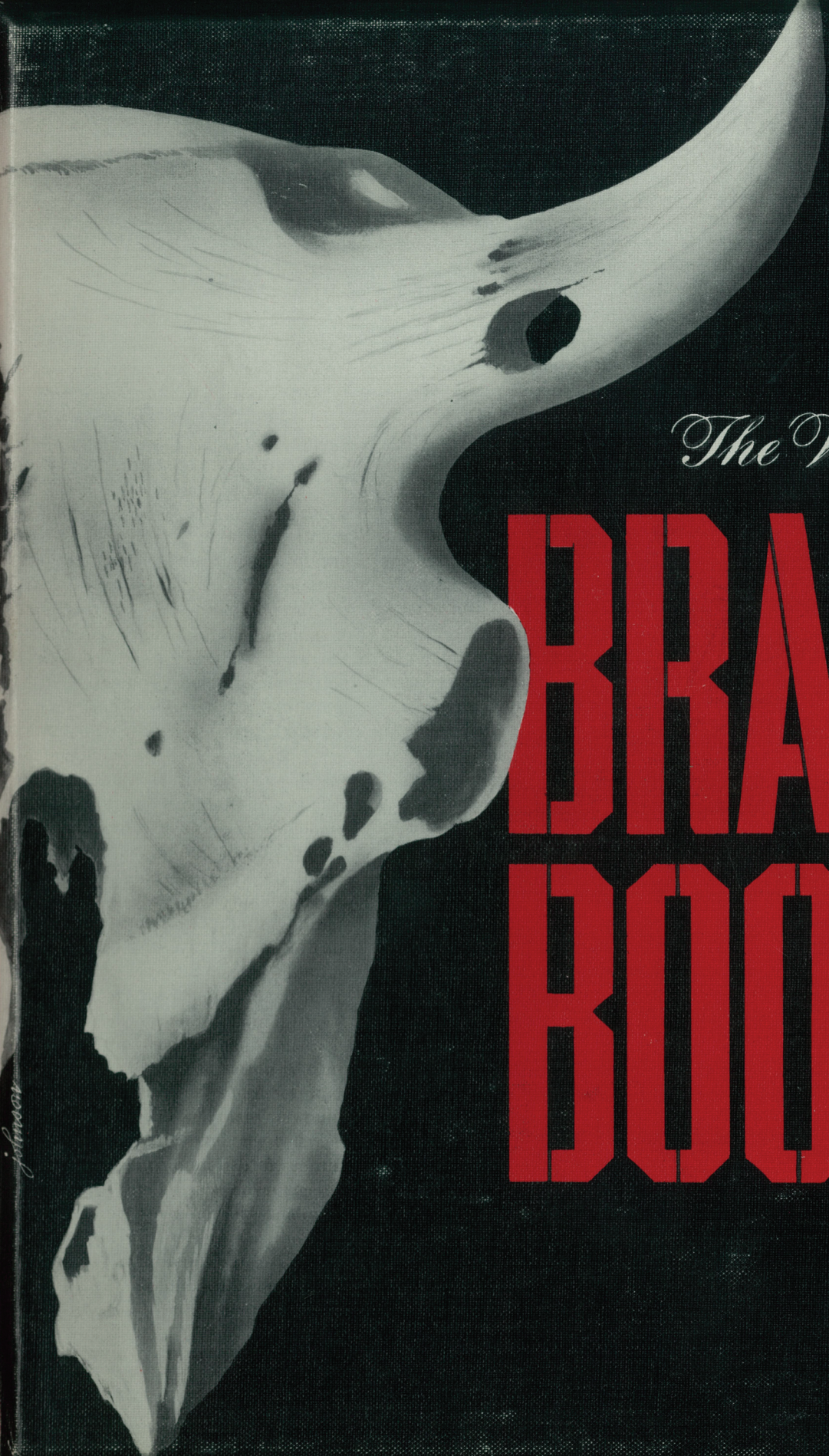


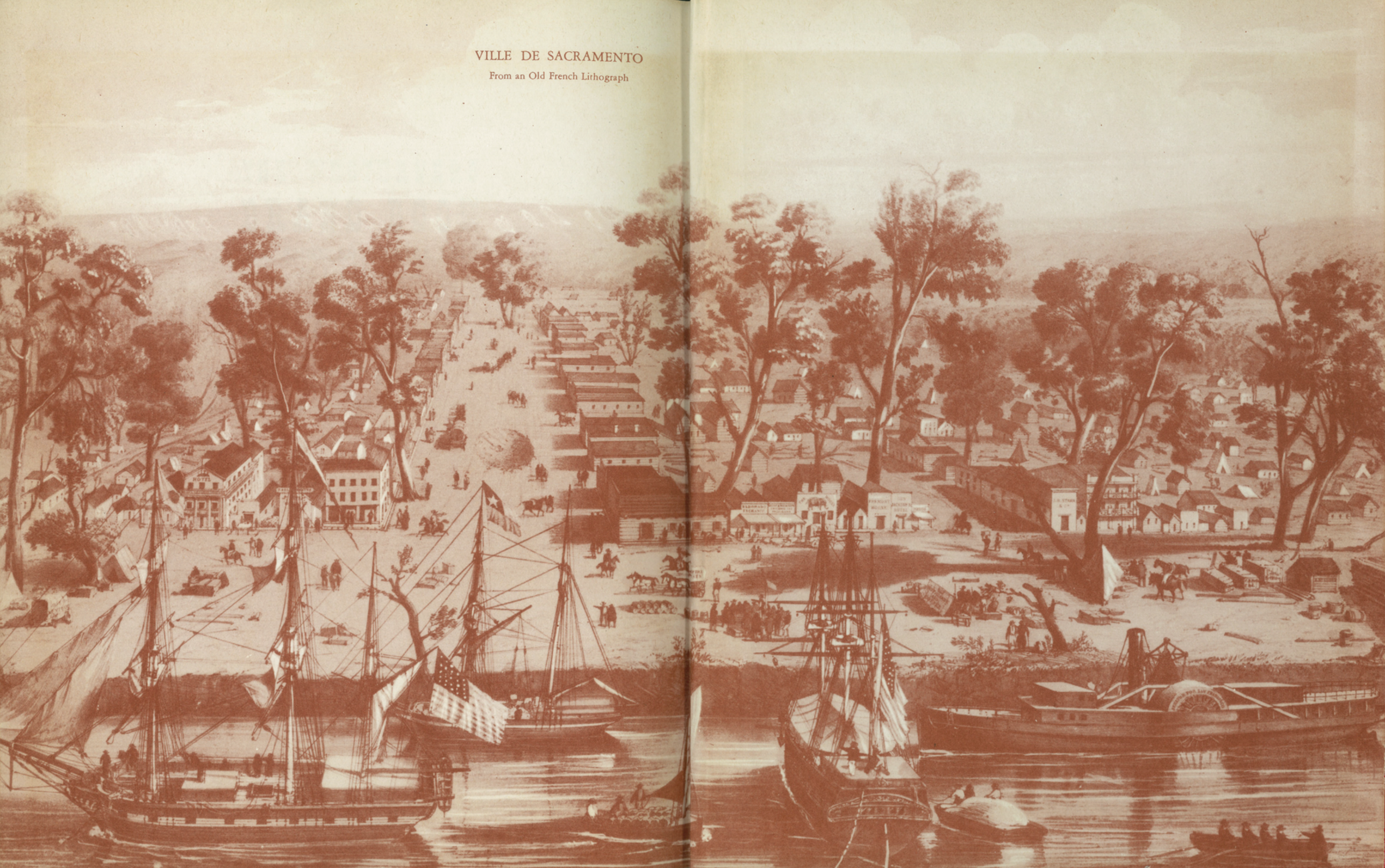
The Westerners

BRAND BOOK

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

VILLE DE SACRAMENTO

From an Old French Lithograph



THE WESTERNERS
BRAND BOOK

LOS ANGELES CORRAL
1948

THE

Westerners

BRAND BOOK

LOS ANGELES CORRAL • 1948

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN K. ROLLINSON

MAN OF THE OLD WEST
ADMIRED ★ HONORED
BELOVED

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

PREFACE

» » This volume is the second annual Brand Book from the Los Angeles Westerners. Out of the experience of contributing to this volume has come a greater knowledge of the subject closest to the hearts of the contributors, as well as a sincere appreciation of all Westerners for their efforts. The results of these investigations offered verbally at the monthly meetings are now given a wider audience. Some of the greatest adventures of American life have been enacted in the vast country which we know as the West, and it was here that the Butterfield Stage Route, the California Gold, the Al Sieber Chronicle, and Stories of Old Placerita became realities.

This volume will also find favor with those who like to read of Indian ceremonies, gun-toting in the Old West, California and Its Wine, etc. An examination of the contents of this volume will reveal a variety of intensely interesting western subjects.

In their own quiet and unassuming manner these Westerners, none of whom claim to be experts or final authorities, have made honest and extensive research on their own special subject which they unselfishly publish here for the benefit of others. It has been proven again that a worthwhile book can be built by many hands and can be a fruitful source of information for historians of the West.

PAUL W. GALLEHER
Sheriff, Los Angeles Corral
The Westerners

THE WESTERNERS, LOS ANGELES POSSE, 1948

RESIDENT MEMBERS

Paul Bailey
Noah Beery, Jr.
Col. C. B. Benton
Gordon A. Boelter
Homer H. Boelter
H. E. Britzman
D. P. Bryant
Lindley Bynum
Loring Campbell
Thomas N. Carlile
E. N. Carter
H. H. Clark
Iron Eyes Cody
N. S. Davis
Glen Dawson
Carl S. Dentzel
R. A. Dodson
Clarence Ellsworth
Hurlstone Fairchild
Dwight Franklin
George Fullerton
Paul W. Galleher
Dan Gann
Alfred T. Gilman
John B. Goodman
Jack A. Harden
Neal R. Harlow
Col. Eugene Hart
Don Hill
Lonnie Hull
M. Martin Johnson
R. O. Jones
Merrell A. Kitchen
J. Gregg Layne
Warren F. Lewis
Marvin M. Miller
H. William Moore
Bert H. Olson
Don Louis Percival
W. W. Robinson
Will Rogers, Jr.
J. J. Rollinson*
Maj. Gen. Frank S. Ross
Jack Sahr
Frank A. Schilling
Ernest V. Sutton
Robert P. Thompson
William Weber
Robert J. Woods
Arthur Woodward
Charles Yale

NON-RESIDENT MEMBERS

Ramon Adams
Milford Baker
Elizabeth B. Cox
A. B. Cummins
E. DeGolyer
Edward Eberstadt
J. H. Euston
J. S. Findley
Nicholas S. Firfires
Earle R. Forrest
Robert A. Griffen
Guy Griffin
Mannel Hahn
George L. Harding
Michael Harrison
E. R. Hickson
Albert Johannsen
Harry A. Levenson
Louis D. Lieghton
M. J. McCreight
David Magowan
Lamar Moore
Tom Norris
Dr. Harry W. Plath
Arthur Reid
E. Reiff
F. G. Renner
Bert G. Shorey
Capt. Russell V. Steele
S. James Tuffree
Earl Vandale
Otha D. Wearin

University of California Library

Los Angeles Public Library

Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery

HONORARY MEMBER

Percy L. Bonebrake

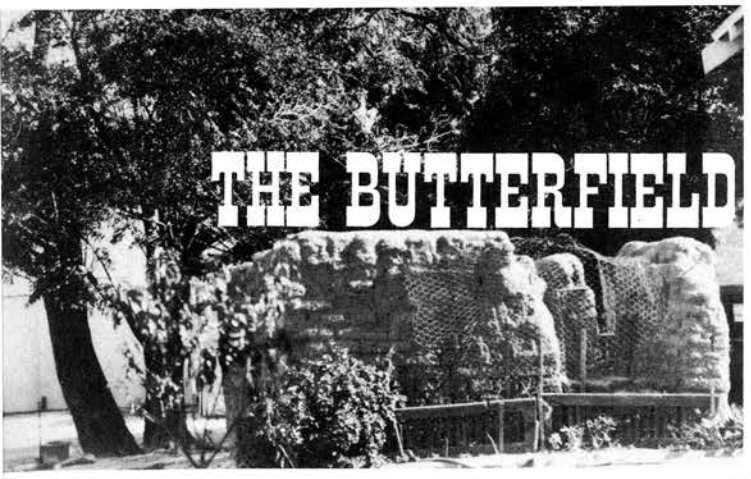
*Deceased

OFFICERS

PAUL W. GALLEHER • Sheriff
HOMER H. BOELTER • Roundup Foreman
MERRELL A. KITCHEN • Representative
NOAH BEERY, JR. • Wrangler
JOHN B. GOODMAN • Deputy Sheriff
COL. C. B. BENTON • Registrar Marks & Brands
BERT H. OLSON • Asst. Registrar Marks & Brands
DAN GANN • Editor Branding Iron

THE CHANGE STATION

By Clarence Ellsworth



THE BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND MAIL IN CALIFORNIA

By ROSCOE P. CONKLING

THE EFFORTS TO CONVEY MAIL FROM the East to the Pacific, between the years 1845 and 1869, when the Union Pacific railroad was completed, is one of the most fascinating subjects in the history of the development of our country. Oregon, which had recently been acquired, and which became a Territory in 1847, demanded postal communication with the East. California, still a province of Mexico in 1845, when such plans were first considered, was not regarded as important, although there were Americans settled there previous to that time. How to send the mails over such a great distance was a problem that confronted more than one administration. Of the two routes—the Overland, and the Ocean route—the Ocean route seemed most satisfactory although the distance from New York to San Francisco by Cape Horn was 15,348 miles, and by Panama, 6,077 miles. By the land route the distance was about 3,265 miles. Months were required to make the journey overland, and the reports of hardship, suffering, and the Indian menace, discouraged even those who favored this route. The Ocean route was decided on by way of Panama, and by 1847, a number of iron hull, side-wheel ocean steamers were being constructed by the government for service on the Atlantic and Pacific routes. These first mail steamers were ordered so designed and constructed that they could be converted into ships of war on short notice. Each of these ships was supposed to be inspected to see if these strange specifications were carried out. Two or three were reported having been thus inspected, but nobody seemed to want to approve their man-of-war qualities. Others of the fleet were urgently needed and were put into commission without the authorized inspection. The post-office at Astoria was the first to be supplied on these contracts. However, the ships were ordered to stop at the California ports of San Diego, Monterey, and San Francisco and deliver and receive letters for the convenience of the Americans dwelling in those places. The first of the mail steamships, "California," sailed out of New York in October, 1848, bound for Oregon by the Cape Horn route. But one through passenger registered on the list, and he a special government agent bearing a message to the Pacific coast postmasters. These plans were turned topsy-turvy by two great events in the year 1848—the peace treaty with Mexico which yielded California to the United States, and the discovery of gold in California. The news of this last was spreading all over the world. Almost before the "California" dropped anchor at Callao, Peru, hordes of wild prospectors clambered on board seeking passage to San Francisco. By the time the steamer arrived at San Francisco in February, 1849, she was so crowded that there was not room for one to sleep, even on deck. The

 gold-fever seized many of the ship's crew who deserted ship and fled to the gold fields.

Much has been written and much more will be written concerning this spectacular event. Never before in the history of man, and never again will any such tremendous migration of mad, crazed humanity occur. Many eager minded in every place on earth were held back only for lack of means of transportation. Imagine now, were that discovery made in our day with the present means of travel over the face of the earth, what the onrush of humanity would be!

Although the gold-rush drew thousands to California overland, and opened every route of travel between the Mississippi and the Pacific, the ocean route was preferred, especially by way of Panama, despite the fact that a foreign country had to be traversed with all its inconveniences. A railroad to the Pacific had long been in the public mind. Several surveys had been made by U. S. Topographical engineers, but, until 1861, nobody had explained just how the road was to be built. The sudden leap of the frontier from the Missouri to the Pacific, after the gold-rush, which left the region between, as it always had been, a trackless wilderness, gave no encouragement to the project. One can only speculate on what the progress west from the Mississippi would have been, had there been no gold discovery, but it seems certain that settlements would have spread and routes of communication established between them. The Indian menace, however, must not be forgotten, for it retarded the westward trend of migration from the very first.

With the influx of Americans came the need of communication with the East. California now led in this appeal. Oregon had second place. The eyes of the administration were focused on California, or rather on San Francisco which *was* California to many public minds. Overland mail contracts were granted and operated over the Northern routes, but none of them met the demands of these pioneer settlers. The Ocean mail dominated. While this service was complained of even by the people of San Francisco, they, however, had some regular communication; but from the inland towns and especially from those in Southern California, there came never ending complaints and a demand for an efficient overland mail service. Thus it was, that for nine or more years these isolated sections fought bravely for the establishment of a more dependable service, and politicians in California and Missouri, and even Texas, bent their efforts in that direction. By the year 1857, the South was in the ascendency, and was exerting every influence to benefit trade and traffic in the southern domain. The postoffice department, appeasing the demands from the Californians and at the same time keeping step with its southern affiliations, granted a contract to James E. Birch, a native of New England who had become a prominent pioneer stage man in California, to operate an overland mail service between San Antonio, Texas, and San Diego, California, at a compensation of $149,000 per annum. The northern newspapers raised a howl of protest when this was announced. Terms and accusations were flung at the heads of the various departments, the like of which, should any bold editor attempt today, he would be dragged out of his chair by soldiers and stood

before a firing squad. The new route did not please anybody; southerners themselves complained. It required about sixty days or more to go from New Orleans to San Francisco, and the cost to the traveler was about $300.00, when he could go the Panama route in much less than half that time and with much less expense. Postmaster-general Aaron V. Brown of Memphis, a most decided southerner, was disappointed in the project; and Postmaster-general Joseph Holt, who succeeded Brown, and who was far more bound to the southern cause than his predecessor, stated that the contract "was an injustice to the department." Repercussions from the old rivalry between northern and southern California, were heard. The San Diegans, claiming that they had a better harbor than San Francisco, claimed great things for the San Diego mail line. The San Franciscans seemed to have no knowledge of such a service. Here in Los Angeles the Angelenos were not excited about it. Although the original Angels had long become extinct and passed out of existence, they had evidently left a certain peace and quiet about the old place. One could close shop at noon and hie to the plaza and indulge in a siesta. If excitement was wanted, there were lively cock fights going on just around the corners; or one could stand in front of the old Bella Union Hotel any morning and see who the four or five "too slow on the trigger" gents were when their remains were hauled out of the old bar room. Novios and novias strolled about the Plaza at night; and anyone socially inclined could attend several different fandangoes every night. If Commodore Phineas Banning's sweating mule team and mail coach dashed up from San Pedro minus the mail bag which somebody had forgotten, it made no difference to the native Angeleno. "If you received no letters you wouldn't have to answer them. Si Senor, no hay de importa!"

However, in northern California, in Missouri, and in Texas, serious thought was being given to frame a bill to Congress appealing to that body for a more efficient overland mail service. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company by that time had become a monopoly of trade and traffic along the entire west coast, and the people were clamoring for relief. Gwin of California, Phelps of Missouri, and Rush of Texas were the three staunchest advocates of this project and they succeeded at last, after ceaseless toil and effort, in having the great Overland Mail bill passed on March 3, 1857, and it became law of the land. This gave postmaster-general Brown the authority to make a contract to carry the mail from a point on the Mississippi, "as the contractor might select" to San Francisco. Of the several bids offered by various contractors, three were from John Butterfield and his associates. Several routes were proposed, and here again the southern element interposed itself. The route must be a southern route with Memphis the eastern terminus. The third bid from the Butterfield contractors was accepted and the contract signed. This proposed a route from Memphis and St. Louis over a designated road to San Francisco; the trip to be made in twenty-five days, and the service twice a week, the compensation $600,000 a year. The Northern or Central route had to be disregarded, and Butterfield planned to use the 35th Degree Parallel route by way of Albuquerque, but in

this he was compelled to change, under Brown's insistence, to the so-called Southern Route by way of El Paso, Texas. Butterfield, however, affected a compromise to make St. Louis the eastern terminus with Memphis on the branch line from Fort Smith, Arkansas. Again the northern newspapers flayed the administration when it demanded a Southern route. Nor did they ever cease to complain during the life of the Butterfield Mail on the Southern route. The fact remains, however, to us who have traveled the western trails, that this route is the only route that can be traveled in safety and comfort every day in the year straight into San Francisco. Brown didn't know that. He was working for his political adherents, but his choice was better than he realized.

The Butterfield organization was given one year in which to make preparation for the inaugural trip which was set to leave St. Louis on September 16, 1858. A million dollars was required to cover the cost of this preliminary work. The road had to be constructed, streams bridged, stations built and the line stocked. It would be a big undertaking even today to lay out three thousand miles of road. Butterfield himself tested many sections in Missouri and Arkansas and though he was nearing sixty then, he could outwear the younger men, it was said.

The first mail left St. Louis over the Pacific railroad on scheduled time for Tipton, Butterfield himself carrying the first two little California mail bags. They each weighed seven pounds including the sacks, and were strapped together so that in case of an accident they could be thrown over a horse's back and carried on. Nobody had any confidence in the project. Even the St. Louis postmaster was so skeptical that he attached a little wooden tag to the bags which was to be returned by the postmaster at San Francisco with his acceptance branded on it as a receipt. From Tipton, Missouri, Butterfield rode as far as Fort Smith on this first mail, his son John Jr., driving most of the way.

Fortunately, the New York *Herald* sent Waterman Ormsby to report on this first trip from St. Louis, and the post-office department sent a special agent, G. Bailey, to report on the journey from San Francisco. But for the reports of these two men, we would have little or no knowledge of the history of the route or its accomplishment. The St.Louis mail reached San Francisco on October 10, 1858, making the trip in twenty-three days and twenty-three and a half hours; the San Francisco mail making it in twenty-four days, eighteen hours and twenty-six minutes. There are later reports of the trip being made in a little over twenty-one days.

It is interesting to go over the notes with reference to the attitude of the general public toward this great enterprise at the time. No other project, not even the laying of the first Atlantic cable, had aroused so much public feeling as the Butterfield Overland Mail project. Newspapers had carried headlines for months and then as now, public sentiment turned to something else and the thing was almost forgotten. No mention was made or any attention was paid to the departure of the first Mails from St. Louis or San Francisco, but when it was suddenly learned that the first California mail had come

through in twenty-three days, a journey never before made in hardly less than sixty days, the news spread all over the country like wildfire. Mr. Butterfield was praised, cheered, and congratulated by the president of the United States and others in authority. In Fort Smith he was carried into a banquet hall on the shoulders of four young men and given the keys to the city, one might say.

As interest is more centered in the California section, some remarks should be made with reference to the selection of the route from Fort Yuma to Los Angeles. The route as originally laid out by Postmaster-general Brown was to run from Fort Yuma to San Bernardino by way of San Gorgonio Pass, then through Cajon Canyon and Antelope Valley to Fort Tejon, and then on to the Kern River. San Diego, still being supplied from Fort Yuma by the San Antonio and San Diego Mail Line, was not considered on the route, nor strange to say, was Los Angeles to be supplied, save by a horseback service from San Bernardino. As it turned out, however, the Butterfield contractors could not route the line through Gorgonio Pass because of scanty water along the route. A portion of this route had been traveled by Anza in 1774, and in 1853 it was surveyed by Lieut. R. S. Williamson, and W. P. Blake the geologist. This was the first American survey party to prove that the Salton Sink region was below sea level. Warren Hall and Giles Hawley, Butterfield superintendents on this section, had to give up after trying to make a road through the great moving sand dunes in the Colorado delta region. It was, therefore, decided to follow Cooke's old route through northern Baja California, Mexico, and then go on to Carrizo Creek, Vallecito and Warner's ranch. This route was followed until the mails were shifted to the Central Route in 1861.

Louis J. F. Jaeger, or Yager as the name became Anglicized, was the Butterfield station agent at Fort Yuma. He had established a ferry on the Colorado at that point in 1850 and maintained it until the railroad came in the early seventies. From Fort Yuma station the road followed along the north bank of the river to the sharp bend at Pilot Knob, near the foot of which was the next station known as Pilot Knob, later as Algodones. This was not Araz station, which is erroneously mentioned as a Butterfield station. From Pilot Knob the road entered Mexico and followed a curving line around the lower extension of the great sand dunes, to Cooke's Wells.

The following is the list of stations on the Butterfield Overland Mail route from Fort Yuma to San Francisco:

Fort Yuma, Pilot Knob (Algodones), Cooke's Wells, Gardner's Wells, Alamo Mocho (the last three located in Baja California), Monument (on the boundary line near Calexico and Mexicali), Hall's Wells, Carrizo Creek, Palm Springs, Vallecito, San Felipe, Warner's Ranch (the road did not pass the Hot Springs), Oak Grove, Aguanga, Temecula, Willows, Laguna Grande (Lake Elsinore), Temescal, Chino Ranch, San Jose Ranch, El Monte (Willow Grove), Los Angeles (the station stood near site of present *Times* building), Camp Cahuenga, Mission San Fernando, Hart's, King's, Widow Smith's, Mud Springs, French John's (Cow Spring), Reed's (now Gorman), Fort Tejon, Tejon Pass

 (at foot of Grapevine Canyon), Sink of Tejon, Desert Well (Kern River slough), Gordon's Ferry (Kern River), Posey Creek, Mountain House, Fountain Spring, Tule River (Porterville), Packwood's Ranch, Visalia, Cross Creek, Whitmore's Ferry (Kings River), Elkhorn Ranch, Fresno City (now Tranquility), Firebaugh's Ferry, Temple's Ranch, Lone Willow, San Luis Ranch, Pacheco Pass (also known as Hallenbeck's and Bell's), Gilroy, 17-mile House, Mountain View (old location), Redwood City, San Mateo, Clark's (later known as Thorpe's), and San Francisco (station located on Portsmouth Square).

Dr. Arthur Woodward of the Los Angeles Museum, a fellow-member of the "Westerners" and an authority on Southwest history, directed the work in constructing a model restoration of the old Vallecito Butterfield station. This is on exhibition in the Los Angeles County Museum.

The writer is indebted to Dr. Arthur Woodward for guiding Mrs. Conkling and him to the site of the Los Angeles station and for other help in the field work in this section.

The Coast Route from Los Angeles to San Francisco, of which the Butterfield Company owned a half interest, approximated the route now Highway 101. This was a three-times-a-week service both ways. The stations were located in all the principal towns along the route.

To conclude: That the Butterfield Overland Mail project was a decided factor in the economic and political advancement, especially effective in the inland and rural communities in California, there can be no doubt. Settlements increased in population, and traffic and trade made great strides. The regular service bringing letters and newspapers from relatives and friends in the East, kept the inhabitants well informed concerning the political trend of the time, and cemented a bond of common interest between them. The San Francisco *Bulletin* describing the arrival of the first Butterfield Mail from the East, stated in part: "The importance of this enterprise cannot be too highly appreciated. California *is by it bound to the rest of the Union.* We are not hereafter to depend on the caprices of a foreign government for mail facilities with the East . . . Immigration will soon pour in . . . California will ere long be the leading state in the Union." This prophecy came to pass, for when civil strife cast its threatening shadow over the land, California stood firm in the Union; and when the call came, she answered, and the California Volunteers marched out over the old Butterfield road and carried their old Bear Flag in triumph clear on to the Rio Grande in Texas. No American and certainly no Californian should ever forget what that army of brave men did for us, who marched two thousand miles over that desert land on foot before they came home, that is, those that *did* come home. Many never did, but lie in graves along the abandoned Butterfield trail—unknown and forgotten by us who should remember; but not forgotten by the spirit of the faith which led them, that winged its way over that desert land and left a lovely little flower growing on those lonely graves, that each year unfolds its soft deep golden petals in the desert sun—in tender and sweet commemoration.

OVERLAND MAIL

To you men of this organization, the task is great and the responsibility heavy if we Americans are to preserve the memory of the institutions and the deeds of the men who founded them for us, and whose fruits we are today enjoying. Instructing the young with these historic achievements must be part of your burden, and your influence must be extended to every department of learning. The Greeks lived only as long as they kept faith in their old gods. And the strength that sustains us in our own national love and pride will endure only as long as we keep our faith and knowledge in those who struggled and pioneered the way and bequeathed to us the blessings we now possess.

Warner's Ranch Station, San Diego County, California. Some of the thick adobe walls are the walls of the original ranch home built by John T. Warner, which was made a Butterfield Overland Mail station in 1858.

From original pen and ink by *Ed Borein*

A MAN SPAKE THESE WORDS, AND SAID: I am a minor who wandered from "Away Down East," and came to sojourn in a strange land and "See the Elephant." And behold I saw him, and bear witness that, from the key of his trunk to the end of his tail, his whole body has passed before me; and I followed him until his huge feet stood still before a clapboard shanty; then, with his trunk extended, he pointed to a candle-card tacked upon a shingle, as though he would say "**READ!**" and I read the .

PIONEERS' TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I.

Thou shalt have no other claim than one.

II.

Thou shalt not make unto thyself any false claim, nor any likeness to a mean man by jumping one. Whatever thou findest, on the top above, or on the rock beneath, or in a crevice underneath the rock, or I will visit the miners around to invite them on my side; and when they decide against thee, thou shalt take thy pick, thy pan, thy shovel, and thy blankets, with all that thou hast, and go prospecting to seek good diggings; but thou shalt find none. Then, when thou hast returned, in sorrow shalt thou find that thine old claim is worked out, and yet no pile made thee to hide in the ground or in an old boot beneath thy bunk, or in buckskin or bottle underneath thy cabin; but has paid all that was in thy purse away, worn out thy boots and thy garments, so that there is nothing good about them but the pockets, and thy patience is likened unto thy garments; and at last thou shalt hire thy body out to make thy board and save thy bacon.

III.

Thou shalt not go prospecting before thy claim gives out. Neither shalt thou take thy money, nor thy gold dust, nor thy good name, to the gaming table in vain; for monte, twenty-one, roulette, faro, lansquenet and poker will prove to thee that the more thou puttest down the less thou shalt take up; and when thou thinkest of thy wife and children, thou shalt not hold thyself guiltless, but—insane.

IV.

Thou shalt not remember what they friends do at home on the Sabbath day, lest the remembrance may not compare favorably with what thou doest here. Six days thou mayest dig or pick all that thy body can stand under, but the other day is Sunday; yet thou washest all thy dirty shirts, darnest all thy stockings, tap thy boots, mend thy clothing, chop thy whole week's fire-wood, make up and bake thy bread and boil thy pork and beans that thou wait not when thou returnest from thy long-tom weary. For in six days' labor only thou canst not work enough to wear out thy body in two years; but if thou workest hard on Sunday also, thou canst do it in six months; and thou and thy son and thy daughter, thy male and thy female friend, thy morals and thy conscience be none the less better for it, but reproach thee shouldst thou ever return to thy mother's fireside; and thoustrive to justify thyself because the trader and the blacksmith, the carpen[ter], the merchant, the tailors, Jews and Buccaneers defy [civilization by keeping not the Sabbath day, nor wish [day of rest, such as memory of youth and and home mad[e] sweet.

Thou shalt not think [of] all thy gold, nor how thou canst make it fastest, than [thou] wilt enjoy it after thou hast ridden rough-shod over thy [old parents' precepts and examples, that thou mayest [have] nothing to reproach and sting thee when thou art left al[one] in the land where thy father's blessing and thy mothers's [tears] attent thee.

Thou shalt not kill thy [body] working in the rain, even though thou shalt make enough to buy physic and attendance with. Neither shalt thou k[ill] neighbor's body in a duel, for by keeping cool thou can[st save] his life and thy conscience. Neither, shalt thou destroy [it] by getting "*tight*," nor "*slewed*," nor "*high*," nor "*mellow*," nor "*half-seas over*," nor "*three sheets in the wind*" by drinking smoothly down "*brandy slings*," "*gin cocktails*," "*whisky punches*," "*rum toddies*" nor "*egg nogs*." Nor shalt thou suck "*mint-juleps*" nor "*sherry cobblers*" through a straw, nor gurgle from a bottle the raw material, nor [drink] neat from a decanter, for while thou art swallowing [away] thy purse and thy coat from off thy back, thou art burning [up] coat from off thy stomach; and if thou couldst see the [thousand] lands, and gold dust, and home comforts already lying [in] a huge pile—thou shouldst feel a choking in thy throat when to that thou add'st thy crooked walking and hiccups of lodging in the gutter, of broiling in the sun, of prospects half full of water, and of shafts and ditches from which [thou] hast emerged like a drowning rat, thou wilt feel disgusted with thyself, and inquire, "*Is thy servant a dog that he doeth these things?*" Verily, I will say, farewell old bottle: I will [thy] gurgling lips no more; and thou, slings, cock-tails, [sours], smashes, cobblers, nogs, toddies, sangarees and julep[s] forever, farewell. Thy remembrance shames me; henceforth will cut thy acquaintance: and headaches, tremblings, [heartburnings], blue-devils, and all the unholy catalogue of evils [shall] follow in thy train. My wife's smiles and my children's [merry] laugh shall charm and reward me for having the [firmness] and courage to say: "*No! I wish thee an eternal well!*"

V.

Thou shalt not grow [discouraged], nor think of going home before thou hast made [thy fortune]," because thou hast not "*struck a lead*" nor found a "*pocket*" nor sunk a hole upon a "*pocket*," lest in going home [thou] leave four dollars a day and go to work ashamed at [four] cents a day, and serve thee right: for thou knowest by [experience] here thou mightest strike a lead and fifty dollars a day, keep thy manly self-respect, and then go home with [money] to make thyself and others happy.

VIII.

Thou shalt not steal a pick, or a pan, or a shovel, from thy fellow miner, nor take away his tools without his leave; nor borrow those he cannot spare; nor return them broken; nor trouble him to fetch them back again; nor talk with him while his water rent is running on; nor remove his stake to enlarge thy claim; nor undermine his claim in following a lead; nor pan out gold from his rifle-box; nor wash the tailings from the mouth of his sluice-[box]. Neither shalt thou pick out specimens from the company's pan to put in thy mouth or in thy purse; nor cheat thy partner of his share; nor steal from thy cabin-mate his gold dust to add to thine, for he will be sure to discover what thou hast done, and will straightway call his fellow miners together, and if the law hinder them not they will hang thee, or give thee fifty lashes, or shave thy head and brand thee like a horse thief with "R" upon thy cheek, to be known and of all men Californians in particular.

IX.

Thou shalt not tell any false tales about "*good diggings in the mountains*" to thy neighbor, that thou mayest benefit a friend who hath mules, and provisions, and tools, and blankets he cannot sell; lest in deceiving thy neighbor when he returns through the snow, with naught but his rifle, he present thee with the contents thereof, and like a dog thou shalt fall down and die.

X.

Thou shalt not commit unsuitable matrimony, nor covet "*single blessedness*," nor forget absent maidens, nor neglect thy first love; but thou shalt consider how faithfully and patiently she waiteth thy return; yea, and covereth each epistle that thou sendeth with kisses of kindly welcome until she hath thyself. Neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's wife, nor trifle with the affections of his daughter; yet, if thy heart be free, and thou love and covet each other, thou shalt "*pop the question*" like a man, lest another more manly than thou art should step in before thee, and thou lovest her in vain, and, in the anguish of thy heart's disappointment, thou shalt quote the language of the great, and say, "*sich is life*;" and thy future lot be that of a poor, lonely, despised and comfortless bachelor.

A new commandment give I unto you. If thou hast a wife and little ones, that thou lovest dearer than thy life, that thou keep them continually before you to cheer and urge thee onward until thou canst say, "*I have enough; God bless them; I will return.*" Then as thou journiest towards thy much loved home, with open arms, shall they come forth to welcome thee, and failing on thy neck, weep tears of unutterable joy that thou art come: then in the fullness of thy heart's gratitude thou shalt kneel before thy Heavenly Father together, to thank Him for thy safe return. Amen. So mote it be.

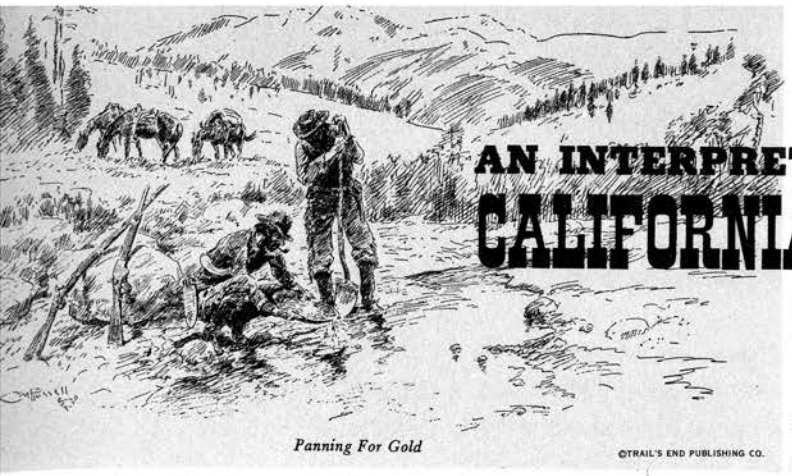
SCENES WHEN CROSSING THE PLAINS IN 1849.

THE MINERS PIONEER TEN COMMANDMENTS OF 1849

PUBLISHED BY CURRIER & IVES

125 NASSAU ST NEW YORK

GOLD MINING IN CALIFORNIA.



Panning For Gold

©TRAIL'S END PUBLISHING CO.

AN INTERPRETATION OF CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN ERA

By DR. RODMAN W. PAUL

DESPITE ALL THAT HAS BEEN WRITTEN and said about the Gold Rush, I have sometimes wondered whether we have a very clear idea as to just what the Gold Rush was and how long it lasted. Recently, for example, the Book Club of California wished to compile a list of the ten best books on the Gold Rush. The Book Club decided that any volume which discussed California's experience during the dozen years from 1848 to 1860 could be considered eligible. With all due respect, I would differ with this definition on two counts: first, that it is too generous geographically, since it includes such areas as our own part of the state, Southern California, which played only a minor role in the Gold Rush; second, that it is too generous chronologically, since the Gold Rush ended long before 1860.

Then, too, one could make a rational argument in defense of the idea that a book on the Gold Rush need not deal with California at all! One could write an impressive volume on the hardships encountered during the journey here, or one could make a very interesting study of the decision of tens of thousands of persons, located in all parts of the world, to drop their normal concerns and hurry off to this unknown land. This leads to a question which is the natural starting point for any discussion of the Gold Rush: namely, what were the motives that caused men to leave safety and comfort behind them in order to venture into an undeveloped wilderness, there to practice an unfamiliar trade? Certainly the basic impulse was a widespread optimism, a universal conviction that here was the chance of a lifetime. In retrospect it is obvious that this eagerness would have been less impelling if the difficulties ahead had been better known. The Forty-Niners' diaries make it clear that for many this feeling of unbounded hope faded as the hardships of the journey to the golden land were encountered. But for all there was an abrupt recovery of flagging spirits when at last the destination was reached. The intoxicating talk of "lucky strikes," of rich finds, and of potential (if highly elusive) fortunes was enough to give back to even the most skeptical the optimism with which he had started his quest.

Thus Hinton Rowan Helper, one of the most pessimistic and humorless of reporters, had to confess that, "Once fairly started in a miner's life, I could not completely steel myself against the extravagant hopes which seemed to float in the very atmosphere of the mines. Wild and extravagant fancies would in spite of me obtrude themselves upon what I thought a well-balanced mind."

It might be thought that the repeated disappointments which were in fact the lot of the average Argonaut would in time have quenched completely this fire of optimism.

CALIFORNIA'S Instead, adversity seems to have transmuted the original feeling into a feverish restlessness and speculative spirit. One Forty-Niner remarked: "There is an excitement connected with the pursuit of gold which renders one restless and uneasy—ever hoping to do something better. The very uncertainty of the employment increases this tendency."

Bayard Taylor, in September, 1849, said of San Francisco:

"The crowd in the streets is now wholly alive. Men dart hither and thither as if possessed with a never-resting spirit. You speak to an acquaintance—a merchant, perhaps. He utters a few hurried words of greeting, while his eyes send keen glances on all sides of you; suddenly he catches sight of somebody in the crowd; he is off, and in the next five minutes has bought up half a cargo, sold a town lot at treble the sum he gave, and taken a share in some new and imposing speculation. It is impossible to witness this excess and dissipation of business, without feeling something of its influence. The very air is pregnant with the magnetism of bold, spirited, unwearied action."

The prevalence of this restless energy, this gambling spirit, this impatience, does much to explain the features that we all regard as characteristic of the Gold Rush, such as the absence of adequate social, economic, and political organization, the lack of ordinary comforts and conveniences, the extraordinarily high prices of necessities, and the frequent presence of the dangerous and the dramatic. So abnormal a society grew up in California because for a few years the state's thinking was dominated by the existence of rich, virgin gold placers that could be worked with relative ease by anyone. As long as these comparatively simple deposits continued, the illusion of sudden fortune would persist, and with it this dominant psychology of the impatient "boomer."

This suggests the possibility of trying to determine the chronological limits of the Gold Rush by studying the statistics of gold mining, to see how long these exciting flush times continued. Do the statistics show that there is a period of years which can be set aside from the later days and labelled with some certainty "the Gold Rush"? I think they do.

California gold: total seasonal product for the whole state, and average earnings per miner:

Season	Total Product	Average Earnings
1848	$ 245,301	$20
1848-49	10,151,360	16 (1849)
1849-50	41,273,106	10 (1850)
1850-51	75,938,232	8 (1851)
1851-52	81,294,700	6 (1852)
1852-53	67,613,487	5
1854-55	55,485,395	
1858-59	45,846,599	3
1861-62	38,854,668	
1864-65	17,930,858	
1874-75	16,876,009	
1884-85	12,661,044	
1894-95	15,334,317	

Consider the figures in these parallel columns. The "season" in each case ends in mid-summer, July 1. I have arbitrarily confined the table to a few years of especial significance, in order to avoid excessive length. To show the general trend I have carried the production figures down almost to the end of the century, at ten-year intervals.

The difference in the character of the three groups of years that are marked by brackets is obvious. The first half-dozen seasons were years of large total yield of gold and relatively high wages, or earnings, for the individual miner. But notice that the peak in production was reached in 1851-52, and that thereafter the quantity of gold mined declined markedly. The amount of gold dug per day by the average miner—his "wage"—of course showed a steady reduction throughout these half-dozen years. But the most important drop came in 1852 and 1853, when for the first time a $5 daily wage became common in most parts of the mines. This $5 figure continued for several years thereafter.

The change in yield and wages was paralleled by certain other developments which also seem to suggest that the first half-dozen seasons deserve to be set apart from the later years. Take the matter of the size of the mining population. Admittedly, statistics for this are few and uncertain, but we do possess estimates. Apparently the mining population increased rapidly from 1848 to 1852, by which time the total was about 100,000 souls. After 1852 the mining population ceased to grow. If there was any change, it was downward. The reason, of course, was the dwindling attractiveness of the mines to the average gold seeker.

The mines were losing their appeal because of the exhaustion of the rich, superficial placers. Prior to 1852 most miners were able to work their claims by very simple methods, such as the pan, rocker, long tom, and sluice. All of these implements could be obtained fairly cheaply and could be used by men with no training save what they gained by studying their neighbors' operations. In other words, these first few years were for most men a time of mining by simple techniques that required little capital or training. By 1852 or 1853 one can sense a decided change coming over mining. Costly methods were being adopted that required a large initial capital investment and considerable skill. For example, in 1852 and 1853 the beginning of hydraulic mining took place—that type of placer operations that requires the use of a stream of water under very heavy pressure, as if one were attacking a sandpile with a firehose. By 1852 many miners were working underground placer deposits through long and expensive tunnels. By that time also quartz mining—separating vein gold from the rock in which it is encased—had already gone through a preliminary boom and was now settling down into a more permanent development.

A similar but not so decisive change can be seen in social and economic life. By 1853 there was a decided trend towards normality in all save the more remote areas. Civil government had been organized, cities had been built, and commercial, financial, and transportation facilities had been provided. Men still engaged in such extra-curricular sports as lynching, but not as frequently as formerly. A homely remark by a mining-town

CALIFORNIA'S newspaper in the spring of 1854 mirrors the change. This newspaper remarked:

"The extreme hardships of '49 and '50 have passed away—the days of 'flap-jacks' and 'pickle pork' are only remembered as a tale that is passed."

It seems to me fairly clear, then, that the half-dozen years from 1848 to 1853 are different in character from the years that followed, and therefore deserve to be set apart under the label "The Gold Rush." Furthermore, if you study the careers of the individuals who took part in the Gold Rush you will find that by 1853 many of the Argonauts had left California or were turning to new occupations such as farming or ranching; while still others, and in large numbers, had by that date sacrificed their lives or their health to the severe demands of life on a mining frontier.

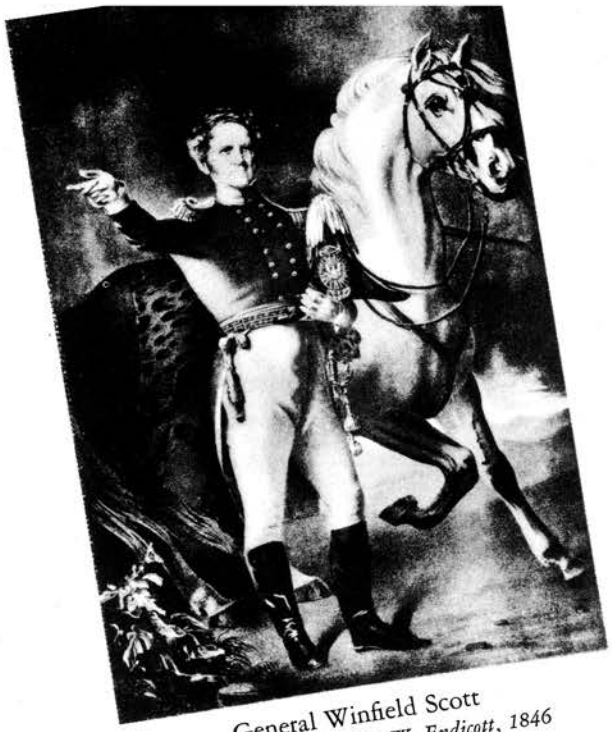
What of those who remained in the mines, or in related industries? The statistics that I used a moment ago suggest their fate. The second group of figures covers the years from approximately 1853 or '54 down to the opening of the new rush to the Comstock Lode in 1859. You can see from the table that this is a period in which gold production was greatly reduced but was still far above the permanent level that it was to attain in the middle 1860's and maintain throughout the rest of the century. Wages, or, if you prefer, earnings, were following the same course, but they reached their permanent level more quickly. A standard $5 rate had been established in 1852 and 1853 and was maintained for several years. Then, in the later 1850's, a still further decline set in, so that by the time the Comstock Lode was discovered, a $3 wage was well-nigh universal. This continued to be the prevailing rate for many years.

All of this is simply a statistical way of saying that the years between the end of the Gold Rush and the opening of the Comstock Lode were a time of transition. They represent the attempt of the mineral industry and of society to change from the high optimism of flush times to a way of life that would be more sober and less interesting but better suited to permanent needs. From the point of view of the individual miner, the transition was an unsatisfactory one, since it brought not only an end to big yields and high wages, but also the final disappearance of one of the most characteristic attractions of the Gold Rush: the chance to be independent and work for one's self or his partners. By the close of this transitional period hired labor was the rule in most important types of mining. It was the miners' dislike of the new conditions that made them so ready to leave California when gold and silver were discovered in other parts of the West. The report of gold on Fraser River, British Columbia, in 1858, caused 23,000 men to leave California within four months. The effect of the Comstock Lode discovery was even more volcanic.

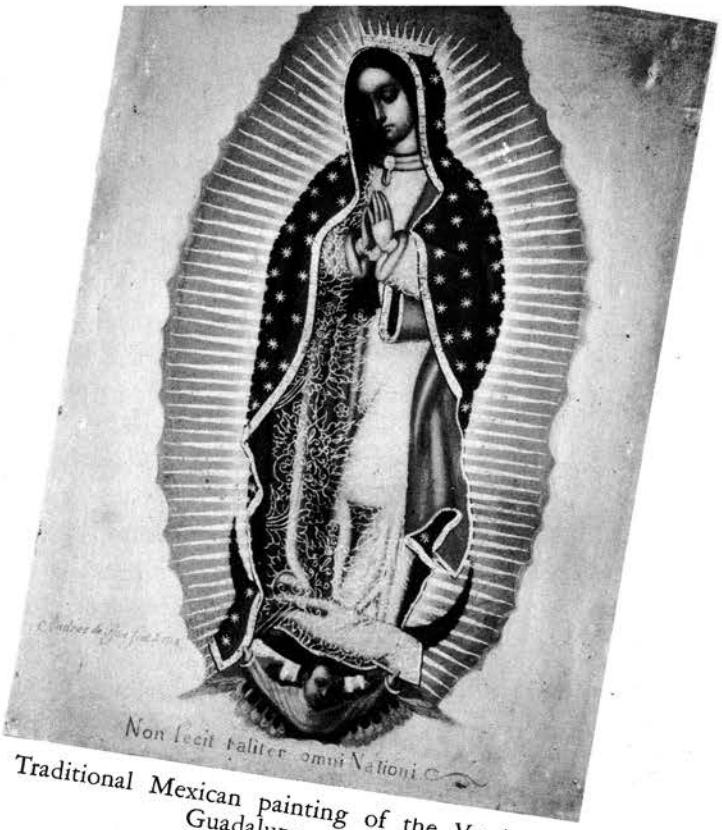
The years after the opening of the Comstock Lode can, I think, best be called a period of maturity, insofar as California was concerned. Outside California the restless and the hopeful were re-creating California's own experience on such new frontiers as Nevada, Colorado, and Montana. But within California society had by then settled down into a pattern that seemed downright stable when compared with the vanished flush times.

