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In a previous issue we published articles written by a former well known Toledoan, Mr. W. A. Ketcham, about the early timers among the French pioneers of Toledo and vicinity and the beauties of the island in the Maumee River—Galbraith Island. In this issue we publish another of his vivid sketches of a race or class now hardly existent among us but among whom were various members of the Navarre family—scouts, trappers, traders, heroes of a bygone era.

Peter Navarre's life-sized painted portrait and his old musket are among the Historical Society's treasures.

The article on Ward's Canal refers to a still living member of the Navarre family famous in Toledo's early history.

A GLYMPSE OF PETER NAVARRE'S TIME

It seems well established that Perre Navarre and his brothers lived near Presque Isle in 1808, and other Frenchmen must have been frequent visitors there and some of them resident. Of that far-away time the writer can have little exact knowledge, but he has broken bread with their descendants and eaten of their salt and through them has had glimpses of that old life, which especially now, seems so very remote, and each day makes the blurred image fainter. He has found them good comrades, and kindly and gentle in their relations to each other. He has shared some of their joys and their sorrows and almost without exception has found them to "ring true". They were, and are, gay and light hearted, and they have need to be, for the changes wrought by Commerce have, to them, been brutal and bitter. For them the great God Pan is nearly dead—and they have watched him dying slowly for a hundred years. He has retired to die in the remote marshes,—even there the end is not far off, and the writer is pagan and pantheist enough to sympathize keenly with them.

The Frenchman is essentially aquatic,—he loves the marsh; it was a land of plenty to him,—was, but is no longer. The millionaire sportsman and the farmer have crowded him out and, where waved the beautiful "fleur-de-lis" type of his own France, grow now the fragrant onion and the sturdy sugar beet. In the dear old times before the evil blur of the city's lights was in the west, the marsh fed him bountifully—wild rice,

marsh potatoes, fish, turtle, frogs legs, ducks, geese, and, the crowning glory, muskrat, and life went by like a song. His everyday foods have mostly become luxuries to us. The marsh was beautiful, and that, without his hardly being aware of it,—rejoiced his beauty-loving French soul.

The Spring came over the marsh with a joyous burst of life, as it comes nowhere else. Every moment the marsh was beautiful, from the first bewildering greens and myriad flowers of spring, to the warm, brown "curtain fall" of Autumn. In the full of summer it came to its own. The wild rice waving its lacy plumes, in full glory in the sunshine or billowing under the night wind in the moonlight as far as the eye could see. The lotus, the rose mallow, the shy pond lily and numberless other marsh flowers bloomed in tropical profusion. The fall was a time of joy to the Frenchman; it was his harvest time. It came with a glory of brilliant color, with myriads of wild fowl; the rice was ripe and the muskrat at its best. It came with soft mists that drifted in from the Lake,—hiding here, revealing there,—making a world of hushed mystery. It came with the leaping fury and grandeur of storms; and then, the hush of winter when the marsh puts on its robe of white trimmed with brown. Each season brought its pleasures.

The voices of the marsh were myriad; first in the Spring, the tiny call of the hylas, the gurgling note of the red-wing, the clarion call of the geese and swan, and the satisfied quack of mallards as they settled joyously to their feeding grounds. The clear sweet call of the black-bellied plover, the sad call of his yellow-legged brother, which sounds like "poor dear boy". The trumpet of the swan, the heron's call, and the scream of the eagle. The noisy chatter of the rails, the widgen's whistle, the booming of the bittern. . . . This is just a beginning, he knew and loved them all (and the millionaire is willing to give a fortune for a few weeks of it a year.) It was a noble heritage.

He was joy loving, and his life was largely what would be called sport now. He was a keen, alert and tireless hunter, he paddled or poled a pirogue or dug-out with rare dexterity. He was a good marksman. He was an apt pupil of the Indian, with an inheritance of culture and he not only fraternized but he became amalgamated with them. In wood-craft he was expert but in marsh-craft he had or has no equal. He danced with utter abandon and he sang gaily, or in a minor key as his mood induced him. He sang the songs of old France, set to his own words or with only a shadow of the old song left. They are simple melodies and the words are mostly child-like but heard with their natural background they are charming.

