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University of Colorado
Teddy Blue's *We Pointed Them North* came off the press of Farrar and Rinehart in time for him to hold his first book in his hands before he died. He was one of the last of the old-time Montana cowboys who brought herds up from Texas.

Vardis Fisher has been called to help on the Nevada State Guide, a WPA writers project. Byron Crane, director of the federal writers project for Montana, is busy with the final page proofs on the Montana Guide, held up for the time being while the Dies committee gave it the once-over.

From "A Man and Two Magazines": Twenty-four years ago John T. Frederick founded his literary monthly *The Midland* in Iowa City. The magazine lasted more than fifteen years, and perhaps no periodical except *Poetry* played a larger part in the development of American writing during the years after 1912.

Mr. Frederick, Mr. Schramm, founder of *American Prefaces*, Louis Adamic, Paul Engle, Robert Frost, Josephine Johnson, John G. Neihardt, Ruth Suckow, Edwin Ford Piper, Winifred Van Etten are among established writers who will be on the faculty of the school of creative writing at the Iowa State University this summer.

With its April issue the *London Mercury* comes to an end. Founded twenty years ago, it is to be merged in a coterie organ, *Life and Letters To-day*, edited by Robert Herrin.

The NBC has completed arrangements to broadcast an hour-length adaptation of Kirke Mechem's play *John Brown*. The Kansas Magazine Publishing Association, a non-profit corporation chartered by the state, will publish this work by a Kansas author on a Kansas theme, this autumn. The play won the 1938 Maxwell Anderson Award of Stanford University, and has been presented in Topeka and Manhattan.

Dudley Fitts calls William Carlos Williams' *Collected Poems* and Delmore Schwartz's *In Dreams Begin Responsibility* the most important recent books of verse.

William Saroyan is being panned and praised for his first (one-act) play, about which critics agree that it resembles nothing but itself. His latest volume, *Peace, It's Wonderful*.

From Caxton Book News, May 1, (Caldwell, Idaho) we learn: that Ruth Gipson Plowhead's *Josie and Joe* has been put on the preferred list of the Illinois Reading Circle; that Howard Wolf *Greener Circles* has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to finish his history of press associations in the United States; that Bob Hall of Butte illustrates Charles Fox Gardiner's *Doctor at Timberline*, which is getting widely favorable reviews; that Dr. Ira J. Bush *Gringo Doctor* passed away at his home in El Paso, Texas, March 9; and that *The Beloved House*, by Thomas Matthews Pearce, deals with the philosophy and personal life of Mary Austin.

The Grabborn Press (San Francisco) has issued a beautifully got up and scholarly written book by Major Fred B. Rogers, *Soldiers of the Overland*. Major Rogers has put many years of research into the making of this book.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**

*Frontier and Midland* has reached a stage where it must have reorientation and reorganization. To supply those revitalizing needs would require more spare time and energy than I can see ahead of me in the coming college year. Therefore it has seemed wise to suspend publication with this summer issue. I have borne during the many years of the magazine's publication the responsibility of supervising circulation and of financing each issue as well as the burden of reading manuscripts and editing the magazine—of course, with much loyal help. Unless during the summer ways can be found for relieving me of much of the burden the suspension that I am hopefully announcing as temporary will become permanent.

The next issue would be due on September 15; before the first of that month a definite plan will have been made and advertisers and subscribers informed. Adjustment, if necessary, will be made then.

For long continued encouragement and support of friends of the project of publishing a regional magazine—advertisers, readers, critics and publicists, fellow editors and managers, Montana State University, and above all writers the country over—I am genuinely grateful.

Harold G. Merriam
Golden Jubilee Celebration

July 1-4—Missoula, Montana

EARL MARTELL

Missoula and western Montana’s Golden Jubilee celebration July 1-4 . . . . fifty years ago Montana was granted statehood and the little town of Missoula became an incorporated city.

When western Montana residents gather at Missoula this summer to watch and take part in the pageant of 50 years’ progress, the cowhand races and rodeo, the old car races, the Indian games—they will feel more than mere enjoyment, for threading through their Jubilee celebration will be the vital, dramatic events that went into the fabric of pioneer western Montana.

In February of 1889 Congress voted an enabling act providing for the creation of the state of Montana. On November 8 of that year, the Montana pioneers had complied with all requirements and entered the Union. Also in that year, Missoula settled down to permanency by filing articles of incorporation.

The date, 1889, therefore, has two significances: It brought official recognition that “civilization” had come to the wild west, and it offered proof that the now-legendary wild-west was not a period of blind lawlessness but rather a grand stage in the development of a big country.

The accepted history of this mighty area and of the city of Missoula and its people remains colorful even to those who are thoroughly familiar with it. They know how Christopher Power Higgins joined Governor Stephens, the famous Indian fighter of the Northwest, and helped in the original survey of the Northern Pacific railroad. And how, in 1860, he loaded the merchandise of his Walla Walla store on 75 pack animals and journeyed to a spot near Missoula and built the first store in Hellgate, a store in which the Vigilantes in the bitter winter of 1864 voted death to the remaining members of the Plummer gang whom they had surrounded during a January blizzard.

Most western persons know, too, how in 1864 Higgins and his partner, Worden, built grist and saw mills at the present site of Missoula, named the place “Missoula Mills” and so started the town of Missoula toward incorporation in 1889 and its Golden Jubilee anniversary celebration this year.

When, however, western Montanans gather at the Jubilee they will be honoring more than the widely-known facts of history and progress; they will be bringing to brief life the little-known color of the “commonplace highlights” of pioneer days.

The ghosts of the ’70s will mingle at the celebration with
cowboy-togged present-day residents. Dick Moore, who was “shot by Dave Lyons about October 1,” will be there with C. C. Huntley, who ran a stage line from Helena to Cedar creek.

They will recall that Corvallis was named in 1870 and the town of Missoula surveyed by W. H. Baker; that O’Bannon & Woody went into partnership as land lawyers and Christian Martin “advertised his wife for desertion.” Colonel W. W. Delacey was here in November, seeking passes for the proposed Northern Pacific, and meetings were held in Missoula to bring an irrigation ditch onto the flat south of town.

Perhaps Captain Lyons, who contracted to build waterworks for Missoula in 1871, will tug with ghostly hand at the sleeve of some modern business man and remark proudly that the tax levy then was an insignificant 19 mills. Maybe W. G. Brown and C. W. Dobbins will meet again and resume their shooting fray, in which both were severely hurt. They’ll recall that the mean temperature for February was 28 degrees and McWhirk and McCune got wire rope for a ferry across Missoula river.

The sightseeing railway tourists en route to Missoula for the Jubilee will be met in the west by the shadowy spirit of J. W. Patrick who spent the winter of ’71 on the Mullan road crossing of the Coeur d’Alenes for the Northern Pacific company and reported that route practicable for a railroad.

Travel wasn’t too easy on account of high water, it will be remembered, and one span of the Buckhouse bridge went out that year. A celebration was called for that year also when President Grant declared the Bitter Root valley not a reservation and open for settlement.

The Missoula river, may it be known, was a problem to pioneer residents. They built bridges, the first where massive Parkway now stands; they repaired and rebuilt them almost annually after spring high waters had brushed them carelessly aside. In ’73 a new bridge outlasted the flood only after several tons of rock were dumped around the threatened abutment. A bridge angling across at the Higgins avenue site, went the way of its predecessors and was replaced by one roughly paralleling the present structure. Then came the torrents of 1908 and late one Saturday night the newest Higgins avenue bridge went out, taking gas mains with it. To tell the south side section what was happening, A. L. Stone, editor of the local paper and ready to go to press, rounded up a gasoline motor for power, printed the paper and delivered it by bow and arrow across the gap in the bridge.

Opportunists, the Missoulians discovered that two spans of the bridge had washed away, so they located them, towed them to Van Buren street and there built themselves a bridge. They built well, for the two spans still are supporting Van Buren street traffic.

In 1874 . . . . the Missoula bank was established. Martin Maginnis was running against Judge Hedges for delegate and got
away with it by 603 majority. Missoula voted in favor of Helena as the capital city and November saw a stampede to Nine Mile.

In '75 . . . T. J. Demers commenced his Frenchtown mill and Dixon opened a factory for putting up canned goods. The following year the commissioners let a contract for a wagon road up the east side of the Bitter Root to Mosier and Slocum; but when it was ascertained that payment was to be made in depreciated script, the contractors declined.

In 1876 . . . on September 13, the first fair in Missoula county got under way.

In '77 . . . the battle of the Big Hole was fought and during the winter there was considerable excitement from extensive horse stealing.

In '78 . . . a year of bad men . . . the sheriff and his undersheriff were indicted for criminal negligence for allowing a murderer to escape. Two men were lynched and several murdered. A total eclipse of the sun blacked July skies and Felicite Sanchez killed a certain Mr. Kelly. The sheriff was tried on the indictment and acquitted. His wife shot and killed him a week later.

In '79 . . . the fair association was reorganized. The state legislature met and spent most of its time considering railroads and on legislation concerning Missoula county . . .

On through the years . . . The railroads came. Mining shared its place with stock raising and later with farming. Blunderingly at first, law and its orderliness replaced direct, unconsidered action.

Then came 1889 . . . Montana a state; Missoula a city.

Forest service payrolls, Fort Missoula payrolls, lumber industries, mining, orchards, sugar beet crops, mercantile establishments, newspapers, radio, automobiles, schools and universities, libraries, parks . . . all these brought their contributions to the Missoula and western Montana of today. Dude ranches, the finest fishing, outdoor sports, all began to take their places in the surrounding mountains, and airliners found Missoula's airport.

The pioneers who splashed from the south bank of the Missoula river, crossed to the island, journeyed its length and forded the north fork to a landing near the present Missoula business district . . . these and the thoughts they bring—unconnected and of seeming insignificance—give the real meaning to western Montana's coming jubilee celebration . . .

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Literary Editor of the

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350 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
THE sun rose red out of the ocean and began its daily round, lighting the land with longspreading, searching fingers. It passed over the ridge of mountains to the Ohio and the broad richness of the Mississippi valley corn fields, and at last came to the Great Plains and the Fort Hunter Reservation. There it seemed to rise anew, leaping out of the dust blood-red, flooding the barren prairie with rich light, till it stood high in the clear blue of the sky, a white-hot ball too brilliant for the eye to look upon. It beat down on a small log house nestled in a hollow at the crest of a rise of ground, where an old man slept in the doorway.

Four Eagle felt the sun's heat through his blanket and slowly opened his eyes and turned cautiously over on his side. He could see down to the river where layers of cool moist air pressed to its bosom like a veil, which lifted with the upward sweep of the sun. He sat up and rubbed his knees to ease the stiffness, and peered into the dim interior of the house to see if the children were still asleep. The mounds of their blankets lay quiet, only a slight rise and fall indicating their rhythmic breathing. He stood up to stretch. Yawning widely he stepped out into the yard.

His eyes, filmy with age, roamed over the expanse of plains. He thought, with a pang of sorrow, how much it had changed. He could still remember it as it had been in his fathers' day, in his own childhood. Then the grass had stood waist-deep in the coulees, rippling like waves of water in the steady wind; game was ripe for the taking; and smoke rose high from the lodges at daybreak. He remembered the buffalo that had roamed in herds so vast no man could see from one end of them to the other. Then the people had laughed and feasted. They were plump and fat and well oiled with buffalo grease. Even the dogs were fat, and the puppies for the kettles were sweet and succulent as marrow. Now—Oah! Oah! He sighed heavily. Desolation and drought and dust and barrenness and scorching, searing winds. He picked up his fan made of a turkey's wing and sat down in the doorway. A lean yellow bitch, her ribs showing like wire through the flesh, came up and licked his mocassins. Several puppies followed her, pulling at her dugs.

Sitting there, in the bright peace of early morning, he thought about the three children, Harvey, Rosie, Lyle. He cringed at the white men's names his daughter had given them. Secretly, he had given them other names more fitting; but these he had never told to anyone, not even to the children. They had come to him in a dream, and now he turned them over in his mind, savoring their pleasant, secret sound. The three children were all the family that was left to him; all his wives were dead.
or had left him; even the daughter who had borne these children was dead. In the dim blue shadow of his age he held fast to the three, the last of his blood, determined that nothing should part them from him.

After a while he heard soft stirring sounds and got up and went into the house. The children were tumbling out of their blankets, rubbing their eyes sleepily. He picked up the youngest, Lyle, and carried him outside where a bucket of cool water stood against the wall. Very gently he washed the child's face and dried it with a towel that hung on a nail. The yellow bitch came to lap the water in the pail and he kicked her away. She gave a shrill yelp and lay down to lick herself. Harvey came out, wincing in the strong light. His grandfather, watching him, thought how like he was to the straight young saplings that grew in the river bottoms. He had black eyes and the straight hair of his race; his nose was straight and long; his skin was the color of bronze. In the old days he would have been a fine hunter and raider of enemy horses. Instead he must go to the white man's school, and his eyes were poor. The lids were red and swollen, and there were grains like coarse sand under them. Rosie followed her brother. She was like a young doe, a she-deer, supple, swift, alert. They were indeed fine children, and his pride in them was enormous. How unlike they were to the children of that Lizzie Bearcub who lived in the house down the coulee! Lizzie had married a black man. Her children had broad noses, and lips so thick they curled over, and the hair on their heads was like the wool of a mountain sheep. Lizzie lived alone now, but she came often to Four Eagle's house. She was noisy and quarrelsome. She wanted to live with him. He, thinking of that black one she had had before, did not want her.

The day grew hotter. Dancing waves of heat shimmered like steam from the ground. Across the river the red and brown slashed bluffs and gullies of the Bad Lands were obscure and misty. Lyle climbed onto his grandfather's lap and played with the old man's braids. With a small fat finger he traced the deepening lines of the seamed brown face. A deep sense of contentment filled Four Eagle. He was at peace on his own land, living in his own house free from interference, and his children were clustered like wild partridges about him. His old eyes loved the sight of them darting back and forth, and his ears delighted in their shrill voices. He closed his eyes happily and fanned himself.

When he opened them again at a startled cry from Rosie, it was to see Lizzie Bearcub toiling up the hill, and he knew, with a desperate sinking sensation at the pit of his stomach, that there was no escape from her. Lyle slid off his lap and eased into the house. Lizzie stood before him, smiling. She had decked herself in a clean dress of some thin stuff with a bright pattern of flowers on it, and her hair, which was still black and glossy, was coiled neatly in the nape of her neck. Lizzie was enormous. Great rolls of fat encased her arms, and a slab of it hung like an apron on her belly. Her face quivered downwards into a cataract of chins, all of them dripping with sweat. Her smile broadened, and the odor of the dead came from her cavernous mouth where two or three foul snags stuck like posts in her gums. Four...
Eagle shuddered in distaste. Ugh! He liked fat women, but not this one. He pretended to be unaware of her presence for as long as possible.

She opened the bag that hung over her arm. "I will cook you a fine dinner," she said. "Look, nice fat pup-

He half rose to his haunches and lifted his head like a hound, swallowing to be rid of the sudden rush of water in his mouth. Then he sat back again, his buttocks smacking the ground.

"Go on home, you old hag," he said sternly. "You are less than nothing to me. Your dogs are lean." He cast an appreciative eye at the fat puppies in his own dooryard. "You are a bad cook besides, and you eat too much. Go home, and leave me in peace."

She crossed her great arms. "Why do you always send me away? You have no other woman!"

He returned no answer.

"No, for no other woman would have you. Your braids are thin and gray, and there is no fire in you any more. You do nothing but sit in the doorway and sleep. But I will stay with you. I am a good cook, and I can keep your house clean."

His eyes were like glass. "I want no woman, only the children."

Her voice grew harsh. "I have worked for the white people, and I have learned many things about how to keep a house. You had better watch out. Have you so soon forgotten what happened to Old Rock?"

"What has he to do with me?"

"He had no woman. His house was not clean and his children went in rags. Where are those children now?"

In the silence that followed he remembered how the children of Old Rock had been taken from him, placed in a school so that they never saw their home again, never felt the freedom of the endless plains and the touch of wind on their faces. It was the nurse who had done it, that dried-up thing who had no home of her own to tend to. She had put in a complaint, and then the agent had come with signed papers. Old Rock was helpless against them. Four Eagle stared in front of him. Surely, he thought, such a thing could not happen to him! He could feel Lizzie's eyes piercing his silence.

"Well? Have you heard nothing, then? How that thin one, that nurse, has spoken of you to the agent?"

"You lie," he said. "It is not so."

She shrugged. "I have heard of it. You will see."

"I do not believe you. Go home. The sight of you offends me."

Deep color flushed her dark cheeks.

"Some day you will beg me to come. Then perhaps it will be too late, you old one. There are other men I can have, younger men, with fire in their blood."

"Then why have you not taken them? Because none of them will have you. They have not forgotten that other one you had, nor is there a single one who would take his place in the bed beside you. Go now. I am done with you, nor do I ever wish to lay my eyes on you again."

He closed his eyes and lapsed into silence, knowing that if he said no more, she would at last go home. He leaned back against the house, feeling the warmth of the logs on his back. The sun on his face was hot and clear, and the air pungent with the smell of sage.

She puffed angrily, muttering to herself. Then she closed her bag, and was
gone. He could hear her retreating footsteps. The vague sense of pressure and discomfort that had oppressed him during her visit lifted. He felt light and free as a soaring hawk. He felt sure that what she had said was meant only to frighten him. The children, who had been very quiet while the woman was there, began to laugh and chatter again. He spoke to them once, for the sheer pleasure of hearing them answer him. Then, as easily as a baby, he slipped into sleep.

He was awakened by the soft swish of tires in the dust, and the squeak of a brake. His head jerked, and his eyes flew open to see a government car with two people in it. He recognized them instantly, with a tingle of fear slipping down his spine. One was the nurse, Miss Lovejoy. She was a small thin thing with harsh faded red hair, and her nose, which was pink around the nostrils, twitched exactly like a rabbit’s. The other, a tall erect man with the carriage of an army officer, was the agent. He bore himself as one in authority, which, indeed, he was, being second on the reservation only to the superintendent. The two of them slowly approached the old man.

He forced a smile to his lips, said, “Hot, very hot,” and picked up his turkey wing. He did not know what they had come for. He waited, leaving the first move to them.

“Where’s Harvey?” the nurse asked, her voice as thin as her body. “I want to see Harvey.”

Four Eagle waved his hand vaguely. “He is here.”

The agent cleared his throat. “Four Eagle, the superintendent has asked me to inspect your house. I am sorry. You will not mind?”

The old man said nothing, and the agent’s face grew slightly red. He ran a finger around his collar and glanced hastily at Miss Lovejoy.

She spoke up without hesitation. “I have had to report you, Four Eagle. The children have been coming to school in torn clothes. Their faces are not washed, and they are too thin. Then Harvey’s eyes are bad. He is supposed to report for treatment with the rest, but he does not come. We can’t allow that. He is infectious. He must take his treatments.”

“He says you hurt him. He does not like it.” He saw that her hands were harsh and red, with short blunt fingers. He thought how it would feel to have those hands on his eyes, turning back the lids, pouring on them a searing liquid that burned like fire.

“The law says he must have the treatments.”

“He does not like it.”

The woman pushed past him rudely. “I haven’t all day to argue with you. Come, Mr. Barnes, I want you to see this house. This is where these children have to live.”

A dull fury suffused Four Eagle. What right had these strange people to come into his house? What right had they to say how he should treat his own grandchildren? He stood in the doorway and watched them, glaring. The children, sensing drama, came up behind him and peered in, too. The nurse was darting about the single room, lifting blankets, rubbing her fingers over the table, prying into corners, lifting the lid of a box.

“You see?” she was saying to her companion. “What did I tell you? Filthy, absolutely filthy!”

She darted to the door, brushing past
Four Eagle, and seized Rosie by the arm. "Look, Mr. Barnes. Just come and look at this child." Rosie writhed and squirmed in her grasp and at last wrenched free, but the woman only spun around, pouncing on Lyle like a cat. "Just look at him. See how he's dressed. Why, this man can't take care of children. It's even worse than I thought." Her red hand dove claw-like into the thick blackness of Lyle's head. "I knew it!" Her voice held a ring of triumph. "He has head lice. Why, Four Eagle, you're not caring for these children at all. They're as bad as Old Rock's family; even worse. I shall certainly put in a report to the superintendent immediately. You'll bear me out, Mr. Barnes?"

The agent hesitated. "I wouldn't be too hasty, Eva. After all, you can't just butt into other people's affairs, especially these older Indians.

Miss Lovejoy interrupted him, her thin lips held together in a tight line. "I shall see the superintendent personally about this. It will be far better to have these children put into a boarding-school where they can be properly cared for."

Four Eagle felt a sudden sickness within, a wave of nausea and a weakness in his belly. He doubled up like one in pain, and, dropping his fan, held on to himself with both hands while he rocked back and forth on his heels. His voice rose in a piercing wail, and then followed a torrent of words. But the two who stared at him, astonished, understood not a word. On and on he went, punctuating his speech with gestures. The children stared at him in frank admiration. Finally they began to snicker and nudge one another. Rosie broke into open laughter.

"What's he saying?" Miss Lovejoy's chin jutted out at a sharp angle from her scrawny neck. "What's he saying?"

Rosie eyed her warily, backing safely away. "He says no one but a fool makes so much of a stir about so small a thing as a louse. He says,"—only her head could be seen now around the corner of the house—"he says, you are nothing but a dried-up old she-dog that can bring forth no young." She disappeared, and they could hear the shrill sound of her laughter.

A dead silence followed, glaring and hot and blue from the brightness of the sun beating down on them. The little group were like statues. The nurse was the first to move. She turned on her heel and marched to the car. Her face was a mottled dark red color, and her lower lip was caught in her teeth. She climbed in, her slate-like eyes fixed on the dust ahead. The fingers of her hands twisted like snakes in her lap, and a single wisp of stiff red hair hung untidily in front of her face. The line of her back was as rigid as steel.

The agent glanced briefly at Four Eagle, his eyes quizzical. He made a simple, eloquent gesture with his hands, throwing them outwards, palms up. Then, with a little shrug, he, too, got into the car and started it down the hill.

When they were gone, the sun seemed to go behind a cloud, though actually it was still shining the same as ever. Four Eagle sat down in the doorway again; but nothing was the same. Even the logs against his back were cold, and, shivering, he pulled a blanket about his shoulders. He could understand very well now why the old women pulled a shawl over their heads when
someone died. He wished that he might do the same, and, safe in its seclusion, indulge his bleeding sorrow.

He became aware of the children’s eyes fastened on him. Lyle crept close. His hands were sticky from a piece of candy he had found. His grandfather took him on his lap and held him very close. His eyes filmed with tears, so that he saw the familiar outline of the child blurred, the head that was so hard and round, the long bold sweep of the nose, the slanted forehead. And this was the one they would take from him, to place him in a school. He would not then learn the ways of his own people. Aliens, strange ones, would have him in their charge, and they would turn him against his own grandfather. Four Eagle was old. The lust for battle had died in him. He felt only an aching, numbing pain. Against the new ways he could not fight, even if he chose. He knew well enough the power that dwelt in the nurse, the agent, the superintendent, above all in the white father at Washington, who would listen not to him, Four Eagle. Not even a whole tribe could win against them. How, then, a single man, and he an old one?

That night the children, under their blankets, were as soft-breathing logs, but the old man rose from his bed on the floor and stepped outside. All about him was the vast peace of night, living stars that had looked down on his people and dwelt with them as friends for so many years, the river that was a dark line in the silvery dimness of night, the plains that he knew as he knew his own house. He had seen this same scene with delight many times, but this time it brought no peace. The cool dampness of the air did not ease the hotness of his forehead, nor could it quiet the sense of impending emptiness and desolation that weighed on him.

Down the hill, nestled at the bottom of the coulee, was the house of Lizzie Bearcub. A light still burned, shining out through the polished glass of the windows. He turned his back on it and went into the house, and gathering Lyle into his arms, lay down again. Gradually the soft warmth of the child’s body made him drowsy. He slept, dreaming of happier days, and when he woke it was to find the sun risen high in the sky. The mists on the river were gone. The plains glittered in burning heat, their image reflected in horizontal bands of waves like mirrors. He woke with a sensation of heavy oppressiveness, but for a few minutes he could not remember the cause of it. Then abruptly it all came back, and the pain in his stomach returned so that he doubled up with it. The children, who had been awake already, stared at him, their eyes round. Like frightened wild things they crept close.

“We won’t go,” they chorused in shrill defiance. “We won’t let them take us away.”

But he, who was older and wiser than they and had seen many things, shook his head. He got up and prepared food, knowing all the time that “they” would come again.

It was afternoon, and the white-hot sun blistered slowly on his westward way, when Four Eagle first spied the approaching cloud of dust that betokened the agent’s car. He straightened his shoulders and waited their coming with dignity. The three children stood close to him. Lyle began to
cry; Rosie’s eyes snapped dangerously; Harvey, like his grandfather, maintained a silent stiff-backed dignity.

The nurse got out of the car and came towards them, wearing a look of smug triumph as a woman wears a shawl.

“Well,” she said, even her voice expressing satisfaction, “I have talked with the superintendent. He quite agrees with us. We have come to tell you that you must have the children ready for us on Friday.”

Four Eagle felt Lyle’s fingers tighten on his own, Harvey moved a step closer, and Rosie let out a little gasp.

“We won’t go to your old school,” she cried.

“I’m afraid you’ll have to.” Miss Lovejoy smiled mechanically. “We know what is best for you.”

“Oh, I won’t, I won’t!” Rosie stamped her foot, and then opened her mouth in a piercing wail. She seized her grandfather’s hand. “Don’t let them take me; don’t make me go.” Then in a torrent of words in the Assiniboine, she begged and pleaded with him, crying, flinging her arms wildly.

The agent turned his head away, and showed a sudden intense interest in a pellet of dried mud just to the left of his boot.

“Surely you know, Four Eagle, that we only mean to do well by the children. We don’t want to deprive you of them. But we must think first of them, the younger generation. We do not blame you. We know you are an old man, that you have no woman with you to take care of things.”

“Woman?” The old man flung back his head like a horse brought up suddenly on a cheek-rein. “Does a woman then make such a difference?”

“Well—”

“My daughter is dead, and my wives are all gone. What have I now to do with a woman?” He pulled all three of the children close in the slim shelter of his arms. “These are all that is left to me. Would you take them away?”

The nurse nodded briskly. “Since you won’t take care of them, yes.”

“No!” His voice rose in quavering defiance. “You shall not take them.”

“We have papers signed by the superintendent. We will come with the police, if necessary, and it won’t do you any good to try and hide them. You might as well make up your mind to it right now.”

She turned abruptly and went back to the car. The agent followed her reluctantly, walking slowly with his head bent.

“If only there were some other way. I don’t like to do this. I’ve always felt we made a mistake with Old Rock.” He shook his head sadly.

“Wait.” It was Four Eagle, calling after him. “You said something just now about a woman.”

“Yes?”

“If I had a woman, would that make a difference?”

Mr. Barnes glanced briefly at the nurse. “Why, yes, I suppose it would, provided she really cared for the children. But surely, Four Eagle—”

“You think that I am too old, that no one will have me?”

“No, no, not at all.”

“You come back on Friday.”

Without another word he turned into the house and waited until they had gone. He ignored the cries of the children, their questions that pelted him like stinging hail. He stood in the doorway a long time and gazed at the de-
pressed beaten earth where the children were used to lie, at the blankets that covered them every night. He saw the tin cups that their lips had touched strewn on the untidy table, the broom that stood in a corner and was never used. His eyes strayed to his own bedplace, a shallow depression in the earthern floor worn to the shape of his body. He kicked the blanket with his foot, thinking that this night he must make room for another, a great fat woman who had once lain herself down with a black man.

Harvey stood at his shoulder. Now that the boy was out of the glaring sun, he was able to open his eyes. They were fastened on his grandfather.

"What is this that you would do?" He spoke in Assiniboine. "Surely you would not bring that she-pig into this house!"

"What would you have me do? Would you then rather that I sent you away from me to the white man's school?"

"Oah! Oah! Is there no other way?"

"There is no other way." He pried a loose log away in a corner, and dug out a small handful of coins. "Here, you Harvey. Go down to the town and find that Minnie - Runs - in - the - Grass. Tell her I want whiskey, very much whiskey, but be careful that you do it secretly. Bring it back to me. To-night I get very drunk."

He waited till the boy had gone, then turned to Rosie, who was watching him with quivering mouth and enormous black eyes. He bade her go out and invite his friends to a feast.

To Lyle, who was the smallest, he gave the least important errand: "Run down to that Lizzie Bearcub's house, and tell her that I have sent for her. Tell her to roll up her blanket and pack her kettles, and to bring with her much food. If she brings too little, I will send her away again.''

