

MESSENGER

Vol. 32 No. 2 December, 1925

| | |
|---------|--|
| Page 1 | Life Among the Sioux (By One of Them) Game Hunting in the Prairie Country Broncho Busting Courtship and Marriage "Pete" Deloria |
| Page 11 | The Poesy of Hang John Myers |
| Page 15 | Diary of a Deer Hunter du Val Allen |
| Page 19 | The Old and New One of '29 |

The
MESSENGER
ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE



CONTENTS

| | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|---|---|---------------------|
| LIFE AMONG THE SIOUX (By One of Them) | - | - | - | "Pete" Deloria, '26 |
| 1. Game Hunting | | | | |
| 2. Broncho Busting | | | | |
| 3. Courtship and Marriage | | | | |
| THE POESY OF HANG | - | - | - | John Myers, '28 |
| DIARY OF A DEER HUNTER | - | - | - | du Val Allen, '28 |
| THE OLD AND NEW | - | - | - | One of '29 |

LIFE AMONG THE SIOUX

(By One of Them)

I

Game Hunting in the Prairie Country

THE METHOD of hunting, whether for pleasure or for profit, depends on the hunter himself. A man can learn all general rules and tricks about hunting, but so long as he does not throw himself into it with his natural instincts, he will never make a successful hunter. The Westerners are supposed to be good hunters, yet, ask anyone from that region how a trap is set for a beaver, smartest of all water animals, and he would not be able to answer or explain very clearly. On the other hand, if he should explain it with all clearness of speech very likely he is not a good hunter. Such rapid speech in most explanations shows the speaker to be mechanically influenced and not a speaker from experience.

Of course on a hunting trip there are some things which quite obviously one should or should not do. Many a man thinks his way is the best method of hunting. In fact some green horn hunters buy cards which should always be carried and studied. It contains the directions on just how to go hunting. "Do not make unnecessary noise—most animals have keen hearing. When game is in sight, hide. Always approach under cover. Always walk facing the wind. And make a half circle to the left in case of rabbits sitting up. Many more rules; also all of them are equally useless.

A good hunter never worries about which flank to approach, but he does observe the rule of keeping quiet. Outside of that, he uses his natural gift, which is more ready to respond than a bunch of memorized rules. There is one rule the experienced hunter conscientiously keeps: that of advancing gradually upon the animal, fowl, or fish. The hunter's practice is always to get as near to the animal as possible without his knowledge. It is always good to approach without being seen, of course, but when that becomes impossible one continues to crawl, looking as little as possible like a man. Perhaps an animal has never seen a human being before, but his ancestors have known man for such a long period of time that instinctively it is ready for flight when a man appears. An animal which had a narrow escape from a hunter just a short time before would run away on seeing a similar for the second time. It is a good idea to try out different directions of advancing. It never pays one to crouch like a tiger or to advance pointing a gun at the game. Such tactics would frighten anything, for it looks too much like danger and makes a hunter appear too ferocious.

Before I begin telling about the ways several animals have been hunted from the adoption of firearms by the Indians about fifty years ago until the present time, I must criticize the scientific methods employed to aid hunting today. The limited use of such methods is not so alarming if not carried far, but the extensive use of them is almost a crime. In the first

place it is unfair to the game to be hunted and to the sport itself. Also it tends rapidly to exterminate valuable game, and it cheats many poor people who depend on hunting for a living. These scientific devices include such things as whistles to imitate various animals and birds, decoys of all sorts, and food to traps.

Still, the beaver is smart enough to require all the methods that science or anything else can devise to outwit him. The beaver's home is usually located in creek banks in small caves, the entrance of which is under the water. If a hunter hides near a beaver-den long enough he may see one swim under the water. He may even go so far as to take a shot at him and kill him, but other beaver brothers are always near to rescue their comrade. As soon as he is shot, one of the others who seems to act as guard, will pull him under to safety, even if he is already dead.

If daylight comes before a beaver returns to the water after it has been working out all night, it remains in the timber until the following night. A beaver never takes a chance. Throughout the night every beaver works in the timber getting food and materials for his dam.

The young beavers are much easier to kill, a fact which is only natural, just as young boys are more apt to get burned fooling with fire than would their fathers. The young beavers are careless. As soon as their mother is not watching they climb the banks of the creek to look for young saplings, which are their favorite food. All a hunter needs to do is to wait until the young beavers have reached a favorable spot and then shoot them. When either the father or mother beaver is home, it usually accompanies the youngsters, swimming around to guide them towards safety.

Nature has provided that in the fall, around the month of November, beavers temporarily become blind. At this time all breeding is over. The young ones have grown large enough to take care of themselves, most of them are fat from feeding on favorable food all summer, and their fur is thicker and shinier. On account of their blindness they do not leave the water to go after food, but swim along the creek or riverbank for roots and trees. A hunter sets his traps along the edge of the bank using a fresh cut sapling for bait. No beaver is ever caught if any part of the trap is exposed; therefore, it is always advisable to cover up the trap with a thin layer of mud. The use of the hands in laying mud on the traps spoils the attempt because of the powerful sense of smell the beaver has. The use of a small shovel that has been purposely buried in the sand for several weeks brings the best results.