Mining towns had become relatively quiet places. The mines themselves were being taken over by corporations, because the increasing complexity of operations required too much capital for individual ownership. Immigrant workingmen were serving as the labor force where once the Forty-Niners had toiled.

In closing I think it might be worthwhile to mention the treatment of the golden era in formal literature. This last period, the mature years which I have just been discussing, has received almost no attention. It isn't considered sufficiently romantic. As between the Gold Rush and the transitional years, the surprising thing is to see how many novels and plays, allegedly about the Gold Rush, are in fact attempts to describe these transitional years. Take the most important case, Bret Harte, as an example. Harte did not arrive in California until 1854. What little personal acquaintance he ever had with the mines thus came after the passing of the Gold Rush, despite his own later attempts to identify himself with the Argonauts. If you study his tales and poems I think you will be struck by the appearance of such interesting phenomena as women (although the Gold Rush population was 90% masculine), country schoolhouses, Concord stagecoaches, and other evidences of a society that was beginning to settle down. Some of Harte's tales are studiedly pitched to the tempo of 1850, but many, including some of his best drawn scenes, are the California that Harte himself found when he arrived in the Golden State. And this California, as we have seen, was quite a different place from the optimistic, restless society of Gold Rush days.

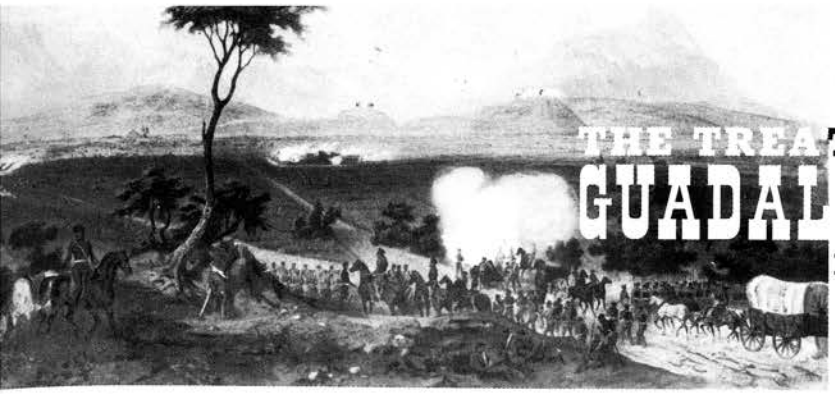


General Winfield Scott
Lithographed by G. & W. Endicott, 1846



Traditional Mexican painting of the Virgin of Guadalupe. 1768

The entry of the American Army into the City of Mexico, September 14, 1847.
Lithograph from Kendall's "War between the U. S. and Mexico, Illustrated." 1851



(From a lithograph of a painting by Carl Nebel as reproduced in "The war between the U. S. and Mexico, by George Wilkins Kendall. 1851)

THE TREATY OF GUADALUPE HIDALGO

By CARL SCHAEFER DENTZEL

GUADALUPE. HIDALGO. NO TWO names are more sacred or beloved in the Republic of Mexico. Guadalupe, the Mexican Virgin, protectress of the land and people. Hidalgo, immortal Father of Mexican liberty, who raised Guadalupe's banner in the fight for freedom. Guadalupe and Hidalgo are inspiring symbols to all Americans, especially to those of Latin America who link to their names the greatest aspirations of mankind—peace and freedom. Symbolic, indeed, that the treaty between Mexico and the United States should carry their names. Considering its firm foundation, friendship between the peoples of Mexico and the United States is destined to increase. The treaty formulated the first steps toward increasing understanding and appreciation of the common bonds which history subsequently developed for the peace, freedom and security between the peoples of the Americas.

Californians, Westerners, citizens of all the United States and world as well, have recently been made aware of Western America's rich heritage of history. Centennial celebrations throughout the West mark the pageant of progress enjoyed by the citizens of those areas. Their pioneer forebears opened and developed vast areas for the general good. Peace and progress are today often taken for granted. Oft forgotten are the reasons why we have what we have today and do what we do. Gold discovery, Statehood, and the Gold Rush are all worthy of historical review and celebration, especially when they meant so much to developing a new country like the United States, as well as attracting world-wide attention. Worthy too, are the numerous Centennials throughout the Western States commemorating events which made them what they are and what they mean to the nation, and to the world.

Not forgotten, but scarcely remembered, is another Centennial more basic and important than all the others so widely celebrated; the hundredth anniversary of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which brought peace to Mexico and the United States in 1848 and the great Southwest into the United States of America. Citizens of the United States should never forget, Mexicans will never forget, the war they fought and what they lost. One hundred years after, impartial examination in the light of history and consequent international developments prove that neither nation has cause for embarrassment or shame. Peace has been kept, progress made by both nations. Since the Treaty was signed the nations have become the best of friends and cooperating neighbors, working and fighting together for the principles and ideals which symbolize the American way of life.

The nineteenth was an American Century. The twentieth is still undecided. By 1848 the world sensed that one of its greatest hopes lay in the drama unfolding in the Americas.

GUADALUPE HIDALGO

From Europe, Africa and Asia came men who felt the inspiration of the Western Hemisphere, who realized the new vitality in its opportunities, ideas and ideals. From 1800 to 1850 the United States, a stripling among nations, had undergone a tremendous period of expansion. This infant nation, born in revolution, had developed so amazingly that it was praised universally. Its way of life became a beacon for the world's people who wanted freedom and peace. The United States startled the world with its phenomenal growth and power, its ability to absorb the great waves of immigration from revolution-swept Europe and scourge-swept Asia. 1848 was an outstanding year for the "Manifest Destiny" of the young United States. It overshadowed the Marxian "Communist Manifesto" of the same year. Discovery of gold in California and the consequent Gold Rush outshown the annexation of the great Southwest according to terms of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo with the culmination of the Mexican War. A war fought because of the Manifest Destiny of both nations—a war often referred to as a rehearsal for an impending greater conflict, because the United States of America, born in revolution, was yet to be preserved in civil war.

Latin America saw in the development of the democratic United States an example which gave her inspiration in her own struggles for independence. In Mexico the immortal Hidalgo raised the banner of Guadalupe in 1811 to begin the revolution which set off successful independence movements throughout Spanish America. The new governments in Mexico, Central and South America, were patterned after that of their northern sister republic.

Absorbed with problems of domestic development, the United States paid little attention to affairs in the new southern republics. With the decline of the great Catholic powers in Europe—Spain, France and Portugal—their American possessions were the object of new power politics. Russia and England became rivals for American possessions. The young United States had wisely purchased Louisiana from France in 1803. With the successful termination of the War of 1812 the United States attained new stature. She was the undisputed master of North America. 1817 saw Monroe president and South America in revolt, which linked Monroe to an idea which has become a keystone in the foreign policy of the United States. Monroe's doctrine of "hands off the Americas" reverberated abroad after Florida had been purchased in 1819 and Latin America had become independent of Spain.

When European rivalries threatened the Western Hemisphere, the United States in 1823 proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine and recognized the independence of the Latin American states. The people of the United States, while admiring the courage of their fellow Americans, unfortunately took little official notice of the first Pan-American Conference in Panama arranged in 1826 by Bolivar, the Liberator of South America. Beneficial understanding and unity among the peoples and nations of the Western Hemisphere was, unfortunately, left to become an achievement of the Twentieth Century. The Old World had not given up the idea of dominating the New. Americans had yet to discover their

interdependence, the strength of unity and the common destiny of all the nations in their hemisphere.

National feelings ran high during the thirties and forties in the United States. Expansionism was a sign of the times, for the American Eagle, young and strong, was able to soar high and wide. Exploration of the new territories of Louisiana and Oregon created enthusiastic interest in the western movement which had already pushed the growing nation from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from that Mother of Waters to the mighty Rockies. Northwest, along the Pacific Ocean, the American Eagle screamed. A nation was determined to be built, developed, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico. Trappers and farmers were restless on the new frontiers. Inquisitive, adventurous, ambitious citizens molded the policy which beckoned the youth West.

Mexico had been enslaved for three hundred years when her independence was secured in 1821. It was not an easy thing to build a republic where freedom had become almost a myth. From tropical Central America, bathed by the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea and the broad Pacific—north to Oregon, east to the Rockies, south to Louisiana—the symbol of the ancient Aztecs flew. Old Mother Mexico had great difficulties in her new republican role. Despots and tyrants scourged the bewildered citizens. Three hundred years is long to cage an eagle. It had almost grown too weary to fly. Emperor, General, President—call them what you will—all had weak spirits but strong flesh. Mexican citizens were patient, willing, for even though their eagle could not fly well they were grateful that the door of the cage remained open.

In 1826 the Republic of Central America was proclaimed and Mexico lost her southernmost territories. The antiquated structures left of Spanish America were crumbling. In Mexico, Central and South America the last vestiges of Spanish domination were being wiped away. In the south the new Latin American movements were rearranging their national affairs. To the north Mexico felt the strain of the virile United States and its expansionism. The great Southwest stood as a challenge to Westerners who settled in Texas and in 1836 declared a Republic. Gringo eyes were on New Mexico and California. The Southwest with its mighty mountains, grand canyons, broad deserts, fertile valleys, roaring rivers, and peaceful coastline was a promised land in the hands of a nation unable to use it, enjoy it, protect it. Westward expansion had brought near war between the United States and Great Britain over Oregon. Russia, firmly established in the north, challenged England, United States and Mexico by settling southward along the Pacific Coast from distant Alaska into sunny California.

Russia, England and the United States, struggling over the Northwest; England, France and the United States with eyes on the Southwest; Russia, England and the United States with plans for California made the forties more than roar. Western waters saw the flags of half a dozen nations flying with intent to land. The slavery question in the United States complicated the problem of adding new territories to the expanding Union. Polk became president in 1844 and Texas was assured admittance in the Union.

GUADALUPE HIDALGO

Power politics were playing an ever increasing role in Mexican affairs. Both France and England presented problems of intrigue to the United States. They did not hide their ambitions. To the United States this was a challenge. To Mexico, a pawn, it was a national tragedy, for Mexico became helplessly ensnared in a fatal web of international circumstance.

Relations between the United States and Mexico strained to the breaking point. Mexico, urged by England and France to resist negotiations in her best interests, unconsciously endangered, not only herself, but the United States as well. American supremacy was in peril and continental solidarity was threatened. After many efforts to save the peace negotiations between Mexico and the United States broke down. In the spring of 1846 the United States and Mexico were at war. The young eagle and the old eagle spread their wings to fly into what might have been a mortal conflict.

The United States had never before or ever since engaged in war with another American nation. The war was not popular in the United States. Subsequent events proved that Mexico played into the hands of France and England. France later made war on Mexico, established an Empire and imposed her rule on the Mexican people; challenging the Monroe Doctrine and the security of the Americas. In Washington there was great criticism of the war and the invasion of Mexico. Both nations wanted peace. Ways and means to end the conflict were explored by Congress. Editors, clergymen, educators all were for a termination of hostilities, for reestablishing relations, for further negotiation. Terms were discussed, but the war went on victoriously for the invading Americans. After many campaigns, bloody affairs, General Scott captured Mexico City on September 14th, 1847. During the remainder of the year the American army officials and the chief treaty negotiator, Nicholas P. Trist, tried in vain to deal with the constituted Mexican authorities to officially end the war and conclude a treaty of peace. Mexico was in complete turmoil with a scattered provisional government desperately trying to arrange a peace. Commissioners finally were named and negotiations for the restoration of Peace commenced. Eventually, on February 2nd, 1848, the long-awaited treaty was negotiated and signed. Mr. Trist wrote the following lĕtter to Hon. James Buchanan, Secretary of State, when transmitting the treaty to Washington for ratification.

Head-quarters of the U. S. Army,

Mexico, February 2, 1848.

Sir: I transmit herewith the treaty of peace, friendship, limits and settlement, signed one hour ago at the city of Guadalupe; a spot which, agreeably to the creed of this country, is the most sacred on earth, as being the scene of the miraculous appearance of the virgin, for the purpose of declaring that Mexico was taken under her special protection.

During the negotiation—which has been an exceedingly laborious one, and has kept me closely employed for several weeks past, during every day and night, for as many hours as I could possibly give to labor—I have written many notes which would serve as an explanation of the treaty in all its stipulations; and I have also written a long dispatch on the subject. But it has proved impossible for me to find time to copy these papers, or to get them copied, for transmission. They will go some days hence with the duplicate of the treaty. Meanwhile, this must speak for itself.

It will be delivered to you by Mr. James L. Freaner, the correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, who has given such celebrity to the signature of "Mustang." For a service of this kind he would be my first choice, by far, of all the men whom I have ever known; as he would be among the first for any service which a man may be qualified for by high integrity of character, strong, manly, good sense, extraordinary sagacity and presence of mind, perfect fearlessness, and many other noble qualities; all united with a frame of steel, and the sinews of a mountain deer. He had made his arrangements for leaving this place, on his return to the United States, with the train which I had myself intended to accompany, and which set out from hence on the 9th of December last. Aware of his great value in such a capacity, at a juncture like the present, when the loss of a single hour might be attended with consequences the most momentous, I obtained his consent to remain here, with a view to the contingency which has occurred. I consider him, therefore, as having been in the employment of the government as a special bearer of despatches, from the 9th of December. As generous and disinterested in his disposition as he is brave and upright, he would be perfectly content with the consciousness of having been useful to our country, without any other reward; but I have told him that I should insist upon this matter being placed upon the footing just stated.

With respect to the ratification of the treaty, I believe the chances to be very greatly in its favor; although it cannot be counted upon in less than two months from the date of the proclamation which will be issued by the executive, summoning the new Congress. The elections have not yet been held in the States of Vera Cruz and Puebla. In the former, the Puros (war party) never had any strength whatever; and in the latter not enough to counteract a vigorous and concerted effort on the part of the Moderados. These elections will now speedily take place under the arrangements for facilitating them which will be

GUADALUPE HIDALGO entered into in pursuance of the second article of the treaty, (inserted with a special view to this object;) and the result will, according to every probability, give to the peace party in Congress a preponderance so decided as to insure its prompt ratification.

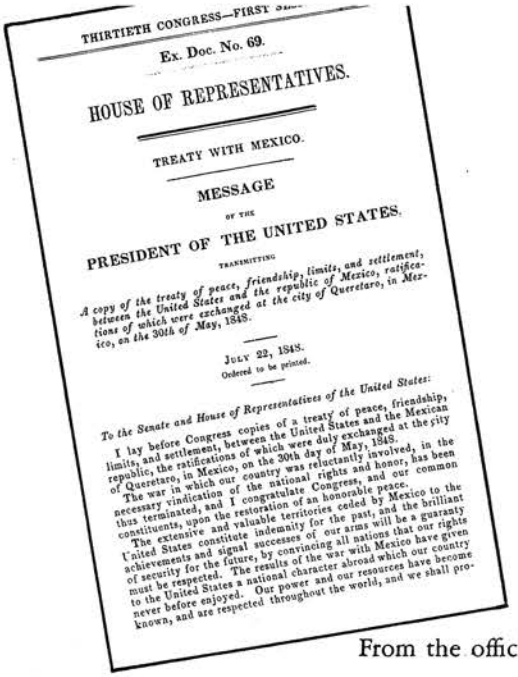
I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. P. Trist.

Hon. James Buchanan,
Secretary of State.

President Polk sent the treaty to the Senate with a brief message neither commending nor condemning it. After some conflict and a few unimportant amendments it was passed on March 10, 1848. It was returned to Mexico where after considerable difficulty the Mexican Congress ratified the treaty. Final ratifications were exchanged in Queretaro on May 30, 1848.

International relations today are not unlike those a hundred years ago. Stresses and strains, misunderstanding between the peoples and nations have changed little since 1848. It has been said that the more things change, the more they are alike. So it is in looking back upon the pageant of events which make history. Background, scenery, time and place may change but the characters and basic drama remain the same. The world stage where all the men and women players live their parts, unfortunately presents only comedy or tragedy. Earthbound man has little choice. He appears destined but to dream of a middle way or only hope for the better way of life. The extremes of tragedy or comedy can be likened to war or peace. Few will contest the fact that war is tragedy. Nor can one in reviewing the events of 1948, if this period be peace, conclude that it is anything but comedy. So in today's tragic atomic era, carrying this idea forward to its logical conclusion, life becomes a colossal farce; a comic tragedy with the joke apparently on man, who learns few, if any, lessons from history; a broken dream for the multitudes who believed in war because they believed in peace.



THIRTIETH CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

Ex. Doc. No. 69.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

TREATY WITH MEXICO.

MESSAGE

OF THE

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

TRANSMITTING

A copy of the treaty of peace, friendship, limits, and settlement, between the United States and the republic of Mexico, ratifications of which were exchanged at the city of Queretaro, in Mexico, on the 30th of May, 1848.

JULY 22, 1848.

Ordered to be printed.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

I lay before Congress copies of a treaty of peace, friendship, limits, and settlement, between the United States and the Mexican republic, the ratifications of which were duly exchanged at the city of Queretaro, in Mexico, on the 30th day of May, 1848.

The war in which our country was reluctantly involved, in the necessary vindication of the national rights and honor, has been thus terminated, and I congratulate Congress, and our common constituents, upon the restoration of an honorable peace.

The extensive and valuable territories ceded by Mexico to the United States constitute indemnity for the past, and the brilliant achievements and signal successes of our arms will be a guaranty of security for the future, by convincing all nations that our rights must be respected. The results of the war with Mexico have given to the United States a national character abroad which our country never before enjoyed. Our power and our resources have become known, and are respected throughout the world, and we shall pro-

FROM THE OFFICIAL MEXICAN PRINTING

CONTESTACIONES

HABIDAS

ENTRE EL SUPREMO GOBIERNO MEXICANO,

Y EL GENERAL EN GEFE

DEL EJERCITO AMERICANO,

Y EL COMISIONADO

De los Estados Unidos.

MEXICO: 1847.

IMPRENTA DE VICENTE GARCIA TORRES.

From the official U. S. Government Printing.

TREATY

Of peace, friendship, limits and settlement, between the United States of America and the Mexican republic. Dated at Guadalupe Hidalgo, February 2, 1848; ratified by the President of the United States, March 16, 1848; exchanged at Queretaro, May 30, 1848; proclaimed by the President of the United States, July 4, 1848.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, a treaty of peace, friendship, limits and settlement, between the United States of America and the Mexican republic, was concluded and signed at the city of Guadalupe Hidalgo, on the second day of February, one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, which treaty, as amended by the Senate of the United States, and, being in the English and Spanish languages, is word for word as follows:

In the name of Almighty God:

The United States of America and the United Mexican States, animated by a sincere desire to put an end to the calamities of the war which unhappily exists between the two republics, and to establish upon a solid basis relations of peace and friendship, which shall confer reciprocal benefits upon the citizens of both, and assure the concord, harmony and mutual confidence wherein the two people should live, as good neighbors, have for that purpose appointed their respective plenipotentiaries, that is to say, the President of the United States has appointed Nicholas P. Trist, a citizen of the United States, and the President of the Mexican republic has appointed Don Luis Gonzaga Cuevas, Don Bernardo Couto and Don Miguel Atristain, citizens of the said republic, who, after a

En el nombre de Dios Todo-Poderoso:

Los Estados Unidos Mexicanos y los Estados Unidos de América, animados de un sincero deseo de poner término á las calamidades de la guerra que desgraciadamente existe entre ambas repúblicas, y de establecer sobre bases sólidas relaciones de paz y buena amistad, que procuren recíprocas ventajas á los ciudadanos de uno y otro pais, y afianzen la concordia, armonia y mútua seguridad en que deben vivir, como buenos vecinos, los dos pueblos han nombrado á este efecto sus respectivos plenipotenciarios; á saber, el Presidente de la república Mexicana á Don Bernardo Couto, Don Miguel Atristain, y Don Luis Gonzaga Cuevas, ciudadanos de la misma república; y el Presidente de los Estados Unidos de America á Don Nicolas P. Trist, ciu-

reciprocal communication of their respective full powers, have, under the protection of Almighty God, the author of peace, arranged, agreed upon, and signed the following

dadano de dichos Estados; quienes despues de haberse comunicado sus plenos poderes, bajo la proteccion del Señor Dios Todo Poderoso, autor de la paz, han ajustado, convenido, y firmado el siguiente

Treaty of peace, friendship, limits and settlement, between the United States of America and the Mexican republic.

ARTICLE I.

There shall be firm and universal peace between the United States of America and the Mexican republic, and between their respective countries, territories, cities, towns and people, without exception of places or persons.

ARTICLE II.

Immediately upon the signature of this treaty, a convention shall be entered into between a commissioner or commissioners appointed by the general-in-chief of the forces of the United States, and such as may be appointed by the Mexican government, to the end that a provisional suspension of hostilities shall take place, and that, in the places occupied by the said forces, constitutional order may be re-established, as regards the political, administrative and judicial branches, so far as this shall be permitted by the circumstances of military occupation.

ARTICLE III.

Immediately upon the ratification of the present treaty by the government of the United States, orders shall be transmitted to the commanders of their land and naval forces, requiring the

Tratado de paz, amistad, límites y arreglo definitivo entre la república Mexicana y los Estados Unidos de America.

ARTICULO I.

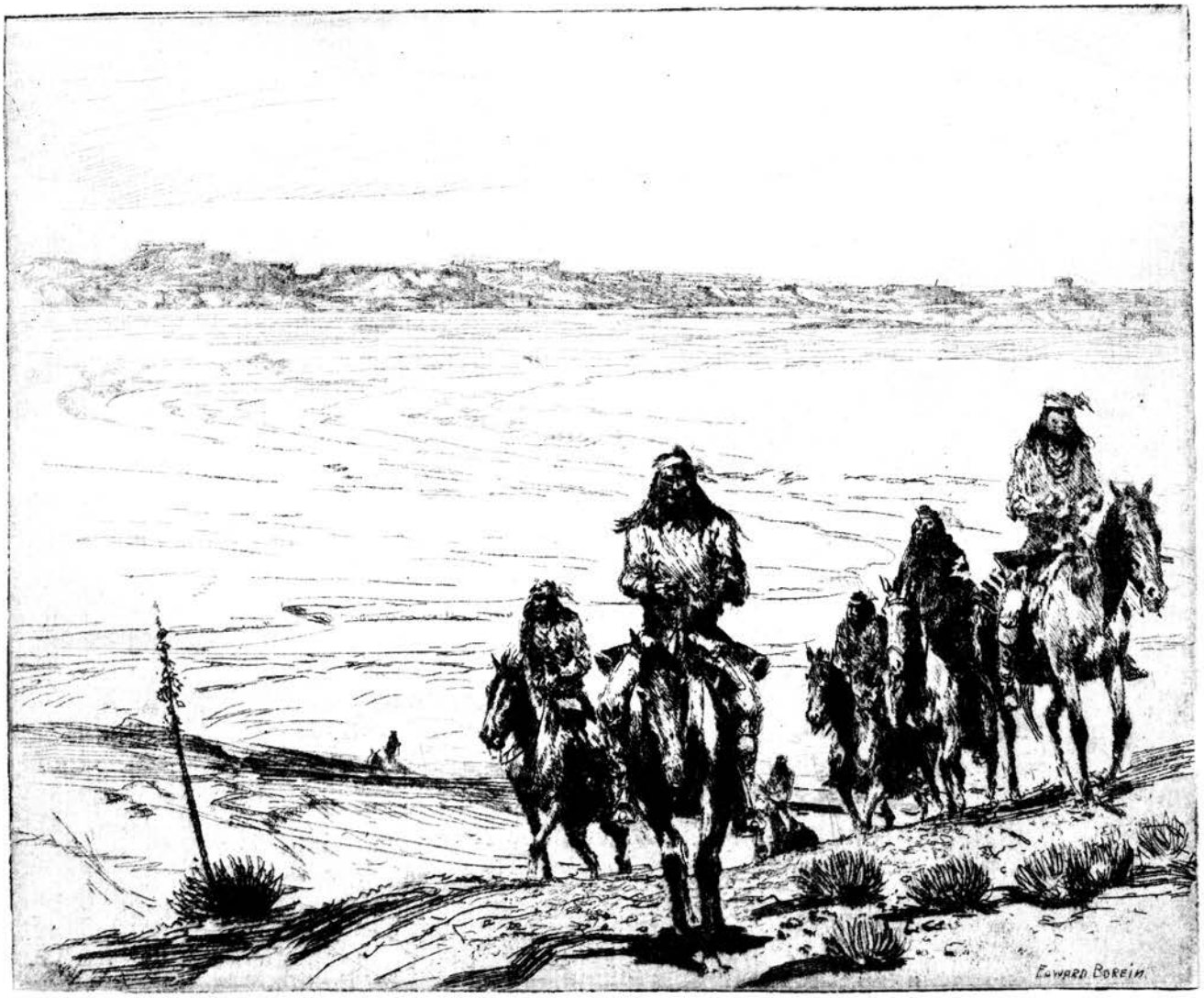
Habrá paz firme y universal entre la república Mexicana y los Estados Unidos de América, y entre sus respectivos paises, territorios, ciudades, villas, y pueblos, sin escepcion de lugares ó personas.

ARTICULO II.

Luego que se firme el presente tratado, habrá un convenio entre el comisionado ú comisionados del gobierno Mexicano, y el ó los que nombre el General en gefe de las fuerzas de los Estados Unidos, para que cesen provisionalmente las hostilidades, y se restablezca en los lugares ocupados por las mismas fuerzas el orden constitucional en lo politico, administrativo, y judicial, en cuanto lo permitan las circunstancias de ocupacion militar.

ARTICULO III.

Luego que este tratado sea ratificado por el gobierno de los Estados Unidos, se expediran órdenes á sus comandantes de tierra y mar previniendo á estos segundos (siempre que el tratado



TONTO APACHES

Etching by Ed Borein

CHIEF OF APACHE SCOUTS

By FRANK SCHILLING

IT WAS MY GOOD FORTUNE DURING the early years of the present century to have been employed in the reconstruction of the Gila Valley, Globe and Northern Railway between Fort Thomas and Globe, Arizona, where floods of the Gila River had washed away much of the roadbed. Our workmen, during the early summer months, were Apaches, but as summer advanced and the weather became warmer they quit their jobs and migrated to the high country where it was much cooler. It then became necessary to import laborers from the interior of Old Mexico to take their places.

Many of our Indians had, no doubt, seen exciting times during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and I did not then appreciate the part that had been played in that long drawn out drama by some of the white men whom I met in the Valley. One man, particularly, stands out in my memory, Mr. Wm. O. Tuttle, who at that time lived at Rice, just south of Globe, and who furnished the commissary supplies for our camp. But I did not meet the man who had played a major role in this drama, the man who, above all others, had made it possible for those who followed to live in peace and security in this blood soaked land.

His name was Al Sieber, a man absolutely devoid of fear; a man known among the Apaches as "The Man of Iron." Certainly no other white man was ever called upon to assume the risks that he took in the performance of his duty to his country and to his fellow men, red or white, and live to tell the tale. He was wounded no less than twenty-nine times by the red man's bullet or arrow in the performance of these duties. His was a tough job; he ruled those under his care with the hand of a dictator—a just dictator, if you please. Many times he was called upon to assume the role of executioner of some recalcitrant Indian and this he did unhesitatingly.

Who was this Man of Iron—this man named Al Sieber? He was born in Germany in 1844, on February 29th, the youngest of eight brothers and sisters. His family was compelled to flee his native land on account of revolutionary activity and they settled in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The father had passed away in Germany prior to their flight. From Lancaster the family migrated to Minnesota and shortly afterward the War between the States broke out and Al Sieber joined the United States Army as a private in Co. B, 1st Minnesota Infantry. Even at this early age he became proficient in the use of fire arms and served as a sharpshooter in the Army of the Potomac during the entire Peninsular campaign. He was severely wounded on July 2nd, 1863, by a fragment of an exploding shell during the Battle of Gettysburg, near the spot where General Hancock had fallen.

While lying on the ground, wounded, he was hit again, the bullet entering the right ankle, emerging at the knee. This injury resulted in his hospitalization for a period of five months and he was then transferred to the First Regiment of the Veteran Reserve Corps during the latter part of 1863. He served the Union until the end of the War and was honorably discharged on July 15, 1865, when he returned to his home in Minnesota.

But the spirit of adventure was dominant in the life of young Sieber and he turned his face westward during 1866, finding employment in Virginia City, Nevada. He next tried his fortunes at mining and eventually turned up in California where he joined forces with a company of men driving a herd of horses to Arizona. It was in Arizona where he reached the zenith of his adventurous life and where he finally passed on to the Great Adventure.

He found employment on a ranch, and shortly afterward became foreman of C. C. Bean's ranch in Williamson's Valley. As settlers were few during these early pioneer years the Indians were quite active making raids upon ranches and other outposts and stealing horses. Sieber organized the white settlers and recovered much of the stolen stock. In a few years, due to his knowledge of Indian warfare, he was engaged by the United States army as a scout, being first employed by General George Stoneman in 1871. The following year he was active under Col. Julius Mason near Prescott. In 1873 General George Crook began an energetic campaign against the recalcitrant Apaches. It was Crook who initiated the policy of employing Apache against Apache and Sieber was placed in charge of a company of Apache scouts. During the next fourteen years he was almost constantly in the field with his scouts, often being the only white man in a company of a hundred or more Apache scouts, many of whom had bloody records. He invariably rode a grey jennet, that he had trained to be led about a hundred yards before being mounted, otherwise she would give a sudden lurch and unseat her rider. Sieber loaned the animal on one occasion to Chas. M. Clark, of the Arizona Pioneers' Association, who wished to ride her from Fort Reno in the Tonto Basin to Green Valley, or Payson. He failed to inform Mr. Clark that the jennet should be led a short distance before being mounted, and Mr. Clark said he positively did not ride that jennet to Green Valley.

Sieber often rode sixty miles a day, leaving many of his scouts along the trail far behind. He was just as severe in his treatment of the Indians under him, and imposed rigid discipline, and on more than one occasion shot mutinous scouts who failed to perform their duty. It is claimed that his gun carried no less than fifty notches—Indians killed in the line of duty. Inflexible in his demands upon his Indians, he was honest with them and always treated them fairly. He was their friend as well as their enemy, and he was feared and held in high regard by them. I met an old Apache at Geronimo recently and when I mentioned Sieber, he replied, "Oh, yes, he was an old scout, a great man."

Sieber and his scouts took part in the campaign that resulted in the surrender of Geronimo on April 6, 1873. The Indians were taken to Camp Verde, but two years later our government, under the plea of economy, broke its pledge, and removed them to

San Carlos, known among the soldiers as the Hell on earth. The Indians were dissatisfied, and enroute there was a fight and several escaped to Hell and Rattlesnake Canyons, and on the warpath, later being subdued by Sieber. These people were primitive savages and averse to civilized ways. The Indian's nature was unchanged; he hated work and restraint; he was and always had been a nomad and a marauder. The white man was imbued with a hatred for the Apache and a general feeling that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. Bourke says: "There is no brighter page in our Indian history than that which records the progress of the subjugated Apaches at Fort Apache and Camp Verde, nor is there a fouler blot than that which conceals the knavery which secured their removal to the junction of the San Carlos and the Gila."

The principal occupation of the Apache at San Carlos was the collection of his rations at periodic intervals. Contractors kept the cattle on the south side of the Gila River. They were given no water for a couple of days and were then driven across the stream, the animals stopping and taking their fill of water, half a barrel or more, which the government purchased as beef. Bad liquor unscrupulously sold to the Indian was a major cause of a break during February, 1874. Frequently tobacco juice and other materials were mixed with diluted whiskey to give it strength. This was done even as late as 1906 when I was among the Apaches, when, on one occasion, it became necessary to chain a young Indian to a mesquite tree when he began shooting up the camp, and to allow him to sober up.

During these trying years Sieber was located at San Carlos, but operated with troops from other army posts fighting renegade Indians. On his various scouting trips, he did not overlook the metallurgical features of southern Arizona, and it is said he located the Ox-bow in 1875, the first claim to be located in the Payson District.

One day Sieber was on a scouting trip in what is now the Tombstone district and came upon Ed Schieffelin, an old scout, who was standing guard at the Bruncknow Mine, while his companions worked below ground. Curious about Schieffelin, and what he was doing there, Sieber plied him with questions. Ed revealed that he was prospecting in the nearby hills, and Sieber scoffed at the idea that there was anything worth looking for. However, Schieffelin persisted that he had found some "mighty nice lookin' stones" there and Sieber replied—"Huh, the only stone you'll ever find will be your tombstone," and rode away with his scouts. Schieffelin continued his prospecting, and, no doubt, chuckled to himself over the prophesy of Al Sieber. Perhaps his find was his tombstone, and in a spirit of levity, remembering the prophesy, he called his mine the "Tombstone."

John Clum, perhaps the most humane of all the Indian Agents, was placed in charge at San Carlos on August 8, 1874. It was Clum who instituted self-government among the Apaches, and before he had reached the age of twenty-four he had control of some 4200 Apaches. Clum was the only white man ever to have captured and disarmed Geronimo, late in February, 1877. Clum abandoned his agency on July 1, 1877, account of the vacillating and dishonorable policies of the Indian Bureau. Other agents followed, discontent developed, culminating in the tragedy at Cibicu during the summer of 1881, when troops

commanded by General Carr clashed with Indians under Nock-ay-del-Klinne. Most of the Indians returned to Fort Apache, but corrupt Indian Agents and supplies contractors resulted in more discontent and many Indians fled the reservation, raiding and murdering settlers as they fled. Some Indians fled into Mexico, where they encountered Mexican troops and suffered greatly. During the summer months of 1882, other Indians united under the leadership of Na-ti-o-tish, a Tonto, killed Colvig, Indian Chief of Police, and seven of his men, and started for the Tonto Basin.

General Willcox ordered a concentration of troops in the Tonto Basin from Forts Thomas, Apache and McDowell, and also Whipple Barracks. Col. Evans, in command of four troops of Cavalry from Fort Apache was accompanied by Al Sieber, with a small company of Apache scouts. In the engagement which followed at Chevelon's Fork, or the Big Dry Wash, the Indians were decisively defeated, and only one soldier, McClellan, was killed, though many were wounded. Sieber killed several Indians in this engagement, and every time he killed one, he called out to Lieut. Cruse, "There he goes," as the poor devil fell into the canyon, head over heels. Sieber performed valiant service in this engagement, and his superior marksmanship, together with the fine work of his scouts, was greatly responsible for the victory of the troops over the Indians. Cruse, for his gallant work in this engagement, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Crook was reassigned to the command of the Department of Arizona and took up his duties at Whipple Barracks, Prescott, on September 4, 1882. Al Sieber was made Chief of Apache Scouts, and Sam Bowman and Archie MacIntosh served with him as assistants and masters of the pack trains.

During the night of May 17, 1885, one hundred forty-four Chiricahuas, forty-three fighting men and the balance women and children, left the reservation, near Fort Apache, and headed south for their old haunts in the Sierra Madres in Mexico. The revolt was led by Chihuahua, Mangus, Geronimo, Nachez and old Nana, the immediate cause being a tizwin or tulipai drunk indulged in by most of the chiefs who openly admitted drinking the liquor to make it difficult for Lieut. Davis to deal with the offenders. The matter was brought to the attention of Capt. Pierce, a newcomer in the official life at San Carlos, who in turn took the matter up with Sieber for advice. Sieber told him it was nothing but a tizwin drunk and to pay no attention to it as Davis would handle it. The matter was then pigeonholed, and subsequently the Indians escaped, which would not have occurred had Sieber not made his remarks regarding the tizwin drunk.

Capt. Crawford with all available troops and about two hundred Apache scouts under Sieber as Chief of Scouts, were on the trail immediately. Just south of the Mexican border the scouts killed two bears and Sieber could not pass up the chance of playing a joke. The bear skins were tied on one of the mules—Leppy—and then all hell broke loose among the mules. The scent of bear blood will set a mule wild. The mules were loaded with provisions for the troops, and as Leppy tried to regain her lead place in the pack train she brushed the bear hides against the other mules, and in a few minutes the plain

AL SIEBER was full of bawling, frantic mules, trying to get rid of the bear hides and bear odor, and scattering the supplies all over the plain. Several hours were taken by the packers recovering the supplies and reloading the mules. Some of them did not reach camp until late that night and the matter was brought to Capt. Crawford's attention. His remarks to Sieber stopped any further jokes involving mules and bear skins.

As they were making camp, they were invited to a Mexican camp for a sip of wine, which turned out to be mescal. During their visit Sieber filled one of the canteens with mescal from a keg, while the officers were having a final tragito de vino. Lieut. Davis had just taken a nip, and to quench the fire in his throat he reached for a canteen, which he supposed was filled with water, and took a couple of husky gulps before realizing what he had done. Davis in his book, "The Truth about Geronimo," states that subsequent events had no interest for him and he made a bee line for camp and his bed roll.

Lieut. Davis and Sieber in charge of a small detachment of scouts were detailed to follow a renegade trail which eventually proved to be the main trail of the hostiles. Drenched by torrential rains, starved, ragged and barefoot they pressed onward. As the days passed their hunger increased and they were compelled to live on the carcasses of the ponies the hostiles had killed, as well as such wild fruits and roots as they could find. They were eventually compelled to give up the chase on account of weather and sickness and for other reasons and finally found their way to El Paso, having been on the trail some twenty days and having covered more than five hundred miles. Meanwhile Crawford returned to the border and the troops and scouts under Sieber were reorganized and went on the trail again. Sieber was shortly recalled by Crook to pacify the Indians remaining on the reservation, as no one had greater influence over them, and Tom Horn was made chief of the Scouts of the expedition. This was the end of Sieber's great scouting expeditions.

On September 3rd, of the following year, Geronimo surrendered to General Miles, through Lieut. Gatewood, at the mouth of Skeleton Canyon, and subsequently Sieber was employed at San Carlos as interpreter and guide in charge of corrals and scouts until he was relieved on November 1, 1890.

The records do not state just why he was relieved—one report is that he had disagreed with Capt. Bullis over the ill treatment of Indians, some of whom were prisoners and others who had been shanghaied into the road crews through one pretense or another by a system of espionage and tattling. Sieber did not like this system and reluctantly ordered his scouts to arrest alleged offenders and deserters. His arguments with Bullis finally resulted in his being dropped after twenty years of continuous service in a highly dangerous work.

A writer in the *Arizona Enterprise*, of Florence, on September 18, 1891, states that Bullis and Sieber had many arguments; that Sieber preferred charges against Bullis alleging misconduct between Bullis and his housekeeper. The matter was adjusted by an emissary from Washington, and the Captain then accused Sieber of bringing whiskey onto the reservation and placed a watch over him. In course of time a box arrived consigned to a

soldier, and Bullis was convinced it contained whiskey. He requested the storekeeper, Mr. Kingsbury, to hold the box and report the man who called for it. Sieber was then ordered to watch the trader's store and arrest the man who called for the box. Sieber is alleged to have gone to the soldier and to have informed him of Bullis' orders and the box was never called for. It was shipped back to the consignor contrary to Bullis' instructions and Sieber was summarily discharged and the trader's store closed. Bullis wired a report of his action to Washington. This called for another investigation, but Kingsbury had a pull with McKinley and politics decreed it to be against all rules of etiquette to fire him. His devotion to the party was too great. The facts were brought to the attention of Bullis and the store was allowed to reopen, but Sieber went.

Judge John Wentworth of Globe told your speaker that he had known Sieber since 1884 and that he was fearless and eager to perform his duties at all times. He was honest and his character above reproach, and he drank moderately considering the times in which he was living.

Although he had been frequently wounded in action, his most serious wound was suffered allegedly at the hands of one whom he had befriended, Apache Kid. Kid's father had been killed during a tizwin drunk, and Kid, being the eldest son, tribal custom demanded that he assume the role of executioner of the murderer. Sieber sent Kid with two other scouts to arrest the murderer, but he was killed while resisting arrest. Instead of returning to San Carlos and reporting the circumstances he went on a drunk. Sieber ordered him to return; and, accompanied by four scouts, all armed, he reported at Sieber's tent. They handed over their guns, and as they were about to go to the guard house, someone fired a shot and all hell broke loose. Sieber returned to his tent and was shot in the left ankle just as he was raising his rifle to fire. It has never been proved that Kid fired the shot that injured Sieber, but unfortunately in the confusion Apache Kid and his companions fled. He was an expert shot, and there is no doubt he could have killed Sieber had he so desired. After killing two men in the Whetstones they were captured, brought back to San Carlos and convicted by court martial. Civil authorities objected and the men were tried by the United States District Court, at Globe, convicted, and as they were being transported to the Territorial prison they murdered the sheriff, Glen Reynolds, and his deputy, "Hunky Dory" Holmes. Sieber had a secret fund at his disposal to be used in capturing Kid and his pals. He was never captured, his pals were killed one by one, and though he killed numerous persons, both Indians and Whites, the manner of his ending is not known, though he is assumed to have died in Old Mexico.

After leaving federal service, Sieber spent much of his time prospecting and mining, and also contracting and road building. He was an excellent camp cook and Dan Williamson said he could get a meal together with nothing but vinegar, a can of sardines, crackers and some onions. He was meticulous in his personal habits and his camp was always clean. He took particular care of his horses and was always kind to them.

When not engaged in mining or in other work he made his headquarters in Globe.

He never married and apparently never had a love affair, though he liked to dance and the ladies, both Indian and white, were quite fond of him. Many of his clothes were made by Apache women. Sieber was a well-built man, a little over six feet in height, slightly under two hundred pounds in weight, muscular and athletic, but somewhat slow in his movements. Sieber spoke Apache like an Indian, yet he never gave a command except in English as he did not wish mistakes to be made. Many people in and around Globe named their children after Sieber. Mrs. Maggie Armer, of Phoenix, informed the speaker that she named her first child after Sieber, and that Al was very fond of the boy.

During the construction of the Roosevelt Dam on the Salt River, Sieber was employed in various capacities; in charge of road crews, camp commissary, etc. Government Engineers recommended to Sieber that the English version of the Indians' names be used on the payroll. However, Sieber objected to this, as at birth the Indian child is given a name by his mother commemorating some event or thing of interest at the time, hence, such English versions appearing on the payrolls might be embarrassing to the clerks in Washington or elsewhere.

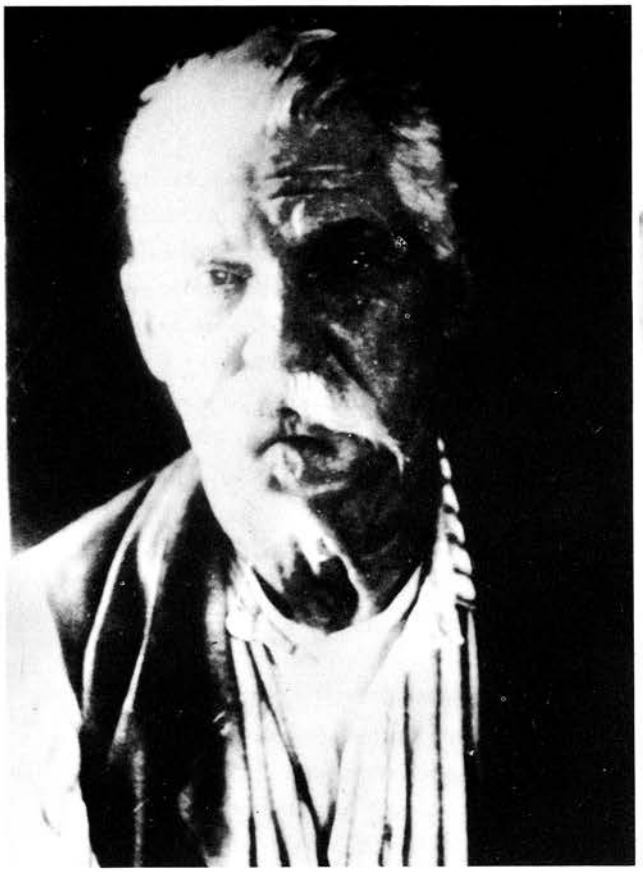
It was while Sieber was in charge of a crew of Apaches on the Tonto Road, about a mile north of the Roosevelt Dam that he met his tragic end. The men were endeavoring to move a large boulder and Sieber noticed that it moved slightly. He called to his men to move, but failed to get out of the way himself and was caught under the rolling boulder and crushed to death. Such was the end of a great man, a man who had done more than any other man to make the southwest, and particularly Arizona and New Mexico, a safe place in which to live.

The accident occurred on February 19, 1907, and he was laid away in the G A R plot of the old Pioneer Cemetery at Globe, F. L. Jones and Son being the Funeral Directors and the Rev. R. W. Durham, the Clergyman. A beautiful United States flag, 3 ft. 6 in. by 7 ft., purchased at a cost of $3.00, was folded across his breast and lowered into the grave with the remains. There he rests today; his grave marked by a granite monument, provided by the Territory of Arizona, and bearing the inscription:

IN MEMORIAM
ERECTED BY THE TERRITORY OF ARIZONA
TO AL SIEBER
Born 1844 - Died 1907

But the greatest testimonial to his memory is a monument of native stone marking the site of the accident and paid for by subscriptions donated by his fellow workmen.

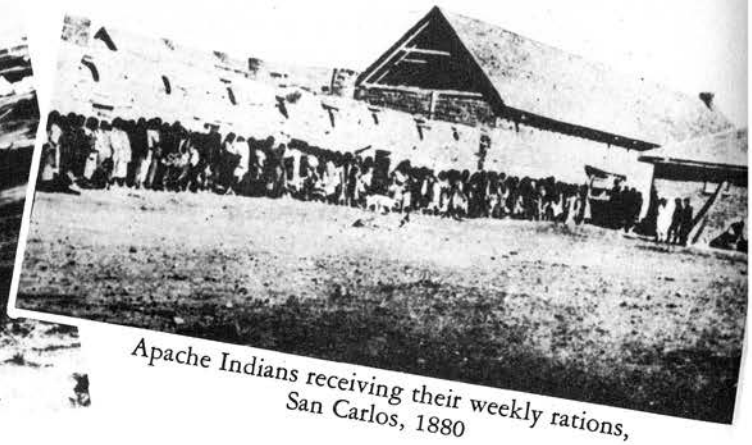
His grave is in a fitting location, high on a hill, where he can look out over the valley and country he loved so well; where he can watch over and protect the spirits of the Indians among whom he labored the greater part of his life, and for whom he finally made the supreme sacrifice. Farewell, old Scout, Farewell, may you rest in peace until the Master Scout's bugle sounds its final taps on that great Judgment Day. Farewell. Vaya con Dios.



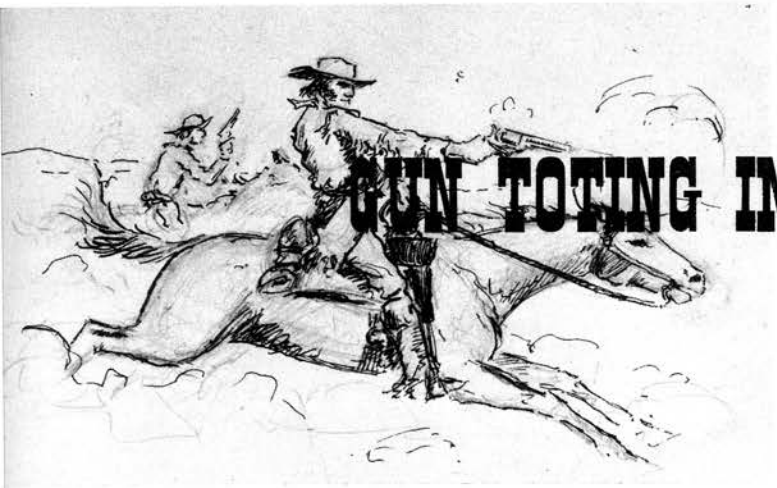
Al Sieber shortly before his death

The Apache Kid (*upper row, second from right*) with other Apache prisoners before trial at Globe, October 1889

Military Camp of San Carlos — 1880



Apache Indians receiving their weekly rations, San Carlos, 1880



GUN TOTING IN THE OLD WEST

By DWIGHT FRANKLIN

FROM THE TIME THE FIRST WHITE MEN filtered across the continent until the west was a going concern, its history was noisily punctuated with bullets from every type of contemporary firearm.