When the children were gone, he sought his favorite spot by the door. His knees hurt, and there were vague pains in his back. He leaned against the doorway with a little sigh, and picked up his turkey-wing fan. Slowly he fanned himself, back and forth, back and forth, making a small breeze of the stifling air. His eyes filmed over as he squinted at the valley. His mind, buffeted and sore, retreated into the pleasant past when the river bottoms were black with moving buffalo like an undulating carpet, and young men on ponies rode naked among them. One there was—with satisfaction he recognized himself. He had just killed a young cow, and he held her tongue in his hand. He wheeled abruptly, digging his heels into the pony's flanks. His young wife was waiting for him at their lodge. She smiled when she saw him coming, and his children stood grouped about her skirts. There were three of them, two boys and a girl. He was just about to give the tongue to his wife, when she faded away, and where she had been standing there was an empty space. He opened his eyes to see Lizzie Bearcub smiling at him. He looked past her to where the three children stood together.
GOAT GIRL

PAUL TRACY

The herd girl watched her milk goats graze
In ancient unrecorded days.
She led her herd into the dun
Beyond Karnak and Babylon.
Alone she watched, barefoot, shabby,
Under the reign of Hammurabi.
The goat girl watched upon a ridge
While Xerxes' spearmen filled the bridge.
She saw the looting legions pass
And leave white dust upon the grass.
And deaf to Sappho, blind to Phidias,
She only knew the gaunt and hideous.
While kingdoms rose and empires fell
She listened for her lead goat's bell.

Along the Nile, beside the Seine,
She weathered windstorms and the rain
To keep her active hard-nosed herd
From melting in a landscape blurred.

Time cannot kill the graceless goat
Wearing its mottled, noisome coat;
Time cannot stay the lass in need
Who takes the milk goat out to feed.
So when this Age is done her charge
Will roam our ruined tombs at large.

THEY DWELT ON THE SIXES RIVER

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

1. A Daughter is Born

WHEN Minnie lived on Elk River with her parents, and Hiner came riding over the mountains from Eugene to court her, he had been tempestuous and a little crude, perhaps. Stalking about in knee boots, he had the air of a braggart. Maybe he had a right to be proud; he had come a long-some, difficult way, a horse and afoot, to fall in love with her, mostly because he liked the poems she had sent him to print in the Weekly Democrat Register, which he edited. But recently government men had taken Hiner's paper away from him, because he half-thought slavery was all right, and said so in print. With the paper sold out of his hands, he no longer could publish Minnie's poems. Instead, he was free to come courting her.

Four days was all the time he had needed. Four days, in which Hiner read all of Minnie's verses, threatened
a local suitor by drawing a gun on him—right in her father's house (what if he were a judge), and almost got himself drowned in the Pacific while he and Minnie were out in a boat after cod. She had saved him.

After that they got married quickly, and Hiner took his bride away to Eugene. There he started another paper, the Democratic Review. That had died in a few months.

Now they were back on the Coast, this time in a cabin of their own, in the timber north of Elk River and near the Sixes. Late March, 1863.

And he it was who was writing the poetry now.

"The baby's due in three weeks—ought to be," Minnie reminded her scribbling husband. Tall, dark hair drawn in curls over her brows, she stood heavily before him in the bit of clearing his axe served infrequently to widen. He sat indolently on a bright-surfaced stump, a splintered-off, up-thrusting section of the tree it had been supporting his broad-shouldered back. Already his sandy hair grew long and his beard half-length. He wrote with paper laid against the hard upper surface of one leather boot, the leg drawn up and crossed before him. Just now he was vaguely puzzling out an uncommon rhyme for "water."

"Your Ma's coming over to tend you?" He did not look up.

"Who else?" It was an exclamation, not a question. The next minute the question came. "You'll stay around? You'll not go off to the Port when I—" The words checked, but the appeal was implicit.

He uncrossed the one leg, slid forward on the stump. "I'll be here. I'll be writing." Still he did not look at her face as he rose to his feet and began to saunter across the sun-shafted space toward the cabin door. "Or I can cut another tree," he said, grudgingly.

Instantly Minnie knew: his lines were not coming right again; he had such difficulty shaping his verses. She would have to help him, as she had been doing all along. No, if he was writing he would not go very far away from her; only now she would hardly be able to help him much, not for a while. Poor Hiner! Would it be a boy or a girl, she wondered.

Hiner had not found the uncommon rhyme for "water" when Minnie's child was born, their first. Employing his long-armed might, he was cutting a white cedar at the edge of the clearing farthest from the house. The red wild currant was in bloom there and gave a startled brilliance to his thought as his ears kept listening for some sound from the house. Wind borne in from the ocean, wind sound in the forest tops as unresting as secret and unseen water. Then—But it was only a digger squirrel protesting his labor. He heard the gentle belling of a grouse deep in a rhododendron thicket, pinkness overtaking the tight-petaled buds. Earth's common realities all, yet how beautiful! A rhyme for "water." Need it be uncommon?

The tree-chopper lowered his axe, looked over at a nearby stump where a portion of half-scribbled-on paper, pegged down by a knife blade, fluttered in the wind-stir. Would he have to take the poem to Minnie after all, as he had so often before? How readily and aptly she would give him the rhyme he sought. Always the right one.

He let his long fingers slide from
the axe helve; it fell from his grasp and he strode over and clutched the fluttering page, clear intent in his eyes. He lacked yet a few yards of the cabin when Minnie’s mother appeared framed in the doorway.

“You can come in now,” her toneless voice announced. “She’s give you a daughter.”

“Daughter—water!” With a glow of recognition the words surged and chimed through his senses. Minnie Myrtle’s choice was right again!

Joaquin Miller, poet to be, wheeled about and, elbowed above the nearest stump-top, scrawled in the needed rhyme. The poem was finished; his eyes glowed. After all, poetry was only nature expressive. No rhyme was a common rhyme.

The sheet in his fisted hand, he stepped back erect. He turned and strode into the cabin, to see Minnie and the daughter they were to name Maud.

2. Youth Is Their Country

As children they lived on adjoining holdings on the Sixes bottoms. Once when eleven years of age, Mary Parr came near to drowning in the spring freshet. John Vader saved her. On another occasion, in the rising of waters under heavy rains, the Sixes forced the Parrs out of their crazy home in the laurel thickets. The Vaders took them in. Jointly the children’s parents decided that John and Mary should have some “book larnin’.” But somehow the vitality of this task, undertaken by the two fathers, lasted only until the river returned to its banks, when a new cabin for the Parrs was arduously and more substantially built. Thereafter John and Mary seemed to learn naturally, by instinct and by mutual instruction, not unmindful of the wild wisdom of their elemental world. In fact, the narrowness of their lives seemed to sharpen their senses to render from them and their surroundings the full sum of primitive knowledge. Through a knowledge thus acquired the seasons renewed five times. By then they were seventeen and had been married, without benefit of law or clergy, for more than a year. Knowledge and nature were synonymous.

When finally they revealed their intimate relations the fact was accepted as a natural inevitability. Together they built themselves a cabin on the trail to Elk Prairie, principally because they found there a patch of untaken land clear enough and level enough to cultivate without undue labor. They raised a few sheep, a little garden. But husband and wife ran almost as wild as their stock, and when, in their fourth year, a forest fire plunged destructively through the region, leaving a swath of burn that included the ashes of their own house and the roasted carcasses of most of their animals, they fled happily back to the Sixes bottoms. They had no sense of loss. Besides, they had always liked the river best, they said.

“They’re children!” folks remarked—which was an inevitable observation, since they had no children of their own to invite contrast.

But the next year Mary gave birth to twin boys. They grew, languid and irresponsible, to the age of five, when they managed somehow to pull each other into the Sixes and were drowned. Mary didn’t want to remain in the valley after that, although she and John still appeared imperturbably and naively happy. They were only a little saddened. “We’ll go to Port Orford,”
he decided. "Come they need a hand at the docks I’ll be there."

They went the following spring and John landed a job piling lumber. He began to make money, not much at first, but because the two had never needed much to live simply, they managed to save. Induced by their growing prosperity, they moved from the single room over Kenton’s store to a three-room structure just back of the main part of the huddled town. Mary Vader gradually became less wild and more domesticated and was seen wearing shoes oftener than not. She had no more children. She still appeared the girl she had never really grown up from.

Seven years passed, and they moved again to a still better house, which John kept painted. With his savings, he bought part interest in a small mill and soon was making more money than he had ever dreamed he could want or have use for. His swarthy face wore a kind of constant grin because of his unbelievable good fortune, which, for him, was only a method for adding to his happiness. When not at the mill, he moved, as untalkative as ever, about the town, like a benevolent hound dog trusted to liberty.

Because he was so enigmatically happy, and not shrewd and hard like other men; because he refused or was boyishly unwilling to carry his business problems and obligations like a sobering burden, his business acquaintances grew secretly to distrust him, as one who in some inexplicable way was betraying them. They took life’s problems seriously, why could not he? Only women admired, a little, the cool fire of his eyes.

Likewise, for her unaging, apparent-ly immutable girlishness, Mary Vader’s few women acquaintances grew gradually to resent, finally to shun her. Not that she had ever been warmly companionable; she was too unchangeably wild for that. But her fresh charm, from which, seemingly, no light of radiance had passed—that that should endure was unpardonable, since their own, early and long ago, under childbearing and common experience, had dimmed or completely vanished.

By days much alone, she went to and from the stores and the postoffice, speaking to few people. Or on an occasional visit to the mill dock at The Heads, to glimpse her silently happy husband moving among his men and the bright piles of lumber. Or to gaze at the sea crashing white against the great rocks of the harbor. Laborers could not refuse to glance from their work at her figure when she stood above them, the sea-wind tugging her garments about her.

As it developed, it was Mary’s unfading youthfulness and John’s undashable, happy courage that rendered them scorned and unwanted citizens of the town. Where normally another man had accepted business tragedy with dejection of spirit, John Vader, when his mill—now fully owned by him—burned to the rocks, undistrastically accepted the loss and went back to work as a common laborer. After all, he had had nothing in the beginning, he reminded others and himself. He had enjoyed things for a while, so what of it! But such an attitude was too much for his fellow townsmen.

As for Mary, her husband’s material loss was none of her worry, she said; they still had enough to live on. He could work. She still had him.
The beauty of the circumstance was that John and Mary Vader never sensed that they were alone, or scorned, or that they lacked anything which, in their essential naive natures, was not abundance they already had. And as for their not being legally married, they had long ago accepted moral law as a state of pledged and therefore unquestioned understanding between two persons, and as such beyond accusation. For look, nobody seemed openly or unduly concerned about their intimate relations—why should they be? Only of course nobody at Port Orford knew they were not formally married. And since they had no children, and now no property...

It was all very simple, being happy.

3. Cut the Trees Down

His blue eyes were the kindest part of him, if you could see them without being too aware of his crow-like appearance and hovering attitude. He had a shelter of sorts just at the turn under Blind Mule Ledge.

When the wagon road from Port Orford started coming up the river he got a regular job keeping a stretch of the road corduroyed; he didn't have to work too hard for the little money he needed, not having anyone else to keep.

The timber was mostly large growth, but he found enough of medium corduroy size within a few hundred yards at the most. As a consequence, he pretty well cleared the forest out for a stretch of about seven miles. Meanwhile, the big growth fattened into marketable timber, mostly cedars but some firs. If he stood very still in the midst of them he looked like an angular sapling that he hadn't cut to make a corduroy.

He made and kept a good road and the ranchers upriver were glad to get out at last—trails were like half-taut ropes that seldom let you escape. The approval of his neighbors pleased him. He liked the Sixes, he liked the tall dark timber, more now since he had cleared it out. He hoped the country would always stay that way. He didn't see why it couldn't.

When it started to change he blew up; he began to flap about like the crow he sometimes appeared. The change began when the logging interests came in. At first they cut the trees and floated them down the river, then yarded them and tooted them by bull-team down to Port Orford. Next they came up-river and dragged the great logs away over the corduroys he had cut and laid to open the lovely forest for travel. It was an outrage, cutting the grand trees he had helped to grow, finally to have them hauled away over the road he had built. He wasn't going to stand for it.

A rainy spell came on in June and he stayed out in it all one night tearing up the corduroys for a distance of about a mile. He was clean winded by morning, but he had the road where it resembled a slimy serpent of mud and he sat at his shack like fangs ready to strike.

The timber outfit put a crew on and built the road back in three days, then watched for him and when he started to repeat the tearing-up act, nabbed him and took him down to Port Orford before the justice. From there he was sent down to Gold Beach, to the county jail, for three months. Some people laughed and asked, “Why not put him to work on the roads?”

When he was released he refused to go back to the Sixes country. He said
he was going over into Central Oregon where there weren't any trees. That should make him a good citizen, people said, smiling.

Greedy they kept on cutting the evergreen monarchs.

4. The Shining Flower

She found it first in the railed-in meadow on the Summers' place. It was late April and stock hadn't been turned in yet. Most of the few flowers were only yellow-headed weeds, growing among the harsh grasses. But one spot was soft with young grass. There the white-petaled glossy bloom nodded on its frail stem. She called it the Shining Flower. Just to gaze at it gave her delight. That time she didn't want to pick it. When she went away, remembering its strange, compelling beauty, she was still happy. She was scarcely seventeen.

A week after that, when she again captured an hour away from the house, she fled the long two miles to the meadow. But the stock had been turned in now and she could not find the green softness where the Shining Flower had nodded toward the sun.

Somehow she was unhappy after that. She couldn't seem to talk to her mother much. "What's matter with yuh?" her bluff father would bark. "Yuh better get married." "Who?" she asked. "Yuh could pick you a man without half-tryin'. There's enough young buck's sashayin' yuh at Shum-ways on Saturday nights. Hook one a them." She frowned.

She fell in love with Lindsay Ford.

He wasn't handsome, was big-boned and lumbering in his movements, but he wasn't a bad dancer and at certain times, in his arms, she remembered the Shining Flower. It still grew, unpicked. Somehow her love for Lindsay and the beauty of the bloom, as she recalled it, became confused; both seemed to be growing together. She was unbelievably happy.

It was late April again and she was to marry Lindsay the next Sunday, when the Presbyterian preacher was through on his circuit. It was Friday afternoon, sunny and soft between spells of spring rain and she was walking out through the moist timber. Perhaps if she strolled up to the Summers' meadow . . . . But the stock were already in and she turned away disconsolately, aware that she had come seeking the Shining Flower.

As she was coming back, suddenly there it was at her feet, growing in a marsh glade by the trail. Beautiful thing! Quickly she reached down. When she touched it she found she could not resist picking it, she had wanted it for so long. Only it pained her a little that she pulled it up by the roots. She took it home and put it in a broken china cup. The next night she and Lindsay danced together at Shumways and on Sunday afternoon the preacher married them. At home, the flower wilted and her mother threw it out.

By the time her first child was born she had forgotten the Shining Flower completely. After all, it may only have been a weed, she said once.
DEADMAN'S BASIN
Richard Lake

I have come in this evening to a great sink
Under the shallow rims, where one finger
Of the old sea lapped.
It is dead land.
But clouds purple and cerise and dusty gold
Declare living memories, and I looking east
See a full moon rising among the bullpines.
Indians called it Deadman's Basin; they are young:
It is an older memory, the hand upon the rock,
Sun setting upon the home land
To rise again
Upon the land of home:
It is the West setting, the home land.
Not to eat, not for love: I will wear it
A little while in the heart against the time
The bones of the hand grip less cunningly into the rock
And the heart is still.

NIGHT HUNT
Clark Emery

Silent as star-shine unflexed wings
Tilt to describe short arcs. In
Stubble, yearning for bird scent,
The setter tenses, sniffs the thin
Air, freezes. The night wind, freshening,
Ruffles his brown-flecked coat, slips
Sibilantly through broken corn,
Flails lupin with silken whips.

The arc of flight shortens, wings
Ominously thresh. The dog
Breaks, barks, and everywhere,
Drowning the choruses of moon-mad frogs,
Blotting the moon and misted stars,
Thundering like horses in wolf-frightened herds,
Partridge in heaving hundreds buffet
The night—bomb upon bursting bomb of birds.
OLD HILL-ROAD
ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

The winding old road, long abandoned, still
Corkscrews a passage up and down the hill.
Ungraded, chuckholed, camouflaged with grass,
Two motor trucks on it could scarcely pass,
Yet wide enough, those days when plodding teams
And wagons were a part of traffic schemes.
(Quite different, the four-laned modern pike
Which lances straight across the valley, like
A crow’s proverbial transit.) Yet a few
Sometimes enjoy the upper “for the view”—
A specious alibi. To tell the truth,
A drive on it detours them back to youth:
Those years a drive to market meant a day
Of hauling apples, corn, a rick of hay;
Cordwood in winter; in September, wheat.
(At times, perched wren-wise on a dizzy seat,
With tattered, pieced quilts wrapped around her legs
A wife went too for bartering pullet eggs
And butter toward red flannels, calico,
Grey yarn in hanks, seeds for a sweetpea row,
And likely half-a-dozen tow-heads
Bobbed with the produce on the wagon beds.)
What if the wheels mired to the hubs, or dust
Red-peppered jeans, straw hats, with powdered rust?
For compensations were the covered bridge,
And while they breathed the horses on the ridge,
An interval in which to stroll around
Among the markers of a burying ground;
A “crick” to ford, where hoofs of horses sank
Hock-deep in buttercups, the while they drank,
Each tail a-swish, rump to fly-stung rump.
A battered dipper hidden in a stump
Served as a chalice for a driver’s thirst.
The stretch of corduroy was always worst,
And yet, how welcome-cool the bordering wood!
How blue with camas, wild larkspur, monkshood!
How beautiful a startled antlered head
Before a buck-deer sniffed the air, and fled!
Though logged off years ago, yet memories
Re-forest barren slopes with stand of trees:
Blackberry vines, fireweed’s magenta stars
Have long since covered snags and skid-road scars.
On home trips, after dark, a lantern swung
From every jolting, empty wagon’s tongue,
Though not so much for beacon, as to outglare
A bobcat’s glittering, yellow eyeballs, where
The miles were loneliest. A whistled tune
Helped some, as did the rising of the moon.
(A cow loomed, grizzly-huge, when nights were black.)
Ah, good years, those! But who would wish them back?
Out-moded now, as once the Indian trails
Of pioneering, great-great grandsires’ tales,
The steep, meandering country road accedes
A highway its brief hour. What future speeds
Demand let future meet. Meanwhile a few
Still sometimes take the upper “for the view.”

ASCENT TO VISION

Iris Lora Thorpe

Pausing on the last ridge, gripping rough bark
Of tamarack against a russet gust
Of needles, I remember roads grown dark
In the green hush where fallen branches rust
In old ravines, and from a leaf-choked sky
The bronze light filtering . . . Now, the great tree
Shakes beneath me and over me the high
Proud thunder of the day rolls crescently.

Here is no stagnant peace, no leafy blur
And sullen fall of shadows on the heart,
But bugling winds with tang of frosty fir
And far blue gulfs, vast distances to start
Visions like the cliff-swallows into flight
Across white ranges weltering in light.

PIGMENT

Katharine Welles Wheeler

My house of clay in its maturity,
Reflects the tints of its environment,
As jade long lying in obscurity,
Reveals the ever seeping influent.
THREE POEMS
Dennis Murphy

I. FAWN
From this cool
Rock emerges
Crystal pool,
Silver birches.

Poised, a fawn
Drinks, listens.
Silver-spun
Dawn glistens.

Elusive thing
Disappearing,
And only a ring
Of water clearing.

II. BULL ELK
Blue circumstance of sky and hill
Brings two bull elk bugling to kill.

Sharp hooves slash withers and loin.
Antlers jab; tangle; join.

The dying slumps on mangled knee
And earth dries up a crimson plea.

The living, caught, cannot stir.
Conquered falls the conqueror.

III. COYOTE
Skulking to stalk a bedded ewe,
He feels his leg shot in two.

Trailing across a world of snow—
He goes the way all killers go.

Though herders cannot follow his
Last mile to bleaker premises,

A curious lamb after the thaw
Will sniff at bones down in the draw.
APPLE-SEED AND APPLE-THORN
MILDRED WALKER SCHEMM

Entry, mentry, cutry corn
Apple-seed and apple-thorn,
Wire, briar, limberlock
Three geese in a flock...

It was Caleb Winters who taught the rhyme to Mother when she was just a child, Caleb Winters, the tartar. He was mostly apple-thorn.

In 1866 when his son brought home to wife a woman from over in another valley, a woman who had book-learning beyond what was necessary, had taught school and played the piano and wasn't over-strong, old Caleb waited up to see her. Then he shook her hand without a word and went gravely into his parlor bedroom.

The next day he sat all morning staring sulkily over toward the granite hogback. From where his chair stood on the stoop, he could hear his new daughter shaking the feather-beds and sweeping and, later, beating something in a bowl with a quick motion of her slender wrist, but he gave no sign.

He ate the first dinner she cooked in silence, although there was short-cake for dessert with wild berries from the meadow crushed to sweetness over it. It must have been a queer meal that they ate, sitting at the long table old Caleb had built when he was married.

The day Caleb set that table up he told his young wife solemnly that they would fill it; and fill it Caleb did, although it took two wives to do so. The table was made of two broad maple planks, laid on two new saw-horses, to seat the twelve children he planned to beget. Now the table had aged and mellowed in color. It was scoured white on top. Now only his youngest son lived on the farm. Both wives and five of the twelve children who once had places at that table had died. The rest were scattered; one a minister, one a teacher, four girls were wives. Old Caleb sat in the middle of one long side, now, his son William at the end, and his new daughter, Marcia, across from Caleb.

Marcia was used to talk at meals. She turned to old Caleb with a smile: "You must tell me if you have some favorite dishes; I'll try to make them."

Old Caleb lifted his bright blue eyes from his plate to look at her, frowning to show how little effect her walnut brown hair and the whiteness of her high forehead and her ready color had on him. He closed his lips so that they were nearly hidden in the long beard and then he said, "Plain food is what we've always had at this house and likely always will. Short-cake's for Sunday. No use using a white table-cloth either; there's a red one'll do."

The smile faded slightly from Marcia's lips. She glanced at William, who seemed so much younger here at his father's table. There was no help from him.

"I don't mind the washing," she answered quietly.

William spoke to his father about the haying. It had been put off a week while William went to get his bride. He turned to Marcia and his thin young face, so like old Caleb's took on a special look of life.

"When we cut the hay up Hudder's way you can leave a lunch for father and take a lunch for us and go along."
"I'd love to," Marcia said.

"The Wiley boy could cut that piece up Hudders way by hisself," Caleb grunted.

"Maybe, but I've got something else for him to do." William's voice was respectful but firm. As folks in the village said, "Old Caleb don't bother William none.'

Then, just as they finished, Caleb pushed his cup over for a second cup of coffee. Marcia went to the stove and brought the pot. Caleb picked up a spoon to stir it with and suddenly the coffee ran all over the fresh white cloth.

Marcia's face went red; the red flowed down her neck below the prim closing of her high-necked dress.

Old Caleb pushed back the bench on his side of the table. His son pushed his back, too, but he lingered a minute. Marcia started taking things over to the drain-board of the soap-stone sink.

"You don't mind washing," Caleb said, and not a muscle of his face twitched. He bit off a chaw of tobacco and went toward his seat on the back porch, chewing with deep inner relish.

"He's old, Marcia; that's just his way."

Marcia was busy putting a bowl under the stain. She poured boiling water over it and the rising steam hid her face a moment.

"Well, I'll go along," William said, still lingering, wanting to kiss his wife before he went. But a noise came from the porch; loud, liquid, coarse . . . old Caleb spat.

Caleb Winters knew women. They were weak, flighty, easily spoiled, needing proper discipline more than any child did. He had had two, one was too meek, almost stupid, the other was a mite stubborn, but she had more fire.

William was old Caleb's favorite son and Caleb would see to William's wife. As for love: a man needed a woman. Even now at seventy there were times when he thought of women, but love was of the flesh and the flesh was evil. "Marry young," old Caleb told his sons, "and get a wife that'll do you some good." But whether of the body or soul Caleb did not say. William was twenty-eight when he married Marcia.

All that first afternoon Caleb sat in sight of the kitchen door, but he never looked inside. Marcia sang while she worked. Periodically Caleb interrupted the singing with a loud clearing of his throat. Not one word did they exchange.

About four Marcia came out on the porch, crossed the door-yard and walked up as far as the butter-nut tree by the spring-house on the hill. Then Caleb hitched his chair forward to see what she was up to, but she was out of sight. After a half-hour had passed, he took his cane and walked laboriously down the steps. When he saw her running down the hill like a child, he spat contemptuously and hurried into the house to the parlor bedroom that had been his for more than forty years.

From the closet under the stairway he dug out a pair of trousers so old and filthy that he had meant to throw them away several times. With them he limped back to the kitchen and met Marcia as she was coming through the door, her hands full of pale pink steeple-bush and yellow primroses and the sword-shaped leaves of sweet flag-root. Her cheeks were pinker than the steeple-bush and her hair had fallen low on her neck. Some coolness of the early summer twilight came from her hair and the folds of her wide skirt. She looked at Caleb over the flowers, smiling at him gravely.
but without speaking. Only her eyes that were clear and shining and cold as some gray stone on the brook's floor did not smile.

Old Caleb was taken back. He and William had done for themselves, except for Mrs. Perkins to clean up and do the washing, for eight years. He had forgotten how a young woman could look coming in through the door. He stuttered and then gained control of himself and his thoughts.

"Here's some pants need washing. They'll take a little elbow-grease," he told her bluntly, and dropped them on the floor because she did not take them.

Without a word she stepped past them and went into the pantry to hunt a dish for her flowers. She chose the pink sugar-bowl for the steeple bush and poured sugar into a bowl that was not meant for sugar. The primroses she put into a small brown butter crock. Then she went about getting supper ready without a glance at the pants lying in a heap on the floor or the old man slowly unwrapping the tinfoil from his quid of tobacco.

When William came in to wash he picked up the trousers on the floor.

"Oh William, lay them on the woodpile in the shed, will you?" Marcia said.

William washed at the sink and dried his face and arms on the roller towel on the door; then he came over and gave his wife the kiss he'd meant to give at noon. It was easier now after walking home from the lower meadow in the slow twilight, when even the pale boles of the ash trees grew dark and the white birches lost their gleam and a swallow fanned the air in a long sweep close to his head. It was easier here in the kitchen with the kerosene lamp lighted on the shelf and the fat tallow candle in the tin candle-stick lighted on the table. Just as he stooped to kiss her, old Caleb limped in from the porch and the way he pulled out his chair showed what he thought. With one crooked, stubby finger he stroked the freshly ironed white tablecloth that was still a little damp. Then he pushed the sugar-bowl of steeple-bush farther from him.

The three sat down to fresh baked beans and dutch cheese and corn bread and tea in the brown pot that had been Caleb's first wife's. Old Caleb offered grace and prayed that they might remember that all was vanity, yea, even the flowers of the field, and be delivered from levity in their living.

It was during the grace that Marcia opened her eyes and looked at Caleb and at his shadow that the candle-light threw against the opposite wall. Even his sternness was in the shadow, in the outline of the long beard and hair. For a second, Marcia was afraid lest she was too happy, lest this old man was right and life should be plain and stern and hard, and even love was vanity. Then Caleb said "Amen," and helped himself to beans. When he ate, the shadow of his head on the wall was only grotesque, tilting up and then falling down with each rolling motion of his jaws.

Old Caleb was silent; she and William talked; but all they said was only a promise: tonight upstairs in the big back chamber they would be together and love and talk without the presence of this stern old man. Already Marcia looked on old Caleb as her enemy and set her mind against him. Old Caleb looked on Marcia half fearfully, for Caleb was a Puritan who feared himself more than anything on heaven or earth.

While he ate he watched his son's wife, aware of her white wrist below the
band of her sleeve, aware of the dark curl her hair made by her ear, of the swell of her breast under the tight calico bodice. He drank his tea noisily and looked over the edge of the cup at William watching Marcia. Suddenly he pushed back his chair and got up from the table.

"Won't you have your apple sauce?" Marcia asked. She could not yet say "Father."

Caleb did not answer, but took the lamp from the shelf and went for the plush-covered Bible in the parlor. He came back, and setting the lamp on the table opened the Bible to Ecclesiastes and read.

Marcia poured herself more tea. William got up and closed the kitchen door against the cooling night.

Caleb's ponderous voice rose ominously: "'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them'."

A wagon creaked by on the road; a dog barked. There was a cricket under the woodpile in the shed. Apart from those sounds and Caleb's voice, the room was still.

When Caleb finished he had calmed the inquietude of his own mind and was strengthened against the blandishments of women. He closed the book and without a word limped into his parlor bedroom.

The next morning when old Caleb looked out of his window at the day he saw his pants hanging on the lilac bush. When he came in at dinner-time, they were pressed and folded over his chair in the kitchen. On them lay a little package. There was writing on the paper that read: "Here is sweet flag-root to chew instead of tobacco, Marcia."

After that Marcia kept Caleb supplied with flag-root and he chewed it; though neither of them ever spoke of the change. Nor did he ever hawk and spit inside of the house again.

The winter before Marcia's first child was born Caleb had a stroke that left his right leg partly paralyzed, so he spent all day in the ladder-backed rocker by the front kitchen window. And all day Marcia washed and baked and swept under his eye. Neither Marcia nor William said a word about her coming child, but Caleb looked at her under his bushy eyebrows as she stood before the stove, her slender belted waist altered, the apron-band pieced out neatly with a newer strip of calico.

One day, early in March, the week before the baby was born, Marcia stood at the long table kneading bread. The stove was hot for baking. It was too raw outdoors to let a breath of air inside, because of Caleb. The wind blew the snow against the windows and rattled at a loose shutter on the parlor window. The rest of the house was shut off like another world to save the wood. Old Caleb had sat with his Bible on his knee silent all morning.