Setting a beaver trap takes skill and natural ability. Beavers are so clever that if even an experienced hunter sets a trap with all due ceremonies of laying on the layer of mud and selecting the bait, disappointment often falls on him just the same. Beavers easily discover a poorly set trap, and in order to punish the hunter they usually throw the trap upside down. They invalidate the laying on a layer of mud idea by burying the trap deep in it. If the trapped animal finds the stump or the tree to which the trap is set, he eats out the wood and carries away with the train.

In the Western States the most popular game is the coyote. These animals very much resemble the police dog except that the former have more fur and a longer tail. Each county in South Dakota pays a bounty of three dollars for them, and there is great sport in hunting them. County officials and farmers, especially, more than the Indians, are very anxious

to see the coyote vanish quickly because this animal lives on the wealth and livestock of the county.

If a hunter really desires to rid his county of coyotes the best method is to find their caves, which are usually located on high hills or in deep valleys, and dig them out. The advantage here lies in capturing whole families of them. It is a poor way to set out purposely to find them during the bright daylight. Jesse James, the great robber, was often called "The Coyote" because, although he traveled at all hours nobody ever saw him during the day. In the same way coyotes keep under cover during the day and usually they manage to succeed very well.

A farmer could sleep in his barn and kill one or two early in the morning, but that is considered poor sportsmanship. For thrills and pleasure one must rise early and go along parallel with a creek and about four hundred yards from it. At such an early time, coyotes are easily seen on foggy mornings, even met, because they are returning from work during the night to sleep all day in the timber. The rest is up to marksmanship.

Hunting coyotes in the evening is not as profitable, because the animals usually wait until dark before they leave the woods.

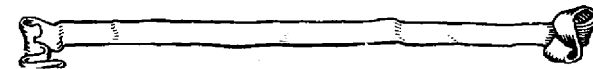
The wolf, which is like the police dog, is larger but not so hard to hunt down. They have more courage which is perhaps one of the reasons why they are not numerous. They are slow runners but have enough speed and cleverness to kill steers, horses, pigs and in "hard times" human beings. They do not furnish many thrills to a sportsman.

Until ten years ago, deer and antelope were hunted freely in South Dakota. As a rule deer are not clever but the thickness of woods to which they usually take flight saves them in many cases. At times they are known not to take flight from the hunter, but face him and even advance towards him.

Antelope are great sleepers most of the time. Their chief abode is the prairie. Quite often they lie with their big ears exposed over the tops of the tall grass. A quiet approach is all that is necessary to kill them.

Hunting ducks, prairie chickens, and other birds takes only a little common sense.

There are other hunted animals such as muskrat, mink, badgers, and wild cats, but it does not require as much patience and experience to hunt them. The muskrat and the mink are also hard to hunt but no game is so difficult as the beaver. He is by all odds the cleverest of the prairie animals and, after the mink, the most coveted by the Indians.



II

BRONCHO BUSTING

THE ORDINARY range horse is not hard to train to carry a saddle and a man on his back or to drag wheels behind him if, they are rolling in the proper manner. There are some horses that require months or even years in some cases before they can be made to act decently under the master's harness. There are still other horses, known as outlaws, that can never be broken as long as they have enough strength to stand up.

The most favorable time to begin breaking is when the candidate reaches the age of three. A colt at this age is still filling out, is strong enough physically to endure the rough treatment; and his mind is quick to learn.

The next question is, when should "bronco busting" begin? If it is absolutely necessary, any month of the year is all right. Otherwise the most suitable month is August. During other months of the year there is a lot of work which must be done on a ranch, so that time cannot be sacrificed for breaking horses. In the spring work is not so pressing but there is great danger in a horse slipping and injuring either himself or the rider because melting snow and April showers keep the ground wet most of the time. The summer months, June and July, all riders devote to fattening cattle on the soft green grass. September is the month for shipping cattle to markets and for making hay, while October is for repairing fences and the ranch in general. In November the danger of slipping is again at hand, but this time on the icy ground.

August has thirty-one long days and in most western states the climate is very favorable. All the three-year-olds are fat from eating good nourishing grass for two months, the cattle are ready for market, and the ranch is ready for the haying season. So this is the ideal month for the broncho busting.

On a big ranch the first step towards actually handling "bronchos" consists in a big "roundup" of all the horses. A horse "round-up" does not take days to carry out, because horses, as a rule, do not roam far from the ranch. After the whole bunch has been gathered and put into corrals, "cutting" or sorting out takes place. This is done by assigning two riders and a gateman to each corral. The two riders drive possible candidates for the broncho school toward the gate and drive them out as soon as the man opens the gate. This process continues until either a sufficient number has been reached or all the broncs have been picked out.

At a big ranch there are usually enough cowboys so that several broncos can be handled in a very short time. However, it is more interesting to see how a cowboy handles a horse alone.

One of the cleverest bronco busters is a halfbreed Mexican by the name of George Defender. His answer to the question as to what is the most important part in breaking horses, is that the buster must show the wild horse that the man is the master.

