

IDAHO IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

by

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PREFACE

The writer taught in the public schools of Idaho; as principal of the Emmett High School (1922-23), as principal of the Fruitland High School (1923-24), and as superintendent of the Fruitland Public Schools (1924-27). During these five years he came to love Idaho and its people. He enjoyed the excellent climate and had the pleasure of many fishing and camping trips among the scenic mountain regions of the state. Having had this background, he gratefully accepted the suggestion, made by Professor Whitcomb, that the subject, "Idaho in American Literature," be used for a thesis.

It may be that there are errors of fact or of judgment in the following pages; but the work has been done with an honest attempt to verify the facts and give a reliable estimate of Idaho's position in American literature. That errors have crept in unobserved is very probable; yet, all responsibility for them rests upon the writer. He can only beg the indulgence of those who read these pages.

The work of preparing this study has been intensely interesting. Much of the material has been collected directly from the authors themselves by correspondence. This personal contact with the writers in Idaho has been very delightful; and many have expressed an interest in the work, for it is the first comprehensive study made of Idaho literature. The response to letters of inquiry has been very gratifying indeed; hence, it is a genuine pleasure to acknowledge in-

debtedness to the following: Mrs. R. B. Scatterday of Caldwell for her paper on "Idaho Poets" and her file of correspondence; Miss Sadie Westcott of Caldwell for her paper on "Idaho Novelists and Short Story Writers"; Miss Esther Sterling Gipson of Caldwell for her paper on "Idaho Historians"; Mrs. Byrd Trego of Blackfoot for invaluable information and encouragement; Miss Margery H. Patch, librarian, University of Idaho, Southern Branch (Pocatello), for items of bibliography and loan of books; Mr. G. M. Miller, Head of the Department of English, and Miss Agnes Peterson, reference librarian, both of the University of Idaho (Moscow) for a bibliography of 146 items; the librarians of the Carnegie Public Library, Boise, and of the Twin Falls Public Library for loan of books; and to all those who voluntarily gave so much information in reply to the letters sent out.

Grateful acknowledgement is especially due to Professor Whitcomb, Chairman of the Graduate Committee in the Department of English at the University of Kansas, who has given so liberally of his time in encouraging and criticizing the work as it progressed; to Mr. Manchester, Director of Libraries, at the University of Kansas, and his assistants for making available material which, otherwise, would have been inaccessible; and to Mrs. Brubaker, who has so kindly assisted with the work.

C.F.B.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

There was no preconceived opinion about the subject of "Idaho in American Literature" on the part of the writer when he began this study. It was not begun with the intention of proving certain facts about Idaho and its literature; but rather with the idea of finding out who are the writers, what subject matter is available, what subject matter has been used, and of evaluating to some extent the literature found on Idaho.

Some terms in this study must be defined in the sense in which they have been used. "Literature" has been used in a very broad sense to include all written material about Idaho even though the artistic element may be slight. All scientific materials have been excluded. "Poetry" has been used as synonymous with "verse", that is, high imaginative and aesthetic values have not been insisted upon. Apropos of this it should be noted that the poems quoted in Chapter IV have been selected with two objects in mind: (1) to illustrate form and subject matter and (2) to represent the work of as many of the poets as possible. Because of the latter, some poems of questionable merit have been inserted.

The term "Idaho author" has caused considerable difficulty. Ideally, an Idaho author is one who was born in the state, educated in the state, lived in the state, and has written about the state. Only one author, Agnes Just Reid, has been found who fulfills such a strict require-

ment; for, it must be remembered, Idaho is a very young state, and its population of one-half million people has come very largely from other states. Consequently, some other standard had to be used. The term "Idaho author" has therefore been used in a liberal sense to mean a writer who has lived in the state long enough to become a part of the life of the state and has used Idaho material in his productions. Residence in Idaho for a period of approximately ten years has been used as a time basis for claiming an author as an Idaho author.

Several difficulties have been encountered in making this study, not the least of which was the distance of nearly fifteen hundred miles which separated the writer and the source of his material. Owing to this fact some of the material was unavailable which should, perhaps, have been included; and some that has been included might have been given greater emphasis. Another difficulty faced was that the work of living authors is extremely difficult to appraise with any degree of justice and finality. Time has not yet tested some of the material included; therefore, the personal opinion of the writer has been resorted to as the only criterion for judgment. Some specific adverse criticism has been omitted as a matter of policy because many of the authors are still living. The whole of Idaho literature has been an uncharted and unknown sea--not a stern, forbidding sea where barren rocks protrude; but an enticing, romantic sea not yet explored, where lights and shadows play, and where the explorer was allured by the possibility of untold riches lying just beyond some rocky promontory. It is to be hoped that the result of the exploration will not prove without

value.

There are some characteristic traits found in Idaho people which, although existing elsewhere, seem to be peculiarly Idahoan. From the romantic days of the gold mining era there still lingers something of the spirit of the gambler: the willingness to take a chance; to undertake difficult things in the face of heavy odds; and to accept defeat if it come, with philosophic indifference. The second important influence came through the epoch of irrigation. The spirit of hard work, of visionary plans made true, of obstacles overcome, strengthened the traditional trait descending from the earlier period. The impress of the individualism of the pioneer is still fresh upon the people. They are, as a class, sociable, tolerant toward others, not easily led off by any new fad, and intensely practical. They like things on a big scale and want all the latest improvements about them. The third important influence upon the character of Idaho's people is the topography of the state. The wonderfully picturesque and diversified environment has affected the blood and spirit of the people. It has helped to make them restless, and yet it has kept alive a freshness of individuality.

Mr. M. R. Stone has summarized well the characteristics of Idahoans in an article, "Idaho: A Remnant of the Old Frontier".

"They are not reformers, crusaders, whiners. Bigotry and egoism are very rare. They are first and last individualists, zealous of the rights of their neighbors lest their own freedom be infringed; proud of their self reliance, but not domineering over those associated with them. These are the traits and tendencies that cannot help but have tremendous influence on the future of their State.-----"

"Thus we have in Idaho the curious anomaly of a community of nearly half a million citizens still animated by the simple and individualistic tradition of the pioneer, when the remainder of the nation has progressed into a class--conscious, conservative, and cynical age." 1.

Having finished this study of Idaho's literature, the writer is convinced that, as yet, there is no Homer, no Shakespeare, nor even any Walt Whitman in Idaho. Idaho is, however, a very young state in a literary way. Only within the last fifteen or twenty years has a group of writers appeared, and one might say that only within the last five years has evidence of an Idaho state literary consciousness sprung up. The people of Idaho have been very active in the agricultural and commercial development of their state which, until very recently, has engrossed all their attention. It is, perhaps, a mere platitude to say that there must be a certain amount of leisure before literature can make its appearance. Now that the period of rapid development is nearing its close and people are beginning to have leisure time, we may all look confidently to the future in which Idaho will produce a more worthy literature. The new era of literary production in Idaho is at hand! Even now she has a body of literature of which she may justly be proud.

1. Stone, M. R., "Idaho: A Remnant of the Old Frontier",

The Nation, Vol. 116:692-5 Je. 13, 1923.

CHAPTER II

IDAHO HISTORY IN RELATION TO LITERATURE.

A. Period of Exploration and Early Settlement, 1805-1863.

The literature of any state is influenced by its history. The topographical features and climatic conditions of a state also exert a powerful influence on the literature. The joys, sorrows, hopes, fears, ideals, and aspirations of a people are to a considerable extent, perhaps unconsciously, the result of the experiences which they meet in their daily life. It is to history, to literature, and to art that we look to find the soul of a people. Hence a discussion of Idaho literature would be partially incomplete if it did not give some space to a discussion of the facts of history and the physical characteristics of the state.

ORIGIN OF NAME, "IDAHO".

In thinking of any particular locality we often wonder how that locality got its name. When we consider the origin of the word, Idaho, we find ourselves in the midst of a controversy. W. J. McConnell in his history gives the following account:

"Idaho is generally supposed to be a corruption of an Indian word meaning 'gem of the mountains'. This, however, is disputed. Joaquin Miller, the poet, writes as follows on the subject: 'The distinction of naming Idaho certainly belongs to my old friend, Colonel Craig---of Craig's Mountain, Nez Perce county---The facts are these: I was riding pony express at the time rumors reached us through the Nez Perce Indians that

gold was to be found on the headwaters and tributaries of Salmon river. I had lived with the Indians, and Colonel Craig, who had spent most of his life with them, often talked with me about possible discoveries in the mountains to the right as we rode to Oro Fino, and of what the Indians said of the then unknown region.'

" 'Gallop your horse, as I have done hundreds of times, against the rising sun; as you climb the Sweet Water Mountains, far away to the right you will see the name of Idaho written on the mountain top--at least, you will see a peculiar and beautiful light at sunrise, a sort of diadem on two grand clusters of mountains that bear away under the clouds, fifty miles distant. I called Colonel Craig's attention to this peculiar and beautifully arched light. 'That,' said he, 'is what the Indians call E-dah-hoe; which means, the light, or diadem, on the line of the mountains.' That was the first time I had ever heard the name. Later, in September, '61, when I rode into the newly discovered camp to establish an express office, I took with me an Indian from Lapwai. We followed an Indian trail, crossed Craig's Mountain, then Camas Prairie, and had all the time 'E-dah-hoe mount' for our objective point.'

" 'On my return to Lewiston I wrote a letter containing a brief account of our trip and of the mines, and it was published in one of the Oregon papers--which one, I have now forgotten. In that account I often mentioned E-dah-hoe, but spelled it 'I-d-a-h-o,' leaving the pronunciation unmarked by any diacritical signs. So that, perhaps, I may have been the first to give it its present spelling; but I certainly did not originate the word.' " 1.

McConnell quotes a writer in The New West to the effect that "most likely the whole story grows out of the fertile imagination of the poet." Some weight is given to this contradiction of Joaquin Miller's statement in the fact that the name "Idaho" was known and used before 1861. Colorado's first permanent settlement was named "Idaho Springs" in 1859. In

1. McConnell, W. J., Early History of Idaho, pp. 27-30.

1860 two boats, one launched at Victoria, British Columbia, and one on the Columbia river, bore the name "Idaho".

Mr. Brosnan gives a more satisfactory explanation of the word "Idaho".

"The name Idaho is a contraction of the Shoshoni word 'Ee-dah-how' which, freely translated, means 'Gem of the Mountains'. The syllable 'Ee' means 'coming down'; the syllable 'dah' signifies either 'sun' or 'mountain', both of which objects are eternal to the Indian mind. The syllable 'how' denotes strong or sudden feeling and has the significance of the exclamation-mark in English. Hence, a literal translation of 'Ee-dah-how' is 'Behold, the sun coming down the mountain!' The figurative or poetic translation of the phrase is 'The Gem of the Mountains'. From his teepee, through the clear, exhilarating morning air, the Shoshoni Indian beheld a lustrous rim of light shining from the mountain top. This radiant mountain crown or diadem was likened to a gem glittering from a snowy peak." 1.

Governor C. C. Moore in a radiologue broadcast from the station WMAG for the Chicago Daily News on December 4, 1926, said:

"Old Indian traders are authority for the statement that the 'Idaho' is a Shoshone exclamation which conveys this thought: 'Behold, the sun comes down the mountain!'"

"Those who live among the mountains have many, many times observed the phenomenon thus described. On clear mornings the snow clad crests of the high summits reflect the level rays of the sun as it rises above some far distant horizon, and, for a brief moment while the valleys are still concealed by the last gray shadows of night, the sunlight, radiant with random tints of rose and gold, moves swiftly down the slopes of the mountains. Then, suddenly, the shadows of the night disappear and the world awakens to a new day. It is during that brief moment that the Shoshones look toward the hills and exclaim, 'Ee-dah-how!' Idaho! Behold, a new day has dawned!" 2.

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1. Brosnan, C. J., History of the State of Idaho, pp. 121-2.
 2. Moore, C. C., The Story of Idaho. Boise, Idaho State Chamber of Commerce.

See also Rees, J. E., "Meaning and Origin of the name (Idaho)" Oregon Hist. Q., V. 18:83 Je. '17.

Whatever may have been the origin of the name "Idaho", it is the figurative translation that Idahoans have accepted; and the words "Gem of the Mountains" strike a responsive chord in the heart of every true Idahoan and are frequently found in the literature of the state.

The story of Idaho begins nearly a century and a half ago with the claims of the United States in 1792 to that vast region of the Northwest which now includes the states of Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. This territory was known for a long time as "the Columbia River Country"; later it was called simply "the Oregon Country". The United States based its claim to this territory on three important achievements: the formal discovery by Captain Robert Gray on May 11, 1792, of the "River of the West" which he named the "Columbia River"; the exploration of this territory by Lewis and Clark during the years 1804 to 1806; and the settlement of Astoria, a fur-trading post, near the mouth of the Columbia River on April 12, 1811. These claims were disputed by both Russia and England. Russia's claim was disposed of by a treaty in 1824 which set the southern boundary of Russian territory at 54 degrees and 40 minutes. England was not so easily satisfied, however, for she realized that the fur trade of this territory was very profitable. The conflicting claims of England and the United States almost led to war between these two nations. The famous phrase "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" growing out of this incident is familiar to every student of American history. The claims of both countries were finally satisfied in the Treaty of

1846 which established the 49th parallel as the northern boundary of the Oregon Country.

THE EXPLORERS

The claim to the Oregon Country by right of exploration is of more importance to Idaho history and literature than the other claims, for it was established by the memorable Lewis and Clark expedition, the members of which were the first white men, concerning whom we have any authentic record, to enter the present boundaries of Idaho. This expedition was sent out by President Jefferson under the joint command of Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark.

Having wintered with the Mandan Indians in what is now North Dakota, Lewis and Clark set out in April, 1805, to follow the unknown reaches of the Missouri River to the summit of the Rocky Mountains guided by a Shoshoni Indian, Sacajawea, the Bird Woman. Late in August they reached the divide and crossed into Idaho. Clark followed the Lemhi River, passed its junction with the Salmon River at the present site of Salmon City, and descended the Salmon River for a distance of nearly forty miles. He found the Salmon River country too rough for the expedition to travel through and returned to the camp. The party then crossed back into Montana and went on north to the famous Lo Lo Pass in the Bitter Root Mountains. Here they again entered Idaho on September 13, 1805. They followed the old Lo Lo Trail on the ridge between the Middle Fork and the North Fork of the Clearwater River, known to the Indians as the Kooskooski

River; on September 20th they descended upon Weippe Prairie, where they met the Nez Perce Indians; and on September 26th they reached the main Clearwater River and established a camp known as "Canoe Camp". Here they held conferences with the Nez Perce Indians and left their horses in the care of Chief Twisted Hair until they returned from the Pacific. Descending the Clearwater to its junction with the Snake River, Lewis and Clark made camp close to the present cities of Lewiston and Clarkston.

At this point the explorers left Idaho, descended the Snake River to its confluence with the Columbia, and then passed on to the Pacific where the party wintered among the Clatsop Indians (1805-06).

In May the expedition reached Idaho on its return trip. A council with the Nez Perce Indians was held in the beautiful Kamiah Valley. An idea of the difficulties involved in this council is given by Mr. Brosnan:

"The leaders often wondered what sort of a message it was that finally reached the savage mind as they gravely smoked the peace pipe around the council-fire. The speech of the leaders, translated into French for Chaboneau (Charboneau), into Minnetaree for Sacajawea, whose Shoshoni was forthwith done into Nez Perce, reached those who sat waiting at such a circuitous route that there was plenty of room for misunderstanding. However, the flags, medals, and beads presented also carried their message and the meeting ended in a great feast." 1.

On account of the deep snow in the Bitter Root Mountains the explorers were compelled to spend over a month in Camp Chopunnish with the Nez Percés near the present town of Kam-

1. Brosnan, C. J., History of the State of Idaho, p. 36.

iah. When the snow had melted in the pass, Lewis and Clark, still guided by Sacajawea, pushed on over the Lo Lo Trail and crossed the Lo Lo Pass into Montana.

The Lewis and Clark expedition has been given considerable space for two reasons. The first reason is that there is a large amount of historical and literary material clustering around the journals and diaries of the men who made up the expedition. It would be rather far afield from the main subject of Idaho literature to spend much time with this material (for it belongs not to Idaho alone but to the whole of the great Northwest) except to emphasize its importance to the student of history and to refer him to the bibliography and to the invaluable Pacific Northwest Americana, 1. a checklist of books and pamphlets relating to the history of the Pacific Northwest. This last gives a list of 4501 items concerning almost every phase of history and literature up to 1921. It is probably sufficient here to mention the Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition in seven volumes edited by Thwaites, and Patrick Gass's Journal. The other reason for giving space to the Lewis and Clark expedition is that attention may be directed to the remarkable heroine and guide of the expedition.

All of us are familiar with the Pocahontas legend of colonial days, yet we have a finer character in the person of Sacajawea, who rendered a greater service to America than

1. Smith, Charles W., Pacific Northwest Americana.

her more famous predecessor. To Sacajawea, the guide and savior of the Lewis and Clark expedition, belongs the honor of having contributed more than any other one person except Lewis and Clark to the success of our national epic of exploration; yet she received no financial remuneration or reward of any kind for her remarkable services. In recent years her service has been recognized; and, now, several statues have been erected in her honor.

Grace Raymond Hebard in the Journal of American History for September, 1907, sums up the contribution of Sacajawea in this language:

"The most hazardous and the most significant journey ever made on the Western Continent, a journey that rivals in daring and exceeds in importance the expeditions of Stanley and Livingstone in the wilds of Africa--a journey-----that gave to the world riches beyond comprehension--was piloted by a woman. -----The story of the part that Sacajawea played in this continental expedition is as fascinating as a piece of knighthood fiction; that it is history also adds to its charm." 1.

Mr. Brosnan says,

"Sacajawea was the romantic figure of the expedition, and----she who guided them unerringly over the mountains like a homing pigeon, deserves to be eulogized with Lewis and Clark." 2. 3.

The remarkable story of Sacajawea is of especial interest to Idaho people because of the fact that she was born and spent her early life in the Lemhi Valley of Eastern Idaho with her tribe, the Snake or Shoshoni Indians.

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1. Schultz, James Willard, Bird Woman, p. 211 ff.
 2. Brosnan, C. J., History of the State of Idaho, pp. 30-31.
 3. See also--Scott, Laura T., Sacajawea.

Another of the notable explorers was John C. Fremont, who, accompanied by his friend, Kit Carson, was sent out by the National Government to explore and make maps of the Northwest. He passed through Idaho in 1843 following the route of the Oregon Trail. He left valuable maps and other information for the use of the emigrants who followed him. 1.

THE TRAPPERS AND FUR-TRADERS

Following Lewis and Clark, came the trapper and fur-trader, who reigned supreme in Idaho for a half-century. These intrepid men pushed into wild, unknown regions, up uncharted and unnamed streams, and returned with a rich booty of peltries which they had taken themselves or had secured from the Indians by more or less legitimate trading. The North West Company and the greater Hudson's Bay Company with headquarters at Fort Vancouver (in the present state of Washington) were the most powerful companies in the fur business. 2.

The fur-traders established several posts in what is now Idaho. David Thompson 3. located the first trading-post, Kullyspell House, on September 10, 1809, on the north-east shore of the Pend d'Oreille Lake near the present town of Hope. Andrew Henry established the second post, Fort Henry, near the present city of St. Anthony in 1810.

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1. Fremont, John Charles, Oregon and California--Exploring expedition, 1843. Put under various other titles.
 2. Chittenden, H. M., The American Fur trade of the Far West.
 3. Elliot, T. C., David Thompson's Journeys in Idaho-Wash., Historical q., V. 11:97-103 Ap. '20.

The John Jacob Astor party led by Wilson Price Hunt for the Pacific Fur Company furnished material for one of Irving's famous books, Astoria (1897). This party entered Idaho through the Teton valley in September 1810, and on October 8th, arrived at a site near St. Anthony. From here they started the descent of the treacherous Snake River in canoes--a sad mistake. Some of their party struck a rock in the rapids near what is now Milner, their boat was capsized, and one of the party was drowned. They then followed the Snake River to the Seven Devils region, which they found impassable. Returning up the Snake River to the Weiser River they set out overland, guided by an Indian, to the Columbia. Hunt and his party were probably the first white men to travel over the route which later became the Oregon Trail.

Probably the most picturesque and romantic figure in Idaho during the fur trading period was Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, who has been immortalized in Washington Irving's famous classic, The Adventures of Captain Bonneville. Capt. Bonneville came to Pierre's Hole in the Teton Basin in September, 1832. He spent the following winter in the Lemhi Valley and Swan Basin. During the next summer he trapped through southeastern Idaho and spent the winter of 1833 on the Portneuf River. He left Idaho in 1835; but the record of his adventures, told in the charming style of Washington Irving, helped to arouse the interest of the nation in the Far West.

Nathaniel J. Wyeth founded the most famous fur-trading post, historic Old Fort Hall, in July, 1834. The other prominent post, Fort Boise, was built by the Hudson's Bay Company

in 1834 to run opposition to the Fort Hall post. This site is on the Boise River about ten miles above its mouth. Later, in 1838, the site was changed to the Snake River. The second Fort Boise became an important point on the Oregon Trail.

"The story of Fort Hall, replete with intrigue, pathos, courage, hope and failure of those who were present when it was founded," says Miles Cannon, "is one of unmeasured interest to students of history-----. The fort was located at the northern extremity of a natural meadow consisting of several thousand acres of rich bottom land, formed by the confluence of the Snake and Portneuf rivers. A number of bright sparkling streams, fed by pure cold springs, traverse the valley of about three miles, all of which teemed with trout and beaver. It had been a favorite feeding ground during the winter seasons for deer, elk and buffalo." 1.

This fort was famous not only as a fur-trading post but also as the most important stopping point on the Oregon Trail within the present boundaries of Idaho. It was at Fort Hall where choice had to be made between Oregon and California. It was also the junction point of the Oregon Trail and the Utah-Canada Trail. There were, at times, as many as a hundred wagons at the fort at one time.

References to Fort Hall in the literature growing out of the Oregon Trail days are numerous. More recently it has a place in such works as Letters of Long Ago 2., History of Old Fort Hall from Original Records, 3. Drowned Memories, 4. and in the historical sections of such newspapers as the Idaho Daily Statesman (Boise), The Tribune (Pocatello), and

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1. Cannon, Miles, Fort Hall on the Saptin River, Wash. Hist. q., v. 7:219 Ja. '16.
 2. Reid, Agnes Just, -- Letters of Long Ago.
 3. Howard, Dr. Minnie, History of Old Fort Hall from Original Records.
 4. Teichert, Minerva Kohlhepp, Drowned Memories.

the Idaho Republican (Blackfoot), 1. It is to be hoped that this valuable newspaper material will be collected, edited, and preserved in a permanent form.

Miles Cannon has given some interesting facts about Old Fort Hall including an account of the first flag raising ceremony in Idaho and an account of the first sermon ever preached in that vast territory comprising the three states of Idaho, Oregon and Washington.

"-----On Sunday afternoon, July 26, 1834, Mr. Wyeth invited Rev. Jason Lee (a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church) to conduct religious services.

"Without the least premonition of the fact that this was to be the first sermon in the future state, or of three states for that matter, and apparently without any thought of the historic significance of the event, preparations were made to hold the services in the grove of cottonwood trees, which grew within a few feet of the west wall of the fort.

"Standing under the shade of the trees, his congregation reclining in every conceivable attitude before him, the breaking waves of a great river at his back, and in the midst of a trackless desert, he (Reverend Jason Lee) delivered a message from Calvary--nineteen centuries in its coming. The bacchanalian orgies over buffalo hump and 'honeydrips' which he had recently witnessed doubtless inspired the text from 1 Cor. 10:31.

'Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'

"After the services the assemblage repaired to the race track to witness a horse race by two of McKay's men." 2.

1. Trego, Mr. and Mrs. Byrd (Editors). "History of Old Fort Hall" pub. in The Daily Bulletin, March, 1928; "Fifty years of Local History", a romance of the settlement and development of the Blackfoot country from 1876-1901, pub. in the Idaho Republican (1927 or 1928). Mrs. Trego is constructing a map of Early Trails in relation to Old Fort Hall.

2. Cannon, Miles, Fort Hall on the Saptin River, Wash. Hist. "q.", v. 7, p. 227.

It was to Fort Hall that

"Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman and Reverend and Mrs. H. H. Spaulding came in the year 1836 on their way from Boston to missionary labors among the Indians in Oregon. Theirs were the first wagons and Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding the first white women to cross the Rocky Mountains." 1.

