held it to her breast and looked at Andreas pleading as a child. But Andreas closed one eye a trifle more and shook his head.

Birgit's heart fluttered like a bird when the lady placed the blue hat with the waving plume on her head. The small pieces of silver that hung from the brooch that held Birgit's black dress together at the throat shook as with laughter. Birgit's small body shivered. Her large blue eyes widened and she turned to Andreas and said: "See! Would you have me look like a skoier-jente? You see?"

Andreas looked troubled, too, and it was not until Birgit saw the widow hat that she said: "Andreas, if I must wear a hat to walk down the street as you think fitting, then let me wear a hat like that!"

Birgit, who was humble and did not want to wear a hat like a lady, thought, that if it was small and black then it would not seem that she was proud.

But when the lady informed them that that, indeed, was a widow hat, Andrews pulled his derby back on his head, scratched his chin and closed the one eye completely, but Birgit said: "Well,

The Frontier

then, I shall never need another hat and if God in his good time takes Andreas, the hat will be good, too! And see, Andreas! Should I die, there is the Widow Larsen, who, though he is under the sod, has never worn a widow hat!"

The lady found the little black boat with the jet garden on the keel and Birgit tied with shaking hands the wimples beneath her chin. The big bow looked startlingly black against her white face and the jet garden shook.

Andreas, with his hands in his pockets curled his lips, lowered his eyelid, rocked forth and back on his heels and said that now Birgit looked like a lady. Birgit sighed. The ribbons beneath her chin gave her the same warm feeling as the shawl. With the ladies' hats on her head she had felt as though she hung in air . . .

But it seemed as though now that Birgit was to wear a hat she could not wear a shawl even around her shoulders, so they must buy the beaded black cape with the ruffled silk ribbons.

Birgit prayed that night that though the good God had given her more than her share, that He, nor the people on the street would not look upon her as one that was proud and vain. For was it not because Andreas wished it that she was now wearing hat and cape?

But when Andreas said that she had better put the shawl away in the box Birgit answered: "No, Andreas! Would you have me carry soup to Bodil the cripple with a beaded cape on? No, Andreas!" And this time, though he did not sleep, he did not answer.

When on Sunday morning Andreas saw Birgit with her hat and cape he was proud. The beaded cape opened to show the hymn book with the silver sheaf on the black velvet and the little silver

clasp to hold it shut. She held it tight in her hands covered with half mittens. The jet garden on the widow hat glistened in the sun, but Birgit's eyes were troubled.

Many were the oh's and ah's, when the street saw the cobbler's wife with hat and cape. Blind Lisa cackled and shook her stick at the skies.

But no one minded Blind Lisa. She cackled when she heard Asle sing his sweet songs, too. Birgit did not mind Blind Lisa. But though the street said oh, and ah . . . though the street thought it only fair that the cobbler's wife who now owned the corner where the street turns toward the fjord should wear hat and cape, Birgit's heart was sad.

And Andreas slept through the sermon and walked home and slept in the chair by the stove.

Birgit covered her head and shoulders with the shawl and walked up the street. In Birgit's heart there was a cry to her own people. She wanted to tell them by wearing again the shawl, that she was not a lady though she walked to church in hat and cape.

She walked slowly and stopped to talk to Anna who worked at the sailecloth factory and was standing on the steps brushing her Sunday skirt vigorously. There was a long gray line of stiff dust where the skirt had trailed on the ground. The dust flew and Anna laughed. No wonder the boys sat on the steps waiting for Anna at night. Anna with her magnificent body, her red lips and jolly laughter.

"And who, then," said Birgit, "are you dancing with tonight, Anna?"

"Oh, I don't know! Someone will come!" And she threw her head back. Anna was sure of life.

Birgit walked on and waved her hand at Lame Hans waiting by the window . . . waiting for what?

She heard the sound of music. The organ grinder was coming to play for Lame Hans.

"Monkey . . ." She pointed down the street and a slow smile crept over Hans's face, and Bodil in her wheel chair looking across the street to Asle with the sweet voice who sang . . . *Jeg elsker dig . . . Jeg elsker dig . . .*

Birgit leaned against the fence and listened and the shawl around her throat was like a soft caress.

Blind Lisa peered out through the gray pane and it was as though she could sense that Birgit was there. She opened the door and hobbled down the stone steps thumping her stick and the tears rolled down her scarred face. "Sorrow and death!" she screamed.

And the summer passed. The fog horns began to sound on the fjord. The fall winds made funnels of dust in the street. The ships in the harbor were fewer and the sound from the accordions were stilled. The windows were stuffed with rags and the coal man filled his shed.

It was then Andreas brought home the feather ticks. It was then Birgit wished that she had not asked Andreas not to go to the beer house in the square years ago. Wished that instead of having him bring his pail of beer home on Saturdays, she might have said: "Beer is good for the stomach, and though it costs money, I shall not say no!"

Then Andreas would have spent his money at the beer house and she would not have to sleep on the feather ticks.

Birgit would like to go to the end of her days as she had these many years with the snugness of the shawl around

her throat and the feel of the straw beneath her. Birgit, who was an orphan, had slept, before she walked with Andreas to the pastor, in the wharf sheds in the alleys, and thought that a straw bed was too fine. And now Andreas had brought home the feather ticks.

At night when Birgit sank down in the soft feathers her heart fluttered as though it was a bird trying to escape. The feathers seemed to surround her like mountains shutting out the world. Shutting out Andreas sleeping beside her. Andreas turned on the soft feathers with a grunt of satisfaction and slept. But Birgit lay with her eyes wide open, sinking down, feeling herself smothered by the soft mass.

Every night as she was falling into sleep the dream came. She was lying on her straw bed and the fjord changed into soft gray feathers and came towards her. Wave on wave of clingy feathers. Then the pain came and she woke gasping for breath.

"Andreas," she said one morning after the dream came. "Now at night the pain comes and I cannot breathe on the feather tick. Perhaps, then, if I could sleep on the straw my heart would be better?"

But Andreas spread his feet apart a little more, lowered his one eyelid, and said: "Wasn't it fine, then, if she was bad with her heart that he had bought the feather ticks? No one on the street had a finer bed to be sick in than Birgit."

Ah . . . yes, they had gone up in the world since Andreas bought the corner where the street turns to the fjord. Not any more were the feather ticks a place for her body to lie, not any more a covering. The feather ticks were her enemy. Now they were the dream. Now

they were the fjord rolling in. The fjord, soft and gray and clingy, smothering her.

One night Birgit sat up in bed fighting for breath. The foam stood around her mouth and Andreas gave her medicine from the bottle on the shelf. Andreas crossed the square for the doctor and he told him that now Birgit must stay in bed and be very quiet.

Andreas showed the fine feather ticks to the doctor. "Feel," he said, "the smoothness! Feel the soft feathers! And isn't it fine, then, that Birgit should, now that she is ill, have a fine feather bed?"

The doctor said that Andreas was a good man. But Birgit turned to the wall and cried softly.

In the night the pain came. The feathers smothered her. She fought to get free. Her hands twisted and her body doubled up. Small glistening beads covered her forehead. She lifted her hands. If she could only feel the hard wood of the bedstead, if she could only raise herself to the top of the wave.

But there was no place for her hands. Wherever she touched her hands sank into softness. She reached for Andreas, but the pain tore through her again and she fell back slowly pulling the feather tick with her. She struggled with her hands to remove the soft mass, but the tick seemed to have entered her throat and breast. She knew, now, it was not the dream, but the feather ticks that smothered her. She ceased struggling and lay still, her hands across her breast.

Andreas, as Birgit had wished, carried the widow hat and the cape to Widow Larsen. The black jet garden on the keel shook brilliantly, and when she proudly placed it on her head, her face looked

like a smooth red apple tied with ribbons.

Andreas went home and stood by the stove, his nose dripping and his hands shaking so that the coffee in the cup he was holding was like a small ocean caught by the undertow. The coffee spilt on the floor and his troubled bewildered eyes looked towards Birgit who lay, her hands folded, in the coffin. He did not spread his legs apart now, nor lower his eyelid. Andreas, who had gone up in the world . . .

The street came to tell him what a fine man he was. That although the good God had seen fit to take Birgit home, he should not feel bad. Hadn't he bought the hat and cape? Hadn't he bought Birgit the feather ticks?

The fish-vendors, came and left their baskets inside the door. Asle, strong Asle, who mended the fishing nets came and his sweet voice filled the room . . . *Skal min krone af guld udav stjerner be fuld* . . .

Ah, but Birgit did not want a crown of gold . . . what then?

Blind Lisa thumped her stick on the cobble-stones. Blind Lisa came to the door and cackled.

But the street felt with their hands the feather ticks.

"See! See!" they said, "the feather ticks Birgit slept on when her heart was bad. Oh!" they said, "Ah!" Andreas was a good man.

And Andreas spread his legs apart just a little and lowered the one eye a trifle.

Hadn't he bought Birgit the feather ticks?

THE WIDOW LARSEN

It was spring. The snow was melting and little rivers with flakes of ice rushed

down the gutters. The sun shone on the panes along the street showing the winter grime. But the air . . . the air made you lift your head, made you look up into the blue sky and take long breaths. The people walked with quicker steps and with new life in their eyes. The children played paradise and skipped the rope and played ball in the hat. Windows were again opened and voices called forth and back across the street. Oh, yes, it was spring.

It was a year since Birgit was laid under the sod. Andreas stood by the window and looked out. He opened it and the smell of the sun on the melting snow was like a strong drink.

Andreas went to the basket in the corner where the scissors were and snipped the black crepe of his left sleeve. He folded the crepe carefully and laid it in the drawer in the commode. He closed the drawer and looked towards the feather bed. It was time, thought Andreas, that someone should share the bed with him. Birgit had been a fine wife in all things, but it was not good for a man to be alone. No one could say that he had not grieved properly, nor that it was too early to lay away the crepe. The feather bed loomed like a huge shadow in the corner. The wisp of thyme and parsley hung yellow and dry from the ceiling. Andreas spread his legs a little, lowered his one eye a trifle and walked out of the room and up the street to Widow Larsen. Ever since Birgit had died Andreas had taken his meals with the widow. And now Andreas wanted the widow for his wife. Ever since he had brought her the widow hat and cape that Birgit had willed her, he had felt as though they already had something in common. But never with a word or sign had he shown this.

He had sat behind her in church, and when the widow had raised her voice in hymn he had seen the little black boat skew to one side and the jet garden glisten and shake. Even though the hat was a trifle small for the widow's head, it was a fine hat, and the street had indeed looked up to the widow since she had worn hat and cape to church. Andreas when he saw the hat and cape that he, himself, had bought for Birgit, felt almost as though she herself was sitting there. It was only when the widow turned her head and he saw the round rosy face that he would lower the one eye and look away. It troubled him in a way he could not understand to see the healthy red of the widow's cheek. In his mind he had seen the small pale face of Birgit under the jet garden.

When the last amen was sung loud and triumphant, Andreas waited for the widow to pass his pew. The widow walked proudly out of the church, crossed the square, and up the street to prepare dinner for Andreas and the fiddler who lived upstairs. Andreas waited until she reached the corner where the street turns toward the fjord, then he followed. Oh, no, no one could say that Andreas had not grieved properly for Birgit now under the sod a year.

If week after week there was a more tempting taste to the mutton and cabbage flavored with whole black pepper corns, to the fish pudding, the ale and bread, to the rings and rolls she put before Andreas and the fiddler, that was as it should be. The widow was a good cook. And between them, though no word had been said, there grew an understanding that came partly from the wearing of the hat and partly from the tempting meals set before Andreas.

As Andreas walked up the street he

spread his feet a little and swaggered. The widow had not been in the house since Birgit was laid under the sod, and he was eager to show her the feather bed . . . to let her feel the smoothness.

Andreas could feel a warmth flow through his body. It was spring and he would ask the widow to be his wife. He passed Asle who was bending over the fishing nets busy with his needle while he sang . . . *Jeg elsker dig* . . . *Jeg elsker dig* . . .

Andreas walked a little faster. Blind Lisa was sitting on the steps mumbling, but she didn't shake her stick at him. She felt over her scarred face and mumbled. And Andreas removed his derby with a sweeping bow towards Lisa. It was only as he neared the widow's house that he walked a little slower.

Widow Larsen lived in a small brown house with myrtle plants in the window and curtains tied with red ribbons. The steps were scrubbed white and when the widow opened the door a puff of warm air came against him. It was the smell of reindeer roasting and the smell of cardamom and spices.

Widow Larsen's blue eyes sought the left sleeve of Andreas's coat and a deep red flushed her face. But Andreas did not see her face very clearly. Suddenly as she stood there before him she seemed like a complete stranger. She looked the same. She was red and round and wiped her face with her apron. But Andreas felt as though this was the first time he had ever seen the widow or her house. It was as though he was stepping up to a stranger on the street saying: "Will you marry me?" He backed out a little almost expecting the widow to slam the door in his face. But the widow wiped her face again and said: "Come in, Andreas!"

Andreas stepped into the warm room and sat down in a chair by the tall iron stove. He could not open his mouth. He closed the one eye completely and sighed. He wished indeed it was all over with and the widow safe in the feather bed. He wanted to be by his own fire, asleep, and his feet on the stove. But while he was sitting there waiting for the widow to put the food on the table, it came over him that she might not want to share the feather bed. It came as a cold shock. So often this while back had he seen the widow in his own place cleaning and cooking and especially had he seen her beside him in the feather bed, her rosy face towards him. He had seen her turn and stretch her buxom body contentedly and go to sleep.

Andreas sighed. The widow came and set the food on the table. She was a fine looking woman, was the widow. Her breasts were like soft pillows and her hips were broad. Her eyes were downcast as she moved back and forth from the kitchen with the dishes. Her hair was brown and piled high on her head. Her mouth was large and her lips red. Ah, yes, thought Andreas, the widow was a fine looking woman.

"Sit down," said the widow, placing the meat on the table. "I'll call the fiddler!"

Andreas stood up. He must ask the widow now, before the fiddler came. But it was as though his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. All he wanted to say was: "Will you marry me, widow?" But the words would not come. And the widow walked upstairs and knocked on the fiddler's door.

Andreas looked helplessly around the room. On the wall hung the hat and cape. The sun shone on the keel and

the black jet garden shook as with laughter.

If only she had the hat and cape on, thought Andreas, then I would feel more at home and she would not seem a stranger. In his mind he could see the widow sitting at the table in hat and cape and he coughed loudly. "No . . . no . . ." said Andreas.

The warm room seemed to suffocate him. The picture on the wall of the cow grazing peacefully began to move. The cow seemed to take curious side jumps and the knick-knacks on the etager in the corner floated in the air. He sat down abruptly by the table.

The widow came back.

"The fiddler will not come, and he will not eat, he is playing!"

Andreas cocked his head. "So he is," he said. The fiddler was playing sadness and loneliness, but it made Andreas happy. Now he did not feel so alone with the widow.

He ate of the meat and the rings and rolls and all the time he thought: "Will you marry me, widow?"

