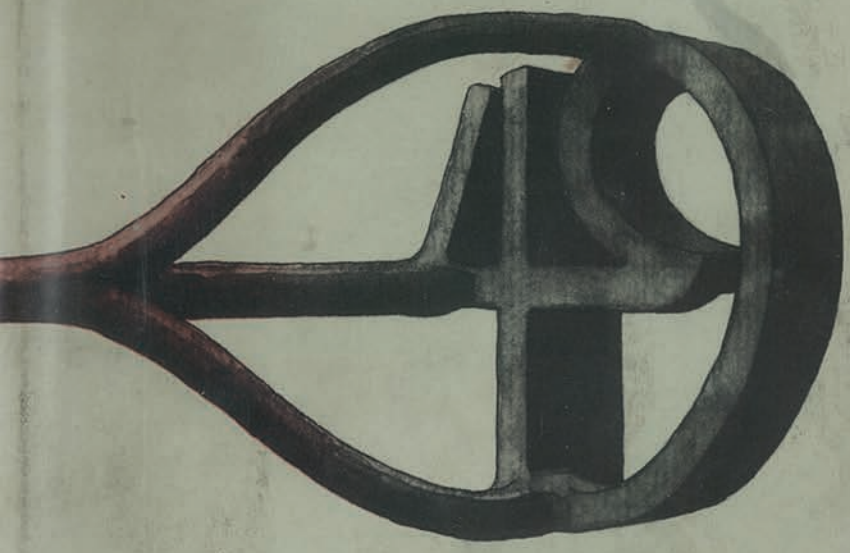
The Westerners

BRAND BOOK



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LOS ANGELES CORRAL

EARLY CALIFORNIA MINING SCENE

Original Oil, 1850, by Ernest Narjot

NOTE— The scene pictured is somewhere near Sonora, and depicts Fluming and Toming. Ernest Narjot, known as California's pioneer artist, spent the years from 1849 to 1852 painting the gold rush scene.

THE WESTERNERS
BRAND BOOK

1949

THE

Westerners

BRAND BOOK

LOS ANGELES CORRAL ✦ 1949

TO THE CATTLEMEN OF 1849

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

Note: California brands on Dedication Page design, reading from the bottom left. Santa Clara Mission, San Rafael Archangel Mission, La Purisma Conception Mission, John Temple, Jose Sepulveda, Antonio Franco Coronel, Juan Villa, Ygnacio del Valle, Francisco Ocampo, Luis Rubidox, Juan Abila, Bernardo Yorba, Maria Ygnacio Verdugo, Conception Palomares, Francisco Rico, Tomas Sanchez, Abel Stearns, Andres Pico, Jose Vejar, Andronico Sepulveda, Antonio Maria Lugo, Santa Inez Mission, Nuestra Senora de la Soledad Mission, Santa Cruz Mission.

FOREWORD

» » The Los Angeles Posse of the Westerners is made up of men from varied walks of life. These men banded together to preserve and record, to the best of their ability, the history and heritage of our West. In this, the third volume of their Brand Book, the flavor and individuality of the contributors has again been preserved. We as Westerners do not aspire to literary gems but record those items that through diligent research or personal experience we have found to be interesting and hope that they will be a source of interest and pleasure to others. Some of the experiences recorded in this Volume would be lost to future Westerners were it not for these papers.

Woven into the pattern of research and hobby of the Westerners is a comradery, unique and yet typical of those rugged individualists who built the west, believing in the sanctity of the individual yet wholeheartedly sharing their grub, blanket and tobacco with any wayfarer.

We are deeply indebted to the contributors of this Brand Book and know that their only wish is: that those who read and study it will find as much pleasure in the reading as they enjoyed in the doing.

HOMER H. BOELTER
Sheriff, Los Angeles Corral
The Westerners

THE WESTERNERS, LOS ANGELES POSSE, 1949

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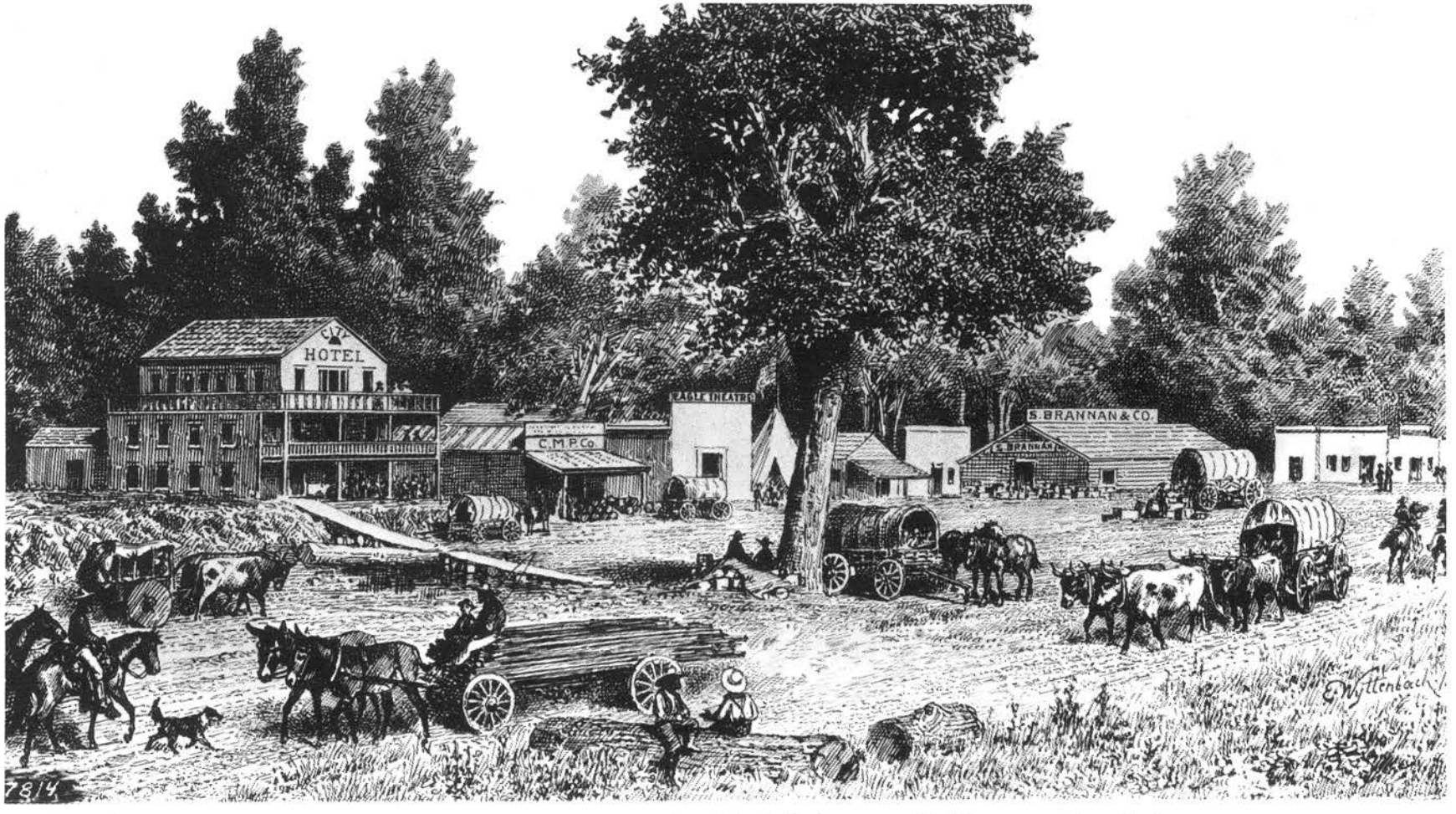
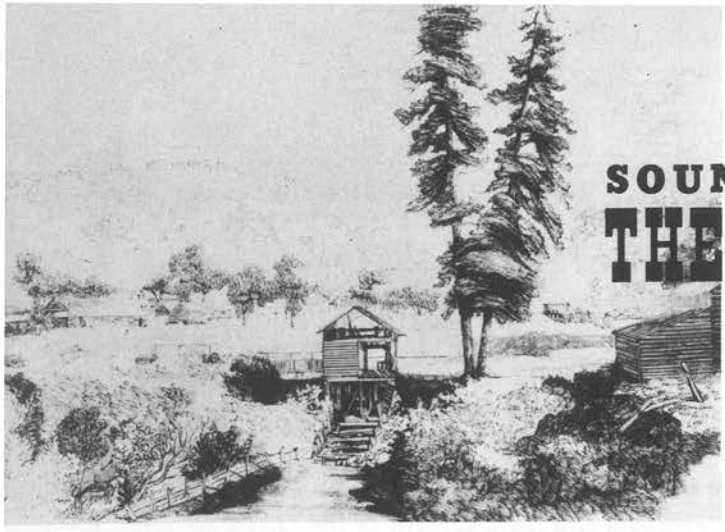


Sacramento, 1849—from a Newspaper of that date. This is the first group of buildings put up along the river and marked the beginning of the transfer of activities from Sutter's Fort to the water front. Hotel and warehouse belonged to S. Brannan & Co.



SOUND LAW FROM THE MOTHER LODE

By W. W. ROBINSON

COMING OUT OF CALAVERAS COUNTY in California's Mother Lode country is a story of a certain rich mine whose ownership in the early 1850's was the subject of a lawsuit in a justice's court.

The defendant, it seems, was in possession, but the plaintiff claimed prior possession. The jury went out to deliberate, then returned into court, the foreman taking his seat as near the door as he could get. The verdict was that neither side had proved possession and that, therefore, the claim was vacant. With that the foreman rushed out the door, followed by litigants, lawyers, judge, and jurymen. Several reached the rich mine at the same time. Fists flew. The dispute was settled by a game of freeze-out poker.

That incident could not have happened in the days immediately after the discovery of gold. Strange as it may seem, no legal machinery—federal or territorial—existed in 1848 to protect a miner in the discovery, claim, and working of a mine.

When miners were few in number they could move from one place to another, helping themselves to the best and getting along well enough in a pleasant state of anarchy. As miners increased in number along the streams and canyons of the Sierra Nevada the situation changed. The first need of these men became the need for law and order.

The California miners did something about it. Out of their necessities and their experience they held camp meetings to establish sensible rules to govern mining and themselves. These camp-meeting rules, which had some antecedents in European and Spanish-American mining practice, were soon adopted as the laws of the district. In time they became the mining laws of the United States. Our federal laws, in turn, served as models for mining jurisprudence in several other countries.

In the miners' camp-meetings majority rule prevailed. What was adopted became rules. These were put in writing and the miners abided by them. Camp-meeting talks and decisions had to do with the size of claims, the marking and registration of claims, the appointment, duties, and fees of a recorder, the boundaries of a camp—and later of the district—what constituted abandonment of a claim, and the settlement of disputes.

The richness of the mining area, the number of miners, the ease of working the ground—these governed the size of the claim. Claims in one camp might be limited to 10 feet square. In others they might be 50 or even 100 or more feet square. Claimants paid a fee of fifty cents or one dollar to register a claim with the recorder. Stakes, ditches, and posted notices served to mark claims. If he wished to hold his mine, the miner had to do a specified amount of work upon it. Like real estate, a claim could be transferred—and

SOUND LAW FROM this could be done verbally until 1860. After that the transfer had to be in writing.

Discovery and claim were recognized by all the camps as the source of title to a mine. To continue in possession, however, a man had to work his claim. These were the fundamentals of early day mining law and they are the fundamentals of present day mining law.

As early as 1851 the California legislature recognized that the miners had perfected a workable system of mining practice. It gave to local justices of the peace jurisdiction in actions involving mining claims.

Speaking of such justices, there is the story of Justice Jesse Niles, who combined the dispensing of forthright justice with the ownership and management of the Diana Saloon in his town. In a suit between two owners of mines, involving a question of trespass, each side, hoping to win judicial favor, requested numerous adjournments—to the Diana. The judge himself finally became thick-tongued. When he summed up the case for the benefit of the jury, one juryman had the temerity to ask him to cite the book containing the law laid down by his honor. This infuriated the Bench.

"When I tell you a thing is law," he roared, "it's law."

Then he drew a bowie knife and made a spring for the offending juryman. All 12 members of the jury fled to the hills and the darkness, while the judge returned to his bench, exercised the right of desperate necessity and decided the case himself.

The regulations of some of the mining districts included restrictions against Asiatics and South-Sea Islanders. The gold rush had brought the people of the world to California. Mexicans, Chilenos, Chinese, and Kanakas competed with citizens of the United States in extracting gold from Mother Earth. Foreign miners, when not excluded by the race restrictions imposed by a district's regulations, were taxed by the state. When the tax collectors first appeared in Sonora, in the southern end of the Mother Lode, the community was in an uproar, with Mexicans arrayed against Americans. The discriminatory tax was repealed, except one against Chinese laborers in the mines. As for the native Indians, they were shot whenever they got in a miner's way.

For 18 years, from 1848 to 1866, the customs and regulations of California miners, as enforced and molded by the courts and upheld by the state legislature, constituted the law governing mines on public lands. They recognized discovery, followed by appropriation, as the basis of title. Keeping the title was dependent upon the possessor's working the claim.

Then Congress, by the Act of July 26, 1866, recognized local mining customs and rules, if not in conflict with federal laws, and confirmed the miners' rights to their properties. In addition it established a method by which a miner could receive a patent from the United States giving him absolute ownership of mineral lands. This saddened Henry George, who disliked the idea of private ownership in land, but it pleased the miners. Later acts of Congress, principally the Mining Act of 1872, defined the whole subject of mining law. Court decisions followed the lines laid down by these acts.

California itself, in 1909, adopted legislation embracing federal requirements.

The law today says: "all valuable mineral deposits in lands belonging to the United States, both surveyed and unsurveyed, are . . . free and open to exploration and purchase, and the lands in which they are found to occupation and purchase, by citizens of the United States and those who have declared their intention to become such, under regulations prescribed by law, and according to the local customs or rules of miners in the several mining districts, so far as the same are applicable and not inconsistent with the laws of the United States."

These mining laws and regulations do not apply to land within the boundaries of Spanish or Mexican ranchos. The owners of such ranchos whose titles have been confirmed by the United States, own minerals as well as land. Therefore gold-mining on a rancho by miners other than the owner—as happened on Rancho Las Mariposas—gave these hard-working men no title or claim. Most mining, however, was done on public land, the Spanish Californians confining their rancho activities to valley and coastal rather than mountain land.

Today it is not the custom for a man who locates, claims, and develops a mine on public land to put up a notice reading "Jim Brown of Missoury takes this ground, jumpers will be shot." But, nevertheless, he will follow the rules adopted 100 years ago by bearded miners of the Sierra Nevada.

HARD AT IT! A typical work day at the mines in 1849 is shown in this drawing from Ballou's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion

THE BUCKAROO

The old Forty-Niners could tell some big stories
Of the West at its best, of its hardships and glories.
They tell about gamblers and claim jumpers too,
But they never say much 'bout the durned buckaroo.

When they landed here he was the feller they found
A razzin' the Spanish Don's cattle around.
If we can believe half the stories they tell
He was shore a cow hand and a rider from Hell.

They say he was handy at sailin' his twine.
He snubbed with a dally and throwed a "Gut line."
He was good readin' sign, he could foller a trail.
He could ride in and throw a big steer by the tail.

They rode a good hoss with a single cinch rig.
They could ketch anything that was little or big.
Two of 'em together could go anywhere
They could ketch a jack rabbit or waller a bear.

Their hosses was swift and they shore handled fast
They could stop 'em so quick that their shadder went past.
If the wind took their hat when the breezes was strong
They could pick it right up while they galloped along.

They sported moustaches and broad brimmed sombreros.
They wore their wide sashes and stout chaperaros.
And all of them wore the big spurs on their heels,
With shanks that curved down and with mighty big wheels.

He could dance at a "Baillie" or drink at a bar.
He could serenade ladies and play the guitar.
And at a Fiesta he shore was a darb
From the time he arrived in his buckaroo garb.

The poets and authors tell many a story
Of the Padre and Don at the height of their glory.
But every old cow puncher lifts his sombrero
To that daredevil rider, the Spanish Vaquero.

BRUCE KISKADDON

THE DAYS OF FORTY-NINE

The rush for gold brought spirits bold
In the days of Forty-Nine.
They came to pan in the River's sand
Or to toil in the hillside mine.
They came through the mountain passes high,
They forded the swollen streams,
They toiled and cursed in the desert's thirst
Till they got to their land of dreams.

In the wet and cold they toiled for gold.
They sweat in the gloom of the mine.
And the men would fight for the wrong or right
In the days of Forty-Nine.
There were gamblers too with the tricks they knew,
They haunted each Western dive;
In the greed and lust and the quick distrust
Where the cunning and strong survive.

There were gangs that stole and took their toll
From the earnings of honest men.
Those left alone with the gold they owned
Would never be seen again.
That sort of a gang they had to hang
To the limb of an oak or pine
For a quick clean draw was the only law
In the days of Forty-Nine.

Near the missions there grew large orchards too
And vineyards with laden vines.
The men from the "Stills" of the Eastern Hills
Drank the California Wines.
But we read few words of the Don's vast herds
That roamed over valley and hill.
There was plenty of meat for them all to eat.
There was always some beef to kill.

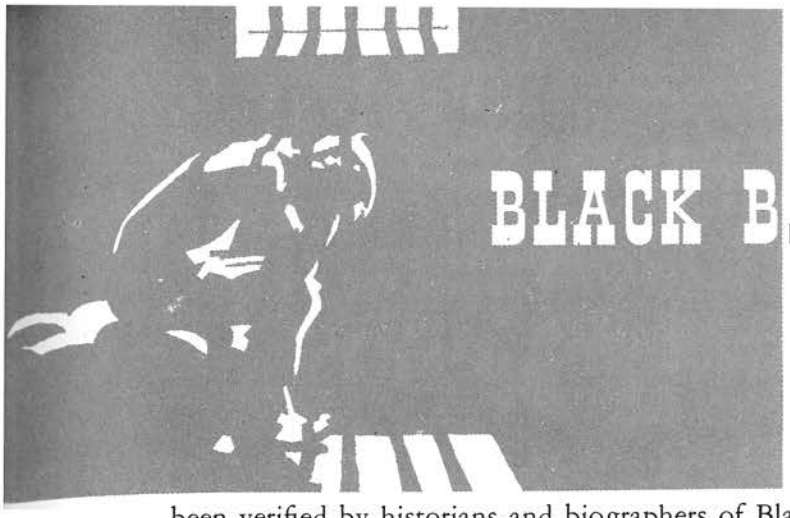
The bold "Vaqueros" in chaperaros
Were the men who tended the stock.
They feared not the least either man or beast,
They only dreaded to walk.
We hear tales still of their speed and skill
And to this very day
There is little change in the open range,
They work in the Spanish way.

No more men tramp from camp to camp;
The stages and long line teams
Have had their day and have passed away
To live in the land of dreams.
And the river craft with the big wheel aft
Is a picture lost and gone.
The truck, the train and the aeroplane
Are the ones that are carrying on.

Now the day of the Don is passed and gone.
Those padres pray no more.
The shadows fall on the crumbling wall
Where they walked through the open door.
For the rush for gold brought spirits bold
That changed the lives of men,
And the quiet ways of the Mission Days
That will never return again.

BRUCE KISKADDON


D.P.



BLACK BART, THE PO 8

By LORING CAMPBELL

"BUT JESSE JAMES RODE A HORSE" is a common expression of today to describe a high-handed transaction. Yet Black Bart was in actuality a Jesse James without a horse! It has been verified by historians and biographers of Black Bart that his depredations against the Wells Fargo Company Express stages were without the aid of a trusty steed. Black Bart's career was unique in the annals of Western Outlaws in other respects—he never had a gang, nor an associate, he was an educated man, gentlemanly, kind, fastidious, was of a romantic nature, polite, and all alone he committed 28 stage robberies between 1875 and 1883.

Black Bart became almost as legendary a figure as Paul Bunyan. Folk lore grew with each robbery, and all the strange stories are not fictional. He did rob two stages 30 miles apart within 24 hours, and this distance he covered on foot over mountainous country.

The country folk were never afraid of him, but he was a dread to stage drivers and Wells Fargo was his only known quarry. It has been said that he returned a very frightened lady's money with the remark that he robbed only Wells Fargo, and it was known that the little green box was his goal. Many country people had as a guest a kindly gentleman, exceedingly polite, a redundant story teller, an enjoyable dinner companion, but one who was reticent about himself. He traveled throughout the country on foot, with a valise, later to be discarded for a bed roll, which contained food, a linen duster, a flour sack with two holes cut in it, an axe and a dismantled shotgun. He was never known to have used the shotgun, but it played a prominent part in his robberies.

That Black Bart enjoyed his fame with the passing months became apparent when he began leaving facetious poems at the scenes of the robbery, all signed Black Bart, the PO 8. The verses were written in a meticulous hand, but left much to be desired in meter; however, one or two make up for this lack with words not commonly found in social poetry.

Even after his capture, unfounded stories were circulated as fact, one being that he had been a school teacher. After his release from prison, the rumor that Wells Fargo paid him not to rob any more stages persisted until even today it has become a confirmed belief by many.

The San Francisco police were deeply chagrined at the capture as Black Bart or Charles Bolton (sometimes referred to as Boles) had often had lunch at the same bakery where the police force ate. He would jokingly tell them the up-country sheriffs couldn't find Black Bart, but the San Francisco police could if they were sent into the hills.

BLACK BART

The capture of Black Bart under the direction of J. B. Hume, special officer for Wells Fargo, was due to untiring efforts and reads like a modern detective story. The final clue was a handkerchief inadvertently left behind, which enabled Hume to bring to a close the dubiously successful career of this remarkable California outlaw. The handkerchief was found after his last and 28th robbery, after he was shot at when attempting to rob the stage.

On the handkerchief found by Sheriff Ben Thorn, after the 28th holdup, was the identifying laundry mark F X O 7. Also two paper bags were found at the same place stamped with the name of Mrs. J. G. Crawford, who kept a grocery store at Angel's Camp. She remembered an elderly gentleman with gray mustache, deep voice, brilliant blue eyes and wedges of baldness at the temples, who had purchased crackers and sugar at her store. This description was also given by a hunter named Martin, who identified Bolton at the trial, and by several others around Angel's Camp.

Sheriff Thorn took the handkerchief to J. B. Hume, who turned it over to Harry Morse, a special operative. At this time there were 91 laundries in San Francisco and after a week's investigation, on November 12, Morse was rewarded by finding the identical mark on the books of a laundry agency owned by a Mr. Ware. The mark belonged to one C. E. Bolton. Mr. Ware described Bolton in detail and told that he lived at the Webb House, Room 40, at 37 Second Street.

Morse posed as a mining man, as C. E. Bolton claimed to be, and requested that Ware take him to the hotel as he wanted to consult Mr. Bolton on a mining deal. Mr. Ware, a friend of Bolton, but unaware that he was to play a great part in the denouement of Black Bart, consented to accompany Mr. Morse to the Webb House. On the way they met Mr. Bolton on Rush Street, who was now dressed in his conventional attire, a neat suit, derby hat, wearing a diamond stick pin, and a diamond ring, and reportedly carrying a cane. Mr. Ware greeted Mr. Bolton and introduced Mr. Morse. Some biographers claim that Mr. Bolton and Jimmie Thacker, also an operative for Wells Fargo, met at the laundry agency after Thacker had searched Bolton's room, and that the arrest was made there. But no matter who made the final arrest, Black Bart was at last captured.

Bolton claimed to have been born in New York, that his name was Charles E. Boles, that he had a family in Illinois, and that he had fought in the Civil War on the Union side and was mustered out in Decatur, Illinois.

For all of his 27 successful holdups and the 28th a failure, Charles Bolton was sentenced to 6 years in the penitentiary, and this was indeed a hard sentence on a man who was now 55. He served his time, and was released from prison before the completion of his sentence, having received time off for good behaviour.

The stories that circulated about Black Bart before he was captured, were nothing compared to the legends that now grew around him. He was said to have robbed stages again, even reports that he was carrying on in his old style in Olathe, Kansas, a far cry from California. Upon investigation, this story was proved erroneous, and even today it is

BLACK BART difficult to tell where fiction begins and fact leaves off. Joseph Henry Jackson claims in his book *Tintypes in Gold* that Wells Fargo did not pay Black Bart not to rob any more stages. That this seems very probable is due to the fact that J. B. Hume had drawn up an elaborate circular describing Black Bart for which Wells Fargo paid a good price. The story still persists, as Mr. Jackson remarks that people hate to have their fairy stories taken away from them. There are very few known facts about Black Bart. Somehow the most fantastic and one of the most colorful careers of any outlaw in the California history has been lost in the passing of time, perhaps because so little was known about him even during his lifetime, and the intervening years haven't brought any unknown facts about him to the foreground.

After Boles or Bolton had been captured his wife, who had moved to Hannibal, Missouri, to live with a married daughter, heard of his trouble and once again wrote to him. His letters to her were as affectionate as they had been before he had disappeared, his wife believing that he had been killed by Indians during the early '70s. His wife came to his defense during his trial, but whether they ever lived together again is a matter of conjecture because after his release Boles dropped from sight. In 1892, Mrs. Boles' name appeared in the Hannibal directory as a "widow of Charles E. Boles." Whether she knew of his death, or was protecting him, no one knows.

As a fitting climax to my tribute to Black Bart, I would add one of his poems so you can judge for yourself what manner of man was he.

Here I lay me down to sleep,
To wait the coming morrow;
Perhaps success, perhaps defeat,
And everlasting sorrow.

I've labored long and hard for bread,
For honor and for riches,
But on my corns too long you've tread,
You fine-haired sons of bitches.

Let come what will, I'll try it on,
My condition can't be worse,
And if there's money in that box,
'Tis money in my purse.

Black Bart, the PO 8.

☞Agents of W., F. & Co. will not post this circular, but place them in the hands of your local and county officers, and reliable citizens in your region. Officers and citizens receiving them are respectfully requested to preserve them for future reference.

Agents WILL PRESERVE a copy on file in their office.

$800.00 Reward!

ARREST STAGE ROBBER!

1.

On the 3d of August, 1877, the stage from Fort Ross to Russian River was stopped by one man, who took from the Express box about $300, coin, and a check for $305.52, on Grangers' Bank of San Francisco, in favor of Fisk Bros. The Mail was also robbed. On one of the Way Bills left with the box the Robber wrote as follows:—

"I've labored long and hard for bread—
For honor and for riches—
But on my corns too long you've trod,
You fine haired sons of bitches.
BLACK BART, the P o 8.

Driver, give my respects to our friend, the other driver; but I really had a notion to hang my old disguise hat on his weather eye." (*fac simile.*)

Respectfully
B. B.

It is believed that he went to the Town of Guerneville about daylight next morning.

2.

About one year after above robbery, July 25th, 1878, the Stage from Quincy to Oroville was stopped by one man, and W., F. & Co's box robbed of $379, coin, one Diamond Ring, (said to be worth $200) one Silver Watch, valued at $25. The Mail was also robbed. In the box, when found next day, was the following, (*fac simile*):—

here I lay me down to sleep
to wait the coming morrow
perhaps success perhaps defeat
And everlasting sorrow
I've labored long and hard for bred
for honor and for riches
But on my corns too long you've trod
You fine haired sons of bitches
let come what will I'll try it on
My condition can't be worse
and if there's money in that Box
Tis mine my purse

Black Bart
the. P o 8

3.

About eight o'clock, A. M. of July 30th, 1878, the down stage from La Porte to Oroville was robbed by one man, who took from Express box a package of Gold Specimens valued at $50, Silver Watch No. 716,996, P. S. Bartlett, maker. The Mail was also robbed.

4.

On the 2d of October, 1878, the Stage from Cahto to Ukiah, Mendocino County, was stopped by one man, and the Express box and Mail robbed.

5.

On the following day, October 3d, 1878, the Stage from Covelo to Ukiah was stopped by one man, and the Express box and Mail robbed. After the last robbery the Sheriff and officers of Mendocino County traced the Robber in the direction of Colusa, via Bartlett Springs. The last heard of him was within eight miles of the Town of Williams, Colusa County.

6.

On the night of October 25th, 1879, the Stage from Yreka to Redding was stopped by one man near Bass' Station, Shasta County, and the Express box and Mail robbed.

7.

On the forenoon of October 27th, 1879, the Stage from Alturas to Redding was stopped by one man, and the Express box and Mail robbed. The Robber went south from scene of this robbery on east side of Sacramento River, taking breakfast about fifteen miles from place of robbery.

8.

On the 1st day of September, 1880, the Stage from Weaverville to Shasta was stopped by one man, and the Express box and Mail robbed. On following day the Robber came to a house on Eagle Creek, Shasta County, procured breakfast and a luncheon to carry with him, and, upon leaving, started towards Tehama County.

9.

On October 8th, 1881, the Stage from Yreka to Redding, was stopped by one man, and the Express box and Mail robbed.

10.

On the 11th of October, 1881, the Stage from Alturas to Redding, was stopped by one man, and the Express box and Mail robbed. The robber was traced down the Valley, on the East side Sacramento river within three miles of Oroville, Butte county, stopping at farm houses on the way, to procure food.

11.

On December 15th, 1881, the Stage from Downieville to Marysville, was stopped by one man, and the Express box and Mail robbed.

12.

On December 27th, 1881, the Stage from San Juan to Smartsville, was stopped by one man, and the Express box and the Mail robbed.

13.

On January 25th, 1882, the Stage from Ukiah to Cloverdale, was stopped by one man, and the Express box and Mail robbed After this robbery, it is believed the robber went towards Clear Lake, crossed at the Narrows, opposite Kelseyville, and passed down via Bartlett Springs towards Colusa.

14.

On July 13th, 1882, the Stage from Laporte to Oroville, was stopped by one man. Geo. Hackett, W., F. & Co's Messenger, was on the Stage, and fired two shots at the robber, without effect. The robber escaped to the brush and fled, going south; was seen on the following day near Camptonville, Yuba County.

15.

On September 17th, 1882, the Stage from Yreka to Redding, was stopped by one man, and the Express box and Mail robbed.

16.

On the 24th of November, 1882, the Stage from Lakeport to Cloverdale, was stopped by one man, and the Express box and Mail robbed. The robber went East and North, towards Lower Lake.

It is believed that all of the above robberies were committed by the same person. He is generally masked with a flour sack over face, and an old long linen duster to cover his person. In attacking a Stage, he usually jumps out in front of the team, in a stooping posture and seeks to shield himself in front of the lead horses. He is always armed with a double barreled shot gun, which he unbreeches, and rolls in his blankets, as soon as he is safe from immediate pursuit; always brings an old axe to the scene of robbery, which he uses to open the box, and leaves in vicinity of robbery. In opening the mail sacks, he cuts them with a sharp knife; thus, T—on top of the sack, near the lock. He has never manifested any viciousness, and there is reason to believe that he is averse to taking human life. He is polite to all passengers, and especially so to ladies. He comes and goes from the scene of robbery on foot; seems to be a thorough mountaineer, and a good walker, as he sometimes covers long distances in a day—getting food from houses in out-of-the-way places, but has never been known to remain over night in a house that is occupied; never allows himself to be seen in the vicinity of robbery, and never shows up for food until twelve or fifteen miles away. The only baggage visible when travelling is a roll of blankets, generally tied with bale rope, at the ends, although at one time he had a long valise. It will be seen by above list that, at four times he has attacked two lines of Stages terminating at same point, with but a day or two interval.

All of the above robberies are confined to the counties of Mendocino, Sonoma, Yuba, Sierra, Butte, Plumas, Shasta and Trinity. None have occurred below Sacramento, which indicates that his home was within the scope of the counties mentioned, as he seems to be most familiar with that country. There have been several other "one man robberies" during the time specified, which have not been investigated, the loss being nominal, which may have been committed by this facetious individual signing himself "Black Bart."

From the various places where he has obtained food, and from persons who have seen him while traveling through the country, the following description has been obtained, which is believed to be correct:

DESCRIPTION.

An American; age, over 50 years; height, 5 feet 9 to 11 inches; rather slender build; weight, about 155 lbs; high forehead, points running well up into hair; cheek bones prominent; lower part of face thin, and rather long; light eyes, deep set; heavy eyebrows; hair gray; heavy mustache and chin whiskers, well mixed with gray; two or more front teeth missing; long slender hands, that do not show work. He sometimes complains of throat disease; he seems to be educated, and is well informed on current topics. The manner of leaving the doggerel verse with Express box, after robbery, and the postscript to first verse, would indicate there was a vein of humor or waggery in his composition. It is not believed that he is addicted to the use of liquor and tobacco; is a great lover of coffee; wears about a No. 8 boot; is a great reader, and, when reading without glasses, holds his paper off at full arm's length. At no place where he has stopped for food has he been looked upon as suspicious in deportment or appearance, and it is most probable that he is considered entirely respectable wherever he may reside.

It is believed that the word "Respectfully" is his natural hand writing, and indicates that at some time in life he has had large experience in some clerical position. Most of the other writing is *certainly disguised*, but the peculiarity in the R in "Respectfully," and the "B. B's" and "P" in "P o8" are natural.

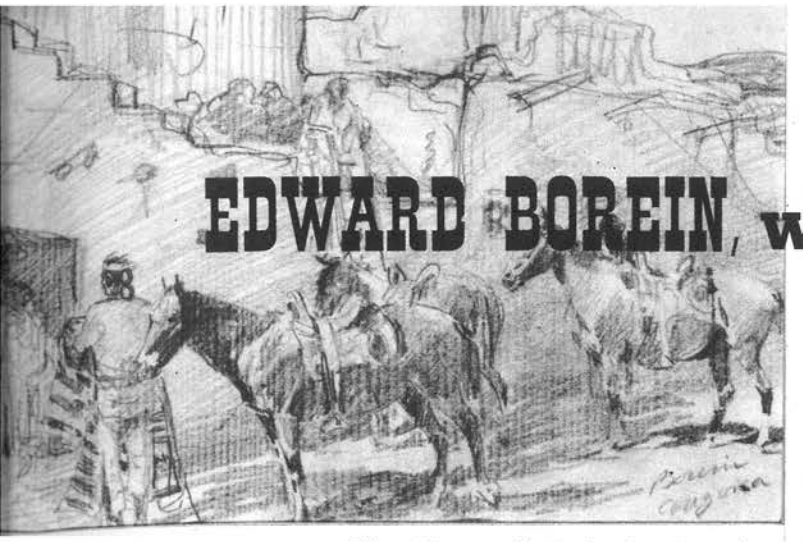
In addition to the liberal rewards offered by the State and Wells, Fargo & Co., (for particulars see Wells, Fargo & Co's "standing reward posters of July 1st, 1876"), the Postal Department offers a reward of *Two Hundred Dollars*, upon conviction of robbing the Mails.

Any person furnishing the undersigned information that leads to the discovery of this fellow, will be suitably rewarded; any information regarding him, write or telegraph to the undersigned, at San Francisco.

All communications strictly confidential.

J. B. HUME, Special Officer, Wells, Fargo & Co's Express.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 18th, 1882.



EDWARD BOREIN, WESTERN ARTIST

By CARL SCHAEFER DENTZEL

ED BOREIN WAS A REAL WESTERNER. He was not only one of the very few top notch artists who saw and recorded life on the American Frontier, he actually was a part of it. He was born in San Leandro, California, in 1873. When he was a boy Alameda County was ranching country. There he saw the now extinct long-horned cattle being driven by picturesque cowboys. His enthusiasm for horses grew when he was a saddlemaker's apprentice. He soon fell under the spell of the cowpuncher's life and went to live at the great Spanish cattle ranch of Jesus Maria in Santa Barbara County. He became a full-fledged cowboy, and in the words of C. F. Lummis, "his school became the cattle ranges of California and Mexico; his book, nature; his tools, the reata; his home, a California saddle."

He wandered far and wide, always in search of new sights and scenes. He worked his way all through Mexico down to Guatemala, and all through the American plains and California to the Canadian border. Meanwhile, whenever he got the chance he would make drawings and sketches just for his own amusement. At night, after the day's work was done and his fellow-workers were taking their ease, he would labor with his pencil and paper trying to sketch some picturesque figure or reproduce some vivid pictorial impression. He had been making drawings about the ranches for many years before he had any notion they might be valuable.

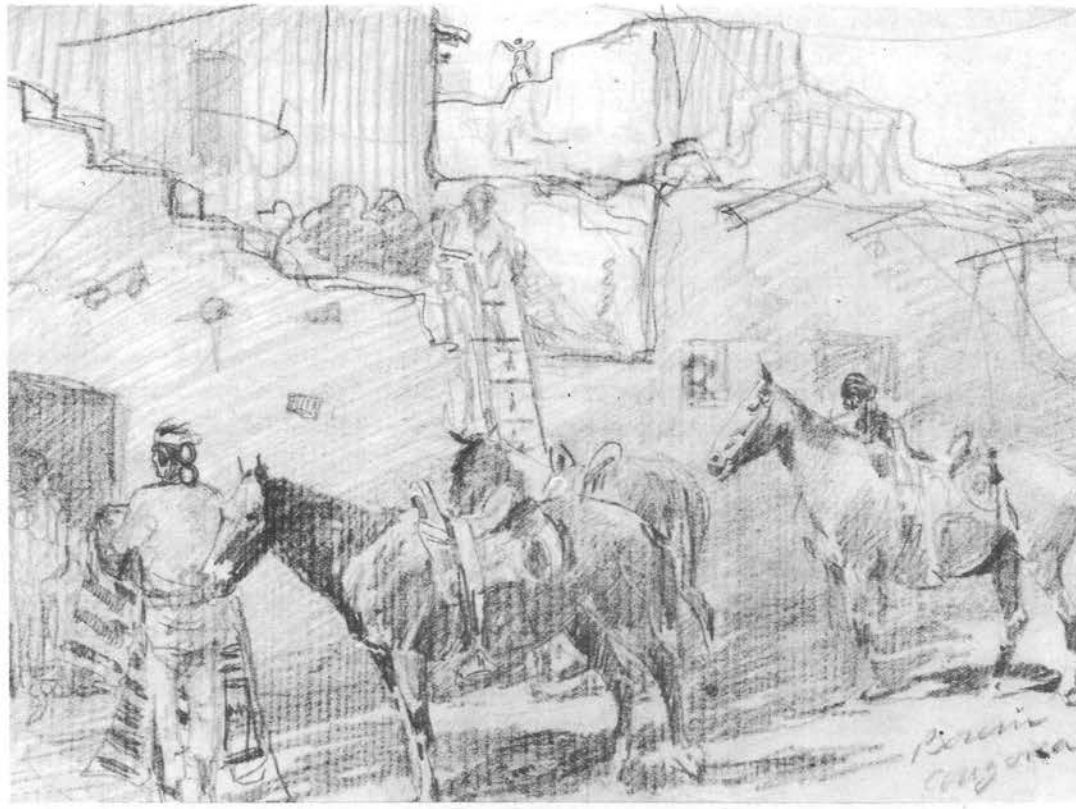
Edward Borein's drawings reveal his keen appreciation and knowledge of Far Western history. His work can be broadly classified as: Indians, the life of the tribes of the Far and Southwest. The Missions of California and historical occurrences of that romantic Spanish and Mexican period. Scenes of Mexican life, old and new, in Mexico and the Southwest. Cowboys, and their life of interest and thrills. Horses of the range and rodeo, and an interesting series on the various means of Western transportation.

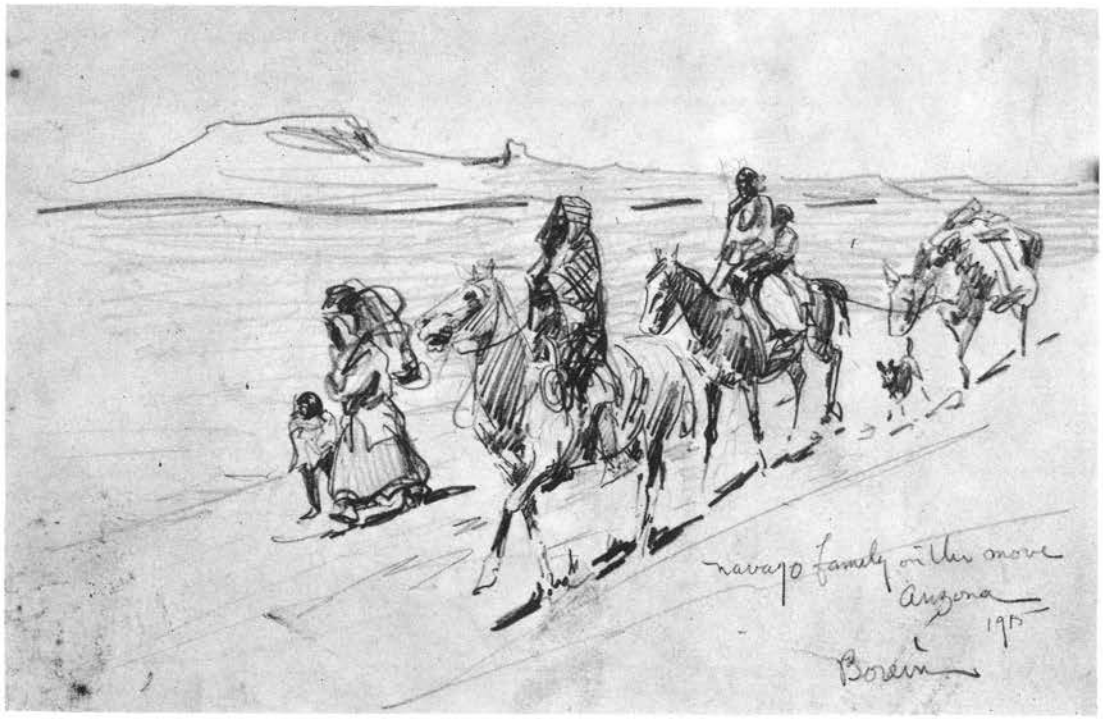
The portfolio of original Indian drawings reproduced here represent his work during a period of nearly fifty years. They not only show Borein's keen observation and accuracy, but his sensitivity and master draughtsmanship as well. From these drawings it is easy to understand why he was considered a great delineator of the Indian.

His pen and pencil work recording on-the-spot impressions reveals great artistry and insight. Borein's work has been lauded by the greatest artists and best critics. His friend Charlie Russell called him, "the greatest artist of the West." His paintings in water color and oil show his outstanding color sense. His compositions, always authentic, are

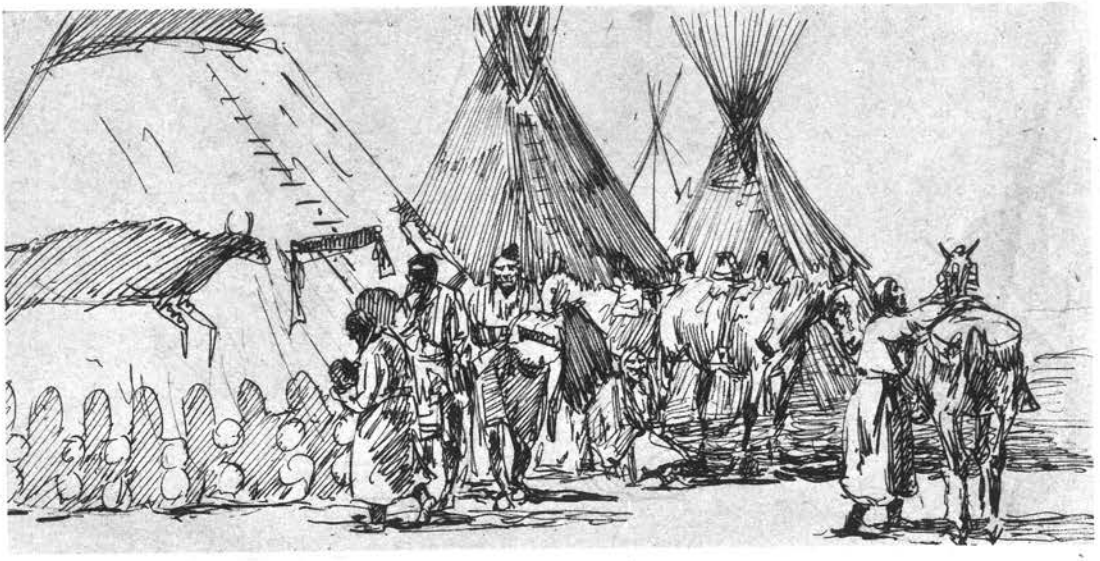
EDWARD BOREIN - WESTERN ARTIST usually executed with great taste, rarely failing to convey a powerful impression. He was considered one of the world's outstanding etchers, an art form he turned to so that his work would be accessible to all people.

Edward Borein loved the West and realized much of what he saw and loved was doomed to disappear. In his artistic legacy we have inherited a rich source of art and history. We are able through his work to forever keep in touch with all forms of the interesting and inspiring life of the American Frontier.

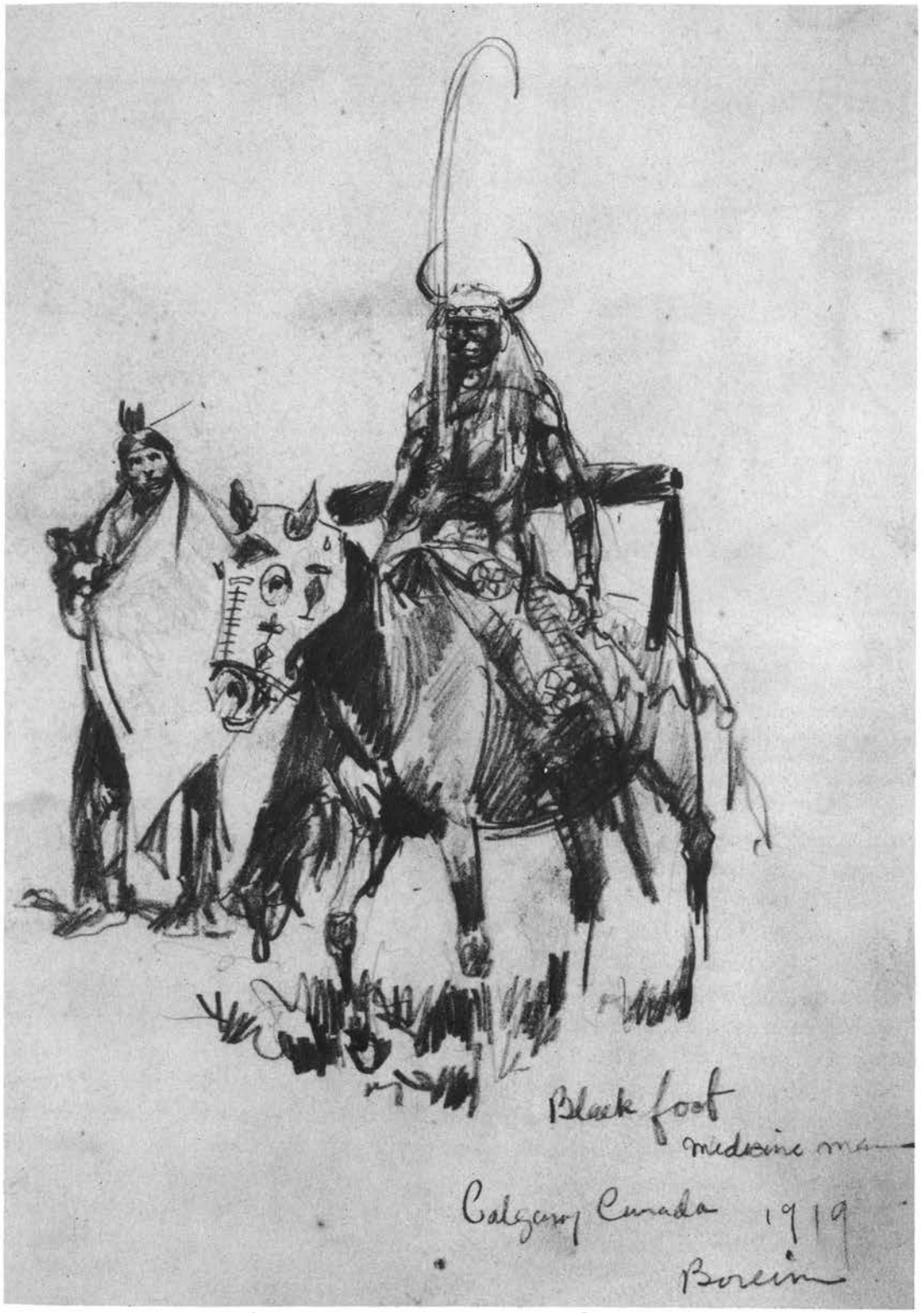


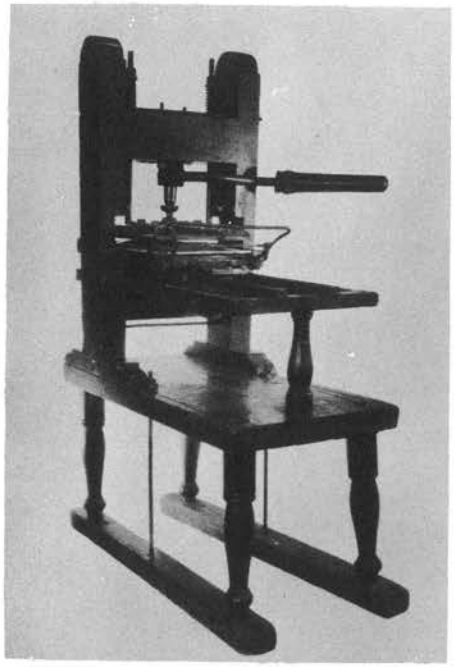


LOS ANGELES CORRAL (31)

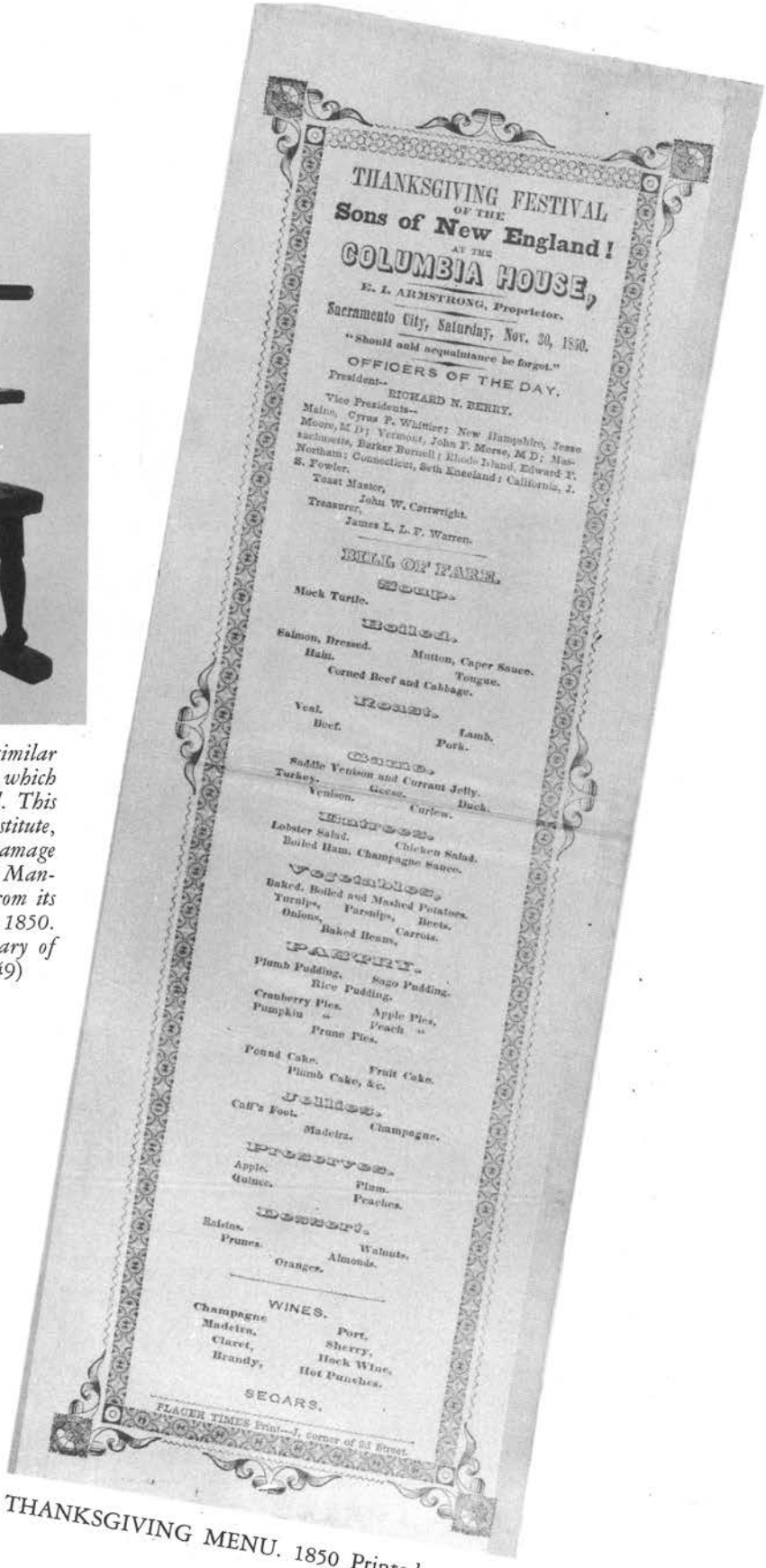



Pueblo Indian Hunters


Black foot
medicine ma
Calgary Canada 1919
Borein



An early Adam Ramage press, similar to that used by Lamorans, and on which the "Placer Times" was printed. This press is now in The Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Mr. Ramage was a member of the Board of Managers of the Franklin Institute from its founding in 1824, to his death in 1850. This year is the 125th anniversary of the founding of the Institute. (1949)



THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL
OF THE
Sons of New England!
AT THE
COLUMBIA HOUSE,
E. L. ARMSTRONG, Proprietor.
Sacramento City, Saturday, Nov. 30, 1850.
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

President--
RICHARD N. BERRY.

Vice Presidents--
Maine, Cyrus P. Whittier; New Hampshire, Jesse Moore, M.D; Vermont, John P. Morse, M.D; Massachusetts, Barker Burnell; Rhode Island, Edward P. Northam; Connecticut, Seth Eneeland; California, J. S. Fowler.

Toast Master,
John W. Cartwright.

Treasurer,
James L. L. F. Warren.

BILL OF FARE.

Soup.
Mock Turtle.

Boiled.
Salmon, Dressed. Mutton, Caper Sauce.
Ham. Tongue.
Corned Beef and Cabbage.

Roast.
Veal. Lamb.
Beef. Pork.

Game.
Saddle Venison and Currant Jelly.
Turkey. Duck.
Venison. Curlew.
Geese.

Entrees.
Lobster Salad. Chicken Salad.
Boiled Ham. Champagne sauce.

Vegetables.
Baked, Boiled and Mashed Potatoes.
Turnips, Parsnips, Beets.
Onions, Carrots.
Baked Beans.

PASTRY.
Plumb Pudding, Sago Pudding.
Rice Pudding.
Cranberry Pies. Apple Pies.
Pumpkin " Peach "
Prune Pies.
Pound Cake. Fruit Cake.
Plumb Cake, &c.

Jellies.
Calf's Foot. Champagne.
Madeira.

Preserves.
Apple. Plum.
Quince. Peaches.

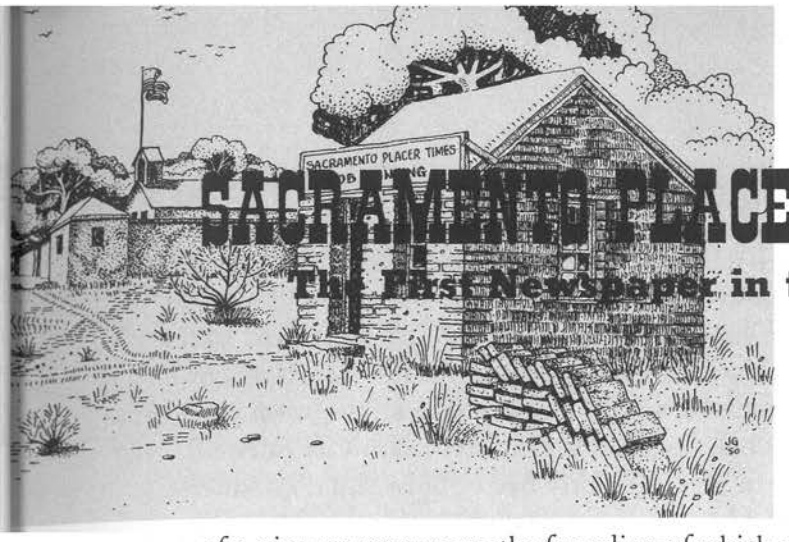
Dessert.
Raisins. Walnuts.
Prunes. Almonds.
Oranges.

WINES.
Champagne Port,
Madeira, Sherry,
Claret, Hock Wine,
Brandy, Hot Punches.

SEGARS.

PLACER TIMES Print--J, corner of 2d Street.

THANKSGIVING MENU. 1850 Printed on Silk



SACRAMENTO PLACER TIMES 1849-1851

The First Newspaper in the Interior of California

By JOHN B. GOODMAN, III

THIS BEING A CALIFORNIA CENTENNIAL year, it is only natural that it should cover a variety of subjects as well as events. The facsimile here reproduced is of a pioneer newspaper, the founding of which was quite an event one hundred years ago. Although this little newspaper struggled under its original masthead for a comparatively short time it has every right to centennial recognition. While other early California newspapers may for one reason or another lay claim to fame and glory, the *PLACER TIMES*, much neglected by historians, would be little known were it not for the writings of its editor and California's pioneer newspaperman, Edward C. Kemble. It certainly should rank at least second on any list for fame among pioneer journalism. Its founding, career and demise were not spectacular. The very fact that it was the first newspaper printed in the interior of California, and the third in the State, should give it a good start. More important, however, is the fact that the early issues (to November, 1849) were printed on the old press used by Agustin V. Zamorano (California's first printer), using the same type and what was left of the stock of old Spanish paper. This just about makes these early issues second cousins to the Spanish printing from this same press.

Potential copies of the 1849 issues of this newspaper are every bit as scarce as some of the Zamorano items. While not so desirable from a collector's point of view, or so historical, they are very definitely important. Aside from some of the early reminiscences written for Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, at his request, the *Placer Times* for 1849 remains the greatest source of information on Sacramento during the year of its founding.

