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THE
FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST



MAY

Wingren Farm, a series of sonnets by Verne Bright.
Full Circle, part of a Picaresque Novel, by Ted Olson.
Roadhouse Girl, a poem by Jason Bolles.
Border Days of Joaquin Miller, by Martin S. Peterson.
Wolf Hunt, by A. J. Broadwater.
Underground, narrative by Walter S. Pierre.
Early Oregon Newspapers, by George Turnbull.

Stories by Melda Schwab, Robert Struckman, Alice P. Hancock, Edwin L. Sabin.
Verse by Monroe Heath, Albert E. Clements, Margaret Dewey, Kathryn Shephard,
Margaret Haughwout, Ruth E. Henderson, W. D. Trowbridge, Lucia Trent,
Ralph Cheyney, Borghild Lee, Elsie Mitchell, Maxine Singley, Charles O. Olson,
Claire A. Thomson.

Article—Chinook Jargon, by E. H. Thomas.

Sluice Box—Paul Tracy, Homer M. Parsons, Katherine R. Towne.

Folk Lore—W. S. Lewis, Queene B. Lister.

Notes on Books on the West.

Literary News

Volume XI

MAY, 1931

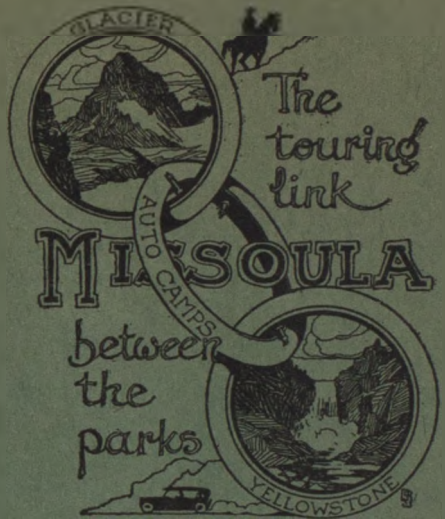
Number 4

PUBLISHED IN NOVEMBER, JANUARY, MARCH, AND MAY AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF
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Volume Eleven

MAY, 1931

Number Four

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Sketched in 1841 by Joseph Drayton of the
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A HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

BY GEORGE W. FULLER

Librarian of the Spokane Public Library

This is the first up-to-date and comprehensive history of the Pacific Northwest. Mr. Fuller's narrative moves swiftly through a multitude of relatively unfamiliar events. Here is shed fresh light on the lives of the Indian heroines, Sacajawea and Marie Dorion, and on the entertaining career of Jane Barnes. Justice is done to the work of David Thompson, and separate chapters are devoted to the operations of the three great fur companies. Much space is given to the native tribes and the Indian wars, and there are full accounts of the Whitman massacre and similar tragedies. Little known activities of the vigilantes in Washington and Idaho are recounted, including the exploits of Plummer, the outlaw. The Oregon boundary dispute and the political development of the region are thoroughly treated as well. Readers of the March issue of *The Frontier* will recall a short excerpt from the complete history which was printed under the title of *Mysterious Jeremy Pinch* and gave an excellent impression of Mr. Fuller's narrative style.

A History of the Pacific Northwest will be bound in vellum finished cloth stamped in silver, will contain 30 ill. and 8 maps, 383 pages and index, size 6¼" x 9½". At your bookstore or direct from the publisher, \$5.00.

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ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

Eighteen poets have written for this issue. Four live in Oregon—Verne Bright, Borghild Lee, Charles Oluf Olsen, Paul E. Tracy, all known to *Frontier* readers. Three live in Montana—Jason Bolles, Maxine Singley, Margaret Dewey, the last two new to our readers. Two live in each of the states, Kansas—Margaret Haughwout and Elsie Mitchell, newcomers to our pages; Pennsylvania—Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney, widely known poets. New York—Monroe Heath and Albert Edward Clements, newcomers: California—Claire Thomson and Homer Parsons, both *Frontier* contributors. Kathryn Shephard lives in Seattle, Ruth Henderson in Washington, D. C., and W. D. Trowbridge in Illinois.

E. H. Thomas (Seattle) contributes his last essay on the Chinook Jargon, and Ted Olson (Wyoming), who is now in Europe re-writing the novel, the last installment of *A Picarsque Novel*.

Edwin L. Sabin, the well known writer on western materials, lives in LaJolla, California. This is his first contribution to *The Frontier*.

Melda Schwab and Robert Struckman are students at the State University of Montana. Miss Schwab contributes her first story to be printed.

W. S. Lewis is a well known worker in western and especially Indian historical materials.

Queene B. Lister (Portland) is well known to *Frontier* readers for both prose tales and striking verse.

George S. Turnbull is a professor in the School of Journalism at the University of Oregon. Martin S. Peterson, a graduate of Reed College, Portland, is a professor at the University of Nebraska and an editor of *The Prairie Schooner*.

Four other Montanans have contributed to this issue: Alice Passano Hancock, who is an instructor in English at the State University of Montana, Walter S. Pierre, Lewistown, Katherine Reynolds Towne, Butte, and A. J. Broadwater, a merchant of Havre.

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LITERARY NEWS

A First Conference of Writers, under the direction of H. G. Merriam, editor of *The Frontier*, will be a feature of the summer session of the State University of Montana. The visiting writers will be:

1. In Indian and Western Materials—**Dr. Frank B. Linderman**, author of *American, Lige Mounts*, and eight other volumes. Dr. Linderman lives on Flathead Lake, Montana.

2. In Verse Writing—**Mr. Frank Ernest Hill** of Longmans, Green and Co. Author of *Stone Dust* (poems), and with Joseph Auslander, *The Winged House*. Mr. Hill lives in New York.

3. In Drama and the Theater—**Mr. John Mason Brown**, dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Post*, author of *The Modern Theatre in Revolt* and *Up-stage*. He lives in New York city.

4. In Fiction Writing—**Mr. Struthers Burt**, author of *The Diary of a Dude Wrangler*, *The Interpreter's House*, and other volumes.

The editors of *The Frontier* and the resident English staff will give lectures on language and literature, editing, the marketing of manuscripts, etc.

The **Holbrook Writers Colony** will also be in residence on the campus from June 14 to August 15. It will have at its disposal a library of 150,000 volumes and a reading room with 200 periodicals. Miss Estelle Holbrook, director, has spent two months in New York City in touch with editors, publishers, and literary agents, in preparation for the Writers Exchange, Laboratory and Clearing House which constitute the Writers Council.

Four instructors at the University of Montana have books now in distribution: **H. G. Merriam**, chairman of the English department; **R. A. Coleman**, assistant professor of English; **Miss Lucia B. Mirrielees**, professor of English; and **Emmett Reid Sanford**, of the department of Business Administration. Mr. Merriam's "Northwest Verse" (Caxton Printers, Ltd.) contains the work of more than 300 northwestern poets. Rufus A. Coleman's "Western Poetry and Prose" (Harpers) deals with the region west of the Mississippi, from the period of Indian legends to the present. Miss Mirrielees' text, "The Teaching of English," is published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., and Mr. Sanford's "Applied Accounting Principles" by The Thomas & Crowell Co., N. Y.

"The Needle in the Haystack," recent selection of the Junior Book League, was written by **Major J. R. D. Matheson** of Billings, Mont., for his own children. Major Matheson is an army engineer and instructor at West Point, and the son of "Judge" Matheson, first editor for *The Billings Gazette*.

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"Montana in the Making," a 400-page textbook by **N. C. Abbott** of the Eastern Montana Normal School, will be issued by the Gazette Publishing Co., May 1.

Monsignor Victor Day of Helena adds to his many volumes a translation from the French of Bousset's "Discourse on Universal History." **Mrs. E. K. Bowman**, state chairman on international cooperation for the League of Women Voters, received a pre-publication order for 2000 copies of her book, "International Threads," from the Farmer's National Union, for use in junior club work. **Courtney Terrett's** broad satire, "Only Saps Work," is filmed for the movies. Terrett was a Miles City (Mont.) boy who went to New York and became "king of New York reporters." "Wide Open Town," the fourth novel of young **Myron Brinig** of Butte, deals with Butte characters in a Butte setting, as did his earlier novel, "Singerman."

Among new magazines, **Left** (222 W. 3d, Davenport, Iowa), revolutionary and experimental, calls on the artistic, literary and political Left for support and material. **Front**, in English, French and German (13 Biesboschstraat, Amsterdam, Holland) has an American office to which all manuscripts should be addressed in charge of Norman Macleod, 220 N. Maple St., Albuquerque, N. M. **Versecraft**, announced as an inspirational and informative bi-monthly, Banner Press, Emory Univ., Atlanta, Ga., will be edited by Wightman E. Melton. **Earth**, 211 N. Hale St., Wheaton, Ill., "a literary monthly," becomes one of life's delicate children in a "Special offer. One year's subscription, \$1. Four issues guaranteed."

Who's Who in Poetry in the U. S. (McNaught, Normal, Ill.) has 500 biographies, many western names. The Golden Syndicate Pub. Co., Los Angeles, is compiling 1931-32 data. Both are good reference books. Editorials in the Salt Lake City *Telegram* and Blackfoot *Daily Bulletin* commend the service Caxton Printers, Ltd., of Caldwell, Idaho, are doing for western literature. **Earl Wayland Bowman's** "Arrowrock, Songs and Stories of a Prodigal," is a collection of the author's hitherto unpublished poems and seven of his best short stories, issued by Caxton Printers in de luxe and popular editions, \$10 and \$3. The Caxton staff artist has caught the spirit of Mrs. Grissom's "Verse of the New West," which is a book very pleasin in format and contents. The Thomas Crowell Co., N. Y., have published "The Craft of the Critic," by **Professor S. Stephenson Smith** of the University of Oregon, former Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University from Reed College, Portland. **John Fisher's** first novel, "The Uncertain Traveler," deals with a wagon train for California during the '49 gold rush; and a central character who deserts it for Oregon. It is arrestingly quoted by the publishers, William Morrow & Co.

A. M. Stephen, whose "The Land of Singing Waters," sold 2000 copies, has a new

THE MOUNTAIN SPRING—A SYMBOL

WE CAME upon it suddenly and halted in amaze. For an hour we had followed the rushing, flashing brook that a few miles below widened into the swift mountain river known to us at the seaboard far away as the Sacramento. The Spring, the source of this torrent, we had thought, must still be far, far distant; when here, at the foot of a rocky ledge, we were suddenly upon it.

Impossible! Springs are not like this! this great boiling, roaring pool, many feet across, this foaming mass of water, jade-green and white pouring over the pool's brim and tearing on its way—an impassable torrent but a few rods below! What explanation?

That mountain spring high in the Sierras, to which we had come through the softly blooming flower-meadows at the foot of snowy Shasta, that mountain source, was in that hour given as a Sign, a symbol of an even mightier thing in nature: the blending of human forces in one noble well-spring of blessing.

For it was no miracle that great mountain spring. Its simple answer was in the little springs that fed it; the thousands of tiny hidden springs that were its source; they were the wonder workers—those unknown springs far in the ice caves of Shasta, among the rocks and crevices of the heights, hidden in the clefts of the crags, 'neath the rotting trunks and boles of the dead forests flames had swept. For miles underground those patient hidden springs had trickled on their way to join the other waters, where surging up from prisoning rocks they might sweep together on their way to fulfill the destiny which their blending could alone make theirs.

Every great thing of human creation has its parallel in nature. When words wax pale and feeble, then the mind reaches out for a symbol which shall embody its vision for the minds and hearts of others.

Such a symbol was given on that June morning in the California mountains; a perfect symbol for the potent blending of human effort in well-springs that surge forth in mighty rivers to bless and hearten the earth.

ESTELLE HOLBROOK.

To
Writers and Others
Interested in Writers
and Writing.

An Open Letter

From
The Leader and
Members of The
Holbrook Writers Colony.

Speaking of Lions in the Way—and everybody always is—the hilly Way of Writers is infested with them; terrifyingly so, according to the writers themselves; needlessly so, according to their kindly advisers in the literary journals and the writers' magazines.

But writers and friends of writers all agree that seven of these beasts are most couchant and rampant and claw-y—seven, count 'em! 1. *Faith-lack*, 2. *Will-lack*, 3. *Courage-lack*, 4. *Time-lack*, 5. *Money-lack*, 6. *Comrade-lack*, 7. *Skill-lack*.

They have always been right there on the path from the day of picture writing on cave walls to these days of "three million certified circulation." Can't you hear the members of the cave writer's family saying . . . etc.?

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

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

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book of poems with John M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., "Brown Earth and Bunch Grass," limited to 500 copies. Mr. Stephen is secretary of the League of Western Writers, and a well known Canadian poet. **D. Maitland Bushby's** "Tussayan," and **Whitley Gray's** "Bacchanal D'Amour" are spring books from the Troubadour Press.

Caroline Bancroft (Literary Lollypops, *The Denver Post*) reviews with praise Commander Edward Ellsberg's story of submarine warfare, "Pigskins." At the time of the disaster to the Submarine S-4, in 1927, Ellsberg had left the navy, and was chief engineer for the Tidewater Company of America. He tendered his services, was put in charge of the salvage crew of the Falcon, and took 38 men and officers from the disabled Sub S-4. Commander Ellsberg lives in Denver.

Conforming only to a spiritual geography, "The Way of the Sceptic," by **Father E. Graham**, The Dial Press, answers with humor H. L. Mencken's "A Treatise on the Gods," which prompted it; and analyzes the position of the modern atheist. More easily to be charted is "Hell and Hallelujah," a novel of the Mormon trek, by **Norton S. Parker**. The announcement by The Dial Press of Parker's novel, says: "For the first time an American novelist—a non-Mormon—has written an unprejudiced and appreciative story of those Pioneers of Pioneers." Quite other is the hell to which Hollywood is assigned in **Horace Wade's** "To Hell With Hollywood," by the same publishers. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., offer "Tall Tales of the Southwest," an anthology of southern and southwestern humor, 1830-1860, and an interesting study of American social life of that period; and "Americana Deserta," under the general editorship of **Bernard De Voto** of Harvard University, a series of anthologies and reprints valuable for their socio-historical significance. Knopf, Inc., has accepted for publication a collection of sketches by Jack Conroy, whose article, "Hard Winter," appeared in the February *American Mercury*. Conroy is secretary of the Rebel Poets, the International of Song, and edits, in collaboration with **Ralph Cheyney**, "Unrest," the annual anthology of rebel verse. His short biography of Mark Twain will be issued by a British publisher.

Struthers Burt's "Festival," February choice of the Book League of America, is a Scribners publication that is climbing to the top of best-seller lists. Macmillan publishes "The Talking Bird," and "Why the Bee Is Busy," Roumanian folk tales, by Idella Purnell and J. M. Weatherwax. Diego Rivera, Mexican artist, will illustrate a new volume of Mexican tales by Miss Purnell and Mr. Weatherwax. The latter is a native of Washington, his parents being pioneer residents of Aberdeen.

Mrs. Francis Hathaway of Aberdeen, a

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contributor to *Scribners* and *The Dial*, is working on a novel. **Mable Holmes Parsons**, of Portland, whose poems appear in the quality magazines, is a feature writer for the *Oregon Journal*. **Eleanor Hanson's** sonnet "Rheims Cathedral," will be included in **Harper's** "Best College Poets of 1931." Her poems are appearing in poetry journals, and she has chosen for her bachelor's thesis, "A Critical Study of the Poetry of Elinor Wiley." **Mary J. Elmendorf** will write the preface for Henry Harrison's *Anthology of Washington Poets*.

Nard Jones' second novel, still untitled, will be published early in the fall by Brewer, Warren & Putnam. Its locale is Seattle from '98 to the present. He is beginning "Wheat Women," a novel with the same background as "Oregon Detour." His novelette, "Her Four Men," appeared in the April *College Life*. In collaboration with **J. Gordon Gose**, a classmate who was graduated with him from Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash., in 1926, Mr. Jones has finished a boys' book on Marcus Whitman. **William Russell Blankenship**, associate professor of English at Whitman College, will shortly have out through Henry Holt a voluminous text, "American Literature: an Expression of the American Mind." Mr. Blankenship is collaborating with **Mark Harris**, also of the Whitman faculty, in research for a book on tragedy.

In addition to his monumental work, "The Great Western Stage Coach Routes," Archer B. Hulbert's "Soil: Its Influence on the History of the United States," has been published by the Yale University Press. Mr. Hulbert has in preparation "Overland to the Pacific: A Narrative and Documentary History of the Great Half-Century in the Far West, 1819-1869," the Voorhis series of the Stewart Commission in thirty volumes.

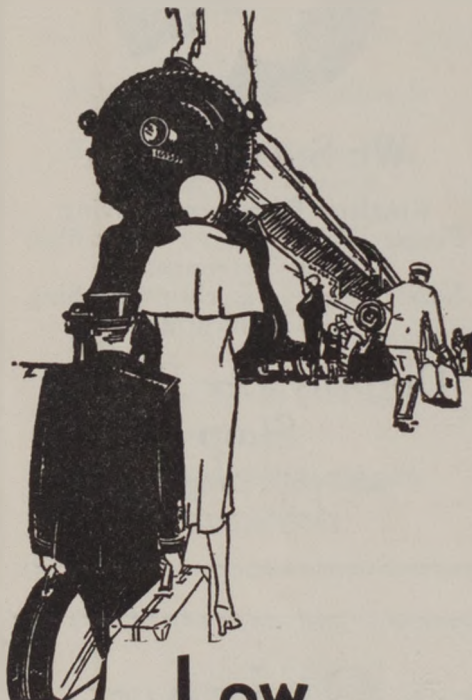
Helen Maring's poems appearing in the *New York Times*, *New York Sun*, *New York Evening World*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, etc., are widely reprinted in other newspaper columns.

Ared White's "Spy Net" was serialized in *Adventure*, and syndicated in the Hearst newspapers before its publication by Houghton Mifflin Company in book form. He has contracted for two other books to be serialized in *Adventure* and published by Houghton Mifflin. One is a novel of the Napoleonic era, the other a story of Lafayette.

The *Dallas Morning News* says of **Oscar Rush**: "He used to be a 'big' cattleman; the debacle following the war broke him;" and of his book, "The Open Range and Bunkhouse Philosophy," "It is like a breath of mountains and antelope-covered plain itself."

Mrs. Ruth Scofield Fargo, Salem, Ore., has sold a 2500-word article to the Methodist Book Concern; also "The Grandmother," historical narrative verse. Her nature poem

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entered in the Chattanooga Writers Club contest received honorable mention and will appear in their prize winners' scrap book.

Eleanor Allen writes features, reviews and criticism for western newspapers, has sold juveniles, recently, to *High Road, Target*; is making a novel of her serial, "Seb, the Bold," a juvenile running in *The Oregonian*; and has sold to *The Westerner* and Los Angeles *Saturday Night*.

Verne Bright's poem, "Ice Age," was widely reprinted after its appearance in *Voices*, appearing in the New York *Herald-Tribune*, the Providence (R. I.) *Journal*, the Charleston *News Courier*, and the Vancouver (B. C.) *Daily Province*. It was one of six poems grouped under the title "Closed Gate." The March issue of *Poetry*: A magazine of verse have a group of three of Mr. Bright's poems: "Elemental," "Honey-Comb," and "Gray Stone."

Edmond DuPerrier is interviewing Indian fighters, Klondikers, and early westerners for copy that always has a wide range of interest. He is tremendously enthusiastic about Dick Wetjen's "Fiddler's Green," whose advance copies were out May 1. The jacket carries splendid appreciations from Jim Tully, Carl Sandburg, and others. *Fight Stories* print DuPerrier's "scrap" stories, and the April *Outdoor Life* carries his "Coastwise Trout," and *The Frontier* has accepted his "Labor Stiffs."

Lucy M. C. Robinson is doing a radio book review feature called the "Sunday Morning Tabloid" for her firm on KHQ each Sunday, including three books of major interest and brief comment on others each week. This feature will continue sometime to come. Has been giving special attention in the radio broadcasting to northwestern authors. Public speaking programs for the winter and spring have included about fifteen talks to larger organizations on northwestern literature and authors, using work published and fostered by *Frontier* as a basis for study. Now giving series of six weekly lectures on "Appreciation of Modern Poetry" for Spokane Y. W. C. A.

H. G. Merriam, editor of *Frontier*, spoke in Spokane on April 11 to the Publicity Tourist Bureau of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce telling something of the work which *Frontier* is doing in developing northwestern talent. Lucy Robinson is chairman of a special sub-committee of the Chamber of Commerce to make contact with editors and authors when they visit Spokane.

Howard M. Corning's "Six Curtains" were reprinted from *The Frontier* in *The Literary Digest* of March 21; his "The Furrow and the Mind" was featured in *Books* for March 1, which also printed two of his sonnets in the issue of March 8.

Poetry has accepted a second narrative poem of Mary J. Elmendorf's, whose sonnets and lyrics and appearing in *Kaleidoscope*, *The Gypsy*, *Star-Dust*, *The Harp*, and *Muse and Mirror*.



A Young Man's Fancy...

WHEN a man starts devoting all his interest to thoughts of love, just because the birds are singing, and the flowers blooming, you really should remind him that he needs a swanky spring wardrobe.

Whether he's your brother or father . . . husband or groom-to-be, make him prove his devotion to your fair sex by coming in here where men's clothing has an air of extravagant good looks—but is, nevertheless, inexpensively priced.

He'll thank you for telling him about our men's shop, and once he's cultivated its acquaintance you'll be proud to be seen with him.

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THE LILACS OF DENVER

Tone Poem

BY MONROE HEATH

*Denver is lovelier than ever—
lovely and verdant with lilacs,
lilacs of lavender, pale and purple lavender.
In Denver the lilacs are lovelier than ever;
verdure of lilac leaves, color of lavender.
Lavish with verdant leaves, pale and purple lilacs,
Denver is lovely, lovelier than ever.*

BE LIKE THE MOUTH AGAINST THE TAKEN MOUTH

BY ALBERT EDWARD CLEMENTS

*Love young and arrogant. The leafing tree,
Whose highest branches hardly brush one's shoulder,
In April sows its seeds on land and sea;
Being too wise to wait till it is older
And eaten thin with frost and blistering snow,
Being too much of earth and earthy men
To watch the seasons come and, barren, go
Back to the barren womb of dust again.*

*Be like the mouth against the taken mouth!
What one is born to one must take and keep
Securely locked beyond the lips of drouth
Age lays upon a heedless lover's sleep.*

*Know: Nothing sought is nothing lost or gained;
No truth explored, no body's breath explained.*

SILENCE

BY MARGARET DEWEY

*I put aside your letters one by one,
Thinking of the things we might have done
Together—had the fates so willed;
The thoughts we might have shared,
The places gone—*

*But now my happy thoughts are stilled
Like a brook that winter frost has chilled.
I go to the window—feeling need of sun.*

THE FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

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

WINGREN FARM

BY VERNE BRIGHT

THE FARMSTEAD

My grandfather built this farmhouse; hewed its walls
From the black forest; raised it, joist and sill,
In simple ruggedness on Wingren hill
Against the shock of years. Now seventy falls
Have burnt the orchard trees to smoky gold,
And seventy springs have brought the leaves to birth:
The builder, in dark fellowship of earth,
Lies now content with silence, lips gone cold.

Content with silence, said I? No! For yet,
Winter and April, autumn and July,
His presence, as in golden years gone by,
Intangible as memory or regret,
Haunts these gray acres, unquiet in his sleep
Because of beauty that he could not keep.

ANNUAL MAGIC

The heart has no room for sorrow; only laughter
Nests in the heart when silver April peers
Among the dove-gray branches; searches the weirs
For water-mosses, the dusty gaunt mill-rafter
For swallows' houses. The lyric leaves are dafter
Than elves in midnight frolic; the slim brook jeers
The stones that trip its feet . . . No room for tears
When April comes and love comes following after!

I have loved life, and love it: I shall borrow
Wisdom from the brook; O, I shall go
On eager feet, exulting along the row
Of flamegold daffodils . . . Unborn tomorrow
Is time enough for tears: now grief is sped
And beauty rises softly from the dead.

SPRING PLOWING

The earth runs from the share in a golden thread:
Like a weaver's shuttle the straining horses go
Stepping westward, stepping eastward, slow
As time and sure as the sun's plow overhead.

So all day long with huge, deliberate tread,
 Furrow by furrow, they loop the stubbled field,
 Weaving a pattern of dreams yet unrevealed
 To any man of men this side the dead.

The shuttling plow of time gropes through the years
 Weaving a tapestry of joys and fears:
 The share cuts through the heart like a silver knife,
 Turning the clay where frost of envy lingers,
 Bursting the clods of hate with iron fingers,
 To fecund seed-bed for the grain of life.

WINGREN WATER

Over the dusky verge of Wingren hill
 Is a frail secret beauty I have known:
 Slim water welling from the lichened stone
 In luminous ecstasy. There violets spill
 Recurrent gold, and wild wood columbine
 Offers cupped honey to the forest bees;
 And once a brown doe stood among the trees
 With her shy, dappled fawn.

No joy of wine
 Squeezed from the purple rondure of the grape
 Can bring such certain balm, such swift escape
 From old despair, to flesh that fever rings
 With hoops of burning brass; not Lethe's stream
 Can slake the furious heart of its fierce dream,
 As this bright wine from God's cool watersprings.

THE FENCE

Wingren church stands on the hill alone
 Shepherding its silent sheep of stone.
 There is a meager fence about the place
 Webbed like the tenant spider's fragile lace.
 There the purple harebell blooms, and phlox
 On the sunken graves, and gusty hollyhocks;
 Wild sweet columbine with golden tread
 Walks softly there above the old, old dead.

Eternal spring and resurrection can
 Refashion ancient beauty out of man
 And flower, dust beneath the silvery grass
 Waiting, waiting for a god to pass . . .
 But never any wall that man may spin
 Can surely fence out death or fence it in.

WINGREN CHURCH

A subtle hush lies on the countryside,
A mystic Immanence pervades the air.
Out of the steeple mellow bells have cried
The hearts of Wingren to the house of prayer.
From worshipping alone in secret places,
From hearkening to the clear voice, small and still,
Nurtured in awe they turn their wearied faces
To that white lonely beacon on the hill.

"In the beginning was the Word," the preacher drones;
(Dark Deacon Pollet drowzes in his pew.)
"There is a fountain filled with blood," the choir intones;
Christ burns in beauty where the sun breaks through
The golden glass . . . And thus men's dreams are fed.
Give us this day, O God, our daily bread!

POORHOUSE ROAD

A road runs west from Wingren, dusty brown,
And curves the broken corner of a hill
To Heron valley, where the waters spill
Swift silver through the grass; now up, now down,
Half choked with fennel, tangled in blossom-snows
Of wild plum thickets; until at last a gate
Opens upon a lane where tall, sedate
Lombardy poplars sway in slender rows.

And here, day after day, the almsmen walk
By ones and twos between the poplar trees:
Unhurried now by life's shrill urgencies
They linger in the sun and idly talk,
And dream of quietude, their blood gone thinned—
And death is a running shadow on the wind.

HAUNTED HOUSE

I know a house in Heron where the dust
Of crumbling stars sleeps on the quiet stair
And in the empty rooms. A broken chair
Crouches before the hearth. The vagrant gust
Whispers in the flue. No man has dared
To dwell in that hushed place these twenty years.
Its cobwebbed corners drift with subtle fears;
Three times through its portals death has fared.

Old lonely houses should be done with dreams:
But it is yet remembering in each stone
Laughter and hope and love forever gone;

And its worn lintel, where the moonlight gleams
 In spectral mist, still listens for the beat,
 Lost long ago, of unreturning feet.

STONY FIELD

Ten stony acres and a wall of stone
 Aren't much to tie a life to. Trading blow
 For blow my fathers fought the rocks to sow
 A dream of fruitage there: dark and alone
 They toiled, but reaped scant harvest. Stubborn bone
 Has warped and flesh gone brittle for that field
 With its gaunt apple trees and meager yield
 Of everything but rock.

“Use can atone
 For ugliness,” is what my father said
 As we picked up the rocks on the old stone-sled
 And built that wall down there at the lower end.
 “Land's not much 'less it's working!” Sixty year
 To make a field! Well, that is not so dear
 With all eternity left yet to spend.

MID-SUMMER NIGHT

Midnight . . . and the moon . . . the dew-wet grasses
 Tremble as if swift feet were running by.
 Invisible in its going something passes:
 It might be fairies—or the winds that cry
 With infinitesimal voices. In their places
 The flowers weave a shadowy plenilune
 Of fragrance in the dusk, their slender graces
 A wavering loveliness beneath the moon.

Here in this house of night my troubled heart
 Finds sudden peace that is too great for saying:
 And if the dew upon my eyelids start
 It is because of silver blossoms swaying . . .
 Listen! Can that be only the wind that carries
 Along the grass? It could as well be fairies.

INDIAN STONE-AXE

Hoeing the garden a summer afternoon
 I found an Indian stone-axe in the mold:
 What warrior in the red man's age of gold
 Made his last foray here? Some ancient June,
 When bison roamed and the hairy mastodon,
 And clouds of rainbow birds made loveliness
 In the bright morning world, and the wind's caress
 Trembled strange trees, he passed . . . and he is gone.

And that was aeoned centuries ago:
Since, men have gone out from the sun-warm earth,
Tribe after tribe; and rivers ceased to flow;
And very continents have come to birth . . .
Still in this stone I see the insatiate,
Immutable arbitrament of hate.

SHEEP HERDERS

They follow the moving flocks from hill to hill
Through lonely days and nights. Their campfires flame
Along the canyons; deserts without name
Are their familiar pastures; where the still
White mountains finger sky, where gaunt and thinned
The scrub pines ravel out along the sea,
They bed their sheep. Their feet go aimlessly
Along the desolate pathways of the wind.

Under the empty shell of night they lie
Counting the creeping hours; awed they stare
On the curving moon; they mark the planets fare
Up the black wall of heaven looping the sky
With slender light, their wistful eyes aglow
With dreams as once in Asia long ago.

HARVEST

There is other harvest here than starveling wheat;
These acres yield another crop than corn:
Rain, sun and men have labored that the barn
May hoard its scanty dole against the cheat
Of frost. But something more than yellow grain
To granary for winter farmers know
As they reap the fields of autumn before snow
Strikes grievously; a harvest less of pain
And more of peace than any bin can keep.

This crop will not pay tax on house and hold,
Nor may it be exchanged for minted gold;
But it will buy a deep, untroubled sleep
And fruited dreams, ere time's dark hand has spread
Men like sheaves on the meadows of the dead.

AUTUMN TREE

There was no other beauty save one tree
In the bare autumn meadow. The vague stir
Of winds among the leaves was harbinger
Of winter's interlude. It seemed to me

Who wandered there alone in memory
 Of summer's going—hearing the pheasants whir
 Across the sparkled grass in a golden blur
 Of wings—the autumn's bright epitome.

One tree, surely as a host of trees,
 May whisper to the heart such words as these:
 Youth is a wind that passes, love a leaf
 Whirled along the ground . . . One slim tree may
 Say to the heart all that there is to say
 Of death, and life, the beautiful and brief.

APPLE HARVEST

Round and honeygolden and red on the autumn trees
 Are the apples of love; and silver, the apples of dream.
 Under lean boughs, quenched flame in the chill moonbeam,
 The apples of hate are fallen . . . The night-feathered breeze
 Whispers a word to my ear: The sound fruit goes
 Into the bins of the heart for the winter of love
 And the winter of dreams; the wormfalls of hate in the grove
 Lie sepulchered, dark with rot, under fugitive snows.

O, I shall pluck luminous fruit from the orchard of night,
 The wine-hearted globes of gold and silver and red,
 Out of the shadowy trees where the wind-hover cries;
 At a song the moon shall swing over, an apple of light
 Poised on the branch of the sky . . . Thus Eve, it is said,
 Plucked apples of flame from the gardens of Paradise.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE

This house will not forget in after time
 Ashes of old wisdom brought to flame:
 The tender budded dreams that slowly came
 To glowing flower and fruit; the silver chime
 Of children's laughter like the cries of birds;
 The fugitive swift feet; the furtive crush
 Of hand in hand; the premonitory hush
 When eyes met eyes . . . and first-love's whispered words.

These dark walls will remember—when the dust
 Eats at the heart of stone, and stars are lost
 In the encumbering imminence of frost,
 And death grins from the shadow his pale lust—
 A boy and girl who found brief glory here
 One golden autumn down a golden year.

THE DAY BEFORE WINTER

All afternoon strange dusk has veiled the sky
As if the ghost of darkness walked the day;
The sun was a gusty lantern lost in gray
Somnolence of mist. The leaves that fly
Along the ground before the broom of wind,
Beneath white-feathered silence soon will lie;
And trees that might be dead men stalking by
Will clutch at stars with fingers gaunt and thinned.

Now darkness lies, a bleak indifference,
Upon the fields; in crystal chains of ice
The brook is prisoned; brief as innocence,
The moon peers from a cloud: before the skies
Break sullen dawn the wolves of death will go
Trailing the winter on silver feet of snow.

HEARTH FIRE

Thorn-apple wood burns to bright opal flame
Shot through with emeralds and golds and blues
And all the myriad evanescent hues
That haunt the sunset thickets. Since love came
A warmer glow invades the shadowy room:
Spring is at the heart: in passionate birth
The flowers of light upon the magic hearth
Burgeon to beauty like a field in bloom.

Here is the ancient rapture man has sought
Down countless years to the dark world's end:
Thorn-apple flame out of the storm and wind,
A hearth to kindle love! O, here is caught
The truth of dreams since ever time began,
Here is the secret of the soul of man.

SILVER THAW

Dusk was a muted whisper, the gray skies
Stooped down and brushed the earth with icy lips,
The night groped by with dark unseeing eyes:
Now dawn rides furiously with lashing whips
Of sleet. The orchard writhes in agony,
Broken with brittle hate; the fir trees bend
Proud heads before the white catastrophe;
The silver spears of death hurl down the wind.

I did not know that hate could be a jewel
 Of so great loveliness, nor shackles bring
 Such delicate delight to anything
 This side of Paradise . . . Can death be cruel
 While this still rapture, death's bright counterpart,
 Sets its seal of beauty on the heart?

MID-WINTER NIGHT

On this white hillway under the wheeling stars
 Such silence is that death must linger here:
 Perhaps it is the spirit, strangely dear,
 Of broken dreams and vanished hopes. The bars
 Of ice are set across the Wingren weirs;
 The winds are tucked in slumber. Let us make
 No music now of laughter; let earth take
 Us to her heart; let there be end of tears.

Listen! A little while, and tears and laughter
 Are darkened eyes and lips gone dumb in dust;
 And this hushed moment will be one hereafter
 With unremembered grief and satiate lust:
 The stars will come again to this white hill,
 And we unknowing, we shall lie so still.

ANSWER

BY MARGARET DEWEY

"What shall I do with life?" I cried to the world . . .
 And on the whispering winds there whirled
 A score of answers from far-off and near,
 A score of answers . . . making clear
 That underneath the wide blue sky
 No one knew any better than I.

FULL CIRCLE

BY TED OLSON

I.

THE creek was loud in the dusk, glutted with the plunder of a hundred shrinking drifts. The mud stood ankle-deep in the corral; it sucked up around Dan's boots, an evil half-liquid compound of soil and ordure and melted snow. The two brimming pails tugged at his arms. He was tired, he realized. It had been a hard day. He was almost always tired now. He stumbled from bed, sodden with sleep or with the lack of it, when the alarm clock slit the silence with its jagged blade—stumbled into a glacial darkness that was beginning to lift along the horizon by no more than the width of a bridle-rein. He was back in the house, turning the cream separator, before the world had definitely assumed the contours of day. And it was full dark again when he came in with the night's milk, with separating yet to be done, and calves to be fed, and a hasty supper to be assembled, and dishes to be washed before he could stretch out again. Even so, the days were not long enough for what there was to do.

Still, there was something to be thankful for. Nordholm had stopped by with the mail. Lord only knew when Dan would have found time for the four-mile ride down to the box. It didn't matter much, usually. There weren't many letters—a note now and then from one of his former cronies; queer how remote New York and all its fever and fury seemed, up here in the Ghost Range; the windowed missives that ushered in each new month, damn them; and at intervals a long, slim envelope with the masthead of the Denver *Tele-*

gram in one corner, and the word "Ransom" typed in capitals above.