The last chapter in the history of Old Fort Hall was closed when the site was flooded by the waters of the artificial lake created by the Great American Falls Dam. It was this incident which gave the inspiration for the little booklet Drowned Memories.

THE MISSIONS.

The Whitmans started the Waiilatpu mission near the site of Walla Walla, where a tragic fate at the hands of the Indians overtook them on November 29, 1847. The Spauldings established the first mission, the Lapwai Mission, in Idaho in 1836, about twelve miles east of the modern city of Lewiston. The first printing press in the northwest was set up at the Lapwai mission. Upon this press between the dates May 16, 1839, and November 29, 1847, Spaulding and his assistants printed

"a primer, a hymn book, a code of laws for the Nez Perces, and a translation of the Gospel of Matthew." 2.

besides other pamphlets and books.

Other missions established by the Protestants, the Roman

1. U. S. Geological Survey, Guidebook of the Western U. S., Wash. Gov't Print. Office. 1915, pp. 126-127.

2. Brosnan, C. J., History of the State of Idaho, p. 73.

Catholics, and the Mormons were: Kamiah Mission, 1839; First Coeur d'Alene mission, 1842; Second Coeur d'Alene, 1846; and Fort Lemhi mission, 1855-58. Among the names prominent in early missionary activities in Idaho which also have a place in literature are the Whitmans 1., the Spauldings 2., Father Peter J. De Smet 3., Bishop Daniel S. Tuttle 4., and Bishop Ethelbert Talbot.5.

THE TRAILS.

During the years of 1843 to 1857 the Oregon Trail, the most important of the Western trails, became the route of thousands of people who poured into the great Northwest, the Oregon Country, as settlers who came to conquer a wilderness, to build homes, and to establish a government. Owing to these people, who soon came to outnumber the traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, America finally succeeded in winning the Oregon Country. Mr. Archer B. Hulbert, Professor of History in Colorado College, and probably the outstanding authority on the Oregon Trail, corrects some rather erroneous impressions of the migration days: that the trail was one well defined path or road, that many immigrants were killed by the Indians, and that there were many mountains to cross. He says that the trail was not always one path but frequently

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1. Morrow, Mrs. Honore Willsie, We Must March.
 2. McBeth, Kate C., The Nez Perce since Lewis and Clark.
 3. Smet, Pierre Jean de, Life, letters and travels of, by Chittenden and Richardson.
 4. Tuttle, Daniel Sylvester, Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop.
 5. Talbot, Ethelbert, My People of the Plains.

many paths; at times a ganglia of paths, sometimes ten miles in width, at one place fifty miles in width; comparatively few of the immigrants were killed by Indians; and on the 2200 miles of the trail there were no mountains which were difficult to cross.

The Oregon Trail entered Idaho in what is now Bear Lake county, lay in a northwesterly direction to Old Fort Hall, followed the Snake River to Glens Ferry, crossed the river and the plains to the west through the Mountain Home country until the Boise River was reached, went through what is now South Boise, followed the Boise River nearly to the present site of Caldwell and Notus, and recrossed the Snake River at Fort Boise where the trail left the state. The California Trail originally branched off from the Oregon Trail west of Fort Hall at the Raft River in Cassia county. Later a shorter route was chosen which branched off east of Fort Hall near Alexander and joined the earlier route near Sublett in Cassia county. 1.

There is a vast amount of historical literature consisting of diaries, journals, and narratives growing out of the Oregon Trail days. It is only fair to say that much of this literature is the common property of Idaho, Oregon, Washington, and Wyoming, and other states through which ran the Oregon Trail. A few examples of this literature may be referred to with profit. Ezra Meeker more than any other one man has been responsible for having the trail marked by permanent markers, and has written about it out of his own experiences. 2.

1. Brosnan, C. J., History of the State of Idaho, pp. 63-66.

2. Meeker, Ezra, Ox Team Days on the Oregon Trail.

Emerson Hough's book and the silver screen version of The Covered Wagon are familiar to many people. 1. Francis Parkman has no doubt written the classic on this great trail, 2. although he does not write about the Oregon Trail in Idaho.

What the Oregon Trail was to southern Idaho, the Mullan Road, to a lesser degree of importance, was to northern Idaho. The Mullan Road was built (1859-63) as a military road from Fort Benton in Montana to Fort Walla Walla in Washington. It crossed Idaho through the famous Coeur d'Alene region and served as a route for emigration from the headwaters of the Missouri River to the Oregon Country. It contributed materially to the development of the mining regions of north Idaho.

THE MINERS.

Gold was discovered in Idaho in 1859-1860. This event really marks the beginning of the settlement of Idaho, for it brought thousands of people into the boundaries of the present state, many of whom remained to become permanent settlers and home builders. In 1861-1862 discoveries were made at Orofino, Elk City, Florence, at other places along the Salmon River, and in the Boise Basin. The usual rush of the gold miners began in 1863. Boise Basin was one of the richest of the new mining sections, and soon Idaho City became a veritable metrop-

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1. Hough, Emerson, The Covered Wagon.
 2. Parkman, Francis, The Oregon Trail.
- (See bibliography for additional titles).

olis, if a frontier gold camp may bear such a name. In 1863 gold was also discovered in the Owyhees, and Silver City became the important town of this section. Several of these districts have yielded valuable quartz, silver, and lead mines. Silver City has a place in one of Mary Hallock Foote's delightfully entertaining novels, Edith Bonham (1917).

After a temporary lull in mining activities, the greatest discovery of all occurred in the Coeur d'Alene region. Since the discovery of this lead and silver district in 1884, the Coeur d'Alene mining region has become justly famed for its marvelous richness. The Bunker Hill and Sullivan and the Hercules are the two richest mines in the district. Idaho is now the second state in the union in lead production (Missouri is first). The Coeur d'Alene lead-silver district is probably the richest in the world. The labor troubles occurring in this district (1892) have given the materials for another of Mrs. Foote's pleasing novels, Coeur d'Alene (1894).

The mining days came to Idaho when she lacked the political organization to control the situation. The natural result was that a few desperadoes terrorized the country. The respectable people were at last aroused to the necessity for self protection, and the Vigilance Committees were organized. The members of these committees came to be known as Vigilantes. The punishment meted out by the Vigilantes was terribly swift and sure; and, although justice may not always have been done, the general result was certainly effective. The Vigilantes and the lawlessness of the early mining days are given a prominent place in McConnell's Early History of Idaho (1913) and Frontier Law (1924); but it is not surprising that they should

be given such a place, for McConnell was a participant in those stirring activities and a captain of the Vigilantes. Langford has also written a thrilling narrative of those days in his book, Vigilante Days and Ways (1923).

A vivid, though stern and grim, picture of the Vigilantes of Montana and Idaho has come from the pen of Margaret Ashmun.

We are the whirlwinds that winnow the West--
 We scatter the wicked like straw!
 We are the Nemeses, never at rest--
 We are Justice, and Right, and the Law!

Moon on the snow and a blood-chilling blast,
 Sharp-throbbing hoofs like the heart-beat of fear,
 A halt, a swift parley, a pause--then at last
 A stiff, swinging figure cut darkly and sheer
 Against the blue steel of the sky; ghastly white
 Every on-looking face. Men, our duty was clear;
 Yet ah! what a soul to send forth to the night!

Ours is a service brute-hateful and grim;
 Little we love the wild task that we seek;
 Are they dainty to deal with--the fear-rigid limb,
 The curse and the struggle, the blasphemous shriek?
 Nay, but men must endure while their bodies have breath;
 God made us strong to avenge Him the weak--
 To dispense his sure wages of sin--which is death.

We stand for our duty: while wrong works its will,
 Our search shall be stern and our course shall be wide;
 Retribution shall prove that the just liveth still,
 And its horrors and dangers our hearts can abide,
 That safety and honor may tread in our path;
 The vengeance of Heaven shall speed at our side,
 As we follow unwearied our mission of wrath.

We are the whirlwinds that winnow the West--
 We scatter the wicked like straw!
 We are the Nemeses, never at rest--
 We are Justice, and Right, and the Law! 1.

Bishop Talbot in his book My People of the Plains 2. gives a sympathetic treatment to the rough men of the mines and cattle country. He understood them and loved them for

1. Lomax, John A., Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp, pp. 150-151.
 2. Talbot, Ethelbert, My People of the Plains, pp 185-186.

their generous, big-hearted souls which hid beneath the crude exterior of their outward lives. He knew and deplored their vices and crimes but won their respect as few men have done.

B. Period of Political Organization, 1863-1928.

TERRITORIAL DAYS.

The political organization of Idaho came about as a result of the discoveries of gold and the consequent influx of population. In order to provide for at least a semblance of law and order in this section of the country so far removed from the Washington Territorial capital at Olympia, the Organic Act making Idaho a separate territory was passed by Congress and approved by President Lincoln on March 3, 1863. The new territory covered the present states of Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming, having a combined area of over 325,000 square miles. William H. Wallace was appointed first territorial governor. At the first election Wallace was elected delegate to congress; and, upon his resignation, William B. Daniels, territorial secretary, became acting governor. The inaugural address of acting governor Daniels was delivered at Lewiston on December 9, 1863. An excerpt, given on page 115 shows the eloquent style of this old fashioned orator.

The following year the capital was removed to the present city of Boise. Caleb Lyon, the second Territorial Governor, delivered the message to the legislature. This was the first legislative message delivered in the city of Boise.

The territories of Montana and Wyoming were separated from the vast territory of Idaho in 1864, but the final bound-

ary between Idaho and Wyoming was not fixed until 1868. Since that date no changes have been made in the boundaries of Idaho.

THE INDIANS.

The Indians have some importance in the history and literature of Idaho. Although the Indians roamed over considerable territory, yet some of them were rather definitely inhabitants of that section now confined within the boundaries of the state of Idaho. The Coeur d'Alenes, Kutenais, Nez Perces, and Pend d'Oreilles inhabited northern Idaho; while the Bannacks, Lemhis, Sheepeaters, and Shoshoni (Snake) lived in central and southern Idaho. These various tribes are identified in a conspicuous way with the era of the explorers, fur-traders, missionaries, miners, and that of the territorial organization of Idaho. We have already noted the contribution of Sacajawea, a Shoshone or Snake Indian, to the success of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

During the days of Idaho Territory, came the Indian uprisings. The same sad story of usurping the lands from the Indians; killing off the game upon which they depended for a living; the invasion of their age long possessions by the, at times, unscrupulous fur-trader, miner, and settler whose declaration was, alas, too frequently, that 'the only good Indian is a dead one'--brought, at last, the same tragic reaction which has been so common in the history of America's westward expansion; and the innocent whites were as ruthlessly massacred as the guilty. The one bright page in the history of the relations with the Indians in Idaho has been written by the missionaries; and it is owing largely to their efforts that

the Indian wars were no more disastrous than they were. The Mormon settlers in southeast Idaho succeeded in living peaceably with the Indians because they followed Brigham Young's advice: "It is cheaper to feed the Indians than to fight them."

The Indian wars were carried on by a combination of volunteers and detachments from the United States army forts. In north Idaho and eastern Washington a minor war was waged against a combination of Coeur d'Alene, Palouse, Spokane, and Yakima Indians in 1858. The battle of Battle Creek or Bear River on January 29, 1863, broke the power of the Bannack Indians in the Southeast. The Nez Perce War, in 1877, was the most important, as well as the most spectacular, of the Indian wars. The first battle occurred in Whitebird Canyon near the Salmon River, on June 17, 1877. Chief Joseph's warriors succeeded in defeating a detachment under command of Captain Perry. A monument at the foot of the famous Whitebird Hill on the North and South Highway marks the place where the soldiers fell.

General Howard now took command of the forces and succeeded in routing the Indians under Chief Joseph in a two-days' battle on the Clearwater River. Joseph now began a masterful retreat over the old Lo Lo Trail made famous by Lewis and Clark nearly seventy-five years earlier. The retreat of 1300 miles from the Clearwater to Bear Paw Mountain in Montana shows that Chief Joseph was a remarkable military genius. He finally surrendered to General Howard and Colonel Nelson A. Miles on October 4, 1877. The pathetic speech of the defeated chief is quoted on page 116.

The Bannack War of 1878 and the Sheepeaters' war of 1879 were the last of the Indian Wars in Idaho.

The fear and excitement experienced by the early settlers during the days of the Indian wars is graphically portrayed in the Letters of Long Ago. 1. Recently an Idaho author 2. with a keen appreciation for the wild Indian character has written an article for the New York Times Magazine Section which deplores the fact that the Indians on our government reservations are losing their unique natural gifts and the true racial type seems to be vanishing forever.

THE COWBOYS.

After 1867 that romantic figure, the American cowboy, came into Idaho driving his herds of cattle from the Texas ranges into the rich pasture lands of the valleys and hills. Here was shelter from the raging blizzards of the prairie states in the winter months, plenty of water, and a favorable climate. The cattle industry was at its height of prosperity between the years of 1880 and 1888. Since that time, the industry has gradually waned because the settlers came in to fence and farm the land that was once free range. However, at the present time, there is excellent grazing for cattle in the areas of the national forests and state lands, so that the cattle industry is still important in Idaho.

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1. Reid, Agnes Just, Letters of Long Ago.
 2. Loux, Martha Dolman, "White Man's Tide is rising over all things Indian", --The New York Times Mag. Section, December 26, '26. p.11.

THE SHEEPHERDERS.

Following the cowboy came the less romantic figure of the shepherd. The sheep industry has had a slower but more permanent growth than that of the cattle industry. Today, Idaho is famous for its lambs and wool. The forest ranges furnish unexcelled pasturage for sheep. Their white woolly backs are frequently seen in early spring among the sage brush of the foothills; and, later in the summer, among the pines of the high mountains.

Both the shepherd and the cowboy find their place in the literature of Idaho. Part of the events in Owen Wister's novel, The Virginian, deal with the cattle days of Idaho. Both the cowboy and the shepherd have been sung about in the poetry produced in Idaho.

STATEHOOD.

With the coming of the miners, the cattlemen, and the shepherds, also came permanent settlers to the valleys and prairies to win a living and build homes. Only in the northern part of the state was the rainfall sufficient to grow crops without irrigation. The Palouse country from Grangeville to Lewiston has come to be the big wheat section of Idaho. In the Snake River valley it was necessary to resort to irrigation in order to raise enough crops for a meager living. Scientific dry farming has rather recently come to be practiced in sections where irrigation cannot be practiced. The story of irrigation, which is the story of southern Idaho development, is one of a remarkable transformation from desert to some of the richest farming sections in Idaho. This trans-

formation was not, however, the work of a single day. There were days of the hardest labor to clear and prepare the soil for the water, weary days of waiting for water, bitter disappointments, days of lonesomeness, days without hope, days of exploitation by soulless corporations which promised water but failed to deliver it, days of crop failure as a result, and days of privation without even the necessities of civilized life to ease the way.

For pictures of these days we may turn to the novels of Mary Hallock Foote 1. and the Letters of Long Ago. 2.

In one of the early books (1849) on conditions in Idaho we find this statement,

"Between this point (Salmon Falls on the Snake River) and the Salmon River on the north-east the country is entirely broken up and impassable, while on the south-west is a vast arid plain, on which there is not a single spot where grain or pasturage can be grown. This will give an idea of the utter worthlessness of this extensive tract." 3.

If the author of this passage could drive today over the modern ^{Oregon} Trail Highway through Southern Idaho he, probably, would rush to the printer to get out a revised edition of his book.

With the coming of the railroads after 1877 the settlement and development of Idaho gradually went forward. Idaho has never had a general 'boom', but all the development has been gradual.

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1. Foote, Mary Hallock, Chosen Valley and Edith Bonham.
 2. Reid, Agnes Just, Letters of Long Ago.
 3. Wilkes, Charles, Western America, p. 54.

The demand for admission to the Union now came to be heard. Territorial Governor, George L. Shoup, issued a proclamation calling for a constitutional convention to meet July 4, 1889. The constitution was adopted on August 6, 1889, and on July 3, 1890, Idaho became the forty-third state in the Union. At a special election held October 1, 1890, George L. Shoup was elected as the first governor of Idaho.

Idaho has in recent years come to the realization of its right to a place in the sun. Since early statehood the energy of the people has been largely consumed in the development of the resources of the state. Mines have been developed, cities have grown up, railroads have been built, highways constructed, state educational institutions founded, vast irrigation projects completed, and lumber regions exploited. Commercial development, worthy and necessary though it be, should not alone engage the people of any state if it would reach its fullest development. Fortunately, the people of Idaho have not been content with a one-sided development. In the last two decades tremendous forward strides have been made in education, in religious organizations, in a state consciousness of Idaho's wonderful possessions of climate, resources, and scenery, in its political vision, and most recent of all in the desire to claim and develop its literary possibilities.

CHAPTER III.

EXTERNAL NATURE IN RELATION TO LITERATURE

An imaginary tour from the Yellowstone Park through southern, central, and northern Idaho.

Many people who have never lived in Idaho, are somewhat ignorant about this unusual state. To some the word "Idaho" connotes Senator William E. Borah, potatoes, or prunes. It is true that the name of Borah has become a household word, and that Idahoans are proud to have his name placed high in the political circles of the nation; it is also true that the common potato and the lowly prune have been raised to the rank of semi-luxuries in the greatest hotels of the country. Yet these are not the only distinctions which Idaho possesses.

When we look at a map, we find Idaho in the great Northwest, lying between Wyoming and Montana on the east and Oregon and Washington on the west. In its outline Idaho resembles an easy chair facing east. People unfamiliar with the state are frequently surprised to learn that its area is greater than that of the six New England States combined with New Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware. It is nearly as large as England and Scotland combined. Idaho is approximately 480 miles in length from north to south, but its width varies from 48 to 310 miles. The total area is 84,313 square miles. 1. In elevation above sea level the State ranges from

1. 83,888 square miles. U. S. Survey 1915.

735 feet at Lewiston, to 12,078 feet at the summit of Hyndman Peak. Idaho is drained mainly to the Columbia, through the Snake River and its tributaries, and has an annual rainfall of 17 inches, although the range in a single year at different places varies from 6 to 38 inches.

Idaho is extremely broken and mountainous; in fact, there is no single place in the whole state from which mountains cannot be seen. The chief mountain ranges are the Bitter Root, Cabinet, Coeur d'Alene, Sawtooth, Boise, Owyhee, and Bear River. The Snake, with its tributaries, is the most important river in Idaho.

The climate of Idaho is varied. In the high mountains and elevated valleys the winters are severe and there is generally a heavy snow-fall. In the southern and western portions of the state the winters are comparatively short and mild; the temperature rarely going lower than twelve degrees below zero. The Chinook winds from the Pacific help to relieve the severity of the winter. In the summer the days are quite warm in the lower plains and valleys, but the nights are invariably cool even in the hottest months. The climate is unusually healthful and is, therefore, one of the valuable assets of the state. Idaho has the smallest death rate of any state in the United States.

Much of the state is heavily forested. There are seven million acres of forested areas covering 65 per cent of the total area of the state. The principal native varieties are the white pine, Western or "yellow" pine, spruce, cedar, and fir. The largest area of standing white pine timber in the

United States is found in the northeastern part of Idaho in the counties of Shoshone and Clearwater.

It is not, however, the purpose of this chapter to discuss the resources of Idaho. Information on this point may be obtained from the Idaho State Chamber of Commerce at Boise. We shall now turn our attention to the outstanding location of scenic interest.

If a traveler should cross the state over one of the transcontinental railroads of northern Idaho, he would no doubt get an impression of beautiful forest covered mountains, placid lakes, narrow valleys; and catch glimpses of lumber camps, mines, and stock-ranches. If he cross southern Idaho, he would, perhaps, get a mental picture of a vast rolling sagebrush country interspersed with verdant irrigated valleys dotted with homes and towns, and low mountain ranges hovering in the blue haze of distance. 1.

These impressions of both North and South Idaho are true, but neither one gives a complete well-rounded idea of this great state. Even both together are inadequate to an understanding of the marvelous beauties that lie just out of sight of the hurried traveler.

Coming from the Yellowstone Park through one of the gateways, into Idaho, the traveler crosses a pass at an elevation of more than 6000 feet and, descending, finds himself in great evergreen forests, with mountains towering on either side. The enchanting Upper Falls and Lower Falls of Henry's Fork of the Snake River lie only a short distance to the west. At Ashton, he finds a view that thrills and lures him. To the

1. Burroughs, John, Far and Near pp. 15-16.

east tower the lofty Tetons, just across the line in Wyoming. The United States Geological Survey Guidebook describes the Tetons as follows:

"The average American, who has only a vague conception of the natural beauties of the Rocky Mountains and imagines that real Alpine forms are found only in Switzerland, must be surprised when he first sees the lofty peaks of the Tetons. Even a man who has climbed the Matterhorn would hesitate before daring to try Grand Teton." 1.

The Tetons are visible from many other points in Eastern Idaho. It is these mountains that Owen Wister's "Virginian" was glad to leave because, as he expressed it, "They're most too big." 2. It was somewhere in the vicinity of Warm River east of Ashton that the Virginian caught and hung the horse thieves, and it was along Bitch Creek that he spent some time the following day in fishing.

As one proceeds down the valley of the Snake past the towns of St. Anthony, Idaho Falls, and Blackfoot to Pocatello, he travels through an irrigated country noted for its sugar beets and seed crops.

From Pocatello a side trip of interest can be made over the Oregon Trail through the charming canyon of the Portneuf River to Soda Springs, Montpelier, and the Bear Lake country. The main automobile highway from Wyoming enters the state southeast of Montpelier and follows the Old Oregon Trail route through Southern Idaho, leaving the state on the west at Fruitland, Payette, or Weiser.

1. U. S. Geological Survey--Guidebook of the Western U. S. Part B., Bulletin 612, Wash. Gov. Printing Office, 1915 p. 142
 2. Wister, Owen, The Virginian, p. 413.

West of Pocatello the great sagebrush plains stretch away for hundreds of miles, the monotony of which is broken here and there by the vast irrigation systems which have conquered the silent desert. The sagebrush, Artemisia tridentata, grows abundantly in this rich dry soil. This plant varies in height from one to three feet but occasionally in favored spots reaches a height of ten feet.

"The light grayish-green leaves of this ubiquitous plant give color, or perhaps properly, lack of color, to the plains and enhance their monotony. ----Comparatively little of the surface (of the Snake River plains) is destitute of plant life. In fact, the flora is found to be abundant and varied if one examines it closely. There are many lovely plants that blossom early in the spring, filling the air with fragrance, and in the summer and fall the yellow sunflowers and of the still more plentiful 'rabbit brush', Bigelovia graveolens, a relative of the goldenrod, here and there give broad dashes of brilliant color." 1.

The whole southern region of Idaho is dominated by the mighty Snake River, the seventh largest river in the United States and more than a thousand miles in length. This river has been described with realistic accuracy by William Howard Kirkbride.

"It dashes and roars, in whirlpools and rapids, through forests of mighty pines, between snow-capped peaks, beside extinguished craters, through gloomy chasms, amid an indescribable chaos of weird and fantastic masses of molten rock, crags, peaks, and precipices, through naked deserts; and, again, broad and tranquil, it ripples through smiling meadows, and green, fertile valleys, past prosperous towns and thriving communities,--and is lost again in the deep and solemn canyons." 2.

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1. U. S. Geol. Survey--Guidebook of the Western U. S., Bul. 612 Part B., quoted from footnote by I. C. Russell pp. 125-6.
 2. Kirkbride, William Howard, "The Scenic Marvel of Idaho", World's Work. 12:7648-55 Je. '06.

Some twenty miles west of Pocatello, the sight-seer driving along the Oregon Trail comes to the second largest artificial reservoir in America impounded by the mile-long American Falls dam. This reservoir contains 1,700,000 acre-feet of water, spread over an inundated area of 61,000 acres of land--approximately 88 square miles. The dam is nearly 90 feet high at its highest point and cost over \$3,000,000. This dam is comparable with the great dams of Egypt.

A few miles west of American Falls the highway passes through Massacre Rocks which is the scene of a massacre of emigrants by the Indians in August, 1862.

The Twin Falls country is one of the prettiest of the irrigated sections of Idaho. Twin Falls is properly termed the "Magic City", for only a little more than twenty years ago the ^{site} ~~sight~~ was a sagebrush desert. From Twin Falls trips can be made to some of the most marvelous scenes of all Idaho. The magnificent "Rim-to-Rim" bridge spanning the Snake River canyon between Twin Falls and Jerome is one of the attractions of this region. This bridge is one of the highest in existence, being 476 feet above the waters of the river. Its total length is 1400 feet. The beautiful Blue Lakes and the broad sweep of the canyon can be seen from the bridge.