At the time this newspaper was started, our State Capital, Sacramento, "City of the Plains," so referred to in those days, was little more than an idea, and the influx of greedy gold seekers and opportunists—some, later to clothe themselves in an excess of virtue—had hardly started. Vicente Rosales, writing in March, 1849, has this to say: "The spot destined for the town of Sacramento was the beautiful oak and cypress-covered valley that lies to the southwest of the union of the American River with the Sacramento." Mudbanks, swamps and fields of cattails abounded, a likely spot for putrid fevers. Everywhere the ground was "strewn with garments, torn sacks, bones, empty bottles, and other odds and ends, to get in the way of the miners and hamper their movements . . ." The town was composed of some one hundred and fifty rugged, hardy souls, grouped mostly around Sutter's Fort. Of these, the majority seem to have been merchants and——others with something to sell. This group of solid citizens, with the same rare insight

and identical motives that are found in their counterparts today, seemed to be the first to anticipate where next the golden flow would be. It was this group, as a matter of fact, that got together long enough between their own schemes and bickerings, and with sour-breathed decency where there never was much decency to start with, and induced Kemble to bring his press to that wilderness in order to further their own ambitious plans. It was inevitable that Sacramento was to blossom into a full grown city, with or without a newspaper. There were only four houses in Sacramento City in April, 1849. By October, 1849, the city claimed to have over forty-five wooden buildings, three hundred cloth houses and a population of over two thousand, with hundreds more arriving almost daily.

It can be readily seen that with this background the number of papers printed could not have been great, even including a considerable number of giveaways paid for by the merchants. (*1*) Kemble himself states nine years later that "specimens are preserved by a few of our old residents as a great curiosity," and by August, 1849, the *Times* had started buying in back numbers. (*2*) This scarcity is borne out by the fact that no copy of the 1849 issues has ever appeared at auction or in a bookseller's catalogue. The original of this facsimile came from Kentucky ten years ago. It came into the writer's collection at that time, by chance, through a Los Angeles stamp dealer. Aside from this copy, and the file in the California State Library, there perhaps are not more than half a dozen copies recorded or otherwise. A census of known copies of the 1849 issues is given at the end of this article.

As the general history and the beginning of this early Ramage (*3*) printing press is so completely covered in other works, only a brief sketch of the part the press played in early California journalism will be given in this article. For those inquisitive souls

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(*1*) The circulation one year later, April 1850, was only five hundred copies, at $12.00 a year.

(*2*) In the issue of August 25, 1849, appeared on the editorial page the following announcement: "Fifty cents per copy will be paid for No. 11 of the Placer Times. Apply at the office, Front Street."

(*3*) Adam Ramage learned woodcraft in Scotland. On arriving in America he first settled in Philadelphia, where he and James Ronaldson started building presses. About 1790, Ramage substituted iron for wood in the bed and platen of his presses, which made them more sturdy than those from abroad. In 1807 he improvised the screw and working parts, increasing the impress power.

The Ramage press at the Franklin Institute measures 6′-9″ long, 2′-6″ wide and 6′-3″ high; no recorded weight.

THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE—May 1949

A total of three patents were issued to Ramage covering printing presses. These were issued in 1818, 1823 and 1834. No specifications are available for the first patent. The 1823 patent describes an all iron press but also states that the press could be made entirely of wood, which suggests that this was the period in which Ramage combined wood and iron in the manufacture of his presses. Actually Ramage was not known to have made all iron presses until 1834.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE—May 1949

who would delve further, the following works of great merit are listed below. (*4*)

An old Ramage printing press was deposited on the shores of Pastoral, California, at Monterey in 1834, (*5*) where it started life anew under the Spanish craftsman Zamorano. In 1836 Revolutionists took it to Sonoma. For no apparent reason it was later taken back to Monterey (date not established), and was used until 1845, and then stored away. It was put together once again after the American occupation in 1846, and it began a new career as California's first newspaper press. It continued to do faithful duty in this capacity for the Fourth Estate wherever called upon to do so, until its ignominious demise at Columbia, November 13, 1851, by a group of that city's citizens, a dull, feeble-minded, deluded, stupid, dim-brained and hysterical lot of jackanapes as ever committed an act of vandalism.

The first newspaper printed in California and on this press was the *Californian*, published at Monterey on August 15, 1846. Once again the creaking timbers of the press were disturbed. May, 1847, finds it publishing the *Californian* in San Francisco. Kemble became the owner of the press in November, 1848, and used it to publish the *Star and Californian*. Then in the Spring of 1849, he took the press to Sacramento. The following is Kemble's own story of the founding of the *Placer Times:*

"The first newspaper in Sacramento, was a (cion) from the *Alta California*. Its transfer and growth were contemporaneous with the origin of the city. It had its rise in the necessities of a shrewd, active, liberal, and far-sighted little community gathered about Sutter's Fort, in the winter of 1848. They had planned a large city, and 'laid off' the lots, right and left from the high ground about the Fort, extending down to the river's bank. Undismayed by the storms of winter, which had cut off communication and put a stop to trade with the mines, or by the rise of waters, which threatened to convert commercial sites into mill privileges, and leave the line of their water front as undefined as that of San Francisco, our city ancestors getting together around the hearth of one and another, discussed their Spring projects, and drew into their designs those characteristic figures, typical of American genius, and prominent in our vignettes, a steamboat and a newspaper

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(*4*) Edward C. Kemble's "A History of California Newspapers" in the Sacramento *Daily Union*, December 25, 1858, and reprinted by the Plandome Press, New York, 1927, page 1; both scarce, a mint copy of the former brings around $35.00, the latter $15.00; Carl I. Wheat's "The Pioneer Press of California," Biobooks, Oakland, Calif. 1948, page 1, and printed by the Grabhorn Press, @ $10.00 and now out of print. This work is essentially a reprint with corrections and additions of his earlier "Pioneers The Engaging Tale of Three Early California Printing Presses and Their Strange Adventures," privately printed in the Pueblo of Los Angeles, California, 1934, page 1, limited to 250 copies and currently brings about $5.00; George L. Harding's research on this early press is well known, and his engaging article in the June, 1934, issue of the "Quarterly News-Letter" of the Book Club of California, and his very excellent and authoritative book, "Don Agustin V. Zamorano, Statesman, Soldier, Craftsman and California's First Printer," The Zamorano Club, Los Angeles, 1934, page 178, published @ $7.50 but now commanding $15.00 or more, are all outstanding.

(*5*) Mr. Harding has established this date from original sources. Kemble was in error when he said the press had operated two years at this date.

press. One of their number, (6) on a recent visit to San Francisco, had gathered from one of the proprietors of the *Alta California*, then just commenced, that their interests required a good correspondent, (very difficult to get in those days) or a local newspaper established nearer the mines. But who should start such a sheet, and wherewithal should it be kept alive? The shrewdest and foremost merchant (7) at Sutter's Fort, and now one of the wealthiest men in the State, had from friendship to one of the proprietors of the *Alta California*, discouraged his setting out in the chimerical design of founding a newspaper in San Francisco. What infatuation, therefore, to try such an experiment elsewhere, in the unsettled state of the country? However, the *Alta California* was a success, and reasoning from that, perhaps a press at Sutter's Fort might be supported. The Fort merchants resolved to secure the printer against loss as nearly as they could, and endeavor to get the *Alta* publishers to establish a branch of their concern at the new city of Sacramento. An instrument in the form of a covenant was signed, and a few hundred dollars subscribed by the merchants to assist in the enterprise. The paper was forwarded to the publishers of the *Alta* with the prayer of old, to 'come over and help us.' In the list of subscriptions was one of nine town lots, to be selected by the founders of the press, and deeded by Sutter. The *Alta* proprietors consulted, but only one was strongly in favor of trying the experiment. When every other objection had been got over, there still remained the primary one of scarcity of material. At length, from the beggarly fonts and worn out stuff tucked away in little heaps of 'pi,' an office was patched up. The old California Ramage press was voted for the excursion, and its weary old joints again taken down and sentenced for transportation. A few reams of Spanish foolscap were sent with the boxes of type and press, on board one of the launches running as regular packets to Sacramento. The name of this vessel, if we remember rightly, was *Dice me Nana*, (8) (says my mamma) and it was not long since that we were furnished by the late T. O. Larkin, with an amusing scrap of history showing the derivation of the name, which may not be out of place here. It was the second vessel built on this part of the coast, and probably the first California vessel to ascend the waters of the Sacramento. Her builder's name was

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(6) Believed to be Samuel Brannan.

(7) Sam Brannan.

(8) Owned by Sam Brannan. According to Vicente Perez Rosales, who made a trip to Sacramento in the "Dice me Nana" on March 6, 1849, has this to say: "The Dysy was a sloop of twenty tons, of antediluvian construction and infirm and leaky movements, with a boom apparently devised to sweep overboard anything and anyone rising above the gunwale, after the fashion of a miller leveling off the wheat that overflows a bushel measure . . . The ship was commanded by the memorable Captain Robinson, [there were several Robinsons in early California—nearly all sailors] a small, lisping irascible old Yankee, who got drunk daily." What he thought of the ship's owner he expressed to all at large, "if I had my way, there's nobody I'd sooner hang for a thief than that devil Brannan! [a feeling not felt by everyone].

SACRAMENTO PLACER TIMES John Davis, (*9*) an early resident of the place now known as San Francisco. His heirs (*10*) still own valuable property on the public plaza there. The name was taken from the lips of a little Spanish girl, who had been made by her mother an adept in the art of borrowing. Her visits to the neighbors, invariably had as a prelude, '*Dice me Nana*,' (says my mamma) will you lend her this or that article, '*por un remedio*,' (for a remedy) which excuse of a remedy was applied indiscriminately by the little girl to whatever she wished to borrow; she had been taught to say 'for a remedy,' in applying for medicine and food, and not been told when to lay it aside. So *Dice me Nana* became historical, and not less so from its service, as the vessel which transported the first printing press north of San Francisco, in this State.

"About the 20th of March, (*11*) the pioneer craft and her pioneer cargo arrived at the landing of the embryo city. The time consumed in that memorable voyage from San Francisco to Sacramento, was eight days, or twenty-four times longer than the period of a trip in the present day, and forty-eight times longer than the period in which we hope to see the same journey performed by land, in some future day not distant. One of the proprietors of the *Alta California* had accompanied the material as far as the prospective town of Webster, laid off eight or ten miles below Sutterville, where he abandoned the vessel, and in company with one or two others, set out to walk the rest of the distance to Sutter's Fort. It was late in the evening when the party, without any further adventure than a thorough sousing overboard, from a canoe, in attempting to cross the 'lake' at Sutterville, arrived at the Fort. But late as it was, the arrival of the press was celebrated that night with oysters and champagne, in one of the old rooms within the adobe walls. Arrangements were at once made for the setting up of 'the mighty engine,' and as the business of the future city was all at the Fort, and that site eminently favored for the building of a city that should laugh at the disasters of the flood, it was decided to establish the newspaper there. But before that could be done, an office must be built. Lumber was selling at $500 per M. There were no shingles—but worst of all there was no carpenter. Here were bricks to be made, and almost without mud and straw. The services of a *quasi* joiner were secured at last, however, and between the printer and his help, the

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(*9*) John Calvert Davis, the English ship carpenter who arrived in California in 1839. According to Sutter he committed suicide in 1848. John Henry Brown said that Davis was in partnership with two other ship carpenters, John Ross and William John (Chino) Reynolds in 1846. There were a couple of other John Davis'; one a Norwegian ship carpenter.

(*10*) Davis had a son and two daughters, his wife was the daughter of the well known trapper George C. Yount.

(*11*) Kemble may have been in error on this date as he was on some others, it could just as well have been one week earlier, around the 12th or 13th. In which case, the press might have traveled up the river on the trip so vividly described by Rosales in his "California Adventure," The Book Club of California, San Francisco, 1947, pages 26-30. The vessel could scarcely have made another round trip by the 20th, and a later date would not have permitted time to construct an office of adobe and attend to the details of setting up shop and getting out the first issue by April 28th.

house, a little one story cabin, (*12*) with a cotton roof and no ceiling, was put up. It stood about two hundred yards distant from the northeast corner bastion, and not far from what is now the corner of Twenty-eighth and K Streets. Into this thin shell, through which the rays of the sun shot like fiery lances, the material of the paper was removed, and on the 28th of April, 1849, appeared the first number of the pioneer journal of Sacramento, and the interior of the State.

"The *Placer Times*, was a little sheet, thirteen by eighteen inches in size, of which specimens are preserved by a few of our old residents as a great curiosity. The head was carved from a piece of wood with a jack-knife, and the face of some of the type were made by the use of the same instrument to conform to the printer's demand for assorted letters. The letter O, minus its right cheek, readily slid into the place of the third character of the alphabet, but the attempt to turn up the tail of the Q, so as to form a G, was a ridiculous failure. These, however, were trifling difficulties, compared with the labors imposed upon the publisher, by actual deficiency of the machinery of an office. It was not so grievous a burden to set the type for his little sheet, but when he brought his type forms to the press to be worked off, and found it necessary on account of the warping effect of the sun's rays, to plane down the wooden 'platen' with a jack-plane, in order to make it sufficiently level to give an even impression, and on inspecting his inking apparatus, found the glue and molasses roller which had been moulded in the morning, and buried to keep it away from the heat, also overcome by the amorous embraces of the atmosphere, and spreading its liquid sweetness far around. When these and similar little incidents occurred, as they did, weekly, to shake the confidence of the *Times* publisher, already pretty well shaken under a debilitating attack of chills and fever, it is not to be wondered at, if he felt at times discouraged. However, the *Times* continued to be published weekly, on Saturdays, during the months of May and June, when the increasing illness of the editor compelled him to abandon his post, and return to the cooler climate of San Francisco, the common resort of invalids in those days. He had arranged to have one of his associates (*13*) in the *Alta California* take his place, but this person not arriving in time, some of the citizens took the matter in hand, and got out a paper for the week in which the exchange was being effected. On the 28th of June, the publishing firm of the *Placer Times* was changed from E. C. Kemble & Co., to T. R. Per Lee & Co., the partners still being the owners and editors of the *Alta California*. Per Lee was wholly unacquainted with the business of a newspaper office, and only remained a fortnight in his new charge. He left the *Times* in the care of a former printer in the New York *Tribune* office, J. H. Giles, and returned below to sell out his interest in the two establishments

(*12*) It no doubt had only a dirt floor, and the only wood used being for door and window casings and jambs, and a few rafters and shelving for paper and supplies. The roof was that universally used at this time on the frontier—cotton waterproofed.

(*13*) T. R. Per Lee.

to his remaining partners. Giles was ratified in his position, and continued as agent of E. Gilbert & Co., to edit and publish the *Times* throughout the remainder of the year 1849, and until April of 1850, when he was succeeded in the editorship by J. E. Lawrence, (*14*) and at the end of another month or two returned to his Atlantic home with a snug competency, (*15*) one of the very few newspaper publishers who have taken a fortune with them out of the State.

"At the risk of prolonging this narrative beyond its sustaining point of interest, we make a short summary of the features of this era in newspaper publication. In the fourth number of the *Times* (May 19) appears the annexed invitation:

"We have introduced into our columns to-day, much more selected matter than we design doing during the present size of our paper. ** We will be pleased to hear from the different gold diggings, the result of the labor, the news current, etc. Until we can employ regular correspondents, we will compensate the services of any who may undertake to perform the light task of an occasional contributor, *by supplying them with batches of Late State papers, and all other readable matter* received at this office; such being much sought after, is probably the only reward we can name that would be listened to, and we hope by the arrangement to secure a good deal of valuable information to our readers. The real signature must accompany each communication.

"In the beginning of July, the building and office of the *Times* was removed to Front Street, on a lot leased by Sam Brannan. It may here be proper to mention, that the voluntary offer of nine lots made by the proprietors of Sacramento, to the founders of the first newspaper, was never of any benefit to the *Times* publishers. Although the offer had been made without conditions, and the publishers were to be left free to choose the lots, when a selection came to be made, Sutter's agent (Burnett) (*16*) restricted the choice to the property about the Fort, and would not allow any of the lots near the river, which were the only ones of any considerable value, to be taken. In this way, while some of the

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(*14*) "The undersigned, contemplating leaving Sacramento as soon as his business arrangements will permit, takes pleasure in announcing to the readers of the Times, that the editorial chair will be hereafter occupied by Jos. E. Lawrence, Esq. Mr. L. is now visiting the up-river towns, for the purpose of establishing agencies for this paper and the Alta California, so that each will be more thoroughly circulated throughout the mining districts. In the interim, new material of every description is arriving, and the arrangements for the more frequent appearance of the paper will be completed in a few days. It is a source of no little gratification to the undersigned to see a determination evinced by the enterprising proprietors of the Placer Times, to make it an establishment second to none in California.

J. H. GILES"

Placer Times, Vol. 1, No. 48, April 13, 1850.

(*15*) It is interesting to note that the amount received by the *Times* office for job printing and advertising, varied from $1,000 to $2,000 weekly. Tickets were printed for the different political candidates at the rate of $20.00 for every thousand. The compositors at this time were paid $15.00 daily.

(*16*) Peter H. Burnett never overlooked a chance to turn a dollar. He received one-fourth of the gross proceeds from the sale of all Sacramento city lots. Little wonder he wanted to give the Times practically worthless property. His handling of the Times property deal is certainly open to question. He became the first governor of the State of California, December 20, 1849, and on January 13, 1857 a Justice of the Supreme Court of California.

SACRAMENTO PLACER TIMES

chief merchants and real estate owners were pocketing large profits from transfers, exchanges, and bonuses exacted by the proprietors from the city, the men who, at considerable personal sacrifice, had contributed to build up the fortunes of Sacramento, by the establishment of the press here, were defrauded out of the small contribution subscribed by Sutter, and the first of that long series of wrongs, (17) denominated 'cheating the printer,' inaugurated north of the Bay. It may have been this ingratitude which nerved the printer of the *Times* to demand 'equal and exact justice' in defining his position (July 25) as follows:

"Numerous requests are sent to us to notice gratuitously, new undertakings and enterprises, we respectfully decline doing so. Proceedings of meetings, editorial business notices, and marriages and deaths, must be paid for. Printers in the States may amuse themselves by laboring for nothing to advance various interests—*here*, it is out of the question.

"The *Times* man could probably afford to be thus explicit with his patrons. We find in a succeeding number, the following amusing and goodnatured complaint of a mishap, which put the *Times* out of joint for one week, also, a threat which must sound like the *hight* of audacity to some of the advertising sheets in San Francisco:

"We dislike these cards apologetic, but we think our readers will excuse the delay in the issue of the present number, when we tell them that about one-half of the types prepared for it were innocently upset by a gentleman last week. *Moral:* If you have any sympathy with suffering humanity, (mercury 112° in the shade) be careful how you knock round in the printing office.

"By the way, our advertisers have got the start of us to-day. A few of them will have to stand aside next week, as we may have something to say.

"Printers are not ungrateful, nor publics always ungenerous, as the following paragraph in next week's number shows:

"We take the occasion to offer our acknowledgments for the liberal and generous encouragement extended to this establishment by a number of gentlemen, particularly those who have insisted upon paying more for services rendered for them than we asked them.

"This paragraph having the appearance of the finest irony was an honest acknowledgment, and appears in connection with a notice of the *Times*' prospects. In the same article, the editor promises to have his paper carried to his subscribers after that date. It had been the custom, it seems, for his readers to call at the office. He thus contradicts a rumor that 'outside parties' had control of his columns:

"As a general thing, the editorials have not been *written at all*, but hastily composed *from the case*, amid the noise and confusion of this bustling locality, and with a half a dozen asking where the Post Office is, and is the steamer in? etc. Not a line will appear in the columns of the *Times* written by other persons, unless paid for at the rate of three dollars for every twelve lines.

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(17) The *Placer Times* suffered no worse than many others, in fact not as bad. Cheating rated top priority and the most adept became successful and prominent; even Sam Brannan, the most successful merchant during the gold rush, eventually lost everything.

SACRAMENTO PLACER TIMES

"From this rule, even the productions of the muse were not excepted. A column of poetry, one verse beginning with—

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where men have strange courts and rules,

illustrates the truth of *that* part of the discourse, at least, by advertising rules at the top and bottom of the column, and the usual sign, * it, signifying, paid for one time, at the end of the last stanza. During this time, the paper continued weekly, at ten dollars per annum, and was of the original dimensions. In November, (1849) the *Times* was enlarged to its former size, and soon after removed to Second street, between K and L. It had been once removed previously, and this was the third ambulation of the building and office. One corner of the *little shanty* was used during the winter of 1849, by the late J. E. Birch, (*18*) as the office for his pioneer line of stages in this State. Among the business notices of the paper (Dec. 29) was one signed by the editor, advertising money, entrusted to him by others, to loan in sums of $1000 and $5000.

"On the 22nd of April, [1850] the *Times* appeared tri-weekly, under the editorial management of J. E. Lawrence. It was two or three weeks behind its neighbor of the *Transcript*, which was started as a tri-weekly. But the prestige lost by this circumstance was recovered June 5th, 1850, by the appearance of the *Times* as the first daily paper in Sacramento. It still retained the size of the tri-weekly, eighteen by twenty-two inches. No other change now occurred until the Fall of this year. On the 8th of October, 1850, the *Times* establishment, including newspaper and job offices, good will, the buildings, and two lots, passed out of the hands of its original proprietors. It was purchased by L. Pickering, J. E. Lawrence, and L. Aldrich, for $16,000. Eight thousand dollars for the building and material, and the balance for the real estate. A short time after the purchase, Pickering and Lawrence bought also the interest of Aldrich. The neutrality of the paper did not suffer by the change, although its editorials began to evince a deeper interest in the movements of parties, then just forming, and in the action of the Democratic party in particular, than was consistent with a journal professing to stand aloof from such matters. During the Squatter riots (*19*) in August, the *Times* 'drew the sword and threw away the scabbard,' in defense of the real estate owners, but in the hands of its new owners, it appeared disposed to shape its course differently, with regard to the 'Squatter question.' It continued through the winter without change in the managerial department, and in

(*18*) Joseph E. Birch is supposed to have established the first stage line in California, September, 1849, plying between Sacramento and Mormon Island. He became president of the California Stage Company in 1853, upon consolidation of a number of the smaller companies.

(*19*) A very serious affair at the time, and an unfortunate episode in the city's history. The agitators, then as now, the vomitous outpouring of offsprings, a sleazy, low, cunning, greedy, and without trust, cruel, insolent, sullen, self-seeking and grasping group of professional lunatics that try to get what their neighbors have, their ignorances and vulgarities tolerated only because of their being ancestors or relatives.

June of 1851, annexed the *Transcript* to it, . . . The last number of the *Times*, in its single or bachelor state, was issued June 15th." [1851].

For those few that are interested in the final days of this pioneer newspaper a brief outline is given.

The cholera epidemic of 1850 (*20*) made business very dull for the year following, and no doubt due to the hard times the pioneer journal shared its quarters with a newcomer, the *Index*. (*21*) On annexing the *Transcript*, the second newspaper published in Sacramento, the *Times* became a different paper, and was issued as the *Placer Times and Transcript* on the 16th of June, 1851. The State printing, which G. K. Fitch of the *Transcript* then held, and the city printing held by L. Pickering of the *Times*, formed the basis for the uniting of these two pioneer journals. The paper was Democratic in politics.

Between the *Placer Times and Transcript* and the *State Journal* there existed considerable jealousy and rivalry. Something had to be done—and soon! An offer of $6,000 to the *Transcript* by the proprietors of the *Journal*, on the condition that it quit the field and remove to San Francisco, had the desired results. The *Times and Transcript* retired gracefully from Sacramento in June, 1852,—just one year after it had been consolidated.

Arriving at San Francisco, the "chief center of population and influence", in the same month, we again let Kemble tell the story in his words: "Fitch and Pickering were the proprietors, and Pickering was editor. About the beginning of '54, Edwin Bell purchased it and B. F. Washington became the editor, and under his management it was a leading paper. It died in the Fall of '55, its good will and material going back to the *Alta California*, which had given it life in the first place."

It is believed that the old Monterey press was returned to San Francisco in November, 1849, when the *Times* was moved for the third time. The proprietors of the *Alta* planned to retire its aching and ageing timbers, but its fate was such that in January, 1850, this old relic was packed off to Stockton, where it once again started to add to its long list of "firsts." Here was printed the first newspaper in Stockton and the San Joaquin Valley, the *Stockton Times and Tuolumne City Intelligencer*. After a few months we find this venerable old servant to the pioneers shuttled off to the southern mines, where on July 4, 1850, (*22*) it added a couple more firsts, the first newspaper in the southern mines, and in the town of Sonora. The *Sonora Herald* was printed on this old Ramage press. From here the press started on its last mission. After it was sold in October, 1851, it commenced the career

(*20*) The loss in Sacramento City was the highest in the state, about fifteen per cent of the population.

(*21*) Possibly more to help themselves than for any other reason, the *Times* in December 1850, shared its establishment with the Sacramento *Index*, the fourth newspaper to be published in that city, and the first evening paper printed in the state outside of San Francisco.

(*22*) The first issue, July 4, 1850, was printed the morning of July 3rd, while the old press was still in Stockton, and the papers were carried by messenger on horseback the seventy odd miles to Sonora that same afternoon and night. The old press followed a few days later, and started printing the *Herald* in Sonora.

of the Columbia *Star* on the 25th of that month, and by so doing closed its own as well as the *Star's* career, for on the night of November 13, 1851, its long and useful life came to a misfortunate end in the city street by fire. As Kemble puts it, "destroyed in a few moments what, even in barbarian countries, would have been held in veneration a lifetime, if only as an unmeaning curiosity."

A short biography of the men connected with the *Placer Times* may be of additional interest.

EDWARD CLEVELAND KEMBLE

The first owner and editor of the Sacramento *Placer Times* was born at Troy, New York, on November 11, 1828. He arrived in California aboard the ship "Brooklyn," at the age of seventeen years and eight months, July 31, 1846, with Sam Brannan's Mormon colony, although it is generally believed he was not a Mormon. Soon after arriving he joined Capt. John C. Fremont's California Battalion, Co. G, and remained with Fremont through the California conquest. He is generally referred to as California's pioneer editor and publisher, and sometimes called "Father of the Press" in California, a distinction no doubt justly belonging to Commodore Stockton, originator of the first newspaper published in California. (*23*) A printer by trade, Kemble in 1847 was employed by the newly organized San Francisco *California Star* as editor, (*24*) and later became owner and editor of the *California Star and Californian*, November 18, 1848, after buying out the latter. This paper became the *Alta California* in January, 1849, and the parent paper of the *Placer Times*. He was secretary of the San Francisco council in 1848 and was somewhat prominent in local matters.

Editorially he predicted the building of a great empire in California, and yet, for some unexplained reason, he missed fire on one of the biggest news stories in history—the discovery of gold. He was the first newspaperman to visit the "diggings" after Marshall's discovery but reported it in only a dozen conservative lines headed "Gold Mine Found."

In Santiago's "Reminiscences of Pioneers" published in the San Francisco *Alta* for September 7, 1866, he says of Kemble: "The first time we met Mr. Kemble was at Sutter's Fort, in the fall of '48, when he extended his hand to us with a cordial welcome, while a genial smile played over his bright features. We see him now, through our mental vision, precisely as he then appeared. He was attired in a neatly fitting light blue roundabout or jacket; his nether garment was of fine black cloth; his vest of similar texture and color. His cheeks were like a ripe peach, rosy and smooth as velvet; his eyes sparkled and

(*23*) The first number of the *Star* was January 9, 1847, Elbert P. Jones, editor. Kemble became editor on April 17, 1847.

(*24*) Walter Colton was actually the first newspaper publisher in California; Robert Semple the first editor, and Joseph Dockrill the first printer.

scintillated with tender emotion; . . . and his beautiful glossy hair . . . fell gracefully on either side of his tranquil brow . . . he was a gentleman of strict integrity and moral worth, unassuming, generous and magnanimous."

He went east in 1853, and later to Europe. In 1855 while in New York he began publication of a journal known as the *Californian*, for the purpose of disseminating information from that point throughout the East concerning the resources of the State of California. The project was soon abandoned, and he returned to San Francisco in 1856 and to Sacramento in 1857, where he became associate editor of the Sacramento *Daily Union*. In 1858 he wrote what will always remain the authoritative work on the Pioneer California Newspapers.

During the Civil War Kemble served as a paymaster major with the Union forces, and resigned in 1866 as a brevet-lieutenant colonel. In 1867 he was appointed inspector of Indian affairs on the Pacific Coast and later was connected with the Associated Press in New York City after returning to that city. He died at Mott Haven, New York, February 10, 1886, at the early age of fifty-seven.

His son, E. W. Kemble, gained wide fame as a cartoonist for the New York *Herald Sun*, *Colliers*, *Life* and *Harpers Weekly*, and as the illustrator of the first edition of "Huckleberry Finn."

COLONEL JOSEPH E. LAWRENCE

He was a member of the old New York Lawrence family, a name long famous in the annals of the United States Navy. The family was not only distinguished and honorable in war and peace, but was wealthy and influential.

Lawrence came to California in 1849, and was one of the founders of the State, a fact he always remained proud of until his death at Flushing, Long Island, in 1878. In 1850 he was employed by E. Gilbert & Co., to edit the *Placer Times* at Sacramento. Subsequently, he became a partner of Loring Pickering in the publication of the same journal. In 1851 the *Times* and the *Transcript* were merged into one, and during the following year the paper moved to San Francisco. Colonel Lawrence continued his connection with the *Times and Transcript* until 1854. After that he was one of the proprietors of the *Golden Era* for a long time. He filled a position in the Custom House during the administration of B. F. Washington. His later years were spent between San Francisco and New York, where he had influential connections. For a considerable period he also had a lucrative place in the Custom House of the latter city. Colonel Lawrence was one of those genial men who never made an enemy. In his more youthful days he was remarkable for the neatness of his dress and his personal appearance. Joaquin Miller in writing of Lawrence in the San Francisco *Call* September 4, 1892, in what he called an "imperfect sketch of a perfect gentleman" referred to his courtly manners, to the point of excusing himself from

PLACER TIMES.

VOL I. SACRAMENTO CITY, AUGUST 11, 1849. NO. 14.

PLACER TIMES.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Is printed and published at Sacramento City, Upper California, on Saturday of each week, by

T. R. PER LEE & Co.

Terms.

Subscription for one year, *in advance*, - - $10.00
" " six months, " - - 6.00
" " three months, - - 4.00
Single copies, - - - - - - - - - 25

Terms of Advertising.

For one square of 12 lines, (or less,) first insertion. $3.00
For every subsequent insertion, (per square,) 1.50

☞ All descriptions of Book and Job printing executed at the Placer Times office neatly, promptly and at reasonable rates.

Gold! Gold! Gold!—Everybody is leaving, or preparing to leave, for California, this new found El Dorado. Old men and young men, wise men and fools, rich and poor, are turning their eyes with longing toward this land of golden hopes. No less than twenty vessels of various sizes, are advertised to sail some time during next month, carrying out their freights of expectant gold seekers.

We have no doubt that the accounts regarding the abundance of gold in California, are mainly true; nor do we doubt that large quantities of the precious metal have been gathered by individuals without much labor. Still, we would advise those who are going out to the gold region to moderate their expectations. They should consider well their privations. They should bear in mind that in California there is yet no law but the will of the strongest, and that life and property are insecure, and that in the most favorable circumstances, they must labor harder, and fare worse than our Southern slaves, or state prison convicts. Then again, the climate is unhealthy and the cholera will find there an admirable sphere for its ravages during the ensuing summer. We dislike to be a prophet of evil, but we cannot forbear expressing the opinion that of those who go out to California, but few will return, and that those few will not be much richer than before.

We find the above in the Golden Rule, published in New York. The editor will not have much to "answer for" in the matter of inducing people to emigrate to this "glorious cou ry."

Pacific Railroad.—The propriety and expediency of constructing a railroad across the American continent, to connect the Mississippi with the Pacific Ocean. is rapidly growing in public favor in the western and southwestern states. So favorably impressed are the citizens of those regions with the project, its feasibility and advantageousness, that the people of Arkansas have called a convention on the fourth of July next, at Memphis, to take the subject into consideration. In accordance with the invitation, the Governor of South Carolina has requested the attendance of one hundred and twenty distinguished citizens of that state, at the convention, and we have no doubt that other states will follow the example.

(Herald, May 26.

The estimated loss of merchandise by the late fire at St. Louis is one million six hundred thousand dollars. The insurance is one million one hundred and forty-eight thousand, of which four hundred thousand was in city offices. The loss on the steamboats and cargoes is four hundred and forty thousand.

The cholera had broken out among the Mormons at Council Bluffs.

A female was taken up in Broadway, New York, for wearing gentlemen's clothing, and so complete was her disguise, that the magistrate had to institute a personal examination before he was satisfied that she was a female.

St. Louis. May 25.—Persons have arrived from the Plains, who state that the cholera had broken out among the mounted riflemen and emigrants. A company of New Yorkers numbering about thirty, had left twenty-five behind them. Their teams had given out, and their wagons were broken.

Twelve hundred emigrants were landed at St. Louis on the 10th and 11th May. They were just from Europe and shipboard, and brought sickness, disease and death with them. They quit of course the vessels as speedily as possible, and, go where they may, carry the seeds of disease with them.

There had been a heavy gale at Baltimore and many vessels were compelled to put back. It was feared that a number of vessels went ashore on the night of May 24.

The inhabitants of the south of France, Savoy, and a part of Italy, live almost exclusively on chestnuts during fall and early part of winter. making them into bread and puddings in place of flour. Nuts abound in vegetable oil, and of course in carbon, and also in glutine and fibrine, three of the most important elements required for sustaining life. Yet they should be dried or cooked.

The stock market in New York was very much depressed on the 25th of May, and the papers advise the board of brokers to adjourn till fall.

A duel was fought at San Francisco on Friday of last week. Both parties escaped without serious injury. The affair originated at a faro table.

The number of passengers arrived at San Francisco last week was 1060.

The yellow fever had made its appearance at *Havana* in a bad form.

A man with an enormous large mouth, called on a dentist to get a tooth drawn. After the dentist had prepared his instrument, and was about to commence operations, the man of mouth began to strain and stretch his mouth till he got it to a most frightful extent. 'Stay, sir,' said the dentist, 'don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, for I intend to stand on the outside.'

A fellow had fifty lashes (put on heavy) the other day for stealing a mule. Served him right.

DIALOGUE.—*New comer*—'Here, take my trunk up to that house and I will give you a dollar.'

Old settler—'Stranger, take it along yourself and I will give *you* five!'

The world is seldom what it seems
To man, who dimly sees;
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams realities.
The Christian's years thoughslow their flight,
When he is called away,
Are but the watches of a night,
And death the dawn of day.

Montgomery.

PLACER TIMES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1849.

We dislike these cards apologetic, but we think our readers will excuse the delay in the issue of the present number, when we tell them that about half of the types prepared for it were very innocently upset by a gentleman last week. *Moral.*—If you have any sympathy with 'suffering humanity,' (mercury 112 in the shade,) be careful how you knock round in the printing office.

— By the way, our advertisers have got the start of us to-day. A few of them will have to stand aside next week, as we may have something to say.

The Election.—There was a large vote polled on Wednesday, considering that our city is but two or three months' old. The voting was done in an honest, straight-forward manner, which was quite refreshing after witnessing the knavery and trickery as practiced in the States. We have no room for figures. Peter H. Burnett is undoubtedly elected Judge of the Superior Court. There have not been returns enough received to decide who are elected Delegates to the Convention from this District. The following gentlemen compose the new City Council:

William Stout,	H. E. Robinson,
P B Cornwall,	E. F. Gillespie,
Dr. Chapman,	Berryman Jennings,
John P. Rogers,	A. M. Winn,
M. T. McClellan.	

The following gentlemen are also elected:

First Magistrate—James S. Thomas.
Second do. James C. Zabriskie.
Sheriff—D. B. Hanner.
Recorder—H. A. Schoolcraft.
City Surveyor—C. W. Coote.

At San Francisco the contest was spirited, but very orderly. The following gentlemen were elected Delegates to the Convention:—Edward Gilbert. Myron Norton, William M. Gwin, James Hobson, and Wm. M. Steuart.

The Placer.—Our advices from the mines are of an encouraging nature. We have a letter from a friend, the publication of which is necessarily deferred. We hear that a man washed out $9 in gold in a few minutes a short distance above our office. Of course we do not insist upon the reader's believing it.

We understand that a brother of Bustamente, from Mexico, has been trying his luck in the mines at gold digging, but he and his party met with no luck, and soon vamosed.

Another man came within six inches of being shot yesterday. Blaze away, ye miserable triflers with human life! Startle the sick and dying, it may be your turn to experience this annoyance anon.

Nearly all the rioters at San Francisco have been found guilty, and part of them sentenced to pay fines and be imprisoned, while others are sentenced to leave the territory and not return under penalty of death,

We feel it a duty to warn our citizens against unnecessary exposure to the sun, as well as to have a little caution in regard to diet. Quite a number are now lying dangerously ill, and in most cases, the cause of their sickness can be traced to some indiscretion.

On Dit—That a part of *that* type is on the way up the Sacramento.

Auction and Commission Store—We invite public attention to the advertisement of T. McDowell & Co. Their location is a first rate one, and we have no doubt that the ability of those concerned will render it advantageous to the public to patronize them.

Capt James T. Sullenger's company from Flint Hill, St Charles Co. Missouri, arrived in Sacramento city on the Ist inst. The party is 86 days from St Joseph, and consists of 17 in number. They met with no accident, and are all well.

On reading the Hannibal Journal, Missouri, we find the death of Mr George W. Wiley of that place recorded, and hasten to inform his family and friends that such is not the case — Mr Wiley is well, and extensively engaged in mercantile business on the North Fork.

Married,

Sunday evening, July 29th, 1849, by Rev Elihu Anthony, Henderson Packwood to Miss Orpha Packwood, all of Coloma, U. C.

Friday evening, August 3d, 1849, by Rev Elihu Anthony. Edward E. Graeter to Elizabeth Asbell, all of Coloma, U C.

Died,

August 1st, of dysentery, Charles Mansfield, a native of New Haven. In the absence of his friends, his remains were respectably buried by Mr Geo. W. Ryder.

At San Francisco, May 23, Henriette Eugenie, aged 28 years, daughter of J. C. Zimmerman, Esq. consul of the Netherlands at New York, and wife of Frank Ward, Esq. of San Francisco.

March 21, lat 1 south, lon 57 west, Angels Schoonmaker, passenger in ship Sutton, a native of New York.

Know all men by these presents, That I, J A Sutter, have this day made, constituted and appointed Henry A Schoolcraft my true and lawful Attorney, for me and in my name to superintend my real and personal estate, to make contracts, to settle outstanding debts, and generally to do all things that concern my interest in any way real or personal whatever; giving my said attorney full power to use my name to release others or bind myself, as he may deem proper and expedient; hereby making the said Schoolcraft my general attorney and agent; and by these presents ratifying whatsoever my said Attorney may do by virtue of this power.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 28th day of July. A D 1849.

J A SUTTER (seal)

Signed, sealed and delivered
in presence of
M T McClellan,
Jno S Webb.

All persons having accounts with Capt J A Sutter will please to call on me for settling the same, and any letters or papers for the same hand will find a certain conveyance by directing to my care.

au11 4t HENRY A SCHOOLCRAFT

GILLESPIE, GERALD & CO.
J street, between 2d and 3d,
Wholesale and retail dealers in Groceries, Provisions, and Mining Goods. au11 tf

Houses!

Daily expected in the schooner Petrel, from Hong Kong, four wooden houses, 12x24 feet, 2 rooms each.

Also, window glass, 4 couches, 6 tables, 1 dozen chairs, 10.000 lbs rice, 7,500 do sugar, 3 cwt paint. Apply to
au11 tf S. BRANNAN & CO.

Dr. C. Brandes, of Germany, offers his professional services to the public of Sacramento city and district. Office for the present at Messrs. S. Brannan & co's. store.

References :—Capt. J. A. Sutter, Messrs. S. Brannan & co., Priest Lee, & co., Parkes, Tyler & co., Geo. McDougal & co., H. A. Schoolcraft, Esq au11 tf

James H. Lappeus having established a store at Leidcedorf's Rancho, will keep constantly on hand a large and general assortment of goods, merchandise, liquors, provisions, &c.

In connection with the store he has also a a public house. His table will be at all times provided with the best the market affords, and the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with a choice lot of liquors, segars, &c.
August, 1849. au11 tf

Lumber and Gold Washers for sale.

T. O. SELBY will endeavor to keep on hand at all times a general assortment of Lumber, at the reduced price of $1 per foot wholesale. and $1 50 retail; also, mining utensils at Harmony Plain, one and a half miles above Smith's store, North Fork. jy21 4t*

Deeds, Mortgages,

Powers of Attorney and articles of agreement executed with promptitude and legal precision by the subscriber at his office. He will likewise attend to land surveying.

Office in rear of Mr. Gates's boarding house.
JAMES C. ZABRISKIE,
jv21 Attorney at Law.

Dr C. B. Zabriskie,

Physician and Surgeon, can be consulted at his office in reference to all diseases incident to his profession.

P. S. A large assortment of choice medicines for sale. Office in rear of Mr. Gates's boarding house. jy21

American House and Restaurant,
On K street, Sacramento city.

This house is now open and ready for business. Boarders taken by the day or week.

Breakfast at 1-2 o'clock, Dinner 12 1-2 and Tea at 6.

Meals will be furnished at any hour of the day on the shortest notice.

For the accommodation of persons arriving at this place, a public register will be kept at this house. Also, a letter box.

ORLANDO McKNIGHT, Proprietor.
sacramento city, July 26, 1849. jy21 1t*r

DR CARPENTER
Sacramento city, corner of 2d and K streets,

Will be pleased to attend to all professional calls. A good stock of Medicines kept constantly on hand.

Sacramento city, June 30. je30 tf

T. M. AMES.
Physician and Surgeon,
Suttersville, Cal. 2tf

Just Arrived per brig Saltillo, from Boston,

And now landing opposite Hensley, Reading & co.'s store, Sacramento city. and for sale on very reasonable terms: Brandy and Gin in casks, small kegs and cases; port, sherry, Madeira, claret; Muscat and sweet Malaga Wines. in cases; champagne wine and cider, old Monongahela whisky, cider brandy, London porter, candles, cigars, tobacco, brogans, thick boots. calf sewed do. fine article; medicines adapted to this climate, thread, sewing silk, gents' half hose, ready made clothing, cooking stoves, counter scales, platform balances, all kinds hardware, 100 dozen Corbitt's highly concentrated syrup of Sarsaparilla, &c, &c.
au11 1t JOSEPH A. HAINES.

All persons having claims against Hensley, Reading & co. will please present them for settlement; and all persons indebted to the firm will please settle their accounts as early as possible. Messrs Jones & Brown will settle all accounts and hereafter conduct the business, HENSLEY, READING & co.
Sacramento city, July 6, 1849. je31 tf

Notice.

I HEREBY notify all persons, that the land on the east bank of the Sacramento river, between the mouth of Feather river and the American Fork, except that portion of it which I have conveyed to the proprietors of Vernon, is my property. Understanding that one Hiram Grimes claims right to said land, and has actually succeeded in selling a portion of it to persons who were cognizant of my title, and fearing that he may inveigle innocent parties into similar purchases, I hereby forewarn all persons of my right, and caution them not to purchase from said Grimes, as his claim is, in the first degree, fraudulent.
jy21 6t J. A. SUTTER.

New Goods.

The subscribers are now receiving, and offering for sale upon the most reasonable terms on board the bark Whiton, and at their store corner of T and 3d streets, the entire cargo of schr Angelona, consisting of champagne in cases and baskets, canvass hams, prime quality—pilot bread, assorted pickles, half gallons, quarts and pints—Sickel s bitters, Swain's panacea, Bailey's tonic mixture for fever and ague—lemon and ginger syrup, lard, cheese, gold and platform scales, bandas, tea in small packages. Also, a great variety of preserved meats, soups, carrots, lobsters, clams and mutton in 6, 2 and 1 lb cans—rice, fruits, Worcestshire sauce, and a large assortment of mining tools, large blankets, etc. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call.
R. GELSTON & CO.
sacramento city, July 19. jv14

One Gold Washing Machine of Hurst & Co's. manufacture; one force pump with fifty feet of hose for sale. Also, one dozen black lead crucibles, and fifty lbs. quicksilver, by SAGAT & SOUTHARD.
Sacramento City, June 30. je30

10,000 *cords of Wood.*

We wish to employ any number of men that may call, to cut wood at Sutterville, for the use of the steamers.
G. McDOUGAL & CO.
Sutterville, May 15. jy19 tf

Wanted,

Ten men to chop wood, at Sacramento city
my19 tf S. BRANNAN & CO.

The Subscribers

Offer for sale, on the arrival of the bark Maria, now one hundred and forty days out from Boston,

Six Salamander Safes,

of from 500 to 2000 lbs weight each, manufactured by Adams, Hammond & co.

Also, by the same, and ships Capital and Pharasalia, now one hundred and twenty-five out. and bark Collooney, from Panama a general and extensive assortment of

Merchandise;

Among which are

Ready made Clothing	Saddles
hardware	powder and shot
boots and shoes	harnesses
medicines	percussion caps
crockery and glassware	rifles
pickles	doublebarrel'd guns
trunks	single do do
tin ware	revolvers
carpet bags	rifle pistols
gold scales and weights	provisions
wagons	powder flasks
wooden ware	shot belts
India rubber goods	game bags
bowie knives	blankets
cigars	whips
mule bridles	tobacco

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

of every description, and a great variety of

Fancy Goods.

To convince every one that we can give them *Great Bargains*
in every article of

Ready made Clothing,

it is only necessary to say that we are connected with the extensive and well known clothing house,

"Oak Hall," Boston.

from where we are receiving goods monthly, and our other goods having all been bought

Low for cash,

we feel confident in saying we can sell them as
Cheap as the cheapest.

Until the arrival of our large iron store, office in wooden building near Mr. Wissel's hotel; after that on Sacramento street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets.
San Francisco, June 30. je30 tf

SAGAT & SOUTHARD,

Wholesale, retail and commission merchants, Sutter's Fort, Sacramento city, keep constantly on hand a large assortment of goods suitable for the mines.
L. T. SAGAT,
my5 tf CHAS C. SOUTHARD.

A New Ferry on the American River.

We would notify the public that we have established a Ferry at Mormon Island.
May 19 tf S. BRANNAN & co.

FOUND.

In Suisun Bay, a ship's launch of about 12 tons. If not claimed soon she will be sold to pay salvage. Apply to E. A. KING,
Harbor Master.
San Francisco, June 8, 1849 tf

An Engineer of considerable experience wishes to make an engagement with a Mining Company, to superintend the working of a Diving Bell, or an Under Water Pocket Machine. The advertiser having been 4 years' employed by the sub-Marine society, tabita, collecting Pearl Oysters. The best references can be given. Address
E. LERHWEEL. Middle Fork
May 20

Notice to squatters.

All persons are hereby cautioned not to settle without my permission, on any land of mine in this territory: said land is bounded as folllows; commencing on the north in latitude thirty-nine degrees, thirty-three minutes and forty-five seconds, at a point on the east bank of the sacramento river, running thence east three leagues beyond Feather river, thence south to latitude thirty-eight degrees forty-one minutes and thirty-two seconds, thence west to said sacramento river, thence up and along the course of said sacramento river, to its intersection with Feather river, thence in a westerly direction up and along the course of said sacramento river to the place of beginning excepting a certain tract, included in the above, lying on the east side of said sacramento river, bounded on the north by latitude thirty-nine degrees, one minute and forty-five seconds, and on the south by the American Fork, granted by the republic of Mexico to one Elias Grimes.

my5 tf JOHN A. SUTTER.

New Goods.

Satin Vests, Cotton Hose. Cotton Vests, cashmere vests, red flannel shirts, rice, Tennant's ale, raisins, Canton trunks, umbrellas, clothes baskets, shovels, Manilla rope, beans, coffee pots, amphor trunks, gunpowder tea, china matting, watering pots, bandas, glass tumblers, brushes, just received and for sale by S. BRANNAN & CO.

sacramento city, July 7, 1849. jy7

NEW GOODS

For sale on board the bark Whiton, just arrived from New York, and now lying at the embarcadero of Sacramento city, an extensive assortment, consisting of mining utensils, such as long-handled, round-pointed, steel-edged shovels, steel-edged square shovels, spades, &c.; washing pans from six to ten quarts each, &c.; cooking stoves, boots and shoes, ready made clothing, tin and hollow ware of every description, groceries, medicines, a great lot of American garden seeds, &c, &c. Miners and merchants will find it to their interests to call on board the bark, and examine for themselves R. GELSTON & CO.

sacramento city, May 11th. 3tf

Notice is hereby given that the residents a the junction of the North and south Forks having formed themselves into a company for the purpose of daming and turning the river from its original bed, this is to caution all persons from trespassing upon their claim, as they are determined to defend it with their lives.

By order of the company.

BENJAMIN L. FAIRFIELD, Pres.

C W. HUFF, secretary.

May 10th, 1849. 4tf

SUISUN.

Town and suburban lots at this very desirable location for business and residence, near to the mouth of the Sacramento, and convenient for vessels trading to the San Joaquin, will be offered to the public in a few days.

The title is indisputable; the tract of four leagues being held under a grant from the Mexican Government.

Mr Lyman is re-surveying the town plat. For further particulars apply to Mr. Thomas Douglass, suisun, or

4tf C V GILLESPIE, san Francisco.

Two hundred town lots in Sacramento for sale by tf S BRANNAN.

HEAD QUARTERS

Tenth Military Department, San Francisco, Cal. June 18, 1849.

[Orders No. 25.]

Very few of the discharged New York Volunteers having availed themselves of the provisions of the instructions of the secretary of War, as published in Department Orders, No. 4, current series, that order is now republished for the information of all concerned, and notice is now given that without farther instructions from the War Department, transportation home will not be furnished to any of those volunteers who may fail to make their election before the first of September next.

Persons desirous of availing themselves of the provisions of the order above referred to, will apply to the senior Quartermaster of the Department, who will cause them to be enrolled upon their furnishing him with satisfactory evidence of their discharge from Col. Stevenson's Regiment N. Y. Volunteers. and will furnish them with the usual transportation to New York as soon as the interests of the service will permit.

(Orders No. 4.)

Head Quarters, Tenth Military Department, Monterey, California, February 25, 1849.

The following instructions have been received from the War Department, and are published for the information of the members of the late Regiment of New-York Volunteers, and all concerned:

War Department, }
Washington, October 9, 1848. }

Sir: Although the Regiment of Volunteers in California, under the command of Colonel J. D. Stevenson, entered the service under an agreement to receive their discharge at the end of the war in that country if it should be then a part of the United states. and that they should not have a claim to be brought home at the expense of the government, yet it is understood that many are anxious to return. The President has deemed it proper to offer facilities for returning, to those who cannot be prevailed on to remain in California.

You will on the receipt of this communication discharge such of the Volunteers in California, as are willing to be there discharged, and retain in service such as are unwilling to take their discharge until they can be conveniently sent to the United states. The authority to retain them is confirmed by a Joint Resolution of Congress, passed the 16th day of June last, with a copy of which you are herewith furnished. The Quartermaster General will be directed to furnish such of the Volunteers as insist upon returning to their homes with the means of doing so. If the Navy now in the Pacific shall have the means of bringing them home, directions will be given for that purpose.

Under a late law of Congress, the men when discharged will be entitled to three months extra pay. Herewith instructions will be sent out to the paymaster to make such payment to them. The soldiers who have been employed in California, will also be entitled to a Bounty in Land; Congress will undoubtedly make provision that the Lands may be located in California, should the soldiers desire it, but this cannot be done immediately, because our Land system has not yet been in operation in that territory. It will be necessary that the certificates for Land should be issued here, the soldiers will be informed what is necessary to be done in order to procure their certificates for land, by the papers herewith enclosed from the Pension Office. You are desired to have the information communicated to them.

(signed) W. L. MARCY,
secretary of War.

By order of Col. Mason.

W. T. Sherman. 1st Lieut. 3d Artillery,
A. A. A. General.

By order of General Riley. (signed)
ED: U. S. CANBY, Ass't Adj't Gen.

jy7

JUST RECEIVED per J. B. Lemar Eliza, and Dice Ma Nana, a large and general assortment of goods suitable for traders and gold washers, consisting in part of 100,000 feet American white pine lumber, 2,000 sacks flour, 100 do barley, sheet-copper and iron, tin pans, sugar, coffee, rice and chocolate, crackers in tins and small kegs, Tennant's ale, champagne, cordials, port, sherry and claret wines; a large assortment of preserved dried fruits, figs, dates and raisins, brandy, peaches segars, rifle powder, colored and hickory shirts. S. BRANNAN & co.

June 16—tf.

Notice to Gold Washers.

L. W. HASTINGS & co. have on hand at their store in Columa, about half a mile this side the saw-mill, and fifteen miles this side the middle Fork, an extensive assortment of everything used by the gold washers, which they will sell so low that the miners may well save themselves the trouble of packing from the low country. Columa is distant from Sutter's Fort forty-one miles

sacramento city, May 5th 2tf

Gold and silver coin

Constantly on hand, and exchanged for good clean Gold Dust, at $15 per oz. Apply to

M. T McG LELLAN,
Apr 1tf at the sutter House

Certificates for deposites of gold dust or coin for sums from one hundred dollars and upwards, payable in one to six months, with a liberal rate of interest are granted by

GILLESPIE & CO.

san Francisco, 5th May, 1849. 4tf

PETER H. BURNETT
AND
JOHN P. ROGERS,

Exchange Brokers, agents for the collection of debts, and the sale of real estate.

sacramento City, June 30, 1849. 9-4t

2,700 bbls Flour on hand and for sale at this place and San Francisco.

PRIEST, LEE & O, cor 2 & J sts

---

50 baskets champagne, 50 cases champagne cider, 75 cases brandy, 20 cases port wine, 50 barrels brandy and wine, 45 bbls "Tenants" ale, 60 boxes superior raisins, and a large stock of general merchandise on hand and for sale by PRIEST, LEE & CO.

5tf cor 2 & J sts

To merchants and others.—Job printing, such as handbills, posters, circulars, catalogues, etc., is executed at the *Times* office neatly and with despatch. The proprietors are only awaiting a new supply of material to enable them to execute every variety of book and job printing Office on Front-street.

Horse strayed—A dark bay horse, with a small white spot on his forehead, white fore feet, marked O T on the shoulder, was taken up on sunday, 8th. The owner can have him by apply to Priest, Lee & co. and paying charges, A. M. TANNER

—Facsimile of original copy in the collection of John Goodman.

a theatre party while in a dying condition. He also bestows upon him the title of "Father of California Literature," leaving to Pickering in his estimation the dubious title of "Father of California Journalism."

As a newspaper man he took fair rank, though his writings in general were more suited for the literary weekly than the daily newspaper. They were, for the most part, of the easy chair, sunshiny sort to be read in dressing gown and slippers. For the last three or four years of his life Colonel Lawrence had undergone a great change, supposed to have been the result of sunstroke in New York. He had become careless in his dress and inert, but he never lost his good nature and pleasant manners. One of his most remarkable traits was his openhandedness. He was willing to share almost all he had with his friends. If he had not been so generous he might have been a rich man.

LORING PICKERING

He was called the "Father of California Journalism" by an early magazine writer, a dubious title in the opinion of the more literary fraternity. He was a man of robust physique, nearly six feet tall, erect, and acted with dignity and deliberation.

Pickering died December 28, 1892, after an illness of a little more than seven weeks, at the age of eighty-one, and at the time was senior proprietor of the *San Francisco Morning Call* and *Evening Bulletin*. He was born at Richmond, New Hampshire, in July, 1812. He was a descendant of an English family and among his ancestors was a famous London printer and publisher. He was a direct descendant of John Pickering, who came from England and landed at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1633, and was the progenitor of the New England families who bear his name.

Circumstances beyond the control of Mr. Pickering forced the closing of his business enterprises in St. Louis, with ensuing financial loss and disappointment. With his invalid wife he crossed the plains to California, arriving in the fall of 1849. He first operated a mercantile store in the mining camp of Illinoistown, Placer County, and in the midsummer of 1850 he arrived in Sacramento. In the latter part of the year he purchased an interest in the *Placer Times* along with Joseph E. Lawrence and L. Aldrich. Lawrence was a young man who had editorial charge of the paper for some months previously. The *Times and Transcript* after its consolidation in June, 1851, was responsible for the establishing of the long partnership between Mr. Lawrence and Mr. George K. Fitch, one of the owners of the *Transcript*, at that time with Mr. Martin F. Grove.

In 1852 he was appointed one of the board of commissioners, consisting of five members, to settle the State's interest in certain lands in San Francisco, an office he held until 1855.

In 1855 he became a partner and editor of the *Alta California*. Nine months later, early in 1856, the paper was sold to Frederick MacCrellish. Mr. Pickering was a member of the Vigilance Committee of that year, and later undertook a trip to Europe

in the hope of regaining his health. He resided for the most part in Paris, and in 1860 returned to San Francisco, and soon after purchased an interest in the *Evening Bulletin.*

About 1867 he began acquiring his interest in the *Morning Call.*

Being incorruptible, his judgment and motives were respected and carried with them great weight. He continued active in the newspaper business to the day of his death.

THERON R. PER LEE

Bancroft's *Pioneer Register* has this to say of T. R. Per Lee: "He arrived in California as a lieutenant with the New York Volunteers. He was practicing law in San Francisco in 1848, and was president of the guards. In 1849 he was justice of the peace and editor of the *Placer Times* in Sacramento. He was in New York in 1879-80 and in Baltimore in 1883." Kemble, writing in December, 1858, has this to say: "Per Lee is, or was recently, a civil magistrate in Santa Cruz." Per Lee was active in the publication of the *Times*, from June 19, to August 25, 1849. Lack of further data at this time leaves us in the dark regarding his final days.