He could hardly expect anything from Chris this time. There had been a check only two weeks ago, and a brief note with it—a note on copy paper, typed with an office "mill" that stuttered and hiccupped, the paragraph indentations very deep and marked with a slashing crook of black pencil, in the immemorial fashion of good copy-readers; a note characteristically explosive and profane and bristling with derisive commentary on the mad and venal mores of the *Telegram*.

Thank God for Chris! He didn't know what he would have done that winter without Chris. It wasn't only the checks—though the hay and cottonseed cake they had bought were all that had tided their little bunch of cows through the blizzards. Dan suspected something of what those checks had cost Chris. Denver salaries weren't the best in the profession, by any means. And Chris liked to live amply and carelessly; he liked good music and books and theatres and occasionally a good poker game. His next week's salary was almost always mortgaged. He must have scrimped heroically to make those periodic contributions to their joint enterprise. And Dan knew that Chris had never committed himself wholeheartedly to that enterprise. He had let Dan persuade him when he was temporarily disgruntled with New York and the ways of the Fourth Estate. He must have had many doubts as to the wisdom of the venture, particularly in those days of premature winter when the snow locked them into a pallid little world of

their own, when "cabin fever" cankered in them both, when tempers wore thin and they spat and snarled and said things that neither could readily forgive himself, though he forgave the other within the hour.

No, it was more than the checks Chris had sent since he had departed for Denver, at his own suggestion, to earn something during the slack winter months. It was his loyalty as well. Without it Dan felt that he would have crumbled under the weight of despair that black winter had heaped upon him. It had been a hell of a winter. But they had come through. It was spring now, despite the quarter-inch of ice that crusted the puddles each morning. There was green at the edge of the snow-banks on southerly slopes, and he had seen a blackbird that day. They had come through. And they hadn't lost so heavily, all things considered. Give them a good year now, and after shipping time next fall they could thumb their noses at the world.

He did not untie the slim sheaf of mail until he had separated the milk and fed the calves and set his supper steaming on the table. Then he thumbed it through. A magazine, with the blue slip that meant his subscription had expired. The *Grandon Pioneer*—he knew he must be well into the "red" on its ledgers, but the *Pioneer* cultivated a long-suffering patience toward its rural clientele. A letter from Sue Rose, on the stationery of the *New York Record*; he put it aside while he slit open the only other envelope, which was from the First State Bank of Grandon.

The stew congealed on his plate and a scum gathered on his tepid coffee while he pondered the enclosures. His face had gone bleak on the first in-

spection; the wrinkles around the eyes were suddenly deeper. There was a neat pile of canceled checks, folded into a meticulously itemized statement. The balance figures at the bottom of the statement were something over one hundred fifty dollars short of those which his checkbook showed. And the accompanying letter explained: "We are charging your account with the sum of \$161.50 to cover the amount of the enclosed check, which was returned by the bank of issue marked 'No Funds'."

So Garrett's check was worthless. He might have guessed it. Nordholm had warned him this might happen, rubbing one hand ruminatively over his stubbly chin and saying in his slow Swedish way: "I don't know about Garrett. He is not always good pay." But Dan hadn't listened. Garrett's offer for the big Hereford bull had come so opportunely, when Dan had been desperate for money. And the first installment had gone through without trouble; it had bought hay and cake during that late February blizzard. He had relied on the final payment to meet the interest that was due April 15th. Lord, how he'd sweated over that budget, pruning everywhere, whittling the contingent allowance down to a sliver, writing in an audacious figure for the good luck that surely must be due by now. And this was what happened.

He folded the statement and the checks away finally and forced himself to finish his supper, though appetite had left him.

"Might as well eat while I've got something to eat," he told himself with grim philosophy.

Methodically he sudsed the heavy tableware clean, scalded and dried it, and gave the kitchen a last perfunc-

tory survey. There was kindling split for the breakfast fire; oatmeal simmering in the double boiler so that it would be ready as soon as the coffee; sour-dough batter enough for two more mornings. He was getting a little tired of sour-dough pancakes, but they conserved bread, and Lord only knew when he'd have time either to bake or to get an order to the store at the Forks to send some up with the mailman.

He sat down under the meager shine of the kerosene lamp and unfolded the bank statement again. The envelope served for a pad, but he had filled both sides with figures and confined the account on the spacious white margins of the Tiffany advertisement in his new magazine before he was ready to call his bookkeeping done. Then he leaned back, kindled a new cigarette, and smoked half of it with his gaze boring into the wall over the sink and the knot between his eyebrows slowly relaxing. At last he nodded tersely and said aloud:

"I can do it. By God I *will* do it!"

He could manage. He might salvage something from Garrett, but it wouldn't do to count too heavily on that. But he could manage. It would mean doing without a hired man for the spring work, of course. He would have to postpone breaking sod south of the creek, as he had planned. And he'd have to push himself a little harder, cram the hours of daylight a little fuller than ever. It'd be hell, sure enough; but it had to be done. There wasn't any other way. Give him just the slimmest sort of a break and he'd get through until summer. Then there'd be butter to meet the grocery bills, and the bank would advance him something for the haying

expenses. Or else he could sell some calves. He could manage.

He was half undressed before he remembered the other letter; he read it in bed, his eyes already heavy with sleep. It was bright and caustic and callous with the manner that Sue Rose affected to protect her sentimental Hebraic heart. It was full of gossip of people at the *Record*—people who had once been warp and woof of his life, and of whom he did not think now once in a fortnight. Sam Ware still expected Cities Service to come back to 65 and make him a profit. Everybody was ga-ga about La Sevillana; they were saying that Hardy Mallon, the *Standard's* dramatic editor, had slept with her, but Sue suspected he merely wanted to. Had "The Stein Song" infected Wyoming yet?

"Everybody asks periodically about you and Chris," she concluded. "You're our particular immediate heroes. Strong, silent men of the outdoors, wresting their substance from the virgin sod, are quite the idol of our tottering urban civilization since the market crash. Even the copy boys want to go Hamsun. We follow the farm relief bill with the most poignant interest. It's no longer academic; it's you and Chris.

"But honestly, Dan, isn't it really all a grand ephemeral gesture, and won't you be descending on us one of these days, bronzed and bearded like the Roosevelt brothers? I can't believe that people really *live* on ranches and farms, except to write personal experience stories about it for the *Atlantic*. Tell Sue the truth; she won't spoil your little joke. And she misses you."

He puffed out the light and stretched back with an ironic smile. "Little joke!" If Sue knew the sort of a joke

it was—if by any miracle she were able to realize the existence he was leading—she would think him mad. Nobody in Sue's world would carry a gesture that far. And Sue would never believe it anything else but a gesture. New York for her was the horizon. People didn't walk over the edge and never come back.

On the very verge of sleep he wondered dimly if Sue might, after all, be right. Was it perhaps a gesture? And he remembered, with an obscure sense of surprise, that he could still go back if he chose.

II.

The wind was yelling like a cat when the alarm awoke him. He stumbled to the window to fumble for the box of matches that stood there, and said dully, "Hell!"

It was snowing. The glass was plastered with it, the sticky, heavy snow of winter's fag-end; a half-moon of it had grown on the sill outside. It was full night yet, but the darkness was thinned to a spitting pallor. It stung his face when he stepped into it, and the wind nearly tore the door from his hand. There was a drift knee-deep round the corner of the house.

He did not hurry with the chores as much as usual; there wasn't a great deal one could do in such weather. A bleary, adulterated daylight had begun to seep into the world by the time he sat down to breakfast. But there was no cessation in that seething level torrent of white that sluiced past the window. It looked to be good for all day, at least.

And Lord, how he'd hoped for an early spring!

There was hay enough, he thought, even with the added expenditure this

would demand. But two cows were due to calve any day; he'd have to get them under shelter at once. And it might go hard with some of the thinner ones. It was these spring storms that played havoc, pouncing down when stock were bound to be ribby and weak no matter how you'd thrown the feed into them all winter.

The wind caught them like a cuff from a giant fist when Blaze and Nigger swung the hay-sled out into the upper field. For a moment he feared the rack was going over. He pitched two loads of hay before he had the sled full; the wind ripped it from his fork almost as fast as he could pry it loose. Fortunately there was shelter along the creek where the cattle had bedded. He managed to get it fed out without serious waste. Afterward he drove slowly back through the herd. There were three cows he'd better get in; that roan was about due also. The old brindle-face whose ribs were a picture-puzzle of brands was still on her legs and putting away hay like a good fellow. Maybe she'd make the grade yet. But where was the one with the crumpled horn?

He found her eventually, back in the brush. She made a brief struggle to reach her feet when he approached, and then lay back and watched him with the docility of helpless weakness. He got her up, by the simple process of taking a grip on her tail and boosting. It worked before they got too weak. After that you had to use a block and tackle, though by then they were usually too far gone for help.

He got some hay for Crumple Horn and left her nibbling at it. There were no others missing. He completed the count and turned Blaze and Nigger back toward the ranch, where he

stabled them and caught up Andy from the little pasture. By noon the three prospective mothers were snugly lodged in the maternity ward adjoining the cow barn, and Dan sat down to his dinner with the comforting consciousness that he had left nothing undone that he could do to meet the emergency.

The storm broke that evening. The sky unraveled as the wind died, and when Dan looked out at bedtime there was a full moon, white and lucent as the disc of ice he had lifted from the water pail that morning. It had turned colder, too. The thermometer on the porch registered 18 above, and it had dropped six degrees since supper time.

He set the alarm clock for one o'clock and forced himself to heed its summons, though he was numb with sleep and the house was boreal. It was a wasted sacrifice. All was quiet in the maternity ward, with no immediate need for midwifery. Dan stumbled back to bed, shivering in the brittle, bitter air, and only drowsily conscious of the crystal loveliness of the white world under the moon.

The cow with the crumpled horn was down again next morning, and "tailing" did not suffice to succor her. She was dead twenty-four hours later. So was the brindle-faced nomad, collapsing to succumb without warning after all her gallant show. Two of the cows in the maternity ward were delivered that day without trouble. But it went otherwise with the roan heifer. The calf came wrong, and after a ghastly bloody night of it he lost them both.

He hooked Blaze and Nigger to the stoneboat, snorting and white-eyed, and dragged the carcasses up on the bench

for the coyotes to strip. Two calves, four cadavers; net loss two. That was the census for the storm week. And he could ill afford any diminution in his little herd.

III.

The cold held for the better part of a week and then spring came like a torrent. The wind turned west one night and the thermometer rose fifteen degrees. By noon the corrals were a brown gruel again and the creek was bank-full. Drifts sank as though some mighty suction were draining them from beneath. Catkins swelled and thrust out tiny inquisitive paws and the willows blossomed suddenly into blackbirds. One night, just at dusk, a wedge of geese went northward, mew-
ing with thin, remote, splintering cries.

There were not enough hours in the day. Dan was astir before dawn and afield by six o'clock, the twin furrows curling brown and sweet from the mouldboards, the four horses plodding steadily across the yielding stubble. It was dusk before he stabled them and opened the corral gate to the three cows waiting with swollen udders. He was glad he had an extra team; it wouldn't do to drive horseflesh the way he was driving himself. He did not dare to compute how long it had been since he had taken a Sunday off. And still his progress seemed maddeningly slow. April gone, and not a kernel of seed in the ground yet, and everything else at a standstill while he rushed the farming. If he only had a hired man! Lord, if even Chris were here!

He hadn't heard from Chris for weeks now. There might be a letter in the box, of course. Nordholm was busy himself now, and ten days some-

times passed with no mail. It didn't matter, really. Mail wasn't important. It was amazing how many things he had considered important ceased to be reckoned so. Life, lived on these terms, was a lesson in elimination.

Still, he'd like to hear from Chris. He missed him. He was so alone. He realized how essentially alone he had always been. His life had been so impermanent, its associations so transient: a score of jobs in a score of cities; acquaintanceships contracted and abandoned as casually as one buys and discards a magazine on a train journey. He had never had an enduring friendship except that with Chris. Perhaps that was why he leaned so heavily upon it.

He had time to think of all this and more in those long, bright hours during which first the plough and then the harrow and then the drill stitched their slow pattern across the brown soil. His hands automatically held the horses to the treadmill task, while his brain was free to range as it might choose. And there were few things within its ken on which it did not fasten during those weeks of late April and early May, while the foothills greened and the first tight little leaves unfolded on the willows and the first meadowlark tossed his slangy greeting from the fence.

He thought of New York, sometimes, though not so often as one might have expected. He thought of Saint Mark, and remembered Jaen Carriek with a little cringe of shame and a queer resurgence of affection, wondering, as he was always to wonder, whether he had really loved her and whether he had been a fool to run away on the eve of their wedding. He thought of the years

between, of Detroit and Savannah and Portland and Minneapolis, eddies in which his life had briefly coagulated, and which were no more real to him now than an eddy which the flood has erased. And he went back beyond Saint Mark, to the war, to his apprenticeship on sundry obscure small town newspapers, to his brief and ignominious college career. Back to the smoking bronze of the harvest-field, and Bogan; back at last to the ranch, and his first flight, which had set the pattern for so many others. For it seemed to him now that for the first time he was seeing his life in perspective, and it seemed that he had always been running away.

But he did not live only in the past. His brain was teeming with plans. He was putting five acres into potatoes this year, and the rest into oats. Next year he hoped to start turning everything into alfalfa, except a few acres of grain for the stock and some potatoes. Forty acres next year, if he could manage, forty more the year after, until he could winter three times as many cows as he had nursed through that last evil season, and never have to worry about hay again. A new fence clear across the lower end of the ranch; it was futile nailing new poles on those rotten bucks any longer. New gates generally; he shared Jeff's ancient pride in a gate that a man could open without getting off his horse. Some roofing on the wagon shed, to serve until he could rip the building down, saw it up for fuel, and replace it with a decent one.

Sometimes he caught himself up with a laugh when his schemes burgeoned into a scope recognizably preposterous. "Whoa, young fellow," he adjured himself. "Take it easy. There's only

two of you and Chris. Don't forget the bank still owns this place. And it's a fifty-fifty shot whether they'll have it back in their lap before another winter rolls around."

But he did not let himself think often of that grim possibility. He did not dare. And after all it was not hard to be sanguine, in those May days, when one was still on the sunny side of thirty-five and the world was so beautiful.

IV.

He had the thirty acres of oats in the ground and had begun planting potatoes when he walked into the house one night to find Chris. A comic opera Chris, in a very new and stiff pair of overalls, with a smear of soot across his nose. He was trying to start supper, and he looked up aggrievedly when Dan entered, and said:

"Dan, how do you make this damn stove quit smoking?"

Their hands tightened on each other and they grinned foolishly and pumped each other's arms and asked and answered questions until they were breathless.

"I was fired," Chris explained. "So I quit. Oh, yes, I did quit, with all proper ceremony. Bill Dulles told me not to worry about being fired. We were all fired. Papa Fox comes out once a week and fires everybody and nobody pays any attention. But I was sick of the rancid place anyway. So I bought a pair of overalls and came along. How's ranching?"

Dan told him, with a volume of detail that occupied them until supper was over and the dishes were washed. Then he brought out the bank statements and his own crude ledger and Chris pored over them and asked ques-

tions until he felt the situation was clear. His face was grave when he finished.

"Dan, I'm no ranchman, but this looks—a little ominous."

Dan nodded.

"Tell me straight—are we going to pull through?"

Dan nodded again, this time with dogged determination.

"We've got to. There can't be much more bad luck ticketed to us; we've had about four years of it rolled into one. Give us any sort of break and we'll get through to roundup time. If the bottom doesn't go out of the market the calf crop will pay the interest and give us a nest egg to go on, even after the bank takes its pound of flesh."

He warmed to the exposition of those plans that he had matured so arduously, and as he recapitulated them, leaning forward in the tawny lamp-light, his face eager and earnest, the little frown left Ransom's countenance.

"It sounds great," he conceded. "You seem to have it doped out down to the last dime."

"Penny," Dan corrected him, soberly. "I've even been rationing my cigarettes."

"I believe you mean it. You're taking this thing in earnest, aren't you?"

"Why not? Aren't you?"

"Sure. Only—I never saw you this way about the newspaper game."

"I know. I never was. This is different, somehow."

"Ye-es," conceded Chris, a little dubiously. "Dan, I wish I wasn't such a miserable fifth wheel."

"Fifth wheel, nothing! I'll make a top hand of you before the summer's

over. We'll initiate those new overalls tomorrow in the spud patch."

They talked late that night. There was so much to talk about. Chris enlarged on the amenities of life on the *Telegram*, and Dan recounted the gossip of the Ghost Range and Paint River. He brought out Sue's last letter, and they chuckled over her conception of western life, and savored together her gossip of their erstwhile cronies and the world that now was so remote.

None the less, they were afield next morning at an hour that Chris protested was better adapted for going to bed than getting out of it. Dan showed him how to cut the seed potatoes so that each piece had no more than two eyes, and when Chris had sliced up a sackfull, reducing his once well-kept hands to a tragically stained and roughened state, Dan advised him how to drop them at proper intervals along the furrow.

"When we get prosperous," he promised, "—say ten or fifteen years from now—we'll buy a planter."

"I hope I live until then," Chris groaned.

By noon he had acquired something like a permanent crook, and Dan had not the heart to grin at the anguish with which he sought to unbend when they knocked off for dinner. But he did not complain. He set the table and pumped a pail of water while Dan was preparing the meal, and apologized because he was not doing more.

Chris was game. There was no doubt about that. Manfully he stuck to that monotonous, stooping progress along the interminable furrows, though Dan knew from his own experience how torturing he must find the task. And Dan was hardened to physical toil by

nearly a year in which he had known little else. He was more than a decade younger, as well. It came to Dan suddenly that Chris was not a young man. He must be—why, he was forty-five, or near it. He looked his years now, grotesquely bent by his labor, his face and neck scalded a deep red by the late May sun, the shine of sweat and the sag of weariness accentuating the deep lines of face.

But he would not give up until Dan invented a pretext to send him away in mid-afternoon after the mail. He was expecting an important letter from the bank, he explained—about the Garrett matter; and Chris could take the team and bring back his suitcase, which he had left at Nordholm's the day before.

There was a letter, as it happened, though not the mythical one he had professed to be awaiting. This was in a franked envelope with the address of the forest supervisor at Grandon in the corner. Dan read it twice, and said "Damn!" in a voice curiously arid as he handed it to Chris.

"They've turned us down," he explained. "They've got more applications than the forest reserve can handle, and seniority gets the call. That means we've got to rent pasture—which we can't afford—or range north of the river, where it's lousy with poison weed. Damn the government!"

He expatiated in some detail as to his exact opinion of bureaucracy and bureaucrats, and then was suddenly calm again.

"Well, it looks as if the potato planting would have to wait a few days. You can start learning to be a genuine cowpoke tomorrow, Chris. Let's hit the hay. We'll have a day of it."

He did not know himself how accurately he had spoken. It was a long drive: down past Nordholm's place and thence over the midmost knuckle of the five foothills that the range thrust out like an open hand; down again to the ford. The river was yellow like sour cream and almost as thick. The herd bunched and milled, but with whoops and scurrying charges and Dan's swinging hondo they forced the leaders into the tugging current and the others straggled after. Chris looked at the sluicing water somewhat dubiously, but at Dan's advice he gave Cricket his head and made the crossing without mishap.

"Keep 'em moving from now on," Dan warned him. "Don't let 'em graze. It's rotten with larkspur along here."

Andy was in a lather before they had gone a mile across that great slant of gray-green sage and greasewood, leaning imperceptibly toward the foothills. Dan loped from flank to van and back again, inexorably urging the stragglers along, swinging his hondo mercilessly whenever he saw an animal stoop to nip a mouthful of the tempting fresh green sprinkled thickly in the gravelly soil. The cattle were tiring now, and hungry; only the big red cow in front swung out with undiminished ambition, as if proud of her leadership, and Dan silently blessed her.

He was beginning to breathe a little more freely, that strained choke of anxiety relaxing, when he saw a brindled heifer on the further side of the bunch swaying a little as she walked. She came to a stop with head sagging and a ropy froth dangling from her muzzle.

Dan sent Andy racing around the

flank of the herd, while he dredged his memory for boyhood lore of poisoning and its treatment. Keep them on their feet, that was the thing. Bleed them if they went down and get them up again and keep them moving. Thank the Lord they were nearly out of the larkspur belt.

He flailed the heifer out of her lethargy and urged her ahead, while his eyes shifted anxiously over the herd in search of other victims. Almost under Cricket's nose one was beginning to stagger. Dan shouted to Chris, and then spurred over to help him. When he returned the heifer was down.

He dropped beside her, fumbling for his pocket knife. Two slashes, criss-crossed at the base of the tail. The blood spouted. Mercilessly he kicked and shoved her to her feet and got her moving again.

He was smeared like a butcher and tottering with weariness when they let the bunch scatter at last on the higher levels along the foothills, beyond the larkspur belt. He had bled four animals and there were half a dozen others which showed symptoms of poisoning. But he hadn't lost any—so far.

Chris had done his best. He had bobbed hither and yon along the flanks of the herd, urging them with Indian yells and even loosening his lariat in imitation of Dan. He managed to get it wound round himself and Cricket in a Laocoon tangle, and two cows went down while he was unraveling it. But he had done his best. Dan reassured him of that.

"You did fine," he said. "If you hadn't been here to keep the bunch moving there'd be more than one of them feeding the coyotes tonight. You did swell. Keep it up. You're going

to have to run the ranch a few days."

Chris wilted.

"Me?"

"Yes. Somebody's got to ride herd up here, if we expect to have any stock left by roundup time. I'll ride back with you and get a bedroll and a camp outfit and come back in the morning. Don't break any blood vessels. Just milk the cows and feed the calves and amuse yourself until you hear from me again."

V.

He rode into the home ranch again on the evening of the fifth day. His face was haggard under the stubble of beard; he sagged a little as he swung from the saddle and led Andy and Blue into the barn. Chris was milking; Dan helped him finish, after he had tended to the horses, and reported:

"Well, that's that. Nordholm and Byers are moving some stock north of the river too—their allotments on the reserve were cut—and Byers is sending a man over to ride for poison. He'll look after the whole bunch. How's everything?"

"I'll let you judge for yourself. I don't want to boast. I've been planting potatoes."

"Good man! I told you you'd make a hand. How does it go?"

"It's hell," said Chris, frankly.

They were half through supper before Dan nerved himself to the confession he had to make.

"We lost two cows," he said quietly. "They must have worked back that afternoon after we left them. I saw there were two short next morning and I found them in a draw, bloated like Zeppelins. One was still alive; I stuck her and bled her, but it didn't do any good."

"Two more," said Chris reflectively. "It rather—unbalances the budget, doesn't it?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Well?"

"Well, what? We'll just have to draw our belts a little tighter."

"It looked to me, as if you'd already drawn them to the last notch."

"Then we'll cut some more holes," Dan said doggedly.

Chris was silent for a long minute. Then he shoved aside his plate and leaned his elbows on the table and said:

"Dan, are you quite sure it's worth it?"

Dan met his quiet gaze as quietly, but there was fear, sickly cold, at his stomach.

"Meaning just what?" he said.

"All this agony. You could have life on terms so much easier. Is it really worth it?"

Dan considered.

"I don't know. I don't think I've had time to argue about it. There's always something to *do*, and one thing leads to another, and it's all so bound up together that you don't stop to thresh out the logic of it. I suppose that's the secret of life—getting into something so deep that you don't bother about abstractions."

"But this—hasn't it occurred to you that you're trying to turn back the clock? It won't work. It's uneconomic. The small individual farm or ranch is an anachronism. It can't survive in a world where production is being industrialized."

Dan hesitated while he crumbled a piece of bread to bits and flattened it on the oilcloth. At last he found courage to voice the challenge he knew could not be postponed.

The Frontier

"Chris, you didn't really want a debate on economics, did you? Get it off your chest."

Chris answered as simply:

"Just this, Dan. We're licked. Why pretend we're not? Why not admit it's not our game, and get out?"

So it had come. Dan should have known it would come. In a sense he *had* known from the first, knowing Chris, knowing that Chris had never really had faith in their enterprise, even when it was a new and exciting adventure. But he had refused to admit the truth, because he did not want to lose Chris. He needed Chris, not for his blundering efforts to qualify as a "hand," but for himself, because he was the one person in the world who stood between Dan and the icy wind of utter loneliness.

"We're not licked," he said stubbornly. "Not by a damned sight." But he had a numb conviction that it was hopeless.

"We are. You've juggled that budget until Mussolini would be ashamed of it. You've said over and over again that we'd had our share of the bad breaks and that good luck was bound to come. And every time old lady Misfortune handed us another smack. The Garrett check. That spring blizzard. Now poison weed. It's no good, Dan. Why not admit it? Clean up and take our loss—thank God neither of us had much to lose—and clear out? Somewhere we've never been before. New Orleans. I always wanted to go there. I had a chance when I was in Denver, but I thought I'd come back and give this a last try. It's no use. It's not my game. It's not yours either. Life's too short."

"Does that mean," Dan said slowly, "that you're—through?"

"Yes," said Chris. "I'm through. Unless you make up your mind to see common sense. For God's sake don't be a stubborn idiot, Dan. Even if you could hang on and meet the interest payments and get through another winter, it would only be a reprieve. You'd just go through the same agonies next year, and the year after that, if you lasted that long. And if a few miracles happened and you did get possession of the ranch in ten or fifteen years, with a clear title and a few cows of your own, where would you be? An old man, worn out, burnt out, with nothing to show for it but a little mountain ranch that's good for a bare living and nothing else. It isn't worth it, Dan."

Dan shook his head slowly, with a gesture that was at once assent and negation, and he wondered a little that there should be no doubt at all in his mind as to how he should answer.

"Maybe it isn't, Chris. Everything looks rather futile when you take it apart to see what makes it go. When you put it together again you always have a few pieces left over and the damned thing won't keep time. I ran away sixteen years ago because I wanted to see what made life tick, and I'm back at the beginning, and about all I've learned is that it's no good to run away. I'm not going to start again. I've got a foolish notion that if there's any meaning for me in life it's here in this ranch. It may be just sentimental idiocy, as you think. It may be a sort of mental hardening of the arteries. It may be just a bull-headed determination to see something

Continued on page 406

ROADHOUSE GIRL

BY JASON BOLLES

Out by the Ten Mile Hill where the white road lifts,
 Curved like a striking snake to the gaunt hills sunning,
 Where aspens green and hawthorn petal drifts,
 And the river ripples, there is a new joint running.
 The headlights swerve where the red gate opens wide,
 There's a slotted door where you stand while keen eyes peek,
 There's a big log room with tables around the side
 And a wheel and a bar and a glare and a blare and a reek.

There's a slim kid sitting, and banging on the box,
 Over in the corner by the slot machines,
 Black eyes flashing through black tossing locks,
 With a jiggling glass beside her, and she's only in her 'teens.
 White fingers flashing, deep voice rolling,
 Strong sweet shoulders, jouncing to the jazz;
 Whispering, pleading, moaning, and cajoling,
 Brother, what it takes, she has!
 "Take me down to that town in old Virginny"—
 "He's my man, an' he done me wrong!"—
 "Some likes a gal with a shape that's skinny,"—
 "How long, Baby, how long?"

Outside the wall are the crags and the moonlit ranches,
 And a man who is hired to rummage the unlocked cars.
 The long white headlights sweep through the balsam branches,
 And a lone coyote howls to the marching stars.

The kid's got a sweetie in the Copper Rivet mine,
 Cranking on a liner in a long, dim vault,
 Sweating in a crosscut by the carbide shine—
 Jesus watch above him if they run into a fault!
 "How long, Baby, how long?" that's your chorus.
 The loose slabs fall while they're mucking out the round,
 If one lights on him he will come home porous—
 Sing! while your white hands pound.
 There'll be no more loving when the Copper Rivet hugs him,
 Though your arms be white and tender and your shoulders sweet and
 strong.
 No more kisses when the gray granite mugs him,
 How long, Baby, how long?

The Frontier

Bright shoes fumble on the new oak floor,
 Girls can drink a lot before their feet forget to dance,
 Six more suckers hammer on the door,
 Eager to gamble where they haven't got a chance.
 Step, slide, shuffle, shuffle (God, that stuff is heady)
 Moonshine highballs rattle on the bar,
 Flushed girls slump against partners none too steady.
 Whoop! "He's mah man—" Stamp! How the windows jar!

Tramp the shiny pedals with slim legs silken gay—
 Never clap your hands, boys, that's no way to do!
 Say, "Waiter, bring the little lady something and I'll pay."
 (Tony, make it wine, please, my throat is split in two!)
 Throat ache—head ache—ache in lovely shoulders,
 "Only one o'clock, kid, let's have another song!"
 Drag at your inside like your shape was full of boulders,
 How long, Baby, how long?

There's a path from the porch to a spring, and a grove uprearing,
 And a shadowy great rock, half as large as the house.
 Wild lilies under the moon at the side of the clearing,
 And the chirp of a bird, and a yell from the big carouse.

How long can you keep up that husky, honeyed singing?
 How long can you keep hitting the liquor every night?
 How long can you stand to have the lily buds upspringing,
 And you shut from your sweetheart and the hawthorn boughs so white?
 How long's that slick-haired gambler had his eyebrow cocking?
 How long d'you think he's carried that chinese strangling thong?
 How long before you wake up with a bill inside your stocking?
 How long, Baby, how long?

By the Ten Mile Hill, where the road swoops down to the river,
 Where the trim square ranch fields crowd to the greening wood,
 There's a new joint open, with stuff that will crisp your liver,
 And a mamma who shouts the blues, and the kid is good!

UNDERGROUND

BY WALTER L. PIERRE

THE foreman shoved a slip of white paper at me: "Go to the sixteen hundred and give this to the shift boss". I took the paper and went out of the office into the shaft room. I glanced at the paper. My name and the number, which the timekeeper had given me. In one corner was scrawled, "Mucker".

The shaft room was very large. Huge windows along one side. There was a steel floor. The walls were concrete. There were probably two hundred men in muddy clothes standing and sitting round the room. Some of the miners were filling their lamps and pocket tins with carbide from a trough. I went over and took a day's supply for my lamp. I filled the top of the lamp with water and struck the sparker. The lamp lighted and I was relieved. A light was an important matter where I was going.

The pounding of the air compressors vibrated through the building. The air seemed charged with power. It took power to wrestle with nature and tear out her treasures.

Some of the men looked at my shiny lamp and the bright blueness of my new overalls. "New Man", they were thinking, or maybe, "New Kid". I was only eighteen and I had never worked in a mine before, or any where else, for that matter. I was nervous.

A whistle screeched. The men scurried across the steel floor, their hobnails scraping noisily. The cages descended to a position flush with the floor. The cage tenders' voices shouted above the confusion: "Two thousand—two thousand." Nine men were

pushed into one deck of the cage. The cage rose and nine men filled the lower deck. I thought of subways I had read about and seen in the movies. The cage tender jerked the signal rope; the floor swallowed eighteen men and a ribbon of cable flashed by swiftly.

"Sixteen hundred", the cager bawled. I crowded forward. "No lights on the cage", a gruff voice said in my ear, and my light was blown out. It was hard to find a place for my feet and my dinner bucket. Like sardines. I could see nothing. I heard the jerking of the signal rope and the floor of the cage seemed to drop from under my feet. Blackness. The cage swished against the guides. Now a light flashed by, then another—stations on upper levels. No one spoke. Eighteen men like animals in a stock car. We dropped so swiftly I thought of the cable having broken.

A gentle tugging, then the lights of a station. The cage stopped and I was pushed out onto the station platform. Electric lights everywhere. A toy railroad track ran back to the left and disappeared under a metal covered door. The door opened and the men disappeared through the doorway, lighting their lamps as they shuffled along. I stood on the platform fooling with my lamp; I seemed to be alone. There was a battery of pumps and electric motors on one side, a whirl of machinery. The air was charged with power.

A fat man in greasy overalls waddled out from behind the pumps. As he approached, I shouted, "Does the boss come down this way?" The fat man nodded and moved about the machin-

ery, listening and laying his pudgy hand on it from time to time like a doctor taking a pulse.

Several more cages full of men swarmed out on the station and hurried by me, disappearing down the track. I could see their lights bobbing along for quite a way.

It seemed impossible that I could be sixteen hundred feet down in the mountain. The station was vast. Sixty feet long, nearly forty feet high and wide. I could see the greasy yellow-stained rock where there were no timbers. What manner of men had hewn this place from the solid rock? A telephone hung in a box near the shaft; bread crusts from lunches were scattered over the floor.

The cage stopped again and one man got off. He was dressed in faded and muddy khaki. His face was pale and hard. His eyes did not meet mine as he approached me hurriedly. I fumbled in my pocket for my slip of paper and gave it to him without a word. He folded it carefully and placed it between the leaves of a memorandum book which he took from his breast pocket. He said nothing and motioned me to follow him as he led the way down the track.

As we went along the gloom of the tunnel, my nervous eyes watched everything. It was dusky, with an occasional splotch of yellow light from a dirt-encrusted electric lamp. A stream of water ran along a muddy ditch on one side of the track and the space between the ties was filled with squishy gray mud. The timbers supporting the roof were cracked in places as if tired from holding up the mountain. Here and there water dripped in tiny streams; the timbers were coated with

dark brown slime. In the dry places wisps of whitish moss hung down. We came to a place where the track branched. At the intersection, affixed to the timber, was a large sign, almost obliterated by grime. It read:

SAFETY FIRST!

IT'S HELL TO BE A CRIPPLE.

Presently the boss stopped beside one of the numbered chute lips which hung over the tracks. He pointed to a ladder and said, "Go up here about fifteen ladders and the fellow there will show you what to do." He turned and left me. I stood a minute in the heavy silence. Everything seemed to be oppressed by uncompromising weight. The air smelled like that of a warm cellar. I began to climb the ladders. I had left behind me the electric lamps, which, in spite of their feebleness, seemed to be a link with humanity.

I sweated a lot climbing up the narrow ladderways. On one side there was a heavy timbered chute. Each ladder was about ten feet high and led to another on the floor above. Everything was of wood. Large timbers supported by posts ran horizontally and across them three inch boards were nailed. When I had climbed fifteen ladders, the chute ended and about twenty feet away I saw a lamp poking its light through the blackness. A track, smaller than that I had left on the main level, ran back from the top of the chute toward the light. I followed it and was presently standing in front of a bent old man who was sitting on a powder box puffing vigorously on a corn cob pipe. He examined me for a moment, then took the pipe from his mouth and spoke from between banks of gold teeth.

"Boss send you up here?" I nodded. "Guess you must be my new partner," he said. "Five minutes yet 'til tally time. You can put your bucket and jumper over there on the nail in that post." I obeyed his instructions without a word and sat down across the track from him on a piece of board. The old man puffed at the pipe and looked at the ground. Everything was silent and heavy. Beyond the circle of light from our lamps there was black mystery. The timber here was new and there were chips of wood and little heaps of sawdust on the ground. The space enclosed by the timbers was about nine feet high and seven feet wide. Its length was lost at either end in the darkness.

I looked at the old man. His shoulders were bent and made strange bumps underneath his dirty underwear. He wore no shirt and the sleeves of his underwear had been cut off jaggedly above the elbows. His forearms were bumpy like his shoulders. I thought of gnarled scrub pines that I had seen on the edges of high cliffs. His face was pale and flabby like worn-out tissue. Presently he took a huge gold watch from his pant's pocket and watched it closely for a half-minute. "Half-past," he announced and rose slowly to his feet. I followed his example. He started along the track toward the mystery, saying over his shoulder, "Come on this way; I'll show you what we've got to do, partner."

He shuffled along the track, his head bobbing in curious fashion. I followed. After we had gone perhaps thirty feet we came to where a rusty ore car stood on the track. After crowding around this obstruction, the old man climbed a ladder to the floor above. Here there

was a huge pile of broken ore. Dark grey it was, but where the light fell upon it there was a glistening as of diamonds. Indistinctly I could see the jagged face of the vein from which the pile had been blasted loose. The old man picked up a shovel and gave me a pick. I watched him a moment as he shoveled the ore through a hole in the floor. I could hear it rattling into the car below us. I went up on the muck pile and scraped the loose rock with the pick so that it rolled down in front of his shovel.