The smell of the dough rose in Marcia's nostrils, nauseating her; the light sponge in the wooden bowl looked like some part of the human body, like a belly lying there. She turned her eyes away from it and saw old Caleb watching her. His eyes, bright blue under the white eyebrows, held hers. There was a gleam in them as though he saw through her, as though he knew and gloried in her hate of him; as though he were glad that she was hot in the oven-like room. Anger rose in her brain, sti-
fling her like the heat. Her eyes burned. She dropped her eyes to the dough still lying there like slack, fat flesh. She pulled her hands back out of the clinging mass. She glanced quickly now at Caleb across the hot, still room. He was rubbing his nose speculatively, his eyes still on her. Suddenly, she seized the bowl of bread sponge and, carrying it across to the stove, lifted the lid and dumped the whole white belly-like mass on the flames.

Only then, when the smell of burning flour rose in the room did her mind clear. She gave one frightened cry and without looking at Caleb ran into the cold outer room, up the stairs to their bedroom. Sobbing, she hid herself under the blue and white quilt.

She did not come down again until after five o’clock. It was dark in the bedroom and along the stair and the cold outer rooms. She came fearfully, her face strained and pale, her eyes red-rimmed. When she opened the door to the kitchen the lamp was lighted, the table was spread with the white cloth. Salt-pork fried crisp and covered with milk gravy kept hot on the stove. Old Caleb sat in the rocker in front of the oven.

“William’s late; the gulch road musta drifted,” he said, “you better have your tea now.”

When Marcia’s first child, Harriet Jane, was thirteen months old, her first son was born. Marcia had moved down to the parlor bedroom now; old Caleb slept in the room off the kitchen where the butter churn and wash tubs used to stand. He had a stove in there and a better chair than the kitchen ladder-back, but he still spent his time by the front kitchen window, watching Marcia. But now, sometimes, he watched Harriet Jane or hooked his cane inside the hood of the cradle and made it rock. When Harriet Jane began to creep he had a long piece of calico tied around her waist and held the other end. He and Marcia still had little enough to say to each other. They talked through William when they could. And William, who took for granted that his wife and father should see things differently, saw no fault in either. A man whose mind is deeply bent on plans to cut down the woods on the neighboring hill and turn the ground into haying land has no time for household worries. There was a broad philosophical acceptance of life in William’s nature. He had no conflicts like old Caleb, no deep sense of inner sin, nor any fierce silent hate like Marcia.

Then came the day, that comes at last even in the slow hot summer, when Marcia sent William to the village for the doctor. “Stop on the way at Gilberts’ and tell Martha.” Then she tidied up the kitchen, laid out dinner on the table and went to the kitchen doorway to speak to Caleb.

“Can you mind Harriet Jane till William comes?” The words were an effort. Her eyes closed on the end of the sentence. Her face in the doorway was white and tired and pained. Then she disappeared into the shadow of the darkened house.

Such things were right. Since Adam’s fall women had brought forth their young in agony. Marcia’s face was not so lovely in pain. The deep lines between her eyes made her white forehead look less young, less smooth. The pain in the house, the tension, the sense of waiting that came from the hot door-yard satisfied some insatiable lust for life in old Caleb that had not weakened.
with his body. A hen rustled dust through her feathers and gave out a long-drawn, mornfull ca-a-ak. The grasshoppers ate at the stubble of the hay across the road. The wasps droned dully around the gray flake nest hung under the front eaves. Old Caleb stared meditatively at the hill. When Harriet Jane threw her spoon down the steps old Caleb didn’t notice, nor when she screwed up her small dark face, that was more like Marcia’s than William’s, into an angry frown and began to cry. She kicked the floor with impatient legs.

Marcia called from the bedroom a little weakly, ‘Is Harriet all right?’

Her tired voice stirred Caleb queerly and broke the set and satisfied line of her lip.

‘Here baby, here.’ His voice was gentle for so stern a man. It sounded unnatural. The baby crept toward him, her face still screwed into a frown.

‘Here, here, baby.’ For the first time in his life he bent his whole nature to willing the baby to come to him. He pulled her up with his long angular arms. But the baby squirmed and arched and tried to slip down from his thin knees. When he held her tightly she cried again. The old man had trouble holding her. Suddenly he began in a queer, cracked voice,

‘Entry, mentry, cutry corn
Apple-seed and apple-thorn,
Wire, briar, limber-lock,
Three geese in a flock.
One flew east and one flew west
And one flew over the cuckoo’s nest.
Sit and sing by the spring
O-U-T, out on yonder hill
Sits old Father Bill
He has rings, he has jewels, and
many other pretty things.
Strike Tom, lick Jack, blow the bellows; poor old Man.’

The baby sat still, pleased with the nonsensical syllables, emphasized by Caleb’s foot whacking against the chair. She crowed. Her small dark face broke into a slow smile. With one hand she grabbed the old man’s beard.

Caleb began again:

Entry, mentry, cutry corn
Apple-seed and apple-thorn . . .
So he had used to count out for tag or hide-and-seek or blind-man’s bluff.

Wire, briar, limber-lock . . .
Syllables as homely as his own living.

Three geese in a flock . . .

The old man’s voice grew triumphant. He chanted the words with the gusto of a spiritual, a New England one. The baby laughed aloud.
In the darkened bedroom Marcia lay still. The rhythm of the ancient jingle mixed with the rhythm of her pain. She wondered hazily why she had ever hated Caleb. The old couplets were still going through her head that evening when her first son, third generation born to the hill farm, was born.

"Entry, mentry, cutry, corn
Apple-seed and apple-thorn . . ."

**COCKS' EARLY CROWING**

_Myna A. Russell_

Two shrill cocks toss
The blue glass ball
Of morning across
The cobweb nets
In fields where dew
Lies like white floss.

**SPRING SONG**

_Mary Brennan Clapp_

Under the shivering sunlight
Chives were small arrows of green
Shining with rain-drops. She plucked them
Odorous, storm-washed, clean.

Sunlight flashed through her kitchen;
She thought, It is thus souls are fed;
And singing, she shaped into summer
Gold butter, green chives, white bread.

**HAUNTED**

_William Blazevich_

The wind’s caresses stir the rhythmic waves
Across the myriad sheaves of grass;
And all thruout the slumbrous leaves
The mournful whispering wraithlike spirits pass.

A ghostly moon treads dim dusk-bodied stairs
Across the castle corridors of night,
And far removed, many timid eyes
Of hidden mice-like creatures watch her flight.

In every melancholy pond and stream
Lurk ghostly echoes of scenes nearby,
In limpid peaks and wavering trees
And spectral clouds that creep on bedrock sky.
CHARRED embers of a whitened ash
That once
Was golden fire of summer
Smolders on the barren fields . . .
The bitter sighs of winter stir
This dust as white as ermine-fur
And scatters it
In careless clouds
Over the brittle grass.
The wind, lean-fingered,
Bent and old,
With hair of snow
That once was gold,
Strums and jangles the frost-hung trees
To melancholy melodies
Against the shadowed saffron of the sky.

Was it for this end
That I drained the purple flagons
Of rich wine?
And plucked the golden globes
Of scented fruit that hung
Among the lacquered leaves of jade
When all the world was young?

Was it for this end
That I roamed the fragrant fields of poppy
Where
The fumes of mandragora
Laid its spell,
And all the world was beautiful
As music in an amber bell?

I had not thought that love would end so soon!
But I was drugged with summer
And could not know
The sudden, quiet chill of early snow!
The Rains and the Whoppers Continue.

From the beginning Oregon settlers found their lives concerned principally with earth and the weather. The one yielded to their labors, the other they were obliged to accept as it was meted out. For them, the long rainy winters of the west slope soon became the accepted conditioner of their lives and their agricultural endeavors. If, over a period of time, there was an excessive fall of moisture, then over the following period, perhaps of lesser length, there must be a drying earth and a beaming sky. If the dry period persisted, the stored moisture of earth, as if by tacit agreement seeped sunward to sustain the green tincture of the growing leaf and plump the maturing ear. Only too intense a sun could defeat the twelfth-month miracle. Western Oregon, despite its occasional liquid excesses, was a good land and nature had her program well in control.

For instance, in the eighteen-forties—it was remembered half a century later by Amos Cook, who by that time was familiar with every freak of 'the best climate on earth'—there was a season when no rain fell in February and March, while the preceding January had very few rainy days. 'The croaker,* it was recorded by Editor Harvey W. Scott, of the Morning Oregonian, 'was abroad in the land even in that early day, prognosticating failure of crops and consequent starvation of the infant settlement, as a result of the drouth... Blaze.' But propitiously, early in April the spring rains began.

"First, gentle showers fell, then a steady downpour, until the ground was thoroughly saturated; the creeks and rivers ran bank full, and 'Hammond's drouth' became the byword of the settlement. It was worth something in this connection,' Editor Scott further observed, 'to know that the crop yield that year was larger, to the acre, than the then oldest inhabitant had ever known, and that thus early in the history of Oregon its reputation for never-failing crops was established.'

During these first years a few of Oregon's settlers, seeking a more articulate knowledge and a record of permanent recourse, painstakingly, but with little elaboration, kept day by day notations of the weather. One such weather keeper was Hugh Burns, founder in 1843 of the now long-vanished town of Multnomah City. In his home cabin, reading letters from eastern friends, loathe to load and point their wagons westward to settle and boom his dream of a town lying on the Willamette shore opposite Oregon City, he optimistically and defensively penned monthly rain-season weather records, giving them to the Oregon Spectator for printing. The rainfall, he pointed out through the late forties and early fifties, was neither excessive nor disagreeable; the sun shone often in the winter; the air was more frequently soft than chill. These printed accounts mailed East by himself and other fellow settlers, were propaganda of good courage. But to little avail were Hugh Burns' endeavors, for in November, 1853, the
high waters, caused by the fall rains, swept away the crude plank landings and the streamside buildings of his small town.

It was the Great Flood of 1861, however, that set the lowlands swimming and carried away many villages and towns. In the earliest decades, rivers were the chief arteries of travel. On that occasion of vast waters the few roads of the region which were made quagmires by normal rains were mostly inundated. Travel was slowed or completely halted for days. It is recalled that as the flood receded, the stage from southern Oregon rolled into frontier Eugene looking like a petrified dust storm, and so soaked up by water there wasn’t a squeak left in it. The driver, throwing down the reins and clambering from his high seat, declared that the rains in the Umpqua Valley had been something to talk about. There the water was up two or three feet in every settlement. At most places people were rafting and wading around as if they had lost something. Most of them really had lost things, and some had articles and strayed stock that didn’t belong to them, and few knew where to return them.

In one place the stage-driver was passing a yard where a woman was fishing around with a long pole. “Anything I can do for you?” he said he had asked the woman, pulling his six-horse team down to a standstill, for a rest they really needed anyway. The woman, he said, had looked up at him sort of desperate like, but with a real hopeful sort of expression, too. “No, I guess not,” she replied. “The children are crying for a drink, and I’m just trying to find the well.” The stage driver said he didn’t wait to see if she found it or not. But he said he’d make a guess she nor the kids didn’t die of thirst.

So it was that moisture early lubricated the native tongue. Naivete of the early settlers was expressed in unconscious humor. Whether truthfully or not it was told of the early Baptist circuit rider, Joab Powell, that his call to preach to his less-enlightened neighbors came as a voice out of the fog; that when he sought—being still of mortal faith and curiosity—the literal source of the call, he found behind the fog curtain that obscured the pasture-lot he was just then crossing a curious-eyed mule. The “‘Joab, go and preach!’” he had heard, twice repeated, had been only the mule braying. Joab nonetheless believed the call and had no criticism for the oracle of the fog.

A similar instance, one in which the watery element had a part, is told of a settler-farmer, likewise called to declare the word to his fellows. While plowing corn one day, at the turn of the field this unlettered tiller of the soil lifted his eyes to behold in the sky two small white, heavenly clouds unmistakably forming the capitals “PC.” Much impressed of spirit, he interpreted these to mean “Preach Christ.” They were, he believed, a sign for his guidance. Forthwith he left off plowing in his fields, and went about among the pioneer settlements, awkwardly, well-nigh inarticulately “proclaiming the Word.” Response to his lame efforts were so discouraging, however, that with much concern and due contriteness of spirit he asked a fellow exhorter what he as a preacher lacked, and if after all his calling had been correctly read. Should he continue to preach? “Where were you,” his friend
asked, "when you saw these strange letters in the sky?" "I was," he said, "in my field, plowing corn." "That's it," his friend replied, "you mis-read the sign. PC means, 'Plow corn'."

In 1871, when William Hobson, the Quaker founder of Newberg, Oregon, entered the Willamette country in a rainy March, he jotted in his diary for the 14th: "Got to Eugene... I like the people here. Nearly all Americans... It looks fair for making a living in this valley if one would be satisfied and healthy in the rain and mud a part of the year. There is said to be no sickness scarcely in this valley except that rheumatism is more prevalent."

By the 29th of the month Hobson had traveled through Corvallis and Portland, and had gone by river-boat to Walla Walla. While there he noted: "Saw one young man who says he had 'rather live down in Webfoot than up here for there the people live for enjoyment and here to make something. They have the finest summers, and winters they mostly set in the house until the rain is over.'" Within a few days Hobson had retraced his steps west of the Cascade Mountains. By May, 1876, having been several years a resident of the Yamhill Valley, he recorded with hearty and 'certain knowledge': "Last was the pleasantest summer I ever passed through. Last was the wettest winter I ever saw. I think including the whole winter and summer I like the climate of this locality the best I have tried. It is seldom cold or hot."

Despite the growth of a weather-conscious temperament and that subsequent to 1857 Oregonians began to refer to themselves as beavers and to Oregon as the Beaver State, the always-vocal newspaper, the Oregonian, observed in 1886:

"We do not judge the climate of the Pacific Northwest, adjacent to the ocean, to be such as creates an active and energetic race... Our climate west of the Cascade Mountains seems highly favorable to indolence; yet it is proper to avoid hasty conclusions in such a matter... it has always been easy to find subsistence here—so easy, indeed, as to leave little motive for surplus energy.

"Our soil is fruitful. The climate is mild, and little exertion is needed to secure protection against cold. Rains and fogs giving the country a somber aspect during a considerable part of the year, produce a gloomy effect upon many minds. It rains and rains, and many keep within doors. People grow languid and act as if they were "born tired"... And yet our climate differs not greatly from that of England, the great source of intellectual and physical activity..."

Already the Oregon country was acquiring a reputation for Gargantuan enterprise. His geographical feats largely accomplished, Paul Bunyan, that massive fellow of fable, was now engaged in logging off the great evergreen forests of the Pacific Northwest. This work he had begun, with little respect for time or date, in some vague but recent season following the Winter of the Blue Snow. His herculean achievements, spun into tales by hundreds of roaring loggers in camps in the deep woods, seldom heard beyond the sound of falling timber, were rapidly becoming oral narratives of exaggerated perspective and unbelievable number. These nonetheless portrayed
the wild life of big-tree cutting. Falling the great forests was superhuman endeavor and only superhuman tales could portray it. Not strangely, many of these fictions were characterized by the elements, rain, snow, fog, and wind.

It was recalled that the mighty Paul had suffered much from the vicissitudes of the weather. Fog in particular he did not like. For instance, on one occasion of dense fog, his men, roofing the cook-shanty, had industriously and near-sightedly shingled forty feet into the fog. There were, consequently, just that many perfectly good shingles gone to waste, for when the heavy fog lifted it took that part of the roof up with it. This event antedated, by at least a few decades, the experience of the captain who, taking his vessel down the Columbia River, found the fog at the estuary so thick that he had to kick a hole through it to get out to sea.

By that time, however, Paul Bunyan, the first and greatest logger, was no longer actively felling trees, but might be seen at rare times roaming through the uncut timber. The Year the Rains Came Up From China had swamped his ambitions. With his fore-and-aft moose terrier, Elmer, and his guns, Paul, now somewhat shrunken in size, had abandoned modern camp life. Nature had played him a prodigious trick by growing more trees than he could cut and now man was practicing forest conservation, and the harvesting of lumber would never end. The rains, too, were over-nourishing. The country he had helped to shape was out-smarting him.

In a rude shanty, long lost to the ken of man—it is told—he now lives secluded, companioned only by his dog. Now and then some logger glimpses him, dog at heel, always running at great speed. The harshly blowing winds of winter, moaning down bunk-house chimneys, are the sounds, men say, of Paul Bunyan calling his dog as he rushes through the night on his far hunting. The sounds will cease only when the last tree falls.

Webfoot whoppers then too will cease, for the rains will fall no more. Webfoot land, or western Oregon, will then be not dissimilar from the state’s eastern portion in some areas of which rainfall is scarcely more than legendary. “I saw it rain when I first went out there, years ago,” remarked a resident of Wagontire in 1938, while he was visiting the coast country. “But I have a boy getting to be a man now. I have often thought it would be nice if a shower would come up so he could see it.”

And that day of aridity may be approaching for webfoot land, for a 28-foot well dug near Lafayette about 1850 and for three-quarters of a century full the year round now is adequately liquid only in the dry summer season and runs dry each winter. What is the reason? Perhaps it is nature’s natural and justifiable retort to man’s over-statement, albeit usually made with a note of humor, or her liquid tendencies in an altogether fair land. Nevertheless, the webfooted commentator still fondly acknowledges that he and his fellow beings, like the duck that has come faetitiously to symbolize the true species, is happiest when mud runs between the toes. Then it is that the rain tales flow from his tongue. Then it is that the rains, however prolonged or intense, are benign “Oregon mist.”
WE’RE all in Nick’s back room talking over the gambling situation. Dapper Dan Sweeney’s there, Dopey Moroni, Clever Calison and several more of the boys. There’s some of them I don’t know, but I know Dapper Dan. Dapper Dan’s got ideas. He’s a cool-eyed youngster and there’s some that says he’s going places.

I’d just finished regaling the boys with the story of Moran booting Dancing Lady home, a 50-1 shot winner. It was a tale of one of the memorable horse races at the old track, west of the city, in the days when betting was not only popular but legal. The bookies had been taken for a cleaning by a little old lady who looked like something out of a picture book. When I finished Dapper Dan give that cynical laugh of his.

“That’s something that couldn’t happen if you got things properly organized. Smart guys don’t let things like that happen. That’s what’s wrong with the gambling setup in this town. It needs a smart guy at the head of it.”

“And you’re just smarting to get there,” says Clever Calison.

Dapper Dan don’t say nothing and I figure that Clever’s touched a sore spot because, as I said before, Dapper Dan’s got ideas. He’s a cocky lad and when he gets hold of something, he figures on hanging on to it. There ain’t no downhill grade for Dapper. I’m just about to change the subject when another guy pipes up.

“There are two kinds of gamblers—winners and suckers.”

This bromide was rasped forth by a little old dried-up fellow, who obviously had been tossed around this world for more than his share of bumps. I’d noticed him when I told of Moran bringing home the bacon on Dancing Lady. As I described the race the old boy’s faded eyes started to glow. I knew then that he had the horse-racing fever in his blood. His eyes had just sparkled out of his head when I told of the old lady who had made the cleaning and why she had played her hunch. “I am visiting my daughter,” she had said. “And my daughter is a dancing lady.”

When his grating voice cut the silence with the hoary wheezer on gambling we all give him the eye. But the irritability that he provoked died away in a wave of sadness. He was wearing one of those tight-fitting, checked suits. Its sporty cut and his forced jaunty air cried out how hard he was hanging onto a lost youth.

He cleared his throat and started his story: “I sat in a big game once and I was in on the know. Blonde Olga Rainey was the dealer and she give me the best she could. I didn’t see how I could lose, as I was dealt some real cards. I guess it was just the breaks.”

He stopped talking for a moment and looked around at us suspicious-like.

“Do you guys remember Curly Farrow and Mickey McMahon?”

Dapper Dan became enthusiastic. “I don’t remember them,” he pipes up. “They were before my time; but my old man used to tell me about Mickey McMahon. There was a real guy. A smart guy. He sure feathered his nest. I’ll bet wherever he is today, he’s living the life of Riley.” The ice melted
in Dapper’s eyes and they came as near to being dreamy as I can ever remember.

The old man went on with his story: “Well, Curly Farrow was the big shot in this town until Mickey McMahon came back and took charge of things. There’s some as says Mickey McMahon bumped Curly off, but I ain’t got nothing to say about that.

“What I’m going to tell you about happened back in the 90’s and all in a measly twenty-four hours. I had a bit of the dash to me in those days when I sat in the game with Blonde Olga and had my chance,” he said. “Although,” he added defiantly, “I’ve not lost so much of it and I’m every bit of seventy years.

“She came into the M. & O., where I was tiding over some tough times with the help of the free lunch that they served along with their nickel schooner of beer. She surveyed the room with a saucy stare. Then she sauntered over to my table and stood looking down at me. There was nothing I could do but kick a chair out for her. But I did it as nastily as I could. She answered my coolness with a smile that was like the burning of ice, if you know what I mean. Then she took the seat and said: ‘Maybe you’re the exception.’

‘Exception to what?’ I asked.

‘Why, the exception to the rule that fast women and slow horses will break any man.’

“I didn’t answer, but I couldn’t help wondering what the play was and I looked her over carefully.”

He seemed like a person in a trance as he described her. She must have had plenty to keep such a hold on a man for so many years.
dealer and down on my luck. None of the gambling houses in town need any more men, so I am pulling stakes to be on my way.

"'Stick around, boy,' she says. 'I like your looks.'

"'Looks won't help you none, and that's all I got,' I cracks back. 'But you don't need looks, anyway. You got more'n your share.'

"'I like that last, boy,' she says, kind of soft-like. 'As long as we both have looks and there's nothing to stop us from having money, we could be partners, couldn't we?'

"'As far as I'm concerned that's up to you,' I tells her. 'But I got to have my own money. They got a name for guys that live offa women and I don't like that name.'

"'I like you for that, too,' she says. 'And I have a plan. It's all business. I put up the money. You do the work. And we both split. After we make a cleanup we'll leave this burg behind us and start over. You can have a business of your own and I'll make you my business. How does that sound, boy, okay?'

"'It sounds okay to me,' I says. 'But what's the whole story? I don't get the picture. Why should you pick me out of a whole town to stake to a game?'

"'It's this way,' she comes back. 'I'm tired of the guy I'm with and I'm tired of the life I'm leading. I like your looks and I think we could do better together. Have you ever put all your roll on a turn of the card? Sure you have. I can tell gamblers and I know you're that way. Well, you're my card, boy. I don't know a thing about you, but I'm placing my bets. Have you ever heard of Four Aces?'

"'I laughed and started to say something, but she waved me shut.

"'I'm known as a fast woman,' she says. 'Four Aces is known as a slow horse. But here's one time we turn the tables. If you've ever heard of Four Aces, you're one in a hundred and you never heard anything good. But let me tell you something: Four Aces is going to win the Fifth tomorrow and you're going to bet this roll on his nose.'

"'I starts to laugh again and says, 'I thought you were a wise one, but it's my mistake. The only time Four Aces will win a race is when the other nags are hobbled. Why, that horse's past is so lousy it looks like the mattress in a flop-house. They don't even bother to figure odds on him. He's got a standing rating of 50-1.'

"'That's the angle, honey,' she answers. 'And you'll find out that I'm a lot wiser than you think. That's why I'm putting the roll on Four Aces.'

"'But My Dear—' I starts.

"'I know that, too,' she interrupts. 'My Dear is the favorite and all the money's on her. But the wise money won't be. I know the boys who run things in this town and here's the play. They've been touting My Dear and Prancing Jack for a week. Everybody's betting on them. If Four Aces wins, who makes the money?'

"'The bookies!'

"'And who are the bookies?'

"'Curly Farrow!'

"'Figure it out for yourself, boy. Figure it out for yourself. Listen, baby,' she continues. 'They're going to shoot Four Aces so full of hop he's going to think he's a royal flush.'
We put our money on Four Aces. No one else, not even the big shots who are due to win on the deal, will have a dime on him. The odds’ll be sky high. We’ll clean up and get out of town before the wise ones find out what happened.’

‘Lady, it’s a honey,’ I says. ‘But I still can’t figure out why you don’t clean up alone.’

‘Boy, if it wasn’t for your curly hair I might give this up as a bad job, because you’re certainly one suspicious lad. But I want you to be careful, though, seeing as how I’m planning to have my chips on you in the future. But your curly hair isn’t the only reason why I picked you. You’re new in town and nobody knows you. I only saw you once before and I see everybody that should be seen. If I or anyone that’s known placed bets on Four Aces the big boys would be out to find the reason why in a hurry. They’d want to know who tipped their hand and when they found out it would be curtains for me. If you put up the money a little at a time just before the race starts, they aren’t going to notice it. You can collect and we’ll be on our way before they wake up. Are you coming in on the deal?’

‘Okay, lady,’ I says. ‘I’ll take a chance.’

‘Be here one hour before the race and I’ll give you the money,’ she says, and walks out.

‘I went over to the barkeep as she goes out the door.

‘Who’s the frail?’ I asks, careless-like.

‘She’s not so frail,’ he comes back. ‘You’d better lay off. That’s Curly Farrow’s woman.’

‘Who’s Curly Farrow?’ I asks.

‘Well, he’s not the mayor, but there’s people what says he runs the town. Every dime that’s bet at the race-track and in most of the joints around here passes through his mitt. He’s the big frog in this puddle.’

‘I figure I’ve got into something and I mull it over long and well when I go to my room for the night. It’s plenty risky, but I thinks it’s worth the play and I don’t back down. You see, I was a lot younger in those days and not so settled-like.”

The old boy looked around at us, but you could see in his eyes that he wasn’t looking at the gang in Nick’s back room. He was watching the dames with their pompadours and the men with their long mustaches and short coats. He was hearing lilting music and singing waiters and smelling the froth on good old ale.

“I was there in plenty of time the next day,” he went on. “It seemed like hours before she came, but she said she was only a few minutes late when she sat down beside me. She give me the roll of bills and says, ‘Put it on the nag, boy, and don’t give in to any temptation to leave before we meet again. I’d just have to look you up and I wouldn’t want to do that.’

‘I followed her glance to the bar and an evil-looking plug-ugly solemnly winked an eye. At least I thought he winked. I wasn’t sure, but I wasn’t going to take any chances.

‘You can depend on me,’ I says.

‘I know it,’ she replied. ‘I’ll meet you here as soon as the race is over. Don’t be late.’

‘I went out to the track and hung around while the early races were being run. I was as nervous as a cat at a dog show. Just before the Fifth I
made the rounds of six of the bookies and divided the roll among them. Then I went back to the track. Four Aces was standing at the barrier with a wild look in his eye. He was quivering all over and I could see he was hopped aplenty. The jock was having a hard time holding him. When they sprung the gate he was off like a bat out of hell."

The old man was shaking like the horse he described and beads of sweat gathered on his brow.

"My God, that horse did run!" he whispered, and you could see from the wild look in his eye that he was running the race himself. "He opened a lead right away and widened her in the back stretch. When he came pounding home he was so far ahead that he couldn't have been caught by Man o' War, much less the plugs he was running against. I started for the gate screaming 'Four Aces' and heading to collect my money before anything happened. But I hadn't gotten out of the stands when a hush come over the crowd. Talk about hearing a pin drop! My heart was sounding like a pile-driver in the dreadful quiet. It was Four Aces! Ten yards from the finish that horse had dropped dead. Deader than a door-nail."

He stopped for a moment and wiped his brow. We just sat, too stunned to ask questions.

"I don't remember much about what happened from then one," the old fellow went on slowly. "The next I knew I was back in the M. & O. just sitting. I couldn't remember how I got there, but I was at the same table where I had met the blonde the night before. There was a big commotion up front and a party of about ten came in. They were talking gay-like. It seemed that Black Lady had sneaked by the field to win the Fifth. As a result the bookies and Curly Farrow had cleaned up when the favorites lost despite Four Aces' death.

"'Drinks for the house on Curly Farrow!'"

"I was still so groggy that I ordered beer and the barkeep growled, 'Don't be a sap! You're drinking champagne. It's Curly Farrow's treat.'"

"I was sipping my drink when I spied her. She saw me at the same time, but she didn't give me a tumble. I walked toward her and started to say something about Four Aces. She turned to Farrow and says in a cool, bored way, 'Here's some punchy talking about that horse that fell dead at the track today. Do you know him? I don't.'"

"Farrow looked at me and roared, 'Never saw him before. On your way, bum. On your way.'"

"I was out in the street before I knew it. There wasn't any place else to go, so I went to my room. I wasn't there five minutes when there came a knock on the door.

"'Come in,' I yelled."

"The door opened and in came the plug-ugly that had given me the wink in the M. & O. that afternoon. He handed me an envelope. I tore it open and read the note:

"'It's just the breaks, boy. Love and Luck are far apart. You don't seem to have any Luck and you can't live on Love. As ever,

O. R.'"

"'P.S. I'm sorry to see you go, but it might be embarrassing for both of us if Curly got to know you.'"

"I looked up and the fellow was still
there. 'She told me to wish you luck on your trip,' he says. Then he hands me ten crisp new twenty-dollar notes. 'In fact, she told me to see you off personally,' he added, giving me another knowing wink. I started packing.'

The silence at the end of his yarn was broken by a whisper, "Gee, what a race!" Then someone asked, "Who was this Mickey McMahon? What about his bumping off Curly Farrow?"

For an instant the old boy's eyes were hard and glittering.

"I said," he answered in a low even voice, "I ain't got nothing to say about that."

Dapper Dan looked smarter'n ever all of a sudden. "That's the idea," he approved. "Never squeal on a pal."