L. ALDRICH

The California State Library has this to say concerning L. Aldrich: "Various sources list L. Aldrich as one of the editors. Whether this was Lewis Aldrich, an early resident of Sacramento who later became a judge in San Francisco, we do not know." It is more than possible as Aldrich seems not to have been a newspaper man. Further research fails to disclose an L. Aldrich in connection with any one of the many newspapers being formed during these early years. As there is some doubt, a sketch on this pioneer is omitted.

JESSE HOWARD GILES

Little at this time has been found concerning Giles. He seems to have joined the *Times* in August, 1849, and left Sacramento around April or May of 1850, turning over the editorship of the *Times* to Joseph E. Lawrence—See Note No. 14. Kemble in 1858 said, "Giles, of the *Placer Times,* is married and settled in Massachusetts."

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

A NEWSPAPER may be very rare but not necessarily valuable. It may be historically important but not especially desirable, or it might itself have an historical and important background without being rare. All of the desirable features are combined in very few cases. The fact that the 1849 issues of the *Placer Times* combine the best of all of these qualities is the reason in giving a check list of known copies for that year.

Actually only those copies printed on old Spanish paper and issued before November when the old press was discontinued should be thus credited. However, it is thought best to include all issues of 1849. Those of a later date, while important, are judged by a different standard.

A more impressive list would be to include those important collections that do not possess copies. The Gregory *Union List of Newspapers*, published in 1937, lists eight libraries and societies in the United States and Canada with copies of the *Placer Times*. Three possess copies dated 1849 and there are three others with but a *single* copy of a later date. Next to the California State Library, the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Massachusetts, possesses the greatest number of all issues, but none of 1849. Considerable correspondence with libraries, societies and private collectors has brought to light but one (a lost copy) since 1937, despite the rather free buying of early western papers by some of the larger institutions. No copies could be located in private collections, although a couple of important collections not checked might possibly have a copy or two. A stray copy in private hands is not an impossibility. There may have been copies in the Alexander Taylor collection which was destroyed in the San Francisco fire of 1906. There were no 1849 copies in the former extensive Cowan collection. Copies so far known to exist of the 1849 issues of the Sacramento *Placer Times* are as follows:

California State Library, Sacramento, California
File of 65 numbers, starting with Vol. 1, No. 1, April 28, 1849, to June 7, 1850

Private collection of the writer
Vol. 1, No. 14, August 11, 1849

Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.
Vol. 1, No. 24, October 20, 1849

The New-York Historical Society, New York City
Vol. 1, No. 15, August 18, 1849
Vol. 1, No. 32, December 15, 1849

The California State Library acquired their file about 1865-6, but whether as a gift or by purchase is not clear from their records. They have the following to say:

"It is interesting to note, however, that our file appears, from internal evidence, to have been the office file of the newspaper itself. On the May 19, and June 30, 1849, issues appears the name Gilbert, written in ink along the top margin. This may have been Edward Gilbert of the San Francisco *Alta California*, . . . In the issue of August 25, 1849, appeared on the editorial page the following announcement:

" 'Fifty cents per copy will be paid for No. 11 of the Placer Times.
Apply at the office, Front street.' "

"At the top of our copy of No. 11, of July 14, 1849, is written in ink the name of Dr. Perry, through which a line has been drawn. Besides the name is a note in ink reading: 'Kurtz (*25*) please preserve these numbers the only ones remaining in this office.' The conclusion is, of course, that following the announcement of Aug. 25, Dr. Perry brought in his copy of the paper for July 14, and it was added to the official office file, with a note to Kurtz that it be preserved along with others which evidently had been obtained to fill in the file. These others, besides the Gilbert numbers, may have been those of July 21 and July 28, 1849, which carry the names in ink respectively of William Stout, and Mellus, Howard & Co."

The Library of Congress reported only that, "This issue was purchased from Mr. F. W. Morris, New York City, in 1913."

The New-York Historical Society adds an interesting highlight:

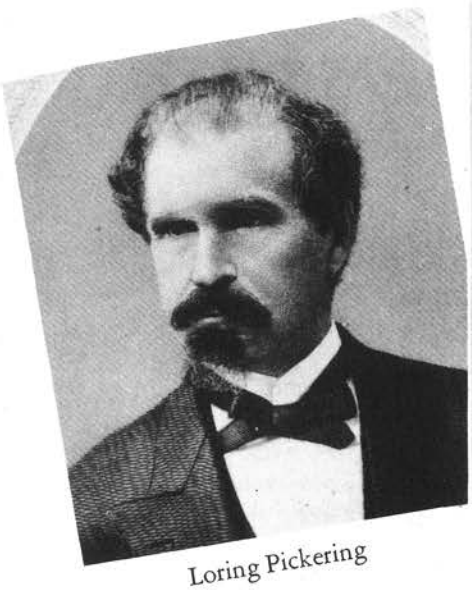
" . . . we have two issues of the *Placer Times* for 1849 . . . We do not have a record of the source of these two issues, but they were probably sent east to George Henry Moore (1823-1892), then librarian of this Society, by his father, Jacob Bailey Moore (1797-1853), Postmaster of San Francisco, or by his brother Frank Moore (1828-1904), who accompanied their father to California. That source for many of this Society's early California newspapers, is given in an article by Alexander J. Wall, our late director, on 'Early Newspapers, with a list of The New-York Historical Society's collection of papers published in California, Oregon, Washington, Montana and Utah,' in this Society's Quarterly Bulletin for July, 1931, Vol. XV, No. 2, p. 43 . . . A note pasted above Frank Moore's penciled inscription, at the top of the first page of the December 15th issue reads: 'The *Placer Times* . . . commenced in the summer of 1849. We have but two papers for this year as follows:

" 'Aug. 18 and Dec. 15. The rest are missing. — Wm. E. Moore'

"So the Society has evidently owned both the above-listed issues for years, and it is very odd that neither Mr. Wall's list in the July 1931 'Quarterly Bulletin' nor the 'Union List,' credits us with Vol. 1, No. 15, for August 18, 1849. . . . Jacob Bailey Moore became in 1848 librarian of this Society, where his son, George H., was already serving as assistant librarian. When the father went to California in 1849, becoming Postmaster in San Francisco, George H. Moore succeeded his father as the Society's Librarian continuing in the position to 1875."

I wish to thank all the many people, libraries and societies that were so cooperative and gave so much of their time, in order that this much scattered material could be assembled under one cover.

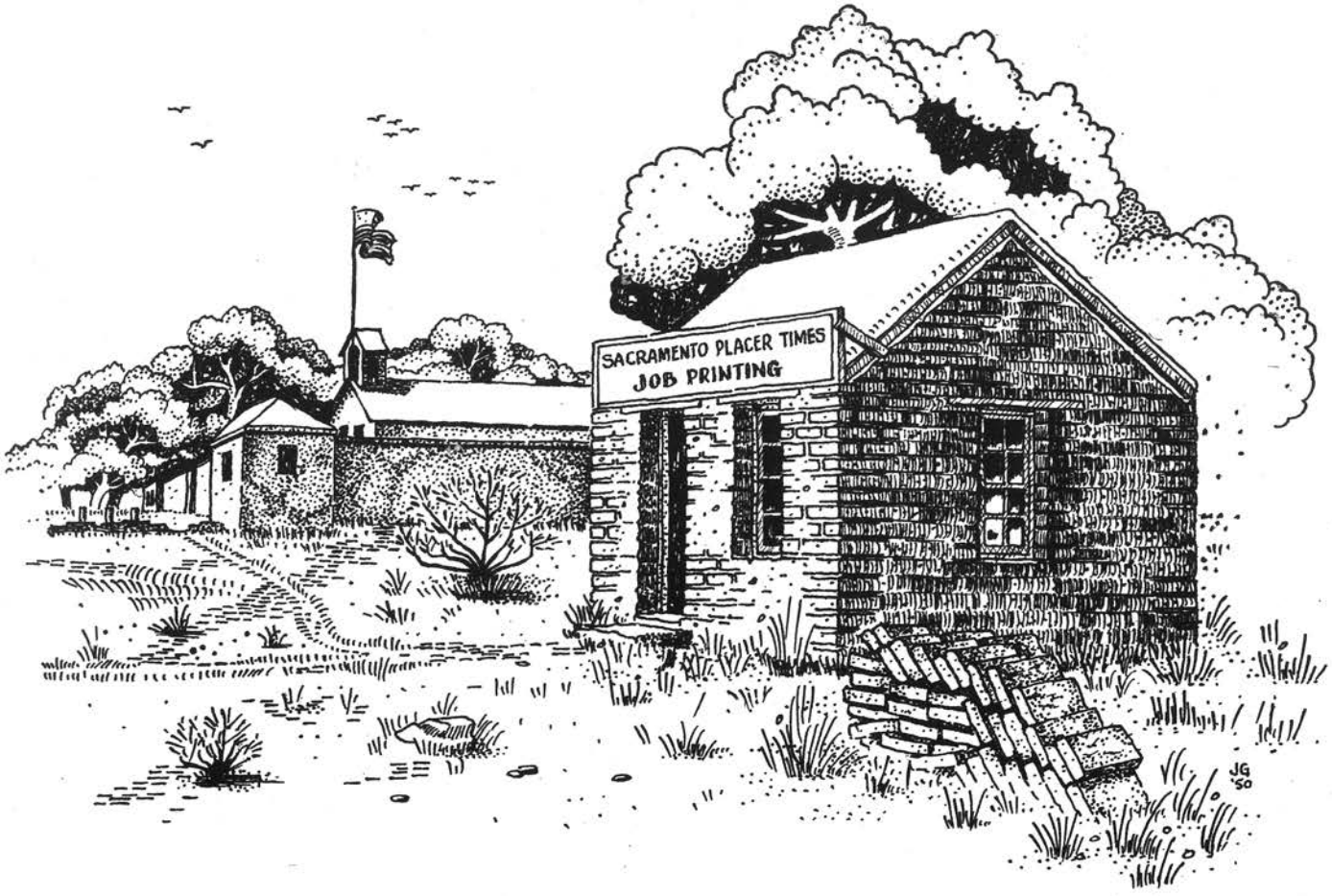
(*25*) Kurtz is probably W. W. Kurtz, who appears with J. E. Lawrence as a publisher of the *Times* on July 27, 1850, Vol. 2, No. 58. Kurtz in 1852 was connected with the Sacramento *Daily Union*, and in 1854 with the San Francisco *Wide West*. Lawrence was its editor and part owner in 1858.



Loring Pickering

Joseph E. Lawrence

Edward C. Kemble



"KIT CARSON ON THE TRAIL"
By Clarence Ellsworth

TWELVE MULE-LOADS OF GOLD

Reminiscences of Los Angeles Told by Maj. Brevoort

(*Reprinted from* Los Angeles Daily Times, January 25, 1898)

Maj. Elias Brevoort of Santa Fe, N. M., is one of the visitors this winter has brought to Los Angeles. Although Mr. Brevoort was a business man here in 1853 he still runs upstairs two steps at a time, and walks down the street with a tread as quick and springy as that of most men who had not then been born.

"The last time I was in Los Angeles," said Mr. Brevoort, "was forty-five years ago. The town then was nothing but a little handful of adobe houses, and all the country round, valleys and foothills alike, served only as ranges for sheep and cattle. I left New Mexico in 1851 in company with the son of Col. St. Vrain, one of the noted Indian fighters of that region. We had both got the gold fever, and wanted to come to California to make our fortunes. I had come to New Mexico from New York some years previously, and wasn't very well satisfied there. Young St. Vrain and I went down to the Mexican coast and from there to San Francisco by sea. I think I saw more mud that winter of 1851 in San Francisco than I have seen all together ever since. A tremendous amount of rain fell, and the streets were just one bog. Everybody wore hip boots. It was the only possible way to get around. A few boards were laid in the streets to walk on, but if anybody happened to step off them he went down to his middle in mud. Wagons mired down in the streets and had to be left there for days and days. One wagon, I remember, was unloaded and entirely abandoned in the middle of the street. It stood there for weeks, and gradually sunk deeper and deeper into the soft, sticky mud until finally it disappeared —just went down into the mud, all except the pole, which remained sticking upright. Somebody waded out to the wreck and tied a red flannel shirt to the pole, and there it fluttered through the storms all the rest of the winter as a danger signal.

"Well, we concluded we didn't want any more of San Francisco after that winter, and in the spring young St. Vrain and I came on horseback down through the San Joaquin Valley to Los Angeles. Foster & Wadhams had a general merchandise store here then, but had not been doing very well. They learned that we had had a good deal of experience dealing with the Mexican people in New Mexico, and so they contracted with us to manage their store for them. We gave all the stock a general overhauling and fixed it up to look like new, and so did very well with the store. Of course, we didn't insist on selling a thing for just the purpose it was intended for, if we thought a customer was more likely to buy it for some other use. Foster & Wadhams had brought in a lot of washstand sets, which they'd had difficulty to get rid of. They had managed to sell all the washbowls and pitchers, but the other articles had been piled up in a back room, and the dust was two inches thick all over

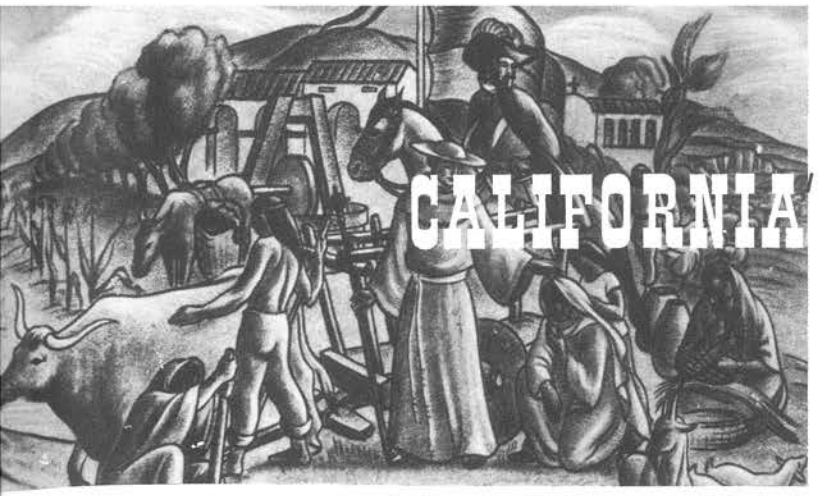
them. They were all fixed up fancy with red roses and green vines and blue violets, and when I had washed them all up—and there must have been a hundred or more of them—and ranged them on the shelves, they looked very gay. We told the Mexicans they were soup tureens, and sold the whole lot in less than a month for $8 apiece.

"Soon after I came I joined the Los Angeles Rangers, and was made a lieutenant. After that I spent a good deal of time chasing the horse-thieves, cattle-thieves, murderers and all-around Mexican toughs whose numbers and daring had made the Rangers a necessity. It was short shift a good many of them got at our hands, too. But most of our prisoners, of course, we brought back to Los Angeles for trial. The building in which they were confined was a tumble-down, old, rattle-trap of an adobe, in that region which you now call Sonoratown. It wasn't a safe place to keep them: in fact, it wouldn't hold them at all, and we had to contrive some other way of confining our prisoners over night, for they could be watched in the daytime. So we went up into the Big Tujunga and cut the biggest, tallest spruce tree we could find. The trunk was as big and long and straight as an electric-light mast. We hauled it to town, trimmed it and bored holes at intervals all along the trunk. Then we took iron bars with rings, or handcuffs, on one end, fastened the rings on the wrists of our prisoners, put the bars through the holes and clamped them on the other side of the tree. Then we put an iron collar on the neck and fastened that to the tree, too, and there would be our prisoner, trussed up against the tree trunk all night. But he was sure to be there the next morning. Of course it was cruel, but the men we captured were pretty bad desperadoes, for the most part, and that was the only way we could devise by which we could keep them after they had been captured. It was a good deal better that they should suffer a little pain than that the community should be again subjected to their depredations. Sometimes they would be scarcely able to stand when they were released from the tree in the morning.

"In 1853 Kit Carson came to California with a huge drove of sheep—I think there were 50,000—which he had driven here from New Mexico. He sold them for big prices, and had some $200,000 or more in gold dust and nuggets to take back with him. He asked St. Vrain and me to join their party, in order to make it stronger against possible attack, and we did so. He had a dozen pack mules that carried nothing but the treasure. He had made rawhide sacks, stuffed the gold in and sewed them up tight while the skin was fresh. As it dried, it shrunk and stretched over the nuggets as tight as the bark on a tree, and each bag held its contents so closely and firmly that there was no rubbing between the lumps, and no consequent loss.

"He loaded sixty pounds of gold on each mule, thirty pounds on each side, and in that way we traveled back to New Mexico. He had always been accustomed to packing bulkier loads, whose weight would be more distributed over the mules' backs, and it had not occurred to him what would be the effect of so big a weight put into so small a compass. But long before we reached our destination, those bags of gold had rubbed big holes in the sides of the poor mules.

"We reached home with our treasure, safely and without any remarkable incident. I've lived in New Mexico ever since, but it seems to me now, since I've come back and seen how this city and the country all around it have grown, and are still growing, that I might have been better off if I had not gone to help Kit Carson guard his mule train of gold dust. At any rate, I think I'll stay here this time."



CALIFORNIA'S FLOCKWAYS

By EDWARD N. WENTWORTH

TO LOVERS OF *ALTA CALIFORNIA* the glamor of pastoral life has been reflected almost exclusively from the *ranchero*, his *remuda*, and the colorful *rodeo*, while the secluded, lonely life of the *pastor*, and his *manada*, has aroused little interest. Yet sheep have contributed as picturesquely to the rural life of the Golden State as any other phase of its amazing agriculture. Press agents extolled the advantages of the region for flocks just as early as they did for other enterprises. More than a century ago, Alexander Forbes, the Scottish merchant of Tepic on the Pacific Coast of Mexico, wrote (*1*) that it was difficult to conceive a country more adapted to the breeding of sheep than Upper California, while only four decades later Charles Nordhoff introduced the traditional weather along with the wethers, rhapsodizing: "To one who likes a free out-of-door life, I think that nothing can be more delightful than the life of a farmer of sheep in the thinly settled parts of southern California. The weather is almost always fine; neither heat nor cold ever goes to extremes; . . . game is abundant in the season; and . . . work of a sheep or cattle *rancho* seems to be mere play." (*2*)

The story of sheep in the state falls naturally into distinctive chapters, each of which covers enough adventure and romance to glorify an ordinary agricultural commonwealth. Important scenes embrace the establishment of the mission flocks, the idylls of the great sheep *haciendas*, food relief for *El Dorado*, the development of the seasonal trails between the home *ranchos* and the mountains, the stir of American settlement, the decades of eastern drives, and the days of modern ascendancy. Each of these aspects, as well as a dozen others, deserves a full paper by itself, so one must hasten over the high spots as hurriedly as the trail driver of the 1880's rushed his bands over the snow-crusted passes of the high Sierras, trying to clear the Nevada desert before the spring vegetation withered.

THE MISSIONS

Flocks arrived with the founding *padre*, Junipero Serra. Californians are familiar with the four contingents of his expedition, two by land and two by sea, but they may not remember that the livestock came with the main column, personally accompanied by Father Serra as well as by the appointed governor of the new province, Don Gaspar de Portola. The first section of the land cavalcade, under Rivera y Moncada, came up inshore

1. ALEXANDER FORBES. *California: A History of Upper and Lower California*, San Francisco, 1937, 174
2. CHARLES NORDHOFF. *California for Health, Pleasure and Residence*, New York, 1882, 180

CALIFORNIA'S from Mexico and, passing through the present site of Los Angeles, turned southeastward to the bay of San Luis (sometimes identified as Laguna Beach, at other times as "west" of San Juan de Capistrano). Here the pasturage looked insufficient for flocks and herds, so the advance force moved eighteen leagues southward to the bay of San Diego, where the sea-borne segments of the expedition had been directed to anchor. About six weeks later, July 1, 1769, the main group arrived, and the colonizing sheep and cattle were based on the new mission of San Diego de Alcala.

Soon a smaller expedition was detached to discover a land route to the harbor of Monterey, a port already known from the sea. Though it missed its objective, this party did discover the fine port of San Francisco, and established a geographical goal for Father Serra, and later for Father Lasuen, each of whom established nine missions in the next few years.

Statistics have been accused of providing a mask for lazy literates and a refuge for illiterates, but they furnish an essential bypass for one who must cut across the decades. Serra's original *entrada* included four hundred animals, half of them cattle, but subsequent importations and annual reproduction increased the stock. The first report in 1773 stated that each mission possessed 38 to 47 horned cattle, or 204 in the aggregate, while the missions of San Diego and San Gabriel by themselves had 161 sheep and goats, 102 swine, 63 horses, and 79 mules. (3) By implication, the other seven missions had additional numbers of these species. Eleven years later, in 1784, Father Palou records that, at nine of the twenty-one missions then existing, there were 5629 sheep, 4294 goats, and 5384 cattle. (4)

As the years passed, the figures reported became more confusing. At San Luis Rey, Pattie estimated 20,000 sheep in 1821; Forbes, 25,500 in 1831; Duflot de Mofras, 100,000 in 1834; with a drop to 4,000 in 1842. (5) Corresponding changes took place at San Miguel, San Gabriel, San Luis Rey, and San Fernando. The tremendous decline in 1842 may seem inconsistent, but two overpowering factors were nullifying the natural forces of reproduction. First, there were severe droughts—twenty-two dry months between 1826 and 1830, and fourteen consecutive months in 1840-41 during which no rain fell at all. Secondly, there were the demoralizing effects of the secularization of the missions, begun in 1821, but failing to reach full force until the mid-thirties. Secularization was virtually confiscation, and during the interval between the stripping of the flocks from the *padres* and the renewal of breeding by the beneficiaries, there was a gap, both in breeding and in statistics.

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3. H. H. BANCROFT. *History of California, 1542-1800*, San Francisco, 1884, Vol. I, 205-6

4. BANCROFT. Supra, 1890, Vol. VII, 54

5. JAMES O. PATTIE. *Personal Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and in Mexico (Early Western Travels*, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, Vol. XVII), Cleveland, 1905, 227
Also, Forbes, Supra. 165
Also, Eugene Duflot de Mofras, *Travels on the Pacific Coast*, Santa Ana, 1937, Vol. I, 198

FLOCKWAYS The church could blame itself in part for the loss of the mission flocks and industries. Only those holding grants from the *padres* could own private flocks at all, and the priests were both strict and chary in their cessions. Discharged soldiers formed the bulk of the land-owners, but no soldier could marry without an ecclesiastical license. Apparently the clergy feared independent white settlers would retard the spread of religion among the Indians, so no more weddings and private land titles were permitted than seemed essential for security. Up to the year of the Mexican Revolution, 1821, the development of flocks depended basically upon the decisions of the priesthood.

Buildings directly associated with the missions were arranged in the semblance of a square, with the church forming one wall of the elevation. Granaries, warehouses, workshops, and apartments for the priests finished up the other three sides. The workshops were used for such activities as making soap, melting tallow, and spinning and weaving, while the store houses protected the wool, hides, tallow, butter, soap, salt, wheat, peas, beans, etc. The Indians worked according to the trade or occupation taught them, as well as in response to season. Men were trained in wool-combing and weaving, while women performed most of the spinning. The principal occupation at most missions was the production of a coarse cloth to dress the Indians, for the *padres* admired modesty more than nudity, and the fasionable sunbaths of today were still a century and a half in the future.

DAYS OF THE DONS

A great change occurred in the sheep industry as secularization of the sheep industry progressed. Lacking the supervision and leadership of the clergy, the Indians could not care for themselves or continue the industries taught them. In most localities the governing officials were forced to request the priests to take up their old responsibilities in order to save the flocks and herds from extinction, but the *padres* had lost their pristine urge. Hence in whatever light one may regard the ethics and justice of the policy of secularization, it is now obvious that this action provided the stimulus for California's modern agricultural development.

The period of the *ranchos* was the period of California's pastoral idylls. White-walled *haciendas* domiciled a happy and carefree people, prosperous because of the simplicity of their wants. Everywhere a never-failing hospitality and welcome were dispensed. Not only were travellers entertained graciously overnight, but the next morning a fresh horse from the host's own *caballado* was saddled to speed him on his way.

Between 1828 and 1846 many properties were placed in private *Californio* hands. No grant was made of less than a square league (4428.5 acres), and some included eleven leagues (44,713 acres). Plundering of the missions was excessive, but the new *rancheros* set up a code of personal honor which survived the period of romantic pastorales, and lasted well into the days of the American Civil War. Even the outline history of these

CALIFORNIA'S great *ranchos* is too voluminous for this paper, though their sheep aspects have been summarized elsewhere. (6) Many of the ranches that are traditionally considered as cattle operations carried smaller flocks of sheep, but the records were badly kept during the period of the Mexican-American transition, and the advantages of avoiding the assessor and tax-collector were just as salubrious then, as in the modern days of Deals—New, Fair, and Raw.

There were several families of Spanish extraction which contributed definitely to the sheep industry of Southern California. Prominent among them may be named the Lugos, Sepulvedas, Tapias, Nietas, Bandinis, Picos, Vejars, Machados, Torbas, and Verdugos, as well as the widely known houses of Palomares and Dominguez. By 1830 fifty large private ranchos were in existence in Alta California, the fourteen near Monterey supporting more than four hundred persons. (7) During the two decades immediately thereafter, the Mexican-appointed governors approved 1045 grants of *ranchos* of all sizes, eight hundred of which were well-stocked. (8) Various estimates indicate that there were over three-quarters of a million sheep in the state during the late 1840's, but they evidently escaped the 1850 censustaker, for the federal figure showed only 17,574. Since 1860 recorded over a million head, and since the heavy food demands of the miners during the early fifties definitely restricted reproduction, we can perhaps credit the Dons with greater sheep totals throughout the War with Mexico than Uncle Sam has so far admitted. Unfortunately for the student of ovine history, the Dons counted their wealth in cattle and horses, and seldom reported sheep, goats, swine, burros, mules, and poultry.

During the period when Governor Echeandia was increasing the rigor of the secularization policy, the *padres* offered less resistance to relinquishing sheep raising than cattle raising; in part because they could make a better case ultimately for wool with its dependent trades for the support of the Indians, and in part because it offered more ready cash and could more readily be carried on surreptitiously, due to less labor being needed in the seasonal operations. Soon a general distaste for herding, shearing, and care of the flock developed, and a popular attitude arose that it was beneath the dignity of *vaqueros* to tend flocks or to engage in the processes of wool manufacture. Thus appeared the California version of working only from the saddle, even though the use of *acequias* forestalled the quip of being willing even to dig a well, if it could be done on horseback.

The onrush of the Americans dropped the curtain on the Dons. Many of the newcomers loaned them money, took advantage of legal and other technicalities when the loans came due, and pursued a career of duplicity and dispossession. The old Spanish and Mexican grants were traded for nearly every commodity and necessity. In the south, Malibu and Centinela were frittered away for wines and groceries, and La Canada for an attorney's fee. Many *ranchos* went for mortgages, some for vineyards, and some for horses.

6. CHARLES W. TOWNE and EDWARD N. WENTWORTH. *Shepherd's Empire*, Norman, 1945, 53-80
7. NELLIE VAN DER GRIFT SANCHEZ. *Spanish Arcadia*, Los Angeles, 1929, 190
8. SANCHEZ. Supra, 199

"Juan Matias Sanchez, to help his friends William Workman and F. P. F. Temple, signed their mortgage to 'Lucky' Baldwin and lost his own *rancho* in the San Gabriel Valley, wholly without consideration." (*9*)

Thus vanished the patriarchs of the period, curiously contrasting meekness and pride, honor and incapacity—men who had lived simply, contentedly, and long. They bequeathed to California a glamor that will never die, and a tradition that will continue exemplary as long as men cherish friendship and hospitality, and admire honor and the primal virtues.

FLOCKS FOR EL DORADO

The lure of gold completely changed the livestock course in California. Thousands upon thousands of prospectors and adventurers poured into a region which had previously provided sustenance for a few tribes of Indians, plus the families and retainers around the missions and *ranchos*. The demand for food became enormous. Most of the available game was exterminated, and organized thugs preyed on the flocks and herds of the placer region. Before one could realize the situation, meat supplies were at a perilous minimum, and adventurous flockmasters and trail drivers set about meeting the deficit.

The first relief came from New Mexico. It was relatively nearby, and the prices of twelve to fifteen dollars a head at the mines were almost mandatory to sheepmen who could realize only fifty cents to a dollar at home. In the summer of 1849, from below Santa Fe, Miguel A. Otero and Antonio Jose Luna drove twenty-five thousand head in a succession of ten bands, along the 35th parallel, over Tehachapi Pass, and thence all the way to the gold fields. There the selling price varied from ten to twenty-five dollars a head, depending on the hunger of the miners and the supply of "dust." (*10*) In 1850, the recorded expedition was led by Captain Angley (*11*), but the Armijos, Bacas, Jaramillos, Lunas, Ortiz's, Oteros, and Pinos were all actively engaged in New Mexico-California droving, and during the next five years, over a half million sheep travelled this pioneer route. (*12*)

This by no means met the situation. Americans in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys regarded the feed possibilities along the Mormon and California trails as more favorable than along the southern route, and decided the prospect of losses from Indian raids was no more alarming. By 1851 the first sheep were enroute from the Missouri River. J. W. Cooper, in later life at Santa Barbara, reached the gold fields with a moderate-sized flock, despite a division of his party, extreme hardships, and several narrow escapes on the plains. (*13*)

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9. PALMER CONNER. *The Romance of the Ranchos*, Los Angeles, 1939, 2

10. M. A. OTERO. Interview with author, Santa Fe, New Mexico, February 7, 1939. Cf. Governor Otero's *My Life on the Frontier, 1864-1882*, New York, 1935, Vol. I, 282

11. DONALD W. JONES. *Forty Years Among the Indians*, Salt Lake City, 1890, 21-33

12. IBID. Also, Carman, Heath, and Minto. *Special Report on Sheep*, Washington, 1892, 952

13. FRANK SANDS. *A Pastoral Prince—The History and Reminiscences of J. W. Cooper*, Santa Barbara, 1893, 33-9

CALIFORNIA'S Throughout 1852, more than a hundred thousand head were on their way, led off by "Uncle Dick" Wootton, famed keeper of the Raton Pass toll road between Colorado and New Mexico (now crossed by the Santa Fe Railroad). Gathering nine thousand head near Watrous, New Mexico, he set out from Taos with fourteen Mexican herders and eight American guards who had served in the Army. Apparently the latter had merely been teamsters, for they wilted before Indian threats and skillfully avoided combat. Only Uncle Dick's quick decision, his skill as a wrestler, and his experience as a frontiersman, carried him through the Ute country of western Colorado and thwarted the schemes of the famous chief Uncotash. (*14*) His route led from Taos up the Rio Grande, and over the Continental Divide to the Uncompahgre and Grand Rivers. Before reaching the Green, he struck off across country via the "lower Wasatch" to the Spanish Fork River in Utah, and thence across the desert to the mountains in Nevada and the Humboldt and Carson Rivers. On a side trip to Salt Lake City he replenished his supplies, met the stage-coach "king" Ben Holladay, and dined with Brigham Young in the "Lion House." Arriving at Elk Grove, twelve miles north of Sacramento, he wintered his flock and in the spring sold 8,900 head for more than $50,000, a record of cross-country survival without parallel.

The year 1853 was featured by the successful drive of Kit Carson and Lucien Maxwell; thirteen thousand head sold to San Francisco's pioneer merchant, Samuel Norris, for $5.50 per head, or a total above thirty thousand dollars. During the same year the drives of Colonel W. W. Hollister from Ohio; of Dr. Thomas Flint, Llewellyn Bixby, and Benjamin Flint from Illinois; of Thomas Hildreth from Indiana and Illinois; and of James Moore from Missouri (*15*) brought families into California that have been identified with sheep and cattle up to the present day.

The tempo of westward driving began to slacken by 1854. Breeding flocks in southern California were multiplying to the point where they could supply part of the demand, and the cattle herds had increased until the famine prices for meat no longer prevailed. Hence more of the flocks brought in displayed higher quality, and the sales effort in California was transferred from hungry miners to aspiring breeders. The most spectacular drive of the period was conducted by "Hub" Hollister, the Dibblee brothers, and J. W. Cooper, all then of the vicinity of Santa Barbara. Some twelve thousand head were bought in Ohio and Missouri, of which half were well-bred Ohio Merinos and the other half strong in the blood of the English mutton breeds. They had to move slowly, and suffered severe losses, reaching Los Angeles County with only forty-four hundred head. (*16*) This drive practically ended the quantitative phase of the California movement, most drives thereafter being designed to improve the quality.

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14. H. L. CONARD. *Uncle Dick Wootton*, Chicago, 1890, 249-62

15. THOMAS FLINT. Diary of, *Annual Publication of the Historical Association of Southern California*, Los Angeles, 1923. References to these men occur throughout the Diary.

16. CARMAN, HEATH, AND MINTO. Supra, 948

FLOCKWAYS THE SEASONAL TRAILS

The rapid development of Southern California in breeding flocks revived the ancient practice of seasonal movement from the valley *ranchos* to the mountains and return, such as characterized the flock husbandry of Spain. In the spring, when lambing, shearing, and dipping were completed, and the grass at the lower altitudes had dried, the herders began to head for the Sierras. Along the trails, in bands of four to eight thousand animals, the sheep grazed for four to six weeks until they reached the mountain slopes and meadows which each shepherd personally preferred.

Flocks originating near San Gabriel Mission crossed the mountains to the north via modern Saugus, Castaic, and Sandberg to rest and reorganize for a short time in Antelope Valley, while those farther east passed San Bernardino, Cajon Pass, Big Pines, Palmdale, and Neenach to the same valley. After a brief recuperation they started northward toward Owens River, each shepherd with a jealous eye on some rival herder, lest the latter seize the choicest grazing on his favorite range before his own flock could arrive. About twenty-five miles out they passed Mojave and, four or five miles farther on, the flocks that came over Tehachapi from the Bakersfield country joined them.

From this point the trunk of the trail became clear, and climbed through Red Rock Canyon to the mesa, to attract flocks crossing Piute Mountain at Ricardo. Those using Walker Pass came down at Freeman or through Brown Canyon at Brown, or still farther north at Little Lake. From this vicinity northward few flocks were added, and the trail continued through Haiwee, Olancha, Lone Pine, and past Mt. Kearsarge. In the wetter years some of the shepherds would deflect their flocks easterly into the Coso Range, or even into the Panamints, but they all had to work back eventually to the Great Trail, and too wide a side excursion might jeopardize their arrival at that halcyon "end of trail," toward which each shepherd guided, and whose location he believed that he alone knew.

No matter what their detour might be, if they were to continue up the face of the Sierras, they had to return once more to Owens Valley. At Owens Lake the trail narrowed sufficiently that the tax collector could levy on the passing bands. In the beginning the taxes were not important, but as more and more counties adopted the idea, the sum total became something to avoid. Various devices for escape were evolved, ranging from plain bribery and night smuggling of bands past the collector, to hazardous passages on steep slopes and behind cliffs, where the losses in dead and crippled animals often exceeded the amount of the tax.

North of Owens River the trails began to fan out. Many herders turned up the steep valleys directly to the high mountain slopes and grassy meadows, while others turned off at Big Pine across the Basin Ranges to Deep Springs, and even to Lida beyond the Nevada line, for the somewhat speculative grazing over there. But the main trunk still continued northward past Bishop and up to the Mono Lake area.

When the time to return arrived in the fall it was customary to cross over to the

CALIFORNIA'S western slope of the Sierras. Those who had gone as far as Bishop might swing north to Tioga Pass to get over the crest, southwest of Mono Lake. In some seasons the farthest north flocks would ignore their usual homeward route over Virginia Pass, and go on to Sonora and Ebbetts passes, occasionally travelling as far as Carson Pass. In any event, returning southward they kept to the east of central Yosemite, and pretty well to the top of the Divide, grazing their way back to the Kern River Valley over the westward descending slopes. Continuing farther south they reached Antelope Valley over Tehachapi, though some kept to the heights after leaving Mt. Whitney, following the upper slopes until they reached Onyx. Thence they moved eastward over Walker Pass, to travel again down to Freeman, Ricardo, and Red Rock Canyon, then on to Mojave and the Antelope Valley.

In the north comparable trailing originated in the Sacramento Valley, and the bands grazed eastward into the Sierras or westward into the Coast Range. The coming of small farmers soon blocked off the eastward movement, but summer grazing in the Cascades was continued until Forest Service regulations made most of such grazing shifts uneconomical. In fact the maze of entanglements created by various bureaucratic regulations issued from Washington have been gradually forcing a new type of sheep business in California. Practically all efficient practices based on traditional methods have been forestalled in the name of controlling erosion and overgrazing, of protecting watersheds, and of practicing other plain and fancy brands of conservation. Given the opportunity to develop and protect the range he uses, there is no greater conservationist than the practical stockman, but put him in competition with irresponsible tramp operators and under the control of propagandist reformers championing "holy missions," and he too has no chance to conserve.

AMERICAN FLOCKMASTERS

Some Americans came into California before the War with Mexico, and were well established in the sheep business. In the south should be mentioned Colonel J. Isaac Williams of *Chino*, *Jurupa*, and *Cucamonga;* John Temple of *Los Cerritos;* F. P. F. Temple of *La Merced;* and Colonel Jonathan Trumbull Warner ("Juan Largo") of *San Jose del Valle.* In the north were the Englishman, Robert Livermore, east of San Leandro, and the notorious Dr. John Marsh of *Los Meganos Rancho* at the base of Mt. Diablo. Williams' and Warner's contributions of beef and mutton to the invading American forces are well known, as are Dr. Marsh's exorbitant charges to American immigrants.

The most spectacular sheep venture in Upper California was Captain John A. Sutter's great enterprise in the valleys of the Sacramento, American, and Feather rivers. For several years his flocks formed the northern outpost of sheep in the state. Foundation stock came from Don Ygnacio Martinez, whose *Rancho Pinole* was located just south of Suisun Bay. Captain Sutter's adventures in getting his flocks and herds through the overflowed

 marshes of the Sacramento River is a story of Swiss patience and perseverance in the face of heavy losses, but when they reached his Hock Farm on Feather River in 1841, and when the contingent purchased at the Russian trading post at Fort Ross was added, his operation was definitely on the way. His diary is almost entirely pastoral, and facts abound covering herding, lambing, shearing, and slaughtering under New Helvetia conditions. In 1849-1850 the famished gold-seekers stole his sheep for their flesh and pelts, and many a "Pike" wore a roughly fashioned coat of sheepskin, pulled from a Sutter ewe, with the wool side inward as a protection against the mountain cold.

Out of his service with Captain Sutter came General John Bidwell's great *Rancho Chico*, with a flock averaging six thousand head, some ten miles up Chico Creek above its junction with the Sacramento River. South of Chico was another great land grant of 1845, originally awarded to Sebastian Kayser, but taken over through purchase on a mortgage foreclosure in 1863 by John Parrott. Finally set up as four square leagues, its maximum flock of sheep included 7,300 breeding ewes.

Settlement of the northern counties was not spectacular, but it was sound. Almost every county had pioneers of distinction in sheep production. Many easterners who had been skilled in livestock found mining boresome and unremunerative, and turned to domestic animals again. Below Sacramento, a fine flock of long standing was established in 1852 near Fairfield by Julian Hoyt. Due to difficulties over land titles, he moved into the Montezuma Hills of Solano County, the latter part of the decade. In 1860 he sent to Vermont for purebred Merinos, and in 1872 imported a flock of a hundred high quality Shropshires from England. The pioneer American sheepman in Yolo County was William Gaston Hunt, who arrived in 1849, but the nationally known flocks which developed there were those of J. H. Glide, who at the age of fifteen established himself as a butcher and purchased a farm near Davis in 1860, and of Francis Bullard, who located near Woodland in the same year. Glide's French Merinos and Bullard's Rambouillets became of international importance, both breeders exporting to Australia and Canada, with Glide sending shipments also to South Africa and South America. These two men played leading roles in the development of stud and range flocks throughout the intermountain region from Canada to Mexico.

In Colusa County, John Boggs bought six thousand acres from the Thomas Larkin grant in the early 1860's and operated a large flock, while Isaac N. Brock went to the east side of Feather River in Yuba County in 1860, where he was soon raising Merino sheep of excellent stamp. Continuing up the Sacramento to Butte County, one learns of the most courageous of all the sheep pioneers, George W. Gridley. He settled in the early fifties near the town named after him, following a disheartening attempt to drive sheep and cattle across the plains in 1850. Indians either ran off or destroyed every animal. He immediately engaged in the livestock business near the mines and, when he had cleared ten thousand dollars, essayed to drive sheep across from the east once more. Again

CALIFORNIA'S misfortune dogged him, for he arrived with only six hundred badly battered individuals, remaining from the three thousand purchased in Illinois. Yet, at his later peak, his operations included twenty thousand sheep and thirty thousand acres of land. West of the Sacramento in Glenn County, the earliest sheep operation seems to have been at the Garnett Ranch near Willows in 1853, but the best known operator was Irving W. Brownell, who came about 1859.

The real cradle of northern California flocks was in Tehama County. Here developed the great bands that formed the nuclei of the eastward drives of the 1870's and 1880's. Major G. G. Kimball seems to have been the man of foresight and vision, arriving in Red Bluff in 1857, and forming extensive partnerships with General Reddington, J. C. Tyler, and Joseph Cone. Cone, in turn, followed the Major's example and entered into various partnerships, the most important being Cone & Ward, who handled from twelve to twenty-five thousand head in their bands. James M. Howell came out from Missouri to locate near Henleyville in 1859, being joined later by his brother T. Newton Howell. The flocks of the Kimball-Cone partnerships and of the Howell Brothers became the great source of trail bands throughout the 1880's.

Some operators spread over several counties. For example, Henry C. Compton, a Canadian whose flock still flourishes in the hands of Ken Sexton (husband of his granddaughter), ran sheep in Butte, Colusa, and Modoc counties. In 1872-73 his sheep were on Pitt River when an Indian told him of Captain Jack's uprising in the Lava Beds. He promptly hurried his family back to Chico, and returned to preserve his flock intact, chiefly by knowing enough of Modoc Indian habits to avoid any direct contact with them.

The story of sheep in northern California was never the story of large operators. Hundreds of sheepmen were engaged in the business from 1860 forward, and collectively they formed the largest reservoir of production in the entire United States. From that date until 1880 they were bringing in a mass of purebred rams which completely changed the old Spanish type, and provided the animals on which the modern sheep industry of Montana, Idaho, Nevada, western Utah, and western Arizona is based. When one considers the exports to Oregon, beginning with the drives of Jacob Primer Lease and William G. Rae in 1843, much of the credit for Oregon's numerical contribution can be traced back to California as well. However, the early sheep were purely *churros*, and served only as a base for Oregon's expanding flocks. The extent of the demand for California sheep can be measured statistically in 1880, for Gordon (*17*) reports 180,000 sheep were shipped or trailed out of the state for stocking purposes that year.

THE ERA OF THE GREAT DRIVES

The California phase of the eastward trail driving days was most pronounced between 1865 and 1885. During the first fifteen years the chief emphasis was on breeding flocks,

17. CLARENCE W. GORDON. Report on Cattle, Sheep and Swine, *Tenth United States Census, 1880*, Washington, Vol. III, 1045

 and they proved to be the principal agency in stocking the intermountain country. The feeding industry began to develop strongly in Nebraska, Colorado, and Kansas between 1880 and 1885, and the emphasis was then placed on wethers, which were obtainable in greater numbers from Oregon. California trail herds were based on ewes descended from Mexican-Spanish stock, improved by the blood of purebred rams which entered the state on the heels of the gold rush. However, ewes with lambs were seldom driven, the preference being for unbred yearlings, and any lambs born enroute were usually knocked in the head. Trail life was too strenuous for a new born lamb, and too exhausting for a milking dam. Lambs and ewes required a fine quality of grasses enroute, wethers could use coarser grasses and "browse," while yearlings and dry two-year-olds could find their requirements somewhere between the two extremes.

A few California bands were driven in the early sixties into Idaho and Montana to provide mutton for the miners of the Salmon River country, or in the Bannack and Virginia City districts. In 1865, Major G. G. Kimball, already mentioned, drove a band of muttons to Virginia City himself, and learned of better markets farther east through the venture. So the next year he trailed a large flock across Idaho and Wyoming, all the way to the Missouri River. Enroute he traded for mules which he drove back to Sacramento, and turned at a good profit. The demand for breeding sheep seemed insatiable to him, and on this he founded the big drives handled by himself and his partners.

The early eighties were halcyon days on the Sacramento River. On the east bank, and as far north as Payne's Creek (east of Red Bluff), was the outfit of Leo L. McCoy, who ultimately became the Nestor of California sheepmen. His flock usually numbered between fifteen and twenty-five thousand sheep and was somewhat stronger in mutton blood, as opposed to wool breeding, than the others. Downstream from McCoy was the Joseph Cone ranch, then the Cone & Ward ranch, and then the Leland Stanford ranch. Senator Stanford owned about 55,000 acres in southern Tehama County, and handled about fifteen to twenty thousand ewes under the mangement of his popular foreman, D. B. ("Win") Lyon. On the west bank were the Finnells with ten thousand ewes which they grazed south of Red Bluff. Below them were the Howell brothers, while still farther south was Albert Gallatin with fifteen to twenty thousand ewes.

Some of the Red Bluff group were active drivers on the trail, like Major Kimball, Cone & Ward, and Howell Brothers, but Albert Gallatin, Grant & Sardis Wilcox, and McCoy usually held their bands at the ranches and sold to eastern purchasers. Thus in 1874, Jacob Sieben bought a large band near Red Bluff and trailed it to the Prickly Pear Valley below Helena, Montana, to found a pioneer flock that is still in existence today. (A. T. Hibbard, husband of the daughter of Henry Sieben, who was Jacob's brother, is senior manager of the flock today. Hibbard is an active member of the Rancheros Visitadores at Santa Barbara). From 1879 to 1885, six to eight bands a year went into the Montana region through similar purchases.

CALIFORNIA'S The departure of bands to out-of-state destinations was a subject of prime news. The following items taken from the Pacific Rural Press alone were typical—August 16, 1879, M. E. Post of Montana (correct address, Cheyenne, Wyoming) gets seventeen thousand California sheep; December 13, 1879, forty thousand sheep have gone to Colorado; May 8, 1880, J. M. Ryan of Montana buys a large California band; May 22, 1880, Parker & Houghton send sheep to Colorado; May 29, 1880, Brownell of Colusa sends a sizable shipment to Montana; July 28, 1883, ten thousand sheep started for Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming; September 15, 1883, sheep sent to Oregon and Texas. Even more interesting was the lament on August 20, 1881, that sheep were so scarce that buyers could take only a few bands out of the state.

The route leaving the north was pretty well standardized. Gordon (*18*) states that in 1880 it ran "above Lassen's Butte" (Mt. Lassen in southeastern Shasta County) through southern Oregon to the Snake River. This route crossed northwestern Nevada to the Quinn River, passed up it to Ten Mile Creek, up the latter, and over the divide to Rattlesnake Creek, and then through Jordan Valley. By the early eighties all of the bands crossed northern Nevada, keeping northwest of the Granite Creek and Black Rock deserts, west of Granite Range, skirting High Rock and Summit Lakes, after which it dipped slightly to the southeast, crossing the narrow northern neck of Black Rock Desert, following Happy Creek, and thence pretty well easterly into Paradise Valley, Tuscarora, and out of the northeast corner of the state through Thousand Springs Valley. Three branches led into Idaho after reaching Thousand Springs—one via Goose Creek, one via Raft River, and the third up the Little Malad.

While this section of the trail is interesting from an industry standpoint, Californians will be more concerned with the route from Red Bluff to the Nevada line. Starting on the east bank of the Sacramento, where Lassen Junction is now located, it led north and east to Dales, Manton, Viola, Manzanita Lake, and into Old Station, known in those days as Hell's Half Acre. This spot had provided the site for a military post during the Civil War, for protection against the wild northern Indians, and still retained usable relics of the occupation. From here the trail drivers plunged into the rough region northeast of Mount Lassen, passing south of Subway Caves and across Gray's Valley to the north end of Eagle Lake. The course of the drives still continued northeastward toward the center of the Madeline Plains, thence into Termo and Red Rock; finally attaining the Nevada line about seventy miles south of the Oregon boundary.

From southern California it was necessary to drive across several barren regions in Nevada and Utah, in order to reach the "territories." Water was scarce, drives were long, and many dry camps had to be made. The frontage over which several bands moved might have to be spread out for miles. And, in unfenced cultivated regions it was never possible to squeeze a flock more closely together than two hundred yards, since sheep

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18. GORDON. Supra, 1036

FLOCKWAYS do not follow single leaders when on the move. However, the leaders would usually parallel each other in their advance.

Trail flocks from the southern part of the state would start so early in the spring that they would usually go up the eastern scarp of the Sierras. Bands that originated around Bakersfield, or northward, would cross from the western slope. In the 1880 Census Report, Gordon (*19*) describes the route of a band of five thousand sheep driven to Helena, Montana. They left Bakersfield for Havilah, crossed Walker Pass, proceeded downslope to Owens River, and then north to Big Pine. Turning eastward, they drove through Big Spring, and entered Nevada west of modern Lida, then known as Alida Springs. From here they worked north-northeast to Humboldt Wells (now Wells, Nevada), and joined the route across northern Nevada, previously described, in Thousand Springs Valley.

Shepherd (*20*) in 1883 started at Fresno, and went north via Madera, Chowchilla, LeGrand, Merced, Snelling, Blanchard, Sonora, and Strawberry Lake to Sonora Pass, and down into Bridgeport. On the Nevada side they passed between Fletcher and Aurora to Belleville, thence to Cloverdale Ranch, Austin, Hickerson, Birch, Jacob's Well, and Elko to Mary's River, where they hit the northern Nevada route. Still another trail was used by Ardizzi & Olcese from Bakersfield to Reno and Duck Flat. This went up over Walker Pass as previously described, but at Big Pine continued north through Bishop, west of Mono Lake, through Bridgeport, Coleville, Holbrook, Minden, Reno, Pyramid Lake, Sheepshead, and Buffalo Meadows to Duck Flat, where it merged with the northern route.

The individual tasks in preparing for the drives after the bands had been assembled were numerous. Trailing was not the simple task of getting the sheep from one location to another, but involved care to preserve the health and condition of the breeding animals, and increasing the weight of the wethers in the earlier period. So a good crew was necessary, with a cook, a clever lead man or point, a swing herder at the center, and a man at the rear, sometimes known as the drag, four men to handle each band enroute. A flock of 2,500 head might require such a crew, but larger droves would need several swing herders along the sides of the flock, and perhaps two or three drag men, when the droves included 4,000 to 7,500 head. With as large an outfit as the last, a supply wagon might be included in addition to the cook's wagon, and two such wagons, driven between, could service two droves when they were under one ownership. The supply wagon was also helpful for transporting temporary cripples or sick sheep.

The ideal crew was composed of experienced men, but they were difficult to find in California. Mexicans were able but they did not want to face the cold of the mountain states. Chinese were good workers though often rough and set in their ways, and needed close supervision to be sure that they performed correctly. Portuguese, Spanish, French and Basques were too anxious to become owners to travel so far, and in addition they always preferred to work for men of their own races. Indians were likely to quit without

19. GORDON. Supra, 1027

20. MAJOR W. SHEPHERD. *Prairie Experiences in Handling Cattle and Sheep*, London, 1884, 139-256

CALIFORNIA'S warning, and Americans "talked big," but too often proved ignorant. Scotch and Irish, when obtainable, seemed best, but their numbers were few. So most drivers had to start off with "scratch lots."

Before the bands started, the sheep had to be sheared, and the later California law required dipping for scab and ticks, as did most of the "territories" across which the sheep were driven. Finally a rigid sorting had to take place to cull out the obviously unfit sheep at the last moment before the drive. A trail foreman, often the owner, usually located the trail, found watering points, selected the bedgrounds, and hustled additional stocks as the original supplies ran out.

Reliable statistics regarding the sheep that left California are not available. Gordon (*21*) shows that about 180,000 left the state in 1880, of which 7,400 travelled by rail, 23,000 by ship, and the remainder, slightly less than 150,000 by trail. No long term estimates are available, but a combination of opinions from several authorities suggests that about two and a half million head left the state before the close of 1880, about two million between 1881 and the close of 1890, and about a million between 1891 and the end of the century. Oregon, Washington, and Idaho furnished nearly as many, doing a much bigger trade in the last decade, and New Mexico supplied almost an equal number, her greatest exports being in the 1865-1890 period. In total, California furnished about five and a half million head to the great eastward drives; Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, about five million; and New Mexico about four million. The remaining half million sheep moving in that period came from Nevada, Montana, Utah, and western Wyoming. Many of these latter had their origin in California and along the Pacific Coast, but were held temporarily in these intermediate regions.

THE MODERN ASCENDANCY

Space limitations permit consideration of only the six foregoing phases of California's many-sided ovine industry. The tale of the island sheep empires off the San Pedro-Santa Barbara coast is highly romantic. The drab-colored but highly hazardous sheep ventures in the Kern and San Joaquin River valleys which, when finally organized, developed into such dramatic operations as Miller & Lux, the Kern Land and Livestock Company, Harry Quinn, and Ardizzi & Olcese, are deserving of much detail. Shearing, labor problems, development of the wool trade, competition with cotton and other crop lands, the contributions of the later Spanish, the Bearnaise French, and the Basques, the growth of sheep shows, the improvement of blood, and the handicaps of controls by a distant and unsympathetic federal government, have created highlights and shadows as striking as any reported. (*22*)

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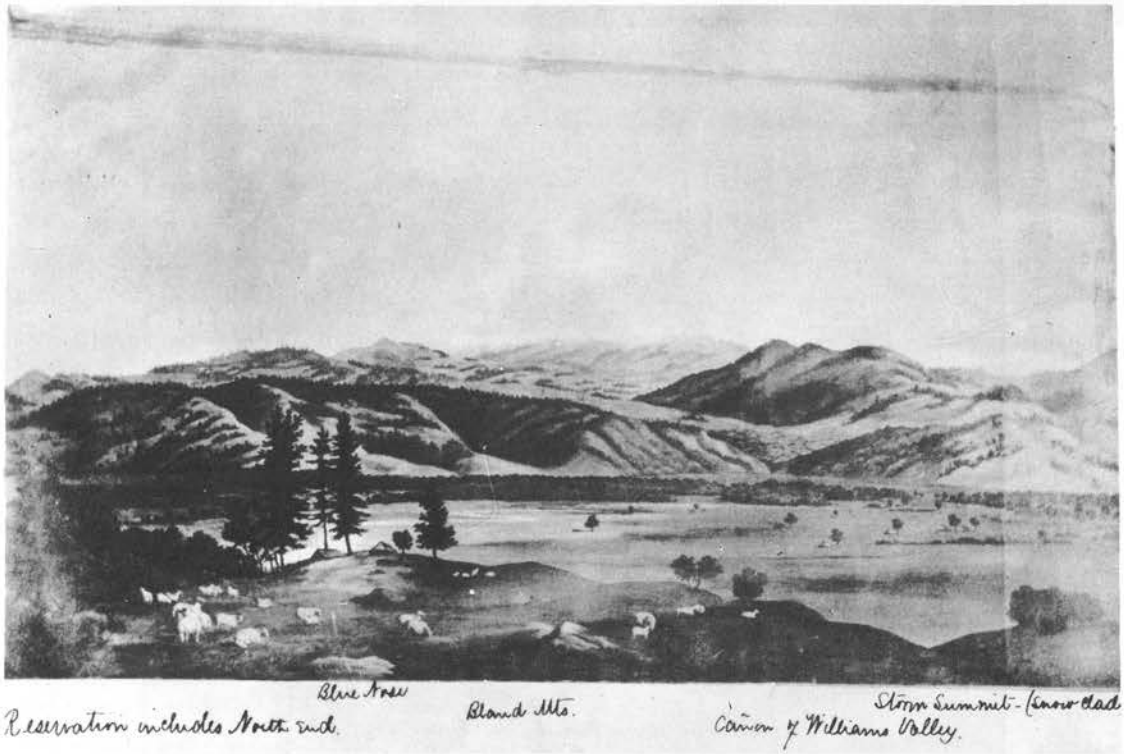
21. GORDON. Supra, 1045

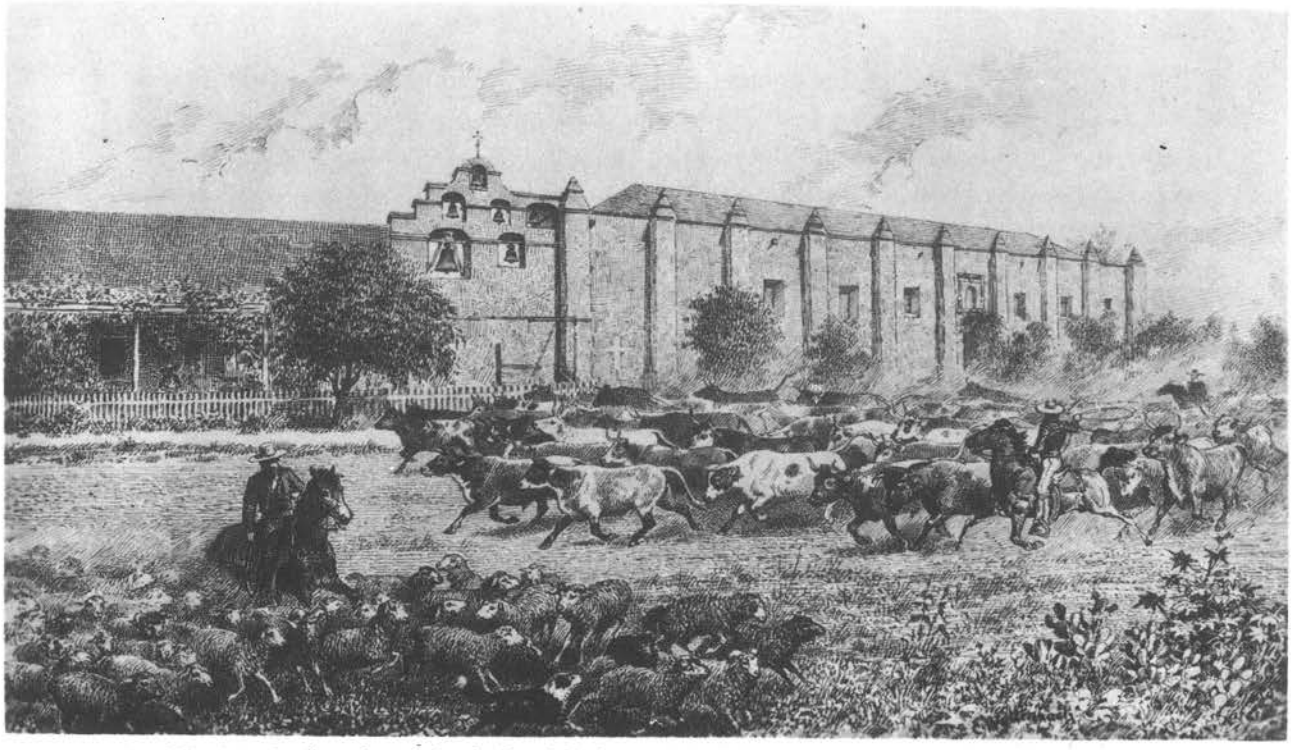
22. Additional material will be found in Edward N. Wentworth, *America's Sheep Trails*, 1948, Ames, and in a series of articles by the author of this paper published in the *California Wool Grower*, San Francisco, between May 21, 1939, and August 26, 1941.