And it was, indeed, while he was taking a mouthful of the tender meat that the words he was thinking came loud and clear: "Will you marry me, widow?"

The widow had been sitting with downcast eyes. Only occasionally had her eyes sought Andreas's sleeve. Now a flush crept over her face and she drew a deep sigh. To Andreas it was as though someone else was speaking. The words had been hard and clear. They seemed to hover in the air above the food before they reached the widow. And when he heard a sigh Andreas was not sure if it was the widow's or his own. "No . . ." thought Andreas, pushing his chair back and standing up. "I

shall go home and sit in the chair by the stove."

The widow's voice came to him from far away: "Sit down, Andreas, and eat your food!" And she pushed the dishes towards him. Andreas sat down. He looked again towards the hat and cape hanging on the wall, while waiting for the widow's answer. But the widow was eating peacefully. It was as though she had settled down into a contentment of her own, as though she had drawn a curtain of peace around her that Andreas could feel but could not enter. He looked at the food before him but could not eat a mouthful, and when he opened his mouth the words that came were not at all what he wanted to say. "Today I laid the crepe away," said Andreas picking the black threads from his sleeve, and closing the one eye completely.

"So, then!" said the widow, "Ja, no one can say that you did not grieve properly. A year she has been under the sod. Peace be with her!"

The widow walked out into the kitchen with the meat platter. A feeling of relief spread through Andreas. It was done. The words had been said and now he could go home and go to sleep. The widow had not said: "No, Andreas, I cannot marry you!" She had said: "Eat your food, Andreas!" That was as it should be. That was what wives said: "Eat your food!"

And Andreas ate the apple compote the widow set before him and when he left the widow said: "It is a long time I have worn crepe." And Andreas went home and slept.

It was the Sunday after that the widow came to church with the hat with the blue plume. The plume waved like

a banner in the wind and the street said: "Oh, and ah."

Andreas sat behind the widow and when the blue plume waved back and forth when she raised her voice in hymn it was as though the soft feathers caressed Andreas. He did not sleep. He closed the one eye completely and the other rested on the widow's cheek. When the last amen had been sung and the widow passed his pew Andreas got up and followed, and together they crossed

the square and walked up the street that turns toward the fjord. And the street said: "Oh . . . and . . . ah" and stretched their necks.

So it was that a few weeks later the curtains in Andreas's house were tied back with red ribbons and the green myrtle glistened in the window. The feather bed was puffed high to the ceiling where a fresh wisk of thyme and parsley hung and Andreas was asleep in the chair, his feet against the stove.

BANGKOK KLONGS

ALICE WEISTER

AN invitation from one of the government officials came while I was housed in the king's old palace, the Phya Thai, in Bangkok. It read:

"We wish you to go in a launch along Klong Bang Luang and Klong Bangkok Noi to see the Buddhist monks collecting alms, and to watch the early floating market. We will also get the morning light on the Temple of Dawn and breakfast near there. I have ordered, therefore, a launch to be waiting for us at the Pra chan landing, and have arranged for a car to call at the palace for you at five o'clock—"

Five o'clock in the morning!

I had already seen the shady boulevards of Bangkok, so like Paris, and her parks, gardens, and statues, handsome palaces, modern school and office buildings and universities. And everywhere, through it all, the brilliant spectacle of her temples, temples with golden spires, pagodas roofed with porcelain or sapphire-colored glass that glowed like sheets of fire—a blinding and bewildering glory not found anywhere else in the world. All of this side of the

great city I had seen, but not the klongs, the canals, where the common people lived in their thatched house boats. To go on the water and visit them was a great adventure.

I was quite ready and waiting when a loud rap came on my door before five o'clock. A fully uniformed Indian policeman stood there saluting and pointing toward the grand entrance where the car waited. I hurried along the marble corridor in the semi-darkness to the moat bridge where another guard saluted. There were two more to be passed before we reached the car.

The launch had not come when my car reached the landing, but one of the hosts was there to meet me. Among the natives who stood gazing at me was a woman with a beautiful child; she stood looking at me as if I were a freak animal about to perform. Not wanting to disappoint her I motioned and grimaced, after the manner of women, before a baby; my performance tickled the child, it was probably her first experience, and she stretched her little brown hands out to me. Her mother was pleased and said something in Siamese,

whereupon the youngster pressed her hands together, finger to finger, and bowed low to me many times. I asked the host, who had been watching us, if I might give the child a piece of money. He drew himself up as if offended, and said: "Do you think they are beggars?"

"No," I answered penitently, "but in America we have a habit of giving money to little children."

"Then you make beggars," he replied brusquely, and I knew I had touched on a sensitive place in the armor of proud Siam. I learned afterwards that there were no beggars in Bangkok and they didn't want any. Wanting to do something, I placed my hands on the child's head and in a very solemn manner wished her health and happiness. A crowd had gathered to see this ceremony; at once this woman and child had gained importance and mothers were bringing children to me.

I was glad to see the rest of our party coming, hosts, guests, servants and baskets of food. The three hosts were dressed exactly alike and presented an attractive appearance. They wore white helmet, coat, hose and shoes, but their bright purple panungs caught up between the legs so as to form loose short pants with a point on the knee made the costume surprising to a stranger.

"The Menam is a great river," I observed as we pushed off into the wide stream.

"This is the Chao Phya Menam," I was corrected. "It will probably always be called Menam by Europeans because one of our first foreign visitors thought Menam, which is our word for river, was the name of it. We can go all over Siam by boat," he continued, "and forty years ago there were no other

roads; most of the natives lived on these klongs—"

How could I listen? I didn't. Impressions were coming too rapidly. We had turned into a small klong, where ugliness so fantastic that I didn't want it to change before we got by. It was the quintessence of all that is different in the Orient. It was a glorious nightmare of hobgoblin mixtures. While I was trying to be sure that I really was seeing what I saw, I heard my host telling me more of the history of Siam.

"Nature is very lavish," came to my ear, "and life presents a simple problem; man has all he needs without effort or struggle—"

"I'm glad!" I shouted back. My brain was confused; did I see four boys diving from a high roof, and was that a baby crawling after them? What if the baby—splash. It was over and gone and a boat going right over—no—it was swimming. Goodness, what a life! Do they swim before they walk?

"Our country is like a rich garden," I heard, but could I care about riches when a whole family plunged into the water and were laughing and splashing and pushing each other and a boy came to brush his teeth, and an old woman was washing her dishes, and a water buffalo raised up its head to see what all the noise was about, and a boy jumped on its back, and a woman washing her panung swished the boy with it just as a girl stepped into a litter of pups and upset the basket of refuse she was taking to empty into the klong, and the ducks and geese and chickens cried out, and a monkey let fall some cocoa-nuts on the heads of these people, and the squirrels chattered about it? I forgot all about my hosts.

Dead fish and live boys were floating

along on the current, and there were flowers I had never seen and fruit I had never heard about, and there were wild bugs, on me and off, as unknown as the fruits and flowers, and trees to dream about. An unknown world, and everybody blissfully happy. I was happy, too. Why was it? I could reach out and grab a pineapple, and I loved the lap of the water, and the birds were singing everywhere and across the klong was music of a sort, and gay laughter all around, and then, the best of all, the klong had no proper shore and all the bright green and growing things could come up close and walk along by me so that I could pick long sweet grass and clutch at strange purple flowers.

There were huts along the water's edge and behind them were fine orchards. What a life! Reach out your hand for fruit or fish. Water everywhere.

"We are turning now to face the floating market and—"

"Oh, no," I interrupted, "here it is too wonderful; the palms reach across over our head." No one heard me. We were pushing through the market, moving slowly. The crafts jostled each other, onions rolled off and so did coconuts and a lot of small fruits, and the swimming boys grabbed for them. Bananas and pineapples were not so likely to fall.

"The women in the sampans," my host said, "are very independent merchants; they are selling what they have grown in their own gardens. We have few middlemen."

It was a joy to look at these vigorous women poling along, stopping to call out to a neighbor and to give to the yellow-robed monks who crowded through the floating market in canoes or

small boats. It was a scene of prosperity and kindness among an unusually happy people.

In one canoe I saw a boy in his early teens and I asked how a priest could be so young. All three of my hosts were eager to tell me why. It seemed to be something they enjoyed explaining. At last the gentleman who was near me said: "This is something you should not leave Siam without knowing. Every boy, on coming of age at twelve years, is expected to spend three months in the monastery to learn morals and study our Bible, which is very like the Christian New Testament. Siam, being really a free land, does not say that a man *must* go at a set time, nor tell him how long he must stay. A man in Siam is always free." He emphasized this and smiled blandly. "But we are a religious people and our men go, and stay as long as they wish or as circumstances permit, and of course, many stay always, and while there they wear the yellow robe. They take no money or valuables; they collect, in an iron bowl, enough food for one day only. Since we have about 400 Wats (Wat is our word for Temple) in Bangkok, we have many monks and they are always to be found where there is sickness or any form of distress; they are devoted to the people and the people are devoted to them. You know that Siam is called the 'Land of the Yellow Robe' and Bangkok the 'City of the Great White Angels'."

We hit a boat, at that point, that was loaded with stone jugs of an enormous size and one of them fell into our launch causing confusion and the sore toe of my nearest and most important host. With Oriental calmness he made no outcry, but when his wife asked him if it were badly hurt, he nodded.

Toward evening we gave our attention to temples, visiting many of them. We had seen the morning light on the glorious Temple of Dawn and I had been so Impressed that I asked to go back at sunset. There are no words to describe what appeared like a fairy castle from the tales of the *Arabian Nights*. The five glowing prangs stood out against a

background of tall leafy trees, pictured before a scarlet sky. We watched the sunset glow disappear without comment.

In our group was a very timid and beautiful girl; she squeezed my hand ardently when she saw that I was deeply impressed. I believe that some of the love that was being taught in the temples of Bangkok circulated among us.

EMBERS

MARY BRENNAN CLAPP

An echo as an idler saunter by,
The light noise of the clock, no other sound.
Fire fragrance, and on papers strewn around,
The shift of crimson flare. The moments fly—
Unheeded—till the last clear flame leaps high
And flickers down to gloaming and profound
And still, gray shadow broods, like fancy bound
To some dead grief whose troubling will not die.

Sudden, half-bitterly, the sense cling
To an old memory of a love-lit face
Seen under glamour when the heart was young.
Surges regret, poignant as failure's sting,
As for some long beloved, long pondered grace
Of melody that vanishes when sung.

BOY'S SLEEP

ALEX R. SCHMIDT

A boy's sleep is as wide as a sea;
At night a mystic bark's sole guide,
Powered with letters of marque,
He plows great furrows in the tide.

Though sea winds beat a mad tattoo
Upon the black flag masthead high,
He outshouts the hullabaloo;
Laughs at the spindrift churning by.

Swift as a mew he sails away,
Hurtling through every barrier,
Into the glamorous spume and spray,
To make Neptune a prisoner.

Stout Sinbad's genii walk the deep,
Trim mermaids dare the tempest's
 night,
When a boy takes the wand of sleep,
And makes enchantment in the night.

THE OPEN RANGE

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

RECENT HISTORY OF THE HORSE IN THE NORTHWEST

F. B. GILLETTE

AS the buffalo disappeared from the upper Missouri River catchement basin, the cattleman moved up the long trail from Texas and the Southwest into the northern plains with vast herds, and with him brought the cow-pony of history and romance to supplant the Indian cayuse, whose myriad numbers had been largely decimated by the policy of the government as an aid to keeping the Indians on their reservations. With the expansion of the range cattle industry, the raising of high-grade saddle horses likewise became a major source of wealth. The demand for work stock grew out of all proportion to the supply with the settlement of western Minnesota, Iowa, the Dakotas, northern Nebraska and later Montana. In the decades following the Custer massacre of 1876, foreign and domestic sires of royal lineage and in some cases of almost unbelievable cost, were placed on the ranges of the west. As a result, where the buffalo and the Indian cayuse had ranged, there appeared vast herds of well-boned, well set up horses of Percheron, Clyde, Belgian, Norman and other fine strains, together with a sprinkling of standard-bred animals, the latter raised for the sole purpose of supplying saddle stock for use on the round-ups and for handling stock generally.

The price range to some extent varied with economic conditions, but the era of homestead settlement extending over some fifty years from the close of the Civil war contributed a stabilizing influence with a constant demand for work horses for the breaking up and tillage of the prairies of the mid-west. Along with the rise of the horse industry there developed organized traffic in stolen horses, with vast numbers of par-

ticipants and great wealth involved, with relay stations and established "rustler trails" extending clear from the Oregon country through to the Dakotas, Iowa, Minnesota and Nebraska. As every evil inspires its own remedy, so the vigilante movement in the grazing country was born.

The wealth of the horse industry reached its peak with the opening of the World War with the unprecedented demand for horses for cavalry, for artillery and for the transport of munitions and supplies in the combat areas. Buyers and agents for the Allied Powers scoured the west for available animals, at first insisting on high standards, but relaxing as time passed and choice animals were not easily to be had. Purchases were made by buyers under blanket contracts on a cost plus basis, and the minimum price for a tolerably good horse was usually not less than \$125.00 for an animal fresh from the range, not halter-broken.

The Allied Powers prior to the entrance of the United States into the great conflict had planned a "war of movement" as their major strategy, but as the stalemate of trench warfare proved this plan fallacious, the vast reserves of horseflesh already acquired proved ample for Allied purposes. The United States, profiting from the lessons of Allied experience, and anticipating entrance into the war as an active combatant, motorized transport and artillery and converted its historic cavalry units into tank corps, thereby detracting from the romance, the pomp, the panoply and the glory of war, but immeasurably increasing the efficiency of the engines of destruction.

The insatiable demands of war for food-stuffs, the appalling loss of supply ships as the result of Germany's submarine cam-

paign, impelled our own government to encourage agriculture in the production of grain and meat products. As a result vast areas that had been immemorially dedicated to grazing purposes were brought under cultivation. The lack of man-power, owing to the draft and demands for labor in war industries, depleted the ranks of farm labor, forcing the almost universal adoption of the tractor for farm tillage.

The drouth period in the Northwest from 1917 to 1921 occasioned an exodus of settlers from the farms and ranches of Montana and the neighboring states comparable to the mass movements of ancient and medieval history. The post-war deflation which squeezed livestock values to the lowest points for many years forced multitudes of small farmers and ranchers into the wage-earning classes and induced their movement to industrial centers. These circumstances, with the motorization of agriculture and the progressive decrease in the value of horses, forced the abandonment by their owners of thousands of head of range animals outright. Other owners advisedly failed to list their stock for assessment purposes, hoping thereby to reduce the tax bill by shifting the loss to the state, the counties and the school districts. Meantime, however, they maintained a sort of furtive supervision over their horses, hoping that some magic might eventually restore the depreciated values to their former levels.

