

call Ainsley o friend

@ L. Wark'n retirement home

Elsa Douglas
1630 43rd Ave.

Pete Olson fashioned out his nine lives in highly precise of
the mountain. Then as camp was moved each morning, he would
be cradled like a prince between somebody's lap and the saddle
pommel as the horses shouldered through the timber. My
parents were childless then, told by doctors that they might
always be. If the prediction had held, if I had never been,
would any but the silent alien glance of a cat ever have seen
into those far summers of theirs? Would that time be different
for not having met my eyes?

Yet the two are met, and in this season on the final
mountain, the surprising drifter ducking through sways of
pine branches on the back of a horse has become me. Later,
my father would never tire of telling what a catastrophic

Winter Brothers

3# A season at the edge of America

4# know what they are, like a little creature sitting on top
of the saddle riding. by Ivan Doig

attached in there like it was the only thing doing. Ride
sometimes half a day in it. You were a stubborn little
chickens. This, with the grin up at me as I looked half a
head over him. As I tried to find in myself that something
the past.

Wherever it may point, my own clearest moment of myself
in that far summer has the mood of sober consciousness he recalled.
I had been given a bow and a few arrows, likely an early gift
for my birthday. Time and again, my arrows whacked far from

preface

Billie - italic type here
if it's convenient;
if not, underline
as indicated

(582) I have been reading this ~~xxx~~ evening the report of the Comm. of Indian Affairs and it seems singular to be able to sit here in peace and quiet on this, the most remote frontier of the United States, and read of the hostilities among the tribes between this Territory and the eastern settlements.

Washington Territory,

← non-italic

--James G. Swan, Neah Bay, June, 1865

4#

As we crossed the Cascades on our way to Seattle, one of the passengers was moved to explain his feeling on the excellence of Puget Sound in contrast with the remaining visible Universe. He did it well in spite of irreverent interruptions from those fellow travelers who were unconverted children of the East, and at last he broke forth in passionate challenge, "Why should I not love Seattle! It took me from the slums of the Atlantic Coast, a poor Swedish boy with hardly fifteen dollars in my pocket. It gave me a home by the beautiful sea; it spread before my eyes a vision of snow-capped peaks and smiling fields; it brought abundance and a new life to me and my children and I love it, I love it! If I were a multimillionaire I would charter freight cars and carry away from the crowded tenements and noisome

alleys of the eastern cities and the Old World the toiling masses, and

let them loose in our vast forests and ore-laden mountains to learn

what life really is!" And my heart was stirred by his words and by

the whirling spaces of woods and peaks through which we passed.

---Frederick Jackson Turner, Seattle, June, 1914.

~~wait in some houses being in good preservation, one head, that of a~~

← non-tal
Washington,

Doig 11 ✓

Day One

3#

9:15... Out in the dark, the Sound wind ~~stubbornly~~ visits favorite trees, is shaken off, hankers ~~on~~ along the valley ~~after greener branches.~~ ^{in stubborn search}

The gusting started up hours ago, during the wink-like pause of daylight that is December evening, and by now seems paced to try to last the night.

9:16... Until the wind came the day was nordic, ~~sunless~~, but silent and dry.

The neighborhood's ~~yellow~~ ^{lion-colored} cat, inspector-general of such days, ^{all this morning} tucked himself in satisfied ~~stupefaction~~ ^{stupor} atop the board fence outside the north window of my writing room ~~all morning.~~ 9:17... ~~each several minutes,~~ ^{each several minutes or so}

out of his doze a sharp cat ear would twitch, giving the air a ~~yellow~~ ^{tan} flick just to be ~~sure~~ ^{certain} it still could. Then the self-hug into snooze again.

9:18... I see, by leaning to hear the wind, that I am reflected in the night-black window which faces west off the end of my desk. ^{The glass} ~~it~~

^{collects} ~~holds~~ the half of me above the typewriter ^{into} ~~in~~ quiet of my own. My hands can move out of sight and ^{clatter} ~~make~~ these words. 9:19... I think of Swan,

in another December, the time he wrote of a Peninsula settler driven to highest fury when some visiting Indians were clumsy with a canoe mast being ~~staged~~ ^{stowed} for the night and ~~smashed in~~ ^{smashed in} the ~~the~~ homestead cabin's

one window. 9:20... This suburban house glints with thirteen more

McD 75
McD
consideration

windows besides the ^{glass}~~one~~ my reflection occupies, windows to every direction and inclination. Wobbly mast-bearers could pass none of my walls with ^{out}~~creating~~ crystal.

9:21, and now winter. The wind and I and the fence-top cat have been clocked through solstice into the season of beginnings. In Northwest winter, chill and warmth both ride forth, rain and brave thin days of sun. Some weeks a traffic of storms will ^{swoop as}~~come~~ the Pacific repeatedly ^{ies}~~trying~~ to throw itself into the air and out across the continent. Headlands of the Oregon coast have known hundred-and-twenty-mile-an-hour winter gusts. The weather station at Quillayute midway along the Washington coast may count as many as 00 winter inches of drizzle. Other times, our ~~Northwest~~ days ^{come}~~will be~~ open-skied and glittering, the mountains of the Olympic and Cascade ranges a spill of rough white gems along two entire horizons. Once in late January Carol and I drove ^{dour}~~from~~ the fog-held lowlands along Puget Sound to cross the North Cascades, and ^{in the heights}~~as~~ there found that each frozen wall of snow flung us thousands of needles of sunlight as we passed, more dazzle than ^{any}~~the~~ eye could accept.

A restless, startful season always, this run of December's ^{close}~~end~~ January-February-March, and this one in particular appears with an odd tick of portent, an arrival of ~~winter~~

winter at precisely 2121 hours of December 21. Creatures of this new ^{time}~~term~~, we shall see how ^{nearly}~~we~~ live up to it. The cat ^{in all certainty}~~more than likely~~ can be counted on to give an even more gratified snuggle to any rainless mornings he can discover from now on. The wind simply will habit itself ^{prevailing southwesterly storms, mood of storms,}~~suggestions of the~~ arriving into this tiny valley off Puget Sound as naturally as rainflow to a streambed. I am the one on a route of chance. The winter's appointment I have set myself, back so many dozens of years and across geography to the Olympic Peninsula and

Human weather

✓
unstable

✓
Present
sw weather

elsewhere along the coastal tracery of Puget Sound and the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and indeed into the life of another man--this is all a journey I have awaited for a decade, ever since I began to ^{grow} aware

^{Powerfully,} of how ~~deeply~~ mortally, I ~~have invested myself~~ ^{am bonded to} on this elusive ~~shore~~ ^{last margin of the land.}

|| A season of frontier, this winter will be for me, of exploring, stepping in search of the paths of westering impulse that ^{pull} ~~push~~ across America's ^{girth of}

^{Wane} plains and over its continental ^{summit} ~~spine~~ ^{must} and at last nip off here at the

surf of the Pacific. Those paths that for so many years carried Swan, and now hold me.