Clever Calison's eyes narrowed and he stared at the old boy with a questioning gaze as if he figured the old sport might be Mickey McMahon himself. When he turned to Dapper Dan his lips twisted ever so slightly. I'll bet he was thinking, "So that's what a fellow comes to." Clever didn't say nothing, but sometimes I think he had the right idea.

**RELICS**

**Laurence Pratt**

Falling of dust is the ticking of time—the drifting
Of down from the sky's breast. Moments are metamorphosed
Ceaselessly into the wood and the iron of existence.

Out of the past come the vagrant wraiths of time
To one so full of days that he guards the shadowy
Relics brooding here as the hoary shepherd
Of all the years, and the elder brother of dream.

Out of the past—but where and what is the past
But the dimmer phase of the now? The thin star shadows
Of tall years that have lain down easefully
To assuage their long toiling? The iridescent dust
Spilling from titubant wings of the blind-moth cycles?
Or the belling echoes of echoes? Here, firm textures
Belie the asserted intangibles of the far
Lost stirrings. These are not apparitional semblance,
This chair wherein a work-weary pioneer rested,
This bright-beaded quiver pregnant with deadly arrows.

If it should turn, this spinning wheel, now what a creaking
And no thread spun; yet here it stands as rigid
As in the days when a lithe foot pressed its treadle.
Molds for the making of bullets. These rusted muskets,
How shall they check the whooping charge of the Piute,
Or the menacing Rogue? O, easily they can end it,
For the cry is a whisper out of the grave's remembrance,
And the charge is the padded step of a ghost-light cayuse.
Muskets of memory. Garments of cobwebbed dreaming.
Treasures the ox-trains carried.

And he who watches
Over these relics, he was then with them, his cheek
A blithe boy's cheek, where now near a century's growing
Of beard records the decades. Eyes of the mind
Are keener than those that peer through laborious lenses;
And there is no passing of time; and the rough road winds
Into the west. The clear air stirs. The sweet
Crying of birds, the numberless miles of prairie
Bursting with flowers. The still, mysterious call,
Like a measureless ache in the heart, of the shining mountains
With lifted heads on visional horizons.

As time ticks on and moments sift like the snows,
And the hours are drifts piled deep as the Oregon hills,
And the decades are heaped-up mountains of quietness,
Fading to mist-clouds, shifting as currents of cloud shift,
The wood and the iron of existence are sinking in shadow,
And the falling of dust is the muffled ticking of time.

DISCONTENT

ANNE HENDERSON CLARK

Tall wax-white lilies gleamed for Mother Eve;
Her roses were in rarest colors clad.
God gave her love unrivalled, made her glad
As mistress of the realm, untaught to grieve
Before the time he ordered her to leave
Untasted one sweet fruit. Why was she sad
When Adam did not question what God bade?
Her curious bite lost Eden past retrieve.

Too often now are fretful voices found,
And even laughter lacks the zest of mirth.
Tho joyous health and luxury abound
Eve's restless children dare complain of dearth.
Behind their smiling lips they check the sound
Of weeping started long before their birth.
SPIRIT FLOWER
Eloise Hamilton

The silent woods remember moccasins
On their dim trails, the death-tipped hunter's arrow
Swift to its prey, and how the long sleep wins
At last the hunter with the hunted; here
Where braves once counseled, steps the delicate deer.
Long since to ashes fell the council fire,
Like grey breath blown into the wind . . . no trace
Save the white Indian pipe to mark its place.
Yet does the circle of the spirit flower,
Nurtured in this dark loam, renew the hour
When warriors light their immemorial fires.

HERITAGE
Blanche DeGood Lofton

Wapinitia, Neahkahnie—
Sorcery lies in a name.
Heritage from copper tribesmen,
Old before the long-knives came.

Witchery in words: Nehalem,
Coos and Clackamus, Chehalis;
Music conjured by Wallula,
Neskowin and Umatilla;
Sure enchantment in Celilo,
In Snoqualmie and Ecola;
Laughter lingers in Wahkeena,
Tillamook, Shoshone, Wauna;
Mighty medicine Mazama,
Calapooia and Multnomah;
Stoic, tribal Yainax, Klamath,
Yakima, Chinook and Camas.

When the redmen meet their Tyee,
In Sahhalee Illahee—
And the Memaloose of Silence
Has fore-gathered you and me—
Still their names (Ahnkutty Moosum!)—
Heritage from ancient men—
"Till the lodge-fire lights the teepee,
And the warrior rides again."
A MAN IN THE HOUSE

MYRON GRIFFIN

They stood at the window, the three of them, and watched while Mr. Ericson reached into the back seat of his car and took out the covered wicker basket. He turned, walking rapidly toward the house in the heavy rain; then suddenly he began to run, his shoulders hunched high and the rain a curtain all round him.

Little Dicky hopped up and down at the window. "The picnic!" he cried happily, "Here comes the picnic!"

"It isn't really a picnic," Marjorie said coldly. "It isn't, at all."

Mother gave an exasperated little gasp. "Marjorie," she said, her eyes angry and puzzled and pleading. "Please."

Mr. Ericson's steps pounded on the porch and the door flew open.

"Good Heavens!" he said, laughing and panting at the same time, looking round for a place to set the basket. "I very nearly drowned!" He put the basket on the hearth and turned the collar of his tweed coat down, shaking drops of water from his shoulders. Then with a large white handkerchief he wiped his forehead and his hands.

"I do hope," he said a little anxiously, "you'll find everything there."

"Oh, I'm sure," Mother said, unfolding a paper tablecloth and spreading it on the floor. "Such a fine big basket."

"It is too a picnic," Dicky declared. "Isn't it."

"Of course it is, dear," said Mother; and Mr. Ericson said, "Why sure. Just indoors, that's all."

Dicky looked happy. "Picnic," he said in a whisper, as though the word itself could be eaten.

"Oh!" Mother said, peeking into a sandwich, "Chicken!"

Mr. Ericson thrust his hands quickly into his pockets and smiled.

"I'm utterly starved," Mother said.

"Of course you are," he said sympathetically, "We waited so long." He lifted the creases of his trousers and sat down cross-legged on the floor, and presently Mother said, quietly and without looking at her, "All right, Marjorie."

She got up out of the chair, unwillingly conscious of hunger, and went over to sit down on the floor. Dicky, watching with greedy eyes while his plate was filled, demanded more sweet pickles. She looked down on him loftily, with a certain pity: she herself was nine. When her own plate came round, passed to her by Mr. Ericson, she allowed him to set it down before her and waited a moment before she began eating. She ate with a cold dignity, sitting up stiffly, putting the food into her mouth as though politely concealing a faint dislike. She took no part in the conversation; she merely said, quietly and distinctly, when a second helping was offered her, "No, thank you." Mother was not noticing; but once, out of the tail of her eye, she saw Mr. Ericson glance at her curiously.

Afterward Mr. Ericson picked up the tablecloth by four corners and dropped everything into the fireplace.

"Oh, how nice," Mother sighed, sweeping up crumbs with the hearth-broom.
A red flame rose on the edge of the paper as Mr. Ericson knelt there; he watched it for a moment and then stood up, smiling. He went to the davenport and sat down beside Mother, and Dicky climbed up and knelt between them.

“Yes, but can we go out to the farm next Sunday?” he asked Mr. Ericson.

“Why,” Mr. Ericson said, with a glance at Mother, “Yes, perhaps we can.”

Marjorie was looking at Mr. Ericson’s brown oxfords with sullen resentful eyes. They shone flawlessly all over, like shoes in a shop window, and yet he kicked one crossed foot carelessly back and forth as if he didn’t know he had shoes on. But it wouldn’t do him any good, she thought defensively, having shiny shoes. Or a tweed suit either. Or a stiff little blond mustache. Or white teeth when he smiled. And Dicky could be silly and sit in his lap if he wanted. And Mother might smile; she wouldn’t.

“And is there any cows on the farm?” Dicky was asking.

“No cows,” said Mr. Ericson.

“There’s one horse, though.”

“Is he a race-horse?”

Mr. Ericson threw back his head and laughed quietly. “I should say he isn’t.”

“But is he big?”

“Yes, he’s big, and white.”

Dicky’s eyes began to shine. “What’s his name?”

“Charley Horse,” said Mr. Ericson.

To Mother, who had smiled, “They named him, these friends. When you see him you’ll see how well it fits him.”

“And could I ride him?” Dicky asked.

“I think you might,” Mr. Ericson answered.

“Oh boy, I get to ride him,” said Dicky, and danced over to Marjorie’s chair. “I get to ride him.” He was gone, undampened by her disdain.

“And is there any pigs, too?” he was asking Mr. Ericson.

“No pigs.” He thought a moment.

“But there’s a little creek, and fish in it.” He turned to Mother again. “I’m afraid they’ll think it’s a real farm. It’s just—a place, really; these people don’t try to farm it.”

“Oh, but it’s out in the country,” Mother said. “That’s the thing.”

“Well,” Mr. Ericson said. “Surely we’ll get better weather next Sunday.”

He took out a leather cigarette case and opened it. Mother hesitated. “I believe I will,” she said, and took a cigarette. Dicky watched the match lighting. Dicky said suddenly, “Are you a Daddy?”

“What?” asked Mr. Ericson in surprise. He smiled then. “No, Dicky, I’m not a Daddy.”

“I had a Daddy,” Dicky told him, “he...”

“You don’t remember him,” said Marjorie suddenly.

The three turned. Mother looked anxious.

“I do too,” Dicky said. “He went away in an ammalunce.”

“Yes, but I told you that,” Marjorie said, her voice bold in the quiet room. “You don’t remember. You were just a baby.”

Dicky looked at her with unhappy eyes. Mother cleared her throat with a tiny, careful sound. In the fireplace one little paper bucket burned silently, like a lamp, on the edge of the ashes.
"Well, but I aren't a baby any more," Dicky said finally. "Are I."

"No, darling," Mother said with a quick smile.

Mr. Ericson stirred. He leaned over and got an ash-tray from the end-table and put it on the davenport between them. Mother touched her cigarette into the ash-tray. Then she said, "Fred, I wonder if you'd build us a little fire. Just a kindling fire. Would you mind? It would be so cheerful."

"Not at all," he said, rising. "I had the same idea."

He took off his coat and laid it on a chair and followed Mother into the kitchen. Their voices were low together for a moment. Then he started down the basement stairs.

Mother came back into the room and sat down on the footstool before Marjorie's chair, taking her hand in hers. "Darling," she said very quietly, "Why must you be like this when Mr. Ericson comes to see us?"

A stubbornness came up within Marjorie like a wall and she would not answer. From below them came the crisp sound of wood splitting. Mother pressed her hand again. "Marjorie..."

She would not answer, nor would she meet her mother's eyes.

"Don't you like Mr. Ericson?" asked Mother.

Marjorie's chin lifted a little; she was silent. Suddenly Mother let go of her hand and rose.

A quick dart of fear struck her as she sought for Mother's eyes. Mother was angry with her now: the stubbornness wavered; she wished Mother would speak to her softly again. But Mother's voice, when she spoke, was cold and unfriendly. "You're being very silly, Marjorie. No one likes you when you're this way."

Marjorie stared disconsolately into the fireplace. Mr. Ericson came up the stairs and into the room with an armful of kindling, which he put down on the hearth with a clatter. He leaned across her armchair to take a newspaper from the magazine rack, and she saw a tiny flicker of amusement in his eyes. He knelt there in easy balance, crumpling the paper and building the kindling around it with his clean masculine fingers. Her mind shoved at him, pushed him away, and stubbornness gripped her tightly again.

Mr. Ericson stayed for supper, and afterward Mother took both Dicky and Marjorie upstairs. She put the boy to bed and then came into Marjorie's room and waited while Marjorie got into her pajamas. Then she leaned over and kissed her on the cheek and turned out the light and left the room, and Marjorie knew that by being put to bed with Dicky she was being punished.

She lay with her eyes open and listened to the sound of their voices downstairs. Mr. Ericson's voice was grave and quiet; Mother's voice was quiet, too. There would be a silence, with Marjorie's clock ticking busily by her ear. Then Mr. Ericson's baritone running along, pausing, coming again with a phrase or two. Then Mother's thoughtful answer. Marjorie felt unhappy: something gnawed and hurt her.

She raised herself on one elbow and listened for a moment longer. Then she called, softly: "Mother." She felt a little frightened. The voices flowed along.

"Mother."
The voices stopped. Marjorie sank back on her pillow and waited while the sound of Mother's heels came across the floor.

"Did you call, Marjorie?"

"Yes, Mother. Will you come up, please?"

She heard her starting up the stairs. And then she stood there with the light at her back in the doorway. "What is it, dear?"

Marjorie couldn't see her face, but by her voice she knew she wasn't angry any longer. "I'm lonesome, Mother."

"But we're right downstairs, dear."

"Yes, but..."

Mother was fixing the covers and telling her to go to sleep, smoothing her hair and patting her. "But I do feel lonesome," Marjorie said again.

Mother laughed, moving toward the door.

"Don't go, Mother."

"Oh, Marjorie," Mother laughed. "Go on to sleep now."

She lay still, unhappy, for a moment; then with a quick resentful gesture she pushed the covers away and sat up again. Mother's heels went on downstairs. Mother's heels tapped down, then off the stairs. On the floor; on the rug; then she heard a little laugh as Mother sat down again.

"Mother," Marjorie called.

There was silence. Then, "What, dear."

"Please come here."

"Go to sleep, Marjorie," Mother called.

"No, Mother. Please."

Mother said something to Mr. Erieson. Then, quickly, she crossed the floor and came up the stairs. When she came in she closed the door behind her, saying nothing, and when she switched on the lamp her eyes were angry.

"Marjorie," she said, sitting down on the bed, "you were very unpleasant this afternoon. Now I won't have you spoiling the evening as well."

"But I want you to stay here for a little while."

"You haven't been like this since you were a baby." Mother said. "What is the matter with you?"

I remember, she thought, saying nothing, looking at her mother.

"What is the matter?" Mother said again.

I remember, she thought steadily. In the room it was very quiet, and Mother's eyes were on her intently; then all at once Mother's expression changed: her lips trembled and she rose to her feet quickly, and Mother was crying, standing by the window crying quietly, and Marjorie felt something break and flow warmly within her. "Oh Mother," she said.

Mother turned. "I thought," she said, "I thought I was over this a long time ago." She came over to the bed and sat down, touching her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Oh Mother," said Marjorie, so sorry the words choked her.

"Never mind," said Mother, and found her hand and squeezed it. "Poor darling. You thought you were the only one."

She still held Mother's hand, still hurt with wanting to be forgiven. And Mother, noticing, whispered, "Never mind." Marjorie sighed and let Mother take her hand away. Mother picked up her handkerchief and blew her nose. She was calmer now; all over crying.
"I must be a sight," she said after a moment, and put the backs of her hands to her red eyes. "I'll have to wait a while before I go down again."

"Sit here until you go," said Marjorie.

"All right."

Marjorie slowly closed her eyes.

"Sleepy?" Mother asked quietly.

Marjorie gave a drowsy nod, turning her face into the pillow. She drew a long sleepy breath and then let go, and the bed seemed to come up gently, envelopingly, round her. She lay motionless, floating in warmth, lulled by her own placid breathing.

"Mother," she said presently, her eyes still closed.

"Yes?"

"Mother, if we go out to the farm next Sunday, may I ride the white horse too?"

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**THE SKATER REMEMBERS**

Edward C. Kelly

She came out in a flowing white thing,
With daisies,
With a big white hat,
And he could see her once again, against the shadowy blue of the Pacific.
Now glimmering,
Now black,
Now bright,
And she, with her hair flying and a flower in her hand,
And the shining eyes shining up at him,
With the dark ground all around,
And his arm across her shoulder,
And both of them looking at the black majesty of an incoming freighter.

And he heard her
When he held her in a difficult position,
When he could hear the skates *kerunk, kerunk,*
And her voice in the still, dead brightness saying, Don't drop me,
    Mike, don't drop me,
And the skates were going *kerunk, kerunk,*
With her body white and by his shoulder, and now
The skates were still and her eyes were up and looking at him and her mouth was saying, Gosh that was swell, Mike, it sure was;
And his heart jumped out of him trying to say it,
And all he could do was grin and grin while his heart was choking way down deep at how lovely she was.
Tides meet the river here, here salt meets snow—
an Asian kiss for these dark Northern hills
accepted without halt through ebb and flow.
Oh, like a slender girl this river leans
upon the ancient raiment of Cathay
that sequined with horizons sweeps
this shore in hems that fray.
Here youth is careless of the sun and quick with gifts
and what it swiftly gives it swift forgets,
but gratitude is a slow glow on that face
whose ancient lips this river kissed,
whose youth renews itself when our sun sets.

JOURNAL OF A RANCH WIFE: 1932-1935
HELEN CROSBY GLENN

Note: This journal is an excerpt from the life of a young ranch-wife. It recounts the
day-by-day happenings in the lives of two young westerners who married during the "Great
American Depression." In those bleak, terror-stricken years one found people becoming hope-
less, stolid, plodding. But the young wife, here revealed, was luckily married to a man who
taught her, unconsciously, that secret of happiness which was known to so many of our
pioneer forefathers . . . . a sense of humor nourished by an abiding interest in and appreciation
of the homely, inconsequential events in daily life. This creed has allowed the Western ranch-
er to go on in the face of the economic ups and downs of our country. These young people
also faced hardship, and finally, an illness which brought this journal to an end.

Jeff's father, the first Jeff Tierman, came to Montana from Texas in the late 80's or early 90's.
He later was one of the best-loved roundup bosses in southeastern Montana. He was a
well-educated, generous man who ruled his home, his cowpunchers and his blooded horses
with a firm kind hand. When the young Jeff of this story was eight years old. Even
in the space of eight years he had managed to pass on to his son much of the knowledge
which makes an all-round man. Young Jeff went to work at the age of thirteen and by the
time he was twenty-two, when this story opens, he had accumulated a small bunch of cattle,
some blooded horses and a great deal of knowledge of the workings of a ranch. He was an
industrious, sensitive, hot-tempered young man with an abiding love of horses and of ranch
tradition when he married Yynne Carson.

Tod Carson, Lynne's father, lived on a ranch in South Dakota until, in 1899, when he was
twelve years old, his father moved to Montana. A few years later, being a top-hand, he rode
rough-string for outfits on the Powder River. After his marriage to a little Irish school-
teacher, he established a ranch on the Mizpah; also he freighted wool from the north side of
the Yellowstone to Miles City. Generous to a fault, although a successful rancher, he lost
much of his profits by lending money to his friends. Lynne, being the youngest of three
daughters, was favored by her mother, who sent her to college for three years. An intro-
spective child with a love of beauty, we find her at twenty-one marrying Jeff.

The events here recorded take place in the country which lies south of Miles City in south-
eastern Montana. It is a country of valleys, rolling hills, badlands. Here we find pine-covered
hills; cottonwoods, ash and willows along the muddy streams. Here there is blue-joint, re-
iniscent of unfenced range: Russian-thistle, grim souvenir of the dry-land farmer. Queer
rock formations: black and yellow gumbo, little caverns honeycombed throughout and the
sparse foliage we find to be sagebrush, cactus, greasewood and Spanish bayonet form the
fantastic appearing country known as the badlands.

Farther south, near the Cheyenne Reservation, lie fertile valleys, flanked on either side
by high hills, and in the distance one sees the misty forms of mountains.

May 28, 1932

My wedding day. I am now a cowpunch-
er's wife, as was my Mother before me. My
wedding, in the midst of all the ceremony
and convention attendant upon such affairs,
held its touch of the West. Uncle Cary hap-
pened to be in town [Miles City] from the
CBC horse-roundup and was one of our wit-
nesses. He was wearing a torn shirt, dirty
California trousers, his boots and dusty
black Stetson. Should the bride be writing
of her own attire? It was very ordinary.
Cary's clothes interest me more. They are typical of my life from now on and the background of my childhood. They comfort me in the strangeness of this new experience. Jeff was so brushed and shining in his dark suit and white shirt. The only familiar things about him were his boots, and even they were shined until they looked like square-toed mirrors.

June 1

Jeff left for the Swinging-H this morning to break the news to his boss of our marriage, and to see if arrangements could be made for us to be placed in a cow-camp for the summer.

July 1

I am still in town and am terribly lonely. I feel like a broomtail filly that has been separated from the rest of her bunch and thrown into a pasture with a bunch of gently old work-horses. I keep running up and down the fence, trying to find a way back to the open country and freedom. Jeff is in camp at the old Diamond-L ranch on Soda-Biscuit Creek, with the foreman and his wife. Mr. Kent, the boss, doesn't believe in putting two women in the same camp, so it doesn't give me much hope of being with Jeff before fall. He comes in to see me every chance he gets, but they have been busy with the spring roundup and calf-branding.

July 16

A faint ray of hope has appeared. Sam Green, the foreman, is in the hospital and may have to have an operation. Annie, his wife, is in town with him; which leaves Jeff alone at the camp.

July 21

At home at last. The hay-crew is here from the main ranch putting up blue-joint and alfalfa hay. They decided to charivari us, so took us for a ride in the ice-cart. It is a disreputable vehicle mounted on two old buggy wheels, and has handles like a wheelbarrow. They tied it to the rear end of the Ford pickup, all piled in and took us, seated in state in the cart, down across the hay-meadow, driving over all the bumpy places they could find. They brought us back to the horse-tank, and after threatening us with baptism by immersion, let us go because we didn't protest.

The crew all filed up to the horse-tank and wasted several bars of hand-soap during their daily bath after sundown. The horses won't drink out of the tin tank during this hot weather as the wooden one beside it keeps the water much cooler. The tin one makes a wonderful bathtub for the men.

Don and Art were the first to return from the tank, so decided to play a trick on George. George is red-headed, red-faced, long-nosed, and resembles an emaciated mouse. He has a habit of going around all "pooched up"—lower lip resting on the point of his chin—when he is mad, which is most of the time. He is the brunt of all the jokes, as the other men like to see him glower. He imagines himself to be a wonderful bronc-stomper and is always getting himself into jack-pots. I don't think he ever in his life started to do a thing and had it turn out right. Well, George had lain out his clean socks on his bed. (The men have their roundup beds rolled out on the long south porch.) Don and Art hid them before he returned to the house. He didn't discover their loss until this morning; then he had to wear his dirty pair. He never did find the clean ones and stayed "pooched" until he decided that a pack-rat had made off with them, and was restored to good humor.

Jeff presented me with a pair of spurs today. They are about thirty-five years old and were the property of his father. They are very precious to Jeff for that reason; and that in turn makes them doubly precious to me. They are the final seal set upon my new title of Mrs. Jeff Tiernan. They were quite rusty, so I scoured them and the silver mountings now gleam bravely when the sun hits them.

3 days later

The hay-crew is gone, cook and all, and I am learning to cook. "Hot biscuits and steak and gravy" is Jeff's favorite breakfast. Biscuits! Jeff is struggling to teach me and I am struggling, even harder, to learn. Oh, for some toast made in an electric toaster, and halved grapefruit with powdered sugar! I wept bitter tears over the ruins of my biscuits this morning, but managed to greet Jeff with a smile when he came in from his morning chores. It humiliates me no end that he is an A-1 cook and all I can manage to do, so far, is to make coffee; although
that is really a redeeming feature. A rancher's wife who makes poor coffee is a total flop, regardless of how good a cook she may be in other respects. Another thing she must be able to do is to cook meat well. I am receiving my first lessons in frying T-bone steaks. It is easier than making fluffy biscuits. My next hard task will be learning to make light-bread.

August

The biscuits are better but the bread is terrible. If it raises nicely in the pans, I burn it in the oven or my fire goes out and it remains soggy in the center. "However, don't you know" (as Keith Gray, the old Scotch cowman says), I'll learn.

That's a queer thing, which I never realized until I wrote it down; most Scotchmen in this country are sheepmen, but Keith is a dyed-in-the-wool cowman and hates the smell of sheep as all cowmen do. Anyone who has ever been on the windward side of a band of sheep would understand why the cowmen have such a dislike of that particular smell, to say nothing of the way the sheep ruin the range for either cows or horses.

Jeff has told me a lot of the history of this creek and this particular ranch. He was raised about seven miles up the creek from here. He and his brother, two sisters and mother still own the old ranch, but it is leased to Mel Willcox. Jeff has promised me that we will ride up there soon, as I have not yet seen the place.

The Diamond-L, where we are in camp, belonged to old Frank Hitchinson, whom Jeff knew very well. Frank was a fascinating person to talk to. He had been a close friend of Jeff's father so enjoyed talking to the youngster, and poured plenty of tales of the old days into his eager ears.

Frank first came to this country with a trail-herd for the "Jingle-Bob" outfit from the Nebraska sand-hills, in the early '80s; and for a long time was known as "Jingle-Bob Frank." The Jingle-Bob derived its name from the ear-mark they used on their cattle. It does away with having to look a "critter" all over for its brand, as the ear-mark can be seen when facing the animal, or when behind it, so it is not necessary to see the animal side-view to read its brand on the hip, side or shoulder. One or both ears are partly or wholly cut away in various shapes. The Jingle-Bob outfit split the ear just above the center, leaving the lower half dangling. This piece of skin bobbed around when the animal moved its head, thus earning its name, the Jingle-Bob.

A few years after their arrival here, in the spring following the hard winter of '86, the herd being sadly depleted, the remnant were sold to Pierre Wibaux, who shipped them out of the country the next fall. That is why you never hear of the Jingle-Bob outfit nowadays.

In the evening, when the supper dishes are washed and put away, we sit on the long low porch on the south side of the house and watch the cattle leave the water-hole up the creek and trail out to graze until morning. They hang around the water during the heat of the day and eat when it is cooler. Along in the evening the air cools and freshens. Then it is a comfort to escape from the heat of the kitchen range and listen to all the small sounds of the sunset hour—the frogs make little blurring noises in the creek, a meadow-lark sings a sleepy note of farewell to the last rosy light of the sun. As the warm hue fades, the sage shadows become tinged with purple; in the big cottonwood below the corrals, there is an owl hooting mournfully; off to the right, up Ranch Creek, a cow is bawling for her calf, while a coyote yaps in derision. Jeff and I turn to our slumbers in the rambling old T-shaped log house. The range-land is at peace with the world. In a few hours the full moon will shed its chilly radiance over the creek bottom and surrounding hills; and perhaps the ghost of Jingle-Bob Frank will roll a cigarette and light it—the flame flickers for an instant in the shadow of the corral. Has Jeff's wrangle-horse seen it? He snorts, or is he just clearing his nostrils of dust so that he can sniff the clean air of the night? A week later

Jeff is the proud possessor of a small bunch of cattle, and some half-bred (part thoroughbred) horses. His uncle runs the cattle for him on Lister Creek; the horses run on the Hat Creek range.

A bunch of officious honyocks are incessantly chasing the horses, as there are a few slicks [unbranded animals] running in that country and the "honnies" live in the hope that they may some day be able to corral
them. Our horses are, at first sight, hard to tell from the slicks, as they wear a neat little brand on the jaw. The honyocks evidently grew tired of being fooled, so they shoved them into one of the Diamond-L pastures, in order that they might not again pick them up. Jeff discovered them the other day so he took me along to help put them back out on the range. He would have moved them alone, but they have been chased so much that they are wild as deer and as apt to go through a fence as a gate, if excited.

We were lucky to find them near the gate which leads out to the range. Cautiously, we eased toward them and were able to get quite close. Jeff pointed out each one in turn and gave me its history. The mares are half-bred and the younger horses' grandsire was a race-horse, bred on the Mizpah, where blooded horses were introduced by some Englishmen in the '80s.

A buckskin two-year-old caught my eye. He stood with his head above the rest, ears twitching as he watched our every move. Long-legged, high-withered, with a deep chest and a fine intelligent head, dark mane and tail waving whenever he moved, the sun reflecting from his glossy fair hide.

Jeff circled around and opened the gate while I sat on my horse and whistled. The buckskin never took his eyes from me and his ears were never at rest, first one cocked toward me and then the other.

As Jeff rode slowly toward them, I fell back farther into the pasture until they were started through the gate and I knew that they wouldn't attempt to dodge past me. We followed them for a short distance into the badlands. The buckskin stopped on a gumbo butte and faced us; then, with a rush, he was gone down the draw, trailing behind the others to the water-hole.

Mid-August

Cliff, Jeff's kid brother, got laid off at the LO outfit on the Mizpah and came over to spend a few days with us before heading for his new job on the "North Side." Sandy, the boss's nephew, came along while he was here; so we all decided to take in a dance at the Garland schoolhouse. Of course, baths were in order before attending the "shindig" and much consternation was displayed when I firmly refused to let them take the last cake of hand-soap. I know that in the last few weeks at least a half-dozen brand new bars have slipped through soapy fingers to rest forever on the bottom of the tank, and I simply couldn't let them have the last cake I had. It was feared, for a few minutes, that the baths would have to be soapless until Sandy evolved the idea of filling an empty Bull Durham sack with the soap-powder I use for dishes. The soap-powder sudsed beautifully and the sack did not slip away from their wet fingers.

Shortly after our arrival at the schoolhouse, Sandy asked me to dance, and after we had gone the round of the floor in silence, burst out with, "Say, do I smell like a laundry? I imagine I can smell that soap-powder."

We reached home just as the sun was making its appearance above the pine-covered hills to the east of us. Cliff was still rolled in his sougans, in the shadow of the old bunkhouse, at dinner time, and it took a bit of physical force on the part of Jeff and Sandy to rouse him. Sandy went on his way after dinner.