A canoe song, that makes the white teeth flash, that transfuses its rhythm into the bending backs and tense muscles and makes joy of weary work is inspiring and effective. A very popular song in Canada, also sung here is "A la claire fontaine". It was sung by their forbears in Normandy and Brittany and they brought it here. It is a rather melancholy little love plaint, but, sung of a winter night in a lumber camp, around the great stove, surrounded by grim black-bearded faces; by the hunch-backed cook in a clear natural tenor: it becomes an intense love lyric of the

first quality. Winter and desolation without,—cold glittering stars in a steel blue sky,—within, as the song has it, "le rossignol chantait" and little Napoleon the cook is singing of roses and the iterated refrain is:

"This many a day have I loved thee,
I'll never forget thee, ne'er"

One knows that back of those bearded masks, the thoughts are winging back to Lisette, to Sidonie, or "mafemme", that there is a queer tight feeling in these hairy throats—and the long black lashes are wet. When a song works that witchery it is real. One of the couplets that may have brought its twinge of pain to some, was:

"For I have lost my mistress,
Tho' blame I should not bear."

which by the way is the *man* of it.

There is a trifling little song, with a simple melody that is sung often in lumber camps which involves a kind of rough game. It is called "Alouette", "The Lark". The men sit in a circle, usually about the stove, each one provided with a missile of some kind, usually a heavy boot, and the song begins. The first part is sung over and over but at each repetition a word is added, part of the lark, the head, the eyes, the beak, the neck, etc., an almost endless anatomical array. If one omits a word or adds one in the wrong order he is a fair target for any one that notices it, and the action is prompt and decisive. It is not a parlor game and usually ends in a row.

A very fine old French air has been adapted to more modern words in "A Wandering Canadian", and is very popular. I doubt not it has been sung in "Old France" in the trenches by heart sick Canadian Frenchmen many times.

The Frenchman danced often; a christening, a wedding, a féte de granpere, and on the New Year's Eve, any excuse or none was good, and he put his soul in it. The music did not matter so much, usually a fiddle, the tunes: "The Arkansaw Traveller, The Devil's Dream, Speed the Plough," (the old pioneer pieces) and as a matter of course there was always, "to drink" as he put it, which he "loved with a love that was more than a love". Preferably it was whiskey and he was very true to his love. He was not very particular as to quality,—he wanted quantity and action. The quality was what was called "fixed bayonets" during the Civil War. When the Civil War came he answered the call to the colors and marched away with an air as gay and debonair, as if he were going to a dance. There was nearly a company of Navarres from here and Monroe. They were good soldiers and gave their lives as gaily and bravely as their ancestors at Fontenoy or their cousins at Verdun.

The Civil War brought one severe blow to them,—whiskey had been cheap, it was no longer so. They solved the problem partly by smuggling from Canada in their pond boats and gave the Revenue Officers some trouble. They were adept smugglers,—were not their ancestors in Brittany and Normandy, masters of that difficult art? In the French cabins in the late sixties and in the seventies one might be offered,—if above suspicion, a white whiskey with a bluish light. It was playfully

called "Blue Ruin", and did not belie its name. It came from Canada, without duty.

Their names were various and fall trippingly, some hint at an aristocratic ancestry: St. Jean, Arquette, Cousino, La Cource, Bonvouloir, Shanteau, Mominee, Reynaud, Guyon, Burdeau, Lazette, Chevalier, are just a few. The Navarres have apparently a faint tinge of royalty. The writer has seen Pierre Navarre but his memory of him is faint. He knew his son Daniel Navarre and has a fine oil portrait of him which he prizes highly.

For a number of years he lived in the city and worked as a janitor in a Doctor's office, where he was strangely out of place. He was treated with a tolerant patronage by most people as an inoffensive old man with a quaint way of speaking English and rather intemperate. How little they knew the real man—. Daniel Navarre was known and loved by the French people here about. He was welcome at any time in any French cabin and for good reason. His was a sunny, easy going temperament, a very type of his race here. He carried sunshine and song with him. If at the cabin he happened to visit, Madame and her daughter were washing under the apple tree, Dan would have some merry banter with them, teasing Susette about Antoine, perhaps, while she blushed like the falling apple blossoms and Madame laughed heartily. All the while he would busy himself in helping them. He would of course stay to dinner and supper and unfold his budget of news from other cabins,—judiciously of course,—for his were all the family secrets. In the evening to a fiddle obbligato he would sing and drink his "tit verre"— merry songs, almost endless, improvised or memorized, which would bring peals of merry laughter or perhaps, rarely a tear or two. It is the writer's great regret that he did not try to preserve some of them. Daniel Navarre died at the Soldier's Home in Sandusky. His childhood, in common with all French children of his time, was spent with Indian children as playmates and of course they unconsciously absorbed much from them, woodcraft, folk-lore, even songs and there are traces of all these in the older generation.