Day Two

His name was James Gilchrist Swan, and ^{we will see it to be} ~~it is~~ more than a ^{prank} ~~coincidence~~

^{looked on him as distinctly}
of language that his own era ~~judged him quite~~ an odd duck ~~indeed~~.

I have felt ^{my} pull toward him ever since some forgotten writing pursuit
or another landed me into the coastal region of history where he presides,
meticulous as a usurer's clerk, ^{diarying and} ^{of his, five} diarying that life ~~four~~ generations and
as many lightyears from ^{my own} mine:

This is the 18th day since Swell was shot and there is no offensive
smell from the corpse. It may be accounted for in this manner.

He was shot through the body and afterwards washed in the breakers,
consequently all the blood in him must have run out. He was then

rolled up tight in 2 new blankets and put into a new box, nailed
up strong.

I know the beach at Crescent Bay where the life of Swell, the
chieftain of the Makah tribe, was ^{snapped off} ~~ended~~. ^{Canadian shore} Across on the ~~far side~~ of
the Strait of Juan de Fuca ~~the northern, Canadian shore~~ the lights
of modern Victoria now make a spread of white embers atop the burn-dark
rim of coastline. But on Swell's final winter night in 1861, only a
beach campfire at Crescent on our southern shore flashed bright enough
to attract the eye, and Swell misread it as ^a ~~an~~ encampment of traveling
members of his own tribe. Instead, he stepped from his canoe to find
that the overnights were of the Elwha village of the Clallam tribe,
among them chanced to be a particular rival of Swell, and his bullet
spun the Makah dead ⁱ ~~into~~ the ~~sea~~ cold surf.

It was a killing less casual than the downtown deaths my morning newspaper brings me three or four times a week--the Elwahs and the Makahs

at least had the excuse of generations of quarrel--or that I could go see ⁱⁿ the aftermath, eligible as I am for all manner of intrusion

because of being a writer, ^I ~~if~~ were to accompany the Seattle homicide

squad. James G. Swan did go hurrying to ~~be beside Swell's corpse,~~ ~~have a look at the bullet hole~~

~~in Swell's~~ and there ~~arises~~ the first of our differences *is marked.*

Truth told, I find among Swan's words that ~~are~~ more than one motive

carried him west along the

Strait from Port Townsend to the death scene. Swell was his best-regarded friend among the ^{coastal} ~~Strait~~ tribes, a man he had voyaged with, learned legends from. ^{Swan's} ~~The~~ diary pages show them ^{steadily} ~~swapping~~ favors.

^{new} Swell detailing for Swan the Makahs' skill at hunting whales, ^{now} ~~Swan~~ painting for Swell ^{in red and black} his name and a horse on his canoe sail. Swell said he always went faster in his canoe than the other Indians...

like a horse, so he wanted to have one painted... ~~But Swan's comradeship~~

But solid as the comradeship may have been, so was Swan's Yankee

instinct to retrieve the goods which Swell had been consigned to bring home to another of Swan's ^{coastal acquaintances,} ~~friends,~~ a trader situated at the western extent of the Strait, by canoe. ⁴ From the merchants of Port Townsend, Swan distilled a list of Swell's cargo,

quick
 then in his small ~~exact~~ hand summed his resolve: Must therefore look for 1 British

tea pot, 1 small brass kettle, 1 tin trunk. ~~#!~~ I ponder this, mulling what

it would take to send me off on a fetch of this sort....a crate of books,
~~the~~ ~~A~~ chance to hear a grand story...

~~The fifth morning~~ ^{a soon learning} after ~~being~~ ^{a friendly} ~~learning~~ of Swell's death, having
 traveled with ~~his friend~~ ^{land} ~~the~~ ^{land} ~~chief~~ ^{land} ~~of the~~ ^{land} ~~Clallam~~ ^{land} ~~village~~ ^{land}
 nearest ^{to} Port Townsend, Swan strolled into the Elwha ~~encampment~~ ^{village}.

Charley, the murderer, then got up and made a speech. He said that he

shot Swell for two reasons, one of which was, that the Makah's had killed

two of the Elwha's a few months previous, and they were determined to kill

a Mackah chief to pay for it. And the other reason was, that Swell had

taken his squaw away, and would not return either the woman or the fifty
blankets he had paid for her. ^{then} ~~Swan~~ ^{out of Charley} ~~haggled~~ ^{the} potwear, several blankets
 and a dozen yards of calico, ~~out of Charley.~~ I could not help feeling
while standing up alongside this murderer, surrounded by the residents
of the village (some 75 persons), that I would gladly give a pull at
the rope that should hang him... ⁴ That day's chastisement ^{remained} ~~was~~ purely
 vocal, however. When Swan had done, it was the turn of ~~Chetzemoka~~ ^{the visiting chieftain}
 to erupt to his Clallam cousins about the paltry ^{compensation} ~~recompense~~ Charley
 was handing over. This talk produced two more blankets which closed the business.

of Swell's death

Swan next carried the matter ~~to~~ ^{met in conclusion there,} the federal Indian agent for
 Washington Territory, ~~wrote~~ ^{met in conclusion there,} a seething letter to the newspaper in
 the territorial capital of Olympia... an Indian peaceably passing on
his way home in his canoe, laden with white men's goods... foully murdered...
agents of our munificent government have not the means at their disposal
to defray the expenses of going to arrest the murderer... and canoed
once more along the Strait to accompany Swell--still nailed up strong--
^{for the hundred miles} to burial at the Makah village of Neah Bay. There, Swell's brother came
and wished me to go with him and select a suitable spot to bury Swell....

I did as he desired, marked out the spot and dug out the first sand.

And this further: He also brought up the large tomanawas boards--the Makahs'
cedar tableaus of magic which would be the grave's monument--of Swell for
me to paint anew...

That friend-of-the-family request to trace fresh the sacred designs
of a buried chieftain came in one of the earliest of Swan's decades of
winters along this frontier coast. I would wager much, however, that
even in so brim-full a life as his, I will not ^{this of} ~~find~~ ^{discover} any higher moment
of honor.

discover

4/7

James G.

