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Copy by William J. Nash

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FRANK BIRD LINDERMAN
FRANK BIRD LINDERMAN, 1869-1938

... How well I remember the very first moment I met Frank! I was leaning over the counter at the hotel signing the register. He espied my 33rd degree Masonic ring, and matched his own with it, and we looked straight into each other's eyes. "Yes!" said something inside us, and we knew each other for fifty years in just one second. I have loved him ever since.

He was a distinguished writer of the first water, I need not tell you that; and he was one long before the world discovered him. His stuff will live, just as much for its writing as for the valuable... ethnological material in it. And over and above all that, he was a man and a brother. He had that brave big outlook, the heroic manner of heart and mind, that we associate with something out of a book. He was too completely the right thing to be true. One always feels that about the really great. But there you are! He was true! Life is sometimes as big as the authors tell us it is! He made his life a true story. He built himself up into something big. Now we realize that he was built in God.

—Charles Rann Kennedy.

FRANK LINDERMAN AS I KNEW HIM

Hermann Hagedorn

I first met Frank Linderman twenty years ago and the circumstances of our meeting were sufficiently romantic to remain sharply in my memory. I was in the Northwest on the first of two journeys in search of material on Theodore Roosevelt's life as a ranchman. One of his ranch-partners and hunting companions, A. W. Merrifield, was living on the shores of Flathead Lake near Somers, Montana, and suggested one evening, when I was visiting him, that we call on another "writer-feller" who was living a few miles down the lake.

The hard-surfaced highway which today skirts the western shore was a rough dirt road at that time, winding through what might have been primeval wilderness. I remember vividly rattling through the July twilight in Merrifield's Model T, an odd contrast to the tepee I noted by the roadside, with smoke rising from the vent and two Indians squatting by the entrance. That tepee always struck me as the perfect preparation for my introduction to Frank Linderman.

Frank's place at Goose Bay was deep in magnificent evergreens—a lodge built of logs with a porch overlooking the lake. I can still feel the warmth and throb of the spacious house as the Lindermans, all five of them, greeted us. Frank and his wife gave me the kind welcome I had come to expect in the West, but the gaiety and ebullience
of their clever daughters contributed something I had not counted on.

Frank was then in his late forties with his energies at their prime, brimming with enthusiasm and humor, mellow, kind, direct in utterance. He had had practically no contact with other writers and was hungry for counsel, especially in matters related to publishers. After my return to the East we began to correspond and when we met again after seven or eight years it was as old friends. We saw much of each other during his winters in Santa Barbara and his one memorable excursion to New York, and twice I visited him with members of my family at Goose Bay.

He became one of my most cherished friends but, as I try to recall his background, I find there is very little that I know. He did not talk about himself, or his history. He said something of leaving his home in Ohio as a boy of sixteen and of an adventure with a roving band of Indians when he arrived in Montana in the middle eighties, but beyond that I knew nothing, though, being what he was, he must have had plenty to tell. We always had so much to say to each other about our present interests and the contemporary world that neither of us ever did much reminiscing.

When I think of Frank, the quality which seems to stand out above all others in my mind is his integrity. He lived squarely and he thought squarely. No one, I am certain, was ever long in doubt as to where he stood on any issue, personal or political. He set down his record of the Indians with the fidelity of the trained scientist, and everyone who knew him well remembers his contempt for the writers, both white and red, who colored or sentimentalized their facts.

He had vigorous opinions and uttered them. He did not like the alliance of politics and copper in Montana, he detested labor racketeering, and he raged at the criminal negligence responsible for the fires which destroy millions of acres of forest every year. Forthright and outspoken, he was the last man in the world to succeed in a field where the laurels go to the adroit manipulator and the smooth talker, and his essays in Montana politics, though gallant, were futile. They had but one consequence (he himself was convinced, at least, that it was a consequence) in the forest fire which destroyed the magnificent woods around Goose Bay and almost destroyed his house. He was certain that it was set by his enemies in the radical-labor camp, and was bitter about it. The stark, burnt-over slopes of his lovely cove kept his resentment alive. I think he never ceased grieving for the lost beauty and music of his pines.

He loved his home, he loved his state, but, beyond the family circle, he felt alone. He might swing an axe, or bring down a bear, or sell insurance, or run a hotel in Kalispell, or make a quixotic political fray against the entrenched forces of the Democratic Party, but at heart he was an artist, absorbed in the fantastic legendry of an alien race and the romance of that frontier which he himself had helped establish.

Apart from his friend, Charles M. Russell, the painter, and one or two professors of literature at Missoula, there was practically no one in Montana who spoke his language. He was asked occasionally to lecture here or there on the folk-lore of the Northwestern In-
dians, but he recognized that few, if any, of those who applauded him thought that what he was doing was important. He hungered for the companionship of men who could see what he was trying to do, and thought it was worth doing, and it was a red-letter day when, after considerable urging, he finally landed in New York, with the manuscript of his Plenty Coups book under his arm.

That winter was gorgeous, and almost fatal. Richard J. Walsh, head of the publishing firm of John Day, which had recently discovered Pearl Buck and published *The Good Earth*, accepted Frank's book with a cheer, and took Frank himself to his heart, introducing him into his own intimate circle. Frank caught hold at once. The writers and artists who flocked about him were as realistic and keen-minded in their own environment as he in his and, being genuine themselves, responded to the same quality in him. In their delight in him, they nearly killed him with kindness. He basked in the warmth of their fellowship, their undisguised pleasure in his company, and in the riches of their own varied experience in a world which to him was strange. He lingered month after month until his heart sounded its first alarms of a basic organic disorder, and he even played with the thought of selling Goose Bay and persuading Mrs. Linderman to settle with him in Connecticut. That winter in New York remained in Frank's mind, I am sure, as one of the high points of his life, the one time when he came fully into his own.

A dozen pictures of Frank jostle one another in my memory: Frank, expansive and gay, making flapjacks in the Linderman kitchen; Frank, with puckered lips and steely eyes, giving his opinion of Montana's representatives in the United States Senate; Frank, purring with pride over his grandchildren; Frank, a little bitterly, discussing the financial returns from books which the critics acclaimed; Frank, modelling in clay and, with mischief in his eye, boiling down a medal of a movie magnate to cast his bear in bronze; Frank, "talking" the sign-language, as few contemporaries could; Frank, at the tiller of his motor-boat on Flathead Lake, looking, with his seamed, bronzed face, like some weather-beaten mariner out of Gloucester.

It was a noble, wise and, generally, serene face; the face of a man who lived by the truth and hated every kind of crookedness; a man to depend on in trouble; a man who was kind, who was loyal, who could laugh and rage with equal heartiness, and was as faithful a friend and as comprehending a recorder as the American Indian ever had.

Montana should name a mountain for him, on whose slopes, once a year, in memory of him, the white man and the Indian might meet, to smoke the pipe of reconciliation.
Goose Bay, Somers, Montana
June 28, 1922

My dear Harry:

. . . Your offer is magnanimous and with your permission I will keep it in mind for possible future use, but up to now I have not thought of lessening my literary efforts, for I am getting along fairly well and my books are being well received. I found long ago that I could not write books and life insurance, and while I am sure that I could earn more money at the latter game I have long ago determined that there are more worth-while things than dollars.

It is hard for some of my friends to believe that I feel it a duty to, in some way, preserve the old West, especially Montana, in printers’ ink, and if I can only accomplish a small part of that duty I shall die contented. I have written six books and am half done with the seventh, besides finishing a dozen stories of old Marysville times, since I came here, and I am not half through. So you see, if I can live comfortably and complete my work I shall be doing what I believe I was intended to accomplish. I suppose it sounds foolish, but as Mark Twain has said, ‘I know I am a fool but I am God Almighty’s fool and his works must be respected.’

Nobody can tell what an author or his books can do until time has juggled both. Everybody knows that some of the best things have begged and some of the worst known worship for a limited time.

I want to do my work and I had rather do it well and up to the standard of the West itself as I know it than get money for flimsy or cheap literature. I am going to stick for a while, Harry, and play the string out or until I see that I am in financial danger. . . .

Sincerely yours,

Frank B. Linderman.

FRANK BIRD LINDERMAN

Table of Principal Dates

1869 —born, September 25, eldest son of James Bird and Mary A. Linderman, at Cleveland, Ohio.

1875-85—educated in the Elyria, Ohio, public schools. At age 16 he entered Oberlin Business College but remained there only a few months.

1885 —came west to live among the Indians in the Flathead country in Montana; spent five years in the wilderness, hunting and trapping for a living.

1891 —met Minnie Jane Johns, daughter of a New Richmond, Wisconsin, merchant, who was visiting her brother at Demersville, Montana.

1892 —became assayer for the Curlew Mining Company at Victor, Montana, later going to Butte as chemist for the Butte & Boston.

1893 —married Minnie Jane Johns.

1897 —moved to Sheridan, Montana; became assayer, merchant, and newspaper man.

1903-05—served in the Eighth and Ninth state Legislatures from Madison County.

1905 —moved to Helena, where he served as Assistant Secretary of State; later appointed Acting Secretary of State; also Secretary of the State Mining Association; had a private assay office in Helena.

1910-17—State Agent in Montana for the Guardian Life Insurance Company of America, New York.

1915 —at Helena, Montana, wrote his first book, Indian Why Stories, published the same year by Charles Scribners’ Sons.
1917 —sold insurance business and moved to Goose Bay, Flathead Lake, where he expected to spend the rest of his life writing.

1920 —Honorary Degree, Masonic, Hon. 33.

1924-26—again in business and politics. In 1924 while owner and operator of the Kalispell Hotel won the Republican Primary Nomination for U. S. Senate, but lost to Senator Thomas J. Walsh in the general election. In 1926 he sold the Kalispell Hotel, retiring to Goose Bay.

1927 —University of Montana, L.L.D.

1927-38—lived at Goose Bay, where he wrote his last six books.

1938 —died on May 12, in Santa Barbara, California.

FRANK BIRD LINDERMAN

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PROSE


To the coyote; poem. Literary Digest. 70:34. Sept. 17, 1921. (From Bunch grass and blue joint).

IN PERIODICALS

POETRY


ABOUT
"Portrait." Better homes and gardens. 9:36 Feb. 1931. (With one paragraph of text on F. B. Linderman’s "American," in Eleanor Hubbard Garst's article, "Biographies of our nation's statesmen.")

THE WORK OF FRANK B. LINDERMAN
Fredric F. Van de Water

OLK who met Frank B. Linderman in the flesh found themselves in the presence of a rare and glowing spirit. Those who will know the man hereafter only by as much of himself as he left us in his writings will encounter, whether they immediately are aware of it or not, an even more remarkable combination of qualities.

Here is the work of one who had been Doer before he became Teller. Frank Linderman was part of the West from the time the buffalo went. He wrote, first hand, of things he himself had known and seen and endured. Men such as he are infrequent in any sphere of art.

In all fields of human endeavor, at all times and in all places, Doers and Tellers confront each other. Usually, the very mechanisms of their natures set them apart and in opposition. The Doers are the generally inarticulate men of action. Frontiersmen, trappers, miners, cattlemen are of this breed. The Tellers are the softer, more contemplative race of poets and writers, painters and sculptors. Normally, they come into being only when the struggle is past. They are voluble folk, whose experience is largely vicarious. They deal in second-hand material and are looked upon with more or less scorn by the Doers.

Warriors and hunters of the Stone Age turned up their hairy noses at the weakling who sang of violence instead of wading through slaughter. The well-greaved Achaians and the horse-tamers of Troy esteemed Homer’s prototype as slightly. Napoleon and other history makers have had no admiration for historians. Old timers in the West still speak out in a death-diminished chorus against the atrocities committed by literary interpreters—or distorters.

These last protesters have more than normal warrant for their objections. The West, through a conspiracy of circumstances, has served as site for a special congregation of literary horrors. No other portion of the nation at any stage of its development has been so afflicted, by pulp and slick magazine tales, by "Western" novels and motion pictures, with such malodorous hokum, gaudy hysteria and plain downright lying.

Part of this distortion has been inevitable. Fighters, not writers, formed
the vanguard of the army that for fifty tumultuous years, flowed in to occupy the West. Pioneers were vigorous men, inured to violence, not given to the publication of memoirs. The whites kept few records; the Indians none at all. There are more empty spaces in the history of nineteenth century Montana and Wyoming than can be found in the seventeenth century narrative of Massachusetts and Connecticut. These spaces will remain forever empty, save for surmise and theory. The men who knew took their knowledge with them over the sunset hills. Writers remaining only can guess. Truth and the old timers died together.

I remember a tale Frank Linderman told me. In Glacier Park he saw a young Blackfoot entertaining a group of tourists with hand talk—the common sign language of the old-time Plains Indians. Linderman marveled to see a youngster so deft in what had become almost a lost art. He asked the lad:

"Son, where did you learn hand talk?" and the Indian answered:

"From General Hugh L. Scott's book."

When a Blackfoot must turn to a white authority to recover an invention of his own people, it is easy to imagine how much of incredible worth that no one at the time troubled to fix in print is gone forever from the West.

Inadequate records have marred the history of the frontier. The serious student, today, finds himself forced to span frequent gaps in the narrative with whatever structures of guesswork he can devise. The empty spaces cannot be filled in with fact. That is only half the damage. The writers of "Western fiction" complete the outrage.

No raiding party of Sioux had half their ruthlessness or lust for atrocity. From before the days of Ned Buntline down to the present, the ghastly work has gone on. History has been dismembered and reassembled in gruesomely original designs. Facts have been overlooked. Probabilities have been scorned. Vast ignorance and even more monumental mendacity, driven in team, have drawn many authors of "Westerns" to affluence. Why not? It pays. It's what the public wants. It is, at any rate, what the public gets.

I do not know whether public or purveyors be responsible for so enormous a prevalence of vividly tinted swill. I do know that popular taste, however formed and however perverse, changes slowly and I know, too, that within that fact lies tragedy. I have seen a writer whose stories of the West were among the best men have written or ever are likely to write die, disheartened by the indifference of those who would have honored themselves by heeding him.

Frank B. Linderman wrote a dozen books. All of them dealt with the West that he had known since boyhood. He was not the literary person who arrived long after the event and trusted to copious notes. He had been part of the event itself. He did not give the public what it wanted. He offered them truth, a doorway into verity. He recreated authentic fragments of an already half-forgotten era. By the grace and quiet force of his art, the dead live again. He and the matters he retrieved from limbo have common immortality.

Inevitably, this must be. American literature would be poorer, lacking Frank Linderman's contributions, yet even if he had written without the fine and muted skill that marked all his
work, the very substance of that work itself would have made his name endure. Without him, the garbled history of the West would be still more incoherent. Through his books, knowledge stands in what might have been, otherwise, eternally empty space.

Ignore, for a moment, Frank Linderman’s genius in the craft he loved. Consider only the factual elements of his work. Without them, we should have dimmer understanding of the frontier and its people; we should have fewer invaluable collections of Indian folklore and legend. Above all, we should be without unique and precious knowledge of the Indian himself. In his great works, *American* and *Red Mother*, Linderman made the most important contribution toward comprehension of the spirit and character of the ways of life and ways of thought of the free Plains Indian, the red horse-people of the old West.

No one who intends to write seriously, hereafter, of those starkly romantic folk and the hard, Stone Age chivalry that held them, can do so without indebtedness to Linderman’s books. These speak with absolute authority, for their author had been Doer before he became Teller. He had been part of the era of which he wrote and he told, not what someone else had told him, but what he himself had seen and heard and felt and known. His work is the flesh of a vanished epoch made words.

Only one other man shares Frank Linderman’s peculiar place in the saga of the West and that man, strangely enough, was his intimate. Charles M. Russell has left in pictures records that are close kin to those his friend embodied in books. No one will add now to Russell’s and Linderman’s joint testimony.

There are none of the few living participants in their memories who have the same fine gifts of narrative.

The historical value of his work is only one, and perhaps the lesser, of Frank Linderman’s claims on immortality. The other is the clean beauty of his art. He was not a romanticist. He was not a realist, as present day criticism applies that word. In the flesh, he was one of the endearingly simple of earth. He spoke straight, with tongue or pen. His words, written or uttered, had the shine of pure metal, the bright, clear ring of truth.

His was the seeing eye, the understanding heart. He had, as well, though he wrote not at all for publication until late in life, an innate sense of symmetry, a love for balance and clarity of line. In the hubbub and hokum that clutters up most writing of the West, a page of Frank Linderman is like a breeze from his own mountains, blowing through an alley. With these great gifts, he had, too, the longing to depict so that others might comprehend it the thing that moved him. Without that craving any art fails in its purpose.

I am aware how often such things are said of the dead. Folk called upon to estimate the work of a vanished friend are scrupulous to lay some such tritely conventional wreath upon the grave. I take comfort in that I said much the same thing repeatedly while Frank Linderman was alive. He was my dear friend for the last eight years of his life, though I saw him in the flesh not more than a half-dozen times. Yet friendship had no part in forming my estimate of his work. As a book reviewer, I had given it what clumsy praise I could contrive, long before I met him.

From the time when I first picked up
the volume of sketches embodied in On a Passing Frontier and found in its pages a new and honest voice speaking of the West and its people, I hailed its author as a writer whom the reading public would do well to honor. When I read American, I had the odd feeling of excitement that comes at rare intervals to a critic who finds himself in the presence of a great book. That was my thought, almost nine years ago. It still is my firm belief.

Linderman's Lige Mounts; Free Trapper and Beyond Law stand in the first rank of novels of the West. Even when he dealt with fiction, he managed to get a baffling sense of reality into his work. There are passages in both these volumes, set in a period long before the author was born, that read like eye-witness narratives by an inspired reporter.

His collections of Indian folk stories have high ethnological value and something rarer and more precious than any scientific worth. In these, one can see the foreshadow of the impulse that eventually came to fruition in American and Red Mother. Here are sympathy and affection and a desire to comprehend a strange people. Indians to Frank Linderman were not specimens or spectacles. They were his teachers, as well as his pupils. He had none of the racial arrogance that scoffs at what it cannot understand. He wanted to know the ways and laws of a vanished culture and because of his approach, which was simple and earnest and abidingly friendly, like all his approaches in life, he understood them all—Crees, Ojibways, Piegans, Bloods, Blackfeet Gros Ventre and Crows—better than any man on this continent who ever has put pen to paper, and a suspicious people completely trusted him.

That mutual comprehension created American, the life story of the old chief of the Crows, taken down from his own lips, and its companion volume, Red Mother, the narrative of a medicine woman of the same tribe.

It is difficult to discuss these books unfalsomely. In them, a man and a woman who recall the old free days of their race speak with candor and wistfulness to a friend. They furnish the most complete revelation of Indian character in literature. They are presented to the world by one who knew the meaning of words and their deft employment, who, avoiding the ever present danger of pathos or over-stressing of drama, drew the pictures, physical and spiritual, of an old, old warrior and an ancient woman, sensitively, sympathetically, with enduring beauty.

It is difficult, too, to speak moderately of the reception America accorded these two volumes. They seemed to me at their times of publication the most important books—historically and artistically—of their respective years. Other critics praised them as highly.

The reading public was not interested. It never has accorded either volume one-hundredth of the approval I still believe to be their due. The Indians in Red Mother and American were not in the least like those the book-buyers had been accustomed to meet in stories of the West. The public ignored the best narratives of the Redmen that ever have been written and continued to read "Westerns." Frank Linderman did not live to see his work take the place in literature for which it is destined. He died, not embittered, for bitterness never had place in his shining spirit, but disheartened as must any craftsman be who finds the best of his work neglected.
The loss that his friends must feel all their days, now that he is gone, is an enviable monument. Frank Linderman has a more permanent memorial than the bereavement of men. Books like his do not die. At worst, they lie inert and waiting, until another age with more discriminating sense rediscovers and exalts them. If civilization endures, that time must come. I believe this so thoroughly that I treasure my first edition, autographed, of American as an heirloom for my grandchildren.

For us, who knew him, Frank Linderman’s passing leaves an empty space against the sky. The literate of another day will raise a monument more befitting his memory.

MY CAMP-KETTLE CAREER

FRANK B. LINDELMAN

LAST summer a man stopped me on the street in Kalispell. “Hello, Frank,” he said, eagerly offering his hand. “Don’t you know me?” he asked, wonderingly.

“No,” I replied, giving his hand a good shake nevertheless, because I saw that he was an oldtimer.

“I’m Tom Jones,” he said. “You used to call me Cayuse Jones; now do you know me?”

His eyes were so full of expectancy that I lied. “You bet,” I said, trying not to look straight into them until my memory served me better.

“Do you remember when we rode into the Kootenai village at Dayton creek?” he asked, with a hand on my shoulder.

“I well remember the time that I rode into the Kootenai camp on Dayton,” I answered, thinking for the first time in years of one of the silliest acts of my life.

“Well, I was with you, at your side, your knee was touching mine. We both rode in together. God! when I saw what we were up against there I was seared good and plenty.”

“So was I,” I said.

“Wasn’t that the biggest fool play ever made this side of crazyland?” he chuckled.

We found a place to sit down and talk over the happenings of a day more than forty years before, when a party of settlers had ridden into the Kootenai village to capture La-la-see, Pierre Paul, and Antley, the Kootenai Killers. We did not get them. Instead we suddenly found ourselves in an extremely difficult situation. So tense were the moments in the big Indian camp that a single awkward move, even a cough, or a loud sneeze, might have precipitated a fight that would have wiped us out. And yet I have not the slightest remembrance of Cayuse Jones. I know that he was a member of the party, however. He could not otherwise have talked of it as he did. It was this chance meeting that decided me to write my experiences in Montana before I forget them altogether.

It may be that the blood of earlier Lindermans who pioneered in New York state, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, was somewhat responsible for my boyhood ache to go west, since I cannot remember when I first began to feel it. I know
that it came to me very early, and that afterward it never left me. And how I feared that the west of my dreams would fade before I could reach it! At last, however, I won my parents’ reluctant consent to leave home and felt that I was free. I believe I should soon have had to go even though their permission had been withheld, and now when my father, mother, and my only brother are gone, I am glad I waited for it as I did.

"Don’t worry. He will soon be back home, and then he’ll be glad to stay,” said my father at the dinner table when finally they had decided to let me have my fling.

I had found a large map of the western states and territories, and that night, for the hundredth time, I spread it upon the floor in my own room to pore over it as I always had, flat on my belly. Long before this I had decided where I wished to go, but now that my dream was coming true I needed to be sure I had made no mistake in my choosing. I had to have unspoiled wilderness, because I secretly intended to become a trapper. I remember that I felt glad when the Flathead lake country in northwestern Montana Territory seemed yet to be farthest removed from contaminating civilization. I’d go as straight as I could to Flathead lake.

Another boy of my own age had promised to go west with me as soon as I could get away. His father was a lover of fine horses, and kept a negro coachman who told us that he had served in a cavalry regiment against the Indians “way out yonder in de west.” Besides this he could make sounds resembling the ringing of distant, sweet-toned bells deep down in his throat. Great as this accomplishment seemed to me, I remember that whenever he rang his bells I turned away so that I might not see his hideously distorted face, his swelled throat, and bulging eyes that threatened to burst. I have never known another human being who possessed this strange faculty. We decided to take this Negro with us if we could manage somehow to steal him away without our parents learning about it. This led to much planning in the stables and I shall never forget how jumpy I got after secret sessions with the other boy and the Negro when my mother would sniff and say, “What can you possibly find to interest you in that old stable? Your clothes smell disgustingly of horses.”

One night the Negro showed us a letter from his mother and asked us to read it to him. The envelope solved our problem, since it had not been properly sealed. I now wrote a letter to the Negro myself, put it into the old envelope, and carefully sealed it. My chum then managed to slip it among the family’s mail next morning and a servant promptly delivered it to the Negro in the barn. That evening we were jubilant indeed. The Negro had been given three weeks leave to visit his mother, who, the letter said, was very ill in Virginia, and wished to see her only son. Of course the time had come for the Negro to disappear, and wait for us at an agreed place. Now we learned that our partner, the black man, hadn’t a red cent to his name. I had saved up seventy-five dollars, and out of this sum I paid sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents for a ticket to Missoula, Montana Territory, for the Negro, which was then as far as a train would carry a passenger over the unfinished Northern Pacific Railroad. My chum had much more money than I and I do not remember why I paid the fare for the Negro. I
had a pass over the road, and seven dollars and fifty cents, when we boarded the train in Chicago bound for the new Northwest. My father had also taken a seat in the coach with us, and not until he got off, after an hour’s run, did my chum and I have an opportunity to learn whether the Negro was on the train. We found him smoking a cheap cigar in the smoker; and at last we were off, all together. The road was new and rough, often startling in its eccentricities. When we reached the Missouri river, the steamboat Helena took us upstream to a landing-place, and then turned us over to teamsters with bob-sleds who hauled us to a point where a train, made up for the purpose, took us aboard again. Landslides along the Yellowstone stopped this train several times, and we got out and shoveled with the workmen to clear the track. I was between sixteen and seventeen years old when, with my companions, I reached the Flathead country on the twentieth of March, 1885, having hired a team and driver in Missoula. But neither the white boy, nor the Indian-fighting Negro was cut out for life in the new Northwest. After four or five days and nights of bitter grumbling they left me and returned to ‘‘the states.’