A picturesque figure, a friend of Pierre Navarre's was Joseph Chevalier. He was a fur buyer, a retired voyageur. He lived at Manhattan and later at Cedar Point. His cabin was near the site of the present Cedar Point club house on Maumee Bay and was a general rendezvous for Frenchmen and others, seeking a temporary oblivion from a world of care, in the blandishments of the sex (Joe had several daughters), and the lively effects of proof spirit. They brought the song with them. There must have been some joyous week ends at the old cabin and some deeply repentant "days after". Dance and song and revelry and the old cabin have passed, but not so long ago Madame, wife of the present care taker there unearthed a skeleton while digging for a garden. Was it one of those old revellers? Was there a hasty word—a knife thrust,—and the grave in the sand?—Who knows?

One sport of the older times was racing on the ice with the little French ponies. The breed has disappeared now, but they were stocky "short coupled" little fellows with some speed and great endurance and very

hardy. One can imagine one of these races near Presque Isle after mass of a Sunday. A strange bizarre gathering, it would seem now for that much changed locality. The Indians, the pretty madamoiselles in their home made furs, with here and there a flash of color, children, men, dogs, and ponies,—all except the Indians, very voluble. The priest perhaps present as a check to the intemperate use of language and "eau de vie". And the ponies, Rosalie, Le diable noir, Bas blanc (a very famous one) Le Chat,—and so on, veritable little devils, some of them, biting and kicking and thus contributing to the picturesque language of their masters. The race,—the wild Indian yells and just as wild the French ones and their feminine equivalent, over the result. The banter of the winners, perhaps a fight to add zest and the merry home going over the ice. A faded little page of happenings, vanished forever, and nearly forgotten with many another such a one.

There were tragedies, too, in their lives, though most of them were never recorded. One particularly grim one of the long past is still whispered around the fire of a stormy night by "grand mere" to the wide eyed children and many a little lip has trembled and many a silent tear has fallen for those "poor little ones".

It was on the night of January 27, 1828, that a fierce N. E. gale raged on Lake Erie. The family Couture, living on the south side of Otter Creek, near where the Toledo Beach loop is now, were awakened in the night by ice beating against the little cabin. The father was away to see a child attending school at Bay Settlement, now Erie. There were five children, the oldest eleven and a maid of all work. They resolved to try to get to the nearest house and the mother started with two children on her back and the girl with two, while the boy of eleven tried to make his way alone. Try to picture it—the great cakes of ice,—the icy seas rolling in,—waist deep in water—the dark—and the howling gale. The mother lost the two children and she and the boy were overcome trying to find them. The girl did get to the nearest house with the children only to find it deserted and surrounded by water. She placed the two children on a ladder, while she tried to get in. They clung for a short time but benumbed by the cold dropped and perished. The girl climbed on the top of an outside oven, finding her self alone, and was saved. All of the older generation passed through similar experiences, though perhaps not so tragic.

As a whole their annals were writ in water and are gone as the "snows of yester year". They had no annalist, for alas—few of them could read or write. At times in the tale of grand pere about the fireside one may catch in the flash of an old eye the fierce old voyageur spirit. The writer has heard through the mist on the Lake in the early morning a song of the French fishermen from a lifting boat and fancied for a moment it might be a crew of voyageurs, in their pirogue with the great West before them and he has harked back to the brave old names,—LaSalle, Du Lhut, Marquette, Cadillac—the sword and the cross.

Even as a light wind shifts the mist on the Lake, the writer has tried to pull back the falling curtain, on this life bristling with the picturesque,—which is slowly fading.

NAVAJO RUG

By Harriet R. Bean

Each time I tread upon this rug of mine
I think of one who wove its bright design
Within the shadow of her hogan home,
Or, in the summer, underneath the dome
Of clear blue, sheltered by the pinon tree—
Weaving her threads in tireless constancy.
The wool, sheared from her own small flock of sheep
(Which, early, little daughter learned to keep)
With patient care she carded, spun and dyed,
Then wove upon her loom. How eager-eyed
That dusky face must then have shone, to view
This rich design of beauty as it grew
Beneath her skillful hands, the finished whole
Pictured within her mind, her artist's soul.
Who made this brilliant rug? Could it have been
That woman whom I met, with modest mein
But with a dignity a queen might boast,
Driving her wagon to the trading post,
Her baby on her lap? This vivid red,
Pattern of diamonds in scarlet thread,
Matches the basque of velveteen she wore,
Bright silver-buttoned. Her bare head bore
A wealth of sunlit shining hair, as black
As this rug's border, neatly looped in back
And bound in place. This central square of white
Is no more dazzling than the fleeting sight
Of her white teeth in that quick smile of joy
When I admired her sturdy baby boy.
These colors at my feet are speaking yet,
But now of tragedy, lest one forget;
Black for the years the white man fought the red,
Robbed him of life, his broad lands forfeited;
Black for deceit and greed, and red for blood
That watered harassed plains, in bitter flood.
But gleaming through the dark there shines pure white
That message, bright with hope, which brought the light
Of Christian love to those distressed, bowed low
In ignorance, and fear of death, and woe.
So, when I walk upon this lovely thing,
It is with humbleness . . . remembering.