Volumes have been written about the guns themselves but little about how they were carried.

Talking to old-timers is a pleasant and profitable way of getting this information but, unfortunately, there are few men alive today whose memories go back to the days of the old cap and ball pistol. So, for the most part, what information I have has come from old accounts and pictures and in shooting the old guns and trying out the holsters and accessories.

Before the 1840's, the rifle was the important arm in the west, while the pistol was secondary. But after that, when the Colt revolver took over, the six gun shot into prominence and became the main weapon of those whose survival depended upon their ability to shoot straighter and quicker than the other man.

The first rifle brought into the far west was the famous Kentucky flintlock. As high as a man's shoulder, this was the long rifle of the eastern woodsman who hunted and fought on foot. The horsemen of the prairies and mountains, however, found this rifle clumsy to carry across the saddle horn and so, later, the shorter plain's rifle was developed.

The equipment for the plain's rifle was much the same as that of its eastern parent. Powder horn and bullet pouch, slung from the shoulder, hung conveniently on the right side, while a sheath knife, and perhaps an axe, was carried at the belt.

Around the 1820's, the percussion cap gun was developed and found favor in the west, though many old-timers for years refused to have anything to do with it. They relied on their old flintlocks because "with these new fangled caps, if you lose 'em, whar are ye? But with a flintlock you can pick up a stun most anywhar, an' thar you be."

In the 1830's, when the mountain men were in their glory, trapping beaver and fighting Injuns, their favorite rifle was a "Hawken," made in St. Louis by the Hawken brothers. The name became the byword for quality which later applied to "Colt" or "Winchester." "She's a genooine Hawken and she shoots plumb centre." Made in various calibres, mostly large, to suit the need of its owner, it cost about $30 in St. Louis, much more in the far west. After heavy use, the barrel became rusted and pitted. Then it was taken to a gunsmith and rebored, which increased the calibre slightly.

Kit Carson used a Hawken and Dave Crockett received one as a gift. Speaking of Carson reminds me that in his successful horseback duel with Shumar he is said to

have used a pistol (one of a pair), against Shumar's rifle. Good as the mountain man was with his rifle, it was still a single shot and reloading took ten seconds or more. Let an Indian, with his rapid fire buffalo bow, get within 50 yards after the white man had fired his shot and the fight became more serious for the latter. Therefore, the mountain men in an Indian fight alternated their fire, one group firing while the other reloaded.

Captain Randolph Marcy, in "The Prairie Traveler," speaks of the danger a lone man would face against hostile Indians and he advises: first, to warn them off, then to take to the nearest timber and, finally, if they press him too closely, to point his gun at the foremost, which will often have the effect of turning them back, but never to fire unless his life depends upon the shot and then, if there is no time to reload, to depend upon the speed of his horse.

The early plainsman carried his rifle across his saddle horn, while the cavalry, as they had for generations, carried their carbines or musketoons slung over the left shoulder and hanging down on the right side. A snap hook on the sling engaged a ring on the carbine, while the barrel tip was supported by a thimble or socket on the saddle.

The buckskin cover, used largely by the Indians, even before 1800, to protect their guns against the weather, was later modified by the white men into a saddle scabbard.

According to Marcy, writing of the 50's, the plainsmen had worked out a simple device for securing their rifles to the saddle horn. A piece of leather a foot long and four inches wide had a hole cut in each end. One went over the pommel, secured by a thong; the other end passed up and over the rifle, carried back of the pommel and slipped over the horn. The rifle was balanced and kept in place by the knees. For quick action, the loose end of the strap was raised from the horn and the rifle was free.

If the plainsman had any pistols, they were generally carried in saddle holsters. These holsters had been in use from the time the pistol became the horseman's firearm, about 1600, and they changed but little during the centuries. The logical place to sling a brace of horse pistols was from either side of the pommel within easy reach of the rider. A good example of these holsters is found in our own army in the early part of the 19th century. Because the pistol hammer projected above the line of the barrel about the same distance as the trigger guard below, the holster was cut in a symmetrical pattern, quite different from the cut of the later revolver holster, and had large flaps which buttoned down to protect the weapon from the weather. For the dismounted rider, the obvious disadvantage to saddle holsters was that unless he was close to his horse, he was without his pistols. In camp he would, of course, slip them off the saddle, sling them over his shoulder and keep them in some handy place.

Belt holsters were yet to come, but in the early 1700's the pirates who haunted the Caribbean had worked out an original way of carrying their pistols. The general custom in those days was to stick a pair of large pistols in the belt, often held in place by a long clip on the opposite side from the lock. A pair of pistols provided but two shots in a fight.

Some piratical inventor thought up the idea of carrying two or more pairs of small pistols in holsters similar in pattern to the saddle variety. These were worn on broad shoulder slings, one of which supported the cutlass. By this means the sea rover had many shots at his disposal and with little more weight than a brace of the heavier pistols. Charles Johnson, in his "History of the Pyrates," written in 1735, shows several pictures of these gentry wearing such equipment, among them the famous Blackbeard. My reason for mentioning this is that here we have the only small holster which I have come across before the 1850's. It was also a prophetic suggestion of the shoulder holster. This piratical rig seems to have died out when the sea rovers were for the time being wiped out in the middle of the 18th century.

THE COLT COMES GALLOPING IN

Sam Colt was responsible for turning the west into the land of the six gun. He manufactured the first practical revolver at Paterson, New Jersey, in 1836. It was a percussion revolver with a cylinder of five chambers and a single barrel and was made in relatively small calibres: .28, .31, .34 and .36. It had to be taken apart in three pieces for reloading which, compared to the later models, was slow work.

The newly formed Texas Rangers bought all the Colts they could lay their hands on and with them revolutionized their warfare against the Indians and bandits. Armed with pairs of these revolving pistols, these horsemen would rush the enemy, firing as they rode, with fatal consequences to the latter. I can find no mention of holsters, either saddle or belt, and it is likely that these earliest revolvers were carried in the belt or sash.

At the beginning of the Mexican War, the story goes, Colonel Sam Walker of the Rangers went north to order more Colt revolvers with ideas of his own regarding certain improvements. He wanted a pistol of larger calibre that could be reloaded more rapidly.

At this time, Sam Colt was out of business owing to certain financial reverses and was unable to obtain any of his old revolvers to copy. He redesigned them from memory and added Colonel Walker's suggested improvements.

The first Colts to come into general use were, first, the Walker, later, the Dragoon, both .44 calibre, six shot revolvers. Originally designed for the army and carried at the saddle, the Dragoon was probably the heaviest revolver of all time. It weighed well over four pounds and was frequently equipped with a shoulder stock that made a small carbine of it. This Colt had a shocking power and accuracy that firmly established its inventor. It was used in our war with Mexico with deadly effect at a time when flintlock and percussion single shot horse pistols were the regulation.

Captain Walker said of the Dragoons, "They are as effective as the common rifle at 100 yards and superior to a musket even at 200 yards."

Another Ranger, Colonel Jack Hays, wrote, "When placed in the hands of those who understand the proper use of them, they are unquestionably the most formidable

weapon ever used in battle."

In 1847, Colt sent Captain Walker a wooden model to use in making saddle holsters. A pair of pistols were to be supplied to each man and he suggested a place in the holsters to carry the necessary tools with a pouch for balls and powder flask.

Even though the heavy Colt Dragoon .44 was superseded by lighter revolvers with smaller charges, it retained its reputation for a quick knock-down. Marcy tells of a grizzly bear which he encountered and drove toward some companions who were armed with Colt Navy .36's. After being shot a dozen times, the bear kept on going. Another man rode up armed with a .44 and downed the bear in two shots. An examination of the dead animal showed that none of the .36 bullets had penetrated the flesh more than about an inch, whereas the two .44's had penetrated his vitals and killed him. Marcy resolved after this incident to carry the .44. This was in 1858.

The era of the six gun was well under way and who can say it is finished, when, as recently as World War Two, General Patton carried a pair of Colts with him into action!

THE BELT HOLSTER ARRIVES

In 1858, regulations were issued for our Dragoon regiments to carry one revolver in the saddle holster, another in a belt holster, the first used by our army. It is quite possible that this was a flap holster worn on the right hip, butt to front. I have one in my collection which fits a Colt Dragoon perfectly.

It might be well to note here the several positions in which a revolver may be conveniently carried. Each has its purpose. The old cavalry way of wearing the pistol on the right hip with the butt to the front was necessary when a sword was worn on the left side. The Civil War Colt .44, being a long revolver (13 inches in all) could not well be carried butt to rear as it would interfere with the saddle in front of the right leg and also be awkward to draw. This method of butt to front was regulation until the early 1900's, when the Colt automatic came in. Then it was worn, as today, with butt to the rear. The shorter over-all length (about 8 inches) made drawing easier from that position.

With the Gold Rush came two new Colts which proved immensely popular. One was the Pocket model of .31 calibre, with barrels from 4 to 6 inches long. Depending on the length of the barrel or the fancy of the owner, it was carried in the pocket, stuck in the belt or in a belt holster. In a scramble through rough country, the pistol was safest in a holster, which could be worn any way the wearer pleased; right or left, front or back. Charles Nahl, the famous Gold Rush artist who illustrated Delano's charming stories, shows them in various positions.

Another Colt which made its first appearance in the days of the Gold Rush was the Navy .36, made with a 7½ inch barrel. It was a sweet shooting gun used in many a California duel and was frequently carried in pairs. Bill Hickok favored them for much

of his plain and fancy shooting. He is said to have worn them in a pair of holsters, butts to the front for a cross draw. Again, he is reputed to have tucked them in his waistband, a method of gun toting which has always been popular and still is, that being a most inconspicuous way to carry a short barreled pistol.

Hickok is believed to have used a shoulder holster also. Fred Sutton says when he was but a young lad in Dodge City, he was present in Bat Masterson's room when Hickok showed Bat how it worked. He made them promise not to reveal the secret of his trick holsters which he carried under his coat, one under each arm, held there by straps over his shoulders. The front edge of the holster was open and the gun was held in place by a steel clip, elastic as a watch spring, which gripped the barrel so securely and yet so lightly that the least pull would fetch it free. Bill used these with lightning quickness.

Variations of this shoulder holster have been used ever since that time, the early 70's, and, as we know, they are popular today.

When carrying a small pistol in the right hip pocket, which was frequently lined with soft leather, the butt is to the outside for a short, inconspicuous draw.

A popular way of carrying a six gun on horseback was, and is, to wear it in front with the barrel slanting down over the left hip. This is easier in mounting and is convenient for a short cross draw with the right hand that is not easily noticed when both hands are on the reins.

Many early holsters had flaps which kept out the rain but were not conducive to a quick draw. In the dry parts of the west a flap was unnecessary and this may have contributed to the increasing popularity of the open holster. Again, the use of waterproof metallic cartridges made the flap unnecessary. Yet the army has always preferred the flap holster.

Belt holsters may have been suggested by saddle holsters, but any ingenious leather worker could have turned out a sensible belt holster by the exercise of a little imagination. In the 1850's, Colt advertised the black and shiny "Japanned leather holsters," perhaps following the army tradition. At some later date the holsters in the west were tan, perhaps because the Spaniards, those master workers of leather, preferred the natural color to black. The carving which characterized the more elaborate holsters and saddlery shows this same influence.

VARIOUS PISTOLS

There was always a variety of pistols in the west and a great overlapping of types. One man might have the latest model of revolver while his neighbor, either through preference or lack of funds, clung to a weapon of ancient vintage. With the constant influx of people from various parts of the world, almost any sort of firearm might be seen.

In the Gold Rush days the little derringer was a favorite with those who wished to

GUN TOTING IN conceal a pair of death dealing little cannons on their persons. They were secreted in vest pockets, coat tails, cuffs, any place that seemed convenient. The dance hall girl of this era frequently carried a tiny pistol to protect whatever she valued most.

Made originally by Henry Deringer of Philadelphia, these cap and ball pistols were shamelessly copied by others and the name changed by the addition of an "r" to Deringer to avoid lawsuits. "Derringer" today means a type of tiny pistol with a large bore, but "Deringer" refers only to those made by Henry.

In 1863, the National Arms Company put out a single shot, .41 calibre, rim fire derringer with an all metal frame and a curious curving and rounded butt which, when the pistol was properly grasped, made a nasty brass knuck capable of ruining an opponent's face. Later, Colt bought out this patent and from it developed the derringer popular from the 70's on. There was also a Remington two-shot derringer.

ENTER THE FAMOUS FORTY-FIVE

In 1873, the U. S. Army issued the famous Colt single action .45 with a 7½ inch barrel, later known as the Peacemaker, or the Frontier model, which became the traditional arm of the old west. It wasn't long before the civilian population of the wild and woolly were buying all they could get.

Even today there are perhaps thousands of them in use; probably a record in the continued popularity of one model.

Ned Buntline, the writer and publicity man of the west, presented this model with special twelve inch barrel and shoulder stock to such famous peace officers as Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson. He called it the "Buntline Special."

In spite of the mammoth barrel, Earp claimed he could use it effectively with his accustomed speed. This sounds more polite than probable.

The Frontier model was made in various calibres and barrel lengths. Westerners as a rule preferred the 5½ inch barrel.

A few years later, the double action Colt in .44 calibre was issued to the Army. According to Remington's sketches in the late eighties and nineties, this gun was popular with the punchers as well.

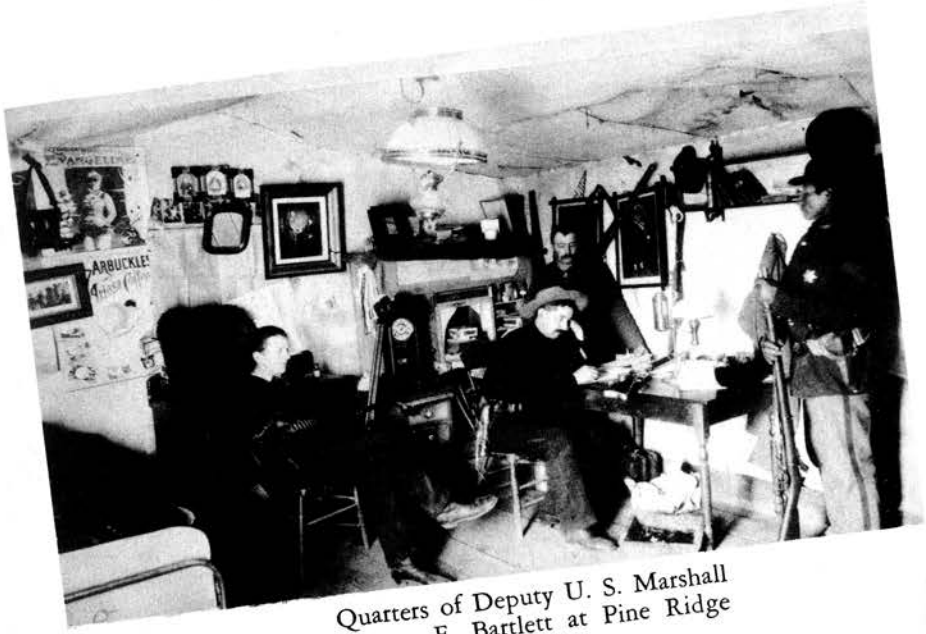
About this time, another type of holster appeared which, for want of a better name, might be called the sheath holster. Still popular, with many variations, it is the accepted type of western holster. Made of a single piece of leather, it has a large flap folded back. Slits in the flap form straps which hold the barrel end of the holster. It slips easily over a belt of cartridges and does not wobble as a narrow belt loop would. A handy man with a piece of leather, a strip of rawhide and a knife can make one for himself.

At first this holster was worn high but later the belt was slacked up and the gun hung low on the hip within easy reach of the hand. It was frequently tied down to

the leg to avoid having the gun catch on a quick draw. Army officers favored this holster in the late Indian fighting days, when they could wear pretty much what they pleased in action: buckskins, sombreros and moccasins.

In recent years, due to the influence of the Western movies, all sorts of weird and fancy belts and holsters have been made and are sold at fabulous prices to Western stars, rodeo boys and dude ranchers. Set off with fancy silver, they are wonderful to behold.

Today in Los Angeles, the police are permitted to carry their revolvers in holsters of their own choosing. Some officers prefer the horseman's method on the left side, while others use a holster suspended a bit low on the right side. This is a survival of frontier days when a man carried his gun to suit his own taste.



Quarters of Deputy U. S. Marshall George E. Bartlett at Pine Ridge

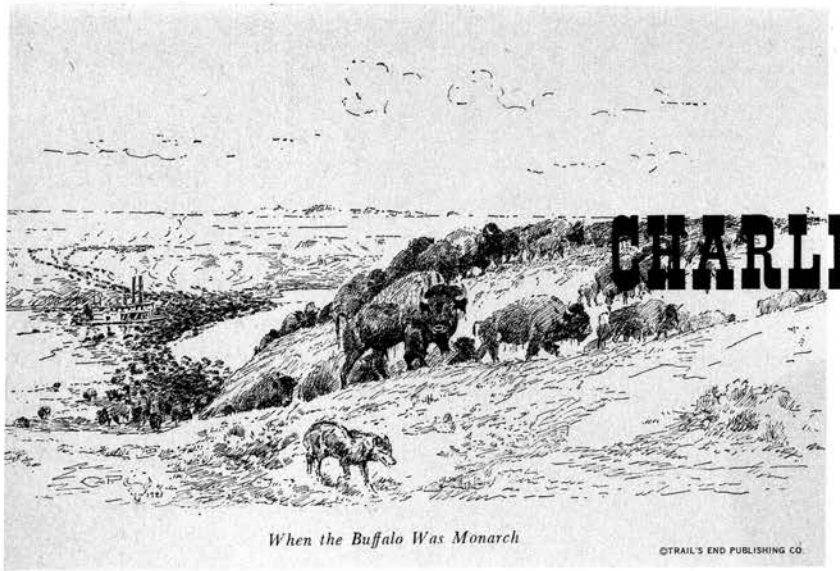
George E. Bartlett, Deputy U. S. Marshall at Pine Ridge Reservation

Mountain Man with Long Rifle

George E. Bartlett's famous trading post at Wounded Knee, 1886

WHERE GREAT HER COME TO DRINK

BY CHARLES M. RUSSELL



When the Buffalo Was Monarch

CHARLES M. RUSSELL

By HOMER E. BRITZMAN

CHARLES MARION RUSSELL IS BEST known as the Cowboy Artist, but the cognomen, though apt, somehow falls far short of measuring the monumental work he left for future generations of students of the West.

Even his earlier work (1880-1895), though crude, tells a *true* story of the open range of the cowboy, the camp life, hunting and warlike expeditions of the Indian, or the meanderings of the wild game of the Rocky Mountains and the great plains—in all these categories he excelled in recording scenes as they were rather than as some writers and artists have pictured them.

The record of his life is replete with stories of his insistence on painting, drawing and modeling the West as he saw and lived it. He preferred the approbation of his cowboy pals or the nodding assent of an Indian friend to the praise of an art critic. There is the feel of leather in his action pictures of the range, his Indians are always correctly outfitted and ornamented according to their own distinctive tribal customs, and his creations featuring wild animal life show the result of close observation during the years he spent with the hunter and trapper, Jake Hoover.

As a lad Charlie had successfully eluded formal schooling, probably not attaining the equivalent of a grade-school education. In spite of this handicap, because of his natural powers of observation and insatiable desire to search out and listen to the tales of the old-timers, frontiersmen and Indians, he was able to grasp frontier history better than most research students.

These contacts materially augmented his reading, which was prodigious. His father, a well-educated man, frequently sent his son books and periodicals featuring historical material. Russell often made pencil sketches in these magazines and books to illustrate how these written descriptions might have looked had there been an artist or cameraman on the spot to record the events. During his lifetime he illustrated innumerable books and magazine articles of an historical character. Those not true to fact he refused to illustrate.

In the field of sculpture, too, he excelled in delineating the raw life of the frontier of the cowboy and Indian as well as the animal life of the West. Few sculptors have ever attempted to put violent action into their modeling, but Russell did just that. Unfortunately many of these creations, being fragile, have not been preserved in bronze. So deft were his fingers and so indelible his memory that he could model in beeswax using only his long fingernails and keeping his hands covered with his Stetson!

Two of his fine historical pictures now hang in the Montana Capitol in Helena. The

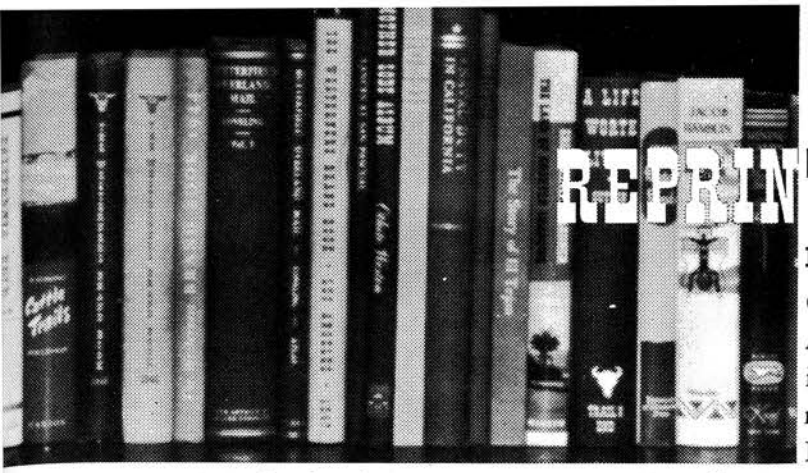
CHARLES M. RUSSELL largest oil painting he ever attempted (12 by 26 feet) depicts a meeting of Lewis and Clark with the Indians at Ross' Hole on the Missouri River. The smaller, a water color painting, pictures the incredulous Mandan Indians examining the black skin of York—the first of his race they had ever seen.

Another great talent possessed by Charlie Russell, and of prime importance to the historian of the West, was his ability to write the salty language of the cow country. Since he spoke it from boyhood it came naturally for him to write his (only too few) humorous stories and letters in the pure quill. Who knows but that of all his great talents, and he was truly gifted, these writings of all his historical recordings may live the longest?

NOTE: *The double page reproduction in full color appearing on pages 56 and 57 is from an oil painting by Charles M. Russell and is reproduced through the courtesy of Westerner Homer Britzman, whose Trail's End press published the Russell biography and bibliography.*

CHARLES MARION RUSSELL
1864 — 1926

Drawing by Nicholas S. Firfires.



REPRINT AMERICANA

By KARL YOST

QUITE EARLY IN MY COLLECTING Americana, I discovered that the limited income of a lawyer would not permit me to compete with Jones, Graf, Coe, Rollins and others in the chase for desirable books. Since I have seen his collection, I must add Robert J. Woods' name to the list. Nevertheless, I was anxious to acquire the same type of material they wanted, and I concluded that the only way to satisfy my desires and still remain occasionally solvent was to collect reprints of Americana. I began to collect reprints, and I still do.

As far as I know, I am the only collector in the United States who specializes in reprints. There may be others, but they have not come to my attention, and judging from the reception my request for reprints generally receives from booksellers, I gather that the idea is, if not novel, at least not strenuously pursued, although after I have explained it in detail, practically every dealer acknowledges that there is a great field for both the book collector and bookseller which could be developed to their mutual advantage. So far, I have had little competition, although I probably will have more soon.

By reprint Americana, I refer to conscious reprints and not merely later editions of rarities or outstanding books. I also exclude the type of reprint which is a separate printing of an article or account which originally appeared in a periodical. I do not mean editions or issues after the first, printed in the usual course of publishing, but I mean a deliberate recrudescence of a book which usually exists only in the first edition, or, at best, in a few editions, all printed within a brief period of time but not maintained in print.

The lapse of time between the original and the reprint is not the sole criterion of what constitutes a reprint because that time varies from perhaps twenty to as much as 400 years. Furman, for instance, originally appeared in 1824 and was reprinted in 1865, whereas Wafer's *New Voyage* first appeared in 1599 and was reprinted in 1903, and *Columbus' Letters* were first published in 1493 and were reprinted in 1893.

The prevailing price of the original is not the sole criterion either, because in a few instances at least, the reprint sells for as much as or more than the original. Rarity and desirability are not the only criteria either, although these qualities perhaps have more bearing on the inspiration to reprint than either age or costliness. What must exist in order to fall within my definition of a conscious reprint is the knowledge on the part of someone that a certain book is either old or rare or expensive or desirable, or epitomizes a combination of those factors, and the intention to offset those barriers to acquisition in order to being worthwhile material to a larger audience.

About the best way I can explain what I have in mind is by giving a few examples.

REPRINT AMERICANA

Perhaps not every collector of Americana will agree on what is the rarest single item, but collectors in the West will, I think, not hesitate in accepting *Bidwell's Journey to California* as the rarest piece of Western Americana. To my knowledge, there is only one copy of the original, and that is imperfect. It is in the University of California Library. Inasmuch as it is safely beyond the reach of any prospective purchaser, it may well be said to be priceless. If another copy should appear on the market, I suppose a dealer would ask at least $20,000.00 for it. John Henry Nash in 1935 reprinted *Bidwell's Journey*, and the price at publication was $3.50. The tremendous saving is obvious. As an aside, I will say that I find fault with the Nash edition because it is an extremely large volume and the original is quite small, and I like a reprint to preserve as much of the flavor of the original as possible, even down to the size and lineage of the original, but without criticizing too much, I am happy to have a copy in any form of a book which otherwise is unprocurable. Incidentally, the Nash reprint, like many other reprints, has itself appreciated in value. I recently saw this book listed at $25.00 in a dealer's catalogue.

There are many series of reprints in the middle west and, I suppose, to a lesser degree throughout the country. The Lakeside Classics Series of reprints, gratuitously distributed at Christmas time by R. R. Donnelly and Sons, is well known as a set of finely printed, well edited material. Thwaites's Early Western Travels is another series that every collector knows, and here on the west coast, one of the better known series is Grabhorn's First, Second and Third Series of rare Americana. One difficulty with collecting these items is that I encounter competition from the collectors of press books, who have created a demand which has run the price way up. I hope that the collectors of press books read the books.

The series entitled The Narratives of the Trans-Mississippi Frontier, published by Princeton University Press in 1932, is an admirable series indeed. This series includes Overton Johnson and William H. Winters' *Journeys*, Hastings' *Guide*, Hall J. Kelly's *Oregon Pamphlets*, Langworthy's *Scenes in the Mountains*, and several other titles equally rare and desirable in the original. Talking on this subject with Wright Howes one day, we estimated that the originals of the books in this series would bring about $2600.00 if they could be found, whereas the complete set of reprints is still available for less than $26.00, or 1% of the cost of the originals. These books were remaindered and were available at the absurdly low price of $1.15 a copy quite a few years ago. They were well edited and well printed, and deserved a better fate.

It will easily be seen that there are many reasons for collecting reprints. Primarily, it enables an earnest student and collector to have, in his own library, books which are difficult, if not impossible, to obtain in the original. The corollary is that by reason of the saving in cost, it enables a collector of average means to form a commendable library of Americana without straining himself. Usually the reprints are a more attractive volume to the student because they contain not only all the original text, or at least the better

ones do, but they contain frequently an index which the original usually lacks, biographical and bibliographical comments, notes, and sometimes, maps and other explanatory material which is not found in the original. Also, if the reprint is printed rather than photo-lithographed, the reprint is a more attractive volume than the original.

On this point I might say that I do not like the facsimile editions. Steck Company, about fifteen years ago, put out a series of reprints of Texas items which were all quite rare, but he made the mistake of merely photographing the originals and issued them without any notes whatsoever. It is true that the collector has the text of the original, but how much better it would have been if the publisher had taken the pains to have just a few words concerning the original from someone of authority.

The antithesis of the Steck publications is a reprint issued by Yale University Press in 1945. It is *Jonathan Dickinson's Journal* edited by Evangeline Walker Andrews and Charles McLean Andrews. Not only does this volume contain the original text, but it is what might be called a variorum edition in that textual aberrations of almost thirty editions are carefully noted, and there is a biographical section in which every known edition of the book is carefully described, together with photographs of all the title-pages. There is a scholarly introduction by the editor, an enlarged scale map in several sections tracing the course of travels of the shipwrecked party, and a complete index. The whole book is nicely printed and it was published to retail at $3.00. This is one of the best jobs of reprinting I know and should serve as a model for all persons who essay to issue reprints in the future.

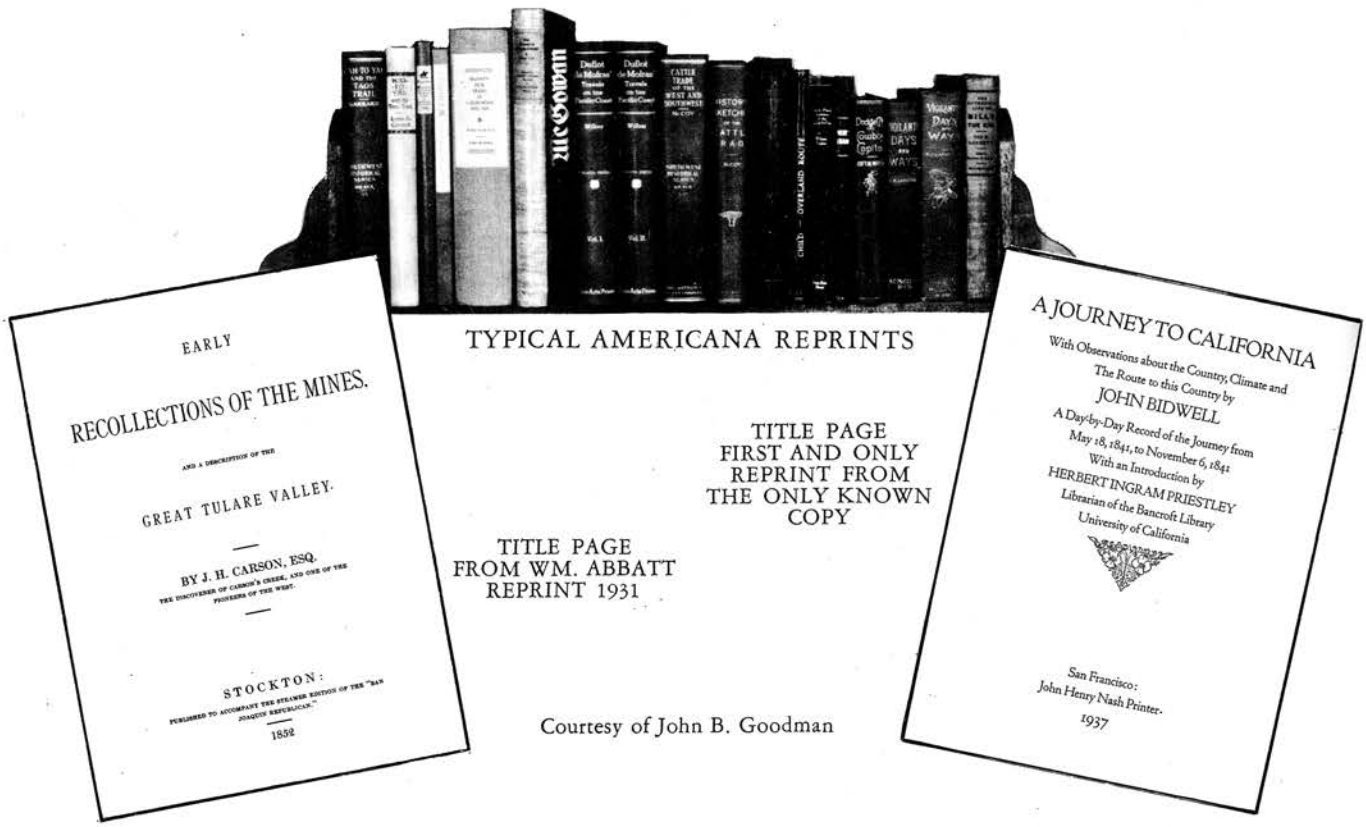
It might be said that any emphasis upon the collecting of reprints will destroy the value of the originals. That is unfounded because any collector knows that a dealer simply cannot fill his catalogues with originals only. He might like to, but he simply cannot find enough good original material and, hence, must offer the next best thing. Frequently, we see in a dealer's catalogue the original and the reprint in juxtaposition. I recall, when Forbes' *History of Lower California* was published, Dawson's Book Shop, I think it was, listed a copy of the original (London, Smith Elder, 1832) at $75.00, and then offered the reprint at $7.50. There could be no better advertisement for the sale of the reprint than to show how costly the original is, and by the same token, there could be no better advertisement for the original than to show it is so important that it has been reprinted. Nowadays, copies of the reprint bring $25.00. More and more, collectors will be forced to content themselves with reprints as the rare items become permanently located, and as interest in reprints increases, there will naturally be an increased market for them.

Rather than hurting the rare book dealers' business, the issuance of reprints helps sales, because whereas I was not a customer at $75.00, I am at $7.50. Furthermore, even the collector who can afford the original wants a copy of the reprint because it precludes handling the original, and it may shed light on the original text.

There may be some interest elicited in the subject by this presentation, and I am

perhaps jeopardizing my monopoly.

To forestall any serious invasion in the field, I will say that not all reprints comply with my requirements of completeness, similarity to the original, and inclusion of new material, as anybody who starts to buy reprints will soon learn. Here my bibliographic venture of the last twelve years comes into play because, for my own delectation, I have been compiling bibliographies of all reprints, in which I propose to evaluate them. A student or collector usually desires to buy the best edition and does not want, or cannot afford, to be empirical, in which event it will be necessary for him to resort to Karl Yost's Reprint Americana Bibliographies Annotated in ten volumes in order to determine which edition he should buy. It sometimes happens that a reprint, and oftentimes the only reprint, is not worth buying. I have divided the country into arbitrary classifications and have a volume in each classification, each containing about 200 to 250 items, and I propose to issue them in looseleaf form. It is my thought that all bibliographies should be in looseleaf form. Until I have had an opportunity to acquire all the reprints I want, which will take a mere matter of thirty years, I hope that all other collectors who are desirous of entering the reprint field will wait for my bibliographies and not beat me to the purchase of something desirable.



TYPICAL AMERICANA REPRINTS

TITLE PAGE FIRST AND ONLY REPRINT FROM THE ONLY KNOWN COPY

TITLE PAGE FROM WM. ABBATT REPRINT 1931

Courtesy of John B. Goodman

THE OAK OF THE GOLDEN DREAMS

IN AND AROUND PLACERITA CANYON

By BERT H. OLSON

BEFITTING THIS OCCASION I HAVE chosen the topic of Placerita Canyon gold. While present map makers refer to this valley and canyon as Placerita, the old name Placerito or Los Placeritos occurs in many published accounts dating back to the fifties. In V. J. Rowan's map of Los Angeles County published in 1888, it is shown as Placeritos Valley. In my humble opinion this valley and the surrounding country is of considerable historic interest probably not appreciated by many Los Angeles residents for the reason it is so near. Distance lends enchantment and sometimes less important regions far removed receive more attention than those nearby. The Newhall range of mountains form a wall separating these valleys from the largest city in the West just a few miles distant, a city whose very beginnings are linked closely with events which transpired here over one hundred years ago. The population of Los Angeles in 1840 was approximately 1150.

Over fine highways many of us speed through this locality bound for distant points such as San Francisco, Sacramento or Reno, Nevada, hardly noticing the small towns and settlements scattered through miles of brush-covered hills. Within a radius of a few miles from this spot many important events have taken place in the past.

On March 9, 1842—nearly 6 years before the history-making discovery at Sutter's Mill at Coloma—gold in the form of nuggets or grains was uncovered in this canyon by Don Francisco Lopez.

Don Francisco was one of two sons of Don Juan Lopez and Dona Dolores Salgado, who were in turn descendants of early Spanish California families. Don Francisco's brother, Don Pedro Lopez, was for many years Majordomo at the San Fernando Mission. He was appointed to this post after the Mexican Government took over the missions in October 1834.

Don Francisco, however, was not interested in the same kind of life as his brother. He had been educated in Mexico City and was very fond of history and literature and the languages. His appearance and manners were those of a caballero or gentleman of that period. Some accounts have chosen to represent him as a simple herder of cattle, or vaquero. This is not a fair estimate of his ability. He was an educated and intelligent man and the part he played in the opening of the West should be recognized and his memory perpetuated.

In particular was he interested in gold prospecting. He had taken a course in mining in the Mining College of Mexico City and in his spare time and during vacations would often ride out in the hills to gather any special kind of rock that caught his eye for more careful examination later in his home. He had rented a section of the old San Francisquito

Rancho for his own stock and made many rides through the foothills and canyons calling on his vaqueros and inspecting the range for the cattle. He loved to hunt for big game and with his wife would many times spend weeks up at the San Francisquito Ranch of his niece Dona Jacoba F. L. de Salazar. Using the Ranch as headquarters he roamed the countryside hunting and prospecting.

On that eventful day in March 1842 he had made extended preparations for an outing in the hills east of the Rancho.

After several hours of riding over the foothills and across many canyons, inspecting his stock, he became tired and picked out a spot under a large oak tree which grew alongside a stream, to have his midday lunch. His servant who always rode with him, prepared food and coffee and after the meal as was the custom of that period a siesta was in order. On awakening Don Francisco noticed a patch of wild onions on a nearby slope and went to secure some to bring back to the ranch for at that time they were in constant demand for use in the making of soap. He pulled up several and in shaking the soil from the roots, small yellow particles which glinted in the sunlight became dislodged. With his hunting knife he dug up more roots and found they also contained the yellow grains. On closer examination his trained eye proved to him without doubt that here at last he had found the precious metal which so long had eluded him. Many times he had tramped and ridden through these hills searching for signs of gold-bearing sands, and now, by sheer accident and at a time he had never expected, were his dreams of finding gold fulfilled.

Don Francisco's servant helped to dig and after they had filled his saddle bags with soil taken from the hillside, they rode back to the ranch as fast as their horses could take them. Next morning with his wife and everyone at the ranch he rode to the Mission of San Fernando and reported his find to his brother Don Pedro. Naturally there was an exciting family reunion and the next day before sunrise he and his brother with many others rode to Los Angeles to notify the government authorities of his discovery. Soon a message was dispatched to the City of Mexico and when Governor Alvarado was informed of the news he bestowed an official title to Don Francisco in recognition of his find.

One of the early historians of California, Mr. Charles Prudhomme, records that Don Francisco's second discovery of gold was made in 1843 at a place known as San Feliciano. The name San Feliciano has completely disappeared from maps of today; however, it is now known as Santa Felicia and is situated approximately 7 miles N.E. of Camulos Ranch. The stream and canyon which bear this name empty into Piru Creek and are located in the old Temescal Rancho which took in a great deal of mountainous country from the Camulos Ranch boundary to the present Ridge Route.

Early records note that the third discovery of gold was made by Don Mariana Lopez near the Santa Ines Mission in Santa Barbara County in 1843.

From the old transcript records of Cyrus Lyons, who came to the Pueblo of Los Angeles in 1849, reports again reaffirm the fact of the date of the first discovery by Don

Francisco Lopez. He also mentions that 30 experienced placer miners were brought in from Sonora Mexico in 1843 to work the placers both at Placerita and San Feliciano. An affidavit by David W. Alexander in 1855 was made to the effect that 212 pounds (avoirdupois) of gold was taken from the Placerita claims alone in 1843. From the San Feliciano placer mines during the later part of 1843 $42,000.00 worth of gold nuggets were recovered.

During the years 1850-1858 there were not less than 6000 people prospecting for gold in the two mining localities. Further proof of the date of the gold discovery is contained in many of the old histories. In the Historical Society of Southern California Quarterly Vol. 8 an account is given which states that the first parcel of California gold to be received by the United States Mint at Philadelphia came from the Placeritos placer mines and was carried there by way of steamer via Cape Horn.

This was in November, 1842. It consisted of approximately 18 ounces and was deposited in the mint July 8, 1843, by Alfred Robinson. Its value after coining was $344.75. It was shipped by Don Abel Stearns. During the first two years after the discovery $80,000 to $100,000 worth of placer gold was taken out of the mines in this region. According to a newspaper report appearing in the *San Francisco Star*, under date of December 3, 1869, the total amount taken from the Los Angeles placer mines from 1842 to 1869 would reach five million dollars. No proof of this optimistic estimate can be substantiated.

In 1843 Don Francisco Lopez commemorated his historic discovery of 1842. A Provisional chapel was built on the original site in the canyon. It was decorated with rich shawls on the walls and the floor covered with bear skins. The altar was built on the side of the hill. A priest from San Fernando Mission and one from Los Angeles attended and many prominent families from Los Angeles and Santa Barbara were present, also Mexican Government officials came to pay homage to the discoverer and to actually see for themselves the spot where gold was first found. In 1914 the Dona Catalina Lopez, niece of Don Francisco, invited all her children, grandchildren, their children, nieces and near relatives to a picnic near the spot where the mass celebration had been held in 1843 to acquaint them all of the exact location of her uncle's discovery. So has the location been kept green in the memory of the Lopez family.

Many early historians were very bitter in their feelings toward Marshall's having the honor of the first gold discovery in California, and went to considerable trouble to inform all that such was not the case.

We of today might have the same thought, but history has neglected the Placerita placers and through the years Sutter's Mill has received all the glory. In no way does anyone wish to detract from the importance of the history making events that took place at Coloma in 1848, but in all fairness generations to come should at least have the true facts brought to their knowledge.

Southern California in 1842 was a pastoral community. Large Spanish California families lived on spacious ranchos scattered over hills and valleys. There they lived a life

 of ease and contentment. Fiestas, gay times were more natural to their liking and environment than the prosaic means of making money from gold mining. While the discovery was important to many it did not rouse the general public to the high pitch of excitement which prevailed at the diggings in the North in 1848, and what is more important the event was hardly mentioned by the writers and newspapers of the day.

The information contained in my talk was mostly secured from articles appearing in the *Touring Topics* magazine (now known as *Westways*) about 18 years ago. It was written by a direct descendant of the original discoverer, Francisca Lopez Belderrain, and is as far as I know the most complete and positive proof of the 1842 gold discovery available today; however, in going through many old accounts and histories of this county it is confusing to find several mentions of gold being found at an earlier date in this locality. It is known that during the thirties placer gold was brought into this territory from old Mexico and the presence of these shipments in California might have been the cause of reports of actual gold mining in progress around that early date.

Our own State Mineralogist report of 1888 makes the statement that gold placers in the San Feliciano region were worked by the Mission Indians from 1810 to 1840. No definite proof of such mining has ever come to light, with the exception of occasional references in old archives that gold was known to exist in certain districts of California particularly near the coast. There have been many traditions handed down from family to family that the missionary fathers in San Luis Obispo County were in possession of gold, silver and lead in the early thirties, and that when they left California to return to Spain after the Mexican Government took over the Missions, a great deal of this treasure was taken with them. San Luis Obispo County mining reports of 1890 state that a shipment of gold and silver was part of a cargo on the Brig "Waverly," Captain W. G. Dana. It gives the date of shipment to the East as October 22, 1826. I believe this was an error and should have read 1836, as recent research by Guy J. Giffin has brought to light a receipt of gold at the U. S. Mint at Philadelphia in 1838. The exact origin of this shipment has to this date remained unknown.

All in all we might safely say that gold was undoubtedly known to have been found in many locations in California prior to the Lopez discovery, but that the first substantial amount to be mined commercially was in the years 1842 and 1843.

If there is any further proof needed to verify this date, a document written in Spanish by S. Arouello, alcalde of Los Angeles, bearing the date of May 3, 1842, addressed to Senor D. Ignacio del Valle at the San Francisquito Rancho has been found in the Bancroft Library at Berkeley. Through the courtesy of our good member Arthur Woodward, a photostat copy has been furnished the writer and part of same is reproduced herein. Mr. Woodward in searching through old manuscripts at the Library found this item among other papers and as far as he can determine this document has never been published before.

It gives in some detail certain instructions and regulations for mining in the Placerita

PLACERITA CANYON district which was at that time part of the old San Francisquito Rancho. It also places Senor del Valle in charge of justice, responsible for the criminal, judicial, and civil affairs of the placer district.

The very date of March 9, 1842, has had great difficulty in surviving. Writers in the 60's, 70's and 80's report dates of discovery all the way from 1833 to 1842. In this it bears a resemblance to the confusion over the Marshall gold discovery, as it was not until comparatively recently that the date of January 24, 1848, was found correct and the inscription on the Marshall Statue at Coloma re-worded and the date changed.

The fine old oak said to be over 500 years old where Don Francisco Lopez took his lucky siesta still stands and the bronze marker set in boulders taken from the nearby stream is visited by many in recent years. The Department of Public Works has just lately erected markers and signs pointing the way to the site and more visitors can be expected to make their way down into the canyon of "The Oak of the Golden Dreams."

MANLY AND ROGERS

About five miles N.W. from this ranch another stirring scene took place in 1850. The ranch house headquarters of the old San Francisquito Rancho stood on a slight bluff just south of the Santa Clara River near the junction of the present highway No. 99 and the old road from Saugus.

Here in the first part of January 1850 appeared two haggard and travel-stained Americans. Wasted by hardship and thirst from crossing long miles of arid desert, struggling over mountains and down dry canyons, they had almost despaired of ever reaching human habitation. The sight that opened into their vision when they reached the Santa Clara Valley was beyond their fondest hopes. Trees—green pasture land—lush meadows with cattle browsing on the hills and valleys brought them to realize for the time being at least their troubles were over.

They were Manly and Rogers coming in from their desperate walk out of Death Valley. At the Rancho they were not able to elicit much information or help as they did not understand a word of Spanish so continued down and across the stream bound for any other signs of civilization where they could get supplies. Before they had gone far horsemen appeared who gave them advice in English how to reach Los Angeles and promised them help. The next day they returned to the Rancho buildings and on two borrowed horses started for Los Angeles. After crossing San Fernando Pass they entered the Mission and met up with a Mr. French who advised them to again return to the San Francisquito Rancho and he would help them to secure supplies and other needed items for their rescue trip back to Death Valley.

Manly and Rogers stayed overnight at the Mission and received a great deal of consolation and help from the Mission inmates, especially from the woman folk when they found out that they were going back to Death Valley to bring out children and

women as well as men. From these good people they bought supplies and two horses and later on purchased a lame mule from a traveler on the way North through San Francisquito Canyon. On entering the Santa Clara Valley they had traveled down Soledad Canyon. Their return to Death Valley took them up San Francisquito Canyon and by Elizabeth Lake.

Their eventual rescue and safe deliverance of the Bennett and Arcane party from Death Valley is recorded in many histories and the best by Manly himself in his "Death Valley in '49."

Theirs was an epic of unselfish loyalty to their friends, loyalty to the point of jeopardizing their own lives in order to carry out their promise that they would return and bring them out of Death Valley. Through difficulties to discourage the most courageous, they never faltered but doggedly carried their mission to a happy conclusion.

The accomplishments of these two men has gone down in history as examples of true pioneer spirit and their deeds will be forever remembered as one of the most heroic rescues of the West.

In the early mission days of San Fernando, old Indian trails were used in crossing the Newhall mountains into Santa Clara Valley. References by the Spanish explorers prior to the founding of the San Fernando Mission in 1797 describe passage over this route as extremely difficult. Riders were forced to dismount from their animals in their struggle over the steep summit. A natural gap in the hills a short distance west of the old trail was improved in later years and afforded easier crossing. It has been known down through its history by many names—San Fernando Pass—Fremont's Pass—Beale's Cut and Newhall Pass.

When General Fremont and his army entered San Fernando Valley on January 11, 1847 he used this trail. Even today it is known as Fremont's Pass, although he had very little to do with its history or making. It remained for many years an extremely precarious route over the Newhall hills, especially for wagons which had to be pulled over the top of the gap by windlass and upsets and smashups were common occurrences.

In 1854 a cut was franchised by the Los Angeles County Supervisors; however, it was still too steep a grade to allow freight wagons and stage coaches over safely, so a second cut was started shortly after in the early 60's by Edward Fitzgerald Beale. The life story of Beale furnishes enough material for an entire volume. Born in 1822, he graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1842 and was assigned to duty under Commodore Stockton in California at the beginning of the Mexican War. After the war he resigned his naval commission and was appointed superintendent of Indian affairs for California and New Mexico. Later he was commissioned Brigadier General in the army by President Pierce. During the late 50's and early 60's his services had proved so valuable in the engineering and construction of various wagon road projects from the middle West to California that he was appointed Surveyor General of California and Nevada by President Lincoln in 1861. After serving in the Union army in the Civil War, he retired to engage in stock

raising at the Tejon Rancho, which he had purchased earlier with his partner S. A. Bishop.