Suddenly a sharp and nerve-wracking thundering came from above me. Loose pieces of ore about the size of an egg fell around me. I jumped back under the timbers. The old man went on calmly shoveling. The thundering continued. I wanted to ask questions; but at length I felt reassured by my partner's indifference. I resumed my digging in the loose rock but more cautiously now, poking my pick at the glistening jagged fragments from under the timbers. The thundering vibrated ceaselessly against my eardrums and the timbers shook in unison with it.

I felt a nudge in my ribs and turning round noticed that the gnarled old man had stopped shoveling. He motioned me to follow him down the ladder. The car was filled with ore. We put our shoulders against it in order to push the heavy load over the uneven track. When we had reached the open top of the ore chute the old man blocked the rear wheels with a wooden wedge and released the long steel lever handle on the car. We gave a quick lift; the car tilted forward and the ore spilled out of the opened front. The roar of the loose rock bounding down the wooden chute rose above the droning vibration

The Frontier

which already filled the air. The old man shouted, "Roek in the box." I tried to grin intelligently, although I had no idea why. Perhaps it was because it was the first word either of us had spoken for some time. We pushed the car back to its position under the hole in the floor. Again we climbed the short ladder and again the ore began to roll through the floor into the car. The noise from above continued intermittently, but even when it ceased for a few moments the sound seemed to bound back and forth inside my skull.

After we had filled and dumped several cars the racket ceased for so long a time that my head cleared and the ominous heavy silence filled the air once more. The old fellow with the gold teeth had stopped working and was sitting on a large boulder filling his pipe. When he noticed that I was looking at him he said, "Better take five, kid, we've got lots of time ahead of us yet." The words made little sense to me but I guessed that "taking five" meant for me to rest and promptly sat down on another boulder. I noticed now that I was rather tired and my underclothes were clammy. Presently the old man spoke again. "You'd better fix that light of yours or you'll be in the dark pretty soon." Indeed my lamp was giving forth only a feeble bluish flame. I removed the bottom and knocked out the gray dust of the used carbide. When I had refilled my lamp with fresh carbide and struck a light the grim foreboding which had oppressed the place seemed to be considerably lessened. I rubbed some of the black soot from the lamp's reflector, feeling a solicitous regard for its cheering light.

A dull scraping thud of hobnail boots

on wood came from the blackness above us. The old man leaped up and in a second was shoveling ore through the hole in the floor. I hesitated for a moment and then resumed working myself. In a minute or two a voice pierced the darkness: "Hello, down there," it boomed. The old man paused but made no answer. I noticed tiny shafts of light coming now through the cracks in the floor above and behind us.

A long figure clad in slicker pants and coat swung down and approached us. Gray mud was spattered over all his clothing, and his face as well. From under an awry sou-wester hat a string of bright red hair hung down. A cheerful smile cracked the incrustation as the visitor gave my partner a heavy slap on the back and cried jovially in a voice heavy with the brogue of Erin, "Hans, you old son of a gun, I sure got you to working when I started down the ladder, didn't I? Thought I was the shifter, didn't you? You got a new partner, huh?" A pause, and then to me: "Well, kid, don't let this old devil kill you off—he's had ten different partners in the last two weeks."

"Yah, you go up and tend to your machine," the old man broke in. "Me and my partner can get along fine without you Irishmens comin' around."

The Irishman paid no heed. He produced a grimy bandana handkerchief, wiped his hands and sat down to roll a cigarette. I saw now that under the mud on his face he had the same lean pale look which I had noted in every man whom I had met in the mine.

At length the newcomer rose and took off his hat. He walked over to the end of the stope and holding his hat and its attached lamp far out past

the timbers made a careful inspection. He turned to my partner, "The boss says for me to tell you to go ahead and clean off the floor for the posts. Your partner and me are goin' up above and rustle some timber; we got to get this stuff in before we can blast tonight."

I followed the Irishman up the ladders to another main level. The timbers here were bent and broken and heavily covered with whitish moss. I helped my new partner as we sawed some large timbers and dragged them over to the hole which led down to the place where I had been working. The Irishman talked incessantly and asked me a lot of questions. It seemed pleasant after the glum silence of old Hans.

On this main level, I could hear vague cavernous noises which seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere. The Irishman looked at his watch and told me to go down and get my lunch bucket. When I came back there was quite a crowd of men lounging around on the timbers stuffing food into their mouths from the open buckets beside them. I found an empty powder box and sat down. It was only a few minutes until most of the men had finished eating. Pipes were filled, cigarettes rolled, and a buzz of conversation came from several of the groups. Some of the men sat alone and stared at the ground. I inquired about drinking water from a fat jovial fellow who spoke with an accent which I came later to associate with the numerous natives of Arkansas. I walked down the track, following his directions, and scraps of conversation came to me:

"And the damned fool tried to tell me that I was supposed to shoot this noon—can you beat that? Muck crazy

—that's the trouble. Say, I sure told him—"

"She used to hang out at the Metropolitan, but I think she's gone to Butte now—drink more than a man—any day—"

"Down in Tonopah—he says 'Muckers is cheap but machinery costs money'—"

"Nothin' but a Hoosier farmer—puttin' in timber that way—this ground is hard to hold—"

"Three feet wide and she went six hundred ounces to the ton—turned down a half million and then she pinched out—"

"If a fella had a little place and a cow and a few chickens—beats wages any day—"

"Makin' more money for them blood suckers on Wall Street—The day is comin'—"

The half-hour lunch period was soon past and the men moved stiffly as they got ready to go back to work. The stench of carbide filled the air as lamps were refilled.

My Irish partner took the heaviest part of the work all afternoon as we pulled the timbers into place and blocked and wedged them there. I was very tired, yet the time went by quickly. When I swung off the ladder at quitting time there was a long procession shuffling along the main level. I fell in line. Muddy clothing scraped and dinner buckets rattled. The pace quickened as we came into the last straight stretch which led to the station. From behind me someone sang out, "Another day—another dollar."

Up ahead another voice answered above the resounding thuds of blasting in the distance, "A million days—a million dollars."

FLEDGLING

By MELDA SCHWAB

THE mountains rested in the heat of afternoon. Softly the valley lands blended into the shadowed foothills and were no color. In the lower valley fields that border on the main highway, Charles and his daughter were working, keeping close to the earth as they pulled onions and laid them in even rows. The girl was tall, strong-limbed. She could not be more than seventeen years old; there was the immature line of her chin and her young dreaming eyes. But the bronzed face of the man had been set by sun and wind into sculptured lines. Even his body was blocked by years of sowing, plowing, harvesting.

The girl reached for another handful of onions with a long sweep of her arm. She would not lift her head until the row was finished. The onion tops crunched and the round knobs with white dangling roots companionably touched each other as she piled little sister onions and fat business men onions and mother onions in rows that faced each other at a calculated distance. The smell of the onions, drying in the sun, was nauseating. The thought of onions, people eating them, peeling them for dinner, was nauseating. No perfumed soap, no bath-salts, could take the odor from her body that reeked with the onion smell. Each year she resolved that she would never help again with the onion harvesting and each year her father had a new way of asking her that she could not refuse.

This year, he had said, "Men are wantin' high wages for work. Don't know as I could get along if I didn't

have a girl who was a help. She's as good as the general run of men."

"Daddy!"

"You are. You weren't a tall, strong girl for nothin'. But I'd like to have a little smile too. I can see you're achin' to get out in them onions, aw-right."

And that was the way she happened to be working this year.

Anna had said to her this morning while she was pulling on the smelly overall, "You won't be working out there long for him." She always emphasized "him" when she spoke of Charles. "You'll forget onions ever grew when you're away at college." Her red fingers had mixed the pie dough vigorously round and round in the bowl.

Anna was a cousin of her mother's who had come to visit Wenda and her father six months before. "Just for a rest," she had said when they met her at the station. It was strange at first to have someone in the house where they had been alone ever since Wenda's mother died ten years ago. At the end of the first month Anna had packed her bags.

"Where are you off to, Annie?" Her father had stood at the foot of the stairs, shouting queerly.

Anna had said something about getting her job back, her job at the store, in Cleveland.

"Stuff and nonsense," Charles had shouted again, "You haven't been here long enough to get any kind of a rest."

Anna unpacked her bags. She established herself firmly in the household. Wenda wondered if Anna wouldn't like

to paint Charles and herself a lovely blue as she had painted the kitchen chairs, "just for a change"; for the house had become as scrubbed and shiny as Anna's own reflected face.

Wenda fell weakly into the high grass near the fence when she finished the row, and let her body make a long impression there. The warmth of the blue sky settled into a caress about her and the wind stirred the quack grass gently. A butterfly flickered and hesitated over an alfalfa blossom, settled for a moment and pulled its wings back into a single fold. Butterflies could be so beautiful and leisurely. They never had to work. She closed her eyes.

"Wenda!"

She had forgotten the onion's drooping stalks, waiting to be pulled.

"Anna called."

Smoke was drifting from the chimney. There would be gingerbread with their berries and cream. She thought wearily that she would have to walk to the house before she reached the warm food-smell.

At least the work here gave her father and herself an opportunity to talk, away from Anna's constant scolding and chatter. Wenda wondered sometimes if Anna felt herself out of the circle of their friendship; for when Wenda and her father smiled furtively over and above her talk, she had seen Anna look queerly away, and stop talking suddenly as if she felt foolish. Soon Anna would not look away with a hurt face, for Wenda was going away to be educated. Her father wanted her to be three things, good (that was always first), educated, and of some use in the world. The thought of being all these things made her legs tremble, so that

she had to fall to her knees to pull the onions.

"The onions," Charles had said to Anna, "will pay for her school. No matter what you say, I might have been a great inventor if I'd gone to school, and there's no tellin' what she might be."

"I guess we better not make Anna cross by being late," he was speaking to her now as he walked down the row. He picked up an onion or two, muttering "scullions" and giving them a wide swing into the potato field.

Wenda took hold of one of his fingers in the little girl way, and they sauntered along to the house as though they had been strolling in a garden all afternoon and were talking of the flowers. She pulled off the wide straw hat and let a cool breeze blow against the heavy masses of her hair.

"I wonder if we can get any peaches this fall," Wenda said while they were eating supper, hoping to swerve the conversation from the price of onions.

Anna looked at Charles as if to say, "You are the boss of this place. I would like to hear you speak first." It was an expression that irritated Wenda.

"Oh," she said carelessly, looking at her father. "Some folks across the river are selling theirs and I thought we might ride over tonight and get a box."

Charles shoved his chair from the table. He was about to ask Anna if she would like to go, but Wenda said quickly, "You get the chores done, and I'll change my dress."

While she bathed, she watched the bath-salts in the bottom of the tub dissolve like pink sand, and thought guiltily of Anna. But this would be her last night alone with father, and besides,

Anna would not accept the loveliness of an evening. She would crane her neck at crossings and watch sharply for coming cars. So she waited until Anna had settled herself writing letters at the desk in the living-room.

"Here comes the car! Goodbye—uh—were you planning to go with us, Anna?"

"No," she said, shortly. Her back came squarely in line with the desk top.

From the car, they could see her round face bent over the desk.

"We should have asked Anna to go," Charles said regretfully. "I expect she gets lonesome with us out in the field all day."

They passed so swiftly through the streets of the little town that all Wenda remembered was a gas-station light blaring against its red and yellow sign.

The evening was like an eggshell bowl, clear and fragile and shaped, in pastels of blue and apple-green and honey. Wenda felt that like a bowl it might be broken; so she did not speak.

"What are you so quiet about?" her father asked.

"Nothing to say; is there?"

"No."

But a star netted in the honey color was lost in the infinity of her thought. They crossed the river and watched the faint colors in the water. The river had a bend where the trees clustered as if secretly they planned to hide the wind of the river. She heard the kill-deers screaming their name.

The people at the peach ranch asked them to come in before they left for home. But Charles thanked them and said they must hurry home or Anna would worry.

"She's going to stay on with you after this girl of yours goes to school?"

The rancher put the peaches in the car.

"Sure," said Charles, in a final tone of voice.

Going home, the bright car-lights seemed to push away the friendly dark. Wenda edged along the seat and sat close to her father. Of all things in the world, at that moment, he seemed most important, this hunched lanky person in his gray work shirt and his shapeless hat, his brown hands clumsily holding the steering wheel.

"If I go, it'll be tomorrow, you know, Dad. The train leaves at eleven."

"If you go? I thought it was all settled."

"Sometimes," said Wenda in a tense way, "I don't want to be anything. Like tonight, I looked at a mountain and it was so great and wonderful just being there. It seems awfully useless trying to be something, when you think of mountains. Even with the hard work here at home, there's a sort of peacefulness and I'm happy."

"I should think you'd be glad to be gettin' away from the work and all. If you stayed here, you'd—well, you'd be in sort of a rut, like me. But I 'spose you think you'll get restless-like and be different from us?"

She could only nod her head dumbly.

"You're just afraid of yourself. Don't be thinkin' I don't want you to stay. Your home is here as long as you live." He put his arm clumsily around her shoulders as they walked to the house.

"Then I'll stay." Her finger that had been holding back the jumping pulse in the hollow of her throat, relaxed.

She sat on the porch before she went to bed, hugging her knees tightly and resting her cheek on her smooth, cool

arm. She breathed the clean smell of earth and hay and late fall flowers. A locust trilled up and up. There were the mountains, high dusty blue things, edging each other in the silver light. The day burn was healing in this night salve. The black side of the riffled clouds with an aureole behind them, poplars bending slenderly in the light and shadow, stars half-hidden in other cloud masses—the open sky. “I’m whirring again, inside,” she thought. “I want something and I don’t know what I want.”

Her throat ached. Even the sky asks for something and the mountains are waiting quietly, why does that locust keep shrilling his question?

“I want you to stop mooning in that chilly air and go to bed,” came Anna’s voice behind her. “We’ve got a deal of things to do in the morning, with your clothes in the mess they’re always in, and you going to get packed and out of here.”

“But I’m not going away after all. See that funny circle around the moon, Anna?”

“You’re not going away? But you—your father—” Pointlessly her sentence waited to be finished. She leaned heavily against the door frame as if she needed support.

“I don’t want to go. I can’t leave.”

Anna was like a girl in her white-gown and with her braided hair falling over her shoulder. Wenda opened the screen door and let it slam behind her. While she stood in the quiet room, she watched a straight line of moonlight trail along the floor and fall brightly on Anna’s bare feet. The unspoken thing they wished to say was like the moonbeam, reaching from one to the other.

She lay with her knees straightened tensely and the sheet stretched until it ripped a little under her chin. “If I were a star or a poplar I would never have to think about onions or schools or Annas. I would be serenely rooted in my place. The poplars are proud of their beauty, lashing themselves in the wind.” Then her body, that had bent and ached in the sun, slept.

In the morning, she heard her father and Anna talking in the kitchen. The torment of knowing that by leaving she would be giving her father to Anna, swept over her. “I won’t go, I wont,” she whispered fiercely. Her cold hands shook while she dressed herself in the chilly room.

The smell of coffee came fragrantly from the half-open door. She paused before going into the hall.

“Annie, surely, you’re not going if Wenda stays?” Her father’s voice, anxious and low.

“There’s no more need for me here,” Anna said. And her words faltered at the last.

Wenda drew in her breath, deeply. She found her suitcase on the top shelf of the closet. It lay shinningly new, gaping open, when she placed it on the bed.

Anna and her father went with her to the station. Wenda tried to keep her mind from scattering like scraps of torn paper and floating away; Anna was calm, but there were two bright spots of color on her cheeks, and she sat proudly beside her father in the front seat.

Wenda clutched at her father’s hand and choked a goodbye. “I’ll be proud of you some day,” he was whispering hoarsely in her ear. Her new hat was

THE TRAIN

BY ROBERT TOD STRUCKMAN

FROM the kitchen door Marjory looked up to the westward sky and saw the spidery railway trestle black and sharp against the last of the sunset. It was nearly six o'clock. In another half-hour the October day would be over. Young Marjory buttoned her jumper tight around her and set out north, up the mountain that started twenty feet from the door. It was nearly time for the train to pass, and tonight the lights would be on in the cars, and the people would be at dinner. She scrambled through the dusk, her eight-year-old legs taking her over the slide-rock with trained expertness.

Perhaps you have seen Marjory's home in the mountains. The tracks circle it on three sides, hanging to the narrow shelf cut for the rails on the north side of the valley, then crossing the high trestle, and climbing steadily back along the mountain to the south of the house. You see the place as you are on that trestle. It rests, flat-roofed and snug, in its small clearing, and two tracks of a wagon road wind out of sight to the east. If you pass at night you see only a yellow light from the kitchen window, and you wonder who lives there.

As Marjory scrambled up the steep slope she heard a long whistle in the distance. She caught hold of limbs and bushes to speed her climb. She left the timber and popped out onto the track level, and, not hesitating to catch her breath, picked her way over the rails and made one more short scramble up the bank to her place of observation.

It was just behind a large pine tree where she propped herself. The tree grew on the very edge of the right of way and gave her a secure place, not ten feet from the rails. The train was still out of sight but she could hear it chuffing and blowing as it came slowly up the grade. It whistled again, perhaps to warn folks away from the trestle, perhaps to warn Marjory to brace herself and be ready.

Across the valley trees were lighted up for a moment, then down the tracks the tips of the pines took a sharp silhouette against the beams of the headlight, not yet in view. The rails below where the girl sat were humming. She felt a great excitement in herself. It was always this way, no matter how often she watched the train go by—her heart pounded and she shivered as the crushing moment grew nearer. The hum of the rails grew to a higher pitch, then was lost altogether in the thrashing of the laboring engine. The headlight peered around the corner and searched out her place, then it darted down at her. She clutched the big tree, and was reassured by its strength and solidity. Yet even the tree quivered as the engine thundered toward it. Marjory caught a glimpse of independent movement next to the rails, and a glimpse of warm red, and of a lighted cab, with a man thrusting his head out of the far window, and another man sitting with crossed legs, and a pipe in his mouth. The noise was terrific and the hot air from the engine swished across her and plucked at her. She was frozen in an agonized and intoxicated clutch to her tree. Nothing was cap-

able of movement but her eyes and they were blue-black with excitement.

The mail car dragged past, with only small barred windows at the tops of the sliding doors. Inside she caught a glimpse of a moving arm with a black sleeve-protector. The baggage car passed. The rear door was open and a man sat on a trunk, eating out of a lunch box. He had on blue-and-white striped overalls. The smoking compartment of the day-coach was occupied solely by a train man, who sat with a lot of boxes around and in front of him, and a line of magazines on a string over the window. An old woman peered out of a window of the day-coach as it trundled past. She looked a little frightened, Marjory thought, and a little untidy.

Next came pullmans with bright little lights in the vestibules at each end, and dim and shadowy windows between. Then the diner. Dressed up people sat at white tables and ate with shining silver. A colored man swayed down the aisle. There were flowers in vases, and the lights were very bright. Some more pullmans, slowly, and then the observation car. Some people were playing cards, and they looked very rich and comfortable. A fat woman sat, or rather reclined in a chair, holding a magazine in front of her to read. Two people who looked young stood on the back platform. The insignia of the train shone, and a whisp of steam trailed out from under the platform and was whipped away in pieces.

Marjory sighed and relaxed her grip on the tree. She wished she was at the kitchen door again, then she could stand beside her mother and watch the cars slide out from the mountain and dare to cross the spindly steel trestle.

Marjory knew her mother would be watching it; she did every night. The girl caught one more view of the cars as they proceeded up along the other wall of the valley. The sound was very dim, the rhythmic stutter of the wheels passing the rail-joints predominated. She slid to the tracks and started down the mountain.

The memory of the noise that had passed made the silence seem strange and heavy. It rested down over her like the weight of drowsiness. The small noises of the trees were flattened away and her progress seemed to be in utter blackness, contrasting with the insistent light of the dining-car and observation car.

The acrid smell of smoke that hung on after the train was gone parted for an instant and Marjory smelled pine trees. When the smoke came back it seemed alien. Her father's cow lowed gently and that sound was much more real to her than the amazing force with its colony of people that had thrilled her a moment before. She quickened her scrambling progress down the mountain and came through the trees to see a yellow path of lamp-light falling through the kitchen window. Her father came with odorous and foaming milk in a pail and they went in the door together.

The lamp stood on the kitchen table, set for supper for three. The soft smell of onion soup from the stove drove the last trace of train smoke from the air. Marjory's mother took a johnny-cake from the oven. It looked as if it were made of yellow lamplight, and it added its odor to that of the onion soup. The warm milk was poured into pans. Butter, made of lamplight, was put on the

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WAITING-ROOM

By ALICE PASSANO HANCOCK

AT the entrance to the waiting-room Murray stopped, dropped his bag, and caught Leila in his arms. Her resistance was only momentary, her body, after an instant's stiffened withdrawal, yielded, shaping itself to the pressure of his arms; her lips returned his kisses.

"Darling, darling." His words were muted against her mouth. The wind roaring out of the canyon bound them together, close-locked in darkness. "Eight months until I see you again—So much to say—It will take all of my life to begin to tell—" Stumbling words caught between kisses.

"Oh, Murray." Suddenly she jerked herself free, stood apart from him, her hands touching her hair, straightening her hat pushed sideways by the roughness of his embrace. The light from a passing car swept over them. "They almost caught us," she said half-petulantly, "Let's go in."

"But Leila—"

"You've mussed me up terribly."

A note of anger crept into Murray's voice, "Can't you see—"

Her hand slipped into his. "Don't be cross, please, Murray. I'm cold."

He was immediately contrite. "You poor darling, I'm sorry. Come on."

As they stepped from the wind-torn darkness into the waiting-room the glare of lights blinded them; the warmth after the stinging cold sent racing shivers along their bodies. They drew closer together for an instant, then Leila's hand slid from Murray's.

"No you don't dear," he said, and recapturing it held it pressed firmly against his side. "Don't try to escape."

"I wasn't, only—" His heart was beating beneath her hand with quick irregular throbs. She lifted her face to his slowly, smiling.

The waiting-room with its scarred benches and grimy walls, its flare of colored posters, existed for them only as a badly painted background against which their tragic parting was to be enacted. The few people who waited listlessly for the east-bound train, a lumberjack sprawled asleep with his head on his pack, two traveling men talking half-heartedly about sales, a woman holding a fretful child against her shoulder, were dim figures without meaning or significance.

"Don't look at me like that," said Murray, suddenly, or I shall kiss you." He turned away, shook himself back to earth. "Let's take a look at the bulletin board."

Together they crossed the room to the board, where white figures were chalked against the black surface. Number three. Due 9:35. Arrive 9:50. "Fifteen minutes reprieve," said Murray jubilantly. "At least I can have you to myself for a little while. Let's make the most of it."

She nodded. "How?"

"That bench 'way over in the corner. Come along." His stride covered two of her shorter steps; her head came only to his shoulder. "What a little thing you are, honey; as high as my heart." He smiled down at her. "Stop me, please, before I go any further."

"Why?" she asked gravely.

"Why? You blessed infant, because it isn't dignified for a young man about

to assume the responsibilities of family life to talk like a sentimental romance."

They had reached the bench in the farthest corner and were seated side by side, their knees touching. The high back of the next bench cut them off from the rest of the waiting-room, gave them a sense of isolation. "Don't you want to?" asked Leila. She leaned against Murray lightly, her pale gold hair brushed his shoulder.

"Want to what?"

"Assume the responsibilities and things." She smiled a little as if confident of his reply.

"You bet I want to." He caught her hand between his and held it tight. "Darn gloves anyway, always getting between you and me. That's the devil of it, if it isn't gloves its parties or families."

"I don't know what you mean," she said, puzzled.

"I mean someone's always getting in our way. Just when I think I have you to myself along comes a troop of young people for a jolly evening, or a bunch of relatives." His finger found the opening in her glove and slipped in to lie against her palm. "That's better. I did come to see you, you know, not the whole community."

For an instant her fingers curled about his imprisoned one. "I hated it as much as you, Murray, but what could I do? They wanted to meet you."

"Did I pass muster?"

"Of course. They think you're splendid."

"I bet they do! All the jilted suitors glaring at me with brotherly love."

"Silly, they're probably glad they escaped." Her lips curving softly up-

ward made of the words an absurd and delightful joke.

"You dear darling," said Murray. He bent swiftly and kissed her.

"Oh, Murray, you shouldn't. Not here."

"Why not?"

"Someone might see."

"What if they do? I've a perfect right even if the whole town watches us." His voice deepened, changed to a quieter note. "I'm going away in just a few minutes. For eight months. It's a long time, Leila, when I love you so."

"I know." The corners of her lips trembled.

"Dear," he said gently. "I've so much to say to you and now I have to wait eight months before I can even begin. Do you suppose all lovers have to wait until they're married to be alone together?"

She shook her head. "I couldn't help it, Murray; when I said you were coming for Thanksgiving they began planning—"

"Of course, dear. It wasn't your fault. But, when I came I thought I'd have you to myself at last. All the dammed-up things that had to be said. I wanted to learn you by heart."

"Last winter in New York, didn't you learn me then?"

"Learn you! Good Lord, honey." His voice was edged with ironic laughter. "How much time did we have together, may I ask?"

"I was there three months."

"Yes, and I didn't know you beyond a 'How do you do, Miss Patterson', until the middle of the second month, and until the third month I'd never seen you for ten minutes alone, and from then on—well, if you remember,

young lady, I even proposed to you while we were dancing. And Ches Roberts cut in before I finished. After that, let's see—we had tea together twice, and a ride in a taxi with the driver listening in, and once I had you for a whole hour all to myself while your Aunt Julie was shopping. That was a gala day."

"But, Murray, we were together much more than that."

"Of course, every spare moment I had I was with you; but so were a dozen other people. Do you know, I even contemplated carrying you off to the top of the Woolworth tower so I could kiss you in peace." He bent closer, his face on a level with hers, his eyes serious. "We'll make up for it when we're married, won't we, dear? Hours and hours with just the two of us. Rochester's a sleepy town. Glad we're going to live there instead of New York?"

"Yes," she said softly.

A man in the uniform of a railroad employe came out of the ticket office. Murray groaned. "Time up already? Where does it go, anyhow? We haven't even begun."

The man crossed to the bulletin board, erased the old figures and chalked up new ones. Murray was on his feet. "What's this? Another respite? Wait, I'll go see." He left Leila and went to look at the board, then hurried back to her. He was smiling, his blue eyes curved into sickles. "Ten minutes more," he said exultantly, "The storm must be bad west of here. The elements are with us tonight."

He dropped down beside her. "Better undo your coat, darling, this place is stuffy."

Yes, she would loosen her coat. It was stuffy. The coat slid away from her knees showing the lacy greenness of her dinner frock.

"Butterfly out of a cocoon," said Murray. "Have I ever told you how beautiful you are, Leila?"

"Once, when we first met."

"It's the sort of thing that bears repetition." Murray's hand touched her knee an instant. "You are, you know, like silver filigree, like a delicate—Leila, you're making a bum poet of me. Aren't you ashamed?"

The movement of her head was an unnecessary negation. "A delicate what?"

"You greedy child!" He leaned nearer, his voice suddenly intense. "We've ten minutes, darling; let's really talk."

"But we've been talking," she said, surprised.

"Just surface things. Wasting precious time bemoaning the moments we haven't had. I want to know you, Leila, down underneath all the frills. Tell me about yourself."

"About myself?"

"Yes, what's important to you. What you believe. It isn't just prying, darling, what you believe is what you are, if you see what I'm driving at. It's the real you I want to know."

She shook her head puzzled. "Do you mean religion and things like that?"

Murray laughed. "Not exactly. I don't care whether you're a Catholic or a Theosophist or—"

"Father's a vestryman at Saint Michael's."

"Yes?" Murray's voice was strained to a detached courtesy. "That's not just it. What I mean is—" He ran

his fingers through his brown hair, rumpiling it. "I guess I don't know what I mean," he said weakly. "Probably a lot of rot."

He looked away from Leila across the waiting-room. The lumberjack had wakened and was standing erect, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. The muscles of his arms moved powerfully beneath his red-and-black checked shirt. "Superb specimen, isn't he?" said Murray. "Look at those shoulders."

Leila gave a slight shudder of distaste. "Dirty!"

"Yes, perhaps, but what of it? Think what Michelangelo could have done with him. Nude. Just enough distortion to give a feeling of forceful movement. The poise of weights over hollows—"

She brought him back with a touch of her hand. "What's the matter, honey?" he asked.

"Nothing, only—I think the wind's blowing harder, isn't it?"

Murray cocked his head to one side, listening. "I believe it is. I suppose I should bundle you into a cab and send you home before it gets worse. But I don't want to. These last few minutes are ours."

She had him back again, his eyes seeing only her. "I can phone Father to come after me in the car."

A tightening of muscles around Murray's mouth straightened his lips to a line.

"Don't you *like* Father?"

"Of course. He's grand. But I like you better. I want you all to myself right at the end. You understand that, Leila?"

"Yes." They were safe once more in the security of a common mood.

"It's wonderful being together, isn't it?"

"Wonderful!" said Murray with great emphasis. And then with a sudden change of tone, "Hello, what's this? another delay?" The man at the bulletin board was chalking up new figures. Without a word Murray left her. When he turned from the board he crossed the open space to the door and stood staring out into the frosty darkness for a moment before he sauntered toward her. "Twenty minutes this time," he said with flat cheerfulness. "Mind if I smoke?"

"No-o." Her voice denied the word she uttered, but Murray did not notice. She watched him light a cigarette and inhale luxuriously. "That's better." He patted her hand. "I've had a grand time, Leila. It's been a real holiday. Your dad's a corker, and your mother—" he smiled at her, "well, to continue my original metaphors, your mother's a peach."

"They like you, too."

"Do they? That's encouraging. I was afraid I might have to kidnap you. How'd you like that? An elopement with all the trimmings—Midnight. Shots in the dark. 'Sir, the honor of the Pattersons!'" Murray thrust one hand into his coat and scowled portentously. "I'm the heavy father."

Leila glanced about her uneasily. The ticket agent was peering through the bars of his cage, his mouth stretched to a grin. "Murray, he's watching you. He thinks you're crazy."

"I am," said Murray. After an instant he added the expected phrase, "About you." His hand dropped to his knee, his scowl ran away leaving a

calm and decorous countenance. "There! the custom-made gentleman." He threw his cigaret on the floor and ground it beneath his heel. "What are you going to do when you get rid of me?"

"Rid of you?" said Leila, "How can you say that? I'll be so unhappy."

"Granted, of course, but what will you do to fill the empty hours?"

"Oh there's lots to do." Leila was caught suddenly in a whirl of things to be done. Her voice quickened, brightened. "There's the wedding list to make out and the bridesmaids' dresses to select, and my own dresses. I thought orchid and yellow for the bridesmaids. Tulle or chiffon. Very pale yellow like straw. And big hats of horsehair."

"And as they come down the aisle they can whinny in time to the music and munch their straw dresses."

"Murray, this is serious."

"I'm sorry. It did smack a little of the stable. Go on, honey."

Leila's dark brows pointed downward in a perplexed frown. "I can't decide on the flowers. Would you have orchid sweat peas, or yellow roses?"

"Ummm," said Murray.

She glanced at him quickly. "You're not listening!"

"What? Yes I was. You said—" He floundered and was lost. "I'm sorry," he said again, "You see, I really don't understand such things. Masculine obtuseness."

"But it's so important."

"Why?"

"Because—it's our wedding. We want—"

Murray interrupted her, snapping her words off in mid-air. "Of course, everything in order including the

groom." He shifted, groaned faintly, stretched out his legs. "Shall we walk around a bit? This bench isn't exactly downy."

"If you want to."

Behind the barred window of the ticket office the telegraph clicked a staccato rhythm. A man with a bucket and mop emerged from the men's wash-room and began scrubbing the floor. He had a small gray screwed-up face and bent shoulders. As he worked he whistled from between his teeth, a long-drawn hissing sound with no tune. Leila and Murray skirted the widening pool of dirty water swept forward by his mop. "Walking's not so good, is it?" said Murray. "We might go outside."

The door to the left led to the tracks. Leila demurred an instant. "It's awfully cold."

"We'll only stay a minute. You won't freeze in that coat."

He pushed the door open and they stepped through.

The wind snapped Leila's fur coat against her ankles; the cold was like the slap of a bare icy hand. "It's beginning to snow," she said.

"Yes, I guess the blizzard's coming." Murray drew her arm thru his. "We'll walk to the end of the platform and back, at least."

The tracks ran away from them, thin silver cords binding the darkness. A signal light far down the line glowed emerald. Their steps reverberated sharply on the boards. "Warm enough?"

"Yes, I think so. My nose—"

Murray touched it with his finger. "It's not freezing," he said cheerfully.

In the deeper shadow of a baggage truck he stooped and kissed her.

"Sweetheart." A quick flame ran from his body to hers; his arms tightened about her shoulders. "Sweetheart." Suddenly his arms loosened as he turned abruptly to peer down the tracks. "Is that my train? No. I thought I heard the whistle."

They were walking back toward the station. "You're cold," he said, "you're shivering. We'd better go in."

At the door she stopped him, both hands clasped about his arm. "Do you love me?"

"Of course, child."

"Say it."

"I love you." His free hand patted her shoulder. "Satisfactory?" He swung the door open. "Let's see what my train's doing now."

It was doing the same thing, ten minutes additional delay this time. "Oh well," said Murray, "we'll grow old together, anyway." He smiled at Leila. "Want some candy?"

"I'm not hungry."

"It will help—" He broke off and began again. "It's a sociable act, eating candy together."

"I don't want it, really."

"All right." His eyes roamed about the big room, over the head of the woman with the sleeping child, the lumberjack thumbing a tattered copy of *Frontier Tales*. "Shall we visit the fish?" The fish, mountain trout brought in from an outdoor pool for the winter, swam lazily in a glass case near a window. "Intelligent looking creatures, aren't they?"

"They're so ugly." Leila tapped her finger against the glass, but the fish did not stir. Their expression of dull perpetual surprise was unchanging. "I wonder what they think about?"

"Nothing." Murray had a cigaret between his lips and was digging in his pocket for a match. His words had blurred edges, the syllables running together. "Mos' idyllic state."

With the cigarette lighted he turned away, leaving the fish to their fluctuant gloom. "Might as well sit down, I suppose."

Leila turned toward their corner, but he caught her arm. "Let's stay here where we can watch the board. I'll get my bag."

Seated beside him on the bench again Leila drew her vanity case from her pocket, chased silver as thin as a coin. The mirror reflected her nose, one eye, a wisp of bright hair. She touched her nose delicately with the puff.

"Gilding the lily, Leila?" Murray's voice was a drawl. He fought valiantly against a yawn and conquered it, his jaws stiffened to a strained rigidity.

"Do I look very dreadful?" She tilted her face to his, awaiting his adorning denial. "Fine," he said absently and glanced away, fumbling in his pocket for a time-table. He unearthed it at last and spread it out along his knees. "Let's see, fifty-five minutes late now. Due Chicago—" He flipped over the pages, ran his finger down the column of black figures, absorbed in his calculations. "Don't make up time—next train—Tuesday—" He had his own system of verbal shorthand which she could not follow.

"What is it, Murray?"

With his finger still pointed to a spot on the time-table he answered her absently. "Wondering about my connections at Chicago if the train's late."

"There must be another train."

"Plenty of them, but they're slow."

I'm due back at work Tuesday morning."

"But they won't blame you."

"That's not the point." His voice was almost sharp. "I gave my word. I should have allowed more time."

"Oh."

"Oh," he mimicked. He folded the time-table and slipped it back in his pocket. "No use trying to mend broken eggs, is there?" His yawn was wide and unashamed.

Leila did not answer, her head bent, her hat brim hiding her face.

"Why so silent?"

"Nothing only I—" She closed her lips over a loud childish sob, then opened them again. "You sound as if—as if—"

"Well?"

"As if your work were more important than me." She brought it out in one gasping breath.

Murray looked at her amazed. "Nonsense," he said impatiently, "What a goose you are, Leila. Work's necessary. We can't marry on nothing a year, you know."