He shows what he professes immediately after he enters a corral where the bronco is waiting, by roping and tying the animal to the to the ground. The frightened bronco tries to get up by kicking and tossing

like a beheaded chicken, but the knots are so securely tied that the restlessness soon stops. Defender follows up the first treatment with the hackamore, a choking device like a halter. The bronco is made to wear the head-harness and allowed to stand tied to the snubbing post, a post in the center of the corral, by means of a lead rope from the halter. Again the young colt furnishes fight with the fresh vigor which he has gained from lying still. It is not long before the usual calmness returns, for the broncho wears himself out very quickly from pulling on the rope, rearing up, and running around the post. When the back of the bronco's ears, where the main part of the halter is tied, shows raw skin, Defender leads the bronco around the corral, a halter broke horse. The horse follows, for when the lead rope is pulled, the raw neck is so sore that following eases the pressure added by the pull on the rope. Defender's next move is to saddle the broncho. At the first sign of resistance, however, he repeats the stunt of tying down the wild beast on the ground and at the same time saddles him. Once more he allows the horse to stand, but this time all saddled to be ridden. Of course when Defender tries to mount, the bronco puts up another fight, but instead of returning to the tying down stage, Defender succeeds in getting on. Most cowboys find they must throw the bronco to mount the first time, but Defender is so strong and skillful that he grasps the horse by the ears and mounts without much difficulty.

The rest is simple, in that most busters enjoy the bronco bucking until exhausted on the endless flat prairies.

After the horse stops, somewhere on the flats, Defender continues riding; for another principle he upholds is that the first day's training counts more than days or even weeks later.

To conclude Mr. Defender's method: the bronco must be ridden three times at intervals, on the following day. This is to make the horse become accustomed to his master and also to teach him the neck-rein with the bridle. Neck-reining is done by pulling both lines to the right or to the left as the case may be and inclining the body in the direction the rider wishes to go. Some slap the side of the neck opposite the direction in which they want to go. To make the horse bodily gentle, the rider before dismounting pets the horse all over. The third day the horse need not be ridden, although he should not be entirely neglected.

Another method is one usually used by daring young boys or when a whole group of ranch hands is engaged in breaking horses. This method is so rapid, and afterwards the broncos are so neglected, that sometimes it takes a month or even two months to break all stubbornness from a horse completely. Three or four men throw such a horse and saddle him while another mounts although the horse may still be tied down. The horse is turned loose to run and buck at his heart's content. If there are no dangers in the way of woods, fences or creeks, one of the riders, called "hazer," pulls up his horse alongside of the flying bronco while the buster transfers himself to the back of the hazer's horse. This is a hair-raising stunt, and is one of the favorites of spectators in "Wild West Shows."

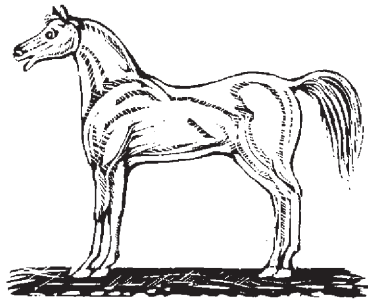
A bronco is never really broke, except in very few cases. The day after the ordeal of the saddle, the horse is ready to pitch ferociously again. The training is too sudden an occurrence and is over almost too quickly for a horse to grasp anything definite.

Handling old broncos requires much more patience and skill than do the three-year-olds. At most, gentleness, but not of a surrendering sort, should be shown to an older horse, or there is a danger of his becoming

an out-law. An outlaw is a horse that is revengeful and stubborn to the full strength of the last word, especially. Horses are not born out-laws, but become such.

Some horses must be whipped before they respond to the cowboy's wishes. This method is known as "whip-breaking." With a long whip the buster swings continuously at the bronco's front feet until the horse approaches him in spite of the lashing. The cowboy stops whipping when the horse is near him, and tries to pet him. If the animal attempts to resist or shy away the puncher resumes the whipping. This process is continued until the horse surrenders and the process is carried through until the horse is thoroughly broke. A horse broke in this manner is like a machine and cannot be expected to be a true friend, because he pays attention only when ordered to.

Nobody has ever broke an out-law horse so that he is a tame horse permanently. After an outlaw has been ridden until tired out, he appears to be broke, but after a day's rest he again displays his mean character. They are untrustworthy horses and have killed many good men.



III.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

ALTHO NOWADAYS few of the old customs remain, it was no longer ago than the youthful days of my father that the practice described here was commonly followed by the Sioux tribes. The customs and traditions of courtship and marriage were simple in form and lacking in ceremony. Love-making and marriage were so closely related among the Indians that it is very hard to treat them separately.

In the popular form of courtship a pair of small sticks played a prominent part. A young man may have had some favorite maiden in mind whom he wished to marry, but often found himself too shy to talk with her concerning love. In such a case he watched the girl constantly until he made arrangements to meet her outside of the circle of teepees. Sometimes a young man was fortunate enough to meet his choice alone at the river where she was getting water for the family while he was watering the horses. The young man proceeded by handing her the two small sticks. If she broke one and returned it the proposal was accepted. If she returned both of them untouched, it meant a refusal. If she accepted, they set the date by making signs as to when he would come after her to bring her to his teepee as his wife. During all this neither said a word, because both were very shy.