During their short stay in the Flathead country we had hastily built a tiny log cabin, packing the logs on our backs, on what today is called ‘‘Nigger Prairie’’ for the Negro. The cabin had no windows or floor, and its door was the green hide of a white-tail deer that I had killed nearby. Its uncovered pole roof leaked for hours after the rain outside had ceased to fall, and there was neither chinking nor daubing between its logs. There was no fireplace, and its only furniture was an old percussion-lock Kentucky rifle that had belonged to my father in Ohio, and the axe. But the thing I most marvel at now is that we had no blankets, no covering at night except our light overcoats. Each night the wolves howled dismally around our miserable camp, and it was these timber wolves that decided the Negro that ‘‘the states’’ needed him more than I did. The white boy had been thoroughly homesick from the start and would have turned back in St. Paul if the Negro and I had not gilded the way westward with imagined adventures. It was well that he came on with me, since if he had weakened earlier than he did the Negro would have quit with him. I could not then have built the cabin alone. Our grub-stake had been light even in the beginning, and now when my companions left me there was little left except venison. I had had the bad luck, while building the cabin, to step squarely upon the upturned edge of the sharp axe, dropped in tenderfoot fashion among some limbs that had been trimmed from the cabin logs. My light shoe sole had been severed and my foot cut to the bone, not because of my weight alone, but because of the added weight of a green house-log, one end of which was on my shoulder; and it was the last log we needed, too. The Negro bound up my foot with my only handkerchief and I managed to help put the poles on the roof; but the wound dampened my ardor so much that when my partners left me I felt mighty blue.

It was afternoon when they went away. That night a storm of mingled rain and sleet wet me to the skin before I thought of a way to a little comfort. The front end of the green deer hide was pegged to the top of the doorway. Now I lifted the tail end, and propped it up
at both corners with poles, so that the hide sloped downward into the cabin. Then I raked my fire up close to the door outside and sat inside just under the deer hide—and let her rain. It wasn’t long until one side of me was quite dry. Then I turned the other toward the fire, keeping this up all night. My foot, if unused, gave me no pain and I didn’t mind the wolves. I rather liked to hear them; I always have. And now when they are gone I like to hear the voices of coyotes in the night.

My grub was all gone by the time I could walk, even with a stick. But this gave me no worry. One could not starve with white-tail deer in plain sight every hour of daylight. I wasn’t troubled by worldly possessions either. We had started out with two trunks and a box or two of baggage; but I never got them, and never learned what became of them. I could shoulder my Kentucky, carry my axe and overcoat wherever I went, and I could eat until I found a place to work or get out of the country, whichever the Fates decreed.

"Nigger Prairie" was what we called a park in the heavy timber. The Indian trail that led through it forked not far from my cabin, one branch leading to the Big Fork (Sweat-house) river and the Swan Lake country, and the other crossing the high mountains through "Aeneas Pass" (named for Big-Knife, the then Kootenai chief whom the Jesuits had thus dubbed), to the south fork of the Flathead river. On the edge of the prairie toward Flathead lake the trail forked again, sending out branches, one to the mouth of the Big Fork, and the other, passing Three Lakes, to the Flathead valley, which it traversed. These trails, all of them, were deeply cut through the bunch grass showing me that they were extensively used. Following farther into the timber where deer traveled them continuously, I saw that they were often six inches deep, and in dry weather beaten hard and smooth as stone, even the roots of trees being exposed. My excursions from the cabin had not been distant, and yet they had been sufficient to make me wonder and worry a little. I did not know whether the Indians in that remote section were friendly to white men. There was nobody to tell me, and during all this time I had not seen an Indian. Then one morning before sun-up when I was re-kindling my fire to cook some venison I heard a horse whinny. The sound was friendly enough, and yet I felt a little jumpy, especially when I saw twenty-five head of cayuses feeding between my cabin and the skirting timber across the prairie. I knew that they were Indian horses, and the sight of them made me feel as lonely as a hole in a hillside. I forgot my breakfast to watch the horses, and to look carefully for a camp, which I confidently expected would be somewhere on the edge of the timber about the prairie.

I had a large bowie-knife which I then fondly believed was the proper thing for a hunter to carry, a glittering mistake with "A Sure Defense" etched on its blade. The knife was sticking in a log near my fire. I hastily slipped it into its scabbard on my belt, put on my powder horn and bullet pouch, and picked up my antiquated Kentucky to have a look farther down the prairie. A strip of jack pines grew on a succession of little knolls that extended through its middle and I hobbled from knoll to knoll without seeing an Indian or a camp. Reaching the last timbered knoll, I sat down near a good-sized jack pine
tree, not far from the grazing horses. The sun was just coming up. The whole setting was so startlingly beautiful that I nearly forgot Indians. The snow-capped peaks of bunch-grass were sparkling like millions of diamonds, when suddenly the horses stirred like wild things. I saw them all lift their heads, prick their ears in one direction, toward the Big Fork. The light, crisp breeze was coming from that direction. I crept behind my tree, watching the skirting timber with the horses, until an Indian with a rifle across in front of him rode into the prairie on a pinto horse. The loose horses now began to move about restlessly, at last trotting away up the prairie back of my cabin, where the Indian, by riding hard, turned them toward the Big Fork, the whole outfit going lickety-split. "It will soon be over," I thought, when suddenly the Indian reined his horse to a stop. I saw him look up and down the prairie, nosing the wind like a wolf. Then he rode straight to my little cabin, which was well hidden by jack pines. He had smelled the smoke from my fire. What ought I to do now, I wondered. My overcoat and the axe were in the cabin. Everything else that I owned was with me. "Let him have 'em," I thought, watching for the Indian to ride away with my property. But he didn't appear. The horses, not being followed, stopped to graze again. I sat down by my tree to wait. An hour passed, or I thought the time that long, before I finally began to hobble toward my cabin, without knowing exactly why. Anyway I saw the Indian before he saw me; and I stopped fascinated. He was seated on the log beside my smouldering fire calmly filling his black stone pipe out of a long slender buckskin sack. His blanket, a white Hudson's Bay, was tucked tightly about his lean hips, his rifle leaning against the log beside him. I thought him a middle-aged man. While I watched he bent forward, raked a glowing stick out of my fire, lit the pipe, and then settled back with such an air of peace and contentment that I fairly ached to shake hands with him, if he'd let me. My first step forward was upon a tiny patch of frosted snow among the trees. His ears caught the sound of the crackling snow crust. Without the least startle or show of surprise his head turned slowly until he saw me. Then he stood up with extended hand, "How! how!" he said, so pleasantly that I answered, "Very well, sir, how are you?" giving his hand a good shake. What a fine face he had, that red man! We tried hard to talk together, but with little success. However, we smoked together, my tobacco in his pipe. I remembered long afterward that he had wished to impress me with the fact that he was a Flathead and not a Kootenai, telling me this in the sign language, that was Greek to me then. There was good reason for his wanting me to know that he was not a Kootenai. The Kootenais were unfriendly to white men. We had trouble with them later on.

My Indian visitor instinctively knew that I was a rank pilgrim. His smile said as plainly as words that he thought me a babe in the woods. However, he was exceedingly polite, and tried to treat me as he would a grown man. This made a deep impression on me. From that day I frequently fibbed about my age. I did this so consistently and for so long a time that I finally forgot the true number of my years. It was only when I saw my mother again more than twenty years afterward that I learned
exactly the date of my birth. I remember that when I attempted to argue with her my mother said with a grim smile, ‘I was present when you were born, my son, and therefore I ought to know.’"

For many years after our meeting I knew my first Indian intimately. His name was Red-horn, a renowned Flathead warrior who had counted several ‘coups’ and had taken more scalps than any other living member of his tribe. It was Red-horn who gave me my first glimpse of what men in the old Northwest called the ‘moccasin telegraph.’ I cannot prove that old-time Indians transmitted messages through thin air over long distances, and yet I have more than once believed that only by some secret means could Indian news travel as it seemed to. Several years after my first meeting with Red-horn I was camped alone in an Indian lodge at the foot of Swan lake. Red-horn and his woman and two young sons reached this camping ground at about sunset. Knowing my lodge by sight, Red-horn came at once to visit me. He stayed until late in the night. The next morning he came again, sitting exactly where he had sat the night before, talking signs and pidgin-English, as he had before, till suddenly he stopped short, lifted his eyes to the smoke-hole, and sat motionless, as though listening. His attitude so suddenly assumed and so tense, caused me, now a hunter like himself, to strain my ears to catch the sounds that disturbed him. But I heard nothing unnatural. When I again looked at Red-horn’s face his eyes met my own.

‘My friend killed. Bad work,’ he said in signs.

‘When?’ I asked, wonderingly.

‘Now,’ he signed, positively.

‘What name?’ I asked in the sign-language. He told me, but I have forgotten it.

‘Where?’ I asked; and he pointed south.

Fortunately I happened to know the day of the week and month, which was out of the ordinary. I had no watch, but by the sun I thought the time of day to be about nine o’clock in the forenoon. Later in the year when I visited the lower country I learned that Red-horn’s friend had been murdered on that day, and approximately at that hour. I have experienced other seeming exhibitions of the efficiency of the ‘moccasin telegraph,’ but I will leave them and get on with my story.

Old Indians have always impressed me. In their presence, especially when they are telling me of old customs, or speaking solemnly of their religious beliefs, I feel nearly as they do, I am quite certain. I have tried to break down that something which separates me from them by thinking as old Indians think, perhaps with only imagined success. And yet I believe that I understand many points in their philosophy of life that I cannot yet express in words. Perhaps I never shall learn; certainly not from the offspring of these warriors, who know next to nothing about their people’s ancient ways; now is too late to learn. The real Indians are gone. I am grateful for the privilege of having intimately known many of the old warriors themselves. May they find peace and plenty in the Shadow-hills.

For a time, after I met and became interested in Miss Minnie Jane Johns, I found it difficult to quit the old life of a trapper, and yet I knew that I must if I expected to marry her. More
than once I made brave attempts to settle down, working in the store of G. H. Adams in Demersville, where my lady was postmistress, and in the town of Kalispell. Sometimes I hung on for several weeks, or until some old partner would show up. Then away I would go again into the mountains for a time. My job was always waiting for me when I returned to town, and each time I came back to it I promised myself that I would stick, and make a home. One day, after the lady had promised to marry me, I met an old partner in Kalispell. He was delighted to see me, gave me a glowing description of some new beaver country he had found, and urged me to go to it with him. "Ketch up yer hosses, an' we'll pull out o' here quicker'n hell would scorch a moccasin," he said.

"I've quit, Red," I declared. "I'm never going to set another trap."

Even while I was speaking I realized that there was but one way for me to quit the old life, and that was to leave the country.

He pretended that he had not heard me. "Look yonder," he pointed to an Indian lodge half-hidden by quaking aspens. "That's my camp," he said. "I'll run in your hosses fer ye, an' hobble 'em. Let's us pull out tomorrow evening so's nobody'll know where we're headed fer."

"No, Red," I said, leaving him to go back to the store where all afternoon I fought my head, imagining the smell of the smoke of Red's lodge-fire in my nostrils. I could not hold out, and knew it.

"Just this once more," I told my lady, and left her. I do not believe she felt very sure that I'd come back.

Red and I left the valley the next evening. I had six horses in the outfit, besides traps, saddles, and camp-equipage, seven years' gathering. We camped after a two hour drive in the moonlight, moving on again next morning at daybreak to a meadowy country not more than fifteen miles from Kalispell. Red wished to kill a couple of deer here, and dry the meat enough so that we could keep it, saying that where we were going there were no deer to be had. I was lucky, killing two bucks before dusk. And yet all the time I was looking for deer my mind was wrestling with my problem, so that when Red came to camp I was ready with a plan to leave him.

"I'm going back to Kalispell and have a tooth attended to," I told him. "It might give me trouble later on."

I am not certain that he understood I was quitting him. Anyhow he tried to insure my return by advising me to ride his top horse. "Take Spot," he said. "He'll git ye there an' back quicker'n any hoss in the outfit."

I made no objection, rode Spot to Kalispell, stripped him, and turned him loose on the range. Then I called on my lady. "I'll always be a trapper unless I go away from this country, and go now. I'm leaving in the morning," I told her.

"Where will you go?" she asked.

"I will look up some men whom I once took into the mountains. They will know where I may find work. My first stop will be in Missoula," I answered, as though my plans were all made.

We spent several hours trying to lay out our future. But everything seemed so chaotic that we were unable to bring any kind of order to the necessary moves we knew must lie ahead. "Anyhow, I shall go to my home in New Rich-
mond, Wisconsin, and wait there until
you are settled,” said my lady, finally.

When I bade her goodnight I began to
feel low-spirited.... Reaching my room
I found my dog, Mike, lying beside my
saddle and rifle. I’d raised him from
a fuzzy puppy. He had stuck to me like
gumbo to a saddle-blanket. I lighted
the lamp and sat down on the bed as full of
rebellion against civilization as a young
man could be. Mike, sensing that I was
in trouble, came softly to me. Poking
his muzzle under my hand he nosed it
sympathetically. How could I leave
Mike? He could not endure civilization,
I knew.... But I had to leave him, and
made arrangements with Sam Johns, my
lady’s brother, who was managing the
Adams business, to care for him. Next
morning when the State of Montana,
the finest boat that has ever been on Flat-
head lake, left old Demersville I was
aboard, wearing a suit of
store clothes.

My buckskin outfit was in a sack with
other belongings, including my belt-
knife; and of all the things I learned to
use in the wilderness a belt-knife was
the most difficult to forget. For months
I caught myself reaching for my butch-
er-knife to do every chore that a jack-
knife does for more civilized men.

Steaming down the Flathead river I felt
the first pangs of homesickness I had
ever known. What a wonderful coun-
try this had been! What sights I had
seen! Months are as years to a boy, and
I was yet but a boy. It seemed to me that
I had been in this wilderness for a life-
time, that I belonged here, that I could
never leave the forests, the sight of big
game, the grand rivers, and mountains,
for civilization.

And where was I going? What was I
to do, who had neither a trade nor pro-
住房, and very little schooling? Sev-
eral years before this I had acted as
guide for Governor Sam Hauser, Judge
Frank Woody, Honorable A. Sterne
Blake, and G. A. Wolf, all pioneers, and
prominent in the young state’s affairs.

One night while we were sitting around
our campfire the Governor quoted
Shakespeare. “Isn’t that right, Frank?”
he asked, to banter me.

“No, Governor,” I replied, much to
his surprise, I’m sure. “Not quite
right,” and I corrected him.

“By Gad, the boy’s right. He’s
right! I remember now; he’s right!
What’s the rest of it, Frank?” he asked
getting up to sit down again, beside
me.

I knew little of Shakespeare, but
thanks to my mother, who was well
versed in the works of the great Eng-
lishman, I could go on with the quota-
tion. This seemed to impress the Gov-
ernor. “Boy,” he said, kindly, “don’t
spend too much time running wild.
What you have already done has been
good for you, but quit this life within
another year. You don’t belong in the
wilds. How old are you?”

“Twenty-one,” I told him.

“Just right to begin,” he chuckled,
tossing a stick onto the fire. “When
you come out of the wilderness look us
up, any of us. We’ll help you get your
stride, someway.”

I had liked these men so much that I
had refused to accept any pay for my
services, which had included horses,
camp-outfit, and even a sail-boat and
canoe. However, they had had a beau-
tiful rifle made especially for me, a
Ballard, Union-Hill. The rifle had
come to me months after they had gone
to their homes. Now I would look these
men up, tell them I had quit the old
By the time the State of Montana had steamed out of the river onto Flathead lake, whose shoreline was yet wild, unsettled forest, I had reviewed my associations with these men whom I now intended to find. Major Pete Ronan, the Indian Agent on the Flathead Reservation, had advised them to employ me, had even sent a messenger into the upper country with a note telling me that the party would meet me at the foot of Swan lake, taking it for granted that I would take care of them. Somehow the Indian messenger had been delayed, or was wilfully slow in his riding. There was little time to spare for what I must do before the party arrived. I rode to the foot of Swan lake, stripped my horse, turned him loose to go back to the valley, and cached my saddle, intending to paddle my canoe to the head of the lake and fetch back my sailboat for the expected party. I had thought to go without eating until I reached my upper camp at the head of the lake; but I grew hungry. Remembering some flour and a little jerky that I had cached in a sack a few months earlier, I went after it, purposing to mix a little of the flour with water, in the sack itself, and to bake a bannock on a rock. Even in the darkness I had no trouble finding the sack, which I had hung in a fir tree, with a large, flat rock placed carefully over the string to prevent squirrels from cutting it. I forgot all about the rock. Standing beneath the hanging sack I jumped up a little and cut the string with my butcher-knife. The next thing I knew Mike was pawing my face; and it was cut from my right temple diagonally downward to my mouth, so that my tongue was sticking through my upper lip. I forgot my project of bannock baking, and tried to bandage the wound with a red bandanna handkerchief, but could not make it stay in its place. Finally I left it off. Next morning, by looking into the calm water, I saw that my wound was shallow on the upper part of my face, and that while my temple was sore, only my lip had been cut deeply.

The next night when I was coming down Swan lake with the sailboat, towing the canoe, the wind was blowing half a gale. In the darkness I could not make out either shore. Tearing along at a great clip I suddenly saw the flare of a fire off to my right. Was I befuddled? I felt certain that I was not more than half-way to the lake’s lower end, and yet here, nearly abreast of me, was a fire on the shore. It must have been built by my outfit. It must be at the foot of the lake. Fires were uncommon in that country then. “Funny,” I thought, hauling my sheet as close as I dared, and heading for the fire, wondering how I should fare, since I dared not leave the tiller to lower my sails. My boat’s rudder needed attention, and hadn’t had it, so that if I left the tiller, in the sea that was running, my rudder would jump out, and away. I was unable to judge how far the shore really was. I beached the boat with a crash that nearly tore the spar out of her. Lowering my sails now, I picked up my rifle and headed toward the fire.

“Halt!” a loud voice commanded.

Startled a little, and yet believing that this was some joke, I kept on until, “HALT!” This time I distinctly heard a rifle slap down into a man’s hand. I
halted, stood stone-still, bending a little so that I might see better.

"Merely form, friend," said a cheery voice; and then I saw brass buttons shine in the firelight. Two soldiers in soiled blue uniforms, one a sergeant, the other a private, and both Negroes came to meet me, escorting me into their camp.

Soldiers! Never before, and never since, did that country see soldiers. But here they were, an exploring party, lost as a band of bats in daylight. I helped them out a little, drew a rough map of the country for them, and should have enjoyed taking them to the head of the river, as they proposed; but because of my present engagement I could not go with them. In a few minutes after I entered the camp the commanding officer was called from his bed. He was a young and very important lieutenant, who called me "my man," I remembered. I did not like him. But I did like the gentle, white-haired surgeon who laid me down in the firelight and patched up my battered face so nicely that today only a faint scar on my upper lip shows.

The soldiers, all Negroes, helped me get my boat off the beach when finally I was ready to set out again, with strips of plaster and several stitches making my face feel stiff as a board. I had been right in my belief that the fire was but half-way down the lake, so that now I let the boat go with the wind until I came to another fire; this time at the foot of the lake. I made a decent landing, spread my blanket, and went to sleep, leaving Mike in the sailboat because I had seen two bird-dogs in the camp. Mike would half kill them both before morning if I permitted him to come ashore with me.

At daybreak I heard a jolly voice calling, "Frank, Frank!"

Thinking that it was I who was being called, I sat up. "Yes, sir," I answered.

"No, not you," the laughing voice went on.

And then I saw a white head lift itself out of some soft blankets spread near a fir tree. "What's the matter, why not let a fellow sleep?" growled the white-head in mock anger.

"Look, look, Frank, at what the good Lord sent us in the night," laughed the first voice. "He's our guide, Frank. He must be, and I'll bet he eats grizzlies raw. My God! Look at his face, Frank!"

This had been my introduction to the men I now proposed to find. . . . Judge Woody, and Mr. Wolf lived in Missoula, the Governor in Helena, and Mr. Blake at Victor, in the Bitter-root valley. But when, with my rifle, saddle and sack, I finally reached Missoula I learned that the Judge and Mr. Wolf were out of town, that they had gone to the horse races in Helena; and Mr. Blake had gone with them.

"When will they return?" I asked Mr. Wolf's Chinaman.

"No can tell. Mebby him stay long time, mebby two, tlee week," replied the Chinaman, as though time meant nothing at all. I was turning away when he said; "Me savvy you. You Flank Linnamon. You ketchum my hat. Membah?" He laughed merrily.

I remembered. He had been the cook for the party. One day while we were in my sailboat the Chinaman's hat had blown off in a squall of wind. The hat landed far from the boat. When I started to trim sails so that I might recover it, Mr. Wolf objected. "No, no,"
he shouted above the wind, "let the
darned hat go, and get us to shore." I
had taken the party to camp, and then
with a canoe recovered the hat, much
to the Chinaman's satisfaction.

"You likeum pie?" he asked, ducking
inside to bring out nearly half an
apple-pie, baked to a nicety. "I savvy
you; you ketchum my hat.'*

I wished heartily that I were in Hel-
ena with these men who had been in
camp with me. But I did not have
enough money to go any farther. I
must somehow wait for them to return
to Missoula, and in the meantime find
work, if I could. Times were hard. The
far-off Flathead began again to call me.
"Why not go back?" was uppermost
in my mind when a man asked me if
I would help him drive a band of hor-
ses to Billings. He had trailed the band
from some place in Oregon, forty-five
head of heavy mares. His helper had
quit him that morning after a quarrel,
he told me. I have forgotten that man's
name, and the bargain we made, ex-
cept that he was to furnish me a saddle-
horse for the trip, and then pay my
way back over the Northern Pacific
from Billings to Missoula.

There was nothing eventful about the
undertaking, excepting that while
camped a little above Billings on the
Yellowstone I met Plenty-coups, the
Crow Chief, for the first time. He was
then in his forties, a perfect specimen
of manhood. Through an interpreter
and with sign-language we talked of
the Flathead country, and about the
Three-forks of the Missouri, where he
had had several desperate battles with
Flatheads years before. He told me
that excepting the Cheyennes, whom
he called "The-striped-feathered-ar-
rows," the Flatheads were the bravest
warriors. I saw Plenty-coups several
times after our first meeting, which he
always remembered. It was he who
gave me my Crow name, "Sign-talker." Two years ago I wrote the story of his
life, entitled American, published by the
John Day Company of New York.

Returning to Missoula I found Judge
Woody, A. Sterne Blake, and Mr. Wolf.
"You are the very man I want," said
Mr. Blake, as soon as we had shaken
hands. "Sam, [meaning Governor
Hauser] Dan Flower, and I, are go-
ing into the Clearwater country after
elk. You are the very man to take us
there."

"I've quit, Mr. Blake," I declared,
earnestly. "I'm afraid to go back into
the mountains. If I do, I may never be
able to break away from them again.
Besides," I added, seriously, "I'm going
to marry and settle down right away."

My seriousness caused much merri-
ment. "Well," laughed Mr. Blake,
"you are not going to get married to-
day, so get your gatherings. We've got
to be rustling if we catch the train up
the Bitter-root. I'll wait here for you—and hurry."

Times were hard, I have said. There
was nothing else that I could do. Aboard
the train, a tri-weekly combination
freight and passenger service, I told
Mr. Blake that I would take him into
the Clearwater country if he would get
me some permanent employment upon
our return to civilization. He said he
would, that between himself and Sam
the task would prove to be easy. Then
he took up the proposed trip, talking
of nothing else until we reached his
home near Victor. . . .

That night I thought for a long time
about my having to go again into the
mountains. I wanted to go badly enough,
and yet I dreaded the ordeal of having to leave off. When morning came, however, I rounded up some of the Blake horses, and began to break one of them that Mr. Blake wished me to ride on the trip. There was no trail up Big creek to the Clearwater country. I had to blaze a way myself; and there was need to hurry, since Governor Hauser and Daniel Floweree were to arrive in time to reach the Clearwater before the full of the moon in September, when the elk begin to "run." It was already September when I set out, with a helper named Bill Cook and one pack-horse. We returned to the Blake ranch in about ten days, having located a fairly good course over the range of mountains to elk country.