Jeff and Cliff, being thoroughly awake by the time the heat of the day began to subside, put on a roping exhibition for my benefit; using the two milk-cows' calves to practice on—running them up the little lane from the corrals to the horse-tank and back again, until calves, horses, and riders were exhausted and it was no longer light enough to see.

Jeff then decided it was time to milk the cows and gave Cliff the gentlest cow, "who never kicks." He no sooner got the words out of his mouth than the pail went one way, Cliff went another, and milk flew everywhere.

Art's mother stopped on her way to town last week and brought me two little black and white kittens. Jeff has named one "Lynne" and the other "Carson." Lynne has a black spot on her nose, which gives her the appearance of having a very dirty and impudent face. Carson's face is all white and bears an angelic expression, but she is really much the more venturesome and curious of the two. She insists on smelling of the pegs when Jeff and I are playing horseshoes in the evening, and scampers forward to in-
vestigate the position of every horseshoe thrown.

We took the kittens to help us get rid of our mice tenants, but they are such babies they aren't much help to us yet. This house is lined with cloth, whitewashed over, as so many old log houses are. The space between the lining and the roof is an ideal place for mice nests, so the house is full of the creatures. All night long they “buck and play” (quoting Jeff) above our heads. What's more, they get into everything, not only food, but into the bureau drawers. The other day I heard a tiny little squeak coming from our bedroom and went to investigate but found nothing. I heard it at intervals all day; but though I went to look again and again, I could never discover the cause of it. I told Jeff about it when he came in for supper, and he laughed at me. We had been in bed but a few seconds when there it was again. Jeff heard it, too. He lit the lamp and set out to discover. Far back in the corner was a baby mouse, about one and one-half inches long, hairless and pink, the homeliest creature I have ever laid eyes upon. On looking around to find where it had come from, we discovered a little hole chewed in the corner of the ceiling. Within the next two days we found seven more baby mice, that made their appearance, one at a time. Evidently the mother had met with tragedy and the babies, finally getting hungry, had crawled out of the nest and fallen through the hole. As they appeared, I swept them onto the coal-shovel and drowned them.

We have, also, pack-rats on the premises. I had a pair of old net stockings, and left them, with my pumps, on the floor the other night. Not long after we had gone to bed, we heard a pack-rat in the room; when Jeff lit a match, it scurried out. Next morning my stockings were missing, and although I hunted high and low, I could find them nowhere. I know that no one hid them, because the hay-crew is gone, and Jeff had no opportunity to do so.

Late August

Jeff and I rode up to the old ranch last Sunday. It is on the head of the creek, in the pine hills. We rode through the choke-cherry bushes in the lower hay-meadows and ate so many of the berries that we were unable to get our mouths unpuckered for several hours.

The house has about seven rooms and is fitted with carbide lights and running water. It is one of the handiest ranch homes I have seen. I doubt if we will ever take the ranch and try to run it ourselves, as there are only four sections of land included in the ranch proper. All the land around it that used to be open range is homesteaded and fenced; and anyone trying to run cattle would never be able to manage on those four sections.

Mel has sheep and leases summer-pasture away from home. It is an ideal place for him as it produces quite a bit of hay. It is possible to flood-irrigate the meadows from the creek, and they are seeded with alfalfa.

Early in the summer, Jeff began working with a bronc, but was unable to stay with him consistently during the intense heat for fear of overdoing him. This last week has been a little cooler so he has been busy trying to get him acquainted with the rudiments of roping. The little “Booger” seems to take to it. He is, ordinarily speaking, a chestnut sorrel, but during the hot weather his hair has bleached until he is a cross between mouse-gray and mustard-yellow. We decided to call him Booger because he is a “smart little booger” and is constantly getting himself all “boogered up” by getting tangled in wire and performing other such antics.

September 1

Mr. Kent sent George over, night before last, to gather the cavvy and take them to the main ranch; also to tell Jeff to close up the camp and move to the ranch himself. They are starting the fall roundup.

Jeff and George left with the cavvy yesterday morning. When they had gone, I busied myself with the task of packing our clothes. Each hour seemed twice as long as usual, as I waited for Jeff’s return. George had said nothing of my going to the main ranch too. Did Kent mean that there was no room for me there? Was I once more to be exiled in town, away from Jeff?

At last Jeff appeared in the jitney and quickly dispelled my fears by announcing that I was going with him. They have a cook, Maude, and I am to be her helper, so here we are at the Swinging-H. Mrs. Kent
welcomed me with open arms; she is the sweetest little old lady I know.

The boys have been rounding up cattle; cutting out the beef, branding the late calves and a few that were missed in the spring roundup.

George has been running around looking like an animated, overdressed scarecrow the last few days. The air is quite nippy along about sunup in the morning and George seems to think it's mid-winter. He has donned his scotch-cap, sheepskin coat and muffler; besides which, he always wears wooly chaps and is so encumbered with clothing that it is practically impossible for him to mount his horse.

The other morning he decided to ride Dixie. Dixie has not been ridden all summer and is full of life. George knows it, so he was trying to be very careful. He tried for at least five minutes to get Dixie to stand still long enough for him to get safely on. Finally the others, who were all mounted and were getting impatient, shouted, "Oh, hurry up and get on, George!" George made one last desperate effort and landed behind the saddle. Dixie went straight up and so did George, coming back to earth head first. When he picked himself up, his pipe, which was still firmly clenched between his teeth, was brimful of mud. George has been going around with his face "all rolled up like a bed" ever since. Anyone who speaks to him gets only a grunt.

Ole got piled the other day, too. Ole is not rightly a cowboy. Last year he herded Kent's sheep, and he has been on the haycrew all this summer; but he is pathetically eager to show his worth as a rider. Don, being short of punchers, decided to let him ride; and in his string put a little horse called Satan. Satan has, in his younger days, lived up to his name; now he is just an ordinary cow pony, that will buck occasionally if something touches him off.

Ole has always been a little leary of him, because of his past record. Satan, having good horse-sense, of course knows it. A piece of sagebrush happened to tickle him; Satan thought, "Now's my chance to have some fun with this fellow, since he's so scared of me," and away he went. He wasn't bucking hard and Ole was doing a fine job of sticking on until someone hol-lered, "Stay with him, Ole!" Ole very foolishly turned his head, said "Huh?" and found himself rolling in the sagebrush.

Maude, Ole's wife, and I have our troubles too; but they are mainly with old Tim Shea, the chore-boy. He invariably comes in with muddy feet just after we have scrubbed the floor or brings up a scuttle of coal so full that he leaves a trail of scrubbed coal behind him. He also has difficulty in hoisting the cakes of ice up into the ice compartment of the huge refrigerator, and wants us to help him. He had a bad habit of bringing the smelly hog-pail into the kitchen to scrub it, but I think I have put an end to that practice.

Tim, along with his other varied duties, has charge of the chickens. A coyote has been grabbing off a few of them lately, so Kent told Tim to set a trap where it had been crawling under the chicken-yard fence. Tim accordingly set the trap and awaited results. It happens that Kent has three collies and is very fond of them. Two of them, Missy and her son Tex, are white collies.

Tim started out at dawn to inspect his trap, taking Missy and Tex with him. Tex ran ahead, started sniffing around the trap and got his paw caught. Tim tried to extricate him but while he was doing so, Missy ran up anxious because Tex was yelping, and got a front leg caught. When Tim tried to get her out, she snapped at him. He was terribly excited by this time and hurried for the bunkhouse to get help. Jeff was just coming from the big house, as he had risen early to wrangle the horses. In the gray light, he could see Tim hurrying toward the bunkhouse and could hear Missy and Tex yelping, so he hollered out, "Did you get your coyote, Tim?"

"Both of 'em, the two white ones; help me."

Jeff drawled, "White ones—h-m-m— I never saw white coyotes."

"No! No!" shrieked the old Irishman. "The dogs, the white dogs; help me, Jeff!"

Between the two of them, they freed the collies. Missy's leg swelled, causing her to limp a bit, although Tex was hardly scratched. Kent noticed Missy, but said nothing until that noon, when he inquired, "What's the matter with your hand, Tim?"
Poor old Tim, he had smeared iodine all over the back of his hand where Missy had bitten him, and now was quivering with the fear that he was going to be bawled out for taking the dogs with him when he went to the trap. He made a great effort to be casual, "Oh, I scratched it on the fence this morning." Kent smiled, "Well, after this, try to catch the gray coyotes, Tim. I'm not so fancy that I have to have white ones."

Kent is vice-president and general manager of the Swinging-H ranch and John McCrea of Chicago is the president and largest shareholder. He makes annual visits to the ranch, although he is getting old and feeble. He brought a young fellow, from the Chicago office, as chauffeur on his recent visit. Ed is twenty-nine and although he has worked for the commission company for several years and knows a lot about that end of the cattle business, he has never before visited a ranch. Mrs. Kent decided that he should see everything that was to be seen. Accordingly, she outfitted him with hat, wooly chaps, and muffler, and had a horse saddled for him. He was then escorted across the river to the big corrals.

After he had sat stiffly for some moments, watching the calf branding, his hat blew off. Gazing at it, and contemplating his horse's twitching ears, he carefully climbed off, on the wrong side. He ventured blithely into the midst of the milling herd of cattle, the cowboys watching aghast, retrieved his hat, and returning to his horse, climbed stiffly on, again on the wrong side.

Every horse is broken to be mounted and dismounted on the left side; only some of the Indians make an exception to this rule and their horses are used to it. But anyone who attempts to mount the ordinary pony from the right side is in for a lot of trouble. It just happened that Ed had been given the oldest, gentlest horse on the place. Another thing that is never done is to walk into the middle of a herd of range-cattle (especially cows with calves) on foot. Why that herd didn't scatter will always be a mystery.

Late-October

The boys left early last Sunday for the railroad with the beef. The day they left was a perfect Indian Summer day; so Hallie, Don's wife, and I went over to the chuck-wagon for dinner. They were camped at the old 71 corrals on Soda-Biscuit Creek. It was like stepping back forty years to see the noon camp. Lebler, the cook, had everything spread out on the table-board of the chuck-box and smoke drifted lazily from the pipe of the little stove, which stood a few feet from the wagon. The cattle were grazing quietly in the creek bottom, farther off the boys were throwing the cavy into the corral to catch their fresh horses. Two of the boys came in to eat, then rode out to relieve two more who had been "day-herding" the cattle. Lebler had a dinner of beef-stew with dumplings. He has done a lot of cooking on roundups and at one time had an outfit of his own in Dakota. He talks in a peculiar falsetto most of the time and then suddenly booms forth a few words in a deep bass. When he gets excited about something, his voice gets higher and higher until it ends in a squeak.

I was quite proud of the shining appearance of the chuck-box, as I had spent a laborious afternoon scrubbing it. It had been untouched since last spring and a large piece of beef had been left in it. The box had been full of maggots and filth.

Hallie, "little Don", and baby Virginia and I watched them break up camp and start on their way; then we headed for the ranch. When we reached there, the wind was blowing and the sun was hidden by big gray clouds. I went on up to the hay-camp with them, as Hallie planned to take advantage of Don's absence to do some kalsomining and varnishing.

Before we finished supper, it was raining, and when we woke the next morning, a blizzard was in full progress. We knew the men would never be able to make it to town by Thursday, to load out, as they had a lot of calves newly weaned from their mothers. They had made the nights musical for a week before leaving for the road. Now that I was in a strange bed I woke several times during the night and wondered at the stillness. I was lonely for the bawling of the calves and cows, and for our own room at the ranch.

In spite of the blizzard, Hallie and I got busy with brushes. She kalsomined while I varnished the woodwork. We had planned to go to town to meet the boys, and, incidentally, "paint the town red," but the
storm raged on; and as the wet blanket grew deeper the highway grew muddier and muckier.

We had expected the boys back Saturday, but they didn't put in an appearance until Monday morning. They had reached the main ranch late Sunday night, with the cavalry, so dead tired from riding fifty miles in the mud that they tumbled into bed. Now they were preparing to comb the pastures for strays.

After supper I started home with them, mounted on Dumbbell, Jeff's horse; while he and Art rode double. I had ridden Dumbbell only once before as Jeff doesn't consider him suitable for a lady's horse. He is part Arabian, a little bay with big eyes and large nostrils. He is a perky little thing and travels along with tail crooked into a perpetual question-mark. He is smart and ornery. But there I was, riding him on a night so black that I could barely make out the outlines of Jeff and Art as they rode beside me. George was pooched as usual and rode far enough ahead that we couldn't see him, but close enough that he could snarl in reply to the teasing remarks Jeff and Art directed at him, concerning his adventures as a Lothario in Miles City.

November

I celebrated my twenty-second birthday the other day, and as a present, received my first pair of made-to-order boots. They are square-toed and high-heeled. I am just as pleased as a kid. Even George shows an interest in them and asked Hallie if she had seen "the cute little boots down at the ranch." I initiated them by wearing them when Jeff and I rode down to the Garland school, to cast our first votes in a presidential election. I'm afraid it didn't do us much good to vote, as we cancelled each other's vote.

Jeff mounted me on Dumbbell and he rode Scarfoot, who was spoiled when he was broke and is apt to blow up and buck at any moment. We stopped down the river and spent the evening drinking home-made wine with some friends. The night was ebon-black and softly moist and warm when we started home. We were having a lovely time, riding along in the darkness, singing, until we reached the lower pasture. Scarfoot stepped in some barbwire. It so happens that Scarfoot got his name from a scar on his foot as the result of a wire cut, and once a horse gets tangled up and cut in wire he is deathly afraid of it. I was afraid to try to help Jeff unravel it for fear Dumbbell would get wound up in it too. That would mean more trouble, so I sat pat while Jeff stepped off and began to unwind the wire. I held my breath and prayed that Scarfoot wouldn't get scared and start bucking and running. I had horrible visions of Jeff being dragged and cut to pieces. My prayers were answered, for luckily we were in some tall dry weeds that rattled and cracked in the breeze, and Scarfoot remained blissfully unconscious of the fact that he was in wire.

Last spring when the LO outfit was trailing their cattle home after wintering up the river, one of their horses, Goldie, went lame. They left him at Don's, telling him that when Goldie recovered, he might have the use of him. Little Don had been riding him to school all fall until one of the punchers came over from the LO the other day after him. He and Jeff made a trade, the LO puncher taking Dumbbell while Jeff got Goldie for me. I am heartsick over it. I loved Dumbbell, and somehow I can't feel attached to Goldie, although he is a good-looking horse, well-gaited. He is a tall sorrel with three white feet and a white stripe in his face.

Thanksgiving

Our first Thanksgiving together and we have much to be thankful for. Jeff has a job and we are together. Wages are lower than they have been for years and jobs are scarce. Jeff is a top-hand, thus being able to keep his job. The boss has thinned his crew to winter proportions. There are only Don, George and Jeff doing the riding. Tim Shea is gone and Ole has been demoted to the position of chore-boy. All of the hay crew have been gone since early October. Stafford, who is the farmer of the ranch, is still here; but he does nothing but bustle around like a wet hen when Kent is here, and otherwise nothing at all. Sandy is here when he is not at the sheep-camps.

Jeff and I spent the morning shoeing Goldie. He is mean about standing still, so I held him while Jeff put the shoes on.

After dinner, we decided we wanted our
pictures taken on our horses. Accordingly Jeff and I headed for the corrals, with Stafford trailing along as photographer. I was showing Stafford how to manipulate the camera while Jeff topped off Blue Rocket in the corral. Goldie was tied to the outside of the corral and the big gate was left open, so that Jeff wouldn't have to bother opening it when he came out with Rocket. I started to untie Goldie, as he trotted Rocket around the corral and remarked, “Well, I guess he's going to be all right. I thought he might decide to put on a show for us; I haven't ridden him since we took the beef to the road.” Blue Rocket just then reached the open gate and came out like a bucker out of a rodeo chute, almost knocking down Stafford, who was still peering interestedly at the camera. He bucked straight for the river, turning his belly up to the sun at every jump, while Jeff waved his hat and shouted, “Take my picture.” But Stafford was so startled it was all he could do to hold the camera, much less take a picture. When he did finally take a picture of us, Rocket was looking very pious and gave no indication of the mischievous nature he had just revealed.

December 1

There has been some talk of Kent buying the hay at the Houston ranch, about twenty-five miles up the river. If he does, Jeff and I will be in camp there this winter, with about eight hundred calves and a small bunch of cows to feed.

December 13

It would certainly seem that the thirteenth is an unlucky day, although it isn't Friday. I was upstairs cleaning our room this morning and, as usual, glancing out of the window at intervals to see what was going on. It has been cold lately and there are many icy patches of ground. One of them is on the road, directly in front of the house.

Don, Jeff and George have been bringing in a few cattle. One big yearling broke away each time they got him to the corral gate. Jeff and Don went after him and Jeff roped him; he was riding Bed-wagon, a rangy, nervous black horse with a look of power but very little real strength on the end of a rope. When the yearling jumped up and ran off to one side, it jerked him down on the icy road. Jeff had his over-shoes on so was unable to kick free of the stirrup and Bed-wagon fell full force on his leg. I saw Bed-wagon scramble to his feet; Jeff stepped off, tightened up the saddle-cinch, got back on and they dragged the yearling into the corral. I breathed a sigh of relief.

Half-an-hour later, Jeff came limping to the house and said his foot felt numb. I helped him off with his boot; his foot didn't seem to be swollen any. He hobbled down to dinner. Hobbling down those stairs proved to be the undoing of him as his foot began to pain in earnest. He had to leave his dinner untouched and I helped him back upstairs. By mid-afternoon there was no doubt that he had a broken bone, so Kent sent Stafford to town with us. I propped a pillow under Jeff's foot, but Stafford was afraid of driving too fast and, in trying to ease the old Ford over the bumps, made poor Jeff suffer untold agonies.

By supper-time Jeff's foot was in a cast and the Doctor had told him he could return to the ranch. He will be on crutches for at least three weeks. They will probably send someone else to the Houston ranch, now. Kent and Don are going up tomorrow to measure the hay.

Jeff has finally gone to sleep with his foot propped on a pillow. I am thankful it wasn't his leg that was broken. It is a small bone and should mend easily.

December 14

Kent and Don returned from the Houston ranch this evening with good news for us. We are to go, as originally planned; Kent is hiring Ted, a puncher from the Crow Reservation, to go with us and take Jeff's place until he is able to work again. We leave next Sunday morning. “Babe” Lee, who hauls freight up and down the river, will move us.

December 17

Our last day at the Swinging-H. This afternoon we hauled our grub and personal belongings across the river on the bobsled; and unloaded it in the garage for Babe to load in the morning. It is awkward for Jeff to work with his crutches, so I unloaded all of the smaller boxes and helped as best I could with the flour and other large items.
Jeff let me drive the big sorrel team. Are there any joys equal to that of skimming along through the snow in a bobsled behind a well-matched, lively team of horses? I believe I was born thirty years too late.

Terry Brown and Louise Anderson, the Lister Creek school teacher, rode down from Ty Green's to spend the night. Terry worked here last year and is Jeff's best friend. He ran away from his home in Michigan when just a kid and joined a wild west show with a circus. Since then he has worked all over the West; his last stop before coming to this country was Nevada. He has been training polo-horses for Ty, who raises thoroughbreds, all summer and fall. A couple of weeks ago, he cut his foot while chopping wood and has been on crutches ever since. I have known Louise ever since we were in grade-school. She and Terry are going to be married soon.

December 18

After the four of us ate our breakfast this morning Louise and I took across to the garage the few remaining suitcases and the things that Jeff and I didn't load yesterday for fear of freezing; while Jeff and Terry nursed their crippled feet by the dining-room heater. They laughed at us and called us their squaws. It is a very timely name for me now. At the end of our journey, here in camp on the Houston ranch, we are just a mile from the Cheyenne Indian Reservation. We are eight miles below the little town of Ashland, where the St. Labre Mission is located. I feel at home, as I have heard my mother speak of this country often. When she first came here as a child, she worked for Mrs. Brown, on the old Three-Circle ranch several miles above here, and attended the Mission school with the Indian children, as there were no public schools at that time.

We have unpacked our belongings and are settled in our new home. We are living in the summer dining-room and cook-shack, which is used for the hay-crew. I fear our abode may prove cold when the mercury drops, as it is, at best, a frame shell. Our bedroom, which is of logs, will probably be the warmest room.

Christmas, 1932

We spent a very quiet Christmas alone and ate a very simple dinner. They sent us up half a hog from the ranch, the other day, and it turned out to be practically a whole hog, minus only the hind quarters. It was frozen, of course, and Jeff and I have had a struggle trying to cut it up. If anyone can imagine a man on crutches and a ninety-five pound woman wrestling with a huge frozen hog, they might get some idea of the ludicrous picture we must have presented. We finally managed to get a nice roast for our Christmas dinner, so dined on roast-pork, browned potatoes, hot biscuits, apple sauce, molasses pudding and coffee.

We haven't seen much of our neighbors, in whose back yard we live, as Mrs. Houston has been ill with the flu since some days before we came; although we do see Mr. Houston occasionally. Their hired-man, Walter, a big raw-boned "hill-billy" kid, is a constant visitor and in between trips with kindling-wood for me, toasts his feet at our fire and brags of his prowess as a bronc-stomper.

New-Year, 1933

Don, George, and Ted brought the cattle up, the early part of the week. Ted is now settled in the "living and dining-room", which also serves as a bunk-house.

Yesterday Jeff removed his cast and donned an oxford, as he is unable to wear a boot owing to the tenderness of his foot. He insists, however, on wearing a boot on his other foot. He has the appearance of having one leg shorter than the other.

Today, we went down to Hallie and Don's to a New Year party. Terry and Louise were there and were the objects of much good-natured chaffing, as they were married in Miles City a little more than a week ago.

This afternoon, little Don and George went skating on the river. Hallie with baby Virginia, Terry and Louise, and Jeff and I trailed along to watch them. Terry and Jeff got the idea they wanted to skate, as they feel very cocky at being off their crutches. As Louise and I vigorously vetoed the idea, they amused themselves by laughing at George, as we all did. On skates George is as awkward as a day-old calf. He fell down periodically every few minutes and spent the rest of the time trying to save himself from falling. We laughed
at him so much, he finally started up the bank to take his skates off; he was so blinded with anger at us, that he fell back down the bank, popping his head on the ice.

The skating exhibition being over, we went back to the house to see how the poker game was progressing. The men played until near midnight and when we started home, Ted's pockets were full, while the others couldn't bring forth even one forlorn jingle from theirs.

Mid-January

Ted went to the ranch last week to help Don and George gather some cattle. He hadn't as yet returned, when the river started to break up and Jeff found it necessary to bring the cows across the river to the feeding ground. I bundled up to help him.

We first rode down to Jim Holton's for dinner, as Jeff wanted to see him about a horse he lost last spring. Jim is a husky, fine-looking old fellow with a gray mustache and kindly blue eyes. While his wife was preparing dinner, Jeff and I sat near the heater in the living-room and talked to him. Every few minutes Jim dropped off to sleep. His foot, which was propped on the heater, would start to slide and would finally hit the floor with a thud which awakened him. He would then resume the conversation until sleep again overcame him.

After a dinner topped with Mrs. Holton's golden biscuits, we started for home, picking up the cows en route. We got them to the river and there the fun began. For an hour and a half we struggled to get them out on the river. There were about three inches of water running on top of the ice. Although we got the cows started nicely, the calves refused to follow. They stood on the bank and bawled; the cows of course came back to them. Finally Jeff roped a calf and dragged it across, hoping that its mother would follow and that the rest would follow her. The calf lost its footing and I was afraid it would drown, being dragged through the icy water; but it wobbled to its feet and bawled piteously when Jeff reached the opposite bank with it. He then tied it to a willow and came back across. The mother ran out into mid-stream, then, like all "she"-creatures, changed her mind and came back.

For another hour we struggled in the cold while the sun sank lower. Along about five o'clock of a January afternoon it gets plenty cold. My feet felt like pieces of wood.

Two or three times the cows got back up on the bank and ran off amongst the bushes. Each time we brought them back and crowded them onto the edge of the ice. Finally, one poor weak heifer was crowded into mid-stream by the others, and, following the line of least resistance, went on across. We closed in behind the others and waited, almost not daring to breathe, while they trailed after her; the calves close beside their mothers, trembling as their little legs moved gingerly through the icy water. At last, they were across! Jeff untied the shivering calf from the willow and we rode swiftly home in the cold dusk.

"Punching cows" is fun when the weather is nice; but it takes a real love for the cow business to make one forget stiff limbs and cold feet. Jeff's bum foot throbbed painfully when it started to warm up; my numbness was swiftly forgotten as I began preparations for our supper.

Our kitchen range is one of those temperamental stoves which has to be coaxed and, with green cottonwood, doesn't "coax" very well. Jeff is the only one who can get it to burn; after he has fixed it, the heat becomes so intense one can hardly stay in the kitchen.

Some of the punchers from the Rosebud happened along the other night, just as I was getting supper. I had enough "pinto-cake" (molasses marble-cake) for my own family of cow-hands (including Don, George and Ted besides Jeff) but not sufficient for three more hungry waddies, so I made apple pies. The stove was in a sulking mood, but Jeff came to the rescue with a couple of pine-knots. Where he unearthed them is a mystery, as I didn't know there was even as much as a twig of pine in the entire wood-pile. The stove became a roaring inferno as the knots blazed. Fearfully I gazed in the oven, the pie-crust was already more than golden brown but the apples were still not cooked through. In a panic, I summoned Jeff. "What shall I do?" I wailed. "The pie is ruined and I haven't any dessert for the men!"

Jeff hugged me and whispered reassur-
ingly, “Leave the oven door open, Honey, and let ‘er cook.” “But the crust will burn,” I protested. Jeff shooked his head. “No, it won’t. The boys will like it anyway, just because it’s apple pie.” Altogether it didn’t take more than fifteen minutes for the pie to get thoroughly done, the crust miraculously didn’t burn, and the pie received high praise. As I washed dishes, Jeff entered the kitchen his eyes twinkling. “Well, Honey, you certainly know how to manufacture the pies, but from now on you’d better let your old man fix the fire to bake them.”

Ted had little or nothing to do, Jeff getting along fine and able to do all the necessary riding, so Don has paid him off. He headed for the Crow Reservation, which is home to him. We hated to see him leave, as he’s good company. But it probably won’t be long until we shall have to start feeding. Then Don will hire someone to help Jeff again, as he will hardly be able to feed nine hundred head of cattle by himself. I’m afraid the next one may not be as nice to have around as Ted was.

February 1

We had a big blizzard about ten days ago and have nearly frozen to death in our shack. The bread, which I put in the warming-oven at night, is frozen in the morning; the work-table in the kitchen gets a thin film of ice on it, when I wipe it off with the dish-cloth, and I haven’t dared mop the kitchen floor for fear of getting pneumonia, as I know it wouldn’t dry.

Ray Hedges was helping feed the cattle, but is no longer with us. He and Walter visited a moonshiner last week and Ray became very ill from imbibing too much raw whiskey. His father, Lyman Hedges, has taken his place. I am actually afraid to sit next him at the table as he insists on telling stories while he eats. That sounds harmless, but telling stories is a very active business with Lyman. He smacks his lips, shuffles his feet and waves his knife and fork around; I am constantly dodging.

Mid-February

It was cold before, now it is colder. We have had thirty-five and forty degrees below zero for three days. Jeff pitched hay and fed his stock, regardless of the cold; and froze a spot on his chin the size of a dollar, which has a beautiful blister on it. He very foolishly got down and drank out of the hole in the ice, where the cattle drink. When he arose, the water froze on his chin before he could wipe it off. Lyman had a very opportune break-down with his sled and has been working on it in the shelter of the blacksmith shop.

Jeff gets up and prepares breakfast for the men, wearing his sheepskin vest and his overshoes, while the house is getting warm enough for me to get up and dress; although it doesn’t get above the freezing point, I know. I have been wearing the first woollen underwear since my childhood, woolen trousers, a jersey turtle-neck sweater and woollen socks under my boots. Still I shiver as I prepare dinner over the red-hot range. If I roll up my sleeves, my arms get cold. When my feet get cold, I go prop them up on the little heater in our bedroom, which has indeed proved to be the warmest room in the house. We gather around the big heater in the dining-room and can see the vapor from our breath as plainly as though we were outside.

Yet, all things must come to an end; at night, under wool blankets, souganis and a feather quilt, I am able to forget that it is forty below zero. The cattle, however, have nothing to look forward to save the remote promise of spring. They are doing very well, though, and we have lost but one cow and one calf. A couple of calves have frozen feet.

March

We had Indian visitors the other day. Chief Little Eagle and his grandson were here looking for dead calves. (The Indians will eat anything. They seem to be able to “smell it in the air” when one is butchering. They always show up and make off with the entrails and stomach.)

Jeff decided to bargain with them and told them that if they would help him pitch a rack-load of hay (a regular afternoon procedure, in preparation for the next morning’s feeding) he would show them a dead calf. Little Eagle said, “No—Work—Get two dollars,” holding out two fingers. “All right,” said Jeff, “then I won’t give you the calf.” At this moment the grandson, Jim, whose mouth was evidently watering for
veal, began to jabber earnestly in Cheyenne. Finally Little Eagle nodded, “All right—Work—Get calf.”

Jeff, meantime, sensing a chance for more trading, showed the Indians a rawhide nose-band for a hackamore, which he had just completed with some very fancy braiding in two shades of soft leather over the nose. Jim wanted it badly. Jeff said, “Two dollars.” “No!” said Little Eagle; and reaching for Jim, he unbuttoned his coat and shirt and fingered his underwear. “Government just give ‘em—new—wool—Trade for nose-band.” Jeff suppressed a desire to laugh, “No, Little Eagle, two dollars. I don’t need underwear; I have some. Two dollars for the nose-band.”