The following article on the "American Suicide Club" and the poem on "Navajo Rug" are reprinted here by permission of the Editor of the Medical Division, Navajo Service, of Window Rock, Arizona.

The article on the "American Suicide Club" is of universal applicability and the poem "Navajo Rug" seems worthy of the consideration of every lover of the beautiful.

AMERICAN SUICIDE CLUB

By W. W. Peter, M. D., Dr. P. H.,
Medical Director, Navajo Area.

1. After the 1914-1918 beginning of the present war, there was a lull marked by the Treaty of Versailles. One of its provisions gave France a mandate over Syria. Thereafter large numbers of French officials swarmed into Syria to reorganize the country and bring its backward people to sharing the crumbs of modern civilization. Among these peacetime invaders were health officers. One of them, assigned to the city of Damascus, sent out a questionnaire for information. According to the story, the following are some of the answers from a high native official:

Q. What is the birth rate in Damascus?

A. Childbirth is a private affair. I am never present. I do not know.

Q. What is the death rate of Damascus?

A. It is the will of Allah that all should die. Some die young. Some die old.

Q. What is the sewage disposal system of Damascus?

A. This is a most disagreeable question. People must be allowed to live unmolested and attend to Nature's demands in their own way. Why do you want to know?

Q. What is the water supply situation in Damascus?

A. From time immemorial, no one in Damascus has been known to die of thirst.

Q. What other information can you give regarding health conditions in Damascus?

A. A man should not bother himself or his neighbor with questions which concern only God.

2. The outstanding points in this story are ignorance and indifference. We have much of both in this country. Consequently, as a natural outgrowth, we have a very large and active American Suicide Club.

3. For membership in our American Suicide Club, there are only two determining qualifications—ignorance and indifference. Those possessing these two basic characteristics are members automatically. No one has to do anything to become a member. No application blanks to fill out. No sponsors to secure. No dues to pay. No meetings to attend. No club magazines to read. No participation in membership drives. There are none of these things to worry about. So long as the individual just stays dumb and dopey he remains a member.

4. There are three kinds of members—active, associate, and temporary.

5. Active members are those most ignorant and indifferent in the matter of healthy living. They comprise the largest proportion of membership. They know little or nothing about health maintenance, and care less. When one of them passes an undertaker on the street, the mortician tips his hat, smiles and whispers to himself, "I'll be seeing you later."

6. Associate members are those who possess pseudo knowledge. They think they know everything but actually know very little. They are made up largely of faddists, religious cultists of one kind or another. Of them it may be said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. When one of them passes an undertaker, the mortician flips a coin to see what will happen.

7. Temporary members. Many people, usually health conscious and working at it, make serious slips and thereby join the Club temporarily. Undertakers passing them on the street, treat themselves hopefully to an ice cream soda.

8. When an ex-member, of whatever classification, passes an undertaker on the street, the mortician goes into the nearest drug store and dopes himself with an alka-seltzer. These temporary uncertainties give him a headache.

9. It is not strange that a club of such size and activity should have enemies. The American Suicide Club has many enemies—physicians, nurses, public health officers, some priests, preachers, and politicians; all those who teach health and admonish people to healthier living; all those who listen and religiously practice health habits; all those who make better health laws and those who observe them; all people who intelligently vote tax money for better health and those who wisely use these improved facilities. These all are enemies.

10. In recent years our enemies have become very effective. They are cutting down our membership. This makes it necessary for the American Suicide Club to change its policy very drastically. Until now our American Suicide Club has kept pretty much under cover. Our members do not boast. They have never talked publicly about their club. Members do not use bed sheets or dunce caps to disguise themselves at night while performing secret ceremonies. They have never had a public parade with a band. There are no pass words or handgrips or signs or buttons. There have never been national, state, or local meetings. In fact, the members do not even know each other as such. It is purely an individual relationship. In every way possible, it has been the policy of the American Suicide Club to eliminate all clues to identification of members. Although this policy has been very successful, it now has to be changed. We henceforth will meet our enemies in the open. In the true American spirit, we want a bigger and better Suicide Club than can be found anywhere else in the world. That's our goal.