Legislative bodies in the range states, in attempting to solve the problem of the wild horse and recoup dwindling tax revenues, empowered the counties to seize unbranded, so-called "slick" horses in an effort to rid the ranges of these abandoned pests; to impound and sell branded horses on which official records indicated no taxes had been assessed, levied or paid. The new regulations set up legal machinery under which the official county round-ups were to function.

The West has always had its rustlers, as in all pastoral countries, as attested by ancient and biblical history, but the wild horse was unclaimed and being beyond the pale was now fair game to the first comer. Here, with horses turned loose on the range, was a condition made to order for the "slick rust-

ler" and his cohorts, especially since there now developed a demand for horses for horse-products abattoirs.

Sensing the situation, and appreciating the prospect of easy money, they at once scoured the ranges ahead of the slow-moving and cumbersome agency of the law, the official "county round-ups," gathering all horses within reach in one swift swoop after another, cutting back such animals as experience and knowledge of brands and ownerships informed them they could not get away with safety. They branded all "slicks," blotching holding brands on tax-dodged animals or venting such brands and affixing some brand of their own choosing. In these swift circles they gathered many mature animals of fine types, the last of the well-bred animals remaining from the days when ranchers still kept registered sires, in addition to thousands of cayuses, degenerated from persistent inbreeding of abandoned horses until they had become mere monstrosities, all head and feet. The brands affixed were usually new to the range, in order that controversy over unpaid taxes might be avoided with the tax-collecting authorities. Sometimes an old brand was used where the owner had judiciously admitted a modest number of range horses for assessment from year to year and somehow had managed to keep taxes paid against the day when the industry should revive.

Pausing from time to time in their rounding up and branding, the "slick rustlers" would effect a sale to representatives of the horse-products companies, agreeing to deliver one car or a trainload at designated points of shipment as desired. The horsemen would then trail the bands of cayuses to the shipping point, preferably at some distance from the range on which the horses had been gathered and branded, frequently outside of the county of origin, travelling day and night by unfrequented roads and back-country trails to avoid encountering the wrath of some horse-owner who might recognize a purloined animal in the milling herd.

Public opinion supported the avowed purpose of the legislative enactments, to rid the ranges of unclaimed and useless horses. Though some injustices were worked upon individual horse-owners and small farmers,

The Frontier

whose work-horses were occasionally gathered up in indiscriminating round-ups and shipped to the slaughter-houses, in the main the "wild horse" nuisance has been largely abated. Beardless youths of energy and foresight gathered hundreds of "slicks" and shipped trainloads to the abattoirs, for a short season's intensive effort, amassing sums beyond their wildest dreams.

The horse products industry is now on a legitimate basis. The "slick" is a thing of the past and such animals as are now and in future shipped to the slaughter-houses are the bona-fide property of the sellers. With the wild horse largely removed from the ranges, stockyards inspection at loading points by brand inspectors has become effective rather than casual, operating to reduce and eventually eliminate the former practice of passing an entire trainload with a mere glance from the top of a stock car at the frenzied mass of horses in the loading pens.

The edible portions of the slaughtered horses are canned for European consumption, the by-products serving varied uses. Fertilizer in the form of "tankage" goes to the celery and produce farms of California. Ground bone-meal and refuse meats are shipped in large quantities to supply chicken raisers and egg producers in various parts of the country. Livers, kidneys and lights are in demand by the Fisheries Departments of nearby states for fish hatcheries.

One "canner" buyer judiciously culled the vast herds passing through the shipping pens in his territory, cutting out the occasional pony of good conformation, build, agility and

apparent intelligence. Accumulating several carloads of this type, he shipped them to California, where they were readily sold as potential polo ponies, the shipper taking the job of breaking them to ride and perform for a respectable consideration in addition to the purchase price, in itself vastly higher than "canner" rates.

Within the past eighteen months, a demand has asserted itself for better types of horses for work purposes in the central and eastern states, young, passably well broke and fairly heavy horses being sought at prices ranging from \$50.00 to \$75.00 per head at shipping points in the range states. These horses are being shipped into Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, and occasionally as far east as the New England states, where tractor farming is not practicable by reason of the small area of the farms and the rocky nature of the soil. In the "wheat belt," over-production of cereals and the economic depression are tending to reduce the use of tractors somewhat, with horsepower replacing machinepower.

Thus the cycle, long looked for in the horse industry, immutably approaches and promises to restore values to a modest level, whereby production of high-class animals may be justified as an integral part of the farm diversification program. This trend is exemplified in a recent press report to the effect that the War Department is undertaking to supply standard-bred sires to horse ranchers in the upper Missouri River country to cross with range mares with the view to producing desirable cavalry mounts for future military emergencies.

OVER THE BORDER

M. LEON FRENCH

IN the 1870's the peaceful plains were being trod by a military expedition far into Indian territory regardless of treaty rights. This expedition brought back much valuable information about the Bad Lands, and, what was of more immediate interest at that time, "There is gold in the Black Hills!"

On the other hand, this expedition may have been an unwarranted invasion of a peaceable territory. If our treaties were to be no more than a "scrap of paper," was our

national attitude such that the invaded Indians could place no reliance upon public sentiment on the other side of their border? Only too well did their chieftains know from past experiences that in some manner trouble was brewing, and that the future held dark forebodings.

An Objective With an Unexpected Turn.

This secondary objective developed an unexpected problem with a suddenness that found the government quite unprepared.

There was a magic word in those days that would draw thousands of adventurers post haste to the border. "Gold." The readiness with which the military cordon was broken and the stampede to the Black Hills unhindered gives us something to contemplate. Our natural conclusion is that when a principle is at stake with no cannon to back it on one side, or public sentiment on the other, a government is likely to appear to future historians to be surprisingly weak.

Previous to the discovery of gold in the Black Hills the Indians had been a very happy people. A friend of mine who had lived among them on those "happy hunting grounds" dreamily closed his eyes when we were talking about them, and said, "My, those were happy days." Then he gave me the description of a mode of life that surely was a happy existence. Surprisingly soon these happy people were brought to a state of starvation and degradation. One hunter killed 998 bison in a single year around the Black Hills country, in many cases not even stopping to skin them. When the bison were almost gone an Indian delegation besought a passing caravan to spare the only remaining herd, which stood between them and starvation. The reply was, "Where are they?" At once the horsemen started out, leaving only a small fragment of the herd, way out in Wyoming. Thus stark privation of food and furs sternly faced this vanishing race. Is it any wonder they put up a small resistance?

By the way, we have never settled with those Indians for their homeland and the Black Hills country. That is the reason why to this day, when a new president is elected, a delegation of "Sioux" Indians goes to Washington to present this case to the new "White Father."

The Primary Objective.

I recall that my old Barnes "History" said, "The Indians on our western reservations had become restless." Is it any wonder? Especially when the underlying objectives of the Black Hills Invasion was to make them restless? If this was not the underlying objective, then why did a military expedition proceed far north to Bismarck, and then strike far west into the heart of a territory distant from where the turmoil had been created? Clearly an "Uprising"

of the "Whites" this time instead of the Indians.

The same history headed a chapter, "The Custer Massacre," a term I cannot quite understand in view of the facts. When an invading army rushes headlong into another's territory with every advantage of arms and organization, and is out-generaled, thus getting worsted, just how does the term "massacre" apply? It was Custer who charged, not the Indians. In addition, Sitting Bull and his chiefs had given orders not to kill this "last man." But this is getting ahead of the story.

Just what the politics were that called for an expedition to pick a fight in the very heart of the Indian country I do not know for sure. But, here is a campfire explanation given me by a frontiersman nearly forty years ago, and somehow it sticks in my memory.

There had developed a desire to push a railroad on west through this territory to the coast. The "red tape" of opening up a new treaty and then purchasing a right of way would take time. It might involve an expenditure of public or private funds, and that might also be a little beneath the dignity of our big magnates. A military "exploring" party could cause the "restlessness" that would call for a "fight," giving the boys some excitement, and also lay the foundation for a new treaty. This treaty would, of course, give the right of way.

Could such a thing ever come about that the very type of machine our fathers permitted to gain force and ride down the Indian, would in turn gain such power and momentum as to ride us down? It is possible that an "old timer" is not supposed to discuss such matters. Be that as it may, we will now return to the frontier to gain an idea of the man sent in charge of the cavalry in this expedition.

Custer as Known on the Trails.

Let us first look into the events that seem to have led up to Custer's selection as a leader of what may have been a political expedition.

My words may seem harsh, if so here is a milder strain from one of the last survivors of the old plainsmen, Zack T. Sutley. Like Bridger, he was never drunk in his life, and could seem to find some good in most every

one. Custer sent for him to scout on this last expedition, but Zack had engaged to pilot a bull train from Sioux City to the Black Hills. I am quoting his mild-mannered statement of one of the worst episodes enacted under our flag—the wanton killing of helpless men, women, and children who had surrendered and were on their way under an oppressive treaty, to a worthless allotment in Indian Territory.

Here, in part, is one of the letters he wrote me about two years ago:

"Was glad to get your letter, and to hear that you did not take offense at my correction in regard to Big Foot. Now like the party that thinks he is the last survivor of the Custer Massacre, he, too, is mistaken, as General Gregory is living in New Jersey at the age of 84. I had a letter from him a short time ago. He was a young lieutenant under Custer in the Waushile Indian Massacre in Oklahoma in 1868 when General Custer and his men went into an Indian camp in the early morning and killed over 200 Indians, men, women and children, after they had surrendered and given themselves up and were on their way to a camp in Oklahoma. It is the most damnable outrage ever committed on the Indian race. Custer was a brave man, and a good soldier, and that was the reason he lost his life. Like many men, he thought the only good Indian was a dead Indian. That was a mistake. There are good Indians and bad ones. Just as there are good and bad white men. The white men are more to blame than the Indians, for all the trouble we have had with the Indians for the 400 years . . ."

While I like Mr. Sutley's kindly spirit, it is hard for me to think that a man who commits wholesale murder on helpless women and children is a "brave man." Later we had another such case at Wounded Knee in South Dakota in 1890.

The Fading West.

As the slaughter of game extended beyond the settlements of the white men in Nebraska, Colorado and Wyoming, the Indians saw the trails grow dim and the game vanish, and they were robbed or traded out of their fast diminishing possessions at the white man's bargain counter. Thus, with burning hearts they started raiding the old Oregon Trail as well as the Santa Fe. This

action was spurred on by visions of starving women and children who were being engulfed by this oncoming tide of white men. It was a gorilla warfare waged in desperation for a lost cause.

To cope with this situation military posts were established, such as Forts Kearney and Ogallala in Nebraska, and so on west. Here were stationed troops to escort freighters making their way through the wilds. It is here we find Custer stationed in the interval between the Waushile incident and the campaign out from Bismarck. How often did the freighters, weary of waiting on his procrastination, push on unescorted! This, of course, would invite an Indian attack, often settling down to a siege and an escaped messenger. It is charged that Custer did, not graciously, turn a deaf ear to the runner, who would now hasten to the last court of appeals—the barracks—for volunteers, and soon the siege would be raised. Then the survivors would continue their long journey harboring a poor estimation of this commander, shared by the "rank and file" of the troops.

Here is an incident a little out of the ordinary. Some wood cutters near one of these posts far out on the trail were surrounded one night when a blizzard was on. The situation was desperate, but one of them succeeded in crawling through the lines in the darkness and made for the fort. Tradition has it that Custer was very emphatic in his refusal to go out on such a night. Then, taking the usual route, the man went for volunteers. In such a case, there would be no Congressional Medal for bravery, not even citation for having done well; and to leave the bunk on such a night one finds the biting cold quickly cooling any surplus ardor, and the blinding, driving snow hiding any vision of glory in adventure. A fight with a big hazard in which the odds are against you, and with a fair possibility of death as the reward of chivalry is far from an inspiring incentive to going forth in the middle of such a night. It was only the big-hearted spirit of aiding a fellowman in sore distress, and big men—graduates of a big school—would be the only ones to volunteer under such uninspiring conditions. I know something of the big-hearted gallantry of some of those old frontier soldiers, for I have

eaten many meals and have slept many nights as a guest in their barracks.

Yes, two men volunteered to go in that dark, stormy night. Summed up, this meant that some fellow-beings were facing certain death with the light of day. Two men stepped forward and said, "Here is my life. If you can use it, take it." You may wonder what such a Gideon band of three men could do against a fair-sized force of Indians.

Schooled and resourceful in such matters, here was the plan of attack: One would go to the north, one to the east, and one to the south, leaving an avenue of escape to the west. At a given signal, each man started his attack, making all possible noise in commanding his imaginary forces. The Indians escaped through the carelessly left opening.

Sometimes I have wondered what would have become of the poor Indians if four men had gone to the rescue and left no avenue of escape? But this story was to have a happy ending. The Indians escaped with their lives, and so did the woodcutters.

Some claim that Custer did not lead his men into battle, but drove them. He, with a relative and a puppet or two, preferred to remain in the rear of those carbines when there was any shooting going on.

The Custer Battlefield.

The year following the invasion of the Black Hills territory we find infantry and cavalry leaving Bismarck, of Dakota Territory, for what we now call the Little Big Horn country, far out in the very heart of the Indian's territory. Picking up the trail of a fleeing band of Indians, Custer pushed on ahead with his five troops under orders not to proceed more than a day's march ahead of the infantry. But the trail was "hot," and they had a fair estimate of the size of the band they were following. It may have been the excitement of the chase that made him forget orders; or it may have been a bit of the rivalry between cavalry and infantry; possibly it was both that lured him on. If the cavalry could go ahead and have a big fight, and have it all over with when the infantry came up, it would be a laugh on the infantry, and "Boots and Saddles" for the cavalry when any more excitement was to be had. Be that as it may,

Custer overtook the band on the Little Big Horn three day's march in advance of the infantry, in violation of orders. This is in the hill country of the plains east of the Big Horn mountains.

The Indians had taken a stand on a ridge above the north bank of the river. At the foot of the hill, Custer divided his forces, placing three troops under Colonel Reno, and sent him to the top of the ridge east of the band of warriors.

The arrangements were that at a signal Reno was to charge slightly down grade, taking the brunt of the attack, while Custer came up the hill with his two troops on a counter charge, thus sweeping the field.

Custer gave the signal and started, but Reno did not start. Then Custer hesitated. Did he surmise ill-feeling in Reno's breast? Then, too, why did not Custer lead the main charge himself, if he was a "brave man?" Could he have been deterred by haunting visions of the Wauashile Massacre of a few years before? History at times records strange turns of the human mind in a crisis. He must have known Indian customs well enough to know that the chieftains had given orders to capture, but not to kill him. Also, why did Sitting Bull refrain from charging Reno and wait for Custer?

Whatever may have been in Custer's mind as he hesitated, only two avenues were now open to him. One avenue was to retreat in dire humiliation to the protection of the infantry, if it could be done. The other remaining thing to do was to charge and take chances on Reno's coming to the rescue. The hesitation in itself was fatal, as the Indians saw that something was amiss and were now in a frenzy of excitement. Custer charged, and Reno went the other way. What Reno saw would exonerate him in a court-martial, he must have thought, and later on, it did. What he saw was that Sitting Bull and his chieftains had out-generated them and on the other side of the ridge had made a juncture with a still larger force than the one they had been following. To go into a conflict against such terrible odds would be suicide in the eyes of the law.