FLOCKWAYS The competition between Solomon Jewett and J. D. Patterson in building up the California breeds from the mid-fifties forward, the contribution of the Glides and the Bullards, the national and world champion fleeces exhibited by Frank C. Clarke at the International Live Stock Exposition in Chicago during the 1930's and at the Golden Gate International Exposition of 1939 (where a Clarke fleece won against nearly five hundred of the best fleeces in the world, from England, Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Argentina, Uruguay, Canada, and the United States), registered a peak in California's ovine accomplishments. Most recently at the 1949 International in Chicago, Howard Vaughn of Dixon shipped the first champion carload of lambs east by air transport for exhibit, and won the honors for the entire western region, though some Kentucky lambs nosed him out for grand champion honors.

Sheep history has been lived vividly in California, but it is by no means decadent today. The presidency of the National Wool Growers Association, oldest organization of commercial livestock producers in the United States, is vested in a Californian, the same Howard Vaughn just mentioned. The glamor of the Dons is gone, but the keenly nerved drive of the modern American is as strong in the Golden State as in any single section of our country.



Round Valley, California—1858



Mexican Cowboys driving herd of cattle before a mission and a Mexican driver with dog driving a flock of sheep in opposite direction.—Drawn by E. WYTTENBACK

Counting Sheep—from the Bettman Archive

CONFEDERATE SECRET SOCIETIES IN CALIFORNIA

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE and KNIGHTS OF THE COLUMBIAN STAR

By ART WOODWARD

THE OPENING OF THE CIVIL WAR found the inhabitants of California sitting in the anxious seat. The gold rush had drawn thousands of men from every state in the Union and not a few were from the deep South. In the regular army of the United States were also men whose feelings toward the sovereignty of states' rights dominated their loyalty toward the federation of the United States. Therefore it was only natural that the Unionists, particularly in Southern California where the Democratic party was in the ascendancy, should feel a bit more than apprehensive.

There were three centers of Secessionism in the southern part of the state. Los Angeles was the main hotbed while San Bernardino and El Monte were no less active although the population was smaller. Big Bear and Holcomb Valleys in the San Bernardino mountains were mining communities which served as hangouts for all sorts of hard characters, including the more militaristic Secessionists.

In the north the adherents to both causes were numerous and vociferous. Abraham Lincoln was denounced as the greatest traitor of all times on the floor of the California State Assembly. The mining camps of the Mother Lode country divided into rival groups and in the little town of Volcano feeling ran so high that the Union men are said to have smuggled in a piece of small artillery in a coffin to cow their hot-blooded "Secesh" friends.

Many Southerners openly espoused the cause of the Confederacy and forked their horses for a long ride overland where they offered their services to the army of the south. There were others, however, who, not feeling up to the arduous ride nor being inclined to face northern rifles on the field of battle, stayed in California and went underground.

In the spring of 1859, two years prior to the outbreak of the Civil War, the *New York Tribune* of June 13 described a "new filibuster association of a formidable character" known as the "Knights of the Golden Circle." This organization was military in every respect. It was to consist of two Legions, one in the United States and the other presumably in Cuba, where the filibusters intended to operate. The table of organization included a regiment of cavalry, a regiment of mounted riflemen, five regiments of infantry and one of artillery. There was also to be a reserve guard. The charitable purpose of this new outfit was "to conquer certain countries and thereby spread over them the genial influences of our institutions." Members were supposed to pay an initiation fee of one dollar and a weekly tax of ten cents. Scrip was to be sold for the purchase of arms

and ammunition. An elaborate numerical code was designed, signs, passwords and grips were invented, and presumably then, or possibly later, a small badge was given to the members. The latter consisted of a small golden circle in the center of which was a black enameled Maltese cross.

The editor of the *Tribune* didn't take the organization too seriously and was inclined to look with some skepticism upon the grandiose schemes set forth by the officers of the society. Said he:

"On the whole we are inclined to suspect that this is not so much a bona fide filibuster organization as the scheme of designing persons to make money for themselves by playing on filibuster credulity. However that may be we have reason to believe that a large number of names have already been enrolled, especially in the Southwestern States, and that, at this moment, a considerable number of agents are traveling in the Southern States initiating members."

News of the new society spread all over the United States and in California the "K.G.C.," as it was commonly known, drew forth this comment from the editor of the *San Francisco Herald*, August 27, 1860:

"The American Legion of the Golden Circle, a mysterious military order which has recently attracted much attention throughout the United States and whose objects have been the theme of much discussion by the public press. From the address before us we conclude that the Knights are exclusively of the Southern States and that the purposes sought to be accomplished are the revolutionizing of Mexico and the annexation of that country to our own Republic and the military defense of the Southern States against the encroachments of the Abolitionists of the North."

The editor then went on to quote from an edict issued by George Buckley of the K.G.C. calling upon all Knights to assemble in Texas for duty in Mexico.

The article also added that the apparent purpose of the acquisition of Mexico was intended to add strength to the South, thus giving it superiority over the North. Another San Francisco newspaper (*Evening Bulletin*, Feb. 7, 1860) had previously noted the departure of a party of Knights from New York, apparent destination Mexico, where they were supposed to participate in a revolt.

Thus it would seem that at the outset this organization was apparently Southern inspired for the purpose of raising funds for a few slick promoters with an eye toward cashing in politically in the event that their illegal plans matured successfully.

At any rate by the spring of 1861, when war was actually declared, the Knights of the Golden Circle was well established in California. Through the machinations of this underground group it was hoped that a Pacific Republic might be established. General Albert Sidney Johnston, then in command of the military department embracing the Pacific coast, was whispered to be the nominal head of this conspiracy. This was absolutely false. Johnston had assumed command of the Department of the Pacific, January 15, 1861.

IN CALIFORNIA Asbury Harpending, one of the ring leaders in the plan to take over the strategic points in California, relating the incident said:

"Johnston was born in Kentucky but he always in later years spoke of and considered Texas his State. Thus he had a double bond of sympathy for the South. This was the man who had the fate of California absolutely in his hands. No one doubted the drift of his inclinations. No one who knew the man and his exacting sense of honor doubted his absolute loyalty to any trust.

"In all of our deliberations, General Johnston only figured as a factor to be taken by surprise and subdued with force. We wished him well, hoped he might not suffer in the brief struggle, but nobody dreamed for an instant that his integrity as a commander-in-chief of the army could be tampered with."

Accordingly, after some discussion the conspirators agreed to call upon Johnston socially and "to gather if possible, some serviceable hints for future use."

"I will never forget that meeting. We were ushered into the presence of General Albert Sidney Johnston. He was a blond giant of a man with a mass of heavy yellow hair, untouched by age, although he was nearing sixty . . . He bade us courteously to be seated.

" 'Before we go further,' he said, in a matter-of-fact, off-hand way, 'there is something I want to mention. I have heard foolish talk about an attempt to seize the strongholds of the government under my charge. Knowing this, I have prepared for emergencies, and will defend the property of the United States with every resource at my command, and with the last drop of blood in my body. Tell that to all our Southern friends.' "

Continued Harpending: "We sat there like a lot of petrified stoten-bottles . . . After an hour, we departed. We had learned a lot, but not what we wished to know."

However, Johnston's enemies in California had succeeded in reaching ears of the Powers-That-Be at Washington and Brigadier-General E. V. Sumner was dispatched under sealed orders, so it is said, from New York, to relieve Johnston. In the meantime on April 9, 1861, Johnston submitted his resignation from the Army of the United States.

General Winfield Scott on March 22 sent this dispatch to Sumner:

March 22, 1861

Brig. Gen. E. V. Sumner:

Dear General: Prepare to sail from New York the first of next month to relieve Brevet Brigadier-General Johnston, in the command of the Pacific Department, say for a tour of some years. The order to sail, &c., will reach you by the next mail, but remain unpublished till you are on the Pacific Ocean, for confidential reasons.

In haste, yours, truly,

Winfield Scott.

Thus it is quite evident that Johnston was under suspicion and his successor was en route even prior to Johnston's resignation, which was not accepted by Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, until May 3, the day it was received in Washington.

Moreover, Harpending's report on Johnston's statement that he had prepared for emergencies is well borne out by several official orders issued by Johnston in February, to wit his instructions to Captain J. Stewart in command of the Third Artillery posted in the fort on Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay: "dated Feb. 20: . . . Brigadier General Johnston directs me to say that he expects and orders you to maintain your post and defend Alcatraz Island against all efforts to seize it, from whatever direction such efforts may be made. etc. etc." The defenses at Fort Point were also overhauled and an extra supply of arms and ammunition were ordered down from Benicia to be stored on Alcatraz.

Thus, General Johnston remained faithful to his trust. There is no doubt, in my mind, that had he been so inclined he could have handed over most of the strategic points on the Pacific coast, from Oregon to San Diego, to the Knights of the Golden Circle, and there would have been bloody fighting in the streets of nearly every town and city in the state. The point is, he didn't.

General Sumner arrived in San Francisco on the 24th of April and assumed command of the Department of the Pacific on the 25th. On the 28th, he wrote to Washington, stating: "My departure from New York was not known here till the night before my arrival. It gives me pleasure to state that the command was turned over to me in good order. General Johnston had forwarded his resignation before I arrived, but he continued to hold the command, and was carrying out the orders of the Government."

Immediately after Sumner's arrival, Johnston left for Los Angeles, and after a visit with his brother-in-law, Dr. J. S. Griffin, he placed his wife and unborn baby daughter in the care of her relatives and rode off to Texas, in July, with a small company of ex-U. S. Army officers and civilians, captained by Alonzo Ridley, former agent of the Tule River Farms in the San Joaquin Valley and more recently deputy sheriff of Los Angeles County.

Thus Johnston passed from the scene and his departure was a body blow to the conspirators who had planned to seize California. Although the leaders knew the jig was up, nevertheless the Knights of the Golden Circle continued to function and its presence, manifest in every section of the state, created an air of uneasiness and suspicion for the duration of the war.

In Sacramento small printed broadsides carrying the crude figure of a knight with shield and sword and mysterious words were posted on the walls of public buildings. Around Los Angeles, particularly during the first half of 1861, Secessionist rumors flew thick and fast. The troops from Fort Tejon and Fort Mohave were drawn in to defend Los Angeles and the depot of governmental supplies. The sheriff, Tomas Sanchez, and his deputy, Alonzo Ridley, were hand in glove with the Southerners. The fact that a bronze six-pounder field piece (belonging to the State) was in the hands of Sanchez and his friends didn't ease matters very much and Captain Winfield Scott Hancock, Asst. Quartermaster in Los Angeles (who slept with a revolver under his pillow each night),

 suggested that perhaps a 12-pound howitzer ("two might be better") would have a good moral effect in case of a difficulty.

As in all underground and subversive organizations there are always a few spies planted by the opposition and in time the thin veil of secrecy is somewhat rudely torn aside, much to the chagrin of the conspirators. This held true in 1861 even as it holds true today.

There was one Gustav Brown, who was employed by the Government as a detective to keep his eye upon the glittering Knights. His facts and figures concerning the various cells or lodges are interesting. On October 16, 1864, he reported to Captain A. Jones Jackson, Provost-Marshal, Southern District of California, with headquarters at San Jose.

In this report he announced that Los Angeles County had 253 Knights within its borders. There were 54 in Los Angeles proper, 92 in El Monte and 27 in the San Gabriel Mines. The remainder were scattered throughout the area. The "governor" of the Los Angeles group was Charles Howard, of a well known family in the Pueblo, and the "lieutenant governor" was J. M. Callan.

The rendezvous of the Knights was at Rock Creek, 120 miles from Los Angeles. Said Brown: "It is in the mountains, and has plenty of wood, water and grass. There are but four or five there now herding cattle. They intend to unite at this place in case of a draft being ordered and commence guerrilla warfare. They say there are men organized in Nevada for the purpose of coming into California in case of an outbreak for the purpose of assisting the Knights. They consist mainly of the sporting class. I have tried a good many of the upper class, and but very few of them know anything about the order—that is about Los Angeles. The most of the people in and around this place are in favor of the South." All of the Knights were armed.

Since the purpose of the order was to unseat the Federal government the members chose as their banner the flag which had been raised by a small group of dissidents and interlopers in 1846. This was the Bear Flag and during the 1860s it was symbol of the Secessionists in California.

On May 7, 1861, Captain Hancock wrote to his superior at San Francisco:

"The 'bear flag' was paraded through the streets of El Monte (twelve miles eastward) on the 4th instant, and was escorted by a number of horsemen, varying (according to the reports) from forty to seventy, most probably the former. It was understood that it would be paraded here the next day. It was not. Then it was said that it would be on the subsequent day (yesterday, the day of the municipal election). I was prepared for it. It was not attempted, however. The 'bear flag' is being painted here, and I think it will be paraded soon, possibly next Sunday, or some other day when the company, known here as the secession company, drills."

On May 11, Hancock wrote again:

"I supposed the presence of the dragoons might alone prevent such a scene; still on the first occasion of the showing of this flag I do not anticipate difficulty. The violent party is not yet strong. Success will make it strong."

Hancock's fears were groundless as he himself observed on Sunday evening, May 12: "There was no trouble here whatever today. Having failed to do what they had promised to do, I have no anxiety for the future. Those intending to parade here today thought better of it. The fact is, their principal advisers or those to whom the turbulent spirits looked for countenance have found that they were being compromised in an affair for which they were not prepared. The Union men have been quite busy during the last few days in organizing for the purpose of commanding order . . ."

The fact of the matter was that the leading men of Los Angeles who were on the Union side went to Tomas Sanchez the sheriff and told him that any attempt upon the part of his Secesh friends on the outside to ride into Los Angeles to parade the Bear Flag would be met with armed resistance. It is related that a party of mounted men, some fifty or sixty in number, started from El Monte but a message from Sanchez caused them to halt to deliberate on the matter. They took on a little "Dutch courage" and resumed their march but eventually the more prudent and sober men in the group won out and the bold bad men from El Monte turned around and went home.

Union men in San Bernardino acted as unofficial busybodies in collecting news of impending uprisings and secret meetings. One of these was Edwin A. Sherman of the *Weekly Patriot*.

Said he in a letter to General Sumner, June 3, 1861: "We are, and have been, expecting a rising of the secessionists, notwithstanding the late Union demonstration at Los Angeles, and nothing but the presence of the U. S. troops prevents them from rising there. Secret meetings continue to be held all over this lower country, and secession and disunion is boldly avowed in our streets. Shooting continues to be the order of the day, and drunken desperadoes and Southern cutthroats damn the Stars and Stripes and endeavor to create disturbances all of the time. We have a singular population, composed of Mormons, Mormon apostates, who are even worse, gamblers, English Jews, and the devil's own population to boot, while we only have about a dozen good respectable families right in town who are at the mercy of these desperadoes; and the secessionists of the Monte are only waiting the withdrawal of the troops from Los Angeles before they commence operations."

At the end of his letter Sherman puts in his little joker, a plea for the establishment of a company of dragoons at San Bernardino, arguing that "provisions are cheaper here than in any other part of the country," it was the key to all passes leading to Arizona and Salt Lake, etc. The patronage of Uncle Sam wasn't to be sniffed at, even in those trying days.

Major James H. Carleton was sent by Sumner on a secret mission into San Bernardino during July, 1861, to report on conditions as he found them. He substantiated Sherman's observations, saying that there was about 1,500 population of which approximately 1,000 were Mormons. He judged that the merchants of the town would "go with any side that pays best for the time being."

He also said that there were about 1,000 men in the mines at Holcomb and Bear

Valleys of which some 200 were avowed rebels. Carleton thought a few troops at San Bernardino wouldn't come amiss.

Along in the fore part of July a large whiskered man in a blue flannel coat whose name was Beriah Brown, formerly of the police force in Sacramento, appeared in various communities in Southern California and after spending a week in Los Angeles, went on out to San Bernardino and into the mines, holding secret meetings "with the faithful to Dixie." This Brown was one of the organizers of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and after that society was "disbanded" he became the "Governor-general" of the Knights of the Columbian Star. Assisting him was another man from a well known Cherokee family, John Rollins Ridge, known sometimes as Major Rollins and at others as Mr. Ridge. It is to this latter gentleman and Southern patriot that the Native Sons of the Golden West have erected a handsome bronze plaque in the cemetery at Grass Valley. This testimonial to Ridge as a *poet*, no mention of his treasonable activities of course, stands but a few feet from the large white tombstones of Alonzo Delano and wife.

The system followed by Brown and his agents was to call together a few of the most ardent Secessionists in a community. (They met in the store of one Samuel Kelsey in the San Bernardino Mountains.) The purpose as explained at that meeting was "to concentrate and ascertain the fighting strength of the seceders in the county and enroll them as a force to act in connection with other forces throughout the State, having for their object the seizure of public property here and in Utah, and to raise the standard of rebellion in California, and thus bring on Civil War amongst us in this State."

As originally organized there were three degrees to the Order: the first, Military, the members of which were known as Knights of the Iron Hand bearing the code numeral "1" in all K.G.C. communications. The second was Financial, which was important to the leaders but not to the rank and file who merely contributed to the upkeep of the organization. The third degree was Political and it was this section of the K.G.C. that eventually became the most important. This section was known as "The Knights of the Columbian Star" and it was referred to numerically as "The 57" of the "33" (code name for the K.G.C.).

In order to become a member of the "57" the candidate must be familiar with the work of the two former degrees; must have been born in 58 (a slave holding state) or if in 59 (a free state) he must be a citizen (60) i.e. Protestant, and 61 (a slaveholder). "A candidate who was born in 58 need not be a 61 provided he can give 62 (evidence of character as a Southern man)."

The object as set forth by the K.G.C. of the 57 was "To form a Council for the 33 and to organize 63 (a Government) for 2 (Mexico). No 57 shall admit except to a brother 57, that he has this degree, for reasons that will hereinafter appear. Any two 57's can confer the degree on the other, the oldest 57 acting as a Governor."

The Captain, once the candidate had agreed to all this, then said: "I shall now give you the unwritten parts of this work, and I trust you will be careful in its use. If a general war ensues, we shall dispense with the First Degree and rely upon this and the Third."

From the beginning there were men who hated the secret organization and sought to expose it. The editor of the *Louisville* (Kentucky) *Journal* was the first man to publish openly the "secret documents of the Order of the Knights of the Golden Circle. That they are authentic, we give our solemn assurance as an editor and as a man. We proceed to publish such portions as will give a correct and full idea of the character and purposes and plans of the order." This long account giving the ritual, initiation ceremonies, passwords, grips, etc. was reprinted in the *Sacramento Daily Union* August 19, 1861.

Although, as I have remarked previously, the purposes of the K.G.C. at the outset were to try and take over Mexico to form a huge slave state, the outbreak of the Civil War opened a new field for subversive activities and when the K.G.C. apparently dropped out of sight, the Knights of the Columbian Star, the Political Section of the mother order, became the stronghold of secessionist activities.

Another editor who despised the underground workings of the Knights of the Columbian Star, was D. O. McCarthy, owner of *The Daily American Flag* in San Francisco. On the front page of his paper for December 2, 1864, McCarthy printed a complete expose of the initiation ceremonies, signs, grips and passwords as well as the code alphabet used and a sketch of the badge worn by members of this degree.

Space forbids the re-printing of the entire mass of data which appeared in the *Flag*, but a few of the signs, grips, etc., may prove interesting.

MANNER OF ACCOSTING—TESTING A MEMBER

Q. "Do you know old Jones?"
A. "What Jones?"
Q. "Preacher Jones."
A. "I do."
Q. "How do you know him?"
A. "By his signs and passwords."
Q. "Give me those signs and passwords."
A. "Thus I did not receive them, neither can I impart them thus."
Q. "How may I obtain them?"
A. "I will divide them with a brother."
Q. "Begin."
A. "You begin."
Q. "Death - - - "
A. "To - - - "
Q. "Traitors."

GOING TO LODGES

Q. "Who comes there?"
A. "A friend."
Q. "Where are you going?"
A. "Home."
Q. "Where to?"
A. "To my family or Dixie."
Q. "Have you our sacred word?"
A. "I have."
Q. "Give it to me."
A. "Thus I did not receive it, neither can I thus impart it."
Q. "How may I obtain it?"
A. "I will letter it with a brother."
Q. "Letter and begin."
A. "You begin."
Q. "E".
A. "L".
Q. "O".
A. "I - - Eloi."

TO OBTAIN ADMITTANCE

Give one knock on door: the sentinel asks, "Who's there?" Answer: "ANDALUSIA." The riding, or night sign is a double slap with one hand in the other at the same time saying "Ho." The answer is "Hi." (Perhaps this is the origin of HI-DI-HO! Quien sabe?) If you are asked for the password, you will syllable it with a brother—"AN-DA-LU-SIA."

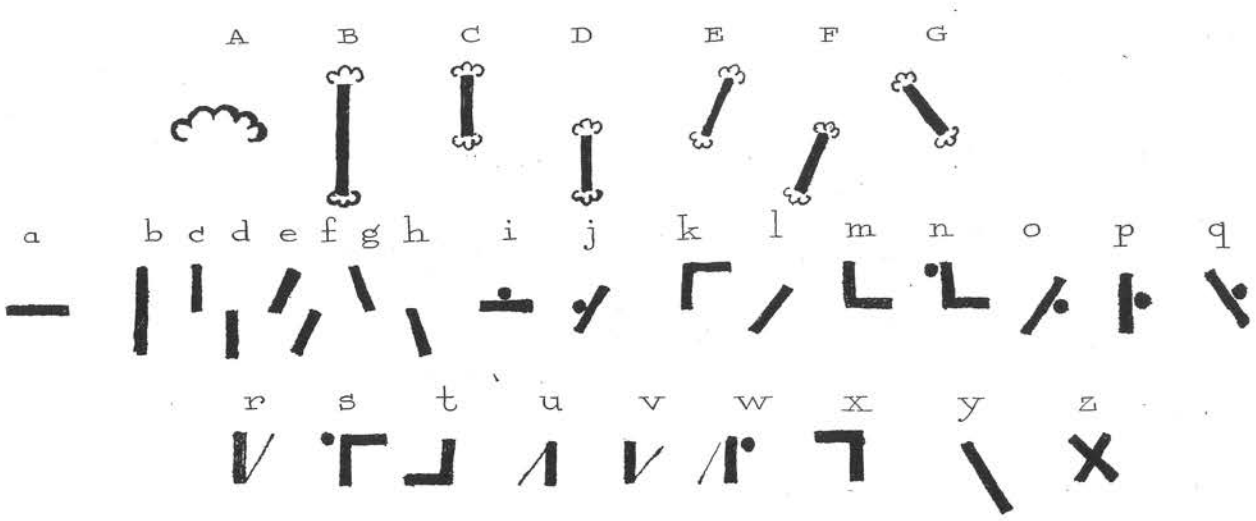
SALUTATION—TO RECOGNIZE A KNIGHT OF THE COLUMBIAN STAR, "57"

A. The person accosting raises hat with left hand, over to right on top of head.
J. Response—Takes hold of hat with right hand over right shoulder.
K. The Silent Sign—Left hand to back of head.
C. Test Sign—Take hold of hat with thumb and finger of left hand.
L. Response—Thumb and finger of right hand to pit of stomach.

Among some of the brethren in California another test sign was the division of the letters R-A-B-E, which when properly assembled spelled BEAR.

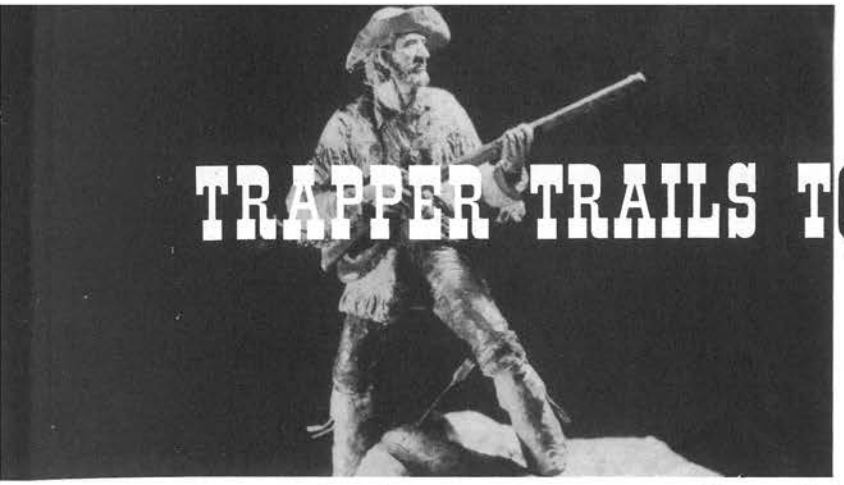
The Star or private token carried or worn by the Knights of the Columbian Star consisted of a white, kite-shaped affair surcharged with a blue, red, and yellow star upon which was superimposed a white cross. (See illustration.)

With the end of the Civil War the Knights of the Golden Circle and its three divisions presumably disbanded. At one time there were supposed to have been some 16,000 members in the state of California. However, if one were to hazard a guess, the post-war organization of the K.K.K. which still exists may well have been founded upon the bones of the K.G.C. Certainly its tenets of hate, anti-Catholicism and anti-Negroism persist in the present order of the K.K.K.



CODE ALPHABET

BADGE



TRAPPER TRAILS TO CALIFORNIA

By JAMES F. GARDINER

BETWEEN 1826 AND 1833 FIVE outstanding American fur trappers opened the key overland routes to California and pioneered the way for the westward surge of emigrants. This handful of mountain men were superbly conditioned to life in the wilderness and well qualified to lead their expeditions. Smith, Pattie, Young, Wolfskill and Walker were a group of extremely capable trappers whose chief importance in California history rests on their abilities as explorers and the fact that each one opened a usable trail to California.

The great fur trading era in the Rocky Mountains began its most prosperous decade about 1825 and as competition became keener some companies wondered about easier profits in the streams between the Rockies and the Pacific. The powerful Hudson Bay Company controlled the country to the northwest, making American expansion in that direction impossible, so the search for new beaver streams headed into the unknown southwest. This quest for beaver produced a seven-year period of unrivaled exploration and trail breaking in the far west. The mountain and desert barriers which had protected the eastern approaches to California were penetrated and information regarding the country brought back and communicated to those in the fur trade. Several hundred years of complacent Spanish and Mexican rule of the California province were brought to a close. The arrival of the fur trappers changed the course of California history from Mexican to American.

JEDEDIAH SMITH . . . discovered a central route to the Pacific and is considered to be the first American to reach California by an overland trail. In August 1826 Smith, Davy Jackson and William Sublette bought out their old employer, William Ashley, and formed a fur-trading partnership of their own. Almost at once, Smith and a party of 17 men and 50 horses set out to explore the beaver-trapping possibilities to the southwest. They followed the Sevier and Virgin Rivers through barren country where beaver was scarce and food was hard to obtain. The Indians they encountered were miserably poor and offered neither help nor resistance. Horse meat had become a regular diet by the time they reached the Colorado River. Here they rested for two weeks and replenished their food supplies with the aid of friendly Mojave Indians who cultivated vegetables and fished. Two renegade Indians from the California missions volunteered to guide the party across the blazing Mojave Desert to San Gabriel. The late summer heat and shortage of water caused considerable hardship for Smith and his men. They had to dig holes and bury themselves in sand up to their necks in an effort to refresh themselves. But they finally crossed the San Bernardino Mountains and reached the mission San Gabriel, where

Father Sanchez received them with every kindness. Smith was forced to travel to San Diego and plead with the vacillating Governor Echeandia for permission to continue the expedition. The Mexican authority regarded the Americans with suspicion and could not believe that they would endure the hardships of a desert crossing for the sole purpose of trapping beaver in California. After much persuasion he granted a passport on the condition that Smith's party travel up the valleys of central California and avoid the Spanish settlements. In the San Joaquin Valley Smith discovered the impossibility of crossing the snowbound Sierras with his whole party. He set out with two men for the annual July rendezvous at Bear Lake (Utah) according to plans laid with his partners the previous year, and left the rest of his party trapping in the Stanislaus River region. After an incredibly difficult trip across the great basin Smith and his two companions arrived at Bear Lake. The trip across the desert nearly exhausted the trappers and their survival was a tribute to the courage and endurance of mountain men. After a short rest Smith set out with a new party to relieve his companions trapping on the Stanislaus. Rather than face a return trip across the great basin he followed the route taken the previous year. While crossing the Colorado River the same Mojave Indians who had befriended him before suddenly fell upon the party and killed more than half the men. The survivors reached San Bernardino after another desert crossing of hardship and suffering. Smith rested only a few days and set out for his previous winter's camp before Echeandia could learn of his presence. He arrived within two days of the scheduled time for his return. The combined parties were so destitute of supplies and equipment that Smith was forced once again to negotiate with the Mexican authorities in order to buy supplies. He was taken into custody at San Jose and forced to spend many weeks in what seemed like fruitless effort to secure his freedom and permission to continue his way to the Columbia River. Finally some friendly English and American sea captains guaranteed a bond of 25,000 dollars and he was allowed to depart. Smith replenished his supplies and led his party to the head of the present Sacramento Valley, where they turned northwest and headed for the coast. Their trip across the coast ranges was slow and dangerous. They continued to trap all the way but game was scarce and obstacles had to be surmounted in each day's travel. At last, with the end of their journey in sight, the worst disaster of all overtook them. The party was again massacred and all but three men killed by the Umpqua Indians. Smith and the other two survivors made their way separately to Fort Vancouver, where they were hospitably received by MacLoughlin, who sent out a punitive party that recovered most of the furs and equipment from the Indians. After spending the winter at Fort Vancouver Smith set out by a northern route through Idaho and the rugged northwestern Rockies and rejoined his partners at the Henry's Fork rendezvous in July 1829.

In more than three years of exploration Jedediah Smith traversed more than 5000 miles of wilderness. He was a man of considerable intelligence who kept good records of his travels and his contributions to the cartography of the west were of paramount

 importance. He was a just leader and conducted his expeditions in a military manner. Smith was unusual among mountain men in that he was a devout Christian and an excellent business man.

JAMES OHIO PATTIE . . . opened the Gila River route and led the second American expedition into California. Pattie's account of his explorations is found in his "Personal Narrative," edited by the Reverend Timothy Flint, who did not meet Pattie till his western travels were finished. The narrative is considered to have as much fiction as fact and many of his fascinating experiences have never been verified. However, this unfortunate situation does not detract from Pattie's remarkable exploits in the southwest. He and his father, Sylvester Pattie, had engaged in the fur trade in the Rockies and out of Santa Fe for a number of years before their trip to California. On one occasion Pattie followed the Colorado River from the mouth of the Gila River along the Grand Canyon, up into the Rockies and then made his way down to Santa Fe. Pattie was nearly always successful in his trapping but was rarely able to market his furs. He lost many catches to Indians and had others confiscated by Mexican authorities. After unsuccessful ventures in fur trading and in the Santa Rita copper mines Pattie and his father set out in September 1827 to recoup their fortunes. It was this expedition that established the Gila route to California. Their party trapped along the Gila River till a difference of opinion divided them. The Patties and six men continued down the Gila to the Colorado, where they were sure beaver were more abundant. The night that they reached the Colorado a band of Yuma Indians stole their horses. They built canoes of cottonwood and floated down the Colorado looking for a friendly Mexican settlement where they could replace their horses. The voyage down the river afforded excellent trapping and they had to build more canoes to hold their beaver pelts. Near the mouth of the Colorado River they were confronted by the gulf tide, which made further progress impossible, so the party buried their furs, abandoned the canoes and headed for the Mexican settlements on the coast. They nearly perished for want of water several times during the desert crossing but finally reached the mission Santa Catalina in Lower California. The authorities were not friendly and sent word of their arrival to Governor Echeandia, who ordered the party to proceed under guard to San Diego. The arrival of a second expedition within a few months of Jedediah Smith revived Echeandia's suspicions of American fur trappers and he promptly jailed the whole party. The Mexican jail was filthy and cold and the elder Pattie, who was still weak from the desert crossing, died. Governor Echeandia finally allowed some of Pattie's men to go back after the pelts they had buried on the banks of the Colorado but kept Pattie as hostage. His bad luck held. The furs were found to be ruined by river water which had flooded into the cache. Pattie could speak Spanish and was occasionally used by the governor as an interpreter but this service did not improve the deplorable conditions in jail. Finally he was paroled in order to vaccinate the frightened Californians in an effort to stop a smallpox epidemic. This medical chore took him as far as Fort Ross

and he claimed to have vaccinated 22,000 persons for which he received $100.00 from the Russians and nothing from the Mexicans. After participating in the Solis revolt against Echeandia and switching sides in disgust, he helped the governor put down the rebels but again his services were unrewarded. It is true that he was offered a land grant, but only on condition that he become a Catholic. This infuriated him and he set out alone for Mexico City in an attempt to redress his wrongs. He was entirely unsuccessful and his long odyssey ended in Cincinnati, where the Reverend Flint immortalized him in the sensational narratives. According to later reports Pattie returned to California during the gold rush.

EWING YOUNG . . . first appeared in the history of the west in 1822 as a member of the first wagon train from St. Louis to Santa Fe. For several years after his arrival he trapped in the southwest and acquired a reputation as a capable mountain man. In August 1829 he left Taos with a party of 40 men and headed northwest in order to conceal his intentions from the Mexican authorities who had not given the party a license. A short distance from Santa Fe the party turned southwest to the Salt River headwaters where they had a battle with Indians and killed 15 or 20. They proceeded to trap the Salt and San Francisco Rivers without further trouble. The party then split and one group under Young headed for California. Kit Carson, though a mere youth, proved to be one of its most trustworthy members. Young was far-sighted enough to take along skins full of water, which saved his men during the rugged going south of the Grand Canyon. They rested at the Mojave Indian villages for several days and then followed Jedediah Smith's route along the disappearing Mojave River to San Gabriel. After replenishing their supplies Young led his men through the Tejon Pass into the San Joaquin Valley, where in the spring of 1830 they trapped along with a company of Hudson Bay men under Peter Skene Ogden. In the fall Young led his party back to Los Angeles where the Mexican authorities threatened to arrest them because they had no passports. In Young's opinion the Mexicans plied his men with alcohol in order to make them easier to handle but, whether or not this is true, they went on a prolonged spree and it was only with great difficulty that he could get them out of town. On the way to San Gabriel one of his men killed a fellow trapper in a drunken rage and this act discouraged the Mexicans who were escorting them. Once again sober and ready for business the party retraced its way to the Colorado and trapped it as far as the San Pedro River, from which they returned to Taos in April 1831 with 2000 pounds of furs. Enthusiastic over his success Young formed a partnership with Davy Jackson. Jackson took an expedition to purchase horses and mules in California. Young set out to meet him, trapping the Gila and Colorado on the way, with poor luck due to defective Mexican-made traps. He reached Los Angeles in April 1832, where his men scattered, many settling and becoming respected Californians. Young then trapped the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys to Clear Lake, where he crossed the coast ranges and travelled to the Umpqua River. Turning south to Klamath Lake he had a skirmish

with Indians, and returned down the central valleys. Avoiding Los Angeles he crossed to the Colorado by way of Temecula. In 1834, while again in Los Angeles he fell in with Hall J. Kelley, the Oregon promoter, who persuaded him to try herding cattle and horses to Oregon. Young remained in this profitable business, settled in Oregon and was the only one of our California trappers to end his days in wealth and comfort. He died without leaving a will and when his neighbors met with a lawyer to settle his estate they drew up a constitution for Oregon as well.

WILLIAM WOLFSKILL . . . The Old Spanish Trail was pioneered by several expeditions, but Wolfskill was the first American to prove the value of this route for trading. He had several years experience in the St. Louis-Santa Fe trade when he formed a partnership with Ewing Young to trap the streams of California. In 1830 Wolfskill led a party northwest from Taos into the region where Escalante had travelled centuries before. After crossing the Grand, Green and Sevier Rivers they turned west into rugged mountains, where they encountered so much snow that they were forced to travel south toward easier country. This came to be the most important trade route to California and was used for years by the caravans trading between Santa Fe and Los Angeles. Wolfskill traded horses and mules as well as furs and the trail was to see many a caravan going west with American goods and specie and returning with articles from as far away as the Orient. Wolfskill's expedition broke up in Southern California and he became an influential member of the American group there.

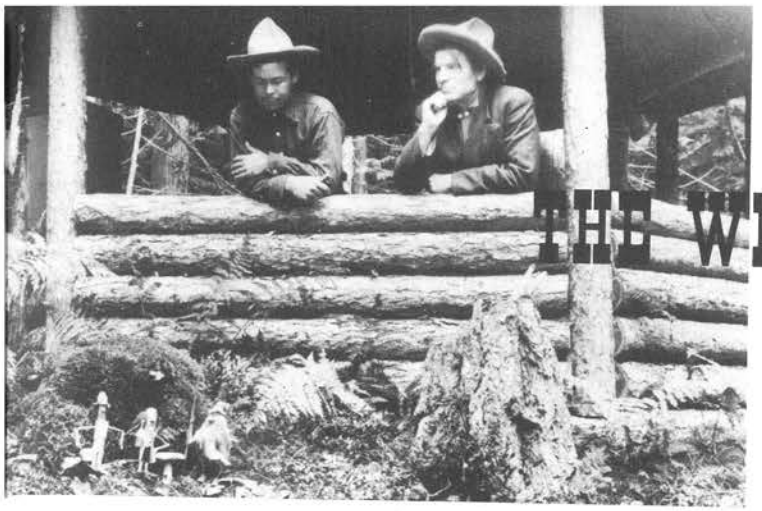
JOE WALKER . . . opened the CALIFORNIA TRAIL, which was the most popular route during the big migration of the forties and fifties. Walker was perhaps the most typical mountain man of any of the trapper-explorers of the far west. He was a fine physical specimen, extremely courageous and able to find meat and water where others could not survive. He was a trapper who lived for the moment with little regard for business or saving for an improbable old age. In 1833 he was engaged by Captain Bonneville to lead an expedition to California. Bonneville was being forced out of business by the Hudson Bay Company and Astor's American Fur Company and this was his last hope. In July Walker left the Green River rendezvous with a party of 35 or 40 men, skirted the Great Salt Lake and followed the Humboldt River across the Great Basin to its sink. On the way they encountered increasing numbers of miserable digger Indians. These unwarlike, destitute savages followed the party in growing numbers, stealing everything they could lay their hands on. Finally Walker's men fired upon them and killed a large number, putting an end to the menace. From the Humboldt Sink they headed southwest to the formidable Sierras, where Walker made the first east-west crossing near the headwaters of the Merced and Tuolumne Rivers. On this trip Walker's men discovered Yosemite Valley and observed a grove of giant Redwoods on the western slopes.

They made their way across the San Joaquin Valley to the Mission San Juan Bautista and on to Monterey, where the men had a riotous time and spent most of the luckless Bonneville's substance. Several men elected to stay in California and it was with a reduced party that Walker started down the San Joaquin Valley in the spring of 1834. He crossed the Sierras by the pass that bears his name and travelled north through Owens Valley. In the Nevada desert they massacred more diggers and suffered more thirst and hardship than yet experienced on their rigorous journey. They retraced their way along the Humboldt River and joined Bonneville on the Snake. The expedition was a financial disappointment to Bonneville but was of paramount importance in California history. Walker settled in California, the promised land to many a mountain man, after an eventful career as trapper and guide.

Mountain Men

INDIAN TRIBES and TRAPPER TRAILS

Some of the more important Indian Tribes and Trapper Trails of the old west are shown on this map. The great Fur Trading Era in the Rocky Mountain area began soon after the return of Lewis and Clark in 1806 from their remarkable expedition to the Pacific and ended about the time that Jim Bridger opened his emigrant trading post in 1843. While John Jacob Astor and others conducted the affairs of their fur trading empires from St. Louis and New York offices, there developed in the west a breed of man who was one of the most eminently successful beyond-the-frontier dwellers of all time. The mountain man was a pathfinder and trail breaker of the highest order, a skilled diplomat with the dozens of treacherous Indian tribes whose lands he trespassed daily and a master craftsman in the art of survival. Led by such men as Jedediah Smith, Jim Bridger, Joe Walker, James Ohio Pattie and Kit Carson, the trapper's relentless pursuit of the valuable Beaver pelt carried him through thousands of miles of wilderness. These men were the true pioneers of the west. They discovered mountain ranges and rivers, valleys and passes and cleared the way for the westward surge of emigrants to the California gold fields. The life of the fur trapper was rich in danger and meager in fortune. Yellowstone and Yosemite National Parks, Walker Pass and Jackson Hole are part of the heritage left by the untold hundreds who suffered lonely deaths from Indians, raging rivers, blizzards, starvation and Grizzly Bears.



THE WEST IN BRONZE

By HOMER BRITZMAN
Photographs by LONNIE HULL

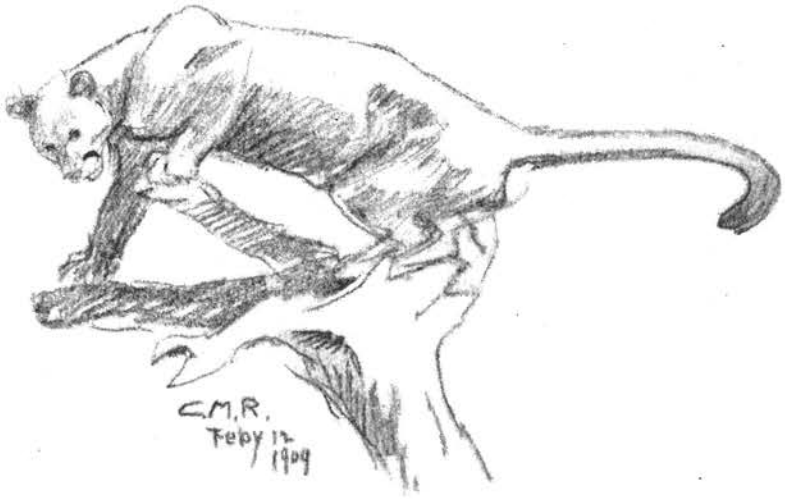
THERE ARE MANY WHO MAINTAIN, WITH justification, that Charles M. Russell's most important contribution to the art and history of the West was his sculpture. Certainly it was his favorite mode of expression—he was rarely without a ball of beeswax from which he modeled, with uncanny skill, anything from a lowly pig to a bucking bronc.

Old-timers recall Charlie's amazing ability to model in beeswax with his hands under his hat. Many rounds of drinks for the boys were won by the cowboy artist when an unwary stranger was badgered into betting that Charlie could not model any subject named without looking. Ofttimes when visiting and talking with friends he would suddenly bring from beneath the table some bit of sculpture made from bread—so deft were his fingers!

At the early age of twelve one of the lad's models won a ribbon at the local fair in St. Louis. Perhaps his father's clay pits contributed to this artistic achievement, for Charlie often frequented the pits and fashioned and fired bits of clay into realistic figures.

Russell created his models on the spur of the moment, though a few pencil sketches show that infrequently he made a preliminary sketch. One photo from the family files indicates that, in one instance—the modeling of "Buffalo Runner"—to get the desired effect he used a living model sitting astride a saw-horse.

Russell loved to model for his friends



Russell's pencil sketch of
READY FOR THE KILL
(1909)

Russell's pencil sketch of
OFFERING TO THE SUN GODS

When confronted with a knotty problem in painting the artist frequently created the subject in clay in order to get proper perspective, position or light and shadow. A few pieces made for special occasions, such as Thanksgiving or Christmas table decorations, exist. Other small sculptures which he made for utility purposes around the studio have been preserved; these include a match holder, door-stop, incense burner, ash trays and book-ends. As proof that Charlie loved all animals, including those of the circus, are three elephants and a camel in the original state.

Time has destroyed most of Russell's fragile sculptures: recipients had no idea of their value nor the means of preserving them. Throughout life he modeled miniature figurines of men and animals and as quickly crushed them; the few that have been preserved will inevitably be lost to posterity unless cast into bronze—a time-consuming and costly process.

All known pieces of Russell bronze have been done through the use of the Cellini or cire pedue (lost wax) process. This method of casting is slow and relatively expensive, and is used in this country by few bronze founders. The firms known to have cast Russell bronzes are Roman Bronze Works, California Art Bronze Foundry, Nelli Art Bronze

WEST IN BRONZE

Works, B. Zoppo, Universal Bronze Works and Augustin Rodriguez.

An easterner who loved the West, George Sack was responsible for many of Russell's finest models being preserved in bronze. Sack sought out some of the artist's earlier pieces and had them cast into permanent form. Fully one-fifth of the earlier bronzes can be traced to Sack's love of Russell's sculpture. Collectors owe Sack a debt of gratitude for his keen appreciation of a little-known talent of his friend, the cowboy artist.

There are few sculptures created by Russell that do not have the early West as their theme—Indians, cowboys, horses and the native animals of his beloved country. He loved to model and he modeled the things he loved! An amazing feature of his work in clay is the violent and lifelike action he put into these fragile bits. Using only his long fingernails or perhaps a bent wire or hairpin he fashioned fabulous figures out of mute clay or beeswax. Many of these pieces he colored by hand, a feature lost when they are cast into bronze; in compensation a striking effect of highlights and shadows is brought out in the finished bronzes.

Sculptured self-portraits of the artist are very rare. In this category are two of Russell mounted on his horse—"Night Herder" and "On Neenah." There are also two book-ends on which he modeled his own features in relief as a personal gift to Bud Cowan, one-time husband of the western writer B. M. Bower.

Russell with finished model of SPIRIT OF WINTER (Photo taken in 1925)

CAMEL
Original model by Russell
Height 9¾"

ELEPHANT
An original Russell model
Height 9¾"

THANKSGIVING FOR BROTHER FOX?
Original model by Russell for Thanksgiving dinner table.
Height 19¼″

A MEXICAN MULE
An original wooden carving
by Russell, made in 1910 to illustrate
the double-diamond hitch.
Height 7⅛″

NUDE
An original Russell
model of nude figure
(Made for
match-holder)
Height 9¼″

The primary purpose of this study has been to record all known bronze subjects by Russell and to illustrate, through photography, the fine detail of these pieces. If a picture is worth a thousand words, surely in the job of describing Russell's bronzes this must be even more a truism. Through this medium many who have never seen the rather scarce bronze castings may be enabled to enjoy them. The artistic aspects of the pieces are readily discernible; however, in this instance the photography was planned to catch the fine details of treatment by the sculptor and to illustrate their importance from an historic viewpoint. It is hoped that a comprehensive study of uncast original models by Russell will one day be made—these are extremely interesting and important to the complete recording of his work.

Over a period of years a careful study of all available records, correspondence, catalogs, bills for bronze castings, and an analysis of various collections of Russell art, have been made in order to estimate the number of each subject that has been cast (indicated * below illustrations), year model was created and other pertinent data. Where the exact number of castings is known it is so stated, where the castings are numbered the numbers are given. Each bronze has been given a number which precedes the name of the piece; these numbers are those assigned by Karl Yost in his Russell *Bibliography*. Pieces cast since the publication of the bibliography are indicated by bracketed numbers. If the year of modeling is known it follows the title in parentheses. Below the title are shown the height or other measurements in inches and the data on number of casts.

It is safe to assume that Russell sculptures have, on the average, been cast into fewer

than twelve pieces. This may be contrasted with the work of another fine western artist, Frederic Remington—in one instance one of his subjects has been cast into 250 reproductions. Russell bronzes, while embracing nearly four times as many subjects as Remington's (94 to 25), remain relatively scarce because of the limited number of individual castings. An analysis of Russell bronzes indicates 94 subjects, totaling approximately 1100 castings. The bulk of these are in 17 important collections scattered over the United States: Arizona 1, California 4, Colorado 1, Iowa 1, Louisiana 1, Montana 2, New Mexico 2, New York 2, Oklahoma 2 and Texas 1. The three outstanding collections in order of their completeness are owned by Charles Jones, Amon Carter and Richard Norton, Jr.

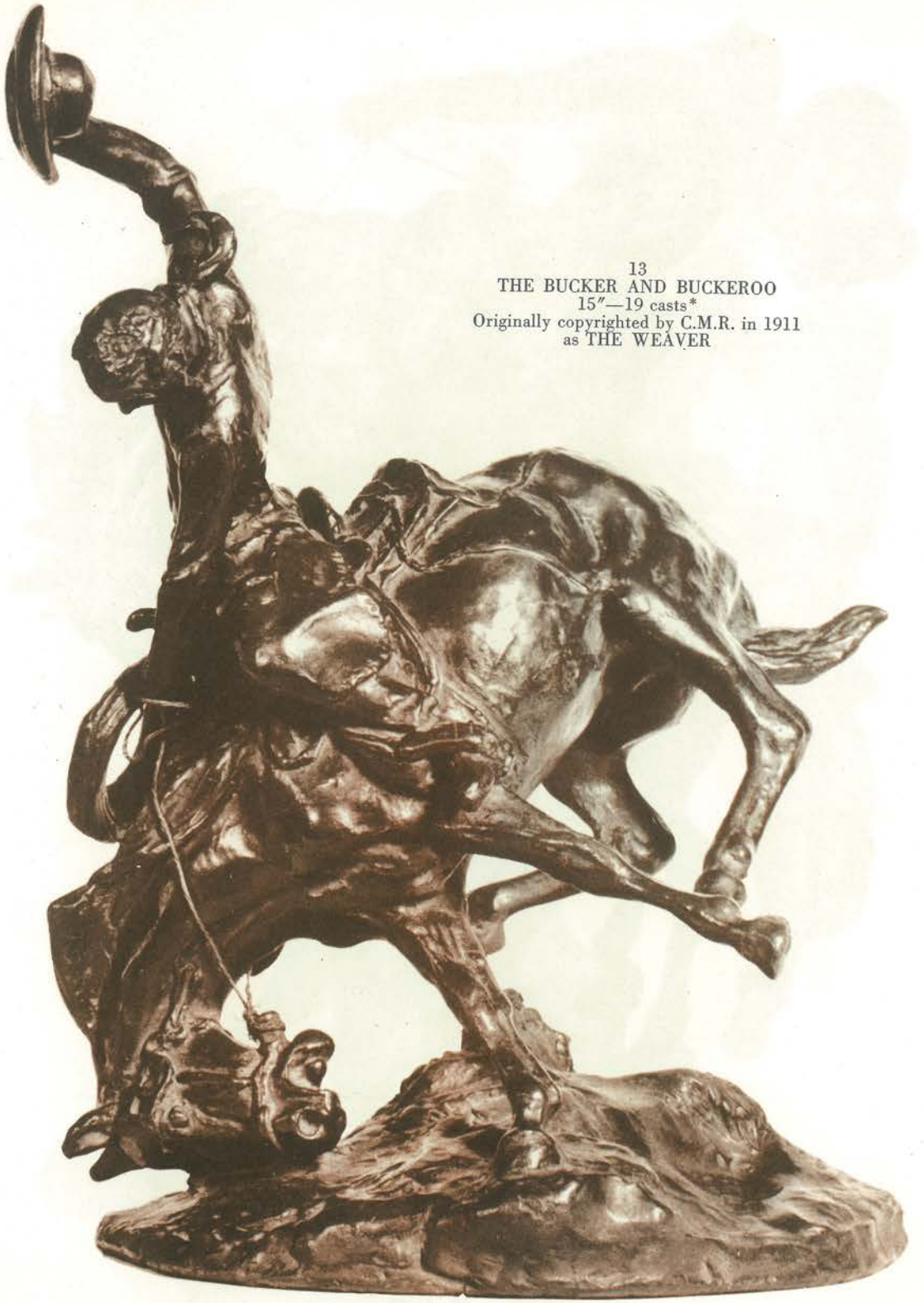
THE WESTERNERS and collectors of Russell are appreciative of the cooperation given in the course of preparation of this study: Noah Beery, Jr., Charles Beil, James Cagney, Joe De Yong, H. C. Eklund, John Goodman, Charles Jones, R. O. Jones, John McCarty, Richard Norton, Jr., F. G. Renner, Jimmie Rogers, Russell Memorial Committee, Mrs. George Sack and Josephine Trigg. The study could not have been accomplished without the unselfish, untiring and painstaking effort of Westerner Lonnie Hull, who took innumerable photographs of the bronzes in order that this might be a complete and authentic record of The West In Bronze.

"IT AIN'T NO LADY'S JOB"
Height 8"—Length 29"
Original model by Russell—unfinished at time of death. Background painting in color by Russell, originally painted as background for group "Changing Outfits" (1916). On composition board, undated and unsigned, size 25 by 49½ inches. Scene is Square Butte near Cascade, Montana.