11. There is much to be said for suicide. Is anything more startling or interesting? When you pick up your daily newspaper, what arrests your attention more than suicide? First you see the headlines, "Mr. So and So, very prominent in business, or Mrs. So and So, very prominent in society, has committed suicide." What do you do? You read the detailed account to the very end. Next, we can speculate who is going to commit suicide next or who ought to. Each of us can make up a list of those people we do not like. How we would delight seeing their names listed among the dead by suicide in tomorrow's paper! If every man and woman whose name was on somebody's list of suicide-to-be-desired were

actually to commit suicide today, very few of us would be alive to read tomorrow's account in the newspapers.

12. One purpose of the American Suicide Club is to bring about more and better suicides in this country. We are gong to try and make self-destruction popular and bring methods up to date. Thus we will keep step with other progressive organizations which are bent on making this a better country in which to live. We stand for a more even distribution of suicide. We do not want them localized in any one part of the country. We want them scattered evenly from Maine to California. We want them evenly distributed each of the twelve months of the year. We want as many suicides to take place by day as by night. At present too many take place on Saturday nights and Sundays. We think it very desirable to distribute suicides on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday as well.

13. The American Suicide Club also hopes to introduce a few new styles in sommitting suicide. We hope to abolish a few such old methods as hanging, shooting, and throat-cutting. Hanging should be the exclusive privilege of the State. It has the proper facilities. Take hanging for example. Modern architecture and the migration from country to cities mitigate against hanging at home. We used to be an agricultural people. Now only 32% of our population live on farms having barns with rafters. 68% of our people live in cities, most of them in buildings without rafters. Can you imagine how difficult it is for people living in large numbers in enormous apartments with only one roof for use in committing suicide by hanging? There are not sufficient rafters to go around. Hanging was a practical form of suicide back in the days when people lived on the ground floor in one-story buildings. We have to change with the times. Hanging must become obsolete.

14. Another objection against hanging is that no one has ever been able to find a way to eliminate the tell-tale crease in the neck made by the tightened noose. There have been many complaints because people who hung themselves did not look as well as they should in a coffin. It is very difficult for undertakers to hide that tell-tale groove.

15. Guns are noisy and make an even greater mess than hanging. Throat-cutting is too gurgly. As a matter of fact, in this new policy of publicizing the American Sucide Club, members will be asked not to use their own judgment on how to commit suicide. The Club has experts who know more about the best methods for suicide than do individual members. A few days delay will make no essential difference. It will be advocated that members stick to what they are doing until they get the advice of specialists and experts. Again, we are also in line with modern practice. Nobody today does anything important without consulting specialists and experts. So it should be with suicide.

16. Our strongest effort will be directed against the erroneous idea that suicide must happen in a moment. Obviously you cannot spread suicide over a period of days, months, or years if you use the method of hanging, fire-arms, poison, or throat-cutting. How can anybody get the slightest pleasure out of suicide if the act is all over in a few seconds? Suicide can be made more popular only if methods are used whereby the

process can be spread over a long period of time, by just a little suicide every single day for years. The American Suicide Club already has millions of members who are doing just that. They do a little suiciding every day. Let me give you several examples.

17. John Jones loves to eat. He is almost a glutton. A business man, confined largely to his office, he lives a sedentary life. He uses an automobile to go from his home to his offiec every day. All John Jones needs of a pair of legs is to walk out of the house to the car, from the car to the office and back again, with a little shopping, mostly for food, of course. His legs are small from too little walking. His abdomen is large from too much eating. When he is constipated, he uses cathartics which he buys himself at a drug store. John Jones joined the Suicide Club at 25. He has been a member for 20 years. But he has been suiciding gradually all those years. He is short of wind. He has an increasingly high blood pressure with signs of hardening of the arteries. His membership will probably terminate very gradually in death before his allotted three score years and ten. He is a shining light in his community, so well fed, so prosperous, such a rare hand to order and enjoy good food frequently. He is a prominent member of many clubs—Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, International, and above all, the most effective one of them all, the American Suicide Club. The American Suicide Club is proud of all the John Joneses who are committing suicide by the way of the mouth and belly.

18. Case No. 2, Mrs. Henry Smith. She fell under the spell of Parisian fashions and keeps herself on a very strict diet. She tried the Hollywood 13-day starvation diet. It nearly knocked her out, but she stuck to it to the bitter end and lost all of 24 pounds and most of her good disposition. She is neurotic about her health. It is her favorite subject of conversation. She has had two operations. Around these and her dieting she has built a remarkable chatter by which she enlivens pink teas for pale people.