She was quiet, her head still bent above her tightly clasped hands. Murray stared straight ahead frowning. Suddenly he gave a low wrathful exclamation.

"What's the matter?" she asked from under her hat brim.

"Nothing," he said, and glared at the freshly chalked figures on the board. "Do you suppose your family's worrying about you?"

Leila shook her head, "No-o," her voice was thinly plaintive, caught on a quivering note. "They've probably phoned and found the train's overdue. I told them—"

"What?"

"That—that we wanted this time together."

"Sure!" Murray forced heartiness into his voice, rounding it to a false geniality. "Aren't you tired of sitting up with the corpse, Leila? Hadn't I better send you home?"

"No."

"Will you be able to get a cab, do you think?"

"Yes, there're always lots of them."

"So be it."

The door from the street opened and a man and woman came in, country people evidently, of some vague and indefinite age. The man wore a dilapidated coon-skin coat and a cloth cap with earlaps. The woman's coat was of plush, shabby and wrinkled. She wore a squashed purple velvet hat that had once been cheaply gay and high black galoshes with metal buckles. They stood a moment dazed by the sudden light, then crossed to a bench and sat down. The man leaned back and closed his eyes; in a moment he was asleep, his mouth half-open, his head lolling uncomfortably. The woman sat erect, both hands clutching the handle of a scuffed leather bag. Neither of them had spoken since their entrance.

"Must have come quite a way in the cold," said Murray. "Look at their faces, red as—beets will do."

"How stupid they look, not a word—"

"Probably talked out years ago."

The woman lifted one hand and drew the man's head down on her shoulder. He slumped against her without waking.

"Solid comfort," said Murray.

"It's very public."

"But as unselfconscious as animals. Rather pleasing."

"I don't see anything particularly pleasing in it," said Leila stiffly.

"No, probably not. Oh, I don't know. There're definite advantages."

"You have such queer ideas, Murray."

"Haven't I?" he said indifferently. He had lighted another cigaret and smoked automatically as if only half-conscious of what he was doing. "What a dismal place a waiting-room is, isn't it?" he asked. "Even the attempt to enliven it with posters is sad."

"They have special rates to California now," said Leila nodding toward a poster splotted vividly in yellows and greens. "I'd like to go."

"I'd prefer New Mexico myself. California's tourist ridden."

"We were there the winter before I came to New York and I had an awfully good time."

"Yes?" Murray tilted his head to stare at the ceiling. "Look at that, caked with the smoke of ages."

Leila looked obediently but without interest. "I suppose the smoke from the trains—"

"Naturally, the trains." There was a pause in which the clicking of the telegraph was suddenly clear. Murray pulled out his watch and leaning forward compared it with the clock in the ticket office. "Three minutes to eleven."

"Is that all?" asked Leila faintly.

"That's all," said Murray, and laughed.

"Why was that funny?" The face she lifted to his was bewildered, the brows curved questioningly above sleepy eyes.

"Funny?" Murray repeated. "What?"

"You laughed."

"Did I? I don't remember. I've forgotten. He slouched back against the bench and sighed. "Hope the porter has my berth made so I—" The rest was swallowed in a yawn, both yawn and sentence gulped down together behind tightened lips. "Sorry."

Leila caught in a yawn too could only nod.

"I guess late hours don't agree with me," said Murray, "getting too old. Too old," he repeated; and then, as if to fill up the silence that threatened them, "Too old; too old."

Far away, like a faint cry worn thin by distance, a whistle sounded. "Listen." Murray was suddenly alert, strung to attention.

The ticket agent had come out from his cage and was shrugging into his coat. The lumberjack flung aside his magazine and reached for his pack. On the bench by the door the man sleeping against the woman's shoulder was jerked suddenly awake by her abrupt gesture. Murray got up. "Come, Leila." He stooped for his bag.

"Oh, Murray, it's your train."

"I'm afraid it is."

Together they crossed the waiting-room and stepped out onto the platform. Far down the track light like a thin shining needle pierced the darkness, drew nearer, widened, flinging out bright filaments. The boards beneath their feet trembled.

"Murray—" Leila's voice was half-drowned by the oncoming roar.

"Darling." His arm was about her and she was clinging to him. Their separation was once more imminent

and unbearable, their love a thing that time nor circumstance could not change.

"You'll write, Murray?"

"Every day. You'll take care of yourself?"

"Yes. And you?"

"Of course, for your sake, darling."

"Oh Murray."

"Leila, Leila." His lips were against her forehead, her cheeks, moving hungrily, stopped at last by her mouth, as time too stopped for an instant, binding them together.

The engine roared past unnoticed, then the clatter of cars in unslackened movement, the swinging light of the caboose. Caught by the strange diminution of sound Murray finally, reluctantly raised his head, stared, and let his arms drop away from Leila's body. "Well!"

Leila, freed, swayed dizzily, then following Murray's eyes stared after the vanishing train.

"Empties." The station agent spoke. He was standing close to them in an upflung radiance of lantern light. "Number three's delayed again." He grinned and turned away.

Without a word to each other they followed him back into the waiting-room. At the door Leila spoke. She

did not look at Murray. "I believe I'll phone Father to come after me."

"That's a good idea," said Murray with sudden animation. "Here's a nickle."

He stood before the booth while she called, his shoulders slack, his hands in the pockets of his overcoat. Once he glanced without interest toward the glass door that separated them, catching a glimpse of Leila's profile, a cameo carved from white stone against the dark wall. Then he turned away.

Leila came out of the booth. "Well?" he asked.

"The Harpers are there and they're playing bridge. He said he'd come as soon as they finished this game."

"How long?"

"About twenty minutes, he said."

"Twenty minutes," Murray repeated. "Let's take it sitting down."

They stopped at the first bench. "I believe I've been here before," said Murray in an expressionless voice. "This room looks familiar."

"Yes," said Leila, "I think—" But what she thought floated away from her and she did not try to recapture it. Murray was not listening, anyhow.

They sat wordless staring into space. Time was the slow dripping of water from a leaky tap, each drop identical with the one before.

CHINOOK JARGON

BY E. H. THOMAS

IV. Chinook Dictionaries

IT is now about ninety years since the first attempt was made to compile a vocabulary, or dictionary, of the Chinook jargon, which is a trade language of the Northwest Coast of North America. It was in use here among the natives when the first early explorers and maritime traders arrived. Meares uses a jargon word when he relates in his journal that the exclamation of a Nootkan chief, Callicum, in 1788, on tasting blood, was *kloshe*. John R. Jewet, in his account of his own captivity among the Nootkans as the personal slave of Maquinna, *tyee*, or *chief*, of all the Nootkans, gives what purports to be a Nootkan vocabulary of some eighty words. In it are ten which are found in the Jargon. This was in 1803-5. Lewis and Clark are spoken to in jargon by Concommolly. In both instances the words recorded were supposed to be from the tribal dialects of the Chinooks at the mouth of the Columbia and the Nootkans on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

These three widely separated circumstances furnish the first records of the existence of the as yet unsuspected Jargon. Neither Meares nor Lewis and Clark had any inkling that there were two languages in use among all these tribes. Jewet arrived at that conclusion in trying to render a Nootkan war song into English, but he had had no intercourse with any but the Nootkans and could not know that the words he learned and wrote in 1804 or 1805 were being written at the same time into the

records of Lewis and Clark at the mouth of the Columbia. Jewet believed the Nootkans had two languages, "one for poetical expression and the other for everyday use."

Seven years after Lewis and Clark and after Jewet, too, as their presence on the Northwest Coast was exactly contemporaneous, Astor founded Astoria, and ten years later the Hudson's Bay Company established itself on the Columbia. In the meantime the explorers and traders had been coming by land. Somewhere and sometime during this period the existence of the Jargon became known. All the Indians talked it to each other and resorted to it in their conversations with the whites. Knowledge of this trade language became a necessary part of the trader's equipment.

The first serious attempt to reduce it to writing was probably that of Blanchett, an early missionary in Oregon. He and his companion, the Rev. Mod. Demers, had to instruct numerous tribes of Indians as well as the wives and children of the whites, all of whom spoke the Chinook jargon. These two missionaries mastered the language quickly and began to preach, using it as their medium of communication. Father Demers composed a vocabulary, used the Jargon for the words of the canticles his people were taught to sing, translated into it all the Christian prayers and used it exclusively in all their services and work of instruction.

Since that time something more than fifty dictionaries and vocabularies have

been compiled, printed, and used, some of them quite primitive, restricted, and crude.

Among the notable compilations the most authoritative is that of George Gibbs, who spent twelve years on the Northwest Coast in the first half of the past century. After Gibbs the most important work was done by Hale. The Jargon was studied by many authorities, including Schoolcraft, Boas, Eells, Tata, Hibben, Judge Swan, Gill, and others. The Gill dictionary went through many editions, as did the Coomes and Long compilations of the Lowman & Hanford Company. The two most recent books on the subject are the dictionaries of Phillips (*El Comancho*) and George C. Shaw. The latter is, as the author says, "a complete and exhaustive lexicon of the oldest trade language of the American continent". The Shaw dictionary was printed in 1909, the Long edition by Lowman & Hanford in the same year, the Gill dictionary has been printed and reprinted many times but not in recent years. The last work on this subject is *El Comancho's Chinook Book* put out in 1913. There are very few of them left in book stocks in the Northwest. Most of these editions can no longer be obtained except in the libraries of collectors of Americana.

At one time, some fifty years ago, fully one hundred thousand persons spoke the Jargon. Among all the generations since 1811, or thereabouts, it has been used by upwards of a quarter of a million, to many of whom it was an every-day necessity.

Trade Languages

There were several such jargons. One of these, the Mobilian, it is called, was in use for centuries; then it fell into disuse, and after a time was en-

tirely lost. No one thought of preserving it even as a philological curiosity. It gave its last expiring gasp more than three-quarters of a century ago.

Mobilian was the trade language of the great curve of the Gulf Coast around which Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida are grouped. This jargon was used first by the aboriginal Americans in their own commerce with each other and then by these Indians and the freebooters and fortune hunters who came among them in the early European invasion of the region.

By a strange coincidence, at the opposite, the Northwest corner of the United States, another language or jargon born of the necessities of the native traders came into existence and was in use for unknown centuries. It is still extensively spoken, though no longer for purely trading purposes. It has survived as an interesting relic of the vanishing race and to some extent has been incorporated into the history, romance, and literature of the Northwest.

The early whites in the Mobile region coveted the territory of the native inhabitants, cared little for their trade, as there was neither gold nor furs to be had, less for the Indians, and nothing at all for their languages. It was inevitable that these unfortunate native races and their dialects, including this trade jargon, should have found a common grave. All the white settlers required of the Gulf natives was their lands. These they got. Everything else was consigned to oblivion.

A different situation existed in the far Northwest. Here the first contact between the natives and the whites was

with explorers and traders. Exploration discovered a wealth of furs. Ships from all countries came to trade in the world's greatest fur marts. These were followed by Astor, the great Northwest Company, the autocratic and powerful Hudson's Bay Company, and hundreds of lesser traders. The Indians were needed. They were the producers of the vast wealth gathered by these great concerns and their independent competitors. On the one hand were thousands of native hunters skilled in the pursuit of the millions of fur-bearing creatures of the woods, streams and tidal waters of this then uncharted region; on the other were men of Scotland, England, Russia, the original states and colonies, and the French provinces of Canada. The Indians held the key to all this fur wealth. The whites brought the gewgaws, baubles, and implements of civilization to tempt and delight them. This was primitive trade; but it was lucrative trade. The longer the barrel of the musket the more the canny trader got for it, for it was the rule to pile the furs to be exchanged until their height equalled the length of the coveted gun.

Settlement would have spoiled all this. The fur traders and companies guarded the region jealously against all invasion. Pioneers were not wanted, so the settler was kept out of the country and held back from occupancy of the land just as long as the traders and Hudson's Bay factors could maintain their supremacy. The fur companies ruled the region and held it intact for half a century, and then after that shared it grudgingly with the ever-encroaching pioneer for another third of a century.

Astor founded Astoria. The North-

west Company took it away from him. The Hudson's Bay Company absorbed the Northwest Company. The latter established its principal factory at Fort Vancouver. In a few years the invasion of Oregon began. The Company removed to Nisqually, but the restless tide of pioneering immigration came over the Cowlitz trail to Puget Sound and in a few years crowded the great fur company too close for comfort. It moved again and established the city of Victoria, on Vancouver Island. Then gold was discovered on the Fraser. The rule of the Hudson's Bay Company was broken forever.

At first the only trappers were Indians. They supplied all the furs that went either to the freebooters of the sea or to the traders who came overland from the already depleted regions of Canada and our own northern tier of states—territories, then. The Indians were necessary aids and allies to both sea and land traders. Furs were the one resource of the country.

Drake, Juan de Fuca, Cook, Meares, Barclay, Vancouver, and all their tribe were explorers. They came and they went away, but the journals do not record that they were interested in the native either as a type or as a race, in his languages or his customs, except that, perhaps, of cannibalism. Several make mention of this practice, but none of them was aware that the cannibalism referred to was more of a rite than the indulgence of a depraved appetite. All of these explorers were looking for a certain fabled strait which was to lead them by some easy northern way from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

But some of them brought back furs and all of them no doubt told their

friends and kindred of the fur wealth of the Pacific Northwest. The Russians were already in possession of an immensely profitable trade in the region now known as Alaska. Traders followed in the wake of explorers and came into direct and immediate contact with the native races.

One of the first things learned regarding these tribes was that while many differing dialects were spoken there was another language they all talked, a language of limited vocabulary but quite capable of furnishing an adequate vehicle for trading purposes. Almost the first recorded words of this common language are found in the journal of the Lewis and Clark expedition. These explorers were in the territory of the Lower Chinooks at the time, the mouth of the Columbia, so this trade language or jargon got the name Chinook. *Tschinuk*, it was spelled at first; but the word degenerated into *Chinook*, just as *Tschehalis* became *Chehalis*, and Chinook it is today.

Because it is purely a trade language, the origin of which was unknown, some have advanced the theory that it was an invention of the Hudson's Bay Company; but there is evidence that it was in use long before the Hudson's Bay Company appeared on the scene.

The Chinook (*Tschinuk*) tribe had its own dialect, which differed materially from the dialects of even the nearest neighboring Indians, the Cathlamets or Chehalis, and which bore no resemblance whatever to the dialects of such remoter tribes as the Nootkans, Makahs and Quillayutes. But all spoke this jargon, and the *wik* of the Nootkan dialect,

recorded by Jewet, was heard as *waket* by Lewis and Clark from the lips of Concommolly, the Chinook chieftain with whom they conversed.

But neither Jewet nor Lewis and Clark suspected the existence of the Jargon. They merely recorded words used by widely separated tribes in regions three degrees of latitude and two degrees of longitude apart, unknown to each other and at about the same time, believing such words were the words of the particular dialect of the tribe each was living with. Jewet was among the Nootkans as the personal slave of the *tyee* or *chief*, Maquinna, from March, 1803, to July, 1805, one of two survivors of a crew this tribe had massacred in revenge for indignities put upon the chief by the captain of the ship. Lewis and Clark spent the winter of 1804 and 1805 among the Chinooks at the mouth of the Columbia several hundred miles south and east of Nootka Sound. *Wik* was given by Jewet as a supposed Nootkan word meaning *no, not*, while Lewis and Clark recorded in their journal that Concommolly said to them: "*Waket commatux*", *do not understand*, when they tried to converse with him. The *wik* of Nootka thus was the *waket* of Concommolly, and the *wake* of the Jargon as it is spoken today. Concommolly's *commatux* (*kumtux* in the Jargon) was *kummetak* in Nootkan and *kemitak* among the Clayoquots, neighbors of the Nootkans. The Tokwhats pronounced it *kumituks*.

Jewet's *Narrative*, the account of his enforced detention among the Nootkans as the slave of Maquinna, is the key to the origin of the Jargon.

FRUSTRATION, PITY, AND CALM

I. AT THE DOOR

BY KATHRYN SHEPHARD

If the ice moon
Shines on you
You will grow cold,
Cold as the willows are.

Venture not forth alone
On this night
When the moon is ice,
My little one,
Or you will grow sad,
Sad as the maples are.

They never laugh again
Or are gay,
Those whom the ice moon has touched:
Therefore stay.

II. HOUSEHOLD

BY MARGARET E. HAUGHAWOUT

You got home at midnight. And it was frightful.
For there he lay dead. Who had been quick and
Full of life enough, and anger, when you went.
He stopped breathing that evening as we sat
At cards. No amount of rubbing could bring even
The flicker of a lash after that one
Wan half-apologetic smile with which
He closed his eyes. It was terrible for us
To meet then. The cheap quarrel at parting
Stood up in the room pointing at us. From
The corners horror stood up too, made this
Outcome we had half-dared hope for, now come,
Quiet terror. I've heard sin makes strange mates
But I know better. When I touched your arm,—
No bird so light—your eyes gave me the slip,
Your words went fugitive Not these, but that
Determined kindness in your tones that followed
Has set me miles in a limbo in which
I too have grown a hate that looks across
A grave at you But there lay his head with
Its old scar and sweet lips Too, too quiet . . .
On the Navajo rug you brought him once.

V. GREAT WITH CHILD

BY LUCIA TRENT

I am a woman who has grown
 Great with child of my blood and bone;
 So, sturdily, I have come to share
 A sympathy with earth and air.
 For I am one with root and tide,
 With fertile plain and mountain-side.
 This mother kinship that I bear
 To life that pulses everywhere
 Is all too splendid to confine
 Within a lyric's cloistered line.
 It matters little if my flesh
 Crumbles within earth's prison-mesh;
 For I have touched life's natal cord
 And lifted all my being toward
 The miracle the years rehearse:
 Life that sustains the universe.

VI. PITY THE MIND-BOUND

BY RALPH CHEYNEY

Pity the antelope dying of thirst
 Where the sun is a drum which the centuries pound
 Till the earth and the air of the desert resound
 With a throb you can see, and the desert is cursed
 As it pants like the antelope prone on the ground
 Which that viper, the heat, has envenomed and bound
 While taut horizons are stretched till they burst.
 Pity the fox that is maimed by a snare
 And the eagle no longer the cry of the blue
 But a pinion-clipped wonder for plodders to view
 And the moth-eaten lion, the clowning old bear
 And the cows that are bawling the lonely night through
 For their knobby-kneed calves which the butcher-man slew.
 Pity the one who is left of a pair.
 Yet passion is every animal's fate
 While the dalliance of eagles is glory of flight
 And the amorous lion's a bonfire at night.
 To bear young is the natural way to be great.
 So pity the one who is barred from delight,
 Who is stricken, envenomed, who is maimed and tight:
 Pity the mind that has never a mate.

VII. FISHERMAN'S WIFE

BY BORGHILD LEE

I had built a fresh woodfire
When I heard his step at the door;
Never, never was I as happy
In all my life before.

“Wet as a dog! Thank God it's over;
I'm hungry as a bear!”
How I hurried to make the coffee,
(Little he knows how much I care!)

“Come in! Come in! Don't stand wait-
ing
Out in the cold and the rain—”
(Never the smell of wet clothes
Shall find me as happy again.)

“Sit by the fire and take off your
shoes!
Soaked to the skin—We'll get you
dry!”
(Down in the sea, down in the ocean
Many stiff and staring lie.)

VIII. CLOUD SHADOWS

BY ELSIE MITCHELL

This is the land of shadows:
Purple and blue they fall;
The sagebrush shadow is a tree,
Even cowpaths strewn on the prairie
Are dark and sinuous. A lone

Chicken-hawk dips and flaps his wings
As it hovers—the only living thing
On this dead plain. Distant hills
Fade into violet and gray.
But the deepest shadow you cannot see—
It slants away from my heart.

IX. COMPREHENSION

BY MAXINE SINGLEY

Youth speaks to age
In a strange tongue—
And who can understand,
Himself not young?

(I've seen a wrinkled tree
Lifting green leaves new—
Long years alive,
But young all through.

And surely I have heard,
Swelling withered throats,
Songs children sing—
The same sweet notes!)

Age listens, meek—
The young can't know
Their speech is understood—
Better have it so!

X. WOOD SMOKE

BY CHARLES OLUF OLSEN

In wreaths of gray or blue or white,
Inseparable from my ways,
You have been harbinger of peace,
Of rest, of comfort, all my days.

Your spirals in the quiet dawn,
Or lifted by the wind, or blown

Low and slowly under rain,
Bore ministry to me, alone.

When I am done with pack and trail—
My last camp where I chance to fare—
It's woodsmoke rising in the dusk,
Will be my pacan and my prayer.

CROESUS IN THE WEST

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

HOORAY! Sandy Bowers was going to Yoorup, for the "grand tower"—to see the Queen of England, and the King of Rooshy, and Paree and all them other spectacles! Him and Mrs. Bowers (born Orrum—a good Highland Scotch name, be it understood; by marriage Hunter, by marriage Cowan, by marriage Mrs. Lemuel S., otherwise Sandy, Bowers); and why not? Did they not own, together, twenty feet of bonanza on the Comstock Lode of Gold Hill, Nevady; had worked hard, Mrs. Bowers at taking in washing and boarders and Sandy at prospecting; and now at last were fairly rolling in money?

And whilst their wonderful house was being built for them over yonder upon their es-tate in the Washoe Valley they could tower Yoorup at their ease, and, faith! Mrs. Bowers, who had the gift of second-sight, might tell the fortunes of the kings and queens.

Sandy gave a farewell banquet in the new International Hotel of humming, ecstatic Virginia City at this foot of the rainbow, where man had only to dig. Of brick it was, that hotel, and the like of it was not to be seen short of San Francisco. Sandy bought it for the night.

Barring no expense, from San Francisco came by special express over the stage trail champagne and oysters and grapes and cakes and fine cigars; everybody in Virginia, Washoe, Carson, in camp and hills, was invited. Merchant and gambler, superintendent and sorter, minister and bar-tender, hostler and prospector, women by and large,

attached and unattached, all were friends of Sandy.

"Ate hearty, ladies an' gents. It's all free—it's all on me an' the Missus. Money's no object wid the likes of us. If you don't see what you want jist ax for it."

And Sandy, Irish, burly, red of face and gnarled of fingers, uncomfortable in his b'iled shirt and tight, shiny boots, beside his Missus in her new Chiny silk and marvelous coiffeur, was prevailed upon, by an energetic warning nudge, to respond to the far-flung rousing toast "Our Host".

"Ladies an' gents," announced Sandy, rising like an August sun, "I've been in this yer country amongst the fust that come yer. I've had powerful good luck an' I got money to throw to the birds. Thar ain't no chance for a gentleman to spend his coin in this yer country an' thar ain't nothin' much to see, so me an' Mrs. Bowers is goin' to Yoorup to take in the sights. One of the great men of this country was in these parts a whilst back. That was Horace Greeley. I seen him an' he didn't look like no great shakes. Outside o' him the only great men I've seen in this country is Gov'ner Nye an' ould Chief Winnemucca. Now me an' Mrs. Bowers is goin' to Yoorup—an' we don't go steerage, neither—to see the Queen o' England an' the other great men o' them countries, an' I hopes you'll all jine in an' drink Mrs. Bowers's health. Thar's plenty champagne, an' money ain't no object. When we come back to this yer country I hopes to see you all in our fine house, over in the Washoe, upon our

es-tate, which is bein' built o' solid stun, money no object."

Hooray!

So in this summer of 1861 Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Bowers of Washoe, Gold Hill and Virginia City, Nevada, took stage upon start to Yoorup. Thenceforth the twenty feet of bonanza flowed in two golden streams: one stream to Yoorup, the other to Washoe Valley.

Finally, back came Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Bowers; back to Washoe, Gold Hill and Virginia City. Hooray, again! Here they be! The stage was almost mobbed. "Step up, step up, boys, and shake the hand that has shook the hand of the Queen of England!" "Ah, but it's good to be to hum wance more. Me an' the Missus have seed a heap o' sights, but thar's no sight like the faces of ould friends."

"An' did you like Yoorup, Sandy?"

"Well, now, it's a fine country but 'tain't Nevady. Boys, when we are settled in our big house I want ye all an' ladies to come an' make yourselves to hum."

By mule and wagon, boxes and barrels and bales followed in the wake of the Sandy Bowerses. The great castelated stone house upon the bare windswept flat of Washoe Valley was finished. No "Washoe zephyrs" could blow that house away! And was furnished.

Hard-wood floors, sparkling chandeliers, lace curtains to the windies—"imported from Yoorup, boys"; carpets and thiek rugs upon those floors—"imported from Yoorup, boys"; oil paintings upon the walls—"ould masters, boys, an' for some I paid ten thousand dollars," said Sandy, of the tawdry imitations; hot and cold water everywhere—"for the mere turnin' of

a handle, boys"; and a pianner in every room! Aye, a pianner in every room, as touch of opulence.

"Four hunderd an' seven thousand dollars this bit of a place cost me, boys. It's the finest house in Ameriky, an' thar's scarce the ekil in Yoorup. But me an' the Missus are bound to have our comfort. Money no object."

Open hand and open house. Friend, true and false flocked to the Bowers palace reared by Aladdin lamp and contractors' rake-off in this desert valley. Booted feet upon the polished furniture, pipe and cigar ashes upon the costly rugs, here and there spurts of tobacco juice and blotches of careless liquor. Table rarely unset—"I want no wan to go away hungry"; sideboard ever arrayed—"Take a drink, ladies an' gents. You'll find nothin' better in the cellar of the Queen o' England's." A house full of wasteful servants. Pianners getting out of tune. And, betimes, Sandy—

Sandy, who needs wor-rk no more, irked by his b'iled shirt and his tight shiny boots and them domned help; his broad hands idle, his cheeks and stomach waxing flabby, his bulk increasing, his main "business" that of riding to his mine and wandering about, his brain taxed to figure out those weekly returns that sometimes bothered him with their discrepancies, their outgo that so nearly approached their income—but, sure, what do a smatterin' the less o' dollars amount to? Thar's more in the ground, alluz more in the ground than was ever yet tuk out.

And Mrs. Sandy, in her ribbons and her silks and her mitts and her shoes from Paris, growing stouter and more

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WINGS

BY CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON

Spellbound he looks upon a silver plane
 So like a plow curved hungrily to high
 Wide furrows of the ruffled field of sky
 For one long moment hard against his breast
 There presses sharper ache than ever toil
 That weights him down to meet the rocky soil;
 And wing tilled fields loom greater to his sight
 Than dawn-lit toil in leafy shadowings.
 Stooped man within a field, look to your wings!

Seeds that your hands release shall know white winds
 And witchery of budding in the trees
 And they shall know the crisp, salt tang of seas,
 The foam-pale flowered fields of distant shores
 Red suns shall beacon them and tawny moons
 Mellow their swiftest flights these many Junes.
 Oh, man within a field, have eyes to see
 The first pink flutter of the apple bough
 Before your hands turn to the waiting plow!

THE BORDER DAYS OF JOAQUIN MILLER
1854-1870

BY MARTIN S. PETERSON

A difficult but interesting task confronts the biographer of Joaquin Miller's life on far western frontiers. It is evident that he lived through stirring days. He was in California during the years from 1854 to 1857, the aftermath of the gold rush period and the initiation of the Modoc wars against the settlers and miners; he was in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana, successively, from 1858 to 1867, participating in gold stampedes, Indian wars, battles with stage coach robbers, and the many minor adventures of the frontiersman; he was in Oregon again after 1867, in the capacity of a judge and a budding literary man, and in California, briefly, before setting out in 1870 for New York, and for England where fame awaited him. Into these years he crowded the gamut of rich experience. We see him as prospector, college student, teacher, editor of a small newspaper, lawyer, pony ex-

pressman, Indian fighter, and poet of local fame. We hear the story, highly over-colored, from him. We hear the story, insufficiently delineated, from his contemporary frontiersmen. We can readily understand that life on the frontier promoted myth-making, that no ordinary venture could survive except as an extraordinary adventure. We can discern in Joaquin Miller an inferiority drive that made him picture himself in the role of those great Spanish desperadoes of an earlier day. And to pick out the true pattern of our subject's undeniably adventurous life on the border comes home to us as no mean undertaking.

It is a mistake to assume that a man who romances with facts part of the time, romances with them all of the time. Miller, in spite of fabrications as transparent as daylight, for example, the "With Walker in Nicaragua" fiction, told the truth on occa-

sion, simply and naturally. To Hamlin Garland he even told the truth about his fictions, admitting that many of them were false.¹ In his descriptions of times and places, mining days and the mining camp, for example, Miller is truthful. In his characterization of people, for another, his pictures of the great heroes of the West in *Songs of the Sierras* are essentially honest. And even in his pure romancing, there is a revelation of his mind-state, a picture of an inner Joaquin Miller, a glimpse of a life that he was leading, parallel to his actual life, that must be considered a part of his life-history.

To begin, let us put together from various sources, Miller's own account of his California days. The first recital of his adventures he put into a book called *Paquita*,² subtitled "Joaquin Miller's Romantic Adventures amongst the Red Indians" in one edition, "Life among the Modocs" in another. *Paquita* is a most interesting document. It exhibits, in loosely organized chapters, the poet's sensitiveness to the rugged natural beauty of northern California, his enthusiasm for the haunts and habits of the savages, his Whitmanesque *O attitudes* for primitivism. There is a great amount of description of places and people—miners, saloons, mining villages—in short, the whole panorama of that rough, and yet sweet, life. One feels in reading the book that Miller poured the whole of his love for the West into that volume, that the emotion of the book is honest, that it presents, accurately, an attitude of his youth.

The book starts with a kind of prose rhapsody to Mount Shasta, but this *rage* is really prelude to what follows—an attack by the Modocs and his subsequent capture, his life

among the Indians, his capture and imprisonment by the whites, and his escape, romantically contrived by his Indian heroine. Into this, the basic part of his story, he weaves the pattern of noble barbarianism. We find him extolling the peace of the purely savage existence, the sweet freedom from cares that pinch civilized life, the noble philosophy of men who know God through his manifest Self, Nature. *Paquita* is a late blooming of Rousseauism, a practical application of the Nature doctrine that entered so persistently into the literature and conversation of a much earlier day.

Moreover, in the story is a Byronesque exploit³—the idea of an Indian republic, the glorious scheme of an Indian Eden, a conspiracy which led Miller, so he maintains in his first version of his California days, into prison.

Rescued from there by his Indian heroine, he escapes with her by swimming a river—only to lose the maiden herself. She is murdered by the posse that pursues them from the jail, riddled with the bullets that were meant for him. Mournfully, under the funereal ceiling of the forest, he burns her fair body. Properly, according to romance standards, the volume ends here, but Miller goes on to tell of the disposition of himself and a little maiden, half-Caucasian and half-Indian. Rather mysteriously, he plays hide-and-seek with the reader concerning the parentage of this little Indian girl, who, as Calli-Shasta, had a real existence, and who was, quite beyond question, the daughter of Joaquin and an Indian woman.

Paquita was published in London, during Miller's long sojourn abroad, in 1873. It was addressed to his English audience, the public he gained by *Songs of the Sierras*,⁴

¹ Hamlin Garland, "Roadside Meetings", *The Bookman*, 70:625-8, 71:302-4.

² *Paquita* was originally published under the title *Life Amongst the Modocs: Unwritten History*, by R. Bentley and Son, London, 1873. This much published and re-published book is more conveniently referred to by the title in the text.

³ Miller's idea was to help the Indians capture the country around Shasta, aid them in securing a title to it for all time from the Government, and insist that the white man let this republic grow up alongside civilized states in its own time and in its own way and unmolested. The Byronesque "republic" was very likely embellished, possibly thought up, long after Miller's associations with the Shasta tribes. It has the ear-marks of an idea added *ex mero motu*, to a book designed to create a sensation.

⁴ *Songs of the Sierras*, of course, is Miller's opening salute to the world of letters. It was published in London by Longman's in 1871 and shortly thereafter in Boston by Roberts Brothers. It remains his chief and best-known work. Apparently the success of this volume, containing as it does much that is patently extravagant, confused its author. He failed to see that what passed unchallenged in poetry would be halted and searched in prose. And incidentally, the interest aroused by "With Walker in Nicaragua" contained therein may have inspired Miller with the idea of making it a part of his life story.

and since they had him in their midst, a picturesque person with a wide *sombrero*, velvet trousers and coat, hip-boots, long yellow hair, bearded like a patriarch of Israel, it is no wonder that they took the story seriously, and even gave it a vogue.

But as was foreordained, something of the truth of the story caught up with *Paquita*. So Miller in 1890 revised the work and sent it forth under a new title. *My Own Story*⁵ was issued from Chicago, but it was likely written at "The Heights," his Oakland Estate.

The preface frankly confesses to "follies and fictions" in the original. It proposes in the new story, consequently, to lop these off, ruthlessly, and leave only the cold, frozen truth.

Oddly enough, the story remains about the same. The Indian daughter goes by the boards, and the plot generally is more skillfully handled. But the escape from jail and from the posse becomes in the second book an escape from an army, the Army of California! The sojourn among the savages is considerably soft-pedalled, but the fight with the Modocs, an unemphasized episode in the first book, is elaborate in the second. One is forced to conclude that since the book is better organized, some of the follies of the first are absent, but the fiction remains. If there was doubt concerning the authenticity of *Paquita*, *My Own Story* but re-enforces that doubt.

It was a normal occurrence. *Paquita* is a fantasy built around Miller's California days. The work, as he says himself in the preface to *My Own Story*, had a life of its own. His friend, Stoddard, of the *Overland Monthly*, considered it his best work and praised its style and its lush descriptions. It would be a little hard for any author to turn his romance, his successful romance, back into the drab facts from whence it sprung. And in Miller's case the book was a representation of one of his dearest fancies. Always a lover of the Spanish banditti of an earlier California, in this volume

he has projected himself as one of their successors. And in addition he appears there "a yellow-haired, girl-looking boy"—the Poet. This fusion of the poet and Robin Hood Miller in *My Own Story* could not bring himself to part with.

In *The History of the State of Montana*⁶ Miller has much to say of his California days. In random excerpts from his numerous references to his own life we get the closest approximation to truth that Miller permitted himself in connection with this particular period of his life. There are two or three references to the story in the history, and then it is told in full. The Montana work was written in 1894 and is, consequently, a later version of the story than is *My Own Story*. Since Miller is acting in the role of historian, and since he includes letters and other documents to support the main features of his story, the narrative is, likely, fundamentally true.

The first reference to the story occurs in connection with a mention of "Mountain Joe," one of Fremont's guides. Miller says he met this horse-trader and pack-train operator in 1854, and that he was shown a gold bullet which that worthy had extracted from his horse's neck after a skirmish he had with the Comanches. "He was a friend of my father's and took me entirely under his wing, when I, a lad, found my way to California. It was while I was with him at his wild mountain ranch on the south base of Mount Shasta that he showed me this gold bullet and told me traditions out of which I wrote *The Arizonian*, the first piece in *The Songs of the Sierras*.⁷ Mountain Joe he had met first, somewhat earlier, according to another passage in the history—when that frontier character was encamped with his pack-train not far from the home of Miller's father, near Salem, Oregon. His father, who Miller says was a school teacher, had to call him and his brother from the company of the old vaquero, who was spinning tall yarns of the early

⁵ *My Own Story*, Chicago: Belford-Clark Co., 1890.

⁶ *The History of the State of Montana*, 1894, was a commission that Miller was selected to fulfil. He was chosen because of his early connections with Montana, and because his fame was greater just at that time as a Western pioneer and author than as a poet.

⁷ Joaquin Miller, *History of Montana*, pp. 88-89.

days with Freeman, on account of gathering darkness.⁸

It may well be that Miller's own taste for tall yarns was inculcated by Mountain Joe, or such a man as he, and it is likely true that many of the frontier adventures that Joaquin Miller put into his prose and poetry are theirs. One harbors the suspicion that Miller's *With Walker in Nicaragua*, certainly a realistic account in many respects, was gleaned from a Mountain Joe.

In 1854, Miller tells us in this less varnished account of his California days, when he "ran away from school to join him," Mountain Joe was located at Soda Springs ranch, near Mount Shasta. It was the site of Colonel Hastings, an Indian fighter, and one McCloud, apparently an early-day trapper. The spot was also hallowed by Fremont's having fought the Indians there in 1846.