39
MEAT FOR WILD MEN (1920)
11″—4 casts
(Largest Russell bronze)

21
COUNTING COUP (1907)
12½"—9 casts*

16
THE BUFFALO RUNNER (1905)
9⅞"—9 casts*
Originally copyrighted in 1905 by C.M.R.
as BUFFALO HUNT



13
THE BUCKER AND BUCKEROO
15″—19 casts*
Originally copyrighted by C.M.R. in 1911
as THE WEAVER

12
THE BRONC TWISTER
18″—16 casts*

78
WHERE THE BEST OF RIDERS QUIT (1920)
14½″—17 casts*

69
SMOKING UP (1903)
11″—24 casts*
(First Russell cast in bronze)

53
PAINTING THE TOWN
11⅛"—4 casts*

49
NIGHT HERDER
(Self-portrait)
14″—10 casts*
Originally copyrighted in 1925 by C.M.R.
as THE HORSE WRANGLER

50
OFFERING TO THE SUN GODS (1902)
13″—9 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive

9
THE BLACKFOOT WAR DANCE (1905)
14″—10 casts*
Originally copyrighted in 1905 by
C.M.R. as SCALP DANCE—again in
1928 by N.C.R. as WAR DANCERS

58
RED BIRD (1908)
12½″—13 casts
Numbered 1 to 12 inclusive, one piece unnumbered
(See also photo of original model)

64
SCOUTING THE ENEMY
9″—9 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive

52
ON NEENAH
(Self-portrait)
10″—10 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive, also 21

11
JIM BRIDGER (1925)
14½″—8 casts*

41
MEDICINE WHIP (1911)
9¾″—10 casts*

8
BLACKFOOT WAR CHIEF
Est. 11″—4 casts*
Originally copyrighted in 1911 by
C.M.R. as MOUNTED INDIAN

NOTE: The Author of this study regrets his failure, after months of effort, to locate either a photograph, or a bronze casting, of this subject available to photograph. This omission, it is felt, will eventually be corrected. If any student or collector would care to have copy mailed for inclusion in this space (when available), they may request same by sending name and address to:

THE WESTERNERS, c/o HOMER H. BOELTER,
828 North La Brea, Los Angeles 38, California

27
FAIRBANKS AS D'ARTIGAN (1924)
11¼″—2 casts*

60
WILL ROGERS
11″—21 casts*
(Includes 10 castings (1 in silver) cast under letter of authority by Rogers family)

23
THE CRYER
11½″—11 casts*

26
ENEMY TRACKS (1920)
12″—17 casts*

47
NATURE'S CATTLE (1912)
5″—10 casts*

56
THE RANGE FATHER (1926)
5¾″—14 casts*

65
SECRETS OF THE NIGHT (1926)
13¼″—10 casts*

71
THE SPIRIT OF WINTER (1926)
9¾″—10 casts*

76
A WATCHER OF THE PLAINS (1902)
11″—14 casts*

14
THE BUFFALO FAMILY
6½″—10 casts*

10
THE BLUFFERS (1924)
7½″—9 casts*

45
MOUNTAIN MOTHER (1924)
6½″—15 casts*

19
THE CHALLENGE
5″—9 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive

73
THE TEXAS STEER (1925)
3¾″—12 casts*

42
MONARCH OF THE FOREST
9″—9 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive

1
ALERT
6½″—9 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive

29
A HAPPY FIND
Est. 5″—6 casts*
(*Similar to No. 17*)

77
WEAPONS OF THE WEAK (1921)
5¾″—11 casts*

38
LUNCH HOUR
7¼″—11 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive, also 21 and 22

17
THE BUG HUNTERS (1926)
6″—13 casts*
(*Similar to No. 29*)

44
MONARCH OF THE ROCKIES (1925)
(Ash tray)
4⅞″—9 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive

25
AN ENEMY THAT WARNS (1921)
4⅞″—12 casts*

20
COMBAT (1908)
6 7/16″—8 casts*
Originally copyrighted by C.M.R.
in 1911 as THE BATTLE

33
THE INDIAN FAMILY (1914)
(Book-ends in two pieces—see also No. 32)
5″—11 casts*

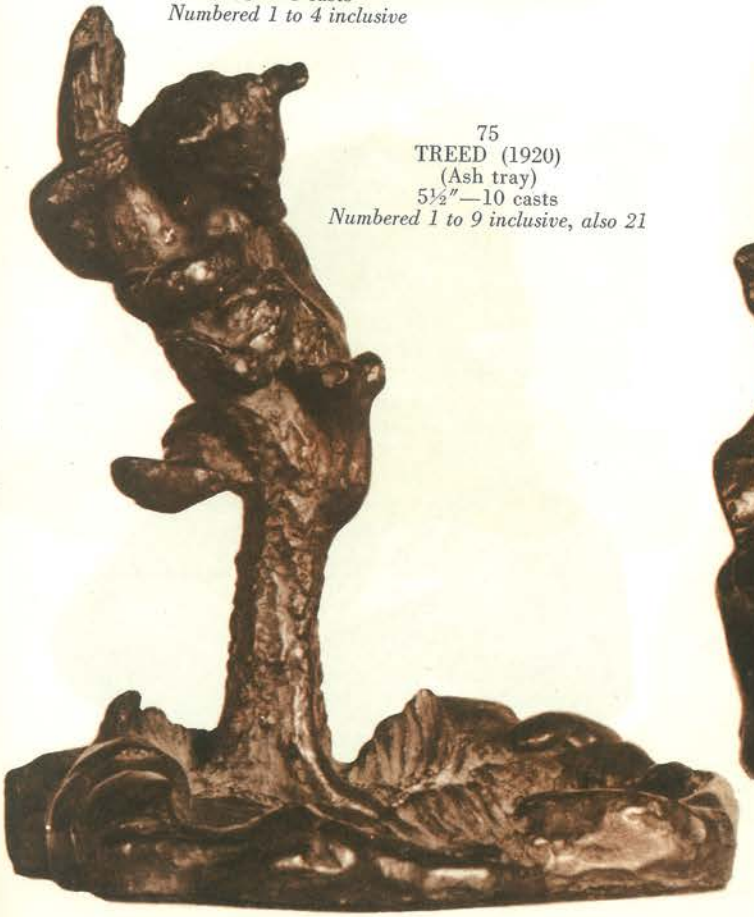
32
THE INDIAN FAMILY (1914)
(Book-ends in two pieces—see also No. 33)
5″—11 casts*

66
THE SIOUX
1½″ depth—4½″ by 5″ base—22 casts
Numbered 1 to 22 inclusive

81
← WOLF WITH BONE
5¾″—14 casts*
(*One group numbered 1 to 5 inclusive*)

61
RUSSELL (1920)
(Self-portrait book-end)
5¼″—4 casts
Numbered 1 to 4 inclusive

62
RUSSELL (1920)
(Self-portrait book-end)
5″—4 casts
Numbered 1 to 4 inclusive



75
TREED (1920)
(Ash tray)
5½″—10 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive, also 21

46
MOUNTAIN SHEEP (1924)
8″—8 casts*

40
THE MEDICINE MAN (1920)
(Book-ends)
7″—22 casts*

67
SLEEPING THUNDER (1902)
6⅞″—14 casts*

(120)

34
INDIAN MAIDEN (1902)
6½″—16 casts*
Originally copyrighted by N.C.R. in
1928 as PIEGAN SQUAW

48
NAVAJO
5″—4 casts*

2
AMERICAN CATTLE
(Book-ends)
5¼″—16 casts*

15
BUFFALO RUBBING ROCK (1921)
(Book-ends)
7″—20 casts*

36
LONE BUFFALO
4⅛″—10 casts*

[82]
THE BUFFALO
(Russell Memorial casting)
8″—6 casts
Photo courtesy Russell Memorial Committee

4
BEAR No. 1
3″—2 casts

6
THE BEAR AND THE JUG
5″—16 casts*

7
THE BERRY EATER
5½″—4 casts
Numbered 1 to 4 inclusive

5
BEAR No. 2 (1925)
4″—2 casts

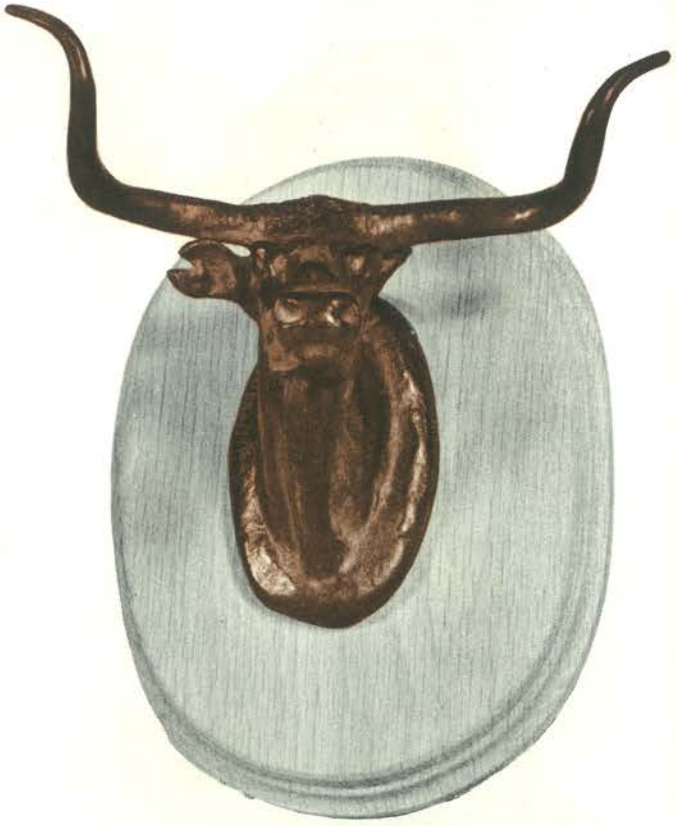
22
COYOTE
3¾″—3 casts*

59
THE ROBE FLESHER (1925)
5″—11 casts*

28
THE GRIZZLY (1925)
2¼″—1 cast
Photo courtesy Mrs. Geo. Sack

80
THE WOLF (1925)
2″—1 cast
Photo courtesy Mrs. Geo. Sack

55
THE QUARTERHORSE
4½″ depth—22 casts
Numbered 1 to 22 inclusive



37
LONGHORN
4¼″ depth—horn spread 6¼″—23 casts
Numbered 1 to 23 inclusive

54
THE PIG (1925)
1¾″—1 cast
Photo courtesy Mrs. Geo. Sack

18
CAT (MOUNTAIN LION)
(Paperweight)
5¼″ width—3 casts

63
THE SCALP DANCER (1914)
(Ash tray)
5½″—10 casts*

70
THE SNAKE PRIEST (1914)
(Ash tray)
3¾″—12 casts*

35
THE LAST LAUGH (1916)
(Ash tray)
4½″ 12 casts*

51
OH MOTHER, WHAT IS IT? (1914)
(Ash tray)
4″—23 casts*
Originally copyrighted by C.M.R.
in 1915 as OH MOTHER

68
SMOKING TO THE SPIRIT OF THE BUFFALO (1914)
(Ash tray)
4⅝″—18 casts*
Originally copyrighted by C.M.R. in 1915 as
SMOKING WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE BUFFALO

74
TO NOSES THAT READ A SMELL THAT SPELLS MAN (1920)
(Ash tray)
4½″—14 casts*

57
READY FOR THE KILL (1909)
(Ash tray)
3¾″—9 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive

24
A DISPUTED TRAIL
(Ash tray)
4″—10 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive, also 21

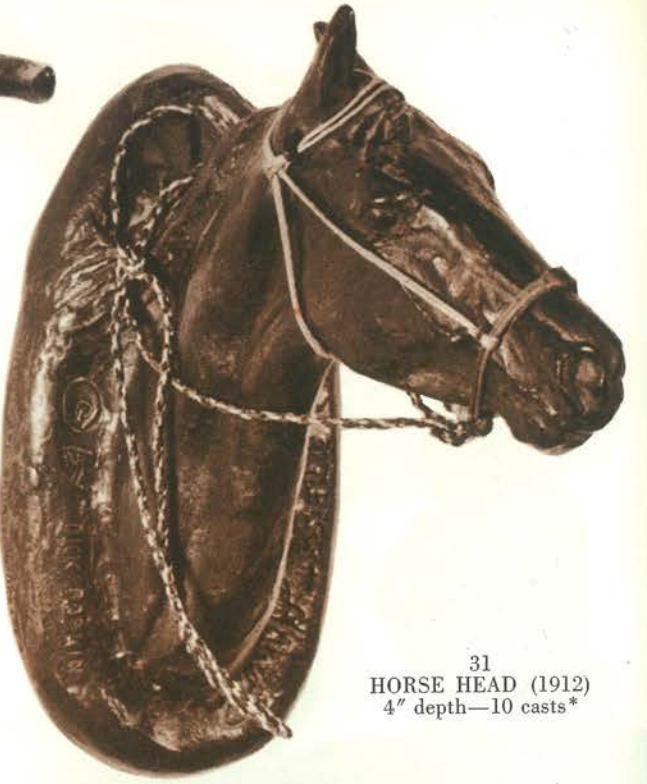
79
WHITE MAN'S BURDEN
(Ash tray)
5″—10 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive, also 21
(Originally modelled as part of No. 90)

30
HIS WINTER'S STORE (1906)
(Ash tray)
4″—9 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive

3
AN AWKWARD SITUATION
(Ash tray)
4″—10 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive, also 21

43
MONARCH OF THE PLAINS (1926)
(Ash tray)
2⅝″—9 casts
Numbered 1 to 9 inclusive

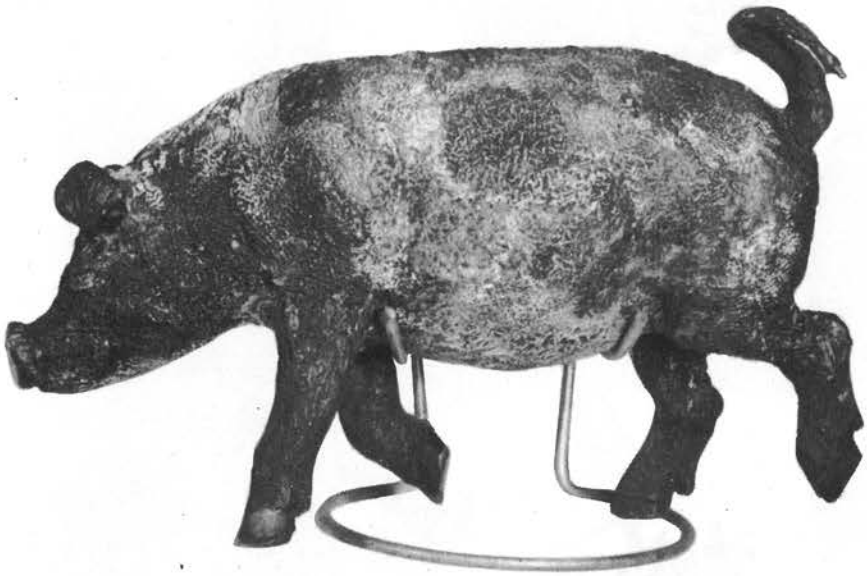
72
STEER HEAD (1912)
4½″ depth, horn spread 4¼″—10 casts*



31
HORSE HEAD (1912)
4″ depth—10 casts*

[84]
OLD-MAN INDIAN (1896)
(Medallion)
4 1/16″ by 5⅛″—12 casts
Numbered 1 to 12 inclusive

[83]
YOUNG-MAN INDIAN
(Medallion)
4 3/16″ by 5½″—12 casts
Numbered 1 to 12 inclusive



[94]
PIG (1886)
2⅜″ without base—6 casts (1950)
Numbered 1 to 6 inclusive
Earliest known original model by Russell

In order that this study be complete ten original sculptured models, by Russell, from the Russell Estate are included on the following pages. A limited number of sets of this group are in process (1950) of being cast into bronze.

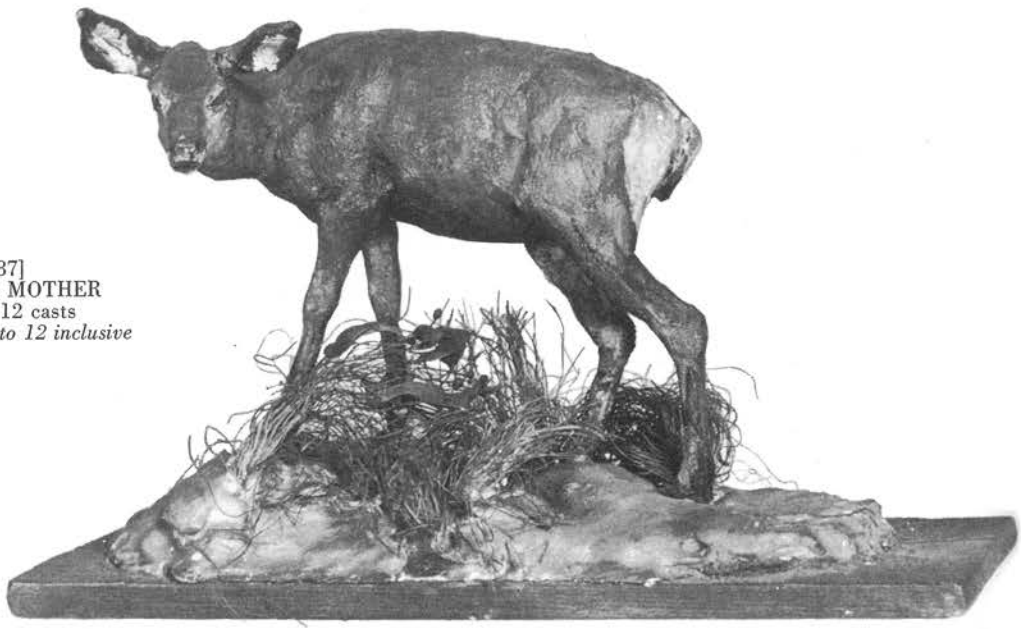
[85]
CHANGING OUTFITS (1916)
11½″ height—36″ length—12 casts
(To be cast on solid base)
Numbered 1 to 12 inclusive

58
RED BIRD (1908)
12½″—13 casts
Numbered 1 to 12 inclusive
(One piece unnumbered)

[88]
GREY EAGLE (1892)
8″—12 casts
Numbered 1 to 12 inclusive

[89]
IN THE WHITE MAN'S WORLD
(Cree Indian)
15″—12 casts
Numbered 1 to 12 inclusive

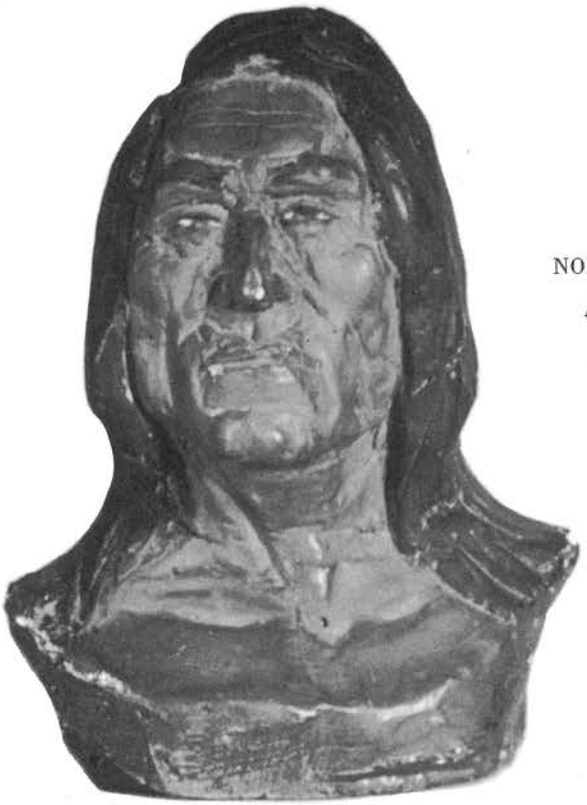
[90]
NAVAJO SQUAW
6¼″—12 casts
Numbered 1 to 12 inclusive
(Originally modelled as part of No. 79)



[87]
FOREST MOTHER
5½″—12 casts
Numbered 1 to 12 inclusive

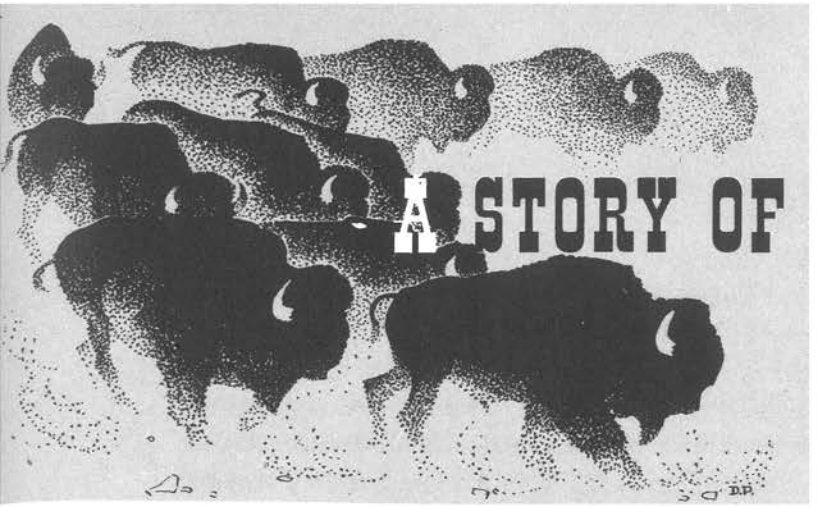
[92]
SMOKE OF THE MEDICINE MAN (1923)
6¼″—12 casts
Numbered 1 to 12 inclusive
(*Originally modelled as Incense Burner*)

[86]
THE FALLEN MONARCH (1909)
(Grey wolf)
5″—12 casts
Numbered 1 to 12 inclusive



[91]
NOBLEMAN OF THE PLAINS
5½″—12 casts
Numbered 1 to 12 inclusive

[93]
WILD BOAR (1913)
3½″—12 casts
Numbered 1 to 12 inclusive



A STORY OF THE BUFFALO

By P. E. McKILLIP

IN MY EARLY CONSCIOUSNESS THE buffalo was a pest. My father and uncle were expert buffalo hunters and for ten or more years their chief activity was slaughtering buffalo for the profit derived from the sale of their hides. Volumes were later written in condemnation of this alleged wanton waste. The writers did not often realize that cleaning the West of its wild game was a necessary operation in preparing it for settlement and civilization. If the end, civilization, was justified, these two hunters were assuredly efficient means.

They used Sharps rifles of identical gauge and came to think that the shells they filled themselves were both cheaper and more deadly. This assumption meant grief for me. Each shell was a cylinder of copper alloy more than two inches long, and the first operation was to fill that shell to its well packed brim with what the hunter believed to be a very superior powder. He then picked up a previously moulded leaden bullet and forced its blunt end into the open end of the shell, and then placed both shell and bullet in a lever controlled tamper in which opposing levers, impelled by a powerful hand grip, drove the bullet down upon the yielding powder until it was packed almost as hard as the bullet itself. The hunter gave little thought to the law of explosives which governed his results, but much experience taught him that a well packed shell was deadly, while a loosely packed one was a dud.

My grief came during the preparation for the hunt. The loading of the shells seemed endless. My father, the more dominant of the two, shifted this tedious task to my uncle and salved his conscience by assigning me to the task of helper. Like most helpers, my tasks were menial and did not fit my training.

Time for loading was usually a long afternoon and the place the shady side of the ranch house. My duties were to keep a uniform fire under a ladle of molten lead, to fill the shells to their brims with powder and stand them like close ranked soldiers along the edge of a loading board, usually a common board or slab about one foot wide and six to eight feet long, and to use pincers to pick up hot bullets soon after they were discharged from the moulds, and line them up on the opposite side of the loading plank so that opposite each cooling bullet stood a powder heaped shell, ready for the tamper's powerful grip to shoot the leaden bullet almost half its length into the shell, fitting so snugly that it shaved the bullet for the full depth of its insertion, and not only packed the powder, but left the bullet copper bound and firmly set.

Supposing that I had performed my duties, there would be several times each afternoon when the situation, in that narrow ranch house shade, would be this: Along one

side of our loading board I would have ranged some forty shells all erect and packed with powder to their heaping brim. On the ground the other side of the loading board would be an equal number of freshly moulded bullets just dropped from my uncle's mould, and these would vary greatly in temperature. Those first moulded would permit handling with comfort, while the last moulded would promptly suggest recent contact with Hades. Under these conditions, uncle and I habitually changed sides. I picked up the pincers and methodically lifted the fresh bullets from the earth to the loading board, starting, of course, with the cooler bullets and knowing from much experience that the then blistering bullets would permit handling when he normally reached them. This was routine and got monotonous.

There came a day in my father's absence, when I particularly wished to try my budding hunter's skill on the first flight of ducks and that same flight suggested to uncle that we should be loading shells. My arguments were unavailing with the result that we were physically loading buffalo shells, while mentally I was hunting ducks. Finally, I saw a way out. On one of our early shifts, I carefully shifted two hot bullets to what was supposed to be the cool end of the line, knowing full well that uncle always handled two shells and two bullets at a time. He handled them! I came near to exploding while waiting for him to explode. I learned something based on sound psychology, but entirely new to me. If you pick up something which you firmly believe to be cool or harmless you can be very severely burned before your consciousness registers. When he did register, he jumped twice as high as I thought him capable of jumping, and while up to that time I had never heard him use a stronger cuss word than "Dog gone it," on this occasion he burst over and much to my secret mirth shouted, "Dog damn it! I burned my fingers!"

A few minutes nursing developed four mansized blisters and the shell filling for some days was waived in favor of my pursuit of ducks. While I had won a victory, its fruits were not all sweet. While my uncle consented to my departure, his shrewd eyes noted my preparation for the duck hunt had been completed to the last detail, and he correctly guessed that I had planted the blistering bullets. My evident elation confirmed him in this, and the net result was an entirely unsatisfactory interview with my father, when he returned that evening.

The buffalo has been widely called the monarch of the plains. The appellation is not too apt. It fits him in physical power and fighting ability, but misses his most salient characteristics unless your concept of monarch be a wise, courageous, considerate ruler who seeks not at all to rule any denizen of the wilds, excepting the immediate members of his tribe, and this ruling is so gently and judiciously applied that you could observe a buffalo herd for hours or even days and see no evidence of exerted authority excepting a moderate bowing and bending of the leader's neck to indicate the change in direction which the leader desires. This signal passed gradually through the herd was almost automatically obeyed.

It seems probable that this leadership was based upon physical power and yet one could pass a whole hunting season—September to February—among the buffalo without seeing a fight involving leadership, though you would see occasional contests between minor members of the herd. Our observation led us to believe that actual leadership once established might continue unchallenged for two or more years and that changes in herd leadership always involved a bull fight which frequently went to the death.

Some of the foregoing might suggest that the buffalo was a softie who hesitated to exert his carefully husbanded power. That thought would be an error. Of all the animals of the West, the buffalo was the coolest, most fearless, most deliberate and animal-wise, though I want to say judicious, in all his movements. He had a something which corresponds in the animal regime to man's highly developed social sense in the human regime. He neither cringes nor imposes; neither begs nor bullies. With antelope, deer, elk, and even cattle and horses of the open range, you encountered stampedes which bore every earmark of panic. Not so with the buffalo. He always looked before he bolted. While that look might lead to his moving with unwonted speed, it had none of the wild panic of the other animals. It corresponded to the deliberate judgment of a fearless man that, under existing circumstances, decided that it was wise to go elsewhere.

Perhaps I can better illustrate the characteristics of the buffalo by actual experience.

When the buffalo herds had been thinned out so that killing them for their hides was no longer profitable, my father turned from buffalo killing to cattle raising, using as his cattle range the same plains from which he had assisted in clearing the buffalo.

His first herd was driven from the Texas Panhandle and each year brought new recruits from the same source. His observance of the hardihood of the buffalo led him to experiment in breeding buffalo with both native and Texas cattle. The experiment was not a marked success. It did result in our having on our ranch for some ten years a small herd of buffalo ranging from five in the beginning to some sixteen in the end, in spite of the fact that we kept it thinned by butchering.

Now this herd gave us plenty of opportunity for buffalo observation. Of the first five, two were bulls and three were heifers and all were two years old, when we moved them from a stockade pasture down the Republican River to an open range on the Red Willow Creek, some thirty-five miles north of the present town of Culbertson. My father had captured all of these as calves. The country was new. Our nearest ranch neighbor was distant more than ten miles and we ranched there for seven years before an assessor found us. Even then we put up an argument against being assessed by a government from which we asked nothing, and which, from the nature of things, could give us nothing. We lost the argument as to the future, but won it as to the past.

It required two busy summers to teach our buffalo the rather flexible limits of our range, and two watchful winters to convince our buffalo that the rough shelter and abundant hay we furnished them counterbalanced their instinctive desire to drift south

ahead of winter storms. The circumstances were peculiar. For our thousand and more cattle we provided not a pound of hay and permitted them to drift freely to the southeast, depending on the spring roundup to give us back our own.

Now the buffalo were much hardier than our cattle and much more inclined to drift, and yet knowing that drifting buffalo would be promptly shot, we were compelled to furnish our small buffalo with tempting feed and shelter, while we let the more numerous and less hardy cattle fend for themselves. After the first two winters, we found that moderate feed in a timbered shelter would hold our buffalo, though they always required some watching just before a storm struck. Once the storm was on, they would yield to the shelter and the hay.

This miniature buffalo herd confirmed over and over again every buffalo characteristic which we had observed in the roving herds of thousands. Study of buffalo characteristics caused me, in later years, to regret that the poet who wrote that rousing tribute to the man whose head was bloody but unbowed, and who remained the master of his soul, under all adversity, had not known the buffalo. The spirit which that poet lauded was bred into the very fiber of the buffalo in all its raw power. I regret that my pen lacks potency in portraying it.

We early learned that while our range cattle needed "to come to water" at least once each twenty-four hours, our buffalo were content and comfortable if they contacted the water supply every second day. This buffalo characteristic made it necessary that a range rider look up our little buffalo herd at least once each day of the summer and early fall. The reason was the tendency of our buffalo bulls to adopt a whole harem of native cows and cleverly maneuver them to the very limit of the range, some ten miles from water, and then keep them there, away from water, the buffalo's habitual two days instead of the cattle's usual one.

The bulls' success in this animal kidnapping was greatly helped by the active cooperation of the entire buffalo herd. In this herding there was no unnecessary roughness and yet the buffalo moved with such assured authority that, as a rule, the native cattle accepted them as boss. You would see little evidence of this bossism excepting when the native cattle sought to break for water earlier than the buffalo considered a meet and proper time. You would then see a maneuver which I believe has been approved in military tactics. You would see the buffalo, after a brief period of line resistance, marshalling their forces and driving their captive herd some two or three miles farther from water rather than toward it, after which the weary cattle were inclined to "bed down" and give their captors at least temporary peace.

As the years passed our buffalo herd became less troublesome as kidnappers, but whether this was due to the increasing adequacy of its own numbers or to the gradual realization that kidnapping was a losing game when played against the alert range riders, I am unable to say. Probably both had their influences.

Gradually the buffalo learned the limits of our range and became quite scrupulous in observing them. This trait led to amusing incidents. Some years before we sold our buffalo we reached the reluctant decision that our plan of cross-breeding with our native cattle was a failure. From that day on we had a buffalo herd for sale.

Buyers were not plentiful, but in due time one "Rawhide" Rawlins showed up at the ranch and proposed to give us eighty dollars in money, a wonderful hunting case gold watch—a key winder—and sixteen range brood mares for our sixteen buffalo. After much bargaining the offer was increased to twenty-four mares and accepted on the condition that "Rawhide" deliver his horses in our corral and accept delivery of his buffalo at the same time and place.

Now close observation of the habits of those buffalo through the years had led us to doubt the effectiveness of the delivery we had contracted to make to "Rawhide." This lurking doubt was not allayed when he returned some ten days later, delivered the mares, the money, and the watch and announced that he had sold the herd and that he and his two competent looking helpers proposed to deliver them at the nearest railroad point by driving them some ninety miles over a trackless prairie to North Platte, Nebraska. The trade was completed at noon, our mares branded and turned to pasture and corralled buffalo accepted as the property of "Rawhide."

Up to this point not a rider on the ranch—five range-wise men and boys—had in their secret minds given "Rawhide" a single chance in his attempt to drive those buffalo from their accepted range. But the cool confidence and evident competence of "Rawhide" and his helpers together with their suggestion that they were going to let those buffalo mill in the corral until daylight of the next day and then drive them the entire distance without an attempted camp, gave rise to disquieting doubts.

This plan looked dangerous and our boys were not happy as they played a round of "freeze out" to decide which two of the five should help "Rawhide" move those buffalo from the corral gate to the northern limit of our range some twelve miles distant.

With this decision made, those punchers from whom we had scarcely heard a kindly word for our buffalo put in the next hour extolling their courage, their self-sufficiency, and though you may doubt the words, their all around good judgment and good fellowship. They were parting with friends whom they had frequently cussed, yet secretly admired.

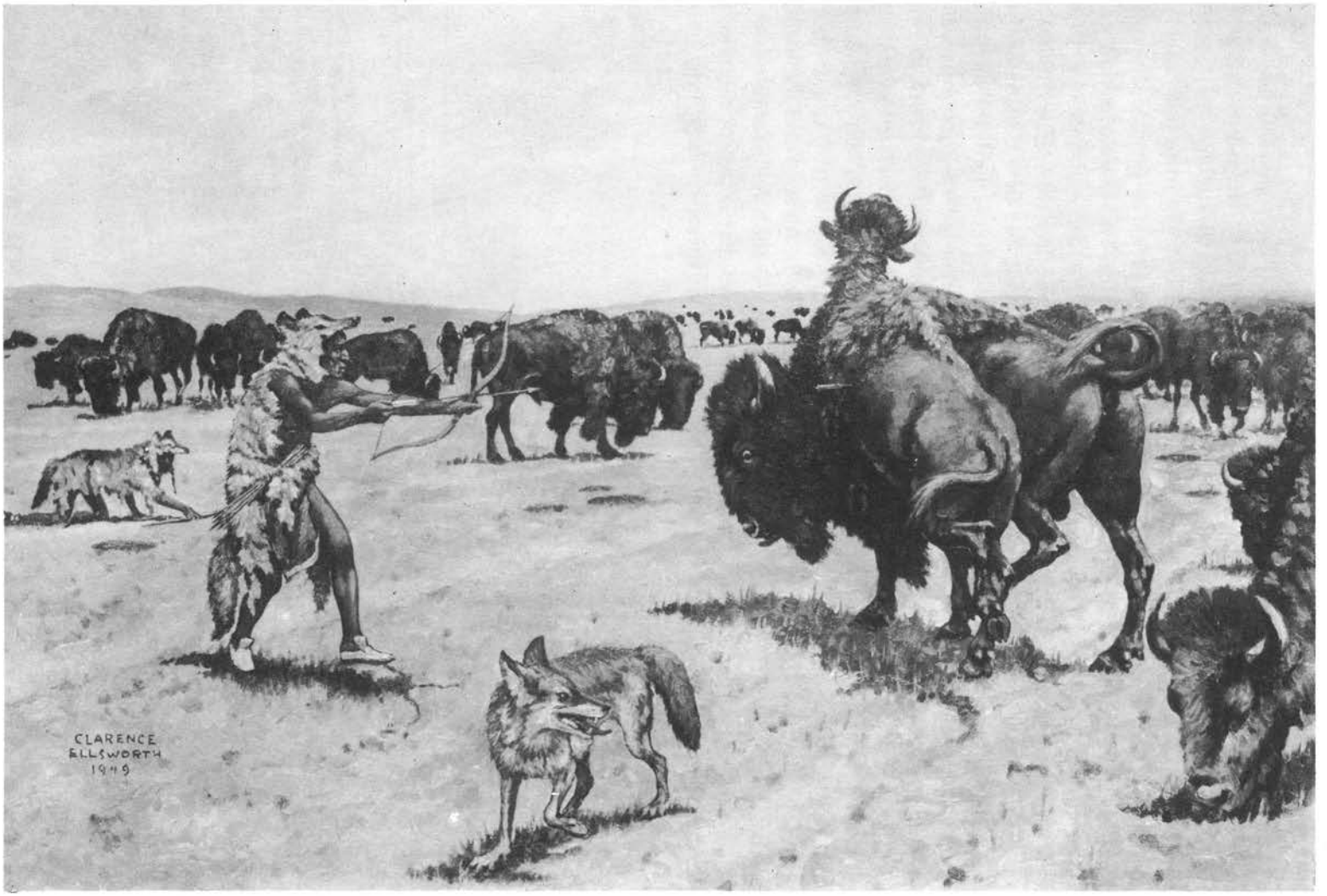
The dawn came, the corral bars were lowered and the buffalo moved off across the range without a hint of trouble. This continued across the range and for a mile or more beyond and our riders returned convinced that "Rawhide" had won his gamble on the buffalo. At this point our ranch hands' respect for the genus buffalo was very low.

Two hours later this respect had risen to new heights. For at ten o'clock "Rawhide" and his helpers returned to the ranch and in deep disgust announced that soon after our men turned back their sixteen buffalo broke up into sixteen separate herds and that each herd traveled its own chosen direction quite regardless of anything "Rawhide" or

his helpers could do to keep the herd together. Much of the remaining day was spent in a hilarious ribbing of "Rawhide" and his helpers. The net result was an agreement to again corral the buffalo. This was accomplished the following day, after finding them assembled on their favorite section of the ranch. Not an animal was missing and they submitted to being re-corralled, as if they enjoyed the sport. "Rawhide" made a second attempt with the aid of our five riders and eight which he had recruited from adjoining ranches. It looked as if with an experienced rider for each buffalo he could surely do the job; and he started at daylight of the third day and got the buffalo to the identical spot where they had first turned back. There they turned again, and while some of the riders seemed for the first half hour to be winning the fight, within the next hour the buffalo had completely won. While the experience of the riders varied greatly, the general report was that a particular buffalo simply could not be forced beyond the line which he had seemingly set as his limit. Few of them were deliberately vicious, though one of the riders lost a much prized horse. Most of the buffalo escaped by twisting and pushing toward rougher ground and when they came to a bank too steep for a horse to negotiate, the buffalo could outclimb the horse if the bank rose upwards, and would simply slide or roll if the slope was downwards. By noon of this second drive, the riders were all assembled at the ranch and "Rawhide" was busy arranging terms of settlement. These were completed and by sundown of that evening we again owned the buffalo.

Three times in the next three years we sold these buffalo under practically the same conditions, and three times took them back. And then there came a time when the Burlington Railroad was only fifty miles away and we again sold the buffalo for somewhat less than what they were really worth, with a confident belief that we would buy them back at a profit. This time the laugh was on us. The purchaser proved to be a nephew of the man to whom we had made the second sale, and who had lost in turning them back to us. This nephew was of a different name, and we supposed him an entire stranger. He bargained closely and contracted to take delivery. He made a binding contract and then rode away. Ten days later he re-appeared at the ranch with two four-horse teams and wagons on which were built pole racks which were a fair imitation of the modern truck body. The first two loads took eight buffalo and he left a man to feed and guard the remaining eight. In five days time he was back and took the remaining eight and hauled them all to the railroad. To me that ranch was never quite the same.

I have heard and read many stories of buffalo hunting as a sport but my observation of it was of hunting as a business. The season when the hides were most valuable was from September until February of the successive year. Some years the season ended in December—shortened by heavy drifting of snows with the consequent southward drift of the buffalo to a distance which made it unprofitable for us to haul the hides to our established outlet of Lexington, Nebraska, then called Plum Creek. The Union Pacific was, of course, the only transcontinental railroad and to reach it at Lexington, the nearest



"THE FRINGE OF THE HERD"
By Clarence Ellsworth

established hide market, we hauled with four-horse, or preferably, four-mule teams, from two to four hundred miles, covering about the same distance to the north and east.

The routine of a hunt from beginning to end will make these details clear. First, there was the loading of the shells which I have heretofore described. Then the two hunters, expert riflemen though they were, felt that they must put in a period of practice shooting before starting on the hunt. The reason for this will appear later. This practice period was always arranged as follows: They would kill some animal, a deer, an antelope, or a crippled cow, and haul this carcass onto the top of a little knoll or rise in the ground a full half mile from the ranch house, so placed that a man lying flat in the shade of the ranch house and aiming his rifle just above the dead carcass, would have the sky line beyond him. It would look to him as if, should he miss his target, he was shooting at the sky rather than at another rise in the ground. These hunters knew that within one to two hours after this carcass was placed there would be gathered from miles around two or three dozen buzzards. These buzzards were the natural scavengers of the West and invariably gathered in great numbers to dispose of a carcass of any considerable importance. The first ones to arrive would perch on top of the carcass and being large and fluffy and black, they made a perfect target for the riflemen lying in the shade a full half mile away. These buzzards seemed incredibly dumb and yet the fact was that if two or three were sitting on a carcass and a rifleman picked off one or more of them, it would only be a

matter of minutes until the place of the fallen scavenger was taken by those who had been waiting. They seldom paid attention to the dead of their kind, and never until these dead piled up until they almost buried the carcass. The first couple of days these riflemen would shoot one at a time and from hour to hour their marksmanship would improve.

By the second or third day they would judge their individual marksmanship was up to their required standard and they would then lie side by side aiming at the identical target and one of them would count up to four with an understanding that with the pronouncement of the word "four," both would instantly fire. The object of this latter practice was perfect timing so that when, as I will explain later, they attempted to drop their first buffalo of a herd, both would fire at the same buffalo at the identical instant.

When they were satisfied that their marksmanship was whetted to their required par, they would load what they called the camp or chuck wagon. This wagon would contain supplies for from two to six men, sufficient to last for some weeks. Included in these supplies would be slabs of salt pork, calculated to be cooked with and render more palatable an unlimited supply of fresh buffalo meat, which these hunters knew was in the offing. They had learned from experience that absolutely fresh meat soon becomes the most monotonous of all diets. With the chuck wagon loaded the two hunters would pull for the west, taking with them, if they were fortunate enough to find them, one or two efficient skinners.

Now you are apt to think that any man could wield a butcher knife and skin a buffalo.

The facts were that efficient skinners were few and far between. The reason is that, to enhance the value of a buffalo hide and to keep it from spoiling, you had to take off not only the hide which we see on the buffalo, but that second hide which covers the entire carcass of the buffalo, and which looks when dried much like the cellophane wrapper which we see on our best cigars. Not only must the skinner get both hides, but he must use extreme care not to cut through or break this inner hide, else the whole hide is likely to be spoiled before it reaches market. Every professional hunter was frequently bothered by men who wished to skin for him in exchange for meat. Two or three questions by the professional would tell him whether the man was a qualified skinner, and if he wasn't he might be given meat, but he would not be allowed to skin buffalo. Later on I will explain how this inner hide protected the whole skin.

Now, my father and uncle had been hunting for some years before I reached the age and size where I could be helpful to them, with the result that I got not more than three seasons of observing the activities. My services were largely those of a camp tender. When the shells and the practice and the camp loading had been completed, the hunters relying on such information as they had been busy gathering for weeks, and accompanied by such skinners as they could assemble, would start for the section of the country where the main buffalo herd had been reported.

This frequently meant from two to five days travel. Before starting out the hunters had arranged to have a four-horse team follow them at about a two day interval and another four-horse team at a similar interval after the first. They marked every camp they made so that the trailing teams could readily follow. Arriving in the vicinity of the main buffalo herd, the hunters would pitch camp and then saddling the horses, which had been pulling the grub wagon and which were always of a kind, selected because they could be used in this dual capacity, the hunters would start to make a survey of the principal herd and to note their movements. Thorough familiarity with the buffalo habits made this comparatively easy. They knew that the buffalo came to water every other day. They knew that he would range back from water from twelve to fifteen miles and that on the morning of the second day, at approximately eight o'clock, the herd would turn towards water and that this turn would always be made into the wind. For example, if the buffalo would be feeding in the head of canyons which run north and the wind was from any direction having an eastern slant, the buffalo would turn into this wind, and that day would go to water on the highland east of the canyon, up which they had been working all of the previous day and the two previous nights. While the buffalo might work out or up the canyon away from water, they invariably went back to water on the high ground. In going to water they never seemed to be in a hurry, but would make two or three miles an hour and do considerable grazing on the trip.

Now while the hunters were contacting the main herd, I would be left as the camp tender or in charge of the chuck wagon. Occasionally we would have a skinner who would

stay with me and would sometimes double as cook. That saved the time and the energy of the hunters and added much to my enjoyment of the trip. Frequently we had no skinners and in that case I was in sole charge of the camp. My function was to guard it against the activities of pestiferous small animals such as pack rats, which would carry off and secrete knives and forks and dishes of every kind, and shoo away skunks and badgers and especially to keep an eye on wandering and thieving Indians. The hunters regarded the Indians as practically harmless with the exception of their thieving propensities. On my very first trip I had an experience with them which confirmed in my mind the hunters' view. While the hunters were out locating the main herd, and sundown was fast approaching, four Indian bucks rode up to the camp, and while I had been taught not to fear them, I'll have to admit they were not welcome. With many gestures they got across to me the fact that they were seeking meat. With the same pantomime I sought to convey to them that the hunters were out to the north and that they would give them meat after the first kill. Now being an inexperienced camp tender, I found it difficult to watch all four Indians. They wandered around the camp wagon and over to the pitched tent and soon had me rather jittery. On their departure I noticed that one of the Indians had mounted his horse ahead of the other three and that he seemed to be rather humped up with his blanket pulled up over his shoulders in a way that suggested concealment, and yet I had done my best to see that they did not pick up anything from the camp. A hasty checkup convinced me that at least two slabs of bacon were missing and the peculiar action of the Indian first to mount roused my suspicion that he had helped himself. Fortunately, the hunters returned within the next half hour and I told my father of my suspicion and he confirmed it by rechecking the bacon. I noticed that he went over to the wagon and took out a formidable looking bull whip, which he wrapped around his saddle horn, then changed his Sharps for a Winchester, and waving me onto my uncle's horse, motioned me to follow and we took out after the Indians. They were camped six miles away and by hard riding we overtook them just as they were entering the camp. Noting that my father had taken his Winchester rifle, I expected him to use it. He did nothing of the kind. He caught the Indians one hundred yards from the camp and then sat on his horse and watched. I whispered to my father the Indian whom I suspicioned, with his blanket pulled up over his shoulders and dropping down over his knees. As soon as this Indian hit the ground my father slid off his horse, took the bull whip from his saddle horn, and walked up to him and demanded the bacon. The Indian grunted and commenced some Indian chatter, which was understood, and without a moment's hesitation, my father swung that bull whip around his head and cut the Indian around the legs with a force which must have drawn blood. I was too excited to check on that detail. When the lash struck him, the Indian jumped high in the air, threw out his arms from under the blanket, and a slab of bacon dropped from under each arm. As he went up into the air, he used an Indian oath which, ever since, I have been tempted to use in hours of stress or excitement.

That particular oath seemed to suit the character of the Indian. It was "Heap Hell!" Without a moment's hesitation, my father stepped over, picked up the bacon, and handing one slab up to me, and taking one himself, mounted and rode back to our camp. When I had calmed my excitement a little, I asked him why he had not used his rifle and he said, "Well, you know I wouldn't kill an Indian for a slab of bacon and the Indian knows that just as well as I do. If I had picked up my rifle the Indian would have just grunted and walked away, but an Indian fears a whip not only because of its physical effect, but because a whipping disgraces him before his tribesmen."

I then asked him if there was not danger that the Indian would resent that whipping and attempt to ambush him on the hunt. He answered, "Some danger, but not much, in that the other Indians would not back him up, and a single Indian without the backing of his tribe seldom goes out to kill." When we got back to camp, my father and uncle talked it over and decided that if the wind did not change, that the main buffalo herd, then grazing some ten miles north from the Republican River, at a point just west of where the town of Stratton, Nebraska, is located now, would turn to the east the next morning and come to water down the high divide, just a little west of our present camp. They estimated that these buffalo would, at ten o'clock in the morning, be about five miles north of the river, traveling slowly south on the high ground between the canyons.

The next morning the two hunters took their Sharps rifles and abundant ammunition and rode up the west canyon about five miles. They then fastened their horses in the canyon and climbed to the top of the hill and awaited the leading buffalo. They had with them two Sharps rifles—the accepted buffalo gun of that period—plenty of ammunition, hunting knives and a spade. Before ten o'clock they could see the buffalo coming down the highland they had judged to be their probable course. The wind was from the southeast and the buffalo were moving almost directly into it. Keeping out of sight, the hunters worked around until they figured they were within one-fourth mile of where the leading buffalo would pass.

They built themselves a blind by throwing up, at least a foot high, a solid wall of sod and packed it and smoothed it until it made a perfect rifle rest. Now, note that the wind was blowing from the buffalo to the hunters and they lay behind their blind until the leading buffalo had passed them at a distance of about one-fourth mile. Resting their rifles on the sod built embankment, they agreed on one buffalo at which they would both shoot and made certain that they had both selected the same buffalo. They waited until the buffalo had passed them by some one hundred yards. They snuggled in their blind and both aimed at one particular buffalo. The count then started, "one, two, three"; at the word "three" both hunters fired, aiming at the side of the buffalo just behind the front shoulder, and much lower down than the average hunter would expect to find the vital organs. At least nine times out of ten the buffalo would stumble and fall. The two hunters would lie absolutely still. The buffalo herd would pause for a moment and then

the smell of blood would set all the leaders to milling around the dead animal, pawing and bellowing. Most men have seen the same performance when a cow was injured in the native pasture in such a way as to draw blood, the smell of which seems to affect cattle and buffalo much the same. As soon as this milling and bellowing had reached some volume, the hunters unlimbered their rifles. From then on there was no attempt to shoot the same buffalo. The shooting wasn't at the main herd. The object was to shoot buffalo who were off a little to the edge of the herd, and to keep right on shooting until they estimated that they had killed as many as they could comfortably skin while the sun was still high. A good day's kill was considered twenty, and as soon as this number was approached, or a little exceeded, they would get up and start toward the buffalo herd, shooting not at them, but over them with the idea of getting that herd in motion as quickly as possible. This always succeeded, and while it might take some minutes to accomplish the desired result, that result almost invariably was that around twenty buffalo were down and ready for the skinning.

This skinning was a particular job. As heretofore noted, they must not break the inner skin. Now of course that was necessary where the edge of the skin had to be cut through, around and up the legs, along the length of the body and around the head. Much of the skinning was done by pulling, as experience had taught them that this was the safest way to insure the inner skin remaining intact. As soon as the hide was off, the hunters would throw it with the hair down and the inner side exposed to the sun and proceed to the next buffalo. From one to two hours of sunshine on that inner hide would put on it a coating which I have previously noted resembled cellophane, and upon which the activities of flies were wasted. Around the edge of the skin the hunters rubbed a concoction of salt, saltpeter, and sulphur, and then rolled the skin up and tied it with the skin off the two front legs and the skin off the tail into a compact mass weighing from sixty to one hundred pounds, and if they had gotten their full two hours of sunshine they could count on that packed skin keeping until it reached the market. Of the buffalo meat, the hunters took only a small quantity and that of the choicest. The rest was pure waste, unless an occasional Indian band or amateur hunters crossed their path. On the day for killing the hunters led a strenuous life. After the killing was done they had to get their hides to the camp but the next day was usually a day of rest, because the buffalo would drift down to the water; arriving about noon they would lounge and wallow until about five o'clock, and then start back for the highlands. On the trip back they had no great objection to following out a canyon, but practically never used a canyon in coming to water. The reason seemed to be that they were leaving the water late enough in the day that they were not likely to encounter hunters.

After the hunters had been busy a couple of days, the first freight wagon would show up and from then on the hunters' life was not so strenuous, because the freight men gathered in the hides. These freight men used a flat topped wagon and built up their

packages of hides until they weighed about two tons and each loaded wagon resembled a little fort with hides piled high on the outside and a depression in the middle, and in this depression rode the driver and a lookout, armed with Winchester or Needle guns, and the Indians early learned that a hide wagon was a good thing to leave alone. Both the driver and his lookout were expert riflemen, inside a practically impervious fort, which stood high enough above the surrounding territory to make an attack extremely dangerous. With the first load of hides on its way to market, the process was continuous until the suns of February commenced to loosen the buffalo's abundant hair, or unusual winter weather drove the hunters in.

My last hunt of any importance ended up on the Arickaree, a branch of the Republican River, in eastern Colorado, though I am not sure whether the actual hunting was done in Nebraska, Colorado, or Kansas. That was an unusually good season, and yet my father announced that it was probably our last hunt. I could not see the reason for it, but he seemed to sense that the game was about up. Anyway he took one of the freight wagons and built on it a rack, and on May of the next year went back to the same territory and put in a week trying to catch buffalo calves. He captured six heifers and two bulls. Two of the heifers died enroute to the home ranch and the remaining five were the nucleus of the buffalo herd heretofore described.

When we decided to take the captured calves and return home, the plan was to leave about four o'clock in the morning, but when we got up the air was so full of fog that none of us thought it safe to move over a trackless prairie. From about four in the morning until practically ten o'clock of that forenoon, we waited in a fog that seemed to close into within ten to fifteen feet of us at frequent intervals, and in this fog within view of our wagon we were constantly seeing buffalo. There being no wind, the buffalo could not smell us and they drifted all around us like phantoms. About ten o'clock this fog raised. We were camped on the edge of a little lake and as far as we could see in any direction were seemingly countless buffalo. I had never seen anything like this number of buffalo together and as I think of it in later years it has seemed to me that we could see from our camping ground certainly a full ten thousand, and yet the next September we returned to that same territory on what my father announced would be our last hunt and we couldn't find a half dozen buffalo within one hundred miles of the Arickaree, where in June we had seen ten thousand. In hide results that last hunt was a flop. Two weeks of steady hunting produced less than a buffalo a day and it occurred to me that my father's judgment of the year before was abundantly fulfilled. The day of the roaming buffalo was past. The day of the roaming cattle was dawning.

THE KILLING OF ED MASTERSON

DEPUTY MARSHAL OF OLD DODGE CITY

By EARLE R. FORREST

IT WAS IN THE SUMMER OF 1926 THAT I first met George W. Reighard, buffalo hunter and frontiersman of the early days in western Kansas, and heard the story of the killing of Edward J. Masterson, town marshal of Dodge City, Kansas. I was gathering material of the early days in this roaring town of the Old West, and Mr. Reighard supplied me with much valuable first hand information, for he had known Dodge in the 1870's when it was the metropolis of the buffalo hide trade and a trail-end cowtown. At the time of his death several years later he was one of the last of the professional buffalo hunters and the oldest settler in western Kansas.

One of the many interesting stories he related was the killing of Ed Masterson. I have read several versions of this gunfight, none of which agree with Mr. Reighard, but I believe his account is correct, for he was on the spot. Before describing this historic fight I will tell something of Mr. Reighard as a background for the story.

One day in the fall of 1872 young George Reighard rode into the new town of Dodge City, attracted by reports of a market there for buffalo hides and meat. He had long since passed the tenderfoot stage and was a seasoned frontiersman. Born in Pennsylvania, a spirit of boyish adventure had prompted him to enlist in the Twenty-Second Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry at the outbreak of the Civil War. After four years of fighting with that famous command the humdrum life of the East soon became tiresome. His adventurous disposition carried him into the far West and in 1869 he arrived at Fort Hays, Kansas, civilization's last outpost, where he secured a job as teamster in General Custer's reserve supply train. For the next two years he followed the fortunes of that dashing fighter, and many were the thrilling tales he told of those days when the Indian warrior made life on the plains anything but monotonous.

In 1871 George Reighard was a teamster with the expedition of the Tenth United States (Negro) Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Grierson, when it left Fort Sill in pursuit of Big Tree's band of hostile Kiowas. Jack Stilwell, who carried the message that brought relief to Colonel Forsyth's besieged Indian fighters on the Arickaree River in Colorado in 1868, was chief scout. The trail of the hostiles was followed across the Stakes Plains until the soldiers nearly perished from thirst. An effort was made to reach the head of the Brazos, but the troops were forced to make a dry camp. Just when the men felt that they would never see civilization again an incident occurred that revived all of their hopes. It was trivial, but it meant life to those stricken troopers far out on the desert. A mule broke away and an hour later returned to camp covered with mud. Needless to say it

 did not take scouts long to locate the water; and thus an army mule saved the Tenth Cavalry.

Attracted by the money then being made in the hide business and the adventures of such a profession, young Reighard left the army in the fall of 1871, and became a professional buffalo hunter, following that occupation until the spring of 1873. During that period he killed about five thousand, making a record of sixty-eight at one stand. Only a few hunters ever beat this.

In describing the plains about Dodge City before the town was founded this old hunter told me: "You who have never seen a herd of wild buffalo cannot realize that once all these plains were covered with them like cattle in a field. It's hard for me to realize that such a sight ever existed. It all seems like a dream. There were millions of them in those days and we never dreamed that the hunting wouldn't last forever. In the spring when they traveled north you were never out of sight of a herd no matter where you went. I have seen buffalo all the way from Fort Dodge to Camp Supply, two hundred miles, and in the spring of 1870 when I was freighting for the army I saw them so thick on the very ground where Dodge City now stands that I had to stop a thirty-six mule team to let them pass. Now you cannot find a bone in all this region."

A colorful and interesting word picture of the Dodge City of those early times when buffalo was king was given by this old frontiersman of the long ago.

"I have seen Fourth Street and Tin Pot Alley (now Chestnut Street) lined with wagons loaded with hides and meat that had been killed within less than a day's journey from here. Hides and meat were the principal articles of trade we had then, and they were shipped out daily over the Santa Fe Railroad; and each day long trains arrived loaded with flour, grain and supplies for the entire Southwest.

"Everybody had plenty of money in those days. A quarter was the smallest change we had. A shave, a paper of pins, a drink of whisky, a cigar or glass of lemonade, which was rarely sold, cost two bits."

He was silent for a few minutes as he gazed out across the plains barren of buffalo these fifty years and more, while a far-away look crept into the old gray eyes and once more they sparkled with the brilliancy of a youth of long ago as he continued in a reminiscent mood:

"The big year for the buffalo hunters was 1872. You could hear guns booming all over these plains, so many of them that it sounded like a battle from morning till night, day after day. By the spring of 1874 the herds in this vicinity had either been killed or driven south and the hunters moved their headquarters to Adobe Walls, where the big battle was fought. I received from one dollar to $3.40 each for hides, depending upon the condition of the hair.

"One of the best known of the old-time buffalo hide firms in the Southwest was Lee and Reynolds (W. M. D. Lee and E. A. Reynolds). They ran an Indian trading store at Camp Supply and made a specialty of tanned and painted robes. They bought thousands from the Indians. In those days I bought good painted robes for six dollars each; but

 if you had one today you could get anywhere from a hundred to two hundred dollars for it.

"About September 1st, 1872, I went to Soldier's Grave where Ashland now stands, about fifty miles southeast of here. The hunting was good and I killed about two thousand buffalo. A band of Indians camped eight miles south of us ordered us to leave the country. One big buck came to camp and threatened to shoot us if we didn't get out in 'one sleep,' but we refused to move and they didn't bother us again. Buffalo hunters were all good shots and the Indians had little stomach for a fight with more than one at a time. But they fired the grass, and we had to move camp about six miles west, where we had good hunting till Christmas.

"A few weeks later I was hunting on Sand Creek with George Pratt, and killed five cows for meat. A big Indian came to camp one morning and claimed that he belonged to Romeo's band of scouts at Fort Dodge. We were suspicious when he refused to eat, and after we loaded up and drove up on the divide we saw a large war party. About thirty bucks came up to the wagon; but I ordered them to keep back, using my Sharps buffalo gun as a persuader. The big Indian tried to get us to go back after more buffalo, but they only wanted to separate us and I knew it. They could have killed us easily before we got many of them; but Indians never liked to take a chance with buffalo hunters together. That was all that saved us. Pratt drove the wagon while I sat on top of the load and held those Indians off till they finally gave up. In the spring of 1873 I quit buffalo hunting and went to freighting from Fort Dodge to Fort Elliott."

"As I walked in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen,
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay."

From THE COWBOY'S LAMENT.

The most noted gunfight in all Dodge City's wild history was the killing of Edward J. Masterson, town marshal (*1*), a battle in which two men hit the last trail with their boots on and a third afterwards died of his wounds. Many versions of this affair have been told and published. The story generally accepted is that Ed Masterson was shot by a cowboy named Wagner while struggling with him for possession of the latter's six-shooter. Just before this struggle, according to the same authority, Bat Masterson crossed the street and shot another cowboy named Walker just as that individual was in the act of firing at the marshal, after which Bat turned his gun on Wagner and killed him. William B. Masterson, better known as Bat, was sheriff of Ford County at that time and a brother of the marshal.

However, George Reighard, an eye-witness and one of the men who helped carry

1. *Edward J. Masterson served as a deputy marshal under Marshal Wyatt Earp in 1877. Other members of Earp's force at that time were Neal Brown, James Masterson (brother of Ed and Bat), Frank McLean, William Tilghman and Virgil Earp. James Masterson, the last survivor, lived in Texas in later years.*

THE KILLING OF the wounded marshal into the Long Branch saloon, told me an entirely different version from any of the accounts heretofore published, and I am convinced that it is correct in every detail.

The old plainsman's memory was a little hazy on dates after the passing of half a century, but the details of the fight were as clear to him when he told me the story as though it had happened only the night before. He was not a man given to boasting or exaggerating, and I found upon inquiry that his reputation for telling the truth was excellent.

Edward J. Masterson was killed on the night of April 9, 1878, while attempting to arrest two Texas cowboys named Jack Wagner and Alfred Walker. Ed was one of the most popular men in Dodge City at that time and he had been elected town marshal in 1878 by an overwhelming vote. He accepted much against Bat's advice, for while the sheriff did not doubt his brother's courage he was afraid that he was too trusting in human nature in general, and that led to his death.

"Yes, I was there when Ed Masterson was killed," Mr. Reighard replied in answer to my question. "It was right in front of a dance hall that stood where that gas station is," he continued in a reminiscent mood, pointing to the Standard Oil Company's service station beside the City Hall on Second Street.

"I knew Ed and his brother, Bat, well. Ed ran a restaurant and was one of the most popular men in Dodge. He was elected town marshal after Bat was elected sheriff. Let me think. Ed was killed about 1876 or '77 I believe," the old-timer said after a pause as his memory drifted back fifty years.

"I was freighting at the time, and that evening I loaded my teams and camped across the river, ready for an early start south the next morning. Then I came back to town to gather up my teamsters. We started for camp about nine o'clock and just across the 'dead line' (*2*) we stopped at that dance hall for two more men.