From his Tejon ranch he used the pass a great deal for driving cattle to Los Angeles, so it undoubtedly influenced his decision to make an effort to improve the gap. Arrangements were made with the Los Angeles County officials that he was to receive the next twenty years of tolls for his lowering of the grade over the summit. His men did the work well and the result was a tremendous improvement over the old steep road. O. P. Robbins was the first toll keeper. In the beginning tolls were considered high and many were the times cattle drivers and lone travelers schemed to ride around the toll gate to avoid payment of passage.

In 1874 and through to 1881 Thomas Dunne and his wife were the toll keepers at the southern entrance to the cut. They lived in a five-room adobe house a short distance south of the pass which later road construction on highway No. 6 has completely obliterated, although the site is marked by an old oak tree, which according to late records is still standing. For a time after 1881 the home was used as a public tavern, later being abandoned and left to ruin. Gold dust was a common means of payment at the toll gate and it was weighed out by the toll keepers for each traveler through the cut. The gold scales used are still in possession of the Dunne family. In the late 70's the tolls were as follows:

2 horse team	50	cents
4 " "	75	"
1 man and horse	15	"
Loose horses	5	" each.

The tolls in the 60's just after the cut was finished were considerably higher, approximately double in most of the various classifications.

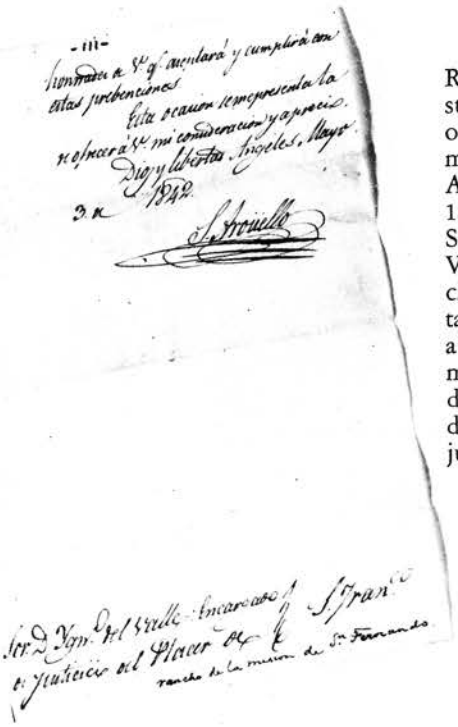
The first attempt to cross the pass in a privately owned stage coach was made in 1854. The six-horse stage was owned by Phinneas Banning and nine passengers risked their lives to make the trip. It proved an expensive experiment for Banning for the stage was badly damaged, nor did the passengers fare very well. As the cut at that time was so narrow, rocks and soil were scraped from the sides to the extent that it took Indian laborers several days to repair the passage before wagons could again be driven over the pass.

The Butterfield stages started to make the trip in 1858. Lyons Station at the northerly end of the pass and Lopez Station at the southern, were well known stage stops until the coming of the railroad in 1876. Lyons Station was established by the Lyons brothers at about 1855. It was situated near the intersection of the present highway and Ellsmere Canyon. Lopez Station was located south of the pass and the site is now entirely covered by the waters of the lower section of the San Fernando Water Reservoir. Lopez Station was started in the early 60's and received its name from Geronimo Lopez, who kept the stage house. With his wife Catalina (daughter of Don Pedro Lopez, majordomo of the Mission), he had moved to this property near the Mission and had built a spacious adobe home, which became a familiar landmark in the then unpopulated San Fernando Valley. In

later years it even boasted of a school and the first post office was established there in 1869.

In the late 80's the toll franchise ran out and the cut became county property. Deeper cuts were made in the old pass but in 1914 it was abandoned in favor of the new Newhall tunnel, which in turn was eliminated a few years ago by the construction of the present divided highway.

A visit to the old Fremont's Pass or Beale's Cut is well worth while. Through the years it has stood up well. While rains and weather have filled in the cut considerably, the sharp sides still retain their original form and evidence of the drill which was used by Beale in cutting through the hill is plainly visible today.



Reproduction of photostat copy of page three of the original document signed by S. Arouello on May 3rd, 1842 and addressed to Senor D. Ignacio del Valle at the San Francisquito Rancho. Details certain instructions and regulations for mining in the Placerita district, also appoints del Valle in charge of justice.

Fremonts Pass or Beale's Cut
Photo courtesy E. R. Hickson

SITE OF FIRST GOLD DISCOVERY IN CALIF.

Don Carlos Prudhomme, Mrs. McCloney (Lopez). Mrs. Jesus Bilderrain.

Ladies are nieces of the discoverer.

THE SUN CLAN OF THE HOPI

By ERNEST V. SUTTON

ENVIRONED BY THE AWE-INSPIRING gorges of the Grand Canyon with its ever eroding sandstone cliffs of red, purple and gold, the Painted Desert and the shifting grey sands of the desert, the Hopi continue to live as they have for ages past. They still build their houses of mud and rocks atop three bold and rocky headlands where the rains and blinding sunshine of Arizona's sandy wastes are slowly but surely returning them to mother earth.

From whence these people came, and who they are, we may never know, but their traditions say they were the very first. We do know that, one early morning in 1540, a band of armed and weary men appeared before one of the villages and, despite the line of hurriedly sprinkled meal and naked men with spears and bows, marched in and took the town. Pedro Tobar and aging Frey Juan Padillo, accompanied by seventeen mounted men and four on foot, had come from Coronado's camp near Zuni. They were the first white men to see these people we now call the Hopi.

The advent of these adventurers from across the sea was one of ill omen, for, as they marched, they proclaimed their shibboleth "For God and gold." Here there was no gold to garner but many souls that must be saved. Yet it was ninety years before the attempt was made. In the year 1629 four Franciscan Fathers were sent to save the Hopi. How successful was their mission is shown by the fact one died from poisoning while the fate of the other three remains a mystery even until this day.

In 1680, when the revolution started on the Rio Grande, the Hopi accepted the "yucca string," untied the knots and joined in the task of driving the hated Spaniards from the land. By the year 1700 the Fathers had returned and in the village of Awotobi erected a church where they converted a few of the natives to the Christian faith. The people of the other six villages, after failing to convince their brothers of the error of their ways decided on using more drastic methods. One night they gathered at Awotobi pulled the ladders from the kivas where the men were sleeping, threw burning brush and chilli peppers down upon them, killing them all. The women and children were distributed among the other villages and the town destroyed. The Hopi now continued to live according to their ancient rites. The Hopi, always peaceful and courteous, still are distrustful of the ministrations of those who, often do not live their own, but are anxious to direct the religious faith of other men.

Old Oraibi, once the largest and most important of the seven villages, and by some said to be the only one now occupying the site it did when the Spaniards came, is now little better than a ruin with less than a hundred people living there. It is difficult to

 realize that trappers, explorers and missionaries of another faith once visited here, each dressed according to his taste and time, but always moving on. Today are coming in their place, doctors, nurses, teachers and learned men, each trying to cure some ill that others brought. Yet in this town there is still a culture more ancient than any other in our land today, but it too is passing on more swiftly than the town itself.

Naturally the question comes, "Why should this village, once the place where ancient customs were preserved the best, be the first to pass away?" The answer is the story often told of a trusting and primitive people blindly but trustingly reaching for the gaudy baubles and scarlet cloth of glittering promises made by a more enlightened race. The tragedy has always been that neither does it give them material gain, but wrecks their faith and destroys those who trust the most.

By the beginning of the present century the government had established a number of schools in faraway towns among the whites and here the children were sent, not so much to learn as to be free from parental influence, which was supposed to more quickly bring the change. The missionaries were also digging in. A law was passed prohibiting photographing the Hopi Ceremonials for it would never do for the world to see them still practicing these pagan rites while these religious workers were teaching them there was another God. Another law commanded the Hopi men to cut their hair, their most precious possession. It was argued the time they spent in combing it could be put to better use.

Some in Oraibi and other towns became reconciled to these changes, but others there were who knew the old and the new could never, never live side by side in peace. The Chief in Oraibi, who at school had been taught the trade of watchmaker, became leader for the progressives, known as the "Friendlies." Yokomea, an older man, deep-steeped in ancient lore and head of the Snake and Antelope Clans, became leader of the conservatives known as the "Unfriendlies."

By the year 1906 conditions reached the point where the trouble could not be settled by arbitration; only by force. The government was powerless to help so agreed to let them fight it out among themselves; not with arms but man to man with nature's weapons.

One-half mile west of the village of Oraibi a line was cut in the living rock two inches wide and one deep, of sufficient length to accommodate the contestants. It was across this line, to the north, the defeated ones were to be forced. Day after day and far into the night the booming drums and droning voices of the chanters came from the kivas as each side appealed to their ancestors for help in the coming battle.

As dawn slowly began to lighten the eastern sky, presaging the coming of the eventful day, there sounded on the chill morning air a voice strong and vibrant. It was the village crier announcing, from his house-top, the activities of another day. Not by a single word or inflection was there indication that this was to be different from any other day; that by nightfall one-half the people there would not have the right to remain in

the homes of their fathers.

At a time astronomically corresponding to ten o'clock in the morning, more than a thousand warriors, stripped for battle, faced each other across this line. Umpires were chosen and the signal given. Immediately the long line was engaged in an almost death struggle, for once a man was across the line, by either force or accident, he was out of the fight.

Hour after hour the fight went on, the numbers becoming fewer as the day grew older. A little after two o'clock in the afternoon this strange battle suddenly ended as Yokomea and his followers found themselves standing alone on the north side of the line. For one brief moment a hush came foreboding trouble, but the strain was broken when Yokomea said, "Well, it have to be this way. When you pass me across this line it will be done." These words, with the date September 8, 1906, were later carved in the rock at the spot where they were uttered.

The defeated "Unfriendlies" now withdrew to a small nearby hill where their families brought them food and drink. Later their former foes, the "Friendlies," helped them in building another village, Hotavilla, seven miles to the west. During the years Hotavilla has grown and prospered, but continues to cling to many of the old customs including the observance of the Snake and Flute dances. Of the thousands of tourists coming there to witness these spectacles few know of the tragedy back of it all.

Today, what remains of Old Oraibi is still bathed in the sunshine of the centuries; her people still waiting and hoping for the coming of that civilization so little understood, but which could not adjust itself to their primitive laws. To them it has been only a mirage.

Each Hopi village is a principality within itself, presided over by a Chief-Priest, in most cases hereditary, but as his authority is not supreme he rules with more or less regard for the wishes of his people. While most of their style of dress has changed within the past fifty years and some of their customs, they still follow the old order in many things.

The first lesson taught Hopi children is respect for their parents and their ancestors; implicit obedience is the rule. Girls help their mothers and look after the smaller children. Boys work in the fields and learn the dance steps used in the various ceremonials, thus preparing them to later assume the duties of carrying on the religious rites.

The mating instinct is the same the world over and the Hopi is no exception. They have no false ideas of modesty nor hypocritical criticism for youthful indiscretions. They do have great respect and reverence for the family and the reproduction of life is early explained to both sexes. I am inclined to the belief that their sex relations are little different from those of other people.

Every child born must necessarily have a mother, hence the right to a name and a home. With the Hopi the mother is supreme and succession is through her clan; the home is hers, and, when harvested, the crop is hers. Her husband may live in her home

 so long as she sees fit but from her decision there is no appeal.

On reaching puberty both boys and girls are taken to the kiva and whipped into man or womanhood. Outwardly this appears a cruel and terrifying experience, but in reality it is a most impressive ceremonial.

Marriage is a simple but ritualistic affair. After the girl's hair has been changed from the whorls, it is carefully washed and left hanging down her back, indicating she is no longer a flower. Carrying a reed roll in which is another white blanket such as the one she wears around her shoulders, she journeys with her prospective husband, four times, to the Sun Rock. Here the sacred meal is scattered, after which they return to the bride's home man and wife. The reed roll, with its blanket, is hung in plain sight until it is used as her burial robe.

New-born babies are kept in a darkened room for the first twenty days; each morning the body is washed with a weak lye made from sagebrush ashes. At the end of this period all hair follicles are washed away and from that time no hair grows on the body with the exception of on the head and the eyebrows. Before sunrise on the twentieth day the child is taken to the Sun Rock where, for the first time, he sees his Sun Father, who is to be so much a part of his life. He is also given a name.

Should the child die before reaching the age of discretion the body is not buried but is thrown into a crack in the rocks. After the lapse of four days it is believed the spirit will be free to return to its mother's home, there to await the birth of another child into whose body it enters to live again.

Every activity of the Hopi is governed and controlled by some age-old tradition or custom. No farmer will think of planting his corn until he has actually seen a certain bird that is supposed to insure a good crop. In the springtime boys catch these birds and carry them around to the various homes, for which they are given small rewards. The women save water from melted snow and before the men leave for the field they line up and the water is thrown on them. If a man tries to dodge the cold deluge it is believed the seed he plants will not grow or mature.

On arriving at the field the Priest offers a prayer to the gods; a light feast of dried peaches and wafers made from blue corn is eaten after a portion has been cast to the ground as a oblation. After the planting is completed the men return to the village kicking a small stone all the way. This is called "Kicking the Rock."

Their scant supply of water comes from cisterns hewn in the solid rock and filled by melting snow; each clan having its own individual cistern. When this supply is exhausted water must be carried from springs in earthen jars on the backs of the women a distance of several miles. The cedar wood used sparingly for cooking is hauled long distances; often fifty miles. Life with the Hopi is real.

Possibly the most interesting possession of the Hopi is a sacred stone which, for the want of a better name, I shall call the Calendar Stone. This stone resembles soap-stone with a dark pink stain on one side, and is about twelve inches long, eight inches wide and

one and one-half inches in thickness. On either side are markings similar to petroglyphs; one side purporting to record their genealogy, the other their migrations, up to the time of settling in their present location in about thirteen hundred.

So far as I know public reference to this stone has been made only twice; once by Jacob Hamlin, the Mormon missionary, and the other time when Yokomea appealed to the President to intercede in their troubles in 1906.

Tewacoptewa, my father by adoption, is now the custodian of this stone and for several years spent a great deal of time explaining its history, even allowing me to photograph it several times. But when I wanted to make a plaster cast his attitude suddenly changed; he claimed to have had a dream in which his ancestors told him not to tell white men about the stone. He even denied ever having shown it to me. Regardless of what the reason for this change might be it is a most remarkable stone and the story it tells is verified by petroglyphs and ruins from Canyon del Muerto to Casa Grande.

Aside from a few ceremonials such as the Home dance and others less spectacular, the Snake Dance remains the one great event in Hopi land. While this has been commercialized it is still witnessed by hundreds of tourists as well as natives. Uninformed spectators still insist it is a prayer for rain, which possibly it is, but fundamentally it is a thanksgiving for blessings already received and a prayer for their continuance. Of course, as food is their greatest need, and the rain brings this food, it may thus be considered as a prayer for rain.

There is always discussion concerning what is done with the snakes before the ceremony, many contending that the venom is extracted or the fangs removed. Others insist the participants use certain remedies to counteract the poison. I have had ample opportunity to observe if any of these things have been done. I have been present from the moment the snakes have been captured on the desert until they have been placed in the Kisa to be handed out to the dancers, and, so far as I have been able to observe, nothing has been done. They believe implicitly that no harm can come to them and resent the thought of doubt. My belief is that in addition to their faith a certain immunity comes from being scratched and often bitten throughout the years. It must be remembered that only the older men handle the poisonous snakes while the novitiates are given the bull snakes and the less dangerous ones.

The real mystery of the Snake Dance is how they are able to select a date when it will rain. This selection is made twenty days before, and over the more than forty years I have been interested in these people, only once has it failed to rain either while the ceremony was going on or during the night following. Our weather man can't beat that record.

Making money seems to have become of more interest to the Hopi than the perpetuation of old customs so far as this ritual is concerned. Hundreds of sightseers come by bus, automobile and on horseback. Lunch stands and cold drink booths are everywhere. In the old days everything was done exactly on time; it was part of the custom.

SUN CLAN On my last visit the time for starting passed with no show of the dancers; everybody wondered what had happened. I finally asked one of the chief men what was holding up the show. Confidentially he whispered, "We got a lot of pop left; when we sell it we go on."

Ernest V. Sutton, "Mon-Yes-Va" an adopted member of the Sun Clan.

Main Street in Oraibi
1920

Hopi Maiden

Hopi Bride in wedding garment

Snake Dance in Oraibi

CALIFORNIA AND ITS PLACE AMONG THE WINE NATIONS

By MARCUS ESKETH CRAHAN

HILAIRE BELLOC IN 1941 WROTE— "Wine is of such divinity that it refuses to change its name. — What it was in the beginning that it will be. It is the steadfast thing of this world. Wine, let me tell you, is unique, simple, not to be modified. It is wholly itself and of its own nature. When you play tricks with it, you change it not slightly but altogether . . . Those who are wise will remark that wine will only appear on blessed land, and there is not much of that land. Here in the Old World there is a belt, rather narrow, wherein the grape, which is the parent of wine, ripens to the glory of God and to the infinite benefit of mankind. The soil and climate proper to wine is confined to a small part of the habitable world. There is no wine in the tropics; there is no wine in the Arctic; nor, indeed, for a long way south of the Arctic. There was, indeed, some sort of wine in England hundreds of years ago, but it died out after fighting hard for its life. I never heard of wine grown in Ireland, though the soul of the Irish is well suited to wine . . . It is unknown in China or on the Baltic plain or in Russia. The Hindoos do not know it nor the Poles. The Prussians do not crush it. It is, then, of Christian privilege in our day."

ORIGIN

Most botanical writers have assumed that all vines of Europe are derived from a particular species, the Vitus Vinifera, a native of Asia. There is no documentary proof of the Asiatic origin of the wine grape but the primary ground for this surmise was perhaps the Semitic tradition of Paradise and/or the Greek mythos of the migration from India to Hellas of the wine god Dionysos.

According to the Persians, King Dschemschid is celebrated as having raised the accidental discovery of wine to a method of making and keeping it. He was very fond of eating grapes, and caused great vessels full of them to be collected in order to enjoy himself beyond the season. But they fermented and ran to juice, and the mixture boiled so suspiciously, that it was believed to be a new poison and was put aside for appropriate use. Gulnare, the beautiful, one of Dschemschid's seven hundred wives, grew tired of the tedium in the harem and determined to destroy herself. She selected the new poison as her agent and drank a long draught, which became a deep one when she found that the poison, contrary to expectation, tasted very nice. The poison soon acted: Gulnare sank to the ground and fell asleep. But she awoke to despair. Enraged she doubled the

 dose. In vain she sought destruction, but found happiness in frequent small draughts of the suspected liquid. Shah Dschemschid discovered the effect of the condemned grape juice upon his mistress, tried, approved, and henceforth was the patron of wine.

GENERAL HISTORY

For four thousand years the grape and wheat have followed civilization across the western world. In Biblical times the three food staples were bread, oil and wine. These three continue as the chief staples in half of present day Europe.

It was the desire for wine that brought the Barbarians over the Alps to Italy, and the Roman Empire embraced no province which did not produce wine. For a dozen centuries the culture of wine and the culture of mind had almost, in Europe, a common frontier. Throughout the dark ages the monasteries kept not only learning alive, but also the grape. From the earliest recorded time, wine has been considered an essential part of life by the great minds of every age. Horace and Pliny devoted pages to it. There is scarcely a page in the Bible without reference to it. English literature abounds in its romance. Pasteur calls it the most healthful and hygienic of beverages.

Horace fully understood the importance of drinking a wine in its appropriate environment. At home in his Sabine farm he made the most of his "vin ordinaire," but at fashionable resorts like Baiae, insisted upon a velvety wine of breeding. Julius Caesar, on the occasion of his third consulship in 46 B.C., gave a banquet and startled the connoisseurs by serving, for the first time, four wines at the same repast.

Omar Khayyam drank and championed wine in the face of considerable persecution by the leaders and Mullans of Sufi-ism. He was a mathematician, a linguist and the greatest astronomer of his time. He dealt with wine seriously, using wine and the mother vine as symbols of vital things, including life and death.

Wine was one of the chief objects of piracy. The barbarians came storming over hundreds of miles of open sea to get it, and sometimes it played tricks of revelation on them. They were proud to acclimatize the grape, these barbarians, and were rewarded by being domesticated by the vine.

Wine has been sung in the world's literature since earliest recorded time and California's vines are not without a champion. As the facile pen of Saintsbury and the probing nose of Simon have made permanent and glorious the labors of the vignerons of Europe, so too has the erudite writing of California's prose laureate graven for posterity the creative art of her vinificators. Idwal Jones, in "The Vineyard"; in "Vermillion"; and in his definitive work, "Vines in the Sun" (the latter not yet released), has in scholarly narrative taken his readers on profitable journeys over the hills and valleys, through the endless rows of vines, into the cloistered coolness of fragrant wineries, the soul of the grape's genius.

Wine-making continued with relatively no change through the centuries and reached the middle of the 19th. This was the era of great disaster for Europe, never to be regained. The gold rush had transplanted Italians, Germans, French and others in California who were to add their grapes and methods to the total slim knowledge at hand. They discovered poor quality but vigorous and productive vines and proceeded to transport them back to Europe where, by blending the high quality fruit with our vigor of growth, they hoped to produce a superior wine grape.

Who would have dreamed that the California vine brought with it an insect, phylloxera, a complete stranger to Europe, this insect destined to destroy with its companion, mildew (also said to be imported at the same time), practically every vine in Europe? Pasteur had just proved that millions of microbes, that life itself, created wine and as if nature resented the exposure of this long held secret, another form of minute life swept over vineyard upon vineyard, laying dead the slender vines in its path. It was then found that American roots, long immured to the root louse, were unaffected. These were rapidly grafted to European stems and to this day no European vineyard, to my knowledge, produces wine excepting through American roots.

A European expert has said of us, "After mildew, phylloxera, cocktails and prohibition, wine lovers have a right to expect from the New World some startling boon as a compensation. Perhaps when time has swung its full circle and the bootlegger has become a historical curiosity, there will emerge from the West some great new wine, for there is no limit to the artistic possibilities of the fermented juice of the grape."

AMERICAN HISTORY

Leif Erickson first saw America about 1000 A.D. and named it Vinland from the profusion of wild native New World vines he observed growing on the north eastern shores of our continent. The Spaniards, after 1492, brought to the Atlantic coast European grape cuttings, the Vitus Vinifera, which were planted by their priests but with little success.

The American colonists made further sporadic efforts with importation in the 17th and 18th centuries but the extremely cold winters of the east, the phylloxera, and mildew or black rot permanently sealed the fate of the European grape in the east. This failure upon failure in America to obtain like results with like vines is as an echo of Pliny's voice heard down through the corridors of time, as he says, "For such a love of home is theirs (the well-born vines) that they leave all their glory behind and can never be fully themselves in exile."

Whether imported or natural to its European habitat, the wine grape is so inured to its surroundings that transplanted in other lands, its entire character changes, producing an entirely different wine; it becomes sterile and refuses to fructify or simply withers and

CALIFORNIA AMONG dies. The wild grape of Europe is Vitus Sylvestris, a hermaphrodite incapable of production. In America, Vitus Labrusca (fox grape) has been hybridized to produce the Catawba, Scuppernong, Concord, Delaware and others while another wild mountain vine, Vitus Rupestris, supplies the root stock on which all wine grapes are grafted.

Major Adlum, who discovered the Catawba in Buncombe County, North Carolina, in 1802, claimed to have rendered a greater service to his country by his discovery than if he had extinguished the national debt. Benjamin Franklin attempted repeatedly to turn the faces of Continental agrarians toward their native grape, considered by the transplanted populace as a weed.

Franklin, in a letter to the Abbe' Morellet, writes as follows: "We hear of the conversion of water into wine at the marriage in Cana as a miracle. But this conversion is, through the goodness of God, made every day before our eyes. Behold the rain, which descends from Heaven upon our vineyards, and which enters into the vine-root to be changed into wine; a constant proof that God loves us and loves to see us happy. The miracle in question was only performed to hasten the operation, under circumstances of necessity, which required it."

Joseph Concannon of Livermore, curious as to the nature of the wine used at the Cana Wedding, offered a monetary prize for the best essay on the subject among students at the Menlo Park Seminary. The winning student declared the wine to be Zinfandel. If so, it was a long way from home.

THE GRAPE FINDS CALIFORNIA

California alone, by virtue of its equable climate and similar geologic formation, possesses a viticultural monopoly of the European Vitus Vinifera and in reward of the fortuitous circumstance, produces ninety per cent of the wine made in the United States. The ancient European grape was first brought to Mexico by Cortez in the first half of the 16th century. These were found in Baja and Mexico City and transported by Portola and Junipero Serra and his Franciscans to Mission San Diego, behind whose high walls they were first planted in 1769. Their successes led to the importation by the good Fathers of a small unpretentious member of Vitus Vinifera from Sardinia—not one of the better grapes but a vigorous and a heavy grower. In each Mission on El Camino Real, from San Diego to Sonoma, and at most Spanish and Mexican haciendas, this grape was planted and thrived. The Vina Madre of this, the Mission grape, has flourished in Mission San Gabriel since 1775 and is still an enormous producer.

The Padres were calmly building a new civilization. They made this wine not only for personal or sacramental usage, but also for trading with the Yankee Clippers—Dana mentions this in his "Two Years Before the Mast."

In 1871, Thudichum and Dupre, writing from London, state, "The wines of California

are making more rapid progress than those of Eastern America. The growths of Aliso and Angelico have already obtained some reputation. The entire district of Angelos produced in the same year, 1854, about 200,000 gallons of various wines. Some of the producers commit the mistake into which some Austrians have fallen, that of giving to their products classical names such as Steinberg, Porto, Champagne. They will do better to retain their proper names and establish a reputation for original quality."

The gold rush abruptly changed the outlook of the heretofore pastoral vintners. The enormous thirsts of the sour-doughs in Yerba Buena compelled Louis Vignes to charter a ship, sending brandy and wines to the north.

Across the plains and around the Horn came Italian and French immigrants, wine in their blood, who, failing to find gold turned their eyes to the surrounding hillsides, recognized the image of their homeland and quickly turned to the vine. They first planted the closely available missions. Then, in 1852, a further advance was made by the entrance to the California scene of Colonel Harazthy, a Hungarian nobleman. He, after several unsuccessful attempts throughout the state, imported some Hungarian varieties, including the good but second rate grape, the Zinfandel, and several years after the Bear Flag first flew over Sonoma, planted this grape which has had much to do with the flavor of California wines to this date.

California, now wine conscious, developed an aggressive wine industry which prevailed upon the governor to commission the good Colonel to visit Europe, Asia Minor, Persia and Egypt. As a result of this mission, he returned with more than one hundred thousand cuttings of many varieties which he established at his Sonoma nursery. This became the incubator of California's present flourishing grape and wine industry. Today, of one hundred commercial varieties of grape grown west of the Rockies, all, with one or two exceptions, have European blood in their veins.

Throughout history wine has been the single common denominator, attracting and enthusing great men and making men great. California's history fully corroborates this theme. Count Agostan Harazthy who democratically dropped the "Count" and replaced it with "Colonel," towers above all others in his tireless energy of contribution to his adopted state. Single handed he firmly nurtured and cultivated California into a consciousness of her potential supremacy in the realm of wine. His premature death while on a quick journey to Central America was a loss whose magnitude is impossible of appraisal. His pace and gusto gone, the industry nevertheless grew stoutly on the impetus of his enthusiasm for ten years. He had given them the varietals and the knowledge of their cultivation. He was denied the time essential to make his neighbors good vignerons and the wines were made more poorly each vintage. The exceptions were Emil Dresel, his partner, who specialized in Johannesberger Riesling; E. H. Rixford's La Questa, producing only Cabernet; and Jacob Schram who bottled Schramberger, another superb white wine. The Colonel's blood, however, still contributes through his grandson,

CALIFORNIA AMONG J. Allen Hancock, the lavish donor to the University of Southern California.

In 1870 the root louse struck, first at Anaheim and then rapidly over the State and across the Atlantic, destroying all it touched. California, however, instilled into its men much of the solidity of its rugged peaks, the sturdiness of its redwoods, the serenity of its climate, and the relentless impact of the Pacific. By 1876 the wine industry had risen from its ashes and was this time led out of the morass by Charles Wetmore of Cresta Blanca, head of the State Viticulture Commission.

Leland Stanford, Senator Fair, Senator George Hearst, the Tubbs, Schilling, Charles Le Franc, and Paul Masson turned to the vine. A more fit crew for a herculean task would be hard to find. John Sutter, after his claims were taken from him, retired to the Feather River and made wine. J. W. Jarvis, who named the General Grant Redwood, founded Ben Lomond in the 60's. Lucky Baldwin plunged heavily in vines.

A Finn, a Czech, a Swiss, a Japanese Prince and a love cult tried their hands and for the most part made lasting marks on the industry's history. Probably no greater number of nationalities ever combined in a single agricultural effort anywhere. The terrain of Santa Cruz best matched that of France for wine and the Frenchmen at first made the best strides. The Germans were slow to learn that the period of fructation and the time of the crush differed from that of the Rheingau. The Armenians and many Italians have never learned that heat is death in a fermenting room.

In Europe the skies are usually gray, the weather cold with disastrous rains imminent at the time of the crush. Fermenting rooms are frequently heated to aid fermentation. In California, to the contrary, skies are clear, the earth warm and the must entering the vats from the crushers raises the temperature of the fermenting rooms dangerously high. Various systems of cooling the must, the vat, or the room are used by the better vintners. One, Louis Martini, of Napa, drops his vat temperature to 48° F., nearly to the point of suspending fermentation altogether. His consistently dependable and excellent wines are his reward for the added pains taken to compel slow prolonged fermentation. Where no such efforts are attempted the product will be harsh, flat, too dark in color and too heavy in alcohol.

Coolness of the young wine in the aging casks is even more important. Our earlier wise men built labyrinthine tunnels or thick stone walls, or nestled their buildings into the side of a hill. Each of these types may still be seen about the State. Modern insulation and concrete have obviated these earlier, more elaborate methods and permit more people to make better wine.

The selection of the specific grape best suited to a particular plot of ground has required in France centuries of experimental selection. It is unfair, therefore, to compare California's young vines, none of which have been rooted more than seventy years, with those of Europe. Prohibition resulted in the destruction of most wine grapes, which were replaced by table varieties more sturdy for shipping purposes to the New York-Italian

home wine-makers. A few, particularly the makers of sacramental wines, hung on, as did Rixford, whose acres only last year were uprooted as a real estate subdivision.

Greater strides have been made in the past ten years than ever before in varietal perfection. Wente has led the way in whites, developing Ugni Blanc, a mediocre Italian grape which has proved excellent at Livermore. He ceased bottling this wine a short time ago because the public could not pronounce its name. Pinot Chardonnay, Sauvignon Blanc, and the Grey Riesling have done very well in his skillful hands.

Grignolino, the only successful dry wine produced in Southern California, is being experimented with in the north, where it should do better. The Guasti Foundation and Dean Winkler are working intensely on experimental plantings and in giving field advice to anyone interested. There is a great excitement at present over two hybrids developed at the University of California, a Cabernet-Carrignane cross said to triple production on the vine; the other, called Emerald, a white wine, is a cross of Johannesberger Riesling and Sylvaner, for which similar claims are made. It is a rule of nature that one can not add a quality without suffering a loss in another direction. The growers fear loss of body in the new hybrids but it is too early as yet to know.

The Napa-Sonoma district has long held the reputation for its superiority over all other districts in making fine dry wines. The awards in 1947 at Sacramento made under blind-tasting conditions have upset this tradition markedly for the district south of San Francisco comprising Alameda, Santa Cruz, and Santa Clara counties, producing five per cent of the State's one hundred million gallons, walked off with fifteen firsts, calling attention to the fact that from here, before the turn of the century, came the premium wines of the State; from Rixford, Masson, Ben Lomond. Of these only Masson remains today, consistently producing the same excellence due to the sagacity of the huge Frenchman in planting his vines on almost inaccessible hills above Saratoga in 1859. Masson's death in 1939 has had little effect on the quality of his wines, despite the winery having changed hands three times since then. Seagram held it briefly and although the distillers entering the wine field have elsewhere destroyed the reputation of the wineries they purchased, Masson was uncontaminated. Almaden, also an early Masson winery, has limited its production to a high grade Champagne type until this year. As yet Almaden has not bottled any dry wines produced by them but last year won two firsts on excellent wines purchased elsewhere in the district.

At Mission San Jose, Robert Mayock revived Los Amigos and specialized in Cabernet and Pinot Noir, his grapes coming largely from the Rixford vineyards. His wife and their children are valiantly attempting to continue his fine beginning.

Near Felton, below the fine vineyards of Bonnie Doon, a lawyer turned vintner, Chaffee Hall, is bottling Cabernet from his twelve acre plot. His wines will be so exclusive that only Bohemian Clubbers will get any.

At San Martin, Mike Filice, one of the rare large producers with an interest in fine wine-

CALIFORNIA AMONG making, crushes varietals under three or four labels. His sweet Vermouth, Cabernet and Chianti are unusually fine.

Against the mountains near San Jose, at Evergreen, Edmund Mirassou, among other things, experiments with the French Columbar. He has an un-named red that develops more bottle age qualities than any yet tasted. He has no bottling plant, selling to other bottlers. His wines therefore are not available to the public as such. One day not too far hence, he will stand out as one of California's greats, along with Harazthy, Masson, Wetmore, Wente and Martini.

Yes, it is more than conjectural that this district of mountain, valley, and rolling hills, its farthest vineyard less than fifty miles from the ocean, shall one day produce a truly great wine, perhaps even the world's greatest wine. It is equally simple to predict that the winery will be a small one, its owner a sincere artist-creator—a specialist limiting his house to one wine on which he can concentrate his full devotion. He will ignore profit in his scheme of things and will, thereby, inherit the earth.

There is so little that makes the difference between what is good, bad and indifferent in prose, poetry and wine. But that very little is of immense importance.

TEN RULES OF THUMB

1. An old wine is not necessarily a good one.
2. A rare wine is not necessarily a fine one.
3. The greater the variety of grapes that go to make a wine, the more ordinary it will be. This is similar to dog breeding.
4. The fine wines of Europe and California are each limited to one or two varietal grapes.
5. The more wines a given winery produces, the more inferior each will be.
6. A vintage label on California wine is important only if one knows the wine-maker who produced it.
7. Vintage labelling may be harmful in that it prevents blending of other vintages.
8. Blending is not only acceptable but frequently advisable, since rarely does a single varietal have body, bouquet, freshness, softness, and color.
9. California wines are not American wines.
10. Beware of wine that has been too long in the wood or in glass. There is a vast difference between a still wine and a flat wine.

TEN FINE CALIFORNIA WINES

1. Pinot Chardonnay (white)—Wente Brothers
2. Pinot Noir (red)—Paul Masson
3. Sauvignon Blanc (white)—Wente Brothers
4. Cabernet (red)—Georges de la Tour, Special Reserve—Beaulieu
5. Johannesberger Riesling (white)—Fountaingrove
6. Bruno Filice Chianti (red)—San Martin
7. Sylvaner (white)—Louis Martini
8. Grignolino (red)—Ambassador
9. Gamay (red)—Paul Masson
10. Grenache (pink)—Almaden

BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. *About Wine*—HILAIRE BELLOC
   Wine and Food Quarterly, Number 30, London, 1941
2. *Arising Out Of*—SIR FRANCIS COLCHESTER WEMYSS, K.B.E.
   Wine and Food Quarterly, Number 31, 1941
3. *Wine Grapes*—PHILIP M. WAGNER
   Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1937
4. *Notes on a Cellar-Book*—GEORGE SAINTSBURY
   Macmillan Company, New York, 1933
5. *Thomas Jefferson's Cook Book*—MARIE KIMBALL
   Garret and Massie, Richmond, 1941
6. *California Vines and Wines*—MAYNARD MCFIE
   Wine and Food Society of Los Angeles, 1941
7. *The Romance of Wine*—H. WARNER ALLEN
   E. P. Dutton and Company, 1932
8. *Wining and Dining with Rhyme and Reason*—D. T. CARLISLE AND ELIZABETH DUNN
   Milton, Balch and Company, New York, 1933
9. *The Complete Wine Book*—SCHOONMAKER AND MARVEL
   Simon and Schuster, 1934
10. *American Wines*—SCHOONMAKER AND MARVEL
    Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, 1941
11. *Vintagewise*—ANDRE SIMON
    Michael Joseph, Ltd. London, 1945
12. *Origin, Nature, and Use of Wine*—THUDICHUM AND DUPRE
    Macmillan, New York and London, 1872

Label 1857

Buena Vista Vinicultural Society,

OFFICE, 409 BATTERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

VINEYARDS AND CELLARS,—SONOMA.

ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

WHITE AND RED WINES, AND PURE BRANDY.

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THEIR

SPARKLING NATIONAL GRAPE,

Which received Honorable Mention at the Paris Exhibition in 1867.

Calling card of Vinicultural Society some time after 1867

General Vallejo's wine label 1857

California Wines

Wetmore Bowen Co.

		Small	Large
	White		
200	Cresta Blanca, Saut. Souv.	.50	1.00
201	Cresta Blanca, Chianti "	.50	1.00
203	Château Cresta Blanca	1.00	2.00
204	Sparkling Cresta Blanca (1900)		
	Red	.75	1.50
205	Cresta Blanca, St. Julien Souvenir	1.00	2.00
206	Cresta Blanca, Chianti Souvenir	.50	1.00
207	Cresta Blanca, Sparkling Burgundy	1.00	2.00

Italian-Swiss Colony

		Split	Small	Large
209	Tipo Chianti White		.35	.50
224	Riesling			1.00
225	Sauterne			.40
226	Asti Special Dry			.40
	Red			.75
209	Asti Tipo Chianti			.40
210	Asti Zinfandel			.75
211	Burgundy		.35	.50
212	Sparkling Burgundy			.40
				.75
			1.00	2.00

Napa & Sonoma Wine Co.

	White		
213	Eagle Johannisberg Riesling	.40	.75
214	Eagle Sauternes	.40	.75
215	Sparkling Moselle	1.00	2.00
	Red		
216	Eagle Zinfandel	.40	.75
217	Eagle Cabernet	.40	.75
218	Eagle Burgundy	.40	.75
219	Sparkling Burgundy	1.00	2.00

Chauché et Bon Mont Rouge

	White		
220	Sauternes	.50	1.00
221	Chablis	.75	1.50
222	Sparkling Sauternes	1.00	2.00
	Red		
223	Claret, Grand Vin	.50	1.00
224	Burgundy	.75	1.50
225	Sparkling Burgundy	1.00	2.00

Sutter Home Wine Co.

	White		
226	Riesling	.30	.60
227	Sauternes	.40	.75
	Red		
228	Zinfandel	.25	.50
229	Burgundy	.40	.75
240	Cabernet	.50	1.00

Cordova Wines

California Winery, Sacramento

	White		
241	Riesling Gold Medal	.50	1.00
242	Sauternes Gold Medal	.50	1.00
	Red		
243	Claret, Gold Medal	.40	.75
244	Zinfandel, Gold Medal	.50	1.00
245	Burgundy, Gold Medal	.50	1.00
246	Vero Chianti	.60	1.00

Repsold, Select Vintages

		Split	Small	Large
247	Repsold Riesling White		.25	.50
248	Repsold Sauternes			
247	Repsold Sparkling Moselle Red	.35	.50	1.00
249	Repsold Zinfandel		1.00	2.00
250	Repsold St. Julien		.25	.50
251	Repsold Sparkling Burgundy	.35	.50	1.00
			1.00	2.00

18

Calwa Distributing Co.

"Calwa" Brand

		Small	Large
	Red		
252	Winehaven, Table Claret	.40	.75
253	La Loma, Burgundy	.50	1.00
250	Hillcrest, Cabernet Claret	.50	1.00
253	Ruby Cliff, Spkg. Burgundy	1.00	2.00
	White		
253	Greystone, Light Hock	.40	.75
254	Cerrito, Dry Sauternes	.50	1.00
256	Glenridge, Haut-Sauternes	.50	1.00
255	Vine Cliff, Finest Riesling	.50	1.00
257	Gold Cliff, Spkg. Moselle	1.00	2.00

Gundlach-Bundschu Wine Co.

		Small	Large
258	Sonoma Riesling White	.40	.75
259	Cabinet Riesling, Johannisberg Type	.50	1.00
	Red		
260	Sonoma Zinfandel	.40	.75
261	Santa Marie, Burgundy Type	.65	1.25

Alta Vista Wines

262	Chablis White	.65	1.25
263	Sparkling Moselle	1.00	2.00
	Red		
263	Médoc	.50	1.00
264	Château Lafitte	.75	1.50
265	Sparkling Burgundy	1.00	2.00

Paul Masson

24	Paul Masson Extra Dry	1.50	3.00
268	Paul Masson Sparkling Burgundy	1.25	2.50
269	Paul Masson Sparkling Sauternes	1.25	2.50
270	Paul Masson Oeil de Perdrix	1.50	3.00

Theo. Gier Wine Co.

271	Riesling Private Stock White	.50	1.00
272	Johannisberger, California's Finest	.65	1.25
273	Sauternes, Pride of Livermore	.50	1.00
	Red		
274	Zinfandel, Private Stock	.50	1.00
275	Burgundy, Private Stock	.75	1.50

Inglenook Vineyard

276	Hock, Rhenish Type White	.40	.80
277	Sauternes, French Type, Sauvignon	.50	1.00
	Red		
278	Zinfandel	.40	.80
279	Red Letter Label, Médoc Type	.50	1.00

Beaulieu Vineyard

280	Riesling White	.50	1.00
281	Chablis	.50	1.00
282	Sauternes	.50	1.00
287	Sparkling Moselle	1.00	2.00
	Red		
283	Burgundy	.50	1.00
288	Sparkling Burgundy	1.00	2.00

Mt. Hamilton Wines—John L. Roster

285	Riesling White	.50	1.00
286	Cabernet Red	.50	1.00

Copo D'Oro Wines

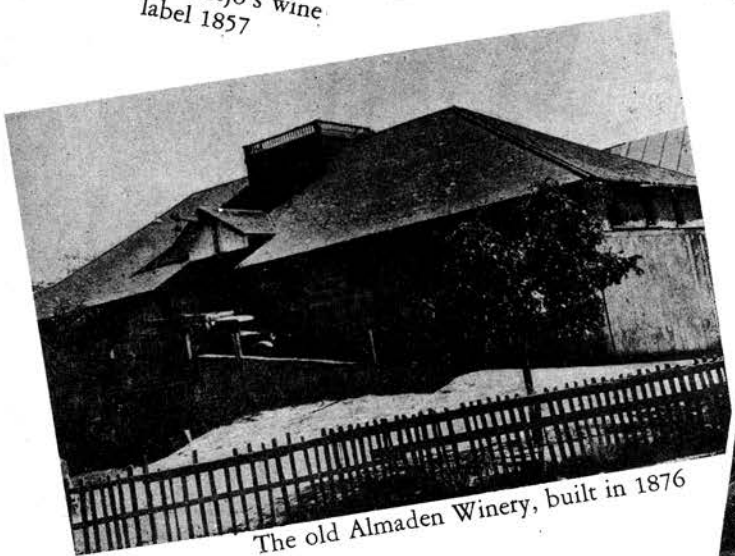
400	Riesling White	.40	.75
401	Green Hungarian	.50	1.00
402	Sauternes	.50	1.00
	Red		
403	Claret	.40	.75
404	Zinfandel	.40	.75
405	Cabernet	.50	1.00

"La Questa" Wine

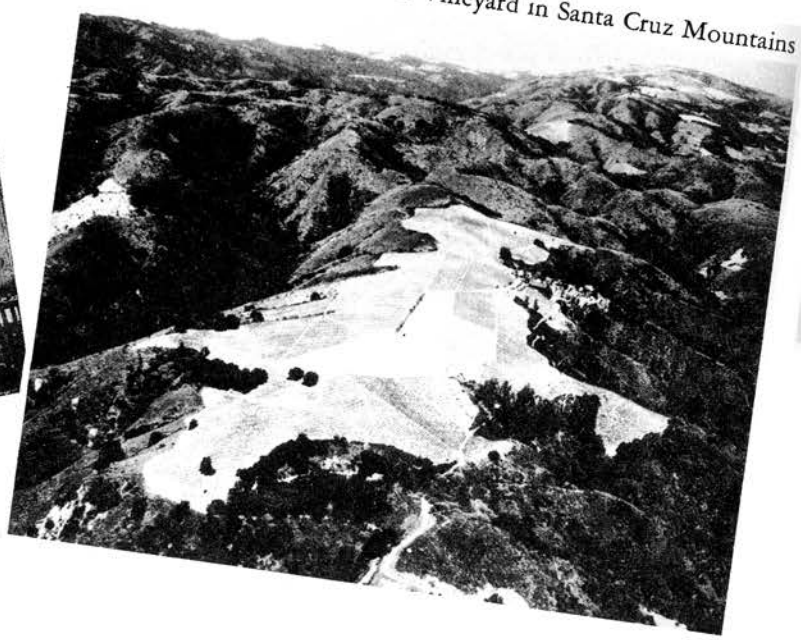
E. D. Rixford

406	Claret	.75	1.50

Wine List of Bismarck Cafe, San Francisco, 1908



The old Almaden Winery, built in 1876



Paul Masson Vineyard in Santa Cruz Mountains

THE BANCROFT LIBRARY IN 1881

SOME COLLECTORS OF WESTERN AMERICANA

By GLEN DAWSON

AT PREVIOUS MEETINGS OF THE WESTERNERS you have heard about cowmen, gun fighters, bandits, revolutionists and eccentrics, but tonight the subject is Collectors of Western Books. I expect all of us here are collectors to some extent or we would not be members of the Westerners, but I can mention only a few of the more important collectors tonight. By Western Americana I mean principally books relating to or produced in the western part of the United States or adjacent regions, but also include pamphlets, maps, broadsides, newspapers, manuscripts, illustrations and ephemera. The collection of some phase of this subject is, in my opinion, the most interesting of all hobbies.

GEORGE BRINLEY

Perhaps the greatest collection of Americana ever dispersed was that of George Brinley (1817-1875) of Hartford, Connecticut. His collecting covered a period of thirty years and the auction sales selling the library a period of fourteen years. Of course most of the books were of eastern interest, but I start my discussion with Brinley because he was the first of the great collectors to realize that western books are as significant as eastern.

The Catalogue of the American Library of the Late George Brinley, five parts and index, 1878-1893 is still sometimes used as a reference tool. However, prices recorded at the sale make a present day bookseller's mouth water. I cite only four examples: Spaulding's *Annals of the City of Kansas* brought $3.00, a first edition of Parkman's *Oregon Trail* $1.50, Garrard's *Wah-to-yah* $2.00 and a bundle of six Arizona pamphlets of the 'sixties $2.40 for the lot.

There are many other eastern collectors that might be mentioned such as James Lenox, whose collection is in the New York Public Library, and John Carter Brown, but I want to stress some more definitely western collectors.

ALEXANDER TAYLOR

Coming closer to California we consider Alexander S. Taylor (1817-1876), first bibliographer of California and a pioneer collector. From 1849 to 1860 he lived in Monterey and from 1860 on, in Santa Barbara. While in Monterey he acquired a collection of 6000 documents, including some forty letters of Junipero Serra. He offered this valuable collection to the Congress as a gift, but then as now, the Library of Congress

 moves slowly. After waiting three years for an answer, Taylor presented the collection to the Archbishop of California and the collection is still in San Francisco in the diocesan residence. Several modern collectors have assembled specimens of the pioneer newspapers of California. Taylor was probably the first to make such a collection. He had 400 examples from 1846 to 1854 and also some broadsides printed earlier on the Spanish Press. This unique collection was given to the Mercantile Library of San Francisco and was lost in the San Francisco fire of 1906. Some of Taylor's books were sold to the University of California about 1871.

Alexander Taylor wrote voluminously for the *California Farmer* and other newspapers and periodicals, but very little got into book form. He was so inaccurate that it is doubtful if much of his writing is worth reprinting. My information on Taylor is derived from his biography by Robert Ernest Cowan, published by the California Historical Society, March 1933, both in separate form and in the *Quarterly*, Volume XII, No. 1.

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

Hubert Howe Bancroft (1832-1918) was a collector on a herculean scale. He began collecting accidentally, but once started left no stone unturned. He employed others to interview pioneers, and many of these valuable records remain unpublished in the Bancroft Library. His great monument other than the Library is his 39 volume *Works* (even though he did not give proper credit to his associates). The seven volumes of the History of California is still the basic authority on the subject. If Donald Charnock and his Zamorano Club committee carry out their plan to index these seven volumes, the usefulness of the set will be greatly increased.