In choosing a wife, mere beauty was not always a consideration, since many of the pretty girls were often of doubtful character. Rather, a young man looked for a young woman that was known to be good and highly respected by the people. Men also desired a woman who was strong and healthy and able to do plenty of work.

The fathers and mothers had little to do with selecting husbands for their daughters. More often a brother or a cousin decided who was worthy for the girls in their family. There were societies and clubs where the brothers or the cousins associated with the other young men of the tribe, and thus they got a fairly good knowledge of their character. The brothers and the cousins of the girl who was eligible to marry would then get together at home and discuss the young man who was most desirable. The one decided upon may have met the girl before and liked her, or he may not have known her at all. Anyway, the girl would be told to dress in her finest clothes, and would be sent with a present of a number of horses to the young man's tent or tepee. The girl's relatives practically knew in advance what was going to be the outcome. Without any idea of rejection, the girl was present herself and the young man usually accepted her with open heart. This was the best form of marriage. Nothing but death ever parted the couple united in this manner.

Again a young man and a girl would meet at various times, and if they felt they loved each other, they went to his tepee and began their lives as man and wife. This form of love-making and marriage is classed with the one in which sticks were used without speaking.

Another form was the case of a bad man taking a girl of ill repute to live in his tent. She remained with him as long as she had no one else

in view. Such people were not held in respect, but were despised in the circle of tents.

Sometimes a girl visited the tent of a young man she especially liked. She would tell his family that she had come to marry their son. The favored youth accepted if he so desired, and took the girl for his wife. It occasionally happened that a girl was refused. In that case she set out to look for someone else. This is not considered a good form of marriage, but often the couple were happy and prosperous.

To illustrate how respected and sacred a thing the first form of marriage was to the Indians, the following story told to me by my father is an appropriate one. A woman about twenty years old was left with a little daughter by her husband, who was killed in battle while defending the village against an attack by a neighboring tribe. As soon as she found out about her husband's death, she put on signs of deep mourning by cutting off her hair and making gashes in her neck and legs. Months passed and she repeated the same signs. After that whenever her hair grew out again she bobbed it and gashed her neck and legs over and over again. There came a time, however, when she ceased to do these things. She allowed her hair to grow quite long, and she parted it and arranged it neatly. Then she put on her best clothes and went to talk to some of her friends. Upon seeing her improved appearance, they asked her who was going to be the fortunate man. Without replying she returned to her tent and dressed her little daughter. When night came she took the little girl to her dead husband's brother and said that his little niece must stay with him. Leaving her daughter there, she disappeared into the darkness. While her brother-in-law sat wondering about her strange actions, he suddenly heard her singing faintly in the distance. From the words he heard her sing he sensed what was about to happen, and blindly rushed in the direction of the singing voice. Soon he saw the dim outline of her form against the sky, on the edge of a high precipice. He tried to run forward silently, but her quick ear caught the rustling of the dry grass under his feet. Just before he reached her she leaped off into space. Below was the spot where her husband had made his last stand, and so her body found rest near the bones of the one she had mourned for so long a time.

—"Pete" Deloria, '26.



The Poesy of Hang

TO ALL lovers of poetry I know I shall appear a godsend, but I hope they will not overwhelm me with their gratitude as **that** would embarrass me too too much. My surprise, I know, will be a revelation to all but the initiate, and they, I assure you, are wondrous few indeed. Briefly, to make an end to this suspense, I have the extreme pleasure to lay before you, gentle reader, a new poesy. In the distant past a fantastic race established a weird civilization, and what is more to the point, fostered a lyric poetry such as was never written before nor since. This race was called the Hangmen and they lived beside the moonlit and alligator-haunted waters in the jungle now known as the Sinidad.

I will not attempt to draw a comparison between the state of culture to which they attained and that of a modern nation, for the simple and all sufficient reasons that it would be irrelevant, comparisons are odious, and civilizations, in common with most things, are matters of taste.

I will, however, insert a note concerning their form of worship, for by a steadfast law of nature the religion and literature of a country are inextricably intimate. It is to be feared that until a late day in their history the Hangmen were arrant pagans, and it is certain that the great orange tropical moon was their central deity. Later, as we shall see, there was a theological revolution; however, of that anon.

Something of how I chanced to find these lyrics may be discovered in my little volume of travels, "Cannibals I Have Met and Et"—but I stray from the point.

The number of these poems was so large that it prohibited me, in view of the small space allotted me, from making even a representative selection, so I have chosen rather to show the scope of the verse which the poets of Hang wrote, taking for my demonstration the most egregious advocate of each sort.

In translating I have religiously endeavored to preserve the form of the original—a most difficult task when one considers how the two languages involved are at variance with one another. Rough as these poor renderings are, one will, I think, be able to discern thru their outer crust of dross translation, the golden vein of singing poetry which lies within.

The first of my translations is from a fine old war song, composed by some martial bard in the dawn of Hang's glory. Unfortunately the author's name is another question mark on the honor roll of the world's literature, tho one may readily imagine his personality from his verse. It is a moot question whether the song given below infers that before the effete days when the Hangmen tossed their foes to the alligators, they were addicted to cannibalism or whether the line

"The men of Hang bid you to share a cheer,"
is mere poetic expansion.