Governor Hauser and his young son, Tom, were already at Mr. Blake's home when I returned. Dan Floweree could not come. Instead, he had been obliged to go to a hospital to have a bullet that he had carried for years, removed from his leg. The Governor had brought with him a Negro cook who proved to be the most worthless man, white, black, or red, that I ever saw around a campfire. Besides this Negro cook the Governor insisted upon engaging a packer named Shinn, who, with the cook, completely spoiled the hunting-trip. Shinn was drunk when he arrived and managed to remain in this condition throughout the journey, on the Governor's whisky, which he stole at will. I slept with Mr. Blake. One morning just as day was breaking I saw Shinn slipping from his blankets toward the packs. I nudged Mr. Blake and we watched our packer lift the Governor's little keg to his lips and hold it there for an unbelievable time. "The damned rascal," whispered Mr. Blake. "He'll drown himself in Sam's whisky." The Negro was little better. Both continually stole the liquor, and so kept themselves thoroughly pickled.

One night when we had reached a camping place that I had selected Shinn and the Negro were nowhere in sight. We had traveled over rough country, so that the pace had been slow. I believed that the pair would show up a little later. But when black darkness had come on I began to worry a little. The missing men had the mess-pack, so that we should have to go to bed without supper. Besides this, the pack-horse that carried the Governor's keg was with them. I had visions of trouble. At ten o'clock I set out to find the wayward ones, sometimes creeping in the darkness, on my hands and knees to save my neck. At last after more than an hour's traveling, I saw a bright fire far below me in timber. When I was within hailing distance the way became dangerous in the dark, with the firelight blinding me. "Douse the fire, Shinn, so I can come in!" I called.

There was no answer. I must have been nearly half an hour going two hundred yards to their camp, if one could dignify their layout by such a term. Before I even saw Shinn or the Negro, who were both dead drunk, I saw that not a pack had been removed from the tired horses, and that one of them, a fine mare, had a broken leg. How long these two wretches had forced her to travel in this condition I never knew. I hurriedly unpacked her, and then ended her sufferings. My shot aroused Shinn a little, enough so that he began to abuse me. But the Governor's dining-car cook slept peacefully on, lying flat on his back over a boulder as large as a camp-kettle.
There being no grass for the horses I unpacked them and tied them up to trees, knowing that if I let them run loose they would set the outfit afoot by going on down to the valley. I had promised to fire three shots in quick succession if I found Shinn and the cook. Now I climbed well up the mountainside and wasted that much ammunition, since neither Mr. Blake nor the Governor, heard my signal of success. After this I made myself some coffee, and then bedded down with the drunks to wait for daylight.

Two days later we stopped because of bad weather. The equinoctial storm, which in Montana is sometimes severe, brought mimic winter to the mountains within a few hours, obliging us to make hasty preparations for an indefinite stay not far from the summit of the mountain range. The days dragged; I've forgotten how many. However, the Governor loved to hear echoes, and amused himself trying to raise them, not knowing that echoes are asleep in such storms, and that even when wakened are weak. One night in this forced camp after his voice had worn out calling to the echoes, the Governor asked, “Why don’t you help me out a little, Frank?”

“Because,’ I answered, “we are near our elk country. Yelling isn’t good tactics in game country, Governor.”

I shall always remember his chagrin at my reply. “By Golly! I hadn’t once thought of that. Why didn’t you stop me before now?” he asked, humbly.

Rain, sleet, and finally snow, held us in this camp for several disagreeable days and nights. And yet I remember them with pleasure. Governor Hauser and Sterne Blake were even then the only living members of the unfortunate “Yellowstone Expedition of 1863.” Sitting by our fire they told me the whole story of that terrible experience, of the night attack by Indians who had followed them for days, of the awfulness of the moments when, according to agreement, several of their wounded comrades killed themselves, and of the final escape of the rest of the party. The Governor, wrought up by his remembrances, walked, even ran, about the fire showing, in pantomine, many unwritten details too revolting to record. In his telling of their leader, Jim Stuart, and his defiance of the Indian Chief, the Governor was dramatic indeed. The quick little man enacted the leader’s part during the Indian’s visit to the Expedition’s camp so faithfully that the more placid Mr. Blake got up to walk about, his hands fumbling aimlessly in his pockets, as though for his pipe.

It was in this camp that Shinn, the packer, was attacked by delirium tremens. I shall never forget his misery, nor ours. Coming out of his spells he would whimper; “Frank, don’t try to pack me out of here. Just bury me so’s the wolves won’t pull me around, right here, anywhere.”

He made this request so often that Mr. Blake, worn out and deeply disgusted with both Shinn and the Negro, said: “Hell, no! If you die, Shinn, we’ll pack you out. We’ll kill that damned worthless Pullman-car cook so’s we’ll have two side-packs of cussedness. But for God’s sake hurry up and die—or get well, one or the other.”

Shinn’s condition was such that on the fourth or fifth day both Mr. Blake and the Governor thought it best to
abandon the hunting trip, and take our patient back to civilization. I cannot forget the great pile of supplies they decided to leave on that camp ground. This seemed to me a sinful waste. I was sorely tempted to cache it and some day return for it. Viewing the rich pile of grub that would have lasted me two years, with the meat I would naturally kill, the Governor said; "Frank, if you will take Tommy, and go on into the elk country while Sterne and I get Shinn out of here, I'll give you a twenty-dollar gold-piece for every time he shoots at an elk, hit or miss."

I needed the money. "I'll do it," I said, at once making up a pack of the best grub out of the pile before us. Then saddling two good horses and packing one, I said; "Come on, Tommy," leading off.

The boy mounted his horse, and followed me for perhaps a mile when, looking back down the mountain, he saw his father and the others riding in the opposite direction, leaving him alone with me. This settled things quickly for my young friend. "I guess I don't want to go," he called to me, stopping his horse. And there was nothing to do but to turn back. Many years afterward I reminded Tom Haus er of this episode. He told me that he had never ceased to feel sorry for not having stuck.

The others had now got out of sight. Tommy and I could travel faster if we unloaded our pack on the grub-pile with the rest of the supplies. This decided, I stopped and added our pack to the pile, wondering what would eventually become of it all. Grub was grub in the mountains, I well knew. I hated to leave so much for bear-bait. I had scarcely unpacked our horse when an old prospector came leisurely down the gulch leading a white packhorse. I wanted to shout what I had in mind for him.

"Howdy," he said, biting off a chew from a meagre plug that I knew he had been hoarding.

"Going out?" I asked, knowing his answer.

"Yeah. Got to git me some grub, an' pack it in. I've struck a little placer prospect I want to work on over yonder. Got to git it in 'fore snow comes, too."

"Well, here's grub for you, enough to keep you packing for some time. You're welcome to it, partner," I said.

I remember how he stared, first at the grub-pile, and then at me. "Whose is it?" he asked, picking up a can of fancy peaches.


"Golly, golly, God!" he laughed, taking up a jar of honey, "I been a-wonderin' if I could stand old Amos Buck off fer a bill o' grub; an' now here 'tis, within a day's drive from my prospect. I'll bet I've struck it rich. Luck's changed, an' caught up to me at last. It must have."

I never saw the old fellow again. . . .

Tommy and I caught up with the others before noon. When we all finally reached the Blake ranch the Governor began to talk at once of leaving for Helena. "How much do we owe you, Frank?" he asked, in his quick, decisive way.

"Nothing," I told him. "I'm not a professional guide. But remember that I want work of some kind."
“Sterne will attend to that,” he said, dismissing the subject that was of most importance to me.

When he had gone, Mr. Blake gave me a letter that the Governor had written, in the worst hand-writing I had ever seen. It was addressed “To Whom it May Concern,” and declared that without me on the trip just concluded the party might never have returned to civilization, that my ambition was greater than my strength.” Besides this he had enclosed one hundred dollars. He must have been overly worried during the trip. There had never been a time when any man who possessed common sense might not have returned to the valley, afoot if necessary. However, I prized the letter, which is now lost.

One day, a week after the Governor had gone, I rode up to the Curlew mine with Mr. Blake. On the way he told me that I was to be the watchman at the company’s concentrator at $3.00 per day, and that I was to begin my watching at once. There was nothing for me to do, excepting to stroll around the premises. I quickly learned that the Curlew was not then paying, so that I was not surprised when a month later Mr. Blake told me the company intended to reduce the force of miners, and do whatever else it could to cut down expenses. He appeared to be worried. “Can you keep books?” he asked.

“I’ll try,” I said.

“Do you think you could do the assaying, too?”

Silver and lead were the only determinations required at the Curlew. “Yes, sir,” I answered, without hesitation.

“This is the tenth,” he mused, stuffing tobacco into his cob-pope. “You may tackle both jobs on the first of the month. There will not be very much work at either; and we’ll pay you $125.00 per month. I’m going to lay off a whole shift in the mine on the first. The pay-streak has pinched out on us.”

His buckboard had scarcely disappeared down the gulch when I began to worry over my new jobs, especially over the bookkeeping. The first of the month was distressingly near when I thought to send to Mr. Wolf in Missoula, and have him order some books on both subjects. Nevertheless, when the first of the month came I took over both jobs, becoming the assayer and bookkeeper. How I managed them I cannot tell. I remember that my first reports to the Company’s secretary in Helena were promptly returned for corrections, and that a friendly letter came with them. I have that letter yet. Little by little I mastered the bookkeeping, and the monthly reports; the assaying gave me no trouble from the beginning... .

The demonetization of silver caused the Curlew to shut down completely now. Most of the miners went away to Butte. Curlew Camp was almost “too dead to skin.” This presented to me an embarrassing situation. The date had already been set for my lady to meet me in Missoula, where we were to be married. The shut-down worried me not a little, since the Company had not paid me a cent for several months. I was flat broke. There was every reason to believe that the Helena and Victor Mining Company would someday pay me the $705.50 that it owed me; but I needed it now. And what a pile of money it seemed to me then!
To postpone the date of my marriage seemed out of the question.

While I was struggling with my problem the mine foreman, who had been with the Curlew ever since it began operations, proposed that several of us lease the mine, and together work out a shoot of high-grade ore that had been left in a stope on the four-hundred level. This shoot was small, so that considerable waste material had to be mined in order to get it out. However, we decided to get the lease, which was readily given.

I worked, night-shift, in the mine for more than two months. By this time the pay-shoot had pinched. Even the low-grade ore that we had been mining along with the other had been "horsed" out, leaving nothing of value in sight. To get "Christmas money" we started the concentrator, running our ore through the mill. My share of the proceeds was in truth to be "matrimonial money," and at the end of our milling proved to be just $26.00, after our bills were paid.

My disappointment was great. Besides the miserable amount of money that had fallen to me as my share for more than two month's of hard work, I had met with an accident that came near crippling me for life. As soon as we started the concentrator I went to work in the mill. The shells on the Cornish rolls were so badly worn that they had to be changed. Luckily there were two new shells in the meagre list of supplies on hand, and we decided to use these. In driving the old ones off the journals with heavy sledges a flying piece of the steel, chipped from the edge of a shell, struck me on the knee-cap, breaking off in the bone.

I drove to Victor where, after probing the wound and removing the bit of steel, the Doctor said, "You may have a stiff knee during the rest of your days. You must go straight to bed, and stay there."

"I can't," I said, positively. "I'm going to Missoula to be married tomorrow, if I can manage to get some money," I added, intending to ask Mr. Blake for a loan.

Doctor Handbidge was then a bachelor. I shall never forget his surprise at my statement. cocking his head on one side, a mannerism of his, he said; "I'll let you have $100; but if you go to Missoula tomorrow, or a week from tomorrow, I will not be responsible for your leg."

"I've got to go, Doctor," I told him. "The lady is already on her way to Missoula, you see."

"Well, well," he fretted, "if you are bound to be foolish, to take such chances and go to Missoula, I'll have to go with you, I suppose."

And he did go, the good fellow, actually holding my leg in his lap part of the time on the train. Together we went to the station in Missoula where, being on crutches and not wishing to show myself too suddenly, I commissioned him to help the young lady into the station, and to tell her as carefully as possible about my accident. I could not believe that I would be permanently crippled, and yet did not think it fair to my intended wife to hide the fact that my injury might have a bad result; so I told her what the Doctor had said about my knee.

"We shall get along well enough," she smiled, bravely. And we always have.
RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLEY RUSSELL

FRANK B. LINDERMANN

Note: These passages are taken from a short book manuscript in the possession of the F. B. Linderman estate.

To know Charley intimately, and to be with him as Christmas drew near, was a privilege. Happy as a child in his secret work upon intended gifts, small pictures, models, dolls, and gnomes so grotesque in form and posture that laughter must accompany their reception, he tiptoed about his "shack," growing more and more mysterious as the great day approached, the slight bow in his legs emphasized by his short, quick steps on his high-heeled riding-boots, the fringed ends of his red sash dangling at his side, the veritable image of a small boy bent upon mischief.

He loved Christmas, loved to make gifts for his friends out of strange materials. Anything at hand, particularly in the out-of-doors, that could be turned to surprising use in his creations, challenged him instantly. Here at Goose Bay, where he liked so much to come, he and our daughter Verne spent many happy hours painting little girls, dressing their figures with leaves which the sharp November nights had colored beautifully. Racing round the moose-maples, birches, and cottonwoods, laughing gleefully, Charley and Verne gathered doll-clothes from their branches; "Shopping at Birch and Company's" they called it, their following races to dress their dolls becomingly attracting us all. Huddled about the dining-table, strewn with autumn leaves, tubes of paint, and glue, we watched them eagerly, forgetting bedtime, forgetting to even feed the fire.

"Oh, wow!" Charley would chuckle, holding up his leaf-attired doll. "Wow! She looks tough, like she's been eatin' hoss shoes. Lemme see yours, Verne."

And this would go on and on, some of their dolls beautiful indeed, the delicacy of their leafy gowns amazing. But unfortunately, the dolls never lasted more than a day or two, their daintily colored clothes withering on book-cases and tables until at last the big fireplace got them all.

"I can't paint a white woman," Charley told me one night after a doll-making spree. "Every time I paint a white woman she looks tough as nails. If I paint her over again she looks tougher, just like a hooker."

Indeed, he seldom painted white women. I have one that he painted, however. Even though her costume is exquisite, perfect in every detail, she answers Charley's description of his white woman. She is unmistakably of the demi-monde.

Charley adored Goose Bay. When, on the seventeenth of August, 1919, a forest fire swept it nearly clean nobody felt the devastation more than he. He had been here a few days before, fires near Lake McDonald calling him away. We had been camped on the point in the lodge, its thirty-six figures, all painted by Indian friends, delighting Charley as usual. One of its pictures, an old warrior chasing a horse, a coiled rope in his hand, his hair flying, had so interested him that he had sketched it as a masterpiece of Indian art. The forest fire burned the lodge, its blankets and equip-
ment, even burning the anchorline of the Vigilante in the bay, letting her go adrift in the blinding smoke. Later, standing on the site of the painted lodge, his boots in its ashes, Charley turned to glance at the recovered sail-boat. "You got her again," he said, "but you'll never get another painted lodge like that one was. An' now that poor old Injin' will never catch that hoss.'"

Eighteen years have gone since then. The marks of the devastating fire that swept Goose Bay are nearly obliterated; and yet long before the young trees are grown to the proportions of those destroyed I shall be looking for Charley's camp-fire in the Shadow-hills.

Expecting publisher's proof-sheets in the mail I was watching for the stage when it stopped at the top of the hill at Goose Bay. But because of intervening timber I did not know that it had brought me company until I met Charley coming down the hill with his rifle, a grip, and our mail-sack.

"How!' he greeted, dropping his grip to shake hands. "Wow! She's plated with gold," he marveled, stooping beside a deer trail that cut across the way to the house, his long, plentifully ringed fingers stirring the yellow tamarack needles that had carpeted the trail.

"Headin' straight for the lake," he said wistfully, his eyes following the trail through the green timber. "Makes a feller want to foller it, don't it? Makes him wish he'd been an Injin a hundred years ago. Got an idea, Frank. Let's take our rifles, a blanket apiece, a little grub, an' a lot o' salt, in packs on our backs; an' then let's strike out west from your back door, an' keep goin' till we kill a deer; an' then let's us eat him right where he falls. By God I'll stump you.'"

"Good," I agreed, readily. "We'll eat a bite, make up our packs, and light out.'"

"What time is it?" he asked, looking up through the treetops. "But we don't give a damn about the time, anyway," he amended, chuckling. "When night comes on we'll camp, meat or no meat. An' then, when mornin' breaks we'll go on, an' keep goin' on till we kill. Wow!'"

I had never seen him happier, more anxious to be in the forest.

"Been readin' a book about the Eskimos," he told me, waving his hat to Mrs. Linderman and our daughters, who were watching our approach. "Them Eskimos have got us beat a Mormon mile, Frank," he went on. "You ought to read that book. Why, when a big whale drifts ashore up in their country they don't fool around movin' him. No, sir. They just tell their women to move their village to the whale; an' then they eat him up right where he lays. That's what we'll do, by God. We'll kill a deer an' eat him right where he falls. Wow!'"

This borrowed idea possessed him so thoroughly that within an hour we were heading westward through the deep forest, our light packs on our backs.

The November day was perfect, the blue sky clear as crystal, the sun uncomfortably warm, as we tramped over the timbered hills, often stopping on high points to look around and get our wind again, the indigo lake far below us shimmering in the sunlight.

"I ain't much good any more," Charley panted, upon gaining the top of a steep hill. "I walk like a pidgeon-toed fat-woman. An' my hind wheels don't
track. My old tom-tom goes lickety-split when I climb.”

He had never been a good walker. Nothing could induce him to wear shoes or moccasins, even in the timber. “If you’d shed those cork-heeled boots you’d be better off in this kind of country,” I told him. But I might as well have spoken to the sky. His boots and red sash were as much a part of him as his nose.

The sun had slipped below the tree-tops, the air chilling noticeably, when I shot a yearling white-tail buck dead in his tracks.

“He’s just our size, Russ, if we’re going to eat him right here,” I laughed while dressing the deer.

“Yep. He’s plenty big enough, I guess,” Charley grinned, squatting beside the buck to sketch his head in the half-light, turning it every way, his pencil flying.

No other man knew the anatomy of our native animals as he did. And yet, during all the years that we hunted together he never failed to sketch the bodies, heads, legs, eyes, and ears of deer, elk, bear, mountain-sheep, or goats, as soon as the animals were dead. Never old to him, each specimen seemed to offer something new for his pencil; and yet inordinately fond of their meat as he was, I never knew him to kill a deer, elk, or any other animal.

“Fat, ain’t he?” he said, posing a hind leg for a quick sketch.

“Yes,” I said. “But we can’t eat him here, because there’s no water.”

He had not thought of water.

“That’s right,” he agreed. “How far we got to go to water?”

“About a mile-and-a-half as the crow flies,” I told him, pointing south.

“By God, I wish I was a crow. My heels are plumb blistered, an’ my legs are stiff,” he said, taking a few crippled steps.

Skinning out a ham, we legged it through the twilight to water, striking the creek, that grumbled among wide-branched balsam firs, after dark. We could not hope to find dry wood in such a place. Well enough on a sweltering August afternoon, it was not so inviting now. Its only level space was matted with frosty leaves and dead ferns.

If we left it over night the coyotes would be likely to eat our deer. Hastily gathering dry twigs, breaking them from dead limbs, we selected a place for our fire, Charley getting it going while I started back to pack in the meat.

“Will there be a moon?” he called, his breath white in the light of his sickly blaze.

“You bet. And a big one, too. Better cut a lot of boughs for our bed. We’ll need them, Russ,” I answered.

I shall never forget that night. Boo, it was cold. Our wood would not burn; our meat would not cook; and Charley had gathered only a hatful of boughs for our bed. When the moon came it was as big as the sky. The matted leaves and dead ferns about us sparkled with frost, every fir needle and every tiny twig standing out against the moon like a fish-pole.

Unable to coax a decent blaze from our camp-fire, its white smoke going straight up to the cold moon, we bedded down early. “By God, if sleepin’ on a bed of diamonds counts any our line’s royal both ways from the deuce,” Charley shivered, tucking the blankets about his shoulders. “Damned if a
buffalo-gnat wouldn’t look biggern’ a grizzly bear up on that treetop.’’

But he would not lie still. We could not get warm. ‘‘Wonder how so many colors can get into frost out of moonlight. That little spot over by the fryin’ pan’s got an opal cheated a Mormon mile,’’ he said, sitting up.

‘‘Borrows them from our camp-fire, of course,’’ I told him.

‘‘Mebby,’’ he chuckled. ‘‘I didn’t think of that. We ought to take the damned thing to bed with us an’ try to keep it warm. An’ say, if you’d just lay still, we’d get warm,’’ he declared.

‘‘I lie still? ’’ I said half angry. ‘‘Why it’s you that’s doing the fidgeting. Good Lord, I’d as soon sleep with a live bobcat as you. Here we are with two twelve-pound, four-point Hudson’s Bay blankets, and can’t keep warm on dry ground. If each of us had wrapped up in one of them, as we should have done, we . . . ’’

‘‘Hell, old pardner, that ain’t what’s the matter,’’ Charlie cut me off. ‘‘We’re gettin’ old. We ain’t worth a tinker’s damn any more. That’s what’s the matter. Tain’t our bed-ground, nor the weather. It’s just us. By God I’m goin’ straight back to your shack as soon’s it light enough to see,’’ he declared, his numb fingers rolling a cigarette.

‘‘What? How about this deer we’re going to eat?’’ I asked, myself thoroughly sick of the scheme.

‘‘To hell with him. Let’s us pack him in to your shack where we can eat him in comfort. Look! Look at that lance of moonlight jabbin’ holes in that black water. Wow! If a man could paint that they’d call him a liar.’’

The following fall when Mrs. Linderman and I stopped our car in front of Ed Borein’s studio in Santa Barbara, having driven down from Montana, a newspaper reporter stepped up to me as I got out.

‘‘Aren’t you Mr. Linderman?’’ she asked, her pad and pencil ready.

‘‘Yes,’’ I said, wondering what she could want of me.

‘‘Have you heard about Charley Russell?’’ she enquired.

‘‘No,’’ I told her, feeling my stomach growing cold.

‘‘He’s dead,’’ she said.
POEMS BY FRANK B. LINDERMANN*

I. THE OLD FRONTIER

Trailing the past with the buffalo herds,
And the tribes of the famous Sioux,
Are the round-up ways of cowboy days,
And the old chuck-wagon, too.

The trapper sleeps and the packer's gone
With the coach and broncho team,
And the bunch-grass range is growing strange
To the lonely campfire's gleam.

The trails are dimming 'mong the hills;
Old wallows on the plain
Are leveled now by nestor's plow,
And there is no wagon train.

The bull team by old Time's corralled
O'er Custom's sharp divide,
And a mighty store of thrilling lore
In its deepening shadows hide.

The trooper and the half-breed scout,
In a history-making mass,
With the pioneer and the old frontier,
Have sifted through the pass.

But Russell with his wondrous brush,
And a love that's deep and strange,
Is camping close to the fading host,
As it crosses Memory's range.

II. PETE LEBEAU'S LAMENT

Me, Hi'm hol' man—seventy-tree;
De country's change', de sam lak me:
W're de woods was grow is prairie now,
Hon de hol' game-trail is work de plow,
An' hon de plains dat uster be,
By gar, de man is mak de tree!
De reevair, ho! she's ronnin' wrong,
Don' lak de reeple's hol'-tam song;
An' so w'ere de trout was jomp an' play
De groun' is dry an' de stone is gray.
HI'm glad, you bat, HI'm hol' man, me,
HI'm please' HI'm leeve in tam por see
De way de God is work de plan—
HI'm sorry she han't suit de man.

*Reprinted from Bunch Grass and Blue Joint by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.
III. CABINS

They were dirt-roofed, an' homely, an' ramblin', an' squat—
Jest logs with mud-daubin'; but I loved 'em a lot.
Their latch-strings was out, an' their doors wouldn't lock:
Get down 'an walk in ('twas politer to knock).
Mebby nobody home, but the grub was all there;
He'p yerself, leave a note, to show you was square;
Might be done for a week; stay as long as you please,
You knewed you was welcome as a cool summer breeze;
Might be spring 'fore you'd see him, then he'd grin an' declare
He'd a-give a good hoss if he'd only been there.
But he's gone with his smile, an' the dear little shack
With his brand on its door won't never come back.
An' his latch-string is hid with the spirit an' ways
That gladdened our hearts in them good early days.
There wasn't a fence in the world that we knew,
For the West an' its people was honest an' new,
And the range spread away with the sky for a lid—
I'm old, but I'm glad that I lived when I did.

