

President Roosevelt in the Yellowstone

By FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

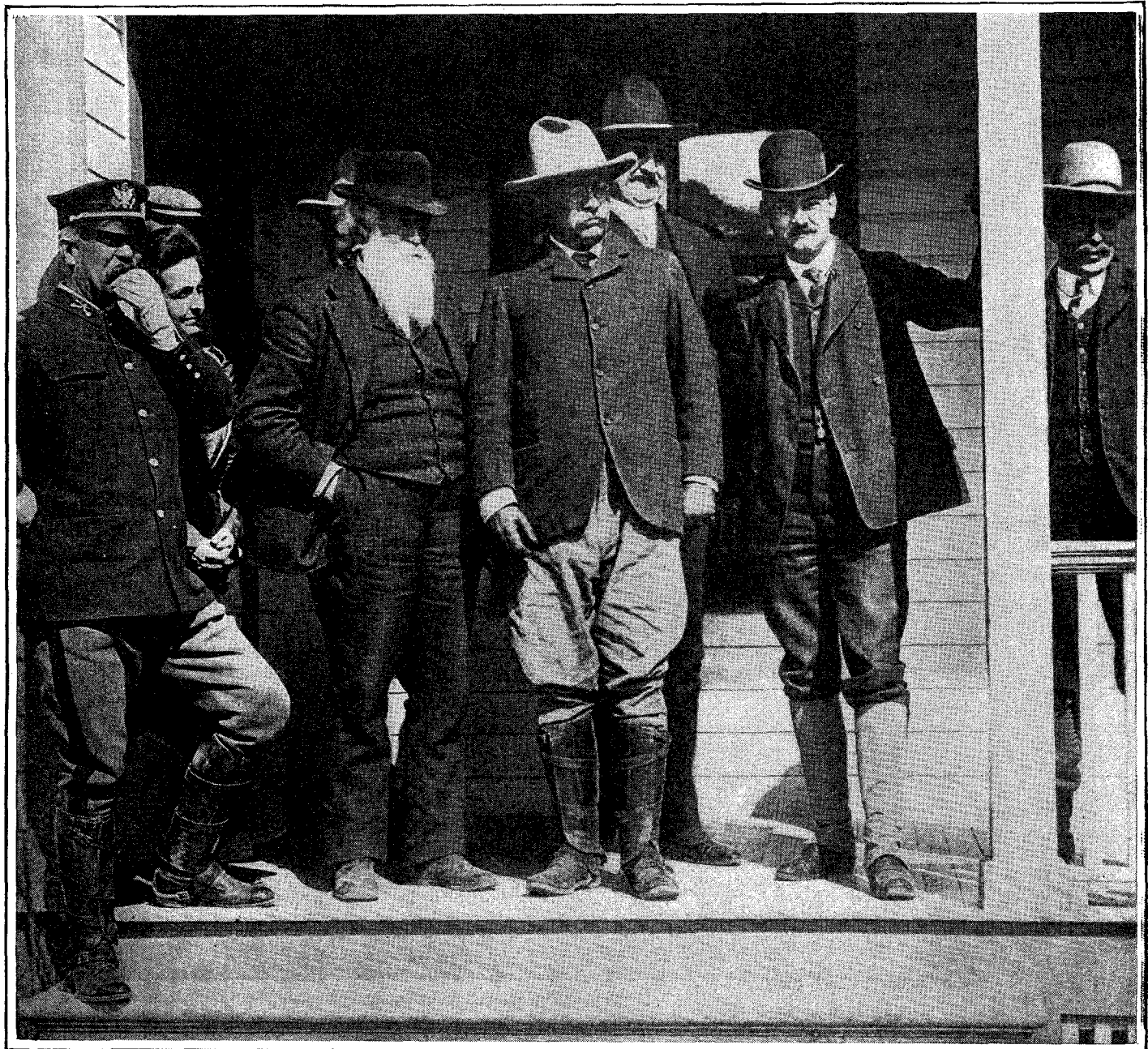
In which an old guide tells of a great man who is still the companion of his thoughts

WHILE I was in Yellowstone Park at the latter end of July, 1925, I halted at Camp Roosevelt long enough to write the series of articles upon the international conference at Honolulu which have already appeared in The Outlook. The place is named Camp Roosevelt because near by John Burroughs and Theodore Roosevelt made their camp in the month of April, 1903. It is a location of great interest and charm, with a wide view of the Yellowstone hills and sky. The

spirit of the dynamic President still abides about the camp. The wrangler, the rangers, the managers, and many of the guests are the sort of persons who like the way Roosevelt did things. They are his kind. The first night I was there the whole crowd gathered around the fireplace and insisted upon hearing all I had to say about his life and qualities. I think they squeezed everybody dry on this theme who ever knew him at all.