Ho! vultures, kites and ravens, hark and hear!
Come to the feast!
The men of Hang bid you to share a cheer
Of man and beast.
A carnage there will be ere day is o'er,
For the children of the moon ride fast to war.

Sangeree, (B. C. 1500-1410) is the next poet with whom I will deal. He was the son of a head-waiter in one of the large hotels in the capital, a fact which is of interest with reference to the poem I have selected. He was an unmitigated moral reformer who in the course of passing years lost most of the tremendous prestige which was his with the great unwashed during his lifetime. Of him a contemporary says by way of epitaph:

"In spirit more like fish than like us men,
His eyes were those of fish, his mind was dank;
No joyous thought e'er came within his ken
But that it curdled there and shortly stank."

Merely a fragment, of course, but I think one may safely deduce from it that other literary men of the time did not hold him in the high esteem he enjoyed with the commonalty.

"There was a carefree child—
Too carefree for his health—
Who got his parents riled
In fact he drove 'em wild
By his cussedness and stealth.
But fate o'ertook this cad
Who would not e'en tip waiters.
As he walked by the *Drad,
He slipped upon a †shad
And was consumed by gators.

* A river near the capital.

† Undoubtedly the seafood, not the berry.

There is a very pretty and sad story connected with this next outburst which was written by Almarain (1300-1273 B. C.) a prince of Hang. His father, having discovered Almarain was guilty of the political sin of loving one of his own subjects-to-be, promptly emitted the royal decree that the young lady should marry one of the current courtiers. Al, as the people affectionately called him, having his own ideas on the matter, obviated the wedding by slaying the intended groom. His father, Kaimin IV., being a Cato sort of fellow, ordered his son to be executed for breaking that one of the kingdom's laws which forbade manslaughter. While the prince was on the scaffold, he was given a few moments to compose his soul and in that time he indited this stanza and dispatched it to his lady. Being as strong willed as her sweetheart, she decided life was not worth living and having a turn for originality, she conceived a novel way of consummating both death and vengeance. She ascended a tall tower that overlooked the main highway leading from the royal castle and, as the king rode forth to go ahawking, she jumped. Her leap was so nicely timed that both her purposes, (observe I did not yield to temptation and say ends) were accomplished. This poem was found in her hand.

I shall be slain by an obese-souled spawn
To whom I scorn even to show my scorn.
The game is o'er and we have lost it seems;
These alligators' soul mates sound the knell
Of all our calm-eyed, laughing dreams.
Laro, of the starlit eyes, farewell!

Brushlic, (1265-1175 B. C.) was the inevitable flower lover. It has been estimated that in his work he covered the entire known horticultural field. He had no thought but of beauty. A later poet made the accusation that he wrote for seed catalogues, but this ribald charge has not been substantiated and, indeed, seems entirely without foundation. It has been more difficult to translate his poems than those of anyone else in this collection because the plants involved are completely unknown to us by name; save thru the medium of the technical latin terms.

Little hirondiensis*,
I love you, I confess;
You appeal to my senses
Most every way, I guess.

Yours is the sheen of capita*,
Yours grace beyond compare,
With colors bright you spangled are;
You take my eyes, I swear.

You whisper to the wind,
To butterflies you coo,
Would you might be so kind
As to whisper to me too!

Your odor is more smellsome
Than that of the orgella,*
You please more than the stelsum*
When applied to the smeller.

I like to taste you too,
Or at least indirectly;
Bees make honey from you,
If I'm informed correctly.

I like to touch, my dear,
Your petals soft—but I,
For lack of senses, here
Must cease and say good-bye.

* For description of these flowers see my little booklet, "The Flora of Hang."

Miski, (B. C. 1170-1058) was one of those rare spirits who was too good for this world. He said so himself. His soul longed for death passionately and he sang its praises to the end of his one-hundred and twelve years. His work is characterized by a note of sweet sadness, but it is rather depressing in large quantities. In order not to move my reader too much, I have selected some quatrains written in one of his more cheerful moods.

Come and take me, Death,
I languish and I pine
And would that I were free
Of this poor life of mine.

We men were born for you,
 You hold our race in thrall.
 You get us in the end,
 Why let us live at all?

Not long before Hang's debacle the people got the monotheistic complex and abandoned the moon and its attendant deities. The priesthood turned en masse to the new god and worshipped him with the same wholesouled zeal they had employed toward his predecessors. From this divinity they received all the inside information as to how and why everything was made and what would be the ultimate fate of all.

At this time lived Hiralia, (B. C. 900-825), a philosopher who made fun of the orthodox religion and baffled all attempts of the priests at retaliation by not having any of his own. The last mentioned fact aroused the disgust of the Hang prelates because it was so unfair. That a man should ridicule their form of worship and not have sporting blood enough to put up one of his own with which they might find fault, annoyed them. Likewise it made them feel helpless, which was worse. It must be confessed that Hiralia took a rather mean advantage of his commanding position sometimes, a fact to which the poem given here bears witness. It cannot be doubted that he is pulling the ecclesiastical leg by suggesting the rather distressing thought that after all God might be a mucker.