In 1905, after considerable negotiation, the vast library was sold to the University of California for $150,000, one of the best buys the University ever made. Unfortunately the Bancroft Library is now in very cramped quarters and not properly able to care for its many treasures. A society of Friends of the Bancroft Library has been formed recently but needs to show a good deal of activity to effectively aid the Library. Incidentally members of the Friends of the Bancroft Library will soon receive, without charge, a book edited by George Hammond and printed by the Grabhorn Press.

The entire evening could well be given to Bancroft and the Library which he founded, but for the many interesting details I refer you to my history professor, John Walton Caughey. His notable biography is entitled *Hubert Howe Bancroft, Historian of the West* (Berkeley, 1946).

AUGUSTIN MacDONALD

Many public and private libraries were destroyed in the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906. A library that escaped that disaster was that of Augustin S. MacDonald

(1865-). He published *A List of Books, Californiana and the Pacific* (Oakland, 1903). His collection was purchased by Henry E. Huntington. A few weeks ago I was pleasantly surprised to have Mr. MacDonald call on me in Los Angeles and tell me of some of his early book experiences.

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON

Huntington (1850-1927) was not so much a collector of books as he was a collector of entire libraries. It has been stated that in a six year period he spent six million dollars on the library. However, the purchase of individual books was not overlooked and in recent years, under the direction of Leslie E. Bliss, gaps have systematically been filled and especial attention given to reference books. Some ten years ago the Friends of the Huntington Library was organized which has given new vitality to the Huntington Library. The Huntington Library in San Marino is one of our greatest cultural assets. It has the funds, personnel and plant to maintain itself, but in order to take advantage of certain offerings needs the help of the Friends organization. I believe every member of the Westerners should support the Friends of the Huntington Library. A biography of Huntington has been written by Robert O. Schad entitled *Henry Edwards Huntington, The Founder and the Library.* It is printed by the Ward Ritchie Press and is available for only twenty-five cents. Also of interest is *California Books and Manuscripts in the Huntington Library* by John C. Parish.

ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

Robert Ernest Cowan (1862-1942) was notable not only as a collector, but as a bibliographer, librarian and bookseller. He was born in Toronto, Canada, but grew up in San Francisco. His books escaped the San Francisco fire of 1906 and during his long career he accumulated a vast amount of printed and manuscript material relating to California. He inspired many persons to collect Californiana or write about California history.

His most esteemed work is *A Bibliography of the History of California and the Pacific West, 1510-1906*, the first publication of the Book Club of California, published in 1914, describing some one thousand items. Later with his son Robert Granniss Cowan, a listing of some 5000 titles was published, *A Bibliography of the History of California, 1510-1930.* It remains the most extensive bibliography of Californiana and is not likely to be superseded in our time.

Robert Cowan was at one time librarian of the William Andrews Clark Library. One of his jobs was to check the numbers of any Clark Christmas books printed by John Henry Nash. If anyone was found to be selling their gifts, the name was removed from the next year's gift list. However, we handled a number of sets without letting Cowan see them. This was not always easy as he spent much time with us, noting the new buys,

telling his slightly peculiar stories and smoking long cigars. Like some of our other customers, Cowan seemed able to smell new buys. I don't think Charles Yale ever entirely forgave my father for selling a portion of the Allan Knight collection before it was fully checked.

Cowan seemed to maintain an air of mystery about his collecting. There are still two unpublished books about his life, which may give more details about him.

He collected not only books but autographs, bookplates, imprints, prints, postage stamps, post cards, booksellers' labels, maps, newspapers, magazines and old booksellers' catalogues, but always his interest centered around the state of California. The bulk of the Cowan collection is now at the University of California at Los Angeles. Our member Neal Harlow is Chief of Special Collections at UCLA and is therefore custodian of the Cowan collection.

EDWARD E. AYER

Edward E. Ayer (1841-1927) was both a pioneer in California and Arizona and a collector. His collection at the time of his death included some 49,000 volumes, bound pamphlets, manuscripts and maps, mostly relating to the American Indian and the relations between the Indians and the invaders, and also a truly great collection of material on early exploration. To mention one item in his collection: the holograph diary of Junipero Serra written on the journey to San Diego in 1769. His collection was given to the Newberry Library of Chicago. One bibliography based on a portion of the collection is the *List of Narratives of Indian Captivities*. I might mention here that in preparing these notes I have made frequent reference to *American Book Collectors and Collecting* by Carl L. Cannon. Frank Lockwood has written *The Life of Edward E. Ayer* (Chicago, 1929), which is a full biography. Of especial interest is the important part Edward Ayer had in preserving some of the Redwood Groves of our coast. We need some men like him to help preserve the Butano Redwood and South Calavaras Big Tree groves now about to be cut for lumber.

HENRY RAUP WAGNER

The collector who has influenced collectors more than any other in the more general field of Western Americana is Henry Wagner (1862-). He has the knack of defining and developing a collecting field. He has lived in Santiago, Mexico City, London, New York, Berkeley and San Marino and has been a consistent book buyer from several generations of booksellers. He formed so many collections he was not able to keep them all, but has given or sold them to Yale University, Huntington Library, Pomona College, and California Historical Society. A number of his books were sold to Lathrop Harper, a dealer of New York, and more recently his Grabhorn collection was sold locally.

Henry Wagner has a long list of scholarly writings to his credit, written after an age

most men consider their useful work is done. Wagner's bibliographies are based mainly on his own collections. These bibliographies include the *Plains and the Rockies*, *California Imprints*, *August 1846-June 1851*, and *The Spanish Southwest*, *1542-1794*. Dr. Wagner tells me that he once made some notes for a Bibliography of the Spanish Southwest after 1794, but the present location of these notes is not known.

A very interesting autobiography *Bullion to Books* gives many details. I only add that recently Henry Wagner received an honorary degree from Yale University in absentia. A year ago he broke his leg, but his interest in Western Americana continues unabated.

CHARLES CAMP

The current edition of Wagner's *Plains and Rockies* was revised and extended by Charles Camp. By profession, Camp is a professor of paleontology but has done some notable historical work (such as editing *James Clyman*). The second edition of *Plains and Rockies* is usually termed Wagner-Camp. Camp was never much of a collector but accumulated an interesting lot of books which were sold to Harold Holmes and in 1940 there was an auction sale in San Francisco.

HERSCHEL V. JONES

Herschel V. Jones (1861-1928) of Minneapolis formed several important collections. Through Lathrop Harper he bought some of Henry Wagner's collection. An elaborate catalogue of 300 of Jones' books was issued *Adventures in Americana 1492-1897*, preface by Wilberforce Eames, 2 volumes (New York, 1928). Each item is not only described but there is an illustration of the title or cover. This is the classic example of a collection of "high spots" of rare western books. Probably the outstanding book in the lot is the only known copy of Philip Leget Edwards' *Sketch of the Oregon Territory; or, Emigrant's Guide* (Liberty, 1842). Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach purchased this grand collection in December, 1939 and it has, for the most part, been dispersed to various collectors and institutions.

GUTHRIE Y. BARBER

A number of important collections of Western Americana have been sold in New York by the Anderson Galleries and their successors, the Parke-Bernet Galleries. For example in 1927 the library of Dr. William C. Braislin was sold. A total of 1993 lots brought $48,375.50. The printed auction catalogues of these sales are valued as reference works.

In October of 1941 I attended the sale of Guthrie Y. Barber. Such sales come along only once in several years and are quite an event. While I was in the army the Littell sale was held. The prices showed considerable rise over the Barber sale.

HERBERT S. AUERBACH

Herbert Auerbach (1882-1945) owned a department store in Salt Lake City. Booksellers found him to be a close buyer, but he accumulated a number of tons of material principally on Utah and the Mormons, and also much on the West in general. He was not as careful about condition as most collectors today and he bought duplicates. Several institutions hoped to secure the library intact, but in the fall of 1947 the first portion was sold at Parke-Bernet. The prices realized were disappointing to the Auerbach heirs and the second portion is in storage, its final disposition uncertain. (A second Auerbach sale was held in New York October 25 and 26, 1948, but it was of less interest than the first part.)

GEORGE W. SOLIDAY

Collections are disposed of in three different ways, either sold or given to an institution, sold at auction or sold to a dealer. Usually when sold by a dealer there is not much record of the matter. However, in the case of George W. Soliday (1869-) of Seattle, Washington, a detailed catalogue was issued by Peter Decker, dealer of New York, in four parts with an extensive index. This catalogue furnishes one of the most useful guides for pricing western books now available. Soliday's collecting career started with his retirement from law practice in 1907 and continued until the issuance of the catalogue about 1941. Soliday's particular field was the Pacific Northwest.

GLENN A. SCHAEFER

Glenn A. Schaefer of Los Angeles and Pasadena had a fine collection of atlases and early travel including much Western Americana. He was responsible for the San Pasqual Press of Pasadena. His books were sold directly by his widow, Marie E. Schaefer, from her home, but Dorothy Bevis was employed to assist in the sale of the books. Several catalogues were published about 1941.

ROBERT SPURRIER ELLISON

The University of Indiana has a library of Western Americana which probably will be more appreciated in the future than it is at present. Robert S. Ellison (1875-1945) was connected with the oil industry. When first on our mailing list he lived in Tulsa, Oklahoma, later he was at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and finally retired to the old home of William Jackson Palmer at Manitou Springs, Colorado. Mr. Ellison was a director of the Colorado Historical Society and each month went to Denver to attend the meeting of the Society and no doubt on each trip brought back books from Fred Rosenstock's Bargain Book Store. However, I think the Ellison collection was built up mainly by mail. His letters were written in a long hand that required considerable study, but his letters are well worth

deciphering. Ellison collected material about Indians, Mountain Men, Cattle Men and the other characters of the Plains and Rockies region. He bought some extensive lots from our friend E. A. Brininstool, but probably bought more from Peter Decker of New York than anyone else. I believe some of the best Barber Sale items were purchased by Decker for Robert Ellison. During the war I left Camp Hale one week-end to visit Mr. and Mrs. Ellison. I arrived in the afternoon and walked around the grounds with Mr. Ellison while he fed the livestock and did various chores. They had no servants and had a real job to keep up the big establishment. Mrs. Ellison prepared a memorable dinner. In the evening I looked at some of the Ellison books and pamphlets. He was a real collector and a genuine enthusiast. He was a charter member of the Denver Westerners, author of *Independence Rock, the Great Record of the Desert* and several other titles. His collection can form the basis of further historical research and publication in its new home in Indiana.

THOMAS W. STREETER

The greatest of present day collectors is Thomas W. Streeter (1883-), retired New York banker. He has two full time employees to help him in his hobby. Just before the Auerbach sale he invited the dealers in Western Americana to visit his library. Probably for no other occasion has the trade ever met together in this way. Californiana is only one of the Streeter collections, but naturally it was the one I was most interested in examining. The main effort has been on Texas books and in course of preparation is a Bibliography of Texas Imprints. The first part is set in type and great care is being given to its completeness and accuracy. Of course, no matter how long a person works on a bibliography of this sort, shortly after publication, someone shows up with additional items or information. One of the more spectacular sections of the Streeter Library is his collection of Spanish California printing, second only to the Bancroft Library.

CARL I. WHEAT

I have never seen the library of Carl I. Wheat (1892-), but I am sure he has a fine collection of western books. He has lived in Los Angeles, Palo Alto, Washington, D.C., and even the Hawaiian Islands and wherever he goes he is an enthusiastic collector, writer, publisher, and organizer. His best work so far is *The Maps of the California Gold Region, 1848-1857, a Biblio-Cartography of an Important Decade.* This work describes 323 maps of the gold region. Another of his books is *The Pioneer Press of California*, a well written account of the Monterey, Ames and Sam Brannen Presses.

WILLIAM R. COE

A number of the best collections of Western Americana have been formed in the eastern United States and in the recent past most of the best items which turn up locally

are sold to eastern collectors. The most fabulous of these collectors of Western Americana is William Robertson Coe (1869-). *Who's Who* lists him as a capitalist maintaining homes in Oyster Bay, New York, Cody, Wyoming, and in South Carolina. I have not sold books to Mr. Coe, but probably some of the better items which I have sold to his agent Edward Eberstadt are now in the Coe collection. His manuscripts and books are being given piecemeal to Yale University. One of the manuscripts was recently published with the title *Trail to California, The Overland Journal of Vincent Geiger and Wakeman Bryarly.* In this book, the editor David M. Potter gives some hint of the richness of the overland manuscripts in the Coe collection. Until 1935 Coe maintained a racing stable and breeding farm at Lexington, Kentucky. (In October 1948 the Yale University Library issued an account of the William Robertson Coe Collection of Western Americana. It is written by Edward Eberstadt and lists some very rare western books.)

MRS. E. L. DOHENY

The only woman collector I am going to mention this evening is Mrs. E. L. Doheny. Her gifts to the culture of Southern California are well known. She purchased, through the offices of my father, Ernest Dawson, the J. Gregg Layne collection now in the University of Southern California. She has collected such diverse subjects as fore edge paintings, early Bibles, books of Charles M. Russell, Baxter prints, American First Editions, and not by any means least, Californiana. The T. H. Jefferson *Map of the Emigrant Road* recently published by the California Historical Society was printed from her copy. The library has been given to St. John's Seminary at Camarillo, California.

EARL VANDALE

One of our corresponding members is Earl Vandale of Amarillo, Texas. He is a retired executive of an oil company, with an enthusiastic interest in Southwestern history. He would buy books, read them and catalogue them, then wrap them up and store them as he did not have space for his tremendous collection. I understand his books have been sold to the University of Texas.

PHILIP ASHTON ROLLINS

Thomas W. Streeter has recently written on *The Rollins Collection of Western Americana* (Princeton University Library Chronicle, June 1948). The collection of Mr. and Mrs. Rollins is, I assume, now a part of Princeton University Library. The collection centers about the overland routes to Oregon and on the cowboy which are two subjects on which Mr. Rollins compiled books, *The Cowboy* (1922) and *The Discovery of the Oregon Trail; Robert Stuart's Narratives* (1935).

TEMPLETON CROCKER

The California Historical Society has a fine library of Californiana based largely on the Templeton Crocker (1884-) Collection which is on deposit there. Crocker, a grandson of one of the organizers of the Southern Pacific, gave up collecting about 1921. He has since been much interested in research in the South Seas. I do not know the present status of the collection, but perhaps one of you can tell me or find out before these notes are published. Templeton Crocker is the author of *The Cruise of the Zaca* (New York, 1933), an account of a year's trip around the world in his cruising-yacht.

There are a number of collectors in the San Francisco area one of which is George Lyman, M.D., who has done some excellent historical writing.

THOMAS W. NORRIS

T. W. Norris, formerly of Livermore, California, and now at Carmel is a great collector of all forms of Californiana. Some of you may have some of his Christmas booklets printed at the Grabhorn Press. He offered his collection to the University of California, but it was sold to Harold Holmes, the Oakland bookseller. Holmes has been sitting on the collection for several years in spite of everyone bothering him to see it. Holmes is finally bringing out a catalogue printed by the Grabhorn Press and priced at $10.00. T. W. Norris still retains some very interesting items, but the dispersal of the main collection is an event of considerable importance.

JOSEPH GREGG LAYNE

When I first remember J. Gregg Layne (1885-) he was in charge of Public Relations at Silverwoods here in Los Angeles. For many years he was a travelling salesman and on his travels was, I am sure, always on the lookout for books. He is one of the most persistent of all collectors of Western Americana. As mentioned before, he once sold his collection, but I believe his present collection is now better than the first one. He is the author of *The Annals of Los Angeles*, and Editor of the *Quarterly* of the Historical Society of Southern California and Editor of our own *Brand Book*. His present position is Historian of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power. He also has the distinction of being the speaker at the first regular meeting of the Los Angeles Westerners.

CARL SCHAEFER DENTZEL

One of Carl Dentzel's family invented the merry-go-round, but Carl's interests (other than a newly acquired, attractive wife) are centered in the beautiful Northwest section of San Fernando Valley known as Northridge. Carl was brought into Dawson's

Book Shop in knee pants to buy books and has been buying ever since. He especially likes books relating to the Spanish and Mexican period in California. Carl Dentzel (1913-) is the youngest collector to be included in this list.

ROBERT JAMES WOODS

Next we come to Robert James Woods (1892-). Bob Woods is not very keen on speculative ephemera, but of the bound books relating to the west he has a very notable collection. Being born in Miles City, Montana, his interest is not confined entirely to California. He is one of the most satisfactory customers we have ever had. About the time the Wagner-Camp *Plains and Rockies* was published, Ed Grabhorn dumped some books in cartons and sent them down to us. It was on that occasion that I remember our selling some books to Bob Woods. The Bibliography and other important work in the *Brand Book* for 1947 was written by Woods although his name does not appear. He is currently president of the Zamorano Club and an officer in various other organizations. With H. E. Britzman he is largely responsible for the organization and success of the Los Angeles Westerners.

JOHN B. GOODMAN

John B. Goodman (1901-) can tell you more about John Goodman than I can. He is a motion picture art director noted for his knowledge of old sailing ships. Lately he seems to be devoted primarily to the game of golf. His collection is one of the smallest in bulk to be listed here, but he has a very choice group of material centering mainly on the California Gold Rush. Mr. Goodman has in mind several small publications which I hope he will complete.

DONALD McKAY FROST

The Frost collection has been given to the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Massachusetts. I do not know much about it except that it has some very rare western books. There are four other collectors that I expect you will hear more of in the future: E. D. Graff, a member of the Chicago Westerners, K. K. Bechtel, W. J. Holliday, and E. DeGolyer, our corresponding member.

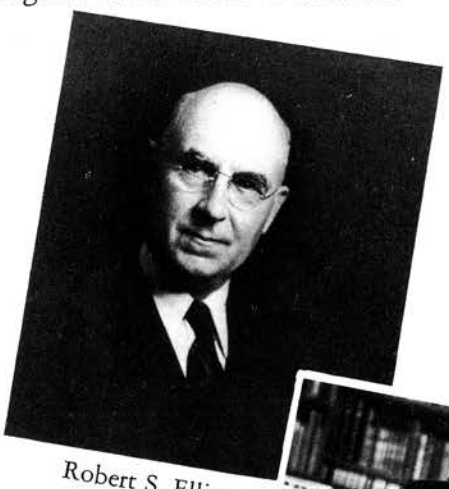
SOUTHWEST MUSEUM LIBRARY

Nearly every great collection of books is based on the activity of a single man whether he worked as a private collector or as a librarian. Dr. Joseph Amasa Munk (1847-1927) collected books in which the word Arizona appeared. This resulted in a large collection

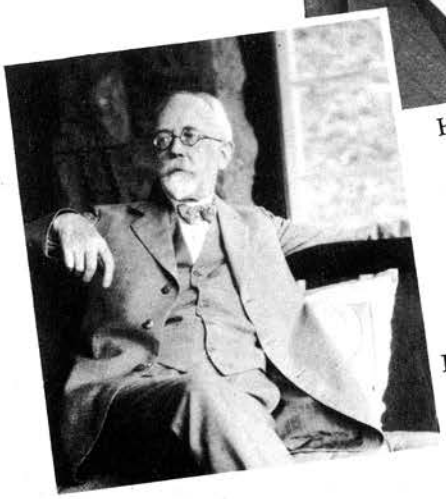
of fiction, and magazine articles, but also, of course, there are some very good books. Sometimes you will still hear some talk that Dr. Munk should have left his collection to Arizona; however, there are many reasons to support his choice, the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles. Three successive catalogues of the Munk Library were published. He left a $10,000.00 endowment and with this money and the careful stewardship of Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge the collection has grown. The Southwest Museum also has collections of George Wharton James, Hector Alliot, Grant Jackson, Charles Lummis and Eva Feynes. The main effort is new acquisitions in the field of archeology and ethnology. Probably no other library has a collection so closely akin to the interests of the Westerners as does the Southwest Museum. Tonight I want to suggest to you that we adopt the Southwest Museum as our Library, and make it a depository for our publications, typescripts of papers read here, and actively assist in building and maintaining the historical aspects of the Southwest Museum Library. As preliminary to such a program we might hold one of our meetings at the Museum.

In conclusion I wish to point out that I have omitted a number of collectors who have formed collections as important as some I have told you about, but perhaps some other dealers might give similar notes in the future or one of our collectors may talk on Dealers of Western Americana. If these notes of past collecting and past opportunities tend to discourage you, just remember that the bookseller members of this organization, and that includes Paul Galleher, Charles Yale and H. E. Britzman, have only begun to sell books. Of the making, selling and collecting of books there is no end, so certainly there is a bright future ahead for the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners.

Henry R. Wagner

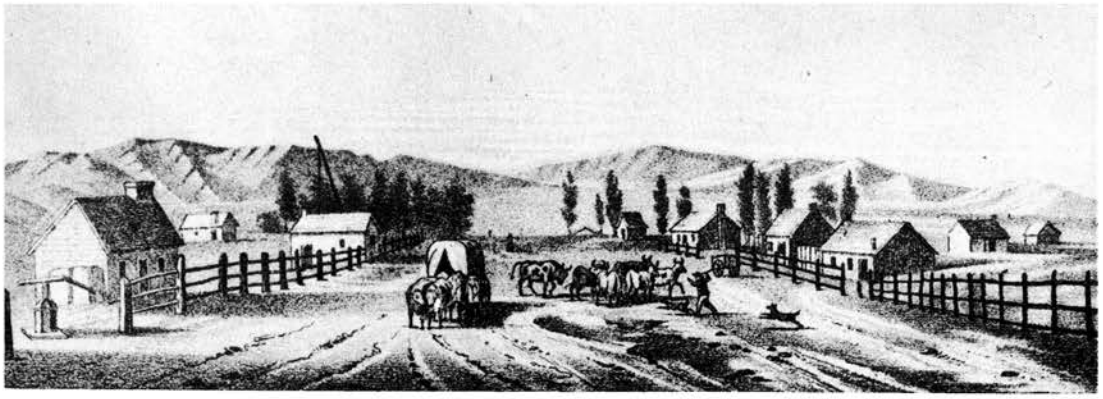


Robert S. Ellison



Robert E. Cowan

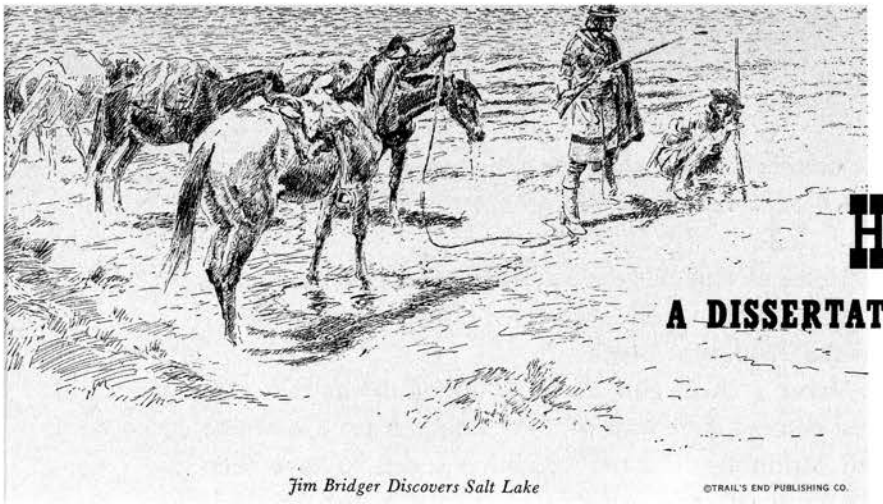
A. S. MacDonald



Street in Great Salt Lake City — Looking East (Exploration and Survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, by Howard Stansbury, Washington, D.C. 1853, opp. p. 126)

Quarrying Granite for the Mormon Temple

Johnston's Army En Route to Utah in 1857 in the Snow (Harper's Weekly, April 24, 1858)



Jim Bridger Discovers Salt Lake ©TRAIL'S END PUBLISHING CO.

HOLY SMOKE

A DISSERTATION ON THE UTAH WAR

By PAUL BAILEY

I AM NOT TOO OLD TO HAVE keen recollection of my maternal grandmother, an intelligent old lady of Mormon "plural" status, who tenderly jogged me on her knee to the tune of

"When Johnston's Army comes,
We'll drown 'em in the lake,
And leave their bones
To bleach upon the sand;
On the sand!"

Johnston's Army, even in my early years, was a menace pretty well drowned in obscurity. It had a certain vivid recollection to Grandma, but to her grandson, and to the world's grandsons, this weird chapter of American history has bleached its bones a long, unheeded time.

I am grateful to the Westerners for providing an impetus to dig up the forgotten bones of the Utah War. Once started, it proved a rewarding quest. Historians of the future, I am convinced, will have much to say about this epic of hate and misunderstanding.

UTAH IN 1857

First, it is essential we visualize the time of 1857, and its segmental place in the drama of our west.

Mormons, by then, had builded their Zion in the Rocky Mountains; had planted their colonies from the Great Salt Lake to the Pacific Coast; had, in great measure, made the desert blossom as the rose; and had erected a powerful and cohesive commonwealth in a land which no other men coveted.

And yet, all this was only ten years from the time their Prophet was murdered, and the despised sect literally ousted from the state of Illinois. One decade only had passed since their epic migration westward to Zion had commenced.

But now Zion was vastly more than just a Mormon dream of freedom. In ten years, under the strange industry of these people, Utah had risen from sagebrush prairie to one of the largest and most promising of American territories, with yearly Mormon petitions for its admission into the Union of the States.

Brigham Young was the territory's appointed governor. Polygamy was being openly

practiced by members of the sect. And, because of the insularity, and the unorthodox nature of Mormonism itself, there was no dearth of queer stories coming out of Utah.

By 1857 facts and fancies had become so embellished by fertile minds that practically every crusading editor and militant divine would have considered himself remiss in duty not to have expounded publicly on the "Mormon Menace."

A Mormon in 1857, relatively, wore a cloak and status as unpopular as that of a Communist today. No one-hundred-percent American of 1857 doubted for a moment that something must be done about Mormons. The only question seems to have been which retributive measures might be most effective in dealing with the hellish brigands who were fast populating the west with converts and offspring.

By 1857, tension had mounted to the explosion point. Strangely, it was Mormons themselves who put torch to the blast.

TERRITORIAL APPOINTEES

One of the first tasks attempted by the Mormons on their arrival in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake was the setting up of a workable form of civil government, with courts, magistrates—and a claimed jurisdiction of a state, which comprised a slice of the west so immense it included a part of Southern California. This state, which Mormons named Deseret, was soon whittled down by the American government to the Territory of Utah, which even in its abbreviated form was considerably larger than the present state of that name.

Through Mormon clamor and petition, Brigham Young had been appointed first governor of the territory. And if the judiciary and legislative functions of the growing commonwealth smacked closely of Mormon theocracy and bishops' courts, there was reason enough in the fact that religion was the focus and motivation of Mormon existence in those first hard years of winning a foothold in an hostile, forbidding land.

Governmental appointees sent out of Washington to manage territorial affairs faced a problem of tact and diplomacy without parallel. To Mormons they were "Gentiles," with motives open to suspicion, and whose views could never coincide with the initiated. Nor did the appointees themselves contribute much toward an understanding between Saints and those whom the Saints considered their persecutors. For the most part these appointees were little more than political hangers-on, tendered minor territorial posts as election rewards, or banished scapegoats sent out to the frontiers as punishment for political traducement.

Up to 1857 the friction and conflict between Gentile office-holders and the Mormon priesthood had been constant and bitter. In turn, and as natural consequence, these who were sent to Utah, and who could neither work with nor condone the Mormon ideology, flooded the east with long and bitter complaints of the smug and unbending attitude of those whom they were sent to govern and administer justice.

Many were the judicial clashes between the Gentile judges and the Mormon probate courts which had grown up with the territory. John F. Kinney, territorial chief justice; William W. Drummond of Illinois; and George P. Stiles, an ex-Mormon, excommunicated for adultery—all three appointees of President Pierce—were the trio which finally brought the judicial ferment into eruption.

By February of 1857 a vociferous argument as to whether it was the Federal or territorial right to impanel juries reached a climax in the court of Judge Stiles. The judge, regarded by the Saints as jack-Mormon and unworthy of respect, had issued writs highly unpopular in the eyes of the brethren of Utah. One day a brace of Mormon attorneys, led by James Ferguson, abruptly entered his courtroom, and by boisterous conduct and threats proceeded to break up court and intimidate the judge. In high anger, Stiles adjourned his court, and appealed to Governor Brigham Young. Next the Mormon hot-heads raided Stiles' law office, seized his books and papers, and burned them in an outhouse.

Brigham Young's viewance of the disturbances, and his answer to Stiles' appeal did little to steady the hand of Federal jurisdiction in Utah. "If you cannot sustain and enforce the laws," Brigham reportedly told the judge, "the sooner you adjourn your court the better."

Judge William W. Drummond's handling was even less delicate. Tact, it seems, was no part of Drummond's makeup. Soon after his arrival in Utah he made public announcement of his intention to ignore all special powers given to probate courts by territorial enactment. He denounced the courts as having been "founded in ignorance," and their decisions as having no binding effect.

A "gambler and bully," was Bancroft's appraisal of Drummond, but that was high praise compared to the Mormon verdict. News trailing his western safari was to the effect he had deserted a wife and family back in Oquawka, Illinois. The mistress he brought with him irked and nettled the puritanistic Saints, for Drummond allowed her to share the legal bench with him.

Public criticism of the high-handed Gentile judge was not long in rising to popular fury. Mormon newspapers began criticizing the judge's loose living, gambling and drunkenness. Levi Abrahams, a Mormon-converted Jewish shopkeeper in Fillmore, made a too-personal remark—so personal that Judge Drummond sent Cato, his Negro body servant, to horsewhip the Jew. Cato did a thorough job of it.

Mormons retaliated by arresting both the judge and his servant.

Drummond, abetted by Justice John F. Kinney, succeeded in "smothering" the case—but hardly the hatred and clamor which followed. Amid howl and fury, Judge Drummond took French leave of Utah territory.

In California, before taking ship for the "states," Judge Drummond raised a furious howl against the Mormons and their treatment of him. The San Francisco press, acting as public mouthpiece to the judge's vituperations, joined with him in denouncing the sect. On his arrival in New Orleans Judge Drummond mailed his resignation to United States

Attorney-General Jeremiah Black, including with it enough accusations against Brigham Young to hang him. In general, the explosive document included the following points:

1. That Brigham Young is the head of the "Mormon" church; and, as such head, the "Mormons" look to him alone, for the law by which they are to be governed; therefore no law of congress is by them considered binding in any matter.
2. That he (Drummond) knew that a secret, oathbound organization existed among all the male members of the church to resist the laws of the country, and to acknowledge no law save the law of the priesthood, which came to the people through Brigham Young.
3. That there were a number of men "set apart by special order of the church, to take both the lives and property of any person who may question the authority of the church.
   "That the records, papers, etc., of the supreme court have been destroyed by order of the church, with the direct knowledge and approbation of Governor B. Young, and the federal officers grossly insulted for presuming to raise a single question about the treasonable act."
4. That the federal officers of the territory are constantly insulted, harassed, and annoyed by the Mormons, and for these insults there is no redress.
5. That the federal officers are daily compelled to hear the form of the American government traduced, the chief executives of the nation, both living and dead, slandered and abused from the masses as well as from all the leading members of the church."
6. The judge charged discrimination in the administration of the laws as against Mormon and Gentile; that Captain John W. Gunnison and his party were murdered by Indians but "under the orders, advice and direction of the Mormons"; that the Mormons poisoned Judge Leonidas Shaver, Drummond's predecessor; that Alman W. Babbitt, secretary of the territory, had been killed on the plains by a band of Mormons, instead of by Indians as reported from Utah." *

In the document Judge Drummond emphatically contended that troops were necessary to enforce any laws made and presented by the government of Washington, or any of its appointees in the Territory of Utah.

The seriousness of Drummond's charges did not go unheeded by the government, the politicians, the pulpit, nor the press. No one could doubt the judge had successfully exploded a bomb over the heads of the Mormon people.

Curtis E. Bolton, deputy clerk of Utah's Supreme Court, made immediate and sworn denial to the charges. "The records, papers, etc. of the supreme court in this territory, together with all decisions and documents of every kind belonging thereto . . . are all safe and complete in my custody, and not one of them missing, nor have they been disturbed by any person." **

* The Resignation, in extenso, will be found in *House Executixe Documents*, 35th Congress, 1st Session, X, No. 71, p. 212.

** House Executive Documents, 35th Congress, 1st session, X, No. 71, pp. 214-5. It was published also in the *St. Louis Republican* of July 26, 1857.

Drummond's accusations had pointed denial from other quarters as well. On April 15 a statement from Mr. Feramorz Little, of the Western Mail Service, was sent to the *New York Herald* and was published April 25 in summary and abbreviated form. "The charges of Judge Drummond are as false as he is corrupt. Before I left for the States, I was five days every week in Great Salt Lake City, and I witness to all the world that I never heard one word of the burning of nine hundred volumes of law records, etc., nor anything of that character . . . The treasonable acts alleged against the Mormons in Utah are false from beginning to end . . ."

For the most part, however, there was little editorial sympathy rendered the Mormon side of the controversy, and Judge Drummond's blast was accepted generally as a pointed report of a seditious people openly rebelling against the government of the United States.

Another uproar had to do with the mails, which had been carried west to Utah by the firm of Hockaday & Magraw, at a contract price of $50,000 per year. In 1857, at the opening of bids, the canny Brigham Young, and his "B.Y. Express and Carrying Company" (Y.X. Company), submitted a devastatingly low bid of $23,600 per year, and the government's mail passed into Mormon hands.

Magraw was no man to take defeat lightly. From Independence, Missouri, he wrote a stinging letter to President Buchanan: "No vestige of law and order (in Utah), no protection of life or property; the civil laws of the territory are overshadowed and neutralized by a so-styled ecclesiastical organization, as despotic, dangerous, and damnable, as has ever been known to exist in any country . . ." *

In President Buchanan, Magraw and Drummond found ready ear. It needed only Alman W. Babbitt's death (secretary of Utah Territory) on the plains to give rallying point to public sentiment against the Mormons. (Later it was proven that Cheyenne Indians were solely guilty of the massacre.) But, violent as it was, Buchanan and the Administration were far ahead of public sentiment. In spite of the fact no official investigation had been attempted to learn whether the charges were false or true, a "Utah Expedition" was secretly projected. Within sixty days the first army supply trains were started from Fort Leavenworth toward Salt Lake City.

To Senator Stephen A. Douglas, "strong man" of the administration, was delegated the first task of carrying the government's anti-Mormon program to the people. While the giant army was assembling itself at Fort Leavenworth, Douglas, on June 12, 1857, made his famous "Mormon" oration at Springfield, Illinois:

> "If we are permitted to place credence in the rumors and reports from that country (and it must be admitted that they have increased and strengthened and assumed consistency and plausibility by each succeeding mail), seven years' experience has disclosed a state of facts entirely different from that which was supposed to exist when Utah was organized. These rumors and reports would seem to justify the belief that the following tracts are susceptible of proof.

* Magraw's Letter to the President. *House Executive Documents*, 35th Congress, 1st Session, X, No. 71, pp. 2-3.

1st. That nine-tenths of the inhabitants are aliens by birth, who have refused to become naturalized, or to take the oath of allegiance, or to do any other act recognizing the government of the United States as the paramount authority in that territory.

2nd. That all the inhabitants, whether native or alien born, known as Mormons (and they constitute the whole people of the territory), are bound by horrid oaths and terrible penalties, to recognize and maintain the authority of Brigham Young, and the government of which he is the head, as paramount to that of the United States, in civil as well as religious affairs; and they will, in due time, and under the direction of their leaders, use all the means in their power to subvert the government of the United States, and resist its authority.

3rd. That the Mormon Government, with Brigham Young at its head, is now forming alliance with Indian tribes in Utah and adjoining territories—stimulating the Indians to acts of hostility—organizing bands of his own followers under the name of 'Danites' or 'Destroying Angels,' to prosecute a system of robbery and murders upon American citizens, who support the authority of the United States, and denounce the infamous and disgusting practices and institutions of the Mormon government.

. . . "Let us have these facts in official shape before the president and congress, and the country will soon learn that, in the performance of the high and solemn duty devolving upon the executive and congress, there will be no vacillating or hesitating policy. It will be as prompt as the peal that follows the flash—as stern and unyielding as death. Should such a state of things actually exist as we are led to infer from the reports—and such information comes in an official shape—the knife must be applied to this pestiferous, disgusting cancer, which is gnawing into the very vitals of the body politic. It must be cut out by the roots, and seared over by the red hot iron of stern and unflinching law. . . ." *

The year previous (1856) the Republican Party had sprung into existence, with John C. Fremont as first candidate. Its platform was both timely and prophetic: The prohibition in the territories of "those twin relics of barbarism—polygamy and slavery." The "Expedition" and Mr. Douglas's inflammatory speech were deliberately calculated to prove to the American populace that Democrats had just as ready an answer to the nation's clamor.

It would yet be said, before the affair was over, that it constituted an overt move to scatter U. S. forces prior to the Confederate rebellion; it would be called a "contractors' war" when its freighting costs of 22c a pound were added up; it would be called "Buchanan's blunder." But now, in the clarion call of Stephen A. Douglas, and the rumble of supply trains out of Fort Leavenworth westward, it was a real enough war for the Mormons.

---

* The Douglas speech was published in full in the Missouri Republican, June 18, 1857.

THE UTAH WAR

First positive steps in forming the "Expedition" had been taken May 27, 1857, in general orders of the War Department for the "gathering of a body of troops at Fort Leavenworth, to march to Utah as soon as assembled." *

It is amazing an operation of such scope and size could have been carried forward in such secrecy.

It remained for the last eastbound Mormon mail, under aegis of Brigham's "XY Company," to intercept troops and supply trains moving westward over the plains. Abraham O. Smoot, mayor of Salt Lake City, in bringing the last mail eastward, ran head-on into a detachment of cavalry. A hundred miles west of Independence, the same thoroughly alarmed Mormon intercepted heavy laden government supply trains, with escorts and teamsters, suspiciously reticent as to their destination.

In Independence Smoot learned that the Mormon mail contract had been arbitrarily cancelled by the government. After a little discreet inquiry, he became aware of the magnitude of the operations there afoot. Smoot had no alternative other than to break up all mail stations en route, and return in haste to Salt Lake City.

On the plains the returning Smoot party, driving their mail stock before them, intercepted Porter Rockwell with the July eastbound mail from Utah. Leaving the party, the two men turned westward under forced drive, arriving in Salt Lake City July 23, 1857.

There they learned Brigham, with most of loyal Mormondom, was celebrating the tenth anniversary of Mormon entrance to Salt Lake Valley. The celebrants had chosen Big Cottonwood Canyon as scene of festivities. Smoot and Rockwell sped their horses canyonward. In midst of the 24th of July celebration, the dramatic news of the marching army was made known to Brigham and the Saints.

Though the feasting and the music went on undisturbed by the tragic disclosure, Brigham Young moved with speed and precision. Mormon militia, previously reorganized by Lieut. General Daniel H. Wells, was immediately alerted. When the Mormons returned to Salt Lake City, cognizance was everywhere made of this new threat to their existence. And a warlike atmosphere had supplanted the peace and hilarity of their anniversary celebration.

There could be no doubting the Saints contemplated vigorous defense of their Zion. To Utah's militia—or Nauvoo Legion, as it was called—General Wells issued official orders August 1, 1857.

The people of Utah had lived, the order reminded, "in strict obedience to the laws of the parent and home governments, and are zealous for the supremacy of the Constitution and the rights guaranteed thereby"; but "in such times, when anarchy takes the place of orderly government, and mobocratic tyranny usurps the power of rulers," the people

---

* See *House Executive Documents*, 35th Congress, No. 71, pp. 4, 5.

"have left the inalienable right to defend themselves against all aggression upon their constitutional privileges."

Mormons justified resistance in that for "successive years" the Saints had witnessed the desolation of their homes, the barbarous wrath of mobs poured upon their unoffending brethren, their leaders arrested, incarcerated and slain, and themselves driven to cull life from the desert. District commanders were instructed to hold their troops in readiness, and "as far as practicable, that each ten (men) be provided with a good wagon and four horses or mules as well as necessary clothing, etc., for a winter campaign. . . . *Avoid all excitement, but be ready.*" *

Next step was to call all Apostles in from their world-wide missions. All outlying Mormon settlements, such as Carson Valley, San Bernardino, etc., were ordered broken up. Saints were to return home for defense of Zion.

Brigham Young's next move was even more thoroughly warlike. As territorial governor he dispatched Samuel W. Richards to Washington, D. C., to inform President Buchanan, through Colonel Thomas L. Kane, that the American army could not enter Utah until satisfactory arrangements had been made through commission or otherwise. After dropping the scorching missive in the hands of Colonel Kane for transmission to the President, Richards hurried on to Europe to supervise the return of all Mormon leaders overseas.

Kane, always sympathetic toward the Mormons, loyally interceded in their behalf, though wording of Brigham's memorial could hardly be calculated to cement friendship in such an hour of crisis. Its carping on the offensiveness of territorial appointees indicates that Governor Young was not yet cognizant of the magnitude of the government's reprisal against his Saints.

> "If you intend to continue the appointment of certain officers, we respectfully suggest that you appoint actually intelligent and honorable men, who will wisely attend to their own duties, and send them unaccompanied by troops, which you yourself know are of no lawful use here—and your officers will be treated strictly according to their acts and merits, as you also well know has always been the case, except that we did not hang up some of the infernal scoundrels you have heretofore sent, as they most richly deserved. And if you will not receive this fair counsel, but persist in sending us officials from the tag, rag and bobtail of whore houses, grog shops and gambling hells, we shall take the yankee liberty . . . for the first time of using up that class of officials strictly in accordance with their deserts."

UTAH IN THE FIELD

Utah forces were in the field as early as August 15, 1857. A "corps of observation" under command of Legion Colonel Robert T. Burton moved eastward, ostensibly to protect Mormon migration on the plains, though in reality to learn the strength and

* The order is given extenso in *Contributor*, vol. iii, p. 177.

disposition of the oncoming American troops, and to report their progress to headquarters in Salt Lake City.

Another company, under Captain Andrew Cunningham, was sent to Fort Hall vicinity to guard the northern approaches into Zion. Colonel West's group was deployed to watch the Bear River entrance.

Before August was out Burton and his men had intercepted a large government supply train near Fort Bridger, and by September 8, Col. Alexander's division of the United States Army was under constant surveillance (5th and 10th infantry regiments, Phelps' battery, and Reno's battery). Not only was Mormon headquarters in Salt Lake City apprized of their movement, but they were trailed every mile to their encampment at Ham's Fork.

Up to now Brigham Young and the Mormon people had been of the opinion General W. S. Harney was in supreme command of the expedition. One of the first things they learned, however, was that Harney had elected to remain in Kansas, and that General —then Colonel—Albert Sidney Johnston had been put in charge, and that the "soldier-talk" from Ham's Fork to Leavenworth was of little else than what the army intended doing to the "Goddamned Mormons" once they arrived in Salt Lake Valley.

They learned too, that Capt. Stewart Van Vliet, with a small detachment, was speeding on to Utah to commandeer or negotiate with the Mormons for supplies and camping space for the expedition.

CHARACTER OF THE ARMY

It was only natural that Mormons, steeped in bitter memories of their forced expulsion from Illinois and Missouri at point of bayonet, should look upon the suddenly appearing "Utah Expedition" as deepest sort of threat to their peace and security, and sure omen to their destruction.

Heavy comparisons are made in Mormon literature and news items of that period, between Johnston's Army and the "accursed mobs" and traitorous militia the Saints had faced ten years previous. Actually, from their belligerence and defiance, the Saints in the fall of 1857 appear to have grossly underestimated the strength and character of their foe. And, since the government inexplicably refused to make known to Utah the true purpose of the expedition, the army's appearance was accepted by them as war and invasion rather than occupational in character.

Ribaldry and camp threats of Alexander's advance divisions could very well give color to Brigham's claim of an "armed, mercenary mob," but in truth Johnston's Army was the very flower of America's military might. Roster of its officers includes many of the brightest names in America's military history. Among them were:

General W. S. Harney—"Squaw Killer Harney"—who defeated the Brule Sioux at Ash Hollow; General Albert Sidney Johnston, proud and inflexible Kentuckian, graduate

of West Point, and the never-to-be-forgotten hero of Shiloh, where he met death as a Confederate general; General Fitz John Porter, son of a distinguished American family, and an officer who was to serve with distinction in the Union Army through the Civil War to come; Colonel E. B. Alexander was an efficient and gentlemanly officer; Lieut. Col. Charles F. Smith, another West Pointer, had distinguished himself in every great battle of the Mexican War, and later would be the Civil War hero of the capture of Fort Donelson, and for a time to actually supersede General Ulysses Grant in command; Captain Stewart Van Vliet, a mild and kindly man, was later to rise in rank to Major General; Colonel (later Major General) Philip St. George Cooke, commander of six companies of Second Dragoons, was the famed leader of the Mormon Battalion on its historical western march in the Mexican War, and would rise to high distinction in the Civil War; Captain Randolph Barnes Marcy (later Brig. General), a graduate of West Point, was to become chief of staff to General McClellan in the Civil War, and later to author many books on the great west. In general, it was a magnificent army, and well officered, in spite of its hasty planning, and the obscurity of its motives. Tragedy is that the Mormons were never made conscious of the fact that the army could have had any other intention than fighting of its way into Utah.

That the commanders themselves were devoid of any clear-cut idea of the expedition's purpose is demonstrated by Van Vliet's embarrassment on his arrival in Salt Lake City, September 8. He immediately closeted himself with Brigham Young and the Mormon leaders, at Social Hall. To every anxious question put him by the Saints, as to the army's real intent, he could give only the haziest of answers. His job, he pointed out, was strictly a quartermaster assignment — to locate a suitable base camp, and to arrange for the purchase of food, lumber, and supplies. What the army planned to do with Brigham and his Saints, Van Vliet had no official knowledge.

With no assurance even from this advance detachment Brigham quickly drew his own conclusions as to the army's real intent. Men in the field had listened to the braggadocio of the army's campfires, as to what was in store for the Saints. Missionaries abroad had amply unburdened themselves as to the anti-Mormon howlings of America's press and pulpit. Johnston's Army was an army of conquest. It must be met by Mormons as an invading enemy.

Brigham haughtily assured Van Vliet the Saints had food, supplies and lumber in abundance, but none whatever would be sold to the enemy. If Johnston's Army wanted a base camp in the Vales of Zion, they would have to fight for it—and once it was won, the invaders would find a Utah as devastated of life and habitation as Mormons themselves had found it.

Van Vliet was an impressed and chastened man on his return to Washington. Accompanying him East was Dr. Bernhisel, Utah's territorial representative to Congress. At South Pass, the men intercepted Alexander's command, and other advance units of the American army. Van Vliet's solemn advice was for these units, under penalty of bloodshed,

not to attempt to force passage into Utah. Commanders and men, bent on mixing it with Zion's Saints, treated Van Vliet's melancholy predictions with a good deal of facetiousness. But the captain knew, as Alexander was soon to know, the invasion of Utah would be no military pushover.

MORMONS TAKE WAR TO THE ENEMY

It was September 15 when Van Vliet had taken his departure from Salt Lake City. The day following, Brigham Young, as territorial governor, flung out his proclamation of martial law:

> We are invaded by a hostile force who are evidently assailing us to accomplish our overthrow and destruction.
>
> For the last twenty-five years we have trusted officials of the government, from constables and justices to judges, governors and presidents, only to be scorned, held in derision, insulted and betrayed. Our houses have been plundered and then burned, our fields laid waste, our principal men butchered while under the pledged faith of the government for their safety, and our families driven from their homes to find that shelter in the barren wilderness and that protection among hostile savages, which were denied them in the boasted abodes of christianity and civilization.
>
> The Constitution of our common country guarantees unto us all that we do now, or have ever claimed. If the constitutional rights which pertain unto us as American citizens were extended to Utah, according to the spirit and meaning thereof, and fairly and impartially administered, it is all that we could ask, all that we have ever asked.
>
> Our opponents have availed themselves of prejudice existing against us because of our religious faith, to send out a formidable host to accomplish our destruction. We have had no privilege, no opportunity of defending ourselves from the false, foul, and unjust aspersions against us before the nation. The government has not condescended to cause an investigating committee or other persons to be sent to inquire into and ascertain the truth, as is customary in such cases.
>
> We know these aspersions to be false, but that avails us nothing. We are condemned, unheard and forced to an issue with an armed, mercenary mob, which has been sent against us at the instigation of anonymous letter writers ashamed to father the base, slanderous falsehoods which they have given to the public; of corrupt officials who have brought false accusations against us to screen themselves in their own infamy; and of hireling priests and howling editors who prostitute the truth for filthy lucre's sake.
>
> The issue which has been thus forced upon us compels us to resort to the great first law of self-preservation . . .
>
> Our duty to ourselves, to our families, requires us not to tamely submit to be driven and slain, without an attempt to preserve ourselves . . .
>
> Therefore, I, Brigham Young, governor, and superintendent of Indian affairs for the territory of Utah, in the name of the people of the United States in the territory of Utah,

1st—Forbid all armed forces, of every description, from coming into this territory under any pretense whatever.