The camp is made up of a long central room, with a big fireplace at each

end, where the guests foregather socially and take their meals; and each guest has his own tent or log cabin outside, in lines radiating from the main building. Down where I slept, at the end of the line, it was so quiet after night fell that I know now what Whittier meant by "the silence of eternity." I think nothing snores or peeps or barks or cries up in that country after dark. While I was at the camp I heard that Jimmie McBride, the guide of John Burroughs and President Roosevelt in 1903, was still living the life of a



(C) Underwood

Colonel Roosevelt and John Burroughs on their celebrated trip to Yellowstone Park

ranger recluse about fifteen or twenty miles up in the hills, and was an interesting character in himself and devoted to the memory of his friend Teddy. So I asked the superintendent of the Park to have him come down. He met us by arrangement one morning on one of the trout streams half-way, and I let the others fish while I talked with Jimmie. He hadn't been down out of the hills for two months. He lives alone, and likes it. He is now in the sixties—a shrewd blue-eyed Irishman with high-pitched voice, still clear-visioned and sturdy. He was once an Indian fighter on the plains.

WHEN Roosevelt and Burroughs came to the Park in 1903, McBride was the Chief Ranger. Roosevelt had seen him once the year before. The President came in on the first train that ever ran into Gardner, and not only mounted cavalymen, majors, and other officers, and scouts, but the Governor of Montana—Roosevelt's old friend Carter, afterwards United States Senator—and a considerable part of the population of the State were present. Governor Carter is the man of whom Roosevelt used to tell the fetching story of campaigning in Montana, and how, after a political meeting, he and Carter were walking along a narrow wooden sidewalk in the town when a great burly Swede suddenly lurched out of a saloon and began coming down the wooden walk towards them, covering both sides of it. Carter happened to be an Irishman, and Roosevelt, of course, was a Dutchman; and this burly Swede as he rolled along the walk towards them, eventually crowding them off entirely, was singing at the top of his lungs:

Oh, the Irish and the Dutch,
They don't amount to much,
But hoo-raw for the Scandinoov-vi-oo!

Ever thereafter when Roosevelt and Carter met, even in the executive chamber at Washington, they were accustomed to join hands and dance around the room singing this ditty at the top of their voices.

THE day when the Roosevelt party came into Gardner there was such a crush around the train that nobody could get out of it, and the army officer in control, rather than have the military interfere, called to McBride, who was in the crowd and knew the kind of people he had to deal with, to come up on the platform and try his hand at holding the crowd back. Roosevelt recognized him at once from their acquaintance of the year before, and, with a grin, said: "Hello, Mac! You can get them to

stand back." This started things right for McBride. And then another incident happened which helped. Roosevelt insisted on riding a horse at once, but John Burroughs with some others started forward in a stage-coach. The horses on the coach suddenly bolted as soon as they were started, and ran away. The major called to McBride, who was on horseback, to overtake and stop them, which he promptly did. This evidently attracted Roosevelt's good will also, because presently he said, "Mac, isn't that a herd of mountain sheep up there on that hill?"

McBride said, "Yes, Mr. President, it is."

"I want to see them," said Roosevelt. "Let's go up there by ourselves." And off they rode immediately, and McBride told me that Roosevelt sat down in the midst of the sheep and studied them for an hour and a quarter.

There were two characters among the Government scouts who began to look green-eyed at McBride. One of them was the "Duke of Hell-Roaring," as he had been named locally, a foreigner with some political pull, who was, I believe, chief of the scouts. Another was "Buffalo Jones." The next morning, when they were starting out for the day, with a considerable crowd around, Roosevelt spied McBride, and called to him:

"Mac, aren't you going along to-day?"