However, we wonder, if he had admired Custer would he not have followed the code of the West and gone to the rescue with the

same spirit that rescued the woodcutters? Or was it the inner motive of saving the lives of men intrusted to him from a suicidal charge? We can only speculate as to that. His act hardly conformed to the code of the West.

One might speculate on Custer's thoughts as he went into that swirling, overwhelming hornet's nest of savages that kept circling closer and closer, while he saw Reno abandon him to his fate. Judging from the looks of the field, after making a stand his men must have tried to break the encircling cordon of frenzy and overtake Reno. Here another group fell. Then one last feeble attempt to retreat and there the last fell. They had "shot out;" and with ammunition gone were helpless. They had only short cavalry carbines at best. Custer was among the last to fall. He was killed with a derringer bullet, and, tradition continues, Custer carried a derringer.

Incidents and Conclusions.

One man was found dead far from the field of battle, and it was long a mystery as to how he came to be there. In about 1892, when Frank Lillibridge was agent at Cheyenne Agency, a "Blanket" Indian came in one day to see this "Little White Father" the Indians liked so well, and to tell a tale of the Custer Battle.

From his story it appears that one soldier had escaped in some manner, and was making his "get-away" as fast as two legs could be speeded up. This particular Indian was giving chase, and was just in the act of reining up his pony to go back into the battle where excitement was greater. Just then the soldier looking back, saw he was being pursued, and putting his gun to his head, fired. Thus, if he had not given up hope so soon, there might have been one survivor of the two troops.

Reno fell back and fortified himself on a hilltop until the infantry came to his relief, three days later. The men suffered terribly from thirst.

The Indians split up into small bands and scattered in all directions without trying to resist the infantry. They had "got their man." I have always heard regrets expressed

for the ill-fated troops that fell with Custer on the ridge. But the commander—? After all, was he not under command from those higher up? Had not public sentiment sanctioned these things "over the border" where they really knew but very little of the true status of affairs? If Custer was too willing a puppet, did not that very thing give him his prestige?

The loss of those two troops made an unexpected and very embarrassing situation to be explained. But, we know organized propaganda has a way of making its own explanations, especially when conveniently located over a border where the underlying facts can be easily covered. Of course this called for a new treaty and in due time a railroad was being built across this section of the Indian country.

All this happened long ago, and is now a thing of the past. The big Indian country is no more. As Mr. Sutley wrote, the white man was to blame in nearly all our Indian troubles. Even so, not one of those troops would have died in vain if we would now only profit by errors of the past, and stand a little introspection and learn what is happening "over the border" today.

Note: Like folklore, which indeed it is, this open range account of Custer is anthropologically interesting. One of many of the tongue-to-ear reports growing out of the battle on the Little Big Horn, it is quite typical of them all, from its chief insistence on Custer's villainy to such of its minor details as the fateful suicide and the misspelling of Washita. The written accounts, many of them well documented, leave little room for such interpretations. For example, a number of witnesses who saw Custer's body after the fight have denied the possibility of his suicide—in the first place because there were no powder marks around the wounds, and in the second place because there were two wounds, either of which would have caused death. Some of these witnesses examined the body when it was disinterred for reburial at West Point, after the rumors of suicide had been started, and took particular care to investigate that possibility. And so with the rest—a copy of the order giving Custer permission to depart from the general plan of battle if he saw fit is still in existence; every one acquainted with those times knows that the Indians not only outnumbered, but were better armed, than the whites; the Indians Custer attacked at the battle of Washita were camped for the winter miles from their reservation and had in their possession at least one white prisoner, a little boy whom the Indians stabbed to death during the fight, and so on. Perhaps the best vindication of Custer is given by the fact that J. G. Neilhart, whose thoroughness and veracity are both respected, refused to accept any of the whispered slander, though he had heard it all, and had investigated it all, before he wrote "The Song of the Indian Wars."—Paul Treichler.

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

JOURNAL FROM FORT DALLES O. T. TO FORT WALLAH WALLAH W. T. JULY 1858. LIEUT. JOHN MULLAN U. S. ARMY.

EDITED BY PAUL CLARK

Note: "Here's a present," said a friend of mine as he handed me a book. "I found this among some papers in the safe belonging to my organization and as it has no bearing upon our work, and knowing of your interest in things historical, I am giving it to you."

Anticipating something rare I took the scuffed and faded red leather bound volume from his hand and opened it. It proved to be a record ruled notebook and on its pages written with ink in a very legible hand was an account of some one's journey. On the fly leaf was this inscription: "Journal of routes, roads etc kept while surveying Military Road from Fort Dalles to Fort Wallah Wallah and while attached to Staff of Col Wright on expedition against hostile Northern Indians in 1858, by Lieut. John Mullan U. S. A."

I experienced a thrill that comes to one who has just discovered an original manuscript. The first twenty-three pages were devoted to the journey mentioned on the fly leaf of the book, and the remaining pages, dated two years later, were field notes made by the author while at work near Fort Benton, in Montana. How this stray notebook found its way back to Walla Walla my friend was unable to say.

Indian uprisings were responsible for the presence of Lieutenant Mullan in the Northwest. The Whitman Massacre, which occurred in 1847, disclosed the fact that safety among the scattered settlers in this entire Columbia region would depend upon the establishing of military posts at strategic points. Governor Abernethy, of Oregon, dispatched Joe Meek to Washington to make an appeal for troops, and in the meantime sent an urgent request to Commander Shubrick of the Pacific Squadron stationed at San Francisco, to send a vessel to the Columbia River in order to impress the Indians with the Nation's power. Governor Mason of California, answering for the Commander, informed Governor Abernethy of a proposed expedition to Lower California in which all vessels would be needed. This left the settlers of Oregon with but one hope—Government troops.

Lieutenant John Mullan was the War Department's answer to the Oregon appeal. He was sent to the Northwest to build a Military Road from Fort Walla Walla on the Columbia to Fort Benton on the Missouri, in Montana. This preliminary step was necessary before troops could be transported. Lieutenant Mullan had reached the Dalles and was gathering together men and supplies when word arrived telling of the defeat of Colonel Steptoe and his retreat to Fort Walla Walla. Realizing the impossibility of making surveys when the Indians were in their present mood, Lieutenant Mullan dismissed all of his men except Kolecki and Sohn, his assistants.

General Clarke, in charge of the army forces in the Northwest, determined to retaliate for the defeat of Colonel Steptoe and ordered into the field a well-equipped command under Colonel Wright. Lieutenant Mullan, being of the type that could not remain idle, asked permission to join the staff of Colonel Wright and his request was granted. It was while marching to Fort Walla Walla to report for duty that these notes were written.

There are some historical inaccuracies in the "journal," and for the benefit of those unfamiliar with the story of the Whitmans, it might be well to correct these mistakes. The Indians were not always unfriendly, and at the time of the massacre the hostility was confined to the Cayuse tribe. Measles instead of smallpox brought on the massacre. Dr. Whitman was sent out by the American Board and was not a Methodist. Dr. Whitman's baby was drowned several years before this tragic event. The massacre occurred in the daytime. However, the importance of this journal lies in the fact that it is new material hitherto unpublished; Lieutenant Mullan's soliloquy does not detract from but rather lends interest to the narrative.

PAUL CLARK

JULY 16th. Left Dalles at 7 P. M. Train in advance consisting of Messrs Kolecki & Sohn & three employees & Indian boy, our object being to overtake command of 3rd Art. enroute to Wallah Wallah under Capt. Keyes &c, last division being under Bvt. Maj. Wyse. For 3½ miles travelled through low bottom along field of Judge Laughlin. Bottom bounded by basaltic bluffs 80 to 90 feet high. At end of 3½ miles ascend for 2½m side hills,

when you descend into valley of 5 Mile Creek at junction with Ten Mile Cr. and cross Five Mile Cr at bridge erected by my party in June 1858 while awaiting a reply to express sent to Col. Steptoe regarding the policy of move into Spokane country after his defeat &c. At 3 m from Dalles you cross small run known as 3 M Cr. The bridge above referred to is 6 miles from Dalles, good road, grass & water but no wood. Made camp at late hour on Ten Mile

Cr $\frac{1}{4}$ miles from mouth of Five Mile. Night windy & unpleasant. Left my brother in chg of property &c at Dalles.

July 17th. Left camp at 6 A. M. bright pleasant morning and commenced ascent of narrow gap or divide between 5 & Ten Mile Cr. Road marked by Mile-Posts erected by my party in June last. For 3 miles gained summit of divide. Descend & in $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles struck 10 M Creek. 11 miles from Fort Dalles, good road well grassed, but no wood. Fine Bunch grass for countless herds. Ten Mile Cr flows from Cascade Mts through a valley $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide, with rounded prairie hills on either side, similar to the hills lining road from 5 to 10 M cr. No wood along stream, small willow brush only growing. Gain hills on East side of 10M Cr & in one mile gain summit of divide between it and the Des-Chutes, which divide we kept by a good road covered with fine bunch grass, and in 3 miles more began descent into valley of the Des-Chutes by road of $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long. No wood on Des-Chutes. Valley $\frac{1}{4}$ mile broad, lined by high rounded hills, covered with bunch-grass. Stream 100 yds wide, rapid, crossed by flying ferry. Bridge under course of construction, will be completed in three months. Active times at mouth of Des-Chutes transporting supplies &c to army about to take the field against Indians. Stopped to see my friend Mr. Kingsberry and after a cordial welcome drank a long life, pledged in a most delightful draught of egg-nogg made by his own hands. Ferry is one mile above mouth of river. Descended valley on the opposite side for one mile, when we turned our course again Eastward along & in the bottom of the Columbia for five miles by good wagon road. When finding the bluffs to come close to the river's brink we turned to the South and gained the top of the bluffs, a table land, and again turned Eastward until we reached Maj. Wyse's Camp at Mud-Springs on left of trail & $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile distant. Total distance travelled from Ft Dalles being 27 miles, including distance up & down valley of Des-Chutes. Good grass at Mud-Springs, no wood & but little water. Sufficient however for a small camp. The day was warm & dusty. On our road out stopped at farmer Fallins & heard some music (vocal & instrumental) by his two daughters & Miss Weath-

erford, a relief that we truly appreciated in this desolate region, to us the last mark of a refined civilization that we shall meet with for many months. The road followed today is the main Emigrant road, easy for wagons and only needs wood to make it all that could be desired. Here joined camp under Maj. Wyse &c. We were kindly invited to join Mess of Capt. Ord but having made most ample arrangements for the field we declined his kind offer and his officers. The officers with his com'd were Maj. Wyse, Lieut. Gibson, Lieuts. White & Morgan, and during the afternoon we were joined by Col Wright & Lieut. Owen acting Adj General.

July 18th. Left Camp at 6 A. M. When we ascended small prairie bottom and again moved Eastward over rolling well grassed prairie road. We gained the table land over which we hastened for $20\frac{1}{2}$ miles to John Day's River. No water during the whole distance, but road very good until we reached what is known as "John Day's Canyon." At a distance of nine miles from Mud-Springs the road forks. The more northern of the two roads leads to north of the mouth of John Day's River and crossing over somewhat rugged hills strikes again the bottom of the Columbia and follows what is known as the "Columbia River Trail." The more Southern is better & the wagon road. On the road today things very dusty. We were enabled to make many bearings. The snow-capped & prominent Mt peaks of the Cascade Range, that is, Hood, Adams, Jefferson, Rainier and St. Helens, all being in view today and not less than 125 miles distant. We were enabled too to get in certain points along the Columbia valley. We could also see today at 50 miles distant the low spurs of the Blue Mts. At $2\frac{1}{2}$ P. M. reached head of John Day's Canyon, road very bad & requires much work. At the head of John Day's Canyon is the grave of an Emigrant (Fresel died Nov. 5th, age 37 years) the marks of which are nearly obliterated. As it afforded a mark in a prairie region we stopped and read a rude plank headboard that some kind friend had erected to point to the traveller the resting place of a man who had left friends & relatives in a far distant land East and who having braved the elements & dangers of both mountain & prairie had reached this distant point to

repose his bones, just too on the eve of reaching hospitable roofs so near at hand. Fortune had marked for him or rather had reserved for him a most inhospitable spot at the head of a rugged canyon, on a broad bleak & desolate prairie, now rendered even more uninviting and desolate from the effects of a large prairie fire that had just swept over it, leaving the whole country mantled with a sable cloak. Though not regarded possibly by many, it might afford a subject for philosophy and be pointed at as one among many similar monuments to mark the restless desire of Americans to leave comfortable & permanent homes to brave dangers, difficulties and vicissitudes of a new & rugged region. Having descended John Day's Canyon at the risk of breaking our wagons we struck the river of the same name, some 50 yds wide, flowing with a rapid current over a pebbly bed, through a bottom $\frac{1}{4}$ mile wide & bounded by rounded prairie hills. There is no timber in the valley along the stream. Small willows fringe its banks & sage bushes growing sparsely afford fuel for camping purposes. A larger growth of willows is found above near the mouth of Rock Creek which empties from the East into John Day's river about one mile from "John Day's Canyon." After reaching camp Mr. Kolecki & myself examined a second canyon to the South of John Day's which at its mouth had the appearance of being by far better than the one down which we had travelled. Upon examination however we found it difficult & rocky and leading out of direction, could not be taken advantage of in order either to shorten or improve the wagon road from the Dalles. On leaving camp at Mud-Springs, some drinking water in canteens should be taken along as no water, not even for drinking purposes is found along the road, and even wood in small quantities for boiling coffee might be carried from Dalles to Mud Springs in travelling to Wallah Wallah & taken from Rock Cr to Mud-Springs in travelling from Wallah Wallah. When leaving the Des-Chutes as it was desirable, indeed necessary to secure if possible a good map of the Columbia up as far as the Des-Chutes I sent up by the boats one of my assistants Mr. Sohn with instructions to meet me & report

his work on our arrival at Wallah Wallah. Met no Indians at all in the road from Dalles to this point. For them what a sad infliction it might induce, that in a region where large & numerous tribes might have been found before the event of the white man & his civilization among * * * and that too at so recent a date—is not found one. The streams that were once their haunts from whence they drew at the cost of little labor their yearly supply of salmon & their berries along its banks, but now the streams flow noiselessly on, their rich and abundant supplies of salmon running undisturbed, and the growths of new fruit falling from year to year on the ground from whence it sprang, ungathered and uncared for, save when some party of travellers camp near these wild orchards of berries. We made camp at 3 P. M. allowing us ample time to catch some fine fish from the stream & reconnoitre the country.