At Soda Springs Miller acted as a guide, his headquarters being "Hastings Barracks." However interesting it was for young Miller, our Mountain Joe found it rather dull. And in order to stir up a little excitement, he left the ranch one day and spread the rumor that there was gold in the hills around his ranch. A miner's stampede followed.

There being no gold, the miners were justifiably enraged, and almost hanged Mountain Joe's boy, or young Miller, in revenge. On their retreat from the Shasta district they took a part of their disgruntlement out on the Indians, committing all manner of depredation.

When all was quiet around Mount Shasta, Joe returned. He found things considerably the worse for his little hoax. The Indians were highly incensed by the affair, for, in addition to the damage done their personal property, their streams had been muddied and the fish weren't running. Mountain Joe tried to pacify them, but in vain. Their rage increased. And when the last straggling miner was out of the territory, in June, 1855, the Modocs determined on a war of extermination.

Seeing signs of this brewing trouble one day, Mountain Joe and Miller set out to see what was up. They soon became aware of

the fact that hell was up and that a great pandemoniac conference was on—all the tribes from near and far. So Mountain Joe and Miller set out Revere-like to spread the warning.

The alarm was successfully raised, and there were finally assembled to do battle: Judge Gibson and a group of whites and friendly Indians, a Major Dribelbies, Ike Hare, Mountain Joe, Miller, and other volunteers from the general neighborhood. Gibson, whom Miller praises as a leader, started forth with his "army" up Castle Crags, the Indian assembly grounds.

There was a brief delay, but soon the Indians sallied forth to meet their non-descript enemies and the battle was on. In an account that resembles that of an eyewitness Miller describes the battle. The fight was carried on according to Indian rules of warfare, each faction taking full advantage of tree, bush, and rock. Mountain Joe appeared once by Miller's side and gave him a bit of advice about protecting his person from the savage view. The Indians, yelling abroad their fury, maintained their superior position staunchly for some time. But, since they were fighting with the primitive bow and arrow and the whites with the deadly rifle, they soon began to retire from the heights and down a long valley. Miller was wounded before the climax of battle was reached—in the cheek. The point of the arrow came out the back of his neck. He awoke to find the battle won, and a fellow-soldier pulling the arrow, whose head had been cut off, back through the wound and out.⁹

The repulse of the Modocs in this skirmish, and in others of the same calibre, ended the major movements of the tribes toward revenge for some years. A Modoc rebellion broke out in 1873 and was again put down. Since Miller was in England then he had no personal connection with the final repulse, except that he very likely found the news of that war a convenient opportunity for launching *Paquita*.

Now can we, with the obviously romantic story of *Paquita* in mind, (and the only slightly modified *My Own Story*, its counter-

⁸ Quoted from a letter Miller wrote to the San Francisco Traveller in 1893. (Exact date not given.)

⁹ Loc. cit.

part), and this still intemperate recital from *The History of Montana*, say that Joaquin Miller ever fought Indians at all?

The evidence in the case is not clear-cut, but none-the-less we can mark out certain authentic basic facts. In support of his own case, which he seemed to feel required proof, Miller submits in *My Own Story* a letter written him by the adjutant general of California. It follows:

Headquarters Adjutant General's Office
State of California
Sacramento, Cal., December 15, 1883
Joaquin Miller, New York.

Dear Sir--In answer to your letter addressed to General, now Governor, Stoneman, I have to say that I find on examination of the records on file in this office that you served as a volunteer in one of the early Modoc wars, known as the "Pitt River Expedition," from March the 16th, 1857, to May the 2nd, 1857, for forty-eight days. It also appears that you furnished your own horse and equipments. It further appears that you are the only one who took part in said expedition that never received any compensation for his services. The fault is probably your own in not applying for it. But now, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, there is no money in the Treasury for the payment of such claims. Your remedy is by special act of the Legislature of the State of California.

Respectfully yours,

Geo. B. Crosby,
Adjutant General for the
State of California.

Seal of California¹⁰

If this be a true transcript, and its tone and the nature of its contents (certainly to assuage a possible suspicion, unadulterated with Miller's style) would speak favorably for its truth, then we must admit the participation of Miller in the early Modoc wars. The date and probably many of the circumstances of the *History of Montana* account are incorrect.

And for further proof that Miller participated in the Modoc wars, we have the assertion of James A. Waymire, a California judge, who resided near Miller's Oakland home, knew the poet during most of his youth and manhood, and who states that

the poet participated in those border battles with the rebellious tribes.

Waymire, who was an Oregon pioneer of 1852, was a member, later an adjutant of the First Oregon Cavalry. As a member of this famous organization, he acted as convoy to emigrant trains, and as protector of the early, relatively defenseless settlers "on the borders of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada and Utah." In a speech given before the Oregon Pioneer's Association and printed in their *Transactions* he mentions his early acquaintance with Miller and his meeting him during those border battles with the Indians.¹¹

William Thompson, whose *Reminiscences of a Pioneer* contains a good outline of the Modoc troubles, likewise knew Miller. Thompson, acting editor at one time of the *Eugene Guard*, a city and a profession that Miller was later himself associated with, states definitely that Miller fought the Indians during those California days. He further reports that Miller was described by one of the miners who fought alongside him as being "fearless and indifferent to danger."¹² A later account of Indian fighter Miller reports likewise. It is interesting to know that Miller was virile in battle, and we can forgive him, if that seems necessary, his romancing. Basically, his account in the *History of Montana* is true.

When we consider Miller's Shasta days outside the encounters with warring Indians we find considerably less of romance than *Paquita* would have us believe. Eye-witnesses to Miller's mode of life and his Shasta reputation which clung to the neighborhood like unfragrant smoke deny the glorious primitivism of his claims. J. H. Beadle, an itinerant journalist who travelled the frontiers in the middle seventies, visited Shasta City when Miller was at the height of his fame. Beadle, with a nose for news, picked up Miller's scent and followed it from one inhabitant to another and finally to the court house and the records there. Although Beadle refers to Miller as "Walk-in," and manifests a species of contempt for him in his recital, yet on the

¹⁰Miller, *My Own Story*, pp. 12-13.

¹¹*Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer's Association*, 1899, pp. 21-28.

¹²See *The Overland*, April, 1924, p. 156.

whole he is fair to Miller in his account and gives us, since the story is almost completely verified by Thompson, a true picture. We learn from Beadle that the sojourn in jail at least was authentic. As in the original story, Miller spent some time behind the bars, and escaped. But the cause of his incarceration was not at all the romantic reason assigned to it in *Paquita*. He was put in jail for stealing a horse. On this charge, and the record of it Beadle maintains he saw, he was indicted, convicted and sentenced. His friends in Shasta ameliorated Miller's blame in the matter, saying that the complainant in the case had borrowed a sum of money from Miller which became overdue, that Miller, at length, in lieu of the money, collected the horse. From one point of view he was simply taking a frontier means of paying his own debt. But he was sent to jail for it nevertheless, and Beadle, apparently, is a little loath to believe in anything except Joaquin's simon-pure guilt. After a short period in jail, Miller escaped and fled to Oregon. One can see the outlines, dim it is true, of the *History of Montana* version.

In Beadle's account, also, the story of Miller's associations with the Indians is reset. Here Miller's story is considerably out of joint. Miller's native wife, it would appear, was a Digger Indian—not Paquita, not the daughter of a chief, but a Digger squaw. Miller lived with her, one fears, not as poet lover with dusky savage maiden, but simply as a squaw-man.

He and a man named Brock, both squawmen, lived by hunting and fishing and their knowledge of Indian lore may thus have been considerable. Miller's experiences in California may well have given him the information that makes *Paquita*, at times, convincing. According to Beadle both men raised up families of half-breeds. In Miller's case Calli-Shasta, she who was mentioned with furtive secrecy in *Paquita*, survived the union. At any rate, we do not hear of others. At a later date she was taken to San Francisco, educated in the schools there, and eventually entered the home of Ina Coolbrith, the poetess and editor. Beadle

viewed with contempt Miller's association with this Digger squaw. And she could not have been a very attractive woman, considering her Digger culture, never a high one, and the habits of such a tribeswoman. It is interesting to know that after Miller left California she became Brock's squaw and was living with him when Miller was in England, sitting in the laps of the gods.¹³

Miller had the reputation of being "slightly crazy" in the neighborhood of Shasta. His "craziness" was considered entirely inoffensive, and it is likely that he earned his reputation by his enthusiasms which differed greatly from those of his contemporaries in Shasta. For one thing, according to Beadle, he was given to imitating the Spanish heroes of old and to imagining himself to be like the contemporary ones—notably Joaquin Murietta, from whom he took his name. Looking back on these illusions from our position we can see that Miller was making himself, perhaps consciously, the crucible for his later literary efforts. Having projected himself into these characters, into their thought and action, how easy it was for him when the time came to express them in prose and poetry.

Beadle throws light on another factor in the Miller biography. Implicit in his tale of Miller's Shasta life is the intimation that the poet was much older than he pretended to be. We have two dates assigned to Miller's birth. He himself preferred to say that he was born in 1841; another date assigned to his birth is 1842. His mother claimed that the record of his birth was lost in the trek across the plains. The year 1839 has been selected by some of his contemporaries as a likely date. In general, and to Miller's liking it would appear, the exact date of his birth is much confused. But we know with considerable definiteness that Miller was in the Shasta region between 1854 and 1857. If he were born in 1842, the date that is engraved on an Indiana marker that points out his birthplace, his sojourn in Shasta would have taken place in his twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth years. His association with the Digger squaw was definitely a part of these years. It becomes

¹³J. H. Beadle, *Western Wilds, and Men Who Redeem Them*, Cincinnati: Jones Bros., 1879, p. 393 f.

clear then that Miller was older than he would have us believe. It becomes increasingly clear that he was a young man of nineteen or twenty at the time—which would set his birth date back several years, quite likely back to 1835, a date suggested by George Sterling in his interesting article of some years ago on Miller in *The American Mercury*. Men matured early on the frontier, but the idea of a thirteen-year-old squaw-man is patently absurd.

Thompson verifies to a great extent the story that Beadle picked up at Shasta City and its environs. Thompson says that the poet was known as "Crazy Miller," that he worked at menial tasks, wrote poetry, preached, and, as was pointed out before, fought Indians. Thompson recalls that Miller was employed by a set of rascals and was discharged before he was paid. Miller, in retaliation and to settle the debt, stole a horse and ran away to the Indians. Thompson soft-pedals the episode of Miller's conviction and confinement in the county jail, but relates that Miller after this episode worked on ranches farther north, toward his Oregon home, and that there some deputies, likely after him for breaking jail, picked up his trail. Miller exchanged shots with them. He escaped their pursuit, however, and went to Klamath Lake. He spent some time there before proceeding to Eugene and the next phase of his western career. With this escape to Oregon, Miller's pioneer California days are over.¹⁴

It will be interesting, now that the curtain is down on Miller's first big adventure, to look at the findings. In his fancy Miller wanted to believe that he was of the Spanish "bad man" strain; he saw himself in the light of the rough and ready hero, but one who contained within a sensitive, gentle na-

ture. He saw himself as a person who had had great adventures, even such an one as the Walker filibustering adventure. In reality he was considerably less than all this. Far from being the Spanish hero who took what he wanted from the world, Miller gained his living by lowly, prosaic tasks—a stable boy's perhaps. He was respected not at all—on the contrary he was the butt of the neighborhood in which he later set *Paquita*. His life among the Indians was really the life of a squaw-man. His sojourn with Walker was a fiction. The filibustering days of Walker were confined to a period between 1856 and 1859—a time when Miller was fighting Indians, in jail, escaping to Oregon, registered in Columbia college—the most authentically dated period of his early life.¹⁵ And yet, when we come to consider his adventurous battle with the Indians we must recognize a fair measure of truth. And here he was, to the extent that his comrades were, the frontiersman—an heroic person. Because of an inferiority drive, because of the taunts of his fellows, but primarily because he saw the essential romance of the winning of the West, Joaquin Miller looked on himself as just that—the peer of those frontier giants who walked abroad when the West was young. Imbued as he was with this feeling, who shall say at any rate that he was not and is not among the best of the West's interpreters?

II.

Shortly after his escape to Oregon, Miller entered Columbia College, Eugene City, Oregon.¹⁶ It was a short-lived mission college established by the Cumberland Presbyterians, and it was, apparently, a school of slender educational equipment but one designed to engender a kind of intellectual enthusiasm in those who attended it. At any rate Mil-

¹⁴Herbert C. Thompson, "A Sierra Poet in the Making (As told by Col. Wm. Thompson of Alturas, Calif.) Bookman, 51:553ff.

¹⁵Miller gives the date, in one of the numerous encyclopaedia sketches of his life, of the Walker expedition as 1855. The year 1855, with its Soda Spring ranch experiences, the first Modoc troubles, the job as guide, is as completely accounted for as any. Besides, Walker did not recruit in California until after 1855.

The whole matter is likely cleared up for us by Joaquin Miller himself. Into *The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller*, San Francisco, 1897, he tucks a little footnote to the effect that the poem was originally intended for John Brown of Harper's Ferry. He was teaching school in Washington territory when the news of Brown's raid and subsequent death came. At once he wrote a number of verses in memory of the hero. Later, he says, he changed the poem so as to make it refer to General Walker. *The Literary Digest*, XVI, 461, mentions the "With Walker in Nicaragua" poem and its footnote. But the persistence of the yarn is manifest in the fact that the same journal at the time of Miller's death in 1913 innocently repeats the Walker fiction as biographical truth.

¹⁶Joseph Schafer, "Survey of Public Education in Eugene", *Oregon Historical Society Quarterly*, II, 56.

ler had a warm spot in his heart for the place and speaks of it in later life as "famous from the beginning as an educational center." He studied Latin and Greek there, and "Trench on Words"¹⁷—and since those were traditional subjects and since he aired his Latin occasionally after his college days it is likely that he did. At any rate these contacts with higher education in Eugene were sufficient, it would seem, to point up his career. It must have been here that he conceived his ambition to teach school, to study law, to identify himself with what he grandiloquently called "the press," to refine the poetry he had already written and to create more. And to Eugene City he returned prior to his trip to England and fame to drink again at her inspirational fount.

But, however lasting the inspiration, his college days must have been brief in themselves. He left California in 1857 and in 1858-59 he was teaching school near Vancouver, Washington. One year, apparently, is all Miller had at Columbia College. This is not surprising, of course, when one reflects that the school was a frontier product and very likely did not emphasize study toward a degree, that Miller very probably could not sustain himself there longer than a year, and that his interests, always a little unstable were particularly so at this time of his life.

Concerning Miller's life as a school teacher not much is to be had. In *The History of Montana* he makes this reference to the period:

I was teaching school near Vancouver, Washington, when General Scott, with Harney, landed there on his way to San Juan. My schoolboys would not and could not be kept in place, but marched in a body to the wharf to offer their services to the hero of Lundy's Lane; and their schoolmaster with them. We were coldly received and I, having already begun to write for the press, described General Scott as "an austere old stiff, with no fight in him."¹⁸

At another point in the same history he speaks thus:

¹⁷Ella Sterling Mighels, "Justice to Joaquin Miller", *The Overland*, July, 1926, p. 216ff.

¹⁸Miller, *op. cit.*

¹⁹*ibid.*, p. 101.

²⁰*ibid.*, p. 102.

²¹*ibid.*, p. 103.

When teaching school not far from Vancouver, in 1858, I spent a vacation prospecting up the Lewis river, and found that considerable mining had been going on in a quiet way for years.¹⁹ From these reports one gathers that Miller was restless during these times, that he was indulging several interests, including his old love, gold-mining, and that like Micawber he was "waiting for something to turn up".

III.

In 1861 Miller began his associations with the Idaho and Montana frontiers. Gold lured him there, he says, even as it had lured him to California in 1854, and up the Lewis river in 1858.

In Miller's words:

Being among the first in the new mines of Oro Fino in the spring of 1861. I found myself for reasons before set down, at once among friends and friends of the best; for these miners of Pierce City and Oro Fino were not only gentlemen of the class described but they were, many of them, personal friends from Northern California. It was the glorious old Yula and Shasta days over again and they were very happy and hopeful.²⁰

It is quite possible that Miller's California friends were in the new fields, and here, once more, we have no reason to be suspicious of Miller's assertion. The gold rush to California was well-spent, the roving miners had again spread out over the West, and the report of gold in Montana had drawn them all thither, even as it had drawn Miller. The West was not thickly populated in those days, the miners formed only a small percentage of the population, and the acquaintanceship among miners must have been broad.

Miller had come to Oro Fino, according to his own statement, to practice law:

As for myself I had studied law while teaching school after returning to Oregon from California a few years before, and having been admitted to the bar under Judge Williams, afterwards President Grant's Attorney General, I had come here to practice law.²¹

This statement accounts probably for the year 1859-60 of which no definite statement

is made either by Miller or his contemporaries. Evidently he was still teaching school, and adding to it his study of law.

Miller leaves us a vivid picture of these early mining villages. Pierce City and Oro Fino lay close together, only a half-hour's walk separating them. Pierce City, as Miller describes it, was a brisk little hamlet, neatly laid out, with pine trees here and there standing their lonely sentinel. There were cabins of hewn logs, but mostly there were white tents, all around and up and down the mountain. The village was peopled by red-shirted men, the miners, by Indians, by soldiers, by long lines of braying mules, transport animals. The town was alive with motion and commotion. Pierce City, as Miller pictures it, must have been a perfect original for moviedom's frontier "set." Oro Fino was less bustling but likewise picturesque. It was hastily built in the forks of Rhodes creek, a stream named after "a manly mulatto." It had one street, cabins of logs, brush and mud—likely patterned from an Indian method of housing—and many saloons.²²

But Oro Fino "was too orderly", so Miller set out with his two brothers over the mountains to the east and into Montana. There they found good paying placers, built cabins forthwith, and "re-enacted the old ennobling life of the early days in the Sierras." There is an interesting picture in *The History of Montana* of Joaquin and his brothers placer-mining. The center of interest in this picture is Miller's younger brother standing over the sluice, fork in hand, fishing up a fine nugget on the tines; and then there follows general rejoicing over the find.

Miller's whole account of his mining days is fairly coherent. Although he frequently appears in the role of hero, there is considerable restraint manifested in the narrative, and a kind of repressed vigor. As a notable example of this, there is Miller's account of the terrible winter of '61:

The winter of 1861-62 was a terrible one—the most terrible, according to official reports forwarded to Washington from our posts that were thinly scattered through this region, that had been known since our occupation of the North-

west. Yet that coldest winter witnessed the most remarkable display of this phenomena yet recorded. At least, this is the testimony from Walla Walla.

The snow was brisket deep to cattle, alike in valley or on hill, everywhere. On this snow a sleet fell and froze to a crust. Men tramped on this, drew sleds by hand, bore great loads on their backs, and made good headway, but horses broke through, cut their legs, struggled along for a few hours leaving a bloody track, and then died. Cattle stood to their brisks in the crust, lowing and freezing to death. I had walked all the way from Florence to Walla Walla on this crust, nearly two hundred miles as the trail ran, with nearly 100 pounds of gold-dust and letters on my back and with no discomfort from the intense but crisp, dry cold, passing thousands of dead or dying cattle by the way. Suddenly on the evening of my arrival, the packed express office began to be deserted. Eager miners ceased asking after the mines and poured out into the populous streets.

"The Chinook wind! The Chinook wind!" This was the wild cry that saluted my ears as I rushed out also. I heard the long heavy icicles hanging from the eaves crash to the pavement and a hot breath blew up the streets as from an oven.

The next morning, while portions of our little board city were floating in the river that boomed down our one street, so that I could not leave the office, I saw a little brown honey-bee panting against my office window. By evening the brown, grassy hill-tops were bare and men were cutting roads through the snow by which their cattle could reach them; and by another morning several of the "shake" houses of Walla Walla were far on their way to the Columbia river. This brief account, easily verified by Government reports, is set down here as an example of that phenomenon in the elements which makes the winters of Montana most tolerable, even in the severest "spell of weather;" for the Chinook wind prevails, like any other wind, as well in one part of this wondrous Northwest as in another, though it is somewhat modified as it sweeps forward and is carromed from mountain of snow to mountain of snow; and, as before said, this one here at Walla Walla, which brought a little bee from his hive to look for flowers where cattle had been freezing to death brisket deep in snow only a few hours before,

²²*ibid.*, p. 103 and *ad passim*.

was a very much emphasized "Chinook."²³

As can be seen from the foregoing Miller was now an expressman, specifically an expressman for Mossman's. But before entering that interesting phase of the Miller career we must pause to pick up a few loose ends of our narrative. We left Miller placer-mining with his brothers. Shortly after that, tiring of the occupation, Joaquin set out for the Yellowstone. On his way through Montana he saw many signs of habitation—French-Canadians cutting hay, lonely frontier dwellings, an occasional prairie schooner—and then he plunged into the Yellowstone. There he saw many of the wonders, now so famous, and seems to have been particularly impressed by Bonneville's "fire-hole". After a brief sojourn in the Yellowstone he returned, found that his brothers had not made much in their efforts at placer-mining and had pushed on to the Salmon river mines. In this interim he seems to have joined Mossman's. In *The History of Montana* he quotes a letter taken from the San Francisco *Midwinter Appeal* written by one Pleas. Johnson, a friend of his brother's. Therein, the whole expedition from Oro Fino is described, a stampede is pictured, and the re-appearance of Joaquin after his Yellowstone junket is remarked. They had come to Slate creek, John Miller, Johnson, and their train. Suddenly out of a snow storm Joaquin came dashing up, dismounted, and in the same motion shot and killed a white dove that flew up from the roadside. "He was at the time of the incident related above riding express for Mossman's", writes Johnson.²⁴ Miller did this, according to Johnson, to enhance his reputation among real and potential highwaymen who knew the value of the express that he forwarded. The incident of the dove, of course, one may believe or not.

In this section of our story belongs also an account of Miller's marriage. It was an unfortunate affair which ended subsequently in divorce. Miller's courtship was begun, he says, through his and through "Minnie

Myrtle's" interest in the press. Her name was Minnie Dyer and her home was in Port Orford, Oregon. As nearly as one can determine the courtship was begun fairly early in 1862, possibly earlier, in 1861. He was riding express for Mossman's at the time and he began a correspondence with "Minnie Myrtle". Things moved along and in the summer of 1862, a few months after he had taken over the editorship of the *Democratic Register* (having forsaken Mossman's for the nonce) young Lochinvar Miller set out for Port Orford. He tells us in an article entitled "Joaquin Miller's Tribute to his Wife", an eulogy that each had promised the other in case of death, that he arrived in Port Orford after a record ride on a Thursday, met her and her family, and married Minnie Myrtle on the Sunday following. The journey through Oregon with his bride is, as Miller describes it, a return to the romantic materials of *Paquita*. In this instance, the dark-haired Anglo-Saxon maiden, Minnie Myrtle, undergoes hardship and peril, and even, when the inevitable savage appears, risks her life in defense of her husband's.²⁵

Returning to Oregon he found that his newspaper had been suppressed because of its pronounced Southern sympathies. With no visible means of support for himself and his bride he was distinctly up against it. He went to San Francisco, found nothing there, returned to Oregon (for a brief fling at newspapering again in Eugene) and then set up in Canyon City.²⁶ Since the Canyon City period of his life is really the closing chapter in his border days we shall now return to the two episodes of his life that have not yet been fully recounted.

Miller's experiences as an editor were quite brief. He assumed his duties as editor of *The Democratic Register* of Eugene, Oregon, on March 15, 1862 and edited it until September 20, 1862. The last number carried this notice: "Subscribers to the *Register* will be furnished *The Review* in its place as the circulation of that paper is prohibited by order of General Wright, military ruler of this coast."²⁷

²³*Ibid.*, p. 149f.

²⁴This letter is quoted in *The History of Montana*, pp. 107-119.

²⁵"Joaquin Miller's Tribute to His Wife", *The Overland*, Sept., 1926, p. 286.

²⁶*Loc. cit.*

²⁷See Fred Lockley, *Oregon's Yesterday*, p. 324; "Oregon Newspapers, 1846-70"; *Oregon Historical Society Quarterly*, Vol. 26, p. 237.

The prohibition of the paper was occasioned by the Southern leanings of its editor, but one wonders why Miller should have had them. The answer is likely to be found in the fact that one of Miller's teachers at Columbia College was a hot Southerner by the name of Ryan. He it was in fact who disrupted that institution in 1859 and caused its dissolution, and quite certainly on account of his pro-Southernism. Miller, always quickly spurred to partisanism, probably picked up his sympathies from him. *The Review*, supplanting the *Register*, was edited by Miller until February 14, 1863, on which date he resigned.²⁸

Concerning Miller's association with Mossman's we have much data, some of which is quite interesting. For instance there is the letter from Judge Walton, written from the University of Oregon in 1894:

Joaquin Miller, Esq.

My dear Friend:—I remember well the circumstances of meeting you when we,—father and myself,—were going into Florence, carrying our packs on our backs. You were coming out with the mail (express)—in fact carrying the letters and mail from the camp of Florence to the State Creek station. The entire distance was about eighteen miles over huge mountains covered with snow from five to fifteen feet deep. Yes; and well do I remember the sack of gold dust you let us have. We purchased that claim on "Boon's Gulch", where we made from \$300 to \$800 per day until it was worked out. That was a rich find. Oh that those days would come again! Yes; I remember that all the provisions and supplies for the camp were carried in on men's backs, over the snow from five to ten feet deep, and that, too, over those huge old mountains that seemed almost perpendicular, and especially when a fellow had from seventy-five pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds on his back! I saw with my own eyes men with three fifty-pound sacks of flour on their backs at one time, which they had carried over that snow-trail—over those big mountains! I saw one man carrying a large black-smith's anvil on his back, one with a large bellows, and a great many with ten-gallon kegs of liquor on their backs! Everything was carried on men's backs until the snow melted off of the mountains so pack mules could travel.

Your faithful friend,
Joshua J. Walton.²⁹

Miller himself gives us an interesting picture, parts of it fanciful no doubt, of a Mossman express rider, namely Joaquin Miller:

In 1862 and 1863 (presumably at separate periods) I was engaged in carrying gold dust out of the Idaho mountains. One day when descending a steep trail on a densely wooded mountain side I found the trail blocked by a tree that seemed to have been suddenly blown down by the wind, and a newly opened trail leading off to the left. My Nez Perce pony stopped, threw back his ears and almost sat down on his haunches as I mercilessly drove my spurs into his flanks. We were often cruel in those hard, swift rides, for time was precious and peril waited on every moment spent between stations. We always dashed on a hard gallop, the load of gold dust in the "catenas" hanging down on either side of the saddle bow, the reins in the right hand and a cocked pistol in the left. I spurred until the great Spanish spurs were streaming with blood from the pony's flanks, but still he would not budge an inch in the newly cleared trail. At last, gathering up all his strength, he poised in the air and then plunged headlong on down the hill over the fallen tree. In the leap my pistol was shaken from my hand, and while I was drawing another from my "catenas" there came a rain of lead from the company of robbers lying in ambush. But the poor pony kept me in my seat, faced about for a second, as if to give me a chance to defend myself, and then plunged on down the mountain two miles to the ferry. There on the edge of the river he fell dead from a bullet wound that must have meant death from the first, for his nostrils were streaming with blood all the way down the mountain.³⁰

IV.

In 1864 Miller was located in Canyon City. It seems evident that he was still connected with Mossman's, and that he had taken on a new interest, in the shape of politics. And it is also clear that he engaged in a battle with the Indians. Miller's second participation in the Indian wars is amply verified. For instance, this report:

South Fork of John Day's River,
April 17, 1864.

Sir: For the information of the General commanding the District I have the honor to submit the following report of events which have transpired in this vicinity since my arrival:

With fifteen men of the cavalry de-

²⁸OHSQ, loc. cit.

²⁹Quoted in *The History of Montana*, pp. 123-124.

³⁰Miller, *History of Montana*, p. 45 n.

tachment under my command I reached Canyon City on the 19th of March last, and learned that a few days previous about one hundred animals (mules and horses) had been stolen from Mr. Davis' ranch, two miles below the town, and about half of them driven off into the mountains westward. Mr. Davis, with about thirty men, was in pursuit of them with a few days' supplies On the 22nd a messenger advised me that Mr. Davis had returned for provisions and reinforcements, having tracked the animals to the vicinity of Harney Lake, where they had found much Indian sign, and where twenty of the pursuing party were encamped awaiting supplies. I was further informed that a party of thirty men would go out from Canyon City immediately to assist in carrying on the pursuit. I immediately wrote the chief of the party requesting that a guide be sent me, that I might meet and co-operate with them On the 24th with eighteen men and twenty days' supplies I began the march. We reached Harney County about sixty miles south of Canyon City on the 30th. We found a body of fifty-four citizens under command of C. H. Miller, whom they had elected as captain.

—from a section of the report of Lieutenant James A. Waymire, then adjutant of the 1st Oregon Cavalry, stationed at The Dalles.³¹

This campaign against the marauding red men is described by Joseph D. Myers, a corporal in the company. The pursuit was through the valleys between The Dalles and Canyon City—a difficult terrain, ideal for Indians in flight. According to Meyers as the cavalry progressed they sighted Indian horsemen, and on occasion they found traces of Indian encampments. In each of the latter cases they noticed that the Indians had broken up in a hurry—an indication of their guilt.

On April the 7th Waymire sent one Sergeant Casteel to investigate some smoke which was rising three miles ahead. He was ordered to reconnoiter and report his findings. But the Indians, who were a desperate band, took Casteel and his men captive, and proceeded to put them to death. Casteel managed to escape. (The Indians at Klamath Falls, according to Myers, claimed to have followed him for two hun-

dred miles and killed him.) After this incident the Indians decided to make a stand.

Waymire opened fire on them, and inaugurated an all-day skirmish. The battle was rather a hot one. The object of Waymire's men, and that of Miller's volunteers, who had now joined the 1st Oregon troops, was to take the hill which the Indians held.

One of Miller's men was wounded at the very start and a physician and six men carried him off. Many horses were wounded, and as a consequence many of the men had to fight on foot. Against the well-mounted plains Indians, famous for their natural horsemanship, this was a decided handicap.

But eventually the white forces took the hill, and since they had fought hard against a foe which outnumbered them, sat down to rest. None of the Indians were captured—presumably one object of the expedition.

In thinking over the battle Myers had many interesting things to report. The Indians used signals in their fighting—likely not as elaborate, however, as modern football signals—and had a good sense of battle strategy. Their bullets were made from wagon end-gate rods, and they had established a regular practice of stealing these whenever and wherever possible. During a battle they were given to blood-curdling whooping; so effective was this practice that the whites took it up and learned to yell even more effectively than the red men. Myers marvelled at the horsemanship of the Indians and recalls that frequently all the Indian except his leg and foot were hidden from sight. All in all, it was a memorable battle and many of the stolen animals were recovered with only a slight loss of men to the white forces.

Myers recalls Miller "who was about my age, rode a mule which was crippled early in the fight, and that he fought bare-headed, having tied his hat to the saddle." Thus, Miller's second Indian war.

It is interesting to know that Fort Harney was founded on the spot where Miller and Waymire met and that the trail followed by the whites is now known as Joaquin Miller Trail.³²

³¹Beatrice B. Beebe, "Fighting the Indians with Joaquin Miller", *The Overland*, 87 2nd s.:54-60.

³²Loc. cit.

For the next few years Miller was connected with Mossman's.³³ We have a letter, dated November 16th, 1867, from Walla Walla; it was addressed to the Albany *Democrat* and bears the following news:

Editor Democrat:—Having just returned from Salmon river, to which place I have been extending our Mossman & Co.'s express line, I beg leave through the columns of your widespread paper, to inform my many friends of the locality and richness of these newly discovered mines.

The Salmon river mines are at present principally confined to the headwaters of a small tributary, called Slate creek, which empties into Salmon river, and this into Snake river,—distant from Walla Walla about two hundred miles. Heavy loaded wagons may be taken, without any inconvenience, to the head of White Bird Canon, at the base of Mount I—dah—ho, which is within five miles of Salmon river and forty-five of the mines.

After the miner, on his journey to the mines, leaves White Bird Creek—named after an Indian chief who kept his clan on that stream,—he comes upon the Salmon, which is a rapid, clear cold stream, and barely fordable at the lowest stage. Ten miles travel up stream, over the very roughest and rockiest of roads, brings him to the mouth of Slate creek, where his route leaves the river at right angles, crossing to the east over a mountain always covered with snow and wrapped in a perpetual sea of clouds. Twenty-eight miles from where he leaves Salmon brings him into the heart of the mines.

The gold, as far as discovered, is of a fine quality, and confined mostly to low marshy gulches. It is found below peat three feet thick, which is covered with a thick heavy turf, generally of a corresponding thickness with the gravel. Altogether these mines look more like the low marshes or meadow lands than like the placer mines of California; yet I think I can safely say that they are far richer than any mines that have ever been discovered on the Pacific coast. It is a positive fact that many of the companies on Bacon's Gulch, Rich Flat, and Miller's creek, have entirely laid aside the miner's fold scales, and use only spring balances for weighing the proceeds of their day's labor. I have it from authority that I think is un-

questionable, that the least day's work that the two discoverers of Baboon Gulch have done since they began using their long tom was fourteen pounds, avoirdupois weight.

The Indians, so far, seem peaceably disposed but it is evident that they are of a much more fierce and warlike character than those nearer the frontiers. It is predicted by many on the opening of spring they will endeavor to resist the encroachments of the whites. At present their head chief, with most of his chosen warriors, is out on a hunting excursion, east of the Rocky mountains. Some think his return will be the signal for hostilities, as he has always been known to be a mortal foe to the white man.

Yours, in haste,

C. H. Miller.³⁴

V.

In 1867, probably late in 1867, Miller was appointed to a minor judgeship by George Williams.³⁵ Just what he was rewarded for is a little hard to determine. It may have been his participation in the Indian wars; it may be that he was playing a role in local politics, along with his express riding, and was of some influence in Canyon City and its environs. Or it may be that his friendship with Judge Williams, an important figure in early Oregon and Portland history, secured him the place. One biographical sketch gives Judge Williams as the man under whom Miller studied law at Eugene, and Miller gives credit to him in many a biographical note. At any rate late in 1867 and for a few years thereafter Miller was a judge. Various things, his urge to poetry chiefly, kept him from anchoring in that safe harbor.

About this time Miller's marital difficulties began. From his own statements one is inclined to believe that "Minnie Myrtle" was dissatisfied with the somewhat unstable career of her husband, and was interested, the more real reason perhaps, in another man. They had one daughter, Maud, a girl upon whom Miller ever after bestowed a considerable measure of his affection. Apparently, although the dates vary widely on

³³Goulder, *Reminiscences of a Pioneer*, p. 186.

³⁴Miller, *History of Montana*, pp. 121-123.

³⁵This fact appears in all the biographical sketches of Miller. See Carey's *History of Oregon*, p. 675.

this subject. Miller was divorced from Minnie Myrtle in 1869.³⁶

Miller's interest in poetry, and particularly in his becoming a poet, dates from this last period of border life. According to Thompson Miller's decision to launch out into the profession of poetry was made at Eugene when one George Francis Train, a lecturer and a genius of a sort, read some of his poetry and pronounced him a poet of the first water. Train really ignited the spark that was to set Joaquin Miller afire with the passion that brought him fame and some fortune.³⁷

The first fruit of this passion was a thin volume, published in Portland, Oregon in 1868, and called *Specimens*. Its reception was far from warm. Miller's friends disregarded it except for a few good-humoured jibes—all of which and a very temperate comment of derogatory nature in *The Overland*, written by Bret Harte himself, failed to dampen his ardor. He followed *Specimens* with a volume called *Joaquin et al* in 1869. Although its fate was no happier than his first thin volume's, it may be said that Miller's first recognition dates from this work. For one thing it gave him the pen-name under which he was known for the rest of his life. For another it gave him a second notice in *The Overland*, slightly more favorable. In a letter to Stoddard, an associate of Bret Harte's on *The Overland*, he virtually asked for a hearing as a Western poet. *Joaquin et al* sings the deeds of the Mexican brigand of that name and expresses a part of that world of fancy that Miller had built in the days of his California youth.³⁸ It was to bloom in full in *Songs of the Sierras*.