Ask me not why I am nor whence I came;
 'Twould but embarrass me to no avail.
 Nor you nor I can read aright that tale;
 Besides the truth might bring the blush of shame.

Why does the Cause of all from first to last
 Keep dark to us his purpose, face and name?
 Perhaps instead of being born from flame,*
 The bar sinister haunts the world's dim past.

I do not think that I should spend my days
 Salaaming to Someone I'd never seen.
 For when I died, I might find He was mean
 And our philosophies trod different ways.

* Refers to a current story of how the world was made.

Not long after this, Hang met the fate of nations in some unknown manner, leaving only its poetry to commemorate its once vivacious existence. My one desire is that these translations meet with favor,—if they do not I can only suggest that you try your hand at the original.

—John Myers, '28.

DIARY OF A DEER HUNTER

TWO WEEKS ago Herb and I decided it was time to get ready for the hunting season. For a week we overhauled our guns, bought supplies, and unearthed tarpaulins, heavy clothes, boots, saddles and pack outfits.

Three days before we started, I carried up everything by car to the Mimbres Ranger Station. On the following day I had the delightful but dubious pleasure of driving up to the Station three burros, the most contrary-minded beasts that were ever born. Their one aim in life seemed a desire to go in any direction except the one where I wanted them to go. Consequently, it took me all day to ride the thirty miles from Pinos Altos to the Station. In all that distance I had but one care-free moment, and that was in passing through the Georgetown Pass. There the road climbs up over eight thousand feet in altitude, with a high cliff on one side, and a precipitous drop of over a thousand feet—in spots—on the other. No right-minder burro would ever think of leaping off that cliff.

November 15.

The two of us left town this morning, just as the Eastern sky was becoming pink, and a few pale stars still glimmered at our backs. The horses are in fine shape—Herb has been feeding them oats—and we reached the Ranger Station before noon. We went to work at once to rope our burros, and to start the loading of the packs. We stopped at noon and had lunch with the Rangers; finished our packing after our meal, and started out on the trail. We did not travel very far to-day, for the packs always have to be off-saddled and adjusted the first day out, in order to equalize the loads in the panniers, otherwise the carriers turn over, or the animal is galled. By night fall we made a hasty camp in the foothills of the Black Range. The burros and horses safely hobbled, I hurried up the supper, while Herb gathered piles of leaves on which to lay the bed-rolls. By nine o'clock we were in bed with the sky above us filled with winking stars, and a half moon peeking through the tree tops. Far away a wolf howled; nearer at hand a coyote called and was answered; the evening breeze rustled in the pines; and all about us soft, scurrying sounds betokened the nearness of small wood folk. To the tune of two bows scraping together, and with a feeling of security in our guns under our heads, we fell asleep.

November 16.

I awoke about five o'clock, and started the fire again. Herb came "to" about half an hour later; just as I was putting on the eggs—that we had brought with us—and opened a can of con-carne. After breakfast we went out to find our animals, who had hopped about two miles in the night. We started at seven and travelled as rapidly as possible. Only once did we have trouble, and that was in the crossing of a deep ford. One of the burros, laden with the bed rolls and some canned goods, waded up stream—instead of straight across—and had to swim out, while we sat on the bank and swore. We made camp at the K-Bar-Slash Ranch house (one of the 80 brand ranches.) After turning the animals into the corral, we made

a large fire and dried out our blankets. When the two boys living there came in, we had supper, exchanged gossip, and went to bed.

November 18.

To-day, after two days of breaking our way through the underbrush, fording stream, and sliding down stiff mountains, we chose a permanent camp site at the mouth of Chicken Coop Canyon. We barred a small side canyon, making a corral and pasturage for the animals,—from which they cannot escape. On the banks of a stream, under the lee of some large boulders backed by scrub oak and pines as a windbreak, we made our camp. We stretched a tarpaulin, in case of rain, and made our beds under it on balsam and pine boughs. We sat up until late, making our plans for the stalking of the wily deer.

November 19.

At four o'clock sharp this morning, we started out to investigate a nearby canyon. Herb left me at the bottom, while he climbed to the top of the mesa; I went up the bottom making considerable noise, Herb ran along the rim of the canyon with the intention of shooting the deer as they came out at the other end. Our plans were correct as far as the deer were concerned, but Herb came suddenly onto a branching canyon and tried to run around that one, in an extra burst of speed. "Haste makes waste" was never more true than in this case, for Herb, not looking where he was putting his feet, stepped into a gopher hole, and plunged on his face into a tumbleweed. While he was picking out the spines, the deer ran out of the upper end of the big canyon and escaped to the next mountain. Together we pursued the white tails and followed their tracks until dusk, but never saw them again. We returned to camp in a low frame of mind.

November 20.