2nd—That all the forces in said territory hold themselves in readiness to march, at a moment's notice, to repel any and all such invasion.

3rd—Martial law is hereby declared to exist in this territory, from and after the publication of this proclamation; and no person shall be allowed to pass or repass into, or through or from this territory, without a permit from the proper officer. †

Twelve hundred and fifty men of the territorial militia, or "Nauvoo Legion," were immediately ordered to Echo Canyon, as do-or-die guardians of Zion's portals. Their officers were prayed over, and individually "set apart" to holy duty by Mormon "laying on of hands." General Daniel Wells next delivered to Colonel Alexander an ultimatum from Brigham. It was thus classically phrased:

I am still the governor and superintendent of Indian affairs for this territory, no successor having been appointed and qualified, as provided by law; nor have I been removed by the president of the United States.

By virtue of the authority thus vested in me, I have issued, and forwarded you a copy of my proclamation forbidding the entrance of armed forces into this territory. This you have disregarded. I now further direct that you retire forthwith from the territory, by the same route you entered . . . *

Colonel Alexander politely replied that his troops were there by orders of the President of the United States, and that their future movements would depend upon "orders issued by competent authority"—which did not include those of Brigham Young.

With Alexander's rebuff, the war started for Mormons in earnest. In night-riding guerrilla bands they took the fight directly to the "enemy" by stampeding government stock, and continuous harassment of supply trains.

In combatting these tactics, Alexander's forces were only partially successful. Their first minor victory was the capture of a group of Mormon riders under command of Militia Major Joseph Taylor. In Taylor's possession were incriminating orders from Daniel Wells to Mormon troops in the field, revealing to the American military a few of the things they must expect from the rebellious Saints. From Wells' letters of instructions it was revealed that Mormons were to harass the moving army continuously, to stampede their animals, to burn the supply trains and every blade of forage grass on the plains.

"P.S.—If the troops have not passed, or have turned in this direction, follow their rear, and continue to annoy them, burning any trains they may leave. Take no life, but destroy their trains, and stampede or drive away their animals at every opportunity.

D. H. WELLS." **

---

† *House Executive Documents*, 35th Congress, 1st Session, X, No. 71, pp. 34, 35.

* Extenso, *House Executive Documents*, 35th Congress, 1st Session, X, No. 71, p. 33.

** Captured document copied extenso into *House Executive Documents*, 35th Congress, 1st Session, X, No. 71, pp. 56, 57.

HOLY SMOKE

The army was not long in seeing literal fulfilment of these instructions. Fort Bridger and Fort Supply both vanished under flames from Mormon torches on October 3, 1857. Every spear of grass surrounding or ahead of the advancing army was consumed to the scorched earth by the rolling flames deliberately set by the Mormons.

When Fort Bridger and Fort Supply were nothing but heaps of glowing ashes, Wells ordered Lot Smith to take a company of men and intercept the supply trains then advancing from South Pass, and "either turn them back or burn them."

Their first prize was the fat westward-headed train in charge of a Captain Rankin. Lot Smith brazenly informed the surprised Rankin that it would be healthier for him and his men if he turned the train about, and headed back to the states.

"By what authority?" Rankin asked.

Smith pointed to his sober and belligerent Mormons hidden in the brush. Rankin was wise enough to take the hint without further resistance. He turned his bull-train and headed toward Fort Leavenworth. It is said he reversed direction again when Mormons were well out of sight. If so, Lot Smith and his guerrillas were by then in hot pursuit of the mules from the 10th Regiment.

Under cover of darkness, with only 23 men, Smith and his band swooped down on one train of 52 wagons encamped for the night. Shrewdly keeping a number of his riders concealed in the shadows, that sentries might have no accurate idea as to size of the attacking force, Smith and his men, guns drawn, boldly strode into the firelight, announcing to the startled leader, a Captain Dawson, their intention of applying the torch.

"For God's sake, don't burn the trains!" Dawson moaned aghast.

"It's for His sake I *am* going to burn 'em," Smith answered.

The camp was disarmed, the arms stacked, and the men put under guard. At that precise moment a courier arrived from Colonel Alexander warning Dawson that "the Mormons were in the field; that captains and teamsters must not go to sleep; that four companies of cavalry and two pieces of artillery would arrive in the morning." *

When the Mormons retreated to the Green River bluffs, they left behind nothing but charred remnants of 51 wagon-loads of precious military freight. The remaining wagon housed the personals of the unhappy Rankin and his men.

Two nights later, on the Big Sandy, Mormons intercepted another train of 25 wagons, at a point known since as Simpson's Hollow. Again the Mormons allowed its Captain Simpson and teamsters to load up two of the wagons with personal clothing and provisions. All remaining wagons were burned.

Smith: "I want your pistols."

Simpson: "By God, sir, no man ever took them yet. If you think you can, without killing me, try it."

---

* *Contributor*, Vol. III, p. 273.

Smith: "I admire a brave man. I don't like blood. You insist on my killing you—which will only take a minute. I don't want to do it."

Simpson: "You have me at a disadvantage. My men are disarmed."

Smith: "What will you do if we give them back their arms?"

Simpson: "Fight you, by God!"

Smith: "We know something about that, too. Take up your arms, men!"

Men (in chorus): "Not by a damned sight! We came out here to whack bulls, not to fight Mormons!" *

According to official *House Documents*, these Mormon fire parties were disastrous to the advancing army. Records show that the burnings consumed 2,720 pounds of ham; 92,700 pounds of bacon; 167,900 pounds of flour; 8,580 pounds of coffee; 13,333 pounds of soap; 68,832 rations of desiccated vegetables; 7,781 pounds of hard bread; 25,000 pounds of various other food supplies.

Few shots were fired in the ghostlike forays, and so far as is known, no one was killed. But Colonel Alexander was forced by these exigencies into what was virtually a calamitous defeat.

All hope of getting the advance units through the mountains into Utah had to be abandoned. Winter quarters were set up at Ham's Fork, on the Green River. No grass remained for the starving animals, and rations issued troops and teamsters were scarcely enough to keep bodies alive. Winter was setting in. Rocky Mountain blizzards had already sealed the passes into Zion. And they etched a pattern of horror for the famished, half-frozen troops under Alexander's command.

On October 28, amidst this misery, General Albert Sidney Johnston arrived at the shivering camp at Ham's Fork. With Johnston were the remainder of his forces and a few supply trains. His appearance infused new hope into the now badly demoralized army.

The commander took one look at the camp, and ordered its removal forthwith to the ruins of Fort Bridger. Temperature was fifteen degrees below zero. So badly were men and animals spent, that it took fifteen days for them to go thirty-five miles.

On November 15, Colonel P. St. George Cooke arrived, with six companies of the Second Dragoons, and the civil officers to take over the Territory of Utah from Brigham Young and the Mormon hierarchy. On arrival at Bridger, Cooke had his own tale of suffering. Two-thirds of his own animals had perished en route.

> "It has been of starvation; the earth has a no more lifeless, treeless, grassless desert; it contains scarcely a wolf to glut itself on the hundreds of dead and frozen animals which for thirty miles block the road; with abandoned and shattered property, they mark, perhaps, beyond example in history, the steps of an advancing army with the horrors of a disastrous retreat." **

Knowing that King Winter had effectively allied himself to their cause, and that

---

* See *Contributor*, IV, pp. 27, 28.

** *House Executive Documents*, 35th Congress, 1st Session, X, No. 71, pp. 92-93.

HOLY SMOKE Johnston's Army was hopelessly trapped until spring thaw, the Mormons withdrew their forces to Salt Lake Valley—maintaining garrisons only at the canyon approaches to their Zion.

During that bitter winter, Brigham Young made several offers of food to the starving soldiers, only to be rebuffed by the straitlaced and unbending Johnston. Final overture on Brigham's part was the dispatching of a load of salt. It received quick and churlish rejection.

For there was no love in Johnston's heart for the rebellious Saints. He had with him a long winter in which to nurse grievances for the predicament of his troops, and to plan his revenge. "Occupying as they do, an attitude of rebellion and open defiance to the government, connected with numerous overt acts of treason," he wrote, "I have ordered that when they are met in arms, that they be treated as enemies." *

There is something a little ironical, especially to the Mormons, in the fact that Johnston was later to die at Shiloh, in open rebellion himself against the very government he was determined so to defend against rebel Mormons.

POLITICAL

During that winter of 1857 there were two active capitols of Utah territory—Salt Lake City, and Camp Winfield Scott (Bridger—and Ham's Fork). From Camp Scott, Alfred Cummings, Buchanan's appointee to fill the office of territorial governor in place of Brigham Young, issued a wordy proclamation to the people of Utah. This first official pronouncement, in general, covered the following points:

1—That he (Cummings) had been appointed July 11, 1857, by the President of the United States.
2—That he would proceed to Salt Lake City as soon as possible, but in the meantime he would make preliminary arrangements for the reorganization of the territory.
3—That proceedings would be instituted at Camp Scott against "those in rebellion," presided over by Chief Justice Eckels.
4—That the Utah people were promised "a just and firm administration."
5—That all Mormons bearing arms were ordered to immediately disband and return to their homes. **

Brigham Young "and sixty of his principal associates" were indicted for treason by a grand jury made up of army teamsters and camp followers. Other indictments, laws and resolutions in behalf of the territory they had not yet reached to govern, flowed out of this extraordinary body of lawmakers at Camp Scott.

In the meantime the regular Utah legislature continued in session in Salt Lake City. From it petitions went out to Congress for a withdrawal of the army, and redress of the wrongs allegedly heaped upon citizens of Utah. On January 12, 1858, a great mass

---

* Johnston's letters to Major Irvine McDowell, assistant adjutant general, headquarters, U.S. Army.
** See *House Executive Documents*, 35th Congress, 1st Session, X, No. 71, p. 76.

meeting was held in Salt Lake City, and memorials excitedly prepared for Congress and the President of the United States:

"We call upon you to reconsider your acts, to mete out to us even-handed justice, to withdraw your army, restore our mails, execute justice upon our oppressors, and give us our constitutional rights. We ask no more, but that, in the name of God, we will have, He being our helper . . .

". . . Our voice is the united voice of nearly one hundred thousand Americans, laboring under the most unprecedented cruelty, outrage and wrongs . . . "*

In spite of peril, the atmosphere of Salt Lake City during the winter of 1857-58 was outwardly one of self-confidence and even gayety. Mormons were proud of the way the Lord had acted in their behalf by putting the army of the Philistines in cold storage for the winter. Israel had been victorious, there could be no denying.

And yet, beneath it all, Governor Young and the leaders were becoming increasingly aware their victory was only a temporary one. Johnston meant business. As a commander he was known to be dogged and tenacious in pursuance of an objective.

Brigham knew defeat at the hands of the American army must inevitably come. Already his decision had been made. Utah was to be burned and laid waste.

On February 25, in midst of war, and preparations for war, Col. Thomas L. Kane made sudden arrival in Salt Lake City. His appearance added another bizarre twist to an already weird situation. He had crossed Panama, had arrived in California by ship, had traveled northward by way of the old Spanish trail, and under the elaborate nom de plume of "Dr. Osborne, Botanist," was now seeking private conference with Brigham Young. The immense and strenuous trip, he explained, was in the name of peace, and strictly on his own volition.

Kane's very first efforts toward a reconciliation between the Saints and Johnston's Army failed. Brigham refused to open the gates of Zion to the "invaders."

On March 8 Kane journeyed to Camp Scott. Johnston, uninformed of Kane's junket in the name of peace, was cold to any proposals. It is said that Kane was forced to break a rifle-butt over a picket's head before he was even allowed audience with the iron-willed commander. Alfred Cummings, Buchanan's new territorial governor, alone was tolerant of the Saints in their stand, and it was through him Col. Kane transferred his efforts toward solution of difficulties.

In vain Kane pleaded with Johnston to accept Brigham Young's offer of beef and 20,000 pounds of flour to the suffering army. Johnston stubbornly refused to accept anything from "enemies of the government." So arrogant was the commander's attitude toward Kane, and so openly was Kane insulted for his efforts, that Johnston was challenged to a duel. Fortunately the quarrel was reconciled without incident.

Johnston's answer to Kane came in his petition to Congress for reinforcements for the coming war. Yet, after three weeks at Camp Scott, Kane was at least successful in

* *Deseret News*, Jan. 27, 1858.

persuading Governor Cummings to go with him to Salt Lake City, without military escort, and trust to the Mormon people to receive him as their governor.

Meanwhile, in Salt Lake City, Kane's explanations and peaceful overtures were not without their effect on Brigham and his people. On March 18 Brigham called a "council of war." After much debate it was decided by the Saints to abandon the idea of armed resistance. A special conference followed in the tabernacle. The plan was accepted by the people. "Remove the grain and the women and the children from the city and then, if needs be, burn it and lay the country waste."

Immediately the Mormons started evacuating Salt Lake City. Wagons, piled high with belongings, began moving southward. On April 8 an express arrived in Salt Lake City with information that Governor Alfred Cummings and Col. Thomas L. Kane were on their way to the city, unaccompanied by either officers or men.

Mormon militia met the party at the mouth of Echo Canyon, presented arms, and bade the new governor a welcome to Utah. By night, and by light of huge bonfires, he was escorted through the canyon. Repeatedly he was challenged by sentries and troops; repeatedly he delivered his firelight speech of welcome. Actually the whole proceedings was something of an imposition on Cummings' good nature. After each ritual the same party of Mormons would slip ahead through the darkness, challenge the governor, and repeat the performance. Cummings was amazed at the number of Mormon troops, and their alertness in guarding Zion's portals.

The trip through Weber Canyon took another day. At its mouth he was met by uniformed detachments of militia. The official party was escorted to Farmington court house, where a Mormon band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and Cummings made another speech.

On the main road into Salt Lake City, Cummings began meeting hundreds of Mormon evacuees fleeing southward. At Hot Springs, north of the Mormon capitol, his party was joined by the city's mayor, aldermen and councilmen, as escort to comfortable quarters in the city of fleeing Saints. His preliminary conferences with Brigham Young and leading rebels were so completely amicable, that Cummings could write a little exultantly to Johnston:

> "I have been everywhere recognized as the governor of Utah; and so far from having encountered insults and indignities, I am gratified in being able to state to you that in passing through the settlements, I have been universally greeted with such respectful attention as are due to the representative of the executive authority of the United States in the territory." *

However, Mormons continued without pause their evacuation of the cities. Of this Cummings was puzzled and unhappy. Yet his conferences with church leaders were frequent and fruitful. Every opportunity was extended him to examine the court records.

* *House Executive Documents*, 35th Congress, 2nd session, II, pt. ii, pp. 72-73.

HOLY SMOKE Everything, he found, including the library, was intact, and not burned as reported. The Secretary's safe had been cached in a privy to save it, in case the city burned.

His report to the U. S. Secretary of State was that every record and document was "perfect and unimpaired."

On April 25 Cummings addressed the remaining Mormons in the tabernacle. Fervidly he pleaded with them to return to their homes. But, since he was unable to promise that Johnston's Army would not enter, his pleadings were in vain. The evacuation continued.

On May 13, in desperate attempt to dissuade Johnston from making final entry, Cummings and Kane hurried back to Camp Scott.

IN THE EAST

In the unpredictable fashion of American democracy, public opinion in the east was by now undergoing radical change. Buchanan was under fire from both Congress and the press. Graft of the army contractors was under congressional investigation. The dramatic evacuation of the Mormon people had caught public fancy. Brigham Young, instead of being the world's most obscene rascal, was suddenly being lauded by the press as another Prince of Orange, and a hero. The *New York Tribune* had come out flatly in support of the Mormons and their stand.

President Buchanan now began knowing what it was to be on the barbed side of public opinion. With help of a willing press the public was being thoroughly aroused over his presumptuous flinging of the army against Utah without first ascertaining the facts of the alleged "rebellion."

Buchanan was politician enough to recognize the imperative necessity of saving face. In urgent move to win back public approval he appointed a "Peace Commission," composed of L. W. Powell, former governor of Kentucky, and Major Ben McCulloch, a military hero from Texas. To these men and for the Mormon people, President Buchanan entrusted a personally-signed "proclamation of pardon." On May 29, 1858, Powell and McCulloch arrived at Camp Scott.

Johnston was dumbfounded. His orders had been to enter Utah; to subdue the rebellion of the Mormon people. Now Powell and McCulloch had brought west a sweeping pardon to everyone who had any hand in the rebellion.

The "Peace Commission" arrived in Salt Lake City June 7, 1858, to find it deserted and ready for the torch. It was even necessary for them to petition the church leaders to return to Salt Lake City for conference. After Brigham Young and the Apostles returned north, talks were held in the boarded-up Council House.

But for Johnston, the season was late. A vaccilating government was not going to dissuade him from starting his army on the last leg of the long march. So it was that, in

midst of their talks for peace, the Commissioners were amazed to hear that the army was on the move. Frantically they tried to convince Brigham and the Saints it just could not be so; that it would be treason for Johnston to give such orders. Even Cummings' frantic appeal and rebuke were sidestepped. Johnston's Army was coming—and in no mood to halt.

In midst of this warlike turmoil, the peace commissioners frantically and insistently endeavored to pardon the Saints for all wrongdoing.

The Saints, however, were just as insistent they were guilty of no wrongdoing. Meanwhile Johnston's Army continued to move ever closer toward Salt Lake City.

In desperation, a compromise was arrived at. Mormons agreed to accept guilt for burning of the supply trains. With a sigh of relief, the commissioners quickly and thoroughly pardoned them for this wrong. Remainder of the presidential cake was generously left on the table, to be eaten or rejected, as Saints might feel inclined.

And, strangely, Brigham suddenly and amicably bowed to circumstance. Since the former presidential decree that the army would enter Utah had somehow failed to be rescinded by the pardon, it was agreed that necessity left no choice. Brigham generously agreed to allow the army to enter Salt Lake City, but under no circumstance was Johnston to halt his troops. Buchanan's political promises could thus be kept and he would save face by the army's entry into the city, and Johnston himself would be satisfied. The march would be through Salt Lake City, and out again. Should the army halt, Mormons had pledged themselves to burn Zion to the earth.

The commissioners were satisfied. Everyone, including the Saints, could claim some sort of victory. As a sort of dessert to the feast of love and goodwill, even Johnston himself unbent enough to speed ahead of his troops a proclamation to the Saints:

> "I . . . assure those citizens of the territory who, I learn, apprehend from the army ill treatment, that no person whatever will be in any wise interfered with or molested in his person or rights, or in the peaceful pursuit of his avocations; and, should protection be needed, that they will find the army (always faithful to the obligations of duty) as ready now to assist and protect them as it was to oppose them while it was believed they were resisting the laws of their government." *

In addition Johnston promised both Saints and commissioners that he would, on the day of arrival, encamp "beyond the Jordan." But still the wary Mormons made no move to return to their homes.

On June 26, 1858, the great army entered a strange and silent city. To the stillness of almost utter desertion, broken only by the gurgle of City Creek, the army had its day of entry and exit.

> "It was one of the most extraordinary scenes that has occurred in American history. All day long, from dawn until sunset, the troops and trains poured through the city, the utter silence of the streets being broken only by the music of the military bands, the monotonous tramp of the regiments, and the rattle of the baggage wagons. The

* *House Executive Documents*, 35th Congress, 2nd Session, II, pt. ii, pp. 119-121.

numerous flags, which had been flying from staffs on the public buildings during the previous week, were all struck. The only visible groups of spectators were on the corners near Brigham Young's residence, and consisted almost entirely of Gentile civilians." *

Col. Philip St. George Cooke, in deference to the heroic Mormon Battalion he had led westward to the Mexican War, rode through Salt Lake City with head bared, and cap at breast. As to Johnston, he kept his pledge. The ranks went through unbroken. The army encamped itself in Cedar Valley, thirty-six miles from the City of the Saints.

Cummings superseded Governor Young. Stolidly and orderly the Mormons returned to their homes. The holy smoke had cleared itself away. The Utah War was ended.

---

* *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1859, p. 490.

Lieutenant-General
Brigham Young

Lieutenant-General
Joseph Smith

Daniel H. Wells

SGT. NEIL ERICKSON
and the APACHES
With a Description of Fort Craig, New Mexico

By COLONEL C. B. BENTON

Being a brief account of the experiences of 1st Sgt. Neil Erickson during the Apache Campaign of 1882 as related by himself with the exception of a brief description of Fort Craig prepared by the writer November 2, 1935, at Taraway Ranch, Chiricahua National Monument, Arizona.

I was born in the southern province of Skone near Christianstad, Sweden, April 22, 1859. As a boy I worked on a farm and my father left us and came to America when I was ten years old. This was in 1869. My father, who had worked on the Northern Pacific railroad, was killed by Indians about 150 miles from St. Paul in 1871.

Eight years later I decided to try my fortune in America and set sail on a Cunard boat and landed at Boston, May 5, 1879. I had an uncle, John Neilson, who owned a farm near Princeton, Massachusetts, and I worked for him all that spring and summer. In the fall I went to work for the Washburn and Moon Wire Works on Grove Street, Worcester, Massachusetts. After that I worked on the farm of A. B. Whitcomb (this was in the summer of 1881) about ten miles out of Worcester, near Sutton, Massachusetts. As I remember, this was the summer Garfield was shot.

In the fall I went to Boston again and found work in the Bay State Sugar Refining Company near East Boston Ferry. I stayed on that job about two months and then enlisted in the army. While in the sugar factory I met a middle aged Irishman and told him my life history. I told him how my father had been killed by the Indians and the Irishman in turn told me that right at that time the American army was out fighting Indians.

Well, I didn't have much real notion of becoming a soldier, but one day after working in the sugar factory where it was so hot—all we wore was shoes without tops and a barley sack around the waist—I decided to find out about the army.

I studied over the matter a little, then went to a recruiting officer near the Common. I couldn't speak very good English then and so I didn't know quite what it was all about, and before I could get away I had been sworn into the army. It all happened so suddenly that I didn't know quite what to do. The sergeant told me to go down and settle up, draw my wages from the night shift and be ready to move. However, when I got my uniform on I didn't have time to go back and was shipped down to New York with some other recruits. I wrote to the boarding house to a boss by the name of Carlton and told him to collect my things and send them in a trunk to Princeton, Massachusetts. I had a brother in Princeton besides my uncle. I wanted the boss to have my board bill deducted from the wages and send them to me along with the key to the trunk.

SGT. NEIL ERICKSON

Well, sir, we went to New York to the recruits' depot and stayed there for two weeks. We got a little preliminary routine drill and then one night, about 2 a.m. we were routed out and sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, which was the receiving depot. By this time I had made up my mind that I wanted to go to Minnesota and fight Indians there. My father had been killed by those Indians, besides I had heard there were a lot of Swedes in Minnesota and I thought I'd feel more at home.

However, time dragged and I didn't get sent any place. Then "Three Finger Jack" (Brig. General R. S. McKenzie) asked for volunteers to go to Arizona and fight Apaches. I asked the top kick to put my name on the outgoing list and send me to Arizona. My regiment, which happened to be the 4th U. S. Cavalry, had headquarters at Santa Fe but I was assigned to Troop E which was stationed at Ojo Caliente, New Mexico, which was Victorio's old agency.

The post at that time was poorly equipped. The barracks was a low adobe building with a board floor and no bunks. The soldiers slept on the floor. I landed at the post a few days before Christmas in 1881. My, that was a disagreeable place. We bunked together two and two. We had two blankets apiece, one was a regular bed blanket, the other was a horse blanket.

My bunky was a grave, bony fellow from the south. He had been a schoolteacher but he had a habit I didn't like. He would get up at first call, put on his clothes, overcoat and boots and then crawl back in bed again to await second call. In those days we were taking no chances with the Indians and we slept with our six guns fastened to our belts and with our carbines under our heads. We even wore the revolvers when we went to the privy.

In the early spring of 1882 we were ordered out of Ojo Caliente to go on the Apache campaign conducted by Col. George Forsyth. On the road we slept with our boots on. That is, most of the boys did. Some of us wore moccasins made by the Apache scouts attached to the command. These were softer and came up tight around the legs and kept the bugs from crawling up our pants.

We started down stream on the Rio Grande and then went to Nut Station on the Sante Fe road from Deming, New Mexico. We heard Chief Loco was out, but we didn't know which way he had gone. It was a miserable day at Nut Station when Jack McKenzie came in on a freight train. McKenzie was a common, hard boiled soldier with an oddly contrasting voice. He had been wounded in the throat in the Civil War and had a piping voice like a woman.

The wind was blowing a hurricane when he got off the train and saw us squatted there in a howling dust storm trying to eat some half boiled beef. Our outfit hadn't washed in several days and were unshaven and dirty. General McKenzie looked us over and remarked to our officer in that reedy voice of his, "These are nice looking young men you have here, Captain, but they are awful dirty."

We loaded our horses in box cars, no loading chutes either, we just laid some railroad ties to the box car door, put some lariats around the rumps of the horses and the boys took hold of the lariats and pushed and pulled and the horses went into the cars.

McKenzie and the officers rode in the caboose and the soldiers crawled into the box cars. I thought it would be better air on top of a box car and crawled up there and nearly froze to death before we reached Lordsburg, New Mexico. We arrived there about midnight and unloaded. I was so stiff and cold that I nearly fell off the car.

The captain gave each of us two horseshoes, sixteen nails and a nose bag of hard tack. We had coffee and sugar in canvas sacks, salt and pepper mixed together in another sack, and carried sow belly in our saddle bags.

When we started from Lordsburg the captain gave orders we were not to talk or light a match, the Indians might hear or see us. The funny part of it was, there were two loose camp kettles on a pack mule that rattled like a bell all the way. We couldn't talk but those kettles made such a noise that any talking we would have done would have been drowned out.

Along toward morning we struck Colonel Forsyth's dry camp about 12 or 15 miles out from Lordsburg between that town and the Gila River. We were so dog tired that we bedded down almost any place we could find a place to sleep. Just wrapped up in our blankets and flopped after picketing the horses and throwing out the guard.

It didn't seem any time after I lay down that I was awakened by a trumpeter from F troop (Kimball was his name) one of the best buglers I ever heard, standing almost on my blankets just over me, blowing his lungs out. I was dreaming and thought it was Gabriel with his horn and I came out of a sound sleep scared to death.

At daylight the camp stirred and we mixed with the boys of Forsyth's command. They had made a dry camp and had no water so we pooled our supplies, water, hardtack, coffee and so forth and had breakfast.

After breakfast I was detailed with a blacksmith by the name of Boyle to go on to the Gila River to meet Lieut. Hall, who was on his way from San Carlos Agency with 50 Indian scouts to meet Colonel Forsyth but he had moved camp and we were sent to put Hall on the right trail. On the way to the river we met Captain Rafferty with a troop from the 6th Cavalry also hunting for Forsyth's camp. We directed him to the place and continued on our way.

Both of us were hungry by the time we reached Guthrie, on the Gila, where we found a combination store and saloon. I had fifty cents in my pocket and we bought some cheese and crackers and proceeded to make a meal of them. About the middle of the afternoon, Lieut. Hall and the scouts came into Guthrie and camped there over night. Hall had plenty of rations, civilian cooks and packers and we had a fine feast that night I can tell you.

While we were there a cowboy came in and he was a mean looking fellow. He carried

a brass bound Winchester and kept cocking and uncocking it. He told Lieut. Hall that he had lost two mules, that the Indian scouts had stolen them. Hall told him to pick the animals out of the picket line but the cowpuncher wasn't able to identify any of them. Then he began blustering and said the Indians had hidden the animals. All the time he was fooling with the lock of the Winchester. I didn't know what the fool was likely to do, then I noticed a scout by the name of Rowdy standing to one side behind some trees covering every move the cowboy made with a cocked carbine. However, the cowman finally blustered around a bit more and then rode off but he didn't take any mules.

In the morning we pulled out and struck Forsyth's trail which led to Stein's Pass where Forsyth had camped the night before. We followed the trail across the San Simon Valley to Turkey Creek and while there the lieutenant sent some men out to bury two prospectors who had been killed on Turkey Creek a day or so before.

We took up the trail again and when crossing Cave Creek met Captain Chaffee with "I" troop of the 6th Cavalry; this was later generally known as the "White Horse Troop." We camped on Cave Creek. Next day we followed the San Simon to Skull Canyon, a ride of about 80 or 85 miles. The Apache scouts on foot kept pace all day and were in camp with us at nightfall. It was a dry camp, the scouts hadn't been able to find water and the troopers went to bed thirsty and out of sorts. However, lack of water didn't bother the Apaches—they went to bed singing.

Boyle was so tired that I had to stake out both horses and Boyle flopped on the ground, laid his head on his saddle and went sound asleep. I lay down beside him, pulled a blanket over both of us and slept soundly until morning, when before daylight the scouts found water and brought it into camp. We all had a good breakfast and felt better.

We continued on the trail until we rounded a point from Skull Canyon into Skeleton Canyon and found Forsyth had gone down Skeleton Canyon. In this same canyon the scouts jumped a mixed band of deer and antelope and killed five deer and one antelope. These were loaded on pack mules and we rode on into Cloverdale where we overtook Colonel Forsyth and five troops of cavalry, one troop from the 6th and Troops M, E, F, and H of the 4th Cavalry.

After this we started on the Indian trail which led through Canon Diablo and crossed a steep mountain south of St. Louis Pass. We did not go through St. Louis Pass. Colonel Forsyth was in the lead and led the troops over that steep mountain. It was so steep that the soldiers had to dismount and went up the hill hanging onto the tail of the horse in front.

Everyone was thirsty. They passed a spring on the trail but Forsyth thought the Apaches might have poisoned it and stationed Lieut. Wilder at the spring to prevent the boys from drinking the water. I remember one boy, Johnny Connors, now living in Phoenix, left the trail and went to the spring to get a drink. Wilder forbade him but Johnny said "Hell, I might just as well die of poison as of thirst," then he lay down and took a deep drink and went on.

SGT. NEIL ERICKSON

We crossed the divide and down the other side of the mountain. When we got well out of the foothills we met another troop of the 6th Cavalry, who had just had a brush with Loco's band that day and had lost one man.

One of those troopers was the happiest man I ever saw. He wore two belts filled with cartridges and carried twenty more in the pocket of his blouse. An Apache bullet had struck those cartridges in his pocket, without exploding any. He had been knocked down but was otherwise uninjured. He was tickled to death to think he had escaped and was showing the cartridges all around camp.

That night I had my first experience sleeping on a steep slope. The next morning when I woke up I found that I had slipped through my blankets and was about five feet down hill, sleeping on the bare ground.

Shortly after we left camp we passed the scene of the skirmish of the day before. This we called Tupper's battle ground. The action had taken place on the east side of the Janos River, on the flats near the base of the mountains. Here we found the sergeant of the 6th Cavalry killed the day before. He was rolled in his blankets and buried where he fell on the flats. It appeared Tupper had been fired upon from the rocks—he had pressed the Indians too close. They ambushed him and killed the sergeant.

As we were following the Indian trail with our Apache scouts in the lead, we saw one of them, Slim Jim, we called him, crossing a sandy stretch. Suddenly he halted, raised his rifle and fired at something on the ground in front of him. We thought he had killed a rattlesnake or something of that sort. Then he got down on his knees and began digging with his hands and pulled out a pair of moccasins and held them up so all of us could see what they were.

Colonel Forsythe halted the command and waited for Slim Jim to report. The scout had been on the right flank about fifty yards ahead. Pretty soon he came back and said ha had killed a scout who had deserted from our forces in the Horseshoe Canyon fight. This deserter had been wounded the day before in the brush with Tupper's men and had concealed himself cunningly in the sand, leaving only his nose above the sand so he could breathe, but Jim had spotted him and shot him.

Then we moved on and on the left flank another scout found an Apache woman badly wounded. Forsythe sent the doctor to see what he could do for her. He found her badly wounded, she wanted water and was unable to travel, so the doctor gave her a drink all right, one that left her sleeping there forever. She couldn't be taken with us and this was an act of mercy.

That evening at sundown, we heard a trumpet call sounding ahead of us, maybe a mile away. The call was unfamiliar to all of us, and when we saw ponies running around on the prairie in all directions we didn't know what to make of it.

We made a dry camp that night, the men lay down in a circle and we put the horses inside the circle while a sentry walked post between the men and the horses . . . The next

morning we saddled up at daybreak and rode about a mile into a camp of Mexican soldiers. These Mexicans had been out after Indians and when they heard the Apaches coming, they formed an ambush. The Apaches who had been fighting the Americans were not expecting to run into the Mexican troops and a great many of the Indians were killed. The Mexicans also took about twenty-five old men, women and children prisoners. Some of the warriors who had been fighting rear guard action in the retreat side stepped into the rocks and brush when the Mexicans fired into the old men and women who were at the head of the refugees, and these warriors got clean away into the Sierra Madre. The Mexicans had waylaid the Indians in the dry bed of the Janos River but even so a number of the Mexicans were killed and wounded and our doctors treated the wounded. The Mexicans were also without food and each one of our troops was compelled to give up 70 rations for the Mex soldiers.

We camped there nearly all day and left before sunset that night. We didn't want to be around when the Mexicans shot the prisoners, which they did that night. One young girl, dressed in a Mother Hubbard, said she was Chief Loco's daughter and begged the Americans to take her back as their prisoner, but the Mexican officers wouldn't surrender her. About fifteen years later I met a Mexican in Bisbee who was with the Mexican outfit and he told me the prisoners were all shot that night.

I wanted to see what had happened on the battlefield so Slim Jim, the scout and I left camp and walked over the creek bed. The first body we saw was that of a squaw. Her head had been crushed above the eyebrows and her brains were mashed to a jelly. Her clothing had been burned by a shot fired close to her and she had a bayonet wound in her abdomen. In fact the bayonet had been left sticking in her. It was a terrible sight. Then we found a young baby about a year or sixteen months old. It was lying on the sand, wounded but still breathing. Slim Jim took it by one leg and crushed the infant's skull on a boulder. It was the most merciful thing that could have been done.

A little farther on we found a man lying face down. Slim Jim turned the body over, face up. Then he took off his own red bandanna handkerchief and spread it over the dead man's face, and put a stone on each corner so the wind wouldn't blow it away. I thought it kind of funny Jim would leave his handkerchief that way and a little later, on the way back to camp I asked Slim Jim if he had known the dead man.

"Yes," he said, "he was my brother."

He had taken the war path and been killed and Slim Jim had done this last act for him.

We found four dead Mexicans lying close together and every one had been shot through the head, one through the eye, one through the forehead, one through the side of the head and one through the throat. The Mexicans told us every one of those men had been killed by one big buck who had hidden himself and every time his gun cracked a Mexican fell. Finally they had all concentrated their fire on the marksman and filled him with lead.

The reason the Mexicans knew where to wait for the Apaches was that after the Horseshoe Canyon fight Forsyth had orders to capture the Indians and bring them back alive. But instead, he got a Mexican in Lordsburg to carry a message to General Garcia in Janos City, and the reason I know the Mexican was sent was that they took a good buckskin horse out of my troop for the Mexican to ride and we never saw the horse again. Colonel Forsyth sent word the Indians were headed toward Janos River and the Mexicans made their ambush in the boulders of the dry creek bed and the Indians who were headed down stream for the mountains ran headlong into the trap.

When we left the Mexican camp, we camped about two miles outside Janos City that evening. One of our men from my troop, a German, Strubel by name, and another boy went into the town. The lad came back on time but Strubel failed to return before we pulled out. He followed us on foot and overtook the command the following night. Captain Hatfield, the troop commander, told Strubel he didn't want to see him any more. He gave the German some food and told him to keep going. However, Strubel followed on foot, but never came into camp again. Years later Strubel reported to the authorities and said he had been stranded in a foreign country. Hatfield was later tried but exonerated of all such charges.

Troop E lost thirteen horses on that trip before we got back to the station Separ on the S. P. between Lordsburg and Deming. Some of the horses just played out, others died or were shot by the soldiers when too weak to travel farther. I don't know how many the other troops lost. When a trooper was put on foot, he walked and packed his saddle. Those were the days of hardships.

We got back to Separ living on half rations. We found a car load of rations waiting for us. The last two days our rations had given out and we were about starved when we got in. We were supposed to draw corn and flour, corn for the horses and flour for ourselves, but the mess sergeant got the order mixed and brought in beans and flour and the animals refused to eat beans. All of us boys were so hungry that we couldn't wait for the cooks to get a regular meal. We each got a cup of flour and some bacon, we mixed the flour and water in the crowns of our hats, fried the bacon in our mess kit, then fried the bread in the grease and made coffee in our pint tin cups and we kept cooking and eating until the cooks got organized, which was around midnight. They fixed up a batch of biscuits and pork but by that time we were all pretty well filled up.

That was a tough trip and five of the boys in my troop decided they had had enough and they deserted that night at Separ. We never saw them again and no one bothered to go after them.

We loaded up on rations at this place and started back to Ojo Caliente by way of Fort Cummings. This was the end of the Loco campaign. Loco was a sub-chief under Victorio and was always discontented and never wanted to stay on the reserve.

After the Loco campaign ended I went to Ojo Caliente and stayed there until late

SGT. NEIL ERICKSON in the fall, then our outfit was ordered to Fort Craig where our regiment had a detachment busy making adobe bricks for new buildings. All the summer, fall and winter of 1882 this work continued and the entire 4th Cavalry was there building the post. Pine timbers for the rafters to the quarters were brought in from the San Mateo Mountains. We brought the timber down with mules and wagons. I was stationed at Fort Craig.

Along in '83 we were in camp on the Gila, just after McComas was killed by Chato and little Charlie McComas was stolen. At that time we rode out after Chato, passed through Fort Cummings and followed Chato's trail into the Burro Mountains in New Mexico. It was a tough trip, we had no water all that day for either our mounts or ourselves. The trail of the Indians crossed Playas Valley east of Lordsburg. The McComas family was jumped between Lordsburg and a place called Knight's ranch in a canyon in the foothills of the Burro Mountains. The family had been traveling in a two horse buggy, the horses were killed and the buggy riddled with bullets and arrows; by the time we got there the bodies had been taken in and buried.

We were so hard up for want of water that we built a fire on the railroad track and stopped a freight train to get some water from the tank. All we had for supper was raw salt pork and hardtack. They wouldn't let us have any more fires—afraid the Indians might see us.

We left the railroad and headed in a southeasterly direction to a gap in the mountains called Double Adobes. The Indians scattered and we lost the trail. We went to Ash Creek and made camp and waited for orders from the Departmental Commander. Crook was then commander and had already started for Mexico. We didn't get to go with him. Instead we were sent back to the Gila River where we went into camp at Camp Richmond. This was on the east side of the Gila about 7 miles above Duncan. We stayed there all summer and started back to our post about September.

While there on the Gila I was taken ill with typhoid. Usually I carried a piece of gum camphor in my saddlebag which I used for stomach aches. It was fine for cramps but it didn't help me in this case. I think it was about April that I contracted the fever. It was brought on by exposure and poor water. I was doctored by two contract doctors, Lacey and James. They were employed by the Government to take the place of commissioned officers. Leonard Wood was a contract doctor at this time and I soldiered with him. The first time I ever saw Wood was the time I escorted old Nane's wife to Wood for treatment. He was then stationed below Slaughter's ranch. Nane was too old to keep up with the fleeing Apaches and had surrendered and his wife went down where Nane was. I always thought of Wood as a hospital steward and as I remember he wasn't very well liked.

Those contract doctors said I had smallpox and they immediately ordered me into isolation from the rest of the troops which at that time consisted of four troops of cavalry and one of infantry. Well, sir, they kept me by myself under a big cottonwood tree in the bed of the creek for nine days. They wouldn't let me bathe, said it would drive the

pox in and kill me. The cook had orders to bring me black coffee, biscuit and sow belly three times a day and leave it fifty feet away. Then the doctors held another consultation and decided I had a fever instead of smallpox and they decided to send me to Fort Baird, New Mexico, in an ambulance. I was pretty sick by that time. I do remember the driver's name, though. It was Hoyt, and he had only one leg. The ambulance was pulled by four mules and we were two days on the road. We camped at a place called Knight's Ranch and the lady of the house came out with eggs, milk and biscuits, but I was too sick to eat. I looked fine and my spirit was up but I was just too weak to touch the food. We arrived at Baird in the middle of the afternoon.

There were only two wards in the hospital and I was so dirty from not having bathed for so long that one of the two soldier nurses who came out to the ambulance looked at me and said:

"I don't want any niggers in my ward," and the other said the same thing.

"Hold on," I said, "give me a chance to wash up. You can never tell, I might be white." After a bath, the first one in over nine days, I got off all of that Gila dust which was terrible, and felt better.

I began to recuperate and began to get restless. I wanted to rejoin my troop but Dr. Munn (he was a captain) refused to turn me for duty. I was rationed with C troop 4th Cavalry so I went to Lt. Dick Richards in charge of that troop and asked for a horse and equipment. The lieutenant was a free and easy, happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow and he said, "Sure, I'll give you an order for a horse."

He wrote out the order and I took it over to C troop's stable. I felt so good that I figured I'd just jump on the horse the same as I had always done, not realizing how weak the fever had left me. By golly, I couldn't climb onto that horse's back. Finally I had to lead that animal to a nearby boulder and climbed onto it from the rock. Then I rode back to the quarters to get a saddle. C troop was making ready to pull out and I was determined to go with them. I wanted to get back to my old outfit the worst way and I figured unless I made the break soon, that doctor wouldn't let me go for a long time. Well, I managed to saddle up and got on the horse and fell in at the end of the column.

We rode past the post canteen, and there on the porch, sipping a drink, sat Dr. Munn. He was a great boy for drinking. He spotted me at the rear of the column and said:

"Where are you going, sergeant?" "Going to join my troop, sir," I answered. "Who gave you permission to join your troop?" "Lieutenant Richards gave me permission, sir." "Well, god damn Lieutenant Richards, the post adjutant or the adjutant general if need be. They can't give you permission until I say so. You go back to your quarters, get a man to unsaddle your horse and you stay in quarters until I give you permission to go."

There was nothing else to do but go back. The doctor's word was law. Besides, he was a captain and outranked Richards. I stayed at Fort Baird two weeks longer, then

SGT. NEIL ERICKSON climbed into an ambulance and pulled out for our old camp on the Gila. Dr. Munn sent orders to the troop commander to keep me on light duty and not allow me to do any heavy riding for at least two weeks. Consequently all I did was light guard duty, on foot, no hard duty, and I didn't have to go on any scouts.

One day word came in that Indians had been seen in the mountains on Ash Creek about 20 miles from Camp Richmond. I was then strong enough to resume active duty and rode out with the troop. We rode out to Ash Creek, scouted around for a while and found the report was false, so we turned around and rode back the next day. The same evening we got back to camp I felt a sore spot in my groin about the size of a small egg. My experience with the doctors when I had been sick with typhoid had made me lose confidence in them, so I didn't report on sick call. Instead, I held my tongue, and the next day, being off duty after the scout, I went down to the river. It was in the month of June and the water was warm. I undressed and lay flat on my back in the shallow, warm water and by nightfall that lump was gone and I've never been bothered by a rupture from that day to this. In fact, I was so well by July 4 that I acted as anchor man on a tug-of-war team. Four troops took part in the game and E troop won out over all of them.

In those days I didn't speak very good English, but I kept my eyes and ears open and within eight months after I had enlisted I was made first sergeant; this was in the late summer of 1882. However, my English was so poor that I resigned but was re-appointed later on. In those days we weren't paid as well as the army is today. Privates risked their lives fighting Apaches for $13 per month during the first and second years of their enlistment. The pay was increased after the second year to $14, then $15, and finally $16, but all during this time the soldier never drew any more than $13. The balance was called retained pay and was handed over to him when he was discharged. This was pretty good because most of the fellows would gamble or drink away their pay and if they didn't have the retained pay when discharged they would have been broke. A common sergeant drew $17 per month.

By 1886 I had served out my enlistment and on October 10 of that year I was discharged as first sergeant at Fort Huachuca, Arizona. I served with E troop, 4th Cavalry during the entire period of my enlistment.

I can tell you now, though, that if I had known as much about Indians then as I do today after seeing how they were treated by the Government and the agents, I think I would have deserted the United States army and gone with the Apaches. Those Indians got a raw deal. They were hunted from mountain to mountain and when they went on reservations they starved. The agents sold the supplies intended for the Indians. It was bad business.

★ ★ ★

SGT. NEIL ERICKSON

DESCRIPTION OF FORT CRAIG AND DETAILS OF EQUIPMENT

That the reader may have some idea of our early Army Posts a brief description of Fort Craig is given. The information is taken from a report of inspection by a Medical Officer made to the Surgeon General's Office 1868-1870.

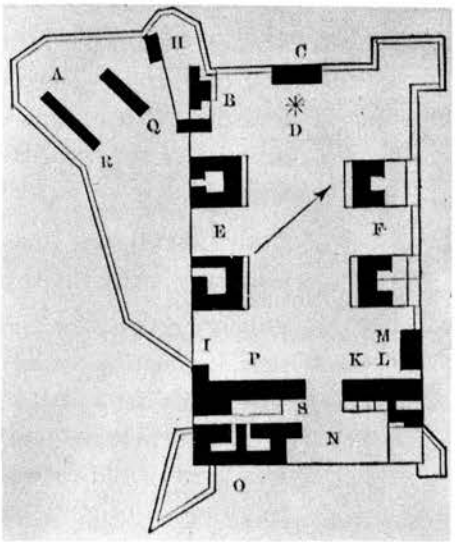
Fort Craig, New Mexico, was situated on the West bank of the Rio Grande, 4576 feet above sea level. It was located ten miles above a well known landmark in that vicinity known as Fra Christobal. Parajo, eight miles south on the East side of the river, and San Marcial, three miles north on the West bank, were the only neighboring towns.

The Post was established April 1, 1854.

The object of Fort Craig was to afford protection against the numerous bands of Apaches that roamed at large throughout lower New Mexico and served to protect a main traveled road on the West bank running to the lower part of the Territory. The Apaches had always been a terror to the inhabitants and travelers of New Mexico and at the time of the establishment of this Post they had spread desolation far and wide. Furthermore this location afforded good grazing and offered more protection to a greater number of inhabitants than sites to the north and south.

Buildings were with few exceptions constructed of adobe around a rectangular area 1,050 feet by 600 feet.

A —Casemates
B — C. O. Officers' Quarters
C — Guard House
D — Initial Point
E — Adjutant's Office
F — Soldiers' Quarters
H — Officers' Quarters
I — Store Houses and Shops
K — Married Soldiers' Quarters
L — Old Hospital
M—New Hospital
N — Corral
P — Unfinished Part



In addition to buildings indicated above there were cooks' houses and a bakery 22′ x 20′ supplied the garrison with excellent bread which was baked in adobe ovens. The Post was originally designed for two Companies or Troops. All buildings were poorly ventilated and badly designed, and many could not be heated.

Sinks for washing were 200 yards from barracks.

Water was obtained from the Rio Grande about a mile distant and distributed about the Post in water wagons.

There was no systematic arrangement for bathing. Men at their own discretion in summer bathed in the river and in laundry tubs in the winter.

The Post library contained 63 volumes of novels, histories and scientific works.

Furniture was a scarce item, the foot of wooden bunks being used as seats after blankets had been rolled to the head each morning.

No doubt the building carried out by the 4th Cavalry 1882 referred to by Sgt. Erickson enlarged the Post to accommodate a Regiment and repair and improve the old buildings.

By this description it can be seen that Sgt. Erickson while stationed here enjoyed comparative comfort.

UNIFORMS AND EQUIPMENTS FOR FOURTH CAVALRY

HATS

Officers— Wear as regulation black felt hats with no device or cord. This is varied, however, as the officers wore any hat they pleased—some black, some light brown—some wore the wide, black folding "Custer" hat.

Troopers— These would be of regulation issue—black.

Fatigue Cap— This was worn by officers and men around the army posts but rarely in a campaign. The troopers wore them at the Washita, which was in winter. The officers wore crossed sabres of brass—edges upwards—number of regiment in silver in upper angle. Enlisted men did not wear these.

BLOUSE — Both officers and men wore the five button dark blue blouse, the officers wearing the shoulder straps, non coms with yellow chevrons.

SHIRT — Officers generally wore dark blue flannel shirts—there was no regulation. Some had the double breasted front, white buttons and piping. The men wore a dark blue flannel shirt with single pocket on left side, no flap—chevrons worn on shirt under clothes. In warm weather it was permissible to wear no undershirt under the blue flannel shirt, but long balbriggan drawers would be worn tied at ankle.

