

The two tabulated statements of the Fur Trade on the Missouri and its waters, including the Rocky Mountains, 1815-1830, relative to amount of capital employed, amount of proceeds in furs, and numbers of American citizens killed or robbed in the trade, together with the letter of transmittal by Major Dougherty, Indian Agent at Fort Leavenworth, to General William Clark, dated October 25, 1831, comprise the Appendix. There is also a 12-page Index.

The book is beautifully printed, with a most appropriate frontispiece, a view of the Columbia from Saint Peter's Dome, with the inscription "Where Rolls the Oregon." There are three maps, A. Finley's Map of the West, 1826, and two maps of the Oregon Trail.

Many students of Northwestern history will be grateful for this volume, with its reprinted documents and the resume of materials which have a special bearing on this period, brought together in this convenient form.

MARGARET SMITH

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*Here Are My People.* By ARTHUR J. BURKS. (New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. 1934. Pp. 314. \$2.50)

*Here are my people:* under this consonant title, Arthur J. Burks, of the fourth generation, records the lives of his kinsmen. Their history is given largely in their own vernacular and with a rugged honesty that gives depth to the picture. Their country, too, the Big Bend country, high above the Columbia River in Eastern Washington, is etched in clear-cut lines.

The Tolers, Milner Milenius and Becky, and the Ogles, Josephus and Lila Jane, were the ancestors who established their homesteads in the early days of settlement. Their labors in transforming desert land into wheat fields and orchards were rewarded by an early and comfortable retirement in the near-by town of Waterville. The patterns of their lives were repeated in those of their children during the next two generations. Not all were as prosperous as the original settlers, however, for the best land, the land on which the springs were near the surface, was taken first and in time only the rocky sections were left for homesteading. So there are wide contrasts in the story. Particularly heart-breaking were the experiences of the author's mother who filed her claim on a "rock patch" and "proved" it while trying to farm single-handed. "And so the family of the Ogles and Tolers seemed to breathe—a kind of breathing that was a departing from the home nest, and a returning, and they kept

on departing and returning, covering most of the Big Bend, aiding in its growth, feeling it when the Big Bend was in straits of any kind . . ."

As the story covers four generations, every phase of the farming process is described and coincidentally the developing of farming methods. The coming of the telephone, the automobile, mechanical equipment, the beginnings of the county fair, the commercial growth of Waterville, are component parts of the narrative. Of all these pictures, tending "header" on a combine harvester, harvesting from thirty-five to forty acres a day, is the most vividly described.

Farmers and farming have been favorite themes in American literature, but this biography is none the less distinctive. It is as unique as the country in which it is located. Local color and human interest are comprehended in every page. Dates elude the author, he confesses, so none appear in the book. Neither is there a map nor any mention of the Grand Coulee, that marvel of nature East of Waterville. However, the author's aim was not to provide source material for the historian or the geographer, but to give the record of his people and this he has faithfully and entertainingly accomplished.

ELVA BATCHELLER

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*Sourdough Gold: The Log of a Yukon Adventure.* By MARY LEE DAVIS. (Boston: W. A. Wilde Company, 1933. Pp. 351. \$3.50.)

Given: a reminiscent man old in years only, relating in conversational, whimsical vein the happenings of an all-important year of his youth as spent in the Northland where the mighty Yukon flows. That wise old western-wending river symbolized for him (with its high, deep, wide and shallow progress) the inevitable attainment of his ever-urgent goal—the finding of his own soul. Throughout 47 "sleeps" he navigated by man-power and alone, all the winding way to St. Michael from Dawson, where he had wintered as "physician extraordinary" those hectic months of '98-'99.

More interesting to the many might be, perhaps, his vivid recollections of those early days in the Klondike. His memory refreshed by diaries kept faithfully during and through the "general insanity of that get-rich-quick stampede," he tells in the first person—to, and by Mary Lee—his man's story, day-by-day: inadvertently joining the gold rush, toiling up the Chilcoot, noting those curious snow megaphones after the disastrous avalanche, and withal weathering