Swan had ^{hastened} ~~come~~ west in the same scurry as many thousands of other

mid-nineteenth-century

Americans ^{midpoint} ~~in the middle of the nineteenth century~~. Their word isn't

much known today, but at the time they were called argonauts, the

seekers drawn by the finds of gold in California ^{streambeds} ~~as if they had come~~

^{the glowing} ~~across~~ ^{glittering} wisps of the ^{and his} ~~fleece~~ that lured Jason's ~~Greeks~~. ~~And~~

like Jason's, their journey generally was by ship, the very impatience

for wealth-to-come evidently weighting ^{sailing} ~~the~~ vessels to slowness. Swan

stepped aboard the Rob Roy in Boston harbor on the (25th) of January,

1850, climbed off at San Francisco on August eighth.

What exact cache of promises and excuses he had left behind in eastern America isn't known in detail, but they likely were considerable. Something of the bulk and awkwardness of my own, I suppose, when I went off from Montana ranching to college and a typewriter. Swan was 32½ years old when he set foot on the Pacific Coast.

^{his family name} ~~By~~ the time ~~he~~ of his birth in 1818--Turgenev's year, ^{Karl Marx's} ~~Emily Brontë's~~

year--~~both lines~~ of his family ^{name} ~~already~~ had been in Massachusetts for

eighteen decades, ^{devoutly} ~~evidently~~

the ^{clan which} ~~achieving~~ sort of New Englanders ~~who~~ had ~~been~~ begun to count

^{itself} ~~themselves~~ gentry from the moment they ^{used} ~~had been able to elbow the~~

^{could be ellowed out of its sight} ~~the~~ Indians ~~deeper~~ into the forest. Merchants, doctors, educators, lawyers

populate the ^{generations} ~~family~~ Swan's ^{own} ~~two~~ older brothers stayed standard, ~~one~~

^{Samuel as physician, Benjamin} ~~becoming a doctor, the other~~ a minister.

check

the
names
Samuel
Benj.

But not James. He took the excuse that occasional seafarers had
the most recent water said to have been
cropped up in the family--~~his own father, had been one,~~ lost in a gale
while captaining a brig back from Africa in 1823--and in his mid-teens

Swan began the try of a waterfront life in Boston. Dallying a
~~dabbling~~ round the
docks, first as a clerk with a shipping firm and eventually as a

merchandise of ships' supplies, evidently suited the young man comfortably enough.
Then he took a Boston-to-Liverpool

Swan ~~He~~ made no ocean voyage of his own until he was (23), a jaunt with a bit chore or two
of his employer's business attached, and ~~then~~ seems to have been content
to do it just the once.

That once to Britain, however, put his writing hand into ~~own~~ motion.

brownish, tatty-edged
The long, ~~brown-edged~~ manuscript pages are fifteen years the earliest
Swan's
of all ~~the others~~ his surviving paperwork, and must be a version he copied
from a ~~pocket~~ pocket notebook--it would have been the start of that habit, too--

as soon as he returned to America. By my terms, this was sheaf of comes as my paper
~~the paper is as~~

ancient as a cave painting or any comparable paperwork having to do with

the Doig family would be governmental, in the Scottish archives, and likely

would show us in arrears on croft taxes or enlisting one of our number

an infantry death in Madras
to die in a red coat at Lucknow or the Crimea. In any event, the pages

from his own hand March second
of Swan's life begin on 29, 1841, and recite the month in which
here

^{interestingly}
he rambled ~~happily~~ around Britain.

11

And how keen, assiduous an account his squinched little lines of ink are. Weather, conveyance, schedule, ^{meals} ~~food~~, roadside fields, birds

of those fields, even ^{Swan's morning} ~~his~~ disposition--I was very stupid today, the

sixteenth of March, from the want of sleep last night & for

the first time since I left home I felt really homesick & would have been glad to have been home but as soon as I walked out I felt much relieved & hope to get my thoughts on a business train after a good nights rest.

all ^{come} ~~one~~ on report at the ^{nib} ~~moving~~ point of his pen. So ^{too} ~~are~~ the ^{impressions} ~~details~~

of Britain of Dickens's time.

no 11 Liverpool ~~in fact~~ astounded and horrified this ~~twenty-three year old~~ New Englander with the hurly-

burly of its streets: ...female scavengers...go round with baskets

& collect all the manure & offal in the city which they put in heaps

& offer then for sale. Their heaps are bought by the gardeners for a

few pence to enrich the garden beds--It struck me as the filthiest work

I had ever seen a woman engaged in & more especially as they use nothing

but their hands to work with. Then the proverbial fishwives, a queer

lot of being ^S & probably the lowest of the human race...They go screaming

Quickly, the unsurprising exclamation:
round the streets like so many gulls...Liverpool is a shocking dirty

place & I am sick enough of it.

12 ✓
miraculous

1. not had any

But London he thought a ^{wonderous} wonderful city... walked two hours this morning

in one direction & every step of the way the street was crowded with

people & vehicles. His young American eyes had not seen the like

possibly on a Boston market day, River

except when a drawbridge over the Charles held up traffic, ~~on a Boston~~

~~market day~~, the crowd then is just the same as the streets are here all

the time from sunrise to sunset.

he had been to
himself on paper,

^{glanced}
He ~~saw~~ the young queen, Victoria, coming out of the Buckingham

~~Ria~~ Palace grounds in a carriage ^{on her way} to go to church. She wore a blue

silk bonnet and Swan considered she looked quite pretty. He went

back and back to ^{magnificent} St. Paul's, even though the ^{Easter} service seemed to him

^{rather} in a very bad manner. ~~pretty badly~~ mumbled over. Saw the new museum of wax figures shown by

an old French woman & her son--the Tussauds--who are making a deal of

money out of this affair. ~~Heard the Oratorio of Handel's Messiah sung,~~

considered it much better performed in Boston. Rode the night

mail train from London back to Liverpool: they go with the greatest

velocity sometimes 50 miles an hour--the fastest travel in the world

of its time--only stopping to get water.

All in all, he arrived at the last line of this ^{British} journey having seen a
great deal to admire & much to censure...

use a
departing
quote

add
personal
comment

Something else of moment happened to Swan that same year, he married rather above himself. Matilda Loring, of a prominent Boston printing and publishing family, a small neatly-built woman with a firm line of jaw, became his bride on the twenty-sixth of October of 1841. Swan's pen is conspicuously silent on the courtship and its aftermath. But from the circumstances,

it must have become one of those marriages where it afterward is

unclear whether the wife ^{chided} nagged because the husband ^{boozed} drank, or the husband ^{drank} boozed because the wife ^{was a shrike} nagged. ^{What} But it is plain enough ^{is} that

Swan continued to ^{count} like the bottle even after, in the eighth year of ^{to Matilda,} their marriage, he pointed himself west ^{across America.}

^{hunger} I would ^{exact} give much to have overheard the words of that decision.

