

The Herald and News

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Carts

By KEN McLEOD

Long before the covered wagon became a symbol of the western frontier the cart brigades of the Metis were "shrieking" their way over the prairies along the old caravan route between Fort Garry (now Winnipeg) and the river connection at St. Peter's (now St. Paul) a distance of some 600 miles. In this spontaneous development of commerce we have one of the little recognized sagas of the frontier. A cart brigade was on the road more than a month braving dangers from marauding Indians, floods, thunderstorms, blistering heat, prairie fires and mosquitoes.

Fire upon the trail was a dangerous thing. In the hot summer months the long prairie grass was always ablaze somewhere, and if the fire broke out along the trail the consequences to a Red River caravan could be disastrous. The greatest problem faced by the train in such an event was not necessarily the fire itself but it resulted in the destruction of feed necessary for the shaggy little ponies or the oxen which drew the carts and lived off the country. Forced marches might be necessary to get out of a burned section and the feet of the men and animals could be badly burned in the hot black ashes.

It is of interest that the Black-foot Indians, farther west, got their name from the stain left on their white buckskin moccasins by the coal-black ash of burned prairie grass. The marks of the prairie fires left their impression on every writer who journeyed through the country in that historic period of the development of the continent. Lightning started most of these fires, which often raced across the plains with such speed that no animal could escape; but Indian and Metis hunters occasionally set them likewise to drive the buffalo.

There were rivers to cross which likewise became a hazard of the trail, those too deep or too swift to be forded were crossed by raft or log bridge. The heaviest traffic was in the spring when the rains swept the country resulting in flooded streams and a marshy road—carts were mired and had to be unloaded, lifted out of the muck and loaded again while brush was put down to give the train footing across the bog holes. The train proceeded along in single file. Ten carts made a "brigade" each of which usually had three drivers so that each man commanded three or four carts and he, along with the captain of the brigade, walked a thousand miles a season bearing the misfortunes of the trail almost without complaint for these men were traditionally as cheerful as their "voyageur" forebears.

The origin of the Red River cart and the year of its "birth" are obscure. Some have credited its "invention" to Alexander Henry the Younger, North West Company trader who arrived at Pembina in 1801. Other sources say the cart was known in the region as early as 1784. Henry made no claim as to having designed it but his journal entry of November 15, 1801 makes what may be the first mention of this wonderful vehicle of the plains.

"Men now go again for meat," writes Henry; "with small carts, the wheels of which are one solid piece, sawed off the ends of trees whose diameter is three feet. These carriages we find more convenient and advantageous than it is to load horses, the country being so smooth and level that we can use them in every direction."

Henry became more and more enthusiastic about the cart. "This invention," he wrote in 1803, "is worth four horses to us, as it would require five horses to carry as much on their backs as one will drag in each of these large carts."

Henry was English but the cart was definitely French. Similar vehicles had long been in use at Quebec, whose inhabitants had modified the design they had known in Europe. But in the Red River country the cart became a product of evolution, built for the prairie in much the same way that a later cart developed on the Argentine pampas. No one could be said to have "invented" it, nor did the design remain unchanged. As the years progressed the cart became lighter and stronger, until it could carry a load of 500 pounds and make fifty miles a day when drawn by a pony, or carry 900 pounds fifteen or twenty miles a day when drawn by an ox.

The solid wheels of which Henry wrote were replaced by "dished" wheels with four or more spokes. The wheels could be quickly removed and attached under the axle or at its sides so the vehicle could be floated across a river. After spokes became popular, the fellows which formed the rim were wrapped with wet rawhide; shrinking and hardening as they dried, the leather strips bound the segments of the rim firmly together.

The cart was built entirely of wood and the noise of its wheel hubs as they rubbed on the axle which was usually an unpeeled poplar log, was a tooth-stabbing shriek which was never forgotten by anyone who heard it. The wheels could not be greased because dust would coagulate and cement them to the axle. The drivers and their animals just had to get used to the interminable shriek of the grinding wood. The Red River cart brigades never sneaked up on anyone. On a still day they could be heard for miles across the prairie

Yankee Nurse

By MARY PRIME

United Press

New Movie

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK — Hollywood may be dismayed to learn that an ex-soda jerk here has made a full length movie for only \$25,000.