Close by are two of the marvels of this region. Twin Falls and Shoshone Falls, the latter being the greatest of all the falls of the Snake River. They overshadow and dwarf all of the others in size and grandeur. These falls are at their best in the spring and early summer while the river is carrying a large volume of water. The following description of the

majestic Shoshone Falls by the great naturalist, John Burroughs, does justice to the scene.

"Shoshone Falls are in Snake River, which later on becomes the Columbia. The river does not flow in a valley like our Eastern rivers, but in walled canyons which it has cut into the lava plain to the depth of nearly a thousand feet. The only sign we could see of it, when ten miles away, was a dark heavy line here and there on the green purple plain, the opposite rim of the great gorge.

"Near noon we reached a break, a huge gateway, in the basaltic rocks, and were upon the brink of the canyon itself. It was a sudden vision of elemental grandeur and power opening up at our feet. Our eyes had been reveling in purple distances, in the soft tints of the sagebrush plain, and in the flowers and long, gentle, flowing hills, when suddenly the earth opened and we looked into a rocky chasm nearly a thousand feet deep, with the river and the falls roaring at the bottom of it. The grand, the terrible, the sublime were sprung upon us in a twinkling. The chasm is probably a mile or more broad, with perpendicular sides of toppling columnar lava eight hundred feet high. A roadway, carved out of the avalanches of loose rocks that hang upon the sides of the awful gulf, winds down to the river and to the cable ferry above the falls. Our party in detached groups, made slow progress down to this ferry, there was so much to arrest and fascinate the attention. The new, strange birds, such as the white-throated swift, the violet-backed swallow; the strange and beautiful wild flowers in the rocks; the rocks themselves in towering six sided columns, the spray from the falls below us rising up over the chasm,--these and other features made us tarry long by the way.

"In order to get to the front of the falls and pluck out the heart of the sublimity, the traveler must cross to the south side of the river, at this point less than half a mile wide. Here the shore recedes in broad, irregular terraces, upon one of which stands a comfortable summer hotel. Scaling slippery and perilous rocky points near it, we stood on the very brink of the chasm and took our fill of the awful and the sublime as born of cliff and cataract. We clung to stretched ropes and wires and peered down into the abyss. Elemental displays on such a scale crowd all trivial and personal thoughts out of the mind of the beholder. It is salutary to look upon them occasionally, if only to winnow out of our minds the dust and chaff of the petty affairs of the day, and feel the awe and hush that come over the spirit in the presence of such sublimity.

"Shoshone Falls are probably second only to Niagara,-- less in volume, but of greater height and far more striking and picturesque in setting. Indeed, they are a sort of double Niagara, one of rocks and one of water, and the beholder hardly knows which is the more impressive. The river above the main fall is split up into several strands by isolated masses of towering rocks; each of these strands ends in a beautiful fall, forty or fifty feet in height; then the several currents unite for the final plunge down a precipice of two hundred and fifty feet. To get a different, and if possible a closer view of the falls, we climbed down the side of the chasm, by means of ladders and footsteps cut in the rock and soil, to the margin of the river below. Here we did homage at the foot of the grand spectacle and gazed upward into its awful face. The canyon below the falls is so broad that the river has an easy egress, hence there is nothing of that terrible agony upon the face of the waters that we see in the gorge below Niagara. Niagara is much the more imposing spectacle. Shoshone is the more ideal and poetic."

There are two unusually interesting trips for the automobilist starting from Shoshone, north of Twin Falls and Jerome. One is north through Hailey and Ketchum into the heart of the Sawtooth Mountains, the Central Idaho Wonderland. This section of sublime mountain scenery, with its forests; its jagged outlines; its stark granite cliffs; its towering peaks, including Mount Hyndman (El. 12,098 feet) and a number of other only slightly less noble peaks--Castle, Snowsides, Heyburn, the Devil's Bedstead, Thunder Mountain, Jughandle, Ryan Peak--is often compared with Switzerland in its Alpine grandeur. The setting of snow-capped peaks and dark green forests mirrored in glacial lakes seems almost beyond description. The lakes, the tumbling mountain streams, and the craggy cliffs make a veritable paradise for the huntsman, the sportsman, the nature lover, the artist, and the poet. Many an unconquered peak with

1. Burroughs, John, Far and Near, pp. 12-14.

See also the following descriptions:

Kirkbride, William Howard, "The Scenic Marvels of Idaho", World's Work, 12:7651-2 Je. '06.

Johnson, Clifton, "The Niagara of the West", (Illustrated). Outing, 50:293-300, Je. '07.

everlasting snow clinging to its precipices and slopes challenges the expert Alpinist who delights in stiff climbs.

The other trip out from Shoshone yields a contrast in scenery that cannot be duplicated in America--a trip to the "Craters of the Moon".

Imagine, if you can, a region--not barren of vegetation, without water, and devoid of animal life as it was once thought to be; but a region where there are pines, cedars, junipers, and sagebrush tucked away in pockets; a region where the water supply is hidden in deep tanks or holes at the bottom of large "blow-outs" which can be "found only by following old Indian or mountain sheep trails or by watching the flight of birds as they drop into these places to quench their thirst"; a region in which the animal life consists chiefly of migrat^{ory} birds, the rock cony, rabbits, and an occasional bear or coyote; a region of caves where ice can be found even in the hottest days of August; a region of awful silence, stern and forbidding in its barren lava fields of somber brown, gray or black; fields of craters, lava spouts, volcanic bombs, sputter cones, "Pueblo Ruins" of volcanic tufa, and cinder ridges, folds, crevices resembling a huge crumpled blanket; "an almost perfect model of a miniature theater, with a circular, sloping auditorium, a miniature bridge of lava for a stage, an orchestra pit, back drop, domed ceiling, lighted by a six-inch hole in the roof, and decorated in red, brown, and black with splotches of white"; vast brilliantly colored open-air amphitheaters "whose towering walls are a riot of yellow, green, orange, brown, and black, with brick red and vermillion predominating"; a gigantic bridge of stone whose arch has a span of 125 feet and a height of 80-110 feet; a "bottomless pit" into which huge rocks may be drop-

ped but no sound of their striking bottom may be heard; magnetic crags which play tricks on a compass; and a lava flow of deep cobalt blue eleven miles in length--imagine all of this, and you have some idea of the "Craters of the Moon".

The "Craters of the Moon" is one of the most recently created National parks. On May 2, 1924, President Coolidge signed the order setting aside as a National park one of the wildest, most weird, and colorful of the volcanic regions of the world. This region lies along the Teton highway between Carey and Arco, Idaho, in a desert plateau north of Minidoka. It is remarkable that such a region of scenic peculiarity should have remained so long practically unknown, except in Indian legend and in superstitious tales of a few fur trappers. R. W. Limbert, writing for The National Geographic Magazine, gives a personal account of his explorations in this unusual region. He says:

"This section is destined some day to attract tourists from all America, for the lava flows are as interesting as those of Vesuvius, Mauna Loa, or Kilauea.

"The district consists of some 63 volcanic craters, lava, and cinder cones, all at present extinct or dormant. The largest and most conspicuous is 600 feet high, rising in the midst of a belt of craters two or three miles wide and thirty miles long." 1.

This strange region with its craters and lava flows is suggestive of the landscape of the moon; hence, the name, "The Craters of the Moon". At first appearance, this gigantic upheaval seems to have occurred only yesterday; but, we are told, that in reality the latest disturbance took place

1. Limbert, R. W., The Nat. Geographic Mag., V. 45:303-328, March, 1924.

some 150 or 200 years ago. It is probable, however, that the eruptions of spattered lava around some of the sputter cones might have occurred at the time of the eruption of Buffalo Hump, in Idaho County, Idaho in 1866.

The area of the national park set aside by President Coolidge is approximately forty square miles, a very small fraction of the total amount of the lava plains of southern Idaho which cover the astounding area of 27,000 square miles.

There are two main lava flows, the Blue Dragon and the Pahoehoe. These lie within a few miles of the main highway between Carey and Arco; and the whole region can be made accessible by automobile roads although, as yet, the newest accession to our national park system is rather inaccessible except on foot.

"Stretching to the southwest for a distance of about 11 miles, we saw perhaps one of the most remarkable lava flows in the world," continues Mr. Limbert as he describes the Blue Dragon Flow. "Its color is a deep cobalt blue, with generally a high gloss, as if the flow had been given a coat of blue varnish. The surface is netted and veined with small cracks, having the appearance of the scales of some prehistoric reptile.

"-----It merits the name (Blue Dragon), as in many places it has burst through the crevasse of an older flow, and the ropy twists of blue lava, spreading out in branches, together with its scaled surface, need but a little stretch of imagination to suggest the claws and legs of a dragon." 1.

At the opening to one of the many caves which abound in the region the Limbert party was surprised at the rush of cold air from the entrance.

"The cause was immediately apparent. It was an ice cave

and one of the finest examples, I believe in existence. The floor was a conglomerate mass of huge lava blocks. These and the walls were incrustated with about two inches of ice as clear as glass, through which the structure of the rock could easily be seen." 1. There were many ice

stalactites and stalagmites.

Returning to Twin Falls, the traveler starts west again and soon finds himself in the beautiful Hagerman valley; the memory of which is long retained. One of the never-to-be-forgotten scenes is the Thousand Springs. The long lost "Lost Rivers", after flowing for a hundred miles under the lava plains of southern Idaho, break from their bounds in literally a thousand cascades, cataracts, and bubbling springs from the canyon wall of the Snake River. The highway rolls along a half mile of sparkling falls and dashing sprays that unroll before the astonished eyes of the traveler like a painted canvas.

Leaving the Snake River temporarily, the tourist climbs up to a high-plateau.

"The approach to the Capitol City is one the traveler will not soon forget. For forty miles his way has lain across sage plains. He tops the final rise, and in the distance gleams the cool green of the valley, with the white dome of the capitol and the red-tiled campanile of the Union Pacific station looming above the tree tops.

"Boise is the starting point for some of the side tours which reveal the inner mysteries of Idaho. A short twenty-two miles out of town is Arrowrock dam, the highest in the world, (348 feet high) a marvel of engineering skill." 2. The Boise Valley

and the Owyhee Mountains to the south are the setting for one

1. Ibid.

2. Pamphlet, Idaho: The Gem of the Mountains, issued by Idaho State Chamber of Commerce, Boise, Idaho.

of Mary Hallock Foote's novels, Edith Bonham. Boise also serves as a gateway to the Sawtooth country.

From Boise the Oregon Trail goes through Nampa, Caldwell, Payette, and Weiser, where it leaves the State to enter Oregon. Weiser is the starting point for Idaho's scenic North and South Highway, which extends to the Canadian Border, a distance of almost five hundred miles.

For the explorer of an exceptionally hardy nature, a side trip from Council, by pack train and horse back, will take him to the Seven Devils region and the Grand Canyon of the Snake--a gorge a mile deep with grander and more inspiring scenery than the Royal Gorge in Colorado and rivalling in some respects the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona. It was this majestic and awful canyon that turned back the Astorian party led by Hunt in 1811. We shall let William Kirkbride carry on the description of this well-nigh inaccessible though wonderful canyon.

"---Mile after mile the scenery grows wilder, until the spell of the desert, and even the beauty of the falls is forgotten in the awful grandeur of the canyons. Between the Payette and the Powder Rivers, the Snake flows through one of the most marvelous canyons in the world. The vertical walls of black basalt rise 5,000 feet, and the canyon is so narrow that from the bottom the sky appears as a slender thread of blue. Millions of rocks of every conceivable size and shape, all curiously worn by time and weather, and twisted and gnarled by heat into weird and fantastic forms, hang over the river. Their monstrous shapes are now repulsive, now noble, as they assume the appearance of prison walls or of cathedral towers.

"Beyond the Grande Ronde River the canyon walls grow less and less abrupt, and the river, losing much of its ferocity, glides away from its hiding place and, winds in graceful turnings through a broad expanse of prairie and high plateau. The rolling sage-brush plain, though still barren of trees, is no longer dull. Here and there are splashes of color, and the delegate greens of

vegetation. Over all rests the desert haze, lending an exquisite softness and gentleness to the scene. To the north and to the south, the view is bounded by an unbroken chain of snow-capped peaks and crags, which seem to face into clouds as they join the horizon. Above them all, their snow-burdened summits glistening in the sunlight, loom the spire-like forms of the Seven Devils, abrupt and precipitous peaks. Bold, severe, and forbidding, they tower in their immensity, dwarfing their sister peaks, and making the mild undulations of the desert hills insignificant by comparison." 1.

Returning to Council, we proceed northward through a national forest area and soon emerge into a highland park known as the Meadows. A side trip from here to McCall and the beautiful Payette Lakes is worth all the time it takes. From Meadows one enters the scenic canyon of the Little Salmon River. At Riggins this tributary joins the Big Salmon River amid steep rolling hills whose only covering is grass or sagebrush. The absence of the forest lends a distinctive characteristic to the famous Box Canyon of the Salmon River. Soon the highway leaves the Salmon to begin the climb up the great Whitebird Hill. In one of the gulches of this hill a battle of the Nez Perce Indian War was fought--a monument stands beside the highway marking the location.

The Whitebird hill is an excellent example of the triumph of engineering skill over the mountain country. Although there is a climb here of 3000 feet in a distance of twelve miles, the grade at no point is more than five per cent. There are some twenty switchbacks and 'hairpin' curves on the hill. From the top of the hill you may look back over a vast panorama of landscape. Far to the southwest tower the mighty snow-clad crags of the Seven Devils which hide the mystery of the Snake River canyon; in the southeast rise the heavily forested

1. Kirkbride, William Howard, "Scenic Marvels of Idaho",
World's Work, 12:7653, Je. '06.

slopes of the Salmon River country where there are untold vistas of beauty and enchantment hiding in the canyons and crags of that picturesque region; between these two landmarks and below the observer roll the peacefully barren yet soft outlines of the hills out of which winds the tortuous path of this modern highway. Turning to the north you peer out through the pines, which cover the north slope of the summit you stand upon, into the rich farming country of the Camas Prairie stretching away to the north until lost in a blue haze of the distant uplands. Here you are in the heart of the old Nez Perce Indian country where Chief Joseph led his great retreat before the advance of General Howard.

Traveling over this prairie country, the tourist comes to Grangeville, Craigmont, Winchester, and Lewiston--memorial of the Lewis and Clark Expedition and home of the Idaho State Normal School. Here is the mighty Snake River subdued and tranquil at last after a tortuous journey of nearly a thousand miles of restless agitation among rough mountain boulders, over roaring falls, through silent lava walls, through broad irrigated valleys, and chafing against the precipitous crags of abysmal depths--at last ready to bear its share of the commerce of an "inland empire" to the Columbia and on to the Pacific.

Upon leaving Lewiston to climb up into the Palouse highlands, the traveler catches a last glimpse of the Snake and bids it farewell with mingled feelings of admiration and awe--the one continuous link among the rapidly shifting scenes from the Yellowstone Park to North Idaho. Moscow and the center of the Palouse country is soon reached. Here is the University

of Idaho, the Southern Branch of which is located at Pocatello.

From Potlatch on, the highway enters the heavily forested mountain regions of Northern Idaho. The majestic crags and precipices of the Sawtooths are missing here; instead there are rounded luxuriantly wooded hills with a quiet loveliness all their own. Elon Jessup describes this region in the following words.

"In the long, rambling panhandle of Idaho, some seventy odd miles south from the city of Coeur d'Alene lies a vast wilderness of mounting and falling slopes upon which grows the largest single body of white pine timber in the world. The Coeur d'Alene Mountains, although essentially of the west (sic) in character, are to some extent pleasantly reminiscent of the Adirondacks in the east (sic).

"They are not nearly so high as the Rockies of Colorado, in fact one rarely finds the presence of timber line. As a rule, the green forest cloak entirely covers the peaks. But the giant trees, steep slopes, and wedge like canyons belong wholly to the west (sic).

"Our varied meanderings carried us through the soft silence of dark forests, lifted us to mountain peaks, dropped us to the depths of deep canyons. The end of each day brought us tired and hungry to the hospitable friendliness, comfort, and unsurpassable food of some isolated logging camp buried away in the wilderness, the only vestige of human habitation for a much farther distance than we could see from the top of any peak." 1.

The quiet beauty of the Coeur d'Alene and Pend d'Oreille regions is found no where else in Idaho. Coeur d'Alene Lake is one of the noted beauty spots and resorts of the Great Northwest. The Coeur d'Alene mining region is justly famous throughout the country for its unusual wealth of minerals.

1. Jessup, Elon, "Through the Pines of the Coeur d'Alenes", Outing, 79:68-70, N. '21.

A traveler can well spend several days in this region of beauty and industry. These two features have been delightfully combined in a novel by Mary Hallock Foote. 1.

Hayden Lake became nationally known as a beautiful summer resort when President Coolidge recently considered it as a location for his summer vacation.

The scenic qualities and sporting attractions of the Pend d'Oreille region are graphically portrayed by a sportsman, Charles Stuart Moody.

"Lake Pend d'Oreille, in northern Idaho, was discovered and named over eighty years ago by the Jesuit missionaries, then promptly forgotten until a transcontinental railroad laid its tracks around the eastern border in 1883, when it was rediscovered by a few sportsmen having an instinctive knowledge of good trout water. Folk east of the Mississippi search guide books for a place to spend their vacations, not knowing that in Pend d'Oreille is what they are seeking. They do not know that among her sister states Idaho wears unchallenged her proud title, Gem of the Mountains. San Francisco, Seattle, Portland or Spokane will first refer the pleasure-seeker to nearby points, then reluctantly say 'For primitive nature and sure trout go to the lakes and rivers of Idaho.'

"The most picturesque beauty belongs to Lake *Pend d'* Oreille-----

"As for the lake itself, no word picture can do the subject justice; you must see it for yourself, its surroundings of dark, tree-clothed mountains that rear their lofty heads into the sky, where evening's purple shadows lend to them a soothing charm; its waters deep as the sea and clear as the blue sky that arches above them, as cold as the eternal snows that feed them; deep, land-locked bays that indent the shores and immense cliffs of black basalt that rise sheer from the water's edge; long reaches of pebbly shore, fringed with wide-spreading cottonwoods beneath whose shadows you may float, and floating fish; miles upon miles of pure white strand where you may camp and soak your soul over, hub and spoke. I can tell you these things but still the picture is inadequate." 2.

1. Foote, Mary Hallock, Coeur d'Alene.

2. Moody, Charles Stuart, "In the Troutland of Idaho".
Outing, 58:665-74, S. '11.

Here on the shore of Idaho's greatest lake, one can spread a blanket on the soft turf and pine needles; lie in flickering, sun-spotted shade of a mighty pine with its resinous dew lightly falling on his face; breathe deeply of that exhilarating mountain air filled with odoriferous fragrancy; and be at peace with God and His world. As he lies dreaming he may reflect on the general impression of Idaho that he has seen in his tour. No doubt the first impression is a new respect for a great state in the Pacific Northwest. He is amazed at the extraordinary diversity of physical features gathered into the boundaries of one state. Suddenly he sits up with the realization that here, in Idaho, in its glorious history, marvelous scenery, and with the spirit of the pioneer still upon its people, is a vast unmeasured store house of literary and artistic material that has scarcely been touched. Idaho is waiting, with the glow of youth still upon her, for her poet, her man or woman of letters, to come and "possess the land".

CHAPTER IV.

THE POETRY OF IDAHO.

There has been a new era of poetic production in America since 1900. This poetry has a genuinely national quality first revealed in the work of Walt Whitman. Mr. Louis Untermeyer has given a valuable critical estimate of the new poetry in the introduction to his book, The New Era in American Poetry, 1919. When the poet leaves the library to gather his material direct from life and nature, then, and then only, does he succeed in discovering "the beauty, the dignity, I might almost say the divine core, of the casual and the commonplace". It is seldom that an author by the slavish imitation of ancient masters or by the reshaping of material already used, succeeds in creating literature of enduring value.

American writers need to take the advice of Booker T. Washington to his own race, "Let down your bucket where you are". Let us break from "the easy charm of antiquity" as Walt Whitman has expressed it in his Leaves of Grass:

"Come, Muse, migrate from Greece and Ionia.
 Cross out, please, those immensely overpaid accounts;
 That matter of Troy and Achilles' wrath, and Aeneas'
 and Odysseus' wanderings.
 Placard 'Removed' and 'To Let' on the rocks of
 your snowy Parnassus----
 For know a better, fresher, busier sphere;
 A wider, untried domain awaits and demands you."

Idaho poets need not go to Europe or to musty library tomes for material about which to write. In Idaho's natural scenery and in her short, but glorious history, from which still lingers the romantic freshness of the pioneer, there are mines of literary richness which are comparable only to the fabulous material wealth of her Coeur d'Alene silver and

lead mines. Unfortunately, some of Idaho's poets have not recognized the value of her literary resources. Fortunately, some of her best poets have used this material in a praiseworthy manner.

CHIEF POETS OF IDAHO.

Idaho has contributed to American literature one poet of international fame in the person of Ezra Pound. He was born in Hailey, Idaho, in 1885. This is the only claim to Pound that Idaho has, for he left the state at an early age, received his education in the East (Pennsylvania), and then went abroad, where he has lived since. From the strict viewpoint of Idaho state literature, Pound is a negligible figure, for Idaho subject matter has no place in his exotic productions; but from the broader point of view of his relation to American literature, he is a figure of outstanding genius who, in the words of T. S. Eliot, another expatriate, is credited with a "complete and isolated superiority as a master of verse form". 1.

Quoting further from the Literary Digest, we find:

"Probably no man living today, says Harry Hanson in the New York World, has done so much to help free poetry from the shackles of nineteenth-century convention as Ezra Pound. 'With Pound's attack poetry became pure singing again. It regained color, movement, brilliancy, forcefulness.' " 2.

The striking, though eccentric, Mr. Pound has found both favor and disfavor in his native state. That he is being dis-

1. "Ezra Pound Crowned" Lit. Digest, 96:24-25, Jan. 14, '28.
2. Ibid., p. 25.

cussed pro and con is evidence of a literary awareness in Idaho that is promising indeed. Mrs. Byrd Trego of Blackfoot, who is laboring faithfully to encourage literature in Idaho, wrote an article in the Idaho Republican (Blackfoot) on Ezra Pound that was immediately copied by the Idaho Statesman (Boise) Feb. 25, 1925.

"Perhaps of those born within the boundaries of Idaho," writes Mrs. Trego, "who have chosen the field of literature as the channel through which to give expression to talents of mind, none occupies so eminent a position in the realm of letters as Ezra Pound." Edith MacDonald Graham,

Idaho Editor for the American Poetry Magazine, writes of Pound.

"He has built up a delicate instrument from his word-structures--an instrument that plays knowingly and well--brilliantly even--but with little soul.-----Humanity does not interest Pound, therefore he does not write well of it, brilliant, satirical, clever tho he may be."

One of Americas greatest modern critics of poetry, Louis Untermeyer, has this to say of Pound and his work:

"No living American poet started with more promise and is concluding with less performance than Ezra Pound. He began blazing his own path through a trampled forest. Then he started wandering off whenever he saw a by-road, followed every curious twist and turn, pursued the will-o'-the-wisps of the bizarre, and finally lost himself in the backwoods and marshes of literature." 1.

In spite of Untermeyer's rather adverse criticism of Pound, which seems entirely justified, Pound is still an international figure. He received The Dial award in 1927. for "Service to Letters" with the assertion that "Mr. Pound is one of the most valuable forces in contemporary letters."

1. Untermeyer, Louis, The New Era in American Poetry, pp. 201-214.

There are other poets worthy of consideration who may with more justice be claimed as Idaho authors.

Irene Welch Grissom should have special mention. She was appointed poet laureate of Idaho by Gov. C. C. Moore, June, 1923, in response to requests from the State Federation of Women's Clubs and the State Parent-Teachers' Association. Although she is not a native of the state, she has lived in Idaho long enough to catch the significance of the value of Idaho's own material. In a personal letter to Mrs. Scatterday, December, 1925, Mrs. Grissom writes concerning the source of her inspiration:

"as to inspiration: one need only ride over Idaho and look-----to find it in abundance. I like to write verse that is of actual things, the real life we see about us. I feel that so much verse does not touch the actual, everyday events, that after all make up existence for most of us."

As a poetic artist, Mrs. Grissom is not a master of technic; her stanza forms are simple in structure, her rhymes are too frequently built out of monosyllabic words, while her diction is at times commonplace. On the other hand there are praiseworthy elements in her verse. She knows the subject matter about which she writes, for she has literally seen "the passing of the desert"; there is imagination, vigor, color, and freshness in her poems; there is evidence of close observation of the topography of Idaho, yet her verse is not overloaded with details. Mrs. Grissom is predominantly a poet of the outdoor life. Some of her best poems are "The Passing of the Desert", "The Prospector", "Inland", and "Desert Dead". One critic has said that "Inland" has an infectious rhythm with a swing of which John Masefield may be proud.