Swan and ^{Boston} Matilda were living apart by the year 1849--he in a boarding

house in ~~Boston~~ handy to his waterfront life, she in a house in Chelsea--

and did he simply come ^{to} ~~knock~~ the door one day and ^{offer} ~~say~~, Matilda, I have

^{severing} been thinking I will go to California? Whatever the ~~sentence, it was for~~

a mass chorus of husbandly farewells could have been heard in the gold-struck America of that moment. Eastern newspapers grumped of men "rushing head over heels towards the El Dorado on the Pacific..."

In 1848, before gold, the non-native population of California seems to have ~~been~~ totaled fewer than fifteen thousand. By 1852, the count was a quarter million, and James Gilchrist Swan long since among them.

(Vark 15)

word

Two children in the divided household by the time Swan left

Matilda and ~~Boston~~ ^{the East} Ellen, four, and Charles, seven--and I wish for their sake they could have come argonauting with him.

Growing up at his ^{ingenuous} side, learning ^{the} Indian languages ^{as he did} with him, poking along the coast ^{with him} into the bays he appraised like a portraitist, ^{as he did} stooping ⁱⁿ to the frontier's odd bouquets of camas and kinnickinick and skunk cabbage, what western venturers that daughter and that son might have been. But come they did not, and instead simply were left ^{me} by Swan as part of his passage price, which he seems to have been little enough ~~agonized~~ agonized about assuming, for his leaving of New England.

The many weeks to round Cape Horn, the long climbing voyage along the Pacific shores, arrival--and then Swan was like a good many of us ever since in not quite knowing what to make of California. I am

reminded that it is ~~only~~ ^{some} ~~several~~ months ago ~~that~~ Carol and I went through casually ~~to see~~ the Sierra Nevada foothills where the gold towns had blossomed and found ^{all} ~~a~~ rivers ^{leaping} ^{high} running in white fury and daily reports of ~~raft~~ rafting Californians drowning themselves. ~~The~~ ⁼⁼ damn river is

like Niagara Falls ~~laid~~ laid out flat, somebody said of ~~the~~ one of the

^{and so they all looked.} ~~crazed~~ streams ^{this} We added ~~that~~ to the annals of exasperation ~~heard~~

about forest fires, drought, and earthquake ^{heard} ^{previous California} during our ~~other~~ ^{to one another} journeys there and wondered ~~when~~ the ~~place~~ place manages to catch its breath.

find quite

already disembarked
Certainly it was in full gallop when Swan ~~came~~ one-hundred-twenty-eight
dozens, scores of
years ago; deserted ships clogged the San Francisco harbor, crews ~~had~~ having swarmed
goldstrikes
to the mines. Swan himself completed the pilgrimage up the Sacramento
mining
River to the gold camps, but only as a purser on a river steamer.
He hesitated in that job, and at the firm's dockside office in San
Francisco, for only a few months, then signed on as the purser of a
schooner bound for Hawaii to take on a cargo of potatoes.
Why he so promptly went sailing off for spuds is not known, but
into the Pacific
the jaunt was instructive enough. →

no 9

Swan

at Lahaina

There he managed to linger for twenty-five days, and one of his rare surviving letters to Matilda ^{gives} ~~gave her~~ twelve pages of ^{blunderbuss} ~~observations~~ of the islands and islanders...on great occasions or when the white men will pay the expenses they get up a feast called a Lu wow...This Lu wow consists of a series of Baked dishes such as Dogs Hogs Turkeys fowls fish Fruits and Greens...Their native dances being prohibited are only given by stealth or by express invitation of the whites. They are called Hoolah hoolah. I was desirous of seeing one... The natives all call themselves mickonaree or missionary which is the term they use to express their ideas of christianity...there are but very few really sincere & devout persons among them. and are mostly like one I saw in Mr Bolles store, who was cutting up some capers, when Mr B remarked, I thought you was a missionary Yes said the fellow pointing to his mouth "me mickonary here, all rest no mickonary."

Say for Swan, however, that censorious as he could sometimes be-- generally when writing eastward--he inevitably ended up as he did now in ~~some of the~~ final lines to Matilda. All these islands have something of interest attached to them which is well worth the time of the curious to investigate and I never yet found that information was useless to any one... much pleased with the result of my voyage and hope I may never be doomed to meet with worse people than I have parted with....Faithfully & Affectionately, your Husband...

Back from that sojourn, Swan at once settled ^{again} into ~~more~~ ^a dockside ~~way of life~~ ^{life} in San Francisco, through the rest of 1850, and

through 1851, and through most of 1852. Money always ~~went~~ ^{slid} through Swan's pockets almost without stopping, and he evidently found ~~it~~ ^{life} sufficiently interesting ~~enough~~ ^{just} to be away from Massachusetts and alongside the ~~rougher~~

torrent of ~~San Francisco~~ ^{California} waterfront traffic. He ~~seems not to have~~ ^{didn't} bestirred himself from this ~~life~~ ^{routine} which ~~was~~ ^{seems to have been} very like the ~~one~~ ^{career} he had

left in Boston except that he could do it at about half-speed and without regard for hometown opinion; laxities which have been among the traditional rewards of the west ever since there was an America--- ~~the~~ until late in 1852, when down from the Oregon country arrived

Charles J.W. Russell.

~~He~~ ^A Russell was ~~portrayed~~ ^{portrayed} (self-described oyster entrepreneur, and better described by Swan as having a good deal of the romancing spirit of the Baron Munchausen.

~~He~~ ^{to Oregon Territory} Russell had gone ~~north~~ in dream of some real-estate scheme at the mouth of the Columbia River, found himself ~~a number of years ahead~~ ^{that he was} ~~generations~~ ^{with that notion,} and instead began ~~shipping~~ ^{sending shiploads of} oysters to San Francisco.

Russell in his baronial way invited Swan to his oystering enterprise on Shoalwater Bay, just to the north of the mouth of the Columbia, and Swan promptly accepted.

I have prowled the Washington coastline where Swan ^{stepped} ~~came~~ ashore

at the end of 1852, and ~~it is~~ a misted, ^{spongy} ~~estuarine~~, ooze-ful kind of place, ^{it is.}

On the western rim of bay, ~~Shoalwater~~ ^{been} by now has amended to the less

~~damp name of Willapa~~ what seems from a distance to be a line of

^{proves to be} white-gabled houses ~~in~~ the surf of the Pacific. The saltwater reaches ^{hungrily}

^{in through} ~~across~~ this entrance and, in a tremendous splatter of inlets and fingers ~~=~~

^{lying stretched} the bay ~~stretching~~ from north to south for twenty-five miles, and nearly
ten across its greatest width--

^{inflow} mingles with the ~~flow~~ ^{singable} of half a dozen rivers and who knows how many
⁴ a maximum of
creeks and seeps. ~~The mix yields muddy tideflats and sloughs.~~

gray muddy tideflats and tan marshes. Mapmakers have granted names
to twenty-seven of these Shoalwater Bay sloughs, and almost as many
more haven't been thought worth the effort. Yet around its eastern
extent the bay surprises a visitor with sudden ^{timber-topped} ~~small timbered~~ cliffs
about a hundred feet high. Banks of a sandy clay, Swan once categorized
them, intermingled with strata of shells and remains of ancient forest-
trees that for ages have been buried. ⁴ All in all, a vast estuarine pudding
in a clay bowl. One of the few advances since Swan's time has been
the amendment of the shallow bay's name from Shoalwater to the less
embarrassing Willapa.