WEBFOOT WHOPPERS. II.

Edited by Howard McKinley Corning, staff member of the Oregon Federal Writers' Project. Tall tales in this article were selected from project material collected from a study of Oregon folklore. This is Part Two of three parts.

Exploring the Rainfall.

When President Jefferson's pathfinders, the Lewis and Clark party, tramped, swam, and boated their way down the Columbia River in the late fall of 1806, they encountered a typical streak of Oregon weather. It was something to write home and write history about. Following two dense morning fogs, encountered as the explorers approached the lower river estuary, the skies opened up with a constancy of precipitation that continued daily, with but infrequent and brief cessation, from November 19 until after the New Year. So proverbial had this moist condition become by December 31 that the pathfinder's Journal of that date noted gloomily: "As if it were impossible to have twenty-four hours of pleasant weather, the sky last evening clouded and the rain began and continued through the day." Time and again their stores and bedding were drenched, and themselves "perfectly wet." Only after they had erected permanent winter quarters did the rainfall ironically diminish.

A score of years later, on October 25, 1826, David Douglas, the visiting English naturalist, in a journey that carried him adventurously south into the lower Umpqua River country, was overtaken by tempestuous storm. This was not the customary gentle rain of inland valleys, but a storm, of gale proportions such as still molests the Oregon coast. "Last night was one of the most dreadful I have ever witnessed. The rain, driven
by the violence of the wind, rendered it impossible for me to keep any fire, and to add misery to my affliction my tent was blown down at midnight, when I lay rolled in my wet blanket and tent till morning. Sleep of course was not to be had, every ten or fifteen minutes immense trees falling producing a crash as if the earth was cleaving asunder, which with the thunder peal on peal before the echo died away, and the lighting in zigzag and forked flashes, had on my mind a sensation more than I can ever give vent to. . . . " Thereafter, Douglas retraced his trail northward, through inclement frosty weather, to Port Vancouver, where he arrived on the 18th of November.

Such downpourings the Indians of the region, in Chinook jargon, termed *hyas snass* (great rain), *kull snass* (hard rain). In the early years of white entry, a few of the natives, explaining the seemingly undue precipitation to the Astoria fort builders, suggested indirectly that these white easterners, or "Bostons" were responsible. This might have stood as a "whoppin" good alibi if the fort builders had not had the gargantuan wit to fell the biggest tree in the neighborhood, and proved by the growth rings that previous times had witnessed equal or greater rainfall. Hard, narrow rings they pointed out, recorded the dry seasons; the fat pithy rings the wet seasons. A tree that counted 150 rings was an incontestable weather calender of the past century and a half. Polishing the cross-cut aided in the deciphering process, and the reading of these whopper weather records soon became the woodsman's pastime. Later, a few homebuilders, realizing that a tree's growth was a narrowly local result, chose thereby a habitable location, one where they were least likely to be flooded out.

But the Indians still had a call coming. They knew very well that if the Boston Man stayed out in the rain long enough, chopping down trees to discount the weather charges against him, that he would soon be etsitsa (sick) with aching bones. When that occurred he must come to them and ask their cure. And the Indians had a cure, a water cure. A few of the early trappers were courageous enough to try it.

The procedure was a comparatively simple one. A hut of sticks and mud was built, as near as possible to the coldest stream in the vicinity. Large stones were heated red-hot and carried by the victim into the low hut, large enough only to hold one person. When the sufferer had pulled the last stone in and closed the opening, by pouring water over the hot rocks, he literally rained sweat and was, so to speak, stewed in his own juices. When he had reached a good corned beef red, he released himself, and staggering down to the cold stream, plunged in. Now a boiling man might raise the immediate water temperature of a stream a degree or two, but the last word was the stream's, and the former sufferer from rheumatism emerged—if he emerged at all—as an animated iceberg. If he survived this ordeal it was a foregone conclusion that his family would number five generations of chronic rheumatics. Incidentally, the chief pleasure of such a cure was in watching an initiate try the process.

It was the glossy, rain-washed pelts of the fur-bearing animals of webfoot land that brought the traders, trappers and voyageurs. When the new rich land loosed its eloquence of rainfall
up on them, they began their tales. "She blow and she blow, she rain and she rain, and saire, how she snow!" the French-Canadians exclaimed, in tribute to the climate that made such tales plausible. Their yarns, related with an appropriate note of exaggeration, were of their own mighty kind; of the treacherous rapids they had run, of their unbeatable speed with the paddle, of the great number of beaver they had taken. All tales were told in a manner to give them a boost over the long portages of fabrication and tall-telling. Unfortunately, nearly all of these stories are lost behind the mists of time and moisture. But at least two water-drenched yarns survive.

Along the northern Oregon coast, in the early decades of the past century, the Clatsop and Tillamook tribes waged an almost constant warfare upon each other. This strained state so annoyed the trapper, Joe Gervais, that through beguilement and coercion he set these adversaries to building a barrier between them. As devised, this barrier would split the waves that rolled in from the Pacific, allowing them to trickle down the barrier-sides and take care of some irrigation he had in mind. Joe never explained why he was so pessimistic as to believe he would need the ocean for irrigation. It was literally adding moisture to moisture, and salt at that. However, this engineering feat, it was declared, resulted in some topographical rearrangement, creating the Nehalem and Necanicum rivers.

As for the other story—while out hunting Joe bagged a bear and dragged it into his canoe. Paddling with it homeward, the mighty bruin came to life. Forthwith Joe hastily fled the canoe. With the canoe over its back like a shell, the bear took to a tree, where Joe killed it a second time. That time he killed his canoe also. If this occurrence provokes the assumption that the bear played dead merely to get the canoe for an umbrella, it is without justification; ursus americanus is just about the only animal in Oregon that knows enough to stay in out of the rain.

The thought patterns of the trapper did not, however, derive entirely from the Canucks or French-Canadians. There were Americans, and Scots and English subjects arriving by the overland fur express, and by boat from the Sandwich Isles and around the Horn. These brought with them an assortment of habits and traditions. Among them the Scots were the least given to oral overstatement. Instead, their expressiveness ran toward the liquid. One of these was Donald McTavish, governor at Fort Astoria, in 1814 renamed Fort George. For his entire reign the tides of rum fought for supremacy over the tides of water. And water won. A canoe bearing the guzzling governor capsized on the river, and down went McTavish.

That should have been all. And it would have been, but McTavish had brought with him the first white woman seen on the Columbia: a barmaid of some beauty, with a deft pouring wrist. What really happened to Jane Barnes, after the death of McTavish, was indicative of the Oregon climate on men's minds; for soon the tales of the day had her married to a Chinese prince and living in a palace. Was this an exaggeration of the Oregon tongue? And of what was the oriental palace made? Oregon mist, pure Oregon mist—slabs of it and blocks of it, cut to order around many a campfire and many a flowing cup. Actually, she had married an Eng-
lish trader, with whom she later returned to England.

In 1827, Hall J. Kelley, the Boston schoolmaster, incorporated a society and issued a circular "To all persons who wish to migrate to Oregon Territory." Emigration was to take place in 1832. Included in this sanguine invitation was the plat of a townsit, unnamed but later jestingly spoken of as "Hall Kelley's Town." It was to be built at a point just across the Columbia River from Fort Vancouver, on the Oregon mainland, on what appeared—theoretically—an isthmus ideally situated for trade development; the Columbia lying on one quarter and the mouth of the Willamette on the other. But the migration never materialized. When in the summer of 1844 Kelley finally entered the country he had dreamed about, he found his proposed townsit an area of sloughs and backwater, only partially interspersed with terra firma, the main street wet as the canals of Venice. It remains so today.

That a moist tradition was perennially in the making in Oregon's early years is further emphasized by the remark of Theodore Winthrop in his book The Canoe and the Saddle. Written following a journey into the Oregon Country in 1853, he observed, in passing over the Cascade Mountains, bound for the Dalles, that a "drizzle, thick as metaphysics" surrounded him. Clearly, the rainy-season weather was becoming a state of mind.

**Settling Down With the Weather.**

The retired trapper-employees of the Hudson's Bay Company were the first Oregon settlers. With the trapping out of the beaver, most prized of fur bearing animals, and the consequent decline of the Northwest fur kingdom, the men who had been first into the country were the first to settle in it. Some of these were Americans, a few were hardy Scotchmen, many more were French-Canadians. Most of them had taken Indian wives, to whom at least some of them felt bound. As early as the 1830's there were rumors that the region must soon yield to agricultural settlement. There was less to go back home to than there was to stay for, many of them reasoned. Consequently, and despite the order that would return them to their places of former residence, after their five-year tenure of service with the Company had expired, they boated their wives, children, Indian servants, and possessions up the Willamette to the fertile prairies above the Falls. Here they built shabby cabins, settling down, as they termed it, "in the bush." By loan or purchase, they secured seed wheat from Dr. John McLoughlin, factor at Fort Vancouver, and began ranching. The first of these, Etienne Lucier, came in 1829. About 75 ex-trappers accepted the opportunity for settlement in the valley.

Among these trapper-settlers, Thomas McKay, a halfbreed, was the hero of many a tale, told with much robust humor. But his early friends were inarticulate and later pioneer homesteaders were too seriously land-minded to record McKay's tales, and they sluiced away on the native tongue. An employee of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, in describing the character of McKay, recorded that "Tom with his rifle was a dead shot, but in telling a story he often drew a long bow . . ." Almost invariably he introduced a yarn with the "She rain and she rain—" preamble, often add-
When Lieutenant Charles N. Wilkes, leading an exploring expedition into the Oregon Country, in 1841, journeyed by canoe and horse up the mirey Willamette Valley, he learned something of the late spring weather and the life of the trapper-settlers. On June 6, he recorded, "It was raining quite hard—" With a handful of men, Wilkes made his way from the river bank, at a point about 18 miles above Oregon City, to the cabin home of William Johnson, a retired Hudson’s Bay man. "To reach his dwelling, we passed through water over our shoes."—which meant their boot tops. This trapper-turned-rancher was well content with his life in the bush. However, the misty Oregon rains had already begun to rust the ambitions of some of his neighbors, particularly of those operating the Methodist Mission to the Indians. On Mission Bottom "One of the first sights that caught my eye," Wilkes observed, "was a patent threshing machine in the middle of the road, that seemed to have been there for a long time totally neglected."

Then the free-land fever hit the East; America, hearing of Oregon, in 1842 and 1843 started rolling westward. The first of these stampeding homeseekers aimed for the Willamette Valley, fertile and moist. In the long dry trek across the plains and mountains they urgently, sometimes desperately threw away many of their possessions, often much of their clothing, to lighten and hasten travel. They arrived in Oregon, in the land of rains, in the fall of the year, without enough to keep them dry. Many a traveler looked with longing at the heavy canvas that covered his wagon, and wished that it was covering his

rain-soaked carcass instead of the goods that had to be kept dry at any cost. Upon arrival, as soon as these commodities were stored in out of the weather, he fashioned him a garment that came to be known as the wagon-cover coat; a canvas garment tailored to fit the man who "fit" the weather. In the new land of scarcity, it was a resourceful item of apparel for many years.

Buckskin, however, was the standard material for clothing with all pioneers, as it had been with the trappers. But in Oregon buckskin stretched when wet, like the tales spun by the out-of-doors men who wore it. Coming indoors, a person could tell by the cut and hang of a man’s pants just what percentage of moisture prevailed without. For instance, an ordinary pants-leg, if tailored during a dry spell, would, when wet, stretch until one boy would look very nearly like two girls in full skirts. And if a man, whose pants had been tailored "close," came in out of the rain wet and lingered close to a warming fire, the leather would shrink alarmingly and rapidly. To remain in his trousers was to risk being trapped in them for the duration of the garment. The case was similarly true of mocasins: either too loose or too tight.

Buckskin, in pioneer days, had still further uses, and moved into the field of economics and exchange. A buckskin note was one given by a man who was slow pay and hence had to give the holder a durable article. There is a tale concerning this that makes dollar devaluation look like a drizzle. It concerns the man who took a buckskin note for fifty dollars out of doors on a damp day and when he returned to the fireside and looked at it, found it had
shrunk to fifty cents. In a case like that a man had to water his stock.

When the Applegate party, led by the three brothers, Jesse, Lindsay, and Charles, reached the Willamette Valley late in the autumn of 1843, they were glad to find shelter in the abandoned log quarters of the Methodist Mission, on Mission Bottom. They "had been in the rain most of the time for twenty days," arriving on November 29. In after years a son of Lindsay Applegate, recalling that first winter, wrote: "I went to school all that winter. We children followed a footpath through wild shrubbery higher than our heads. After a rain we were well sprinkled from the wet bushes, and often arrived at the school house thoroughly soaked. The school room being a cold and cheerless place, we considered ourselves fortunate if we were dry by noon."

Within a score of years, the first Oregonians had been long enough in the land and close enough to nature to have developed webfeet. It was this characteristic that earned, for some, the name of being underhanded. The Walla Walla Statesman reported, on one occasion, that duck hunting was being carried on in the usual webfoot manner, by men who were more used to water than any duck, and hence had the fowl at a disadvantage. Such a man would submerge himself in a lake or river, using a reed for a breathing tube. When a duck swam overhead he would reach up and grab it by the leg. Of course there was always the possibility of grabbing hold of another webfooter, instead of a waterfowl.

Despite this treatment, waterfowl were kind to the Oregonians. A variety of grain grown in the Willamette Valley in pioneer years was known as goose grain, and was said to have originated from seed taken from the craws of wild geese. Also, it may be surmised that many a comely woman of the age owed no little portion of her grace to the wild swans that were a part of her or her mother's diet. Another article of diet that indubitably added to the early webfooter's moisture-loving nature was that water-loving animal, the beaver. Beavertail soup was the dish supreme, and sliced cold leg of beaver was superior in every way to suckling pig.

And so the years and the rains came and passed, the latter sometimes as floods. An item in the Oregonian, of Portland, for February 28, 1861, read: "It rained the day of the ball, it rained the day before. Sunday it stormed all day. Last night,—we had the flood, and today that learned gentleman the clerk of the weather has favored us with favorite extracts from more than four thousand equinoxes."

The Great Flood of December, 1861, that sent Linn City, situated on the Willamette River, opposite Oregon City, down to the sea like fabled Atlantis, and set nearly every other river town awash, was the occasion for some strange goings on. Wheat, flour, and other foodstuffs, together with a quantity of liquor casks, floated down the stream converting it into a river of plenty. The lower Columbia River Indians went for this abundance in a big way. Wheat, flour, and other foodstuffs, together with a quantity of liquor casks, floated down the stream converting it into a river of plenty. The lower Columbia River Indians went for this abundance in a big way. One savage, towing in more flour than he could use, traded some of it for more whisky than he could hold with equilibrium. At one point, near Cathlamet, the shore was stacked deep with sacked flour. But when one native paddled into midstream for a neat-looking white box he learned the reason
for all of the beneficence. Tugging the box into his canoe, he suddenly leaped into the air like a salmon climbing the rapids, flipped three or four times from what seemed to his watching comrades to be sheer delight, then dove wildly overboard. When he floundered ashore his amazed companions sought to learn what sort of whiskey produced such vigorous antics. In reply, he cursed the white men vociferously. They had, he declared, spilled out this flood and baited it with grub and liquor, just to get him to look into a box of hornets. Nor were the hornets without company. During that deluge, one paper stated, there was evidence that it rained snakes. There were no rattlesnakes, it insisted, within 150 miles of Portland, and yet many citizens reported seeing a bevy of reptiles riding an old log house down the river and admiring the scenery.

For half a century in Oregon the habit of spring fighting was a social custom that stemmed from both water and whiskey—not making the weather entirely allowable. While other sections of the country were announcing the arrival of the first robin, Oregon newspapers were noting that once again the spring fights had broken out, and that therefore the rainy season was about over. Men who had been rain-confined all winter suddenly burst out into the open to get their water-born grievances settled. This practice resulted in the writing of the following lines, which soon became known as the spring song of webfoot land:

They fit and fit
And chewed and bit,
And wallowed in the mud,
Until the ground
For miles around
Was kivered with their blood;
And piles of noses, ears and eyes,
Huge and massive, reached the skies.

After each such occasion it had to rain at least once more, to sluice the harsh earth clean of all blood and the combatant's natures of all animosities. The softly falling moisture was wholly friendly then; it was Oregon mist. But by then everyone knew that a tradition for rainfall that made all residents of the State undeniably webfooted was established for all time.

DECREE

RALPH FRIEDRICH

The clamorous and unrequited mind,
Forever striving and forever swept
To high defeat, is not foredoomed to find
Satiety until the flesh has slept
Away to dust and final nothingness.
The structure shattered then, there will be peace,
And nothing left of it at all to bless
The force that wrought its excellent release.
PHOENIX
JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

You are the marsh light, you the guiding star;
The quiet hearth and the devouring flame
Are met in you. I have no words to name
Each paradox that makes you what you are.
And I must love you. Thus my doom is stated—
My doom and dedication, for this fire
Which we engender must to heaven aspire,
Forever new, unblest yet consecrated.

Oh, other arms have opened wide for me
And other hearts been haven—but in vain;
I chose them not. Better it were to be
Consumed by you than with cold safety slain.
Up from his ashes see the phoenix soaring—
I rise reborn beneath your love’s outpouring!

TELL ME TOMORROW
MARY FASSETT HUNT

MACGOWAN had made a bit of
fire in the grate, and he poked
continually at it out of nervous-
ness. It was hard to wait. Especially
when you waited for nothing, as Mac-
Gowan did. Because the end of some-
ting is nothing. The end of love is
worse than nothing; it’s like the ache
of a severed hand.

But his mind had not accepted the
end quite yet. There was a mirror on
the wall in which he could see himself
getting up to straighten a chair or a
rug or that pitiful bunch of early jon-
quils in the blue glass jar. He’d caught
himself at it, stopping to grimace at his
bony length in the glass, at his wretched
eyes back of their professorial glasses.

A dull kind of fellow, all right. He
knew how it had been for Charlotte, sit-
ting here night after night opposite his
earnest face. In the last weeks he had
thought of it a lot, how incongruous
their being together had been. Five
years of him must have seemed an etern-
ity to a woman like her. “How’s that
glamorous wife of yours?” Hedgewood
had often demanded, leaning across his
desk in their office at the college. He
had asked it amusedly, a sly look in his
eyes, though MacGowan hadn’t noticed
it till lately, remembering it. The look
had been in his consciousness all the
time, he supposed, like a hundred other
things springing alive to provoke him
since Charlotte had gone. There was
that dress she had worn the first night
Norman Byrne came to dinner. It
was

an amazing dress for Charlotte, with its
long thin sleeves and the front dip of
neck-line. The dress had been just one
small bit of the whole picture, really

a picture MacGowan’s mind fitted to-
gether quite easily now, like a familiar
Frontier and Midland

jig-saw puzzle. He knew the exact place of sentences like, "I took a walk with Norman Byrne today, Mac." Charlotte had always called him 'Mae'; nearly everyone avoided the 'Gilliard.' Down farther on the picture had been remarks like Hedgewood's casual ones: "I saw your glamorous wife strolling along with that music instructor, Mac. Better watch out."

But he'd had a lot of research to do that fall for his article on the secession movement in Virginia. He'd had no time for noticing things. When Charlotte was out for lunch she'd left him snacks in the ice-box.

Then had come her tender little speech; that was what everything led up to in the puzzle. All the pieces fitted in and made that final, unbelievable solution that was, of course, no solution at all. He saw the thing just as it had happened whenever he closed his eyes. And he saw it the same way when he opened them. It made no essential difference because it was always half-raining outdoors, and Charlotte's hair was blown and curly from her walk, and she wore her gray wool dress with its red collar like a scarf that fell loosely to her shoulders.

She had been kind. "'It isn't that I feel any differently towards you, Mac,'" she had said. "'It's as if you were the best friend I've ever had—all the books we've read together and everything; only, well, this embarrasses me frightfully, but, really now, you wouldn't say that we're excited about each other, would you? There's never been any physical identity, as Norman calls it, between us. I mean, sex has always been casual, unimportant.'"

"'No,'" he had said firmly, humiliated by the necessity of saying it.

Still, today, the knowledge that Charlotte was coming, that she would stand here in this little house with him again, would sit in one of these chairs facing him, looking at him with her clear eyes, speaking in her soft voice, letting it sound against these four walls—that knowledge had melted the bleak core of his nerves, filled them with a trembling, illogical hope refuting the wisdom of his brain which insisted that Charlotte's coming meant nothing except possibly her wish to retrieve something she'd left behind, or to arrange some neglected detail of their divorce, or anything. It could mean anything trivial at all.

MacGowan stumbled as he moved to the window, looking up and down the street, since it was past time for Charlotte's arrival.

Then, of course, she came. His fears that she wouldn't, his suppositions of error in understanding her intentions, his waiting as though for destiny, all were powerless over the event of the taxi lurching up in front, its door opening smartly, and Charlotte's step up the front walk to the door.

How small she was, and quick! Quicker than the college girls, more fragile, lovelier than any one MacGowan had ever seen in his life.

He opened the door, stupidly saying nothing for a second, his voice squeezed out by his bulging heart. "'Hello,'" he said finally. "'Hello, Charlotte.'" He shut the door tight behind her.

"'Mac dear!'" she said, pushing up a little veil she wore over her eyes. She stood frowning at him anxiously. "'You're thin,'" she said. Then, rushing on, "'You're not eating regularly. Why don't you give up this house and go live where someone cooks your meals?' Some place where everyone's gay and there's
a crowd, and . . . ’’ She gestured nervously as she talked, her coat falling open over her black dress.

His hope died. Then she didn’t mean to come back!

‘‘I don’t want any crowds,’’ he said in a dead tone, and took her coat.

She pulled off her hat, too, going to sit by the fire.

‘‘This is lovely,’’ she said. ‘‘You made it for me, didn’t you?’’

‘‘Yes,’’ he said, and glanced up at the jonquils, anxious that she notice those, too.

She did, getting up to fasten one in the pin of her neat collar.

‘‘It’s—it’s good to see you again, Mac,’’ she said. This time she sat on the floor close to the hearth, as she used to.

‘‘It’s good to see you, Charlotte.’’

She drew her knees up, hugging them.

‘‘I suppose you wonder why I’m here, don’t you? Why I’m bothering you again?’’

‘‘You aren’t bothering me.’’

‘‘Poor darling. You are thin.’’

‘‘Of course, I am,’’ he said, pathetically.

‘‘I’m afraid you’re very impractical, Mac. You’re not good at arranging your life, are you?’’

‘‘I guess not.’’

He sat in a big chair close to her where he could smell the perfume she used in her hair, a kind of lilac smell, but not exactly lilac, either. He’d never known. There was a flush on her face made by the fire. Near her like this he could see where it started just under the temples; only now she was looking down and her soft copperish hair had fallen over it.

Funny how his heart had swollen with a new ache since she had come. And he’d thought that having her here would give him some relief, a temporary relief. She looked up at him. ‘‘Do I look just the same, Mae?’’

‘‘Yes. Just the same.’’

Then he saw that she didn’t, quite. At least, now, this second, there seemed a brooding look in her eyes, a new intense look that made him feel worse than he had, so that he leaned forward, asking, ‘‘What is it, Charlotte? Is everything all right? Are you happy?’’

‘‘Oh, yes,’’ she said, with a new laugh. ‘‘Perfectly all right and happy.’’

After a minute he said, ‘‘No.’’

‘‘No what?’’ she asked, more tenderly now, as though his simple negative recalled a lot of things she liked remembering.

‘‘You’re not perfectly all right and happy,’’ he answered. ‘‘I can see that.’’

‘‘I’m perfectly all right. Really. I’ve got a job in Dorothea’s hat shop. You remember Dorothea?’’

‘‘Yes.’’

‘‘Well, I’m doing all right. Truly.’’

He said, ‘‘I—I’m sorry, Charlotte, about the divorce taking so long. If there was anything I could do to hurry it, I would. Please know that.’’

Her eyes grew liquid without spilling.

‘‘I know.’’ She smiled. ‘‘It’s nice here. Awfully peaceful and nice.’’

‘‘Yes,’’ he said.

She nodded. ‘‘But it’s lonely for you. And the meals you cook must be awful. You never were any good in such ways. Really, Mac, you ought to go away. Give it up, I mean. Why don’t you move into Mrs. Callaghan’s?’’

‘‘Oh, I don’t know,’’ he said.