Little Eagle shrugged and Jim gazed longingly at the bright leather-work. Little Eagle gazed at Jim, asked a question in Cheyenne, and at Jim’s reply turned to Jeff once more, “All right—two dollars—get Government pension check first of month—get nose-band then. Save ‘em for me.”

So saying, they headed for the meadow. After the hay was loaded, Jeff led the way to the dead calf. Little Eagle poked it with a finger and turned to Jeff in disgust, “No good! Frozen!” Then waving his hands toward the sun, “Sun get hot, make calf soft. I come back, get ‘em.”

We have new neighbors. Ty Green has bought the old Herbert place, to the south of us. He and his hired man were here for their meals while moving their household goods. Now that his wife and nine children have moved in, they are no longer boarders. Ty has a black mare called Chita. He asked Jeff to take her and “knock the rough off her,” as she is a bit too much of a handful for Ty to manage. Thus far, the mare has “knocked the rough off” Jeff. He rode her, the first time, in Ty’s corral. Ty hasn’t as yet had time to do much repairing and, like everything else on the place, the corral is in bad shape. Ty stationed a boy in each gap. The barn has big half-and-half doors, enabling one to close the lower half and leave the upper half open for ventilation. Inside the big barn, about half way back, is a gate. Jeff mounted Chita and she “turned ‘er on”. Being wild as a coyote, or wilder, she steered clear of the fence where the small boys were stationed and headed for the barn, in through the open upper half of the door she went and stopped just short of the inner gate. Jeff was still safely in the saddle, which was rather a surprise to himself as well as to Ty. As he gazed around, voices came from above, “My gosh—he’s still on her!” Leaning out of a trap-door in the haymow were three tousled little heads, three pairs of round eyes, and three gaping astonished little mouths.

After riding her at Ty’s, Jeff brought Chita home. Next day he started out of the east gate of the corral on her. Because of an April snow, he was wearing overshoes. He was half-way into the saddle when she started bucking. He had his left foot in its stirrup but couldn’t manage to get the right one in. She bucked straight for a pile of machinery by the blacksmith shop; she stopped just short of it, wheeled sharply, heading out through the yard gate, barely missing the gatepost. Jeff had to kick loose of the stirrup in order to save his foot from being crushed. From then on, having neither stirrup, he had to do some fancy riding. Chita bucked and ran all the way from the yard gate to the mail-box, a quarter of a mile. Then she decided to behave herself and has been a perfect lady ever since.

We had to leave Booger at the ranch when we came up here, as he was badly wire-cut and we were afraid for a while that we might have to shoot him. He healed nicely, however, so Don brought him up to us not long ago. Jeff has kept him in the barn and has been graining him to give him strength for the summer’s riding.

The other morning Jeff came in with the full milk pail and a long face, as I was getting breakfast. His first words were, “I have the worst luck of any guy I know.” His expression was truly woebegone. I immediately forgot that the sun was shining on a fresh clean world and that I had just heard a meadow-lark singing out in the big hay-meadow. Anxiously I inquired, “What’s happened now?” “It’s Booger,” Immediately my heart sank. Poor little Booger. His life had been one long series of mishaps, and now, just when he seemed to be getting over his streak of bad luck . . . “I had him in the barn last night and he jumped into the manger and ripped his shoulder open on a
big spike,” Jeff went on. “I was a fool not to have pulled it out of there long ago. Booger’s really ruined this time. Go on out and see him. I turned him into the corral.”

Breakfast was forgotten. After a hurried caress for Jeff, I fled through the house and out toward the corral. Halfway to the gate I was halted by Jeff’s laughter, from the doorway where he was watching my flight, and a shout of “April Fool” rang in my amazed ears. After a good-natured pom-meling, I forgave him, happy in the knowledge that Booger was quite all right.

Mid-April

The cattle have been turned out into the big hilly pastures for some time and it has kept Jeff busy riding line on them. The yearling heifers are fidgety, the heel-flies are busy at work, and water isn’t any too plentiful at the springs; so the cattle work down to the road and try to get through the fence to the river. Don and George are supposed to be up soon to move them back to the main ranch.

Last Sunday Jeff hitched Dick and Jumbo to a little wagon of Houston’s (which was, incidentally, minus its springs) and we went to the pasture to scatter salt for the cattle. The trip was rather hazardous, as Dick and Jumbo weigh around sixteen hundred pounds apiece, Dick has the reputation of running away, and we expected the wagon to fall apart at any moment. We jogged along merrily, however, stopping only to explore a couple of old moonshine stills and put some cattle, that had worked through the fence onto the road, back through the gate into the pasture.

We had to go up onto a flat table-land; and when we started almost straight up over nigger-head rocks, through low-hanging pine trees, Dick fidgeting every step of the way, I began to get really jittery. We finally made it to the top and I breathed a deep sigh of relief. We could see for miles—even to the muddy hills along the Yellowstone river, seventy-five miles to the north of us. Southward the mountains loomed, white-capped and misty blue.

After distributing the salt, we started back down. It was even worse than the trip up, but after what seemed like an eternity, we were safely on level ground once more. Jeff turned the horses over to me and I drove home. Jeff pretended he was an Indian buck, seating himself on the floor of the wagon, while the “squaw” drove the team. If anyone ever saw a squaw attired in pants and cowboy boots, with red hair flaming out from under the brim of a Stetson, I, Lynne Carson Tiernan, was that squaw.

Jeff purchased a two-year-old thoroughbred stallion from Ty the other day. He is a pretty little sorrel with rather odd white markings on his face and a round white spot, about twice the size of a dollar, on his side. He is deep-chested, high-withered and clean-legged. His name, given him by Ty, is Red Oak. Jeff has been fooling with him and has him gentle enough that he can jump on him bareback and ride him around the corral. Today, just before dinner, Jeff and I were out in the corral, Jeff proudly pointing out his good points, when he jumped and kicked at me. Jeff had him by the halter and jerked him around, so I was untouched save for having my knee barely grazed by his flying hoof.

We sold Goldie to an eastern horse-buyer. All spring he has been bucking with Jeff, and he decided I had best not try to ride him any more. Old horses very often get bucking notions after years of apparent docility; when they do, their legs quite frequently go bad and their period of usefulness is at an end.

A week later

Don and George were here gathering the cattle the early part of the week. They started home with them; next day our neighbors from down the river sent word that they were drifting back. Jeff spent a couple of days throwing them back into the pasture; then sent word to Don that he would have to come get them again. They started home with them the second time and apparently got them located, as we have heard nothing more of them.

I have been cleaning windows, washing curtains, scrubbing floors and packing supplies and belongings, preparatory to moving back to the ranch. We will have the hayrack, loaded with belongings, the two teams—Dick and Jumbo, and Doc and Jerry—and the little Booger.

We branded Red Oak yesterday and will
the others, George going south as Jeff and I proceeded west.

As soon as our sorrowful companion was out of sight, Jeff dismounted, "Like to trade horses for a while, Lynne? Navajo's not as easy riding as Rocket."

I'm afraid my mouth fell open—Blue Rocket! I hadn't forgotten his Thanksgiving exhibition. "But," I faltered, "he's never been ridden by a woman. Will it be all right?"

"I wouldn't let you ride him it wasn't safe, Honey; you know that."

Jeff implied an unspoken hurt to think that I wouldn't trust him with my safety. There was no argument I could make against that plea, so I dismounted and Jeff held Rocket as I swung aboard. Jeff was right, nothing happened. Rocket packed me many miles that day, but no one at the ranch shall ever know that I wasn't mounted on Navajo all day. Jeff doesn't want to lose him, as he's by far the best all-around "cow-horse" on the ranch, unequaled either as a rope-horse or cutting horse. If Don knew that Rocket was gentle enough to pack a woman, Jeff would be asked to give him up and would be given a green bronc in his place.

Later

We had a bit of excitement around here yesterday.

Don, with the wagon, and Jeff and George on horseback had gone to the upper meadow to fix fence. About mid-afternoon, here came the gentle old team down the road, as fast as they could run, with no one in the wagon. Pretty soon Don came along, walking, then Jeff and George on their horses. Rocket was walking as if he'd eaten loco. He stumbled and swayed as if on the verge of falling.

Soon we had the whole story. Jeff was using a hair rope for reins on his bridle; he left Rocket, hobbled, standing with the reins down, while he helped Don and George with the fence. George was riding a little sorrel cyclone called Peanuts. He tied him to a tree. The old team stood quietly without tying, so they were free to go anywhere, but they had seen a notion. Blue Rocket closed his eyes, settled on one hind leg and dozed off. A fresh little breeze swayed the reins, Rocket's eyes popped open—what was
that hairy thing in front of his nose? Surely no snake had ever looked like that! Away he went, hobbles and all, past the team and straight over a thirty-foot cut-bank. The team, startled, headed for home. George leaped for Peanuts, his one idea, to catch the team. In his hurry, he lit, as usual, behind the saddle and was thrown high in the air. While he sat on the ground, feeling cautiously of his bones, Jeff and Don reached the cut-bank and gazed morosely on Rocket, lying at the bottom, his head twisted back under his neck.

"By God, Jeff, he's dead!" whispered Don.

Jeff scrambled down the bank, Don close behind. Tenderly, they straightened out his head. Rocket blinked his eyes, gave a short and plunged unsteadily to his feet. It was almost unbelievable, yet, there he stood, badly frightened and dazed, but able to travel.

**Note:** During the period from May to December of 1933, Lynne was once again necessarily separated from Jeff. She spent most of this period in Miles City. During this time Jeff traded Booger for a black mare called Doris. Cliff, Jeff's brother, went to work at the Swinging-H. Terry Brown met with difficulty when he branded a "slick" colt and was put on a three-year parole for horse-stealing. In October, the outfit shipped their calves from Rosebud, and Lynne and her sister-in-law joined the boys for the occasion. After the cattle were loaded out, they attended a dance, and were dinner guests at the chuck-wagon on the following day.

In early December Jeff contracted scarletina, but was able to have the Diamond-L in shape for Lynne's homecoming; where she resumes her journal.

**December 23, 1933**

Tonight finds me at home once again, at the Diamond-L on Soda Biscuit Creek. Jeff and Cliff brought me out in the ranch jitney; and although both the brakes and the radiator froze and had to be thawed out before we left Miles City, we reached home without further mishap.

Sam Green and his wife Annie are gone with all of their household belongings; Sam resigned his job; Don has the job of foreman now, permanently. Jeff and Cliff and I staged a triumphal tour of the rather barren-looking rooms tonight, singing *Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore* as loudly as our voices would permit.

Tomorrow I shall unpack my trunk; perhaps I'll be able to give the rooms a more cozy appearance when I hang a few pictures.

**Christmas**

Cliff went to the ranch yesterday. Jeff went with him and brought back a fine turkey, so our second Christmas finds us dining on turkey, dressing, cranberries and all the rest of the trimmings. Terry and Louise sent us an invitation to spend Christmas with them, but fifteen miles is quite a distance to ride horseback to eat Christmas dinner, as it is extremely cold. Besides, Jeff had to get the pump-engine in working order so that the cattle could have water; for, as he remarked, "It's just another day to the cattle."

**January 5, 1934**

We awoke in the middle of the night to hear rain pattering on the tin roof. Today we are isolated in a sea of ice and water. The creek, frozen over, cannot carry all of the excess water; the cattle are marooned on little islands on either side of the regular creek-bed and underneath is a glare of ice. Jeff had to shoe the team this morning so they could get down the hill to the creek to drink.

**Late February**

Our winter apparently ended with the unseasonable rain. It has been warm and dry most of the time since.

Cliff came over from the ranch to help Jeff get ice for the cistern. They finally managed to get a small amount from a reservoir a few miles below us. Jeff hauled cottonseed cake to the cows in a sled while the ice lasted, but now he has an old buggy from the ranch.

Mr. Kent supplied us with kalsomine, varnish and paint; we have completed our renovation of the house and have also cleaned up the yard and outbuildings. We worked longest on the house. We made frames for our pitchers out of ash twigs and varnished them. We laid new linoleum in the kitchen; and I hung new drapes in the livingroom and bedroom. It is very livable and home-like now; but we are not to stay here.

Ever since our marriage we have planned for the day when we might go on a place of our own, with our own stock. Now, it seems, Lady Luck has chosen to smile on us.

Mel Willcox, after making several calls on us, finally came to an agreement with Jeff,
in connection with the old home-ranch up
the creek, which he has been leasing. He is
to buy the place, paying cash to Mrs. Tier-
nan and the two girls, while Jeff and Cliff
will take their shares in cattle. With what
cattle we already have we should be able to
get by. It will mean a great deal of scrim-
ing, as times are very bad, but with a little
"break" we should be able to accumulate a
real herd.

Of course, we shall never have the kind of
an outfit that the old timers had. A man
used to be able to run his cattle for prac-
tically nothing, as the country was unfenced
and the grass had not been plowed under by
the dry-farmers. Now, it is a question of
leasing pasture and buying feed for the win-
ter. Even as short a time as twenty-five
years ago, the cowman saw all of his cattle
only twice a year, during the spring and fall
roundups. The roundup covered countless
miles of territory and took several weeks to
complete. The cowboy's living quarters were
his saddle, his bed-roll, and the chuck-wagon.

Mel and Jeff and I explored the old Dia-
mond-L chuck-box one afternoon, which we
discovered propped against a corner of the
ice-house. In one drawer we found some
rusty knives and forks, in a second a broken
saucer, in a third a can of mustard and an
unmarked can containing something which
we judged to be either salt or sugar. Mel
took some on the tip of his pocket-knife and,
tasting it, found it to be sugar. In another
drawer, marked "Cowboys," we found a few
matches and a stubby pencil. The Diamond-L
roundup wagon has not been running since,
at least, twenty-five years ago, and we are
probably the first who have opened the
chuck-box in that time.

April 1

Easter Sunday. Cliff left this afternoon
for his new job. He will work for wages,
while Jeff and I settle somewhere to look
after the stock. Early this morning, Cliff,
Jeff and I headed up the creek for Mel's. I
rode Dixie, the horse that filled George's
pipe with mud. I found that he really is
rather hard to mount, looking at you as
though he thought it might be fun to kick
your hat off. Cliff held him while I climbed
on, my movements somewhat encumbered by
Jeff's leather chaps.

We arrived at Mel's about eight o'clock and
the boys swung into action. Mel's grand-
niece and I sat on the corral fence and
watched the men brand out the heifers.
There are twenty-eight of them, all two-
year olds, nice looking "white faces." They
were rather hard to handle, but the brand-
ing went along smoothly and the job was
completed by noon. We have, also, a fine
three-year-old bull, which we will leave here
until the breeding season.

After dinner we started down the creek
with the heifers. It was dark by the time
Jeff and I finally got them turned into a
pasture about a mile west of here which we
have had leased during this last year for
our horses.

Riding home in the darkness, we talked
of our future. If only it would rain, so the
new grass would have a chance to get start-
ed, we could look ahead with even more joy,
but we can only hope and pray and strive to
somehow retain the supreme optimism which
has always been the primary requisite of a
dweller in the sage country.

April 20

We have secured a place about twenty
miles from here, across Tongue river, on the
head of Foot Creek, about five miles from
where my sister Mary and her husband Alan
have their ranch.

We have leased a section opening on about
twelve sections of unfenced range. Our sec-
tion has a fine spring on it, and we will
have the use of an adjoining "farm," which
also has a spring and a good well. The
buildings are rather dilapidated, but the
house will meet our needs for the summer
months, after which we will make other
arrangements. We plan to leave here the
first of May.

Jeff has been breaking Doris, the black
mare for whom he traded Booger. Doris is
small and wiry and does a very fancy job
of bucking every so often; but Jeff is al-
ready roping from her and she is really tak-
ing to it quite well. An attempt was made
to break her before Jeff got possession of
her, and she has the nasty habit of balking.
At such moments, if urged too much, she
sits down and tries to fall over backward.
Thus far, she has had little success in her
attempts to "buffalo" Jeff; but I fear she
will never completely give up, for her expression is far from pious. She has a bony nose and a scar over one eye. She reminds me of the witches in the old fairy tales.

Mel's hired-man has bequeathed to me a long-legged, homely steed called Darky. Jeff says I look like a mosquito on his back. A ladder would be handy in mounting him, but he is a really good cow-horse.

May

We are in our new dwelling, a two-room frame shack on the flat above the Foot Creek badlands. After we had moved our household goods, the old-fashioned way, with a borrowed team and wagon, once again I took on the role of puncher and helped Jeff move our cattle to their new range.

I have been busy with soap and scrubbing-brush since our arrival. The shack has been the home of two bachelors for a number of years, and was in a very sorry state. After much effort, the kitchen cupboards really look clean enough to hold our meager supply of dishes.

September 15

This summer has been like a gruesome and never-ending nightmare. Dust, wind, grasshoppers and starving, choking cattle have imprinted on my mind a picture that can never be banished. Even as early as the latter part of May everyone was in a panic. Although hundreds of people were in Miles City, participating in the celebration of the Montana Stockmen's Golden Jubilee, drouth was an actual fact. The gaiety and hilarity of those men and women present was that of doomed people, grasping hysterically for a moment of laughter before disaster should overcome them. The commission companies had already quit buying livestock and in June the Government began to buy.

We clung tenaciously to our little herd, hating to sacrifice them for the ridiculously low prices offered by the Government. Maximum prices were twenty dollars for cows and ten dollars for calves. Many people got much less than that for the stock they sold.

At first we sold only a few of the weaker cattle from Jeff's original herd. The others we watched over carefully, and managed to keep the mud-choked springs dug out enough to keep them watered. Gradually we were forced to sell all but the heifers which Jeff and Cliff got from Mel and two particularly fine cows from the original herd.

Day after endless day we watched the country become more denuded. The wind blew almost constantly. Whenever a bank of clouds appeared in the west we waited for the rain that never came. Only the wind came, and thunder, and the scent of moisture that never fell.

We hopefully planted a garden and dug ditches, irrigating with water pumped by hand from the well; but the seeds never came up. If they had sprouted the grasshoppers would have devoured the green shoots. They were everywhere, stripping the sagebrush, greasewood and the few withered blades of grass left from last year. They even settled on the house, striving to find sustenance in the wood. Several times we saw clouds of them flying high in the air. Over everything hung a fog of dust.

In August Cliff quit his job and came hurrying home to see how we were getting along. Jeff had hoped to buy cottonseed cake and pull the cows through the coming winter; but Cliff didn't want to take a gamble on a winter that might be tough, so Jeff agreed to sell.

Now they are gone, all but one heifer which we were unable to find. Here we sit, with no cattle, no job, less than a thousand dollars in cash, a bunch of horses which we hope will live until spring; and I am to have a child in February.

Luckily food costs have been very low and, since we butchered a fat calf in July and I canned it, our expenses have been very small. Our grocery bills have averaged less than fifteen dollars a month.

We shall have to move from our shack soon, however, as it will not be warm enough for the winter months. If our plans do not go awry, we will live just a mile from Mary and Alan this winter; as Pete Schaeffer and his wife plan to go east in search of work, and want us to take care of their place while they are gone.

January 15, 1935

In October, when Pete and his wife left, we moved into their house and have been quite comfortable here. During November and December, Jeff and Cliff took a job on the "North Side," working for a horse out-
They came back before the holidays and we spent Christmas with Mary and Alan.

Jeff and Cliff butchered our remaining heifer, which we finally located, and Jeff and I made a big batch of mincemeat; since then we have been feasting on mincemeat pies and fresh beef, garnished, of course, by the vegetables which we purchased and stored last fall.

Mary and Alan leave the girls with us whenever they go to town; and if I happen to be making bread when they are here, they beg for squawbread, so into the hot fat go the little pieces of dough and soon Jean and Gay, Jeff and Cliff are all in the kitchen eating the hot squaw-bread as fast as I can get it fried.

Cliff delights in teasing the two youngsters; and there is much noise and excitement, as they insist on playing the piano, and drag out Pete's accordion. The "music" causes a great deal of laughter.

Jeff is so terribly worried most of the time that laughter is priceless to me right now. His face is gaunt and lined, and to look at him makes my heart ache; but somehow I seem unable to comfort him. He remains aloof from me in his worry, and I am too incoherent to make him understand that I want to help him.

Tomorrow we are going to start canning the rest of the beef, as I plan to go to town next Monday, to await the coming of our baby.

Jeff will have to take a job soon; then our little family will be split up until we can once again get a stake. The country is in such terrible condition right now that it's going to be very hard. But so far, we at least haven't had to go on relief, as the money we received from our stock didn't have to go for mortgages or other debts, as so many people's did.

Jeff's idleness since we sold the cattle has been very wearisome for him. He is never happy except when he is busy. When he starts working again I know he will have a much more optimistic attitude. Jobs are at a premium right now, but Jeff has the offer of a steady job on the "North Side" and is only waiting until I am safely out of the hospital to take it.

January 19

The beef is canned. Jeff and I have had colds and Cliff is developing one. My thoughts are muddled this morning. I have had a headache for two days and nights and it is getting worse every minute. Dave, the old dog, is under the house, as it is terribly cold out. He whines and mourns incessantly. I wish he'd stop it.

My head feels as though it would shatter, like a burned-out electric light bulb, if anyone tapped on it. . .
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.

AFTER THE CUSTER BATTLE
EDITED BY ALBERT J. PARTOLL

INTRODUCTION

While in quest of information on the Battle of the Little Big Horn, generally referred to as the Custer Battle, June 25, 1876, in Big Horn county, Montana, when the troops under General George A. Custer were annihilated by Sioux Indians, the Montana artist Edgar S. Paxson wrote to General Edward S. Godfrey for details of the battlefield and personnel. At the time Paxson was preparing to paint "Custer's Last Stand," which since has won wide attention for its vividness. He was rewarded with an enlightening letter presenting data and facts invaluable to him as an artist, and most interesting to the follower of western history.

General Godfrey's letter describes the battlefield as seen by him and associates immediately after the battle, and is reproduced here with acknowledgment and appreciation to Mrs. Edgar S. Paxson of Missoula, Montana.

San Carlos, Arizona
January 16, 1896

Mr. E. S. Paxson
Butte, Montana

Dear Sir:

Yours of Sept. 4th, [1895] was forwarded to me and would have been answered long ago but for our recent move and the fact that I have not had my property unpacked, so that I could have access to my notes, etc. It gives me pleasure to attend to your requests.¹

When you refer to my article,² I suppose you refer to the one published in Century, Jan. 1892, and later quoted by President [E. Benjamin] Andrews [of Brown University], in Scribner Monthly, I think, June, 1895.

I have consulted some of my comrades, of whom a few are left in the regiment, that took part in the engagement, as to the details asked for.

I would suggest that you correspond with Major H. J. Nowlan, 7th Cavalry, Fort Sheridan, Ills, for further details, especially as to the lay of the bodies, for he gave that matter particular attention and made a sketch showing the locations at the time of burial, and the following year superintended the removal of the remains.

Your questions are answered in the order made:

1st; Gen. [George A.] Custer rode "Vic" into the fight: Vic was a sorrel, with four white feet and legs and a blaze in the face; he was not found on the field. I have heard that he had been identified in the possession of some Indian in the hostile camp after they went into the British possessions.³

The dogs were left with the wagon train.

2nd: General Custer carried a Remington Sporting rifle, octagonal barrel: two Bulldog, self-cocking, English, white-handled pistols, with a ring in the butt for a lanyard: a hunting knife, in a beaded fringed scabbard: and a canvas cartridge belt. He wore a whitish gray hat, with broad brim and rather low crown, very similar to the Cowboy hat: buck skin suit, with a fringed welt in outer seams of trousers and arms of blouse: the blouse with double-breasted military buttons, lapels general open, turn-down collar, and fringe on bottom of shirt.

¹Edgar S. Paxson, (1852-1919), devoted almost twenty years of effort studying and painting his masterpiece, "Custer's Last Stand," which adorns an entire wall of the Natural Science building of the Montana State University, loaned by the Paxson estate. Shown throughout the east the painting brought favorable comment especially from army officers who knew many of the characters portrayed. A register of opinions signed by officers bears proof how well Paxson succeeded in re-creating the battle scene. General Godfrey visited Paxson's studio in Missoula (moved from Butte in 1908), and spent some time in meditation and praise of this outstanding work. The informative letter from General Godfrey had apparently been carefully studied. The letter is typewritten and signed.

²Also reprinted in the Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana, Vol. IX. (Helena, Montana, 1923).

³Following the battle the nearby Indian village was found to be deserted. The Indians divided into two bands, one of which under Sitting Bull fled into Canada and did not surrender until 1881.
3rd: Captain Tom Custer was dressed about the same as the General. He was found near the top of the hill, North and a few yards from the General, lying on his face: his features were so pressed out of shape as to be almost beyond recognition: a number of arrows had been shot in his back, several in his head, one I remember, without the shaft, the head bent so that it could hardly be withdrawn: his skull was crushed and nearly all the hair scalped, except a very little on the nape of the neck.

The General was not mutilated at all; he laid on his back, his upper arms on the ground, the hands folded or so placed as to cross the body above the stomach: his position was natural and one that we had seen hundreds of times while taking cat naps during halts on the march. One hit was in the front of the left temple, and one in the left breast near the heart.

Boston [Custer], the youngest brother was dressed similar to the other brothers, his body was found about two hundred yards from “Custer Hill”, between that and the Little Big Horn, at the foot of the ridge that runs up from the river, and as it were, forms the lower boundary of the battle field. The body was stript except his white cotton socks and they had the name cut off.

4th: [Capt. George W.] Yates, [Lieut. Col. W. W.] Cooke, [Bvt. Lieut. A. E.] Smith, and [2nd Lieut Wm. Van W. Reilley] Reilley lay on Custer Hill in the vicinity of the General but nearer the top of the hill, the General’s body was slightly down the slope, toward the river. [1st Lieut. James] Calhoun was in the vicinity of the hill, but farther removed from the others, as if he had been killed while going toward Custer, from the position of his troop on the left. [2nd Lieut. John Jordan] Crittenden was on the hill on the extreme left of the line (when facing the river). [Captain Myles W.] Keogh was in a depression just north or below Crittenden Hill and on the slope of the ridge that forms the defensive line furthest from the river; the body was stript, except the socks, and these had the names cut off: in life he wore a Catholic medal suspended from his neck: it was not removed.

All of the officers wore the dark blue shirt with rather wide falling collar, which when the blouse was worn, was over the blouse collar: most of them had cross-sabers and 7, like the old cap ornament, worked in white or yellow silk on the points of the collar.

Yates, Cooke, Smith, [1st Lieut. James E.] Porter, and Calhoun, and sometimes Keogh, wore buckskin blouses, but I don’t think any of them wore other than blue trousers; [2nd Lieut. Henry M.] Harrington wore the blue blouse and white canvas trousers, with fringe on the outer seams. The day was very warm and few had any kind of blouse.

In describing the dress, I give it as generally worn, for when the bodies were found, after the fight, they were stript.

I found Porter’s buckskin blouse in the village, while destroying the property, and from the shot holes in it, he must have had it on and must have been shot from the rear, left side, the bullet coming out on the left breast near the heart. Dr. [George E.] Lord and Lieutenants [James G.] Sturgis and Reilley wore the blue: Dr. Lord wore eyeglasses.

Sergeant Robert Hughes Troop K, who carried the General’s battle flag, was killed near the General on the hill. Nearly all the men wore the blue, but many, perhaps most, of them, had their trousers reenforced with white canvas on the seat and on the legs from the knees half way up. Nearly every one wore the short top boot (that was then uniform) not high like those now worn, although a few of the officers wore the Wellington boot and had white canvas leggings.

5th: The command was armed with the Springfield and the Colt revolver: EVERY OFFICER CARRIED THE SABER. (Nearly every illustration I have seen of that fight or campaign have had the officers and men armed with the saber. Adam’s painting “Custer’s Last Fight”, last winter presented to the regiment by Mr. Busch, has the men armed with the Winchester and the saber. In a historical painting, I think, if I may be allowed the suggestion, that the equipments, etc. should conform to those used at the time of the fight.) The bridle were different from the present

*An important bit of information for the artist as well as the historian.

†Captain Keogh rode Comanche a claybank gelding into the battle. Comanche was the only living survivor found on the battlefield. No troopers survived.
pattern: the carbine socket was a small sack about 20-inches long in which was carried about 12 pounds of oats, strapped on the cantel: there was no hood on the stirrup used by the men.

6th: There were no "good Indians" left on the field after the time we saw it: they were all removed: our dead were alone. There were not so many dead ponies found on the field, nor many dead horses, indeed surprisingly few, and most of them were on or near Custer's Hill. It would seem that they were turned loose that the men might better defend themselves, or were wounded and broke away. The scene on the left (N & E of Crittenden Hill or near the point on the map marked "spring") where the Indians stampeded the "led horses" of Troops I and L, must have been a wild one: and their loss must have made their hearts very heavy and perhaps caused many a man to give up hope at the very beginning. A representation of that scene in the background would add immensely to the effect from the realistic point of view, whatever it might be from an artistic point!

Troops F, I and L had bay horses: Troop C had light sorrels, and Troop E had grays: the trumpeters rode grays: Cooke rode an almost white horse: as a rule the officers rode horses the same color as the troops to which they belonged.