And Mac replied, "I don't know, Mr. President. I haven't any orders."

Roosevelt turned to the army officer and said: "I think I would like to have McBride go along. He seems to know a lot about this country."

All of which was evidently gall and wormwood to the "Duke of Hell-Roaring" and "Buffalo Jones," the latter of whom unwisely threatened McBride with the loss of his job in a tone so loud that Roosevelt caught it. Later, when Roosevelt got an opportunity to do so quietly, he said to McBride, "I see you're in trouble, Mac, already." The President took his time to help in the revenge. "Buffalo Jones" had arranged a mountain-lion party for the President, which turned out unsuccessfully. During the hunt Jones's hounds had been lost in the mountains, and the next morning Roosevelt said to McBride in Jones's hearing: "Mac, I think you had better take a day off and go out and help Jones find his hounds. They couldn't find any lions yesterday, and now Jones can't find the dogs!"

Another Jones, named Bill, was then living in the Park, a man who had been sheriff in South Dakota in the 'eighties of the nineteenth century, when Roose-

velt lived on his ranch. Roosevelt wanted to see him. It took two or three days to get Jones sobered up and fit for the prospect, but he finally turned up, and immediately started the conversation.

"Well, Teddy, you have got a blank of a good job since I saw you last," and, pulling a flask out of his pocket, he offered the President a drink.

"No, thank you," said the President. "Bill, there are a lot of fellows who could fill this job just as well as I can, if they could only get the chance. You could long ago have filled a bigger job than you have if you had let whisky alone."

Bill laughed. "Oh, it tastes pretty good, just the same, as it passes down my throat. Say, Teddy," said he, "do you remember when the buckskin pony threw you over the corral fence?"

"Sh-h-h!" said the President. "Bill, you mustn't give me away like that!"

THE driver of the sled on which the President was touring some of the roads in this month of April died suddenly during the night. At breakfast the army major was quite wrought up about it, and said to McBride: "Now we mustn't tell the President. It would upset him and spoil his trip."

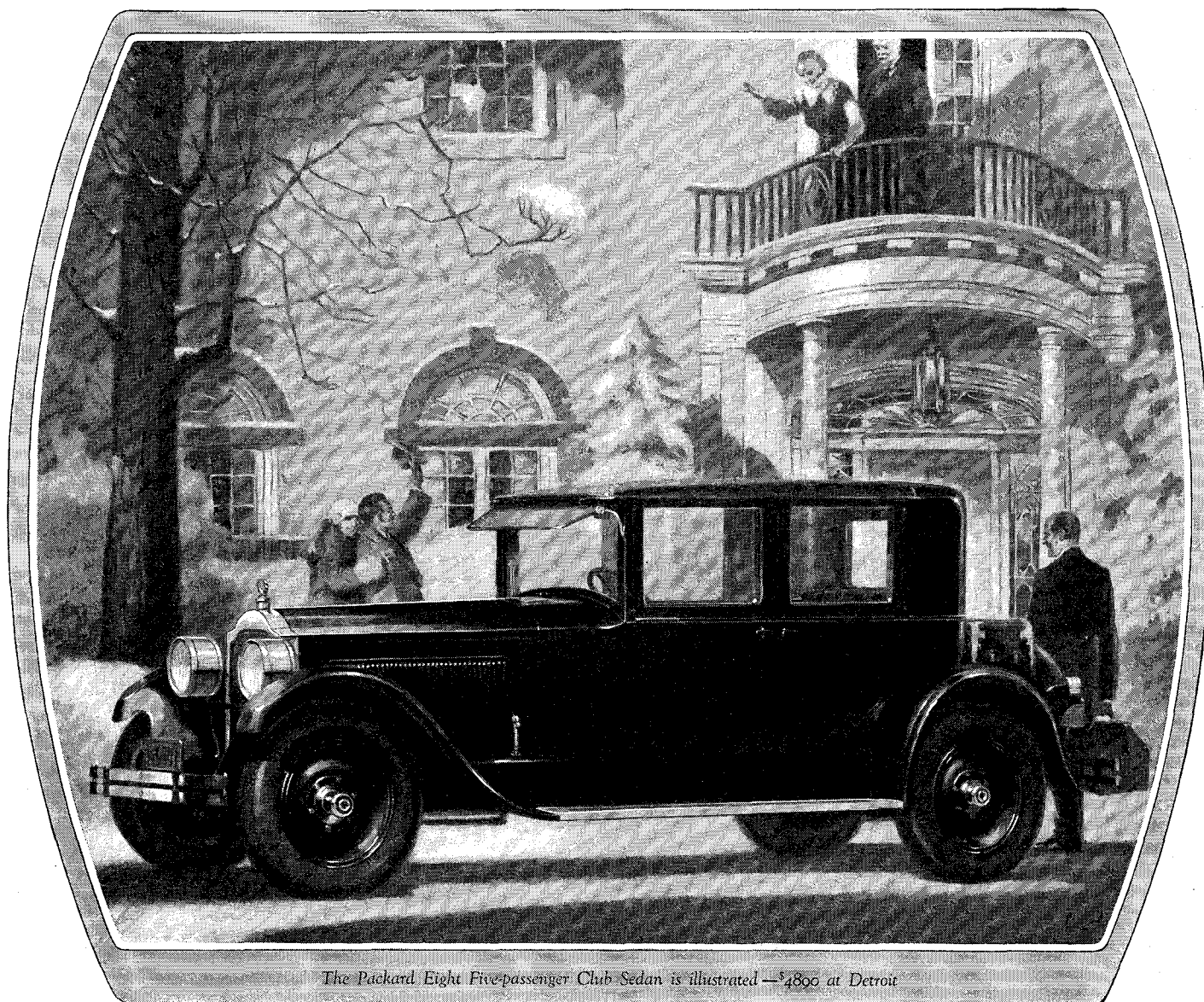
"Well, Major, I think there'll be hell to pay if we don't tell him and he finds it out," said McBride.