Probably rain
shaking hat
// his hat

showed up here, probably shaking the rain off his hat

When Swan arrived, Shoalwater Bay had only a few huts, a temporary

crew of sawyers cutting pilings, a shifting population of members of

the Chinook and Chehalis tribes, and fourteen white "residents" who

pottered away at oystering or homesteading. Fourteen kinds of Swan,

it could be said. ~~But one unanimity of the settlement seems to have~~

~~been to keep to the minimum possible amount of gainful labor.~~ The

whites hired the Indians to do the bulk of the oyster harvesting, the

Indians had their own ebb-and-flow view of life. ~~The beds of Willapa~~

~~oysters in the great muddy bay did make an eventual industry, and some~~

~~fortunes. Not, however, for Swan and his casual mates there.~~

~~start of the 1850s.~~ All in all, the colony at Shoalwater Bay in the

early 1850s amounted more to an episode of prolonged beachcombing than

a serious effort at enterprise. And Swan, putting ^{ever} more distance

between himself and those 220 years of New England ~~respectable~~ rectitude

in his family line--Swan ~~seems to have~~ fit with the idling oysterers

like a pinky in an opera glove.

He rapidly was at home among the ^{Chetahis}~~Chillams~~ and Chinooks as well.

Russell, who could embellish as readily as he breathed, ^{had} told the Indians that Swan was a famous physician. Correctly ^{regarding}~~considering~~ himself ^{as} able to improvise on just about any frontier task, Swan did his part to fulfill the reputation. ^{would}~~When~~ the tribal people arrived to

him with complaints of headache or rheumatism; he ^{would}~~doctor~~ them with a liniment ~~had~~ concocted of ammonia and whale oil, which was considered, from its pungency, to be very potent.

^{Swan's} All too soon, ~~the~~ doctoring stopped being a jest. ^{One evening he} ~~Swan~~ noticed that the face and neck of one of the Chinook women were covered with little spots like flea-bites. I said to Russell, "This woman has either Smallpox it was, that frontier plague got the small-pox or measles." ~~The disease was smallpox,~~ and ~~it~~ ripped

NW 41
55+

life an assassin through ~~had~~ the Shoalwater community. Swan did what nursing he could-- all his life he would show a fine compassionate touch for that task-- and somehow went untouched. But several of the natives died, Russell and a number of other whites were laid low for weeks. I trust, Swan wrote somberly afterward, I may not be obliged to pass through such another trial.

Life at Shoalwater thereafter proved to be seldom dull, hardly
as Swan recounted it,
ever strenuous. Much of the lulling appeal of that beachside life,
was simply the stomach's common sense.

An interested and inventive ~~cook~~ and a dauntless diner, ~~soon~~ time after
time ^{he} notes down some Indian delicacy he has tried and liked--seal liver,
cow parsnip, cold raccoon, huckleberry tea. But the grander reward

was that the bay in those days made a kind of floating feast, offering
as it did clams, crabs, shrimp, mussels, sand-lobster, salmon, sturgeon,
trout, turbot, sole, flounder and, naturally, oysters. # The high culinary
point, ~~Swan wrote~~, arrived with a shipwrecked crew which ^{came} trooped ^{up} in from

up the coast where their schooner had smashed aground. With them trudged
their cook, who somehow had managed to salvage his bottle of Sumatran
curry. That brave bit of presence of mind, Swan exulted, enabled us
to have many a savory mess:

curried ducks or geese, venison, bear meat, oysters or fish; and when

these failed, he would get up a dish of curried beans. (# Yrs, 141)

22
In the spring of 1853, when the ^{region} area north of the
~~evergreen~~

Columbia River was hived off from Oregon to become Washington Territory,

Shoalwater
several of the oyster-boys were inspired to file for land claims.

Swan in May selected a site at the mouth of the Bone River, on the
northeastern shore of the bay. I was perfectly delighted with the
place, Swan enthused in one breath, and noted in the next that it was

overgrown with nettles and ferns three feet high. In that divided
comment he sounds precisely like my kin who grew up on the pair of
Doig homesteads south of Helena, entranced to the end of their lives
with the memory of the blue-timbered glory of the mountains and still
furious with the impossible winter snows as well.

Swan and a convivial

old whaling captain whom Russell had invited up from Astoria set about
to build a cabin on the new riverside estate.

~~estate.~~ Their cabin work went at a creep, you can all but see the

pair of them, ^{day upon day} ~~time after time~~, sighing regretfully at the blisters

on their hands and settling onto a handy log for ^{Purington} the captain to recite

another sea story. With winter ^{coming in} ~~closing~~ fast, they at last cobbled

together a shack from the split cedar boards of an abandoned Indian

lodge. Swan inventively masoned a huge fireplace out of ~~blocks~~ clay

blocks cut from a nearby cliff. The first real storm of winter made

mud of his handiwork, sluiced about a couple of bushels of coals and

ashes into the middle of the room, and very nearly burned the place.

Not long after, Swan caught a ^{schooner back to} ship for San Francisco, to ^{clerk under a dry roof} ~~work~~ until

spring ~~as a clerk~~. ^{featured} This voyage, there was only one captain aboard,

but a dim-sighted one--rendered still dimmer by wearing green goggles,

NWC
2/5

Swan was ^{again} back at Shoalwater, fresh dollars in his pocket, by

the start of summer, 1854. For the first of ^{numerous} ~~a lot of~~ times in his

life, he found a brief, ~~most~~ ^{niche} modest place on the federal payroll.

he was appointed assistant customs collector, for that portion of

the coast north of the Columbia, including Shoalwater Bay and Gray's

Harbor, to Cape Flattery; ~~this was~~ the duties of the office being

to report all vessels arriving at or departing from Shoal-water Bay,

and to keep a diligent watch on the coast to see that none of the

Russian or Hudson Bay Companies' vessels came around either for smuggling

or trading with the Indians.