As to "accessories" on the battlefield, there were none. The marble white bodies, the somber brown of the dead horses and the dead ponies scattered all over the field, but thickest on and near Custer Hill, and the scattering tufts of redish brown grass on the almost ashy white soil depicts a scene of loneliness and desolation that "bows down the heart in sorrow." I can never forget the sight: The early morning was bright, as we ascended to the top of the highest point whence the whole field came into view, with the sun to our backs. "What are those?" exclaimed several as they looked at what appeared to be white boulders. Nervously I took the field glasses and glanced at the objects: then almost dropped them, and laconically said: "The Dead!" Col. [B.] Weir who was near sitting on his horse, exclaimed: "Oh how white they look! How white!" No, there were no "accessories": everything of value was taken away: arms, ammunition, equipment and clothing. Occasionally, there was a body with a bloody undershirt or trousers or socks, but the name was invariably cut out. The naked mutilated bodies, with their bloody fatal wounds, were nearly unrecognizable, and presented a scene of sickening, ghastly horror! There were perhaps, a half dozen spades and shovels, as many axes, a couple of picks, and a few hatchets in the whole command: with these and knives and tin cups we went over the field and gave the bodies, where they lay, a scant covering of mother earth and left them, in that vast wilderness, hundreds of miles from civilization, friends and homes,—to the wolves!

Yours Truly

E. S. Godfrey [Signed]

Cap't. 7th Cavalry

Brevet Major U. S. Army

P. S. I leave for Fort Grant, Ariz. next week and about the last of Feb. for Fort Apache, Ariz.

E. S. G.

*General Edward S. Godfrey, (1843-1932), later Brigadier General, at the time of the Sioux Indian campaign of 1876 was a lieutenant commanding Company K, 7th Cavalry. He was with the battalion of Capt. F. W. Benteen at the time of the Custer battle and was with the troops which arrived at the scene of the tragedy June 28. He was a veteran of the Civil War, and was later in the Nez Perce Indian campaign and in the Battle of Bear Paw Mountains in Montana with the Nez Perce Indians under Chief Joseph.

Western history has many dark spots of bloodshed and tragedy for both the Indian and the white man. The historic yet tragic campaign of General George A. Custer is a well known chapter of American history relating to the conflict between the two civilizations.

The following year proper burial was made and later a monument erected in memory of the dead. June 28, 212 bodies were buried. Indian casualties were never determined, although between 2,500 and 3,000 Indians are estimated to have been in the battle.
The Grapes of Wrath. By John Steinbeck. Viking. $2.75.

The backbone of this remarkable novel is fact, and these are the little vertebrae-facts that constitute that backbone:

California agriculture requires migrant workers. Its pattern has been drawn around the large, corporation-owned farms, which "are organized as closely and are as centrally directed in their labor policy as are the industries and shipping, the banking and public utilities." The workers, however, have not been allowed to organize. These workers were first largely Oriental, then Mexican, and when they resorted to organization they were sent back "where they came from." In the last five years, these races have been replaced by Americans who have been dusted and tracted out of Oklahoma, Nebraska, Kansas, Texas. They are Munns, Holbrooks, Hansens, Schmidts, Joads, Casys. Intelligence, resourcefulness, pride are in their tradition. Three hundred thousand of them are now in California, brought there, many of them, by California handbills, sent into the dust bowl by the seasonal crop growers, who respect the principles of competition—for labor. Each family must expect to live on a maximum of $400 a year, is more likely to have to subsist on half that. The grower associations have "said in so many words that they require a peon class to succeed"; but labor now, for the first time, has intelligence, resourcefulness, and pride in its tradition. The whole situation "constitutes a criminal endangering of the peace of the state." (From articles by John Steinbeck first printed in the San Francisco News in October, 1936.)

That is the backbone. The novel is the full body. It is the story of the Joads, and the Joads' story is that, symbolically, of the 300,000, and the symbol is a grim symbol, like the crucifix.

Much of the quiet remarkable effect of The Grapes of Wrath upon the reader has been achieved by the force of tragic irony that makes its first impact with the bad news of the arrival of California handbills in Oklahoma; from that moment, until Ma Joad has her first brave encounter with a California cop, we know what doom hangs over the Joads' heads, and their hope ("little white houses in among the orange trees"), their almost incredible resourcefulness and courage on that killing trip over Highway 66 are seen by us against the background of that doom, until the contrast, the strain, between present struggle and forseen end becomes almost intolerable. In such a novel as Tobacco Road, for instance, there is no such strain, because there the doom has already arrived when the story begins; the Jeeters were born into the brutalizing conditions that the Joad children had to be taken to California to find, and in California Ruthie and Winfield may quickly grow up to be Ellie Mae and Dude. When they do, their story must be told, but it cannot be told tragically, and the "irony" will be of the kind that keeps Broadway audiences in stitches.

The ironic tension is released about halfway through the book, and interest is sustained thereafter solely by the spectacle of human courage at grips with circumstances that are beyond the power of individual courage to conquer. The Joads are brave, they have the kind of dignity that is peculiar to the uneducated, and Pa and Ma and Tom and Al, at least, are intelligent. They have the fibre and resilience that the naturalists of the old school always ignored when they tried to create character. The spectacle, then, is absorbing to watch, for even when opposed by overwhelming odds these virtues do not seem puny, nor the characters they animate merely pitiable.

So there is this immediate physical struggle, the few against the organized many, and the bare hand against the track and wheel of the "cat"; but inside there is another struggle, the struggle for comprehension, and that struggle we can watch hopefully. There is a pattern. Tom Joad in prison learned self-reliance, had to go it alone. Paroled, his strength is merged with that of the family, which for Ma Joad is the one reality, the ultimate object of faith. In the old economy, in Oklahoma, the family seemed enough; in California even Ma finally sees its inadequacy. Now the strength of the family must be fused with the strength of the group, of the class, and the struggle for comprehension ends at this conception; so we get a partial sense of triumph, even though these bodies must be broken.

It is because of these meanings that The Grapes of Wrath seems to me at once ironic, tragic, and human. They are simple meanings, but meanings largely ignored by modern novelists. John Steinbeck, I think, has never ignored them; it is only this, I believe, that is meant when reviewers, curiously baffled, say with awe that Steinbeck cannot be anticipated.

Donald MacRae

The Collected Poems of William Carlos Williams. New Directions. $3.

William Carlos Williams has thrown aside all the superficial characteristics of verse:
rhyme, melody, metrical pattern, and "poetical" subject matter. Too often these provide a substitute for genuine poetry, serving merely to deck out a barren theme. His problem, then, has been to make his task as difficult as possible for himself so that his writing will be free from the posturings of the "literary." Consequently somnambulists take up this book at their own risk.

What makes the verse of Dr. Williams unique is his ability to take a grain of sand, and—without dragging the universe in—to make a poem of just that grain of sand. We seem to see it for the first time. The experience is an awakening—not a dozing off under the effects of a lyrical or contemplative soporific.

The general public has become more familiar with the direct approach in the field of visual arts than in poetry. No one is shocked by Van Gogh's portrait of an ordinary chair in the corner of a room; sunlight, and the chair up on its four legs. Poetry can be just as direct.

This is one of the most popular of Williams' purely objective poems:

As the cat climbed over the top of the jamcloset first the right forefoot carefully then the hind stepped down into the pit of the empty flowerpot

It is easy to laugh and ask is that poetry? But it isn't as simple as all that. For one thing, the movement of the poem, largely because of the way the lines are broken, is a complex kinetic image of the movements of the cat. The effect is neither obvious nor banal. What Williams seeks in this kind of writing is actuality, the reality of actual experience. No other poet, to my knowledge, has had exactly this particular goal. It means a gripping down, a becoming intensely aware of the immediate Now. To get poetry out of that requires a poet of Williams' stature.

The result is not "realism," not "naturalism." It is so unliterary that none of the literary, academic tags belong to it. Try a different approach. It would be a mistake to call Williams a proletarian poet, in spite of his concern for the underprivileged, his total lack of condescension toward them, and his faith in the more-than-biological fecundity of the general mass of humanity. And also in spite of his ruthless smearing of the stuffed shirts. Nevertheless, there's something in that approach.

Whenever there is a mass movement in any particular civilization, there is the necessity of throwing off the load of the dead past and facing unencumbered a new world. That means one must begin again the search for the real. This occurred at the end of the medieval period and in the eighteenth century—to take but two instances. One group looks to the past, another longs for any escape from the present, whereas the third grapples with actuality. At the present time no prose writer reveals this process with such distinction as does Williams in White Mule, his most recent novel, and in Life Along the Passaic, his latest, and best, collection of short stories.

But to return to the Collected Poems. Although his verse is not all of the purely objective type, there is everywhere present the attempt to grasp actuality. In many poems the effect is of a sudden speaking out because of pent-up feeling—often of suppressed indignation. But the idea is always followed through; it is as clear and hard as a grain of sand. The space is scooped out around it, and the idea, thus isolated and integrated, is an immediate experience. In other poems, the effect is of a pure design in words, the dislocations seemingly accidental, as in actuality. Then there is the American speech idiom and consequently the cadences of familiar speech. (This is one of the reasons for the free verse form; the American idiom goes literary when it is related to a metrical pattern.) This cadence, regulated by the line-breaks, gives, therefore, an added effect of actuality. For there is the actuality of the experience fused with that of the idiom.

There is one more important point. Williams believes that life is important; consequently nothing in our actual experience is essentially trivial; each detail is of great importance if seen clearly in itself and as a part of a complex web of the actual "There's no time not to notice." And we must put our hands to it. But it is unclean which is not straight to the mark. . . . To begin, however, one has to be young—in a certain sense. As Williams tried to explain it to an old woman in one of his poems,

But—

Well, you know how the young girls run giggling on Park Avenue after dark when they ought to be home in bed? Well, that's the way it is with me somehow.

Lloyd J. Reynolds

Partly because he has resisted any temptation to make his subject, Edward Moxon, more interesting or significant than he was, Professor Merriam has succeeded in writing an interesting and significant book about him. "Edward Moxon," writes the biographer in his conclusion, "was a representative early Victorian," and the book offers a valuable addition to our knowledge of what Victorianism was, not by generalizing on the theme but by projecting it through the personality and activities of a typical figure.

Edward Moxon, publisher of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Elizabeth Barrett, Browning, Tennyson, and many of their contemporaries, entered the publishing business in a period of transition and uncertainty. By 1830, when Moxon opened his establishment in New Bond Street, English writers had ceased to think of themselves as pensioners of individuals or the government, and they were freeing themselves from the dominance of publisher potentates such as Constable, Murray, and Longmans. The publishing trade was in the doldrums, but a new public was about to be reached by new writers at new prices and by new methods. Poetry, especially, was a drug on the market. "Any publisher, therefore, facing purchasers in 1830 had especial need to make up his mind who should be his readers; and any publisher contemplating profitable business in the publication of poetry had need, as well, of large and ardent faith."

It was presently evident that Moxon had the right combination of faith and enterprise with conservatism and business judgment to help create and satisfy the rising market. A poet himself, though not a very good one, he had a sufficient insight into poetic quality as well as a sufficient intuition of the temper of the expanding reading public not only to get on his lists the best poets of the time but also to believe and frequently to prove against odds that they could reach a profitable audience. His unwillingness to indulge his desire for success at the expense of personal integrity or professional standards made him an example in his field of the stable enterprise and conservative progress which are traditionally ascribed to the Victorian period.

Professor Merriam's research has been impressive in its thoroughness. Working under exceptional difficulties—Moxon left no personal diaries, no business journals, and few letters—he has ransacked a large amount of material about writers Moxon published and men with whom he associated. It is doubtless for this very reason that he has succeeded in placing Moxon substantially in the midst of his literary generation and made him expressive of many practical and human aspects as well as intellectual cross-currents which are important for literary criticism but frequently not available to it.

One will perhaps be forgiven by the author for suspecting that his study is not a labor of love if one adds the conviction that it is a fine example of the fair and objective and magnanimous treatment that must be given the minor figures of an age before its greater figures or the age itself can be fully brought home to our consciousness.

Joseph B. Harrison


This biography throws a flood of light not only upon the human being whose life story constitutes its text, but even more upon the processes of American politics and "business." That a man of such slight native talents, handicapped by sour taciturnity (Alice Roosevelt Longworth rocked Washington with laughter during his vice-presidency by denying that she had ever said he had been weaned on a pickle), devoid of all the talents of "good fellowship," and ignorant about and indifferent to the economic and social trends of his time, could rise steadily to such political eminence as he reached is a tribute to the perfect functioning of the Massachusetts Republican political machine and to the acquiescent quality of public opinion washed back from the first war which saved the world for democracy.

I suppose that the thorough mediocrity of Coolidge accounts for the difficulty of finding very much about his childhood, youth, and early manhood that is either interesting or clearly significant. The death of his mother when he was twelve, and of his sister a few years later, were experiences that may have contributed to those twists of personality that were to manifest themselves years later when he would sit for hours at the Presidential desk "just thinking," or entertain his friends by hours of silent chair rocking, or wander through the White House kitchens and pantries counting the number of hams and other items of food being prepared for special White House dinners. Attendance at Amherst College yielded him four assets: an unshakable optimistic faith that God is directing this best of all possible worlds, a reputation for comic brevity of speech, and two close friends, Dwight Morrow and Harlan F. Stone.

When he began his legal apprenticeship in the office of Hammond and Field in Northampton, Mass., in 1895, he also started his apprenticeship in the Republican party. Step by step from precinct committeeman he made his way in Massachusetts politics, serving faithfully the Murray Crane machine and its
Frontier and Midland

successful businessmen backers. Only once in his plodding way did he flirt with heterodoxy. For a brief season he felt the lure of Roosevelt the First's verbal onslaught on the "malfactors of great wealth." But this slight eddy is quickly lost in the steady stream of regularity of speech and vote which marks his rise from local committee service through the Massachusetts legislature, and the lieutenant governorship, to the governorship.

Lady Luck came to his aid when party patriotism was not enough. It was the Boston police strike that weighed the scales in his favor. His refusal to attempt to solve the problem which gave it birth, or to act promptly when it broke, turned out to his great political advantage. How it ultimately led him to the presidency is an ironically interesting story.

That Coolidge suited the dominant temper of the times, White makes abundantly clear. His political ideal that "the business of America is business" was a perfect adjustment. So was his theory of strategy which was compressed in his reply to Will Rogers who "asked the President how he kept fit in a job that had broken Wilson and Harding." The reply was, "By avoiding the big problems." That he was deaf, dumb, and blind to the economic forces preparing for the collapse that arrived in 1929, that he followed Mellon in giving official encouragement to the speculative mania of the 'twenties, and that when the collapse came he could not understand it, White also demonstrates completely.

That the processes of American politics should place in the most important position in the Western Hemisphere a man so economically illiterate, so devoid of the qualities of leadership, should cause a shudder along every adult American spine.

Chances of leadership, should cause a shudder along every adult American spine.

Charles McKinley

The Land Is Bright. By Archie Binns. Scribner. $2.50.

To Remember at Midnight. By Michael Foster. Morrow. $2.50.

A little less than two years ago I reviewed in these pages the then latest novels of Archie Binns and Michael Foster and predicted, on the promise of their work at that time before me, the dawn of a new day in Northwest fiction. Even though I now have to admit that the most recent examples of their craftsmanship do not quite measure up to the expectations aroused by those immediately preceding them I am not yet willing to declare myself a false prophet. The worst that can be said in fairness about the current offerings of this pair of regional writers is that they seem to mark the hour of quiet that comes just before the dawn. Judged by any other standards than those set by their authors' own previous efforts they would have to be rated as distinguished performances.

The Land Is Bright prompts the comment that it is slow-moving and old-fashioned that is largely because the manner of the book is so properly adjusted to its matter. The Oregon Trail, the following of which by a wagon train of pioneer settlers provides the main thread of the story, was assuredly no speedway, and crossing the continent by means of it was not exactly like running the Kentucky derby. Moreover the fashions of the time were no closer up-to-date than sunbonnets, the polka, and, for the more daring among the women travellers, "bloomer trousers" suggest. The single serious defect from which this novel suffers is a consequence of its dealing chiefly with material which one may "get up" but can never re-live. Mr. Binns has mastered his documentation and carefully traversed the terrain covered in the great trek to the west, yet he seldom succeeds in doing much more than enable his readers to observe the passing action. They are not often made to participate in it.

One memorable episode in which the action does become a thing felt and not merely seen is that included in the chapter which records the horrors endured by a trio of emigrants whom a ruthless tradesman, regularly engaged in exploiting the far-western homeseekers' failure in the will to suffer longer, persuades to attempt to save time and trouble by venturing down the canyon of the Snake River by boat from Salmon Falls to The Dalles. The agonized dying-by-inches of a woman member of the little party, while her heartbroken husband grimly plays his flute to keep alive her dream that they have reached the land of promise, is as deeply moving as anything likely to be met with in recent fiction. Perhaps the greatest credit that must be accorded to Mr. Binns for his work in this novel arises from the honesty of his presentation of the whole truth about those who took part in the "On to Oregon" migration. Each and every one of the western pioneers was, frankly, on the make. And that means that numbered among their ranks were those seeking to better themselves by foul means as well as by fair. At last we have a novelist of the Oregon trail who does not dodge out on the obligation to do justice to both the valor and villainy involved in the undertaking he has chosen for his subject. Though he makes full use of the romance inherent in it, that has not tempted him to conceal the fact that it was also a racket.

The action of To Remember at Midnight lies along a trail too—of an altogether different sort. The kerosene footlight trail which it traces led from one cheap vaudeville stand to another, from the valley towns of Cali-
from California to the seaports of the Pacific North-west, and back into their mountain and plateau hinterland, in the early years of the present century. Extended eastward it reached, so far as this story is concerned, clear across the country to New York's Broadway and became, for the occasional wayfarer, the highroad to eventual stardom. Mr. Foster knows his material as thoroughly as Mr. Binns knows his and, what counts heavily in favor of his book, he has lived it. How he could have performed such a feat must for the time being remain a question; there is none about his having done so. (Mr. Foster's publishers are going to satisfy the curiosity of a lot of people just as soon as they get round to releasing the amount of data about him given to other headliners on their list.) Like his American Dream this novel is built around characters rather than around events. While it contains no such array of amazing figures as the women of the earlier work it fully sustains its author's reputation for creating unusual persons. And there is one, the bob-cat widow Mary McGonigle, of memorably vigorous utterance, living on a ranch in Montana "for so long she didn't give a damn about droughts any more, but she kind of missed the Indians," who matches anyone, women included, in even Mr. Foster's portrait gallery. The only childhood teacher of the story's Cinderella, the actress heroine, it is no wonder that her influence lasts throughout the book, though she herself disappears at the end of chapter two. She was indeed calculated to make an indelible impression on all who heard her hold forth: "Because by God, my beautiful, these feet have walked in the heart's blood of men, and are more fitten to toast their dry toes before hell's fire than to warm themselves with a damned tea-pot. I had a very frivolous girlhood." To Remember at Midnight, as the title suggests, employs for its theme those questionings implicit in memories of the type we all recall, and often try in vain to forget, which could we answer them would determine the significance, if any, of our lives. It is obviously, then, a book of more profundity of intention than any parade of action however accurately related to history of vividly energized as fiction. It is to be regretted that its sincerity of purpose is at times rendered suspect by passages of over-lush writing, some of which are made the more incredible as lapses in good taste by typographical accentuation.

F. L. O. Chittick


It would be interesting to have Mr. Burt's opinion of Mr. Corle's book. If Mr. Burt's view of the West is tenable, something is wrong with Burro Alley. To Mr. Burt the West is a subject for expansive enthusiasm, the key to something truly "American." But in Santa Fe, a country not too different from Wyoming, Mr. Corle finds a social set of alcoholics, tourists thirsting for much drink, a pervert doctor, a thick-witted murderer, harmless if appreciated, a pimp, a rich Indian, a philosophic tramp, and other assorted hangers-on. In short, that charming, if over-touristed town, does not show up too well from the vantage point of the bar of the Cielo Azur. Burro Alley follows the formula of Tortilla Flat, and, as such, the book is not without merit. Its author possesses a lively, easily read style, with a mild undertow of satire. Perhaps the reply to those who wouldn't like the book should be that of Ferguson to a query as to whether Mrs. Tulsa, white wife of the rich, taciturn Indian, pursues drunkenness so single-mindedly every night:

"Every night," is the answer. "You wouldn't try to stop it, would you? You're not an enemy of the people, are you?"

Not that Mr. Burt is an enemy of the people. Far from it. But Mr. Burt's people breathe more fresh air and are out-of-doors more. Mr. Burt's people are the remnants of the epic dream of democracy, Mr. Corle's those, I suppose, of a decaying capitalism. To Mr. Burt, Wyoming is a "secret society," and Powder River is its pass-word, "the inner significance of which is known only to the initiated." Mr. Burt is preoccupied with that inner surge of loyalty to the open and arid spaces that is epitomized in the strange cry, "Powder River. Let 'er buck!" The cry becomes for him an assertion of frontier individualism, one of pride and even defiance.

Three epics of Wyoming are traced in Powder River, that of the Sioux and his last stand, that of the cattleman and cowboy, and the still unfinished one of what is to become of the grasslands. An old-time Indian fighter or cattleman might have told these stories with more reticence, and less of an eye to journalistic possibilities; but Wyoming people who have read the book like it. They admit that it is a bit too highly colored; but they think it has something of the true flavor of Wyoming. Mr. Burt is generous. He throws in the Big Horns, the Jackson Hole country, the Oregon Trail, Cheyenne, and the tale of Colter's amazing and lonely adventure. But Powder River is central to his story, for it was the last stand of the Indian, the setting of the cattle era, and in its aridity and general "orneriness" symbolises something regional.

Perhaps Mr. Burt makes something too much of bad men, too. But he may not be entirely outside of his subject, at that. For behind the "Powder River" cry there is something of a deeply rooted objection to
order imposed from without. Perhaps that is what people mean by the frontier spirit; and perhaps it is destined to linger longest in a country where nature is least easily tamed. The Wyomingite, Mr. Burt seems to be saying, takes pride in his country. Having come to terms with it, he respects, and even admires its toughness, as a small boy is proud of a tough elder brother. It is crude, unpoltished, a long way from metropolitan or sophisticated. But let the eastern critic try to patronize the Powder River country if he can. It will blow dust in his eyes or freeze him stiff; but it won't ask favors of him.

Wilson O. Clough

Description of Louisiana, Newly Discovered to the Southwest of New France by the Order of the King. By Father Louis Hennepin. Translated from the original edition by Marion E. Cross with an introduction by Grace Lee Nute. University of Minnesota Press. $3.50.

The name Louis Hennepin is a familiar one to anyone conversant with the history of French exploration in North America. His book, The Description of Louisiana, is well known as a popular travel narrative and the earliest printed description of the upper Mississippi Valley. Published first in French in 1683, it was translated into several other languages, and was widely read all over Europe, where the author's romantic tales of dangerous adventure, and his rich profusion of graphic detail appealed to the imaginations of readers who had heard little of what life was like in the wilderness of the new world, and were hungry to know more.

Pictures of the French posts at Fort Frontenac on Lake Ontario and Fort Crevecoeur on the Illinois river, the story of the construction of the Griffon, the ship which La Salle intended to use to carry men and supplies and furs between Niagara and the upper Lakes, and recollections of the hardships that Hennepin and his companions endured when they were taken captive by the Sioux all contributed to the fascination with which the book was read in Hennepin's own day. Its interest for modern readers is further enhanced by descriptions of St. Anthony Falls and other scenes of natural beauty, and by the information that it presented concerning the traits and customs of the Indians encountered on the journey.

It is a pleasure to herald the appearance of the present volume both because the previous English translation by John Shea is becoming rare, and because the new translation by Miss Cross, while essentially accurate, is at the same time so simplified and direct as to be eminently readable. In sponsoring the publication of significant contemporary narratives of early American history, the Minnesota Society of Colonial Dames of America has sought to provide volumes of interest to the general reader as well as to the scholar. Its effort in this instance is most satisfying.

Miss Nute's introduction to the Hennepin narrative is of more than ordinary interest, since it embodies suggestions by a leading student of French exploration in America concerning the background of the La Salle expeditions, and the political significance of the Description of Louisiana. As Miss Nute points out, the French expeditions to the Mississippi Valley must be studied in relation to the struggle of rival religious orders for the royal support of their respective imperialistic schemes. The Recollect order supported the La Salle voyages in the hope that it would derive important advantages from the winning of a new realm in the west which would lie beyond the control of the Jesuits. The Hennepin narrative is therefore significant not only as a travel account, but as a subtle bid for royal favor, and there is evidence that the book was edited with that in mind by Claude Bernou, a member of the La Salle-Recollect-Jansenist clique at the court of Louis XIV.

In format the volume is another demonstration of excellent book-making by the University of Minnesota Press. The frontispiece is a reproduction of an original portrait of Father Hennepin, which is owned by the Minnesota Historical Society. The reader is given an idea of contemporary cartography by the inclusion of an adaptation of a map that appeared in the first French edition; a modern map showing Hennepin's route appears on the opposite page. An analytical index completes the volume.

Charles M. Gates

Washington Irving on the Prairie or A Narrative of a Tour of the Southwest in the Year 1832. By Henry Leavitt Ellsworth. Edited by Stanley T. Williams and Barbara D. Simison. American Book Company. $3.50.

This narrative is the homely counterpart of Washington Irving's A Tour on the Prairie, the first of his books of western travel. Unlike Astoria and Bonneville, the Tour was based on personal experience and written up from a sketch book which he kept from day to day. Another journal of the same expedition, which explored Indian lands of the southwest now within the State of Oklahoma, has after a century been published by Professor Williams. It was kept by Ellsworth, Indian Commissioner and commander of the expedition, and was intended only for the eyes of his wife. The two accounts run
closely parallel. Irving's literary manner, his eye for the romance of wilderness landscape, of sunset and forest calm, and the rhetorical touches with which he tricks out his dramatic narrative, contrast notably with Ellsworth's simplicity and practical interest. Ellsworth, too, had an eye for scenery and could wax enthusiastic over the beauty of the prairie, but he was usually more concerned with the goodness of the soil and of the pasturage, the timber, the fruits, the game, and the water. The very care with which he records details and his neglect of style emphasize the importance of his confirmation of Irving's narrative at almost every point. The incidents of camp and of travel, the animals observed and hunted, even the stories told about the campfire and the superstitions of the Indians are found in the journal as well as in the Tour. The closeness of the relations of Irving and Ellsworth are shown in the latter's use of descriptive touches borrowed, in advance, from the literary narrative. In the companionship of the excitement and hardship of the wilderness, Ellsworth does not keep the distance from Irving that Irving maintains from the literary narrative. In the commonality of the region of the Arkansas and Canadian Rivers of a hundred years ago. The commander speaks frequently and intimately of the man of letters, and at one point gives several pages to the description of his appearance, character, opinions, and literary experiences.

To the student of the West, Ellsworth's journal is of distinct importance aside from its concern with Irving. The Commissioner was a good observer and often an effective recorder. He can tell a story with more downright lifeliness than does Irving. The character of the country, the conditions of travel and of camp life, the food resources in berries and honey and in animals from the skunk to the buffalo, the indiscipline of the rangers, the customs of the Indians, all are so described as to give us a vivid impression of the region of the Arkansas and Canadian Rivers of a hundred years ago. The most exciting moments for us, as they were for the expedition, are the stampedes of buffaloes and of wild horses pursued by hardened ranger and tenderfoot with rifle and lariat. Here is revived the life of the Indian country vividly and simply experienced by a man who wished his wife, back in Connecticut, to know something of the hardships and joys of the frontier.

R. F. Arragon


It is amusing to note that the man who did most to confound the land-hungry Americans in their attempt to wrest territories from the Creek Indians from 1783 to 1793 was himself three-quarters white. Alexander McGillivray, to whose brief career Dr. Caughey has devoted this volume, had a Scotch father and a half-French, half-Creek mother.

His father, Lachlan McGillivray, migrated from Scotland as a penniless youth, began a trader's career with his jack knife as stock in trade, and, by the time of the American Revolution, had made a fortune. During his trade relations with the Indians he met Seloh Marchand, daughter of a French officer of Fort Tomlouse and a woman of the Creek town of Otciapofa. To them Alexander was born in 1759.

Until he was fourteen years of age, Alexander was reared among the Creeks and trained by his mother and her kin. In 1773 he left for Charlestown, where his cousin, Reverend Farquhar McGillivray, was to tutor him in Greek, Latin, history, and literature. How serious such training became we do not know, but certain it is that Alexander at least learned the forcible use of English prose. His studies were interrupted by work in a counting house in Savannah but were later resumed. The outbreak of the Revolutionary War put an end to the less practical aspects of his education and brought him back to his people.

The father, Lachlan, was an ardent Loyalist who had served his king well by holding the Creeks in line during the French and Indian War. He was accordingly proscribed by the Georgian patriots, and when the struggle turned in favor of the Americans found it best to make his way back to Scotland. Alexander corresponded with his father but never saw him again.

Back among his own people, Alexander threw his weight on the side of the British. Because his mother was of the ruling Wind Clan he was recognized as a minor chief among the Creeks, and so the British made him a colonel and appointed him one of their agents. The British had the full support of the Creeks during the war.