A correspondence sprang up between Stoddard and Miller, a correspondence which was invited by Stoddard on account of the manly tone of the letter Miller had written concerning *Joaquin et al*. As a result of Stoddard's interest, Miller set sail for San Francisco, writing a salutatory poem entitled "The Bards of San Francisco Bay" to bear with him as a dedicatory gift.

Stoddard met Miller at the dock and the figure that emerged was as picturesque as it was tragic. The singer of deeds of romance came in moccasins, in a white linen "duster", in a broad *sombrero*. It was the first and worst of a long series of costumes that were to become as famous as his poetry. His first words to Stoddard after stepping off the boat were: "Well, let us go and talk with the poets." When Stoddard explained that there were no bards, at least no bards who flocked together, Miller was so disappointed that he seemed on the verge of turning back to Oregon. His desire to be among kindred poetic souls was great, and though he met Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith, and other lesser lights in the San Francisco world, their concentrated pre-occupations with their own work, their inability to bask in warming talk about art and letters, made Miller considerably dissatisfied with their company.³⁹

It is quite possible that they gave him encouragement. There is, of course, a legend to the effect that Bret Harte was at one time tempted to blow Miller and his ambitions to Kingdom Come, but that he was restrained by Ina Coolbrith. It was she, it is said, who suggested the miner's costume which he affected in London. Indeed she is given credit for his venture abroad, and even the name Joaquin. One is permitted a doubt here, however, for Miller was nothing if not original. His sudden sally to San Francisco and the bards he didn't find, his restlessness, and his overwhelming desire to be a poet of poets led him to England. And what would be more natural than for him to take the name, now that he saw fame just around the corner, of a character whom he had admired with such fervor for so many years? And the costume—Miller's instincts for securing advertising needed no sharpening. No, the Coolbrith influence was likely strong, but not, it would seem from a study of the Joaquin Miller character, that strong.

Sometime in 1870 Miller departed for New York and for England. This trip needs no

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³⁶For the date 1869 one needs to go to the *Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale*, II, 115, (1917), where Hale rebukes, gently, Weeden, one of his assistants on *Old and New*, for suggesting a sharp criticism of Miller's *Songs of the Sierras*, 1871, because of the author's divorce a couple of years before. Miller in the *Overland* article, "Tribute to His Wife", before-mentioned, implies that the divorce was not legal, a legitimate one being obtained some years later.

³⁷"A Sierra Poet in the Making", *Bookman*, 51:553.

³⁸C. W. Stoddard, "The Poet of the Sierras", *The Overland*, 27:664ff.

³⁹Loc. cit.

SLUICE BOX

WESTERNERS

BY PAUL E. TRACY

Not all our men have wind-tanned faces,
Eagle eyes, and catlike graces
Like the silent men of the Open Spaces.

Cornet Joe for instance. He
Didn't know what he wanted to be.
He shook the silence of Boulder Flat
With an occasional, tremulous blat.
His was a hairy, shapeless chin
The cornet mouthpiece nestled in.
Alone in the mountains he studied grammar,
Parsed nouns, and tried to be
Receptive student and faculty.
He cracked his eggs on the stove with a ham-
mer.

He blew and marched on the one-room floor—
Missing a note he would bleat. "God dam-
mer!"
And trample the rinds and shells galore.
In a pine-scented solitude pointed with snow
Here lived one Westerner. Cornet Joe.

Another man of the great outdoors
Was Dynamite John who owned a shovel
And something to lean it against—a hovel
That also sheltered his slender stores . . .
Sow-bosom . . . beans . . . and a book on Ores.
The wind never tanned this western face
For he grew a beard that covered his collar;
His lithe legs lost their catlike grace
Squatting for weeks to pan a dollar.
And Magpie Mullin who owned the flat
Beyond Squaw Meadows—but enough of that.
Not all our men have wind-tanned faces,
Eagle eyes, and catlike graces
Like the silent men of the Open Spaces.

HOW YE STENOGRAPHER CAME ABOUT

A Paul Bunyan Ballad

BY HOMER M. PARSONS

Johnny Inkslinger set up a howl, and he
heaved a cyclone sigh:
"Oh, how can I post my entries, say!—with
the wells of ink gone dry?"

When the nub of my sapling pen breaks off
full seventy times a day
And tears the ledger? Oh, what'll I do when
the crew lines up for pay?"

Paul Bunyan has heard the mighty wail, and
he's thunk a mighty think,
For he knows no field where his men can
drill to open new wells of ink.
His beard it ripples in furious wake as he
brushes it with a pine.
And waits for the mighty think he has thunk
to lay itself out in line.

"Bring me forty-two stumps," he tells John-
ny, "then wiggle your sticks and go
To town and fetch back, say, a thousand
bolts of dark blue calico.
And I'll need about fifty derricks and a car-
load of cannon ball,
And six or eight dozen thrashing machines
and a widget or two," says Paul.

He has carved each stump with figgers and
letters, backwards and upside down,
And fastened them onto the derrick arms
that Johnny brought back from town;
With parts of the widgets and thrashing ma-
chines, with pulleys and wheels and
cogs,
He has hooked them up to a keyboard in a
frame he has made of logs.

He has moistened the runny calico with a
barrel of Oregon mist,
And rattled away at the keyboard till the
cannon-bull bearings hissed.
"That's fine!" says Paul. "It's a typewriter
—the slickest you ever saw.
Now Johnny can get the payroll out, by the
holy old Mackinaw!"

But Johnny has trouble with hunt and peck,
and there's something needed to stir
The weary soul and lagging fingers of
Johnny Inkslinger.
"What ho!" cries Bunyan. "I have it now—
and he'll make the old mill hum!"
So Paul he ups and invents the stuff that's
known to the world as gum.

SIX BLOCKS

BY KATHERINE REYNOLDS TOWNE

"Gee, they look good." exploded Modern. She and her step-mother had stopped before a grocery window, incarnadined by the season's first strawberries. "Let's have some for supper. There goes Beatrice Arnold with an outside date. My cow! where'd she get him? Wonder how she did it? Gee, but he's good-looking."

Modern's companion ventured a timid comment: "She is quite pretty. Perhaps she is also charming."

"Yep, she's pretty. But, my cow! Such an egg. Wonders 'll never cease. If *she* can get a beau, there's some hope for *me*."

Companion and Modern, ten years apart in age, sauntered lazily down the shop-lined street. A plumbing shop arrested the younger's attention.

"My cow! Look at the green bath tub!"

But amazement at the tub almost immediately merged into a vocal torrent over the women's garments displayed next door.

"Oh, look at that gorgeous yellow dress. Oh, I want it! I love it! I'll simply die if I don't have it."

Companion glanced at the guiltless garment and ventured another remark. "Yes, it is pretty. Yellow would be becoming to you, but I should choose a less vivid yellow. Perhaps you are a bit too large to wear bright yellow. A dull yellow would be better."

"Oh, I don't care. I'm mad about yellow and the more yellow it is, the more I love it. I adore that dress. Oh dear, why aren't I rich?"

But the roving eye of adolescence outstripped the tongue as it landed on a windowful of swimming apparel.

"My cow! Look at the cutie bathing suits. Gee! Look at that black one. Wouldn't I love it? I must have it. I'll die if I don't get it."

Once more Companion took a skeptical squint at a lethal garment. The array looked innocent enough, but no doubt the black one had designs on Modern's life, since there was no immediate chance of her getting it. The suit in question was modestly priced at

fifteen dollars—and Modern's life was again in jeopardy.

The attempt to cross the side street in this town where there were no traffic regulations absorbed the strollers' attention for the next five minutes. Safely across, a jewelry store hurled its glittering challenge of gems and gewgaws. Hordes of "costume jewelry" invited the eye to linger and the purse to yearn.

"Migawd," was Modern's comment, "will you just *look* at that keen stuff. Oho-eee, look at that green set. Dijeever see anything as good-looking? Boy! Couldn't I strut my weeds in that! I'll say I could! Wonder how much that set is? Earrings, bracelet and necklace. Gosh!"—snort—"they *are* good-looking."

Companion: "Do you think the ring goes with the other two pieces? It's so very large, it looks like a man's ring. See, the stone is perfectly huge."

"No, it's a regular ring. Goes with that set. I like 'em that way. Makes a good show. Gee! I'd give my life for that set."

Companion certainly had to get Modern away from the jewelry window. The ring looked innocent, but evidently it, too, was as deadly as any of the other things Modern had so ardently coveted.

The last shop on the street was a bakery. Companion felt perfectly safe in stopping here, because Modern had already died five times and surely wouldn't come to life over a cookie.

Modern was muttering. "Gosh, it's hot. Wish I were sitting in a tub of cool water right now. Phew, but it's hot! Like to have a nice cold drink of lemonade. Gee, it's hot!—My cow, look at those macaroons! We haven't had cake for a long time and I *love* it so. Please, let's get some. My mouth is watering for 'em. Oh, mercy, I'm so hungry I'm about to drop dead in my tracks!"

Companion moved on silently and tried to decide whether they should turn back and retrace their steps or take a chance by crossing the street and encountering more shops. Personally, she'd like to see what the other side of the street had to offer, but hardly

dared risk it. She made the right-about-face, but Modern burst out:

"My cow! Let's go on the other side. Don't let's look at all these dull shops again!"

With brain whirling, Companion gave in and crossed the street. The other side was a relief. Here was less display, and consequently Modern's life was less imperilled.

The respite gave Companion an opportunity to think about Modern and her outbursts. What did they mean? Companion decided first that they didn't mean any-

thing: second, that this head, perched on shoulders so far above her own, was decidedly modern, had not a worry in it, and was happy. Modern was, in fact, much happier than she, who had herself escaped by only a few years being a modern. Yes, with her "cows" and her "deaths." Modern was happier.

But why? Because, obviously, Modern's head had not yet given birth to any real thought.

To be "modern" *one must not think.*

Oh, to be a Modern!

My cow!

FOLK LORE

RED MAN'S FAREWELL SONG AS HE WENT FORTH TO BATTLE Tribal Sin-ka-has of Northwestern Tribes Translated into English*.

EDITED BY WILLIAM S. LEWIS

Of all Indian music, none was better known than the tribal San-ka-has, or songs on the departure of the braves for battle, or against their tribal enemies. These songs are deeply religious and serious in their invocation. On a calm starry night, to hear the San-ka-ha sung on the plains of the northwest by 500 to 600 Indian voices, both men and women, each keeping time to the wild, pathetic strain, is a rare thing; never, probably, to be heard again.

Mothers and sisters, always the most tender, can not, for the moment stand its thrilling notes, and they weep loud and deep for those that were, and are not. To dance this staid, insistent strain, the braves and leading men stripped to the waist, with the grooves and dimples of their faces and bodies painted with vermilion, black and yellow, with full, feathered bonnet, and mounted on their buffalo horses, or afoot, canter or dance around, keeping time to the song.

Versions as Set Down by Angus McDonald

For the following English versions of these songs we are indebted to Christina McDonald Williams, daughter of the late Angus McDonald, a well educated Scotchman, who came to the northwest in 1838 in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and spent his life among the Snake, Flathead, Blackfoot and other Indians of the Northwest, dying in Montana in 1889. He was the last chief trader of the great Hudson's Bay Company to conduct a trading post within the territorial limits of the United States. Early in life he married Catherine, a sister of "Eagle of the Light," a Nez Perce chief, and being a man of unusual literary attainments, as well as possessing great knowledge of the Indian ethnology, he employed many leisure hours of his later years in writing out songs, stories and legends of his Indian friends. Among his manuscript notes, which were preserved by his daughter, were some notes on the Indian Sin-ka-has, which with the aid of Christina McDonald Williams and some slight editing by the writer are here presented.

Translation Loses Spirit of Indian Songs

Much of the poetry, the pathos and plaintive pleading of these old songs is necessarily lost in an attempt to translate them literally into English. So far as known to the writer the pathetic, weird minor strain of this music has never been recorded. These wonderful songs, with the music and legends of our native Indians, are fast passing into oblivion.

They show the Indian not the stupid, stoical creature of common acceptance, but a man of deep sentiment, and reverence; a true representative of the spartan, dignified and noble race, among whom a girl was a virgin and a boy a man at 15. At which decimal number of odd snows, when decimals have no odds, each youth mastered his thoughts and his quiver and alone ascended some high, dignified and solemn peak like Mount Tacoma, where, without food or drink, he passed five days and nights communing with the spirit of the universe.

When this initiatory number of days and nights had passed the boy, now grown a man, came down again to speak with his fellow man. An occasional weakling gave up, but those who survived the ordeal acquired a self-mastery and a unity with nature seldom equaled by any others of the race of Adam. Of this intimate spiritual side of the Indian, his music, his songs, his religion and folklore, we know little; and unless some more serious effort is made to preserve it, it will be soon lost to us forever.

WILLIAM S. LEWIS.

(Song and Prayer)

Blackfoot Sin-ka-ka

Hoo-Kee hear me
Take pity on me
I am very poor.
I am going whither I go.

*The March, 1929 issue of The Stratford Magazine (vol. IV, No. 2) contains some similar songs from the Osage, Sioux, Hidatsa, Chippewa and Mandan Indians, as written out by Editha L. Watson.

Give me this day a spotted horse to ride on
my return.

Take care of my going and take heed of
my coming.

Let no mishaps delay me.

Preserve my fellow friends, that with me go.
Do not deliver us to death.

Our safety thither and thither make thou
sure.

Thus, O Sun, I speak to thee.

Art thou not very powerful and good?

As thou art powerful and good, pity me.

Thou powerful one, help me to bring also a
scalp of my foe, that my people may
rejoice at my coming.

Flathead and Nez Perce Sin-ka-ka

Where are thou?

I see thee not,

Not before me, not behind me;

I look at all, but thou are not.

When my song is done

I go, I go to find our enemy.

Is it to find the dead?

When thou hearest that I am dead, thine
eyes will flow;

They will pour down their tears.

Then thou within thy heart will say,

Thou will say it with thy mouth:

"Ah, I was not with him in death."

Thou moreover will say:

"Why did I descend by the rivers:

Why did I not sign with him?

Why did I not stand by his side?

Why was I not there to die with him?"

I hearken, what is there to sing; behind me,

"Do not go. Oh, do not go."

I hear not the voice that would stop me,

I go to the sands of the plains.

My song is my own, which I'll sing for you.

Women of my people;

When you are cutting skins.

When you take the awl and the sinew.

Intent on sewing the shoes,

Be your thought afar on those that are away.

When ye enter the forests for wood and the
solitudes sling with you,

Think voices of the trees and the rocks
are echoes of my song.

Let thoughts of you make me steadfast;

Let thoughts of the women of my people

Find speech and strength in my limbs

That I may not fatigue:

Nor be weary

Nor be left behind.

In the days of war.

Snake Warrior's Sin-ka-ka

With robe and stick I beat my song.

Our youths and maidens all are pleased.

The mother, glad to tend her young, fulfills
the love by which she's eased.

But as she hears my touching strain her
heart unto her foot has said:

"I will," and dance with him whose vein
strikes to the travles of the dead.

She comes, and moving in the dance the
while, she hears her infant's screams.

Then heard his sister advancing cry "Mama,
come, my brother dreams."

"It is," she saith, "my son," he cries, but
let him weep this bit of night.

"His sleep will follow when his eyes again
will open into light."

But those who die, are they awake?

Let me now sing to what is sped of life.

These airs possession take

And I will time them for the dead.

Say, when will those who went return?

Now I will dance with those who go

In twilight we do thus sojourn.

With rapture that enjoys our woe.

Whereon, the grandma brings the child and
holds him to her breast on high,

When lo she sees before her filed, the na-
tions, swinging by

Aloud, she swells the solemn song, and wails
of whom she sees but one.

Then, if the truth be in my tongue, dance
well, or with the dawn we're gone.

Beneath their robes our old grandsires
stretch,

Worn and cheerless in the dark,

Accord this lay their henching fires,

Then silent, weep without a spark.

For they have stept this lilt before,

And with the battle's dust and gore saw
slain their children in their prime.

The hearts of youth in blood and love, or step
of light, or sound of man,

No more their tired limbs can move and now
they mourn the days they ran.

Have they not danced from noon till dawn
the cloudless splendid summer nights

When every star that sees this dawn were
out, shining on their sight?

Have they not walked inside the storm, and
smelt of lightning's oily glint,
And heard the Father, without, solemnly
speak, "Men move not; I edge the
flint?"

With hair down shadowing your loins, ye
virgins dance this life's retrace.

That star on you his love enjoins
And times your lilt before his face.

Brothers and sisters with ye stand and not
be thrilled by my report.
Then, if then, fingers close my hand.
This foe to fend is our report.

Fathers and mothers, with you, hear
These plains and cliffs rehears my song.
And not be warmed to pour your tears.
For him henceforth who holds his tongue.

CRY-BECAUSE-HE-HAVE-NO-WIFE

A Folk Tale in Patois of the Uneducated American Indian.

TOLD BY QUEENE B. LISTER

Editor's Note: Mrs. Lister writes: "This is supposed to be a very old Nez Perce legend. An Indian near Ignacio, Colorado, told it to me first. He was a mixture of Ute, Navajo, and goodness knows what; so I took pains to inquire about the tale later. He didn't know, he said smugly, who told it to him—"Not know . . . maybe where I hear. . . ." A teacher in an Indian school said there was such a story, however; and a white librarian said she'd seen it mentioned somewhere in a collection. Later I found it myself in MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, by Judson. That's where I learned it was a Nez Perce tale.

"The printed story is not in patois, and not as primitive-sounding or as humanly expressed as the version I heard. The naive dignity of uneducated Indian-English has always charmed me. I suppose that is why I wanted to tell the tale as Oskie told it to me.

"The story has another chapter, which does not effectively add to the love story. It rambles as do many legend endings. . . .

"The tale charmed me also because I had the common idea that an Indian never cries. I've heard them wail, however, often enough. I suppose that is what the story really implies. The title, 'Wail-Because-He-Have-No-Wife,' might be substituted. But it isn't quite so childlike."

Once on a long time, there is a little boy. That boy, he is very sad. He have no father. He have no mother. That boy cry every night and every day, because he grieve so great.

His grandfather and his grandmother, they feel very sorry. They take him to their kind lodge. But this does not do no good. For the boy, he cry just the same. And he will not be quiet.

One day his grandmother think she will scold him. She shake him at the sunrise, and at the sunset. She shake him all direction and she say, "You must stop!" But the boy, he keep crying.

Next his grandfather think he will tell him how useless that crying is. The grandfather, he say, "You know your mother and your father can not come back no more. You know it do no good to cry! You have

your grandmother and only me." The grandfather, he shake that boy also. And he look big at the boy's yet-crying eyes and say, "Now tell me *why* you still cry?"

That little boy, he stop long enough to speak. Then he answer back, "I cry because I want a wife!"

The boy's grandfather and grandmother think that reason very foolish. They think the boy very young. And also without sense. But those grandparents, they are very wise. They think also of a plan. They know a beautiful girl that live a far distance toward the sunrise.

This girl live so far, the grandparents think the little boy can not find her. So they tell that boy where this girl-wife live. And they think he will start. But they think he will not reach so great a distance. They think—: "Pretty soon he come back and be glad with his old home."

That boy, he listen much while his grandparents tell about the trail. Then he start toward the distance very quick. The boy, he not stop to pick up no pack. And he not take no food. He start so soon.

After the trail is two days long behind him, that crying-boy at last come to a strange country where he see a giant's lodge.

This giant's lodge, it is very big. And it smell very good by the door-path. That boy, he stand outside. And he smell food what make his hunger more great than it is already. So he say, "I think I go in here and act like I am a very great guest."

The boy, he act so grown-up that way, that the giant, he soon make himself into a kindness. That giant, he give the boy a seat by the lodge-fire. And he talk and say:

"Here is a breakfast for you, my guest."

That giant, he have there—: five roasts that cook very brown-smelling on the fire. He have four big roasts that are brown-looking, and one little burnt roast. And he say to the boy, "You can have what roast you take for your breakfast."

The boy, he like brown meat more great than charcoal meat. But he point to the little roast anyway.

Now that little roast, it is a scrap of venison rump. But those large four roasts, they are roasted thighs of people. When the boy take the little roast, he does only remember what his grandmother often teach him. She always tell, "Never take what have the greatest looks. And also never eat too much."

After breakfast the boy tell goodbye to the giant. Then he walk more far on the long trail. The little boy walk this way with much weariness. He walk until his moccasins have nothing on them left but tops.

The boy, he walk up steep mountains. He climb down canyons. And one day, he come to a cliff that is so straight-up, no man can never climb it. That cliff it is also not-to-be-passed at the base. It is name:—Rock-Masher-Giant. And that Rock-Masher-Giant have power to mash people very greatly.

The boy, he understand this. But he think quick of a secret that the other giant tell him before he leave. That giant what give him roast meat, he tell much wiseness back there. He tell the little boy about this Rock-Masher-Giant.

While the boy eat his burnt-meat breakfast, the first giant say this way—: "When you reach Rock-Masher-Giant you must change yourself into a little dog. A dog what have the color of the rock. Then you trot along with a very slow silence under Rock-Masher-Giant. While you are that dog, you always watch the rocks above. If you look up and see Rock-Masher-Giant move, you run fast. As fast as the arrow!"

And the little boy, he do that and get through with safeness so he can go on.

It is not long after the boy leave Rock-Masher-Giant till he look up and see the place where beautiful Girl-wife live. He see a fine lodge. It stand under many high

birch trees. All of these trees have bark that shine like the moon. And all of their leaves, they are like stars. The lodge, it is also made very much of fine robes.

"What a beautiful lodge!" think the boy. "And what shining trees around it. This girl that live here, she must be the most beautiful girl-wife in the world!"

Now before this time here, the boy he is crying all the way from home, except while he visit and eat breakfast with the first giant.

But when he look ahead and see this fine lodge, he decide to not cry no more. He is very please. And he want to make his eyes more handsome anyhow.

But as he think this, and start more fast, a great wild horse come running with very madness. Now this horse, he is a people-killer. He belong to beautiful-girl. And he always kill people before they get close to her lodge door. He is her guard. And when the boy come up, this horse, he plan to kill him like the other people.

The boy, he is very frighten. He must think with much quickness. Before the horse reach him, he pick up two stones. The little boy spit on these with much sticky spit. The horse, he make a jump for little boy. That boy, he toss one spit-stone over his right shoulder at the horse.

And this is a surprise. The horse, he is very mad at such a thing. He think the idea so foolish, he stop to stomp the stone to bits, so he show his great strength. And while he slip and fall down and have to get up—the boy, he run fast ahead.

Next, when the boy is more near the lodge, that horse almost catch up with him again. So the boy, he throw down the second stone over his left shoulder. The second stone also have much spit.

"Oh my!" say the horse to himself, as he stop to stomp the second stone. "Oh my, that boy, he is so full of wise idea he seem like a man more than he seem a boy!" As the horse think this way he slip and get up once more, while the boy, he run so fast he reach the lodge. And he jump into the door and close it.

Now the beautiful girl, she is not home yet. She is gone to get some buffalo skins of water. Only when a little while is over she

come back and push the door open.

That boy, he think he is a surprise for her. But when the beautiful girl come in, she know him right away. She say—: "I know who you are. You are Iwapnep Ats-witki or Cry-Because-He-Have-No-Wife!"

That girl, she is very beautiful. And she talk to him with much love-smile. She ask with politeness if he want a bath—which is a great honor. Then that girl, she carry much wood and make a nice fire. She soon bake rocks and put them in water. She get ready a bath for the little boy that way.

The boy, he not sad no more. He only obey what she say with happiness. And when he take the bath, he have a big surprise. That surprise, it is very wonderful. For the boy, he find he is very tall and grown-up also. That bath, it make him grow quick, to a tall warrior!

So the boy and beautiful-girl, they sit down by the lodge fire. And they eat meat and meal-and-honey-cake from the same bowl. And in that way they know they are now married.

THE OPEN RANGE

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

WOLF HUNT

BY A. J. BROADWATER

Foreword: Never having made an effort to write a story, I don't expect this will read very good. However, I have had some great experiences in hunting, having come to this state in 1886, when game was plentiful; and as I was always a great lover of hunting, I have had some wonderful experiences. I recall one in particular, and am going to try and describe it. It would certainly make good reading, particularly to the young nimrods of today, if one with the proper ability for details of description could write it, I will, however, do the best I can.

It always seemed to me that truth should, and does, have a much stronger appeal than fiction. This wolf hunt is an actual happening, and I have refrained from any form of exaggeration. I imagined the lack of ability would be made up, to some extent, in the absolute truth thereof.

As further proof of this being a true account, will say my original idea in writing this, was to leave to my progeny one of the incidents of my life in the early history of Montana.

About 23 years ago, I owned a pack of 15 well bred and well trained wolf hounds, and kept 3 saddle horses, using alternately a horse and five dogs, to catch coyotes, whose pelts at that time were valueless as furs, but there was three dollars bounty paid by the State, and the same amount for buffalo wolves aside from this feature as an incentive for their destruction. There is no form of hunting I have ever known which offers any where near the thrill and excitement as having a good pack of dogs and a good horse under your knees and sighting a coyote, off say half a mile. No one can fully appreciate the excitement and expectancy,

but one who has experienced this form of sport.

The Lobo or Buffalo Wolf was extremely scarce with us, even at this early date. This species of wolf is about the most formidable antagonist, when cornered, that I know of. They grow to an enormous size, often weighing close to two hundred pounds, and are as quick as a cat. One of such animals I have seen kill a three-year-old steer, and do it quickly and easily. They can bite a cow's tail entirely off, or hamstring them, or a horse, as they run past them, falling them almost in their tracks, after which it takes them only a few minutes to dispatch them.

My brother Harry and I started on a certain day for our regular coyote hunt. I had 5 dogs (the pick of my pack) and one particularly valuable dog (Blacktail by name), very fast, a killer, and a particular pet of mine, whom I had often seen kill his coyote without assistance from the rest of the dogs; also a large hound called Wallace (a half boar hound and half Great Dane). Wallace had never been whipped by dog or beast. In fact, all of my five dogs at this time were of the very best. My brother also had a pack of 7 good dogs.

We selected for our hunting grounds of this day, a large lease tract, of about 20,000 acres, where Mr. Simon Pepin ran his winter herd of beef cattle. We separated upon entering this lease, Harry going parallel and about a mile off my route. I had ridden only about a mile, when a band of antelope arose from sage in front of me. Off went my dogs in chase of them, in spite of my efforts to stop them. I knew I had no dog in this pack which was fast enough to catch them, so there was nothing for me to do but await their return. I waited for possibly half or three-quarters of an hour, and was finally rewarded by noting them coming back. I sighted them about a mile off, strung out in single file. I began counting them to see if they were all coming back. I counted 7 dogs, and knowing this was 2 more than I had, I came to the conclusion that two of my brother's dogs had taken up the chase of the antelopes and were coming back to me with my dogs. I now got out my field glasses, and discovered the last two were Lobo wolves, following my dogs back. This was very exciting news to me. (I know of no other way of describing the sensation, other than to give an illustration.) You will possibly know the sensation which seizes a fellow when he is shooting rabbits, and a wild turkey flies up in front of him? Or when hunting deer, to suddenly behold an elk close by?

Well, I hurriedly got my dogs together, back tracked them around a hill, and into a gorge, and there I rested them for half an hour, for a big scrap. I was reasonably sure that the wolves, when they arrived at where the dogs joined me with the horse, would follow no farther, and expected they would lay around in the vicinity for some time. Having rested my dogs up, I cut across the top of a hill directly for point where dogs had arrived on return from the antelope chase, and found my calculations true. I found, on mounting to top of the hill, lying in the coulee directly under me, one of the finest and largest specimens of wolves ever seen. I yelled at the top of my lungs, "Take 'em, boys!" this being the signal for the dogs to go into action, and you can be sure they were not slow in taking up the challenge. Before that wolf

had run fifty feet, the dogs were upon him. I really expected to see pieces of that wolf scattered over an acre of ground in a short time, and was sorry Harry was not there to see the fight. Well, it was some fight, all right, but did not turn out as I expected. All of the dogs piled onto him at about the same time, and soon pulled him down. But he didn't stay down, much to my surprise. He was up almost as soon as down, and had grabbed one of the dogs, threw him ten feet, and was after another dog, trying to catch him. The dogs rallied again and again, but each time the air was full of dog hairs and yelps, keeping up a fast running fight all the while.

At last, my best dog, Blacktail, lay badly wounded and lacerated, and the rest of the pack whipped to a frazzle. I never got in shooting distance, it was done so quick. I had my shotgun and some bird shot shells along, swung under my saddle skirt, thinking I might run into a bunch of sage hens, on the trip.

About this time, Harry came up with his fresh pack of dogs, and renewed my hopes; but Mr. Wolf polished this bunch of fresh dogs quicker than he did mine. He ran off about half a mile, and stood watching us from the sky-line. I looked at poor Blacktail, think I shed a few tears, but the anger I felt gave me an inspiration. "Harry, you take Blacktail on your horse, down to Milk River, wash his wounds, and wait there for me. I'm going to kill that wolf or crack a rib."

I was riding my top horse, Babe, half-breed Hamiltonian and cayuse, who had done a quarter in 26 seconds on track, and I knew was good for 60 miles at a gallop. The wolf proved very accommodating, and waited until I was within a quarter of a mile of him before starting to run. There was a long flat of seven miles in front of us, without a coulee or break. I let Babe take it rather easy for a time, and gave him his head. He knew exactly what I wanted him to do. For the first two miles, his Wolfship wasn't the least worried, only occasionally looking back over his shoulder; but as I begun to draw closer and closer, he put on all the speed he had, his long tongue lolled out of his mouth. But Babe gained steadily. I noticed in the dis-

tance some badlands, and made an extra effort to finish the race before we came to these, but without success. I raced up within thirty feet of him several times, and tried to shoot from the running horse, but don't think I came within many feet of hitting him, at any of my shots.

I have heard and read of this feat of people who killed their game from a running horse. This stuff is all the bunk. The man never lived who could hit a target as big as an elephant, thirty feet away from a running horse, with a rifle or shotgun, either. They might handle a revolver with some little degree of accuracy, but I doubt it.

My wolf made these badlands before I could head him off. There is where I should have pulled up and stopped, but it never occurred to me to do so. By the very greatest of good luck, I rode through a mile of these badlands at breakneck speed, where every jump of a horse was courting death. I recall at one place, an almost perpendicular descent of 100 yards and a short rise of 10 or 12 feet, at the top of which we ran right into an old crater about 12 feet across. I could see no bottom. We were directly on top of this, running at full speed, before I discovered it. There was no possible chance to stop or turn the horse. I recall throwing my feet out of the stirrups, thinking I might grasp the edge of the crater when the horse fell into it. I thought this would be my last wolf chase; but that game little horse cleared that 12 feet of space as easily as I could step 3 feet. I knew of a water-hole a short way off, and supposed the wolf would

make for this. When I was within 20 steps of the water-hole, I slid from the saddle, and ran up to the bank, looking down into the water-hole, to see the wolf just quitting the bank on the far side. I gave him both gun barrels. The only effect was to turn him a cherry red in rear, and make him bite at himself.

I now had to race back to the pony, as my only hope was to head him off before he reached some very formidable badlands, where no horse could go. Babe was equal to the occasion. I ran by the wolf just before he reached the gulch. I ran the horse about 40 yards past him, and slipped out of the saddle, shotgun in hand. The wolf stopped dead still, gave me a look-over, rolled his lips back from his teeth, laid his ears down to his head, and charged straight at me, his mouth wide open. I was waiting for him to come within 10 or 12 feet, before firing, as I knew if I missed he would soon finish me off. But he never came that close. It was all a bluff. He charged to within 20 feet and stopped again, started to veer off around me, and I fired. The charge almost tore his head off. I did not take the measurements of this animal, as I had nothing to do it with, but I had often loaded 175 buck deer on this same pony, but try as I would, and I certainly worked hard and long at the try, I could not load this wolf on the pony. So I skinned him, or rather her, there. The pelt was almost as large as a yearling calf. I presented it to Dr. J. H. Irwin, who is now practicing medicine in Great Falls, Montana.

FLEDGLING

Continued from page 340

shoved down in her eyes, as she ran up the steps of the car onto the back platform of the train. Standing there together, Anna and Charles looked as if they were married already, with Anna holding his arm and looking very important.

Then as the train moved and the distance between herself and the two

people was measured by the specks they became, her wavering smile vanished. Her hands that had grasped the iron railing until they were numb and claw-like loosened and dropped the handkerchief she had waved so gaily. But it was caught by the wind and fluttering was lifted buoyantly into the air. Like a white bird, it sailed upward and was blown toward the mountains. Her eyes followed it curiously.

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

SOME OF OREGON'S EARLY NEWSPAPERS

By GEORGE TURNBULL

Note: We intend to publish in this section only source material, but just before this issue went to press a change in plans had to be made. We are happy to be able to offer this account of early Oregon journalism by Professor George Turnbull, of the School of Journalism of the University of Oregon. The Editors.

Foreword: This article is not a complete history of the journalism of early Oregon. The intent, rather, is to give some idea of what Oregon's first papers were like. What historical chronology appears in the early part of the article is merely a selection of what seemed the most interesting, as a background for the glimpses of the newspapers themselves that follow. Anything like completeness, naturally would require vastly more space than is here available. Sources cited in the notes give the reader hints of the opportunity to go as deeply into any of the phases of Oregon journalism as he likes. What follows here is a selection from the fruits of considerable browsing among early files of representative papers of early Oregon.

G. T.

It was a distinguished pioneer group that formed, late in 1845, the Oregon Printing Association, which was to issue, February 5, 1846, the first edition of the first newspaper west of the Missouri River. Officers were W. G. T'Vault, lawyer and journalist, later attorney general under the provisional government; J. W. Nesmith, later United States senator from Oregon and father-in-law of Levi Ankeny, who sixty years afterward became a United States senator from the state of Washington, a commonwealth of which no man of the forties had dreamed; John P. Brooks, less well remembered; George Abernethy, leading Oregon City business man and governor of Oregon for the period of the provisional government, 1845-49; Robert Newell; John E. Long, secretary of the provisional government, and John H. Couch. T'Vault was president of the organization; Nesmith, vice-president; Brooks, secretary, Abernethy, treasurer; the three others were members of the board of directors.¹ The headquarters was Oregon City, "founded by John McLoughlin"—"McLoughlin of old Oregon."

This was the absolute beginning of journalism on the Pacific Coast. The *Alta California*, California's first newspaper, was not to be issued for six months.² We have, therefore, the *Oregon Spectator* as the trail-finder of western journalism. T'Vault was chosen editor. The records show that H. A. G. Lee, another member of the organization, a former speaker of the house in Oregon's provisional legislature, was first choice for the position, but he let it go to T'Vault for half of the \$600 a year Lee wanted for his work.³ For his \$300 salary T'Vault was to attend to just about everything but the printing of the little paper. J. Fleming's name was carried as the printer.

The volumes of the old *Spectator* are light and flat, for the publication was not only small (11½ x 17 inches over all, four columns wide) but of infrequent issue, coming out twice a month. Journalistically the *Spectator* was nothing startling, and it seems fair to say that if it had been twentieth instead of first in point of time it would not be well remembered today. We should not forget, however, that it was published in a little wooden village in the farthest West, two thousand miles from the civilization of "the states." We should bear in mind, too, that journalism of that day was not twentieth-century journalism, even in New York or other eastern centers.

The plant on which the first paper was to be printed was obtained in New York through the instrumentality of Mr. Abernethy. Ten months after the start, the

¹ Flora Belle Ludington, *The Newspapers of Oregon 1846-1870*, in *Oregon Historical Quarterly* v. 26, No. 3 (September, 1925).

² *Ibid.*, 229.

³ Fred Lockley, *Oregon's Yesterdays*, 284.