This morning Herb and I separated. He went back to the scene of yesterday's defeat, while I decided to try the top of a mountain where there was a little grove of trees. For a long time I toiled up the slope, but when about half way up I stopped to rest, and to admire the view. Far to the North I saw the gleaming Gila River, with deep valleys, mesas, and small canyons between me and the water; on my right, higher mountains capped with snow; to my left I could see Herb creeping like an ant up the bottom of a gulley. All about me was absolute stillness. Suddenly I heard a soft tinkling of stones, and turning slowly around I saw a splendid doe followed by a young fawn. She was followed by fifteen other does, walking in single file, and I watched until the last one disappeared over the top of the rise. As I did not see a male, I concluded that the head of the harem was in hiding, so I went after the females in the hope that the male might appear. I, too, crossed the ridge, stole cautiously through the grove of young trees, and was sneaking quietly down the other side of the hill among some large pines, when I saw a movement in a large pinon tree and thought I saw a horned animal. Then I became a stalker. Slipping from rock to rock, and flitting from tree to tree, I reached the pinon tree without anything coming into view. With a double-barreled shot gun, that I was carrying to-day, loaded with buckshot and held straight before me, I walked around the tree. Imagine my horror and surprise when I walked directly into the arms of a large bear, who was standing on his hind legs, eating nuts. In my fright—for it was too late to run—

I let go with both barrels; forced myself around and made for the nearest tall tree. Fear spurred me on, for I thought I heard the bear snorting and clawing on the rocks as he ran after me, but I reached an oak without feeling his hot breath on my neck, and went up quicker than a squirrel ever thought of running up a tree. When I had climbed to a high branch I paused, and was surprised to find that Bruin was not at my heels, nor even in view. Then I heard him behind the pinon, dying apparently, for after awhile all sounds ceased. I remained up my tree for over an hour, and then returned slowly to the pinon. I found the bear quite dead and his chest riddled with buckshot. It was impossible for me not to have wounded him mortally as I had held the muzzle of the gun on his chest as I fired. He was a heavy beast, and I had to use a branch as a lever to roll him over in skinning him—also, I had never before skinned a bear, so I was nearly all day doing that job. The sun was sinking when I arrived back at camp. Herb, too, had had no luck as far as deer went, but he had four ground squirrels on a spit ready for supper. We turned in early and slept like logs.

November 23.

Herb and I decided to try the upper end of Steam-Boat Canyon to-day. It is some distance off, but for the past three days we have not seen even a hoofprint near here. Why the canyon is called "Steam-Boat," is a mystery, unless on account of the size of the lower end, for truly, that end is wide and deep enough for a battleship to sail up, and turn at ease—if there was any water. We started to work down from the upper towards the lower end. After we had gone five or six miles, the sides closed in and ended at a small waterfall. On each side of the falls the mountains towered in sheer rock walls over five hundred feet high, leaving us no option but that of going over the watercourse. Fortunately the drop was but fifteen feet. Herb sat down at one side of the trickle of water and slipped over; but I—well, I started all right but slipped sideways, and went down with the water and landed with a grand splash in the pool below, leaving the seat of my trousers on a sharp rock at the top. Was I mad? I could have bitten a nail in half that moment. Incidentally, if there had been a deer within a mile, my swearing would have sent him running for tall timber. The air was warm and balmy, and soon dried my clothes, but was not a balm to the injured part of my anatomy.

What a fool I am. The other day I took a shot gun out with me—to-day, a 30-30 Winchester—and of course as Herb and I were rounding a bend in the canyon, making no noise on account of the sand, we came upon a flock of quail. Some were preening themselves, others taking sand baths, and still others pecking around the base of some telephone cactii. There was a grand dinner in front of us, but only two rifles with which to get it. We debated a minute: "Two shots might kill two cocks, but the noise would certainly frighten every deer within three miles, we might miss, and be minus both quail and deer." As we had plenty of supplies in camp, we decided that although quail were undoubtedly good to eat, we would pass them up in favor of deer. They were beautiful to see with the sunlight flashing on their wings, as they rose with a whirring sound at our approach. Well—we got back to camp this evening, empty-handed.

November 24.

There is something that has been disturbing the horses and burros for the past two nights. They come galloping and snorting down to the

end of the canyon near us about midnight. Herb went and investigated, thinking that perhaps there might be a bear in the bushes—horses are mortally afraid of bears—but found nothing. To-day we shall lie around camp and hunt to-night.

November 26.—

What a night we had on the 24th! About eleven o'clock we started softly up the bottom of the canyon, feeling our way in the dark. The moon was up and nearly full, but did not lighten the underbrush. After an hour we heard the animals stirring uneasily, and we got ready for anything that might come. Suddenly Herb grabbed my arm; I nearly yelled from fright, thinking that a bear had me in his clutches—I had bear on the brain that night. From under a low bush, I saw staring straight at me a pair of cold green eyes, and heard a rasping snarl that sent an icy chill down my spine and made my scalp crawl. A lion—a big one! Herb and I fired simultaneously, and then made for any tree we could find. He went to the left, and I to the right; his was a tall oak, mine was a sticky pine. As I was half way up my tree, Herb let out a loud cry, I heard a horrible growl that rose to a shriek, heard a terrific crash and clatter as Herb fell to the ground. Then silence below, and more growling in the tree. In Herb's tree was a cougar! A dreaded animal, for it sits upon a limb of a tree, or an overhanging rock from which it pounces upon its prey. By the light of the moon that filtered through the tree-tops I saw the cougar's long yellow body, with lashing tail, flattened ears, and gleaming eyes. Taking careful aim, I fired, and was pleased to see the beast fall head first to the ground. I nearly fell out of my own tree in getting to the ground, forgetting the lion below, and thinking only of my pal's danger, and his ominous quietness. He was lying on his side, rather bloody from a ripped forearm,—where the cougar had clawed him,—and his left leg was bent in a peculiar position. I needed no surgeon to tell me that it was broken, and the nearest doctor was forty miles away. I saw no animals near at hand, except the dead cougar, and heard nothing, so I searched for and found one of the burros, I put Herb over his back and returned to camp. I then revived Herb with whiskey; made him as comfortable as possible; put water and supplies within reach; caught my horse and rode as fast as I could. I reached the town of Mogollon yesterday noon; got the doctor, a fresh horse, and returned, to find Herb delirious. Well—Herb is fairly comfortable now, but here we have to stay for a month or so. It would be impossible to take him to his ranch sixty miles away over the roughest kind of trails, through unbroken forests, deep rivers, and treacherous mountain trails. The doctor on his return to Mogollon will send me out a Mexican boy, whom I know well, with supplies. To-morrow I shall start the building of a log cabin, and when Pedro comes, we can finish it in less than a week, and move Herb into it.