Mr. Milo M. Thompson, editor-in-chief of the Idaho Daily Statesman, writes delightful bits of verse under the photographic reproductions of Idaho scenery which appear in the Sunday editions of the Statesman. Mr. Thompson is an experimenter in verse form. He writes as follows concerning his work.

"The idea back of the Statesman's "mmt" picture-poem features is primarily to help Idaho people see beauty in Idaho. But, of course, since there are no restrictions of any moment, they do serve me as an outlet for ideas seeking expression. I write what I want to write and, without regard for form or precedent, I write it the way I want to write it. Sometimes I borrow another man's style for a moment and sometimes I make my own." 1.

Edith MacDonald Graham is also a poet of merit. She is an associate editor of the American Poetry Magazine, the official organ of the American Literary Association. Mrs. Graham is very modest about her work. She writes,

"Few people have anything outstanding in their lives--just a bit here, and a bit there, mosaics, fitting in to make up the whole--a texture rich or meager as the case may be. I'm merely a western woman in love with my books and life, and searching for beauty and the essentials in both." 2.

In another letter we see a commendable critical attitude.

"I have discarded much of my first work and am now working on a collection which I hope to have ready for publication within the year (1928)---- One hesitates to stress one's own work, knowing that valuation is too ephemeral a thing--what might awake the interest of one reader may be but a dull gesture to the next reader." 3.

Her forthcoming book will be looked forward to with considerable anticipation by all lovers of Idaho literature.

Annie Pike Greenwood, "The Sage Brush Poet", has received

1. Thompson, Milo M., A personal letter to Mrs. Scatterday dated Jan. 11, 1926.
2. Personal letter to Mrs. Scatterday dated Jan. 27, 1926.
3. Personal letter to the writer dated April 1, 1928.

ed national recognition and much favorable comment by critics of prominence, including Richard Watson Gilder. Her poems and prose articles have appeared in such magazines as The Century, the Atlantic Monthly, and the Nation.

Others who should be mentioned here are: Laura Edith Darrow, who has published two books of verse; Clarence E. Eddy, whose volume entitled The Pinnacle of Parnassas (1902) is fortunately not about that sacred Grecian mountain, but is almost wholly Idahoan in subject material; Agnes Just Reid, who was born in Idaho, has lived in Idaho all her life, and writes about Idaho; and Elford Chilcote Preston, whose poem "The Answer" attracted considerable attention in Idaho in 1925--he has other poems of value, though not upon Idaho.

VERSE FORM.

The poetry which has been considered in this study is as a whole decidedly conventional in form. Stanzaic verse with rather familiar rhyme schemes predominates. The variations range from the couplet and the common "hymn stanza" to more complicated forms of five to eight lines. Some of the rhymes are imperfect, but this is not unusual, for imperfect rhyme is frequently found even in the best poetry of the English language. Internal rhymes are used to good effect by several poets. Masculine rhymes are more common than feminine, while triple rhyme is quite rare. Iambic and anapestic rhythms are most frequently used.

The sonnet is a rare form in the poetry of Idaho, perhaps, because it is so easy to write a poor one and so difficult to write a good one. Mrs. Edna Osborne Whitcomb and Grace Clemen-

tine Howes, although neither are Idaho authors, have both written sonnets with Idaho subject matter. "The Basque Sheep-herder Idaho" by Miss Howes is quoted in this chapter as descriptive of the Basque sheep-herder.

Blank verse is found in the work of a number of Idaho poets. Much of it, however, is mediocre in quality. Very frequently the thought is not carried over in run-on lines, and it lacks the variable cesura and flexible cadences which make up the dignity of movement and harmony of sound of noble blank verse. Perhaps the best of Idaho's blank verse is found in the two poems, quoted in this chapter, by Thompson and Preston concerning the Idaho State Capitol building and the duty of the legislators.

Free verse is seldom used by Idaho writers. There seems to be a decided preference for the more conventional stanzaic forms. One of the best examples of free verse comes from the pen of Edith MacDonald Graham.

Immortal.

He was a sailor . . . but more -
 A poet,
 And he loved life . . .
 And the sea.
 But life was hard for him . . .
 Life is hard for sailors . . . and poets,
 And he couldn't get along -
 For living seas are rough,
 But he married . . . a wistful,
 A trustful, a blossomy sort
 Of a woman -
 A sailor would, you know -
 And he lived. . .
 Thinking always of the sea.
 But the numb ways and the brittle ways
 Of cities wore him down
 Until he could
 No longer buffet the waves -

Of what profit a mind
 Knowing only sea-beauty
 And beauty of ships,
 And hands too rough
 To weave substance
 From beauty?
 Then there was no more
 Work . . . only idle days
 And calm . . .
 And his little love -
 And the sea.
 Then in the last
 Hour of his ember day,
 When smothering,
 Reaching, sea-weed closed in. . .
 And fog was thick about him
 And only the harbor lights -
 Blood-red,
 Budded and bloomed through it's murk,
 He took the petal-thin hands
 Of his love
 And said,
 "Flower of the Mist,
 When the breakers wash over
 This frail craft
 And there is no more anything
 But ripples . . .
 And a sail, and a spar -
 Take these . . . and burn
 Them until there remains
 But a handful of . . . ashes -
 Then lay them down
 Upon the soft bosom of
 My other love . . .
 For my ashes will hold
 Only my love of you
 And . . . the sea -
 Therefore it will
 Be beautiful . . .
 A handful of beautiful ashes." 1.

TYPES.

The drama as a type of poetry is practically non-existent
 in Idaho as yet. Forerunners of this type are beginning to
 appear, however. A pageant, The Light on the Mountain, written
 by Talbot L. Jennings was presented at the University of Idaho

1. Unpublished, quoted by permission of Edith MacDonald Graham.

at Moscow (1925-26). Lulu F. Fuld of Hailey has written an operetta based on Indian legends, and Annie Pike Greenwood has written several plays. None of these have appeared in print, however.

The epic has not yet made its appearance in Idaho literature. There are several narrative poems written by Idaho authors, but none approach the epic in the strict sense of that term. Idaho's poet laureate, Mrs. Grissom, has used ballad material in the following narrative poem.

The Outlaw.

They brought him in, the wild, the fleet,
 And nailed iron shoes upon his feet,
 And on his shoulder burned their brand.
 They bridled him with reckless hand,
 The saddle girth drew close and tight,
 "He's bad," they said, "he'll make a fight!"
 Then cried: "Now who will ride the brute?
 Come on, you sports, make ready, shoot!"

From out the crowd there stepped alone
 A man that never horse had thrown,
 With beaded chaps and gay silk shirt,
 Sombrero wide and braided quirt.
 The range-horse heard his jingling spur,
 And felt deep fear within him stir.
 He trembled, shook in every limb,
 No friend he had--none cared for him.

What's this strange weight flung on his back?
 A shout goes up: "Hang to him, Mack!"
 He snorted wildly, tossed his head,
 A plunge--and now his flanks run red!
 And then he fought, gone mad with pain,
 Against the quirt, the spur and rein.
 A shout--a thud--the rider lies
 With dead face turned up to the skies.

Men cursed the bay horse standing there
 With bloody mouth and foam flecked hair.
 A strong corral they turned him in,
 And said: "We'll break you yet! You win
 To-day, but wait, O bold outlaw!"
 With pain crazed eyes, and trembling jaw,
 He watched the crowd, for still he felt
 The wounds the quirt and spur had dealt.

And so his name went all about
 Till many riders tried him out;
 Each "Frontier Day" he won new fame,
 And brought fresh skill to the cruel game.
 He fought as never steed before,
 Full oft his sides ran red with gore,
 Men hated him, he hated men
 That held him in a prison pen.

There came one day to the cattle ranch,
 Jim Gray, from up Lost River Branch,
 A quiet man with kindly eyes,
 Of unassuming, sober guise.
 And after supper, late that night,
 When cards were done and pipes alight,
 He made a deal that all could hear
 As through the noise his voice rang clear:

"With quirt and spur both laid aside,
 For full an hour the horse I'll ride,
 And not be thrown, When this I've done
 The outlaw's mine, and fairly won!"
 The boss and all the bunk-house gang
 Surrounded him, and loudly sang:
 "We sure are glad you came our way!
 Good luck to you, here's how, Jim Gray!"

Next morning ere the sun was high
 A strange man passed the outlaw by.
 He turned--repassed--then paused to press
 A gentle hand, in firm caress,
 Against the quivering, velvet nose.
 The startled horse on hind feet rose,
 Then trembling crouched, as from a blow;
 Strange words were spoken, soothing, low:

"Be still, old chap, I'll not hurt you,
 I'll be a friend that's stanch and true."
 The gentle voice--the kindly hand--
 Unknown before in his grim land--
 He ceased to tremble, stood at rest,
 And Jim Gray said: "I've made the test:
 Tomorrow we will ride away,
 You're mine, I love you, clean limbed bay!"

They gathered in a crowd again
 To watch the outlaw, all the men
 That he had conquered by his skill
 Submissive, now, to this man's will,
 Gone cruel spur, quirt's savage hit,
 He took the saddle, bridle bit,
 With wistful eyes that seemed to say:
 "I've trusted you, be true, Jim Gray!"

The master spoke, a single word,
 Deep silence fell, no voice was heard.
 He mounted slowly, then rode past
 The group of men, and ringing fast

Their cheers arose: "Gray did the deed!
How strange, he looks a noble steed!"
And long they stood, and watched the two
Until they vanished in the blue. 1.

Lyric poetry is the predominate type. Practically all of Idaho's poetry falls into this general classification. Many of the poems are descriptive, some humorous, some pathetic, while others are elegiac, didactic, and philosophical. There are a number of "Idaho Songs", but none has yet been approved by the State Legislature as the Idaho song. The words of the song "Idaho", sung to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland", were written by Ernest O. Mills. The D. A. R. of southern Idaho has adopted the song written by H. C. Thompson as its "state song". Gaylord Sanford's "Idaho" has also been suggested for legislative sanction.

The following poems are quoted to illustrate the range of lyric poetry in Idaho. This poem by Mrs. Grissom is descriptive of the change brought about in southern Idaho by irrigation.

The Passing of the Desert.

An arid waste the desert lies,
Beneath the dazzling summer skies.
A hot wind stirs, in sudden gust,
Rank clumps of sagebrush gray with dust.
The cactus thorns hide rattlesnakes,
And shrill and clear a warning breaks,
As overhead an eagle sails
His keen eye on the badger trails.

A river roars where a canyon runs,
And carves and cuts, as countless suns
In lonely splendor flame and glow,
And parch the wilderness below.
Untouched by plough or ditch the ground,
No echo wakes to human sound,

A grim and treeless, wind-swept plain
Beyond the zone of cooling rain.

A dreamer comes--as dreamers will--
To watch the swirling torrents spill
Between the steep, black lava walls,
And on the foaming, crashing falls.
He sees the desert, vast and grand,
Give way before a man-made land,
The sparkling streams flash here and there,
And life is springing everywhere.

The vision shaped by work and thought,
A miracle at last hath wrought!
From far above the canyon deep
Down broad canal the waters sweep;
And happy homes dot fields of green,
With flowering orchard in between;
The waste, reclaimed, is sweet and fair,
With song of birds upon the air.

Now long freight trains speed to and fro,
Where, outward bound, rich harvests flow;
The wires are strung from place to place
That bridge the loneliness of space;
As brief years pass--Lo, cities rise
To greet the flaming sunset skies,
And on the conquered desert sands
A brave young empire proudly stands! 1.

A note of touching pathos is sounded by Annie Pike Greenwood in the next poem quoted. This is the one about which Richard Watson Gilder, at one time editor of The Century magazine, and internationally known literary critic and poet, said, "Your poems touch me deeply with their sad sincerity. We are crowded with accepted verse, but I must have 'On Her Who Wakes'. It made the tears jump to my eyes."

On Her Who Wakes.

On her who wakes o' nights
Out of brief sleep to stare upon the dark
With that dull, sickening heaviness of heart
Which only women know from women's woe,
Have pity, O Thou God! have pity now!

1. Ibid. p. 1 f.

On her who wakes from dreams
 Of a lost love come back to fail no more,
 And, waking, knows that such shall never be;

On her who wakes from dreams of baby lips,
 She who has never borne, nor ever can, a child;

On her who wakes upon her husband's arm
 From seeing those dear days and that one face--
 The face she must forget;
 On her who reaches out to clasp her babe--
 The little babe that died on a far yesteryear;

On her who wakes o' nights
 With arms that yearn to reach
 Through space and time and all past bitterness,
 With lips whose words and kisses must be dumb,
 Thwarted in giving what her nature means;
 For whom there is no comfort and no hope
 In having missed the things of womanhood;
 For whom fulfillment never more may be;--
 On her who wakes o' nights,
 Have pity, O Thou God! have pity now! 1.

Here is a humorous bit in contrast by the same author,
 yet this is not without an element of pathos in the stifling
 of a desire for self expression.

A Longing for Fame.

'Taint that I want the money,
 Or fame when I am dead,
 But because I get so tired
 Of jest composin' bread.

I'd like the folks in Plainsville
 To read some magazine,
 And see it writ in printin',
 "A Pome, by Sarah Green."

Yes, I kin cook, but landy!
 A body has to cook.
 That's just the very reason.
 I'd like to write a book.

But some is born to writin'.
 And some to cook unseen.
 I guess I better hustle
 A Pie, by Sarah Green. 2.

-
1. Greenwood, Annie Pike, "On Her Who Wakes", Century 79:73
 N. '09.
 2. Greenwood, Annie Pike, "A Longing for Fame", Century 81:320
 D. '10.

The following poem by Della Adams Leitner is quoted as an example of the didactic and inspirational type of lyrics.

The Man Who Pleads.

"Will you decree, wanton-like, that the man you might have been, shall never be?"

David Starr Jordon.

He stands, the man that you might be,
Entreatingly with beckoning hands,
And voiceless pleads to be set free,
 Awaiting your commands;
And will you, wanton-like, decree
That he shall never, never be?

He stands, your ideal, and he holds
The guerdon of your hope and toil,
He bids you strive as he unfolds
 Heart peace and not turmoil;
A king unfettered, strong, his plea,
The conquerer that you might be.

He stands, pure in his heart and life,
With self respect and honor crowned,
A man of peace and not at strife
 With fellow men is found;
But in defence of weakness, he
Serves loyally and valiently.

He stands and dares to speak the truth,
Nor fears the scoff of those who hate,
His life a standard is for youth,
 Nor is he ruled by fate;
And will not thoughtless bow the knee
To creed but led of God is free.

He stands, unflinchingly he stands
For justice to the poor, oppressed,
With tender insight understands
 The longings in the breasts
Of brother men who strive as he
To be the men that they might be.

He stands and will you longer say
He shall not be who thus entreats,
Who promises a better day,
 And every promise meets.
From binding chains and shackles free,
Come forth, on man that you might be! 1.

1. Manuscript sent to the writer by Mrs. Leitner.

SUBJECT MATTER.

In considering the literature of a state we are concerned in knowing what subject matter has been used. Consequently, it is of pertinent interest to know what the poets of Idaho have found to sing about. It will be apparent to anyone who reads the following pages that the topography, the climate, and the history of the state have profoundly affected its literature.

A. TOPOGRAPHY.

The topography and scenery of Idaho are fairly well represented in its poetry. It is surprising, perhaps, that the Snake River which has been so intimately connected with the history, scenery, and development of the state has such scant notice by the poets who live in Idaho. There are, of course, several references to it, but no outstanding single poems on the Snake River have been found, although it is possible that such may have been overlooked.

Mrs. Grissom has used the following topographical features of the state: desert, canyon, river, "A grim and treeless, wind swept plain", black lava walls, irrigation, blue lakes, low butte, "A dim, winding trail", saw-toothed peaks, crags, "sharp peaks and gorges deep", wheat and alfalfa fields, "the long blue mountain range", snow-capped peaks, and sagebrush.

John H. Rothery, in the following poem, has gathered an abundance of local color and a spirit of enthusiasm for Idaho that ought to thrill the heart of every loyal son of the "Gem State".

The Plains of Dear Old Idaho.

O, take me back where I want to go;
 To the plains of dear old Idaho;
 Where the clearest streams from the purest snow
 Down the mountain sides to the plains below
 Rush down with gurgling songs of joy
 And hide the trout from the farmer boy.
 Yes, take me back where I want to go,
 To the plains of dear old Idaho.

Oh! Take me back to the purest air
 Where the cheeks grow red as the apples there
 Where the sage brush, far as eye can see,
 Grows o'er the plain so abundantly.
 A roof it gives to the timid hare,
 And protects it from the heat and glare
 Of the sun and wind, where I long to go,
 To the plains of dear old Idaho.

I want to go where the mighty Snake
 Leaps the Shoshone Falls with a mighty quake
 From the Lover's Leap to the foam below,
 Cut through the plains of Idaho;
 And swirls and churns with a frothy foam,
 Just in sight of my dear, old home.
 And, Oh! I'd love, how I'd love to go
 To the plains of dear old Idaho.

How I want to see, in the distance gray,
 The three Tetons so far away,
 As they stand in beauty, tall and high,
 Like a miracle carved, twixt the earth and sky.
 For eons of time so long ago;
 They've watched mankind on the earth below;
 And at their feet where I long to go
 Stretch the plains of dear old Idaho.

How I'd love to hear before I die,
 Once more the cougars "baby" cry,
 To hear once more on the still night air
 The bark of a thousand coyotes there;
 And off in the distance just at dark
 The red fox give his goodnight bark;
 For all of these how I long to go
 To the plains of dear old Idaho.

Oh! Idaho! dear Idaho!
 Land of the mountain peak and snow;
 From Teton Vale to thy border west
 Thou art of God so highly blest;
 From Canada so cold but grand
 To the line of Utah's Promised Land;
 'Tis the dearest spot on earth, I know;
 The dear loved plains of Idaho. 1.

In the "Cathedral of the Sawtooths" we find Milo M. Thompson in one of his best poems on one of the most beautiful mountain sections of Idaho. This is certainly noble blank verse of unusual merit. It has been published in the anthology, Picturesque America.

Cathedral of the Sawtooths.

Against a troubled sky it rears its towers
Broken and marred by time as Rheims was marred
By devastating war. And yet immensity
Gives to its broken lines a character
Suggestive of the majesty of God.

Cathedral of the Sawtooths! Fancy builds
Within it nave and choir and altar rail
And candles on the altar and below
The shapes of countless worshipers at prayer.

When through the ghostly windows, we behold . . .
The gleam of twinkling candle light, men say
We see but stars reflected in deep pools - -
The icy pools beneath the glacier's heel.
This may be so. Is it less moving thus?
In man-made temples you have wax and wick,
But God has put in this the gleam of stars.

Cathedral of the Sawtooths! One can hear
Across the chasms how its organ booms
In plaintive key the minor requiem
Of ages dead. And sometimes, changing mood,
The music swells to sound a paean of praise
Or makes the nearby peaks reverberate
The crashing roar of Godhead's victory march.

Nor man-made bellows, nor yet man-made pipes
Could give to music such a dignity.
The diapason of the wailing wind,
The filling undertone of sighing pines
The eagle's scream, the cascade's tremolo;
These are the music of the organ played
By the skilled hand of Nature.

Cathedral of the Sawtooths! There are voiced
Such sermons as were preached by God Himself
To His created things on days before
He breathed life into man A mighty church
Where sometimes, out of silence, rises low
The mumbled prayer of Nature on her knees.

One of Idaho's native born poets, whom we must share with Colorado, has written a descriptive poem of Shoshone Basin in Southern Idaho. This poet is Anna Hansen Hayes, and her poem follows as it appeared in American Poetry, November 1923.

The Road in the Sage.

There are miles and miles of narrow road
 Thru the smooth expanse of fragrant sage,
 Sage that blends with the time of day,
 Purple to violet, dimming to gray,
 When the radiant hues of sunset play
 Down the dim, dusty road in the sage.

Over the plain to the hills, at last,
 A glimpse of antelope, fleeing fast;
 Over the hills to the long, black line,
 The timber's in sight! Aspen and pine,
 You hark for the sound of the coyote's whine
 And the owl at the close of the day.

The shadows deepen, I know the spot
 A break in the pines for a circular plot,
 Hedged in with roses, pink blooms to your head,
 Grass for the ponies and boughs for your bed,
 A tinkling stream that you may be fed
 And the sky for your canopy.

The stars come out atop of the pine
 And the wind sways the trees in a whispering whine,
 The coyote strikes up his lonely wail
 As he starts on the quest of his nightly trail,-
 'Tis the land of your dreams you will find down the pale,
 Dim, dusty road in the sage.

B. FLORA.

The flora of Idaho seems to have received scant treatment at the hands of the poets. Since Nancy M. Teape is a botanist who will soon have for publication a floral key of Idaho, and is also a poet, we are hoping that the wealth of Idaho flowers will become more widely known not only in a scientific way but also in a literary way. We are able to quote only one of Mrs. Teape's poems, unhappily not one of her best.

The Pine Tree.

The grand old tree, stately and tall
 Its high spire over-topping all
 The ages come and the ages go
 But what reck's it of human woe.
 Gen'rations and gen'rations pass
 It calmly stands there and at last
 It shakes its cones, lets fly its seeds
 Nor cares at all for others needs.
 Keeps calmly adding to its girth
 Rustles its leaves, and shakes with mirth
 At pigmy humans' rush and strife
 And vain endeavor, their short life
 Scarcely begun, ere time to close,
 Their time so short and full of woes.

The sun and moon give kindly cheer,
 The rain-drops bathe its trunk in tears.
 The dear old earth clasps close its roots
 And nestles warm its tiny shoots.
 Each little leaf guarded with care
 By Him who watches everywhere.
 Proudly it stands, and gives a smile
 To friendly sky, for all the while
 It bows its head, and drops its cones,
 And heaves a sigh, and fairly groans
 At futile struggles here on earth,
 Of blended sorrow, pain, and mirth.
 Yet bravely it stands, o'er topping all
 The grand old tree, stately and tall.

Flora mentioned by other poets are sagebrush, cactus, and its beautiful flower, reeds, ferns, aspen trees, fir, cedar, buttercups, violets, pussy willows, and locust. The bloom of the latter has been sung about by Ruth Bernice Mead.

Locust Bloom.

Were not these ghostlike shaken trees enough
 Without the beating heaviness of rain
 That drifts white flower snow across the walks
 And fills the air with choking mingled sweet
 That brings again old stilled desires and pain?

Unconscious of the town, I walk beneath
 The wet white arch of locusts in the lane;
 I reached to touch red peonies beside the path;
 I seek to grip your hand, and wake--
 Was not the sweet of locust bloom enough
 Without this added bitterness of rain?

C. FAUNA.

The fauna of Idaho has received more attention than the flora. A partial list of the fauna follows: eagle, buzzard, woodpecker, owl, wild geese and ducks, turtle dove, blue bird, song sparrow, meadow lark, gull, crow, hawk, coyote, badger, squirrel, wolf, deer, "in days long gone a buffalo", cougar, rabbit, red fox, bear, horse, broncho, cayuse, sheep, cattle, dog, trout, frogs, lizard, rattlesnake, centipede, crickets, bees, spider, bumble bee, butterflies, locusts, and woodticks.

The coyote, among the wild animals in the above list, has a more prominent place in the literature than the others. Clarence E. Eddy in his book The Pinnacle of Parnassus has a poem, "The Coyote Cry", which likens the coyote to the soul of some criminal returning to mourn and bewail its sins here on earth.

Edith MacDonald Graham has the following poem on the coyote; quoted here by special arrangement with the author.

He Tells his Tale.

Beneath my worn tarp on a lone sheep-trail
 Through many a dusk I have heard his wail.
 With gun at my side and the sheep-dog pup--
 The fire burning low and the moon not up:
 When out on the drums of the desert air
 A coyote's call pulses with throbbing despair.
 I see him steal wraith-like out to the rim
 And standing grey-shadowed, steel-sinewed, slim,
 Lift high to the arch of steel-frosted sky
 The blood stirring theme of his wolf-pack cry.
 I tighten my hand on the sheep-dog's throat
 To stifle the snarl of a kinsman's note--
 While up from the purple of canon wall
 Come echo on echo, and call on call--
 Till farther and farther, and fainter and faint
 The night wind returns his yearning complaint.
 An amber moon rises, I drift into sleep--
 One hundred, two hundred, . . . I'm counting sheep!