Since this was an all-but-empty stretch of ^{shore} ~~coast~~---the lackadaisical

^{a few stump farmers} oysterers at Shoalwater, ~~some settlers~~ and sawmillers up around Grays

Harbor, the ~~few~~ ^{drowsing tribal} tiny ~~Indian~~ settlements at a few river mouths--Swan's

^{seems to have been} precinct ~~was~~ ^{prospects} spectacularly free of smuggling ~~possibilities~~. The only

^{is on record as having} time he ~~seems to have~~ had to exert himself was when the Indians, as a

joke, lured him sixty miles up the coast to check on a vessel which

turned out to be a U.S. geological survey steamship. Swan being Swan,

^{entirely} he ~~quite~~ enjoyed ~~the journey~~ ^{reach of} seeing the new country.

cut
or
more?

#

The months slid past, the years began to go.

and leisure,

no 41

While Swan carried on his love affair with food, he probably

flirted often enough with ~~alcohol~~ alcohol as well. The Shoalwater residents,

white and native, ^{who did} were a boozy bunch, ~~as~~ as much roistering as oystering.

On the Fourth of July of 1853, as ^{the prime} an example, after orations and eating and a feu-de-joie by the guns and rifles of the whole company, the

Shoalwater patriots got the idea ~~to~~ to close the performances for the day by going on top of the cliff opposite, and make a tremendous big

^{colossal} blaze. They found a ~~tremendous~~ hollow cedar stump, filled it to the

^{brim} with dry limbs, ~~then~~ torched it off. It made the best bonfire I ^{in considerable understatement,}

ever saw, Swan recollected, and after burning all night and part of

the next day, finally set fire to the forest, which continued to burn

for several months, till the winter rains finally extinguished it. # While

a jolly ^{conflagration} ~~bonfire~~ of five or six months ^{duration} ~~length~~ wasn't entirely usual,

much other unsober behavior was. And when Swan remarked of one of his

compatriots that, like all the rest of the frontier people, he was fond

of Old Rye, the unwritten admission was there that Swan too numbered

among the frontier people.

Yet the majority of Swan's time at Shoalwater couldn't have been

spent aimed into the bottom of a bottle. He gathered enough lore, and

kept track of it carefully enough, to get a ~~best~~ book out of his experience. The Northwest Coast, he titled it, Or Three Years'

Residence in Washington Territory. Harper & Brothers published ~~the~~ ^{work} ~~book~~

in 1857 and it drew the attention of at least one ^{East Coast} ~~national~~ reviewer, who

called ~~the work~~ ^{it} "a singularly attractive species of reading" but

inexplicably added that the author "was more at home on the deck of a ship than at a writing desk."

Actually, the book reads as if Swan was ^{very much} ~~quite~~ at home at whatever

passed for a writing desk on the banks of Shoalwater Bay. ~~His eye for~~

Writing hands touch across the years to other writing hands, and with

his open pages before me I can feel nothing but admiration for Swan

for stepping out of the ~~nowhere~~ nowhere of the frontier, putting together

a highly readable ^{prompt} ~~manuscript~~, and achieving ^{stands as} ~~print~~. Northwest Coast

the jaunty grandfather of us all who face west above our typewriters.

Swan's eye for exactitude of detail is evident on every page. He

described the oystering methods, characterized the ^{ragged citizenry of} ~~Shoalwater~~, ~~citizens~~,

narrated stories of his

hunting and exploring trips, patched in pieces of history from Vancouver

and Meares and Lewis and Clark, ^{was able to} ~~laughed~~ at himself for once getting

excited and attempting to shoot a bear with a shotgun loaded with

~~discoursed with fascination~~ all the bird pellet. And, of course, ~~talked generously about what food~~

to be found on ^{this} ~~that~~ farthest frontier.

50
Where he
enjoyed, well,
this was. Long
clim he respect
to call.

Swan

exactitude is evident on every page, and he started with the advantage

that, unlike most writers on the Pacific Northwest before and since,

he was not struck dismal by the coastal weather. During the winter

the rain falls in the most incredible quantities, but it does not, as

has been asserted, rain without intermission, he stated early on, then

simply dealt with storms as a fact of life. That ~~was~~ ^{is unheard-of} ~~rare~~ neutrality

on the topic of this region's rain. My father would arrive from Montana

and within an hour be joking about ~~the~~ moss on our backs thick as a

badger's nap. In turn, I would invite him to take some moisture home

in a cup and show it around to his high-plains neighbors who might have
forgotten what ^{wetness} ~~it~~ looked like.

Beyond rain and the rest, however, Swan's sentences in Northwest

were remarkable for conveying ^{length} ~~the~~ ^{rest} ~~of his life,~~ as he would in the diary pages for all the rest

of his life, ^{his} ~~the~~ rare knack of looking

at the ^{coastal} ~~Northwest~~ natives as persons rather than ^{the frontier's} ~~human~~ rubble. He does

not go all the way, sometimes dwelling a bit too much on the simplicity ^{ies} ~~ies~~

the tribal people while

of a people whom he and the other oyster-boys were not exactly an

advanced institute themselves. But more often than not, his remarks

carry ^{uncommon} ~~admirable~~ insight about

~~the~~ ~~favor~~ ~~the~~ ~~natives~~ ~~with~~

Chinooks and Chehalis:

the natives. The Indians can see but

little or no difference between their systems of Tomanawos and our

own views as taught them. For instance, the talipus, or fox, is their

emblem of the creative power; the smispee, or duck, that of wisdom.

NWC
196

27

And they say that the Boston people, or Americans, have for their
Tomanawos the wheark, or eagle, and that the King George, or English
people, have a lion for their Tomanawos. The time of friendship

with Swell, and the ^{honore}~~invitation~~ to repaint his funeral tamanoas boards,
was not so far ahead.

It was, in fact, Swan's skill with the native lore and languages
which took him into authorship and briefly out of the Pacific Northwest.
When a treaty parley with five coastal tribes of southwesternmost Washington
was held on the Chehalis River in February, 1855, Territorial Governor
Isaac I. Stevens invited Swan to attend. There Swan noted with sympathy
the objection of a Chinook chief to ^{the governor's}~~Stevens's~~ plan to place all the
tribes on a single reservation. We are not friends, and if we went
together we should fight, and soon we would all be killed. But he
noted too ~~a~~ chance for himself, grasping at the ~~tail~~ coat-tails of
Stevens and other budding politicoes of the Territory, Swan by late
1856 had pulled himself to Washington, D.C. There somebody arranged
for him the brief job of writing about the burial customs and beliefs
of the Chinooks, for the U.S. Indian Bureau's history of American tribes. MCD 29
In late 1857--it is a pointed fact about Swan that a year or two could
slip by before he turned to any

Worked
on book?

next task--he became secretary to Stevens, who had been elected the territorial delegate to Congress.