July 19th. 1858. Left John Day's this morning & travelled along road leading up its right bank having travelled across the stream. There are two roads, one leading by a steep ascent immediately up stream and across the bluffs, and the other keeping in the bottom. Taking the bottom we followed up it for $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile, our camp of last night having been on left bank of John Day's & $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from mouth of the Canyon of same name. The bed of the stream being gravelly, with good banks, the crossing was easy. Having reached the valley of Rock Cr we ascended it, crossing stream four times, good crossings and very good road at this season. This road is always taken in low stages of water, but the other one referred to during high water. The Rock Cr is lined with a thick growth of willow and alders. Bottom $\frac{1}{4}$ miles wide, bounded as all the valleys in this region by rounded prairie hills. The bottom land is rich, covered with luxuriant grass as also are the hills on all sides. We travelled up this cr for 7 miles & encamped, making our total distance from the Dalles 54 miles. Good camping grounds at any point along the stream. Much wild sage found growing along bottom. At camp today we were enabled to get good observations for Latitude, Longitude & Variation. Having made camp at a very early hour, camped on left bank

of stream, finding good grass, wood and water.

July 20th. Left Rock Cr at an early hour and gaining an open basin or valley $\frac{1}{4}$ mile wide & lined on either side by low hills, we kept up it for several miles passing at $2\frac{1}{2}$ m some cedars on our left, near which at foot of low bluffs or hills are certain springs that are known as Cedar or Juniper Springs. This is an alkali bottom. Soil poor & save the few scattering cedars of the valley there is no other timber whatsoever. After leaving this valley we crossed a series of low prairie hills occasionally passing cedars to our right and left, finding rich and luxuriant bunch grass. The small groves of cedars could be taken advantage of in going Westward if need be, but the fuel on Rock Cr and also at the creek to its East (Willow Cr) is for the present sufficiently well timbered to guarantee ample supplies of fuel at all times. At a distance of 14 m from Rock Cr we gained a high table land which we followed for some three miles when we commenced the descent of a canyon to the valley of Willow Cr which we found to be $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide, well grassed, stream fringed with willow & alder & bottom bounded on either side by rounded prairie hills. Having travelled a distance of 20 miles we encamped on right bank of Willow Creek finding good grass, wood & water. At camp we were enabled to secure good observations for time and latitude. There is but little water in Willow Creek and at this season it is not running, but stands in pools and being well shaded is cool & pleasant. The soil of the bottom is rich black loam. The creek rises in the lesser spurs of the Blue Mts. & empties into the Columbia, and with fine bunch grass on the hills on either side & fine soil in the bottom, this valley must afford at some day a good resting place or even home for grasiars. There is not much large timber along the stream, but sufficient at present for all practical purposes. Small trout are found in the standing pools of water.

July 21st. Made an early start this morning and passing up through a narrow winding valley lined on either side by low, rounded prairie hills, we gained once more a table land which we followed for a distance of 13 miles to Well Springs, which are in a small basin alongside the trail. There are

two sets of Well-Springs distant apart on North & South line about four miles. We passed along the more Southern but finding only a small quantity of water we did not tarry. Grass here as along the whole route during the day was rich & luxuriant. We had a more distinct view of the Blue Mts today than before, marked by a line of blue along the Southern horizon. Finding not sufficient water at Well Springs we pushed on intending to make camp at Butte Cr a small tributary to the Umatilla river. We were unfortunate enough at this end of 13 miles to find that our odometer had given out & thus left to find our distances. The day was warm & dusty and finding our camp on the left bank of Butte Cr to be some thirty miles our men were sorely fatigued and worn out by time we reached camp. Having travelled for 28 miles over rolling prairies we came in view of the valley of the Umatilla fringed with a beautiful growth of cottonwood, and in contrast to our dull, dreary & monotonous march of the morning formed truly a pleasant relief. And having been without water for this distance we more than appreciated our near approach to it. We had this day a fine view of the Gap of the Columbia near old Wallah Wallah where are situated the well defined "Ross's & McKinzie's Peaks" on opposite banks of the river. The Blue Mts today also assume a bolder & better outline & we were enabled to mark somewhat accurately a number of the more prominent points in order to approximate to the true position of the camp. While on the route today we were informed of the loss of our train of five oxen stolen by Indians on Willow Cr. A number of hostile Indians were also seen today hovering along the line of our route. About 25 miles from Willow Springs is a high level table land along which occurred in 1847 a celebrated battle between the volunteers of Oregon & Cayuse Indians after the murder of Dr. Whitman. These volunteers had come into the country with the double determination of demanding the prisoners taken by Cayuse Indians from the family of Dr. Whitman and at the same time avenge the death of himself & family. But these daring villains met them in open field and after successive attempts were compelled to give way & were driven into the Dalles. The murder

of Dr. Whitman & his family by Cayuse Indians is a well known story to the early settlers of Oregon and stands among the first of atrocious acts left unpunished and for which these terrestrial fiends should be made one day atone. Dr. Whitman was a Methodist Missionary who having established a mission in the Wallah Wallah valley among the Cayuse & Wallah Wallah Indians, was with his wife & family brutally butchered in cold blood by these vile & relentless savages in 1847. Having crossed the plains with his family & suffered all the dangers and vicissitudes of a long overland trip which at that day was an undertaking in itself & having successfully passed through them all he reached his destined home on the waters of the Pacific and with creditable zeal & industry he established himself among these Indians with the intention of devoting himself soul & body to these undeserving wretches. He finds a field, grown wild with thorns & thistles, but not awed by the difficulties that beset his path he set to work and in a short time the thorns disappeared and the shovels of civilization put forth bloom, and bear fruits for many seasons, both to his own gratification and to the advancement of the ruddy savages in whose midst he has pitched his tent. Soon fields are enclosed, the sod turned, dwellings, mills & workshops erected, a schoolhouse and church point as fingerboards to volumes of which they could not as yet in the dawn of their improvement appreciate or read the first chapter and the hum of busy, happy & zealous settlers make the beautiful valley of the Wallah Wallah ring with joyous and gladsome sounds. And with it all woman was not absent from this picture, but her presence was necessary here to lend her mild & sweetening influence to a scene already redolent with material that would bring gushing tears from the eyes of a Howard and cause philanthropists generally to point with eager pride to the prints of their endeavors. Under the guiding hand of this successful missionary a beautiful home is soon reared for his newly made wards and the horizon looks clear, not even a passing cloud seemed to deck it that portended a fast approaching storm, but alas for the credulity of those who implicitly rely in faithfulness of savages. Under the guiding hand

of destiny it so chanced that these red men were not to be exempted from the effects of a scourge that was then sweeping over the land. The smallpox in all its hideous forms made its appearance among them and like so many bands of sheep they died by the wayside. The zealous missionary found himself sadly, but still industriously occupied at the bedside of those whom he was now disposed to regard in the light of children, and his charming wife acted as another Florence Nightingale and by day and by night was not absent, but with cooling draughts and words of consolation passed as an angel of mercy through the numberless, outstretched dead and dying savage heathen and many were saved that must have otherwise perished without succor. But while these things were being enacted the superstition of the Indians is not dormant but moves restlessly on till it ends in a tragedy that chills the blood as it flows smoothly on even in the hearts of those who stand boldly & prominently forward as advocates of the downtrodden Indians. The suspicion is had that it is the noble missionary who has been instrumental in bringing the plague in their midst, and it is suggested that a practical had to prove the truth of their suspicions. To which universal agreement is had. It was designed to send two men to the missionary, the one already afflicted and the other as yet as they thought unafflicted with the malady, in order that he might prescribe for them. And it was done. The missionary prescribed for them both and they return to their people to await the issue. But some strange fortune inexplicable to us has determined that both should die. The suspicions of the Indians are confirmed. the noble missionary is believed to be the cause of the raging plague among them. His medicine intended to relieve their pain only hastens their death and *his* fate is sealed. In secret they plan his death and that of his whole family and await an opportunity to put in execution their hellish designs. When their designs were all well matured, at a still hour of the night when this happy family had rested from their labors and were now reposing in peaceful sleep, not even dreaming that a shadow of danger was flitting around the dwelling, a savage chosen for boldness & ferocity armed with toma-

hawk & knife stealthily enters the chamber of the happy pair and planting a death dealing blow in the brains of each sends them without a struggle to the bar of judgment when their helpless baby, male and female employees are next slaughtered & brutally butchered, the house & tenements razed to the ground, fences torn down & every vestige of a once happy family caused to disappear. A number of emigrant women whom a late season had overtaken while enroute for the Willamette from the States and who found themselves under Whitman's roof occupying menial positions had been saved in the general conflagration & massacre, but only became victims to the utter passions of a band of now practically wild savages who not yet sated with blood have determined to keep as prisoners for their own base purposes. Thus was enacted a tragedy that might well freeze the blood of those who at a distance might read & contemplate in safety the enactment of so cruel deeds. Those near at hand were neither callous or indifferent regarding an act that might if left go unpunished be soon re-enacted among themselves. And with a determination as praiseworthy as it was heroic they marshalled themselves under leaders chosen for their gallantry & without informing a slow-moving government sallied forth with an intent to overtake and punish the savage band who had perpetrated an act characterized by the veriest of brutality. But their efforts were unavailing and to this day they remain and roam unpunished. This was at a time in Oregon when no regular military force was established in the country, at a day when a race of hardy pioneer adventurers had accepted a gratuity so bountifully held out to them to leave homes in the East where existed all that ever renders home desirable and emigrate to a region to found new homes & where they have founded a new empire of which we should this day be proud. These men found themselves surrounded by difficulties & emergencies that demanded the promptest remedies and instead of referring a matter of this grave character to a slow-moving home government they determined to assume the responsibility of punishing these fiends & thus teach them an example that they should for all time remember. But they were unfortunately most unsuccessful

in their laudable desires. And today everyone is pointed out the locale of Whitman's Mission where occurred the first of a series of massacres too brutal to be given a recital even in this brief journal.

Having travelled a distance of 30 miles we reached Butte Cr which flows through the Western portion of the Umatilla valley and empties into the Umatilla some four or five miles we first struck the river. Seen in the distance the Umatilla truly presented to us a pleasant relief from our dull & monotonous march of today. Fringed with a dense growth of green cottonwood, at a distance, it well repaid us for a long & wearisome march and at night we made a comfortable camp. The prairie fire that had been in advance and around us during the day threatened our camp at night, but the wind veering around to the N West caused it to pass us unscathed. We made camp late at night, but found an abundance of rich grass & good water for our animals & sufficient willows for our camping purposes.

July 22nd. Left camp at an early hour this morning, which was bright, clear & pleasant & travelling in an Easterly direction in . . . miles we reached the Umatilla river which flows through a bottom rich and fertile & some four or five miles wide. The stream is well wooded with large cottonwood & alder, is from 20 to 30 yds wide, rapid current, gravelly bottom and good banks on either side. The bottom is well grassed and there is every indication of its capacity of raising rich & luxuriant crops. It has been cultivated at many points and has been found to well remunerate the labour of the husbandman. Above the point of our crossing we found the site of an old agency established formerly under McKay situated between the forks of the Umatilla where abundant crops are said to have been raised. And I am sanguine to believe that ere many years shall have passed that this valley will become a favorite resort to those graziers who may first learn of its advantages. We crossed the Umatilla at a point where are seen the ruins of old Fort Henrietta built by volunteers and named in honor of the charming lady of Bvt. Major Haller of the 4th Infy. This Fort was built during the Indian War that prevailed in the Territories of Oregon & Washington in 1855 & 56 during

which time there seemed to be total cessation of ordinary business and a general Indian War waged from the 49th parallel to North California and during which time owing to the paucity of troops in the Pacific Coast some two regiments of volunteers were called into the field, and accumulated a debt which has not been satisfied unto the present day.

Having crossed the Umatilla we travelled along its right bank for a distance of 5 miles and encamped in what is known as the Corral, which is a circular ring fringed or bounded by cottonwoods that afford a comfortable & secure camping ground with an abundance of wood & grass. We travelled 14 miles today and encamped sufficiently early to set a meridian altitude of the sun. At night Lieut. Gibson came in with his train that had been left in his charge on Willow Cr and confirmed the rumor that our oxen had been run off by Indians whom from all appearances we supposed to be the Snakes who being in a war party against the Cayuse were not over scrupulous in taking ours when they found that they could not secure any belonging to a more savage enemy.

July 23rd. We left camp on the Umatilla today at an early hour and travelling a distance of 17 miles encamped again on the Umatilla at the forks on the right bank just above McKays agency. We could see today on the hills or bluffs along the left bank of the Umatilla the old Emigrant road that crosses the Blue Mts. between the forks of the river. The Umatilla is in this region a considerable stream, rises in the Blue Mts. and empties into the Columbia about 25 miles below old Ft. Wallah Wallah. The Blue Mts today were very distinct making a blue line along the horizon, and we were enabled to mark distinctly the line of the ridges. The road was dry and dusty and the morning warm, but gaining camp at an early hour we were enabled to get a good altitude. We found at our camp an abundance of rich and nutritious grass and an abundance of fuel. The stream continued well wooded throughout its length and as we found the stream bending far to the East we took to the prairie bluffs but finding a very good road. The descent of the hill today to our camp was steep and the ground over the whole road was good bunch grass. During the evening of this day having found

a cool shady & pleasant place along the bank of the river I spent the time between fishing for trout of the stream and revising our railroad reports made in 1853.

July 24th. We left the Umatilla at an early hour this morning and turned immediately Eastward intending to reach and camp on the Wild Horse Creek. This morning was rainy but not enough to make travelling unpleasant but wrapped in comfortable India rubber coats we travelled along heedless of rain and cloudy skies and having marched a distance of . . . miles over continuing rolling prairie region affording us quite an excellent road we reached the Wild Horse creek, which flows through a low rich prairie bottom well grassed. And the stream fringed at parts with clumps of cottonwood. We travelled up the creek for a distance of three miles. We encamped on its right bank finding good grass & water. Our camp was some eight yards in rear of path of a traveller who while on his way from Fort Wallah Wallah to Fort Dalles was overtaken with his comrade by two Wallah Wallah Indians and most brutally murdered. His comrade though wounded made his escape and some passing strangers finding the body of the murdered man on the wayside gave the alarm at Ft. Wallah Wallah when an attachment of Dragoons under Lieut. Pender was sent to have the body sepulchred and take the murderers if possible.

These men (murderers) were afterward taken in Wallah Wallah valley and were about undergoing a trial by military commission, when owing to certain difficulties among the members of the commission the cases were postponed and up to the date of my writing not as yet punished or even tried. The Wild Horse creek which is a tributary to the Umatilla from the East rises in the Blue Mts and at certain seasons the water does not run, but stands in pools and being shaded is cool and pleasant. The valley of Wild Horse is about one mile wide & lined on either side by low prairie well grassed hills. The soil is rich black loam and very fertile. The grass on the hills is rich & luxuriant bunch grass. The timber appears on the stream in clumps but not very large quantities, but sufficient at present for all practical purposes. About 2½ miles below where we encamped today en-

ters in a small tributary from the West rising in some low spurs of the Blue Mts. and is marked as it flows through the prairie bottom by a line of green willows seen afar then lost in the Mts. Having travelled a distance of . . . miles we encamped on the right bank of Wild Horse in time to get a good series of observations for latitude & Time.