The frogs are honored in this poem by Agnes Just Reid.

The Frogs.

I love my home by the river
 With its fields so broad and green,
 The beautiful hills in the distance
 And the valleys that intervene.
 I love everything that grows there,
 Every sign, every sound, every sight,
 Every bird that sings in the distance
 And the frogs that croak at night.

Perhaps there is sweeter music
 To the ear attuned to hear,
 But nothing seems to please me
 Like their notes so low and queer.
 At the close of a long and dreary day
 My cares are put to flight,
 As tired and worn I listen
 For the frogs that croak at night.

There's nothing quite so soothing
 To weary heart or brain,
 As these poor humble songsters
 With their eventide refrain;
 And even in a Better Land
 It somehow won't seem right,
 Without there is a river
 And frogs to croak at night. 1.

D. CLIMATE.

The climatic conditions and the seasons of Idaho have frequently served their turn in poetic subject matter. Mrs. Grissom uses sunset, wind, thunder, heat waves, somber clouds, moonlight, starlight, tall whirlwinds, Indian Summer, fleecy clouds, dawn, night, snow, mirage, and drouth. Agnes Just Reid has used wind, snow, rain, sunshine, and sky.

Laura Edith Darrow's charming poem on autumn attracted

statewide favorable comment when it appeared in Golden Idaho, November, 1927. Note that the rhyme is not confined to the couplets but that the two stanzas rhyme.

Perfect Days.

A flash of wings, the calling of a crow,
 A hawk's low flight and every where the glow
 Of painted world--roadsides, fields, trees--
 A smoky, incense laden breeze,
 A gleaming line of floating, silver thread,
 The music of dried leaves beneath our tread,
 And over all a softening, soothing haze,
 Idaho, Autumn, perfect days.

A concept of Infinity, the low,
 Last song of birds that will return we know,
 The rustling of sere grass across the leas,
 The thought that winter will not freeze
 The life beneath, in its protected bed,
 The graves of flowers that sleeping are not dead,
 And over all a softening, soothing haze,
 Idaho, Autumn, perfect days.

One of Idaho's latest poets, Lulu F. Fuld, has created "Four Pictures of Idaho" which characterize the four seasons: spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Space will permit the quotation of only one.

Spring.

The most wondrous time I know--is out in Idaho,
 When trembling pines still dream at night of
 sleet and ice and snow.
 There 'mid seas of green, white islands may be seen
 Fringed with golden butter-cups harbingers of Spring.
 Dew-eyed violets upon young, wild, virgin lawns,
 Encircle dainty prints of nimble-footed fawns.
 Blue birds from southern hills return each passing hour,
 They care not if the nights be chill--pussy-willows are
 in flower.
 With buds and birds and butter-flies, the joyous earth
 is crowned,
 A rainbow riot fills all space; each day's more gaily
 gowned!
 Ah, there's no song, no pen, no brush, that can express,
 I know,
 The wondrous symphony of Spring, out in Idaho.

E. TYPES OF PEOPLE.

The following classes of people have received special attention in the poetry of the Gem State: cowboy, sheepherder, irrigator, prospector, gambler, and pioneer.

The unique and romantic figure of the cowboy has disappeared from our western prairies, and from the valleys and canyons of the Rocky Mountains. He has however left a heritage of local songs and ballads that reveal his bravery, wild recklessness, and his chivalric, elemental way of living.

The cowboy and the cattle days have entered Idaho literature in both prose and poetry. Mrs. Grissom has several poems on the life of the cowboy. "The Outlaw" has been quoted as a narrative poem of the cattle days. She has another poem "Vanished Days" ¹. in which she has caught the spirit of the dashing, rollicking life of the cowboy which is now "a shining memory of yesterday". Agnes Just Reid has expressed the sentiment of the cowboy for his horse in her little volume, The Range Cayuse. The following lines from "Going Away" summarize this attitude very well:

You see he ain't just a horse to me,
 He's comrade, sweetheart and friend,
 He's shared my luck and been my pal
 Whatever fortune's trend.

The sheepherder is represented by a poem which is of interest in three ways: it is written by a Bostonian, Grace Clementine Howes, who lived in Idaho five years; it ^{or} portrays the lonesome life of the herder; and it introduces the Basque

1. Grissom, Irene Welch, Passing of the Desert, p. 4.

to Idaho literature. There are a number of Basques living in the Jerome (Idaho) country, and although they are a distinctive people, yet this is perhaps the only recognition they have received in a literary way.

Basque Sheep-Herder Idaho.

Far from Viscays's wave-washed, pleasant land,
 He strides the desert on his endless walk,
 Alone, save for his dog and banded flock,
 Yet not his whole world, for on every hand
 The plain is peopled, and he holds grave talk
 With folk his mind conceives, gleaned from a stock
 Of treasured scenes and memories, well-scanned.

Dreams he of snow upon the Pyrenees,
 That desert heat still finds him undismayed?
 Of kindred by the foaming Spanish seas,
 That loneliness yet leaves him unafraid?
 Or has the desert, while the dawns drove past,
 Taught him its wide peace and clean strength at last?

One of the most familiar figures in southern Idaho, the irrigator, is eulogized in this poem.

The Man in Rubber Boots.

In the land of irrigation
 Where the desert blooms as the rose,
 There dwells a knight in armor
 Whom everyone loves that knows.
 He guides the little streamlets
 To the famishing stems and roots,
 He carries life in his shovel--
 The man in rubber boots.

He doesn't write great sermons,
 Nor argue points in court,
 He doesn't rush to battle
 And has no time for sport;
 But just to be near to Nature
 He leaves all other pursuits
 And spends his life in the open,
 Deep in his rubber boots.

The river out in the valley
 Where man has scarcely trod,
 Keeps calling, calling for him
 To till her virgin sod;
 And the song of the river is music
 To him as she cries for recruits,
 So he hurries away to her service,
 Shod in his rubber boots.

Sometime when we quit shouting
 Of braves in battle slain,
 Of Lusitania victims
 And those lost on the Maine;
 Perhaps we'll sing some praises
 To him who reaped no fruits,
 But made the waste an Eden
 By toiling in rubber boots. 1.

The lure of gold brought many prospectors into Idaho during the years of 1861-1865 and later. That they left a stamp of character upon Idaho and its people cannot be denied. Here is evidence of their impress upon Idaho literature at the pen of Mrs. Grissom.

The Prospector.

Scent o' sage and a coyote's song,
 Silver sand in moonlit gleam,
 Golden days that drift along--
 One vision all supreme.

Flapjacks and bacon frying
 In smoke of eventide,
 A hot wind softly sighing,
 Gray silence brooding wide.

Saw-toothed peaks and lava slopes,
 The heat which comes with noon,
 Still the eager, ardent hopes--
 Vast wealth shall be his soon.

Defeat recedes and distant, dim,
 His victory looms before,
 Bright dreams lure and beckon him,
 The desert speaks her lore.

He follows illusion's sweep
 On and on--he cannot fail!
 Under the sand--fast asleep--
 The end of the last long trail!

With the prospector came the gambler who elicits this bit of moral philosophy by James D. Gillilan.

1. Reid, Agnes Just, The Range Cayuse, pp. 15-16.

Nemesis of Justice.

Far, far a-field on new-dropt snow
 I traveled where I should not go
 And thought that none would ever know
 The tracks were mine. When I returned
 O'er that some trail my conscience burned
 As jingled loud the wages earned
 By night of sin. My thought was naught;
 For, as I far and farther walked
 I saw I had been plainly stalked
 By younger feet. Example talked.
 More eloquent than words of mine
 Were those foot-prints, and the sign
 Of my misdeeds. Revenge condign
 And just befell me when I knew
 It was my son who trailed me true.

Many of the people, in fact, most of the older people now living in Idaho, are natives of some other state. The Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri annual picnics suggest some of the states represented; but now these people are all loyal to Idaho, although they like to recall old memories of their native states. Hence it is not surprising that the poetry on the pioneers should reflect a hint or two about the parent state. Note the following poem by Hoyt Cooper:

Pioneer Blood.

That night the prairie stars shone warm and fair
 As late I walked along the dusty road,
 Dank pasture scented wisps of wind brushed by
 And from the shadowy countryside upflowed
 The usual voices of the summer night.
 Dim lightning in the thunder-haunted West,
 Mixed with the shrill glares from late arriving cars
 Till all was still, no motors on the road,
 Only the stars, and low and far away
 The thunder as on solitary plains.

On, on, I walked, I wandered in a dream,
 Of you, my mother, homesick for the time
 To swiftly pass that kept me from your breast,
 Till far away I found me on a trail
 Where white bones lit a wan and ghostly torch
 A nighthawk cried within the murky gloom,
 The road grew rough, ruts, rain washed deep,
 I stumbled into gullies in the dark
 A sudden wind blew supper smoke to me

And there against the night where boughs hung low
 I saw the flickering fire light of a camp
 The wagon backed, the oxen picketed,
 A woman bending o'er the supper fire
 And at her side a girl sat in the light.
 Nearer I came, a coyote's lonely bark,
 The dark haired girl looked upward, singing low
 That song you sing, my mother - your dear song,
 Then thunder crashed, rain fell
 The lights of a last motor car fled by.

Oh, Empery of magic! Neath the stars
 That Kansas road lay dreaming of its Past,
 I saw a night halt, years and years ago -
 And you, my mother, singing in the light!

This poem by Mrs. Darrow has frequently been read at
 Kansas picnics in Idaho.

Wagon Tramps.

Coyotes howlin', yippin', prowlin',
 Bob-cats sneakin' up the trail,
 Cainon's full o' night sounds, honey,
 Thought I heard a cougar wail.
 You're afraid o' nothin', sonny?
 Like this kind o' life you say?
 Campin' here beside the river,
 Wagon-trampin' day by day.
 Always evenin's by the camp fire
 Brings me back to thoughts o' her,
 When we-all first went to trampin',
 You too little, 'most to stir.
 She'd a sort o' gypsy nature,
 Kansas farmin' didn't pay--
 So we packed the prairie schooner,
 Took the free and open way.
 Some times we were hungry, Laddie
 Think she ever lost her grit?
 No, she'd say she wasn't starvin',
 Laugh and divy her last bit.

Camp fire's crackin', blazin', snappin',
 Come and sit beside your dad;
 Since she went I'm tired o' trampin',
 Nature seems to make me sad.
 I can hear her foot steps stampin'
 Thru' the grease-wood up the trail.
 I can hear her laughter ringin'
 In the callin' of the quail.
 Find myself a turnin' quickly
 Lookin' for a glimpse o' her,
 All the time we know she's travelin'
 On that trail that's lone and far.

Think we'd better quit it, sonny,
 Think I'd better strike a town,
 Put you in a school, my laddie,
 Get a job and settle down.
 Sage-brush fire's gettin' lower,
 Turn in here beside your dad.
 Since you took his mother from me,
 God. I'm thankful for my lad. 1.

The indomitable spirit of the pioneer woman is depicted in two poems, one by Mrs. Grissom on the "Pioneer Woman" 2. and the other by Milo M. Thompson on "Pioneer Mother". Part of the latter poem was suggested for use on Proctor's statue in Kansas City, but for some unknown reason was not used.

F. HISTORICAL SUBJECTS.

Historical subjects have found excellent treatment by Elford Chilcote Preston. Space alone prohibits our quoting two of his best poems: "Lincoln", 3. published on the one-hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, and "Venice", 4. published in London, England, during the World War. In May, 1926, Della Adams Leitner was one of the winners in a 'thumb-nail classic' contest on the assassination of Lincoln, sponsored by the Writer. The contestants were required to include in a four line verse the time, place, setting, characters, incidents, and results. Mrs. Leitner's verse follows:

An April night, the nation's war-worn chief,
 Relaxed for one brief hour to see the play;
 A shot--the traitors triumph--but how brief,
 Our Lincoln lives in countless lives today.

-
1. Darrow, Laura Edith, From Idaho to You, 1914.
 2. Grissom, Irene Welch, Passing of the Desert, p. 39 f.
 3. Preston, Elford Chilcote, Pathfinder, Feb. 13, 1909.
 4. Preston, Elford Chilcote, Anglo-Italian Review, London, England, 1917.

G. POLITICAL LIFE.

The political life of the state is reflected in two poems which attracted much attention in Idaho during January, 1925. When the Eighteenth Session of the legislature Convened, Milo M. Thompson gave a full-page cut of the Capitol Dome together with the following poetical challenge to the legislature.

Here destiny is carved for Idaho
 Or well or ill according to the men
 Into whose hands the people of the state
 Consent to put the power to do our work,
 To one it is a pile of wood and stone
 Inhabited by human ants that toil,
 Some thanklessly, but others highly praised
 Far more than they deserve. Another sees
 This building as a thing of dignity
 Its people big and worthy of their praise.

This then is Idaho. This America.
 And these be democratic institutions here
 Run just as well as such things ever are.
 Man is the same in all lands, with a soul,
 With high ideals and lowly appetites,
 A little greed, a bit of selfishness.
 Expediency's his failing and his curse
 Is called procrastination. None the less
 He manages to carry on and up
 Toward some high end his better self-desires.
 Whatever good is written into law,
 Whatever urge is given better things
 In Idaho, here beneath this dome
 The work is done. What can it matter if
 We rail and carp and cavail? We bow, too,
 To greatness, when that greatness lingers here.

Mrs. Preston called Mr. Preston's attention to the feature-poem just before he retired on Sunday night. The next morning he answered it before he dressed, and during the day it was handed to a Statesman reporter. On January 25, 1925, the Statesman gave a photographic study of the west entrance of Idaho's State Capitol with Thompson's poem and "The Answer" by Preston. Mr. Preston in a personal letter to the writer says: "I received more compliments on it than I did on my

entire legislative work for two sessions."

The Answer.

We are the chosen men to make the laws
 And we accept the challenge of our peers.
 To us the pillared hall, the lofty dome,
 The edifice entire, is not a pile
 Of hapless rock in chaos flung to earth--
 Here genius strove to rear a parthenon;
 Fidelity to build a Taj Mahal;
 And art to breathe the incense of the Louvre.
 Our heritage of culture, carved in stone,
 Shall voice our message to posterity.

Into this temple of our chosen state
 We, reverent, enter with uncovered head.
 We know the mandate that our people gave,
 Aye, feel their need--we shall not recreant be.
 Not ours the politician's devious ways--
 But ours the statesman's vision, is our prayer.

The sermon on the mount by Gallilee;
 Phillipic counsel of Demosthenes;
 The all-consuming wish to wisely build
 Which Peter had--The past for guidance gives:
 While from our matchless land we are inspired:
 Logic of Monticello, Lincoln's soul,
 Vision of Wilson, Roosevelt's clarion call.
 So we would build in faith that right must rule;
 In hope that justice ever shall prevail;
 With Love for all who honor their fair State.

Ye bow to greatness when that greatness serves.
 We ask not to be great--but rather, true;
 We hope and trust that future statesmen may
 Make of this edifice a hall of fame.

H. POEMS BY VISITING POETS.

The impressions that Idaho has had upon visiting poets is worth noting. Floribel Brubaker, a native Iowan now living at Storm Lake, Iowa, has written several poems on Idaho, some of them having been published in the Idaho Club Woman. "A Prayer of Thankfulness" is the only single poem which has been found written on the Shoshone Falls.

A Prayer of Thankfulness

Seated on a rocky crag
By Shoshone falls, sublime,
I gaze on their awful grandeur,
Immortal, for all time.

In the midst of a mighty desert,
The canyon, vast, solemn, grand,
Is Nature's gigantic cathedral,
Left here by God's great hand.

Was it placed here to show us mortals
In the world's original plan,
How infinite is the will of God,
How insignificant man?

Great thoughts come overwhelming me,
The spell I cannot express;
But somewhere deep in the soul of me
Is a prayer of thankfulness.

Oh, Creator of all earth's splendors,
Its rivers, its mountains, its seas,
Could man imagine in Paradise
More inspiring scenes than these?

Grace Clementine Howes, a Bostonian poet of considerable note, has given the following poetical interpretation of the word, "Idaho". Unfortunately this poem has not received the attention of Idaho people that it deserves. It is worthy of a high place in the annals of Idaho literature.

Light on the Mountains--Idaho!

(Dedicated to the Idaho Federation of Business and Professional Women.)

Light on the mountains--Idaho!
Light on thy northern peaks of snow,
On thy southern stretch of sage and plain.
What beauty loftier than thine
Shall bloom on any star again?
What grandeur nobler, more benign?
Of plunging waters, tell, what sound
Wildier, more musically profound?
This happy earth alone doth know
Thee for her own, fair Idaho.

Thine the rich valleys, silver-laced
With glittering streams; the red buttes chased
With murals of their fiery past;

The wind-swept mesas and plateaus
 Slow stepping heaven-ward; and the vast
 Primeval forests; the eternal snows;
 The emerald floods that rush between
 Deep gorges; and the pure serene
 Of mountain tarns that lift their face
 To find God in some still, far place.

As pioneers and redmen turned
 Where thy white light before them burned,
 So as we shape that better age
 Shall prove thy radiant destiny,
 And youth shall turn to read thy page
 When choosing what his path shall be,
 Thine be the light to lead him on
 Up the steep, glowing steps of dawn,
 To plant thy fame where all may know
 Thy sunrise name, fair Idaho. 1.

And here is one from a Kansas poet of some note, Edna
 Osborne Whitcomb, published in the Idaho Statesman, January
 29, 1918.

The Sagebrush Sea.

I stand amid a sandy sea
 Of grey sagebrush a foot in height.
 Its plaintive note of mystery
 Stirs my wonder and delight.

Mine its strong soul, its body mine.
 I have me in its kind embrace.
 In dreams on its horizon line
 It gives me back a cherished face.

Mayhap it helps me understand
 The language of infinity,
 The secret of the shifting sand--
 This witness of the sagebrush sea.

I am above all circumstance;
 I am beyond all power to hurt.
 No more I shrink from sorrows lance,
 Now with all strength I am begirt.

Above its wrecks of hopes and men
 The placid desert shows no scars.
 Above my deeps where storms have been
 My tranquil soul reflects the stars.

I. SECTIONAL PRIDE.

There is no question about the people of Idaho having pride in their home state. The 'old-timers' have a saying that if anyone ever lives in Idaho for five years and leaves, he will come back. He will. There is an attraction in the spirit of the people and the wonderful scenery and climatic conditions that has an enchantment, that cannot be easily broken, which follows one and lures him to return. The poems, "The Mighty West" by Clarence Eddy and "A Picture of Idaho" by Bess Foster Smith suggest this enchantment.

The Mighty West.

Oh, mighty and majestic western land--
 Oh, mountains, plains and valleys, vast and free;
 Superbly beautiful, sublimely grand;
 Oh, for a voice, oh, west, to sing of thee.

The broad Pacific beats with booming surf,
 Along thy thousand leagues of shining shore,
 And inland seas that murmur back and forth,
 Make sweet and solemn music evermore.

Along thy marge the rugged mountains range
 And stand white crested with perpetual snow,
 Sublimely gazing o'er unending change
 And blue unfathomed depths of sea below.

And myriad waters murmur to the sea,
 Through mountain gorges green, or fertile plain,
 And mighty rivers sweep in majesty,
 A thousand miles to mingle with the main.

Majestic forests echo with the roaring
 Of winds that from the broad, free ocean sweep,
 And the wild bird of freedom upward soaring,
 Answers the sea-mew calling from the deep.

Land of the west, oh, beauteous land, I love thee,
 My own dear native land, so fair and free,
 Beloved art thou, and bright the skies above thee,
 Thou home for untold millions yet to be. 1.

A Picture of Idaho.

If I could paint a picture
And paint in colors that glow,
I would spend my time
In the work sublime,
Painting sunny Idaho.

I would paint her sturdy mountains,
And her stately poplar trees,
Her meadow brooks,
Her sunny nooks
And bright scenes such as these.

The dazzling living colors
That stain the western sky,
The quiet white
Of soft moonlight
As the floating clouds go by.

But how could I paint the stillness
Of the restful atmosphere,
And picture content,
As I find it blent
With the joy of living here?

Content and in the shelter
Of the guarding peaks above
Wrapping valleys low
Of our Idaho,
In a warm caress of love. 1.

CHAPTER V.

PROSE FICTION.

THE CHIEF FICTION WRITERS OF IDAHO.

The term 'prose fiction' is used to include novels and short stories only. Idaho has as yet developed very few novelists who can really be claimed as Idaho authors in a strict sense of that term. Reginald Barker of Boise is, perhaps, the most noteworthy from a literary point of view. His novel Wild Horse Ranch (1927) relates the startling experiences of Jack Harmon in the Painted Canyon of Arizona. A tenderfoot, a girl, cowboys, outlaws, a lost treasure, and love make a capital "Western" story. There are probably four others who may be called Idaho novelists: Earl Wayland Bowman, Irene Welch Grissom, Fred G. Mock, and Arthur W. Barker. An interesting contrast to the general trend of modern realism in American literature is found in the very recent romance, The Light from Sealonia (1928), by Mr. Barker. This is an astonishing tale of an aviator who traverses trackless wastes of interstellar space to an imaginary world on an imaginary planet which, with all its glamour and mystery, is yet in close relation to us. The emphasis is placed upon universal right and the brotherhood of man. A delightful love theme runs through the last chapters.

On the other hand there are quite a number of novelists upon whom Idaho has some claim, either because they have lived in the state for a time, or have used Idaho subject matter, or both. Among these is Mary Hallock Foote, who is a literary artist of considerable note in American literature. That she

has used Idaho material in some of her most successful novels is a fact of which Idaho people may be justly proud.

There are more Idaho authors who may be classed as short story writers than novelists. Again the name of Reginald C. Barker needs to be placed high on the list. He has had over four hundred short stories published and is now under contract with the Consolidated Magazine Corporation for a period of five years. Thus he is devoting his entire time to writing. His story "The Passing of Dan Rogers" won the Blue Book Prize for 1925. His stories are mostly of the adventure type, and some of them have been placed upon the motion picture screen by Action Pictures Inc. of Hollywood, California. Miss Sadie Westcott in her paper on "Idaho Novelists and Short Story Writers" quotes Mr. Barker, who when asked about his work replied,

"I am striving to do better work all the time; which is all I can say. Any story of mine may be read without shame by any young man or young girl in the country."

Victor Shawe, now Secretary to Governor Baldrige of Idaho, is another short story writer worthy of special notice. His stories have been published largely in The Saturday Evening Post during the years 1916 to 1926. Another of Idaho's authors, in a personal letter to the writer, gives the following criticism of Mr. Shawe's work.

"His style is fine and flowing; lively and romantic in feeling without the guffaw of exaggeration which usually characterizes the out-door western story. He is, moreover, a cultured gentlemen."

'Seattle Shin' is one of his character creations. His stories deal with mining, the cattle range, and the business world.

Earl Wayland Bowman, although no longer living in Idaho,

still retains his love for the state and its people. Miss Westcott in her paper on "Idaho Novelists" quotes from his letter as follows:

"First: I want to thank you for classifying me as an 'Idaho Author'--for, if I am an 'author', I would rather be called an Idaho author than anything on earth. Idaho is home; will always be---All the time I've been writing this I've been thinking of Idaho--Caldwell, Boise, Nampa, Council, Pocatello, Salmon River, Boise River, the Sawtooths, Seven Devils--all of it--and the people--and wishin', wishin' until my heart hurts, that I could be there and just once more feel the peace and the happiness (that) Idaho and Idaho folks alone can give to the soul of a tired and homesick exile."

"Blunt Nose", one of Mr. Bowman's best stories, is a tale of a great snake that met his match. Quick Foot, a little road runner bird, finds Blunt Nose, king of the rattlesnakes, asleep on a sunny slope. Breaking off spiny cactus leaves, Quick Foot, without waking Blunt Nose, builds a wall of cactus about his enemy. When a complete circle has been built Quick Foot proceeds to drop a cactus leaf upon the sleeping snake. Blunt Nose prepares to do battle with this unusual assailant when Quick Foot flies over, dropping another barbed bomb, Blunt Nose strikes, misses, and falls upon the terrible spines which surround him. Enraged by the pain, he strikes again and again. At last, in his agony, he thrusts his poisonous fangs into his own flesh and dies. Quick Foot calmly continues to pile on cactus leaves until there is visible only a mound of cactus--then he flies quietly away.

During the years 1916 to 1918, there appeared in The American and The Century magazines a group of Idaho stories written by Julian Rothery, whom the editor of The American spoke of as a "brilliant young writer". In each of these stories there is at least one character whose latent qualities of heroic manhood or womanhood are called forth to meet some

emergency in a noble self-sacrificing spirit. These stories are set in the Thunder Mountain region of the Salmon River country during the Gold mining days. Among his characters are rough, rugged miners of American blood, Jews, Mormons, Chinese, and Indians.