There was a door swinging into another room in which the President was eating his breakfast, and he caught a bit of the conversation.

"What's the trouble, Mac?" he called.

Mac told him, and the President got up immediately from the table. "That's tough," said he. "The most we can do is to pay our respects to him." And he walked half a mile in snow up to his hips to the house. Then he took Mac aside and said: "Mac, go with the body to Gardner, and find out about his relatives and where the body is to be shipped; and, whatever the cost of it is, send the bill to me, and don't say anything to anybody about it."

Up in the canyon Mac and the President put on skis together. The President said, "I can beat you in a race!" and they started down the incline. At the first jump the weight of the President smashed his pair of skis to pieces. This led Roosevelt to ask how many pairs of skis they had up there in the winter for the rangers and the scouts. Looking into the matter, they found they had very few, not enough to go around. "Well, I'll see how much influence I have with this Administration," said the President. And every fall thereafter, as long as he



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was President, a hundred pairs of skis came into camp for the soldiers and the rangers.

"I never saw him afterwards," said McBride, "but nobody ever came in from Washington through whom the President didn't send his greetings to 'Mac.'"

It is a simple chapter in the life of Roosevelt. McBride knew, and everybody knew who met him, that a great human being had passed that way; and it is the recollection of those days in 1903 which the old guide now thinks most about in his lonely life away back in the Yellowstone country, with only his

horse for company. After he was through talking with us we urged him to stay at the camp a while, for the sake of the change.

"Oh, no," said he. "I guess I'll go back to the ranch as soon as I can get somebody to give me a lift part way into the hills."

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Fiction

THE BODY IN THE SHAFT. By R. F. Foster. The Siebel Publishing Corporation, New York. \$2.

A well-thought-out detective story. The gruesome title need not disturb the most nervous reader, for one cares no more about this *corpus delicti* than if it were a bag of cement. The reporter-detective is a wonder at deduction, not so miraculous as the famous Sherlock, but closer in reasoning power. The author scorns to detrack his readers by false clues, yet he constructs a mystery unguessable until he chooses to explain it.

THE PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR. By Hugh Walpole. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.