"As a matter of fact, it cost me only \$6,000 to turn out the film itself," said Everett Chambers. "The rest went for music, sound, and other expenses."

The film, "A Run Across the River," is the culmination of a four-year dream and a long uphill fight for its 31-year-old producer, who has a crew cut and looks like an Ivy League college instructor. A spy chase melodrama, filmed in semi-documentary style and featuring Greenwich Village back-grounds, it is now being shown to exhibitors.

"I don't expect it to rival 'Gone With the Wind,'" said Chambers cheerfully. "But I think it's a pretty fair 'B' grade picture—at least as good as 'I Was a Teen-age Werewolf.'"

Behind his unusual effort is an unusual story.

Chambers, a native of Los Angeles, came here in 1949 and got a \$52-a-week job dishing up sundaes in a midtown ice cream parlor. He also met and married there a hostess named Joan.

After a few acting jobs, Chambers worked his way up to a post as one of TV's top-casting directors. But he saw the handwriting on the wall when live TV shows began to be replaced by film productions.

Chambers decided he had to change with the times.

"It doesn't make much sense," he said, "but you can win more of a reputation by turning out one feature length picture, good or bad, than you can by producing any number of good hour-long TV shows."

Chambers persuaded a friend, Lee Gillen, 29, to write a movie script, his first one for the promise of a share of the profits, if any. He got a dozen actors to take roles on the same basis. The same with the cameraman.

But he still had to have some cash. Yet who would put up any real money for such a shoestring venture. The answer was easy. Nobody. Chambers, in a blue funk, was out to abandon the project when his wife suggested:

"Why don't we call up everybody we know, and ask them to put in \$200 each? That will appeal to everybody, and nobody can get hurt bad."

"We got on the phone at once," said Chambers, "and in two weeks raised \$8,000. Then a friend in the garment industry chipped in \$7,500—and we were off."

Among Chambers' backers are his mother, his doctor, an usher, a Chinese bartender, a policeman, a teacher, a secretary, and a delicatessen counter-surely the most oddly assorted group ever to invest in a movie.

No salaries have been paid yet to actors, author, cameraman or technicians. Scenery and back-grounds were borrowed. Greenwich Village friends loaned their apartments for interior shots.

The city of New York also came to the rescue of a young man trying to make good the hard way. It loaned him a subway train and a fire boat. It also sent two detectives who questioned him for five hours because he hadn't obtained a permit to stage a spectacular rooftop gunfight.

"We were so short-staffed that I had to do the makeup and hair-dressing myself," said Chambers. "I even had to sew a bra into the negligee of an actress, which is a pretty unusual chore for a producer."

He figures that if he can sell the picture for \$100,000 all his investors will get their money back and all salaries will be paid. That will leave him nothing for himself.

"But the experience will have been worth it," he said.

Pogo

By JOHN GUERNSEY

United Press

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Oldster Takes Young Bride

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HERNANDO, Miss. (AP) — A 76-year-old great-grandfather from Sturdivant, Mo., married his 14-year-old sweetheart here yesterday.

Her new husband, John G. Tatro of Sturdivant, Mo., beamed. He said he has nine children, six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, but had been a lonely man since his first wife died last December.

Mary Lou was accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Lawson. The newlyweds said they will head back to Missouri tomorrow.

CHANGE OF PACE
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They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

UM—HERE, BALTO! C'MON! GOTTA GO FOR OUR NICE WALK—ER—HE MUST—UH—SMELL SOMETHIN' COOKING IN THERE—GET AWAY FROM THERE, BALTO!

ME KIDDER'S BREATH—SMELLER HOISTED HIM ON THE SPRINKLER A MONTH AGO—LET'S SEE HIM TALK HIS WAY OUTA THIS—

ME KIDDER TOLD HIS OLD LADY HE ALWAYS TOOK THE POOGH TO THE PARK—

THAT PURP MUST BE A REVOISE SAINT BERNARD—HE BERNAS THE CUSTOMER TO THE KEG—

MY UNCLE WINESAP HAD A HORSE THAT USED TO STOP AT EVERY SWINGIN' DOOR IN TOWN—

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE—AND THE PROSECUTOR WILL BE SUMMING UP ALL WEEK—

AR-RUF! AR-RUF! AR-RUF!

BULLARNEY CAFE

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