Jane Redfield Hoover has written a number of humorous stories, sketches, and children's stories. One of her stories, "Westward Hose", since it is short, is quoted here in full.

"I live in Boston, and I received some all-wool hose for Christmas, from cousin Joe, who lives in Idaho. The socks were two sizes too big, and I don't like black, and I didn't need any more socks. Aside from that, they were very nice.

The wool on these socks had been grown in southern Idaho; shipped to Boston; knit in Lowell, and thence, by many and devious ways of our efficient wholesale organization, the socks had finally reached the retail shop in Boise, Idaho, where my cousin Joe purchased them to send to me in Boston.

The cost of travel for those particular socks, however, meant nothing to me. Joe could worry. But wait.

Joe had carefully packed the socks, and no doubt had stood in line in the post office in Boise, to mail my transcontinental hosiery for their third tour of three thousand-odd miles. Joe insured his package and garnished it with holiday touches.

I was intrigued by his blithe label, "Do Not Open Till Christmas!" for it was then December twenty-ninth.

Strange coincidence! I had sent Joe some all-wool hose for Christmas! Psychic, when I had the alternative of neckties.

After fighting off all the other pestiferous early Christmas shoppers, I finally emerged from the Boston shop with Joe's little gift. I had had to guess at Joe's size and kind and color, and naturally I got him what I'd like myself.

The Boston salesman assured me that these socks which I sent from Massachusetts to Idaho were pure Idaho wool.

Although I was on hand at the Boston post office early next morning, I stood in line a precious half-hour to mail Joe's little gift to Idaho. And a package to zone eight costs considerable too. But I insured Joe's socks and off they went.

Ten days later I received a letter of thanks from Idaho. And "Please can you exchange the socks you sent me for two sizes larger, and black?" And Joe's package followed next day.

Well, the answer is easy: I just kept the socks I had bought for Joe, and I sent Joe the socks he had bought for

me, and everybody was satisfied.

I haven't had time yet to figure mileage." 1.

F. Douglas Hawley has written a number of excellent boys' stories which have appeared in *Boys' Life* and other magazines. Mrs. Ruth Gipson Plowhead has also written a number of childrens stories for various publications.

In the following pages an attempt has been made to group the fiction by subject matter.

A. OREGON TRAIL.

In a previous chapter the historical significance of the Oregon Trail has been discussed. This famous trail has also been used as the background for fiction; though not by Idaho authors, in so far as the knowledge of the writer goes. Mary Hallock Foote's novel A Picked Company (1912) is a story of Oregon immigration in 1842. Another novel which is probably more widely known than Mrs. Foote's though it is marred by too much melodrama is Emerson Hough's The Covered Wagon (1922). The screen version of this novel has made the story still more popular.

This novel is the story of the trip by a wagon train over the Oregon Trail from Kansas City to the Far West in 1848. The story as it is related to Idaho is that of the trail through what is now southern Idaho. Chapter thirty-five gives some description of this country.

"Sage brush and sand took the place of trees and grass as they left the river valley and crossed a succession of ridges or plateaus. At last they reached vast basaltic

1. Hoover, Jane Redfield, "Westward Hose", Sat. Eve. Post, Jan. 3, 1925.

masses and lava fields, proof of former subterranean fires which seemingly had forever dried out the life of the earth's surface. The very vastness of the views might have had charm but for the tempering feeling of awe, of doubt, of fear.----West and south now rose bold mountains around whose northern extremity the river had felt its way, and back of these lay fold on fold of lofty ridges, now softened by the distances. Of all the splendid landscapes of the Oregon Trail, this one had few rivals.---About them now often rose the wavering images of the mirage, offering water, trees, wide landscapes beckoning in such desert deceits as they often now had seen."

The branching of the trail was three days out from Fort Hall; one branch turned southwest to California, the land of gold; the other branch went on northwest along the Snake river valley toward the Blue Mountains and the Columbia river of Oregon.

Chapter thirty-nine gives a thrilling account of the fording of the Snake river. The treachery of this river has been and is still well known. It has ever been eager to reach out and claim a victim from the forward moving civilization.

B. MISSIONS.

We Must March (1925), a novel of the Winning of Oregon, by Honore Willsie Morrow pretends to be a historically accurate tale of the mission work of the Whitmans and Spauldings in Washington and Idaho and gives an account of Whitman's efforts in helping to save the Oregon Country for the United States.

C. COWBOYS.

The cowboy and the cattle days of early Idaho are given considerable place in the fiction written by authors who are not strictly Idaho authors. Owen Wister's The Virginian (1902), although really a Wyoming story in setting, has several inci-

dents which take place in Idaho. One of the characters in this novel went on a hunting expedition into the Sawtooth mountains. The hanging of the cattle thieves by the Virginian and his party took place in eastern Idaho in the shadow of the majestic Tetons which the Virginian speaks of as being "most too big". Bertha M. Sinclair-Cowan, who uses the pseudonym, B. M. Bower, has two cowboy stories set in Idaho. Rim of the World (1919) is the story of a ranch-feud between 'cattle-rustlers' in southern Idaho. The Quirt (1920) is also a story of the cattle days in southern Idaho.

Will James, who was born in Montana and has been a cowboy of the Northwest, has written several cowboy novels with settings in Idaho. These have received favorable reviews by the leading magazines and newspapers. Smoky (1926) is a delightful story of a mouse colored cow pony. Stanley Walker, in a review of the book, says,

"There have been many horse stories written in the course of the last few years, with the deluge of Western fiction running strong. But not one of them can compare with this book by Will James." 1.

D. MINING.

The wild life of the gold mining days of 1865 is vividly portrayed by Hugh Pendexter in his novel, Harry Idaho (1926). The setting is at Boise and Idaho City and the surrounding country. Old Idaho, a gold-crazed miner, is the man who discovered the "Lost Diggings" gold mine in '45, but during his absence a slide alters the land marks and he can no longer find his mine. Harry Idaho is his granddaughter, Harriet,

1. Walker, Stanley, N. Y. Times, p. 7, O. 10, '26.

and the heroine of the tale. Shoshoni Hale, the hero, is a friend of the Indians and something of a man of mystery. His life is sought by a band of Mormon fanatics and other ruffians led by Ferd Patterson, a gambler, who find that he has come into possession of the secret of the lost mine. His Indian friends, among whom is Black Cloud, are useful allies and save him from the noose to keep a quiet engagement with Harry. The Cleveland Open Shelf for June, 1926, describes the book as "A stirring story. Gun-fights, murders, and Mormon trail-ers furnish thrills a-plenty and a romance adds a satisfying ending."

For another view of this mining period Frontier Law 1. , a historical narrative of vigilante days, should be consulted. A Romance of the Sawtooth 2. also deals with the same period. The workmanship in this little book is not of a high standard. The style is slovenly, the diction is commonplace, and the organization is poor. It has, however, the good qualities of being Idahoan in setting and subject matter. Chinook jargon is used to some extent which adds an element of value.

From the point of view of literary artistry, Mary Hallock Foote has used the material clustering about the mining regions in a superior way in her novel, Coeur d'Alene (1894). The setting of this novel is in the Coeur d'Alene mining region of northern Idaho. It is a novel dealing with the historic labor troubles of this region which began in 1892 and continued until 1899, when conditions came to a climax and Federal troops were called in to restore order.

1. McConnell, Wm. J., Frontier Law.

2. Mock, F. G. (Ogal Alla), A Romance of the Sawtooth.

Although the main theme is that of the labor troubles brought on by the radical leaders of the labor unions, Mrs. Foote has woven in a delightful love story between Faith Bingham, a daughter of a drink-enslaved mine manager, and John Darcie Hamilton, son of one of the directors of the mine who has been sent from London to investigate the condition of the Big Horn mine under the managership of Faith's father. The faithful doctor and the equally faithful Irishman, Mike McGowan, seem to be the strongest characters of the book. The Chinese cook also has a place in the story.

This description is given of the country surrounding the old Mission located on the Coeur d'Alene lake.

"The charming place, in its deep, sweet, sunshiny seclusion, seems to have been half reluctantly yielded by nature long ago to the temporary occupation of man, and then fondly reclaimed into her own wild tendance. The Mission meadows are as rich as those upland pastures where the milk-white hulder maidens of the northern legend fed their fairy herds. The wild flowers in their beauty unite the influences of the West and the North, with the breath of the soft chinook to atone for the neighborhood of snow-slides. The river slips in silence past bowers of blossoming shrubs and leaning birches, and sombre pines lift their dark spires out of the tender mass of deciduous green." 1.

Julian Rothery has written a group of his short stories about the gold mining era in the Salmon River country. One of this group is "Idaho Thriller", 2. a humorous story capitalizing the ignorance of a group of miners at War Eagle camp about the location of the Amazon River. The story reveals the fact that the English explorer and writer is a boastful coward, and the real hero is Boston Beans, one of

1. Foote, Mary Hallock, Coeur d'Alene, pp-192-193.

2. Rothery, Julian, "Idaho Thriller", Am. Mag. 83:18-22
Ja. '17.

the miners. The pride of Salmon River Sam in his Salmon River and his exaggerated notion of its size add a spice to the story. The miner's dialect is skillfully used, and the Westerner's hatred for sham stands out in bold relief.

E. INDIANS.

In some of Rothery's other stories, the Indians play a prominent part. His story, "Pride", 1. deals with the character of an Indian woman in a mining camp. In the "Legend of 'Frisco Bar'" 2. there are both miners and Indians. 'Colorady Coyote', a shrinking, skulking, cowardly man, and 'Sage Hen', a loose woman of the camp, and her son are run out of the 'Frisco Bar camp because 'Colorady Coyote' has been caught stealing gold from a sluice box. On the trail out of camp they meet a band of fifty renegade Indians on the warpath. Sending the boy who is accompanying them back to the 'Frisco Bar, they dispute the way with the Indians, and a new Thermoplae is fought. At last with all ammunition exhausted except two shots, 'Colorady Coyote' attempts to kill the 'Sage Hen' and himself rather than be captured. The shot intended for her fails to explode, he gives her his, and charges single handed upon the advancing Indians and sells his life dearly. Thereafter the miners drop the 'coyote' part of his name and speak of him with awe and admiration as simply 'Colorady'.

A novel, Told in the Hills (1905) by Marah Ellis Ryan, can scarcely be claimed for Idaho except that it contains con-

1. Rothery, Julian, "Pride", Century 92:616-21, August, 1916.
 2. Rothery, Julian, "Legend of 'Frisco Bar'", Am. Mag. 83:30-33, Ap. '17.

siderable information about the Kootenai Indians who used to roam over British Columbia, northern Idaho, and western Montana. The chinook jargon, which was the common medium among the various Indian tribes and the white trappers and traders, is given consideration and used by some of the chief characters in this book. The location in which the events take place is the extreme northwestern part of Montana, near the present Idaho-Montana boundary line and in the valley of the Kootenai River. Genesee, one of the chief characters, had been adopted by the Kootenais, and he alone seemed to know and understand them. This author has achieved an unusual piece of work which is raised above the exaggerated "blood and thunder" type so commonly found in western fiction. Here is a novel of pathos, misunderstanding, and tragedy that probes deeply into the reader's emotions.

F. Douglas Hawley uses Indians in his stories for boys. One of these "The Bow of the Cut Fingers", 1. was selected as one of the twenty-five best stories for boys in 1926 out of some 600 stories considered by Ralph H. Barbour for the Dodd, Mead Company.

F. LUMBER INDUSTRY.

The lumber industry of Idaho and the Northwest is used as the basis for novels by Irene Welch Grissom. The Superintendent (1910) is a tale of a northwest lumber mill and has been endorsed by the W. C. T. U. because of its temperance

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1. Hawley, F. Douglas, "The Bow of the Cut Fingers"
Boys' Life, March 1926. Reprinted in Year's Best Stories for Boys. ed. by Ralph H. Barbour.

theme. Her second novel, A Daughter of the Northwest (1918), was written in Idaho. The setting is along the Columbia River and at Portland. Although there is nothing specifically about Idaho in the book, yet there is the spirit of all the Northwest region and the atmosphere of the hills and the forests. There is an interesting story here of a clean, wholesome character. The novel falls just short of distinction, however, in plot and character portrayal.

The heroine of the story is the self-willed Letha Thornton, daughter of a lumberman and mill owner. She is sent to the East for her education and becomes a professional architect. Upon returning to the West, she goes to Portland to accept a position with a firm there. She has several lovers, but she spurns them all because she wants to follow her chosen profession. She finally yields to the advances of the chief architect, Seymour Malvern, and promises to be his wife. Later she finds that he is a far different man from what she had thought him to be. She gives him up and returns to her father's home, where she does a good piece of work in helping to build an utopian community about her father's sawmill. She achieves happiness at last with her youthful lover, Roger Griffith, who is a lumberman of unusual vision and ideals.

A great book of American folklore growing out of the lumber regions, and belonging not only to Idaho but to all of the Northwest is Paul Bunyan (1925) by James Stevens. The Saturday Review of Literature gives this criticism of the book.

"A great American epic has been written. Paul Bunyan, the myth of the gargantuan American logger, whose original was Paul Bunyan, the French-Canadian of the Papineau Rebellion, is a grand tale. Stevens has concocted it from all the Bunyan stories afloat in lumber camps and

made it into a story full of high imagination, great fantasy, and superbly humorous detail. There is uproarious gusto in the telling."

Those who love the legendary myths of superhuman men like Hercules, Siegfried, or Beowulf will find in Paul Bunyan another mythical hero of purely American origin who may take his place with even these venerable supermen. Is Paul Bunyan an impossible story? Certainly, but a delightfully impossible one.

"Every logger in the Northwestern woods knows all about him--his gargantuan stature and strength, his ear-splitting roar, his colossal deeds. Paul Bunyan is the traditional hero of the lumber jacks; he is the greatest of their contributions to American folklore; in him they see all their own robustious qualities, exaggerated almost to sublimity."---

"He visualizes perfectly the American love of tall talk and tall doings, the true American exuberance and extravagance. He is really the creation not of one man, but of whole generations of men."----

"There are no stories about Paul Bunyan as a child; he is supposed to have sprung into life full-grown. There are various estimates of his size, and always they are given in the logger fashion of measuring a log in ax-handle lengths. The favorite estimate is that ninety-seven ax-handles would scarcely span him from hip to hip. His beard was as long as it was wide, and as wide as it was long. He combed it and his curly black hair with a young pine tree. He spoke commonly in gentle tones, but his voice when he loosed it, was like the rumbling of thunder, and if by chance he bellowed from rage or pain acres of trees crashed to the ground, bunk-houses were flattened and common folk were stunned. Fortunately, though he was without sentimental geniality, he had a tolerant and considerate soul." 1.

G. IRRIGATION.

Irrigation, which has played such a prominent part in the development of southern Idaho, has given the material for another of Mary Hallock Foote's novels, The Chosen Valley (1892).

1. Stevens, James, "The Black Duck Dinner", Am. Mercury, p. 161, June, 1924.

The scene is laid in the environs of the present Boise, Idaho. It is the story of the early irrigation projects in the sage brush valley of southwestern Idaho. The plot involves the conflict of the corporation headed by Price Norrisson, whose practical policy was the exploitation of the irrigation project in order to get the quickest possible financial returns, with the more theoretical Robert Dunsmuir, an expert engineer, who had the foresight and desire to build for the future on a substantial and permanent basis. The son of the former, Philip Norrisson, also an engineer, is called from Europe to help build the project over the protests of Dunsmuir. At heart Philip finds himself more in sympathy with Dunsmuir than with his own father. Complications arise when Philip falls in love with Dolly Dunsmuir. Dunsmuir finally has to yield to the power of the corporation, and the dam is built hastily on an insecure foundation. When the gates are closed the dam is unable to stand the tremendous strain placed upon it and crumples under the weight of water. Dunsmuir loses his life in the catastrophe. Philip is given the task of rebuilding the dam on a permanent foundation. He succeeds not only in the project but also in winning Dolly Dunsmuir for his bride.

This novel is unusually well written. The characters are carefully drawn and true to life. Dialogue is skillfully handled and in keeping with each character. The tragedy in the life of Dunsmuir is graphically depicted. The pathetic yielding of his visionary ideals to the intensely practical plan of the corporation because of his financial difficulties; and because his love for the project upon which he had spent so many years of his life would not let him leave it, even in

defeat, touches a responsive chord of sympathy in the hearts of the readers of the book. Some of the descriptive passages are very good.

"He kept edging northward toward the pass between the low, black buttes, standing apart like gate-posts to the mountains; between them lifted afar, aerial vision of the blue Owyhees, and the War Eagle, wearing his crest of snow. The face of the plain was featureless and wan. There is but one color to this desert landscape--sage-green, slightly greener in spring, and grayer in summer, with a sifting of chrome dust. In winter it is most impressive under a light fall of snow, not heavy enough to hide the slight but significant configuration of the ground, yet white enough to throw into relief the strange markings of black lava, where it crops out, or lies scattered, or confronts the traveler in those low, flat headed buttes, so human, so savage, in their lone outlines, keeping watch upon the encroachments of travel." 1.

"Squaw Butte and the War Eagle had not been seen for weeks, so close fell the curtain of smoke from burning forests. Hundreds of acres, to the north and east, were on fire, turning the sun's light to a ground-glass glare, and troubling the heated atmosphere. The evening before, a false wind blew up from the plains; the clouds sulked all night, and promised rain; next day a lurid sun peered forth and vanished. The desert wind arose, and the dust cloud marched before it, and, as it drew near, fields and fences were blotted out of the landscape, houses loomed like stranded hulks, and trees like staggering masts, and which was earth and which sky no eye could distinguish in the yellow darkness." 2.

H. RANCH LIFE.

Ranch life in Idaho has also found its place in the field of prose fiction. The Ranch on the Wolverine 3. is a story of homesteading along the Blackfoot River in southeastern Idaho. The heroine, Billy Louise, takes charge of the ranch upon the death of her father. Although there is some cattle rustling and threatened gun play the story is refreshingly free from coarser elements. "A good, wholesome, breezy

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1. Foote, Mary Hallock, The Chosen Valley, p. 133.
 2. Ibid., pp. 264-65.
 3. Bower, B. M., Ranch on the Wolverine.

story of literary excellence as well as of exciting events and human sympathy." 1.

Good Indian 2. is a novelistic study of the contrasting ideals of civilization in the East and the West. Evadna Ramsey of New Jersey comes to Idaho to make her home with her uncle at Peaceful Hart ranch, situated in south central Idaho, but finds herself unable to accept western standards.

Mrs. Foote has also written a novel, Edith Bonham (1917), on ranch life in Idaho. The main theme is the friendship between two young women, chums in an eastern school. One of the young ladies is married and goes to live on a ranch near Boise. Edith Bonham goes from New York to visit her girlhood friend in Idaho. Upon her arrival she finds that her friend is dead. Edith Bonham decides to remain and care for her friend's children.

Out of this simple plot, Mrs. Foote has woven a story of family life and middle-aged romance which carries a remarkably strong and human appeal. There is the usual emotional power, imagination, knowledge of life, and the art of telling a good story which have made Mrs. Foote's novels notable creations.

1. N. Y. Times, 19:463, O. 25, '14.
2. Bower, E. M., Good Indian.

CHAPTER VI.

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE.

HISTORIOGRAPHY.

There is a large mass of historical material which has been produced in Idaho. Much of this has been inaccessible for the purpose of this study. After having read a considerable amount of the material, the writer feels that, as yet, there is no authoritative, scholarly history of Idaho written from an entirely objective point of view. C. J. Brosnan's History of the State of Idaho (1918), revised edition (1926), is an approach to this standard; but, since it is written for use as a grade school text book (an admirable book for that purpose) its style and treatment are not satisfying to the mature mind. This is not an attempt to disparage or discredit the valuable work done by such pioneers as Hailey, McConnell, French, and Hawley, whose histories are excellent source books in early Idaho history; but the element of personal experience and reminiscence so prevalent in most of these works exclude^s the objective element so much desired by the genuine historian.

Mr. John E. Rees, a resident of Idaho for over fifty years, has written a valuable statistical work, Idaho Nomenclature, Bibliography, Chronology (1918).

There is also considerable material of historical value dealing with certain sections of Idaho and specific counties. This material is listed in the general bibliography.

MEMOIRS AND REMINISCENCES.

In addition to the purely historical works there are many other books which, although they possess some of the qualities of history, are chiefly records of the personal experiences of the authors. It is, therefore, somewhat difficult to separate these works into distinct types. Some are grouped here that could almost with equal justice have been grouped as historical narratives or as autobiographies.

W. A. Goulder's volume, Reminiscences of a Pioneer (1909), is one of these, difficult to classify, but well worth reading. When Goulder crossed Idaho in 1845 he was impressed by the apparent utter worthlessness of southern Idaho. He gives some account of his early experiences in Oregon, but the bulk of his volume deals with placer mining and the political affairs of northern Idaho. He thinks that the wild life and gun play in the mining camps of Idaho have been exaggerated. One of his best touches in a literary way is given in his discussion of the Nez Perce Indians.

"They are no longer the Nez Perces which Lewis and Clark met on the plains of Weippe and along the Clearwater, nor the same that were met by Meek and Craig and Neville and other mountainmen in their Rocky Mountain rambles. They are not the Nez Perces who met Spaulding on the Lapwai in 1836, and welcomed him as friend and teacher. A great and mighty change has come over the spirit of their dream. They have been met by the hot breath of a fierce and all-demanding civilization, and under its influence they have been scorched and withered and shrivelled until they are only the flitting shadows and wandering ghosts of their noble ancestors." 1.

Kate C. McBeth came to the Nez Perce mission on the Lapwai, in 1873, and devoted her life to missionary labors

1. Goulder W. A., Reminiscences of a Pioneer, pp. 184-185.

among the Indians. She has left a simple and earnest tale of her work, 1. about which McConnell in his history says, "It is a book that should be read by all, or at least by those who are interested in missionary effort."

One of the best of this whole group of books is that of Bishop Talbot, My People of the Plains (1906). He has written in a pleasing style which shows him to have been a man of culture and a man who had a kindly and understanding attitude toward even the roughest men with whom he came in contact. The following paragraphs quoted from the preface will show his qualifications to write upon the subject he has chosen as well as reveal something of his own kindly and modest personality.

"The experiences herein related took place during the eleven years in which the author had the great privilege of ministering as a bishop to the warm-hearted and generous pioneers of the Rocky Mountain region embraced in the territory now included in the states of Wyoming and Idaho. During that time, he had the happiness of knowing the people as they lived in the mining-camp, on the ranch, in the excitement of the round-up, as they followed their herds of sheep or indulged in the recreation of hunting big game in the forests or sage-chicken on the plains, or as they beguiled the happy hours with rod and line in that angler's paradise."

"Necessarily, in recounting the events so closely identified with his own life and work, these stories have assumed an autobiographical character to a larger extent than the author could wish. He can only humbly crave the indulgence of his readers if this feature should be more prominent than the canons of good taste might seem to justify." 2.

A few chapter headings will give an idea of the material which he treats: "A mining-camp in Idaho", "In and out of the Stage-coach", "The Coeur d'Alene Country", "Two familiar types", "Mormonism and the Mormons", and "The Red-man and

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1. McBeth, Kate C., The Nez Perces since Lewis and Clark.
 2. Talbot, Ethelvert, My People of the Plains, preface.

Uncle Sam".

Trail Tales (1915) by the Reverend James D. Gillilan is a sprightly and interesting little volume. He writes about the Western Trail, the sagebrush deserts, the Indians, the stage-coach, Mormondom, and the Iron Trail. One of his best chapters is on Chief Joseph. He writes in the preface as follows:

"These few stories, culled from the repertoire of an active life of more than thirty years, are samples of personal experiences, and are taken almost at random from mining camp, frontier town and settlement, public and private life. As a minister the writer has had wide and varied opportunities in all the Northwest, but more especially in Utah, Oregon, and Idaho. Many a man much more modest has far excelled him in life experiences, but some of them have never been told."

One of the most recent additions to this type of literature is Drowned Memories (1926) by Minerva Kohlhepp Teichert. This booklet was occasioned by the enforced removal of the Teichert family among others, when their homes had to be given up to make way for the great artificial lake above the American Falls dam. This is a group of stories and reminiscences of the Old Fort Hall Bottoms and illustrated by Mrs. Teichert's own drawings.

Space does not permit any discussion of a number of other works by such writers as Ezra Meeker, Bishop Tuttle, Eliza Spalding Warren, W. W. Van Dusen, and C. S. Walgamott.

