

My Golden School Days

Section 5, Pages 121 - 122

This is a scrapbook that belonged to Earne L. Hildebrand who attended Cimarron High School in Cimarron, Kansas from 1908 to 1912. It includes photographs, newspaper clippings, letters, programs, invitations, and other high school memories.

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ping tobacco. This is
two thousand feet long and extends
in width from rim-rock to rim-rock.
Returning that night to his camp at
the mouth of Klondike, he found in
Kama, the Indian chief he had met at
Dyea. Kama was traveling by canoe,
bringing in the last mail of the
year. In his possession was dust, two
hundred dollars in gold, borrowed by
Daylight immediately to stake a claim.
Upon return, he arranged to stake a claim
for him, which was Forty Mile. When
he passed there next morning, he carried
Kama's letter of letters for Daylight.
He addressed to all the old-timers down
river, in which they were urged to
come up immediately and stake. Also
Kama carried letters of similar import
given him by the other men on Bonanza
Creek.

"It will sure be the gosh-dangdest
stampede that ever was," Daylight
chuckled, as he tried to vision the ex-
cited populations of Forty Mile and
Circle City tumbling into polling-boats
and racing the hundreds of miles up
the Yukon; for he knew that his word
would be unquestioningly accepted.

One day in December Daylight filled
a pan from bed-rock on his own claim
and carried it into his cabin. Here a
fire burned and enabled him to keep
water unfrozen in a canvas tank. He
squatting over the tank and began to
wash. Earth and gravel seemed to fill
the pan. As he imparted to it a cir-
cular movement, the lighter, coarser
particles washed out over the edge.
At times he combed the surface with
his fingers, raking out handfuls of
gravel. The contents of the pan di-
minished. At last drew near to the
bottom, for the purpose of fleeting and
tentative examination, he gave the
pan a sudden sloshing movement,
emptying it of water. And the whole
bottom showed as if covered with but-
ter. Thus the yellow gold flashed
up as the muddy water was filtered
away. It was gold—gold-dust, coarse
gold, nuggets, large nuggets. He was
all alone. He set the pan down for a

the Klondike, he found the big nat-
desolate and tenantless as ever. Down
close by the river, Chief Isaac and his
Indians were camped beside the
frames on which they were drying sal-
mon. Several old-timers were also in
camp there. Having finished their
summer work on Ten Mile Creek, they
had come down the Yukon, bound for
Circle City. But at Sixty Mile they
had learned of the strike, and stopped
off to look over the ground. They had
just returned to their boat when Day-
light landed his flour, and their report
was pessimistic. But an hour later,
at his own camp, Joe Ladue strode in
from Bonanza Creek. He led Daylight
in.

They are not aristocratic; that is what is
claimed. The idea is that if a trousers
is properly cut and fitted it sets so
neatly on the hips that it needs no
support, and therefore the presence of
suspenders indicates that the man's
apparel is the work of a cheap tailor,
which is certainly not aristocratic.

If suspenders are to go, there is a
better reason than this, and that is in
the trick of the trade that leaves a
weak point in the suspenders—a place
that is always breaking and annoying
the wearer until his patience is gone.
Then he gets a belt and goes without
suspenders, out of pure disgust. He
would rather hitch up his trousers
than tie up his galluses.

But this article of apparel is not dis-
appearing—not as long as ready-made
clothing is the joy of most men. The
suspenders necessarily go with this
habit, since the kidlike adjustment
about the hips is impossible.

International marriage bargains do
not help Americans to understand just
why Europe is entitled to rebuke
American love of money.