SOCKS — The regulation issue of gray wool or cotton.

TROUSERS — Light blue wool. Officers might have them cut in a breeches style, ending at the calf with several buttons, or they might wear them long over their boots. These breeches were not full at the top like modern English riding breeches. An officer's yellow cloth stripe was 1½" wide. The men also wore light blue wool trousers—the seat and legs reinforced for the saddle.

SGT. NEIL ERICKSON

BOOTS Officers wore any kind they pleased; some light in weight under the trousers, others to knee.

The men all wore the troop boot reaching to top of knee cap at front and lower in back, just clearing lower thigh.

SPURS The regulation was the brass, slightly curved one with small rowel—black strap and brass buckle passed through spur and strap fastened on outside of instep strap, pointing to rear.

NECKERCHIEF These were occasionally worn by both officers and men—of yellow silk or spotted bandanna—according to taste of owner.

ACCOUTREMENTS The sabre was not generally carried on an Indian campaign but when it was it was worn on the trooper's belt, left side. The leather sword knot was used.

CARBINE AND SLING The Springfield .50 caliber carbine was carried slung from the trooper's left shoulder and hanging behind his right thigh. The muzzle was dropped through a leather socket attached to the spider ring of the saddle, back of the right knee. This socket kept the carbine from swinging wild and hitting the horse. The carbine might be carried either slung—with muzzle in socket—across the pommel of saddle or held upright on right thigh, butt to leg.

The sling was adjustable and fastened generally at the man's back with a brass buckle with two tongues. There was a large snap hook which engaged a sliding ring in the left side of the carbine.

WAIST BELT This was of black leather with the gilt rectangular plate in front, two inches wide—silver wreath and U.S. arms—eagle—scroll—etcetera. On either side of buckle were six loops for the Colt .45 cartridges—making twelve in all. The balance of belt held as many .50 caliber Springfield cartridges as belt would allow. This belt was not regulation but made up for the Seventh Cavalry by their saddler.
(*Varnum mentions this.*)

GAUNTLETS Officers wore what they pleased—generally the regulation buff leather with cuff five to eight inches long and about six inches wide—slit half way down. Some wore fringed gauntlets.

The men wore gauntlets of buff with about six inch cuff.

REVOLVER The Colt .45 Frontier model 7½ barrel was carried by troopers on the right hip in a flap holster—butt to front.

Officers generally carried it in the same manner but might carry it on left side, butt to front, in either flap or open holster.

SGT. NEIL ERICKSON HORSE EQUIPMENT

BRIDLE	Single rein, either curb or snaffle or both. "U.S." on bit button. Halter under bridle, halter headstall strap on nigh side.
SADDLE	Army McClelland, black leather, hooded stirrups, single cinch. Picket pin carried rolled in lariat on forward nigh side pommel ring, canteen carried on hind nigh side pommel ring.
SADDLEBAGS	One on each side to rear of saddle. Off side, containing for horse, curry comb, brush, nose bag, 12 lbs. oats, horseshoe, nails, hoof hook. Nigh side—food, etc., hardtack, plate, knife, fork, spoon, salt, bacon, coffee,—tin cup on strap of saddlebag.
HORSE BLANKET	Gray saddle blanket, folded—dark blue stripe—same size as used by troopers but heavier.

COL. GEORGE FORSYTH
Commanding Officer 4th U.S. Cavalry
Drawing by Clarence Ellsworth from old photograph.

TWO MILITARY OUTPOSTS IN ARIZONA

With a complete list of the posts established from 1850-1879

By FRANK A. SCHILLING

CAMP CRITTENDEN*

CAMP CRITTENDEN is distant from Tucson south-southeast 56 miles; from Camp Wallen west-northwest 20 miles and about 12 miles directly east of the Santa Rita Mountains. It was reached from San Francisco via Fort Yuma and Tucson. Letters eastward and westward to Washington, D.C., and San Francisco, California, required twenty days to reach their destination. Both routes were liable to interruptions from Indians and delay from floods. The mail was usually delivered weekly at the post.

The garrison of this place, on entering the territory in 1866, was stationed at Fort Mason, a post established near Calabasas, on the Santa Cruz River, 13 miles south of Tubac; but as malarious fever, diarrhoea and dysentery prostrated the greater part of the command, it was soon afterwards removed to a location which presented fewer of the causes engendering the paludal poison.

The new post, Camp Cameron, was situated on the northwestern base of the Santa Rita Mountains, 16 miles northeast of Tubac, and 45 miles south and a little east of Tucson. It was on a dry, rocky mesa, on the north bank of a clear mountain stream which sank into the ground a little distance below the post. The men were quartered in "A" tents, the officers in huts, which were a conglomerate of stone, rawhide, planks, canvas and logs. From this the troops were moved to Tubac, on account of the Indian outrages committed there. A church and a number of adobe buildings were turned over by the citizens for their accommodation. In February, 1868, they were ordered to the position which they now (187-) occupy, for the purpose of promoting the settlement of the Sonoita Valley and continuing their protection of the Sonora frontier. The site selected was on high ground, surrounded by deep ravines, half a mile northeast of the remains of old Fort Buchanan, a military post which was abandoned at the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion.

The surrounding country is rolling and affords excellent grazing. It is sparsely timbered with live oaks of small growth, but which become more luxuriant as the mountains are approached. Pine timber is plentiful in the gorges of the Santa Rita.

The soil is a reddish-yellow clay generously mixed with a large proportion of coarse gravel, a compound which retains surface water in locations where there is no natural drainage. The camp, however, was well drained naturally by its slope, and this was aided by some superficial drains tending toward the ravines. One of the ravines on the southern aspect of the camp shallows out into a marsh, for the drainage of which no work has yet been attempted.

Southeast of the post, a quarter of a mile distant, is the source of the Sonoita River, which, after a west-southwest course empties into the Santa Cruz River near Calabasas. Cottonwood, willow, sycamore, elder, and walnut are found along its banks. The valley widens out in many places into valuable agricultural lands, which can be irrigated with little labor. Each company of the garrison cultivated a garden about four miles below the post near the now deserted settlement of Casa Blanca.

Southwest from camp, and one and a half miles distant, is a warm spring, the water of which is clear, inodorous, and tasteless, with a temperature of 81 deg. F. A mile beyond this, in the same direction, are the Monkey Springs, which cover all surrounding objects with deposits of travertine. A well in the center of camp furnished water for drinking and cooking, which was clear, cool, and agreeable to the taste. That from the source of the Sonoita was employed for washing and bathing. Game is abundant in the surrounding country. The mean temperature for the year ending June 30, 1869, was 58.59 deg. F., the extremes being on July 1, at 2 PM, 105 deg. and on December 14, 1868, at 7 AM, 25 deg. F. Rainfall was 15.6 inches. Snow falls occasionally, but lies only for a short time. The prevailing winds are south and westerly.

During the first year, the three companies, which for the most part of the time formed the garrison, lived in "A" tents and made use of such of the old buildings of Fort Buchanan as could be made serviceable. One by one, as the buildings of the new post were finished, they were occupied. At the present time (187-) two sets of company quarters are completed, a guard house, hospital, commissary storehouse, corrals and sinks. No officers' quarters had yet been built, but three mess rooms, with kitchens adjoining, were used as quarters for the time being. Of the old buildings which had been repaired, for temporary use, one was the Quartermaster's storehouse, another that of the post trader, while three were used by the quartermaster's employes, and one by the only soldier's family at the post. These were all in poor condition, and leaked badly during rains. No mess rooms for the men had been built as yet.

The new buildings are all of adobe, and furnished with mud roofs, except the guard-house, which is shingled; the exceptional roof was found during the past season to be the only one that was weatherproof. As shingles could be cut by soldier labor in the Santa Rita Mountains, it was suggested that all the roofs be so constructed.

The two sets of company quarters were built each in the form of the letter E and consisted of a main building, 117 by 18 feet, one of which was the main sergeant's room, and a kitchen, 20 by 16 feet, and bakery 20 x 14 feet. These quarters afford to the men occupying them an air space per man of 600 cubic feet; but that this may be so, a detachment of one of the companies is obliged to live in tents nearby. These are warmed by four fireplaces, lighted and ventilated by nine windows, two doors and a number of loopholes, six inches square, near the roof. The bunks are well raised and solidly built, each accommodating two men; the only fixtures are wooden arm racks and benches.

The guardhouse consists of a guard room, and prison room communicating with it; the former is 17¾ x 20 feet, giving to an average occupancy of 12 men, 266 cubic feet of air space; the latter 17¾ x 15½ x 9 feet, furnishes each of its eight occupants with 310 cubic feet. Each of the rooms has a fireplace, and as ventilators, in lieu of windows, the prison room has apertures in the wall near the roof.

The commissary building is 100 x 21 x 9 feet, and has the corrals near it, surrounded by an adobe wall, 132 by 100 feet. Refuse from the corral and camp is wagoned to a ravine 350 yards distant, where, when dry, it is burned.

The hospital has been built on the lowest portion of the site of the camp, and is the building nearest the marsh above mentioned, receiving from it, with the prevailing winds, the full influence of its exhalations. The roof is in such poor condition that during the late storm the floor became flooded, and the patients had to be removed from the ward. It has since been repaired, and covered with a layer of lime and fine sand. The building is divided into a ward 55 x 17½ feet x 11 feet high, and a dispensary 14½ x 17½ x 11 feet. The ward contains 12 beds, to each of which it affords a superficies of 80 square feet, and an air space of 880 cubic feet. Average occupation, four. Tents were made use of as kitchens, messrooms, and bath room. As yet there was no store other than the dispensary.

The cavalry of this command has been almost constantly employed in scouting and escort duty, while the infantry have performed most of the camp duties, including the building of the greater portion of the post. Their recreations comprised baseball and exercise on the horizontal and parallel bars.

The full regular ration was issued to the men, and, with the exception of beef, its component parts were of good quality. Corn, cabbage, onions, potatoes, tomatoes, and peas were obtained from the company gardens, in part also by purchase with company funds, and by personal purchases of the soldiers. Vegetables from Sonoita and Santa Cruz Valleys were worth 20 to 25 cents a pound. Eggs from Sonora were $1.00 a dozen. Butter was seldom seen, and was received only from San Bernardino, in Southern California, by way of Tucson, scarcely any being produced in the adjacent country.

Scurvey was to some extent present in the command during the winter months; but in May when the produce of the company gardens became available, the disease disappeared. Intermittent fever was the prevailing fever.

A few settlers, farming parts of the Sonoita Valley, were the only inhabitants in the vicinity of the post; but Apache raiding parties frequently passed in the neighborhood.

* Data furnished through the courtesy of the Arizona Pioneers' Society of Tucson, by whom it was received from Major J. H. Toulouse, of Albuquerque, December 16, 1934. Evidently report of Surgeons Chas. Smart and Asst. Surgeon Geo. B. Semig, US Army, during the 1870's.

WHIPPLE BARRACKS*

WHIPPLE BARRACKS, one mile north of Prescott, was established in the spring of 1864, by Major Ned Willis, of the California Volunteers. Mr. Grif Taylor, of Prescott, was a lieutenant under Major Willis. Wales Arnold and others of our people were soldiers of the post. Major Willis died many years ago. The post was named in honor of Lieut. Whipple, of ante-bellum days, who explored northern Arizona. It has been commanded by Col. Anderson, Capt. Thompson, Capt. Geo. D. Kendall, Col. Royal, Gen. John S. Mason, General Gregg, Col. Frank Wheaton, Tommy Devin, D. R. Clendennin, and others whose names we cannot now bring to mind. Its present commander is Col. Bartlett. All were good men and officers; none, however, better than the present commander. It was for a little while the home of General Stoneman, Kautz and the lamented Crook. Medical Directors Wirtz, Bailey and Magruder have made it their home. Quartermasters Evans, Baker, Tompkins and Hodges have served well and faithfully at the old post, from which troops and companies that finally conquered the Apaches and other Indians went forth under Crook and other gallant officers.

It was visited by Generals Sherman, Sheridan and Miles, and is now honored by a visit from General McCook.

Oft have the officers and men entertained our citizens. The post is delightfully situated, and no good soldier who has ever served there regrets having done so. In early times, it took its occupants weeks of weary travel to get to some old settlement. Its soldiers brought us the only mail matter we received, and papers were often six weeks old. Occasionally a mail rider was killed by the Indians. General Stoneman got us our first daily mail service, and Crook gave us our first telegraph line. Indians often stole animals from the post and killed people all around it, but victory perched upon its banner at last, and thanks to Generals Grant and Crook, Arizona got her first peace spell in 1873.

* FROM THE ARIZONA ENTERPRISE — FLORENCE, ARIZONA. June 20, 1891.

MILITARY FORTS, ARSENALS, CAMPS AND BARRACKS IN ARIZONA

APACHE (Fort) Arizona. In the White Mountain country, about 60 miles north of Camp Goodwin. Established March 16, 1870, as Camp Ord. Name changed to Camp Mogollon August 1st, 1870; to Camp Thomas September 12, 1870; to Camp Apache February 2nd, 1871, and to Fort Apache April 5th, 1879.

ARIVAYPA, Arizona. 60 miles north of Tucson, on the San Pedro River. Established May 8th, 1860. Name changed to Fort Breckinridge August 6th, 1860.

BARRET (Fort) Arizona. At the Pimas Villages, a hundred miles northwest of Fort Breckinridge. Established May 31st, 1862. Abandoned July 23, 1862.

BEALES SPRINGS (Camp) Arizona. 43 miles east of Fort Mojave. Established March 31st, 1871. Abandoned April 6th, 1874.

BOWIE (Fort) Arizona. In Apache Pass. Established July 28, 1862. Named for Col. George W. Bowie, 1st Cavalry California Column.

BRECKINRIDGE (Fort) Arizona. Established as Fort Arivaypa. Name changed August 6th, 1860; called Fort Stanford May 29th, 1862. Present site of old Fort Grant.

BUCHANAN (Fort) Arizona. Near Calabasas Ranch, 45 miles southeast of Tucson. Established November 17th, 1856. Abandoned and destroyed July 23rd, 1861.

CAMERON (Fort) Arizona. At the foot of the Santa Rita Mountains 15 miles northeast of Tubac. Established October 1st, 1866. Abandoned March 7, 1867.

COLORADO (Camp) Arizona. On the Colorado River Indian Reservation 45 miles north of La Paz. Established November 25th, 1868. Abandoned during 1871.

CRITTENDEN (Camp) Arizona. Near the site of Old Fort Buchanan, 56 miles southeast of Tucson. Established March 4th, 1868.

DATE CREEK (Camp) Arizona. On south bank of Date Creek, 60 miles southwest of Prescott. Established May 11th, 1867, as Camp McPherson. Name changed to Camp Date Creek November 23rd, 1868.

EL DORADO (Camp) Arizona. On the right bank of the Colorado River, near the mouth of El Dorado Canyon. Established January 15th, 1867. Abandoned August 24th, 1867.

GOODWIN (Fort) Arizona. Near the Gila River, 120 miles northeast of Tucson. Established June 21st, 1864, abandoned March 14th, 1871.

GRANT (Fort) Arizona. At the junction of the San Pedro and Arivaypa Rivers. Established November 1st, 1865. Post removed December 19th, 1872, to new site at foot of Mt. Graham, about 70 miles southeast of old site.

HUACHUCA (Camp) Arizona. At the mouth of Central Canyon of the Huachuca Mountains, about 8 miles southeast of old Camp Wallen. Established March 3rd, 1877.

HUALPAI (Camp) Arizona. On Mojave Creek, 1½ miles southeast of Aztec Pass, 45 miles northwest of Prescott. Established May 9th, 1869, a Camp Toll Gate. Name changed August 1st, 1870. Abandoned August 27th, 1873.

INFANTRY (Camp) Arizona. See Camp Pinal.

LINCOLN (Camp) Arizona. See Fort Verde.

LOWELL (Fort) Arizona. Established May 21st, 1862, on the easterly suburbs of Tucson as Camp Lowell. A new site was selected March 19th, 1873, 7 miles northeast of Tucson.

MASON (Fort) Arizona. 12 miles southeast of Tubac. Established August 21st, 1865. Name changed to Camp McKee, September 6th, 1866, and abandoned October 1st, 1866.

McDOWELL (Fort) Arizona. On the west bank of the Rio Verde, 8 miles above its junction with Salt River. Established September 7th, 1865.

McKEE (Camp) Arizona. See Fort Mason.

McPHERSON (Camp) Ariz. See Camp Date Creek.

MOGOLLON (Camp) Arizona. See Fort Apache.

MOJAVE (Fort) Arizona. On the east bank of the Colorado River, near the head of Mojave Valley, at a point known as Beale's Crossing. Established in April 1859.

ORD (Camp) Arizona. See Fort Apache.

PINAL (Camp) Arizona. In Mason's Valley, Pinal Mountains, at the headwaters of Mineral and Pinto Creeks. Established November 28th, 1870, and called Infantry Camp. Name changed April 4th, 1871. Abandoned August, 1871.

RAWLINS (Camp) Arizona. In Williamson's Valley, 27 miles north by west of Prescott. Established in February, 1870. Abandoned in September, 1870.

RUCKER, J. A. (Camp) Arizona. In White River Canyon, 42 miles south of Fort Bowie. Established April 29th, 1878, as Camp Supply. Name changed April, 1879.

STANFORD (Fort) Arizona. See Fort Breckinridge.

SUPPLY (Camp) Arizona. See Camp Rucker.

THOMAS (Camp) Arizona. ¾ mile south of the Gila River, six miles east of old Camp Goodwin. Established August 12th, 1876.

THOMAS (Camp) Arizona. Name changed to Fort Apache, which see.

TOLL GATE (Camp) Arizona. See Camp Hualpai.

VERDE (Fort) Arizona. On the left bank of the Rio Verde, one half mile above the junction of Beaver Creek with that stream, 38 miles from Prescott. Established in January 1866 as Camp Lincoln. Name changed November 23rd, 1868.

WALLEN (Fort) Arizona. On Babocomari Creek, near the San Pedro River, 65 miles southeast of Tucson. Established May 9th, 1866, and abandoned October 31st, 1869.

WHIPPLE (Barracks) Arizona. Established December 23rd, 1863, near Postle's Ranch, 24 miles northeast of Prescott. Site changed May 18th, 1864, to a point on Granite Creek, two miles from Prescott.

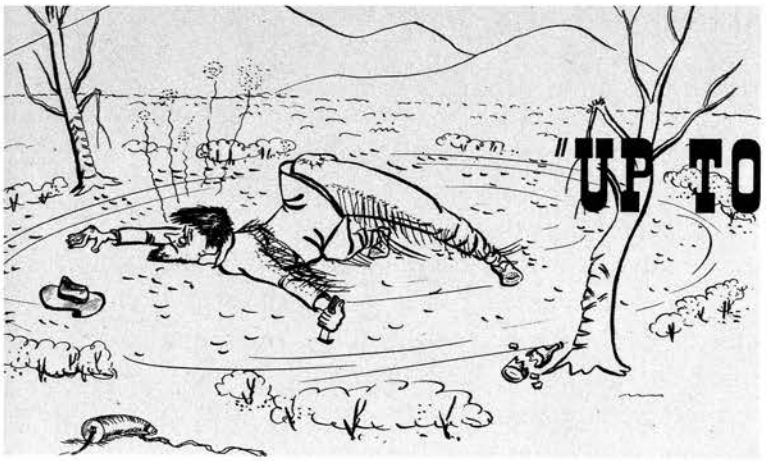
WILLOW GROVE (Camp) Arizona. About 96 miles north by east of Fort Mojave, Arizona. Established August 23rd, 1867. Abandoned in September 1869.

YUMA (Fort) California. On west bank of the Colorado River opposite mouth of the Gila River. Established November 27th, 1850.

Above data from the files of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, in Tucson, Arizona.

---

* EXTRACTS FROM COMPLETE REGULAR ARMY REGISTER OF THE UNITED STATES FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS 1779 TO 1879. COMPILED, EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. S. HAMMERSLEY, WASHINGTON DC, 1881.



"UP TO GREEN RIVER"

By ARTHUR WOODWARD

NO BOOK ON THE MOUNTAIN MAN IS complete without some reference to his equipment and two items carried by him are always mentioned, his Hawkins rifle and his Green River knife. Around the latter weapon has grown a legend that many authors of the west seem to have swallowed whole and each has added his bit in perpetuating it. While not wishing to appear as a kill joy or one of those snooping, hypercritical cusses I would like to set the record straight on the story of the Green River knife.

The usual yarn is that the trapper's knife was heavy bladed, was of English origin and stamped with the letters "G.R." supposedly meaning "George Rex," near the hilt. Sabin in his "*Kit Carson Days*" states: "But the American trapper read this otherwise. To him the G.R. stood for 'Green River'— that beloved trapping-ground and place of summer rendezvous. The manufacturers of the competing American knife therefore bid for the trapper's favor with the brand 'Green River' stamped into the blade."

Major George Frederick Ruxton, who started the long series of mountain-men books with his "*Life in the Far West*" first printed in Blackwood's Magazine in 1848 and published in book form the same year, and later re-printed by Outing Publishing Co. under the title "*In the Old West*," 1915, was the first author to call attention to the Green River knife. His description of a free-for-all at a dance in Taos, New Mexico, carries this reference:

". . . for, as may be imagined, a thrust from the keen scalp-knife by the nervous arm of a mountaineer was no baby blow, and seldom failed to strike home—up to the 'Green River' on the blade."

On the same page Ruxton footnotes this passage, thus: "The knives used by the hunters and trappers are manufactured at the 'Green River' works, and have that name stamped upon the blade. Hence, the mountain term for doing anything effectual is "up to Green River."

Apparently this is how the legend started. Where the G.R. for "George Rex" enters the picture I am not quite certain. I have examined many knives of British manufacture but to date I have never seen one stamped "G.R." The trade knives which were usually of Sheffield or Birmingham manufacture generally carry either the mark of the cutler or the name of the wholesale house for whom they were forged. The initials "G.R." would normally imply an official issue, made for the British crown but I have never seen these marks upon knives or axes taken into the western country.

One reference I have seen relative to the use of identifying British marks on Indian trade goods is that given by Joshua Pilcher of the Missouri Fur Company when testifying before

the Committee of the Senate on Indian Affairs in February 1824. "There is no doubt but the Blackfeet Indians trade with the Hudson's Bay Company. They are well supplied with arms, ammunition, traps, blankets, stroudings, chiefs' coats, hats and all other articles of merchandise, used by the different tribes of Indians, who trade in British manufactured goods; and at all the old Indian encampments about the Three Forks of the Missouri are to be found small rum kegs, and the heads of kegs, branded with the marks of the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies. The Indians themselves say they procure these articles from the British living to the north."

An earlier reference to trade goods bearing British marks is to be found in a passage in Vol. 38 of the Michigan Pioneer Historical Collections.

"The assertion in history that the British with Malden as a distributing point continued to make annual gifts in June to the Indians after the close of the War of 1812. Verified by Mr. Cisler's statement that all of the guns, tomahawks, knives and a specially made hoe known as the 'squaw hoe' all bore the mark of the British crown."

However, this mark which I have seen upon metal tomahawks as well as regulation British muskets was the well known broad arrow and the letters "BO." The BO stands for "British Ordnance."

But, to return to the Green River knife.

The true history of the knife is simple. The name "Green River" is not derived from the Green River of the west. The knife itself is of American manufacture but the workmen who first turned out the knives were recruited from Sheffield and from Germany.

The Green River Works were founded in 1834 by John Russell, a descendant of an old New England pioneer family. The first establishment was built on the banks of the Green River, a small stream having its source in southern Vermont and flowing southward into Deerfield River, near Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Prior to his entry into the manufacture of cutlery, Mr. Russell in his youth had been engaged in silversmithing and goldsmithing, but later went to Georgia where he speculated in cotton and from 1824 to 1828 accumulated a fortune and decided to retire from business. In 1830 he married Juliana Witmer, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and two years later he and his wife returned to Greenfield, the home of his youth, for a visit. While there his family persuaded him to settle in Greenfield, but it was a dull place to one accustomed to the social activities of the South, and he concluded to enter some kind of business. Imagine the surprise of his family and friends, therefore, when he commenced to engage in the manufacture of cutlery, an industry as yet untried in this country and one in which Russell had no experience.

A small book entitled "The Practical Tourist," published by A. S. Beckwith in Providence, giving the account of the travels of Zachariah Allen, a cloth manufacturer of Rhode Island, was the spark which fired the imagination of John Russell and induced him to commence the manufacture of knives and edged tools. In his book Beckwith

related Allen's observations on the steel industry of England, dwelling particularly on the extensive cutlery and tool works at Sheffield, then the center of the cutlery business.

Seeing the possibilities of success in the establishment of a cutlery factory in the United States, Mr. Russell built a stone and brick plant on the banks of the Green River, being his own architect and engineer. He commenced by manufacturing chisels and such simple tools, these being the only kind he could produce, owing to the lack of skilled workmen, there being no artisans of the cutler's trade in the United States at that time. He suffered a loss by fire, which however was not severe enough to delay his project; but a spring flood wrecked his buildings, dam, canal and bridge, which proved discouraging but not disheartening. Russell rebuilt, and was joined by his younger brother Francis, a merchant, who took charge of the sales and opened a clearing house for their product in New York, thereby enabling the firm to sell directly to its customers instead of consigning the goods to commission houses.

In 1836, Henry Wells Clapp, a retired manufacturing jeweler of New York, joined the firm and thenceforward until the end the members were staunch friends. During the panic of 1837, when many other business organizations were forced into bankruptcy, the J. Russell & Co. Works weathered the financial storm without suffering reverse of fortune.

Mr. Russell retired from the concern in 1868 and died December 27, 1874. In the former year the firm was incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts and the name changed from "J. Russell & Co. Green River Works" to the "John Russell Manufacturing Co." In 1873 it was reorganized and the name changed to "John Russell Cutlery Co.," which name it bore until a consequent change in office location and consolidation of interest altered it to the John Russell Cutlery Company, Turners Falls, Massachusetts, and subsequently to Russell Harrington Cutlery Company, Southbridge, Massachusetts. These latter changes took place about 1933.

As above mentioned, the cutlery industry prior to the establishment of the Green River Works was mainly in the hands of English manufacturers, with its center at Sheffield. In those days most of the product was the result of piecework and was done by hand, the Sheffield workmen carrying on their trade in their homes. Many of the families engaged in the manufacture of cutlery had been in the business for generations, even the women and girls being experts in forging blades. Steel was furnished them by the master cutlers and blades of the kind ordered were produced. Hafting was also done in this way. Russell, with true Yankee ingenuity, brought about a radical change in the industry when he established his water driven works on the banks of the Green River.

To begin with, he imported his raw materials—steel, emery, grindstones, ivory, bone, horn, brass, wire, ebony, etc.—in sufficient quantities to keep his factory in operation for a year at a time. He paid much higher wages than the English cutlers, and in time drew to his factory not only some of the best workmen in Sheffield, but German craftsmen as well were attracted to Greenfield.

With his waterpower machines Russell was enabled to employ heavy drop-hammers which brought about a change in the system of forging the blades of the knives he manufactured. In England forging was done by hand, but by means of the drop-hammers the "bolsters," or that part of the blade adjoining the handle, which the Sheffield men "swaged" by hand, were shaped more expeditiously and economically, and the blades were then trimmed by stamping.

The practice of parceling out the work in Sheffield made the American system impossible at the time for English manufacturers, hence the Green River Works passed far ahead of foreign competitors both in quality and quantity of their wares, and in a comparatively short time assumed the lead in the manufacture and distribution of cutlery the world over.

Prior to the Mexican War in 1846 the blades from the Green River Works found a ready sale in Mexico. When the war broke out, however, this trade was diverted to South America. Almost from the time of the establishment of the factory, the knives bearing the Green River stamp found favor on the frontiers of the United States. Many different forms were made, but of all types that known as the "Dadley" was the most favored by white hunters and trappers. This blade was in great demand among both Indians and white men of the upper Missouri country from 1835 to about 1860. (See Note.)

Other types in popular favor among the Indians are those known to the trade as "Butcher Knife No. 15" and "Carving Knife No. 1586." The original length of the blade of the butcher knife was six inches and that of the carving knife eight inches.

Nor were the knives used solely as a part of hunting equipment. The Plains Indians often removed the blades from their haftings and reset them in war clubs, making ugly-looking and no doubt highly efficient weapons.

A peculiarity of knives obtained from the Indian country, exemplified by specimens in ethnological collections throughout the United States, is that all of the blades of those used as skinning tools are bevel-sharpened on one side of the cutting edge. This was done, presumably, to facilitate the skinning of game, to keep the edge of the knife pressed firmly against the flesh and prevent accidental slashing of the hide. This additional sharpening was done by the Indians and white hunters themselves. When they left the factory the knives were ground equally on both sides of the cutting edge.

In the early days of the Green River Works the output was comparatively small. Fifty dozen knives was a good day's product; this would make the average yearly output about 187,200 knives. Of this number it is on record that the approximate number of knives shipped to the Far West between 1840 and 1860 was about 5,000 dozen per year. Mr. John E. Russell, a direct descendant of the founder makes the following statement concerning the number sent to the Northwest Territory.

"I remember hearing it said that one shipment of Hunter's Knives, some sixty or seventy casks that went to the old Indian traders, Pierre Choteau & Co., contained more knives than there could be inhabitants, red and white, in the undefined Northwest."

When packed for shipment to the West, the knives were placed in small kegs, which were sent by vessel to New Orleans, thence by river steamer to St. Louis, and from that point distributed by boat and wagon-train to their various destinations. A great deal of the business with Mexico was conducted from St. Louis to New Mexico over the Santa Fe Trail. Practically all of the knives used by the fur companies of the upper Missouri country were supplied by the Green River Works.

The distance being so great and methods of communication slow, business with the Western traders was conducted generally on terms of six months. Knives sold under these conditions usually brought $1.50 to $3.50 per dozen wholesale depending on the style and material of the handles. In addition to handles of wood (ebony and cocobolo), ivory and rubber were sometimes used. These in return retailed in the Indian country at fifty cents to $1.50 each.

By 1846 the fame of the Green River blades had spread throughout the Rocky Mountains. As already noted the mountain men used the name of the Green River knife as a standard of quality of anything traded, from a horse to a trap. Anything done "up to Green River" signified the action was first rate. On the other hand, the cry of a trapper in a fracas, "Give it to him, up to Green River!" had quite another signification.

Old John L. Hatcher, one of the contemporaries of Carson, Herring, Bill Williams, Pauline Weaver and that host of beaver hungry mountain men, even went so far as to try to draw his knife against the powers of Old Nick Himself, or so he told Lewis H. Garrard, who related the yarn of the famous visit of Hatcher to Hell, in his "*Wah-To-Yah and the Taos Trail.*" It seems that Hatcher while on a trapping expedition was jumped by a bunch of "Rapahoes" and he had to cache. He suddenly recognized the country as a place where he had once been trading liquor to the Yutes and he remembered that he had cached some of his stock on that very spot. After he had dug it up, "me, as would have given my traps fur 'old bull,' rolled in the awardenty . . . wagh!" After a few drinks he decided to pull up stakes and head for the waters of the Purgatoire but somehow when he got on the trail things looked "mity strange" and his faithful mule Blue became more contrary than ever and "kept goin' forrad. I laid back an' cussed an' kicked till I saw blood, sartain; an' I put out my hand fur my knife to kill the beast, but the Green River wouldn't come. I tellee some onvisible sperit had a paw thar, an' it's me as says it—bad 'medicine' it was that trappin' time." Later on he went on a personally conducted tour of hell and only managed to escape by the skin of his teeth and when his "companyeros" found him "Round whar I was layin', the grass was pulled up an' the ground dug with my knife and the bottle, cached when I traded with the Yutes, was smashed to flinders 'gainst a tree."

In 1947 a Green River knife was found on an Arikara village site in the vicinity of the Cheyenne River above Pierre, South Dakota, by archeologists working on the Missouri River Basin Studies. This proved to be No. 1625 according to the catalog of the John Russell Cutlery Company. It was classified by the company as a hunting knife and

GREEN RIVER has been in manufacture up to the present time.

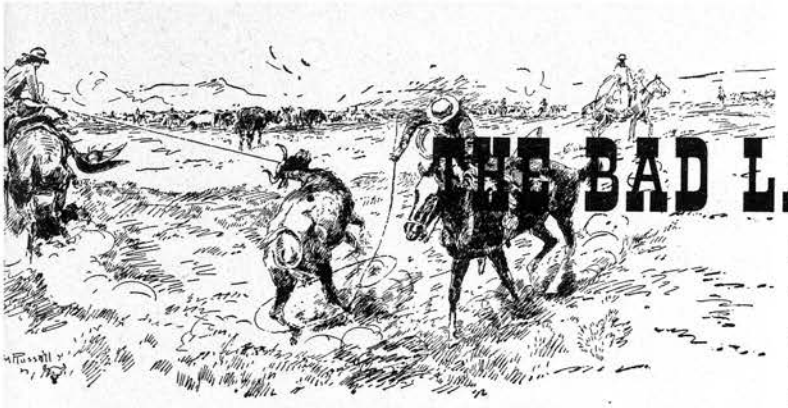
I hope these few notes will be useful to future writers who want to revive the mountain men in fact or fiction. I hope also that they will forget the fairy tales of its origin and that they will keep the Green River knives within the scope of the years in which they belong. Even Stanley Vestal slipped up when he had his hero Kit Carson in his book of that title (Houghton Mifflin & Co. N.Y. 1928) buy a Green River knife from Ewing Young at Taos in the summer of 1829 (p.39) *five years* before the Green River Works were built! Moreover I trust that the heavy bladed knives as described by Sabin and DeVoto will also be replaced with the relatively light ones of reality. All of the knives of the mountain man period that I have examined, with one or two exceptions, and even then I feel certain that the knives were not of the period, have been quite light in weight, the entire weapon weighing only four to eight ounces. In general the blades are thin and worn, sometimes to a mere sliver of steel, from repeated honing.

In writing this article I have quoted extensively from my own item "Those Green River Knives" which first appeared in *Indian Notes*, Vol. IV, Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, NYC, Oct. 1927, pp. 403-418, and which has long been out of print. Since that time, however, I have seen, handled, measured and weighed many Green River knives and my wife Barbara H. L. Woodward has photographed them for me, along with numerous other knives from Sheffield and other places.

NOTE: When I wrote my brief paper on "Those Green River Knives" in 1927 I obtained most of my data from officials of the John Russell Cutlery Co. I was informed at that time that the "Dadley" was supposed to have been designed by some forgotten frontiersman of that name. Recently however I received a small booklet "A Glossary of Old Sheffield Trade Words and Dialect" by B. Ronald Dyson, Sheffield, 1936, presented to me by Mr. J. B. Himsworth, who is himself a freeman of the Cutler's Company and whose family has been engaged in making cutlery since 1722. In this Glossary I find under the definition "Dadly" (dadle): "Dadly blades are blades made thick in the neck, and choiled about 1½ inches away from the bolster, e.g., a butcher's knife."

In view of this information I am inclined to believe that the name "Dadley" doesn't refer to a person at all! As I have already pointed out the best of the earliest workmen at the Green River works were from Sheffield and it would be natural for them to bring with them the terms of their trade and no doubt the word "dadly" to them was a common enough term for certain kinds of knives, hence the name stuck and in time this particular pattern was known simply as the "Dadley."

Has "B. & N. Co." cut in haft. Blade is 5½" long and is marked J. Russell & Co. GREEN RIVER WORKS. Weight of knife 4 oz.



Taming A Bad One

THE BAD LANDS COW BOY

By MERRELL KITCHEN

THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE BAD LANDS COW BOY was published on February 7, 1884, at Little Missouri on the west bank of the Little Missouri River, Dakota Territory. This small newspaper of four pages was slightly larger in size than those of today. Publication began at a time when the Bad Lands area was booming. Large ranches were scattered the length of the Little Missouri River. Less than a year before, in April 1883, Medora, on the east bank of the river, had been founded by Marquis de Mores and named in honor of his wife.

As the reproduction of the photostatic copy of page one of the first issue indicates, the great interest of the region was cattle. It was a time when great herds of cattle were still coming up from Texas to fatten up on the nutritious grasses of the Dakota plains and Bad Lands. Outfits from Texas were the Three Sevens (777), the O X, and the Hash Knife. In 1884 the Reynolds Brothers of McKenzie County drove a large herd from the Rio Grande to the Little Missouri. In 1885 there were several big drives. In the summer of that year the Continental Land and Cattle Company brought up 6500 head of Texas cattle. In September the Hash Knife drove up 3000 head. The smaller ranchers who were called "dogiemen" or "nesters" received their stock supply mainly from Iowa and Minnesota. The *Bad Lands Cow Boy* of April 30, 1885, estimated shipment of cattle into the Badlands and Montana during the summer of 1885 at 150,000.

The two most notable characters of the Bad Lands were Theodore Roosevelt and the Marquis de Mores. Roosevelt was active in ranching while he lived in the Bad Lands. He established a ranch south of Medora known as the Chimney Butte or Maltese Cross, and one north of Medora named the Elkhorn. He stocked his ranches with cattle from Minnesota and Iowa. He shipped in fifteen hundred head in May 1885. One thousand were placed on the Elkhorn Ranch and five hundred at the Maltese Cross. Roosevelt took great interest in cattlemen's meetings and was elected president of the Little Missouri Stock Growers Association. He was not an expert cowhand but practiced riding and roping until he was fairly adept. He participated in the entire round-up in the spring of 1884. He was a great lover of the out-doors and spent much time hunting in the Bad Lands and occasionally in the Big Horn Mountains.

The Marquis de Mores was a French nobleman born in Paris in 1858. He was highly educated; met Medora von Hoffman, daughter of a Wall Street banker, and married her. Once, during a stay in New York, de Mores made a study of the cattle industry and became convinced that it had a profitable future. This conviction was abetted by the stories of a cousin who had hunted in Dakota.

Publication of the *Bad Lands Cow Boy* was begun in the village of Little Missouri, but after de Mores founded Medora the latter boomed and assumed the greater prestige. And by December 25, 1884, the *Cow Boy* was being published in Medora.

De Mores was convinced that slaughtering on the range was preferable to shipping live cattle to eastern markets. He built an abbatoir at Medora and slaughtering of beef was begun the first week of October 1883. His packing plant was estimated to have cost about $250,000. At first it seemed the Marquis' grandiose venture would succeed but by 1886 it was apparent that it was doomed to failure. There was great opposition from the railroad, the Chicago meat dealers, the wholesale and retail butchers of New York and the ice dealers. The enterprise finally ended in complete failure. Estimates of losses run between $300,000 and $1,500,000.

The life of the *Bad Lands Cow Boy* was ephemeral. Publication was probably finally suspended in 1886 or 1887. But it had its brief time during the most interesting period of Medora and Bad Lands history. Were it not for the copies which have withstood the ravages of time and carelessness, much about Roosevelt, Marquis de Mores and the big cattle spreads would have been lost.

The scarcity of any issues is proverbial in the Dakota country. There is undoubtedly not a complete file in existence. The State Historical Society at Bismarck, North Dakota, probably has as many as any and their file is far from complete.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The writer is indebted to Mr. Russell Reid, Superintendent of the North Dakota State Historical Society, for much of the material given above, and for the photostatic copies of pages 1 of Number 1, Volume 1, and Number 1, Volume 47 of the *Bad Lands Cow Boy* from the files of the North Dakota State Historical Society. Thanks are due the North Dakota State Highway Department for the photostatic work.

Merrell Kitchen
Los Angeles, California
November 9, 1948

The Bad Lands Cow Boy.

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1. LITTLE MISSOURI, MEDORA P. O., DAK., FEBRUARY 7, 1884. PRICE $2.00 PER YEAR.

BAD LANDS COW BOY,

BY A. T. PACKARD.

THE COW BOY is not published for fun, but for $2 per year.
Advertising Rates made known on application.
Standing Advertisements payable quarterly.
Transient Advertisements and all Job work, money in sight.
Address all communications to
THE BAD LANDS COW BOY,
MEDORA, DAKOTA.

INTRODUCTORY.

Unlike ninety-nine hundredths of the papers which have been started in the United States we do not come to fill a long-felt want. The cattle business here, though already of gigantic proportions, is still in its infancy in point of time. We do not come to subserve a great moral end. Another field would have been more congenial. We do not come as the agent or tool of any man or set of men. There is a wide field for us to cover, and we intend to cover it. We do come, however, to make some almighty dollars.

There is nothing like honesty, and now that we have come out thus plainly our motives cannot be impeached. But to fulfill our mission we must publish a good paper. We will not even be satisfied with this. Only when every one will acknowledge that ours is the best cattle paper in the Northwest will we be satisfied. Our beginning may be small, but not nearly so much so as that of many another paper which now stands at the head. This, then, is next to our principal mission, to publish the best cattle paper in the Northwest and to preach King Cattle to all men. For the present, our inside pages will furnish sufficient general reading matter and our outside pages will be devoted almost exclusively to cattle and Bad Lands items.

In politics we are Republican clear through to the backbone, and will continue to be so as long as that party continues to merit the esteem of all fair-thinking men. Our allegiance to the Republican party is not such, however, as to blind us to its faults. In politics, as in all else, we will be free and out-spoken in our opinions. Whenever we see a wrong committed we will struggle with beforehand and interfere in no way with the annual round-up. Every cattle man should and, probably will, arrange his business so as to be present. Each one should think of some matter that needs consideration, think it over carefully and be prepared with facts and figures upon it. This will avoid the loss of time and waste of wind that usually attends the beginning of an organization. Enough important matters will come up to occupy all the time that can be given to the meeting. This organization will be in the course of time, if not at once, one of the strongest in the Northwest. All then should attend the spring meeting which will be held at Little Missouri, the 28th of this month, at 10 A. M.

There is a feeling among a few of our cattle men that there are enough cattle here already and that any attempt by new dealers to bring cattle to this point should be discouraged. We are happy to state that this feeling is not by any means universal. Every man who is here now has his range, which will not be interfered with in any way by new stock raisers. There is an abundance of unoccupied land and an increase in the number of cattle and cattle raisers will work to the advantage of all concerned. If the Bad Lands were full of cattle it would not decrease the price, as the demand is far in advance of the supply. Word comes from Kansas that the cattle sections there are overstocked and the cattle men there are looking to the Northwest for relief. To all these we would say, come. There is plenty of room and you will be made welcome.

From the articles in some of our exchanges it would seem that about the only live topic their editors had was that of lying about Little Missouri. All sorts of stories are being published, the mildest ones implying that Little Missouri is a den of thieves and cutthroats. How this idea got about we are at a loss to understand. There has been but one attempted robbery here, and that one was perpetrated by a tramp, who was discovered in the act and ordered to leave town immediately, which he did. Far from being the hardest town, Little Missouri is as peaceful a one as can be found on the Northern Pacific. If our exchanges would have the manhood to publish articles in reference to Little Missouri which are made up from facts alone it will show that they have a regard for the truth which is more commendable than common among them.

ON THE RANGE.

Colorado sold 100,000 beef steers in 1883.

About 800,000 cattle were pastured in Nevada last year.

There are now over 9,000 head of cattle in the Smoky Hill Pool.

There have never been reports about the cattle as favorable as come from all sides this year.

Reports from all quarters indicate that there will be a rush of capitalists to the whole West to engage in the stock business.

The reports that many New Mexican cattle have died from want of water have been contradicted. An abundance of water is reported.

Near Kingmen, in Southern Kansas, many cattle have died from a new disease. There are symptoms of poisoning and there seems to be great pain near the heart. The affected cattle die in about two hours.

France is ahead of Great Britain in cattle and hogs, and behind in sheep, the figures being as follows: France has 11,750,000 cattle, 2,750,000 swine and 24,500,000 sheep. Great Britain has 2,902,000 cattle, 2,500,000 swine and 26,000,000 sheep.—[N. W. Live Stock Journal.

There is a prospect of a syndicate of St. Louis and Kansas gentlemen securing a lease of a large tract of grazing land in the Indian territory not far from Vinita. This is one of the finest grass sections anywhere to be found, and a lease will be a fortune to its owners.

South America is destined to be the next great beef-producing region of the world. It is estimated that in two years from now that the cattle in the Argentine Confederation will number 28,000,000, against 13,000,000 in 1877. The enormous increase in the number of cattle has brought down the price so that good fat steers are selling at $6 to $8.—[N. W. Live Stock Journal.

The Graphic says that a close guess as to the health of animals may be often made by feeling their pulse. In a horse, a good and strong but quiet pulse beats forty times a minute; in an ox, fifty to fifty-five; in sheep and pigs, not less than seventy nor more than eighty for ordinary health. It may be felt wherever a large artery crosses a bone. In a horse it is generally felt on the cord which crosses over the bone of the lower jaw in front of the curved position, or in the bony ridge above the eye, and in cattle over the middle of the first rib. In sheep

SPORTING NOTES.

For the gist of the majority of the following articles we are indebted to that prince of American sporting journals, The Mirror of American Sports:

Parole's earnings for the last eight years have been $82,184.25.

The January turf meeting in New Orleans was almost a failure, owing to bad weather.

"Plunger" Walton still owes his racing debts in England. He has left a poor name behind him.

The largest amount won in purses by any driver last season was $18,500. J. A. Goldsmith was the driver.

The ball players who went South at the close of the season are now telegraphing back for advance money to pay their way home.

George Fulljames, the champion feather weight of the United States, is soon to fight Tom Gilmore for the championship of Canada.

The smallest pony in the world is the pet of Baroness Burdette-Coutts-Bartlett. It is five years old and stands thirteen inches high.

The Sullivan party have been on a grand series of drunken sprees since the beginning of their tour, which was to "popularize the manly art."

Mr. Richard Bowse, of Chicago, on Jan. 11, skated 100 yards in eleven seconds, equaling the best record, which was made by Mr. Ennis, the champion for speed.

Malone, of Chicago, won the pool championship by a score of eight series of games won and none lost. He is without doubt the finest pool player the world has ever produced.

Pierre Lorillard has thirty-five horses in training for the coming season. The older ones include Parole, Iroquis, Herbert, Ivake Carter, Pinafore, Aranza, Pizarro and Breeze.

Since Flora Temple electrified the racing world by a mile in 2:19¾, in 1859, there have been 119 horses to trot in 2:20 or better. Of these thirteen are descendants of Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

The Rocky Mountain Hudenelman claims that horses raised in the bracing atmosphere of Dakota and Montana show far greater endurance when taken to lower altitudes than do the native bred horses.

Commodore Kittson is in very poor health and can no longer give personal attention to his valuable stable, which consists of twenty-six fine racers all in

in all rose, we will be free and outspoken in our opinions. Whenever we see a wrong committed we will struggle with all our feeble might to have it righted.

To sum up, we intend to publish the best paper we can, sparing no expense in that direction, for we are confident that it will be "as bread cast upon the waters." It will return before many days in the shape of those same almighty dollars of which we have previously spoken.

A WORD TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

To reach a paying basis, a newspaper must, of all things, be conducted on business principles. To secure the adoption of these principles, payments must be met as promptly as in every other business, that is, every three months or sooner. With this in view we intend adopting a modification of the "cash in advance" system, namely, cash in hand or before the end of three months. Every subscription that is not paid up within that time will positively be taken from our list and what will be the subscriber's loss will be our everlasting gain.

All will understand that the editor is not out here for his health, as it is remarkably fine in any locality, and that the printers are not millionaires in disguise who tender their services gratis on account of their consuming love for the editor. We might also add, in this connection, that generous relatives have not contended with each other as to who should furnish us our outfit "without money and without price." Every thing from presses to galley rack was bought brand new from the best type foundry in the United States.

We suppose no one likes to be dunned. Every subscriber can save the ill-feeling a dun causes by coming to the office with the subscription price or handing it to us anywhere. If a subscriber should happen to be out of cash, furs of all kinds at the highest market price will be taken in payment. They are as good to us as the money, and deer hides will be bought in this way for twenty-five cents a pound, from five to seven cents more than can possibly be realized for them in cash.

If our subscribers will act upon these facts and thus avoid any seeming lack of confidence on our part by stopping the paper, it will greatly oblige the editor and enhance good feeling on both sides.

We are glad to see that Mr. Howard Eaton has taken the initiative in the one thing that is now most important to our cattle men. We refer to the subject of a cattle organization. In another column will be found the call for a meeting. This is a matter of vital interest to every stock man of the Bad Lands. Subjects continually come up that should be settled by the vote of the majority of our cattle men. At present there is no organization, and each man must decide all questions for himself. There is no need of recapitulating the list of benefits that will arise from this organization. They are patent to all. Every stock man must be in favor of it, and hence we look for a large meeting next Feb. 28. This date is an excellent one as it gives plenty of time to have matters which will come up for consideration at that time, considered

which is more commendable than common among them.

RATTLESNAKE ON TOAST.