She slid her legs out in front of her, leaning back on her hands.

Watching the fragile roundness of her body, MacGowan could not imagine that
he had once possessed it. Everything in his life with Charlotte had become too distorted with his present anguish for him to remember instances of tenderness between them. Or perhaps he'd been an adolescent in his love, careless, no 'physical identity' as that damned Byrne had put it. Well, if he had, God knew he was different now. Everything about Charlotte excited him: the quick way she moved, yet without abruptness; the smooth, slender mould of her legs; the taut look of her breasts under her silk dress.

He said simply, "I love you, Charlotte."

"Do you?" she asked. "After all I've done to you?"

"You've done nothing. It was I who did it all to you. I'm surprised you could put up with me as long as you did."

She said, "There was no putting up to do. You were kind and generous and true. I'll always remember..."

"Don't, Charlotte. For Lord's sake, don't cry. I'm not worth it, darling. I know what a dull fellow I am. You had a bad time of it."

"I didn't."

"Yes, you did. Byrne showed you that."

She stopped crying. "I—I'm not going to marry Norman," she said.

"Not going to marry him?"

"No, Mac. You need me. I didn't understand how much you needed me until now. It's my duty to stay with you."

"But, you—good God! He expects you to marry him. He left here expecting you to."

"Well, I don't have to do everything he expects. You expect things, too, don't you? You expect me to stay with you."

Her face swam before his eyes; but he shook his head.

"No," he said quietly. "I don't expect anything of you that's against your wish."

"But what about my duty?"

"When did you start thinking about your duty to me, Charlotte?"

She considered. "Then you don't want me back?"

He looked into the red coals of the fire. Then he glanced at the jonquils of the table.

"Yes," he said. "I want you, all right. I've learned how to want you now. The way you sit by the fire, all in a huddle. And your eyes—such clear eyes, always new and fresh. Lord, sometimes I think—Well, I want you, all right."

She stood up. "Mac, you never talked that way before."

"No," he said, and got awkwardly to his feet.

"You're— Why, you're—. Anyway, take me back. Please do!"

He pulled her close, swiftly. Then he said, "Why are you doing this, Charlotte? Why are you coming back?"

She leaned her head away from him with an odd, opaque look. Finally she asked, "You're sure you want me?"

He said nothing, holding her closer.

"Then," she said, "I'll tell you. It's because Norman cast me off."

He stood quiet as a stone, all the melting rush of tenderness in him halted.

"Yes," she said, her voice loud in the stillness, "you're hearing me right. I've come back to you because Norman cast me off."

He was impelled to move restlessly about the imprisoning room.
"You see?" she said in tight syllables. "It isn't as easy as you thought. Not as simple and sweet and romantic. Nothing is."

"No," he said.

"Though it doesn't take long to tell the story. I can say it in three sentences. Norman took me. He tired of me. He found someone else."

MacGowan felt weak with the pain of her bitter, unfamiliar look. Besides, all in a minute he had attained, and lost, ecstasy.

In his fumbling silence, she said cunningly, "But you want me, don't you, Mac? I'm not changed essentially for you, am I?"

"Yes," he said, "you are changed. I thought a moment ago that your coming back meant that all of you had come. Now I see that you've left part of you behind, with him."

She came over from the window then and stood before him gravely with her old look of wise candor.

"No," she said, "that, at least, isn't true. I haven't left anything with Norman. Chiefly, I suppose, because he wouldn't want anything of me now. He's done with me, and I'm done with him. It's changed me, of course. But, Mac, you're changed, too. It's easy to see that."

"Yes," he said.

"Though we're still married."

He hadn't really thought of that, his mind had so completely relinquished her.

She said, her face eager and alive, "Don't you see what I'm getting at?"

Getting at? Why, no. That is—Lord, his head ached terribly. He could only shake it negatively.

"Well, we're two different people, Mac. Each of us brings something else now; something new of experience and tragedy to what was dead relationship. Our marriage, I mean. Maybe—well—now—"

"Yes," he said. "I do see, of course. You mean that now we might make something new of it."

"Yes. It's a little cold-blooded, doing it like this. But what I did was cold-blooded. Perhaps, even coming back to you at all—"

He said, studying over it, "'No physical identity.'" His eyes crinkled as they did when he thought through some problem for his classes.

His hesitancy must have hurt her, because she turned away. "'Never mind,' she said. "'I was wrong to come back. I see that now.'"

"Wait." He came closer to her.

"Your place is here and always would have been. A dozen Norman Byrnes can't change the fact that you're my wife and I'm your husband. I suppose that's an artificial kind of identity, but there it is, and was for five years."

"But it wasn't enough," Charlotte reminded him.

He was silent, until he said, "'I do feel differently, Charlotte. You're more important to me than you've ever been before. Yet, I wonder if even now I can come up to what you may expect. I'd hate to disappoint you. And I'm no Norman Byrne. I know it well enough.'"

He thought how the girl students had voted Norman Byrne "'best looking faculty member'—or some such absurdity. MacGowan had never noticed such things.

Charlotte said, "'No. You're no Norman Byrne. You wouldn't be cruel to anyone who loved you. You couldn't be.'"

He put his hand over his eyes. It was awful hearing her talk like that. He
didn't want to think of her that way, as something discarded.

"Please," he said. "Let's not speak of it."

"Maybe we ought to," she said. "Maybe we ought to understand each other and then begin all over. Because my position is changed now, Mac. I'm sort of a supplicant now. I ought to do penance for my sins."

She was so beautiful standing there in her black dress, her bright head shining above it, that her earnest words sounded false. How any man could ever have been cruel to her! Anger afflicted MacGowan so that he said sternly, "You can cut that sort of talk out. This is no confessional." He thought, Just let me tell that Byrne a thing or two.

Then suddenly he said against his will, "Listen, tell me just one thing. If Byrne wanted you, would you still go to him?"

He searched her face, his eyes observant of each tiny line, or wave of expression. The question, naturally, had stirred at the bottom of his mind all the time, but he had pushed it down, keeping its inevitability until such a moment as he could face it alone and candidly.

Now the daring that had allowed its escape shook him with an emotional turmoil that could only be as indecent as jealousy. Would she tell the truth? And if she did? But his heart emptied him of speculation.

When she spoke, her poise was disarming. "If I answer that now," she said, "I'll merely answer and go away. It would be all I could do. If I postpone my answer, anything can happen. Depending on us, both of us. I think—"

She paused, driving her words in to him with her direct gaze, "I think I'll leave it up to you, Mac. As to whether I answer or not."

He made a helpless gesture. "We both have our answer. The old, old one that was never better illustrated. It all goes back, of course, to there always being one of two who loves more than the other."

She put her hand over his mouth. "But right now we won't say which one. We'll wait till later, to be sure of the truth. Shall we?"

He kissed her hand, taking it down gently. "'Yes,'" he said, "'we'll wait till later.'"

Amused, he thought how arrogant he'd grown towards the future, now that Charlotte was home. To still his welling exuberance he picked up the poker and brought the dying fire to life.
INFANTILE REGRESSION
Rachel Harris Campbell

We curse the unmeaning stone that makes us stumble;
To our child-minds a sentient foe it seems.
We are weakly arrogant now, who were strong and humble,
Desperate, who had dreams.

Not ours the fault, we whimper, but our masters'!
Forgetting that our fathers had been men
Who stumbled, rose, and mounted worse disasters,
Able for victory then.

But we are children, petulantly crying,
"Somebody placed the stone to make me fall!
Somebody told me lies!"... Our own hearts' lying
We do not hear at all.

NOT CHAOS' CIRCLE
Willis Wager

One man between, I might have touched
The hands of one who cheered
For Yorktown. Intervening stands
My grandfather, whose beard
And knotted hands I well remember.
He held out his arms to me,
A baby stumbling across the room
To his protecting knee.

In turn he may have stumbled toward
Stout arms more ancient.
Now time, and space, and faith dissolved,
These hands are imminent:
I seize my grandfather's, he takes
The hands he once had touched,
And thus—one man between—I touch
Him, and the men he clutched.

We spirits now again link arms:
The fifth of these knew Shakespeare,
The twelfth saw Harold, twentieth broke
The Roman idols: here,
Join hands, my friend, my grandfather
Has one, the other you
Must take, or else the twentieth
Will seize it too.
YOUNG WRITERS

In this section will appear the writing of undergraduate students in Northwest colleges and universities. Contributions must be sent only through some designated instructor of creative writing.

TWO POEMS

THOMAS McGRATH
University of North Dakota

I. CHANT

O thou
O now be near for
Spring is far where fare
Birds on free wing

O hear
O wind with blue loose hair
Walking warm avenues under
Spring thunder or the kiss of summer sun

Bird bringer
Softener of thistles
Return
Maker of vernal warmth
We yearn
Wanting a second birth

Here urns of summer are buried under ice
The scales of winter are on eyes of earth

II. THIS ROOM, IN THIS STREET, IN THIS TIME

in alien land. natives unfriendly. last night patrol ambushed. 5 men dead. no sign of enemy warriors—no enemy troops in sight.

smoke now over mountain. bridges burning. land laid waste before us. roads behind washed out by fall rain. leaves now turning
color of dull gold. frost over lowland.
springs soon frozen. hope for help from north. push on. nowhere. no hope. no friendly hand.
mist drifts from river across cold moon.
nights are longer. men more restless. some show sign of mutiny. all await portents. come soon:

find no one maybe. find among cold stones our bones perhaps. cut off alone here. none have names for native words. lost: our cry cast along the runnels of this freezing foreign sky.
ARRIVAL
JEAN SCHWARTZ
Reed College
As though paralyzed
Or blind
And suddenly released to motion
Freed to light.
And more:
Returning to the fine hands
Material and tools
And the curves fitting as before
And the sure stroke.

SUBWAY
BARBARA WILSEY
Montana State University
cattlecar
tearing through the roaring underground
lurching and swaying and heavy
with humanity
groping unsmiling faces that you didn’t see
yesterday or tomorrow
reading tabloids chewing gum
hearing the tortuous saxophone wail
that is america
where are we going?
to 59th street and carnegie hall
to times square
to walk bareheaded on 14th street
in a bargain dress with paint mooched on your face
to pearl street to clean up the cigar ash and spittoons
and dead tickertape in offices
home to brooklyn to the cabbage smelling stairways
home to bickering and tumbled bedclothes
down to the water front to look for a job
hauling fruiterates and maybe eat tomorrow
what the hell say all the immobile faces what the hell
the wheels treading on humanity, grinding
the dreams, the ecstasy, the wordless anguish,
the hunger
where are we going?
ANOTHER SPRING

HELENE STIBUREK
University of Idaho

This year it has not changed. Do you recall
The heady scent of sagebrush in the spring?
That yellow patch of waxen buttercups?
The black crow’s raucous cry, and rhythmic wing?

We talked, I know. Inconsequential things—
The latest book, and summer soon to come;
These swelling freshets bring, perhaps, a flood;
And is that flowering tree a peach or plum?

Time idled by; we smothered with a smile
The glowing warmth we might have fanned to flame.
But if we could recall that distant spring,
I have no doubt that we would act the same.

IT IS NEITHER DARK NOR LIGHT

MARGARET HEUSTON
College of Puget Sound

It is neither dark nor light.
The broken-edged half moon
Sink pale upon the tide;
The harbor slowly stretches from its sleep.
Mast lights dimly burn beside
The grey-shadowed wharves
Of spectral-turning ships.
Vague shapes of piling, of barge and mill,
Half-linger in the mystery of the night.
Tide-water brims the fast-
Foming shore—and so, is still.

Now, weird whiteness spreads upon the sea,
As if the day has found her breath
And the night has ceased to be;
And I within a timeless hour
Have breathed eternity!
Old letters, diaries, journals, and other materials relating to the Old West will be welcomed. They will be carefully handled and, if desired, returned. Accepted material cannot be paid for.

DIARY OF CHARLES RUMLEY FROM ST. LOUIS TO PORTLAND, 1862

EDITED BY HELEN ADDISON HOWARD


Passed St. Jo Sunday 18 May.

Platt River May 20.

May 21 - 1862 Left with Capt La Barge for safe keeping 80$ in silver.

Omaha 21 May.

Blackbird May 22, at which place resides the Omaha tribe of Indians.

May 23. 9 A.M. arrived at Sioux City May 25. Sunday 2 o’clk P. M. arrived at Yacton [Yankton] Sioux Trading Post about 300 Indians were there 1200 gone hunting.

Sunday May 25, 1862 arrived at Fort Randall 5 o’clk P. M. about 300 volunteers Iowa 14th. 1200 Indians out hunting, some 2 or 3 hundred at the Fort.

May 27. 2 o’clk P. M. A party of about 20 crossed overland at the big bend between Ft. Lookout & Ft. George.

May 28. About 6 o’clock A. M. said party came on boat.

May 29. Party went overland to Fort Pierre, early morning boat ran on Sand Bar. We were all day sparring across bar and did not make one mile all day, boat laid up at about 8 o’clk P. M. Some 12 miles from Fort Pierre, a party went, by small boat with provisions & blankets to assist the 1st party, returned at day light, but did not find them, during the afternoon 3 of the first party returned in a mackinaw boat with four Indians and a Frenchman trader from Fort Pierre.

May 30 Arrived at Fort Pierre, said to be 1680 miles from St. Louis, first party came on board. 300 Lodges and to appearances about 1000 ponies - landed goods - came on board 12 Indians Chiefs & went with us about 12 miles. They are Blackfeet Sioux.

Sunday June 1 - killed a Buffalo while swimming the river.

June 3 About day light killed Elk while swimming the river, weighed dressed about 200 pounds.

June 4. 6 o’clk A. M. Buffalo crossing river we killed eleven of them by shooting while swimming, got four on board and caught one calf about a year old, got it on board without injuring it. At 10 o’clk A. M. arrived at Fort Clark loaded up wood from the Fort. This Fort is deserted entirely. There are several graves in the back ground. Report says the small pox killed many Indians some 2 years ago. Four Indians got

Charles Rumley was born in New York City, May 10, 1824, and died in Helena, August 6, 1897, aged 73 years. He was a pioneer assayer in Helena, and Librarian of the Montana State Historical Society, 1875-1885. Other passengers on the “Emily” were Samuel T. Hauser, later governor of Montana, Judge Walter B. Dance, the Honorable Granville Stuart, and the future wife of Henry Plummer. Mr. Rumley came west on a gold-hunting expedition.

The “Emily” was a new and completely furnished side-wheeler.

Joseph La Barge piloted boats on the Missouri river for the American Fur Company from 1831-1834. He then went into the fur trade for himself, but returned to piloting on the Missouri until 1865. He died in 1899.

Fort Randall, Dakota, built in 1856 as a military post, was better situated than Fort Pierre.

Fort Lookout, a post of the Columbia Fur Company, was built in 1822.

Fort George, built in 1842 by the fur trading concern of Fox, Livingston & Company, was short lived.

Named in honor of Pierre Chouteau, Jr., of the American Fur Company in 1832. Next to Fort Union it was the most important trading post on the Missouri river.

This type of boat, used on lakes and rivers, had a flat bottom fastened with wooden pegs because of lack of nails. About 50 feet in length, it was piloted by a crew of five, four at the oars and one at the rudder.

Fort Clark, 56 miles above the present site of Bismarck, was named after General William Clark of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.
on board and went ashore some 20 miles north. Thousands of Buffalo, Antelopes & deer run along both sides of river. 60 miles from Fort Berthold.

June 5. 9 o’clk. A. M. Arrived at Fort Berthold.\(^9\) The Steamer Spread Eagle lay at the place. She left St. Louis four days before the Emelie & reports the Key West 2 hours ahead. This Fort built on an eminence some 200 feet high. I should think about 100 Indians lived there called the Gronaunts [Gros Ventres]. The Spread Eagle follows immediately, and both boats lay together over night to wood up.

Friday, June 6. The Spread Eagle started before us about 3 o’clock A. M. Emelie passed her before breakfast. About noon the S. Eagle came up & ran into our starboard side tearing away some of the timbers. We then ran ahead again and before night out of sight. Large numbers of Buffalo crossing the river. Emelie said to run about 150 miles this day. Yesterday we killed four Antelope while they were swimming the river. We got them all on board. The river is clear of snags and not so many sand-bars since we left Fort Pierre. Expect to make Fort Union tomorrow night.

Sunday morning June 8. Passed mouth of Yellowstone River about 7 o’clk A. M. At the time we were moving nearly south and the Y. S. [Yellowstone] empties in the M. R. [Missouri river] from the East.

Arrived at Fort Union\(^10\) about 8 A. M. this morning about 3 o’clk we started some 35 miles south of Fort Union at a bend in the river. This afternoon passed Big Muddy River some 18 miles to Fort Stewart by river & 3 miles by land, passed Fort Stewart\(^12\) 9 o’clk P. M. 80 miles N. of Fort Union.

June 11. Wednesday, 1862 - This morning passed Milk River, it comes into the Missouri from the N. W. and is about 25 rods wide - said to be 450 miles from Fort Benton by water - river very good free from Sand bars & snags. Took on board a party of 3 trappers and their families together with several wagon loads of Buffalo, Wolf & Beaver hides and landed them with Mr. Gilpin\(^13\) the trader from Sioux City at a point some 40 or 50 miles above. This afternoon shot several Buffalo Bulls. Got 3 on board, one weighed about 1600 pounds. Night set in raining, did not make more than 50 miles this day on account of delays as above.

Thursday June 12 - raining, making good time not any trouble from shoal water. About 3 o’clock P. M. passed the round Butte situated on the west side\(^14\) appearance from the south from the north. Water 2 fathoms. Said to be some 400 miles from Fort Union & 350 from Fort Benton.\(^15\)

Friday June 13. Good water and plenty of wood and deeper water than below. Passed through high Cliffs of beautiful palastic [plastic] forms the landmark of the first rapids. Said rapids are about 150 yards in length, 12 feet of water, very rapid the boat struggled through with considerable labor, (no wood).

Saturday morning June 14. Started at about 3 o’clk soon came to second rapids about equal to the first. Took on a quantity of poles laying on the bank - no wood - 12 feet of water.

Sunday June 15. Passed the above rapids. View from the north, after the Emelie passed Shreveport\(^16\) in the distance all hands had to cordell\(^17\) the Emelie through when a buoy was sent down over the rapids and the Shreveport was taken in tow. Towards evening passed the fourth Rapids about 50 yards. The opposite drawing\(^18\) is at the said rapids about 300 ft. high.

June 16. 4 o’clk P. M. Passed Maria’s Riv-
er - 20 miles to Fort Benton by water. 12 miles by land.

Friday June 17, 1862 - Noon passed rapids - Fort Benton in view. Landed La Barge.
Friday June 20, 1862 - Noon left Fort La Barge, drove to Teton River\(^{19}\) & camped, about 5 miles.

June 21 - High rolling prairie, good roads 25 miles to spring. I laid out thro night & got into camp Wednesday morning - plenty of water, no wood.

June 22. Lay by and rested. Thunder shower.


Tuesday 24, Travel to Sun River\(^{20}\) & followed it up to Government Farms\(^{21}\) which lays 59 miles from Fort Benton.

June 25. Trying to buy horses from Indians. Indians very social, music and Indians singing.

Thursday 26. Very warm, waiting to cross Sun River. Thunder shower with hail, fixing ferry boat. Pop & party laid out all night on the other side of the river.

27. Cool and pleasant. The Chief of the band of Blood Indians\(^{22}\) called the “Father of all Children”, I had a ride with the Chiefs Major Domo to Government farm and back.

28. Saturday crossed Sun river & made 16 miles over high rolling prairie good road. Bought roan pony of camp 5 miles east of Bird-Tail-rock\(^ {24}\) at a little brook good road and water.

Sunday June 29. Got breakfast, prepared dinner held divine services and started by 9 o’clock (Minister Mr. Francis) travelled up stream passed several ox-teams on the road to Fort Benton, passed Bird-Tail rock over very high prairie, good roads & camped 20 miles on Dearborn river.

Wednesday June 20. Traveled over high hills & prairie 12 miles to Little Pickley Pear. Met on the road Major Graham & Company going to Benton party left the road and got lost in afternoon, met drove of oxen & ox teams going to Benton for freight, camped.

Thursday July 1 (Lyon’s Hill) Packed up hill everything on our backs. Hulbert went on west of us, road winds among hills, Mountains and streams. Plenty of water. Went down steep hill, used rope to help wagon. Camped on small stream. Stood on guard for the first time. Traveled 12 miles.

July 2, Tuesday. Frank Stone & I prospect on Big Prickley Pear. Party went on, passed in afternoon in sight of Snow Bank. Weather very fine & cool. Traveled 15 miles camped on a small piece of ground nearly surrounded by water in a valley running E. & W. Either Silver creek or Willow Creek.\(^{25}\)

July 3. Hall returned to Benton to forward provisions etc. We traveled 15 miles & camped on a branch of Pickley Pear, about 1 miles off the road to prospect, built bower homes.

Friday July 4. Six guns at sunrise, raised the Stars & Stripes on Filley tent. Wm. Hulbert and Nigger started back to Benton for provisions &c. Party went prospecting, saw a flock of Mountain sheep.

Saturday 5 July. Prospected, birds & squirrels, similar to those East. Found gold.


July 7. Monday. Camped on Deer Lodge river, some 16 miles to mines, woke up next morning 3 Indians sleeping at our camp fire, after breakfast they chased Elk. Shot one with bow and arrow and brought it into camp and made a present of it to us, then piloted us across the river.

Tuesday 8, July. Crossed river & over hills & camped at Stewarts at the Junction of

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\(^{19}\)The Teton river empties into the Missouri below Fort Benton at the mouth of Marias river. Fort La Barge, a rival to Fort Benton, was built in the summer of 1862, just above site of Fort Benton. It was short lived. The trip from St. Louis was made in 33 days and 22 hours. Among his notes, Mr. Rumley says: “supposed to be the quickest trip on record by water.”

\(^{20}\)Sun river empties into the Missouri at the present site of Great Falls, Montana.

\(^{21}\)A government agency maintained for the Blackfeet Indians.

\(^{22}\)The Blood Indians are an allied band of the Blackfeet tribe.

\(^{23}\)The name is illegible.

\(^{24}\)Birdtail Rock is said to be named by the Indians because it resembles an enormous bird tail.

\(^{25}\)Called Willow Creek on map made by Captain Mullan while he was constructing the wagon road. Later maps after 1870 show Silver Creek.
Hellgate & American Fork rivers. Next day went to Pioneer Creek some 5 miles up the valley. Took claims & went to work until Frank & Paine returned. Gold is found in this valley nearly everywhere, from one to 50 specks to the pan. Bear shot by Mr. Thompson. Continued to work at one claim until 16, July.

July 16. Frank and Paine arrived at the Deer Lodge mines all right and found us at work.


July 18. Frost in morning. Trout for dinner. Major Blake elected representation for this county, said county probably larger than Illinois.


July 20. I made a saddle for Beaverhead trip.


Tuesday July 22. Prospecting.

Wednesday 23. Ballance of our goods arrived from Benton.

24. Brought goods from Stewart.

25. July. H. H. Stone and myself went over to Flint Creek passed over high hills through Dempseys Valley & finally in the valley of Flint Creek. Some 4 miles wide & 20 long. Saw Elk too late & tried to follow them.

26 July Hunted and fished, plenty of trout for breakfast. Arrived in camp about sun down. Pleasant trip. no gold.

Sunday 27 July. Hart bought grey horse.


29. Making stirrups & saddles.

30. Shower of rain & snow storm in the Mountains.

The American Fork river was later called Gold creek.

Gold was discovered on Gold creek (American Fork river) a few miles west of Deer Lodge in 1852, by Francois Beneteau, a French half-breed.

L. L. Blake was elected Representative to the Washington territorial legislature, as western Montana was then a part of Washington.

The present site of Drummond is on the plateau where Flint creek debouches into Hell Gate canyon and the Clark’s Fork or Hell Gate river.

Walla Walla, in southeastern Washington, was the western terminus of the Mullan wagon road.

Gold-seekers rushed into Montana during the summer of 1862, flocking to every new strike.

Pike’s Peak gulch was a branch of Gold creek.
kings, who proposes to return to states, leaving the mountains this week. Dempsey called last night, agreed to take wagon to Grants.\(^a\) Starts for Grants this morning. Crossed Deer Lodge River 4 times and stopped at Grants old place where Capt. Wall is keeping store. We had 3 yokes of cattle & everything packed in wagon.


Sunday 16. Weather fine. [First name illegible]. Smith & Dr. McKellup selling out.

Monday 17 Jones & I started for Big-hole & camped with Am. Co. At noon, trout, water & wood. Rode 40 miles. Mr. Marchoun in company.