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Autobiography is represented by the work of James Wardner 1. and James Stevens.2. Mr. Wardner has been a prominent figure

1. Wardner, James F., Jim Wardner of Wardner, Idaho.
 2. Stevens, James, Brawnyman.

in north Idaho, and the towns of Wardner, Idaho, and Wardner, B. C., were named in his honor.

James Stevens spent eight or ten years of his boyhood and youth in Idaho. He is a native of Iowa but came to Idaho at the age of seven years. At the age of thirteen he entered a school near a certain Snake River town which, judging from the context, is, perhaps, Weiser. Not finding school life congenial, he made his way to the first town up the Snake River. This would logically be Payette. Here he worked for a time cutting wood for a nurseryman. Then he "bummed" his way to Nampa, where he joined a gang of hobo-laborers. He worked with some members of this gang at various construction jobs in southern Idaho, including Boise, Horseshoe Bend, Shoshone, and Salmon City. Finally his wanderings took him from the state to many other parts of the Northwest.

Brawnyman (1926) has a distinct literary value, though the author can scarcely be claimed as an Idaho author. One reviewer of the book has made this comment upon it.

"Brawnyman is the autobiography of a working-man and the romantic story of American labor. Beginning back in the days of the rapidly expanding West, it chronicles the life of that unique figure, the hobo-laborer, traveling from job to job on boxcars, irresponsible and care-free, consumed by a fierce, relentless appetite for work, play, drink and fighting. The tale marches down to the worker of today, revelling in his material glory of flivvers and radios, but still maintaining under these outward trappings the immemorial spirit of the plain laborer, the man who works with his hands."

J. Cecil Alter has written a historical narrative around the biography of James Bridger, a famous trapper, frontiersman, scout, and guide whose life was spent in the Northwest. The relation of this work to Idaho literature lies in the fact that many of the episodes related in chapters twenty to twenty-

six occurred in Idaho. Such well known frontiersmen as Joseph L. Meek, Capt. Bonneville, Nathaniel J. Wyeth, William L. Sublette, Milton G. Sublette, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Kit Carson, and Jedidiah Smith have a place in the narrative.

Of special interest is the following biography, for it is written about a famous Idaho Senator, by an Idaho author. It was a prize winner in the "Thumb-nail Biography" contest conducted by The Writer magazine and appeared in the September, 1926, issue.

Borah.

"Out of Kansas, through Idaho, to Washington and the world. No-man's man. Unbuyable, unpredictable, unafraid. Supergãdfly. The presidential flea. Rara avis of democracy: an individual.

"Incidentally, a great orator.

"Privately, a quiet, kindly, plain person, who shuns frills and conventional piffle. Who, when he comes back home to Boise, summers, eagerly crosses the street to shake hands with the old Chink vegetable gardener.

"Idaho doesn't always follow Borah, but we'll tell the world we're proud of him." 1.

LETTERS.

Epistolary literature, a common type, is represented by the work of Agnes Just Reid. Her volume, Letters of Long Ago, is a series of letters covering a period of twenty years from December 2, 1870, to May 1, 1891. They relate the experiences of her own parents in meeting the hardships and deprivations involved in the days of the first settlements in southeastern Idaho. Mrs. Reid, in a personal letter to Miss Westcott, explains how she came to write the Letters of Long Ago.

1. Hoover, Jane Redfield, "Borah", The Writer, Sept, 1926.

"Every word in them is the truth. My mother had a father living in London all those years and carried on a correspondence with him. Those letters, however, were not preserved and while she was here with me, living day after day in the same house, she told me the facts and I rebuilt the letters as I imagined they might have been. So many of the stories I have heard told so many times that it just seems I lived them as the other members of my family did. I am the Little Sister of one of the chapters of my book, coming when the hardships were over, with nothing to do but enjoy what the others had suffered so to win."

The following paragraphs are quoted from the book.

"We had a queer wedding journey. I wish some of your friends there in that great city of London might have seen us and smiled, I was sitting in the covered wagon with my little boy, while the prospective bridegroom trudged along in the dust and sand trying to get two yoke of oxen over the ground fast enough to reach a justice of the peace before we were overtaken by winter. They are not record breaking cattle, but they are as good as any in the valley, even though they did consume eight days in making the trip to Malad.

"The journey was not unpleasant, for the weather was fine, as you well know, it usually is here in the fall. At night the air would be crisp and cool, but my good comrade tied the cover down tightly over the wagon, so my boy and I were safe and snug while he stood guard over us. The country is full of wolves and Indians, but neither seem at all hostile toward us. As you know, the greatest fear the traveler entertains is that his oxen may stray away.----

"Our capital in stock was \$125. and it took most of it to buy a cook stove and lumber for a floor in the cabin that is to be. We brought up some freight for uncle and received in payment a small amount of flour, but I think enough to last through the winter. And we have, my dear father, your parting gift to me, three cows." 1.

The first house was a simple dugout without windows, lighted "by a tallow dip and the cheerful fire on the hearth". The furniture was certainly very meager. The bedstead was made of pine poles notched to fit together, the springs were made of cowhide strips laced across the poles, the mattress

1. Reid, Agnes Just, Letters of Long Ago, pp. 9-10.

was a tick filled with cured bunch grass. There was only one chair. The table of rough pine boards was given to them by a man at Fort Hall. The dishes were too few to enumerate.

There follows a record of privation, of attempts to aid with the family budget by taking in washing from distant neighbors, of child birth without the care of doctor or nurse, of longing for companionship, of a home with little love between husband and wife, of more or less successful attempts at irrigation, of a community dance at Fort Hall with only a calico dress to wear, of sickness, of more children, of the fear of the terrifying Indian's war-whoop, of the death of four little baby girls, of a circus, of the coming of civilization with more wet than dry goods, of a new house, of the birth of a daughter at last who was able to survive the hardships which had taken four other daughters, of the coming of the railroad and reliable mail service, and of the territory becoming a state.

The letters are written in a simple intimate style that reaches the heart strings of sympathy. After reading this book, one comes to the realization that the pioneer women, equally heroic and perhaps more self-sacrificing than the men, have gone to their graves too frequently unsung and unpraised for their part in the conquering of the wilderness.

A second writer of letters, Annie Pike Greenwood, has written intimately and humorously about modern ranch life in Idaho. Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, in a personal letter to Mrs. Greenwood made this comment upon her work,

"If you had not sent me the letters I might have sworn. They seem to me very interesting and characteristic of that many-sided American life which I am always pursuing and never wholly comprehending."

Among such tasks as gardening, house cleaning, making soap, cooking for the family and hired men, taking care of the babies, baking bread, canning fruit, doing the family washing, drying fruit and vegetables, caring for the chickens, and curing the winter's meat; she finds time to take an active part in political life; enjoy the beauties of nature about her; recognize the meadowlarks, red-winged blackbirds, mourning doves, purple martins, pheasants, orioles, hawks, canaries, mocking birds, kill-deer, sandhill cranes, and the wild geese and ducks; listen to the eerie call of the Coyote; and through it all retains a saving sense of humor and a thoroughgoing optimism.

A few quotations will reveal that touch of life which makes the letters worth reading. The first is a scene in the garden.

"All the family camps joyfully on mother's trail when she goes forth to garden. Rhoda carefully nurtures a milk-weed under the guise of 'thome nithe lettuth', while uprooting all the young beets around it to give it room; Charles thoughtfully pulls the heads off the young beans to help them through the ground; Walter makes dams in the irrigation corrugates, which his mother later vehemently 'damns', internally if not externally; Joe walks without distinction, treading down young corn, tomatoes, lettuce, etc., and leaving ruin in his wake; and to cap it all, the dog, who adores me, comes in affectionately, with his head cocked on one side, tail waving jubilantly, to watch me thin turnips, and sits down on my biggest, most promising tomato-plant. Of course, the tomato plant is no more. Then mother rises in wrath. It was the dog that broke, not only the tomato-plant, but the camen's back. Mother grabs a baby in each hand, and forces the two young hoodlums on ahead of her, with the dog slinking, tail in, at the rear. Oh, well, babies and dogs are more important than gar-

dens, but we do have to provide for the eating on the farm." 1.

This is the view seen from the ranch home.

"The mountains are so beautiful now! They stretch in a long, graceful, undulating line, generally cold blue, with the snow shining in pearly veins. We are on such highland that we look down toward the mountains on all sides; for on clear days we can see the Sawtooth Mountains to the north. The valley is so big and we are so high, that we have no sense of being shut in; rather, we have the soaring freedom of the mountain-tops and the clouds whose intimates we are. I feel selfish when I see daily our gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, for I realize that we are so few out here compared with the thousands that never see such awesome illuminations." 2.

And here is a practical joke on a pestiferous 'agent'.

"A man came to sell me a piano or a phonograph, and before he left I had sold him six hens and a pup. Hens at a dollar and a half a piece, and pup for three dollars. It was twelve dollars for me that I was glad to get; but he made a good bargain, for the hens are the most beautiful white Plymouth Rocks, and the pup is a pure-bred collie." 3.

Description and Travel.

When one begins to look for description and travel literature by Idaho authors he finds no better example than Fifteen Thousand miles by Stage. 4. This is a narrative of the unusual experiences of the Strahorns during "Thirty years of path-finding and pioneering from the Missouri to the Pacific and from Alaska to Mexico". Mrs. Strahorn has written a simple straightforward narrative of her personal experiences among the hardships of crude frontier life. Although her work lacks artistic quality, and the style is sometimes rough and crude; yet

1. Greenwood, Annie Pike, "Sage-brush farmers wife", Atlantic, 123:440, Ap. '19.

2. Ibid. p. 442.

3. Ibid.

See for other letters, Atlantic, 124-310-21, S. '19.

4. Strahorn, Carrie Adell, Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage.

the work contains much material of historical interest about Idaho in the early days. There is information about the founding of various towns in southern Idaho, especially Hailley and Caldwell; and descriptions of the plains and mountains of the region. Caldwell has more attention than any other town, for it was the home of the Strahorns for some time. A splendid memorial to Mrs. Strahorn stands upon the campus of the College of Idaho in the building known as the Strahorn Library.

John Burroughs in his book, Far and Near (1901), has used some Idaho material in a much more literary manner than that of Mrs. Strahorn. His description of the Shoshone Falls has already been quoted in the chapter on Idaho scenery. There are many others who have written descriptions and travel articles which it will be impossible even to mention here.

THE ESSAY.

Some of the work of Henry H. Graham might be classed as nature essays, although most of his work has a narrative element. Miss Westcott quotes the Boise Evening Capitol News of January 24, 1926, as follows in regard to Mr. Graham's work.

"Graham is making a determined effort to show up the recreational advantages of Idaho and his stories have been favorably received, combining as they do useful information with rare narrative value and human interest."

John A. McQuire, managing editor of Outdoor Life, in a personal letter to the writer says, "We consider him (Henry H. Graham) a very able author on outdoor copy, such as hunting, fishing, shooting, etc."

In an essay entitled "White Man's Tide is Rising over All Things Indian", Martha Dolman Loux has done an admirable piece of work. She has vigor and imagination in her writing. She expresses a deep sympathy for the native traits of character in the Indian which the civilization of the white race is destroying. In pointing out the fact that the inflexible standards of civilization have little room for the unique natural gifts of the vanishing red, she says:

"For a long time the attempt has gone forward to make over the Indian into the image and likeness of the white. In spite of their native and romantic appeal the white man desires them to install plumbing in their houses and keep a savings account; to work eight hours a day, decorate a salad and employ an under-taker; exchange war paint for rouge, turkey tails for ostrich tips, elk skin for georgette, the tom-tom for a player piano." 1.

Her sympathy goes out to the Indian who is "A wild thing, like a bird" who pines under the confinement and restrictions of the reservation.

"Motoring toward Yellowstone with the vast expanse of pines and sky to the left--the misty Tetons emerging like ancient giants across the horizon, familiar sight of ten thousand yearly tourists--one sympathizes with both Bannock and Shoshone living on the tame desert of Southern Idaho, instead of among the thick woods and swift rivers of the North. 'Big fish, all kinds of roots,' says Tendoy in his broken, childish speech; longing for the wild beauty of the Salmon River country which the Lemhi Shoshones formerly enjoyed and whose loss they now mourn."

"We must reckon with the future, knowing that scientists some day will marvel over certain lost arts.-----There will be combinations of feather, beads, and leather preserved in air tight cases, never to be duplicated by the imaginative hand of a vanished race." 2.

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1. Loux, Martha Dolman, "White Man's Tide is Rising over All Things Indian", The New York Times Mag., Dec. 26, 1926.
 2. Ibid.

In another essay, "An Idaho Explanation of Senator Borah, 1. Mrs. Loux gives a keen and fearless analysis of sectional differences in Idaho; of the provincialism of self isolation; and of the influence of the Mormons. Most of the sectional differences have come about because northern Idaho and southern Idaho are separated by a mountain barrier which makes the communication between them very difficult. Whether one agrees with her conclusions or not, one is forced to admit that here is a thought-provoking article. The very fact that it stirred up such a furor in the press of Idaho is proof that it "bit in". Mrs. Loux points out "A certain dangerous hysteria in the 'All for Idaho' slogans". She feels that there is danger in too much inbreeding of home products whether they be agricultural, religious, industrial, or educational in nature.

Probably few people will be convinced or quite satisfied with her explanation of Senator Borah; however, that is a personal consideration. It is of interest to note, in comparison, some other essays which deal directly or indirectly with Senator Borah. Mrs. Greenwood 2. gives a different portrait of Mr. Borah. She admires his independence and the fearless expression of his own ideas.

Another essay that every person who desires to know and understand Idaho and its people should read is one written by Mr. Stone on "Idaho: A remnant of the Frontier". 3. Every

1. Loux, Martha Dolman, "An Idaho Explanation of Senator Borah" World's Work, 52:64-8, May, 1926.

For replies see World's Work, 52:482-3, Aug., 1926.

2. Greenwood, Annie Pike, "Bill Borah and other Home Folks", Nation, 116:235-238, F. 23, 1923.

3. Stone, M. R., "Idaho: A Remnant of the Frontier", Nation, 116:692-5, Je. 13, '23.

Compare DeVoto, Bernard, "Footnote on the West", Harpers Mag., Nov. 1927.

Idahoan should read this article also. He will find some things that will thrill him with pride and some things perhaps, that will make him hang his head in shame. Mr. Stone has shown a remarkable profundity in the analysis of Idaho people and their characteristics. He finds that "Senator Borah, like his fellow citizens, is an individualist. He is not afraid to express his opinions even though 'the entire nation and all Idaho' disagree". He believes that the explanation of Idaho's support of Borah lies in the pioneer temperament of Idahoans who love a fearless and ardent fighter, a man of action, whether they agree with him or not.

Literary Criticism.

Literary criticism as a type of literature is one of the last forms to appear in the literary production of any country. There must be a body of literature to evaluate and compare with that of another country before this type appears. Hence we look in vain among Idaho authors for productions of criticism. This is no reflection upon Idaho's beginnings in literature, for it could not be otherwise. Neither does this mean that there is no critical faculty in the minds of Idaho authors. Several of these have expressed themselves in personal letters to the writer in regard to different phases of Idaho literature. Practically all recognize the fact that their state literature is very young in growth, small in quantity, and as a whole rather insignificant in its contribution to the broader field of American letters. A fact of much greater importance and significance than this is that there is an awakened consciousness that Idaho is beginning to produce literature of some merit; and, with this awareness, there is the desire

to create more worthy literature.

The whole Northwest, Idaho included, comes in for a scathing denunciation of its literary output from the pens of James Stevens and H. L. Davis in a pamphlet entitled Status Rerum--A Manifesto, upon the Present Condition of Northwestern Literature Containing Several Near-Libelous Utterances upon Persons in the Public Eye. Most thinking persons will agree that the actual conditions are somewhat exaggerated in this work. There is too much sarcasm of the Swiftian variety in its bitterest intensity. Some parts are quoted here not because the writer agrees with the sentiment expressed; but rather because the criticism may act as a spur to higher standards of perfection.

"The present condition of literature in the Northwest has been mentioned apologetically too long. Something is wrong with Northwestern literature. It is time people were bestirring themselves to find out what it is.

"Other sections of the United States can mention their literature, as a body, with respect, New England, the middle West, New Mexico and the Southwest, California---each of these has produced a body of writing of which it can be proud. The Northwest--Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana--has produced a vast quantity of bilge, so vast, indeed, that the few books which are entitled to respect are totally lost in the general and seemingly interminable avalanche of tripe.-----

"Every written work, however contemptible and however trivial it may be, is conceived and wrought to court the approbation of some tribunal. If the tribunal be contemptible, then equally contemptible will be the work which courts it.

"And the tribunals are contemptible." 1.

Then there follows a terrific 'lambasting' of poetry

1. Stevens and Davis, Status Rerum (Pamphlet), Box 512, The Dalles, Oregon.

magazines, would-be-poets, teachers of poetry and short story writing, and writers of short stories in the Northwest. Fortunately a ray of prophetic hope breaks through the black pessimism of the pamphlet in the last paragraph.

"But it need not be eternal. It lies with us, and with the young and yet unformed spirits, to cleanse the Angean stables which are poisoning the stream of Northwestern literature at the source. Our Hercules has not yet appeared, but hope is surely not lacking. We have had a vision, and we have gained faith boldly to prophesy his coming. We can yet cry, even in this darkest and most hopeless hour, from the mountain tops of vision---

'Yet, Freedom, yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like a thundercloud against the wind!" 1.

A more reasoned view of the West is given by Bernard De Voto. He tries to characterize the people of the West--by the West he means the intermountain region including the States of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and the eastern fringe of Washington and Oregon--but it is quite doubtful if the people of this vast territory are as homogeneous as he seems to think. He does, however, strike a true note when he decries the false desire of certain clubs and committees of the West to ape the East, when they should develop their own artistic and literary resources. His view of Western culture is not very flattering to Westerners.

"Artists enough, certainly, have been born in the West. A surprising number of the best in America--painters, writers, sculptors, musicians--were born in the West but there is no native culture to hold or nourish them. The art galleries of the West are non-existent; its journalism is mediocre, its libraries are rudimentary; its museums are antique shops; its universities, all but one, are high schools; its music does not exist outside of the movie houses." 2.

1. Ibid.

2. De Voto, Bernard, "Footnote on the West", Harpers Mag. Nov. 1927, pp. 713-722.

Mr. Glenn Hughes of the University of Washington has a great deal of hope for poetry of the Northwest.

"The real poetry of the Northwest (Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington) is yet to be uttered. That it will soon be given voice I firmly believe, for the period of transition is at hand. Pioneering is almost done, the third generation is growing up, and the grace of civilization is entering the people. It has often been said that real art does not arise until nature is subdued.----The instinct of man is to conquer his environment. Until that is accomplished he cannot attend to subjective matters.----The forests have been thinned, the mountains scaled, the prairies broken and fenced. From this time on the best energies of the sons and daughters of the Northwest will go into channels of civilized thought and feeling. Poetry of great power and beauty will spring from the children of the lusty pioneers." 1.

JOURNALISM.

In comparatively recent years a state consciousness has developed among the journalists of Idaho. Two journalistic organizations are listed in Who's Who in Journalism, the Idaho Press Association and the Idaho State Editorial Association. Mr. F. W. Brown of Pocatello is president, and Mr. Guy Flenner of Boise is secretary-treasurer of both associations. The quality of journalism in Idaho has been steadily improving until today several of the chief newspapers take rank among the best of the Northwest. Milo M. Thompson, editor-in-chief of the Idaho Daily Statesman (Boise), and F. W. Brown, editor and publisher of the Idaho State Journal (Pocatello), are both listed in the Who's Who in Journalism, 1925. Mr. Flenner has in keeping for the State Association an excellent article on early newspapers in Idaho prepared by Mr. Aaron Parker of Grangeville.

1. Braithwaite, Wm. Stanley, Anthology of Mag. Verse, 1926, Article by Mr. Glenn Hughes, pp. 51-57.

Golden Idaho (Boise), a small monthly magazine, supported by the Idaho Home Industries Association and the Federated Women's clubs, is edited by Norman B. Adkison. It is mentioned here because it has given encouragement to the literary and artistic talent of the state.

Among the best of Idaho's journalists are A. F. Alford, recent editor of the Tribune (Lewiston), and Calvin Cobb, publisher of the Idaho Daily Statesman (Boise).

ORATORY.

The oratory of Idaho is naturally closely connected with the political life of the territory and the state. Only a few examples can be quoted. One is an excerpt from the first inaugural address delivered by Acting Governor William B. Daniels at Lewiston on December 9, 1863.

"Shall Idaho, the largest of the territories, take her stand in sympathy with a cause (slavery) so vile, and cloud the morning of her existence with the darkness of treason? No, let her, as her name indicates, sit among the mountains, a gem of the brightest lustre, radiant with unconditional loyalty, attracting by her glorious light the gaze and admiration of mankind." 1.

From one of the greatest state papers in Idaho is taken this excerpt. It is from the message to the Third Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Idaho delivered by Caleb Lyon, second territorial governor of Idaho, at Boise, Idaho on December 4, 1865; this being the first legislative message delivered in the city of Boise.

1. Brosnan, C. J., History of the State of Idaho, p.124.

"They who appealed to the last argument of kings, appealed in vain. The Constitution of our common country has been vindicated and the Union gallantly sustained. The destroyers have become restorers, and those who were last in war have been the first to hail the glorious advent of peace. Each returning state is welcomed with National joy; each renewed tie of the ancient fraternity of feeling is another evidence of the wisdom of the Government in its position--that statehood may be suspended, but can only with annihilation die. I heartily congratulate you as a source of profound gratitude to the God of Nations, that the representatives of thirty-seven sovereignties will assemble this December, as of yore, at the Capitol in Washington, over which the old flag floats with a new splendor, lighted by the stately stars of a perfect constellation. In older communities the many precedents, like lamps, guide the feet of legislators in the beaten way, but here in the paramount interest that presents itself, our legislation has no analogies. Personal security, protection of property; the fostering of moral and material advancement--will give wide scope for your judicious investigation and patient research. To your care, your wisdom and your judgment, have (sic) been confined, in part, the welfare of the people of the territory, and under such auspicious circumstances may you, as representatives, prove worthy of their fullest confidence." 1.

The stately, dignified style of these passages is at once apparent. The magnificent rhetoric and parallel phrases remind one of the great oratory of Webster and his contemporaries.

Chief Joseph's speech, at the close of the Nez Perce War, was delivered at the occasion of his surrender on October 4, 1877, to General Howard and Colonel Miles, is a masterpiece of pathetic and picturesque oratory.

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before--I have it in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Too-hul-hul-suit is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men, now, who say 'yes' or 'no' (that is, vote in council).

1. McConnell, William J., Early History of Idaho, pp 325-326.

He who led on the young men (Joseph's brother, Ollicut) is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people--some of them--have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are--perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and to see how many of them I can find; maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever!" 1.

There are other orators who can not even be mentioned who have made the halls of the State Capitol building at Boise resound with eloquence; and there have been, and still are, some notable pulpit orators in Idaho. But no treatment of oratory would be at all complete without the mention of Idaho's noted Senator and orator, the Honorable William E. Borah. He is without question one of America's greatest living orators. When he rises to speak in the United States Senate

"the galleries are packed and his colleagues on both sides of the aisle listen with professional admiration.---Within his own party Mr. Borah is an outstanding figure in spite of the fact that he has repeatedly refused to be bound by the organization program.----Right or wrong he is a necessary tonic--a progressive within the party; sometimes a radical, but always within the constitution." 2.

One of Mr. Borah's most recent triumphs was his remarkably effective speech on the Nicaraguan situation (spring 1928). His style is dignified and, perhaps, somewhat old-fashioned; yet his strength of personality, his integrity of purpose, and the power of his inspiration carry conviction to his audience with a success which few modern orators can achieve.

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1. Brosnan, C. J., History of the State of Idaho, p. 140.
 2. Borah, Wm. E., American Problems, (speeches edited by Horace Green), quotation from the preface.

APPENDIX A.

IDAHO AUTHORS LISTED BY TYPES.

POETS.

Darrow, Laura Edith
Eddy, Clarence E.
Fuld, Lulu F.
Gillilan, James D.
Graham, Edith MacDonald
Greenwood, Annie Pike
Grissom, Irene Welch
Hayes, Anna Hansen
Hoover, Jane Redfield
Leitner, Della Adams
Mead, Ruth Bernice
Preston, Elford Chilcote
Reid, Agnes Just
Rothery, John
Smith, Bess Foster
Teape, Nancy M.
Thompson, Milo M.

Poets of less importance in Idaho literature, but who have one or more poems on Idaho.