Swan did clerkly chores ^{for Stevens} until Congress recessed and Stevens ^{had to return} ~~needed~~

^{Washington Territory} home to campaign. ~~Then~~ ^{Swan himself then} he turned like a compass needle to the Northwest

again. ~~Perhaps on the advice of Stevens,~~ ^{He} Swan decided this time to try Port Townsend, the customs port for Washington Territory. ⁴ The location

^{one of the most} ^{in America.} was, and is, ^{a fat fjord} intriguing. The Strait of Juan de Fuca swings broadly in

from the Pacific, ^{the brims of land which holds} between the Olympic Mountains of Washington and the lower peaks of Vancouver Island, and precisely at Port Townsend, the

span of water turns southward in a long, sinuous stretch ~~like~~ like an arm delving to the very bottom of a barrel. The topmost portion is Admiralty

Inlet, the rest of the thrusting arm of channel is Puget Sound. I

live at its elbow, ^{which holds my house} this small valley is one of the wrinkles in ~~its~~ ^{the Scind's}

^{tremendous} timber-green sleeves.

So it is that the last thing I will do, in this day of watching Swan try out sites along this coast, is to walk in the rain to the bluff above my house and look northwestward, to where the Sound ~~water~~ ^{off toward} bends ^{that} to the Strait. Around ~~the~~ ^{of} the horizon, ~~at~~ at six on the morning of February 13, 1859: Swan awakes aboard the schooner Dashaway to find the ship passing the ~~Strait~~ ^{will} Strait lighthouse at Dungeness Spit, coming on the wind into these waters where he ~~would~~ spend the rest of his years.

Day Five

3#

Christmas. Carol steps from the ramp of the airplane at 6:03 p.m.,

five air hours from New Jersey. Swan in his lifetime managed to go

from one coast of America to the other a total of five times. In

the fourteen years of our marriage, ^{Carol and I} ~~the two of us~~ have crisscrossed

the continent on visits or business so many times we have lost ^{count} ~~track~~.

A The pun I have been saving for days -- so you're the Christmas Carol?--

draws her groan and grin. We hold each other, amid the community of

hugs of families re-uniting. The New Jersey report is good: her parents

are in health, and chipper. On a winter day in 1860, the mail off

a revenue cutter calling at Neah Bay brought Swan news of the death

of both his mother and his wife. His next words in the diary: With

aching, breaking heart we must submit and say, 'Thy will be done.'

But oh, how hard.

Our car enters the freeway aqueduct of headlights flowing north

to the city. We are to stop for Christmas dinner at the home of

friends; we ~~know that~~ ^{on} ~~at the table~~ ^{we can predict,} will be sauerkraut from her Baltimore,

pecan pie from his Texas. ~~Christmas~~ ^{Swan's} Day of 1861, ~~his~~ first at

Neah Bay and with two other white men for gustatory company, Swan

seriously set to work at ~~this~~ ^{the} business of ^{holiday} dinner. He ~~produced~~ duck

^{he produced, undertook} stew and roast goose, ~~and~~ then the gamble of the day, ~~whale mince pie.~~

McD
99

That autumn

When the Makahs bestowed a chunk of whale meat on him, ~~that autumn,~~

earlier
a few
more
later

Swan thoughtfully had boiled it and chopped it, added apples, raisins,
wild cranberries, currants, brown sugar, salt, cloves, nutmeg, allspice,

cinammon and a quart of rum, then crocked the works in a ten-gallon

check 5
on Agency
history

These months later, to his guests
stone jar. Now, ~~(quote if possible)~~ he cautiously offered ~~slivers~~

~~baked result--whale mince pie-- and~~
of the ~~stuff to his guests,~~ lifted a forkful himself. ~~(quote again)~~

The three of them chewed warily for a moment, their eyes ~~lit~~ lit, and they
~~The three of them~~ hurried into second helpings.

sped
at their
sides
on't

It was a winter of distractions. The schoolhouse still was being worked on, the reservation cattle were dying off, the Indians went on a drinking spree. The rain was tremendous; on the sixteenth of December, nearly seven inches fell in Swan's rain gauge. (diary, D 17, 1863)

(McD, 109)

January eleven,

On Jan. 11, his forty-sixth birthday, Swan entered in his diary:

I shall be glad when this building is completed, for the constant interruptions and the duties I am called on to perform prevent my giving attention to the children. I have no time that I can call my own or in which I am not liable to interruptions except evenings, and then I am generally alone, but I can find little opportunity to write, for my sight is getting too poor to attempt much except by daylight.

That notation of ~~the~~ worsening eyesight horrifies me. I begin to be miserable if my glasses are a ^{hairbreadth} fraction out of line on my nose, or if the reading light is ^{dimmer than full sun.} at all dim. Anything that cuts the hours with ^{an all but fatal} books is ^{year upon year} a threat to me. Yet Swan somehow got by with dime-store eyeglasses, and the narrow hours of daylight in Neah Bay winter.

(day 27)

I take off my glasses ^{now} to rest my eyes, peer the length of the ^{writing} room to the wall of photos and clippings which has become a ^{gauzy} ~~blurred~~ quilt. As always I try to judge whether the blur is getting worse, and again conclude it isn't ^{Simply} the same blur of the past twenty ^{some} ~~five~~ years, instantly fixable when I straddle glasses back on my nose.

I think of the commotion ^{required} it took to thread a needle in our household ^{when I was growing up —}

Dad and Grandma in bifocals, ^{heads back,} muttering and hmping as they took turns stabbing the thread past the ~~hole~~, while I could see well enough to do the deed but wasn't steady-fingered enough. Swan could have lent us perseverance.

607) I have been busy making out the pay roll for annuities today
but my eyes are weak from cold that it is difficult for me to see
to write except for a few moments at a time.

Nature's odds and ends were Baird's passion.

~~Baird was a nonpartisan scholar of nature's odds and ends.~~

When he ^{moved from} ~~left~~ his post as ^a professor of natural history at Dickinson

~~College~~ ⁸⁰ to the Smithsonian in 1850, ~~he took~~ ^{went} with him two freight cars of his own bird specimens. Ever since, he had been filling

the National Museum, as the annual reports show, with items ranging

Never fear the nonacceptability of anything you may send,
from dead garter snakes to meteorites. Baird once wrote to a fellow

enthusiast who had been mailing in birds and insects from Eutaw,

Alabama. ~~Never fear the nonacceptability of anything you may send.~~

It is true Prof. Henry is opposed to indiscriminate collections; so'm

I, but our idea is a complete North American (collection) at least."

Whatever collecting chance came up, Baird could be counted on to put both his busy hands to it.