Tuesday Aug. 18, 1862. Started this morning from good water and wood. Camped at noon making 22½ miles. This morning good wood and water, and find name of river "Wisdom." Started at 2½ o'clrk & crossed said River about 4½ o'clrk about 7 miles. On the road very heavy Thunder storm. The crossing about 80 yards wide. Water rapid and about up to wagon body. Camped about 4 or 5 miles on said river at a point of timber.


Thursday, Aug. 19. Procressed up river, found 2 holes dug 7 & 8 feet. No color.

Friday 20. Procressed 1 to 15 cents. Dug large hole 6x9 about 6 feet deep, slight color. Started for Deer Lodge about 4 o'clrk and camped up Canion at spring about 4 miles. After dark, Hawley came in & reported & showed 2 pans @$1.60 & 2 pans @ 90c.

Saturday 21 August. Hawley, Underwood, King & Morehouse started to prospect, reported as bed rock. Procressed until Monday night.

Tuesday 9 o'clrk. A. M. Started with King, & Waldout & Marchone\(^c\) to Deer Lodge. Jones, Underwood & Young started for new diggins. Camped on creek about noon & procressed & found color. Took wagon road & started at 3 P. M. This road is I think about 4 or 5 miles longer than one over the mountains travelled last Wednesday. At 6 o'clrk P. M. on said road we passed a gate of rocks on the mountains about ¼ miles west of the road. At 7 o'clrk we leave said road at a point or junction with Salt Lake road, just before we crossed a gully running E & W and about 6 feet deep. At 8½ o'clrk we camped on creek mentioned last Wednesday & found 10 wagons corrrelled.

Wednesday Aug. 27. Crossed creek and travelled about 2 miles W. of point of timber when we camped one week ago about now. 3 hours traveled. I kept camp while all bands prospected found nothing but color.

Thursday 28 Aug. Left camp 6¼ crossed Wisdom River 7¼ o'clrk. Arrived at upper part of Big-hole 9¾. This place is about 62 miles S. of Deer Lodge & 45 miles from diggins. Passed over hills & came to stream at 11½ o'clrk. Again crossed the hills & came on to the bottom, traveled about 2 miles & camped (creek on the west side) for dinner. Travelled with said Creek on the E. side & camped after crossing said creek. Wood & water. 40 miles to Deer Lodge.

Friday 29. Aug. Left camp 7 o'clrk passed over hill & camped for dinner at 11 o'clrk on a small creek crossing road, perhaps 11 or

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\(^a\)Johnny Grant was the first white settler in the Deer Lodge valley.

\(^b\)"M. R." correctly stood for military road, not Mullan road. Captain John Mullan, army engineer, built the first wagon road across the Rocky Mountains from Walla Walla to Fort Benton ever to be constructed on scientific principles. The road came to be popularly called after him.

\(^c\)Evidently a misspelling and intended for "Marchoun."
Frontier and Midland

12 miles. Started at 1 o’clock P.M. passed over hills & came into Deer Lodge prairie & camped near the Red Butte or Boiling spring about 16 miles from Louis de Macs. a Travelled this day about 24 miles. Good wood and water. The Butte is about 30 feet high some 100 feet square at base. On the top is a spring of water about 4 feet in diameter bubbling up like boiling water and hot enough so you can just bear your hand in it. Said Butte is formed by sediment from the water.

Saturday Aug. 30. Oxen & horses stolen [word illegible here] on tract as he supposed. I found mine about 4 miles up creek. Found cattle and was stopped by 4 Indians after considerable fuss. We were permitted to pass [with our] scalps & horses, arrived in camp at Louis De Macs about 6 o’cl and found Paine had bought his share of horses & F. L. Stone paid over to me the amount he received from Paine amounting to $13.50 and Paine’s share in tent amounting to $2.00.

From Saturday to Thursday 4 Sept. 1862. Waited in camp for return of prospectors. My finger being poisoned could not work.

Sept. 4, 1862. Thursday. Traded with Leon for cart gave him
1 pick
1 Hand-saw
1 Sythe & [word illegible]
1 Picket pin
1 Crow-bar
1 Store
1 Axe

Saturday 6 September. Started from De Macs with cart & Nellie and Jerry harnessed a la Tandem & camped on the Black-foot b near Walls and remained here until September 10.

Wednesday. Mr. Germain started this day for Benton in company with Hunstrat, Lancig & others. Express man arrived from Benton stating he had no mail from Boat & none would be here under 20 days.

Thursday Sep. 11. Trying to trade for Yoke of oxen. Indian attempted to steal them from Dempsey. c He was detected, pursued & caught. Preparing to start for Wal Wal [Walla Walla].

Saturday Sep. 13. Started with man in cart & camped on Am. [American] fork at Stewarts d near Wordens e store. 424 miles to W. W.

Sunday Sep. 14 1862. Went to Dempseys old place, six miles.

Monday. Crossed Flint creek about 11 o’cl & camped for dinner. Mullen tree marked 411 - passed over high hills and about 5 o’cl passed stump marked M. R. 405 & camped on Hell Gate River about 2 miles further on 2 Indians came in camp.

Tuesday 16. Saw same Indians they were trapping Beaver. Had 3 fine ones, left camp 7 A. M. good w. [wood] & water & grass. Passed tree marked M. R. 392 at 10½ after passing valley and half way up hill. Hill very steep & it wound round to come down crossed new corduroy Bridge good water, wood & feed. Passed through bottom & camped at noon on side of hill on river. Not good grass. Road made by throwing down rocks. Very hilly grade 45° &c Passed into bottom land several miles along the river. Shot at a wolf & camped on river at 5 P. M. making about 20 miles this day.

Wednesday 17 Sept. 1862. Left camp 7 o’cl about ½ mile passed 4 cabins, probably used by Mullin men. Passed over road made with rocks along the river, at 8 & 40 m. f Passed over bottom of pine timber some 3 or 4 miles & camped at foot of very steep grade 11½ o’cl. Travelled over very steep grade about 4 miles high side hills. Then through Pine flats & camped at junction of Blackfoot & Hell Gate [rivers] 60 miles from Stewarts. 3 men building bridge. Large trout for supper & 30 miles from bridge passed yesterday morning.

Thursday 18 Sept. Left camp 8 o’cl A. M.
at 9 o’clk passed tree M. R. 360 half way up a steep grade. The following table of Camp-Grounds & distance of Military road by John Mullans 1st Lieutenant 2d Artillery found at Wordens store at Bitter Root.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Distance</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Walla Walla Wood, Water, Grass to Dry Creek</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Touchet</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red Creek</td>
<td>no</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tukanon</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snake River</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palouse River</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palouse or Mocahlissia</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oraytayouse</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tcho-teho-oo-sup</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ciel-cise-powvet-sin</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prairie Creek</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loo-chool-ty</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In-Chatz-Kan Creek</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poun Lake (bridge)</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crossing St. Joseph</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cœur D’Alene R.</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three mile Prairie</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seven “ ”</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ten “ ”</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prairie 3rd Crossing</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 do</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13 do</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson’s cut off</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long Prairie Grant’s 1/2 from lower end</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summit Stevens Pass</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No wood or grass</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Five mile Prairie S Crossing</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Regis Borgia</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prairie 11 Crossing</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24 ”</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 ”</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46 ”</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prairie</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prairie Crossing Bitter Root</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown’s Prairie</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nomote Creek</td>
<td>304</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West foot of Mountains</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Frontier and Midland

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Distance</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Skahotay Creek</td>
<td>328</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kul-Kul-lo Creek</td>
<td>332</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Camp Humphry’s Gate</td>
<td>338</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ronde</td>
<td>351</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Observatory Creek</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crossing Big Blackfoot R.</td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st cross. Hel Gate R.</td>
<td>398</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11th Cross. Hel Gate R.</td>
<td>400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creek</td>
<td>400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flint Creek</td>
<td>411</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gold Creek</td>
<td>424</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rock Creek</td>
<td>431</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deer Lodge Creek</td>
<td>439</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Livingston Creek</td>
<td>448</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crossing Little Blackfoot R.</td>
<td>456</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summit Rocky mountains</td>
<td>469</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mullen’s Pass (no water)</td>
<td>473</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd Cross Great P. Pear</td>
<td>495</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silver Creek</td>
<td>479</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little P. Pear</td>
<td>495</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summit Medicine Rock no water</td>
<td>498</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Prickley Pear upper camp</td>
<td>505</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“ ” “ lower camp</td>
<td>513</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dearborn river</td>
<td>525</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bird Tail Rock no wood</td>
<td>542</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun River</td>
<td>559</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lake no wood</td>
<td>583</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coulee</td>
<td>606</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fort Benton no wood or grass</td>
<td>618</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Good roads and came to Bitter Root some 5 or 6 big buildings and camped at noon on bank & at night at Bitter Root Valley at a ranch kept by Worthington Bills, he has good buildings, farms wheat, barley, vegetables &c. Grass, wood & water good.

Friday 19 Sept. Left 7 1/2 passed over prairie bottom good to wood & water & feed called French town. 5 hours. frame of saw mill in creek at 11 1/2. Passed tree M. R. 345 in pine bottom tree 343 1/2 Tree 341. Indians chasing Moose. Took Jerry off cart ran about 2 miles. Shot moose in fore shoulder with my Sharps Rifle - Indian borrowed my belt knife & dressed Moose in quick & good style - Camped on Creek & eat moose &c. Started over Creek and up hill on the top of which passed through pine forest M. R. 339. Passed 1 mile to camp Humphrey on Hell Gate Ronda about 1 mile further crossed.

Saturday 20 Sept. 1862. Prospected, no color. Left camp 8½ passed M. R. 233 - 231 crossed small creek M. R. 327 noon then passed over very rugged & steep road ½ mile M. R. 325 steep and rugged passed on west of point of rock about 1500 feet above the river. Very steep grade & camped about 317 on very small creek. Moose, potatoes &c for supper, grass scant.

Sunday 21 Sept 1862. On account of no grass started at 8:40 over grade M. R. 217 came on flat pine M. R. 215 at 9:40 passed over very high grade M. R. 263 then pine bottom (west foot of mountains) passed two old carts & the body of a wagon broken up. Camped on bench 150 feet above river. Broke our axle made new piece.

Wednesday 22 Sept. Started up grade passed over grade about ½ mile came to creek good water, wood & grass, over another grade M. R. 307. Good wood 308 Nimote Creek dry pine flat. First [word illegible here] roads M. R. 303 good roads M. R. 301. Camped at noon on creek good water, wood & grass M R 297 Crossed plains Brown Prairie good wood, water & grass. Passed very steep grade 1000 feet on to a pine bottom M R 293 & camped on River. Expecting a long trip over steep grades as we understood by an Indian who was camped here with his squaw & 12 or 15 head of horses. He brought us some trout & gave us some fish hooks, he was very much pleased & gave us considerable information &c.

Tuesday 23 Sept. Left camp at 10 A. M M R 291 All hands sick all night eating fresh meat Moose &c. Very beautiful location. We name the place “A Quiet Hollow.” Traveled over hills about 8 miles came to ferry crossing the Bitter Root M R 283 stands on the bank.

Wednesday. Between 281 & 279 John S. Caldwell lost whip, requested me to find it & send it by Knowland. Louis Brown keeper of the ferry at this place says the Spokane ferry is 163 miles from W. W. [Walla Walla]. There is a ford about 200 yards below the ferry. About 20 horses were here stopped by Brown, said to be stolen from the Nez Perces River about 100 yards wide. We lost horse Jerry, found him at noon & started at 1 P. M. crossed the ferry & passed through Tamarac [tamarack] & pine & cedar swamp. Over high hill & camped in said timber near M. R. 275.

Thursday 25. 1862. Indian & squaw passed this morning. Passed on ½ M. R. 273 about ½ mile farther came to small prairie good wood, water & grass. All the way back from the ferry to M. R. 267 passed through very heavy timber Tamarack, pine & cedar. Come on the Regia Borgia, road fair, river very clear. 50 yds. wide 1 foot deep. Indian & Squaw passed our camp this morning 3 miles back passed Louis Brown’s son-in-law & his squaw. He says Indian stole the horse he was driving from Hudson Bay Co. M. R. 265 Roads rather rough forded the Borgia 3 times, rough roads crossed bridge & met Hudson Bay Co. some 20 pack horses camped at noon, said Co. says no grass ahead for many miles, roads very rough, no grass near M. R. 255. Camped in heavy rain got up in night to dig trench, water ran down the tracks & drove us out. Poor horses suffer for grass for the first time. - heavy timber all the way. Crossed nearly 50 bridges over the Regia Borgia.

Friday 26. Camped at 10 o’clk on small prairie small amt. of grass off the road. Roads good but rather rough. Timber all the way 6 miles to Summit of Cour d’Alene mountains. Weather gloomy, passed a tree about 1 mile back M. R. 253. Commenced to rain, grade, rough road, rained continually to Summit M. R. 246. Fine timber, white cedar, Pine, fir (hard wood) descended 2 miles very steep grade (no grass). Camped near 244½ no grass. Cut grass this day

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*This is a mistake; the mileage refers to Walla Walla, not Benton.
*This section of western Montana through the Coeur d’Alene is said to be the most ruggedly mountainous region in the world.
*Here, as elsewhere in the diary, there is a confusion of dates. Mr. Rumley frequently makes this mistake.
*This should properly be the Clark’s Fork river.
*This is the Louis Brown who founded Frenchtown.
*The Nez Perces were noted for their well-bred horses.
*Captain Mullan made his winter camp in 1859-60 in the valley of the St. Regis Borgia. This stream enters the Clark’s Fork from the west near the present town of St. Regis, Montana.
noon for horses & brought it along. Camped on Cour d'Alene river under cedar trees, about 6 feet at butt, very fine. Night dark & rainy, hailed, snowed, & rained all day. Grade very slippery, timber all the way.

Saturday 27 Sept. 1862. Left camp at 6½ about ¼ mile past M. R. 241. Came to small prairie about 250 yards from the road bearing south. We found all the feed eaten off by former travelers, road to next place (250) rougher than ever (worst road) all heavy timber then 230, some 2 or 3 acres of prairie grass nearly eaten off by travelers, camped here - made about 11 miles. This noon about ½ miles further on came to very small prairie with good grass. Near to small patch of fair grass. Roads better. Camped on small prairie good grass at 4 o’clk. Indians going to Cour d’Alene Mission with a band of horses. Took supper with us. A party of 3 young men came into camp. Start ed next morning for Colville.

Sunday 28, Sept. Washed up & kept Sun day at their place. Started at noon for bet ter grass. Found it 9 miles from C. [Coeur] d’A. [d’Alene] mission, about 10 acres, first quality, day very fine. This is a fine little valley about 1000 acres, good grass.

Monday Sep. 29, 1862. Camped at Cour d’Alene Mission said place composed of a Church about 40x60 some 20 miserable huts surround about it. Inhabited by a few squealy squaw’s children. The Old Father is aged & looks rather hard. No feed for horses here about 1 miles back good grass. Bought potatoes at $2.50 per bushel. 209 miles to W. W. [Walla Walla] (M. R. at river). About 1 mile west first rate feed, passed some 2 miles over bottom land, and passed into timber, heavy & dark, roads very bad, rocky & very rough up grade. Camped at night in timber, rained all night very heavy. Very little feed.

Friday Sept. 30 Started early without breakfast over very rough & bad roads M. R. 186½ over high hill without water except a little in wagon tracks made by rain, made coffee & boiled potatoes then [word illegible here] rather muddy. No bread, had supper, rained all day, some thunder storm, grass first rate.

Wednesday Oct. 1, 1862. Climbed still higher then passed down grade. Some 2 miles came to the Couer d’Alene Lake So called by the Indians. Met about 40 Indians, rainy, very unpleasant of Indians coming & families. Good dinner, partridge, potatoes & bread, M. R. tree 180. Traveled along Lake shore. Met Indians who said Indians stole a white horse from him, said he should follow them next day & fight them. Over a high hill & down a splendid grade, very good road. Came to plain & camped near Spokane River about 170 m. [miles] to W. W. Night fine.

Thursday Oct. 2, 1862. Passed over plains, supposed Spokane plain. Some 4 miles ford ed river soon after we came to it by a road that ran to the river. Crossed over to the East side about 2 miles below a white flag. Then travelled over plains & camped at noon on river near boulders on prairie. Good grass made about 10 miles this morning. Weather fair, rather windy. Travelled this afternoon on a level plain to ferry about, I should think, 8 miles from ford and camped near river, wood & grass good. The ford road came into the Mullen road about 1½ miles west of ferry, about 155 to W. W. [Walla Walla].

Friday Oct. 3, 1862. Went to Ferry kept by Antoine Plant. bought ½ bushel of Potatoes at $6.00 per bushel. Ferry arrangements good, weather fair. M. R. tree at ferry 166. Left at 2 o’clk & camped on Nedl whuad creek 144 - roads first-rate - weather fine W. W.

Saturday Oct. 4, 1862 Started at 6 o’clck passed Williamson Lake (dry) went 2 miles further found water & camped at 9½ o’clck for breakfast made 8 miles good road & grass. Charles Myers left us this morning & started for Walla Walla alone. Very cold, rain all the morning, unpleasant. Roads fair over prairie. Very hard rain all day everything wet & cold.

Copied from list signed by John Mullans U. S. Army Camp from Spokane Ferry.

The Coeur d’Alene (Sacred Heart) Mission was founded in November, 1842, by Father Nicholas Point, a Jesuit missionary, acting under orders from Father Pierre-Jean DeSmet, S. J.

Lake Coeur d’Alene in North Idaho.

Antoine Plant, a French half-breed, had a ranch and ferry about forty miles east of Spokane.

Evidently a misspelling of an Indian word.
1 to Nedl whuald Creek (bridge) | 12 miles
2 " Lake Williams | 16
3 " Rock Creek | 17
4 " Tcho-Tcho-n-seep (3 creeks) | 9
5 " Ora-tay-ouse | 15
6 " Pelouse Crossing | 14 1/2
7 Pelouse | 10
8 Camp Pelouse | 11
9 Camp Snake River | 15
10 Camp no wood or water except at 7 mile spring E. of road | 27
11 Camp Dry Creek | 11
12 Walla Walla | 9

Passed a sign by Mullan's "30 miles to Antoine Plant's ferry, better grass for camping 1/2 mile E. of this point. 1 1/2 miles to Rock Creek."

Oct. 5 1862.
Camped on creek making this day about 19 1/2 miles. Slept good - Good camp M. R. 121 also 197, about 120 notice by Mullan. Left hand road preferable to Snake R. better camps the road forks here. Passed over rolling prairie rather stoney in places & camped on Tcho-Tcho-n-seep or 3 creeks M. R. 112. Made 9 miles this morning, grass fair W [wood] & W [water] & passed over high rolling prairie road good came on lake. Continued on to about 104 for the night on low bottom for the night out of the wind. Place named by us Cattail Hollow. Night rather cold, moon light - no rain good grass, water and wood. All green willow & cotton [wood].


Tuesday 7 Oct. 1862. Started after breakfast, night cold and clear, morning clear. Travelled along the river & crossed six times, passed over high hill. About 4 miles & camped again on river [Palouse] made about 10 miles. Good feed & wood all along except over hill. Passed along this afternoon over hills & along river alternately. Good camp anywhere along river, day fair, night pleasant, passed Indians this morning.

Wednesday Oct. 8 1862. Started at 6 before breakfast. Morning rather cool making the last camp on Palouse River or 62 miles from Wal Wal [Walla Walla] designated by a pile of stones on an elevation opposite said crossing, day fair, no rain. 9 O'clock A. M. passed along over hills & river 2 or 3 miles. Then the road runs S. E. [southeast] over high bench, roads good, plenty of grass, no wood or water for 15 miles. The road runs on the west side of Palouse, arrived at Snake river about 6 o'clock. The river about 300 yards wide & said to be 30 or 40 feet deep. Met here 3 teams loaded about 60 hundred each bound to Colville."

Thursday Oct 9, 1862. Crossed the Ferry kept by a man by the name of Sam Caldwell (47 miles to W. Walla) - grass & good wood here. Found Louie here working at ferry - Horses sell from 12 to 30 dollars. Lay here this day washing & resting horses &c.

Friday Oct. 10, 1862. Morning cold & clear some 70 head of pack horses swam the river today on their way to Wal Wal to pack to Colville. A party of five with 3 horse teams came today from Deer Lodge [Montana] stating Clow & Co. was on the road.

Saturday Oct 11, 1862. Stay here this day until 2 P. M. started & camped, after passing over hill, in canyon.

Sunday Oct 12. Started this morning & breakfasted at 7 mile spring. No wood or water between the Snake River & this place. No wood here only water & grass - roads rather hilly but good This afternoon went over first rate roads to the "Tenchet" [Touchet] a small creek 20 miles from Wal Wal.

Monday Oct 13. Started at 8 o'clock roads good. Camped at Dry Creek 2 farm houses here. Flour [$]8.50, Potatoes 3c lb. This afternoon passed on to a small Mud Creek, fair feed, wood very scarce. Located some 3 miles from town.

"This probably intended to mean that each team was loaded with six hundred pounds of freight.
"Colville, in northeastern Washington, was formerly a Hudson's Bay company trading post. In the sixties it became the outfitting point for the mines of the Northwest."
Tuesday Oct. 14. Started with Hi on foot to Walla Walla.\(^5\) The town probably contains some 800 inhabitants, in a valley running E & W. \& is watered by some 3 or 4 small streams running through the center of the town. The principal business appears to be selling horses at auction. Selling whiskey & gambling & worse. Prices running from 20 to $25.00 for a fair pony to $45. for a good riding horse to [$1100 for a good large farm horse.


17 & 18 Saturday. Still remain in camp near town. This 18 got up & found the mare gone.

19 Sunday -

Oct. 20, 1862. F. L. and H. Stone started this morning for Wallala [Wallula?]. I lent them $15.00.


Thursday 23, Oct. 1862. Mr. Clow \& Jones this day came in to Walla Walla.

Friday 24. Oct. 1862. Gave up hunting for my mare & started for the Dalles this morning with Hunt \& Charles Martin driving 3 ox teams, distance from this place 170 miles. Camped near Mores on [word illegible here] creek.

Saturday 25, Oct. 1862. Last night cold, frost very sharp. Slept good, ground smooth, morning clear & cold, but pleasant. Crossed John Day river\(^5\) about 7 miles from its mouth \& crossed the Des Chutes\(^5\) in ferry one miles from its mouth, arrived in the Dalles\(^5\) on Monday night Nov. 3. The road all the way was very hilly, sandy & dusty.

The Dalles appear to be quite a busy place. Many trains loading for Powder River\(^5\) and Boise.\(^5\)

Walla Walla to Wallula 30 miles
To the Dalles 180
Dalles to Powder 280
Walla Walla to Powder 140
Dalles to John Day 200
Fare from Lewiston to Wallula by boat $10.00 Wallula to Dalles 10.00 $3.00 portage\(^6\) (running from the Des Chutes 15 m. to Dalles) extra from Dalles to Portland $5.00.

Friday Nov. 14, 1862.

Started 3 teams on boat Idaho at 6 A. M. to Portland paid 58 it is called 90 miles from the Dalles to Portland. Arrived at the Cascades\(^5\) at 10 o’clk & walked over portage, the baggage being carried free about 4 miles. Took the other boat at 10 o’clk & started immediately, then having discharged the freight. The river between the two places is very shallow rapid & rocky, impossible for boats. The road is made on the side of the mountains by trellis work on which is a horse railroad used for carrying passengers \& freight.

April 22, 1863 Left Portland on Steamer E. D. Baker for the Dalles fare $2.00 5 o’clk A. M. 12 miles to Columbia, passed into Columbia river\(^5\) with Wilson G. Hunt. Arrived at lower Cascade at noon. Walked portage 2 miles \& took the S. B. Iris, and arrived at Dalles at 6 o’clk P. M. put up at Globe Hotel.

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Footnotes:

\(^5\)Fort Walla Walla, in southeastern Washington, was originally an Hudson’s Bay trading post. About 30 miles distant a military post bearing the same name was founded in 1856 during the Yakima Indian War of 1856-58. By 1860 a town had grown up in the vicinity of the military fort, which was the western terminus of the Mullan wagon-road. It became an important trading center for the Northwest mines and settlements.

\(^6\)This stream enters the Columbia from the south, being named for John Day, a hunter with the ill-fated Astoria expedition of 1811-12, who went violently insane.

\(^7\)This river flows into the Columbia, also from the south, and a short distance east of the Dalles. It was also known as Falls river because of its numerous cascades.