July 25. Leaving Wild Horse Creek at an early hour we took up a line of march for Ft Wallah Wallah which was the last before starting on a campaign against the hostile Indians. The morning being clear & bright within close reach the range of Blue Mts. and with a good road & an eager desire to reach the end of our journey we moved rapidly over rolling prairie land till gaining the crest we had a fine view of the valley of the Wallah Wallah which was truly gratifying to the sight. Below us some 1500 feet lay one of the most beautiful pictures that could break upon the view and was a sight that could well terminate a journey so poor in incident as this has been. To our right lay the range of Blue Mts viewed from summit to base, in front lay

the ocean of rolling prairie that formed the divide of waters of the Wallah Wallah from those of the Snake, while to our left lay the majestic Columbia traced from point to point by high bluffs & buttes that defined its course. While between them lay embosomed the beautiful valley of the Wallah Wallah. With the main river bearing the same name with its thousand feeders pouring down from the Mt side in all directions each distinctly marked and traced by its line of verdure that skirts its border. Between each of these pitches preening in the distance the marks of civilized abode and the clouds of dust raised at different points in the valley bespoke the countless herds the valley was capable of supporting. With its mild and general climate, with its rich soil, abundance of timber of the first quality on the mountain tops and with its numberless streams affording mill sites at any point of the valley and an extent of land capable if fully cultivated . . . a population of 30000 people. With the Columbia navigated for steamers drawing 3 to 5 feet of water to Old Wallah Wallah, what may we not anticipate from this valley as years shall fully develop up this region to our nation's notice!

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARIES AND LETTERS OF FRANKLIN L. STONE

FURNISHED AND EDITED BY LULU STONE

Note: Franklin L. Stone was born in Bridport, Vt., March 17, 1816. His wife, Sarah Ann Barber, was born in Cornwall, Vt., November 11, 1821. They were married November 8, 1848, at Yantes Center, New York. There were five children. Franklin L. Stone died April 16, 1886, near Central Park, Gallatin County, Montana. Sarah Ann Barber Stone died August 3, 1907, at Dwight Stone's home. Dwight Stone died February 1, 1931, at his ranch home near Central Park. There were 10 grandchildren, 9 of whom are living.

The same is true of this family as of many of the other older families—very little is known about them. Franklin L. Stone came to Montana on the first boat to land in Fort Benton, June 14, 1864. Hiram and F. L. Stone settled in Gallatin City, where F. L. Stone conducted a school. Jim Guerley, now 92, who lives in Bozeman, told me he attended the school. The floor was smoothed off and arithmetic problems worked in the dirt with sharp sticks. F. L. Stone was the first county superintendent. The exact dates for the serving of this office are not known, but some records are found for 1872. The Stone family has a great pride in F. L. Stone and only wish that more of his writings could be found.

May 12, 1852

Wed.—May 12. Warm and pleasant. Got policy for life insurance. Started for Detroit on Pacific.

Thurs.—May 13. Took breakfast on boat at New Buffalo and came to Detroit without eating. Put up at Johnston's Hotel Room No. 30 up 3 flights.

Fri.—May 14. Saw Mr. Ward in the morning, and agreed to go to buy land as agent

for him: bought a map. Saw caravan come in. Seven men rode Two Elephants and played instruments.

Sat.—May 15. Had for dinner: ice cream and nice Rhubarb pie. Squalls of rain. Mr. Ward gave me \$300 for spending money. Have paid my Tavern bill so as to be ready for car in morning. Give women knowledge to enable them to train up men. Commenced in Ward's employ, May 15, 1852.

Took breakfast when one gross, or 12 doz. eggs were required to make each of us one. Rode 76 miles on the cars to Jackson and took dinner with a solitary man, then went 40 miles north to Lansing the Capitol, through the newest country in the world. There were men undertaking to clean up forests in which they looked like ants trying to wipe the world out of existence. There is a History in all men's lives figuring the nature of the times deceased which if observed, a man may prophecy with a new aim to the main chance of things as yet to come.

The faithful and brave conquer to save a degree of selfishness is commendable and right. Instinct teaches all animals to take care of their young.

On this road I first learned what Human beings were put in there for. It was to raise up children to do the business of the next generation. In these deep forests were seen the squirrel and the drum of the Partridge was heard by day and at evening the sound of the bull frog and the song of the whipper-will. "And I know by the smoke that so gracefully curled above the tall trees that a cottage was near." And here I saw the old familiar wooden dug-out. I crossed the Grand and the Cedar River.

Sun.—May 18. At Lansing House went to Capitol to church heard the singer whose voice was between male and female. This is a very pleasant town. It was a dense woods but 4 years ago. Very good land and good pure well water. Iowa is 40 miles Northwest of Lansing. Never leave home again to be out over Sunday without a Bible. No never!

—O—

Mont. Territory
Three Forks

March 3, 1864

Furgeson started to Cas Valley for Potatoes. I sent letter to Sarah and to Mary Barber. Cold North wind last week. Fine young Indian stayed with us, had killed snake Indian and was wearing his clothes. Showed us cut on his head that he got in the flight. Some other Indian that stopped over night with us showed us the arrow with which they shot a Snake Indian. Some fearful prospectors saw a train of Indians coming down to the Gallatin on their way home from a Buffalo hunt. They were so much

afraid that they turned and ran their horses and kept them going fast as they could till they got clear up to Virginia City and told great humbug stories about the Indians. When the Indians got along down here they asked what those white men were running s for. We all had to laugh at the prospectors expense, and were ashamed that there were such cowards among the white race. We traveled with McGruder, but his train went too slow, so we went on. No harm from Indians over clear water hills, high prespise, caught salmon, tugged up hill down Bitter Root; through Hell Gate, by hole of stinking water. McGruder came on with his goods, sold them, got lots of money, picked his company to travel home in safety, fed them for their company, when he got near home these very men shot McGruder, took his money, and his animals and escaped. They were pursued and hunted, till they were found in San Francisco. It was difficult for the officers to keep the people from hanging the murderers before they had a trial. Mr. Neil with his wife and her sister came upon the boat with us to Benton, the sister married "Plumer" who hung at Bannock without a moments notice of 1863. They also hung Ned Wray and Buck Stimson, by his side. Wray died cursing his God and his fellow men. Plumer tried to pray, but could not. They did not wait for him to get through. These men had been desperate robbers and murderers; the committee were after a Spaniard also who had fastened himself in a house. They shot the Spaniard, then hung him, then shot him full of balls, then tore down the house, made it into a pile, set it on fire, and then threw the body of the Spaniard into the flaming fire. He was one of the gang.

Thurmon, the banished lawyer, said as he traveled, every noise startled him so terribly. (Did his conscience, and his fears trouble him?) That he often imagined he could see the rope that was to hang him, and could see Vigilance written on the trees as he passed along the road. The whole gang so weakened cowed down that they showed no resistance (except two of them) in being taken as prisoners and receiving the penalty of the law. Old Major Campbell, an early settler in Chicago, now lives in Gallatin at the head of the Missouri River, and Doctor

Kitchum were over from Joseph Willson's to doctor their daughter (Mrs. Gallagher). Our dog, Keita, followed him. She had two little pups at home, she had a good time in town, but after a time she thought she must come home to her little dogs, she had to swim the Missouri River. She came home on full run all wet, and cold, came into the house, turned behind the door and went under the bed to care for her pups, they were glad to see her.

Had you been at Joseph Willson's last evening you might have seen an old bachelor of more than 56 who had always had natural aversions to dogs and cats, but now so shut out of society that he began to want something to pet, you might have seen him tending a Salt Lake cat, and petting an Indian dog for amusement. Had nothing to read, heard nothing (as a general thing) but the most vulgar, and profane conversation, sick of it. Our appetites are good. We enjoy our bread, bacon and coffee, how much more than we do the nicest food in the states. We eat heartily and feel well.

How many times do you guess I think of home? How many minutes in a day? I try to sleep about 10 hours out of each 24, leaving 14 wakeful hours each day. How many minutes in 14 hours, and one dream added. Though we are living in an Indian country, it is very seldom that we see an Indian, probably once in 3 months or so, sometimes we see them in large companies, sometimes no more than 2 or 3 together.

Boys should seek advise of old men, but one man should be very cautious how he advises another particular if his advise is not solicited. Hiram Stone told a man he had better take a certain route, he took it, and had to go 3 days without a bite of food in consequence. It is true the traveler might have gone the same route, without the advise so freely given, but in that case no blame could have been charged to another.

Mr. Rich, Rouse, and Hiram Stone took our old white horse to go up the Gallatin to carry their grub and blankets. Mr. Rich persuaded Hiram (as it was cold and had to walk to keep warm) to drive the horse ahead of them and not be to the trouble of leading him. They let him loose and when they wanted their dinner, could not catch the horse, and finally they could not drive him

the way they wanted to go, he would run all over the great prairies. Uncle Hiram had to go 6 miles to get a horse to catch ours with. It was so late he could not get back that night, and Mr. Rich stayed to watch the horse, and had to stay all night without his dinner or supper, or blankets, the horse had them all on his back, he could see them, but could not get to them, he went down to the timber, and built a great fire, and lay down by it. A gray wolf howled about him all night, his dog would howl at him, but dare not tackle him, and the man shot away all his bullets at some deer he had seen in the day time so he could not shoot the wolf, so he had to lie that way all night. **Moral:** Never trust a horse with your dinner, and bedding. Never advise a man in his business, he may know it better than you do.

The mountains, mighty and grand, are losing their beauty for me, earth hath no charm for me like those of home and friends. Miserable indeed must be he who is forever deprived of them.



FROM GALLATIN CITY TO VIRGINIA CITY

Written by Franklin Leonard Stone, the man who went 60 miles to the Post Office in Montana

Monday—March 21, 1864 was the time set for starting to the Post Office at Virginia City. The day quickly came, pleasant as if it had been made on the purpose for the comfort of the traveler. After dinner the man caught up and saddled his white Indian Pony. Rolled up his tent, bedding, and 2 days provisions, tied them on behind the saddle with his coffee pot and frying pan. Then he mounted, gave a whistle to his half Indian dog, Keota, to let him know that he might go, and off we started, shortly the Gallatin River was to be crossed. It being a small stream (about 30 steps wide) he let Keota swim. They soon passed a cabin, where 3 men lived who were herding sheep. About 50 were black and 200 white sheep. They all fed together with destination, then he said "A black sheep is as good as a white one and their wool when mixed makes nicer clothes for boys clothing." The little black lambs and the white ones skipped about and played together on perfect equality. Then he said "A white man is

as good as a black man." His horse almost forgot to go. He pricked him with the spur and off he galloped. By turns he loped and walked till the high Mountains in the West came up to hide the sun, then he unloaded the pony, turned him out to graze, built a camp fire, cooked and ate his supper, fed Keota, then sat musing for half an hour by his little fire, then he spread down and rolled him up in the tent and bedding, with Keota at his feet. No human being was within a dozen miles. The moon and stars watched over him all that night, and when the bright morning sun came up to take his place, he got breakfast and started on. A few miles and they were at the crossing of the Madison River. The stream was wide (80 steps) and swift, the little dog dreaded the cold water. He took him up in front of the saddle, slowly and surely the old horse felt his way among the rocks in the bottom of the stream, soon they came to a place of most beautiful scenery; on the East was the Madison River beyond the mountains; on the West was the gentle slopes the rising hills the moderate mountains with scattering cedar; where hills not only vary in size and form, but they are even variegated in color.

[Note: The rest of this writing was either never finished or lost.]

—O—
Gallatin—Idaho Territory
Feb. 20, 1864

Mrs. Mary Kipp:

Dear Woman:

Do not feel hard because you hear from me so seldom, and I will tell you a tale of the Rocky Mountains.

THE DREARY CAMP

It was Christmas Eve and with it then came a snow storm that closed the mining and some other branches of business for the season. Some would remain in the towns, while others, to avoid the noise and shooting of a mining camp, would leave for more quiet winter quarters. In the valley below these there was a party of some half a dozen men considering whether they had better go. There was one among them who had promised her that he would not expose his life or health carelessly; he had promised himself that for her sake it should be among the first of his thoughts to take care of health. Should he go. Noon of Christmas Day saw them rolling out with an ox team

to haul their effects and a pony to ride; that night found them seated by a great fire-place in a snug log cabin ten miles on their way from Nevada City. Next day they made a short drive to a house where they lived a family. Here they stayed over night and over Sunday. On Monday morning—do you believe it—but so the story goes—the family joined the party, with a little girl of 16 months and an infant boy of winter to perform a journey of more than 80 miles in an ox wagon where there was no house upon the route; that night, the sun gave them the last kind look half an hour before they reached a camping place; as the wagon wheels rolled through a small snow bank they howled and even cried in sympathy for the babies; soon they were by a small brook, and sheltered by a fine grove cooking supper, this being over; and the incidents of the day rehearsed; it was bed time. The family slept in the wagon; for the balance snow scraped away, some long grass gathered and piled upon the frozen ground; then the bedding was spread down; some thought it rather hard. There was a lean man among them, slender in *appearance* who had been tenderly raised; could he stand this even if strong men could? but, he laid himself down low as even Indian laid, and as the glistening stars were looking him in the eye, he thought. Now I lay me down to—to sleep? don't know, to rest—'tis doubtful; but, now I lay me down to get night till morning. The bright morning came and found him thankful that he had had both a good night's sleep and rest, again they traveled on: towards night a cold north western wind beat them in the face; they came to the crossing of the Jefferson River; the rapid stream was not frozen in the center, but, the ice had to be cut at each side so as to get in and out; the animals well used to traveling in a new country rushed in and quickly made the crossing; no sooner were they on the top of the low bank, than the iceles were jingling from the bellies; in a few minutes the oxen were dispatched for large dragos of wood to the camp; where a great Kinnicic fire was built on ice. That night the weather moderated so it could snow a little, just enough to cork the seams, between the bedding and the ground; and the cover a little thicker there they slept steam-

ing warm. Next morning was cloudy, one was musing along, enjoying life as well as he could when he thought to encourage the oxen; so he commenced singing to them, your backs are all covered with snow, your bellies on a skating pond, and they reached a comfortable camp on Boulder Creek. Next day comes the tug of war, a divide to be crossed of some 4 miles up hill. It was cloudy, the snow obliterated the road, the air was full of flying frost, the guide got lost, took them 3 miles out of their way, night caught them in the midst of a vast wilderness of snow. Two buck loads of wood was all they could have. So the Yankies say. It was *bitter cold*, but heaven held the winds in close confinement not one murmuring word had yet escaped the women's lips, nor did then even but true the mother cried. Twas not the sentimental whim of one that argues for a new dress or bonnet, because Mrs. Jones has one. It was the unbidden tear drop coming in earnest appear for the stern necessities of life for a place when she might warm herself and babies. That night was past, the morning sun was shown in more glorious luster, than when he had appear to bid them a Happy New Year and by the wilderness of his beauty seemed to promised a better one. As they left that camp the wagon wheels howling through the snow, one of the party looked back, he saw the faint smoke curling up from the midst of the surrounding cold and said *that* was a dreary camp—Hope in God never to see another like it, shortly they were righted in their course, ascended the hill from which they could again see the Jefferson valley, down which they went, and soon after dark they was all seated by a great fireplace in a great log house in the town Gallatin of the Three Forks, or the head of the great Missouri River. The lean man strongest and spryest of the world, his wide thin nose did not freeze while thicker noses froze, do you ask whether this is truth or fiction, I tell you; it was a stern reality. The woman and her husband were from Fulton County Illinois. The babies, when they grow up to hear this tale, may consider themselves to be the Hero and Heroine of the Rocky Mountains, as for myself it is the first and the last of my exposure in uncomfortable weather; soon after this it moderated and we

had a very pleasant winter, this road has been traveled more or less ever since and many men have lived out of doors in these Mountains all winter let them do it who will, I don't.