While I sit here watching Herb, I can not help but think how lucky we are that the lion ran away after being wounded, instead of sitting below our trees, and pouncing on Herb when he fell. When Pedro comes, I shall try to track that lion, and if successful, I shall make him into a rug. Then, too, there is a bounty of fifty dollars for every lion killed, and that amount will help pay the doctor.

du Val Allen, '28.

The Old and New

The Indian of the old trail was strong and steadfast in his adherence to old ways and in his loyalty to the ancient gods. First of all he was a religious being. The very perils and hardships of the chase and war path created in him a longing for some relationship with the unseen world of mystery round about him. So he established such relationship as he could through fastings and visions, sacrifices and immolations. The spirits which gave him good success in the chase and thus kept off starvation and famine were not to go unhonored or unsung. They became the "Baalim" of the nomads land, and with the medicine men or priests as the chief exponents of this worship.

Next to his religious nature and closely associated with it, was his social instinct which had to be satisfied. The reserved and dignified exterior covered a passionate love for children and a never failing loyalty to friends. He had to have companionship, and it came through the religious dances and feasts, the games and the hunt.

But the old Indian is passing on, leaving behind chiefly such vestiges of the old regime, as war paint and feather, bow and arrow, blanket and moccasin. The slow pony is giving way to the fast automobile which makes more visiting possible, and the town and the movie are taking the place of the old feasts and religious dances, for in a few places has a new religion brought a new kind of community center or a more wholesome social life.

The Indian of the new trail is finding it dim and uncertain. He must meet the demands of his new transition period. He is just coming into citizenship. Educational advantages are being presented. He has entered upon a highway of knowledge and cannot turn back to the old trails. Yet the old domestic habits, the tyranny of customs and superstitions, the downward pull of the past, the evils of the present-day civilization constitute many barriers to his advance.

—One of '29.



THE MESSENGER

Editor

RICHARD O. GRUVER, '26

Managing Editor

HURLBUT A. GRISWOLD, '27

Business Manager

OTTO FAERBER, '27

Advertising Manager

PORTER DOGGETT, '26

Circulation Manager

E. NICHOLSON, '28

Associate Editors

LEWIS HAMMOND, '27

JOHN M. MYERS, '28

A. GORDON SHIRT, '28

The Editors wish it understood that the presence of an article in THE MESSENGER does not imply that they agree with the ideas therein... Contributions are accepted because, in the opinion of the staff, they are worth reading, either on account of literary value, or because of the ideas they present.

The Messenger appears four times annually, in November, January, April and June.

The Lyre Tree is published weekly during the football season and semi-monthly during the remainder of the college year.

Subscriptions and business communications pertaining to other than advertising should be addressed to the Business Manager. All advertising matter should be addressed to the Advertising Manager.

All over-due subscriptions will be discontinued.

Price of subscription: The Messenger, \$1.00; the Lyre Tree, \$1.00.

"Entered as second-class matter October 26, 1922, at the Post Office at Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1897."

We manufacture Picture
Frames of every description.

We sell the best in Pictures,

Mirrors, Etc.

Discount to Colleges and

Students

S. MARKENDORFF
159 West 23rd Street
New York City
Tel. Chelsea 2483



QUALITY



ASSURANCE

You can see only the exquisite line, carving, fabric and finish of a completed piece of Karpen Furniture. Yet you can be as sure of its hidden quality as though you had watched every step in its making. Find the Karpen nameplate—before you buy. It is your assurance of quality.

Call on the Karpen merchant

S. KARPEN & BROS.

CHICAGO

801-811 S. Wabash Ave.

NEW YORK

37th & Broadway

IRVING J. STALEY

RHINEBECK, N. Y.

THE BUILDER WITH THE MOTTO

“Build Right the First Time”

Now Working With the Rest for Greater

St. Stephen's

The Greater
New York Export House, Inc.
820 Eighth Avenue
New York City

*We furnished all Carpets and Rugs for the
Edward F. Albee Dormitory*

*Sole selling agents of
"Soft Step" Hair Felt Carpet Lining*