Barker, Reginald C., Overland, Je. '23, Jl. '23.

Brubacker, Floribel, 800 Michigan St., Storm Lake, Iowa.
"The Spell of the New West" and other poems
in Idaho Club Woman, June, August, October, 1913.
Poems in Boise Public Library.

Carr, Emma Clark, poem in Illustrated Idaho 1911.

Cooper, Hoyt, Poems in Boise Public Library.

Flintoff, Harold Rae, Poems in Boise Public Library.

Howes, Grace Clementine, 193 Pleasant St. Brookline, Mass.
Many published poems in New York Sun, McClure's
June, 1924, Christian Science Monitor, Sept.
24, 1925, etc.

Hull, Abby, Teacher--College of Idaho 1895-98.
Poems in Boise Public Library.

McDonald, Cameron, Poem in preface to Onderdonk History
of Idaho, 1885.

Mills, Ernest O., song "Idaho"; ^{tune} ~~time~~ "Maryland, My Mary-
land", adopted by Idaho D. A. R.

Phipps, Maud Peasley, Boise Idaho.

Rinehart, William V., wrote "Idaho" at Fort Lapwai, 1863.

Sanford, Gaylord

Sheeran, Roy Donatus

Stringfellow, Robert, Poems in Public Library, Boise, Idaho.

Sutton, T. Shelley

Thompson, H. C. (Hank)

Turner, Chas.

Vaughn, A. P., Sunset 25:379-80, Oct. '10.

Whitcomb, Edna Osborne, 1701 Mississippi, Lawrence,
Kansas.

Novelists.

Barker, Arthur W.

Barker, Reginald C.

Bowman, Earl Wayland

Grissom, Irene Welch

Mock, F. G. (Ogal Allah)

Short Story Writers.

Barker, Reginald C.

Bowman, Earl Wayland

Hawley, F. D.

Hoover, Jane R.

Plowhead, Ruth G.

Rothery, Julian

Shawe, Victor

Historians.

Brosnan, C. J.

Driggs, B. W.

French, Hiram Taylor

Hailey, John

Hawley, James H.

Howard, Dr. Minnie

Lukens, Fred E.

McBeth, Kate C.
 McConnell, Wm. J.
 Mitchell, Rebecca
 Onderdonk, James L.
 Rees, John E.
 Rose, Clinton Emmett
 Saunders, Arthur C.
 York, L. A.

Biographers.
 (Memoirs, Reminiscences, Biography, Autobiography).

Gillilan, James D.
 Goulder, W. A.
 Talbot, Ethelbert
 Teichert, Minerva Kohlhepp
 Tuttle, Daniel S.
 Van Dusen, W. W.
 Walgamott, C. S.
 Wardner, James
 Warren, Eliza Spalding

Letter Writers.

Greenwood, Annie Pike
 Loux, Martha Dolman
 Reid, Agnes Just

Writers of Description and Travel.

Strahorn, Carrie Adell.

Essayists.

Graham, Henry H.
 Greenwood, Annie Pike

Loux, Martha Dolman

Journalists.

Adkison, Norman B.

Alford, A. F.

Brown, F. W.

Cobb, Calvin

Flenner, Guy

Thompson, Milo M.

Trego, Mr. and Mrs. Byrd

Orators.

Borah, Senator Wm. E.

APPENDIX B.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF IDAHO AUTHORS.

Barker, Arthur W., - novelist.

Life: b. London, Eng., Feb. 28, 1866. Came to America, 1870; lived in Nebr.; came to Idaho, June, 1916; a contractor.

Bibliography: The Light from Sealonia, Boston, Four Seas Co., 1928.

Address: 507 Indiana Ave., Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Barker, Charles Reginald, - novelist and short story writer.

Life: b. England, May 15, 1881. Traveled widely. Lived in Idaho since Jan., 1902. Now devoting entire time to writing for the Consolidated Magazine Corporation.

Bibliography:

Wild Horse Ranch, Boston, L.C. Page and Co. 1927.

Grizzly Gallagher, N.Y., Chelsea House, 1927.

Over 400 short stories published in Blue Book and other magazines.

Address: Box 278, Boise Idaho.

Borah, William Edgar, - Senator and orator.

Life: B. Fairfield, Ill., June 29, 1865. Educated So. Ill. Acad., Enfield, Ill., and Univ. of Kans. Admitted to bar 1889; practiced law at Lyons, Kans., 1890-91; at Boise, Idaho, 1891-. Married Mamie McConnell of Boise, Idaho, Apr. 21, 1895. U. S. Senator from Idaho, 1907-31.

Address: Boise, Idaho.

Bowman, Earl Wayland, - novelist and short story writer.

Life: (Data not available) b. 1875?

See Sketch by E. Morgan, por. Sunset 43: 46-7, Ag. '20.

Bibliography:

The Ramblin' Kid, Grosset and Dunlap, 1921.

Solemn Johnson, Plus, Grosset and Dunlap, 1928.

"Blunt Nose", Am. Mag. 89:62-3, F. '20.

"High Stakes", Am. Mag. 90: 56-9, S. '20.

Address: Unknown. California?

Brosnan, Cornelius James, - Historian.

Life: b. June 14, 1882, Michigan; ed. A.B. Univ. of Mich., M.A. Harvard (Austin Scholar); Prof. Am. Hist. Univ. of Idaho since 1921; lived in Idaho since 1912.

Bibliography:

History of the State of Idaho, Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1918. Rev. 1926. (Public School text.)

Address: Moscow, Idaho.

Darrow, Laura Edith, (Mrs. T. H. Darrow), - Poet.

Life: b. Bonnersville, Dakota Territory, July 23, 1881; graduate of State Normal School, Valley City, N. Dak.; special teacher of Art and Manual Training; came to Idaho in April, 1909.

Bibliography:

From Idaho to You, Boston, Badger Pub. Co. 1914.

Just a Bit O' Dreamin', Caldwell, Idaho, Caton Printers, Ltd., 1927.

"Perfect Days", Golden Idaho, Nov. 1927.

"Your Troubles", Larrah, July, 1927.

Many poems in newspapers.

Address: Route 2, Huston, Idaho.

Eddy, Clarence E., - Poet.

Life: b. Bridgeport, Oregon, Sept. 18, 1874; lived on farm near Roseberg, Oregon until 14 years of age; learned printers trade, sojourned in Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and Spokane; attended University of Idaho; editor of The Times at Moscow, Idaho; turned prospector in Central Idaho; d. Provo, Utah, 1925.

Bibliography:

The Pinnacle of Parnassus, (poetry), copyright 1902. (In Boise Library)

Finke, George, - Clergyman.

Life: b. Germany 1869; grad. Gymnasium, Quakenbrueck, Germany; came to U. S. 1889; student, Luther Sem., St. Paul, 1892; ordained Evang. Luth. minister 1892; mission work in Minn., Idaho, etc.; member 12th Idaho Legislature; author of religious works.

Address: Southwick, Nez Perce Co., Idaho.

Fuld, Lulu Gay Floyd, (Mrs. J. W.), - Poet.

Life: b. Stanberry, Mo., Sept. 19, 1889; ed. Hailey high school; Life Diploma, Lewiston State Normal, Idaho; lived in Idaho since 1891; member Book Fellows, Chicago; has written several songs; now working on an operetta based on an Indian legend.

"Four Pictures of Idaho" (verse).

"E-da-ho" (Indian Song).

Address: Hailey, Idaho.

Gillilan, James David, - Clergyman and author.

Life: b. Ohio, May 19, 1858; educated and taught school in Ohio; came to the West in 1883; lived in Idaho since 1898; D. D. from Willamette University 1910; a Methodist minister for 45 years.

Bibliography:

Trail Tales, Abingdon Press, 1915.

Thomas Corwin Iliff, Abingdon Press, 1916.

Various articles and poems in newspapers and magazines.

Address: Filer, Idaho.

Graham, Edith MacDonald (Mrs. John W.), - Poet and short story writer.

Life: b. Omaha, Nebr., 1884; Scotch ancestry; ed. Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio; lived in Idaho since 1908; associate editor, American Poetry Magazine; plans to pub. a volume of poems soon; writes short stories.

Bibliography:

Verses in American Poetry Anthologies, 1926, '27.

Address: 201 Tenth Avenue North, Twin Falls, Idaho.

Graham, Henry Horace, - Nature writer.

Life: b. Kirkmare, Iowa; lived in Idaho since 1912; writer of outdoor material, popularizer of Idaho outdoor life.

Bibliography:

Many first person narratives of hunting and fishing trips illustrated by his own photography, and other articles in:

Good Health, Battle Creek, Mich.

Nat. Sportsman, Boston, Mass.

Outdoor Life, Denver, Colo.

Hunter-Trader-Trapper, Columbus, Ohio.

Boy's World, Elgin, Ill.

Motor Life, Chicago, Ill.

Address: Twin Falls, Idaho.

Greenwood, Annie Pike, - Poet and essayist.

Life: b. Provo, Utah, November 16, 1879; educated at Brigham Young University of Provo, Univ. of Utah, and University of Michigan; Instructor of English, Utah State Agricultural College; taught at Idaho Technical Institute, Pocatello; did newspaper work with the Salt Lake Tribune; won several prizes in literary work during early school days; lived in Idaho since June 1913; has traveled widely in the West giving dramatic recitals of her productions, both poetry and prose; has been praised by prominent literary critics of America among them Richard Watson Gilder, late editor of The Century Mag.; quotations from her works in Atlantic Year Book; contributed to the memorial volume of verse in honor of Richard Watson Gilder at the request of Mrs. Gilder; a homemaker and mother of four children; known as "The Sagebrush Poet".

Bibliography:**Poetry:**

- "On Her Who Wakes" Century, 79:73 N '09.
 "Mine Enemy" Century, 74:710 S '07.
 "A Longing for Fame" Century, 81:320 D '10.
 "Fried Silver Smelts" Atlantic, 124:314 S '19.
 "Death" Atlantic, 124:315 S '19.
 "This my Song" a pamphlet containing a collection of Mrs. Greenwood's poems, may be secured from the author.

Prose:

- "Letters from a Sage-brush farmer's wife", Atlantic, 123:433-43 Ap. '19.
 "Letters from a Sage-brush Farm", Atlantic, 124:310-21 S. '19.
 Articles in Journal of Education, Dec 25 '13, F 12 '14, F 26 '14.
 "Bill Borah and other Home Folks", Nation, 116:235-8 F 28 '23.

Address: Hazelton, Idaho.

Grissom, Irene Welch, - Poet and Novelist.

Life: b. Greeley, Colo.; graduated from Colorado State Teachers College 1894; taught in Colorado schools; summer session Colorado State Teacher's College 1927; married Charles M. Grissom 1903; lived on the Pacific Coast for some years; lived in Idaho since 1914; appointed poet laureate of Idaho by Gov. C. C. Moore, June, 1923, in response to requests from the State Fed. of Women's Clubs and State Parent-Teacher Assoc. (See Who's Who in America 1928).

Bibliography:

- The Superintendent, (novel) 1910.
A Daughter of the Northwest, (novel) 1918.
The Passing of the Desert, (verse) 1924.
 Contributed short stories and verse to Overland Monthly, Outdoor Life, Outdoor America, The Lariat, and other magazines and newspapers.

Address: West Broadway Farm, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Hawley, F. Douglas, - short story writer.

Life: b. Washington, 1889; ed. Willamette University; lived in Idaho 1915 to end of 1926; naturalist of national note; traveled widely in Northwest; sailor, cowboy, hunter, Indian authority, and poet; Boy Scout Executive in Eastern Wash. and Eastern Oregon.

Bibliography:

- "The Bow of the Cut Fingers", Boy's Life, March 1926. Reprinted in Years Best Stories for Boys, edited by Ralph H. Barbour, Dodd Mead Co. 1927.
 "The Medicine Shirt", Boy's Life, Oct., 1926.
 "The Warrior Test", Boy's Life, March, 1927.

- "The Beachmaster", Boy's Life, March 1926.
 "Oghoonook's Odyssey", Boy's Life, April, 1927.
 "Frost Face", Boy's Life, Nov., 1927.
 Verse.
 "Let 'er Buck", (Idaho poem) Frontier,
 March, 1927.

Address: Office of Scout Executive: Chamber of
 Commerce, Walla Walla, Washington.

Hayes, Anna Hansen, (Mrs. J. E. Hayes) - prose writer and
 poet.

Life: b. Rockcreek, Idaho, July 23, 1886; lived in
 Idaho 1886 to 1910; B. S. Albion Normal School;
 moved to Colorado 1910; served two terms as
 President of the Denver Women's Press Club;
 now serving as Historian for the National Con-
 gress of Parents and Teachers; Idaho and
 Colorado jointly claim her as an author.

Bibliography:

Poetry:

- Life of the Trail, (book of poetry), N. Y.,
 Robt. J. Shores Corp., 1918.
Evenings with Colorado Poets, an anthology
 of verse by Francis S. Kinder, 1927, con-
 tains several of her poems.
 Poems published in the Albion Mirror, 1903-04.
 "The Road in the Sage", pub. in American
Poetry, Nov. 1923.
 "Spring Symphony", and other poems in Lariat
 during 1926 and 1927.
 Juvenile and mother poems in Echo, 1925.

Prose:

- "Poise and Personality", a series of articles
 in the Child Welfare Magazine, Nov. 1927-
 May 1928.
 "Home or Bear Cage", psychological, Echo, Sept.
 1926.

Address: 1182 Clermont St., Denver, Colorado.

Hoover, Jane Redfield, - poetry and humorous fiction.

Life: b. Waseca, Minnesota, 1873; ed. grad. Univ. of
 Minn.; founded College Woman's Club, Boise;
 Chairman World War Canteen Com. of Boise Red
 Cross; lived in Idaho since 1904.

Bibliography:

Fiction:

- "A Boy and a Pond", Child Life, Sept. 1923.
 "Westward Hose", Sat. Eve. Post, Jan. 3, 1925.
 "Benito and his Rosy", Child Life, Jan. 1,
 1927.
 "Dickey Reel", Sports Afield.
 "Borah", Biog. Sketch, The Writer, Sept. 1926.

Verse:

Humorous verse in American Humor, Life, Judge,
Boston Post, N.Y. Theatre Program Mag.

Address: Boise, Idaho.

Leitner, Della Adams, - poet and short story writer.

Life: b. Dodge City, Kansas, March 13, 1881; came to Idaho in 1907; attended Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash.; engaged with the David C. Cook Pub. Co. for two years, supplying a poem each week on the Sunday School lesson; May 1926, one of the winners in a nation-wide contest sponsored by The Writer for a 'thumb-nail classic' on the assassination of Lincoln; won a prize offered by the Sampson Music Co. of Boise for a poem on 'The Sampson Trail'; writes much on religious subject matter.

Bibliography:

Short stories and Poems in religious literature issued by Methodist Book Concern and David C. Cook Pub. Co.

Poems used by Willis N. Bugbee Co. of Syracuse, N. Y. in books of recitation and entertainment material.

Address: 906 N. 19th St., Boise, Idaho.

Loux, Martha Dolman, (Mrs. Charles E. M.) - essayist.

Life: b. Louisiana, Mo., Feb. 13, 1878; reared in Butte, Mont.; ed. Butte, Mont., Walnut Hill Prep., Natick, Mass., A. B. Radcliffe College 1902; taught English three years- Paris, Texas, and Pocatello, Idaho; chairman of Com. on Recognition of Colleges and Universities for North Rocky Mountain Section of Am. Assoc. of Univ. Women; member of same com. for North Pac. Section A.A.U.W.; Prize letters in Colliers, Feb. 18, 1922 and July 1, 1922.

Bibliography:

"An Idaho Explanation of Senator Borah", World's Work, May, 1926.

"White Man's Tide is Rising over all things Indian", N.Y. Times Mag. Section, Dec. 26, 1926.

Address: Pocatello, Idaho.

Mead, Ruth Bernice, - poet.

Life: b. Provo, Utah, Nov. 17, 1895; came to Idaho in 1896 and has lived in Idaho since, except 1920-1925; A. B. from the College of Idaho 1918; M. A. from University of California 1922; Director of Religious Education in Idaho for Presbyterian Church.

Bibliography:

Poems included in anthologies:

"In Behalf of This Small Lad", 1926, Oracle Anthology.

"Touchstone", 1926, Publisher: Brodun (?).

"Summer Sunrise", 1927, Echo Anthology, Echo Publishing Co., Denver.

Poems in following magazines:

Lyric West, Jan, 1925.

Overland Monthly, April, 1925.

Poet's Scroll, during 1926-27.

The Lariat, during 1926-27.

The Harp, May-June, 1927.

Address: Pocatello, Idaho.

Pound, Ezra Loomis, - poet, critic.

Life: b. Hailey, Idaho, 1885; English descent.

Ph. B., Hamilton College. Fellow of Univ. of Penn. Traveled in Spain, in Italy, in Provence, 1906-7; lived in Venice and London. London editor of The Little Review, 1917-9, and foreign correspondent of Poetry, 1912-19.

Bibliography: see Manly and Rickert, Contemporary American Literature, N.Y., Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1922.

Address: The World, N.Y.

Preston, Edford Chilcote, - poet.

Life: b. Rohrsburg, Pa., Dec. 17, 1873; moved to Iowa 1880; B. S. Upper Iowa University, 1897; Supt. of schools in Iowa and So. Dak.; moved to New Plymouth, Idaho, Aug. 11, 1909; Secretary of Idaho State Grange 1912-1916; Supt. of schools, Homedale, Idaho, 1915-1919; farmed six years at Marsing, Idaho; member of the State Legislature from Owyhee County 1923-1927; attended Summer Sessions, University of Idaho, 1925-1926-1927; Head of the Department of History, College of Idaho, Caldwell, Idaho, 1925-

Bibliography:

Poetry:

"Lincoln", Pathfinder, Feb. 13, 1909.

"Venice", Anglo-Italian Review, London, England, 1917.

"The Boatribe", Boston, The Gorham Press, 1920.

"The Answer", Idaho Statesman, Jan. 25, 1925.

"Life", Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in A Bookfellow Anthology, 1927.

Fiction:

"The Train Hunt at Loldos", a short story pub. in The Black Cat, August, 1900; won a prize of \$200. (Jack London received \$75. in the same contest.)

Engaged in writing a novel at present.

Address: College of Idaho, Caldwell, Idaho.

Rees, John E., - historian.

Life: b. Illinois, Jan. 17, 1868; ed. B. Sc. Valpariso, Ind., 1889; lived in Idaho since May 24, 1877.

Bibliography:

Idaho Nomenclature, Bibliography, Chronology, Conkey Co., 1918.

Address: Salmon City, Idaho.

Reid, Agnes Just, - poet and letter writer.

Life: b. Shelley, Idaho, Sept. 7, 1886; grew up among the pioneer hardships of Idaho; wife of a ranch farmer; has always lived in Idaho.

Bibliography:

The Range Cayuse, Idaho Falls, Idaho, Scoths Quality Shop, 1916.

Letters of the Long Ago, Caldwell, Idaho, Caxton Printers, Ltd. 1923.

Verses for newspapers and magazines.

Address: Shelley, Idaho, R#2.

Shawe, Victor, - short story writer.

Life: b. Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 30, 1883; spent 24 years in western mining and logging camps; taught school; lived in Idaho at various times since 1905; worked at various occupations; now secretary to Gov. Baldrige.

Bibliography:

"The Gentle Shepherd", Short Stories Mag.

"When Finn meets Finnigan", Sat. Eve. Post,
194:12-13 Ag. 18, '20.

"McElvaney's Third One", Sat. Eve. Post,
197:9-11 Mar. 14, '25.

Some 15 or 18 other stories in Sat. Eve. Post,
1917-1926.

Address: Boise, Idaho.

Smith, Bess Foster, (Mrs. Oliver V. Smith) - poet.

Life: b. Johnson Co., Nebraska, June 26, 1887; grad. Nebraska Normal School, A. B. University of Nebraska, 1914, M. A. University of Nebraska, 1917; lived in Idaho since 1917; 3rd prize in Federated Women's Club National Essay Contest; Honorable mention in K. G. O. Book review contest; Reward of Merit in National Poetry Contest; homemaker, writes verse for diversion.

Bibliography:

The Checkered Tablecloth, (booklet of poems),

Weiser, Idaho, The Weiser American, 1927.

Poems in two Western Anthologies of Verse, Amety,
Oregon, Belleman Press.

Many poems and other articles pub. in such magazines as Normal Instructor and Primary Places,
Lariat, Farm Life, Golden Idaho, etc.

Address: Weiser, Idaho.

Sutton, T. Shelley (deceased), - poet.

Life: b. Ada County, Idaho; wrote for the Idaho Statesman in the late 1890's; his poetry was tinged with sadness, dies in his early twenties from consumption.

Teape, Nancy M. (Mrs. E. E. Teape), - poet, artist, and naturalist.

Life: b. In Iowa; has lived in Idaho for many years, at Kellogg, sandpoint, and Spirit Lake; taught school; an artist of ability; homemaker, a naturalist, will soon have a Manual of Idaho Flora ready for the press; illustrates her own verse; has been called, "Poet of the North", (North Idaho).

Bibliography:

Poems in Idaho Statesman.

Nature articles in Golden Idaho.

Address: Spirit Lake, Idaho.

Teichert, Minerva Kohlhepp (Mrs. H. G. Teichert), - prose writer and artist.

Life: b. Ogden, Utah, August 28, 1889; attended normal school; three years at Art Institute, Chicago; two years at Art Students League, New York; private work in Dramatic Art; an artist of considerable ability; lived in Idaho from 1889 to 1927, when she and her family were forced to leave their farm because it lay under the artificial lake created by the American Falls dam.

Bibliography:

Drowned Memories, copyright by the author, Feb. 1926.

Address: Cokeville, Wyoming.

Thompson, H. C. (Hank), - poet.

Life: b. in Missouri; came to Idaho with the gold seekers of the '70's; miner at Centerville and along South Fork of the Payette River; buried in Boise, Idaho; stone placed on his grave by the D. A. R.

Bibliography:

"Idaho", a song which has been suggested for adoption as the Idaho state song.

Thompson, Milo M., - editor and poet.

Life: b. Joliet, Ill., Nov. 25, 1891; high school education in Illinois and Wisconsin; Harvard Univ. Married Florence Weston, Sept. 19, 1916. Newspaper experience began 1909 on Joliet Herald; Christian Science Monitor, 1916-18. Sixteen months in U. S. army. Idaho Daily Statesman (Boise), 1919-28; editor in chief. Now on leave of absence.

Bibliography:

Many poems in Idaho Daily Statesman.

Poems in Anthology of Newspaper Verse, 1925
Picturesque America (anthology).

Address: 2204 Ellis Ave., Boise, Idaho.

Temporary address:

Sacramento Bureau, Associated Press,
Sacramento, California.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

GENERAL REFERENCE.

1. Clark, Arthur H., The United States. A catalogue of books relating to the history of its various states. Cleveland, Arthur H. Clark Co., 1920.
2. List of Material on Idaho. A mimeographed bibliography of 146 items. Department of English, University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho 1927.
3. Smith, Chas. W., Pacific Northwest Americana. A checklist of books and pamphlets relating to the History of the Pacific Northwest, 4501 items. New York, The H. W. Wilson Co., 1921.
4. Wagner, Henry R., The Plains and the Rockies. A bibliography of original narratives of Travels and Adventure. San Francisco, John Howell, 1921.

MAGAZINES.

1. Bankson, R. H., "Getting acquainted with the Doeur d'Alenes". Outing, 76:24-6 Ap., '20.
2. Barker, Reginald, "Passing of Dan Rogers". Short story. Blue Book Prize, 1925.
"Wolves of Lac La Fourche", Short Stories, Apr. 25, 1925.
"Great Divide", poem, Overland, N 5 81:25, Je. '23.
"San Francisco", poem, Overland, N 5 81:28, Je. '23.
3. Bowman, Earl Wayland, "Blunt Nose", Am. M. 89:62-3 F. '20.
"High Stakes", Am. M., 90:56-9 S. '20.
"Sketch". E. Morgan, por Sunset 45:46-7 Aug. '20.
4. De Voto, Bernard, "Footnote on the West", Harpers Mag., Nov., 1927.
5. Graham, Henry H., Nature articles about Idaho in Outdoor Life, Outing, National Sportsman, and other magazines.
6. Greenwood, Annie Pike, "Mine Enemy"; poem, Century, 74:710 S. '07.
"On Her Who Wakes"; poem, Cent. 79:73 N. '09.
"Longing for Fame"; poem, Cent. 81:320 D. '10.
"Sage-brush Farmers Wife", Atlan. 123:433-43 Ap. '19.
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