Your Brother

F. L. Stone

P. S. Hiram and myself are very well and have been all the time. Many good wishes for yourself. I am writing home direct to Virginia City.

—O—

Gallatin Valley—Year 1870

A reliable young man told me that in the Spring of 1870 when on his way from Fort Benton to Milk River he saw very large herds of Buffaloes traveling toward the North. These herds increased in size, and number, until they became one solid mass of moving animals. He was obliged to stop and wait for them to pass, which took them 3 whole days to do, and when they were so far past that he could proceed on his way he found that their trail was 18 miles in width, the ground for that whole distance being trodden to finest dust to the depth of 6 inches. Now, if these emigrant animals traveled 15 miles a day and were 3 days in passing, they reached 45 miles in length and they were 18 miles in width, what a crowd of moving Buffaloes. Who could count them?

[Note: It has been computed about 1,250,000,000.]

—O—

Letter Written to Sarah Ann Stone
Sacramento City
Aug. 28, 1849

Dear Sarah

After a long fatiguing journey of nearly five months from home we have arrived in the gold diggings of California. My brother and myself are in good health and also the other men in our mess. Our route has been so crooked that in getting here we have traveled since we left home very nearly three thousand miles. Our team was a very good one and we have not lost an animal on the way, while other companies have lost both men and animals. We are sweltering in the hot valley of the Sacramento today and just one week since we drove over a snow bank on top of the mountains, so you see that we have had winter and summer in very quick succession.

You, of course, hear all the large gold

stories, but probably not much about the number of days that are spent in hard digging with little success. It is true that there is gold enough here, and we have a considerable faith to believe that we shall get our share if we can have good health.

Sacramento City stands on the bank of the river, or miles below Sutters Fort in the timber and is built of a sort of frames covered with cotton cloth. It is quite a town.

What is Edwin doing? I will write to him after I have been here time enough to enable me to give him any useful information. We

have not heard a word from home since we left (nor from you) and we have yet to send to San Francisco for letters before we can hear.

You will write to Emaline that you have heard from us as she may not get the letters he sends her. Best Regards to all the family. Write often and for the present direct to San Francisco.

F. L. Stone

[Note: This letter was sent from San Francisco, October 1, to Yates Center, Orleans County, New York. It took 40c to send the letter.]

BUSY BANKER'S RAPID RIDE

Made Forty Miles in Three Hours, and With Volunteers Rushed to the Relief of General Gibbon's Soldiers.

J. W. REDINGTON

A busy banker in the frontier town of Deer Lodge, Montana, was W. A. Clark when the startling news came in on that August forenoon in 1877 that Chief Joseph's Nez Perce hostiles had worsted General Gibbon's little command in a battle in the Big Hole Basin, and that the soldiers were in need of help.

Eleven o'clock it was, and very few minutes it took Mr. Clark to mount his horse and head for Butte City, forty miles away, and the pace kept up was a good one, and Butte was reached at 2 P. M.

Butte had but 600 people then, and in a very short time they knew the urgent business that had brought their neighbor so suddenly. His call for volunteers to reinforce Gibbon met with instant response, and his funds were freely offered to buy all the arms and ammunition in town. Ninety-six volunteers joined the ranks, and enthusiastically elected Mr. Clark their major and commander.

At the head of the battalion Major Clark rode out that evening, and beside him rode Captain J. H. Mills, Secretary of the Territory, Adjutant Charles S. Warren, and other patriotic pioneers whose names have faded from my memory. Along with the battalion went two Sisters of Charity to do what they could for the wounded.

Billie Woodward and myself switched off at Silver Bow, and scouted all night through the Deer Lodge valley, watching for signal

fires and indications of the enemy, and joined the battalion early next morning. Stealthily we surrounded the scattered ranches, wondering how many butchered bodies of pioneers we would find there in the darkness. It was a night to remember!

Along the Deer Lodge river the battalion wound its way, crossing wild meadows that have since become fenced farms and the sites of towns. There was no lagging in the swift gait that was kept up, and all wanted to reach the battlefield at the earliest moment. Major Clark and his volunteers were tireless, and the mining camps of German Gulch and French Gulch flitted past as shadows. On the frontier men rode at the pace that reels off distances without killing the horses.

Early morning found Major Clark's command reaching a bend of the Big Hole river, where wildness itself held sway, with uncropped grasses cinch deep, and antelope skipping along the smiling slopes. Twenty miles more and the goal was gained, and Major Clark's Montana Volunteers joined General Gibbon's soldiers, who had fought the battle of the Big Hole, attacking the hostile village at daybreak. They had made a tiresome pursuit of 200 miles, and attacked an enemy outnumbering them two to one. Several Montana volunteers were with Gibbon in that brisk battle, and some of them lost their lives, but strange to say, our efficient War Dept. has no record of their services and deaths.

Major Clark's rapid relief ride has gone into history, and people who were near-observers of the vigor that marked him while a pioneer pathfinder on the frontier

have not been surprised to find the same vigor carrying him through large mining developments and the building of the Salt Lake Railroad.

NORTHWEST FOLKLORE

TWO WEST COAST INDIAN DANCE CEREMONIES

ALBERT B. REAGAN

EARLY explorers found a tribe of Indians occupying the valley of each stream that flowed into the Pacific ocean and into the Strait of Juan de Fuca and its eastern and northern extensions from the land of Vancouver and the Norman Lion to the mouth of the great Columbia, the village of each tribe being at the mouth of a stream. Furthermore, these tribes have occupied the same village sites, in the main, to the present time.

Their villages are usually situated in picturesque spots. Inland, towers the stately northwestern forest. Seaward, the turbulent streams go out to be overcome by the ocean; and the seething surf pounds against the coast and the needle rocks off shore "that have been hurled down from the skies above." The Chinook and other gods keep the waters of the ocean ever foaming, frothing, surging.

In these beautiful spots Indians have lived from time immemorial. Here they have loved and been loved. Here they have married and been sold in marriage. Here they have pursued the various vocations of savage life. Here they have danced and feasted, doctored and died. And from here their souls have journeyed to the blissful land where there are no owls, no fogs, no storms.

These simple-hearted folk were, and often are, worshipers of nature and two imaginary beings, designated in some of the villages as Kwatte (Kwaattie), the creator and trickster, and Duskia, a glantess. Duskia represented evil, Kwatte the good. Duskia went about capturing and eating little children; Kwatte cleared the ocean of the great sea monsters that killed the fish and even came

up on the land and swallowed down whole villages of people. At last Good overcame Evil: Kwatte killed Duskia. Many of the Indians now confound Kwatte with Jesus Christ, calling him Jesus Man. At the present time these Indians have a "Christian" religion of their own manufacture, known as the "Shaker Church of the Indians."

Like all the American natives, these Indians found, and many of them still find, their greatest enjoyment in their feast-dances and medicine ceremonies. The latter are performed over the sick or for the benefit of the sick, or as contests between the medicine men. The former, the feast-dances, celebrate every event in the life of the West Coast Indian from the time that the chief deity gives him the breath of life until he calls him to the Shadows. Several of these dances are of a secret nature, and are known by the descriptive names, *Tomanawis*—Trance-Sick Dance, Striped-Cheek, Red-Printed Face Dance, designated by several of the tribes by the names *Kay-klah-kwal*, the *Tsi-yuk*, and the *K'lu-kwal-le*. These were great ceremony-societies; not to belong to at least one of them in the old times meant that one was an outcast. Another ceremony that deserves mention is the Devil's Dance.

I. The Kayklahkwal or Tomanawis Trance-Sick, Secret dance

This is an evil *tomanawis* (witch-hypnotic) dance. Its purpose is to aid one in going through medicine trances, to prevent one from being overcome by bad spirits, and to bring people out of trances who have

been caused to go into them by bad witches. In other words, according to the Indian belief, the sick one imagines or is caused to imagine that bad spirits have entered him, and the dance is given to drive them out. To sum up their belief in another way, each person is made to believe that he has bad spirits about him that may kill him at any time, as all people have, the medicine men assert; or he may have some enemy that has wished bad spirits upon him for some alleged wrong committed by him or his family, and it is necessary for him to go into the trance, as the subject, and be performed over to be rid of them. The Indians also used to believe, and many of the old people believe still, that unless the dance is given the *tomanawis* (witch-hypnotic) sick one would never come out of the trance and consequently would die, to use the common West Coast Indian expression. Though men were subjects, women were the principal victims; it was their part of the performance to go into one of these trances, to be *tomanawis* sick and lie under its spell for days and days until the medicine men would call the Kayklahkwai in session and cast out the demons. Furthermore, they often wholly feigned that they were sick physically or otherwise for the notoriety they would get by having the ceremony performed over them.

This secret organization is presided over by the shamans of the tribe. To join it one must give a general potlatch to the members of the organization, nowadays a give-away feast of the value of several hundred dollars. Should any one try to get into the performance without giving the potlatch he is roughly handled and put out of the hall in which it is held.

The dancer in this dance, which lasts for four days and four nights, has his face lightly painted in black. He also wears a cedar bark headband, from which cedar bark tassels project upward at the sides of the head, both in front and behind. In addition, he carries a short club-like stick in each hand; and, when dancing, he usually leans forward on these and moves about on "all fours" like a prancing elk, while the musicians, all of whom have painted faces and are seated along the walls of the room, chant a weird song and pound clapboards with

short clubs and shake peculiarly shaped wooden rattles partly filled with pebbles from a certain sacred spot on the beach.

Let us watch one of these ceremonies in full blast as it was commonly performed only a few years ago and is occasionally still performed.

We enter the potlatch hall just as the excitement has reached a high pitch. A moment later there is a shout, terminating in a wind-whistling sound. At this juncture four medicine men enter the hall carrying Docas, the initiate in the case who is medicine-trance, evil-spirited sick and who has already been thoroughly hypnotized by the medicine men before our arrival. Then as the throng continues to shout vociferously and clamorously, they carry her to the rear of the central fire and place her on a mat on the floor. Then, with staring eyes, she lies motionless and apparently deaf to the world, while for hours and hours they dance around her. While she is in the trans-state the remaining part of the required four days of the ceremony the leading medicine men in secret are calling upon their *tomanawis* to overcome the evil spirits that have put her in that state, and the non-busy members of the fraternity act other scenes.

Nude, with the exception of a short dancing skirt, the people all lie down around the central fire for a time. For fun-making they are caused to grip medicine sticks while medicine shamans try their powers on them. Many become hypnotized. They are then caused to do many funny things, at least acts considered funny by the Indians. Some strut around the room like a grouse and others coo and bill like a dove. Some roll over the ground and others crawl over the floor like a snake with elevated head. They then all crawl in worm-fashion around the central fire. At a wave of the hand of the leading shaman all rise and jump a rope that is stretched some five feet above the floor transversely across the room. Some of the non-doctor group then climb up the center pole of the house into the loft, backwards, and then up onto the roof. After they have descended to the floor, they are caused to dance in two groups, one at each end of the hall; and as they thus dance, one side throws a dozen or more whole salmon to the other at a time and that side

is supposed to catch them. If they miss they are required to dance an extra set, which they occasionally have to do. Following the dance, heavy weights are lifted, and the *tomanaicis* men test each other's witch-hypnotic powers.

Thus is the performance carried on for four successive days and three successive nights, varied only by an uninitiated person trying to get in to see the fun now and then, and being dragged around the central fire by the hair of the head and roughly put out of the room. During all this time Docas lies motionless on the mat where they have placed her.

The ceremonies of the fourth night begin. The first dancers are dressed in elk skins and carry short clubs in each hand. They prance about the central fire on all fours. Following them are men dressed in the skins of dogs, followed by hunters in upright position. Thus they dance until morning begins to come from his home beyond the mountains. Then all the actors dance around the evil-spirited one and sing for a long time. In stage style the hunters then kill the elk dancers with one stroke of their wooden swords and the dogs pounce upon the fallen beasts. This breaks Docas' *tom-anawis* sick spell. The shamans take her by the hand and cause her to rise; thenceforth she is a Kayklahkwai. Shrieks and hideous howls fill the air to deafening as the give-away feast is set out to all.

II. The Tsiyuk Dance

In this dance the actors have their faces striped red and all wear variously colored cedar bark headbands, tasseled before and behind with tassels of the same material, from the top of each of which several eagle feathers are suspended. Some also have shredded cedar bark rolls suspended over their shoulders at the back, much resembling the knapsack worn by the southern veteran during the Civil War. Other actors have capes of the same material suspended from the shoulders, somewhat like the *panya* (apron) similarly worn by Pueblo women.

In addition, the chief man of ceremonies wears a wolf skin cloak and has the exposed parts of his body covered with red-painted stripes. They dance in upright position to a monotonous chant and tom-tom music that at once reminds one of the hideous noise made by cats when imprisoned in a hole or a barrel defending themselves from attacks of dogs. To this music the dancers keep time by shrugging their bodies and by shifting their palm-up, extended hands both first to one side and then to the other.

The dance is given to cure the sick. The masters of ceremony are the medicine men. They perform over the sick with their *tom-anawis* (wand) medicine sticks and also go into trances to cure them. Like many of the other dances of these Indians, the Tsiyuk is a secret organization, and one must give a potlatch to the members of the order before he can be admitted into it.

The dance lasts four days and four nights. At the close of the dance, the chief of ceremonies goes to the initiate, whom we will call Clametta, and blows his breath on her in blessing. He then places the "spirit" of the organization on her by an imitation pouring process, in which he first holds his hands in inverted cup-shape over her head, then places them over it, over the crown, and then strokes one hand down over each side of the body and over the side of the face and arm on that respective side. He takes her by the left hand and bids her rise, saying: "You are now Tsiyuk and are one of us. We are the people of the god Tsiyuk who lives in the great mountain range to the east. This deity is a dwarf and is the god of medicine and doctoring. A peculiar horn projects from each of his temples and one from behind each ear. His long, thick, yellow hair covers his back and shoulders and extends down to his waist, as you see us here dressed, in imitation. When one is sick he will get well if he sees this personage in his night visions and the prescribed ceremonies are performed."

