

VALLEY OF DREAMS AND MEMORIES

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School, known locally as the "Nigger Face" was the home of a manitou or Indian God and the Red residents of the valley kept the trees burned from the hill and the surrounding country that the view of their God would not be obstructed.

As I write a smile comes to me as I recall how with boyhood friends, in fancy I rode the dim trails of the valley on fleet ponies led by the pompous Red Jacket, Cornplanter, Chief Blacksnake and others of my efforts to recreate the loves, hatreds, envies, vices and virtues of the Red race, until his presence among the rocks and stumps became very real to me, so it is easy to see that Indian research became my life's hobby. Memories of discussing these things behind smoke rings from good five cent cigars enjoyed by Harry Greene and myself back in the "gay nineties" often prompted him to quote this humorous verse, and I wonder if he still remembers it:

"The Indian has gone from his native
haunt
His campfire has burned low:
But he left the seed of a cheering
weed,
And may it always grow
To make the heart of the White man
glad
And bring him mirth and laughter
And he who smokes for comfort
Had better smoke here than here-
after."