"Early that evening two cowboys named Jack Wagner and Alfred Walker came in from the Smoky and started to shoot things up, but Ed took their six-shooters before anything serious happened. They afterwards agreed to go to camp if the marshal would return their guns; but on the way out they stopped at this dance hall and just before we entered they began shooting through the roof.

"Ed, Bat and a deputy marshal ran over from somewhere and while Ed and Bat waited outside, the deputy came in and told Wagner and Walker that Ed wanted them. When they walked out I was standing just inside of the door and heard everything that followed.

" 'I thought you boys promised to go to camp,' Ed said to them.

" 'We're going now,' Walker replied; but just then Wagner, who was behind him, stuck his hand in front of Walker and shot Ed in the stomach. Then hell broke loose. Bat got into action, and in less time than I can tell it he had emptied his gun. It was the fastest gun work I ever saw and so quick that it sounded like a Gatling. I was just inside of the door within range of the bullets, which were flying pretty thick, and Johnny Webb,

2. The railroad track was the "deadline" south of which were the dance halls and redlight district.

a gun fighter, pulled me to the floor yelling, 'You'll get hit.'

"After the shooting stopped we ran out. Ed Masterson was down and someone was holding his head up. Walker was lying beside him, and we could see that both were hard hit. Wagner, who had started the shooting, walked across the street into Peacock's saloon and fell dead in front of the bar. Someone went after Doc McCarty, who still lives here. (3) I helped carry Ed into the Long Branch, where we laid him out on a billiard table, and he died there shortly after Doc McCarty arrived. Walker was taken care of in Dodge City till his father came up from Texas and started back with him. Long afterwards we heard that he died at Fort Scott on his way home.

"I think Ed Masterson was buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery, but Wagner was buried on Boot Hill. I left the next morning with my freight outfit, and as I did not return for several weeks I am not sure about this."

Mr. Reighard was mistaken on this point, for the old files of *The Dodge City Globe*, which gives a complete account of the marshal's funeral, state that he was laid to rest in the old military graveyard at Fort Dodge.

Edward Masterson was buried with military honors by the fire department, of which he was a member, and with the exception of Dora Hand's his was the largest funeral that ever took place in old Dodge City, for he was one of the most popular marshals of the trail-end days. The funeral services were held in the fire station by sixty members of the department, but the only relative able to attend was his brother Bat. The town remained in mourning for the entire day and *The Globe* was printed with inverted column rules as a mark of respect to the murdered officer. He was buried in the graveyard at Fort Dodge, but after Prairie Grove Cemetery was established in 1879 his body was removed to that place by the fire company and a monument erected over his grave.

Jack Wagner, the murderer, was buried without ceremony of any kind in an unmarked grave on Boot Hill, and if his body was ever removed to Prairie Grove Cemetery the fact was never recorded. The Dodge City Globe gives the information that he was a cowboy employed by Alfred Walker, who was in charge of a trail herd for his father.

Ed Masterson's courage and his manner of dealing with troublesome spirits while marshal is shown by the account of a big fight in the Lone Star dance hall on November 5, 1877, taken from *The Dodge City Times* of November 10, 1877. I give it here as part of the history of a brave officer, and as a rare example of frontier newspaper reporting it is worth preserving:

> Last Monday afternoon (November 5th), one of those little episodes which serve to vary the monotony of frontier existence occurred at the Lone Star dance hall, during which four men came out the worse for wear, but none, with one exception, being seriously hurt.
>
> Bob Shaw, the man who started the amusement, accused Texas Dick, alias

3. *Dr. T. L. McCarty died in Newton, Kansas, April 2nd, 1930, aged eighty-two years. He was the last surviving member of the original Dodge City Townsite Company and was the town's first physician.*

315A Front Street,
Dodge City, Kan. 1878

2618 Prairie Grove
Cemetary in 1926

2608 Front Street, Dodge City, Kan. 1926

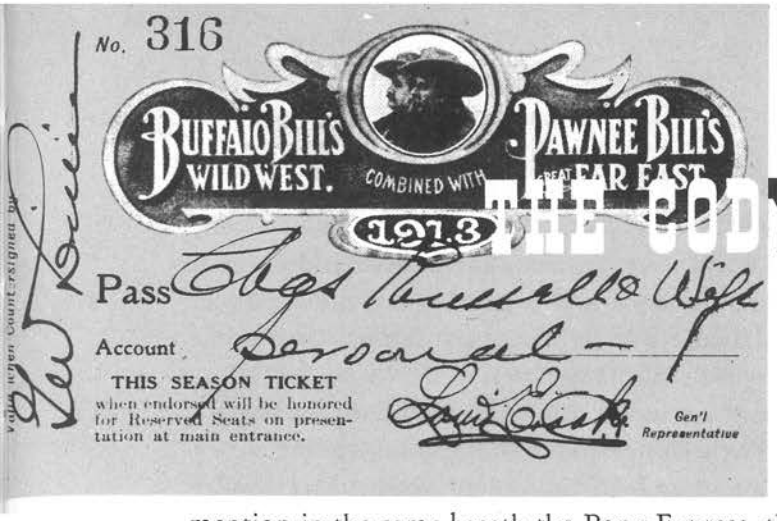
Moore, of having robbed him of forty dollars, and, when the two met in the Lone Star, the ball opened. Somebody, foreseeing possible trouble and probably gore, started out in search of City Marshal Ed Masterson, and, finding him, hurried him to the scene of the impending conflict.

When Masterson opened the door he decried Shaw near the bar with a huge pistol in his hand and a hogshead of blood in his eye, ready to relieve Texas Dick of his existence in this world and send him to those shades whence trouble comes not and six-shooters are unknown. Not wishing to hurt Shaw, but anxious to quiet matters and quell the disturbance, Masterson ordered him to give up his gun. Shaw refused to deliver and told Masterson to keep away from him, and, saying this, he proceeded to try to kill Texas Dick. Officer Masterson then gently tapped the belligerent Shaw upon the head with his shooting iron, merely to convince him of the vanities of this frail world. The aforesaid reminder upon the head, however, failed to have the desired effect, and, instead of dropping, as any man of fine sensibilities would have done, Shaw turned his battery upon the officer and let him have it in the right breast. The ball, striking a rib and passing around, came out under the right shoulder blade, paralyzing his right arm so that it was useless so far as handling a gun was concerned. Masterson fell, but grasping his pistol in his left hand he returned the fire, giving it to Shaw in the left arm and left leg, rendering him *hors de combat.*

During the melee, Texas Dick was shot in the right groin, making a painful and dangerous wound, while Frank Buskirk, who, impelled by a curiosity he could not control, was looking in at the door upon the matinee, received a reminiscence in the left arm, which had the effect of starting him out to hunt a surgeon. Nobody was killed, but for a time it looked as though the undertaker and coroner would have something to do.

This ends the newspaper account, but old-timers in later years said that when they rushed into the dance hall Ed Masterson had driven the fighters into one corner of the room, where he was holding them, his six-shooter in his left hand, his right arm hanging useless at his side. Such was the courage of those peace officers of old Dodge City; they could shoot as well with one hand as the other and they never gave up until the curtain was rung down—in victory or death.


BUFFALO BILL



THE CODY SHOW IN 1896

By A. R. VAN NOY

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN West is the story of the trapper and the explorer, the Indian and the soldier, the emigrant and the gold-seeker, the stockman and granger. We could also mention in the same breath the Pony Express, the stage coach, the freighting outfits, the railroad builders, the cattle industry. Left indelibly stamped on the pages of Americana is the picture of a hell-for-leather guy with a Colt in each hand, facing tremendous odds with outward calm, and winning with an air of "all in a day's work." So long as American youth exists, those deeds will be re-enacted from the Bronx to Boyle Heights. Also, this character can be found in some of the better fiction.

Aside from the romantic, the cowboy worked hard at a hard job. Weather was what it happened to be when there was a task to be performed, and it seems that there was always something to do. His work required a supreme skill in many of its facets, just as much so as Sam Sneed's artistry on the golf course. This is the side of western life we will talk about, and the man who brought it to an adoring public.

During the eighties, grangers were seen following the old trails into the promised land of the West. "Jerk line" was a commoner expression than some things are today. The Indian was subdued, but still a long way from tame. It was just six short years from the Little Big Horn to July 4th, 1882, and many Sioux at Pine Ridge had counted coup on that day.

Colonel William F. Cody had a part on the great stage of the western plains. It is not my purpose to attempt to evaluate the man, but to tell the story of his idea. It was born July 4th, 1882, at North Platte, Nebraska. It consisted then, of nothing more than local folks, riders, Indians, and Westerners generally, doing for fun and possibly prizes, before their neighbors, what they did as a matter of course at home.

"Bill" Cody and Frank North talked it over. The result was the birth of the first Wild West show at Columbus, Nebraska, in the spring of 1883. This show lasted in various forms until it fell afoul of a virus known locally at Bonfils and Tammen, in 1913. Four years later, Buffalo Bill "closed."

This show portrayed for the public in addition to the everyday tasks of the cowboy, the riders of other nations famous as horsemen, but depended mainly on things American to draw the people to the arena. After all, the stage coach, the covered wagon, the freighters, still plied their trade, and there was no warranty that some of the things pictured might not be played for keeps somewhere in the West at the very moment it was mimicked in the arena.

THE CODY SHOW

To go back to '83. The show hit the road that spring, and had a good season, playing five weeks solid at Coney Island. They opened the '84 season in St. Louis, traveled through the East and Canada. While shipping to New Orleans by steamboat, a wreck lost everything but the livestock. Next year, and '86 finds them again in the East. Madison Square Garden was their home from Thanksgiving Day, 1886, to Washington's Birthday, 1887.

April 1, 1887, found the entire company on board the *State of Nebraska*, bound for England. Six months in London, followed by a like period in Manchester, ending with a single performance at Hull, completed their visit. Distinguished visitors and royalty were common sights during the London stand.

The *Persian Monarch* brought them home. They opened at Erastina, Staten Island, on Decoration Day, and stayed there for six weeks. They closed the 1888 season at the State Fair, Richmond, Virginia, October 22.

April 12, 1889, saw them again on the way to Europe, this time Havre, France. The show toured Europe until October 27, 1892, and two days later they were on board the *Mohawk*, bound for New York.

The World's Fair of 1893 found them situated at 62nd and 63rd St. and Grace Avenue, Chicago, with a permanent seating capacity of twenty thousand. One hundred eighty-six performances were given, without a single miss. This was the most successful season for them, up to that time.

Ambrose Park, Brooklyn, saw their performances for 126 days, with one miss only. During the 1894 season nothing marred the even tenor of their way.

The season of 1895 was spent in the East and Southeast. The show gave three hundred thirty-three performances, traveled over thirty-two railroads. They had two fatalities. First, a porter that stepped out in front of the fast mail at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Second, a cook-house employe that stopped a bullet fired by a co-worker at Atlanta, Georgia.

This brings us to the particular year in point, 1896. It was a good year. But, they got so wet, so many times, that a record for digging drainage ditches was hung up, that still survives. Don't ask me about lineal measurement—the record may be an exaggeration.

Of the old guard, as they were called, who started in 1883, only four remained. They were, Colonel Cody, Major John M. Burke, Jule Keen, and Johnnie Baker. Gone west were Major Frank North, Captain Frank Matthews, Captain George Clothier. Gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds—Black Bird, Spotted Horn Bull, Crow Eagle and Sitting Bull. These few names indicate that the spectacle, in truth, enacted the "living" West, with the "original cast."

The show started assembling in Philadelphia April 6, 1896, with the arrival of the baggage stock. Electric light wagons, canvas, stakes, were coming by Thursday. Friday morning the buffalo arrived from Ambrose Park. Saturday, the 11th, German, French and Irish cavalry arrived at New York, and the bronco stock arrived in Philadelphia. Sunday the Sioux came in from the Pine Ridge Agency. Monday Colonel Cody with the

Mexicans and cowboys arrived. Rehearsals started Tuesday. The first casualty of the season was Hawk Wing—a broken arm—his bronc moved out from under him. Wednesday, more of the same.

The camp was saddened Thursday by word of the death of Mrs. Johnnie Baker in New York City. However, rehearsal in full dress under the lights that evening. Friday the first parade, two hours of it, in "very warm weather" and everybody, including the livestock, was bushed.

On Saturday, April 18, the first show of the season. No mishaps, and General Nelson A. Miles was the personal guest of Colonel Cody. During the week following Frank Mondell, U. S. Senator from Wyoming, dropped in and saw the show, as well as Colonel Prentice Ingram and May Lillie, otherwise Mrs. "Pawnee Bill." Bob Wilkenson had to grab the spotlight when Pawnee Bill saw the show, by getting thrown and losing his store teeth. There is no record of which landed first.

The weather was the usual Pennsylvania spring, and business was just fair.

Their first train movement was over the Baltimore & Ohio, to the accompaniment of hot boxes, wheels slid flat, a burned journal, and a fire in the cook-house canvas. The first section was four hours ahead of the second.

They staggered into Cumberland, Maryland, and Clarksburg, West Virginia, where Johnny Franz, a rough rider, joined the birds and broke his right arm. At Parkersburg a four-horse teamster was dumping the plank wagon and drew a broken collar bone.

Chillicothe, Ohio, April 30, 1896, begins a chapter of rain, mud, and general cussedness. A two and a half mile haul to the lot. Twenty-two horses on the stringer wagon, and a broken axle on the cook-house wagon. Business? Afternoon, fair; evening, light. Good-by, Chillicothe.

Ironton and Washington are notable only because the shows did not coincide with the showers, or downpours.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Sunday, May 3. A day of rest? Not for the mother of a bouncing buffalo calf born that day. The rain wasn't too bad, and the Monday attendance and show were good. In the spectators were "Governor" John Robinson of circus fame, John Rettig the artist, and many others. A German soldier was thrown and dislocated a shoulder. The bronco blacksmith broke his left arm, and a rider went head-first over the ropes. The evening crowd was immense.

Being partly web-footed, and hardened to the routine by this time, they watch Hamilton, Ohio, Richmond, Indianapolis, Anderson and Columbus, Indiana, pass by in routine manner. Just a couple of rains and one high wind to raise the profanity of the canvas men.

Louisville, Kentucky, merits special mention. Here for the first time the buffalo calf, ten days old, was chased around the arena in the buffalo hunt scene. Ed Goodrich, a bronc rider, took squatters' rights and collected three bad cuts on the scalp. Second day in Louisville the local law fired a few shots at a supposed colored pickpocket. The rapidly vanishing culprit wasn't hit, nor were any bystanders.

Owensboro was another set-up and tear-down. The Treasurer of the show bemoans the fact that they were held up for Ten Dollars damage to a street car that ran into the back end of the plank wagon. They note "no damage to the plank wagon."

Dexter Fellows, a press agent, and two companions, were arrested in Evansville, Indiana, on suspicion of being confidence men. Fine, Twenty-Five Dollars each. Maybe they should have put out a few more "Annie Oakleys."

St. Louis, Sunday, May 17, 1896. Show arrived at 1:30 P.M., and was set up by dark at Manchester Road and Compton Avenue. Arena was two hundred twenty-two by four hundred fifty-one feet.

Monday started a hectic week, beginning with a thunderstorm and ending by carrying everything off the lot. Mrs. Cody and Irma came in from North Platte to be with the Colonel. Johnnie Baker made a big hit standing on his head in the mud doing his shooting act. The Colonel's horse fell on Friday and pinned his foot. Two bronc riders were thrown that same evening. Jockey Rider Joe Campbell's horse fell and pinned him: Campbell was carried out. The Superintendent was caught praying, and his prayers were answered by a hailstorm. They left town humming—

I have not seen a smile in seven days,
Even the horses wear a frown;
Business is bad and weather worse,
We are glad to leave this town.
GOOD-BY ST. LOUIS.

Litchfield, Decatur, Lincoln, Illinois. Captain Bogardus and son Ed visited at Lincoln. A Mexican rider's horse went through a barb wire fence, and the buffalo bull got away when they were taking down the canvas.

So it goes. Thursday, Peoria; Friday, Bloomington; Saturday, Champaign. Here one J. W. Jones, hiking New York to San Francisco via Chicago and New Orleans, spent the greater part of the day with the show. He had two free meals. Being Decoration Day, business was "Bully."

Sunday, May 31, 1896, Chicago, Illinois. Unload from the Illinois Central at 70th street, and show at the Coliseum. Horse and cook tents only. Indians set up their tepees. Spit and polish for the big parade tomorrow. The band wagons leave at 5 o'clock Monday morning, and the rest follows by railroad. The parade was long, and the weather warm.

The week was excellent, both from the viewpoint of attendance and quality of workmanship displayed. The gate tallied 168,956 paid admissions, which was one reason for the smile on the Treasurer's face.

The week wasn't without its events, though. Charles Higley, a cowboy of '93, joined up again, and celebrated by twice chasing clouds. Salem Nasser, the Arabian strong man, died in Mercy Hospital of typhoid fever; the route book gives a short obituary. Two back-wall canvas men picked a fight with a janitor (they weren't custodians then) of the

American Cowboys with Cody Show. Burch, the chief, probably the figure in right foreground reclining.

Abe Leduke (*left*) and John Venoy (*right*). (J. J. Van Noy, father of fellow westerner A. R. Van Noy) in the Wild West Show.
Probably taken in 1896 (Joliet, Ill.)

Coliseum staff and landed in the Bridewell for one hundred thirteen days. The show introduced a new act called the "Horse Fair," featuring their splendid draft horses; they behaved "quite well." They had competition too. Uncle Tom's Cabin located just two blocks away, with a dime admission.

Distinguished visitors were numerous. Peter Sells, John Ringling and James A. Bailey of the circus fraternity. William F. Harrity, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, United States Senator W. V. Allen of Nebraska and Mayor Swift of Chicago for the politics side of the ledger. Dr. E. F. Colvin stopped in; he was a true fan. General Wesley Merritt and entire staff honored Cody by coming en masse. Mesdames Cody and Keen were with their husbands for this stand.

As mere incidentals, the buffalo bull tired of a hay diet and started looking for green feed along 63rd Street closing night, and created more fuss than Lt. Musser's capture of a couple of would-be stick-up artists. And, Bill Dunbar and his entire annex canvas crew walked off the job.

The arena was one hundred fifty-seven feet wide, and four hundred eighteen feet long. Large enough to work in nicely, giving a good run both ways. No one was moved to poetic outburst about Chicago.

Kankakee was a novelty in that the audience included three hundred patients of the Northern Hospital for the Insane. The old feud between local law and traveling shows crops up again; three cook-house boys were pinched, and fined the contents of their pokes. The charge was "suspicion"; of what is not recorded. Anyway, they paid up.

In quick succession, and uneventfully, they played Ottawa, Rock Island and Galesburg. At the latter place Eagle Bull got homesick and left for Pine Ridge.

Rennold Brothers United Show was in Burlington, Iowa, on June 19, and the Wild West won out, playing to capacity crowds both performances. A circus is just a circus, but the Cody show held all the wild cards, and filled the draw.

Quincy was no cinch. Three and a half mile haul to the lot at Baldwin's Park, 35th and Main Streets, with a bad hill coming off the runs. Everything had to be double teamed, and the last wagon was on the lot at 12:15 P.M. Weather warm and sultry; bad day for the stock.

The Saturday night run to Springfield was the best of the season, one hundred thirteen miles in five hours. Not bad for the "soaks" of those days, known as locomotives. The half mile haul to the lot was just a second rate breeze to this hardened crew. Mrs. Jule Keen and Mrs. William Sweeney said "howdy" to their husbands.

Danville is just mentioned because they were there.

Terre Haute, Indiana. A four-horse driver got conked on the head making the trip to the runs, but the buffalo bull stole the show. He got away twice, and each time had the time of his life until the cowboys got enough ropes on him to lead him back. Oh yes, Russell Harrison and family saw the show. He was the President's son.

Crawfordsville, Indiana. Here the venturesome buffalo bull was "closed" on

orders of the Colonel, and was shipped back to North Platte. Good local copy lost here.

At LaFayette the cook-house wagon broke a wheel. The Arabian Acrobats in the Annex piled up doing the pyramid for the Logansport folks. The Candy Butchers beat the Cooks 16-11 in a Sunday ball game at Fort Wayne. Uncle Jimmy Hutch, purported to be probably the oldest side show man in the business, closed with Franklin-Robinson and looked in at the Cody Show. Always good for a feed and a flop.

Plymouth and Kokomo. White Bull went home to Pine Ridge, and rough riders William and "Kid" Gabrill had it made.

A thundershower at 3 P.M. didn't stop the afternoon attendance at Bluffton from being immense, but threatening weather held the evening crowd to fair only.

At Marion, Indiana, a character known variously as True Blue, Little Blue and The Woman in Blue, by name Mrs. A. Ryan Maxey, visited the Colonel. She was a writer (she said) and professed to know the Colonel very well. His remarks are not recorded, but privately they were doubtless like the weather, a hundred and two in the shade at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Piqua, Ohio, merits a detailed account. This was Independence Day, or just plain "Fourth of July," take your choice, and the tents were decorated for the occasion. Annie Oakley's mother, brother, sisters three and six nieces and nephews, drove thirty miles to see the show for the first time. Aside from these pleasant things, it started raining at 7 P.M. and kept it up all night. The street car line gave out, but walking was good—soft underfoot.

Sunday, July 5, 1896. Dayton, Ohio. In at 3:30 A.M. A two mile haul to the Fair Grounds. J. T. McCadden, Jule Keen, Fred and Charles Hutchinson, J. J. McCarthy, took a postman's holiday and visited the Pawnee Bill show at Cincinnati. They were royally entertained by Pawnee Bill, May Lillie and Heck Quinn. Quinn was an old Cody hand, presently Chief of Cowboys for Lillie. Annie Oakley stayed over in Piqua with her family. The Monday show was heavily attended. G. L. Burch, the chief, and Walter Scott, a rough rider, both chewed gravel.

Springfield was credited with invoking more profanity among the canvas men than any previous stop. They couldn't get a stake in over a foot anywhere, but their good luck held. There was no wind.

The local law boys gave engineer C. H. Crowell a bad time. He was taken in on suspicion of being a participant in a recent robbery, but managed to properly identify himself, prove his whereabouts elsewhere, and was discharged. After making that play, there was no local violation for which a fine could be levied. Probably the entire force saw the show free though.

During the performance, the audience got a thrill and R. F. Watson a sore ear. It was punctured by a saber other than his own during the U. S. Cavalry drill. Sometimes the boys made it good.

Rain was pouring down when the trains pulled into Lima, Ohio, 4:30 A.M., July 9.

 It rained all day, and after an afternoon performance in the slop, orders came at 4 P.M. to "tear 'er down." Eight hours and a half later they were off the lot. The rhymster comes forth again with—

Things look tough when "Bill" lays down,
You can bet they are looking dark;
For he will give a show in any place
Where Noah could sail his ark.

The route book comments about the drabness of the clothing at the next stop, Marion, Ohio. Instead of being like Jacob's Coat, it was the color of mud, Lima mud. Since they opened under a shining sun, they became a bit optimistic and put up two lengths of six bit reserves. No one else was enthused, so the plan was abandoned.

"Wash Day." Saturday, Mansfield, Ohio. Last of the Lima mud.

Sunday at Columbus, and weather forecast good. Every seat and every stitch of canvas put up for Monday. The Candy Butchers continue their winning streak by walloping the Dressing Room force 10-2.

Sgt. Clary of the Cavalry had a lot of visitors from the local barracks. Full Stomach said he was sick, and got transportation back to Pine Ridge. The lot was at Mt. Vernon and Monroe, arena two hundred twenty-four by four hundred sixty-five feet. Attendance in the afternoon big, and in the evening "immense."

Zanesville was the home of Manager J. T. McCaddon. Show and day very average. The only mishap was the stringer wagon breaking through a culvert.

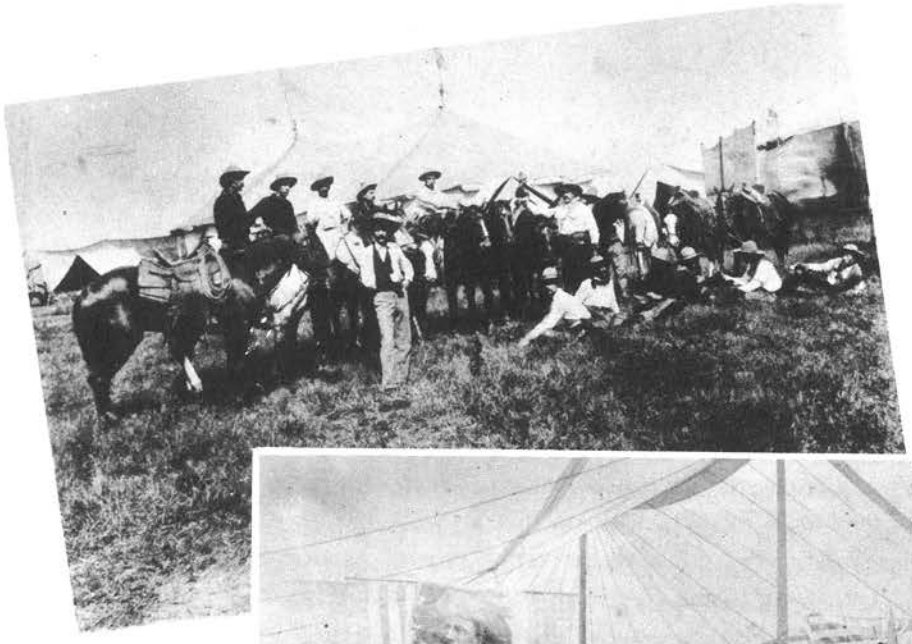
July 16, 1896. Massillon, Ohio. Disaster struck for the first time with devastating force. The Pennsylvania Railroad overpass on the line of parade was a "low bridge" and arrangements had been made for certain of the equipment to take the by-pass used by the street cars, giving plenty of overhead clearance. The eight-horse driver on the second band wagon containing the annex band, on top, saw a street car coming and went straight ahead. When the leaders were starting under, he saw his error and tried to stop, to no avail. The musicians were wiped off the top like chess-men off a board. The injuries were serious. One was crushed about the shoulders and head, expected to die. Another crushed about the chest, many broken arms, legs, collar bones, on down to a modern living before his time, a "hurt back." The ten-man band were all casualties. All but one were hospitalized and his condition was too serious, it was thought, to move him further than to his hotel room.

Cossack Tom, the interpreter, will remember Massillon for another reason. He was just standing behind the back-wall canvas minding his own business, when a couple of sevens and a half from Baker's 12-gauge nicked his ear. He wasn't seen standing there afterwards.

Perhaps the visit of General Coxey, sans his army, was the jinx. *Quien sabe?*

Alliance, Ohio, had three old circus rings in the lot, and it was a lousy set-up without the rain and the mud.

Steubenville presented a mile and a half haul to the lot, in the mud. Twelve to sixteen horses to the wagon, all up hill. The route book reminds us that July 18th



American Cowboys in the Wild West Show. G. W. Burch, Chief of the Cowboys, to the right of center.

4th of July Picnic 1896, Piqua, Ohio. Cody in Foreground.

Four unidentified cowboys of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Probably 1896.

THE CODY SHOW closed the worst week in the history of the show, hanging up an all-time record for lineal feet of drainage canals dug.

Cleveland was better, only a half mile haul to the lot, but they paraded two hours and forty-five minutes in the rain. Their reward was an almost turn-away business for two days. Changing railroads, they hauled three and one-half miles on taking down.

Sandusky was just another wet parade, with a big audience, until Phil Weinert failed to show up with "Old Glory" at the first band salute, and the second. A kick in the pants woke him up in time to get on and "the show went on."

One of the musicians injured at Massillon joined at Tiffin, one week after the catastrophe. Two cowboy riders were thrown, with no injury.

Findlay was another Lima. Everything had to be carried on the lot after a mile and a half haul. But, there was a turn-away in the afternoon and a fair seating in the evening.

Smile-wreathed faces greeted the sun at Toledo. The lot was dry, this was the last stop in rain soaked Ohio, and the jinx was sure to stay behind just as soon as they could cross the state line into Michigan.

One of the Arabian horses wasn't used to solid footing, so he fell with Selim Hadj, much to the discomfiture of said Arab. Business in the afternoon was turn-away, and "very big" at night.

No one ever greeted a mythical Jordan more enthusiastically than the Cody crowd hurrahed for Detroit. The Promised Land, that is, until one of those thunderstorms blew up that night. However, the canvas held. The first Michigan casualty was Higley, when thrown by "Jubilee." There were a few visitors, or business callers. J. D. Nagle, Emigrant Commissioner for the Big Horn Basin Land Company, stopped in. Nate Salsbury returned from the Basin. We close at Detroit by carrying everything off the lot. Blasted town should have been in Ohio.

Union Park Race Track afforded ground for the spread at Saginaw on July 29, an uneventful day. However, the cash register did right well. Port Huron set a record for the quickest unloading time to date. Bay City was a "big crowd" town. Abe LaDuke dislocated his left elbow trying to mount his broom-tail. The stops on to Grand Rapids were very routine, even if the programme boys did go on strike.

Sunday, Grand Rapids, Michigan. Several of the boys went fishing in Cascade Lake, first organizing as the Fu-Kort Fishing Club. They brought in four fish, much to the astonishment of the natives. The cook-house had an incipient strike, but it was mediated between meals. Orator J. J. McCarthy fell out of the boat at Reed's Lake, baptizing a brand new white vest. Event No. 1. In town, he bought some peanuts, but sprung a five, and in his change was a lead dollar. Event No. 2—chased the guy seven blocks and got a good dollar instead.

So to bed; I'll hang that vest over the back of the chair by the window and with this wind it'll be dry by morning. Vain hope. That night it rained. And, it rained just before the show on Monday. This was a good rain; it packed down the sand pile lot into a wonderful

arena. By the time the show tore down, it was hub deep again. Bert Antes of the American Cavalry would just as soon have passed up Muskegon, because he saw a blonde or something in the crowd lining the route of the parade, and fell out. He said it was a loose cinch. Anyway, he was a dashing figure charging down the outside of the line of march catching up, until a small boy ran out into the street. Probably the treasurer doled out plenty, but the year book merely records the event. Things were generally just too good despite the Antes incident, so the wind took over at 6:50 P.M., and by 7:05 both sides were down, light poles and all. No evening show. The poet shows up again with a little thing he called "Those Little White Clouds."

Cowboy Ed. Hughes received word of the serious illness of his mother at Benton Harbor, and "closed." Dr. E. D. Colvin visited the show for about the fourth time. Goshen, Indiana, would be a colorless stop were it not for Gustaff Pauska, a German soldier, being "closed" but quick. He was caught putting his brand on money in another man's kit-bag; this ended the mystery of numerous disappearances.

The South Bend lot was probably the worst of the year. It was full of holes, and two French horses fell during the evening show. Chief Loucas of the Cossacks had a splendid mount, a perfect equine partner for four years. The gelding fell—broken neck.

Nothing happening at Michigan City, and at Joliet another of the Massillon casualties came back. Cowboy Phil Smith returned to his sick wife at Phillipsburg, Kansas.

Streator, Aurora, Elgin. The four-horse gray team was down in the cars and were so badly bruised up the veterinary decreed no work for several days.

Coming into Dixon, Illinois, August 21, they rattled off the last forty-one miles in fifty-eight minutes. Colonel Cody got his arm tangled up in a lasso, and performed under the handicap of muscular soreness. No street cars in the town, but business was turn-away.

Cook-house wagon No. 3 broke another record, besides a few other things, turning turtle coming off the runs. After this a run of 133 miles to Milwaukee.

Here a teamster known as "English" Fletcher (Edward) had the ribbons jerked from his hand coming up from the runs. Trying to retrieve them from his high perch, he lost his balance and fell. His head struck a curb, and he never regained consciousness. This was the first fatality of the season due to show business.

All things considered Milwaukee was quite a treat for the boys. The Cowboy Band was entertained at the home of Charles and Mrs. Lehfeldt, and Captain Julius Von Natzmer of the German Cuirassiers was busy entertaining friends, and being entertained in turn. The show had the largest arena yet, two hundred thirty-six by four hundred fifty-seven feet. Bill Brace, assistant chief of the cowboys, picked daisies for the first time. The Fu-Kort Fishing Club is again in the news, this time with forty black bass.

Ed. Showles left the show at Janesville to attend the Fletcher funeral in Milwaukee. Turn-away business at this stop.

Rockford and Racine were good show towns. There were several terminations at the latter spot, notably Two Dog and his squaw.

The journal notes that Sheboygan was "a most beautiful spot to Sunday." The fishing club sallied forth and came back with 147 perch. The Indians put on a show for the local yokels lining the bluff, when they went swimming in the lake, en masse. The stop wasn't bad, but everything had to be hook-roped off the lot.

Tremendous crowds attended the show at Appleton, where the County Fair helped draw the people. Menominee was another hook-rope lot. Captain Jack O'Connor, the deaf-mute marksman, was a guest of Annie Oakley. "All reserves were taken at Green Bay" despite the weather turning cold. "One Horse town" is the show's classification for Stevens Point; no street cars.

Centralia, Wisconsin, September 5, 1896. The dull monotony of unload, set up, tear down, reload, travel, stop, unload—ended here with a resounding crash. The second section of the show left Stevens Point at 10:45 P.M. as scheduled, ahead of the regular first section. The writer of the journal records that he was unceremoniously awakened at 3:30 A.M., "forty-two miles from Wausau, between Centralia and Rudolph, with the news that the section ahead had been wrecked." It seems that the Milwaukee took over at the junction out of Stevens Point, and had to double the hill out of Centralia, on the way to Rudolph. They cut the train in two, flagged the rear portion, and the locomotive took the first half to the top of the hump. The flagman stopped the section following. About then the conductor on the last section, bucking for trainmaster, cut off his engine and started shoving the stalled half over the hill.

Single track is good railroad, but not for running by smoke signals at night. Oh sure, they met the light engine coming down, and piled 'em up in the ditch. Sleeping cars, flat cars and equipment piled hit and miss all over the right of way like a pile of jack straws. Luckily, the crew of the light engine hit the grit, and only one slight injury was chalked up. However, there were some trainmen ready to go to work for the city a few days later.

As for the show, they left five flats in the ditch to keep five unrepairable wagons company. Four sleepers went to the shops for repair. The livestock was all in the following section, waiting down the hill for their turn. The Wausau stand had to be cancelled, and Centralia had a big, big day.

Sunday, September 6, La Crosse, Wisconsin. A day spent, not in loafing and fishing, but looking for damage and finding plenty of it. Of course, Frank Butler and Annie Oakley didn't look for damage—they looked for fish, and found none.

They showed Monday to a good crowd; at that time Dr. Frank Powell presented Colonel Cody with a big bouquet of flowers. Superintendent Anderson stepped off the depot platform into a pile of scrap iron that night. He missed out on the wreck, then went wool-gathering. Credit one sprained ankle to the scrap iron.

Winona was a quiet little Minnesota town. No excitement, no arrests, just the raucous cries of the barkers, until "Sky Scraper" unloaded Johnny Franz. Franz came to four hours later. He didn't ride the next day at Eau Clair, but was "much improved."

One performance was given at Chippewa Falls because of a run of one hundred fifty-four miles that night. No good start though, some fellow named, so he said, J. N. Mackey, of 890 Walnut St., Chicago, tried to hook a ride a mile and a half out of town, and went under. They stopped, picked him up crushed foot and all, and left him at the depot, having to back in under flag to do it.

A heretofore nonentity in the parade, Electric Light Wagon No. 1, dropped a wheel into a sink-hole at Ashland before parade time, and the sweating, cursing crew didn't get it out until 11:45 A.M. Abe LaDuke had his rabbit's foot along that afternoon. The first buck landed him on the bronc's neck, and there he rode it out.

An event worthy of attention at Ashland, was a meeting between the Sioux of the show, and the Chippewas of the near-by reservation, arranged by Captain W. A. Mercer, Indian Agent, and Colonel Cody. There were about five hundred Chippewas, and about sixty Sioux. The big council was held following the afternoon show, and the peace pipe passed around. Who knows but in the gathering, some brave may have remembered other days. After all, it's only about thirty years since the Minnesota outbreak, and some of the Indians lived a long time. I have tried to get some news items from the local papers, but my efforts have been unavailing.

George Goodman, who left the show earlier in the season to take a position as manager of the Duluth, Minnesota, Press, visited his old cronies while the show was there. Mrs. Whitman, sister of Colonel Cody, also stopped in. The wind celebrated with a thirty-mile gale, but the canvas stayed up.

A cold northwest wind blowing a fine misty rain greeted the show at St. Paul, Minnesota. They set up at Aurora and University, with an arena slightly larger than Milwaukee. Business was just fair. Dr. Chauncey Watson of Colorado presented Jack Vannoy with a "fine silver cup" for good horsemanship.

Dan Taylor came in with the equipment damaged in the wreck, and Thursday, September 18, saw the last of the two-day stands. From now on, they can look for driving, cold rains from the north and northwest, and colder weather. They roll on to Mankato where the first hunt of the season was held. A long run to Sheldon, Iowa, and the morning's frost cured J. P. Anderson's hay fever. The crack shots, Oakley, Baker, Butler and Sweeney, brought in six prairie chickens and one cotton-tail.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Quite a contrast to the busy city of the present. The street car system consisted of three miles of rail, one car, motive power one mule. Annie Oakley and some of the boys tried the prairie chickens again, but the weather was cold and windy; the birds flushed wild and far away, when they didn't just lay close and stay there. Half an inch of ice in the morning.

They set up at the Fair Grounds, and paraded a mile and a half before reaching town. The Fair management waived the admission at the main gate, no doubt helping attendance on a nasty day. The lot was small, but the attendance filled most of the seats both performances.

Cherokee, Iowa, had the best lot of the year. Half mile haul from the railroad, good level ground, plenty of room, and close to town. The lot at Fort Dodge was a "long ways from town," and "No street cars here."

Some of the boys went hunting at Waterloo, and played hide and seek with the local livery that they engaged. It seems the driver got confused, and was lost. I wonder just who was lost.

The rest of the season isn't very interesting. They just set up and tear down. Dubuque, Clinton, Cedar Rapids, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Marshalltown, Boone, Carroll, Council Bluffs, and Omaha. An enthusiastic reception there; Cody had many friends in Omaha. On into Nebraska, and home to North Platte for Sunday, October 11th, and a show Monday the 12th. Then on to Hastings, Lincoln, Beatrice, St. Joe, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Missouri. Topeka, Fort Scott, Kansas. Sedalia, Missouri, and then Moberly, "Home Sweet Home", Saturday, October 24, 1896.

Looking back over the season, we find only five shows missed out of one hundred sixty-two days out. Two fatalities in the company, and many minor to moderately severe injuries, mostly because of the "low bridge" and low mentality of a driver. Fourteen of the towns they made had no street cars, and four had horse or mule cars.

Probably the hard luck guy of the season was rough rider Charles Higley. He joined in Chicago, you may remember, having been absent since the '93 season. He was dumped twice in Chicago, and once in Detroit, which is twice more than any of the others.

They had no particular trouble with local authorities, which speaks well for the advance, the special agent's staff, and discipline among the personnel. They had on an average of six hundred twenty-five to six hundred fifty men and women to feed three times a day. Of course, the sleeping quarters of canvas men, razorbacks, teamsters, hostlers, roustabouts, were not in the sleeping cars.

The high-lights of the show were of course, Annie Oakley, Johnnie Baker and the Colonel. The American cowboy probably got the most applause; the Cossacks were probably the most spectacular riders, with the Riffs a very close second. The Mexican contingent were easily better with a riata. Annie Oakley and Johnnie Baker had the arena all to themselves, except for necessary assistants. The Colonel's act, powdering glass balls, was the main event, near the close of the show. The Indian tossing the balls into the air loped ahead of the Colonel, and both horses seemed to be actually in step, with an easy rocking chair gait. It wasn't often the Colonel missed a shot in those days.

Gleaned from comment about the show, was one small town editor saying that it was too bad they didn't have anyone to play the calliopes. He didn't know they were electric light "wagons."

With the procession of hunts, rescues, hold-ups, in the show, the armorer had an important job. Thousands of rounds were used up in a season, and it must have been a lucrative business for somebody. The guns were not furnished, but were the property of the individual.

THE CODY SHOW

I attach hereto the order of parade, and the programme. Very seldom was there any alteration of the set order.

This year, 1896, has been just one of many, and I have told its story as typical of the life of a traveling show. It was truly more than just a show, because it brought to the thickly settled parts of the nation the workaday tasks of the Westerner, where the covered wagon still rolled toward the setting sun, the cattleman still hunted rustlers and the Indian was often rumored about to leave the reservation. Yes, the West was still Wild in 1896.

I don't believe that any more than the usual amount of guff was fed to the public in the advertising. It is entirely possible that the American Cavalry was composed of men who had served in the Seventh; that was just good showmanship since everybody remembered the Seventh at the Little Big Horn. You know, those Budweiser pictures of Custer's Last Stand occupied a very prominent place in every saloon. The Cossacks, Riffs, Gauchos, Mexicans were not synthetic. The European cavalrymen were doubtless discharged soldiers; I have been unable to prove or disprove their authenticity. Military service was compulsory in Europe then, and it would not be too hard to pick up some ex-sergeant and enough cavalrymen to make a troop.

The cowboys were genuine, gleaned from the cattle states, all the way from Texas to Montana, back, forth and across. The Indians were Sioux from Pine Ridge. Annie Oakley and Johnnie Baker were much better than average marksmen. The shooting had to be with a scatter gun, and even then accidents sometimes resulted.

The stage coach used as a part of the show was the real McCoy. An extensive repair department assured the serviceability of the equipment, and the blacksmith, saddler, harness makers, etc. had plenty to do.

Aside from the ballyhoo of any traveling show, the Cody show presented authentic and genuine actors, doing their everyday job. This is not a critical appraisal of the show, just an explanation. No one ever had to apologize for the Wild West.

ORDER OF PARADE

1. Harry Gray, Leader of Parade
2. Col. W. F. Cody, in Carriage
3. Band of Indians
4. Band Wagon No. 1—Cowboy Band
5. Band of Indians
6. German Soldiers
7. Electric Light Engine No. 1—Buffalo Bill
8. American Cowboys
9. Arabs
10. Indians
11. Miss Annie Oakley and Johnnie Baker

12. French Soldiers
13. Mexicans
14. Indians
15. Irish Lancers
16. Band Wagon No. 2—Annex Band
17. Indians
18. Cossacks
19. Indians
20. Gauchos
21. Deadwood Mail Coach
22. Cowboys
23. American Soldiers
24. Electric Light Engine No. 2—Nate Salsbury

PROGRAMME

OVERTURE — *The Star Spangled Banner* — Cowboy Band

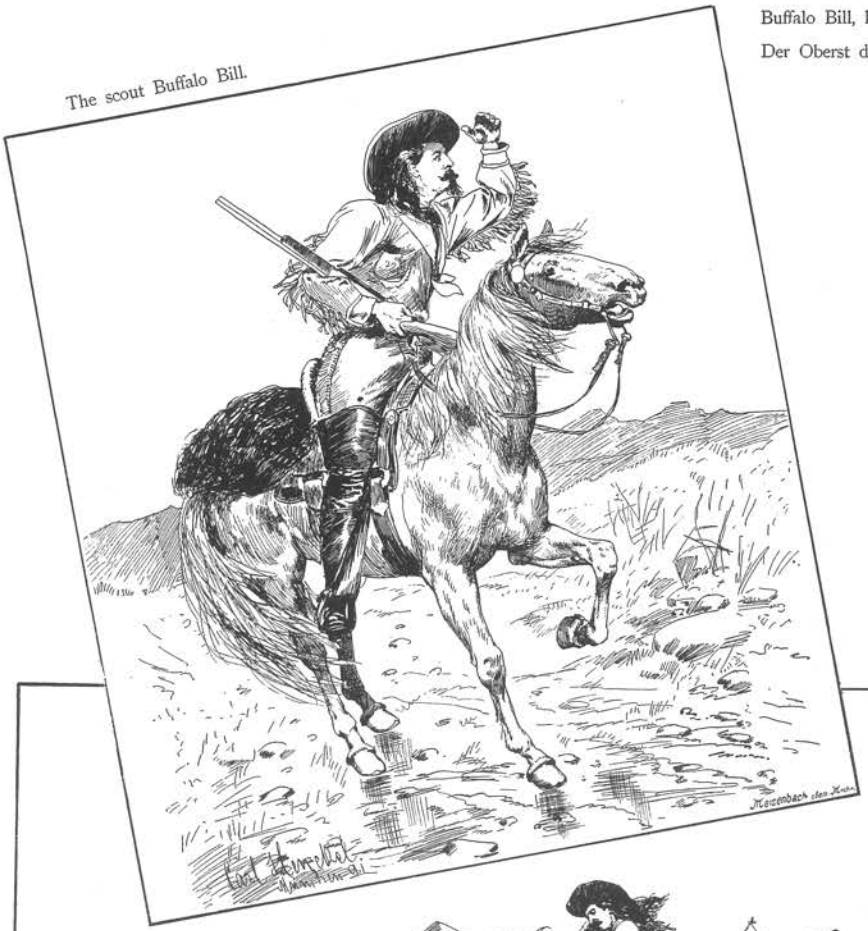
1. Grand Review
2. Miss Annie Oakley
3. Horse Race—all classes of horsemen represented
4. Pony Express
5. Indian Attack of Prairie Emigrant Train—Rescue by Buffalo Bill
6. Riffian Arabian Horsemen
7. Johnnie Baker
8. Cossacks
9. Mexicans
10. Hurdle Race
11. Cowboy Fun
12. Military Musical Drill—Seventh Cavalry, and other military
13. Indian attack of Deadwood Mail Coach
14. Indian bare-back racing
15. Rough Riders of the World
16. Wm. F. Cody—sharpshooting at full speed
17. Buffalo Hunt
18. Attack of settler's cabin—rescue by Buffalo Bill
19. Salute—conclusion

(Followed as usual by the concert.)

The scout Buffalo Bill.

Buffalo Bill, le chef des éclaireurs.

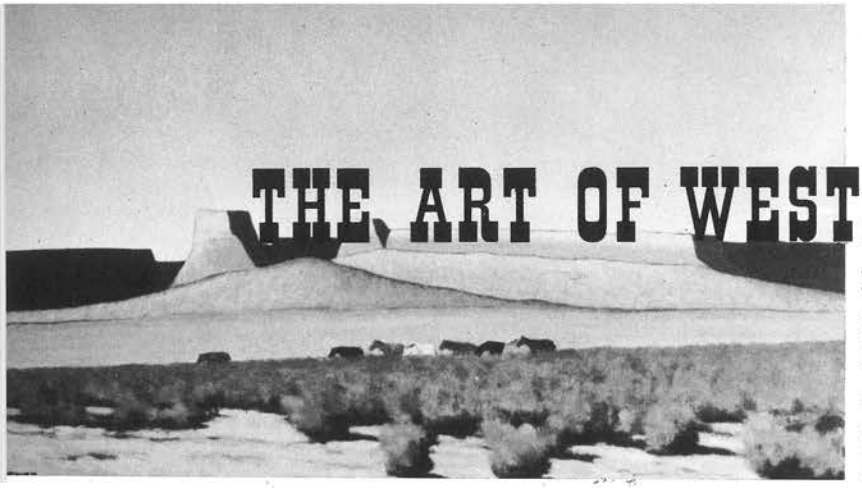
Der Oberst der Kundschafter Buffalo Bill.



Buffalo chase.

PRINTED IN BAVARIA.

Chasse aux buffles. — Büffeljagd.



THE ART OF WESTERN AMERICA

By DON LOUIS PERCEVAL

HOW FUTILE THE LEANING TOWARD Europe of the American artist of yesterday, for all he got from the Salons of Paris was warmed-over pottage which, however palatable, was not his native fare. How often did he bewail the lack of tradition and suitable subject-matter on the, newly colonized, American continent. Yet subject-matter there was, thousands of miles of it, and tradition—who knows in what dim cave the Art of America began?

The Cliffdweller and Basketmaker left relics for us to find and wonder at, but what of the primitive people from whom they took the land? Were they not artists, for all our lack of knowledge of them? Who has seen the old painted robes of the Plains or the pictographs and pottery of the Southwest without admitting that the American Indian was an artist hundreds of years ago, as he is today?

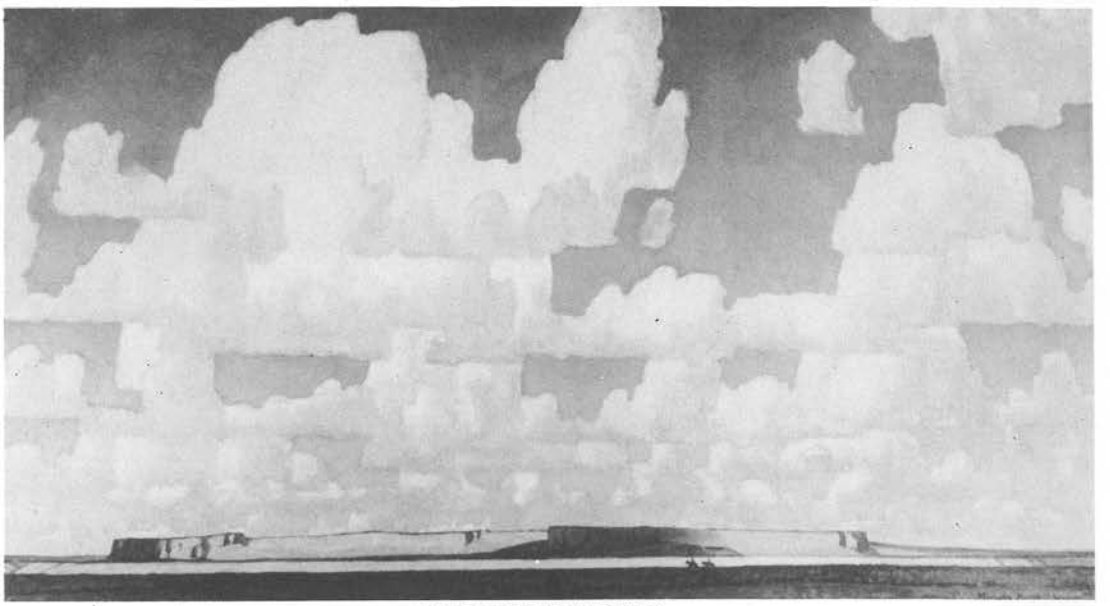
From the early settlements on the Eastern seaboard the tide of exploration and colonization flowed westward and the Indian continued to paint and be painted. St. Memin painted their portraits in the late eighteenth century and George Catlin in the early nineteenth while J. J. Audubon recorded the birdlife. The West was opening up and the artists were recording that opening—Rindisbacher, Bodmer, and Wimar painted the Indian and the frontier period as did Jules Tavernier and William Carey. Charles Christian Nahl was first to paint the '49ers in California and George Caleb Bingham the pioneers, soon followed by De Francheville Narjot, Amedee Joullin, Frederic Remington and Charles Schreyvogel.

More and more painters found their heart's desire in the peaks of the Sierras or the Canyon of the Colorado—William Keith, Thomas Moran, Thomas Hill followed by Sidney Yard, Charles Rollo Peters, Francis McComas, Henry Joseph Breuer and Fernand Lungren. Artists settled in the West instead of visiting it and Taos drew a goodly share. Bert Phillips and Ernest Blumenschein fell under its spell. Berninghaus, Higgins, Couse, Sharp and Ufer soon followed and the West was no longer a large expanse of nothing populated by hostile Indians. It was Subject-matter and the Indians were models.

As the twentieth century advanced Charlie Russell was painting the West as he knew it in Montana, Edward Borein was etching it in California and the Taos group painted New Mexico. Frank Tenney Johnson ranged from Colorado to Wyoming and Maynard Dixon from California to the Rio Grande and from Nevada to the Green. Carl Oscar Borg painted from the Pacific to the Hopi mesas and the desert succumbed to Jimmy Swinnerton, Buck Weaver and Vic Forsythe with Edgar Payne carrying on, where Keith had started, in the High Sierras.

ART OF WESTERN AMERICA

Tradition — there is plenty of it, Subject-matter is endless—the West has a School of painters and the West is still developing. More to be painted, more to be recorded, more Western painters needed to take up the palette as it falls from the hands of those who go to the happy hunting grounds, leaving behind them rich paintings and—Tradition.

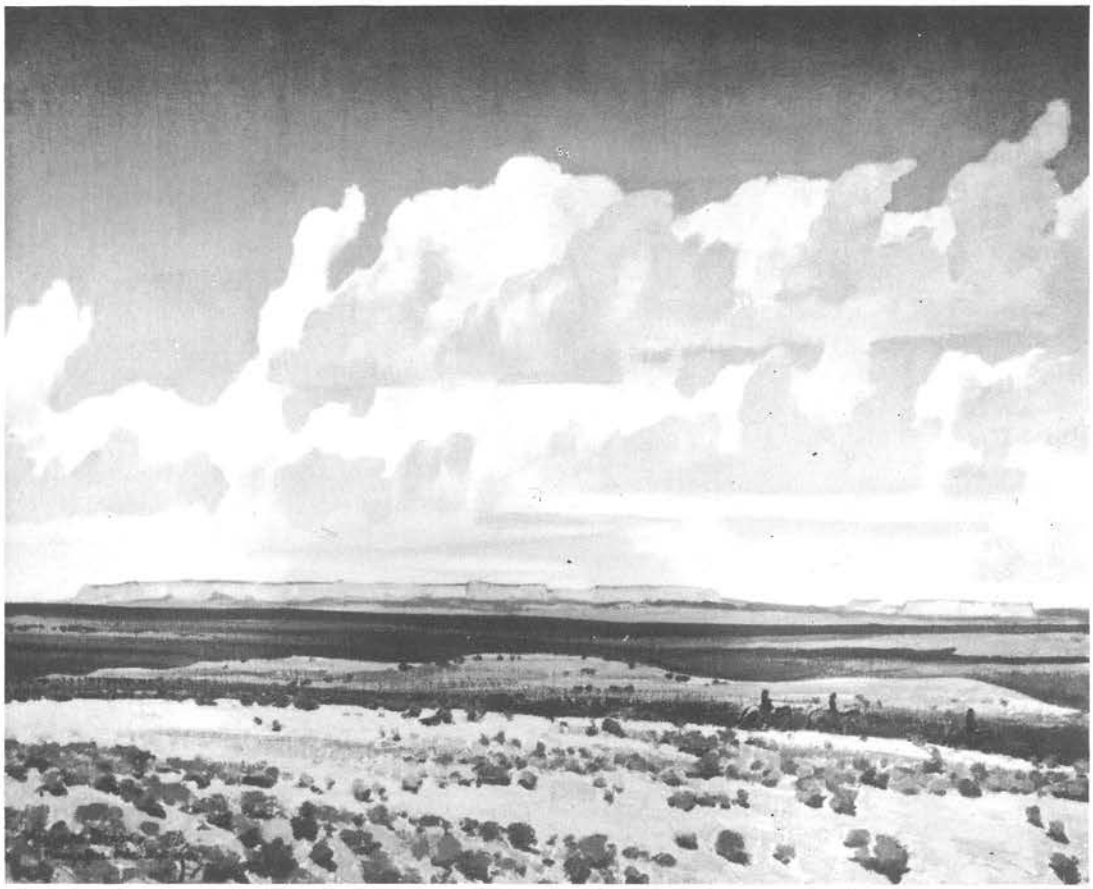


THE CLOUD WORLD

MAYNARD DIXON

(1875-1946) One of the few Californian artists of his period who was also a native Californian, Maynard Dixon was born in Fresno and raised in the broad valley of the San Joaquin. His early appreciation of that vast landscape and his knowledge, coupled with respect, of the lore and elements of nature were to play no small part in his subsequent painting career. A man of Virginian parentage, whose ancestors had fought in both the American Revolution and in the War between the States, whose family had left the South during the post-war ferment and settled in California. Moulded, both physically and mentally, by this purely American background Maynard Dixon painted with the freedom and insight of those who know the land and are part of it.

Starting his career as a newspaper and magazine illustrator, Maynard Dixon used all his earnings in roaming the Western States sketching, observing and learning. No landscape was too vast and awe-inspiring for him to tackle, no detail of saddle, rock or brush too small to be missed by his outdoors-man's eyes. Maynard Dixon made the West his own and, unhampered by theories and traditions of Europe and the East, based his painting on the elements and characteristics of the country itself.



TOWARD KAIBITO

Few men have been so well equipped to portray the grandeur of the Western landscape or to interpret the inmost feelings of those who dwell on its vast surface, for few men have been able to look so far beyond that surface without losing their sense of humor and going clear over to mysticism. That trace of mysticism, however, enabled him to understand the primitive in the Indian without being sentimental, the elemental forces of nature without being melodramatic and, balanced by ready humor and caustic wit, it was that which enabled him to put on canvas, not only a vast landscape but, something of the feeling you get in the pit of your stomach, something of the way the hair rises on the back of your neck when you see a vast landscape. Something primitive.

Maynard Dixon's knowledge of color and sense of decoration contributed greatly to his strongly painted pictures of the deserts and mesa lands of the West but were never allowed to overshadow the truth, which, to him, was far more important than fashionable art. "To make art a la mode is to reduce it to the level of millinery," was one of his great sayings.

TAOS INDIAN

Other remarks are typical of the man, such as "Some people get so smart they can't understand a man who just tells the plain truth," "Every time a feller gets a little bit of truth and starts to shout about it, somebody tries to gag him with a dollar," "A sure-enough square deal don't leave much room for profit," and "The justice you owe others is the same justice you owe yourself."

Perhaps I am describing too great a being, but I think not for I am not alone in feeling that here was a fine painter and a fine man whose "Get in and do it, son, get in and do it" played no small part in my subsequent career. Whatever Maynard Dixon did he did with an honesty and forthrightness that was part of his great character. Courage to paint and live as he pleased, courage to paint with pain in his body and a twinkle in his eyes, courage to paint till he died.

That he is remembered I know, for I have seen men place a little prayer of a juniper twig, Navajo fashion, in a cleft in the rock near where he lies.

OMINOUS CLOUD FORMS

This Sioux warrior has discovered in the sky some cloud forms which take on the shape of mounted warriors in battle, and to him portends coming strife, but should the expected trouble not materialize he will probably consider the apparition but a vision of departed braves in their happy hunting ground.

FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON, N.A.

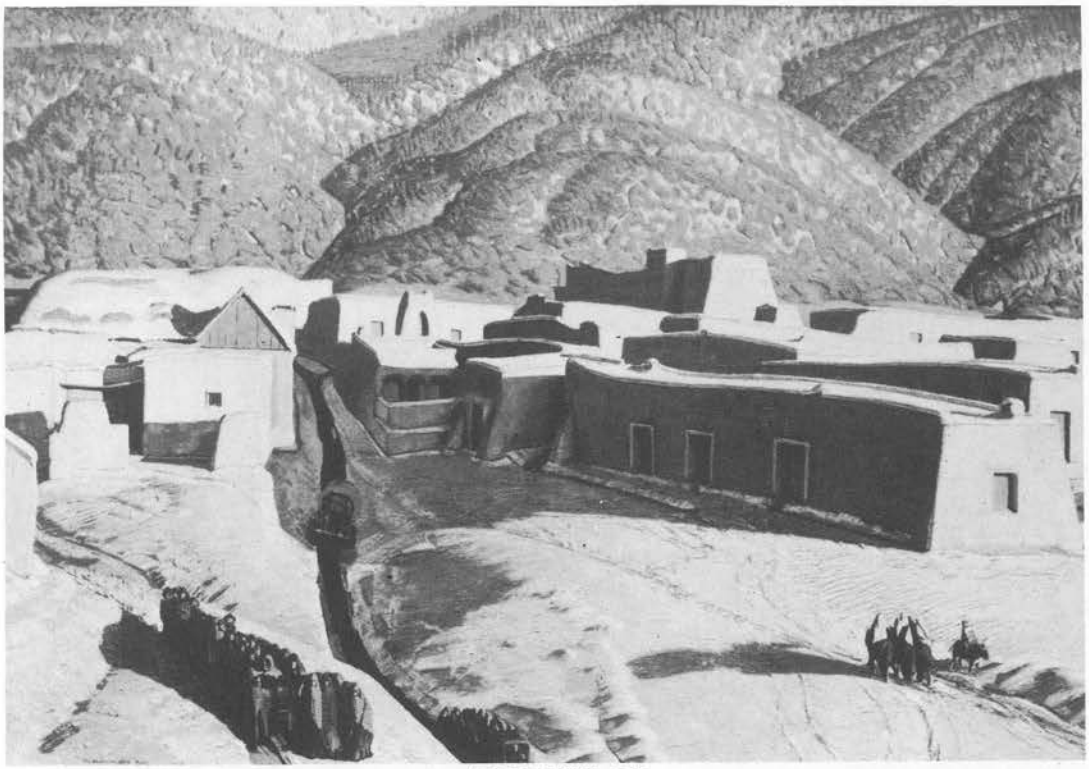
(1874-1939) The story of the fulfillment of a boy's ambition is the life-story of Frank Tenney Johnson. Born in Big Grove, Iowa (later called Oakland and just over twenty-five miles from Council Bluffs, Iowa), young Tenney Johnson grew up beside the Overland Trail of the '80's, sketched the wagons and cattle and fired by the stories he heard of the country farther west he longed to go there and record it all on canvas. First apprenticed to a panorama painter in Milwaukee, then a student at the Art Students' League, and later when a newspaper and fashion artist, he never forgot his ambition to paint the West, till finally he was financially able to head for the Lazy Seven outfit in Colorado. From that time onwards his richly painted canvases of the cow country, the Indians and the moonlit Western town slowly gained for him his election to the National Academy and his high place among the painters of the West.

SOMEWHERE ON THE RANGE IN WYOMING

The picture reproduced above, unnamed and unfinished, still stands on Frank Tenney Johnson's easel where he was working on it until just before his death in 1939. The Palomino was his own, the subject his favorite, the moonlit Wyoming range. Among the saddles, buffalo skulls and Indian relics in his studio are a fine collection of oil sketches which give, far more than his finished canvases, an appreciation of an artist's way of working. Carefully drawn and strongly laid-in, he built up his effects over powerfully colored underpainting; the use of straight crimson to give warmth and depth in the shadows is most noticeable.

Frank Tenney Johnson's work has, for some years, been second only to that of Charles M. Russell in maintaining high prices, generally from four to ten thousand dollars.

While many painters of the West were carried away by its action, its drama and its high coloring, Frank Tenney Johnson confined himself, mainly, to more peaceful canvases of the moonlit bedding ground, the trading post and cantina. Action was there when he wanted it but it is for his unsurpassed nocturnes of the West that he is remembered.



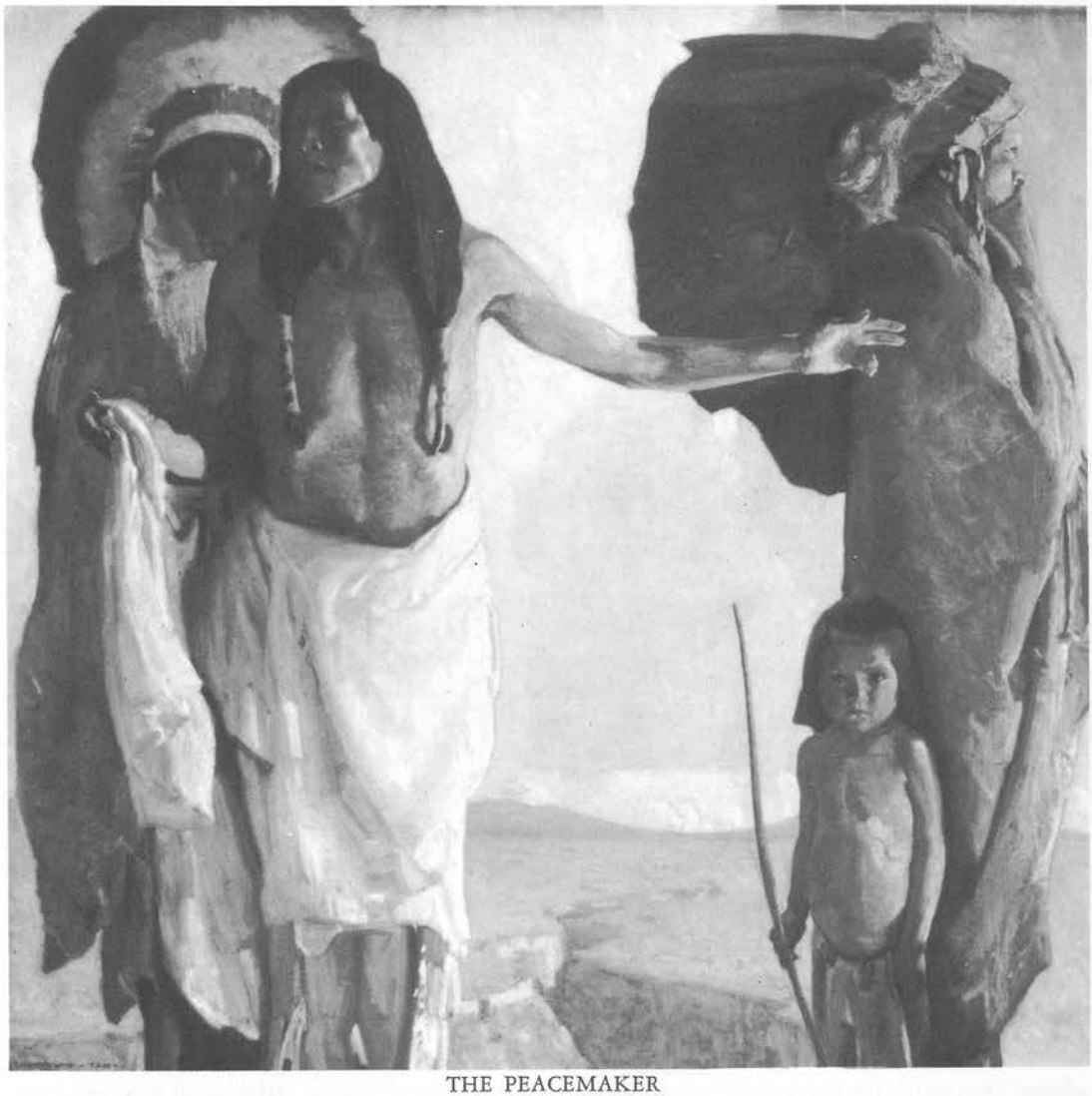
ADOBE VILLAGE

ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN, N.A.

A Western artist of exceptional quality, thought by many to be one of the foremost painters in the United States if not the foremost.

Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1874, Ernest Leonard Blumenschein studied at the Cincinnati Museum Association, the Art Students' League, New York, and at the Academie Julien in Paris.

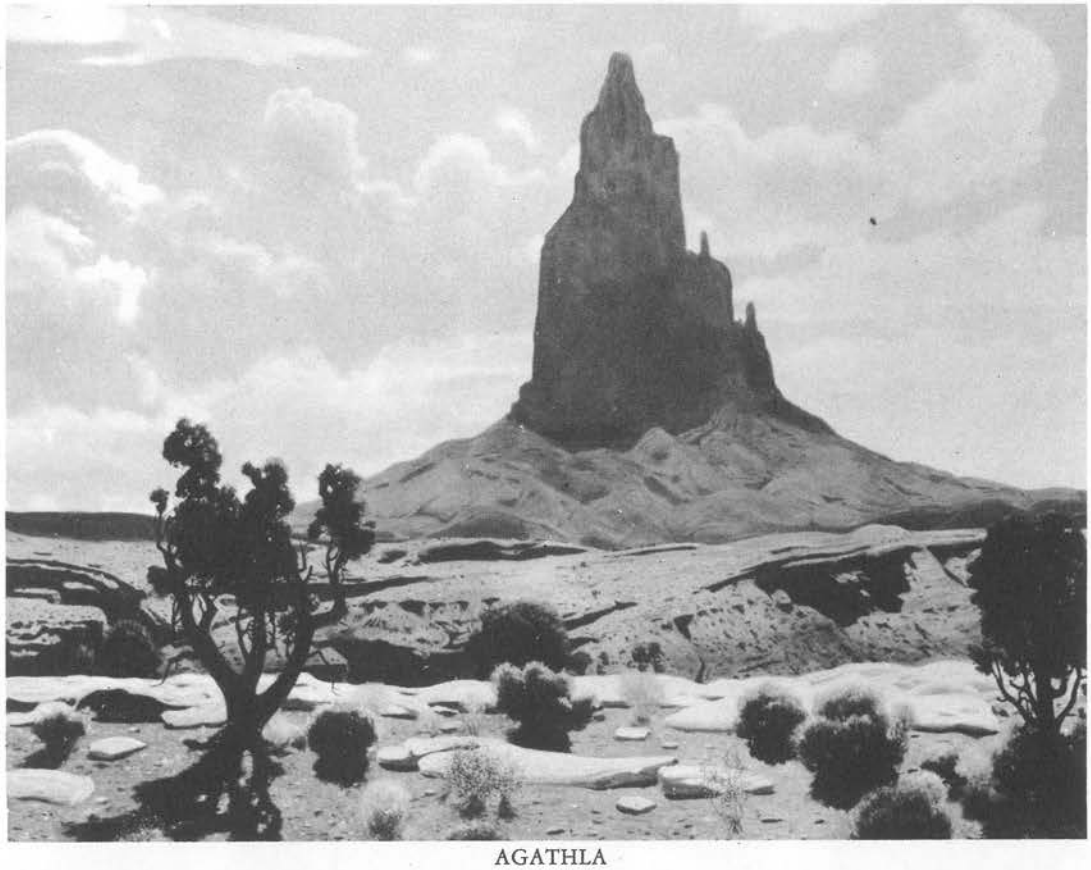
Over forty years ago Ernest Blumenschein and Bert Phillips drove their wagon into Taos, New Mexico, the first of many artists to decide that there was the ideal place for both painting and living. Painting the Pueblo Indians and adobe buildings of New Mexico with masterful handling of color and design, Blumenschein richly deserves his place in the National Academy and in the estimation of the world. A list of the awards his work has won, from 1910 to 1946, would fill the page, while the collections, Museums and Galleries in which he is represented would fill another. But a few should be mentioned such as: The National Gallery; The Smithsonian Institution; The Metropolitan Museum of Art and The Museum of Modern Art, New York City.



THE PEACEMAKER

The dignity of the Indians in Blumenschein's paintings can best be expressed by quoting from Eugen Neuhaus' "*The History and Ideals of American Art*" in which he says, "Blumenschein's canvases give you the feeling of the importance of the Indian; they do not appeal to your pity or your curiosity. His work is a tribute to a race so much maligned in story and picture. His sense of color is rich, and it combines the academic quality of the Paris atelier with the qualities identified with out-of-door harmonies."

"*Adobe Village*" and "*The Peacemaker*" are typical of the two phases of Blumenschein's work, one the decoratively handled New Mexico landscape full of bright winter sunshine and the other the dignified grouping of Indian figures, the broad decoration and the underlying current of the mythology of a race only half understood.



AGATHLA

JAMES SWINNERTON

James Guilford Swinnerton, "Jimmy" Swinnerton to all who know him and thousands who don't, is, perhaps, the most popular painter of the desert landscape in the country today. Born in Eureka, California, in 1875 he was to become yet another native son of that State destined to be a nationally known painter. In 1892 he joined the staff of the San Francisco Examiner where, it is said, he originated what was later called the "comic strip" and continues to this day his association with the Hearst Press. His "Kiddies of the Canyon Country" in Good Housekeeping Magazine in the twenties were a joy to young and old alike.

Early in life Jimmy Swinnerton was fascinated by the beauty of the desert country of California and Arizona, the mystery of Betatakin and Kitseel, the grandeur of Monument Valley, and has painted them all with a fidelity to nature and wealth of observation that place his work in the forefront of the desert painters of today. Jimmy's canvases are never works of imagination but are taken direct from nature. He will break every rule of painting but never a law of nature. "If the Good Lord put it that way, that is good enough for me," is his creed and he lives up to it. It seems to work pretty well because the world likes his pictures and to know Jimmy is to like him too.

HOPI DANCERS

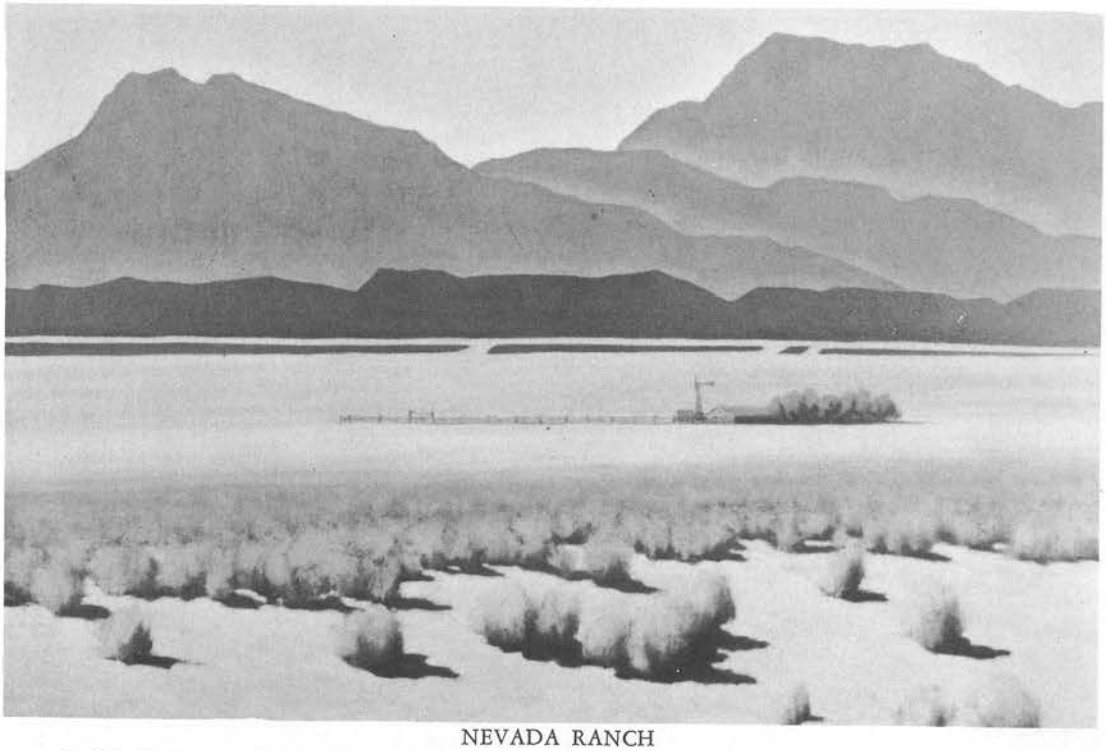
CARL OSCAR BORG (1879-1947) Born in Sweden, Borg, like so many men of Scandinavian blood, followed the calling of the sea and, while serving as a merchant seaman, came to the Port of San Francisco in 1904. What he saw in California quickened his natural desire to paint and he decided to stay and try his luck with it. That luck held good for his early efforts attracted the attention of Mrs. P. B. Hearst, whose generosity enabled him to visit the Galleries and art centres of Europe and America, widening his knowledge and appreciation of painting.

Equally talented with oil or watercolor, etching or woodblock, Carl Oscar Borg chose his subjects from the landscapes of California and Arizona, the pueblos of the Hopi and the hogans of the Navajo. Although entirely self-taught, his handling of Indian portraits in dry-point and block-print is masterly, having not only complete control of his medium but deep insight into the character and feelings of his models.

DESERT STORM

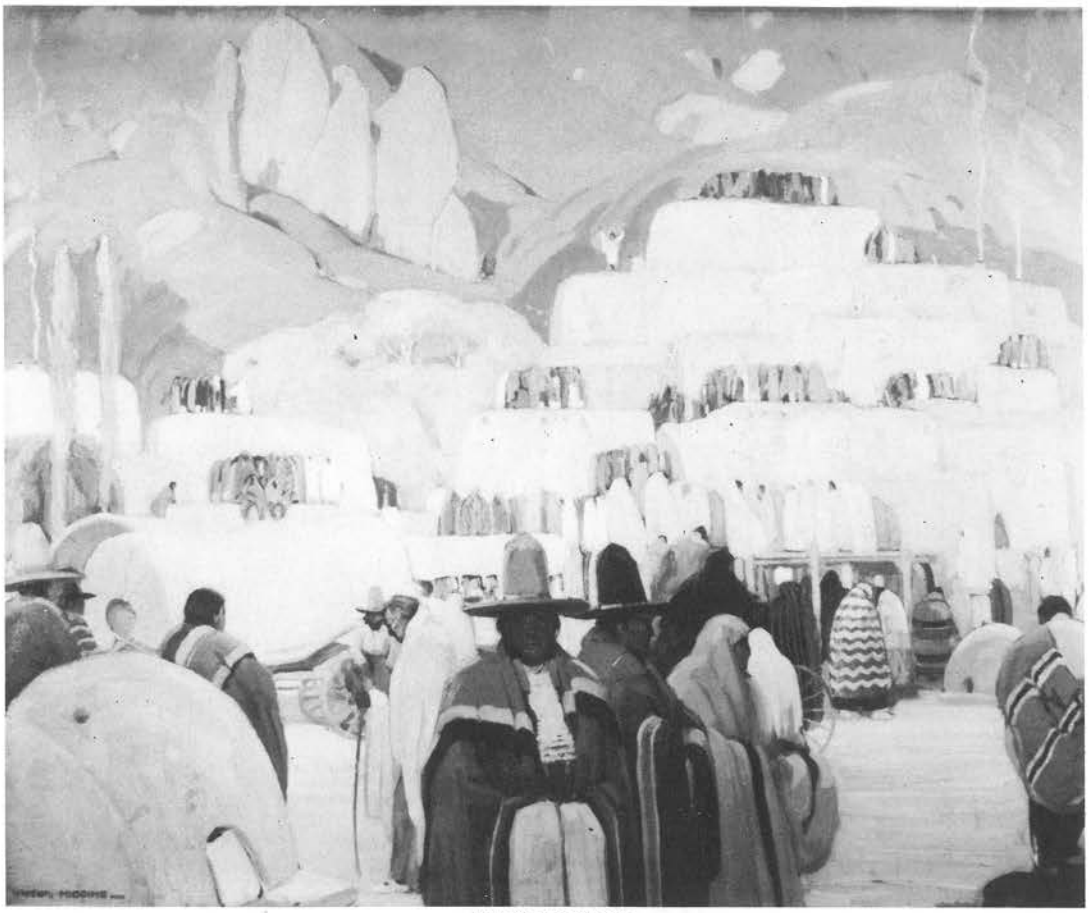
BUCK WEAVER

Born in England in 1888, Buck ran away from home in boyhood, going first to France, where he became an apprentice jockey, and then, when disillusioned of the romance of the turf, to America. Working his way west, the early years of this century found him in Arizona, where the Hashknife still ran cattle up to the Little Colorado and cut hay where is now the Painted Desert. Arizona was still a Territory and was wide open; many of its citizens were preparing it to become the great State it is today, while many others had entered it two jumps ahead of a sheriff from farther east. Buck Weaver worked in the cowcamps and the towns, as cowhand, teamster or Deputy Sheriff or just plain drifted seeing the country. In 1916 he drove a team deep into the Navajo country and with Tobe Turpen established the trading post at Kaibito, spent several years trading with the Navajo, learning their country and their language. The desire to paint the wonderful country around him brought him to San Francisco, where Maynard Dixon was teaching in the twenties. First as a student then as a friend the association between these two men became a lifelong friendship of mutual benefit. Much of Buck's knowledge of painting came from Maynard Dixon, while Dixon had, in Buck, a trusted assistant on many of his great murals.



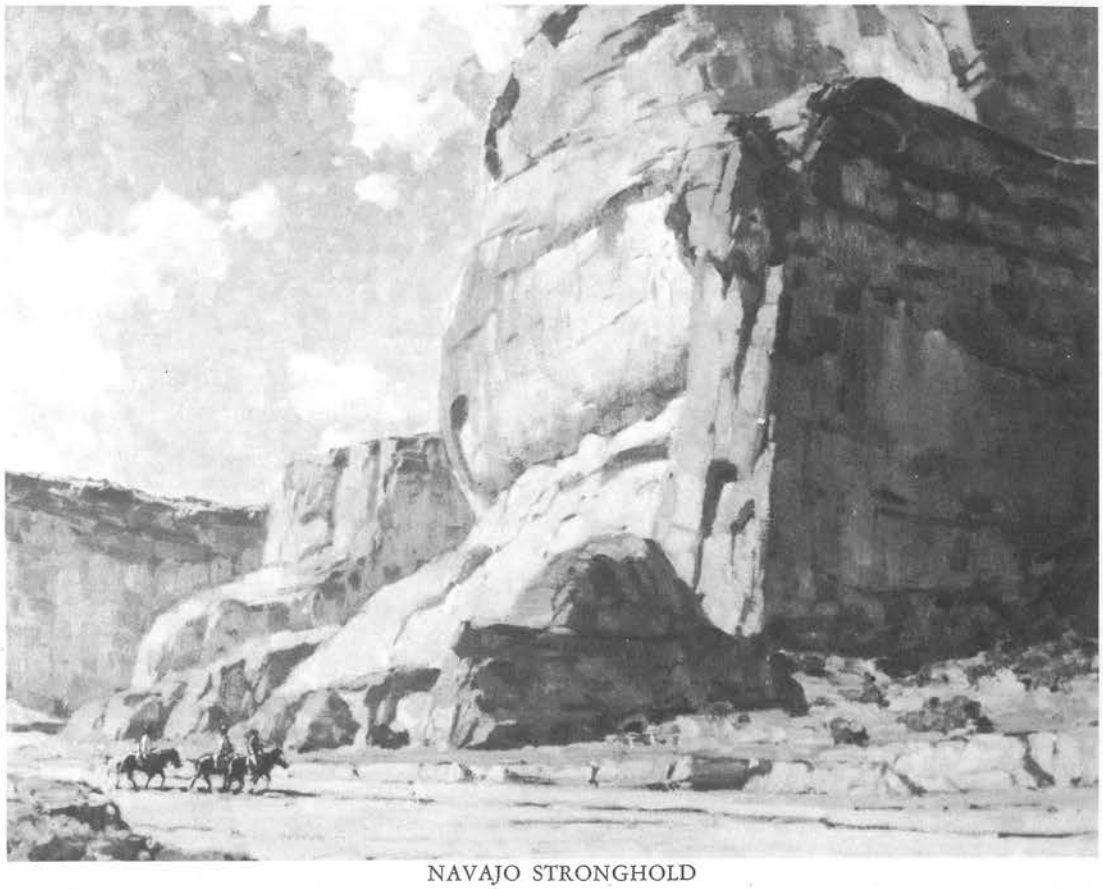
NEVADA RANCH

I think I may fairly claim to know as much about Buck Weaver and his work as anybody, having known him for some twenty-five years and sketching with him received the benefit of his experience together with his reiteration of Maynard Dixon's teachings. Buck Weaver's canvases are simple, truthful statements of his knowledge of the Western Landscape. To him truth must form the basis of landscape study where the elements that surround it and the elements that created it are far more important than the purely pictorial representation of the landscape itself. A mountain is only the product of past upheaval and erosion and in order to portray a mountain, no matter how decoratively, an artist should understand and appreciate that upheaval and erosion as well as the effect of light, atmosphere and weather on the mountain, etc., etc. After that side has been fully dealt with, there comes the composition, the careful study of the balance of one mass with another, one space with another, till it finally comes down to the study of the shape and design of each line before the picture is ready for painting. The color is chosen with care, seldom more than four or five tubes are used in one picture, and seldom is a color used without small quantities of the other colors being mixed with it. Something of the sky goes into the ground, something of the ground is reflected in the clouds, the earth color shows through the sky reflection in the shadows of the brush just as the brush picks up some of the color of the earth. Slowly and painstakingly, after weeks and sometimes months, the picture is completed, a harmony of design and color based on the undeniable laws of nature.



TAOS PUEBLO

VICTOR HIGGINS, N.A. (1884-1949) Born in Shelbyville, Indiana, Victor Higgins studied at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, the Chicago Art Institute, the Grande Chaunière in Paris and with Robert Henri. Early in his career he went to Taos, New Mexico, and became one of the famous Taos group of seven with Oscar Berninghaus, Ernest Blumenschein, Irving Couse, Bert Phillips, Joseph Henry Sharp and Walter Ufer, who all won fame for their paintings of the Indians and the Southwest. Victor Higgins' work gained him well-deserved success. Always boldly composed and painted it relied, mainly, on simplified masses and contrasting colors skillfully woven into simple design. His larger canvases were nearly all of Indian subject matter in the high keyed colors beloved of the Indians of Taos, while his small landscapes, for which he is equally well known, show a great sense of decoration, a distinctive choice of color and, particularly, his many, and sometimes unconventional, methods of handling paint.



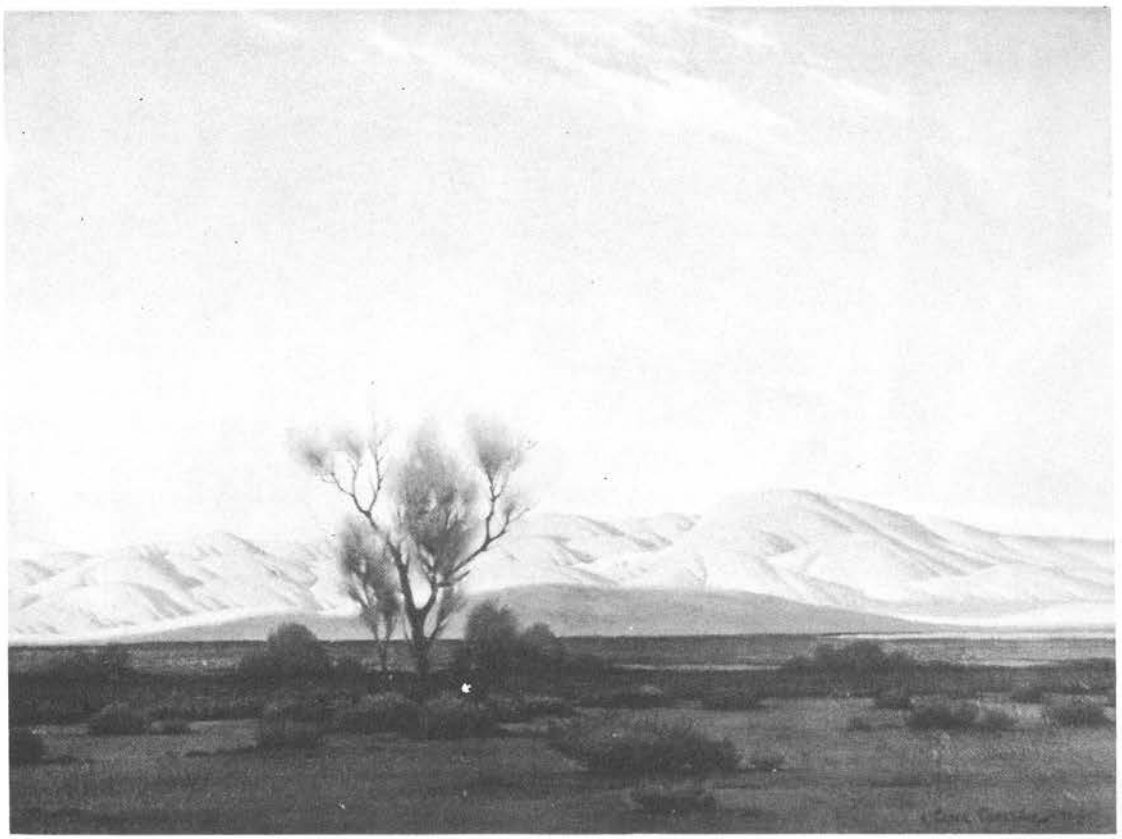
NAVAJO STRONGHOLD

EDGAR ALWIN PAYNE **(1896-1945)** In including Edgar Payne among Western painters, which I certainly must do because of his quantities of pictures of the Navajo country and the High Sierras, I am including a truly international painter. A painter of breathtaking boldness, of enormous productivity and, above all, a tortured and restless soul, whose whole career was spent in pacing the world. Driven by his restlessness and by an equal craving to paint, his canvases are legion and his subjects seldom pastoral. Mountains, the higher and more unattainable the better, the sea and boats, the very symbols of restless motion. He painted the peaks of the Sierras, the Alps, the mountains of Mexico and France, the Matterhorn, the Wellhorn and the Wetterhorn, "Sierra Crags," "Solitude's Enchantment" and "Rugged Slopes and Tamaracks." He painted the rocky coast of California, of Brittany and the Adriatic, the fishing boats of Concarneau and Chioggia, "Outward Bound" and "East Wind," never still and never satisfied.

Born in Washburn, Missouri, Payne left home at the age of fourteen to start his roaming, studied a short while at the Chicago Art Institute, but found the wide world more to his liking.

INDIAN IN CORNFIELD

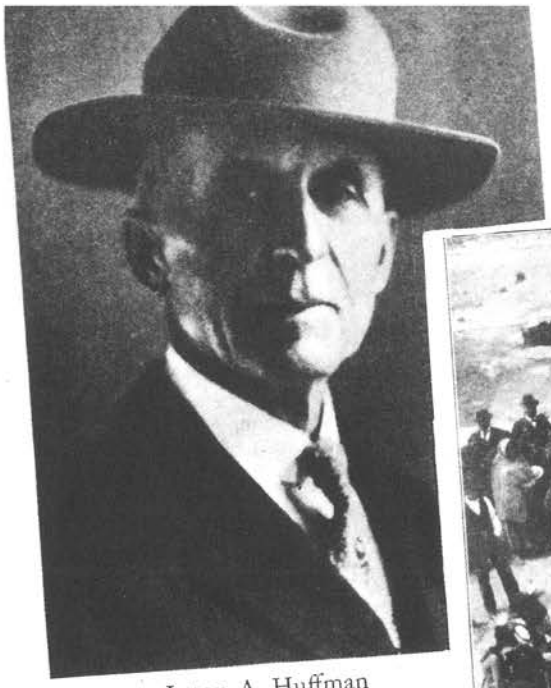
WALTER UFER, N.A. (1876-1936) Another story of the barefoot boy who finally won international fame as a painter is that of Walter Ufer. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, there was little about his early life to launch him into an artistic career until his school teacher, appreciating his exceptional talent, encouraged him to become an artist. Having to work for a living at an early age, Art school was out of the question until a lithographer, who had left Louisville and returned to Germany, offered to apprentice young Ufer in his lithographing business in Hamburg with the chance of studying at night in the Applied Art School in that city. From there to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Dresden, the J. Francis Smith School in Chicago and the Academie Julien in Paris went Walter Ufer, finally coming to rest in Taos, New Mexico, where he painted the Pueblo Indians with a sincerity, soundness and beauty of design that soon brought him recognition. Based on deliberate draughtsmanship, Walter Ufer's canvases are made up of the play of light and shade on quantities of detail so skillfully handled that everything takes its appointed place in the allover pattern.



AT SUNDOWN

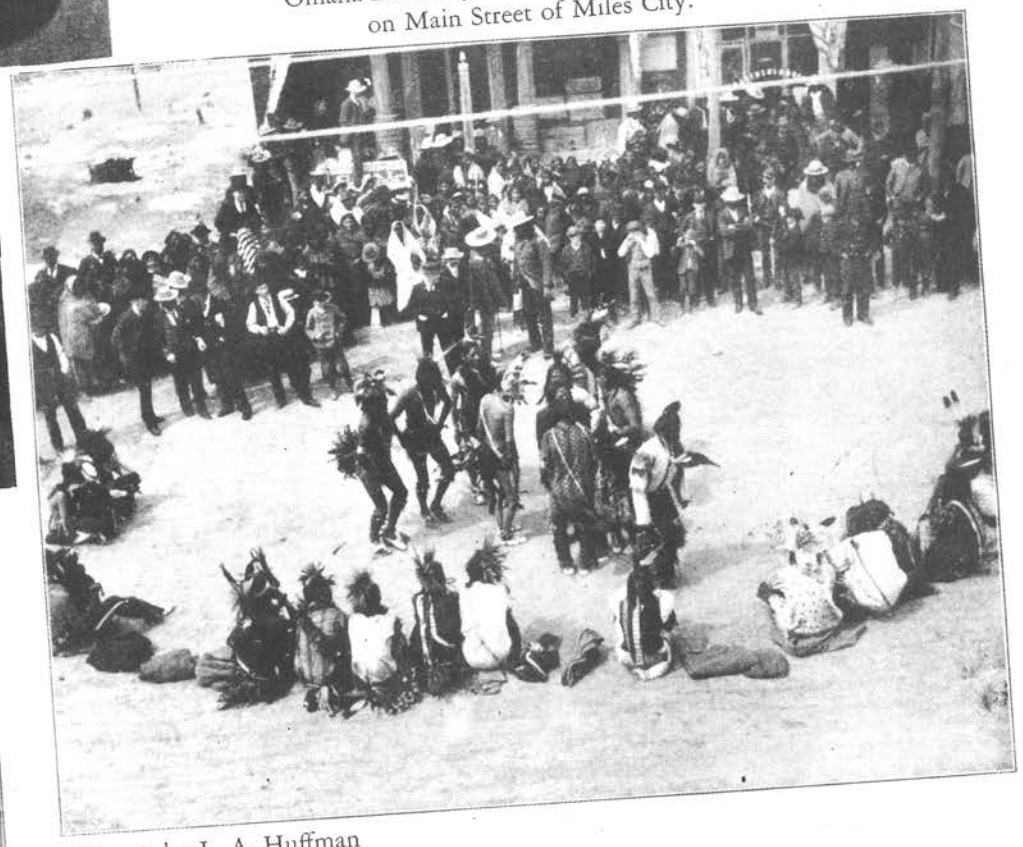
VICTOR CLYDE FORSYTHE Another Californian painter who is making a name for himself by painting the deserts of his native State, Clyde Forsythe was born in Orange, California, in the summer of 1885. Studying both in California and at the Art Students' League in New York, he has worked under such men as L. E. Garden Macloed, Frank Vincent Du Mond, Harvey Dunn, Howard Giles and Emil Bistran. In 1920, after a very full life in the New York newspaper and magazine world, he returned to California to paint and, working in Frank Tenney Johnson's studio in Alhambra, is fast gaining for himself a very enviable reputation. Recently I saw a number of his latest canvases, mostly from around Death Valley and the Panamints, and thought that he is really getting into his stride. A bit more decorative than his earlier work and relying mainly on bold masses of good desert coloring, Clyde Forsythe's canvases will, I am sure, become more and more popular with those who like a good chunk of desert in their homes.

NOTE—See page 255 for special listing of Artists who painted Indians or Western scenes.



Laton A. Huffman

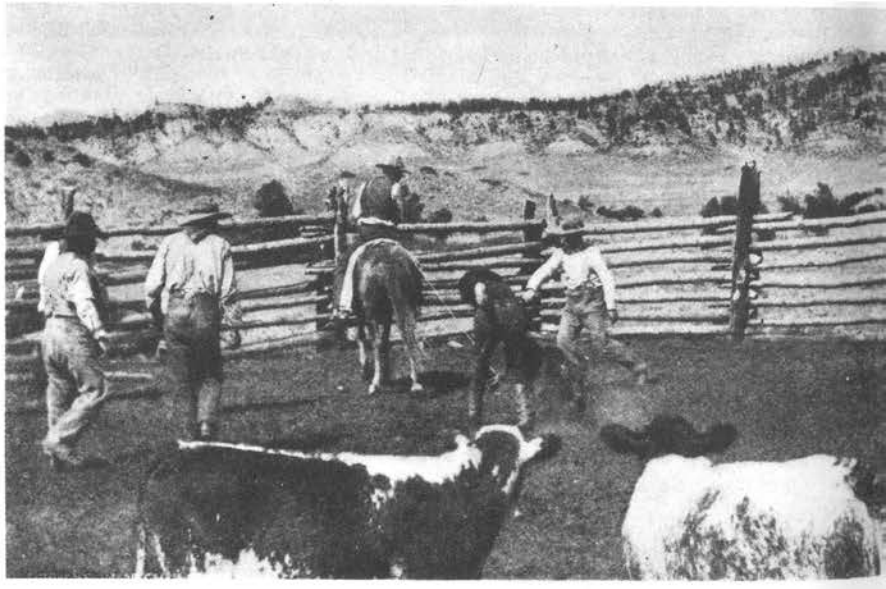
Omaha Dance by Northern Cheyenne Braves
on Main Street of Miles City.

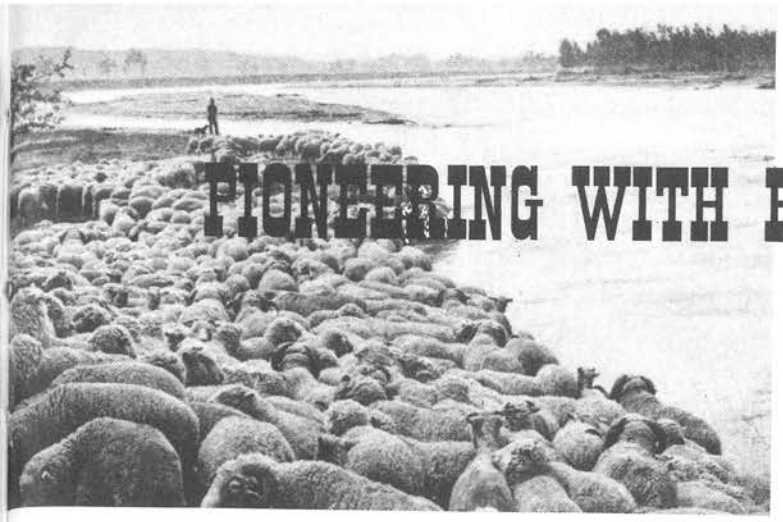


Photos by L. A. Huffman

Buffalo Hump

Branding calves





PIONEERING WITH PINHOLE CAMERA

By THOMAS M. WOOD

THERE IS HARDLY AN AMERICAN ABOVE age ten to whom the words "Custer's Last Stand" do not bring before the mind's eye a picture of a heroic little band of some 200-odd U. S. cavalrymen surrounded by a swirling two or more thousand savage Plains Indians. Though accounts have varied,—we think of these men, dismounted and crouched in close formation at the top of the last hill that any of them are ever to climb; a yellow-haired Custer standing erect with saber and pistol, commanding his tapered ranks to do the one thing they could do—shoot it out to the last impulse of the last trigger finger.

The ethics involved in this tragic scene, the matter of why the Indians and Whites were at war, and more immediately, the strategic implications behind Custer's having led his obedient little company headlong into that suicidal attack are far less popularly pondered than the dramatic climax of the affair itself.

No white man who was within sight of that brief and bloody engagement lived to tell the tale, but in June, 1877, one year after the fight, a soft-spoken youth in his late teens found his way along the same low range of hills which lie east of the Little Big Horn River. He traveled to a point where the bleaching bones of some four score Indian ponies and cavalry mounts told him he had reached the scene of the massacre.

As one of the first pilgrims to visit this historic site, the lad could hardly have failed to pause for a bit of emotional reflection on what had happened there, but he did not ponder long, for his status was not that of a tourist. Once sure of his bearings, the boy stepped down from his horse and proceeded to do what, 70 years ago, seemed a very strange thing: he took a photograph.

Anticlimactic as the above statement may read, we must remember that to take a photograph in 1877 one did not reach in a vest pocket for a high speed 35 millimeter camera, pre-loaded with thirty-two exposures of fine grain film. The camera used on that occasion was homemade by our hero and weighed some 50 pounds. His film was a mere rectangle of plain glass until, setting up a tent darkroom, which was carried on an accompanying pack horse, he coated the glass with a sirupy emulsion which he deftly poured from a bottle. One might hope that the trials of a pioneer photographer would end with placing this negative in the camera, but no—in those days of wet plate photography, the plate must be developed, dried, and fixed as soon as it had been exposed, a process involving the best part of an hour's time.

With all the comparative ease and comfort of our living today, one may wonder why

PIONEERING WITH this young man should go to all the bother of being a pioneer photographer. Was it not enough to have just plain been a pioneer? He could have prospected for gold, or hired out as a cowhand to any of the trail herds on the Long Drive which came up from Texas. There was also a fortune to be made among the hide hunters who tracked down and skinned out the last of the soon-to-be exterminated buffalo.

Whatever the ideology or urge may have been which brought this young photographer and his cumbersome but surprisingly effective collection of apparatus to the scene of this battle, his name, Layton Alton Huffman, is now indelibly written into the history of the winning of the West. Since his initial beginning, he gathered together and left to posterity a photographic reproduction of the untamed West of the late 19th century.

With all of Huffman's rich bequest it is hardly fair to regret that he kept no journal. Through the lensless opening in his crude camera, we and the generations to follow, may see what he saw; but had he been as enterprising and prolific with his pen as he was with his camera, a sizable volume could have been compiled on his adventurous life of picture hunting. Fortunately, the memory of this man is sufficiently fresh in and about the state of Montana, that it is by no means difficult to find old-timers still living who can enthusiastically fill in a rather well-rounded word picture of his life and times.

As his story unfolds, it is interesting to discover that Huffman's pioneering instinct was somewhat hereditary, at least insomuch as his parents were settlers in Ohio at a time when that state was about as far west as individual property lines extended. Then, in 1852, the year of Layton's birth, we find the parent Huffmans had already pulled stakes in Ohio and had gone farther west to settle on a small farm in northern Iowa.

Here on the hem of civilized America the boy spent his early youth. As the talk of his elders was less often concerned with affairs in the eastern states than with the word-of-mouth journal of events which came in sporadically from the West, it is only natural that the lad's early dreams and imaginings should have run to Indian fighting, tall mountains, and broad plains.

Like many men who have made their mark in this world, it soon became evident that young Layton did not take kindly to either farming or formal education so that when his father sold his farm and opened a photographic shop in the nearby town of Waukon the lad seemed to find a new lease on a previously not too exciting existence. Through his father's shop, Huffman learned all the then available knowledge of photography. His liking for this strange new science held his attention for a few years, but as he advanced through his early teens he became increasingly aware of that land of unmeasured horizons lying out there in the direction of sundown. Wagon trains bound west rolled slowly past him, their tail gates turned on all the uneventful security that was rapidly establishing itself around him. This restlessness increased with a not too successful attempt at going into business for himself. Then one winter's day the entire structure of his place in that Iowa community seemed to collapse around him. The culmination of an ill-fated romance

A PINHOLE CAMERA and the death of his mother left young Layton with but one reaction. He made his way to St. Paul, traveling light, especially as to money. He had twenty dollars, a homemade camera and a pitifully insufficient wardrobe. At St. Paul he boarded the Northern Pacific and rode it west to the end of its track, Bismarck, Dakota territory.

At the nearby Fort Abraham Lincoln, he learned what he could of the then rapidly concluding campaign which General Nelson A. Miles was waging against the last of the hostile Plains Indians. One item of news he found of considerably more than casual interest: The post photographer attached to General Miles' command had been relieved of duty. General Miles was at that time headquartered at Fort Keogh near the present site of Miles City, Montana.

In typical youthful eagerness to take advantage of this windfall, Huffman loaded himself and his sagging carpetbag into one of the Pioneer Star Route buckboards which carried the mail between the forts Abraham Lincoln and Keogh.

Our young man of destiny was poorly clad for winter travel under even the best of conditions. He was attempting to travel 300 miles distance non-stop in some 72 hours, pausing only for the necessary change of horses. All this, coupled with the bitterest of winter weather, meant nothing in view of the fact that, at long last, this was it. He was poised on the threshold of the land of God, the government, buffalo, Indians, and the U. S. cavalry. His mind was fired with the possibility of his being the first to record that land and its strange activities on film and paper.

It is impossible to conceive of such youthful enthusiasm as not having met with some disillusionment, but if disillusionments there were, the story of this young adventurer would indicate that they were vastly outweighed by a natural aptitude and liking for the life which Huffman found at the end of his wintry rainbow.

It would almost seem that the guardian angel in charge of his destiny had so much in store for him that he was not even to wait until the Fort Keogh end of that rainbow for his first memorable experience.

Less than half a day out from Fort Lincoln, the driver and his passenger were joined by a third, an unshaven fellow whose only luggage seemed to be a six-gun carried in a holster on his hip.

The man gave no name and, as was the custom of the land, no questions were asked, but from the secluded point at which he joined them and his attitude of no commitments, it would appear that, whatever his business may have been, his journey was prompted by an immediate desire to place a bit of distance between himself and the law.

As the Star Route buckboard jostled its three occupants along over a forbidding looking country, the only indication of there being a trail beneath it was an occasional jounce when a wheel struck an unseen rut beneath the snow.

The poorly clad and chilled-to-the-bone Huffman was less aware of his discomfort than he was of the picture which formed in his mind, a picture of himself, camera in tow,

PIONEERING WITH rolling across that bleak and beautiful Dakota plain. He was already beginning to feel himself as legitimately a part of it as the two men with whom he traveled.

The driver in the seat ahead was probably no more moved by the scene at hand than an automatic shuttle which earns its living plying back and forth over a fixed route, but the assumed bad man at Huffman's side had more in common. While he may not have been given over to any esthetic reflection at the moment, at least he was as much aware of what he was leaving behind him as Huffman was aware of that which lay ahead.

As the frozen miles rolled slowly under their little vehicle they rode in silence. Huffman had made a few attempts at friendly conversation but the grizzled old character appeared to have a vocabulary which was limited to "no," "yep," and "maybe."

By sundown the cold had become so intense that young Huffman was noticeably suffering. He was already wearing practically everything which he owned in the way of clothing. The nearest cabin was a change station some two hours ahead on the trail.

Something about the pitiful plight of the boy broke the bad man down. He had boarded the stage without luggage so he peeled off some of his gear and persuaded Huffman to wear it. Thus was the beginning of a strange friendship. Huffman never learned his real name or why he was so obviously a fugitive from justice, but his confidence in this "Silent Jim" was well established by the time they reached the change station.

Once in the warm cabin of the station keeper, Huffman was easily persuaded to lay over for the next stage and a possible break in the weather. But the thing which puzzled him long after was why he had allowed his noncommital friend to continue on to Fort Keogh, taking with him his precious camera and his few belongings.

It was a number of days later when Huffman arrived at the end of his journey. He had by then worked up considerable anxiety over the recovery of his camera and lost no time in setting out to find his short term companion of the road.

Yes, there had been a man of that description. Someone had even seen him carrying the carpetbag in which the camera was meant to have been.

The civilian population of Fort Keogh had considerably outgrown its hotel accommodations so a round of the back rooms of the numerous saloons seemed to be the most logical hunting ground.

This proved a fertile field. Huffman's youth and sincerity were sufficiently obvious that the first bartender he approached led him straight to his quarry. Huffman was amused to discover that the bad man had at last broken his silence. He found him curled up on the floor, snoring at a pitch which could easily have awakened his ancestors. Under his head was the precious carpetbag, which was later found to contain everything just as Huffman had left it.

Had the camera been lost, Huffman would probably have succeeded in making another, but his contact and subsequent friendship with "Silent Jim" was one of the things he had come a long hard way to experience.

Camera recovered, Huffman put in his appearance at the Keogh Headquarters and was given the job of Post Photographer. He was assigned living quarters and a crude but workable log cabin studio. Being thus relieved of having to build his own lodgings, as most newcomers to that country were compelled to do, he was soon free to go picture hunting.

Fort Keogh was located at the point where the Tongue River joins the Yellowstone. At the time of Huffman's arrival, these two valleys cradled an impressive array of humanity. The fort itself and its accompanying village of Milestown, now Miles City, were not large in area but immediately surrounding them sprawled the tepees of several thousand Indians who had recently surrendered to General Miles. There was no barrier confining their lodges and the Indians lived much as they had in their wild free state although they were actually under arrest. The government compelled them to remain within sight of the fort. They were supplied with blankets and beef to compensate for the buffalo hides and meat which had been vital to their free plains existence. Sometimes during the buffalo migrations they were given arms and ammunition and allowed to go in small groups to look for game.

The matter of the Indians being armed, the attempted stifling of their nomadic instinct, and their growing impatience over the unfilled promises which the government had made in persuading them to surrender, made a constant threat of uprising.

Among the Indians were such big name Sioux and Cheyenne chiefs as Crazy Horse, Red Cloud, Rain-in-the-Face, and others who had recently directed the fight which had wiped out Custer's command.

In spite of the tense relations existing between Whites and Reds, Huffman soon found his way into their camp. Some of his first photographs, still remarkably preserved, bear stark witness to the crowded, futile existence of these once proud rulers of the plains. Though this young white man with the strange black magic box spoke no Indian language, there must have been something in his mild, sympathetic manner which the Indians found to their liking. The mysterious way in which he could make their images appear on small pieces of paper raised him to the status of a new sort of medicine man. In exchange for these little images they made him gifts of bead work, showed him how to stalk antelope and where and how an arrow must be placed in order to reach the heart of a buffalo bull.

This friendship continued until one day Huffman persuaded no less than the great chief Rain-in-the-Face to put on his war bonnet, paint, and full battle regalia. He then concealed him in a covered wagon and took him to his studio on the post. All of this project was unknown to headquarters, the guards, and, more unfortunately, the Indians.

A previous incident in which Rain-in-the-Face had been roughly seized by the soldiers and made to suffer the humiliation of doing a stretch in the guard house was all too fresh in the minds of his devoted people. Nicely secluded in the studio, Huffman seated the old warrior before his camera. Barely had he completed his first exposure when a veritable revolt broke out in the Sioux camp. Word of the great chief's disappearance

had spread like a prairie fire. The young braves donned their war paint and stormed the fort, weapons in hand. Every member of the little garrison sprang to his post. Not a shot was fired, but for a few tense moments it looked like an inevitable recurrence of the Custer affair until a very embarrassed young Huffman produced the key to the situation. Needless to say, a highly indignant Post Commander pulled no punches in adding much to Huffman's knowledge of the Indians, but he did not dismiss him.

Huffman stayed on as Post Photographer at Fort Keogh until the last of the hostile Indians had surrendered to what they had long since come to realize was their inevitable fate, complete surrender to the relentless march of civilization.

For all that is known, Huffman took no side in this so-called "Winning of the West." His was the role of impartial historian, his medium, wet plate photography.

He had been drawn to the scene of this drama as inevitably as though fate had dealt him a cold hand. Apparently the dealer saw to it that a number of the chips fell his way, for when the Indians were finally settled on their allotted reserves and Fort Keogh was abandoned through lack of necessity, Huffman moved into the, by then, booming little cow town of Miles City and set up shop as a commercial photographer.

According to M. E. Hawkins, who knew Huffman well in his later years, there is no record of his ever having tended bar or getting mixed up in a shooting. But with these exceptions, he appears to have participated in every other activity of the rugged frontiersman. He was a topnotch cow-hand, engaged in the cattle business himself; hunted buffalo with the hide hunters; made long excursions with exploring and big game-hunting parties; enjoyed close friendship with W. T. Hornaday, Dan Beard and Theodore Roosevelt; "took a flyer" at mining operations in the Cooke City region; was one of the first to advocate irrigation on the Yellowstone; and served his state as a member of the legislature. He did all of this practically with camera in hand.

Financial success, the taking of a charming wife and in due course, the arrival of a family, all made for the rounded life which the average man desires. But in his profession he was unique. Like Owen Wister, Charley Russell and Frederic Remington, Huffman seems to have realized the importance of his position in the rapidly changing scene around him.

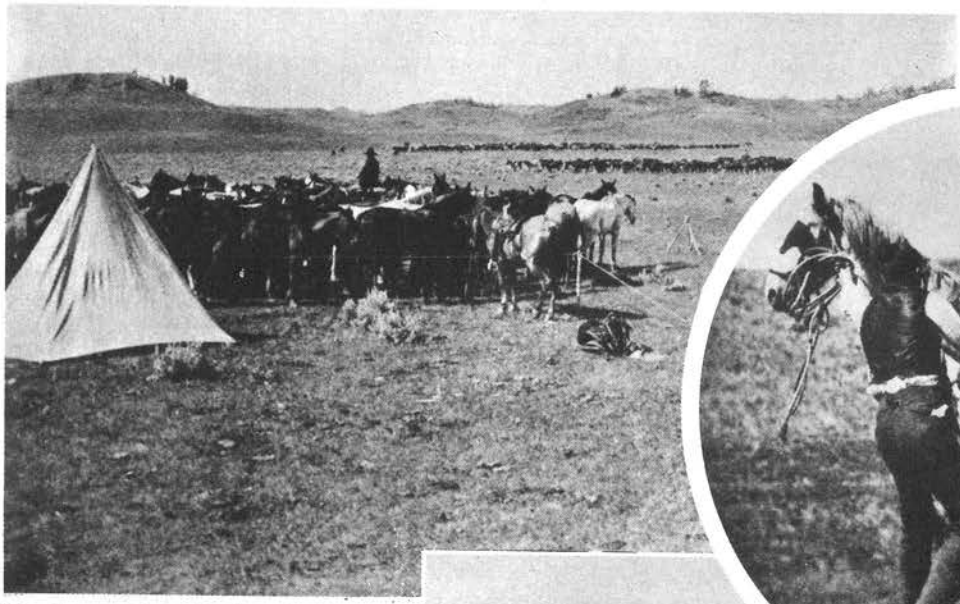
According to an old-timer "Huffman's words were damn few but awful well placed." Shortly before his death in 1931, this statement, and the fact that Huffman was fully aware of what he had been in on, was typically and nostalgically illustrated in a short note which he wrote in response to a publisher's request for his memoirs.

He writes: "Fate had it that I should be Post Photographer with the army engaged here in the Yellowstone-Big Horn Country in the stirring Indian campaigns close following the destruction of Custer's command. The Northern Pacific Railway had not yet entered Montana. George [Huffman's close friend, George Eastman] had not yet made the Kodak, but thanks be, there was the old wet plate, the collodion bottle and bath.

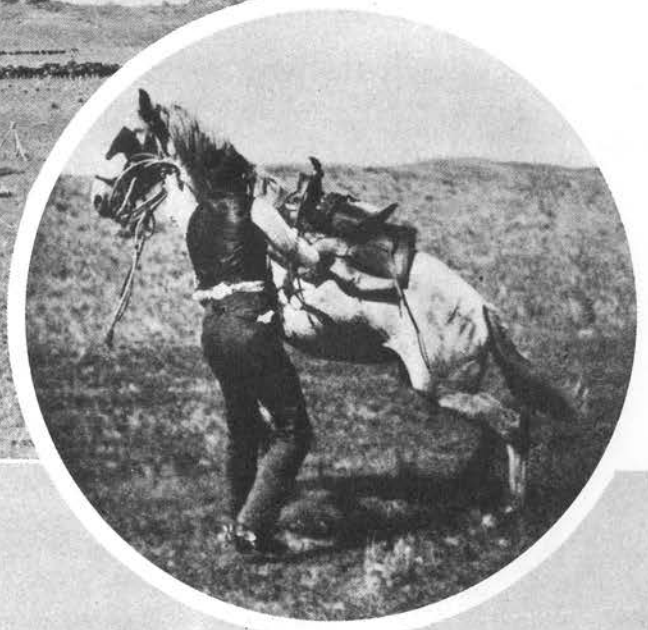
I made photographs. Yes, it was worthwhile, despite the attendant and ungodly smells of the old process."

"Round about us in this land, unpenned of wire, unspoiled by plow or ditch, hunters, red and white, exterminated for robes and tongues, the last great herds of American Bison seen upon this continent."

"Then came the cattleman, the 'Trail Boss' with his army of cowboys, and the great cattle roundups. Then the army of railway builders. That—the railway—was the fatal coming. It was then, as Emerson Hough puts it, that 'the belt slipped, the engine raced.' One looked about and said, 'This is the last West.' It was not so. There was no more West after that. It was a dream and a forgetting, a chapter forever closed."