The required elaborate feast is then set out for all.

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tional satisfaction to the reader in this story, because the tragedy is inherent, not superimposed.

The story parallels life in this respect: concluding it we think, "How simply any one of the protagonists, each in his moment could have done thus and so, and avoided all that woe!" But this is precisely what all persons who have survived personal grief feel of their own lives—that they might as well have sauntered in the sun, or gone into the night and looked at the stars (not too bitterly) as to have wrestled with the unchangeable.

The nine short poems of the book are arresting, and the volume concludes with a narrative poem of social import. Jeffers is justified by his own words—"Second-Best": *The pallid pursuit of the world's beauty on paper, unless a tall angel comes to require it, is a pitiful pastime.* Oftener than for most poets, a tall angel compels him. He characterizes this as the best work he has so far done, the time more distinctly near the present than is usual in his work, and the characters more conscious of the moral implications of their actions.

Notices by Rufus A. Coleman

Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal. Stuart N. Lake. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. \$3.50.

Few books are more crammed with facts about cow town and mining camp than this one of Mr. Lake's. No mere biography this, but a panorama in which hundreds pass in review: stage drivers, buffalo hunters, gun fighters and gunmen (there is a marked distinction between these two), all of whom prepare us for the smashing climax when the great Wyatt himself referees the famous Sharkey-Fitzsimmons fight in the old San Francisco of 1896.

To many, the name of Earp is synonymous with Tombstone, Arizona, a town now as restful as its name, but which in the 1880's was a veritable hell-hole. Yet such an emphasis distorts perspective. Wyatt and his three brothers traveled all over the West. Before Tombstone, there were the lively Kansas cattle centers: Ellsworth, Dodge City and Wichita. To each in turn Wyatt Earp brought the fear of God at the point of a six-gun—a feat that involved the taming of the notorious Texas men, cowpunchers spoiling for trouble after six months or so of dust and monotony.

Mr. Lake writes a vigorous, straight-shooting style. Despite colorful episode, however, his chapters are history, not literature. Walter Noble Burns in his *Tombstone* and William M. Breakenridge in his *Hellorado* have given us differing viewpoints of this famous marshal, but Mr. Lake's chronicle is the authoritative one.

Covered-Wagon Centennial and Ox-Team Days. Published for the Oregon Trail Memorial Association by World Book Company, 1932.

This is a compilation, at least for the first 150 pages, relating the history and accomplishments of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association and a brief listing of its prominent members. The cursory reader, however, will find greater interest in the round, unvarnished life of Ezra Meeker as presented by Professor Howard R. Driggs, president of the association. Mr. Meeker lived to be nearly 100. To a peculiar degree, his death (December 3, 1928) has come to symbolize the passing of the Old West. Born as far the passing of the Old West. The book is full of illustrations, some of which are interesting reconstructions by Mr. W. H. Jacobson.

Pechuck: Lorne Knight's Adventures in the Arctic. Richard G. Montgomery. Dodd, Mead and Company. 1932. \$2.50.

"Let not young souls be smothered out before They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride."

This petition of Vachel Lindsay's curiously applies to the hero of the above narrative. The name of Lorne Knight brings to our minds the Wrangel Island tragedy of 1923, when Knight and three companions (in differing circumstances) met their death in the Arctic—a calamity sympathetically related by Stefansson in his book, *The Adventure of Wrangel Island*.

Pechuck, however, is an earlier story. The author, Richard G. Montgomery, has based his facts upon Knight's records of his first northland adventure, during 1914-19. It was begun as a lark, a one-year's whaling trip in the good ship *Polar Bear* under the able guidance of Captain Louis Lane. But the whalers accidentally came across Stefansson, who purchased the boat on the spot for the Canadian Exploring Expedition of which he was head. Knight eagerly accepted Stefansson's invitation to join his party, thus changing a boyish stunt into a serious hazard of four years.

For the sake of vividness Mr. Montgomery relates his story in the first person, as if Knight himself were speaking. This procedure, requiring as it does far more fictional skill than if the conventional third person were used, strains the author's powers to the breaking-point. At times both dialog and characterization become wooden and unconvincing.

Notices by the Editor

The Pioneer Fringe. Isaiah Bowman. American Geographical Society. 1931. \$4.00.

Dr. Bowman, director of the American Geographical Society, states as the purpose of this book, "to sketch the outlines of a 'science of settlement' to set forth the ideas that have moved men to take such diverse paths, and to provide a description of the

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different environments in which so many men elect to meet destiny." The first part of the volume discusses the urges and influences that send men wandering into pioneer conditions; the latter portion discusses regional examples—the Western Zones of Experiment in America, the Canadian Fringe of Settlement, Australia, Southern Africa, Siberia, Mongolia and Manchuria, South American Hinterlands. It is a scholarly and wise book that will be standard in all considerations of pioneering today and in the future. The book is finely illustrated and supplied plentifully with maps, diagrams and charts.

Indian Wars of Idaho. R. Ross Arnold. Caxton Printers. 1932. \$2.50.

This is a readable popular book of Idaho history, although the writer has no especial gift either for historical narration or story telling. There are accounts of the Coeur d'Alene war, Connor's campaign, Nez Perce war, Bunnack war, Sheepstealer war, and Indian troubles on the Oregon Trail. The last chapter is an example of the emotional rather than scholarly mood in which the book is written: after a long reminiscential (?) account of hardships of the trail from an address before a Pioneer society, he fragmentarily recounts several incidents of "massacres" which he fills with emotional words—the men are "earnest souls," "brave;" they "perish miserably" after fighting "desperately," all of them indiscriminately: the Indians are invariably "murderers," act with "customary Indian cunning," all of them, always "butcher" their enemies. One asks for more discrimination in the information, thought, and language. The publishers have included many interesting cuts and supplied a map of Idaho and surrounding states with trails, forts, missions and sites of "wars."

The Saginaw Paul Bunyan. James Stevens. Knopf. 1932. \$2.50.

Mr. Stevens has been under some criticism for his manner of recording Paul Bunyan material; in his preface he attempts to meet the criticism. He has been a woodsman himself; he has heard and used the tales "of the older bards, giving them whatever form the inspiration of the moment revealed. For this is the one royal road to truth in the history of Paul Bunyan. It has no documents for the seeker. Truth comes to the Bunyan bard as it comes to the Gospel preacher, in flashes of inspiration . . . he tries to cast new light, as the loggers say . . ." More than a year ago he "embarked for the homeland of the first and best of all boss loggers (Michigan)" and there has compiled and "revised" the tales of this volume. They interest me as "tall tales." The imagination in them expands of itself. Their "tallness" is prodigious. The telling of them is sober. The language seems too nice, however, and the tone rings of the library.

The Loop. Thirteen Oregon Authors. Metropolitan Press (Portland). 1931.

Quick-action fiction; if one likes thefts,

flights on cliff edges, mock marriages that turn out real, escaped convicts using a girl for shield, posses, forest fires interfering with escape and with pursuit—everything that makes for movement, he will read this novel in one breathless sitting. The story was published serially in *The Oregon Journal*. It was planned by Dean Collins and written in three months by Charles Alexander, Robert Case, Kathleen Clarke, Sabra Conner, Dean Collins, Anthony Euwer, John Guthrie, Sheba Hargreaves, Theodore Harper, Stewart Holbrook, Alexander Hull, Harold Say, and Lillian Say.

Outpost of Empire: the story of the founding of San Francisco. By Herbert Eugene Bolton. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1931. \$5.00.

Professor Bolton's pinnacle position among American historians has long been recognized; it has been recently capped with the well-merited presidency of the American Historical Association. The appearance of a book by him has always demanded attention; *Outpost of Empire* is no exception. It is an admirable synthesis of the five volumes of Anza documents (*Anza's California Expeditions, 1774-1776*, Berkeley, 1930) which he translated and edited two years ago.

The story is of Captain Anza and the breaking of the overland trail from Sonora across the deserts to California, by which the permanence of Spain's precarious foothold in California was assured, and of his second expedition, which brought safely to the new land the first settlers of San Francisco—"nexus between Nordic and Hispanic cultures, a Western Hemisphere outpost toward the vast world that lies beyond the Pacific, a link between the restless Occident and the patient, mighty Orient."

The author, whose indefatigable labors in American history have achieved a new and better concept of the Spaniard's true role in America, know whereof he writes. Not only has he examined every available document pertaining to his subject; he has personally trodden every foot of the Anza trail. Moreover, he presents that rare combination which has typified his writings in the past—a clearly portrayed synthesis of his whole story, at once meticulously accurate historically and thoroughly readable, enjoyable, and enlightening for the unspecialized layman.

Lewis W. Bealer

The Yoke of Thunder. Robert P. T. Coffin. Macmillan. 1932.

Taking beauty for granted Mr. Coffin tucks it under his arm, a box of paints. Then he goes adventuring, seeking, most often, places traditionally dank and beings traditionally unholy. Arriving at such places (a marsh, a spinster's dwelling, a house with its glory gone) or contemplating such beings (bats, jellyfish, two old women who hate

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one another) out comes the paint box; out come the brushes; out come pictures which, without surrendering to decadence, protest that divinity lurks behind malignance.

Another reader might not join this reviewer in demanding, "What of it?" Another reader, having it brought to him that God made boils, might worship boils. The structure of Mr. Coffin's writing competence, like the structure of an old maid's soul, was designed for better things.

Paul Treichler

Notices by Doris F. Merriam

Small-Town Stuff. Albert Blumenthal. University of (Chicago Press. 1932. \$4.00.

That this book is a sociological analysis and study of the town of Philipsburg, Montana, which the author renames "Mineville," is well known to Montanans, who will therefore read it with added interest. Though the author quotes freely from opinions of its citizens, the preface states that the persons depicted are composite portraits, not to be thought of as identifiable individuals.

Dr. Blumenthal is right in his belief in the importance of just such towns in present American civilization. He succeeds in producing a composite picture of the elements of small town life for one outside that town. He emphasizes two ideas which are only seemingly contradictory: first, the enormous influence of the close personal knowledge and relationships that enter into every activity of small town life and make it different from larger cities; second, the contacts with the same sources of knowledge as those of cities, such as periodicals, radios, movies, which make it unprovincial.

The book is certain to prove absorbing to the citizens of "Mineville" as well as to the rest of the world which is interested in seeing a part of itself.

Sparks Fly Upward. Oliver La Farge. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. \$2.50.

A second novel by an author whose first was as great a success as *Laughing Boy*, which won the Pulitzer Prize, is ever likely to suffer by comparison rather than stand on its own merits. This second novel is delightful, and quite different from the first one, but rarely so beautiful. It is laid in Central America during its revolutionary outbreaks in 1848. The conflict in the life of Estaban, who carried the warring bloods of both Indian and Spaniard in his veins, is finely portrayed, and is symbolic of the revolutionary history of his country, in which he took an active part. It is a good story, and sensitively and charmingly written.

Two Reviews by V. L. O. Chittick

Brave New World. Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. \$2.50.

For more than a decade, through a long succession of facetious novels, Aldous Hux-

ley has been telling the world that he does not believe in the specialized, modern manner of living, and so, by implication, that he does believe in the all-round, Greek way of life. But the world has persisted in regarding him as none other than a sophisticated, cynical, post-war disillusioned, young man. Three years ago, in a serious book, *Do What You Will*, he reiterated his fundamental belief, and made it overt. And again, as before, his readers refused, in any sense of the phrase, to take him seriously. And now, seemingly in desperation to make himself understood, in another facetious novel, he has told once more, this time both overtly and by implication, what he believes. Present-day civilization he repudiates, since, because of its progressive surrender to science, it seems to be headed straight for some future Model T Utopia where babies will not be born, but decanted from bottles, and "conditioned" for their life-work in laboratories and state nurseries, where sexual indulgence is a game and becoming a mother a crime, and where everybody produces and consumes an endless stream of goods without fear of depressions or unemployment crises and nobody is sick or poor or unhappy. As against the horrors or benefits, as you will, of this sort of an existence, Mr. Huxley prefers those of one which he would have us think is fast slipping away from us, one, that is, in which if man must endure disease and famine and sorrow, he at least has the comfort of religion and art, and, what is of vastly more importance, the opportunity to exercise his will, and thus the possibility of making something of himself by himself. Doubtless, Mr. Huxley's public will continue to think of him as merely joking, or, and there is an even chance of this, they will cease reading him because he has become bitter. But Mr. Huxley's real plight is not that his readers will not heed him, or that he may lose them. It is rather that having an ideal of life he is incapable of living up to it. Professing the doctrine of many-sidedness, of diversified interests, he has never been able to break clear of his own over-indulged obsession, the desire to teach his fellows a lesson. In short, like his creation Rampion in *Point Counterpoint*, he is "a pedagogue pervert."

The Literary Mind. Max Eastman. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. \$2.50.

In his latest book Max Eastman ranges from pettiness to profundity. What he has to say about the New Humanists is wholly amusing and mostly unfair. What he has to say about the new poets is wholly unfair and mostly stupid. His exposition of the nature of poetry is both brilliant and sound. As to the future of poetry he is challenging and yet unconvincing. And as to the teaching of literature, though he is uninformed on current practice, he is, by and large, right enough in his theory. The major con-



Usually printing reveals the real man with remarkable accuracy. Whatever a merchant possesses in wealth or in poverty of expressive power will manifest itself in the interest he evidences in the appearance of his printing. If he has an acute sense of the fitness of things, he will not be satisfied until his printing appears as though it were made for him individually and not just bargained for in the ready-made market. Printing must first be fit for the purpose it is designed to accomplish. Its physical appearance must gain the respect it deserves from the class to which its attention is directed. Whether it is made so or not is a question of the printer's skill as well as genuine appreciation on the part of the customer.

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tention of his book is that science with its exactness of proof and statement is steadily invading every area of human interest, poetry with the vagueness of its mystic assumptions is being forced into ever narrowing confines. Thus the New Humanists and the new poets alike are engaged in a desperate defense of their special privileges. About his projected future of poetry—either the “pure communication of experience” or that and the interpretation of life within such bounds as science may not have occupied—Mr. Eastman has some decided qualms. And like other philosophers dismayed over having turned a comforting concept out at the front door he lets it in again at the rear. The really great poet of the future, another Goethe perhaps, will of course, he concedes, transcend the differences that divide science from art and work creatively in both fields, be a “thinking singer” in fact. What more could anyone ask for, in a poet? The key to Mr. Eastman's acceptance of the point of view to which he for most part consistently adheres, that human living in all its phases is bound sooner or later to be made scientific, and the sooner the better, lies in his old *Masses* and *Liberator* days. Then he was the friend of the proletariat. So that naturally he became the friend of the proletariat nation, Soviet Russia. And just as he was formerly the spokesman of the one, so now he has become, though cleverly disguised, the spokesman of the other.

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Notary Public for the State of Montana.
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My commission expires May 12, 1933.

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