During the outfitting of a railroad survey expedition which Isaac

I. Stevens led into the northern Rockies in 1853, Baird contributed

such elaborate systems for bringing back specimens that Stevens at

had to bristle
last ~~grumped~~: I want you to understand, Professor Baird, that my

exploration is something more than a natural history expedition.

By the time Swan thought ^{from Neah Bay} of sending items to the Smithsonian, ~~then~~,

Baird already was churning out messages of encouragement to a network

of unofficial Smithsonian helpers ^{who} ~~ed~~ ranging from backyards amateurs

to such scientific eminences as Louis Agassiz and George Perkins Marsh.

Swan enlisted by putting a box of seashells aboard a steamer at

Port Townsend on January 10, 1860, with the note that he was happy

at all times to add my humble collections to specimens in your museums.

From then on

Before long, his mailings to Baird ~~began to~~ read like an inventory

of Gulliver's pockets after several years on the road.

March, 1864)

16 bird skins, mostly large

2 Indian skulls

1 backbone of fur seal with skull

2 grass straps for carrying burthens

1 dog hair blanket

specimen sea weed

1 fur seal skin

2 fur seal skulls

4 specimen fossil crabs

2 miniature hats

2 down blankets

shells taken from ducks' stomachs

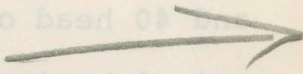
indent

Chicago has become arctic. A letter from Ainsley in Evanston,
there only a number of blocks from where Carol and I met and married and
lived our first winter together, ^{to} ~~reporting~~ that

when he at last battled his sidewalks clear, a snow plow tossed an
avalanche back onto them. Looking out in the morning on his obliterated
effort, he writes, he very nearly wept. Montanans tell me by phone of
in the Rockies,
the deep lock of cold ~~of~~ snowdrifts across their porch railings, concern
for cattle soon to begin calving. Sentences from a Missoula

friend: Anything bad about this winter in Montana that you happen to
hear, believe it. It is the worst ever, and it started November 9.

The ground has been under snow since, and it hit -28 here on January 1,
-50 in Butte.



My grandmother would carefully note down, in one or another of the address books into which she jotted everything from recipes to her television schedule, the first day of Montana winter weather each year.

our first real cold spell and lite snow falling and blowing Nov. 20 1963

2 below our first snow storm Sept the 15-1965, our first snow storm 1

inch when I got up this morning Sept 14-1973.

X

Two days later, Swan had in residence in the schoolhouse Jimmy, Kachim, and five other boys, they spent the day working on the alphabet and amused themselves in the evening, and that night's diary page exults that Today has been the first time that it has seemed like a

regular school. The schoolboys ^{were apt to} pitched in on the side of regularity ~~and~~ gamely, however. ^{Soon} somewhat too heartily at times. Two mornings after that triumphant day, ^{in the morning} Swan woke up a little after five to a houseful of

smoke. I found George in the kitchen with a big fire in the stove...

(not very bright however) and a pot of potatoes on cooking and the

smoke just pouring out into the room. As it created an atmosphere

like that which he has been accustomed to in the ~~Ind~~ Indian lodge he

thought it was all right and that he was doing finely. ~~I think~~ Swan opened

the damper and commended him for his zeal but told him he need not get

up another morning till daylight.

Nor was Swan entirely sanguine about all the newly-displayed

The boys surprised Swan with their diligence. I think however

... the principal inducement at present is the novelty of the thing and

the plenty of food I give them to eat. They can be influenced by their

stomachs much sooner than their brains and an appeal to the former is a

(5489) My occupation is pretty regular every day. As soon as I get
up, which is from half past 6 to 7 the Indians begin to come for medical
treatment, some who want prescriptions only I serve before breakfast
but others who have sores to be dressed have to wait until I have done
eating. Then it is dressing scrofulous sores syringing out sore ears,
bathing sore eyes and bandaging up wounds. Then round to visit patients.
By this time it is eleven o'clock and I then sit down to write, or if
any children come in, try to teach them. And with the exception of a
walk to Jones or Jordans, keep in the house all the time so as to be
ready either as teacher or physician.

X

(621) Feb. 25, 1866⁴ Tried to get Indians to go to Pt. Angeles for

Mr. Webster but all are afraid as Peter on his trip down killed an

Indian at Crescent Bay. The Indian was an Elwha and some years ago

killed Dukwitsa's father. Peter obtained a bottle and a half of

whiskey from a white man at Crescent Bay and while under its influence

was intigated by Dukwitsa to kill the Elwha which he did by stabbing

him. Peter told me that after he had stabbed the man several times

he broke the blade of the knife off in the man's body.

X

41

(647) July 9, 1866--Skunk killed 5 chickens last night and this
evening got into the woodpile. I tried to kill him but did not succeed.

One of the boys, Bill Burton, got a two pronged bird spear and thrust
it among the wood and by twisting it round he would the skunk's tail
in it and then pulled it out and killed it.

Mary Ann's chickens killed by a skunk--much lamentation among the
children. Mary Ann pleased at the skunk's death.

X

S to B, Nov. 2, '68) (check spelling and punc agnst original)

I could have furnished the Smithsonian with a large amount of
valuable information relative to the Indians of the Northwest but I
have been so disheartened by the long delay in publishing the Makah
memoir that I determined to forward no more till that is published.
Can you give one any encouragement that it will appear within the
next decade....?

X

to stringent
astronaut
writer,

Even the mail has gone odd. Someone I do not know has written
 me warmly about House of Sky, particularly of the Camas Creek rancher
^{was the} my father ~~foreman~~ ^{of} for, and ~~the~~ remembering from my boyhood when the
 rancher castrated lambs with his teeth. McGrath biting the balls off
the lambs echoes a part of Errol Flynn's life story, the letter observes,
in which Flynn once worked on an Aussie sheep station and being low man
on the totem pole, got to "dag the hoggetts" as the Aussies put it.
 Another man, in rapid printing, ^{on coarse tablet,} says the Ringling years of the book
 remind him of his own time of growing up there, and of Louie Petzold:
Louie was a bartender in the largest saloon. He did not have hands---
you should have seen how he handled glasses and bottles with his stubs.

Errol Flynn's lips with a pink plump testicle slurped between them,
 bartender Loyie setting up a jigger of whiskey in ^{deft} ~~high~~ handless style--

a morning of ^{challenging} anatomy like that, is it? ^{Very well} ~~All right, um...~~ if James

Gilchrist Swan had not had a ^{pair of feet} ~~foot~~ which itched to leave Matilda's vicinity,
^{blunt} my fingers would not be moving now into his own ^{correspondence} ~~mail~~...

correspondence