19. Case No. 3, Mrs. Foster Brown, a prominent society lady. Her engagement book is always full. She is a member of several women's clubs, an officer in two of them. She attends meetings faithfully. She always feels as if she is about to die. Her chief complaints are nerves and lack of sleep. She is so busy that she cannot take time off to have babies. She visits her family physician frequently and always introduces the conversation by the words, "Doctor, I'm a nervous wreck today." This prominent lady member of the American Suicide Club is committing suicide a little bit every day.

20. Outwardly and temporarily speaking, most of our members show every appearance of health. The American Suicide Club is proud of them. They are fine people. No one could detect their being members of the Suicide Club. They work most of the time. They break no laws of the land openly. There is nothing radical about them, no desire for publicity, no pronounced frustration, no sudden desire for self-slaughter, either directly or indirectly. They believe in suicides drawn out over a long period, a little every day. Have you ever heard the song which can illustrate their fine attitude?

"There are so many ways to love and yet I love but one way.
And that way is with all my heart from Sunday round to Sunday."

There are just as many ways to commit suicide gracefully as there are ways to love. The best of all is "from Sunday round to Sunday".

21. It is unnecessary to enumerate all the wrong ways of living which make people eligible for membership in the American Suicide Club. Ways of wrong living are as diverse as the human body is complex.

22. One aspect of this question should be elaborated—the human lung laboratory. On the Navajo it represents one very weak link in the chain of life. Tuberculosis is unusually prevalent. Also, this is a suitable time of the year to discuss lungs. Winter is upon us. When people close their doors against the cold, have less to do outside, and consequently spend more time crowded together, there are more opportunities for the spread of the seeds of tuberculosis than in the hot summer. Behind closed doors, the coughing and spitting rates go up. Likewise up go the chances for inhaling, imbibing, and ingesting tubercle bacilli. Winter is the best time of the year for planting the seeds of lung trouble of various kinds.

23. Many people act on the assumption that because the lungs are hollow, therefore they must be filled up with a miscellaneous assortment of any kind of junk small enough to get past the gates of the nose and mouth. These lung bellows which keep the flame of life burning with oxygen must work back and forth from fifteen to 20,000 times a day. In the hogan they have to breathe their way through second-hand tobacco smoke, cedar and pinon fire smoke, occasional steam from boiling water or cooking foods and germ laden air contaminated by other users. In cities we have to breathe automobile exhaust gases, street and building dusts, steam, beauty parlor walking ads that smell, and occasionally sewer gases. Lungs have to face the handicaps of sneezes, sweats, halitosis, and bad liquor. In private and Government buildings, windows are often kept shut thus excluding cold, healthy air. With many breathers in the same room, the air becomes absolutely communistic. The air in one lung one minute will be distributed in several other persons' lungs the next.

24. The lungs were intended to deal with just air. However, civilization has brought on its problems. Lungs now have to act as filters, dust bins, condensers, transformers, selectors, evaporaters, thermostats, and chemical laboratories. Lungs have to accommodate themselves to all kinds of air—still and moving, dry and moist, cold and hot, clean and dirty.

25. The best interests of the American Suicide Club foster this abuse of the lungs. Don't give them all the fresh air the body needs. Instead, parboil yourselves in steam heated, high temperature rooms. Trade air with the other fellow, breath for breath, as closely as you can. Let your lungs become a biological second-hand shop. Forget that the earth is surrounded with air that as yet is mostly free and fresh. Figure out how many bacteria, dead or alive, make a pound and pack them away in the lungs as fast as you can. Figure out how many grains of dust make a quart and since the lung space can accommodate more than a gallon, get yourself some dust. Come close and take a deep breath as quickly as you can after somebody coughs or sneezes. Don't waste spray. Spend as many

hours as you can where people have been spitting promiscuously on the floor. Shuffle your feet around and try and raise some dust. Never open a window. It's a bad sign. Worse than walking under a ladder or having a coyote cross your path.

26. After you have found out for yourself what are the most enjoyable of the wrong ways to live, pass on these practices to other people and thus get them to become members of the American Suicide Club. Remember that our slogan is "So to Live as to Die Prematurely". Only in these ways can the American Suicide Club achieve its ultimate goal and make its contribution to a world which is already doing everything it can in other ways, and with considerable success, to commit suicide.

GILSON D. LIGHT

Toledo and Ohio recently lost by death a soldier and commander of long and varied service.

At the time of his death Feb. 21, 1941, General Light was Adjutant General of Ohio and he would have again entered the Federal military service had not an unsuspected physical defect, the result of long service, caused his rejection.

Briefly, his service extended from a private in the Ohio National Guard to the Adjutant Generalship of Ohio and from private in the federal service to Lieutenant Colonel.