\(^8\)Fort Dalles was built in 1849 by companies of the Oregon Rifle Regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Loring. It was important as a military post during the Indian wars of 1856-58. A city grew up around it and became an important trading center.

\(^9\)This refers to the Powder river in northeastern Oregon.

\(^10\)Boise is the capital of the State of Idaho.

\(^11\)Boat navigation was interrupted here because of the rapids.

\(^12\)Canal locks have since been built at Cascade, Oregon to facilitate navigation on the Columbia river.

\(^13\)Portland is situated on the Willamette river several miles above its confluence with the Columbia.
THE BALLAD OF DANNY KIRK

Ada Farris

Danny Kirk was a Western Man,
A ridin', swearin', gamblin' han';
He was plum locoed over Hanner Work,
And he wanted to change her name to Kirk.
(With a Ki and a Yippi and a Yi Oh!)

But the gal she couldn't make up her min',
'Cause an Injun over on Porcupine
Wanted to marry Hanner too—
Now what in tunket was the gal to do!
(With a Ki and a Yippi and a Sigh Oh!)

The Injun had some govermunt lan',
A house, and some mules, too—quite a few span.
His name, Tail-Feathers-Goin'-Over-The-Bank,
Was shortened into just plain "Hank."
(With a Ki Yi Yi, Oh fie Oh!)

Said Danny Kirk to this gal, Hanner,
"All I got is a hoss and an old bandanner.
Will you marry me, or be Hank's squaw?"
But all that Hanner said was—"'Naw!"
(With a Ki Yippi Yi and a Sigh Oh!)

Well, spring it went and summer come,
But things, they didn't begin to hum,
Till round-up time hove into sight—
And Danny Kirk drew Dynamite!
(With a Yip, Yip, Ride 'im Cow-boy-Oh!)

This Dynamite was the darndest hoss;
No han' could ride 'im—not even the boss;
He'd corkscrew and sunfish both together;
A cow-han' just nacherly had to pull leather!
(With a Ki Yippi Yi and a Yi Oh!)

The folks rode in from the Bar X Nine;
Hank come with the Injuns from Porcupine;
And all of them bet their very last buck,
That Danny Kirk would be out of luck,
(With Dynamite, Ki Yi Oh!)
Hanner was there with her hair in a braid,  
But she was skeered—she was sure afraid;  
She knew that her cow-han’, Danny, must  
Be bucked right off and bite the dust!  
(With a Ki Yippi Yi and a Sigh Oh!)  

But it goes to show—you never can tell;  
Danny Kirk, he rode—he never fell;  
The bronc bucked Dan right into space  
And nobody ever found a trace!  
(Oh Ki Yippi Yi and Oh Yi Oh!)  

They watched him fly above the trees;  
Ole Timers said a prairie “breeze”—  
The kind some folks call a tornado—  
Took and carried Dan clear to the town of Laredo!  
(Or to Ki Yippi Yi, Ohio!)  

And Hanner she sighed and Hanner cried,  
And sad to relate, she up and died—  
Well nearly!—but then she made up to her Hank,  
And was Mrs. Tail-Feathers-Goin’-Over-The-Bank,  
(In a Ki Yi Wink-of-the-eye Oh!)  

Indian Cavalcade. By Clark Wissler. Sheridan House. $3.  

Dr. Clark Wissler, one of the best known  
of American anthropologists and curator-in-  
chief of the Department of Anthropology of  
the American Museum of Natural History,  
describes in this unpretentious volume the  
Plains Indian country and its characters, Indian  
and white, as he met them when he entered upon his field studies nearly forty  
years ago. “This is a book without a purpose,” says the author in the opening line of  
his foreword. Dr. Wissler may have had  
nothing more in mind than to recollect and  
to chat, but after four decades of studying  
and reflecting upon man and culture in this  
America he apparently cannot put his pen to  
paper without telling us things illuminating  
and moving about himself, the Indians, and  
ourselves.  

Dr. Wissler’s path from Indian reservation  
to Indian reservation led him close to scenes  
of corruption, violence, official arrogance,  
stupidity, cultural disintegration, intolerance,  
and unbelievable smugness on the part of the  
conquerors. He hopes that he has not  
been moved to bitterness or harshness by  
these experiences nor deluded into believing  
that he witnessed incidents peculiar to In-  
dian-white relations. If he has been unduly  
severe, he tells us, “the excuse is that no  
one, after a close look at life anywhere, can  
escape the urge to make harsh statements,  
...”. The author has succeeded remarkably  
well in escaping this “urge,” but, though he  
has not been moved to anger, one senses  
somehow that he has not been untouched by  
pain. The publishers have characterized the  
book as “mellow” and so it may be, but there  
are a wry quality and a grudging resigna-  
tion to that mellowness that belie a surface  
serenity. Good naturedly he reviews  
and forges the confusion in the government’s In-  
dian policy, but only because it is a particular  
instance of general befuddlement which he  
sees everywhere. “Social muddling through  
is the best to be expected, even with our  
own problems in Washington.” Of a white
desperado living in Indian country, who, after threats against his life had been made, ate with his gun beside him rather than flee after threats against his life had been made, the area, the author says, "Maybe he was appearance was after all problematical, for an enemy whose futile, this spending right, but it all seemed so unnecessary, so spite locale and Western trappings such examples and persons operate as symbols in a larger frame of reference. We may suspect that this anthropologist's optimism has become strained and his tone has grown wearier, not because he encountered such events and persons in Indian country, but because he continued to find them, in books and in life, long after his apprenticeship in the world of Indian agents, traders, Indian fighters, and squaw men had come to a close.

Dr. Wissler's searching analysis of himself and his professional point of view should dispose of some of the grosser misconceptions concerning the anthropologist entertained by many members of the Indian service and not a few laymen. In the first place, so far as he may be used as an example, it is clear that Dr. Wissler is not emotionally devoted to old Indians, aboriginal customs, other days, and past scenes because he was obliged to study them. He refuses to dramatize the "good old days" in the Indian country, "because the chances are that life in the Indian country was neither better nor worse than in the average American town of the time." He quotes the old saw that "the best thing about the good old days is that they are a long way behind us." When an Indian woman berated him for the part the whites had played in the disappearance of the buffaloes and, as she would have it, her resulting emaciated appearance of the buffalo is compared to the white conception of dogmatic, exclusive sects that he had been too well conditioned to the accept the efficacy of a number of rituals at one.

It is plain, too, that this anthropologist was never an unthinking sentimentalist in regard to Indians and Indian affairs. The indignation meetings of eastern pressure groups against the methods of Indian agents are treated none too gently. "To a people among whom the scalping knife and tomahawk were still handled affectionately, no leader deserved respect unless his punishments were harsh. The people back home might be scandalized and think how the poor Indian must abhor such cruelty, but I seriously doubt if they understood the Indian they wished to champion." Of a white man who cursed the Indians roundly, Wissler says, "After hearing many of his adventures, I was disposed to agree with him." Matters were never easily divided into red and white, or black and white, for Dr. Wissler. Yet the author's respect and admiration for many of his Indian informants and friends are beyond cavil.

This is a book of anecdotes, written in colloquial style and without any apparent attempt at philosophy or reflection. And yet to the reviewer the principal contribution of the volume is not to entertainment or to history, but is the demonstration of the manner in which knowledge of man and culture may permit the student to cut to the quick of human affairs and extract the ageless kernel from the ebb and flow of events. After reviewing the broken treaties, the graft, the hiatus of ignorance, omission and commission on the part of the whites, the author suggests with ripe wisdom "that if all promises had been kept, all officials had been honest and intelligent, there would still have been sorrow and gloom because the foot of the conqueror pressed down upon the neck of the Indian." Freedom still mattered most when Dr. Wissler was a young man and perhaps it will assert itself again in our day.

Dr. Wissler sees many parallels between the conflicts he witnessed as a young man in Indian country and the world situation today. The spectacle of the trader, equipping the Indian with the most improved weapons and holding a gun in the other hand to repel his attacks he likens to the latest muctions scandals. The ghost dance movement which swept through the plains following the economic disruption of the Indian and the disappearance of the buffalo is compared to events in "modern Europe with its youth movements and militaristic fanaticism tanta- mount to religion."

The Indians Dr. Wissler met not only
answered questions but sometimes made inquiries of their own concerning the culture of the white man. Some of the questions were very unsettling and left the author to wonder whether "the blind lead the blind." At one point when his explanation differs from that of the native he asks, "Yet was there any particular virtue in my explanations other than to say that the customs and habits of my people demanded them so?" Dr. Wissler and some others of us have taken degrees in great universities, but we have received our "higher education" on lonely reservations.

There are many other points which tempt comment—the pictures and native drawings with which the volume is embellished, Indian discourses on white culture, on chivalry, on fossils, on inventions and inventors, and on photography—but space does not permit. One service which the author has done for us deserves special mention, however. He disposes of the notion that when an Indian name is conferred upon a white man he thereby becomes a member of the tribe. By this brave act Dr. Wissler demotes to white culture 842 Indian chiefs, 444 sachers, an indeterminate number of warriors, and goodness knows how many Indian princesses.

Morris Edward Opler


To Judith Hingham, California in 1838 might well have lain beyond the land of the giants as it did in Gulliver's travels. "That was where she was living now—east of the giants—in a land so far removed that she might be thought to have the Brobdinogrians and a flying island for her neighbors."

Apart from its remoteness, however, there was nothing mythical about the Rancho Amarillo, of which Judith found herself mistress after eloping with Juan Godoy from her father's boat in Monterey harbor. Even through the first dazed months of readjustment to primitive conditions, every detail of the new life was startlingly vivid. The little adobe fortress; the smells—barayard, smoke, and drying hides; the killing-ground, where in these "hide and tallow" days carcasses were left to rot as there was no market for beef; brown hills; Indians—all these things belonged to the Amarillo she loathed at first and later came to love.

Those early chapters about life at the rancho are masterpieces of writing. We see and hear and feel it all as the year completes its cycle. Not only this, but we are shown the remarkable character of Judith herself, unfolding as it were to each new stimulus, from that first shock of disillusion to the day she looks out over the valley and finds it beautiful.

"One could live a beautiful life there . . . Her child—her children would know that beauty, but they must not know it as mere savages. 'Without a dream the people perish.' Now she had begun again to dream."

As each year brings her closer to the realization of that dream, Judith Godoy becomes more and more a person to remember. Later, as the close-packed turbulent years carry California through revolt, American conquest, gold fever and the beginnings of finance, Judith faces life, death, change, and destruction with the same dauntless spirit.

With gold "working through California like some fever in the blood"; with Juan feeling "the old life with its deep satisfactions crumbling away beneath his feet" and nothing in the new to make up for it; with him finally being brought home dead from a gambling brawl, she still retains a vision of the ranch surviving even the new era.

Still later, as the wife of Daniel Melton, richest man in San Francisco, she dreams of the establishment of an ideal community at Rancho Amarillo and sees that dream and the work of years go down together. Facing all odds, win or lose, hers was a rich zest for life, coupled with a rare ability to watch it go by at the same time.

Of the author's complete familiarity with his subject, there can be no question. Earlier books of his, Ordeal by Hunger, the story of the Donner party, and two biographies, Bret Harte and John Phoenix, bear witness to thorough historic research. In each of these appears a rare dramatic skill in the handling of incident and character. Nor is historical accuracy once sacrificed to that sense of drama. East of the Giants, however, makes us recognize if never before the reason for this. It seems to be a special genius for interpreting history in terms of human values; of relating event not so much to event as to its effect on individual lives and personalities; of sensing in turn the influence of those same personalities upon their time and times still to come.

This book has what all too many historical novels lack, a sense of perspective that identifies its period and characters with human experience as a whole. It is more than a novel of early California. It is a full-bodied tribute to life itself.

Barbara E. Bent

The Last Look and Other Poems. By Mark Van Doren. Holt. $2.

Nothing in the experience this world affords me amazes me so much as the complacency with which critics view the state of American poetry. I do not mean professional literary critics only; it is a commonplace that the state of American criticism is almost as bad as the state of American poetry. I mean the comfortable view held by many literate and intelligent persons—that Americans are writing poetry as never before; that we are a singing nation. It is an almost equal commonplace spoken by these same persons when asked for evidence, that
as a young and materialistic nation going through a period of economic and social transition, we cannot be expected to produce mature and brilliant poets.

Both attitudes are lazy and abominable. We currently evade ourselves, our times, and the truth about both in our literature as we do in our social, economic, and political life. We are a nation rich in experience; our language is a wonderful and beautiful instrument of expression; we know ourselves and the meanings of our existence better than ever before. I say that the state of our poetry is shameful; for every Sandburg we have a thousand Van Dorens.

I am not wise enough to explain the phenomenon of Mark Van Doren; I should not be wise enough even if I knew all about him. Some time, let us hope, we shall have critics who will illuminate simply for us the tragic failure of American poetry. At present I am too crushed with disappointment to do more than ask questions. For Mr. Van Doren, I am willing to accept the judgment expressed on the publisher’s blurb: “Belonging to no contemporary school or movement, Mr. Van Doren has made his reputation by steadily perfecting his craft and by studying the subject, life, which this craft has given him the ability to treat.”

The blurb-writing fraternity has a cynical adage to the effect that the poet whose poems are as nearly empty as possible may well be puffed up as a great student of life and craftsmanship. Even blurb-writers will not deliberately pick empty phrases to describe work with juice in it. Mark Van Doren is the priest-poet, who appears neatly and modestly clad in gray robes and performs with quaint deftness on a zither. For his restraint and precision, his sensitiveness for word tonality, his sharp imagery, and his mocking talent for suggesting much more than he actually says, I have nothing but praise. Yet even a person more enamored of form for itself than I am could scarcely praise these things by themselves. And for all practical purposes they exist by themselves. Mr. Van Doren toys with the semblance of things. There is no passion in his verses, no muted grief, no ecstasy, no despair, no joy. There is scarcely even death in his poems, though he himself states that this is his main theme. There is only a capriciously adumbrated echo of ideas of these things.

Frankly Mr. Van Doren wearies me. For criticism of his work I am content to pass on the puff the publishers prize, written by Howard Baker in the Southern Review:

“Mark Van Doren’s most successful poems...are not different finally from the good poems of any age. But the content of these same poems is derived with unusual directness from the present. Indeed, Mark Van Doren, of living poets, is undoubtedly the one who is most representative of his nation and his times.”

Concerning Mr. Van Doren’s devotion to form, I am reminded of a professor who used to insist to me that no one liked to read about manure, for instance, or sex, for its own sake. Concerning Howard Baker’s squib, I am reminded of the verse from Pins and Needles which advises one “never to argue with the proletarian sons-of-bitches; just call them un-American!” The advice is apt. When you find a poet who has nothing to say, dub him “representative of his nation and his times.”

Richard Lake

Iowa, a Guide to the Hawkeye State. Compiled and Written by the Federal Writers’ Project of the Works Progress Administration for the State of Iowa. Viking. $2.50.

You have had this experience: Driving through the country you approach a state line. You cross it. And instantly you are aware of a difference. Subtle variations are manifest in landscape, people, even sky. It is as if each state were an empire; a magnetic field with metallic shavings grouped around a magnetic pole, the state capitol.

The vivid differences among our states are what make the compiling of guidebooks by the Federal Writers’ Project an important work, and the reading of them a rich adventure. Consider this Iowa guide, so ably integrated by Mr. Raymond Kresensky and his associates on the Iowa Writers’ Project.

In Iowa we have an opulent state, as civilized as is possible in the world of 1939. Within seventy-five years the people who settled it, and their descendants, have converted it from an Indian hunting ground into a commonwealth about as far removed from the frontier as you can imagine. Its chief products are corn, hogs, and Californians. But it also has produced an amazing potpourri of people successful in arts, sciences and racketeering; such widely different persons as Henry Wallace and Carl Van Vechten; Bob Feller and Phil Stong; John L. Lewis and J. N. Darling; the Cherry and Lane sisters; Smith Brookhart and Grant Wood; the Ringling brothers and Ruth Suckow; D. D. Palmer (who discovered chiropractic) and the Cardiff giant; Paul Engle, Wallace Stegner, Richard Sherman.

What mingling of racial stocks produced these people? And what, actually, is the state like? Is it really the flat, dreary, colorless land that most Easterners imagine (when they can remember that Iowa and Ohio and Idaho aren’t all different names for the same place)? Are all its inhabitants like the retired farmers of Long Beach, whose idea of reward for a life of pious manure spreading is to be able to play as many games of horseshoe as they wish?

In some measure this book answers these questions. You will find here unpeeled the
layer after layer of migrations—a state set-
led by New Englanders, Southerners who
brought their slaves, by Irish, Dutch, Ger-
mans, Scandinavians, Italians. You will
learn that the landscape isn’t one big flat
pancake; that there are miles of wooded
hills and lovely valleys, and more miles of
deeply rolling prairie. In an absorbing chap-
ter on racial elements you will behold the
exciting mingling of races, and the inevitable
mixing following mingling. You will uncover
deep, rich pay-streaks of tradition and coun-
try lore. For, despite the staggering quan-
ty of factual material, much of the flavor
and spirit of Iowa life has been ensnared.

A few omissions must be noted. How the
chapter on literature failed to mention Lewis
Worthington Smith and Wallace Stegner is
beyond me. And more could have been done
with the comical chautauqua movement, in
which Iowa played so enthusiastic a part.
And with the many circuses and circus
people that the state has spawned. You’ ll
search vainly in the Iowa guidebook
for sloppy writing. Throughout nearly 600
pages the authors maintain a style that is
as sharp and crisp as a winter morning.
And occasionally, quite casually, a sentence
emerges which, striving only to do a good
job of information bearing, is memorable as
prose. For instance, the second of these two
about the Mormon trek across Iowa: “Dur-
ing April the rain swept through the camp,
causing miserable delays. Sometimes the rain
froze at night, fastening the mud-clogged
wheels to the earth.”

Thomas W. Duncan

Man and His Lifebelts. By E. T.
Bell, Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

In this new book Professor Bell, of the
California Institute of Technology, the author of
Men of Mathematics and The Search for
Truth, besides a list of mystery tales and an
impressive number of contributions to mathe-
matics in the professional journals, has loos-
ened his collar, rumpled his hair, and borne
down heavily on his pencil to record his
opinions of man and man’s efforts to control
or to be reconciled with his own destiny.
The book is dedicated to a partner who is
not represented in the writing but in the
conversations that led up to the writing.
“Long ago,” he says, “she proved to herself
that we human beings are a moronic lot,
damned beyond hope of redemption by our
intractable stupidity, and bound by our very
nature to make a fiasco of whatever better-
ment we attempt.” Such a pessimism of
hers is scarcely decent, and in the follow-
ing chapters I shall endeavor to see exactly what
is in it and ascertain what, if anything, can
be done to make it less disreputable.”

In the voyage of his species through space
and time man has put his trust in one kind
of lifebelt after another. One after another
has proved to be filled with holes that made
it ineffectual or with bricks that carried it
promptly to the bottom when the occasion
came. Religion has often been a device of
the powerful for the control of the crowd, a
promise of a deferred heaven made by the
ins to satisfy the outs. “Instant and unques-
tioning obedience to the will of those called
by God to social stations higher than your
own is the first principle of righteousness.”

Bitterly fought has been the transfer of
men’s hopes to the new lifebelt, science.
Luther and Calvin as well as the established
Church appealed to reason against the Cop-
ernican displacement of man from the center
of the universe, but “of all the beautiful
prostitutes that have led willing men astray,
so-called ‘pure reason’ is the most enticingly
beautiful and the most dangerously diseased.”
Religion opposed the extension of knowledge
through dissection and experiment, the med-
ical amelioration of the pains of childbirth,
the campaign against venereal disease and
the possibility of dealing with population in-
crease through birth control.

But science in its turn has let man roughly
down. The machine first enslaved the chil-
dren of the working class and then displaced
the laborer himself and left him to starve or
live on charity. Invention brought ease and
medicine brought health only to have men
engaged in wars that were the fruits of the
machine and of growing populations.

There are also lifebelts in the form of po-
itical systems, democracy, communism, fas-
cism. Rousseau’s liberty, equality, and fra-
ternity were ambiguous notions not founded
on the observation of the real world of men.
Marx’s abstractions are equally out of touch
with reality and the system built upon them
is “like an involved German translation of
the limp idly simple French original of Rous-
seau”. The new lifebelts turn out to be only
new ways of being trapped. A few men may retain
power over the rest.

Religious, scientific, and political lifebelts
appear to have little to offer mankind. But
to science Bell returns for another examina-
tion. It is possible that its defects of a life-
belt come from the fact that scientists are
not interested in salvation, of themselves or
of their fellow men. The scientist must not
be driven by ordinary interests or he is in-
capable of scientific work. Science has about
it a thoroughly impersonal point of view.
Its practitioners are led not by ideas of per-
sonal gain or profit but only by a strange
desire to feel more at home in the universe.
It is quite possible that science will produce
for us the means of salvation, though scien-
tists will not themselves urge these means.

This book will not be read for information
about religion and government, or even about
science. It is frankly a book of prejudices
and you cannot paint a gay or even a realis-
tic picture with only a few drab colors on
the palette. It is an interesting picture in spite of a deplorable postscript and a picture that helps stir us out of any remaining complacency. But some of us may revert. A portrait of man as “moronic” and of an ineluctable stupidity may lead the more perverse of us to ask: Moronic as compared to what? With what angelic world and what angelic standards is Bell judging us poor mortals? 

Edwin R. Guthrie


Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads. The same. $3.75.

These two volumes stand as an impressive monument to the collectors’ zeal and editorial skill of the distinguished pair, father and son, who in compiling them have made permanent our frontier heritage in cowboy and negro folk-song. In point of reader, if not of singer, appeal the first is likely to prove the more immediately interesting. The reason for this is its prefatory account by the Lomaxes of their discovery and later adventuring with the amazing “Lead Belly” of their title. This self-styled “king of de twelve-string guitar players ob de world” was found in a Texas prison camp doing a second time stretch for murder and an assortment of other scarcely less serious crimes. The nerve it took on the part of the Lomaxes to make him their protegé and chauffeur during a six months’ swing through the eastern states (in the course of which they alternately noted down after private hearings and shared with others at public performances the products of his daemonic gifts of memory and improvisation) is only equalled in its wonder-compelling effects by the variety and richness of the treasure trove of song they accumulated in consequence of their taking the chance. The joint undertaking came to its obviously predestined end all too quickly, owing to Lead Belly’s inability to resist the triple ravages of a swelled head, easy money, and the urban brands of rot-gut whisky, but not before the recording of his prodigious output was practically unavoidable. “From 1870 to 1890,” writes the elder Lomax, “one million mustang ponies and twelve million head of longhorn cattle were driven up the trail from Texas to markets in Kansas, Wyoming, Montana, and other Western states.” It is the songs, so far as they are recoverable (and printable), by which the cowboys shortened that trail that are brought together in this compilation. They were collected for the most part from persons who knew them at first-hand from intimate acquaintance with the men who sang them and made them up, on ranch and range or at seasonal round-ups. Now happily preserved in forms as slightly contaminated as possible by the plow and barbwire era and made easily accessible to posterity, they ought by the genuine quality of their folk-art excellence assist notably in driving out of seemingly general favor the spurious Broadway substitutes for honest-to-gawd broncho buster song, and take the place they deserve in the entertainment daily and nightly projected over the airways and along the sound tracks. And is it being too optimistic to look forward to their eventually getting into our homes and schools by rather less insidious and more soul-satisfying means?

V. L. O. Chittick

A Stranger Came to Port. By Max Miller. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.

“Some men are born to follow always a schedule between birth and death. They are like a train which must reach each station on time, their whole life arranged as on a timetable for years and years in advance. Should these men defy the law of the timetable and dare to digress from what is cut out for them—well, there was his leg.” Hardson’s leg had been broken because he had “dared to digress” from his own particular timetable and had dropped out of sight for a year. He had spent that year in and around San Diego harbor with a harbor salvager and lobster-fisherman called Lobster Johnny. Johnny had picked him off the end of a jetty where Hardson was marooned by the tide; and in some unspecified way they became partners—or at least Hardson shared
all the fun, and Johnny's houseboat became his home.

Johnny was a rare bird, as independent as the tides, but unlike them, a respecter of the independence of others—of some others, that is. He introduced Hardson to the adventurous life and lives in the harbor in such a way that he spoiled none of it in advance, the way "civilized" people do. For example, when they went out with the tug-boat crew to rescue a wrecked clipper off the Mexican coast, Hardson and Johnny were held as hostages by Yaquis. But Johnny hadn't told Hardson there might be Yaquis.