A typical cowboy, fresh from his herd, went into a Cheyenne chop-house. The tables were all filled with the exception of one, at which the terror of the plains seated himself. As he pulled off his hat and untied the red bandanna handkerchief from around his throat, he looked disdainfully around. The nimble waiter brushed an imaginary breadcrumb from the cloth, whisked a bill of fare from the easter, and placed it before the festive and untamed youth.

"Take it away!" he snarled. "I can't eat that. I want rattlesnake on toast!"

"Rattlesnake on toast!" yelled the waiter.

"Rattlesnake on toast!" responded the cook.

There was a strange flutter among the guests at this strange order, and the cowboy was scanned by many curious eyes. He looked a little disconcerted at having his order so promptly taken, and glanced furtively toward the front of the house. He saw the cooks and waiters engaged in filling orders, and looking as solemn as graveyards after midnight. He assumed a nonchalant air and picked his teeth with his fork.

A cook deftly removed the skin from a pickerel, and cutting a strip the proper shape, placed it in a spider. The waiter who had taken the order came tripping back to the bold buccaneer of the pampas.

"Will you have your snake well done or rare?"

"Rare with milk gravy on it."

"Gimme that snake rare—milk gravy on the side," was halloed to the cook. "Snake rare; milk gravy side," cook shouted back.

"Say!" said the bovine steerer as the waiter passed him, "I'll take it well done." "Make it well done." "Make it well done," was answered back.

The lariat wrestler began to grow nervous. The careless expression had left his eyes, and a soft, subdued, melancholy shade had taken its place. He fidgeted in his chair, and seemed to be nerving himself for an ordeal.

"Here you are, sir," said the culinary Ganymede, placing a dish in which was something nicely coiled, which looked like a fried specimen of the genus crotalus. "Have a little Worcester sauce? Gives a very fine flavor. Some folks like mushrooms with their snakes. Others prefer Chili colorow. A little salad dressing don't go bad. There's vinegar and olive oil in the castor. Will you have tea or coffee? Very fine snake. Caught yesterday. Fat and tender."

When the waiter was delivering himself of this eulogy on the meat the steer driver slowly shoved his chair back. His eyes bulged out and he became pale around the gills. "I don't think I'll eat anything. I ain't hungry," he said, as he rose unsteadily to his feet and reached for his hat.

"Maybe you'd prefer br'iled mocc'sin," insinuatingly suggested the waiter. "No," he replied, as the ashen pallor deepened on his face, "I ain't a bit hungry." He cast another glance at the dish he had ordered, and made a break for the door. He forgot to "pay at the counter."

front of the curved position, or in the bony ridge above the eye, and in cattle over the middle of the first rib. In sheep it is, perhaps, easier to place the hand on the left side, where the beating of the heart may be felt. A rapid, hard and full pulse in stock points to inflammation and high fever; a rapid, small and weak pulse also to fever, but to fever accompanied by a poor and weak state of the subject. A very slow pulse in stock will often be found to indicate brain disease, while a jumping and irregular pulse shows something wrong with the heart.

The idea prevails in many parts of the country that the per cent of losses among range cattle in the Northwest during the winter season is very great sufficiently so to render the business extra hazardous. The following statement may act as an eye-opener in the matter: Late in the fall of 1881, T. J. Allen drove 9,000 head of Texas steers into the Niobrara river country about the line dividing Wyoming from Nebraska. Two thousand of them were turned on the range for the winter and gathered the next year. Out of the two thousand he found and took to market all but thirty-five head. Since that year he has found fourteen head of the missing ones, leaving but twenty-one lost out of two thousand, a shade over one per cent. Mr. Allen has had no men on the range since he gathered his stock in 1882, or he undoubtedly would have found some of the missing ones. There are other cases where equally as good showings can be made. This does not look like an "extra hazardous" business. —[N. W. Live Stock Journal.

There appears to be no question that in the far West prices of stock cattle are far in advance of corresponding prices for beef cattle. This condition of affairs would speedily bring about a crisis, if not a total collapse, in any other business than this, and bring ruin and embarrassment to those who have gone in at the recent range of prices. We do not believe it possible that this condition of affairs can or will be long maintained, because it is not natural, but do not anticipate that the settling of prices of range cattle will result in serious embarrassment to anybody. If the prices are too high, the growth of the younger animals will more than compensate for the difference, and the older ones, with their increase, at any price which may be called legitimate, will be worth another season far more than the animals without increase are rated this season. There is a possibility that a settling of prices will dissipate a moiety of anticipated profits; but it is a peculiarity of the live-stock business which has saved thousands from bankruptcy and brought success out of the most reckless management and unfavorable conditions, that no matter what price is paid, or what streaks of bad fortune are encountered, the stock will grow to the desired mark. —[Breeder's Gazette, Chicago.

Andre Christel defeated Charles Bixamus in a Graeco-Roman wrestling match at New Orleans, Jan. 10. Christel was the tutor in wrestling of Whistler and Muldoon, but will now have a hard struggle to down either. He taught better than he knew.

attention to his valuable stable, which consists of twenty-six fine racers all in training, the chief ones being Johnston and Little Brown Jug.

John Flood, who was defeated some time ago by John L. Sullivan, now wants any man in the world to knock a chip off his shoulder. He prefers to fight Sullivan, but if they meet he won't have any especial preferences for some time.

For the coming Washington Park Club races, to be held in Chicago, a larger list of entries has been nominated than for any other meeting ever held in the United States. The entries all closed Jan. 15th, and footed up a grand total of 1,982.

Vignaux again defeated Schaefer in the balk-line billiard tournament in Paris. To do it he had to play the finest game of billiards that was ever played. Schaefer himself surpassing all previous records. The score at the close of the tournament was: Vignaux, 3,000; Schaefer, 2,898.

The salary list alone of the ball players of the United States reaches nearly a million dollars. This is about half the expense of running the clubs. Base ball by the stringent rules applied to players has risen from a mere tool of gamblers to be one of the best and the most honest sports in America.

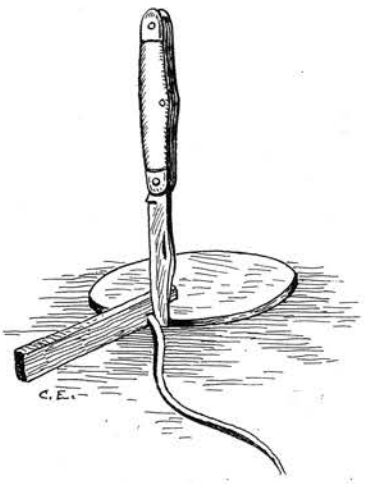
Cattle in Montana.

Three months ago it was generally believed that stock cattle had not only reached their maximum figure, but that a material decline was imminent. Even cattle owners who had had offers at the going figures began to feel that they had let the golden opportunity of selling slip, and that prices would unavoidably tend downward. But these three months have developed a very different feeling from what then prevailed. An unusual number of large companies have been incorporated for the purpose of entering into the business, who will be in the market next year to buy, which, coupled with the fact that range beef maintains itself in the Eastern market better this winter than ever before, give assurance of life to the business, and since the cattle received from the States do not seem sufficiently well adapted to range husbandry to cut much of a figure in prices, it is evident that instead of a decline, increased activity and prices tending upward is most probable again in the early spring. This would be more fully assured should the winter prove as light as the indications now seem to portend. Some of the new companies will probably invest exclusively in State stock, but the more experienced will prefer to buy herds all on the range. The transactions, however, will be principally confined to small herds, as large herds, as before stated, will, when for sale, be stocked and put on the market in that shape, instead of being delivered and branded as has been the rule. The demand for cattle can scarcely be classed as a speculative spirit, such as often characterizes American speculations, but is the outgrowth of a steady and permanent demand for beef, and is not likely to fluctuate very much until something shall transpire to reduce the beef consumption or greatly increase the production. [Billing- Post.

He sheds his big hat when he gets into town.
And his boots ain't so good when he's walkin' around,
But there's part of his outfit he don't throw away,
He has had it for years and it's with him to stay,
For down in his pocket the rest of his life,
The cow puncher carries his old markin' knife.

He could use that sharp blade and beyond all belief.
With nothin' but that he could butcher a beef.
If a sliver got into his finger or thumb
He would use that old knife blade and out the thing come.
It did his repair work at night in the camps.
He used it fer markin and whittlin' out clamps.

One time his hoss slipped on a muddy side hill
And he thought he would never get clear of the spill.
The hoss lit on his leg, and he mighty well knew
By the feel of the stirrup, his foot had gone through.
He held the hoss down by the head with the reins;
He battled and fought but kept usin' his brains.

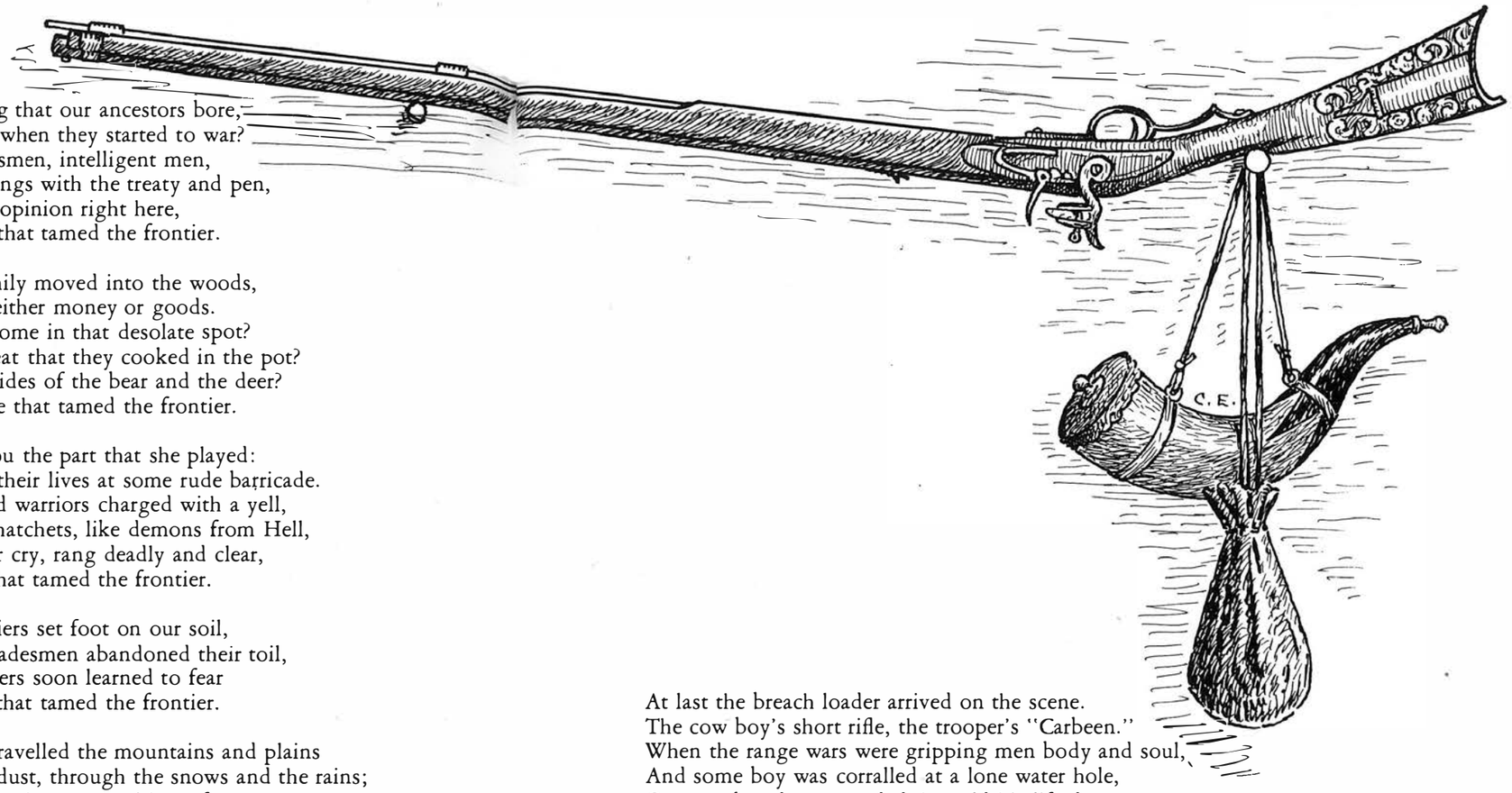


He got to the pocket he had in his chaps,
Got his knife, and then cut his off latigo straps.
When the hoss had got up and he'd saved his own life.
He patched up the wreck with his old markin' knife.
In plenty of ways any cow puncher found
'Twas a mighty good thing to have handy around.

With his knife he could allus find sumpthin' to do.
'Twas his tool kit, newspaper and radio too.
He used it whenever he worked or he played.
He was allus at home if he had that old blade.
He handles that knife and he dreams of the past,
And he keeps his old markin' knife plumb to the last.

BRUCE KISKADDON

THE RIFLE



You can talk of the flag that our ancestors bore,
But what backed it up when they started to war?
They had orators, statesmen, intelligent men,
Who did wonderful things with the treaty and pen,
But let me express my opinion right here,
It was mostly the rifle that tamed the frontier.

When a settler and family moved into the woods,
It was little they had, either money or goods.
What protected their home in that desolate spot?
What furnished the meat that they cooked in the pot?
What brought in the hides of the bear and the deer?
That old-fashioned rifle that tamed the frontier.

Yes, history can tell you the part that she played:
When they fought for their lives at some rude barricade.
When the fierce painted warriors charged with a yell,
With knives and with hatchets, like demons from Hell,
Right back to their war cry, rang deadly and clear,
The voice of the rifle that tamed the frontier.

Each time foreign soldiers set foot on our soil,
And the farmers and tradesmen abandoned their toil,
Their soldiers and officers soon learned to fear
The voice of that rifle that tamed the frontier.

When the ox wagons travelled the mountains and plains
Through the heat and dust, through the snows and the rains;
No law to protect them, they went without fear,
They carried the rifle that tamed the frontier.

When the renegades cornered some lone grizzled trapper,
They had trouble in handling that crafty old scrapper.
The battle light gleamed in his faded hard eye,
At least one of his foemen was slated to die,
When he laid the gray whiskers just under his ear
On the stock of the rifle that tamed the frontier.

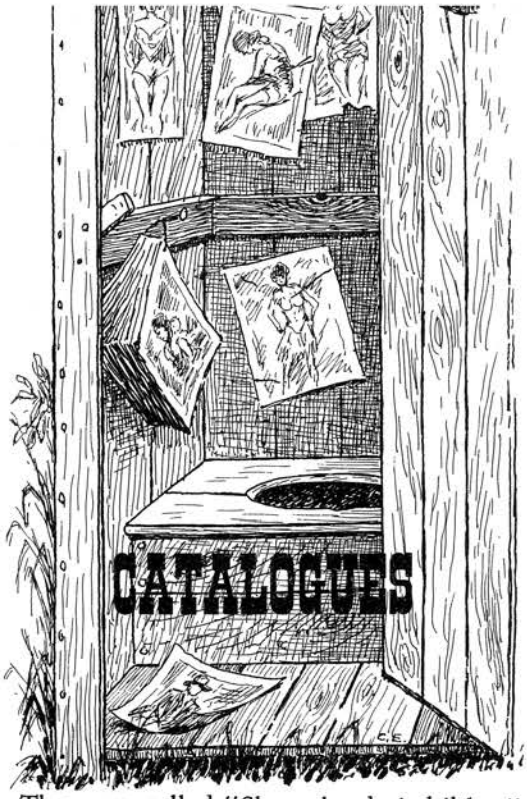
When the gangs of tough outlaws sprang up in the West
And they got to the place they were really a pest,
The citizens gathered and formed a committee,
Who wasted no time and who wasted no pity.
The old vigilantes put things in the clear,
With the rope and the rifle they tamed the frontier.

At last the breach loader arrived on the scene.
The cow boy's short rifle, the trooper's "Carbeen."
When the range wars were gripping men body and soul,
And some boy was corralled at a lone water hole,
Out numbered, surrounded, he sold his life dear
With the cow boy's short rifle that tamed the frontier.

When the grizzly was gone and the Indian tame,
And the buffalo had vanished the scatter gun came.
And gone to his rest was the grim pioneer
And the old-fashioned rifle that tamed the frontier.

But he left us a heritage no one can deny.
Our cause and our country should neither one die.
In times of depression, in moments of doubt;
If there's treason within; if there's trouble without;
Let them listen to reason, or else let them hear
The voice of the rifle that tamed the frontier.

BRUCE KISKADDON



They was called "Sheep herder's bibles,"
But cow punchers read 'em too.
They held lots of "information"
That most everybody knew.
There was prices, pitchers, readin'
In among them pages stored.
One was built by Sears and Roebuck,
One was by Montgomery Ward.

There was wash machines and wringers,
And as near as I recall,
There was pots and pans and kittles,
Even paper fer the wall.
There was hymn books too and bibles
If you aimed to praise the Lord.
They was overlookin' nothin'
Neither Sears nor Mister Ward.

There was rifles, guns and harness,
Oh, I couldn't tell you half.
There was tarps and plows and blankets;
Muzzles for a suckin' calf.
When it come to shore 'nuff head gear
There was everything in that
From the low crowned New York derby
To the reg'lar Stetson hat.

And the hosiery department
It was mighty well supplied
With pitchers of the stockin's
And the ladies' laig inside.
And I know a heap of fellers
Looked them pages over close
Though I don't know what a cow hand
Aimed to do with ladies' hose.

And the old gents was delighted
At some pitchers that was there
Of them graceful posin' ladies
In long cotton onder wear.
All the boys and younger punchers
Looked at saddles, guns, and boots
But them older heads they studied
On the ladies' union suits.

How I mind them there old fellers
Puttin' on their steel rimmed specs.
They would smoke and keep a lookin'
And they seemed to recollect.
Well, it might have roused some idee
That was in their memory stored,
Them there underclothin' ladies
Pitchered out by Sears or Ward.

You had meant to send an order,
But each time you went to town
You saw mostly what you wanted
And you planked your money down.
You paid for your stuff and took it
Then rode homeward at a jog
To compare it with the pitcher
That was in the catalogue.

You can mind them winter evenin's
By the old stone fire place.
When the wind whipped down the chimney,
Blowed the smoke out in your face.
You lit up your coal oil lantern
With the globe all smoked and fogged,
And you listened to the coyotes,
While you read your catalogue.

BRUCE KISKADDON

You mind that old oven so greasy and black
That we hauled in a wagon or put in a pack.
The biscuits she baked wasn't bad by no means,
And she had the world cheated for cookin' up beans.
If that oven was there you could always git by.
You could bake, you could boil, you could stew, you could fry.

When the fire was built she was throwed in to heat
While they peeled the potaters and cut down the meat.
Then the cook put some fire down into a hole.
Next he set in the oven and put on some coals.
I allus remember the way the cook did
When he took the old "Goncho" and lifted the lid.

He really was graceful at doin' the trick.
The old greasy sackers they just used a stick.
Boy Howdy! We all made a gen'l attack
If the hoss with the dutch oven scattered his pack.
You mind how you lifted your hoss to a lope
And built a long loop in the end of your rope.

You bet them old waddies knowed what to expect.
No biscuits no more if that oven got wrecked.
We didn't know much about prayin' or lovin'
But I reckon we worshiped that greasy old oven.
And the old cowboy smiles when his memory drifts back
To the oven that rode in the wagon or pack.

BRUCE KISKADDON

CONTRIBUTORS

ROSCOE P. CONKLING, mining engineer and topographical expert, was born near the birthplace of John Butterfield, in the Mohawk Valley, New York. His grandfather was the designer of the Butterfield "Celerity" stage-wagon. Last year were published the three volumes of *Butterfield Overland Mail 1857-1869*, the joint effort of Mr. and Mrs. Conkling. Years of research were spent on this work and it is now considered the definitive work on that Trail. A collection of Pleistocene mammalian forms discovered in a cave now known as Conkling Cavern by Mr. Conkling are exhibited in the Los Angeles Museum in Exposition Park. Mr. and Mrs. Conkling now live in Inglewood, California.

RODMAN W. PAUL, speaker at the February meeting of the Los Angeles Westerners, had as his subject California's Gold Rush period. A short time before his book *California Gold* had appeared, which was well received by critics. Mr. Paul, despite his knowledge of western lore, is an easterner; he was born in Philadelphia in 1912; received an A. B. degree at Harvard and later a Ph. D. there. His interest in California history gained impetus after a pack train trip into the mountains and from then on he made many trips to this state. He recently became an associate professor at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. He has had published many historical articles and reviews in addition to the book *California Gold.*

FRANK A. SCHILLING — Born in Schererville, Indiana, in 1885. Began in railroad work but later changed to building construction. Went west in 1905 and after some nine or ten years in Arizona came to California and has lived here ever since. He is actively interested in the natural history of the region, also archeology and the Indians. Has lectured on these subjects by platform and radio for past twenty years. Major hobbies are Western Americana and color photography. His excellent paper for the April meeting, "Al Sieber, Chief of Apache Scouts," was illustrated by many views of Arizona characters and historic places. Is a member of Society of Civil Engineers, Southwest Museum, Historical Society of Southern California, Utah State Historical Society, Sierra Club and others.

DWIGHT FRANKLIN is another easterner transplanted to this golden clime. Born in New York City and came west some fourteen years ago. Always had a keen interest in anything western and accentuates this by collecting books, pictures, costumes, etc. He has made many figures and miniature groups for museums and collectors. Has a fine collection of six-guns and other firearms of early days and is an authority on them.

BERT H. OLSON was born in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan in 1901 and went to school there. Afterward making a decision between college and a position in the big city, he chose the latter—in New York. In 1922 he got buck fever (he claims) for California, moved here and has never regretted the change. Another one of the younger members of the Westerners interested in the things that happened in the Old West before his time—

particularly emigrant trails, ghost mining camps, the history and trail of the Donner Party.

ERNEST V. SUTTON is a member who really saw some of the "good old days." He was born in Ohio in 1862 but when still a boy the family moved to the plains of what is now South Dakota. He tried his hand at stage-driving, worked in a printing office, and went to medical college for a time. His book *A Life Worth Living* was published about a year ago and is an authentic account of territorial days in the Dakotas. Has made exhaustive studies of Indians of the Western United States and has been a member of the Hopi Tribe for more than 25 years.

DR. MARCUS E. CRAHAN — Born in Syracuse, New York; educated there, graduating from Syracuse University in 1925. Since then has practiced in Los Angeles, in internal medicine and criminal Psycho-pathology. Is a staff member of St. Vincent's Hospital and General Hospital, and a faculty member of the University of Southern California. Has done important research in coronary diseases, syphilitic therapy and peptic ulcers; and non-medical papers on wine, food, American discovery and behavior patterns. Dr. Crahan's August paper "California and Its Place among the Wine Nations" was of great interest in portraying the history of the vineyards in this state and the aid this gave in the development of early, rural California.

GLEN DAWSON — One of the younger Westerners was born in 1912, graduated from UCLA, and in World War II was with the 10th Mountain Division in Italy. Married and has a family of three children. He and younger brother are proprietors of well-known Dawson's Book Shop. Has published six books relating to western history with two more in preparation. Collects western Americana and other interests are mountaineering and skiing, and is a member of the American Alpine Club and a Director of the Sierra Club.

PAUL BAILEY was born at American Fork, Utah, in 1906. Mormon pioneers were his ancestors and 'tis said his two grandfathers were incarcerated at one time for having more wives than the law allowed. When he was twelve the family moved to Oregon, then Washington and back to Utah where he finished school. Like most Westerners is interested in everything pertaining to the great, wild west, and even writes about it. Among the seven books of which he is the author are: *Sam Brannan and the California Mormons; The Gay Saint;* and *Jacob Hamblin, Buckskin Apostle.*

J. GREGG LAYNE was born in Huntington, West Virginia, but came west early and has lived most of his life in California. He is a foremost authority on early western history particularly that relating to California. He has one of the most comprehensive libraries on the subject. Has been associated with the Bureau of Water and Power in Los Angeles for many years and is at present engaged in writing a history of the development of water

and power in Los Angeles. He is also the author of *Annals of Los Angeles* (1935); *The First Census of the Los Angeles District* (1936); and *The Lincoln-Roosevelt League* (1945).

CARL YOST—Born in Beloit, Wisconsin, in 1911. Graduated from Northwestern University in 1931. Since then has practiced law with the exception of the three years spent in the army in the late War whose ending found him a captain in the 6th armored Division. Writings include a *Bibliography of Edna St. Vincent Millay* (1937), *A History of the 15th Tank Battalion* (1945), and the *Bibliography of Charles M. Russell*, one of the two volumes of the magnificent set on Russell recently published by Homer Britzman. Among the many organizations to which he belongs are: American, Illinois State, and Chicago Bar Associations, Bibliographical Society of America, American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, The Cliff Dwellers, Abraham Lincoln Ass'n, Illinois Historical Society, etc. Mr. Yost is a collector, not of firsts, but of first reprints, as it were. Lives in Morrison, Illinois.

ROBERT J. WOODS—One of the charter members of the Los Angeles Corral. Born in Miles City, Montana; has lived for many years in Los Angeles. Has a fine library of Californiana and western Americana specializing in material relating to Lewis and Clark, the overland trails and the cattle industry. Is an authority on western collectors' items especially those with debatable "points."

ARTHUR WOODWARD—Born in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1898. Educated in Ramona, California, and the University of California. Was in the 20th Regular Infantry, World War I. Has worked at ranching, on a newspaper, ship yards, Light House and National Park Service. Attached to Navy and in O. S. S. in World War II. Has done research and exploratory work in archeology for many years. Author of *Short History of Navajo Silversmithing*, and co-author of *Story of El Tejon*, and *Lances at San Pascual*. Has written more than a hundred articles on history, archeology and ethnology.

CARL SCHAEFER DENTZEL has long been interested in Pan American relations. He was formerly Executive Secretary of the Southern California Council of Inter American Affairs. Having traveled widely throughout Latin America he developed a keen understanding of the social, cultural, political and economic conditions of the twenty other American Republics. Coming from a family identified with the growth of the West it was natural for him to study the history and culture of the Southwest which led him to investigate relations between the peoples of the United States and Mexico. The many political and economic problems confronting the two great North American Republics, Mexico and United States, make their study imperative as they form a keystone in the foreign policy of the United States and the basis of Pan American solidarity. Dentzel is Director of the Northridge Development Company, Trustee of the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music and Arts, former President of the Northridge Chamber of Commerce and President of the Los Angeles County Museum Association.

COL. C. B. BENTON—was born in Utica, New York. While attending Yale University his studies were interrupted by World War I. He was first with the British forces and later became an officer in the United States Army, where he served for many years. He is an authority on army life and its history. He was wounded while serving in the European Theatre during World War II. Colonel Benton is a true Westerner, not by birth but by choice, and collects art and items dealing with the west and its military history. He has a fine collection of Borein etchings and is one of the most sincere members of the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners.

MERRELL KITCHEN—was born at Harvey, Illinois in 1905. At the age of one year he moved to North Dakota, near the Bad Lands, and lived there until 1922. From there he moved to Bismarck where he lived until 1932. Merrell is a graduate of the University of North Dakota, year 1926. He has traveled extensively throughout the United States and Canada. Not satisfied with this, he traveled around the world, sometimes third class and steerage on Japanese boats and during 1928-1929 he worked on an American cargo vessel as a workaway. In March 1942 he enlisted in the Naval Reserve. He spent twenty-five months in the South Pacific, engaging in the invasions of Tarawa, Kwajalein, Eniwetok and Saipan. He has made his home in California since 1933. He is deeply interested in Western Americana and is a collector of anything dealing with Overland Trails, Indians, Outlaws, Buffalos, and Six-guns. He would probably take the first opportunity to go to Africa, New Zealand or Borneo without any hesitation, but would always end up in California.

YOUNG BRUCE KISKADDON'S story is not unlike many of the other lads' who in their Eastern homes began to dream of the wide open spaces of the West, the great herd of cattle, cowboys, and the frisky mustangs. His dream was realized when he was just a young punk and his parents moved to Colorado. He soon became attached to one of the big cattle ranches. He too ran true to Western tradition. Once he had felt the exhilaration of a good horse between his legs and the freedom of the wide expanse of the limitless prairies he too became a part of it.

After several years on the Colorado Range, he heard of the big cattle station of Australia. Bruce doesn't tell us just why he decided to change ranges so suddenly, but within a short time as a deck hand on a tramp steamer, he was on his way to the bush lands of the Aussies. After those cowpunchers "down under" saw what the Yank could do with a rope, they threw their loop poles away and began to learn to catch their horses like the Yank.

War I was declared. I guess Bruce heard the bugle call across the great expanse of the Pacific, for soon he had traded Stetson and Levys for the Khaki of the U.S.A. and was on his way to France where he served for a year or more. As soon as the war was over he doffed his uniform and picked up his Stetson and boots and headed for Arizona and joined-up with old Tap Duncan's spread.

While on the Range, Bruce often amused the boys by describing their comical

incidences in verse. Maybe it was an act of Providence (I don't know), but one day Bruce got all "busted up." His riding days were over. He was feeling pretty "blue": His friend and boss, Tap Duncan, said, "Bruce, you 'ain't' licked yet. Maybe your misfortune was the best thing that could happen to you. You have a million dollar talent. Get an easy job somewhere so that you can give more time to your writing."

Bruce came to Los Angeles and attached himself to one of the big hotels down town and began to write. He published three small books of poems, which were well received. Recently his masterpiece came off the press, *Rhymes of the Range*, which I have just finished reading. Having spent my life in the West, I am familiar with every phase of Western Ranch life. I unhesitatingly proclaim *Rhymes of the Range* the most authentic history of Western ranch and folk life ever to have been written in verse. It presents a clean and true picture of the tragedies and comedies that made up the lives of that clan we know as "cowpunchers." It should and will, I am sure, find its way into every library, both public and private.

Maybe some of these higher critics won't agree that it is good literature. Of course Bruce doesn't know any of those tricky words, that no one understands anyway.

The mantle of genius has fallen on the shoulders of many of the old cowpunchers, but none more worthy than,

WILL ROGERS in humor,
CHARLES RUSSELL in art,
BRUCE KISKADDON in poetry.

You are riding with the West's greatest, Bruce, and you ride worthily.

R. A. (BILLY) DODSON

BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND MAIL

BANNING, CAPT. WM., and BANNING, GEORGE HUGH. *Six Horses*. New York: The Century Co., 1920. Much about staging in California. Good pictures of stages.

BARNES, DEMAS. *From the Atlantic to the Pacific*. New York: D. Van Nostrand, 1866. A series of letters concerning a ride over the central route by stage to California.

CHAPMAN, ARTHUR. *The Pony Express*. New York: G. Putnam's Sons, 1932. Another phase of mail transportation in the west.

CONKLING, ROSCOE P., and CONKLING, MARGARET B. *The Butterfield Overland Mail, 1857-1869*. Three volumes. Glendale: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1947. An outstanding study of stage transportation over the southern route will be found in these three volumes. Volume three contains 77 facsimiles, illustrations and maps as well as 3 folding maps. Hiram W. Chittenden's *The American Fur Trade in the Far West* is still the leader in the study of the fur trade. Conkling's work will hold the same relation in the history of stage transportation over the southern route.

HAFEN, LEROY R., PH. D. *The Overland Mail: 1849-1869*. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1926.

LANG, WALTER B. (Compiler). *The First Overland Mail; Butterfield Trail*. N. P. 1940. A reprint of four contemporary accounts, two by newspaper correspondents, one by a special agent of the Post Office and the last by an English traveler.

————N.P. 1945. Same compiler, same title, but a different item. This volume contains the account of a correspondent of a San Francisco traveling over an alternate route. Also contains shorter narratives and items of historical interest concerning the operation of the Butterfield Mail Stages.

ORMSBY, WATERMAN L. (Lyle H. Wright and Josephine M. Bynum, Editors). *The Butterfield Overland Mail*. San Marino: The Huntington Library, 1942. Lang above in the first item reprinted Ormsby's account but without notes or editing. The Huntington Library's publication is the best. The narrative of Waterman L. Ormsby, special correspondent of the New York Herald, and only through passenger on the first Westbound stage, should be in the library of any collector of Butterfieldiana. It contains numerous annotations by the editors.

ROOT, FRANK A., and CONNELLY, W. E. *The Overland Stage to California*. Topeka:

Crane & Co., 1901. The only thing pertaining to California is in the title. This deals with staging further East. But the method is about the same.

SMITH, GEORGE G. *The Life and Times of George Foster Pierce, D.D., LL. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.* Sparta, Ga.: Hancock Publishing Company, 1888. Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. That is enough to scare a searcher after western material away. Why waste time on a Bishop? Well, this one is different. Dr. Pierce, with his wife and small daughter, Ann, came westbound in April 1859. Said to be the first woman to make the trip. Good description of the country along the line. Reprinted in the Quarterly of The Historical Society of Southern Calif. June-Sept., 1939.

SPRING, AGNES WRIGHT. *The Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Routes.* Glendale: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1949. This territory is a long distance from the Butterfield route. But the men and manner are the same.

TALLACK, WILLIAM. *The California Overland Express: The Longest Stage-ride in the World.* Published serially in *The Leisure Hour*, an English magazine, in 1865. Reprinted, with an introduction by Carl I. Wheat and a check list of published material on the Butterfield Overland Mail by J. Gregg Layne, by The Historical Society of Southern California, Los Angeles, 1935. Also in the Quarterly for June and September, 1935.

CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN ERA

To list all of the books covering this period of California history would be the cause of extending the Brand Book to two volumes. There are hundreds of publications telling why the people came, how they got here, what they did and what they did not do. So only a few will be listed, not from the standpoint of rarity, but books that may be had in a bookstore or a library. One or two of these are scarce and cost considerable money, other scarce items have been reprinted.

First to be mentioned out of order is the book by the author of the article in this publication, namely:

PAUL, DR. RODMAN W. *California Gold.* Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1947. Contains a good list of sources.

BARRY, T. A., and PATTEN, B. A. *Men and Memories of San Francisco in the "Spring of 1850."* San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Company, 1873.

Good for conditions in San Francisco at the early stage of the gold rush.

————Reprinted, Oakland: Biobooks, 1947. A nice job but costs more than an original.

BORTHWICK, J. D. *Three Years in California.* Edinburg: William Blackwood and Sons, 1857. One of the best contemporary books on the gold rush.

————Reprinted, New York: Outing Publishing Co., 1917, with a good introduction by Horace Kephart.

————Reprinted, Oakland: Biobooks, 1948.

BRUFF, J. GOLDSBOROUGH. *Gold Rush: The Journals, Drawings, and Other Papers of.*

New York: Columbia University Press, 1944. 2 volumes. Fine drawings reproduced from originals in the Huntington Library. There is also a one volume reprint containing fewer drawings.

BRYANT, EDWIN. *What I Saw in California.* New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1848. Numerous American editions followed. Also printed in England and various European countries. Good for conditions before the gold rush.

*————Reprinted, Santa Ana, California: The Fine Arts Press, 1936. This is a bulky book, but its value lies in the notes, index and bibliography by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur.

CAUGHEY, JOHN WALTON. *Gold is the Cornerstone.* Berkeley: University of California Press, 1948. Here is a different approach to the subject, contains a good bibliography.

CLAPPE, LOUISE AMELIA KNAPP SMITH. *The Shirley Letters from the California Mines.* First published in the Pioneer Magazine in San Francisco, 1854-55. Very scarce.

————Reprinted, San Francisco: Thomas C. Russell, 1922.

————Reprinted, San Francisco: The Grabhorn Press, 1933, in two volumes with an introduction by Carl I. Wheat. These last two are hard to find. Alfred A. Knopf is bringing out a new edition with a new introduction by Carl I. Wheat. You will enjoy this woman's story of her life in a small mining camp. She saw our old mountain man friend, Jim Beckwourth, at Rich Bar in the gorge of the Feather River.

DELANO, ALONZO. *Life on the Plains and Among the Diggings.* Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan, 1854.

————. New York: Wilson-Erickson, Inc., 1936. This edition contains a series of photographs taken by a photographer who retraced Delano's route.

DOWNIE, WILLIAM. *Hunting for Gold.* San Francisco: The California Publishing Co., 1893. Downieville was named for this man.

EVANS, GEORGE W. *Mexican Gold Trails.* San Marino: The Huntington Library, 1945.

GEIGER, VINCENT, and BRIARLY, WAKEMAN. *Trail to California.* New Haven: Yale University Press, 1945.

GERSTACKER, FRIEDRICH. *Gerstacker's Travels.* London: T. Nelson and Sons, 1854.

***————Reprinted as California Gold Mines. Oakland: Biobooks, 1946. Compare the picture of Sacramento at p. 38 with the end sheets of the Brand Book.

————*Scenes of Life in California.* San Francisco: John Howell (1942).

GLASSCOCK, G. B. *A Golden Highway.* Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company (1934).

HANNA, PHIL TOWNSEND. *The Dictionary of California Land Names.* Los Angeles: The Automobile Club of Southern California, 1946. A serious student of California history tells you how the towns received their names and the location of them.

JACKSON, JOSEPH HENRY. *Anybody's Gold; the Story of California's Mining Towns.* New York: D. Appleton-Century Company, 1941. Good reading and contains a bibliography for more reading.

JOHNSTON, WILLIAM G. *Experiences of a Forty-niner.* Pittsburgh: (Privately printed), 1892. Very scarce, should contain blueprint map.

————Reprinted as *Overland to California.* Oakland: Biobooks, 1948.

KELLY, WILLIAM. *An Excursion to California Over the Prairie, Rocky Mountains, and Great Sierra Nevada."* London: Chapman and Hall, 1851. Two volumes. The narrative of a Britisher who traveled far and saw much.

————The California section was reprinted as *A Stroll through the Diggings of California."* London: Simms and McIntyre.

MANLY, WILLIAM LEWIS. *Death Valley in '49.* San Jose, California: The Pacific Tree and Vine Co., 1894.

————Reprinted, New York and Santa Barbara: Wallace Hibberd (1929).

————Reprinted, Chicago: R. R. Donnelly & Sons, 1927.

MOORMAN, MADISON BERRYMAN. *The Journal of . . . . .1850-51.* San Francisco: California Historical Society, 1948.

POWELL, H. M. T. *The Santa Fe Trail to California, 1849-1852.* San Francisco: The Book Club of California, 1931. A good item and a hard to find one.

ROYCE, JOSIAH. *California from the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1886. This and Shinn's book should be read together; these two men had different viewpoints on conditions in the mines.

————Reprinted by Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1948, with an introduction by Robert Glass Cleland.

SHINN, CHARLES HOWARD. *Mining Camps.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1885.

————Reprinted by Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1948, with an introduction by Joseph Henry Jackson.

TAYLOR, BAYARD. *Eldorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire: . . .* London: Richard Bentley, 1850. New York: George P. Putnam, 1850. Two volumes. One of the best descriptions of California in 1849.

WARD, SAM. *Sam Ward in the Gold Rush.* Stanford, California: Stanford University Press (1949). Well edited by Carvel Collins. Ward was an observant young man with a literary bend and a sense of humor.

WESTON, OTHETO. *Mother Lode Album.* Stanford, California: Stanford University Press (1948). Good pictures of the old mining towns.

WHEAT, CARL I. *Books of the California Gold Rush.* San Francisco: The Colt Press, 1949. Over two hundred titles of books pertaining to the rush by a man who has made a long study of this period in California history.

WHEAT, CARL I. *The Maps of the California Gold Region, 1848-1857.* San Francisco: The Grabhorn Press, 1942. This book sold for $20.00 after publication and now brings over $100.00. Necessary for a study of the development of maps pertaining to the gold region. Over three hundred maps mentioned, of which twenty-six are reproduced in reduced facsimile.

AL SIEBER, SGT. NEIL ERICKSON AND THE APACHES, TWO MILITARY OUTPOSTS IN ARIZONA

The story told in each of these three papers more or less overlap in places, people and time. Because of this, their bibliographies will be treated as one.

BANCROFT, HUBERT H. *History of Arizona and New Mexico.* San Francisco: The History Co., 1889.

BARNES, WILL C. *Apaches and Longhorns.* Los Angeles: Anderson & Ritchie, 1941. Barnes was in the signal corps during some of the Apache campaigns.

BIDDLE, ELLEN MCGOWAN. *Reminiscences of a Soldier's Wife.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1907. An army woman's experiences in Arizona during the Indian troubles.

DOBIE, J. FRANK. *Apache Gold & Yaqui Silver.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company 1939. Anything that Dobie writes is good.

BOURKE, JOHN G. *An Apache Campaign.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1886. Al Sieber is Al Zieber here.

BOURKE, JOHN G. *On the Border with Crook.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1891. After all these years this book is still tops in its field.

CLUM, WOODWORTH. *Apache Agent: The Story of John P. Clum.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1936.

CROOK, GENERAL GEORGE. *His Autobiography.* Edited and annotated by Martin F. Schmitt. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1946. Here is another good book on Crook. Contains notes on various military posts.

CRUSE, THOMAS. *Apache Days and After.* Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, 1941.

DAVIS, BRITTON. *The Truth About Geronimo.* New Haven: Yale University Press, 1929. Much about Al Sieber.

FORREST, EARLE R., and HILL, EDWIN B. *Lone War Trail of Apache Kid.* Pasadena: Trail's End Publishing Co. (1947).

HORN, TOM. *Life of Tom Horn.* Denver: Printed for J. C. Coble by the Louthan Book Co., 1904. Horn blows his whistle here. Mentions Sieber.

LOCKWOOD, FRANK C. *The Apache Indians.* New York: The Macmillan Co., 1938.

————. *More Arizona Characters.* Tucson, Arizona: University of Arizona General Bulletin No. 6, 1943. Much on Sieber.

————. *Pioneer Days in Arizona.* New York: The Macmillan Co., 1932.

MONAGHAN, JAY. *Last of the Bad Men.* Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company (1946). Al Sieber and Tom Horn.

SANTEE, ROSS. *Apache Land.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1947. A chapter on Al Sieber.

SUMMERHAYES, MARTHA. *Vanished Arizona.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1908. The best account of an army woman's experiences in Arizona during the Indian wars.

————. Reprinted, Salem, Mass.: The Salem Press Co., 1911. This is also a Remington item.

————. Reprinted, Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons, 1939. Three printings; this book must be good.

WALTERS, LORENZO D. *Tombstone's Yesterday.* Tucson, Arizona: Acme Printing Co., 1928. Al Sieber from Horn's story.

WELLMAN, PAUL I. *Death in the Desert.* New York: The Macmillan Company, 1935.

IN AND AROUND OLD PLACERITA CANYON

BELDERRAIN, FRANCISCA LOPEZ—Article appearing in the November 1930 issue of *Touring Topics* (now *Westways*) published by the Automobile Club of Southern California.

MACALONAN, MRS. LUISA—Article appearing in the September 1942 issue of *Westways*, published by the Automobile Club of Southern California.

MANLY, WILLIAM LEWIS—Death Valley in '49. Published by Pacific Tree and Vine Co., San Jose, California, 1894.

REPORTS OF STATE MINERALOGIST—1888-1890. Sacramento, California.

For interesting and valuable research relating to the Santa Clara Valley, refer to articles by A. B. Perkins of Newhall which appeared in serial form in the Newhall Signal during 1946 and 1947.

ROBINSON, W. W. *San Fernando Valley* booklet published by Title Guarantee & Trust Co., 1938.

THE SUN CLAN OF THE HOPI

COOLIDGE, MARY R. *The Rain-makers.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1929.

CRANE, LEO. *Indians of the Enchanted Desert.* Boston: Little, Brown, 1925.

NELSON, JOHN L. *Rhythm for Rain.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1937.

SMITH, DAMA MARGARET. *Hopi Girl.* Stanford University: Stanford University Press, 1931.

SUN CHIEF. *The Autobiography of a Hopi Indian.* New Haven: Yale University Press, 1942.

HOLY SMOKE
OR
THE UTAH EXPEDITION

ALTER, J. CECIL. *James Bridger.* Salt Lake City: Shepard Book Company, 1925.

BANCROFT, HUBERT H. *History of Utah.* San Francisco: The History Co., 1890.

BROWN, JAMES S. *Life of a Pioneer.* Salt Lake City: Geo. Q. Cannon & Sons, 1900.

BROWNE, ALBERT G. *The Utah Expeditions.* Atlantic Monthly. March-May, 1859.

GOVE, JESSE A. *The Utah Expeditions: 1857-1858.* Concord: New Hampshire Historical Society, 1928.

LINN, WILLIAM ALEXANDER. *The Story of the Mormons.* New York: The Macmillan Company, 1902. Best one volume history on Mormons.

MAJORS, ALEXANDER. *Seventy Years on the Frontier.* Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Company, 1893. Mentions the seizure and burning of his wagon trains, in government service, by the Mormons.

STENHOUSE, T. B. H. *Rocky Mountain Saints.* New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1873.

U. S. *House Ex. Doc. No. 71, 1st Session, 35th Congress.*

UP TO GREEN RIVER

Mention of Green River knives is made in the following books.

GARRARD, LEWIS HECTOR. *Wah-To-Yah, and the Taos Trail.* Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co., 1850. Be sure to read chapter XIX. It concerns John L. Hatcher's adventure or experience with Taos lightning and like lightning . . . well, you read it and enjoy the yarn.

————Reprinted, San Francisco: The Grabhorn Press, 1936. This edition contains a scholarly introduction by Carl I. Wheat.

————Reprinted, Glendale: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1938. Edited and annotated by Ralph P. Bieber.

RUXTON, GEORGE FREDERICK. *Life in the Far West.* Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1849. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1849.

————Reprinted under the title *In the Old West.* New York: Outing Publishing Co., 1915.

THORP, RAYMOND W. *Bowie Knife.* Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1948.

THE BADLANDS COWBOY

"We hail with pleasure the birth of a new Dakota paper, The Badlands Cowboy." So remarked the New York Herald. It further added, "It says in the introductory notice to its first number that it intends to be the leading cattle paper of the Northwest, and adds that it is not published for fun, but $2 a year."

The train that brought Packard and his press from the East, brought civilization with it.

HAGEDORN, HERMANN. *Roosevelt in the Badlands.* New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1921. Mentions the Badlands Cowboy, its editor Packard, the founding of the paper and its destruction by fire.

LANG, LINCOLN A. *Ranching With Roosevelt.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1926.

Both of these books give a good idea of the country near Medora and the people living in it.

INDEX

INDEX

INDEX

INDEX

WE DEDICATE THIS PAGE TO

THE MANY members and friends of the Corral for their valuable assistance in making this book possible. We acknowledge the kindnesses and courtesies of those librarians, publishers and artists who helped us in our work.

We owe special acknowledgment to Bruce Kiskaddon, Roscoe P. Conkling, Dr. Rodman Paul, Dr. Marcus Crahan, Karl Yost, Al Jennings, Percy Bonebrake, Clarence Ellsworth, Nicholas Firfires, Arthur Woodward, Billy Dodson and a host of others.

For his scholarly assistance in editing this volume we express our special gratitude to J. Gregg Layne. We also record our appreciation to Robert J. Woods, who because of his intimate acquaintance with the bibliography of Western history has prepared the useful bibliography found in this book. He has also unselfishly contributed the Miner's pioneer ten commandments of 1849 and the beautiful end sheets of Sacramento which we have reproduced in this volume.

We are deeply indebted to our deputy sheriff, John B. Goodman, for his hours of research and cartography on the new exhaustive and valuable colored folding wine map of California.

To our first sheriff and enthusiastic Charlie Russell authority, Homer H. Britzman, we are indebted for permission to reproduce from his collection one of Russell's fine paintings, "*Where Great Herds Come to Drink*" and his sketch of Russell.

The unusually attractive jacket, cover and title page designed by member M. Martin Johnson elicits our special thanks.

For the wearisome task of preparing the index our thanks go to Herbert H. Olson.

We also desire to acknowledge the invaluable assistance of Cornelia Cook in the reading of the proof.

We recognize that all of this assistance and cooperation would have been in vain were it not for our fellow Westerner, Homer H. Boelter, whose unfailing patience in organizing the material, his zealous interest and industry, together with the facilities of his plant and equipment made it possible to complete this volume. We are more than happy to record this acknowledgment.

In the matter of production we are also grateful to another member, William Weber, in whose plant this second Brand Book was bound.

Sheriff Galleher's book committee consisted of Homer H. Boelter, Robert J. Woods, Colonel C. B. Benton, J. Gregg Layne, H. E. Britzman, John B. Goodman, Dan Gann, H. H. Olson, Merrell A. Kitchen, M. Martin Johnson, Noah Beery, Jr., and William Weber.

THE WESTERNERS
BRAND BOOK

LOS ANGELES CORRAL 1948
IS LIMITED TO
400 COPIES

Lithographed in U.S.A. — Homer H. Boelter, Lithography

VILLE DE SACRAMENTO

From an Old French Lithograph