He was born in Columbus Grove, Ohio, in 1883. As a business man, he held various responsible positions, but later became known as emergency man in the public service, was safety director of Toledo in 1922-1924, served by appointment as Sheriff of Lucas County for 5 months, filling a vacancy, and also by appointment served for a short term as Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary.

He was a National Guardsman for 40 years—rising in rank from private to Adjutant General.

Impatient of a call to National service in 1917, he resigned his Ohio command and enlisted as a private in the 1st Infantry Brigade. Thirteen days later he was discharged and commissioned as Major in the 1st Brigade, afterwards designated as the 74th.

His first engagement was in the Baccarat sector near Lunneville, France. He soon became a Lieutenant Colonel and was in the drive on Brussels when the armistice was signed.

He was decorated with the French and Belgian Croix de guerre and the United States order of the Purple Heart.

From "What's Going on in Toledo", a publication of the Toledo Chamber of Commerce we quote:

"Had General Gilson D. Light been born in the 1830's his name might be immortally famous today, for he was the type of soldier upon whom Grant depended in the long campaign which began in The Wilderness and Spottsylvania, the type which Lee needed so badly from Chancellorsville

to Appomattox. Had the Germans lasted another six months from November, 1918, General Light also might have achieved undying fame in the First World War, for the A. E. F. in 1917-18 needed this same type.

"So, while General Light did not awaken on any morning to find himself famous, he did awaken early in his 40-year military career to find himself terribly necessary, and so it was time and again throughout his long service.

"General Light's genius was a matter of countless and varied perfections which, put together, made a nearly perfect whole. The aura of the spectacular hung about him from Baccarat to the end, but he attacked in his home state the unspectacular problem of fire and flood and organization with the same thoroughness he showed under fire on the Western Front. He had an enormous capacity for doing almost anything well under difficult circumstances and in the face of great obstacles, which in the profession of arms is saying a lot.

"So, in time he was decorated often and acclaimed, and deservedly so. He was the kind of soldier who makes the greatness of great commanders possible and in time achieves greatness himself.

"General Light died much too young for the citizen he was and the soldier he was, and much too young for what might be the necessity of the immediate unpromising years."

FORT MIAMI

The option taken by the Chamber on old Fort Miami has been approved by the court. We hope this initial step will result soon in a plan for purchase and proper reconstruction of this historic spot. It is worthwhile for countless youngsters, for tourists and for Toledoans generally to see to it that this famous area is not allowed to become unidentifiable. If it is, it will be forgotten, and if it is forgotten, a lot of things about our early history which are important to remember also may be forgotten.

LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF

In our issue of January, 1941, we republished an address by Mr. Howard Jones of Circleville, Ohio, on *Logan and The Logan Elm Tree*, including the oft quoted speech by Logan, the Mingo Chief, the most celebrated utterance of any Indian.

In this issue we are publishing, by permission, an article from the same source giving a brief life history of Logan.

It is much more difficult to obtain facts in regard to the life of a distinguished Indian of the eighteenth century than it is to obtain facts in regard to a white man of equal celebrity of the same period and the same environment. The histories which have come down to us dealing with the early settlement of the United States have been written by the white man, and, naturally, the Indian, who had no other biographer, had his good qualities minimized and his bad ones exaggerated.

History has been characterized by many great scholars as tales so often repeated that we believe them to be true. A modern engineer and philanthropist has said "History is bunk". Yet we must have history with all its faults of praise where praise is doubtful and condemnation where praise should take its place. The history here presented in regard to Chief Logan is of a compelling character, having been compiled from every source available to me. That it is incomplete is to be expected and probably it contains minor errors. How much of it can be taken at its face value and how much can be discarded, is left to the judgment of the reader.

In the year 1745 there was living at Shamokin—now Sunbury, Pa.—according to Hodge's "Hand Book of American Indians", a man by the name of Shikellamy. Hodge quotes Bartram as authority for the statement that he was a Frenchman, born in Montreal, who had been captured by the Indians and adopted by them. Shikellamy claimed to be a full blood Cayuga Indian. He was a man of importance in his tribe, and in 1738 he was sent to the forks of the Susquehanna River to look after the interests of the Six Nations. Here he served so well that later we find him at Shamokin managing the most intricate and important interests of the Indians in their dealings with the Colonies. Hodge says: "He was an astute statesman and diplomat". He had many honors heaped upon him until his death in December, 1748. This man was the father of Chief Logan who was born at Shamokin about 1725. Authorities say he had a brother, some say four brothers and a sister. His Indian name was Tah-jah-jute, meaning according to Hewitt, "His eye lashes stick out or over something, readily meaning spying". All histories agree that for about twenty-five years he lived at or near Shamokin where, like his father, he was a friend and favorite of all who knew him. He is believed to have received his name of John Logan from his friend, James Logan, who was at one time acting governor of Pennsylvania. Until he moved to the Ohio Country he made a living for himself and family by hunting and scouting. He was fond of children and many stories are told of his expertness with the bow and rifle for their amusement. He was a devoted friend of the white man through all the various quarrels between his people and the white race. About 1770 he lived along the Ohio River, and, for a short time during 1774, he made his home at Westfall on the Scioto River in Pickaway County, Ohio, a town long since depopulated.