On a tuna-fishing expedition in a Portuguese ship, the description of which is as exciting as anything in Moby Dick, Hardson sustained his broken leg in such a manner that the story of his accident made every newspaper in the country. During his recuperation on the houseboat he at last realized how his isolation had relaxed his nerves tautened by the tempo of living, and he saw that he had gained a sane perspective of himself and his place in the world. But now that his whereabouts were known and his solitude was nearly at an end, now that someone would be coming to fetch him home again, he clung to every moment of the poignantly beautiful evening, which he feared might be his last on the houseboat he loved. Wondering whether anyone is to come or not creates a very satisfactory suspense throughout the story.

People who like their stories "plotty" will be disappointed in this book, but those who enjoy watching the interplay of a few juicy characters will be rewarded with many bellylaughs. Lobster Johnny deserves a book to himself. So does his friend Dixie, who pays a surprise visit to the houseboat, but finds only Hardson there—a stranger to her. She gets drunk on cognac and tells him her story, during which he raises his eyebrows several times. The reader may find himself wishing that Johnny would hurry up and come back.

Mr. Miller has surrounded his characters with a rich marine atmosphere, brightened the thread of story with racy anecdotes like those in his earlier book, I Cover the Waterfront, and has peppered the whole with a malicious diatribe against the aimlessness and foolishness of contemporary life. In I Cover the Waterfront, Mr. Miller said that ambition is the root of most of our unhappiness. In this new book he seems to have found the cure for his own, but believes that the world in general never will. "... Hannibal was again at large. So was Napoleon. So was Caesar... It was all being repeated, the same old show, and whether the film was being run backwards or forwards made no difference, the hoodlums-on-strut leaped in and out of their jumpy little characters just the same as always in this never-changing plot."  

Elizabeth G. Elmer

New Directions in Prose and Poetry, 1937. Edited by James Laughlin IV. New Directions. $2.50.


New Directions, an annual volume of experimental and creative writing, presents in this volume work by such important literary figures as Jean Cocteau, William Carlos Williams, Gertrude Stein, Kay Boyle, and E. E. Cummings—to mention but a few of the twenty-nine contributors. In the preface to the current volume Laughlin writes, "The only useful function which a book like New Directions can fulfill is to get into print good writing which otherwise would go unpublished." No one could disagree with that laudable ambition.

But Laughlin is interested in more than "good writing". He believes that the "experimental" writing of a few for an educated few will in some mysterious way act upon those tremendous forces which determine our economic existence and introduce—or cooperate in introducing—Social Credit! And according to a Paul Hampden essay included in this volume, Social Credit will provide the remedy—"individual ownership of production." In other words, Laughlin sees a relationship between exclusive writing and exclusive ownership. What a contrast to the state of affairs on the continent, where surrealism was inaugurated by Communists and subsequently banned from Nazi Germany!

Not all the writers in this miscellany, however, are to be identified with the Social Credit crowd. Apropos of the problem of experimental writing is this quotation from Ruth Lechlitten's acute essay, "Verse Drama for Radio," published in this volume: "What, after all, is the chief instrument in the 'creation' of language? The changing voice of the people in a changing world: this is the maker of word and phrase, the creator of new meaning. Stein, Joyce, Proust, Cocteau may be known to a few students of language; but the small-time gangster, or the factory worker with no more than an eighth-grade schooling, may do more to vitalize a language than any dozen big-time cultish 'experimental' writers." William Saroyan, who is not to be classed with the cultish experimenters, is represented by three stories. One of them, "The Pool Game," is Saroyan at his best. I would call attention to Cocteau's famous "Le Maries de la Tour Eiffel," which is here made available in an English translation. Gertrude Stein is represented by her play "Daniel Webster," which she discussed in her Everybody's Biography. Either prose or poetry by William Carlos Williams would fill enough of our collection. Laughlin prints an episode from "Patterson.

At the back of the book are three poems.
by Mary Barnard (who gets but slight notice in the notes on contributors: "Mary Barnard lives in Vancouver, Washington"). I doubt if Laughlin meant to slight these poems by placing them as he did. Coming at the end of the volume, they provide a tremendous lift.

Not to be confused with New Directions is Directions, "American Stuff." This special issue is devoted to work by members of the Federal Writers' Project, but it is work done in spare time. Since the writer on the project works in cooperation with other writers, the published result bears the imprint of no one style. The individual loses his identity in this anonymous "socialized" writing. Consequently, it is in the essays, fiction, and verse of this volume, written "off time," that we can see what the individual project worker is like. The quality of the work is of a high order and is a tribute to the cultural significance of WPA.

If you are interested in the problems of getting good writing into print, read the editorial on "little magazines." "The Distinguishing Characteristics of Yiddish Literature" deserves to be more accessible than it is in this particular "little" magazine. "Slaves," "Homestead Days" (the background is Montana), and "Fordjob" are of value as regional material. They are very well done. The verse and fiction compares favorably with that of any other little magazine. Five prints from the Art Projects are reproduced. Harry Gottlieb's lithograph is by far the best.

If you are interested in new trends and functions of literature, you may find this volume quite as significant, in a certain sense, of new directions, as is Laughlin's collection.

Lloyd J. Reynolds


The Bannock Indian War of 1878. By George Francis Brimlow. The same. $2.50.

The fact that each of these books deals with a phase of Oregon history is the only excuse for reviewing them together. They are quite different in character and content. Of the two, the book by Mr. Brimlow is probably of the greatest interest to the general reader, both because of its narrative style and because of its subject-matter. Professor Jacobs' study is a doctoral dissertation, relatively insignificant of the motives, character, and general significance of the movement to Oregon. Mr. Brimlow deals with the last major episode in the series of Indian uprisings which periodically brought alarm to the settlements in Oregon. The Bannock war is not so well known as the Nez Percé campaign which immediately preceded it or the Modoc war of 1872-1875. The seventeen chapters into which the account is divided describe the background and outbreak of the war, the campaigns against the Indians covering long distances in eastern Oregon, northern Nevada, southern Idaho, and southeastern Washington, and the aftermath of the disturbance. The style is clear and readable.

The use of "Bannock" in the title of the book and "Bannack" in the body of the text is perplexing and is not explained by a statement in the preface. Each volume has a bibliography of source materials and secondary works and an index. Both books are pleasing in typography and binding.

Dan E. Clark


As Stewart Holbrook says, it was a matinee for the kiddies and the name of the theater was the Iroquois. On that afternoon, December 30, 1903, the Chicago kids were laughing themselves to tears at the funny antics of Eddie Foy and his "Mr. Bluebeard" company.

Of a sudden there was a sputter of an arc light. Minutes later the flames were tearing out to flay juvenile heads. Less than twenty minutes after the alarm had been turned in the firemen began counting corpses piled seven deep. Six hundred and two persons were dead and 250 were injured.

They died because the building was not properly constructed, because exits were lacking or locked. Out of the disaster came a new building code. Holbrook affirms: "It is a very good code, and it ought to be. It came high."

The story of the Iroquois is one of many related in Let Them Live to demonstrate that
American disaster has usually been necessary to inspire American safety. The volume, reaching back almost a century to trace the growth of the safety movement, tells how folks allowed it was an Act of God that burned 1100 persons in a Wisconsin woods forest fire the same year that Chicago burned. But Holbrook points out that the fire was started by careless railroad builders who were acting for profit and not for God.

So it was with the maidens of the New England spinning mills who lost so many fingers in machinery; with miners trapped by explosions and flooding waters; with men who tumbled into molten infernos in steel mills; with train passengers who died in flimsy cars; all these and more were maimed and died until man realized that he, and not God, was responsible for most accidents. And when man faced this fact, and realized that safety was more profitable than negligence, there came a turn for the better in American industry. There remains the great problem of motor car safety, but even that, as demonstrated by a few cities, can be solved.

Let Them Live is Stewart Holbrook's second book. His first, Holy Old Mackinaw, will command the larger audience because swearing and sweaty loggers are more interesting than uplift. It is trite but true that Let Them Live does well by a subject that is notorious in resisting public interest.

Edward M. Miller


It is an obvious and accepted fact that the historical development of the Southwest has not been adequately treated in fiction. The picturesque cowboy has been used in sensational novels which lost in versimilitude what they gained in violent action. Clearly this is not the whole story and thus it is pleasant to discover that Mr. Taylor's excellent novel, Brazos, is something new in Western fiction, because of the breadth of scope and the refinement of technique which it displays.

The author is interested not so much in wild adventure as in the development of a country. Instead of rustlers, we get cattle drives with their concomitants of dangerous river crossings and sudden stampedes. We do get some gun-play in the frontier towns, but we also see the development of cities like Fort Worth and the penetration of the railroads. In other words, the picture is large and well filled in. Even such details as the prevalence of typhoid fever or the loss of life in railway construction find their proper place on the canvas.

This description of Texas in the seventies is made possible by the author's thorough research and his love of the country. Mr. Taylor has combed published as well as un-published records of the period for his detail. But the important thing in this case is the use of this material. The history does not obtrude as chunks but season the whole book like salt. You are aware of it not because famous characters appear, but because of the complete mastery of the material, perhaps a result of the fact that this novel was accepted at the University of Iowa as a doctoral dissertation.

The technique is as unusual for Western writing as the material. Of course the story moves; it is vividly told, but over and above that it gives the flavor of the region. The author has captured the idiom of the Southwest because he has known it from infancy. Consequently, instead of dialogue more antiquish and creaking than Cooper, he gives us racy expressions full of the twang of Texas and Oklahoma. Since this vivid expression also carries over into the narrative and description, the total effect of reality is impressive.

Even the characterization serves to typify the period and region. It is possible to object to the characters of the book as too shadowy, yet the West was interested not in what a man was, but in what he did, and Mr. Taylor lets his characters express themselves through their actions. Brazos Bolton, the hero, is, in fact, nicely conceived as the typical young fellow of good breeding setting out for adventure, getting into difficulties, and coming through successfully. All in all, Mr. Taylor has produced an exceptionally able historical novel of the Southwest, and we may well look forward to others from his pen.

Alexander C. Kern


In a closely written and well documented volume and in a style more solid than lively Mr. Wardell has given us an account of the later phase of Cherokee history. The Indians whose course he charts were at the time of discovery one of the most culturally advanced peoples living within the present boundaries of the United States. They were agriculturalists, lived in sizable villages and practiced elaborate ceremonies. Intermarriage between infiltrating whites and these natives began early and proceeded rapidly. By 1821 a Cherokee had arrived at an alphabet for the Cherokee language. In 1828 a newspaper, the Cherokee Phoenix, was circulating among a respectably literate adult population.

But, while these events were taking place, settlers, screened by the government and military, were moving to dispossess the Indians of their land and force them westward. The usual array of treaty mongers, with their
Frontier and Midland

special favors to signers and their veiled threats, succeeded in dividing the ranks of the Cherokee by 1817, when land which in Cherokee theory was inalienable was signed away by leaders who never, in the eyes of all their people, had been invested with such power. Those who left ancestral lands at this time, and before 1835, became known as Old Settlers or “Cherokees West.”

The agitation for the removal of those who had resisted the first onslaught was continued, however, and terminated in a removal treaty of 1835 which a portion of the Cherokee still consider infamous. The signers, and those who yielded to its terms became known as the Treaty or Ridge Party, the last appellation after Major Ridge, one of its prominent figures. By 1836 the members of the Treaty Party were on their way to join the Old Settlers in what is now north-eastern Oklahoma.

The departure of the Treaty Party left in the southeast a determined majority under the leadership of John Ross, who repudiated the late agreement and refused to depart. Such stubbornness necessitated a show of force, and in 1838 General Scott with seven thousand men was detailed to conduct the Cherokee to a new home. Desertions, sufferings, despair, and death marked the trip which has been aptly labeled “the trail of tears.” After several months the Ross Party, enraged by loss of life and property, arrived in the territory which they were to share with tribesmen whom they considered had betrayed them. Immediately ensued a struggle for control of the joint government which was to be formed. It is not surprising that shortly afterward occurred the assassination of Major Ridge and two other members of the Treaty Party. The bitterness and spirit of vengeance aroused by this incident raised the question of whether a union of Cherokees would be at all possible. By deft handling of his opponents and government officials alike, John Ross avoided a political rupture and emerged the head of a single government. But under the mask of a representative government modelled after the political forms of the United States, the battle between the Ross Party and the Old Settlers continued for many a long year.

Hardly had the scars of these events begun to heal when the issues on which the civil war was waged began to emerge. The political implications of Mr. Wardell’s study lend little comfort to the theory that self-determination of small nations who are hemmed in by strong, aggressive powers, is possible. It is plain that the majority of the Cherokees and their leader, Ross, desired to remain neutral during the contest between the north and south. Their desertion in a military sense by the north made it possible for the south to force a treaty with them. Even so a large number of Cherokees served in the armies of the north. Then, at the conclusion of the fighting, they were penalized by the government for alleged southern sympathies, an obvious dodge to divest them further of rights and lands. The final chapters of the volume deal with the coming of railroads and intruders, the allotment of tribal land with a view to opening up the remainder for sale and settlement and the dissolution of tribal government. The Cherokee kept their delegations in Washington, argued eloquently and long and wrung what concessions they could from white officials. But Mr. Wardell’s considerable labors at no point give any indication that the issue was at any time in doubt.

Morris Edward Opler

Wind Over Wisconsin. By August Derleth. Scribner. $2.50.

August Derleth has skilfully avoided the oft-committed mistake in writing historical novels of attempting to make use of too much material. Wind Over Wisconsin is simple, and deeply human. It makes no effort to be vast, to encompass all the great movements of the period. It depicts a small section of country, a scant few years of time; and the result is a compact dramatic unit, more successful in depicting the land, the thought, and the surge of the era than are the usual novels of this type.

When it is thought of as a unit, the history of the past century has set a breathtaking pace. Literally, miracles have been accomplished. Therefore, we tend to overdramatize; everything becomes important; we are swept away in the flood of newness. Looking backward, tremendous changes seem to have been accomplished over-night. But within each individual life the speed becomes reduced. Ideas, desires, do not change between dusk and dawn. They evolve, grow, and are destroyed, but years pass meanwhile, and if the world has changed, it is because the men and women who make it have changed.

Mr. Derleth chose surely this focal point of change—the individual. The time was 1832; the place, southern Wisconsin. Pierneau, the central character of Wind Over Wisconsin, found that because the men around him were changing, his life was being changed. It was not easy for Pierneau to change with it of his own accord, and had it not been for shrewd and sympathetic friends, he might well have been swept to destruction by the flood of humanity then beginning to roll westward.

Pierneau was a trapper. His father had been a trapper, and had bought from the Indians the land on which he had established his family home. Pierneau grew up in this freedom; it became part of him.
When his friend, Black Hawk, became embroiled with the whites, all his sympathies were with the Indians. The treachery and dishonesty which accompanied the intercourse between white man and Indian revolted him.

But as a mature and settled man, with family responsibilities of his own, Indians and fur-trade gone, he realized he would have to accommodate himself to a different kind of life, no matter how distasteful. It was difficult at first; he clung tenaciously to his old habits, his old ideals. Pierneau had always maintained his land in its natural condition, for the benefit of the wild life which furnished his comfortable living. Now, acre by acre, he cleared land for his plow, and in so doing found another, different kind of love for the hills and valleys of his birthplace.

Behind the figure of this fine character, Mr. Derleth paints his portrait of the time. There are trappers and traders; the members of Piernau's intensely human household; the life of the trading-post, Prairie du Chien; Black Hawk, a far more understandable character than the one we meet in school histories; and finally, the men who came searching out the fine land for new homes. The canvas is complete, alive, rich in detail. The method is simple and direct; the style vigorous and almost poetic.

Lauris Lindemann


The author of this small volume of children's stories about the Oregon Country is to be commended for one of her purposes in writing the book, "that the children will enjoy reading these stories to the extent that they will search out some of the old landmarks and associate them with early events." Throughout the text she refers accurately to locations where the interested might visit scenes of Oregon's history. If such an interest could be aroused and carefully fostered, the dignity of tradition, even in so new a country as this, might not be lost.

Some of the old legends regretfully associated with northwest history live on in this book, but there is no very great harm done. Perhaps this reviewer's pedagogical mind outweighs her judicial historical mind, and is more offended by the belief that Joe Meek "hung" the Indian murderers, than by the belief that Whitman still rides to save Oregon for the United States.

Dorothy O. Johansen

LITERARY NEWS

Dr. George Savage, Dept. of Eng., U of Washington, and Mrs. Savage were in New York and later in Cleveland for the American Educational Theatre Association meeting. Dr. Savage mentions Dan Totheroh, author of "Wild Birds," "Moor Born" and other plays, as supervisor of manuscripts for the Fair Theatre of the Federal Theatre in San Francisco. Mr. Totheroh will direct the writing of scripts to be used at the Fair—eight fifty-minute shows a day.

Miss Luise Sillcox of the Authors' League of America, 5 East 39, New York City, will answer inquiries as to qualifications for membership in the League. The League advice might save an inexperienced writer from hampering himself with a disadvantageous contract.

Professor Sophus Kielth Winther and Mrs. Winther visited the southern states during the Christmas vacation, that Mr. Winther might verify historical background for a novel he is writing.

Helen Bispham Moore (Mrs. Bliss Moore) of Spokane, whose first novel, The Peeks Watch On, Dorrance & Co., was published in December, is at work on a new novel of different type. The first book deals with the activities of a bank clerk, his wife, two children and a cow in a village in the isolated Teton range country of Idaho. Mrs. Moore is the wife of a mining engineer.

Ron Broom, former sports editor Spokane Daily Chronicle, had his second story in January American, a football yarn, "No Welcome, Stranger." Broom's short stories have appeared in a number of magazines with a sports slant. The December American carried a story by Winston Norman, classmate of Broom when both attended the Roosevelt grade school, Spokane.

Bob and Cherry Wilson (Mr. and Mrs. Robert L) are at work in their Spokane home after two years out of the fiction field by reason of sickness and radio continuity work in Hollywood. They suspended work on a western serial early in January upon a rush order from their publisher for a 25,000-word novelette. The two work as a unit on the construction of their stories, friends surmising that Cherry, who does most of the
actual writing, provides feminine angles and pathos, and Bob, former cow-hand, dictates the he-action. They have been known to argue an entire morning over a detail of situation or construction, and then throw the whole thing out. This intensive work and the dual man-woman approach have given them hundreds of stories without a single rejection slip in 25 years of vigorous literary production.

A first novel by Elizabeth Marion, 21, deals with pioneer ranch life in the Palouse country. Due for publication in April by Thomas Y. Crowell, the author’s title, *The Shadows Gather ’Round Me*, will give place to a shorter one. Miss Marion’s home is on a ranch in eastern Washington. She is at work on a second novel.

Quail Hawkins, daughter of Hannah Hinsdale (Mrs. Harry Hawkins), former writer for the *Spokesman-Review*, now living in San Francisco, has collaborated with Wolfgang Von Hagen on a children’s book to be brought out in the Fall by Harcourt, Brace. Her mother’s play, “Miss Lotta,” based on the life of Lotta Crabtree, was produced this winter by the San Francisco Players.

Russell Arden Bankson, prolific writer of westerns, has returned to his typewriter after being drafted for ten months’ special work on the *Spokesman-Review*. In mid-January he started on a book-length serial. Bankson was first president of the Inland Empire Writers Conference, which had three years of hopeful existence.

Revival of some activities of the Inland Empire Writers Conference is among aims of the Inland Empire Press Club under organization in Spokane. The Club hopes to have a place where literary notables may be made welcome when they come to Spokane.

Leta Z. Adams, a very feminine person who specialized in crime-detective stories, had a book-length serial recently published by the Toronto *Star*. She is at work on another crime story. For several years Miss Adams maintained a downtown studio, but last year bought a house in the Audubon Park section, Spokane, where she does her work.

Jay Kalez, WPA supervisor of professional projects in Spokane area, is serving other writers well by seeing that the WPA index of Spokane-area source material is really worth while. The first nine volumes covering events from the Spokane House days of 1810 to the turn of the century are completed.

Dr. T. De La Rue, author of *Spanish Trails to California* (Caxton) is making his home in Coquille, Oregon. He lived in Portland at the time his book appeared.

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**Books by Frank B. Linderman**

**AMERICAN:** *The Life Story of a Great Indian*

The autobiography, which he gave to the author in sign language and through interpreters, of Plenty-coups, Chief of the Crows, who saw much of the old life of the plains Indian. Illustrated, $3.50.

**BEYOND LAW**

The fast-moving narrative of a scout, trapper and Indian trader who guides a supply steamer up a western river to an outlying trading post. $2.00.

**MORNING LIGHT**


**OLD MAN COYOTE**

Crow legends straight from the lips of the native story-tellers, skillfully brought over into English prose. Illustrated, $3.00.

**RED MOTHER**

The life story of Pretty Shield, a medicine woman of the Crows, who knew it was like before the red man and the buffalo went away. Illustrated, $3.00.

**STUMPY**

A chipmunk’s own story of his life, of his many friends, and some of his enemies. Illustrated, $2.00.

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**THE JOHN DAY COMPANY**

NEW YORK
The American Mercury has been sold again, this time to its general manager, Lawrence E. Spivak, who will publish it. Eugene Lyons (Assignment in Utopia) is the new editor.

Paul Hosmer, editor of the Deschutes Pine Echoes, Bend, Oregon, is turning out a number of whodunits for the fact detective magazines these days. Hosmer is the author of Now We're Logging.

The Macmillan Company reports that Holy Old Mackinaw, the first book of Stewart H. Holbrook, long of Portland, Oregon, went into its fourth printing in January. It was published in March, 1938, and was on national best-seller lists for many months. The Holbrooks are making their home in Cambridge, Mass., temporarily, where Mr. Holbrook is at work on a third book for Macmillan.

Struthers Burt's new book, Powder River of the American Rivers Series, is being hailed in the East as a lively and accurate picture of the stream that is "a mile wide and an inch deep."

COVERED WAGON

Charles Rann Kennedy, author of The Servant in the House and noted actor, wrote to Norma Linderman Waller upon her father's death. Hermann N. Hagedorn, poet and biographer, sends his appreciation of Frank Linderman from New Jersey. Frederic Van de Water, novelist and critic and biographer of General Custer, lives in Brattleboro, Vermont. This edition of FRONTIER AND MIDLAND, memorial to Frank Bird Linderman, has been made possible through the courteous and generous cooperation of Mr. Gledhill, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Hagedorn, Mr. Van de Water, and the Frank B. Linderman family.

A third account of Webfoot Whoppers will appear in the Summer issue of this magazine. Ralph Friedrich is a Cincinnati poet, Josephine Johnson, a widely published Virginia poet, are known to readers of FRONTIER AND MIDLAND. Poets who are newcomers are Ada Farris, Mills College, Willis Wages, New York City and Rachel Campbell who writes from San Diego.

Of the college writers Jean Schwartz has published in this magazine before; Madeleine Heuston, Helene Sturke, and Thomas McGrath, who is Rhodes Scholar-elect to New College, Oxford University, England, are newcomers. Barbara Wilsey's fine promise was cut off by her death last autumn.

Mary Fassett Hunt's competent stories have appeared in this magazine for two years. She lives in Birmingham, Alabama. Helen Addison Howard, Los Angeles, graduate of Montana State University, is at work on a biography of the Nez Perce leader, Chief Joseph.
Yesterday's Memories

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Literature of the Rocky Mountain West

1803 - - - 1903

Edited by Levette J. Davidson and Prudence Bostwick

The publication of this volume fulfills a long-felt need for a volume of representative Rocky Mountain literature. Such material has been, for a large part, accessible only in research libraries and in very expensive collectors’ items.

The choice of material used in this volume has been made after a diligent and extended study of the literature of the Rocky Mountain region on the part of the authors. Selection has depended on the sociological, historical, and literary worth of the items considered. In each case the excerpt has been a complete entity, independent of the remaining text of the book for its full appreciation and significance.

Among the authors included in the volume are:

Albert Pike
Emerson Bennett
Anne Bowman
Adolph Bandelier
Cy Warman
Andy Adams
Zenas Leonard
Rufus B. Sage
T. D. Bonner
Dewitt C. Peters
Henry Inman
Zebulon B. Pike
William Clark
Francis Parkman

Mary Hallock Foote
Meriwether Lewis
Washington Irving
John Charles Fremont
James Ohio Pattie
Howard Stansbury
Junius E. Wharton
Helen Hunt Jackson
Howard Louis Conard
William F. Raynolds
Nathaniel Pitt Langford
Mrs. T. B. H. Stenhouse
George Frederick Ruxton
Frank Crissey Young

Alice Polk Hill
John L. Dyer
A. K. McClure
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