Spectator carried a resolution passed by the printing association thanking Francis Hall, Esq., of New York, publisher of the New York Commercial Advertiser, for "his kindness in forwarding the press, &c. for this association, and for his generosity in giving his valuable time in selecting the articles without making any charge for his services."⁴

The most interesting part of the equipment and, so far as this writer knows, the only surviving bit of the original plant, is an old Washington hand-press, manufactured by R. Hoe & Company, world-famous press-builders. In those days this was a remarkable piece of machinery, in advance of many of the presses of its day. Fast workers could turn out 150 to 200 impressions an hour, making it a matter of two or three hours to run off the *Spectator's* whole list at the height of its popularity.⁵ To get an idea of its efficiency today, this writer has just set down a few figures which indicate that it would take the *Spectator's* press about two years, at the prevailing eight-hour day, to run off one issue of a Portland newspaper. Three shifts would cut the time down to eight months; but if the subscribers were to get fussy and want the color work they get today in Sunday issues, the old press couldn't do the job at all. This press, carried by mules across the isthmus of Panama 85 years ago, is still used occasionally to print proofs in the plant of the University Press at the University of Oregon, Eugene, where it is preserved, with an inscription signed by George H. Himes, venerable curator of the Oregon State Historical Society museum in Portland, affirming that it is the first newspaper press on the Pacific Coast. The press used by Spalding and other missionaries is several years older, but it had not been used for newspaper purposes when the *Spectator* made its bow.

T'Vault did not remain long as editor. With naive frankness he took all of us into his confidence as to why he left the paper. Politics, he said in effect; he was too much of a Jeffersonian for the owners. He accused his employers, however, of blaming his faulty orthography and syntax for his dis-

missal. H. A. G. Lee, his successor, was soon succeeded in turn by George L. Curry, a well-qualified young newspaper man who had come over the trail out of the East only a few months before. Curry himself was to leave in less than two years, for political reasons. The *Spectator* languished and was not among those present when the census men went round after the data for the 1860 statistics. The paper had done its part in encouraging the development of its home town and of old Oregon. It managed to attract a considerable number of correspondents, who strengthened a rather weak spot on its editorial page. One of these was M. M. (probably Gen. Morton Matthew McCarver, pioneer of Iowa and Oregon and Washington), who wrote well and constructively on economic questions uppermost in the Oregon of the late forties. The little paper did its best for Oregon.

We have noted that George L. Curry, later to be governor of the territory, left the *Spectator* for political reasons. The constitution of the printing association contained a clause forbidding partisan political discussions in its columns, and this proved an irritation to editors who had ideas and political principles. So in 1848, seeking greater political freedom, Mr. Curry started a second newspaper in Oregon City, the *Oregon Free Press*.⁶ The most persistent fact in connection with the *Free Press* is, that after running from May to October, it had to be suspended because the available printers had all joined the vanguard of the California gold rush.⁷ The paper did not resume, and we shall meet Mr. Curry again on another of the pioneer publications, on which as editor he was free to vent his dyed-in-the-wool Democratic sentiments.

The Tualatin Plains, a few miles southwest of Portland, not far from Newberg and Forest Grove, was the scene of the next journalistic effort in old Oregon. Eight numbers of the *Oregon American and Evangelical Unionist*, announced as a semi-monthly, were issued between June 7, 1848, and May 23, 1849. The name Whitman is inextricably woven into this venture. The

⁴ *Oregon Spectator*, Oregon City, v. 1, No. 23 (December 10, 1846).

⁵ The *Spectator* in its first year had 155 subscribers, according to Fred Lockley, op. cit., 288.

⁶ Charles H. Carey, *History of Oregon*, 517 note.

⁷ *Ibid.*, 506.

publication was printed on the old Whitman mission press, and its early death was attributed editorially to dissatisfaction with the handling of articles on the Whitman massacre.⁸ The publisher, C. F. Putnam, and the editor, Rev. J. S. Griffin, accused their opponents of hiring their printer to break his contract and go off to the mines after seven issues had been printed. By May a new printer was on the job, and one more issue was got out. This was not, perhaps, in the strict sense of the word, a newspaper, but more or less resembled a magazine.

We have now reached 1850 and the rivalry between Milwaukie and Portland, four or five miles apart. Milwaukie was the larger place, and through such leading citizens as Lot Whitecomb making a struggle to remain in the lead. November 12 of that year saw the rise of the *Western Star*, a weekly paper published by Mr. Whitecomb. Portland rapidly forged ahead, however, and the *Star* went down the river to Portland, where it continued under another name—the *Oregon Weekly Times*.⁹

This brings us to the *Oregonian*, started as a weekly in Portland December 4, 1850. C. B. Bagley, newspaper man and historian, in the course of his article in the Washington Historical Quarterly on "Pioneer Papers of Puget Sound," tells us that the *Oregonian* is the only paper started in the Oregon country—and that includes Washington—before 1860 which has remained in existence to the present without suspension or loss of identity. W. W. Chapman and Stephen Coffin, who started the paper, brought T. J. Dryer, an experienced newspaper man, up from California to be editor.¹⁰ From the beginning the *Oregonian* was intelligent and influential. More will be said about its policies later in this article. It is impossible to resist the temptation to stop here and say that the old Ramage press, purchased from the *Alta California*, which ran the first few issues of the *Oregonian*,¹¹ established a reputation as a real pioneer among presses; it was sent north to run the first newspaper north of the Columbia river in Oregon, then ran the

first newspaper in Seattle, the first one in Walla Walla and what is now eastern Washington, also the first in what is now the state of Idaho. As Edmond S. Meany, professor of history in the University of Washington, said the other day, "It may not be the first newspaper press in the Northwest, but it has enough firsts to its credit to justify its honored place in the museum on the University of Washington campus." These early presses, though, are another story.

The *Oregonian* was soon to have a local competitor. The old *Western Star* machinery had been sent in the whole five miles from the rival town of Milwaukie and used, May, 1851, to help start the *Oregon Weekly Times*. John O. Waterman and William D. Carter were the publishers. The paper was Democratic, in opposition to the Whig *Oregonian*. In 1857 E. C. Hibben came in as editor. A daily issue was started December 18, 1860, with Alonzo Leland as editor. The next week the *Oregonian* was announced to have become the property of Henry L. Pittock, a young man who had joined the paper as a printer seven years before, and the new owner was putting out a daily by the first of the year. Publisher Dryer was so far in arrears on young Pittock's salary that it seemed simpler just to hand the paper over to him than to attempt to pay up.¹² Mr. Dryer, anyhow, was assured of a diplomatic post as envoy to the King of the Sandwich Islands under the Lincoln administration which he had done his part to place in power. Mr. Pittock lived for nearly sixty more years, carrying the *Oregonian* down through the period of the fairly recent World War. Meanwhile the *Oregonian* had achieved a value, financially as well as otherwise, that would tempt one mathematically inclined to figure how many thousand years Mr. Pittock would have had to work as a printer on the wages that ate up the early *Oregonian* to earn the paper as it was when he died, within recent memory.

Now we come to the *Oregon Statesman* and Asahel Bush. Here we come in touch with the interesting figure of S. R. Thurston, dele-

⁸ Ludington, op. cit., 260.

⁹ *ibid.*, 250.

¹⁰ *idem.*

¹¹ Lockley, op. cit., 303.

¹² H. W. Scott, *Oregon Country*, v. 94.

gate to Congress from Oregon. Elected in June, 1849, he was the then incongruous combination of Methodist and Democrat, and he felt the need of newspaper support to reelect him to his post.¹³ He died on his way home from the national capital before the next election rolled around, but not before making contact with the young Bush in Washington, D. C., and arranging with him to edit the new paper in Oregon City, home of the *Spectator*. The *Oregon Statesman* has been a Salem institution for so many years that it is easy to overlook the fact that it was not always so. It started, indeed, in Oregon City when Salem was still unknown to fame. A letter from Delegate Thurston to Bush, dated January 27, 1851, less than three months before his death, gives a line on the delegate's attitude toward the paper and his ideas on journalistic ethics. This letter, reproduced in the Jubilee number of the *Statesman*, seventy-five years after its first issue came from the press, follows in part:

" . . . The *Statesman* will go ahead; you see I have warm fighting friends. In your first number, in a dignified manner, state that I have no control or influence whatever over the paper and that I will be no further respected nor supported than any other good Democrat That Thornton is a snake in the grass. Treat him as all my enemies, with respect and courtesy, as I alone am competent to attend to their cases. I desire you to be entangled in nothing further, think the case is made by the interest of the party. Be extremely careful to have your paper dignified with chaste and gentlemanly language . . ." ¹⁴

Mr. Thurston died within two weeks after the appearance of the first issue without having seen a copy and thus was spared the shock that some of the virile Bush's picturesque outbursts must have caused him. There is some question as to just the date when Mr. Bush began his editorial work on the *Statesman*; Mr. Bagley, previously mentioned, insists that the first editor was Joseph S. Smith, and Bagley was a youngster in knee breeches in Oregon at the time.

Flora Belle Ludington, however, names Mr. Bush as the editor. This is substantiated by the name on Vol. 1, No. 1, of the paper. Miss Ludington quotes a letter written by Mr. Bush from Oregon City, April 17, 1851, saying, "I get very little patronage at Oregon City." This patronage was to grow. The paper, under the militant editing of the young easterner, became the "Bible of the Oregon Democracy" and the lusty opponent of Dryer and the *Oregonian* in everything on which it was in any way possible to quarrel. Bush headed the very successful group of politicians that became known as the "Salem clique", which directed things Democratic—which virtually meant all things political—in early Oregon for years.¹⁵ When the capital was moved to Salem, the politically minded *Statesman* moved with it, in June, 1853. Two years later, when the legislature met at the newly-chosen capital, Corvallis, Bush followed along with the *Statesman*, explaining that since he was state printer it was necessary that he be at the seat of government. When the legislature itself passed a resolution to take the territorial government back to Salem the *Statesman* went along with it (1854), and has been there ever since.

Chronologically the next point of interest in Oregon journalism of that early day is the establishment of the first newspaper in Oregon north of the Columbia river, in what is now Washington. This was the eighth publication in order of its establishment in the Northwest. The *Columbian*, a 4-page 6-column weekly paper, larger than the old *Spectator* and comparing favorably with the *Statesman* in appearance, made its bow to northern Oregon readers September 11, 1852.¹⁶ The *Oregonian's* old Ramage press had been sent north to start another newspaper on its career. The publishers were James W. Wiley and Thornton F. McElroy, with Wiley as editor. The *Columbian*, as Professor Meany points out in his article on early Washington newspapers, in the Washington University State Historical Quarterly, had as one of its reasons for its being the promotion of sentiment for a new territory

¹³ *Oregon Statesman*, anniversary edition, January 27, 1926.

¹⁴ *ibid.*

¹⁵ Ludington, *op. cit.*, 257.

¹⁶ *Columbian*, v. 1, No. 1.

north of the Columbia river. The *Columbian* did its best, gave up plenty of space for news and editorials promoting division of the territory: but, by the irony of events, it had, as Professor Meany indicates, nothing to do with the actual achievement, which was based on the old Cowlitz convention, held the year before the *Columbian* was started, and was put through by the friendly efforts of General Joe Lane, Oregon delegate to Congress. The news of the convention, played up in the *Oregonian* and *Spectator*, was found in Lane's papers.

Incidentally, this writer went rather carefully through the whole first volume of the *Columbian*, and if there was any editorial recognition of the friendly part Lane and Oregon played in obtaining separation for north Oregon it was not displayed in a way to be read by a runner of any great speed. The paper was stopped permanently on the outbreak of a greater war, in the spring of 1861. The Democratic party had "slipped" in both Washington and Oregon.

Chronologically we appear to have reached the establishment of the *Umpqua Gazette* at Scottsburg, Oregon, April 28, 1854, and the *Pacific Christian Advocate*, started in Portland in the same year.¹⁷ The *Advocate*, which is still alive as a religious paper, was in its early years a journal of general circulation, resembling the other papers and drawing the fire of its contemporaries for political utterances. Rev. Thomas H. Pearne was perhaps its best remembered editor. He was prominent in politics as well as in journalism. The Scottsburg paper, edited by Daniel Jackson Lyons, suspended in September, 1855.¹⁸ Its place in history is due entirely to its time order as the first newspaper in Oregon south of Salem. The plant was used to start a new paper at Jacksonville called the *Table Rock Sentinel*, after a prominent feature of the landscape in that part of Oregon. W. G. T'Vault, formerly of the *Spectator*, was the editor.¹⁹ Editorially T'Vault claimed to be independent in all things; but when hard-shelled Democrats accused him of having abolitionist leanings

he challenged them to duel, at the same time promising the great surgical feat of "cutting out" any drop of abolitionist blood he might unhappily have in his veins. After eight more or less rip-roaring Democratic years the paper fell into Republican hands, and we find it an uncompromising Union paper under the editorship of Orange Jacobs, later a well-known resident of Seattle. The name had been changed to the *Oregon Sentinel* by T'Vault and a partner, W. G. Robinson, in 1858.²⁰

The first real red Republican newspaper in Oregon is the distinction accorded the *Oregon City Argus*, started with W. L. Adams as editor, April 21, 1855.²¹ The *Spectator* was now dead, and its plant was used to print the *Argus*. Adams was a minister of the Christian denomination. He and Asahel Bush of the *Statesman* kept the air frequently full of journalistic fur. Neither was in the habit of "pulling" his editorial punches, and it was the "Air-goose" on the one side and "Ass-of-Hell" Bush on the other. Dryer of the *Oregonian* was another who use to meet Bush more or less in his own way, and drew editorial shrapnel from the *Statesman* by referring to its editor as "the bush", with a small b.

It would probably be libelous to this day to print many of the little exchanges indulged in by Bush, Dryer and Adams; and others of this early group were not far behind these three in vitriolic vehemence. In quoting from the old files of one of them such things as these it will be as well to omit names, but the excerpts are copied verbatim:

"There is not a brothel in the land that would not have felt itself disgraced by the presence of the . . . of week before last. It was a complete tissue of gross profanity, obscenity, falsehood and meanness. And yet it was but little below the standard of that characterless sheet."

"The . . . man is the most unvarying liar we have ever met with. He so seldom tells the truth, even by mistake, that we are inclined to make a special note of the fact when he does . . ."

" . . . says he has returned from California with 'his vision improving.' He, however, judging from his last number, comes back as crazy as ever. He had better return and take quarters at the lunatic asylum."

On one occasion a reporter on one of the

¹⁷ Ludington, *op. cit.*, 253.

¹⁸ *ibid.*, 259.

¹⁹ *idem.*

²⁰ Ludington, *op. cit.*, 240.

²¹ *ibid.*, 242.

papers was convicted of burglary—undertaken, apparently, as an avocation and not as part of his regular duties. The rival editor, however, with customary courtesy, explained that the man's confession had not "as yet" involved his editor. Volumes could be compiled of this sort of personal warfare.

There was the time when one of the editors went to southern Oregon on a political speechmaking tour. The contemporary newspaper (all names omitted to avoid libel) gave him the following enthusiastic send-off, here given as a final example of the journalistic amenities of the furious fifties:

"LOOK OUT FOR LIES!

" . . . has gone south to electioneer for . . . and the . . . party. He is the most unscrupulous liar in the territory, and not one particle of reliance can be placed on anything he utters. It was him (sic) who published the cowardly slander about General Lane . . . There is no danger of his falsehoods finding credence unless he shall attempt to pass under an assumed name . . . For fear that he may do this we subjoin a description of him: . . . hatchet face, 'stoop shoulders', grizzly hair, uneasy manner, downcast countenance, never looking a person in the face, dishonest expression, and had on when he left a white wool stovepipe hat and buff vest. He preaches temperance and moral reform sometimes, but is fond of whiskey and tobacco, and swears profusely."²²

A well-known old-time newspaper man, David W. Craig, was proprietor of the *Argus* for four years, until 1863, with Adams as editor. One of the treasures occasionally shown by Mr. Himes at the historical museum in Portland to visitors is the chair occupied by the *Argus* editor. This was presented by Mr. Craig to Mr. Himes after he had consolidated the *Argus* with the *State Republican*, of Eugene. This chair, in passing, is not to be visioned as the comfortable, cushioned swivel affair in which so many present-day editors do their work. Rather, it is a small, angular-looking piece of the kitchen-furniture variety—not a sleep-inducer. The *Oregon Statesman* soon took over the combined paper and published the whole combination as the *Statesman*. Meantime, the *Statesman* had swung over to strong support of the Lincoln administration. Bush's split with Joe Lane had been over the question of secession, and on December 5, 1862, he declared in the *Statesman* that as for him he was for the Union first and the Union only.²³

The directors of the combined *Argus* and *Statesman*, including both radical Republicans and Douglas Democrats, were J. W. P. Huntington, Rufus Mallory, D. W. Craig, C. P. Crandall, and C. W. Terry. Loyalty to the Union was emphasized. In 1866 the paper was sold again, one of the owners this time being Samuel Simpson, the poet, author of "Beautiful Willamette." He was associated with his father, Benjamin Simpson, and Sylvester, his brother. Its next owners, who followed soon afterward, were, successively, William McPherson, who dropped the name *Statesman* on merging the paper with the *Unionist*. The name *Statesman* was soon revived, under the ownership of Samuel Clarke. This brief disappearance of the name is the basis for the assertion of C. B. Bagley, previously quoted, that the *Oregonian* is the only paper of the early pioneer group which has maintained its identity unbroken throughout the years.

One is tempted to mention numbers of papers which poked their heads hopefully over the journalistic horizon in these early days only to fall into premature graves after a brief and fevered career. These, however, must here be omitted except where there is some appealing significance. We might say a word of the *Democratic Herald*, which carries interest from two points of view. This paper, started by Alexander Blakely in March, 1859, was carried on after a year by Anthony Noltner, noted early Oregon journalist, for two years. One of its claims to remembrance is, that under its later name of *Democratic Register* it got itself suppressed in September, 1862, for its strong Southern views.²⁴ The other is, that it was edited from March to September by one Cincinnati Heine Miller, who, under his more euphonious name, Joaquin Miller, became the picturesque poet of the Sierra. Miller's younger brother, George Melvin Miller, it might be observed in passing, is still a resident of Eugene. The suppressed *Register* became the *Democratic Review*, starting out in November with a promise to be politically neutral, but soon, in January, hoisting a defiant Democratic banner. Joaquin Miller edited this paper also for Noltner, resigning

²² *ibid.*, 257.

²³ *ibid.*, 258.

²⁴ *ibid.*, 237.

in February of 1863 to be succeeded by James O'Meara.²⁶

One of the early advocates of slavery, among Oregon papers, was the Jacksonville *Herald*, published by William J. Beggs and B. J. Burns in 1857,²⁸ in a town which threw away its future by guessing wrong about the value of a railroad and allowing it to build into a little village named Medford and nurse it along into a thriving city.

B. J. Pengra was running the *People's Press*, a Republican paper, in Eugene in 1858. Old-timers there still remember the time when articles which had been written by Harrison R. Kincaid, then a budding journalist, in the *People's Press*, aroused the anger of President Riley of the old Columbia College, in Eugene, a slavery advocate, and caused him to shoot Mr. Pengra, thinking him the author. This gunplay made it necessary for Mr. Riley to leave suddenly for somewhere else. The fireworks failed to help the college, which was soon just as dead as the *People's Press* itself. Pengra survived his wounds.

Another warm old Democratic advocate of those days was the *Oregon Democrat*, published at Albany by the gifted Delazon Smith. Smith was one of the first two United States senators elected from Oregon when the territory became a state, on Valentine's Day, 1859. Smith died seventeen days after his election, and his brother-in-law, Jesse M. Shepherd, continued the paper.²⁷ It still lives, as a daily newspaper, combined in 1925 with the *Albany Herald*, which was established in 1879. The *Democrat* fought the dominance of Bush and Joe Lane in Oregon Democratic politics. A wartime editor of the *Democrat* was James O'Meara, with experience in other Oregon towns and many years later a spirited rival of Harvey W. Scott, the great editor of the *Oregonian*.

They had some odd newspaper names in those early days. It was before the day of the hyphenated handles that spring from consolidations. So there were no Intelli-

gencer-Advertisers in those days; but they managed to have some odd names, such as the *Occidental Messenger*, started by J. C. Avery in Corvallis in 1857, a slavery advocate, the name of which was changed to the *Democratic Crisis*.²⁸

The papers of those early days were, in most cases, not conspicuously strong editorially. Even so, there were a number of editors who had definite programs, political and economic, and exerted considerable force to put them through. The stand of the principal papers on the issues which raged during the fifties and sixties has been worked out by several writers, notably by W. C. Woodward in his history of political parties in Oregon. In this territory, the question of statehood was one of the principal issues during the fifties, with the Democratic papers, in general, favoring statehood and, in the earlier years, the *Oregonian* and other non-Democratic publications opposing. The favorable vote of the people on statehood was not achieved until the *Oregonian* changed its stand. Statehood in those days of the fifties was bound up with the question of slavery; and the anti-slavery *Oregonian* finally became afraid that if Oregon did not soon become a sovereign state the pro-slavery President Buchanan would contrive to fasten slavery on the territory.²⁹

In the late fifties and sixties the Democratic papers were, for the most part, pro-slavery. In the early days of the Civil War, several of them were barred from the mails or suppressed altogether for their pro-secession attitude. Herewith is given a list (which may not be quite complete) of those suppressed:³⁰

- Albany Inquirer, P. J. Malone, editor, suppressed 1862.
- Corvallis Union, suppressed 1863.
- Democratic Herald, Eugene, Anthony Noltner, publisher, barred from mails, 1862.
- Democratic Register, Eugene, successor to Herald, suppressed in September, 1862, to become the Review in November. (Joaquin Miller was associated with Noltner in editing the Herald.)
- Southern Oregon Gazette, Jacksonville, James O'Meara, editor, refused privilege of mails in 1861 and soon died.
- Daily Advertiser, Portland, George L. Curry, editor, suppressed 1862.

²⁶ *idem*.

²⁷ Ludington, *op. cit.*, 239.

²⁸ Ludington, *op. cit.*, 233.

²⁹ *ibid.*, 235.

³⁰ Carey, *op. cit.*, 526.

³⁰ Ludington, *op. cit.*; Carey, *op. cit.*, 664; H. H. Bancroft, *History of Oregon II*, 492 and note.

The pro-slavery attitude of many Oregon newspapers is, perhaps, attributable to the fact that, much more than Washington Territory, Oregon was settled by Missourians and other southerners, and they brought southern ideas with them. In the main they did not carry their southern sentiment to the point of advocating secession, although there are the stories of efforts to raise troops in Oregon for the Confederate States.

Liquor laws and their enforcement were then, as now, a stirring question.³¹ Newspaper influence, for the most part, was "dry" in those days. An occasional heavy editorial would proclaim the dangers and evils of intemperance, while the long stories of temperance meetings retained the anti-alcohol note placed there by the secretaries who were instructed to see that the meeting was noticed in the papers. Many of the merchants, however, were allowed to carry liquor ads on the same terms as other advertising. This is another story and is not to be taken as reflecting the editorial attitude. The caveat emptor theory prevailed. Newspaper ethics were developing, rather than developed, as the presence of abominable "medicine ads" by the column eloquently testified.

One of the biggest campaigns conducted by a newspaper in the early Oregon country was the battle of the old weekly *Columbian* at Olympian, already referred to, for separation from Oregon.

The *Oregonian* so far distanced its early competitors that it is difficult to realize it was not the first daily newspaper established in Oregon. It was really the fourth. The first was the *Metropolis Herald*,³² which gets a mention in the *Oregonian* of August 11, 1855. It does not seem to have lasted for any length of time and is not universally recognized as first. The second—for that matter the first, according to some authorities—was the *Daily News*,³³ Portland, not connected in any way with the newspaper of that name now running in Portland. Alonzo Leland, whose newspaper connections were numerous, started the paper April 18, 1859, in connection with the S. A. English and W. B. Taylor Company. Before many

weeks the ownership was changed and the paper became an independent weekly, which soon died. The plant was moved to Salem. Mr. Leland was the publisher also of the *Daily Advertiser*, promoted to "crush out the Salem clique." This pro-slavery, anti-Bush paper appeared first May 31, 1859. It ran for three years, stopping in 1862, when some other newspapers ceased for the same reason, governmental suppression.

Perhaps the first semi-weekly paper was the *Portland Commercial*, which ran for a time in the spring of 1853, under the editorship of S. J. McCormick.³⁴

The first magazine on the Pacific Coast meanwhile had been started by Mr. McCormick in January of the preceding year. He called it the *Oregon Monthly Magazine*. It was the forerunner of a long line of somewhat similar and perhaps equally worthy efforts which have littered the journalistic boneyard of the Pacific. I hope the date of its demise is not important, for I have been unable to find it. The *Oregonian* of March 26, 1853, reports the magazine as having had a "short though brilliant career."

There is no attempt in this paper to give in full detail the "vital statistics" of early Oregon journalism—the births, consolidations, and deaths of the papers. This work has been rather completely done by others. Flora Belle Ludington, of Mills College, did a master's thesis on the subject six years ago, which was reproduced in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, September, 1925 (Vol. 26, No. 3).

Only the high spots in the history of the papers can be touched here; but it is the purpose to combine with this some glimpse of the contents of some of the more important newspapers of early Oregon territory. While the constitution of the old Oregon Printing Association, publisher of the *Spectator*, prohibited specifically "propagating sectarian principles or doctrine" and "the discussion of exclusive party politics," it was announced that the news policy would be "to give foreign as well as internal news. Our means of obtaining news at present are limited (the telegraph had been invented, in 1844,

³¹ Files of *Statesman*, *Oregonian*, and others, *passim*.

³² Ludington, *op. cit.*, 248.

³³ Lockley, *op. cit.*, 310.

³⁴ Ludington, *op. cit.*, 254.

but was not in use on the Pacific Coast until the next decade); but as the country improves, facilities for obtaining news will improve. Our columns will be open for the reception of literary productions, and all scientific gentlemen are invited to contribute to enable us to give as much general information as possible."

A close inspection of the *Spectator's* files gives one the impression that the scientific gentlemen were too busy with their own affairs to contribute much to the enlightenment of the general reader—a situation which, it may be observed, has in general persisted to this day. There was no original reporting of anything scientific. The editor's interest in science was indicated by frequent cuttings from the eastern papers. Much of this material was reasonably authentic science, but it was not indigenous to Oregon.

Oregon's first newspaper and, indeed, some of those that came later, had the same trouble collecting purely local news of the town as many of the larger papers in the East had shown in a previous generation and were only just beginning to throw off, owing to the influence of such early specialists in newsgathering as James Gordon Bennett the elder. In the early *Spectator* there was a minimum of local news, though the comparison was not unfavorable with the later *Oregonian* and *Statesman*, in this respect. Most of the first page was taken up, for the greater part of the first year with publication of "The Organic Laws." This was not exactly news and was not translated from the official to the news form, but it was not without interest, and its publication was one of the prime objects of the paper's founding.

The first item of news in Vol. 1, No. 1, February 5, 1846, and therefore the first bit of news published on the Pacific Coast, was a modest little society squib mixed in among the editorial paragraphs on page 2: "We are informed by Capt. Knighton that a BALL will be given at the City Hotel on Tuesday, the 24th inst. We are well satisfied that Capt. K. and lady will be O. K. on that occasion." Why it seemed necessary to reassure the reader on this point does not appear.

The reporting and writing ends of the old *Spectator*, as in the case of other pioneer newspapers, appear to be its points of greatest weakness. The newspapers of those days, more than those of today, were organs and mouthpieces for the ideas, both news and editorial, of those who cared to send them in. The art of reporting events completely and objectively was not yet far developed, and the editor usually knew more about printing than he did about newsgathering. Repeated appeals for contributions—something to set up in type—occur in the early numbers. For instance: "Will some of the old settlers in Oregon be kind enough to prepare an article for the *Spectator*, giving an account of the climate, soil and production of Oregon, particularly describing the location of the country, its extent and all other particulars that would be of interest to the citizens of the United States?"³⁵ This particular appeal brought, in the next issue, an exhaustive article, more than a column long, from the pen of Morton Matthew McCarver, a real pioneer, who before coming to Oregon had been a founder of Burlington, Iowa, and who after a few years moved away from the Willamette valley to become one of the founders of Tacoma, Washington, "the City of Destiny," which, forging ahead of Steilacoom, Olympia and Seattle, for a long time was the most metropolitan of the young cities of the new Washington Territory.

It was several weeks before the news columns of the *Spectator* contained a single item on the activities of the city government of Oregon City. Meanwhile, we know there was a mayor and city government, for in the first issue of the paper the third editorial paragraph, under the heading "City Government," informed the reader that "The time has arrived for a thorough and complete organization of our City Corporation. Our mayor and trustees are doing up business in the right way. Our advice to them is, first: 'Be sure you are right, then go ahead. Gentlemen, dig up the stumps, grade the streets, tax dogs, prohibit hogs—and advertise in the *Spectator*.'"

The first real news item dealing with the affairs of the city government appeared in the third issue of the paper, and it appeared,

³⁵ *Spectator*, v. 1, No. 1 (Feb. 5, 1846).

not as the result of any newsgathering enterprise on the part of the *Spectator* staff, but rather, apparently, from the advice to the officials to advertise in the *Spectator*. A city ordinance appeared as a paid legal notice. The ordinance itself is of interest. Contrary to the usual city ordinance of later days, the instrument contained seven distinct provisions. It was signed by A. Lawrence Lovejoy, mayor, attested by Fred Prigg, recorder. Both of these are exceedingly prominent in the public affairs of early Oregon. Among the provisions of this omnibus ordinance were a prohibition of swine running at large in the city, a ban on hauling logs or timber along the streets unless attached to or slung on wheels, a ban on riding or driving furiously along the streets, and a provision for arrest and fine of any persons found intoxicated, acting in a disorderly manner, or otherwise offending public decency.

Observers of early journalism know that the first account printed in England regarding the battle of Waterloo, in which the English people can be conceived to have had considerable interest, started with the somewhat vague and uninspiring phrase near the bottom of a column in the *London Times*: "We have met a gentleman who has just returned from the Low Countries" . . . and meandered along in a sluggish old river of rhetoric to the statement that a rather important battle had been won from Napoleon by the English and Prussians. The same sort of newswriting was still being done in Oregon—and, after all, this was only 31 years later. Let the following item indicate the leisurely approach to the news in the *Spectator*, with none of the modern effort to be specific rather than general and to put the best news foot forward:

"We are informed," reads an item in the second number of the *Spectator*—which, it may be recalled, was a twice-a-month paper in its early years, "by a respectable gentleman who has just returned from exploring the north side of the Columbia river and Puget's Sound, that the exploring party are highly pleased with the country. North of the Columbia, particularly in the vicinity of Puget's Sound, the country, susceptible of settlement, is much more extensive, and the

soil much better, than before represented . . . Hitherto the country has been unexplored by emigrants wishing to settle.

"We are well satisfied with the information received that that region of country north of the Columbia, as far as Frazier's [sic] river, will in a short time be populated with the enterprising emigrant, who anticipates and hopes to realize the advantages of a location at or near the harbor of Puget Sound. To show the above conclusions are well founded, we are informed, since writing the above, that five families have already located immediately on the Sound."

This item illustrates the difference between 1846 and 1896 or 1931 in reporting methods and opportunities and in newswriting technique. There is no intent here to be critical of pioneer journalists; and the reference to development of newspaper technique is in no spirit of condemnation of the earlier work of men who labored under difficulties. The journalist of the forties in the Far West, or, for that matter, anywhere in the country, had not yet attained that feeling for the value of names in the paper which was achieved later. Reader interest had not yet been studied to any extent. The crediting of news reports to "a respectable gentleman" belongs to an age that is past. The modern editor would call for much more intensive detail, and the modern reporter would pump the "respectable gentleman" much dryer of facts about the work and the observations of the exploring party before letting him get away.

The "respectable gentleman" of early Oregon news reports appears to have been the king of all the news sources. Another example: An article under a black-type heading "Texas" started, "We are informed by a respectable gentleman who has just received a letter from the United States dated Independence, Missouri, August 12, 1845, that Texas had accepted the terms of annexation proposed by the congress of the United States." The news took seven months to get from Missouri to Oregon City; and this was no fault of the newspaper or of the "respectable gentleman," for Morse's "electro-magnetic telegraph," as they called it in those days, was an infant a year old, with only a few local lines in the eastern states and no idea of moving west. The Pacific railroad was nearly a generation off, and letters came, mostly, behind deliberate oxen or

around the long water route from the old civilization.

The "respectable gentleman," it appears, figured in rumors as well as thoroughly authentic news. Note the matter-of-fact way this alarming report is handled in the first issue of the *Spectator*:

RUMOR.—We are informed by a respectable gentleman, who, a short time since, received a letter from Captain Grant of Fort Hall, stating that Doctor White, Indian agent for Oregon Territory, and his whole party, had been cut off by the Sioux Indians, between Fort Bridger and Fort Laramie. Capt. Grant writes in the positive. His information was from Mr. Hastings, who left New York on the 6th of July last, and must have passed the scene of massacre in October.

We note that the writer has been concerned more with facts than with grammar, for the opening sentence does not tell just what we are informed by the respectable gentleman. And we begin to develop a serviceable definition for the phrase: "A respectable gentleman," we come to believe, "is one who tells the newspaper the news." With this, modern newspapermen would be inclined to agree.

This word "respectable" appears pat in the first account of a public meeting ever published on the Pacific Coast. Like a good many meetings elsewhere, before and since, that particular gathering had to do with the subject of prohibition. The chronological order of telling about a meeting, letting the important fact come wherever it may in the telling, without such a thing as what newspaper men call a lead or introduction giving a concise idea of what was said or done, was the vogue of those days. It was, incidentally, the easy and usual way of writing up whatever else happened to find its way to the staff of the newspaper. So that's the way the prohibition meeting was described: like this:

Public Meeting.

At a large and respectable meeting of the ladies and gentlemen of Oregon City, held in the Methodist church, on Thursday evening, the 12th inst., the following resolutions were adopted:

On motion of W. H. Gray, Esq., Colonel Taylor was called to the chair.

On motion of A. F. Hedges, J. S. Rinearson was appointed secretary of the meeting.

Col. Taylor, the chairman, then called upon Mr. Gray to state the object of the meeting, who arose and said that the law in relation to ardent spirits had been for some time, and was now, daily violated, and that the object of the meeting was to arouse public sentiment, and appoint a committee of vigilance, whose special duty it should be to see that the liquor law was fully enforced.

(Then follows five hundred words of detail, including several resolutions. The next to the last paragraph contained what almost any experienced reporter of the last half century would have included in the first or second paragraph):

Mr. Gray then proposed that a committee of vigilance, consisting of six, be appointed; whereupon the following gentlemen were named by the chairman as members of the committee, viz: Messrs Gray, Crawford, Robb, Barlow, Hood, and Engle.

The last paragraph tells the public that the secretary of the meeting was instructed to make out a complete record of the proceedings of the meeting, which was to be signed by the chairman and secretary, and handed to the editor, with the request that it be published in the *Oregon Spectator*, and that on motion, the meeting adjourned with prayer.

If the term "respectable gentleman" is inseparable from all accounts of any news coming from a distance, "painful duty" and "melancholy circumstances" are the standbys of all accounts of accidents. Thus we observe the following strange introduction to an account of the death by drowning of Dr. John E. Long, secretary of the territory:

"It is our painful duty to record the death of Dr. John E. Long, secretary of the Territory, who was drowned in the Clackamas river, near this place, on Sunday, 21st ult., under the following melancholy circumstances:"

(This is followed by the chronological account of the drowning as nearly as the facts could be pieced together.)

If it were not for the presence of a three-column general article on the first page, in the thirteenth number of the *Spectator*, and almost a full column clipping from the *Baltimore American* advocating an Indian state, we might attribute to shortage of space in the short shrift given two items I shall quote here:

(1) Duncan McLean was committed to jail on Friday last (17th inst.) on suspicion of having murdered a Mr. Owens.

(2) The Rev. Norbert Blanchett was consecrated bishop of Oregon Territory in the 15th of July, 1845, in the Roman Catholic cathedral at Montreal, Canada.

It requires no great amount of journalistic training or aptitude to see that these two items leave a great deal to be desired by the curious reader.

Religious influence is noticeable in the conduct of the *Spectator*; and one would have expected, therefore, that with a big church story right before his eyes the editor

would make sure it appeared in the paper at the earliest opportunity. The tip was in the form of a little notice reading as follows:

Quarterly Meeting.