Samuel Drake in his book of Indians says: "For magnanimity in war and greatness of soul in peace, few, if any, in any nation ever surpassed Logan. He took no part in the French wars which ended in 1760 except that of peacemaker. He was always acknowledged the friend of the white people until 1774 when his brother and several others of his family were murdered". It will not be necessary to quote more to establish his peaceable and upright character. All the pioneers agree that he was their friend. I may add that he is described as having been a very fine specimen of man physically as well as mentally.

As to his father the question is quite well settled, but not so well determined whether he was French, half French or a full blood Cayuga Indian. It is presumed Logan's mother was an Iroquois. If it is

a fact that his father was a Frenchman, Logan was only half Indian. In this event his was probably a dual nature. He thought like a white man at times and at other times his mind was all Indian. I personally have known such a one and have been amazed at the sudden transformation of the man's mind. Logan was called a Mingo, the word meaning one who has separated himself, or herself, from the tribe and wandered into new country. They were not outcasts. However all this may be, we find Mingo Chief Logan with his followers wandering into the Ohio Country in the year 1770. This was a period of stress for the white man who desired the land and the Indian struggling to retain it. Chief Logan and his band were on friendly terms with the avaricious pioneers, the hostile Shawnee, the Miami, the Delaware and other less known tribes living along the Ohio River and its tributaries and also about the lake region. In the year 1774 one of Chief Logan's camps was on the Ohio River at the mouth of Yellow Creek. Here began the tragedy which soon converted the kind and peace-loving Indian into a revengeful, sorrowing, prematurely old and dissipated man who declared he had nothing left to live for and therefore wanted to die.

Much of the history of this tragedy, and others connected with it, are taken from the early writings of Thomas Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson in the year 1781-82, in his "Notes on Virginia", and later in an appendix to the edition published in 1800, gathered all the testimony available to him to establish the truth about the events of the various forays and murders which took place in Kentucky and along the "Beautiful River" in the year 1774, and about Chief Logan's part in them and his message to Lord Dunmore while at Camp Charlotte.

In the original "Notes on the State of Virginia" written in 1781-82, Chief Logan is referred to as a high type of Indian and his message to Lord Dunmore was reproduced as previously published in newspapers and magazines of this country, England and France. As Michael Cresap's name occurred in this message Mr. Jefferson was accused of having written or doctored it. Mr. Jefferson, smarting under this charge, thought best to exonerate himself in an appendix to a later edition of his "Notes on the State of Virginia". Accordingly he took up the challenge and secured testimony by letters, many being sworn to, from persons who were acquainted with the actors of that day or were themselves actors in the historic events referred to.

After reading over these testimonials, voluntarily given to Mr. Jefferson, one feels that the "speech" of Chief Logan to Lord Dunmore is much better authenticated than many points of history which have come down to us that have never been in dispute.

After the attack, by the command of Lord Dunmore, upon the Mingo camp on the bank of the Scioto River near the present site of Columbus, Ohio, which seems in the light of our present knowledge so uncalled for and unnecessary in severity and brutality, Chief Logan became more than ever despondent. He soon left the neighborhood of the Shawnee towns on the Pickaway Plains and gave himself up to "fire-water" as many a good white man had done before and has done since. His second wife was a Shawnee. She was good looking, good

company and popular among the white people of her acquaintance. She was in Detroit when Chief Logan arrived there from his cabin at Westfall. Hodge says: "On his return from a trip to Detroit in 1780 he was killed by a nephew, apparently in a quarrel." The Chief had become despondent, broken-hearted and quarrelsome, all his fine qualities had been destroyed by man's ingratitude.

There are at least two monuments erected to his memory at points far distant from each other. One is at Auburn, New York, the other at Logan Elm Park near Circleville, Ohio. The last named is a granite slab with a cameo in bronze of Chief Logan on one side and on the other his celebrated speech is engraved. This monument stands near the great Elm tree, known far and wide as Logan Elm.