"The man's hair was *en brosse*, standing straight on end as Loge's used to do in the old pre-war Bayreuth 'Ring.' It was, like Loge's, a flaming red, short, harsh, instantly arresting. . . . For the rest this interesting figure had a body round, short and fat like a ball. Over his protruding stomach stretched a white waistcoat with three little plain black buttons. The color of his face had an unnatural pallor, something like the clown in Pagliacci, or again like one of Benda's masks. . . . The eyebrows were so faint as to be scarcely visible. The mouth in the white of the face was a thin hard red scratch."

This is the portrait of Crispin, the man with red hair, in Hugh Walpole's latest fantasy, for it isn't a novel. It is a thrilling macabre story of suppressed horror, ghostly towers, torture, and escape through the fog. There is no psychological meaning nor elaborate allegory in the thing, as Walpole himself is only too quick to admit in his Introduction.

The only literary stunt in the entire book, albeit that is a magnificent one, lies in the description of Crispin himself. Hugh Walpole seems to have been much impressed with America on his recent visit. The hero is an art-loving American from Oregon, and if you will but re-read the opening paragraph you

must agree that Crispin, the "Man With Red Hair," is none other than our old friend Jiggs of "Bringing Up Father." Jiggs, boon companion of Dinty Moore, lover of corned beef and cabbage, eternally bound to Maggie the wife, is the physical shell into which Walpole has poured the character of this mad sadist with his etchings and his jade, his torture chamber and faithful brooding son.

It is a notable *tour de force*, for never once does the figure seem incongruous or the story descend to bathos. Here is indeed a book for a winter evening. Would there were more of its caliber!

SHELTER. By Charles F. Marsh. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

A sound and sincere novel. The story is an excellent piece of local color as to the English Norfolk coast, near Yarmouth, where the fisherfolk still say "bor" and "mawther" just as the Peggottys did in "David Copperfield." It has three principal characters, each notably well presented—created, one may say, not just sketched. Why Phoebe quickly married Ezra, her backward, not very young, suitor, after Bob, her fiancé, was sent to jail for killing a man in anger, and what came from the secret long after she had accepted the "Shelter" of Ezra's farm, make an engrossing situation, one that requires for its development knowledge of human nature and sympathy with hard-pressed, imperfect, yet honest-hearted men and women. Mr. Marsh has qualities that are by no means common among writers of fiction.

Biography

ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER AND FENWAY COURT. By Morris Carter. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$6.

The life of Mrs. Jack Gardner and the history of the museum of art which she bequeathed to the public. Her temper, her whimsicalities, her insolences, and her benefactions are all given some mention in this book; there are portraits of her by great artists and photographs of the inside and outside of the museum. A century hence this irascible old lady,

who kept half a dozen fluttering young aesthetes in attendance, will be forgotten and the great lover of art will be remembered. A benefactor of her country; something of a genius, and, like many geniuses, rather impossible as a neighbor.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS R. MARSHALL: A HOOSIER SALAD. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$5.

The autobiography of a remarkable, almost a unique man, the late Vice-President. A politician with a sense of humor! A party man who can say that he *once* thought that "to be a Democrat was to be an honest man, and to be a Republican was to be a crook." Mr. Marshall also writes: "Of all hypocritical lovers of peace, the pacifist belongs in the thirty-third degree." Mr. Marshall's was a strange and wholesome figure; he acknowledged, after the war began, that he was ashamed he had ever been neutral. His chief never reached that height of honesty. Let us have more Tom Marshalls.

JOHN S. SARGENT: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By William Howe Downes. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$8.

"That the story of his life is to be read in his works, is a truism," writes William H. Downes in his life of Sargent, a handsome volume with forty-one illustrations of the artist's paintings. And of the 313 pages of the book, we find 106 given to Sargent's life and 207 to a list of his works with notes. The output left behind him numbered 950, outside of the murals in the Boston Public Library and the Art Museum, the latter—the last big commission he filled—heroic in design, but delicately done and exquisitely colored. Original, brilliant, and audacious, his first exhibited paintings in London so violated well-worn formulas that old-timers pronounced him a coxcomb. As a portraitist he was uneven—*en rapport* with one, out of touch with another. Contrasting opinions made him out "a monster of cynicism," a "paragon of kindliness," he "read the souls of his sitters," he was "superficial," he "probed their weaknesses," he was "chiefly con-