The Methodist Quarterly Meeting will commence at the Methodist Episcopal church, in Oregon City, on the first Sunday in April next.

One might expect that when this meeting came it would be covered with some effort at detail and thoroughness. Careful search, however, failed to reveal this story in the columns of the *Spectator*, either right after the meeting or at all. Probably all the good Methodists knew just what was done at the quarterly meeting, but all the non-Methodists have been left in the dark from that day to this, so far as the *Spectator* is concerned. This is by no means to be taken as indicating lack of interest in things Methodist; it is simply a reflection of the newsgathering inertia of the time. The way to be sure to get into the paper anything about a meeting on any subject, from religion to prohibition to politics, was to appoint someone secretary of the meeting and instruct him to hand the minutes to the paper, meanwhile passing resolutions asking the paper to print them.

As before intimated here, the deciding factor in the way a news story was handled in this early Oregon pioneer paper apparently lay in whether an account was prepared by someone not a member of the staff and sent to the paper for publication. For instance, one would expect at least an equal amount of interest in the result of the elections for the Oregon legislature as in the organization of a military company. And yet the military meeting was covered in rather full detail in 400 words, with a list of all the officers down to the fourth corporal; the clue is found in the first paragraph, which begins: "Mr. Editor—You are requested to publish the proceedings of a meeting which was held, pursuant to notice . . ." and the last paragraph, which reads: "On motion, resolved, that the president and secretary sign the proceedings of this meeting and forward a copy of them to the editor of the *Oregon Spectator* for publication."

This article, too, is run chronologically just as handed in with no hint in the preliminaries of what was finally done.

But in the same issue of the paper, a most vague and perfunctory story of the result

of the legislative elections is given, as follows:

The Late Election.

We have not been favored with the official returns of the election at present, but presume the following will be found correct:

Representatives—

For Clackamas County—Hiram Straight, A. L. Lovejoy, W. G. T'Vault.

For Champoege—Angus McDonald, Jesse Looney, Robert Newell, A. Chamberlain.

For Tualaty—Joseph L. Meek, Lawrence Hall, D. H. Lowndale.

For Yam Hill—A. J. Hembree, Thomas Jeffreys.

For Clatsop—George Summers.

For Lewis—W. F. Tolmie.

For Vancouver—H. W. Peers.

For Polk—no election.

The reader is left to presume that this is correct, for there are no figures in the item. The article spoke of not having been "favored" with the official returns. No effort to obtain anything unofficial is indicated; and apparently the paper never was "favored with the official returns," for this is all that ever was made of the *Oregon Spectator's* first opportunity to publish an election story. No figures, no definite facts—and the reader left permanently in the air, so far as any information coming from the paper is concerned. No resolutions had been passed asking for the publication of the results. If definite results of this election were ever published in the *Spectator*, I never was able to find them, although I made a special search.

Well, let us take a little journey into the realm of dramatic criticism. Here in the *Spectator* for February 19, 1846, the second issue, is the first item of dramatic criticism ever published on the Pacific Coast:

"Theatrical Intelligence. (headline)

Theatre on Board H. B. M. S. Modeste, Vancouver."

"A sailor's life is one of excitement, and Jack is generally far more happy on his briny element than leading the life of a landsman. The happy crew of the above ship have had a spell of shore-going for the last two months, but to break in upon the monotony of waddling through the mud, they formed a little theatrical party among themselves (the first, by the way, in Oregon), and have performed twice since the New Year, sustaining their characters in the most creditable manner, that even had Will Shakespeare himself looked up, he could not say nay!

"Upon Tuesday, the 3d inst., under the patronage of Captain Baillie and the officers of the ship, and before a full and respectable audience (full audiences were respectable in those days, and the word respectable, as previously noted, was kept right busy) was performed the comedy of 'Three Weeks After Marriage,' followed by 'The Deuce is in Him' and 'The Mayor of Garratt,' and to give the performers their due, we must say that we have witnessed

far inferior acting by the duly qualified 'Corps Dramatique.' We must first speak of the scenery—painted by themselves—it is really beautiful. The prologue composed and spoken by Mr. Pettman, elicited great applause—his concluding sentence that 'Modeste' was our ship, and 'modest' are we was excellently given. Our columns will not permit us to take notice of every actor, but we beg here to say the whole of them deserve the highest commendation.

"The characters of Sir Charles and Lady Rackett were ably sustained. Miss Hedgecock—old Drury himself might be proud of her shake of the foot during her husband's rage—was exquisite. Roberts's Druggett was also choice. Fleming, as Lovelace, looked and did his part well, but it is with the vocal powers of this gentleman we have to do—they are truly admirable—and we would not be ashamed to pitch him against a Braham and a Wilson. Miss Allen, as Dimity, was not so bad—only she spoke rather low. Miss Lloyd, as Nancy, was also good—the roll in her walking was excellent.

"The parts of Colonel Tamper and Major Belford by Messrs. Somerville and Charles, were most respectably sustained, and here again that favorite actress, Miss Hedgecock, displayed her talents. The sweet but delicate Miss Rossie (her first appearance on any stage), as Madm. Florival, was well received, and we augur favorably of her future histrionic career. The performance concluded with the popular comedy of the Mayor of Garratt, and the house was kept in a continual roar of laughter from beginning to end. Everyone did their [sic] part almost faultless, but we cannot omit specially to notice Roberts as inimitable in Jerry Sneak—it would take the most descriptive mind to do him justice; suffice it to say, we even doubt if the great Liston himself could come it as he did, in the comical twist of the muscular fibre; and his 'I'll have a bit of the Brown' almost sent everyone into fits—it was tho't at one time that two gentlemen present would require to be held, the risible faculties being so acted upon. Mr. Byron's Snuffle was also done to perfection—the gestures and face were first rate—even some of the children called out 'look at the man making faces.' The orchestra was well got up, with violins, flute, and the harmonious bagpipes. Messrs. Fleming and Pettman's songs were highly applauded—the former's 'Through the Wood' was sweetly and beautifully sung, and deservedly encored—the latter's 'Jeremiah' given with much zest, but we could recommend less of the screaming in chorusing poor Jeremiah. We conclude by saying that we wish these supporters of the drama every prosperity and success, and bid them God speed! Grattified, I think I may safely say in my own name, with that of the other settlers in Oregon, shall we be, when we shall see the 'curtain raised' in our infant city, and entertainment afforded us equal to that of the 'modest' blue jackets."

We gather, out of all this mass of extravagance, the impression that, time and opportunity considered, these early plays were rather well done; and we are not overlooking the achievement of sailors who painted their own scenery. One is inclined to conclude that the drama of the day in the pioneer Northwest was considerably in advance of its journalism, both in the intelligent

energy thrown into it and in the quality of the product.

It would not be fair to the intelligent men and women who so largely made up the body of Oregon pioneers to leave the impression that everyone was satisfied with this sort of "theatrical intelligence." X Y Z, in a column communication printed nearly four months later—after a change in editors of the *Spectator*—protested against the "exquisite pomposity" (really a pat phrase) of the writeup of the "Modeste" theatricals and of a picnic on Tuality plains some weeks later, and suggested a becoming diffidence in speaking of Oregon fashions, theatres, amusements, boats, and improvements.

Society news was handled with the same uncertainty of touch as the news of the drama in early Oregon papers. Locally-written society was bare of detail, and the correspondents were "exquisitely pompous." It does not seem to have occurred to the early editor to edit or rewrite anything, and the result of this policy is seen in such articles as the following:

BALL AT VANCOUVER

Captain Baillie and the green-room officers of H. B. M. S. Modeste entertained a numerous circle at a ball here, upon Wednesday evening. There was a brilliant assemblage of "the fair sex" of Oregon; and although in the far west, yet from the gay display that night, we are proud to state that the infant colony can boast of as pretty faces and handsome "figures" as the mother country. Dancing commenced at 8 o'clock, and it was pleasing to see the "tripping on the light fantastic toe" kept up with such spirit. The dresses of the ladies was a theme of universal admiration, combining neatness, elegance, and ease. Reels, country dances, figures eight, and jigs, was the order of the evening; and if we do not yet come that fashionable dance, the Polka, still we live in hopes of seeing it soon introduced at our city balls, a gentleman who knows and dances it well, and who lately visited the Valantine plains, having kindly volunteered to instruct the Oregonian beauties in its intricacies. Vancouver, Feb. 7, 1846.

The taste of social item was not always up to the standard of the writer's good intentions. Here, for instance, is the way a wedding notice appeared in the third issue of the *Spectator*, March 5, 1846:

Married—On the 25th ult., by J. L. Hembree, Esq., Mr. Samuel Campbell, to Miss Chellessa Chrisman; all of Yam Hill county. The Printer acknowledges receipt of a delicious slice of the bridal loaf, for which he tenders the happy pair his grateful thanks, and hopes that they, while peregrinating the chequered scenes of life, will be abundantly blessed with the choicest of heaven's gifts—smiling Oregonians.

The religious element was not infrequently worked into society items, sometimes giving them a more or less evangelical flavor. For instance, this from the sixth issue of the *Spectator*:

Married—on the 29th ult., by Rev. J. S. Griffin, Mr. Henry Sewell of Oregon City, to Miss Mary Ann Jones Gerish, at her father's residence in Tuality plains. The choice of exercises on the occasion, were befitting Christian parties who receive the institution as of divine origin—to be religiously celebrated, and its blessings to be received from its heavenly benefactor.

The friends of religion and good order, who are best acquainted with Mr. Sewell and his lady, have become endearingly attached to them, and have pleasing hopes that the best of influences may be expected to the church and community, from this worthy couple now added to the families of our rising country; and cannot but congratulate the people of Green Point and vicinity, where they are about to reside, with the pleasing relations they are sure to sustain.—Communicated.

The paper—probably the editor did it himself—occasionally burst into song in connection with a wedding notice. When a Clackamas couple were married, the item in the *Spectator* ran as follows:

Married—On the morning of the 12th inst., by F. Prigg, Esq., Mr. Silas Height to Mrs. Rebecca Ann Spalding, all of Clackamas county.

" . . . May all their days
Glide as the silver stream which never
stays,
Bright as whose shingled bed 'till life's
decline,
May all their worth and all their virtues
shine."

An early "sob story," perhaps the first published on the Pacific Coast, appeared in the *Oregon Statesman* while it was still being published at Oregon City. It is of a type which recurred rather frequently in those early days and, with a certain smoothening up of technique, right down to the present.³⁶ Following is the story, head and all:

For the *Oregon Statesman*.

The Last Three Days of Turner,
Who was Hung at Hillsborough on the 4th
inst., for the murder of E. A. Bradbury.

The prisoner, up to this time, showed no symptoms of repentance for his crime, but still persisted in his innocence, and that many things should have been brought up on his trial to show that the girl entertained the same feelings of malice as himself.

He had employed the most of his time in writing off his statement to send to his friends, as he said they would believe what he tells them, if no one else will.

The day previous to his execution, he remarked—"No! they have not done me justice—an innocent man has to die; I'm coming to myself now, and life is getting sweeter and sweeter to me; it's hard. Some have taken me for a grand scoundrel of the first water, and that I aimed to get a big name. I wasn't smart enough to act

insane." He labored much under these feelings during all this time, and harped on it frequently.

His appetite was good, and the evening previous to his execution he ordered a "large supper," and after continuing his writing until a late hour, he went to bed and slept soundly three hours, showing no restlessness through the morning.

On the morning of the execution he expressed a wish to be shaved, and remained quiet during the operation, showing not the least disposition to take a false advantage of the occasion; but at his singular request for a knife to pair [sic] his nails, for his satisfaction the same was done, leaving him no opportunity of carrying out any plan he may have formed. At his request on the previous day, a clergyman of the Reformed Church was sent for, who arrived early to perform the last sad offices for the prisoner, who expressed himself willing and anxious to be assisted according to the church of his belief; but the time drawing fast to a close, precluded all opportunity for the ceremony to be performed, which could not possibly have taken place without affording the prisoner a chance of escaping the gallows by seeking a watery grave as a last resort.

While the officer was adjusting the bands to his arms, he remarked "it need not be tied so tight, as he had large hands and it would not slip;" and after he was equipped in his shroud he had not a word to say until he arrived at the place of execution, which took place at precisely 11 a. m., after appropriate remarks by Elder James McBride and Rev. John S. Griffin, in the presence of about 500 people—men, women and children.

The morning sky showed symptoms of rain, which may have deterred many from going to the execution; but upon the awful scene the sun came peering out to bring conviction to the minds of all that at what was about to take place, His eye, with unbounded scrutiny, was witness, and was searching the inmost recesses of that heart upon which he alone—who doeth all things well—can pronounce the proper judgment. Alas! poor Turner.

With good books as scarce as they must have been during those early pioneer days, one is hardly prepared for the caustic type of criticism handed out in one of the early book reviews; the victim, too, was an Oregon author. Margaret Jewett Bailey, of Portland, had written "Grains, or Passages in the Life of Ruth Rover, with Occasional Pictures, &c. &c." The printing was by Carter & Austin. Some unfeeling person signing himself "Squills" sent the *Oregonian* the review here quoted—which is valuable, perhaps, not only as showing the type of book reviewing produced in those days and the mid-century attitude in the Far West toward women outside the kitchen, but as revealing a type of pioneer pessimism met in the hard days of the fifties:

"This work," Squills wrote,³⁷ "does great credit to the printers, Messrs. Carter &

³⁶ *Statesman*, v. 1, No. 38 (Dec. 9, 1851).

³⁷ *Oregonian*, v. 4, No. 36 (August 9, 1853).

Austin, the typography being very clear and the cover being neat and immaculate in tint. We seldom read books of feminine production, believing their (the females') province to be darning stockings, pap and gruel, children, cook-stoves, and the sundry little affairs that make life comparatively comfortable and makes them, what Providence designed them, 'Help-meets.'

"But affliction will come upon us, even here in Oregon, where we are castigated with so many already. It is bad enough to have unjust laws—poor lawyers and worse judges—taxes, and no money, with the combined evils they saddle on us, without this last visitation of Providence—an 'authoress.' In the words of Homer (or his translator) we say, 'and may this first invasion be the last.'

"Of the style we say nothing—that is as usual apologized for in the preface, and moreover the writer is a 'school marm.' We have read the book entire—one cover and ninety-six pages, double columns. In the second chapter Ruth has three lovers—now, this is unfair, and contrary to rule: modern romances usually devote 2 vols. octavo to one lover. 'Young America' is fast, however, we quote from the chapter mentioned of the last of the three:

"I can think of him only as a grave with a poison flag growing above it and contaminating the air with its poisonous breath.'

"We hope she had not the *Standard* in her 'mind's eye' when she wrote of the 'Poison Flag.'

"There is considerable piety throughout the book, which is well enough in its way; also any quantity of epistles, several scraps from journals about camp meetings, the vanity of the wicked world, &c., &c., &c. They are generally of the Brother Knapp and Burchard order and like those gentlemen she appears to have been on exceedingly familiar terms with the Lord.

"Our space being limited, we can give no more quotations from the book, so must leave the reader to peruse it for himself. To call it trash," writes this chivalrous critic, "would be impolite, for the writer is an 'authoress.' Pages 86 and 87 contain some

pretty morceaux from Ruth's diary. We think, however, that private biographies are an affliction barely tolerable—when a Napoleon, a Byron, or any other lion makes his exit, it is well enough to know 'How that animal eats, how he snores, and how he drinks.' But who the dickens cares about the existence of a fly, or in whose pan of molasses the insect disappeared?"

In the compass of this article it is impossible to give more than a glimpse of these early papers; and the difficulty is to preserve much unity aside from the selection of what seems interesting and, perhaps, significant.

A tendency for the worm to turn, even in those early days, against the custom of printing fulsome obituaries of uninteresting persons, who disappeared in some obscure "pan of molasses," is taken from the *Oregonian* of June 27, 1857, under the side-heading "Do the Wicked Ever Die in Oregon?" "If they do," wrote the wearied Dryer, "the *Pacific Christian Advocate* never chronicles the fact. Column after column of that sheet, is week after week devoted to obituaries of the virtuous and Christian life, and triumphant death, of Bro. A., B., C., &c., and Sister D., E., F., G., &c., all of the Methodist church.."

A few years later the *Oregonian* paid its respects to those persons, already numerous, who believed that anyone could run a newspaper. July 9, 1864, about the time the *Oregon Sentinel* at Jacksonville was taken over by S. F. Dowell after previous owners had fared rather badly, the *Oregonian*³⁸ ran the following editorial commenting on the state of country journalism in Oregon:

"A very popular but erroneous idea prevails that the publication of a small weekly newspaper is not attended with any particular expense which a man of common intelligence, foresight, and industry would not be able to meet, and that without the cash support of its patrons (?). It is the experience of nearly every practical man who has undertaken to establish and carry on a weekly journal where its services are most required for the benefit of surrounding country, that the community does not extend that material aid upon which its very existence de-

³⁸ *Oregonian*, v. 14, No. 34 (July 9, 1864).

pends. The *Oregon Sentinel* has the following:

"A Good Chance.—Here is a good chance—to spend your money. The Sheriff has offered the *Oregon Sentinel* press, type, etc., for sale, and if you wish to get rid of your money in a hurry, just buy it and continue the publication of the paper. According to a rough calculation, a number of enterprising Union men have expended within the last three years, in labor and cash, about five thousand dollars, and over and above the in-

come of the office, in order to run the paper. They now propose to let go, and let some other man try it, if he wants to. We understand the paper will be continued under the auspices of Mr. Dowell. We would be glad to see him do so, and hope that he will be able to make it pay, and labor zealously for the election of Lincoln and Johnson."

Mr. Dowell seems to have had the "stuff," for he ran the paper for fourteen years, after it fell from the disillusioned hands of its former owners.



BOOK SHELF



Apache. Will Levington Comfort. E. P. Dutton and Co. 1931. \$2.50.

Superficially, at least, *Apache* links itself with two other notable delineations of Indian character that have appeared within the last three years: LaFarge's *Laughing Boy* and Linderman's *American*. There is this immediate distinction. *Laughing Boy* is historical in spirit only; *Apache* is historical in spirit and partially so in fact; *American* is historical both in spirit and in fact.

Despite occasional footnotes intimating a documentary background, for thorough enjoyment the reader should cast aside historical prejudices and launch unreservedly into the charm and vigor of the narrative. Like *American*, this book deals with the life of an Indian chief. This time that of Mangus Colorado (Red Sleeve), the famous rim-rock Apache and the immediate predecessor of Geronimo. From his youth Mangus Colorado has endeavored to understand the ways of whitemen. He particularly wishes to meet Kit Carson ("Keet Kah-sohn"). In his search he is naturally imposed upon, at one time being unmercifully beaten by miners who think he is trying to trick them. For this insult he joins with Cochise to wreak bloody reprisal upon the Americans.

The author's style is astonishingly restrained and the drama proportionally intense. Its poignancy mounts to a peak in the closing lines. In a final effort to understand these strange invaders, Mangus Colorado comes upon a camp of California volunteers who, in turn, have been searching for him for weeks. The officers and men treat him as a renegade. Those on duty perfidiously try to force him from the camp fire so that they may shoot him like a dog.

"No nan-tan (officer) was in sight. He would not raise his voice to cry aloud.

"Another soldier poked the fire. This time a brand fell across his knees. He leaped up.

That drew the shots upon him, even from outside the circle of firelight."

Missoula

Rufus A. Coleman

The Log of a Cowboy. Andy Adams. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. \$1.00.

A Dog-Puncher of the Yukon. Arthur T. Walden. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. \$1.00.

Spy Net. Ared White. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. \$2.00.

Whistle of Day. Ruth Evelyn Henderson. Bozart Press. 1931. \$1.25.

St. Magdalene's Hospice and Other Verse. Carl Hepler. The Journal-Standard (Freeport, Ill.). 1931.

Verse of the New West. Irene Welch Grissom. Caxton Printers (Caldwell, Idaho). 1931. \$2.25.

The first two titles are in the Riverside Library series. Adams' *Log of a Cowboy*, a reprint, is an authentic account of the delivery of the Circle Dot herd from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the Blackfeet Indian reservation in Northwestern Montana. The concluding chapters carry excellent description of conditions in the Yellowstone, Musselshell and Powder River valleys in the early '80s. Andy Adams was born in a log cabin near Fort Wayne, Ind., almost 72 years ago. He went to Texas as a young man and followed the cattle trails for years. Cripple Creek mines lured him to Colorado, where he now lives and writes.

A Dog-Puncher of the Yukon is equally authentic, and equally fascinating in the minutiae of its detail. Mr. Walden went into the Klondike two years before the gold rush of 1898, and like Mr. Adams, relies on knowledge, not fancy, for his material. Both books are worthy a place in any library.

Spy Net is a romanticized story of espionage and counter-espionage during the World



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War, warranted to hold the reader's critical judgment in abeyance until the end. Major General George Ared White has been a member of the Oregon National Guard since 1895. He served on the Mexican border in 1916, and during the World War was on duty in the Adjutant General's office, G. H. Q. A. E. F. He commands the 41st Division.

Gay cover and jacket of *Whistle of Day* accord well with the book's contents. In her first book, Miss Henderson conveys with sympathy and humor the high and sensitive spirit of boys and girls. Her mood is at once wholesome and tender, and wholly extraverted. In the latter respect it contrasts with the mood of Carl Hepler's *St. Magdalene's Hospice*, where young nurses fling their crude vitality within walls

—old and grey and lovely
and scarred from long usefulness:
. . . wearied with much living
still
patient withal,"

against moods of patients, sombre and profound. If poetry is "thought and feeling in the heart of man," Carl Hepler is a poet.

We have seen the West, time after time, as cynics see it; but to see it through eyes of love turn to Irene Welch Grissom's "Verse of the New West." Mrs. Grissom does not talk about mystery and glamour and hope and excitement of the spirit, but these are the stuff of her poetry. She makes even the one-street, western village, where occasional trains scare unaccustomed horses, convey the excitement and mystery in which childhood is rich—and adults the poorer for losing. In a tarred paper shack, in "The Place of Little Rain," the owner sits among imagined grainfields, with the ripple of water glinting through his thoughts. The driving power of the book is suggested in such a phrase as: "Do you love life? . . . say to the bird, 'Your song is mine.'" Part of the atmosphere of the volume comes from its authentic illustrations.

Martinsdale, Mont. Grace Stone Coates

The Religious Background of American Culture. Thomas Cuming Hall. Little, Brown. 1930. \$2.50.

The significant fact about this book is its major contention that the religious mentality of a large element of the American population really hails less from Calvinism, Puritanism, or continental Protestantism, than from the "old, radical, and hardy English" dissenting tradition that goes back to Wycliff and the Lollard movement, and even earlier. Dr. Hall makes a careful study of an early popular undercurrent in England, resulting in important national statutes in the 14th century, and in the Lollard, lay-preacher movement which stressed the Bible as the only guide and creed: a movement persisting further into the Elizabethan age

and so coloring the views of early settlers of the New World.

It is a plausible thesis, helping to explain otherwise discordant facts in both English and American history. It fits neatly into that vague, creedless, institutionless religious attitude that characterized many pioneer settlements for whom the Bible was sufficient assurance, and any man might expound it. The strange thing is that historians hadn't long ago made something of a definite body of facts, or of a suspicion which must have crossed many minds delving into the 14th century English history.

University of Wyoming W. O. Clough

NOTES BY THE EDITOR

Arrowrock. Earl Wayland Bowman. The Caxton Printers (Caldwell, Idaho). 1931. \$3.00.

These "songs and stories of a prodigal" are the conventional themes and yarns of the West done with a saving sense of humor and an original twist which makes them entertaining reading. The book carries lyrics and ballads and yarns in verse, epigrams, many of them with the shrewdness of sagebrush philosophy, prose tales which appeared in *Popular*, *Munsey's* and other magazines. The yarns in verse and the tales in prose are the best. The author's sentiment and ideas are popular; he knows how to state them to hit the popular mind happily. His tales run off with dispatch and interest.

Indians and Pioneers. Grant Foreman. Yale University Press. 1930. \$4.00.

This is a scholarly account of "a Southwest that has remained in eclipse . . . That part of the original Missouri Territory which afterward became Arkansas Territory, southern Missouri, and Southern Kansas." The author puts "in print for the first time the contents of many documents depicting phases of history of this region not otherwise available." His story advances to the year 1830, depicting, naturally, chiefly the life and actions of the Osage Indians, with more incidental accounts of the Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws and Choctaws, and the white invasions and intrigues. The book is a valuable historical addition to the growing detailed knowledge of the white settlement of the West.

American Literature at the Crossroads. V. F. Calverton. University of Washington Chapbook. 1931. 65 cents.

Mr. Calverton is gifted with the talent for generalization. Although he writes from the bias of his communistic beliefs he usually preserves a sense of fairness. He writes with an inclusive sweep of idea and often of phrase, so that his essays are always both stimulating and provocative. It is his communistic conviction that invents a crossroads for American literature rather than crossroads: The revolutionary critic believes that, "granted craftsmanship, our aim should be to make art serve man as a thing of action

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and not man serve art as a thing of escape." Art serving as "a thing of action" is, of course, propagandistic writing—revolutionary propagandistic writing: "Most of the literature of the world has been propagandistic in one way or another, including even that of William Shakespeare and his illegitimate descendant George Bernard Shaw." The account of history and the reasoning by which Mr. Calverton arrives at this single crossroads makes interesting reading.

Green Grow the Lilacs. Lynn Riggs. Samuel French. 1931. \$2.00.

This play is a living, glowing bit of regional literature, portrayal of a folk and its ways in a country that breeds them as they are presented. Mr. Riggs has dealt honestly with his material, neither trimming here and adding there in order to fit the accepted dramatic pattern nor catering to squeamishness in his audience: his people are starkly there, natural, mixtures of virtue and vice, crude like their country. They are modified only as a ballad modifies, that is with concentration and curtness of presentation. There are foul passages that make a reader ill; there are passages in which the persons reveal what idealism they possess; there are passages in which the persons are lyrical with life. Mr. Riggs also writes a brief and courageous, or is it simply challenging, preface in which he dares to avow interest in the plasticity of drama—that the theater must follow. If we had a group of writers dealing as vivaciously, as honestly, as independently as Mr. Riggs with genuine, as opposed to invented, material, American literature might take on a new vitality.

Finding Literature on the Texas Plains. J. W. Rogers and J. Frank Dobie. The Southwest Press (Dallas, Texas). 1931.

This account of J. Frank Dobie, professor of literature at the University of Texas, author of *Coronado's Children*, ex-cowboy, is a friendly picture. It sets forth Mr. Dobie's interest in the West and in literature—"In all his concern with folklore and folktales, Dobie's primary interest is with the human side. He is positively impatient with those folklorists who approach the subject impersonally as a science. And he is sure that in the folk spirit lies the hope of American literature." At the back of the book is a 26-page bibliography of literature of the Southwest with Mr. Dobie's brief comment on the books. Each section of the country should have a bibliography available to readers and students.

In Our Second Century. Jerome A. Hart. Pioneer Press (San Francisco). 1931. \$3.50.

San Francisco has always been a city with individuality. Mr. Hart, long an editor of *Argonaut* and the sort of man who keeps a vivid notebook, has made the personalities and the events of this city since 1876 live for the reader. One understands, after reading, what went into the making of the city's individuality. If you wish to know the puls-

ing life of San Francisco in its earlier days you cannot do better than read this book. Each of our western cities that has managed to develop a community individuality needs a Jerome Hart.

The Craft of the Critic. S. Stephenson Smith. Crowell. 1931. \$3.00.

Here is a gallant effort to embrace a wide range of critical interests, and the author goes to the attack in a truly cavalier fashion, accoutered, armed, and gay of spirit. He has read widely and noted the striking sayings of the world's authors and critics; he is alert to changes in literary warfare, so to speak, and is "up-to-the-minute" in developments. He is no sluggard cavalier, yet the outcome is disappointing. In the sections that carry the author's interest he surrenders too often to tidbit quotation, leaving the reader uncertain of grasp upon central ideas. In sections of the book that obviously do not so fully carry the writer's interest he is inconclusive. Mr. Smith has endeavored to avoid being academic and to write more or less popularly, but the smell of the professor's book-lined study pervades the book. For instance, the drama sections reveal too little contact with the theater. In spite of serious weakness the book has penetrative passages, many well-turned phrases, pleasant wide-ranging that should stimulate and enlighten the general reader.

Before the Covered Wagon. P. H. Parrish. Metropolitan Press (Portland). 1931. \$2.50.

"This history was written to vitalize early events in the Oregon country" before the covered wagon arrived. "The chronicle first appeared serially in the *Sunday Oregonian*;" it is written in easy-going, simple English, and is a popular account of early North Pacific ocean voyages, of the coming of the exploration parties, of the trappers, of the fur trading companies and the establishing of the trading-posts. Readers are likely to think of North Pacific coast history as beginning with the pioneers; this book serves as corrective. The writer knows his material, and has been helped by persons who also know Northwest history and possess collections of source material. The book can be strongly recommended.

Fiddler's Green. Albert Richard Wetjen. Little, Brown & Co. 1931. \$2.00.

Get the book and read it at once for a delightful evening in the sailor's paradise, Fiddler's Green. It is swift story, whimsical scene, imaginative weaving of sea legends, sea vernacular (thoroly expurgated), satire, and fantasy. The Green is pictured just before its waning before the Glory Hole, the steamer men's paradise of machinery. In the book one meets the sea figures of myth, Ben the Bosun, Davy Jones, Mother Carey and the rest of them, and the new figure of Davy's brother, Casey Jones, whose Hole threatens to absorb the Green in these days of steam travel and who is worried about the coming of electrically driven ships,

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FULL CIRCLE

Continued from page 329

through for the first time in my life. I haven't had time to figure out. Maybe I never will."

He stopped, a little ashamed to have made so long a speech, to have let even Chris see so much of himself. But Chris only looked at him with grave and sorrowful intentness, and said at last, slowly:

"Then you won't come?"

"No," said Dan. "I'm sorry, Chris. I can't."

VI.

Chris stayed until the potatoes were planted. They had one farewell fishing trip up the canyon, though the waters were still milky and they caught nothing. Then Dan took him down to the Forks to board the stage. Their parting was gruffly matter-of-fact; they did not dare say much, though their hands clung together with an aching intensity. They adjured each other to write once in a while, and Chris promised he'd be up for a fishing trip again some time, if he ever got west. Then the stage was a smudge of dust on the road toward Grandon, and Dan, after watching it until it swam in a blur that was not entirely dust and distance, drove back the long six miles to the ranch. He began work that afternoon on the new ditch that was to irrigate the bench he had destined for an alfalfa patch. Work—it was the one sure anesthetic.

The sky was a flame of sapphire and the earth an emerald blaze. There was no wind on the upland; the heat clung with almost personal malevolence. Dan's skin was a paste of sweat saturated with dust ground up by the bucking plough and scraper. It was harsh labor and progress was drearily slow.

Recurrently the nose of the plough would glance from a sunken boulder and jerk into air, or lock in a nest of willow roots and bring team and all to a halt. And at such times Dan, wearily dragging the share back for a fresh attempt, remembered a like scene sixteen years ago, and knew that the wheel had come full circle, and wondered a little that all the travail and ardor of life should only bring him back where he had started.

No, not quite where he had started. He had done some growing up in those years. He was not the callow youth who had dreamed of a world of splendid adventure and gone forth to conquer it. Perhaps it wasn't anything to be proud of, growing up. Perhaps it was, as he had suggested to Chris, merely a mental hardening of the arteries, a tired acceptance of the inevitable that one rationalized into wisdom. But it was the nearest thing to wisdom that he had discovered, and it was better to hold to it as if one were sure. There were so very few things of which one could be sure. He was not sure even now of the wisdom of the last decision. He knew there would be times when he would fiercely repent it, when he would hate the ranch and rebel at the drudgery of it and wish desperately that he had gone with Chris. He had few illusions about himself left; he knew that the passion of unrest which had moulded his destiny all those years could not be exorcised overnight. It would recur; it might even yet sweep aside this new wisdom, or apathy, whichever it was, and set him back on the road he had renounced. Life delighted in breaking the snug little moulds men designed for it.

He could not be sure that he would not run away again, but now, turning homeward in the long slanting light of



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afternoon, he did not think that he would. He looked up at the great shaggy mass of the Ghost Range, and something of that sense of instability left him. This, at least, was sure if anything was sure. This, and the ranch. He loved the range; he did not know if he loved the ranch itself, apart from its setting. It was somehow as if it were too close to himself for conscious affection. He had ploughed so much of Dan Madison into those brown acres; he had sweated and dreamed over them; they were welded into all his thoughts and emotions. He had a queer feeling sometimes that he would bleed if they were pried apart.

The cows were waiting when he had stabled the horses and fed them. It was almost rest to relax on a rickety stool and make a fine foam with the twin milk streams. And when he turned toward the house a nighthawk was keening overhead, and the frogs were loud in the drenched meadows, and the evening star was a great white lantern hung low in the west.

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THE TRAIN

Continued from page 342

table, and a pot of cream like old ivory.

"Did you see the train?" asked
Marjorie.

"Yes," said her mother, humbly.

"It was very nice tonight," said her
father.

They spoke as if of a sunset, or a
new moon.

CROESUS IN THE WEST

Continued from page 361

florid, with her Scotch thrift somewhat dazed by the lavish free-for-all that weighed no distinctions; but she was a lady now—"I told her when we made our pile she should live like a lady, an' never set fut in kitchen or finger to tub ag'in."

The great house grew more shabby; the receipts from the twenty feet of bonanza gradually shrunk—"but thar's enough for all, boys, an' a little deeper we'll strike it richer. For ain't that the Comstock?"

In 1868 Sandy Bowers died. He left a few thousand dollars in dwindling prospects, a mansion with cellar of empty bins, and Mrs. Bowers. He was given a whale of a funeral—at his own expense. The bonanza turned into a mortgage, the palace turned into a road-house; and then of the Bowerses who had towered Yoorup and shaken the hand of the Queen o' England there remained only an old woman, who in tattered finery glibly told fortunes for others—the one-time grand lady Mrs. Sandy Bowers, but now "the Seeress of the Washoe", dealing in pasts at fifty cents each and futures at one dollar.

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BORDER DAYS OF JOAQUIN MILLER

Continued from page 375

elucidation here for it is another chapter in that interesting life. But it may be of interest to say that before he departed he went with a party of his San Francisco friends to Sausalito in the bay of San Francisco and plucked leaves of laurel for a wreath to be placed on Byron's tomb.⁴⁰ And after the first trumpet of fame had sounded, in London, 1870, Miller sent Stoddard a photograph of himself labelled: 1870! 1875? So surely did he feel himself a man of destiny that the student of his life is not surprised to find that year written, when it did come: 1875!!!

As was said in the beginning Miller's emotions are true whatever the quirks of his mental recordings, and as a tailpiece to Joaquin Miller's *jeunesse* I attach his following poem. The spirit of this poem is a true record of the essential Miller. The date at

the end of the piece is, characteristically, false.

Sierras, and eternal tents
Of snow that flash o'er battlements
Of mountains! My land of the sun,
Am I not true? have I not done
All things for thine, for thee alone
O sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?
From other loves and other lands,
As true, perhaps, as strong of hands,
Have I not turned to thee and thine,
O sun-land of the palm and pine,
And sung thy scenes, surpassing skies,
Till Europe lifted up her face
And marvelled at thy matchless grace,
With eager and inquiring eyes?
Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine
Where I may sit above the sea,
And drink the sun as drinking wine,
And dream, or sing some songs of thee:
Or days to climb to Shasta's dome
Again, and be with gods at home,
Salute my mountains,—clouded Hood,
Saint Helens in its sea of wood,—
Where sweeps the Oregon and where
White storms are in the feathered fir.
Athens, 1870. —from "Even So".

⁴⁰See note to "Burns and Byron", Joaquin Miller's *Poems*, Boston: Roberts Bros., 1882, p. 257.

State of Montana, County of Missoula—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold G. Merriam, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of *The Frontier*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Editor, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Madison S. Turner, State University, Missoula, Mont.

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H. G. MERRIAM, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1931.

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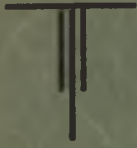
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