At the close of the revolution England divided the Southeast between Spain and the United States, signing away Indian territory without regard for tribal titles. The Creeks were faced with the necessity of arranging for trade and sovereignty with one of these powers. It was in response to these pressures that Alexander McGillivray rose to prominence and leadership. The story of his diplomacy and adroitness, of how he balanced Spain against the United States as long as that was feasible, held off the Georgians and the land sharks, and drove the best possible bargains for his people, forms the burden of this scholarly contribution.

The volume is divided into two parts, the first a sketch of McGillivray's life, the second a reproduction of McGillivray's correspondence and related papers. An excellent
bibliography and index enhance the value of the book for students. Like its companion volumes of the Civilization of the American Indian series, this publication is distinguished for beauty and legibility.

Morris Edward Opler

Red Eagles of the Northwest; the Story of Chief Joseph and His People. By Francis Haines. Scholastic Press.

This is a narrative of the Nez Perces rather than just the life of Chief Joseph. Mr. Haines outlines his project in his preface:

"I have attempted to treat the Indians primarily as human beings, and to understand as far as possible the many problems confronting the tribe in their effort to adjust themselves and their social structure to a rapidly changing environment under the rule of aliens in race, language and culture.

"As in any other community of two thousand or more people, here among the Nez Perces could be found a great variety of men and women, good, bad and indifferent, but each with a distinctive personality, and each reacting as an individual in any given situation. With an attempt to keep this idea firmly in mind, I have tried to trace the development of the tribe over a period of ninety eventful years, from their first contact with the white man to the break-up of the tribe."

He seems to have carried out his plan very successfully. The narrative is one of disillusionment from the sending of the delegation to St. Louis for the white man's "Book of Heaven" to the time when Joseph tore up his "cherished New Testament, received from the Spaldings, convinced that he could expect no justice from the whites;" and to the final exile from the loved "Valley of the Winding Water." It is a sorry record of broken treaties, of rapacity and hostility on the part of the settlers, and of inability, lack of understanding and dishonesty on the part of government agents. Mr. Haines tells the tale dispassionately. His sympathies are very evidently with the Nez Perces, but he sees also the inevitableness of the settlement of the tribe.


This is a most readable book: a delightful combination of historical incident and personal reminiscence, told in an off-hand, chatty style. It is a plain unvarnished tale of the establishment of law and order on the last frontier. In its pages we see, drawn from life by one who knew them, pioneer traders, trappers, gamblers, and prospectors—the sourdoughs of the Yukon.

Though the author has lived in Alaska since 1900, the book in its thirty chapters deals principally with events during his eight years as Judge of the Third Division. It tells the story of the discovery of gold in the sand bars of the Yukon, in the Klondike, and on the Tanana, the foundation and naming of Fairbanks, the rush to Nome, the disgraceful Noyes-McKenzie scandal there, the discovery of the great Bonanza copper mine, and the intrigues that delayed the author's re-appointment from 1904 until his resignation in 1908.

This pioneer judge travels extensively in the performance of his duties. He tries cases, both civil and criminal; grants licenses; performs marriage ceremonies; and even officiates at a funeral. In midwinter he journeys from his headquarters at Eagle by dog-team to hold sittings at Circle and Rampart, a round trip of more than a thousand miles, in a temperature of 40° and 50° below zero. He makes twenty to thirty miles a day, much of it on foot, and is fortunate if at night he finds shelter in a mail carrier's or a wood cutter's cabin. His diary is crisp and concise; it should be read with a bit of imagination—it is so matter of fact.

Again, he travels, this time by steamer, down the Yukon to St. Michael and on to Unalaska, taking with him grand and petit jury men, to hold the first court in the Aleutian Islands. He returns to Nome whilst it is still in an uproar over the unjust conduct of Judge Noyes. His sittings there ended, he for mere pleasure visits Cape Prince of Wales and climbs a mountain to view the distant Siberian shore. After returning to Eagle he again descends the Yukon, and thence to Valdes to hold the first court there. His court rooms are most primitive: a steamer's cabin, a church, a warehouse or a private house. In 1903 he attempts the first ascent of Mount McKinley. His diary tells without adornment the
incidents, accidents, and dangers of that two-months' exploration. Down the Tanana, up the Kantishna, along the Chilsia range, and up the medial moraine of Hanna Glacier he slowly makes his way until at an elevation of 10,000 feet further progress towards the summit is barred by an immense precipice. Then the return on foot to the Kantishna, by raft down that mountain torrent, and by boat and on foot to Rampart.

Wherever he travels his eyes and ears are open, with the result that scattered through the chapters are Indian legends, stories of the Overland Telegraph scheme, of the formation and development of the Alaska Commercial Company, of the explorers since 1867, of the mammoth and mastodon, of the murder of Bishop Seghers, and of the notorious outlaw, "Soapy Smith." These sketches fit nicely into the main lines of the book, and have the additional merit of being interestingly and accurately told. One closes the volume with a clearer picture than usual of pioneer conditions in the land where flows the Yukon. The text is strengthened by some sixty well-selected illustrations; and the book is completed with a real index.

F. W. Howay


Here is another of the increasingly numerous attempts by scientists to present their subjects in ordinary language to the general public. Dr. Howard describes, simply and clearly, the history of that bit of the earth's crust which finally became Yellowstone Park. We read of gigantic upheavals and subsidences, of floods and the slow weathering of the mountains, of the outpouring of vast sheets of molten rock; the seas deposit their shells, dinosaurs come and go. the mammals and the flowering plants finally arrive; the story extends over many millions of years. The reader is (by the implications of the style) a recent visitor to the Park. One who has not been there for some years wishes for maps and diagrams to assist the explanation. There are photographs of the best known features of the region; and small fanciful drawings of large prehistoric creatures.

It seems a pity that when a scientist sheds his technical jargon he must clothe himself in sentiment. I weary of "incredible splendor." Curious and interesting as are the Yellowstone's geysers and hot springs, the colors and smells of that landscape impressed me personally as repulsive; I suspect that many visitors would agree, were there not a ranger at hand to point out the pools as "miracle-tinted." Perhaps it is permissible to describe the reptiles of a prehistoric sea as "fat and contented"; but why must the ice be "irksome" to the river? I question even whether Colter, who discovered the Yellowstone, paused to admire the beauty of the sunset. In short, I am mildly surprised to see a handbook for tourists issue from a University Press.


The Story of Buffalo Bill is well told by Shannon Garst in this volume which moves rapidly over the fabulous career of the great scout. Judging from the advertising on the jacket, from the emphasis on Cody's early years, and from the complete lack of mention of his marriage, one might gather that the book is primarily intended for children, but it will be decidedly interesting to adults as well. For this there are several reasons. In the first place the technique fits the subject. The style is straightforward, non-rhetorical, and compact, avoiding both stilted diction and cliche, while the conversation is on the whole well handled. Moreover the tone is that of an adventure tale rather than that of a dry though ambitious history. This is proper enough in such a case, since it is difficult to unravel fact from fancy in Cody's life, because he always made his stories good. (Indeed some of the incidents in this book bear the marks of Buffalo Bill's exaggerated and effective narration.) Furthermore Mr. Garst shows a sympathetic understanding of and an honest admiration for his subject. While aware of Cody's vanity, his striking attire, and his rather crude practical jokes on greenhorns, the author treats them with good-humored tolerance. Finally, while the technique is narrative rather than critical, Mr. Garst is well informed; he has gone through the standard works on the subject and has found new material himself.

The reader of this biography is struck with the fact that Buffalo Bill emerges, despite the variety of his career as trapper, pony express rider, stage driver, scout, buffalo hunter, actor, and showman, more a type than an individual. His early development, his resourcefulness in emergencies, his wit, his carefully considered daring, his love of tall tales, his generally poor success in business; all are typical of what was common in the West of his day. Even the ultimate stage of his career is characteristic of those plainsmen who did not meet premature deaths. When the situations which they were able to master could no longer arise, there was little left for them to do but live in the past, for they were too old to send down new roots. There is something pathetic in the prospect of this great scout, when his work was done, entertaining the crowned heads of Europe by play-acting...
what he once had lived through. Yet this, in turn, expresses the pathos of the passing of the frontier.

While it is better that America should face the present and future rather than the past, it is worthwhile to gain some enheartening inspiration from the heroic deeds which made our civilization possible, and this can be done by reading such lives as Buffalo Bill's.

_Alexander C. Kern_

**Wind Without Rain.** By Herbert Krause. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

We have learned from many bitter tellings that farm life is hard and tortured, whether the farm is in Kansas, in Michigan, or in Illinois. The action of _Wind Without Rain_ occurs on a farm in Minnesota.

Here are Father Vildvogel and his wife and four sons, Walter, Fritz, Jepthah (who tells the story), and Franz, living under various sinister pressures that are always almost unbearable. Father is a strong, black-hearted man whose past is unknown to his family but felt by them as evil, whose word is law by virtue of his enormous strength and his lack of human feeling. Mother is a soft and beautiful character with a never-failing kindness but no power to stand between her husband and her children. Walter and Fritzie, through a kind of despairing courage, break away, leaving Jeppy and Franz to carry the burden; and it is Franz around whom the story is told, Franz in whom these two incompatible elements of his heritage do battle—the singing, generous quality of his mother and the brutal nature of his father.

Where the narrative chiefly misses fire is in failing to bring off the "obligatory" scenes. Through the whole book runs Jeppy's foreboding of disaster to come from the ill-feeling between Franz and his father; but in the end it is natural forces that strike him, and old Vildvogel dies quietly in his bed as a result of a logging accident. Then Franz's passion for the golden-haired Lillem, which pursues him even after he has married good, sensible Tinkla, instead of having the dire consequence Jeppy threatens it will, is finally destroyed by his discovery of her double-dealings with him. Even the bank foreclosure never quite takes place, although the blue envelope demanding payment comes at regular intervals in the story. Obviously Mr. Krause has labored over this, his first novel, and one of his chief concerns has been with words. At times he is transported by his enthusiasm to such phrases as "dubious with doubt" (he uses this one twice), or "a voice frogged with huskiness"; but at least he is never trite. And at times he is able to achieve what he so strives for, a vigorous, rhythmic prose: "We came in sight of our place, not much changed under the shift and sag that comes with years, except that the oak under the eaves had a dead and shaggy look that betokened little sap for spring and less for leaves of summer."

Altogether, however, there is too much striving here, in what takes place in the story as well as in the method of telling it—wind without rain.

_Marjorie Mautz_

**Inn of That Journey.** By Emerson Price. The Caxton Printers. $2.50.

**Blue Waters: An Indian Romance.** By Richard I. Helm. Binfords and Mort. $2.

Something by James T. Farrell out of Katherine Mansfield seems most accurately to describe _Inn of That Journey_, although it does not have the more striking characteristics of either. This is not to say that it is not a good book, for while it is rather badly put together and might be improved by some expansion of the first part, still it contains a deal of poetry and a mort of fine realism. It tells of the growth of a skinny little boy in a sordid Middlewestern small town, of his well-meaning but bullheaded father, his resigned, exhausted mother, and—best of all—his companions.

When Mark Cullen was about twelve, his family moved from the old home to the dismal town of Scatterfield, Ohio. Mark was puny, and the town boys were tough—they had to be. One gathers that Mr. Cullen was the only father in town who did not beat his son regularly. However, Mark was lucky, for Soap Dodger Pendleton, the leader of the gang, took a liking to him from his first day in the new school. Mark became an accepted member of this gang of underprivileged boys, which included a harmless half-wit whom they all protected from himself quite as a matter of course. Soap Dodger Pendleton is the best character in the book. In spite of his appalling background, he has his own code of ethics and adheres to it, defying threats of reform school and the like. His end is superbly ironic, whereas the fates of the other boys are more or less to be expected.

Unlike _Studs Lonigan_, this book seems to contain few social implications. It is just a straightforward description of boys' life in a small town, with pleasant aspects as well as unpleasant. Its author seems resigned to the fact that one must expect nothing of life; then occasionally one will be pleasantly surprised. I remember reading somewhere a eulogy on _Inn of That Journey_ as a successor to _Tom Sawyer_, and it seems unfortunate that such an impression should get about to disappoint readers looking for the
lusty, careless youthfulness of the old favorite. Mark Cullen is an old little boy and there is something sophisticated in the gang and their pranks, as befits the present, contrasted with Mark Twain's day. But Inn of That Journey is distinctly a book for adults. Anyone under seventeen would be bored by it (except for a few incidents in the middle, if he should get that far). Soapy Pendleton is indeed a modern Huck Finn, but only a mature reader would recognize him.

Blue Waters, An Indian Romance is much better from the Indian angle than from the romance angle. It is the story of two star-crossed lovers, a Klamath maiden and a Shasta brave, with all the trappings of old-fashioned melodrama. The setting is in the Crater Lake country of Southern Oregon, and the atmosphere of the story is conveyed very well. Mr. Helm has lived among Indians a good deal, and knows their personalities and their ways intimately. Unlike Mr. Price's novel, Blue Waters should prove admirable reading for juveniles, for it is told with considerable skill and suspense and contains much authentic Indian lore and legend.

From a typographical standpoint, the book requires the attention of a copy-reader. There are many misspelled words and a few mistakes in grammar which might escape the eyes of a young reader, but not those of his teacher.

Wings of Great Desire. By James Gray. Macmillan. $2.50.

The intellectual confusion of the present time is bound to suffer in contrast to the seeming clarity of late Victorian thinking. However, such contrast seems rather to heighten that confusion when the problems of the past, unsolved as yet, are added to those of the times in which we live. "Sweetness and light" and "the excellent life" seem now much more difficult of attainment than they did to the Victorians; they thought, for a time, they had the meaning of life within their grasp. Now, any competent synthesis of life appears as unapproachable as the nearest nebula.

In spite of contemporary philosophical chaos, it is James Gray's thesis that there are certain tenets of living as fundamental and as persistent as life itself. The manifestation may take various forms, as the outward forms of life change, but the bases remain, and are as present to serve us for foundation as they were to serve Arnold, Locke, Erasmus, and Aristotle. However, the added complications of our present day life bury our fundamentals still farther from our seeking.

Faith Winchester, the central figure of Wings of Great Desire, serves to tie the two ages of thought together. A sensitive and cultured father taught her to prize "the excellent life," at that time very much in the fashion. She never foreswore her lesson; throughout the years of her life she never ceased her pursuit of the gleam her father had shown her. She made some very human mistakes. Her undeviating intellectual vigor was frequently too much for the other members of her family. Her demands could not be met by her children, or so she thought; but as the years passed she came to realize that she had been looking for something which no longer existed, that her own fundamentals lived on in her sons and daughters, that only the manifestations had been recognizable. The antagonism toward herself and her ideals that had been continually apparent during the adolescence and early maturity of her children, began to disappear, and ground appeared for solid understanding.

Mr. Gray's novel is a lively and human document, thoughtful and penetrating in its treatment of the myriad cross currents that form the society of an intellectually alive and growing family. A complete and animated background puts the family life in its proper setting. Characterization is adept and swiftly done, and the story itself unfolds with the steadily quickening pace of life itself. It covers a tremendous span of intimate living, and presents a remarkable succession of dramatic climaxes which would have been impossible with less lifelike characters.

Lauris Lindemann


In a postscript to this strange little book, Upton Sinclair says: "I found myself speculating as to what Notre Dame... would have made of her city and her university and her football team, if she had been able to visit them after nineteen hundred years." Our Lady is that speculation. The first part of the book describes Marya, a widowed mother of nine, her home, her anxiety for her rebel son, Jeshu—for even then the rich were buzzards and robbers divided with the officials. This anxiety for the future of her first born leads her secretly to an Arabian sorceress. The dark-one's incantations call up the demon Zar and Marya loses consciousness.

She awakens at a football game between Notre Dame and the University of Southern California in the Los Angeles stadium. She is seated next a scholarly Notre Dame priest, who knows her native tongue, Ara maic. We see the stadium, the game, the crowds, the airplanes through Marya's startled eyes, but she passes no judgment on it all. Here Sinclair seems to have stopped short in his speculation.
When Marya's identity is made certain to the priest he takes her to the Convent of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. He and assisting priests cast out the demon Zar according to the rites of the church described by Sinclair as found in a pamphlet published in this country in 1935. Zar cast out, Marya is returned to the hut of the sorceress in Judea; she is disappointed, for she had asked to see the future of her son and she saw only buildings that scraped the sky.

It is difficult to read such a book by Upton Sinclair without looking for some hidden meaning, some attack upon injustice. In his postscript the author says: "So the little story started in my mind. I carried it around with me for four years before I wrote it. To me it is a lovely story, and deeply reverent." It is not likely that Mr. Sinclair merely calls up this simple peasant woman to see a school, a city, a convent, a religion, named for her without having identified herself with one of them, and thereby point out what Mr. Sinclair might consider a faulty hypothesis of the church. It may be that to Mr. Sinclair it was a lovely story because it illustrated poignant a harsh truth. Human beings build institutions, religions, states, and through the years become convinced that they are good. Men fight and kill to preserve them. Men's liberties are curbed that a democracy might survive, even as Marya would have been put in a straight-jacket in an asylum to preserve the foundation of the church's faith.

But then the postscript also says: "What you are to make of the story you may ask the psychical researchers." 

_Dana Small_

_We Lived as Children._ By Kathryn Hulme. Knopf. $2.50.

Miss Hulme has written a novel which is perhaps inevitably to be described by the words delightful and charming. San Francisco from about 1905 to 1917 is the setting. The story is told from the point of view of a precocious and intelligent girl who (like Miss Hulme herself) must have been born in 1900 or thereabouts. Through these clearseeing eyes we have a plain view of an older sister and brother, an idolized mother, and a father diametrically different but equally idolized. The whole movement of the book in fact turns upon the situation produced by the divorce which has taken place not long before the opening of the action.

Miss Hulme writes skillfully, and her novel will hold the attention of most readers throughout. The episode of the earthquake and fire is handled with great skill. Under such circumstances most novelists would fall into the temptation of treating that great piece of melodrama as a purple pass-

age in and for itself. But in the present book the disaster very properly becomes only one more agency in unfolding the family story.

Certain other features we view with alarm. Many of the conventions of the modern sophisticated novel are too rigidly followed. Thus the chronological uncertainties seem more conventional than inherent, and those hellions of the old generation have been with us very steadily for some time now. We don't doubt that such people as the covered-wagon grandma and the sea-captain grandpa existed in large numbers, but in the last few years they have become so common in novels that we are just tired of reading about them.

In the jacket-cover biography Miss Hulme is quoted as having written the book in Paris: "Nothing stood between me and my material, the perspective was absolutely perfect." Perhaps the perspective was, but the distance both in time and space was apparently very great. We should be the last to poise gleefully with blue pencil over so readable a book as this, and to condemn it for an anachronism or two. But _We Lived as Children_ challenges our credulity in every chapter. What are we to say when the tom-boy heroine apparently slides for first in the process of making a home run? We would suggest that Miss Hulme next time be more concerned with a closer view and not so much with perspective.

There should be a next time. This is apparently a first novel, and Miss Hulme gives plentiful evidence of sufficient intelligence and technical skill to go even farther.

_George R. Stewart_

_Brown Hills._ By Judy Van der Veer. Longmans. $2.

Because sea gulls were flying from the blue bay, and because there were lilacs and wild mustard in the mountains, and because her pet toad Horny was tiring of his confinement in her blouse, Judy Van der Veer walked out of the schoolroom one day forever. We are glad that she did. Else she might not have worked for the Old Man, else the young horse might not have broken her leg and given her the heavenly luxury to write that book called _The River Pasture._

Now, two years later, comes another. It is called _Brown Hills_, and it continues the adventures of the animals we had met before, their wise quiet ways, their fierce matings, their heart-breaking separations—on the way to the market, to the butcher-shop, on the dusty road to town.

The "brown hills" lie near San Diego, and they are tawny and thirsty and smitten by the sun during a long season that begins in April and lasts till frost. It is this that gives the book such shape as it has, this seasonal curve. The author has done in a smaller curve what Reymont has done in
his diurnal circle of *The Peasants*. Hers differs from his in being about horses, cows, sheep, and development of Sweden— all the life that subsists on the brown hills, and can very gray and mat-ernal twenty-two-year-old mistress who watches over its destinies and tragedies and comedies, and has the art of putting them down—and her own—with a simplicity that becomes the highest art.

This is a rare book, an achievement, a setting forth in limpid and lovely prose of a backwater of America hitherto unknown in art, and the revelation of a mind with the dew still on it.

*Paul Eldridge*


This modest volume gives a clear outline of the colony of Sweden on the Delaware in the seventeenth century, and a simple state-ment of all that we know of the part played by the Finns in that colony. The author has summarized with critical care the conclu-sions of the chief authorities on New Sweden and gives us little that is based merely on probability. Just as the Finnish participation was a supplement to the efforts of Sweden, so this book is a supplement to the tercentenary of the Swedish venture. The Congressional resolutions and debates which form, as appendices, nearly one-third of the volume, indicate that the inclusion of Finland in the celebration of June 1038 was pri-marly in recognition of Finland’s unique payment of her war debt to the United States.

Professor Wourinen disarmingly concludes that the Swedish colony was “only an his-torical incident,” of little importance for the development of Sweden and Finland or for the growth of the American colonies. Yet in its humble way the incident illustrates interestingly the economic activity of Sweden in the seventeenth century and the obstacles to successful colonization. The Finns are portrayed as pioneer farmers on clearings in the forests of Sweden and as colonists en-during the hardships of the first American frontier. In the nineteenth century, and in the opening years of the twentieth, the Finns again pioneered in America, once more in the wake of the Swedes, establishing themselves in fishing and in lumbering and on farms that followed the retreating forests. Most were attracted to the neighborhood of upper Michigan, but the fish and forests of the lower Columbia and of Gray’s Harbor brought them to the Northwest also. This book is a pleasant reminder that the recent migrations can claim a tradition nearly as old as that of the English and Dutch who so quickly absorbed the Finnish vanguard of three hundred years ago.

*R. F. Arragon*

**Frontier and Midland**

**Poems to Vera.** By George Sterling. Oxford University Press. $2.

This slender volume of posthumous verse comes in an attractive format like a voice out of the past, a memento of the mauve decade and the romantic tradition. For George Sterling was of the genus Bohemian and Romantic, and has in consequence suf-fered somewhat in the shifts of poetic taste. By residence and choice, though not by birth, a California poet, he was a personal link be-tween Ambrose Bierce and Robinson Jeff-ers, though his own poetic work had much in common with the minor romantics. Pos-sibly Bierce’s early tutelage accounts in part for the echoes of Poe in the present vol-umes—“the light that shall be light forever-more,” the “realm of waiting sighs,” or ‘Time’s shadow trembles now,” or again

“To find you where
The moonlight lies.”

Certainly there is much here of Poe and Tennyson and the romantics, much of moon and sea and pine and crystalline stars, of skyward aspiration, the longing of love and the sadness of separation, and of familiar ro-mantic rhymes.

Yet this is not intended to belittle the present volume. Sterling’s lyric hand is true and in the best tradition, and as such his volume has a certain nostalgic aroma about it. There are here nine sonnets, Petrarchan, a baker’s dozen of lyric variations on the ballad stanza, and two longer poems, an “ode”, and some lines of blank verse. The lyrics will stand up under close metrical analysis, and they are pleasant to the ear, even mellifluous. Sterling’s reputation, in short, will suffer no diminution from this little volume of love lyrics.

*Wilson O. Clough*

**The Story of the C. I. O.** By Ben-jamin Stolberg. Viking. $2.

This book of Ben Stolberg’s is easily the most brilliant and forceful yet written about the C. I. O.—and probably the most contro-versial. In 282 pages, Stolberg summarizes a century of labor history, illuminates the typically American phenomenon of vigilant-ism, analyzes the rise and development, the meaning and destiny, of the C. I. O., and throughout wades a bitter guerilla warfare with his Communist critics.

Yet, with all its richness and variety, its vigor and independence, Stolberg’s is a dif-ficult story to assess. The first chapter, into which he telescopes a critical study of the development of American labor union-ism, presents a positive, mature, and thor-oughly defensible viewpoint. The chapter on vigilantism has rightfully been called the best brief treatment of its subject in the language. Not a little of the labor report-age is new, vital, and important. But the
Frontier and Midland

assault on the official Communist position is a plain diatribe and a systematic fallacy. In Stolberg's vocabulary, the word "Stalinist" is employed as a dirty name to insult people of whom he disapproves, but seldom as an instrument to illuminate the objective labor situation. So certain is he that a Stalinist connection is an instance of perfidy or incompetence, that he ferrets out Communist disruption even in the unions which he credits with having escaped factionalism, and reverses himself in his estimates of men to provide them with just the proper shade of treachery or ineptitude. His estimate of Bridges' policy on the West Coast is deliberately unfair; his verdict on factionalism in the United Automobile Workers has been disproved by events; and his case against the Stalinists is not likely to impress the dispassionate reader either as definite or as just.

Yet Ben Stolberg is certain to have a wide audience. His fine invective, his acid sketches of prominent industrialists and labor leaders, and his rich hyperbole make first class entertainment.

Millard Hastay


Ninon de Leuclos left to Voltaire a small legacy by her will. She left him another in her philosophy of life: the joy of the spirit gives the measure of its strength. His delight in intellectual activity in behalf of public welfare is perhaps his most marked characteristic. "Work is necessary," he declares; "it becomes in the end the greatest of pleasures and takes the place of all lost illusions." In his declining years, which were among the busiest of his life, he remarked that he was ashamed of being so happy. Professor Torrey analyses the spirit of the man and the nature of his work: he finds them essentially one, each interpreting the other. He agrees with the Chevalier de Boufflers that "Voltaire is a present that nature has given to the whole world." Doubt was for him a spur to increased effort and a challenge to all traditional dogma which he concluded, had not made ours the best of all possible worlds. Here he is a forerunner of the most advanced educational thought of our day.

Various anathemas hurled at Voltaire are passed in critical review and found either grossly exaggerated or utterly wanting in factual basis. His libertinism is in part a characteristic of the manners of his time: in his case it is largely intellectual and a weapon in his struggle to make human values triumph over absolutes of any kind. The charge of coldness and lack of capacity for friendship must be buried forever: his passion for justice and tolerance sprang from emotion, sponsored by reason to widen its appeal; again his correspondence gives manifold proof that "fidelity in friendship was his outstanding virtue." The accusation of pride and aristocratic prejudice will not bear examination. Voltaire was determined to win for genius—whether in himself or in others—due honor: in his fight he found it useful to have a few crowned heads up his sleeve. If his acquaintances brought him prestige, he used it chiefly in the general cause. He was undoubtedly sincere in his remark that he "preferred great men to kings." Professor Torrey conceals nothing of his "duplicity and protective lying" in regard to certain of his works, but places major responsibility on the tyrannical censorship of the century. Voltaire was convinced that his ends justified the means.

The two final chapters, which serve as a conclusion, are the most original in the book. The first contains a penetrating comparison of the attitudes of Voltaire and Pascal, the second, "Deist, Mystic or Humanist," notes elements of all three in Voltaire, with the humanist shaping his dslm and mysticism. The essence of his humanism is in the dynamic principle of all his activity: "Everything must be reduced to moral philosophy."

Benjamin Mather Woodbridge

COVERED WAGON

Oregon poets have always been prominent in the pages of FRONTIER AND MIDDLE LAND; ETHEL FULLER, IRIS THORPE, MYRNA KUSS (new to the magazine), ELEANOR ALLEN, LAURENCE PRATT, WALKER WINSLOW, BLANCHE LOFTON, and ELOISE HAMILTON live in Portland, CLARK EMERY in Corvallis. In Oregon also HOWARD CORNING (Portland) and MYRON GRIFFIN (Eugene) live and write.

In this issue five Montana poets contribute—RICHARD LAKE (Butte), who has read manuscripts ably for several years for FRONTIER AND MIDDLE LAND; DENNIS MURPHY (a professor of English at Montana State University), who has read verse manuscripts; MARY B. CLAPP, author of And Then Remold It; ANNA CLARK (Missoula), who publishes her first poem; and WILLIAM BLAIZEN (Red Lodge). Three of the story-tellers also live in the state—ELIZABETH MIDDENTON (Wolf Point), who is a new contributor; EDWARD REYNOLDS (Anaconda), also new; and MILDRIDGE SCHWARTZ (Great Falls), a new-comer but a seasoned writer, author of several published novels. HELEN GLENN sends her account of a modern dryland farm wife from Miles City. ALBERT PARTOLL (Missoula) has edited many historical manuscripts for the magazine.

EDWARD KELLY lives in Seattle and KATHARINE WHEELER in Tacoma. PAUL TRACY (Caldwell, Idaho) has frequently contributed his strong and fresh verse.
On December 31, 1937, The Montana Power Company and its subsidiaries, and through construction work, provided employment for 2491 employees. These employees earned nearly five million dollars in salaries and wages during 1937. At Montana’s average of 3.8 persons per family, that meant that these 2,491 employees and their families would make a town of 9,465 persons—larger than either Bozeman or Miles City. Practically every business and profession shared the benefits of the nearly $5,000,000 these employees earned—the farmer, the grocer, the hardware merchant, the doctor, the dentist and many others. This payroll created jobs by helping turn the wheels of business, it supported churches, paid taxes, helped buy homes of our employees, provided savings to invest. And these employees are your neighbors. This is only one of Montana Power’s many contributions to the territory it serves.

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We paid in Taxes in 1937 2,174,862.01
We bought from Montana Business Firms in 1937 1,682,177.58
We paid in Dividends to Stockholders in Montana, 1937 723,906.00
Total $9,476,070.80

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“The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact.”—Thoreau.
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