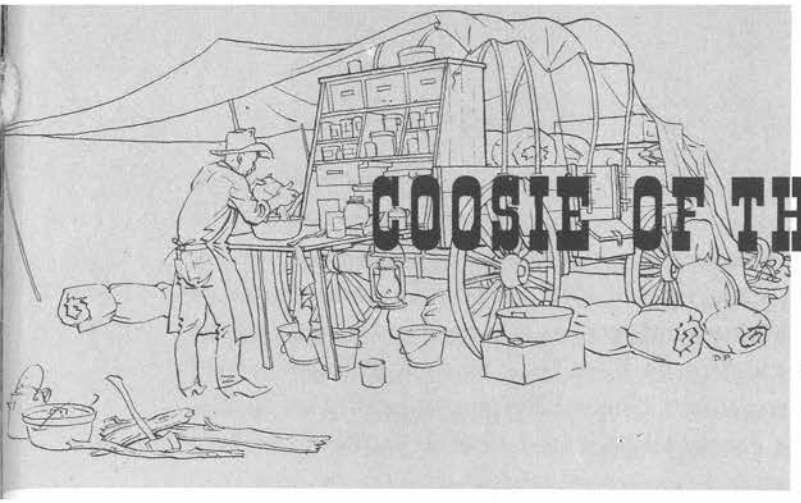
The Noon Hour During the Roundup



(Circle) Breaking a Wild One

Starting Out on the Roundup


DON PERCEVAL.



COOSIE OF THE COW CAMPS

By RAMON F. ADAMS

"COME AN' GIT IT!" THIS FAMILIAR and welcome call of the old range and trail is dimming with the years, and writers of western fact and fiction have largely overlooked the man who issued this summons—the range cook. Scattered and meager mention has been made of him, but as yet no complete attempt to record his life, his character, nor his importance in the development of the West has been left except in the memory of the men who came under his direct influence.

The cook was the most important person of any ranch outfit. In a short article it is difficult to do him justice, so I will merely hit some highspots, taken from a book I am now writing on this noteworthy character.

To work efficiently men must be satisfied; to be satisfied they must be well fed. In the early days cowhands were strangers to fancy dishes, and vitamins had not been invented. But as long as they had good wholesome food, and plenty of it, they were contented. A good cook could keep men working competently more than any one individual. The men might like everything else about the outfit, the boss, their wage, their mount, but if the chuck was inferior, scant, or poorly prepared, they would be a discontented and balky lot.

If the cook were a sorry one it was sure to be reflected in the work and morale of the men of the outfit. They became careless and inefficient, as is natural with malcontents. On the other hand, if the cook were cheerful, willing and could produce eatable food you would find an outfit striving to do their best work.

Necessary at all times during range work, on trail drives and roundups, he was even more indispensable. Men at this time needed plenty of food, for the work was exhausting. Away from town and headquarters for perhaps months at a time while on roundup, much depended upon their being well fed and contented. No wagon boss with a crew of hungry men wanted a cook to quit miles from town where he would have to ride to hire another. Consequently, a good cook was humored in every whim to keep him at work and his temperament sweet. The supply of good cooks was low and the demand keen. Cowhands could gripe and josh each other, but they were warned to let the cook alone or "roll their tails for home."

There was no one particular type in wagon cooks, except, perhaps, very few of them were young men. They ran the gamut of culinary ability from marvelous efficiency to criminal uselessness. He might be a Negro, a Mexican, or a white man from the dregs of the city. Some were broken-down punchers whose riding days were over, but who just

COOSIE OF THE had to be around cattle and horses, taking up cooking to follow the chuck wagon. Most all cowboys could cook a little. Some have been known to divide their time between horse stealing and cooking, following the latter to give them the appearance of respectability. One old fellow, when he tired of cooking in Texas, would ride over into Mexico and serve as a general in the army of the rebels. Every time he lost a battle he would drop back to Texas to cook awhile—needed more seasoning the boys said. They used to call him General Nuisance—behind his back—and told him if he wanted to kill off the enemy all he would have to do would be feed them some of his sourdoughs.

Not all cooks could qualify as a wagon cook. He had to be unusually resourceful and able to do most everything. His job was no small task, and was certainly not one for a man unaccustomed to the whims of cowboys and to cooking in the open with scant conveniences and utensils.

In spite of his limited equipment speed was essential. The men had to be fed on time. Cooking in the rain with a scant supply of fuel, or in the wind when the heat of his fires was directed everywhere except where it should be, and at the same time covering his efforts with sand, these things were not conducive to good humor.

No man cooking in the open works under the best conditions. Some circumstance of nature always tested his patience. Stooping over a hot fire, with a blazing sun baking his back and shoulders, or a cold rain which sent horses to humping backs and turning tail and men into their slickers—all these things might make him "cuss" the life, but it did not weaken his determination. Cold, wet weather made it all the more important that the men be properly fed. Cooking over a campfire for a large number of men is an art. Yet in spite of handicaps not easily overcome, some of the old wagon cooks left behind them reputations remembered to this day.

The old range cook was a man of many abilities. First, of course, he had to be able to cook. If he couldn't do this to the satisfaction of the men he wouldn't last long. He was never frustrated, nor seemed in a hurry. Yet to a close observer every movement seemed to accomplish something without lost motion. Practice made him an expert in his profession.

He was more than a cook. He drove his own teams and was an expert driver. No respectable cook would deign to "hook up" his teams. A couple of punchers were ordered to this duty by the wagon boss. Often his teams were raw broncs and hard to control. When the moving of camp was ready, the cook crawled up on his well-worn wagon seat, kicked the brake free, and just "throwed the lines away and herded his hosses across the country." Seeing a chuck wagon outfit start out in the morning was something like watching a cyclone get started.

Sometimes there was a trail to the next camping spot, but not always. Trail or not, the cook usually took the shortest way. He had to be at the next appointed camp to set up and have a hot meal ready on time. Perhaps there were long stretches of sand or mud, or rocks which made the wagon careen dangerously and threatened to splinter wagon spokes;

or maybe unbridged streams of uncertain depth and steep banks had to be crossed. He has been known to get stuck at such places, but he was never discouraged. If he was not in sight of riders who could come to his aid by "tyin' on" with their ropes, he just "set" there until he was missed. He knew that 'sooner or later they would come searching for him. As he kept one eye on his chosen route, a line instinctively picked as offering the least resistance to sagebrush, mesquite, or a network of washouts and ridges, he kept another anxious eye on his pan of bread for fear it would need his attention before arriving at the next location.

Added to his strenuous duties as cook and teamster, he served in many other capacities. He was expected to keep the harness mended and his wagon in repair to keep it rolling. Though he might not have more than one or two bottles of medicine in his chuck box, he was called upon to create a dose good for any ailment of both man and beast. Not infrequently he was called upon to act as dentist. As was sometimes the case, when some sick cowboy was beyond the help of his concoctions and when no bona fide doctor could be reached, he listened to the patient's last words as a kind of father-confessor. Always in case of tragedy he was the first to grab a shovel. His experience in digging fire trenches made him the man for this job.

He acted as banker. Though the cowhand on roundup was not usually burdened with ready cash, there was some occasional small change which the owner did not care to lose in the rough work he was doing. He was also custodian of a fiddle or guitar with which some musical puncher was wont to entertain his fellows around the campfire at night.

He was the stakeholder of bets and acted as referee in any disturbance which might arise. He was the mediator forced to listen to the complaints of the cowboys grumbling about the boss' slave-driving tactics and the boss' raving about the small amount of work being accomplished.

Though the working cowboy cared little about haircuts while out on the range, sometimes his hair grew so long it started down his back or clogged his ears. Then the versatile cook acted as barber. He might take no blue ribbons as a tonsorial artist, but he managed to do a passable job with the shears.

If not too cranky he could occasionally be persuaded to sew on a missing button, or even do a little laundry work if some cowhand he liked expected to ride over to see some nearby nester gal for an hour's visit. The kid of the outfit might get some help in fixing his saddle.

The boys of the outfit might be rough in their good-natured kidding of the cook, and might cuss him plenty, but an outsider had better not try it. This alone was their privilege to show their appreciation and affection. They considered the cook their friend, and the cook, if he was not too hard-boiled, took pride in "his boys."

On the trail one of his last duties of the day was to turn the wagon's tongue toward the North Star so that directions could be taken from it the following morning. On the end of the tongue he placed a lighted lantern to guide the night guard back to camp

Sketches by
Don Perceval

when coming off herd duty.

He prepared no fancy dishes like those on a hotel menu, nor did he wear a chef's white cap. He had no butter and eggs for fancy pastry, but he understood his business of preparing good substantial grub. If he had the time and some circumstance did not rile his disposition, he frequently prepared pies or some kind of "sweetenin' " for the boys. As long as he could prepare sizzling steaks, concoct a stew, cook the beans so they wouldn't rattle in the tin plates, build sourdough biscuits and boil coffee until it was plenty strong, he could pass as a good cook. Of course he was expected to keep his person clean and to keep the flies and ants out of the "lick."

The old time range cook developed an universal reputation for crankiness. It is said that if a wagon cook was not hard-boiled it was because he hadn't cooked long enough. "As techy as a wagon cook" became a common comparison. Usually, if he was raised to the cow business, he was past his riding days and this fact soured his disposition and made him more or less cantankerous.

As a rule he was unlovely and quick tempered, and many of them were as quick with a gun as they were with a can opener. Rarely was a cowboy, even the most reckless, foolish enough to "fool with the cook." This lord of pots and pans was not a better man physically, but he had ways of retaliation denied the cowhand. The coffee might suddenly become weak; the sourdoughs had a way of becoming scorched, or yellow with soda; the steaks might be saltless and there would be no pies to fill a sweet tooth. "Accidents" could happen to create a grub shortage or the gravel could be left in the beans. Some offender of his rules might learn, too, that all his talents did not run to cooking. At swearing he was an artist whose cuss words could take the frost out of the morning air.

Originally, perhaps, his crankiness emanated from the fact that he worked under such adverse conditions. Battling rains, wind and sand with limited supplies and equipment, trying to prepare a meal for fifteen or twenty savage appetites was enough to sour any disposition.

Though crankiness became characteristic of the roundup cook, he had plenty of excuse for it. He had scarcely fallen asleep until it was time to get up again. Duty called him several hours before the cowhands crawled out of their soogans. Half the time he was short of fuel and perhaps it was wet. Some animal was always kicking dust into the food or some colony of insects invading his sourdough keg. Everything seemed to be trying to test his temper.

Eventually the wagon cook took pride in his reputation for crankiness. He gained much of this in an effort to uphold an ideal. Those following had a tradition to uphold. The necessity of his office developed him into an autocrat. If ever there was an uncrowned king on the cow range he was it. He was monarch of all he surveyed. The wagon and for sixty feet around it was under his absolute control. His word was law and even the owner of the cattle came under his jurisdiction. The men higher up used diplomacy in giving any orders around the wagon. The stray man, or the drifting chuck-line rider dropping in

 for a meal, everybody paid him homage. After a meal if the drifter, or one not working with the outfit, failed to grab a flour-sack towel and help with the dishes, his welcome received a jolt.

The cook rarely condescended to audibly acknowledge a favor. A nod of the head was as far as he went. Yet he was not unappreciative. His dignity forbade direct demonstration, yet the author of the favor might receive an extra helping of something, or a cup of coffee after hours. Perhaps there would be a pie for supper which otherwise would not have been made. Consequently the most reckless and independent punchers would cheerfully "snake in" wood or gather "bull chips" for his fire, hold slickers over his cooking vessels on rainy mornings, or hook up his teams.

Like most kings, his great weakness was this love of power he held by virtue of his necessity. He made rules and saw that they were obeyed. He tolerated no cowboy rummaging around in the wagon to disarrange his orderly placement of the supplies. The wagon was his royal chamber on wheels. While the cowboys slept upon the prairie rolled in their blankets in fair weather or foul, the cook could take refuge from stormy weather in his canvas-covered royal chamber, a place he closed to all others.

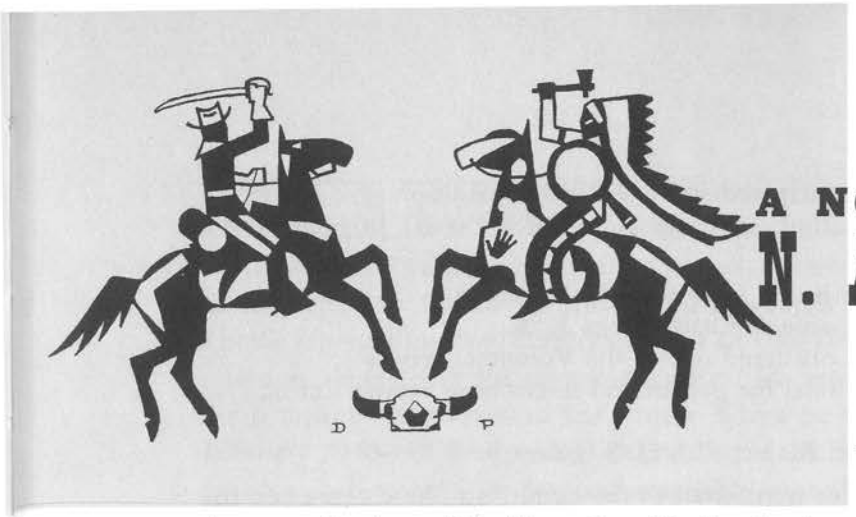
He allowed no horse to be tied to a wagon wheel, nor picketed too close to camp. He issued standing orders that riders approaching camp watch the direction of the wind so that no dust was raised to blow into the food he was cooking. Disobedience to this law really brought forth his wrath. Some cooks forbade cowboys wearing leggin's into his domain because dragging leggin's stir up dust. To jar the decorum of his kitchen in any way was to cast discredit on his profession. At such times he was apt to practice the tyranny with which his office endowed him.

Some cooks, by reason of their higher pay, and the necessity of their position, felt that they were above the common rider. The cowboy held the opposite view, but few had the courage to express such an opinion within his hearing.

Many of the old cooks were fighters, but they seldom carried their powers to the point where some cowboy was forced to take physical retaliation. In spite of his tyranny most of them were regular fellows in a pinch. When away from the wagon they could be as congenial as anyone. And, as long as they were with a wagon, they were loyal to the company and its riders to the last. In an emergency he cheerfully gave his best and in case of an accident he was the doctor and the first to tear up his best shirt for bandages.

Most of the old cooks were good-natured deep down, even if they did try to hide it in upholding the tradition of their profession. Too much praise cannot be given them because they did more than any other one factor to keep the work going smoothly.

I wish I had the space to tell you more of this unique individual, his nicknames, his calls, his biting sarcasm and the food he prepared. To me the tragedy of the passing of the open range roundups is augmented by the synchronous exit of this colorful character, the likes of which we shall never see again.



A NOTE ON N. A. M. DUDLEY

By P. J. RASCH

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING occurrences in the Lincoln County War was the curious conduct of Lt. Col. N. A. M. Dudley, U. S. Army, at the time of the Three Days Battle. In view of the prominent role played by this individual in New Mexican affairs during the turbulent years of 1878-79, it seems odd that the various books devoted to this period have made so little mention of his career. The full story of his activities in connection with the Lincoln County troubles must await a definitive biography, material for which is not available here on the West Coast, but in the meantime the following brief note may be found of interest by students of the Lincoln County War.

Nathan Augustus Monroe Dudley was born at Lexington, Massachusetts, on August 20, 1825, fifth in the family of nine born to John and Ester Eliza Smith Dudley. He was educated in the public schools of Roxbury, a suburb of Boston, and early evinced an inclination toward military service by joining the Massachusetts Militia, becoming the brigade and division inspector of state troops in 1844. On November 12 of the following year he married Elizabeth Gray Jowett, at Roxbury. Dudley was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston from 1851 to 1855, during which time he earned his living in commercial pursuits. On March 2, 1855, he was appointed a First Lieutenant in the 10th U. S. Infantry. Shortly thereafter he was ordered to Minnesota, and accompanied Harney on the Sioux Expedition of 1855. During the period 1857-60 he served under Albert Sidney Johnson on the farcical Utah Expedition.

Dudley seems to have been a capable and efficient officer. He was promoted to Captain on May 7, 1861, and his Civil War record was one in which any officer might take justifiable pride. He is mentioned several times in the *War of the Rebellion Official Records of the Union and the Confederate Armies* and the *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion*. The highlights of this period of his career may be summarized as follows:

1862 (May 6) Appointed member of high commission to try crimes punishable by death or long imprisonment, Department of the Gulf, New Orleans.
(August 5) Brevetted Major for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Baton Rouge, La. Participated in the siege of Vicksburg.
(November 10) Assigned as Acting Inspector-General, Department of Gulf.

1863 (June 14) Brevetted Lt. Colonel for gallant and meritorious service in the siege of Port Hudson, La. Served as Acting Brigadier General.

N. A. M. DUDLEY

1864 Participated in Red River Expedition.
Authorized to raise a colored cavalry brigade in New Orleans and vicinity.

1865 (January 19) Brevetted Brigadier General of Volunteers.
Served in defense of Nashville & Chattanooga R. R.
(February 16) Honorably mustered out of the Volunteer service.
(March 13) Brevetted Colonel for gallant and meritorious service during the war.
(September 13) Appointed Major, 15th U. S. Infantry.

After the Civil War ended Dudley transferred to the cavalry and he enters upon the scenes of our particular interests with his appointment as Lieutenant Colonel, 9th U. S. Cavalry, on July 1, 1876. It is a long established policy of the War Department to give out no information of a personal character contained in official records unless the specific purpose for which it is desired is compatible with the public interest. It is further considered that revelation of matters which might cause serious embarrassment to living descendants of the individuals concerned serves no useful purpose. While such a policy precludes desirable historical research, it appears that late in 1877 or early in 1878 Dudley was tried before a court-martial at Fort Union on charges of "conduct unbecoming an officer," growing out of an over-fondness for liquor. He was acquitted of all charges and shortly thereafter relieved Colonel Purington as Commanding Officer at Fort Stanton. The important thing about this court-martial is that he was successfully defended by Thomas Benton Catron, United States District Attorney, head of the Santa Fe Ring, and president of the First National Bank at Santa Fe, financial backer of Murphy, Dolan & Co.

It thus eventuated that the military forces at Fort Stanton were led by men connected to the Murphy, Dolan & Co. faction by ties of gratitude, friendship and economics. The original head of the partnership had been Colonel Fritz. Lawrence Murphy and his henchman Sheriff William Brady had both been majors. It would have been strange indeed if the officers at Fort Stanton had not found the company of former brothers-in-arms more congenial than that of the straight-laced McSween, the immigrant Tunstall or unlicked cubs like the Coe boys and one William H. Bonney. James Dolan and John Riley, Murphy, Dolan & Co. partners, had a profitable side line of lending money to the officers to pay gambling debts contracted at their establishment—known far and wide as "The House" or the "Big Store." The proprietors were piling up a fortune fleecing the government on their contracts to supply beef and flour to the Indians. Obviously this could not have been done without the connivance of the officers checking the deliveries, who must themselves have been receiving a "cut." Nor should the powerful motive of self-interest be overlooked. The Santa Fe Ring was hand in glove with Territorial Governor Samuel B. Axtell. Any officer considering leaving the Army and settling in this new territory would certainly find it advantageous to be on friendly terms with the dominant clique.

At the beginning of 1878 it must have seemed to Dudley and the other officers at Fort Stanton that every factor indicated it was to their advantage to support the policies

of The House, but actually the sands were already running low for this organization. Their government contracts were shortly to be the subject of a revealing investigation by Special Agent Frank Warner Angel, of the Department of Indian Affairs. On February 18 John H. Tunstall was murdered by a posse representing the Murphy interests and the Lincoln County War broke out in open violence. Foreseeing the oncoming storm, Johnny Riley lost his nerve, resigned from the company and moved to Las Cruces, where he bought the Two Circle Ranch. On February 28 Sheriff Brady wired Catron that A. A. McSween, Weideman and others had raised a mob to defy the law and requested that Governor Axtell have General Hatch instruct the post commander of Fort Stanton to protect him in the discharge of his official duties. On March 4 George W. McCrary, Secretary of War, informed General Sherman that "The military can be ordered to support the civil Territorial authorities in maintaining order and enforcing legal process." Brady had sound grounds for his forebodings; on April 1 he and his deputy, George Hindman, were killed and Billy Matthews wounded from ambush on the main street of Lincoln by a group consisting of Billy the Kid, Henry Brown, Fred Wayte, John Middleton, Jim French and possibly others. On April 14 "Buckshot" Roberts, a "headhunter" seeking the reward offered for the murderers of Brady, was himself killed by Charlie Bowdre. Murphy, his health broken by drink and dissipation, soon retired to Santa Fe, where he remained until his death, on October 9, after a lingering illness. Dolan was unable to carry on alone and Catron sent down a representative to take over the business.

Dudley's own actions were not meeting with the approval of the War Department. After studying his reports on the situation, Judge Advocate General W. M. Dunn wrote to Secretary of War McCrary on June 8 that—

> I can but arrive, therefore, at the conclusion that the furnishing of troops to aid the Territorial sheriff to serve warrants, guard prisoners, etc. in this case was without authority of law, as was also the furnishing of the same for any purpose at the demand of the district judge. . . . I cannot believe that it would be safe to sanction the uses made of the United States troops, as stated in the report of Colonel Dudley, except in so far as they may have been employed at the call of the marshal or his deputy.

The stage was now set for the famous Three Days Battle, which took place on July 17, 18 and 19. Walter Noble Burns' popular but woefully inaccurate *The Saga of Billy the Kid* leads the reader to believe that the Murphy forces had the McSween adherents surrounded and at their mercy. He relates that on July 19 Mrs. Juanita Mills slipped out of the town, fled to Fort Stanton and implored Dudley to bring his troops and save the women and children by stopping the fighting. Dudley took his troopers to Lincoln, arrayed his guns in front of the McSween home and told its defenders to cease shooting or he would blow up the building. During the ensuing parley the house was set afire by Dolan and Andy Boyle. In view of this turn in affairs Dudley did not carry out his threat, but moved to the eastern end of the town, ordered off Martin Chavez and his partisans and went into

camp, leaving the garrison in the McSween home to be finished off by Dolan and his men during the night. One is left to wonder why the presumably impartial Army authorities took no action against the Murphyites or to actually stop the battle.

So far as can be made out from the conflicting stories, it would appear that the Murphy fighting men did indeed surround the McSween home, but were themselves outflanked by a group of McSween supporters led by Deputy Sheriff Chavez, based on the Ellis house at the extreme eastern end of Lincoln. Outnumbered and caught thus between two fires, the Murphy forces found their position untenable and were forced to call upon their good friend Dudley for aid, which, for reasons that have been detailed above, he found it expedient to furnish.

George Coe has damned the Juanita Mills story as "a gross deception" of which he had never heard until he read it years afterward. Mrs. McSween has testified that she made her way to Colonel Dudley's camp and implored him to stop the fighting. She found him with John Kinney, a notorious desperado and cattle rustler, and George W. Peppin, a tool of The House who was both the Sheriff and a Deputy United States Marshal. All three were drunk and greeted her with abusive language. To Mrs. McSween's demands for protection, Dudley replied that he was there only to provide assistance in case the civil officers required help, and it appeared to him that Marshal Peppin had the situation well under control. The following morning Kinney and his gang looted the McSween store, while Dudley apparently made no attempt to see that law and order were maintained. In his official report this veteran of so many sanguinary actions in the Civil War praised the desperate courage displayed on both sides and predicted that such men would not permit the feud to lapse because of the decisive outcome of this one battle.

His own questionable part in this affair did not go unmarked. Later *The Independent* was to write that—

> The removal of Col. Dudley from the command of Fort Stanton was a wise measure and will be regarded with satisfaction by everyone who desires to see peace restored to the county. Had he been removed a year ago it would, in our opinion, have saved a number of lives. Certainly McSween and his companions would not have been butchered as they were had it not been for the presence of Col. Dudley and the troops under his command, and the aid he openly gave to the other party. This act alone did more to cripple and deaden the efforts of the orderly citizens of the county and to alarm and deter peaceably disposed people, than any act ever committed in the county by outlaws. . . Should Col. Dudley's successor prove to be a man of less prejudices and better judgment it will be fortunate for Lincoln.

A more immediate reaction was President Hayes' replacement of Governor Axtell with Lew Wallace, who arrived in Santa Fe on September 30. Mrs. McSween retained Huston I. Chapman, a Las Vegas lawyer, to represent her interests. On October 24 Chapman wrote to Wallace, charging that he was in possession of facts "which make

Col. Dudley criminally responsible for the killing of McSween . . ." Chapman stated that Dudley had threatened Mrs. McSween and requested the Governor to supply a military guard for her. Wallace considered the charge incredible, but forwarded Chapman's letter to General Hatch, Commanding the Department of New Mexico. In reply he received a defiant letter from Dudley, together with affidavits attacking Mrs. McSween's character. Wallace wrote two placating letters in reply, insisting simply that Mrs. McSween was entitled to protection regardless of what her character might or might not be.

On November 14 Governor Wallace issued a proclamation of amnesty which he hoped would bring peace to the countryside, but in December Chapman again complained that Dudley was persecuting Mrs. McSween. Feeling some action was imperative, Wallace wrote the following carefully worded letter to Hatch on December 7, 1878:

> I am constrained to request that Lieut. Col. N. A. M. Dudley, commanding at Fort Stanton, be relieved and an officer of equal rank, ability and firmness be ordered in his place.
>
> In doing this I mean no disparagement of Col. Dudley. Not more than once in a life-time probably, is an officer charged with duty more delicate, and that he has maintained himself so long is the highest and best proof of qualities of exceeding value to the country and the service. It is, however, apparent that he has excited the animosity of parties in Lincoln county to such degree as to embarrass the administration of affairs in that locality. The same result may happen to any other gentleman whom you may assign to succeed him, yet in view of the important part the military are called upon to perform in keeping the status there as at present, I think it better that you send to that command a stranger to the people—at least one who has had no connection whatever with the feuds that have divided them.
>
> Very Respectfully, Your Friend,

In his private notebook Wallace summarized Dudley as "Honest. Mortal enemy of Hatch. Talks too much."

Bitter enemies though Hatch and Dudley may have been, Hatch forwarded the letter through the chain of command with an unfavorable endorsement, which recommendation was approved by his superiors, Generals Pope and Sheridan. In transmitting the request to the Secretary of War, General Sherman declared flatly that Dudley was "not required to report to, or explain his public acts to the Governor of New Mexico, but will promptly do so to his superiors, including the Secretary of War and the President of the United States if called on." He characterized the request as "unjust" and recommended that it be refused unless Wallace preferred charges against Dudley. The Secretary concurred and no action was taken. Emboldened by this official support, Dudley wrote a long letter to the *Santa Fe New Mexican*, attacking Wallace and his proclamation.

On February 18, 1879, Chapman was killed in Lincoln by Jim Dolan, Jesse Evans and Billy Campbell. Mrs. McSween then hired Judge Ira E. Leonard as her lawyer. On February 24 Leonard wrote Wallace that he had evidence that Dudley owed Dolan money

and that Dolan had paid the gunmen who killed Chapman. Wallace persuaded Hatch to arrest the killers without warrants and on March 7 requested that Dudley be removed so that they could be indicted. This time Hatch complied and ordered Dudley to Fort Union, where he immediately demanded a court of inquiry. Oddly enough, it would appear that up to this time Dudley and Wallace had never met.

Dolan, Campbell and Evans were temporarily lodged in the guard house at Fort Stanton. Wallace wrote the Commanding Officer that he had information that a plan for the escape of the prisoners had been concocted and requested that special precautions be taken. Nevertheless Campbell and Evans escaped on March 19 and were not heard of again. One cannot but feel that they "knew too much" and their escape was countenanced to preclude possibility of embarrassment to certain parties resulting from their testimony at a trial. Dolan was indicted for murder but arranged for a change of venue to Socorro County, where he was acquitted in August of that year.

The board of inquiry convened at Fort Stanton on May 8 to consider charges against Dudley of unbecoming conduct and disobedience. Dudley was defended by Territorial Attorney General Judge Henry L. Waldo, a friend of ex-Governor Axtell, while Wallace was aided by Judge Leonard, whom he had designated Acting District Attorney. The court sat for six weeks. In *Frontier Fighter* George Coe exults that "Colonel Dudley was court-martialed and thrown out of the United States Army," a statement that is repeated by Donald Davison in *Alias Billy The Kid*. Actually there is not a grain of truth in this allegation. The board proved decidedly partial to a brother officer harassed by a group of civilians and rendered the following opinion:

> In view of the evidence adduced the court is of the opinion that Lieut. Colonel N. A. M. Dudley, 9th U.S. Cavalry has not been guilty of any violation of law or of orders that the act of proceeding with his command to the town of Lincoln on the 19th of July 1878, was prompted of the most humane and worthy motives and of good military judgment under exceptional circumstances.
>
> The Court is of the opinion that none of the allegations made against Lieut. Colonel Dudley of His Excellency the Governor of New Mexico or of Ira E. Leonard have been sustained and that proceedings before a court martial are therefore unnecessary.

Upon review of the case in Washington, the Judge Advocate General recommended approval of the findings of the court of inquiry substantially as expressed in the board's opinion, adding the remarkable comment that it appeared that Wallace was "mistaken in his impression that the feelings entertained by the community at Lincoln, in the spring of 1879, toward Col. Dudley, were of a hostile character." The recommendation was then approved by the Secretary of War, although Dudley did receive a reprimand for minor misconduct.

Dudley, however, still had to face charges filed against him in the civil courts. The District Court had convened at Lincoln on April 14, 1879. A grand jury issued numerous

indictments in connection with the Lincoln County troubles, one of which charged Dudley with arson. Mrs. McSween struck back at her enemy by filing a suit for $25,000 for slander. Here too Dudley won an acquittal, and was thus exonerated of all charges, civil and military.

Thus officially vindicated, Dudley resumed his duties in the field with the 9th Cavalry. For the next few years his attention was fully occupied with the pressing problems of Indian fighting. Victorio had just gone on the war path. On September 14, 1879, ten miners and ranchers were killed near Hillsboro, N. M. Dudley took up the pursuit and was unfortunate enough to find the Apaches at the head of Las Animas Creek on September 18. Four companies of the 9th were present, but in the day long fighting that followed Victorio won a convincing victory. During the night the troopers withdrew from the field. Fighting between the Apaches and the 9th Cavalry continued literally for years. Dudley served under Crook on his campaigns against the Apaches and had the satisfaction of commanding the cavalry on the Buell Expedition into Mexico, where the Army co-operated with Mexican forces in operations that led to the destruction of Victorio's band on October 14 of the following year. The gauge of battle was then picked up by the ancient Nana, who finally retreated to Mexico in August of 1881. In 1882 Chato, Nachite and Loco spread a trail of death and destruction through Arizona, New Mexico and Western Texas. They were corralled in May of 1883, but the uneasy peace that followed lasted barely two years, for on May 17, 1885, Geronimo and his followers fled from the San Carlos Reservation, presaging the outbreak of one of the worst of the Southwest Indian troubles.

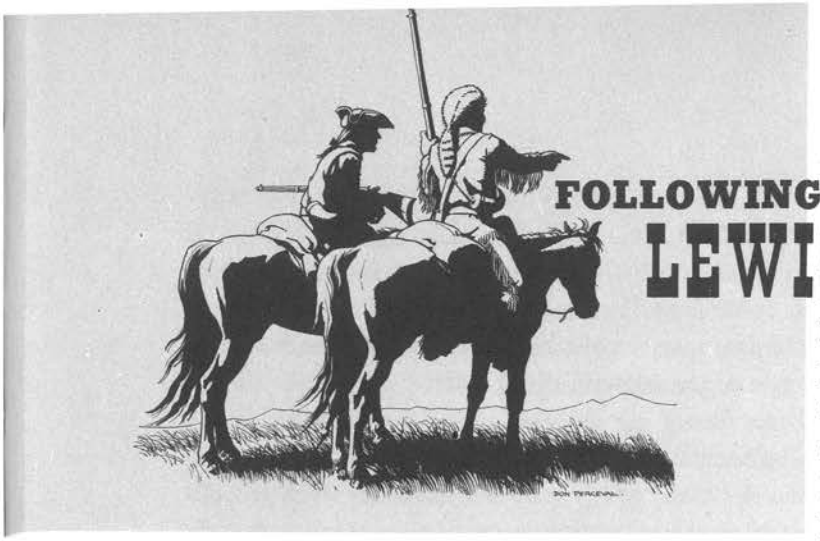
Dudley's life during this period must have been anything but an easy one, but it was rewarded on June 6, 1885, by promotion to Colonel and assignment to command the 1st Cavalry, stationed at Fort Custer, Michigan, as replacement for Colonel Grover, deceased. In the fall of 1887 Chees-Cha-Pah-Disch (Sword Bearer), a Crow chief, and his followers became disaffected. Their actions culminated in an attack on the Agency buildings on the night of September 30. On November 4 Colonel Dudley led a force made up from the 1st Cavalry, 7th Cavalry and 3rd Infantry to arrest the malcontents. The following day Dudley demanded the Indians' surrender, but the Crows replied with an attack on the troops. This was repulsed and in the ensuing battle Sword Bearer was killed. Discouraged by the loss of their leader, the Indians surrendered and were sent to Fort Shelling.

On August 20, 1889, Dudley was retired by operation of law (sec. 1 Act June 30, 1882) and returned to his boyhood home of Roxbury to spend his declining years. One more honor was still to be bestowed upon the old warrior: on May 25, 1904, he accepted promotion to the rank of Brigadier General under the provisions of the Act of April 23, 1904. Apparently he took little part in the affairs of his community, for the Roxbury Branch of the Public Library of the City of Boston advises its files contain no record of his activities during this period. On April 29, 1910, Dudley followed Murphy, Brady,

N. A. M. DUDLEY McSween, The Kid, Wallace, Victorio, Nana and many another old friend and enemy before whatever Court of Inquiry on the other side demands an accounting of our actions. He was survived by a grandson, Nathan W. Dudley, of Philadelphia, and a granddaughter, Mrs. Harry E. Stevens. Funeral services were held at Dudley Street Baptist Church, Roxbury, on May 2 at 2 p. m., and his body was interred at the Arlington National Cemetery.

A chronological account of this kind affords little opportunity to assess a man's character, yet it seems safe to say that Dudley possessed in full measure both the failings and the virtues of his fellows. He was hard drinking, prejudiced and obstinate, but he was also a competent officer and a first class fighting man.

NOTE: The writer would like to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Edward H. Redstone and Mr. Alan H. Smith of the Public Library of the City of Boston for their courteous assistance in compiling the above data.



FOLLOWING THE FOOTSTEPS OF LEWIS AND CLARK

By HARRY C. JAMES

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1938 I TOOK a party of about 20 boys and retraced, as close as we could, the route of the Lewis and Clark Expedition from a point east of Fort Benton on the Missouri to the site of Fort Clatsop, near Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River.

Before Lewis and Clark completed their epoch-making trip the continental map of North America was almost entirely a blank space from west of the Mississippi to the actual coast line of the Pacific. Thanks to the almost unbelievable efficiency and the daring courage of the two captains, plus the fine map-making of Captain Clark, that blank space, covering about half the area of the United States, became crossed and criss-crossed with well-mapped rivers and mountain ranges.

New birds, plants and animals were made known to science. Contact was established with dozens of Indian tribes that had never seen a white man before, and their pledge of loyalty and peace secured for the government.

An impossible situation was made possible in that two men were given equal command of an expedition. In spite of hardship, gruelling heart-breaking experiences, and innumerable opportunities for disagreement and misunderstanding, we can find no single instance in any of the records of a disagreement between the two. They started together as boyhood friends and until the tragic death of Lewis they remained life-long friends. Captain Clark named his first son, Meriwether Lewis Clark, and the name is carried on in the Clark family to this day.

Their accomplishment is without parallel in the whole field of exploration. When one considers the scientific accomplishments, the territory mapped and added to the United States, even the voyage of Columbus seems to be somewhat eclipsed. Columbus discovered a continent by accident. Lewis and Clark made the United States a continental nation by careful planning and diligent work.

River after river, mountain after mountain, and range after range were named by Lewis and Clark. It would be difficult to find two persons who contributed more to the United States than Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark.

The complete journals of the expedition, the list of supplies and equipment issued by the government, copies of relative correspondence, copies of Captain Clark's maps are carefully collected together in the magnificent Thwaites Edition published in 1904. It is from this Edition that I shall quote various extracts.

We planned to camp as often as possible at places where the original expedition

had camped. The group of boys included Eston Randolph Jr., 13, of St. Louis, a sandy-haired likeness of his great-great-great grandfather Captain Clark; Bill Jackson, 14, of Puyallup, Washington, great-great-great grandson of George Shannon, sixteen-year-old member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition; and Finn Burnett, Shoshone Indian boy descended from Sacajawea, the heroic Indian woman guide of the expedition. Their very presence in our party served to bring the 1804 party closer to us.

Eston not only looked like the pictures of his distinguished ancestor, but, as the summer wore on, we realized that he possessed many of his splendid character traits as well.

Naturally, to a boy from the St. Louis country, totally unused to anything remotely akin to mountain climbing, even the relatively easy hikes in the Zion Canyon area, where we made our first stop of any consequence, presented rather an appalling endurance test. However, soft as he was at the beginning of the trip, his tremendous determination and sheer "guts" forced him to participate in every hike, and in a few days' time he could easily keep up with the best of us. His unfailing good spirits, his fine sense of humor, his good common horse-sense, and his fine intelligence made Eston one of the best liked youngsters in the party.

Bill Jackson also was a very pleasant addition to our party. It is impossible to compare Bill with his ancestor, as little is said of Shannon in the journals except that he once got lost from the party and was missing several days. What a relief it must have been to that sixteen-year-old to sight his companions again after being lost for days on the limitless plains in Indian country. I don't believe the officers subjected him to any discipline. He likely didn't need it. Fortunately, the tendency to wander off did not seem to be inherited by Bill. He *didn't* get lost from our party.

Finn Burnett, the Shoshone Indian boy, the descendant of Sacajawea, was, of course, the most colorful member of the trio of descendants. Finn was 15 years of age. He showed definite signs of his French-Canadian blood.

Finn joined us at our base camp in the Jackson's Hole country. One of my assistants and I drove over to Fort Washakie, the Shoshone Wind River agency, to pick him up. We were delighted to find him a very personable and fun-loving youngster who entered eagerly into every bit of adventure, fun, or mischief that was afoot during the entire camp.

After we had picked up Finn and started the drive back to camp we got the idea that it would be fun to introduce him to the boys by telling them that he couldn't speak a word of English. Finn entered whole-heartedly into the stunt, and when the boys gathered around the car as it drove into camp I asked if anyone in our party could speak any Shoshone. Unfortunately, no one could—so then we planned how we would teach Finn English. Until he picked up a few words we would have to communicate with him by signs. Dinner was ready, and the boys took Finn over and fearful and wonderful were their efforts to teach him by pantomime how to use a knife and fork. They naturally concluded that if he didn't know how to speak our language he was equally ignorant of

all our manners and customs. After dinner we were to attend one of the Ranger-Naturalist lectures at Jenny Lake, so the boys started for the toilet before loading into the bus. Finn looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes and started for the women's side of the building. Consternation in camp! Wild gestures to convince him of his error!

On the drive down to Jenny Lake one boy asked Finn, "Can't you speak a single word of English?" Finn was off his guard and shook his head. Realizing that he had let the cat out of the bag, he gave me a startled glance, but the boy didn't catch on and the stunt was still secure.

We kept up the game all evening, but as we were going to bed I called across the camp to Finn, who was already in his sleeping-bag, "Well, Finn, I guess we have carried the joke along far enough." He called back, "Thanks, Mr. James, I am glad to be able to talk again. It was getting to be something of a strain." The boys set up a yell.

With modern camping equipment and automobile transportation adequate to cope with the dirt roads of the mountain country, we picked up the Lewis and Clark trail east of Fort Benton on the Missouri. Here we were able to get some little idea of the great plains country through which so much of the route of the Expedition had lain.

The old fort was closed, but fortunately one of the custodians of the park surrounding the building came by and let us in. He told us much of its early history and, as nearly all the boys on the trip had read most of James Willard Schultz's books, they were already somewhat familiar with the general history of the area.

From Fort Benton we started west along the Missouri. We found it impossible to identify the ridge of land where Lewis first saw the Rocky Mountains and wrote:

Monday June 12, 1805

> . . . "We passed a ridge of land considerably higher than the adjacent plain on either side. We had a most beatifull and picturesk view of its Rocky mountains which wer perfectly covered with snow . . ."

Neither could we locate the spot where he first saw the spray of the falls which made him realize they were on the right fork of the river and set his mind at rest as to the route they were following.

The Great Falls of the Missouri are gone. Dams divert every pint of water from the regular river channel and it is hard to realize that here was a spectacle that so impressed Lewis that on June 13 he wrote after a flowery description of the scene:

> . . . "after wrighting this imperfect discription I again viewed the falls and was so much disgusted with the imperfect idea which it conveyed of the scene that I determined to draw my pen across it and begin again, but then reflected that I could not perhaps succeed better than pening the first impression of the mind; . . ."

The portage around the Great Falls of the Missouri proved one of the most back-breaking hardships of the entire Expedition. The mosquitoes tormented them, the cactus

wrecked their feet. Here, too, began their adventures with the grizzly bear. These had not yet learned to fear man and charged them constantly. Captain Lewis' first experience was typical.

Again Lewis: Friday, June 14, 1805

> . . . "I selected a fat buffaloe and shot him very well, through the lungs; while I was gazeing attentively on the poor animal discharging blood in streams from his mouth and nostrils, expecting him to fall every instant, and having entirely forgotten to reload my rifle, a large white, or reather brown bear, had perceived and crept on me within 20 steps before I discovered him; in the first moment I drew up my gun to shoot, but at the same instant recolected that she was not loaded and that he was too near for me to hope to perform this operation before he reached me, as he was then briskly advancing on me; it was an open level plain, not a bush within miles nor a tree within less than three hundred yards of me; the river bank was sloping and not more than three feet above the level of the water; in short there was no place by means of which I could conceal myself from this monster until I could charge my rifle; in this situation I thought of retreating in a brisk walk as fast as he was advancine until I could reach a tree about 300 yards below me, but I had no sooner terned myself about but he pitched at me, open mouthed and full speed, I ran about 80 yards and found he gained on me fast, I then run into the water, the idea struk me to get into the water to such debth that I could stand and he would be obliged to swim, and that I could in that situation defend myself with my espontoon; accordingly I ran haistily into the water about waist deep, and faced about and presented the point of my espontoon, at this instant he arrived at the edge of the water within about 20 feet of me; the moment I put myself in this attitude of defence he sudonly wheeled about as if frightened, declined the combat on such unequal grounds, and retreated with quite as great precipitation as he had just before pursued me."

We were fortunate in being allowed to camp in the municipal park which the city of Great Falls maintains along the river by the giant spring which Captain Clark discovered and of which he wrote on June 18:

> . . . "we proceeded on up the river a little more than a mile to the largest fountain or spring I ever saw, and doubt if it is not the largest in America known, this water boils up from under the rocks near the edge of the river and falls imediately into the river 8 feet, and keeps its colour for ½ mile which is emencely clear and of a bluish cast,"

This description of it stands to this day.

There were terrific storms and cloudbursts. One nearly swept Clark, Sacajawea, and her husband Charbonneau into the river.

We, too, had an experience with a cloudburst which helped very materially to make us appreciate the hardship of the original party. While we camped by the Giant Spring

Whirlpool Celils Falls

The Beaver Head

Camp Site of July 21, 1805

Salt Cairn—*near Astoria*

the heavens opened up one night and the deluge began. Our tents held against the wind and rain. Fortunately, it was a rather warm night, for when I woke at the first flush of the dawn I found the tent flooded with about three inches of water, in which we were all sleeping comfortably. One youngster's face was in the water almost to the side of his mouth, and he was sound asleep! The morning was fine and clear, and while we went through the Anaconda Copper wire plant our sleeping bags and duffle dried out in the sun, so we were none the worse for wear.

Thanks to the almost overwhelming hospitality and interest of the people of Montana we were permitted to drive over private ranch roads and to camp on private property. We really seemed to have the freedom of the state.

After our stop at Great Falls we continued on along the river to The Gates of The Mountains. Here we stopped again and securing a good boat we followed up the river for several miles. Again Lewis' description of July 19, 1805, is adequate to this day:

> ". . . these cliffs rise from the waters edge on either side perpendicularly to the height of (about) 1200 feet every where object wears a dark and gloomy aspect . . .
>
> ". . . several fine springs burst out at the waters edge from the interstices of the rocks, it happens fortunately that altho' the current is strong it is not so much so but what it may be overcome with the oars for there is no possibility of using either the cord or Setting pole. It was late in the evening before I entered this place and was obliged to continue my rout untill sometime after dark before I found a place sufficiently large to encamp my small party; at length such an one occurred on the lard. side where we found plenty of lightwood and pitch pine. This rock is black granite below and appears to be of much lighter color above and from the fragments I take it to be flint of a yellowish brown and light creem coloured yellow."

We easily identified their camping place inside The Gates of The Mountains. It is appropriately marked and we only wished that we could have camped there ourselves. However, our baggage was with the automobiles and the people of Three Forks were expecting us the following day.

We had a wonderful time at Three Forks. We first hiked to a spot where we got a good view of the head of the Missouri where we could actually see it divide into the Three Forks. Here we sat down and read from The Journals that Clark wrote, he having gone ahead scouting for the three forks of the Missouri:

> " . . . a fine morning after Brackfast (which we made on the ribs of a Buck I killed yesterday) I wrote a note informing Cap Lewis the route I intended to take and proceeded on up the main North Fork thro' a Vallie, the day verry hot, about 6 or 8 miles up the North fork a Small rapid river falls in on the Larb side Sharbono our Interpreter nearly tired (out) one of his ankles falling him."

On July 28 Lewis comments:

"my friend Capt. Clark was very sick all last night but feels himself somewhat better this morning since his medicine has opperated.

"Our present camp is precisely on the spot that the Snake Indians were encamped at the time the Minnetares of the Knife R. first came in sight of them five years sice. From hence they retreated about three miles up Jeffersons river and concealed themselves in the woods, the minnetares pursued, attacked, them, killed 4 men 4 women, a number of boys and mad prisoners of all the females and four boys, Sah-cah-gar-we-ah or Indian woman was one of the female prisoners taken at that time, tho I cannot discover that she shews any immotion of sorrow in recollecting this event, or of joy in being again restored to her native country; if she has enough to eat and a few trinkets to wear I believe she would be perfectly content anywhere."

While near Three Forks a local resident dropped in on us one day. He had the disconcerting assurance of a guest who knows he is going to be welcome. After glad-handing everybody he waited for the proper moment and then wowed us by announcing, "Boys, I am indeed interested in your trip retracing the route of Lewis and Clark, because I am a lineal descendant of Captain Meriwether Lewis." We were indeed properly impressed and could not bring ourselves to reply, as we felt we should, "How interesting! As Captain Lewis died a bachelor that certainly makes you out to be some kind of a B . . ." Some of our younger boys were a bit confused by his visit.

Naturally we then had to hunt along the main fork until we found the approximate place where Sacajawea was captured. From this point on the main fork seems to shrink rapidly in size and finally divides. The Captains decided to name one fork The Wisdom and the other The Philanthropy. I regret to say that their names did not stick. The Wisdom is now known as The Big Hole and The Philanthropy—Stinking Water!

The Expedition was now at the head of navigation and finding it more and more difficult to proceed with the boats. This was where they planned to contact the Shoshone Indians and there they hoped that Sacajawea would serve as a potent liaison officer between them. Lewis pushed ahead over land hoping to contact the Indians as soon as possible as the plight of the expedition was rather a sorry one. There had been considerable sickness and great uncertainty as to the possibility of their being able to cross the mountains. Rations were dangerously low, and game almost non-existent. Clark continued to labor up the tiny stream with the boats.

The first Indians Lewis saw were so timid that they ran like deer when they spotted him. It seemed impossible to win their confidence and it was not until he surprised a couple of women digging roots who cowered to the earth at his approach, evidently expecting him to kill them instantly, that he was able to make any contacts with them. These women led him to the chief of their band, who proved to be Sacajawea's brother. That amazing coincidence probably saved the Expedition. The kindness of the Captains to Sacajawea paid rich dividends in horses but scant dividends in food, as

the Shoshones themselves were virtually starving. Camp was established while they scoured the country for game and bargained with the Shoshones for horses. Here, too, they put their gear in order and rested for the ordeal they well knew lay ahead of them in the mountains.

The site of this important camp has been beautifully marked as Fortunate Camp by the Montana Highway Department and as usual we were able to camp on the identical campsite of the original party.

The Journals are full of references to the droves of mosquitoes that pestered the party during most of the trip. Here they were exceptionally bad, and it was one of the few places where we also found them pretty difficult to take.

One morning when I got up at dawn to start breakfast it was rather warm and I wore only a short-sleeved T-shirt. It was still not any too light by the time I had the fire going and I noticed that my arms looked very grey. I brushed my right hand over the left arm and felt a wide swath of blood. My arms had been completely covered with mosquitoes!

The road over Lemhi Pass, the first mountain barrier to be negotiated, is little better than a wagon road but the weather was perfect and we had little trouble in getting across. A few miles from Fortunate Camp we stopped and the youngsters were delighted to find that they could actually stand astride the Missouri River just as Drewyer, the chief hunter of the original party, did as he told them, "Thank God, I have lived to bestride the mighty Missouri."

Most of the switch-backs in the narrow road were so short that we had to back to get around them, but by taking it slowly we managed to reach the summit of the pass without a major difficulty. Here we were on the boundary between Montana and Idaho. The road down into Idaho seemed even steeper and more narrow than the one we had been over, and after admiring the view for a short time we started down it with some misgivings. Our supply of gas was getting rather low. We finally made it to a little Idaho town, either Lemhi or Leadore, and drove up to the one gas pump to receive the official welcome to Idaho, "Where you fellows from?"

"We just came over Lemhi Pass." The man with the gas hose in his hand looked the cars over, spat with great emphasis, "You're a god-damn liar."

We were soon back in Montana again, however, where heart-warming hospitality seems to be part of the atmosphere of the state.

Camp was made on the ranch of Mr. O. B. Sanderlin, a mile or so out of the town of Lolo, Montana. Here, what Lewis and Clark appropriately called "Traveller's Rest Creek" (now Lolo Creek) joins the Bitter Root River, and here the party had camped for a couple of days to rest up after its hard trip over the Bitter Root Mountains.

Mr. Sanderlin graciously allowed us the freedom of his place. The actual junction point of Traveller's Rest Creek with the main river made it easy for us to orient ourselves on the copies of Captain Clark's original maps and aided us materially in sketching their tortuous and difficult route over the Bitter Root Mountains by way of Lolo Pass.

We were totally unprepared for the extent and majesty of the Bitter Root Mountains. According to the most modern maps we had, there was no indication of a road over the mountains and we had clearly understood that we would have to make a long detour by way of Missoula and Coeur d' Alene, away from the original route. However, Mr. Sanderlin informed us that the United States Forest Service had recently finished construction of a forest service road completely across the range—a road that followed very closely the route of Lewis and Clark.

By telephone we got in touch with various rangers along the way who assured us that they felt we could get through O.K. The first part of the trip was easy, as a well-traveled road leads up to the famous Lolo Hot Springs. Captain Clark writes of his experiences here:

> "I tasted this water and found it hot and not bad tasted . . . in further examonation I found this water nearly boiling hot as the places it spouted from the rocks which are hard Corse Grit and of great size . . . I put my finger in the water, at first could not bare it a Second."

A considerable stretch of the original Lolo Trail is still to be seen and of course we had to get out and have a little hike on that ancient footpath. The boys of our party scattered out and amused themselves by testing the various springs just as Captain Clark had done. They seemed a bit annoyed when I read them the quotation from the Journals, showing that human nature had not changed much since 1805. They did not agree with Captain Clark as to the taste of the water, however.

It seemed almost incredible that this narrow little mountain trail actually was the same footpath that Clark, Sacajawea, Lewis, Charbonneau, Gass, Shannon, McNeal, Fields and all the rest of that great party had traversed so long ago. Again we experienced the thrill of reality. Now they all seemed more real to us, not just a procession of ghosts moving across the pages of history, but real human beings with their feet on the earth, this very earth that our feet were on.

The crossing of the Bitter Roots by Lewis and Clark has never been adequately described. Their heart-breaking experiences in crossing what certainly must have seemed to them to be an interminable wilderness of mountains warrants the pen enthusiasms of Bernard de Voto, Stanley Vestal, or John Neihardt. For over half a month they toiled over the mountain-sides, hungry, and undoubtedly fearful of being hopelessly lost. Gass likely possessed the feeling of the entire party when he described them as "the most terrible mountains I ever beheld." The sketch maps in Captain Clark's field books again and again have notations in emphatic penmanship—"Mountains—*High Mountains.*"

To cross them took us only a day and a half, thanks to the Forest Service road. However, we got one little bitter taste of the Bitter Roots when we camped one night at Little Weitas Meadows. It had begun to blow and rain even before we got up the tents. Supper was cooked in the rain and it was so cold that we were glad indeed to get into our

warm sleeping bags in the well-trenched and dry tents. It blew and rained and snowed all night although it was early in August. Getting a fire going and breakfast cooked was quite a job.

As soon as it was daylight I got up and found the ground covered with sloppy snow. What wood we had managed to get together in the dark the night before was damp. I shaved down some splinters and carefully laid a fire. I struck the match. My hands trembled so with cold that the match went out. I tried it again after cutting a few more shavings that looked a bit drier. Again I struck a match and again it went out. By this time I was terribly chilled. I took the axe and started out to see if I could find a pitchy stump. Everything seemed rotten and sodden with rain and the sloppy snow. By this time I was rather concerned. It seemed essential that we have a hot breakfast for the youngsters before we began the messy job of breaking camp in the slush, mud and rain. Finally I spotted a small burnt stump and the axe soon laid bare the pitchy heart of it. It was no time before I had the fire going and the pots on for mush and cocoa and coffee.

Our hands were so cold we could hardly hold our dishes. It stopped raining for a few minutes after breakfast to permit us to get our tents down and our bedding and other duffle stored away before it started again.

Fortunately, we had only a dozen or so miles of the dirt road ahead of us before we came to gravel. The rains had made that dozen miles of road a sea of slippery mud. Not even our skid chains would hold us to the road. For safety's sake we all piled out on dangerous stretches. We cut brush and laid alongside the road to keep the cars from sliding down the mountain. In this way we slid most of the way down the road to the beginning of the gravel at Pierce, Idaho. Here it was easy going. We made a brief stop at Orofino, from where the Expedition had made the rest of its journey down the Snake and Columbia Rivers by canoe.

Below Lewiston we were forced to desert the trail, as no road that we could discover paralleled the river exactly. The highway across the river-bend through Pomeroy, however, follows fairly accurately the route the Expedition took on its return from the Pacific, so we were still on the Lewis and Clark trail.

A little detour from the main highway took us to Pasco, where we had lunch in the park at the junction of the Snake and Columbia Rivers. Finn Burnett was delighted to find that they had named the park in honor of his great-great-great-grandmother, Sacajawea.

Thanks to Captain Clark's maps, camping-spot after camping-spot of the original party could be ascertained as we drove along the Columbia River Highway. Naturally we made a stop at Celilo Falls above The Dalles. The water still "whorls and swills," as Captain Clark so aptly described it. But fortunately we did not have to write as did Clark:

> "The FLEES which the party got of them at the upper and great falls, are very troublesom and diffcuelt to get rid of, perticularly as the men have not a change of clothes to put on, they strip off their clothes and kill the flees, dureing which time they remain nakid."

We also were able to locate the site of the camp of November 10-11, where the party weathered out a terrific storm, soaked with driving cold rain, chilled to the bone by wind, pounded by the heavy driftwood that was all afloat around them at high tide; hungry, with only a little dried fish to sustain them. Surely this spot should be marked and set aside as a monument to human endurance.

All westerners are familiar with the Columbia River Highway. It brought us all too soon to Portland, and then a few hours' drive and we had our tents pitched in the heavy coast forest where stood Lewis' and Clark's tiny Fort Clatsop. The site has been definitely established and set aside as a park site. The spot is marked with a neat bronze marker surrounded by a heavy iron chain which encloses a huge flagpole. Most unfortunately, the flagpole bears the brunt of the vandal's knife and hatchet. Not only is it scarred and plastered with initials, but souvenir hunters have even hacked off huge slivers.

Lewis and Clark spent a ghastly winter here. It rained almost constantly, their food supply was low, and everything was soggy and mildewed from the moisture. To aid us in understanding their experience, it began to rain the first night we were there and rained almost constantly during our stay. Even in the few days we were there our tents got mildewed.

Lewis and Clark make no mention in their journals of the giant slugs that came out every night while we camped there. I shall long remember my first experience with them. In the middle of the night I had to crawl out of bed to go to the toilet. The ground all around the camp was soft with moss, dead fern fronds and soft leaves so I didn't bother to pull on my shoes. A few feet from the tent I stepped on one of these huge slimy critters. The flashlight revealed it to be over six inches long, all pure cold slime! The chills run up and down my spine even now when I think of it.

In spite of the weather we journeyed around; first, by ferry across the river to the Washington side to see the spot where Clark could write: "Great joy in camp we are in view of the Ocian this great Pacific Octean which we have been so long anxious to See."

Side trips took us to the coast where a small detachment had made camp and boiled no one knows how many gallons of sea water into a few bags of precious salt for the homeward journey. Then to the spot farther south along the coast where the whale was cast up by the sea—that great fish that Sacajawea never tired of telling her Indian friends back in the Indian country about . . . the stories of that great fish which Indians who had never seen the sea could never quite believe were true.

The day we left Fort Clatsop was August 18, the birthday of Captain Lewis. We celebrated it by awarding each boy a facsimile of the large Jefferson medal presented by Lewis and Clark to the more important Indian potentates along their way. At lunch time we had a council and read the following excerpt from Lewis' journal of August 18, 1805:

> "This day I completed my thirty-first year, and conceived that I had in all human probability now Existed about half the period which I am to remain in this Sublunary

world I reflected that I had as yet done but little, very little, indeed, to further the hapiness of the human race, or to advance the information of the succeeding generation. I viewed with regret the many hours I have spent in indolence, and now soarly feel the want of that information which those hours would have given me had they been judiciously Expended, but since they are past and cannot be recalled I dash from me the gloomy thought and resolved in future to redouble my exertions and at least indeavour to promote those two primary objects of human existence, by giving them the aid of that portion of talents which nature and fortune have bestoed on me; or in future, to live FOR MANKIND as I have heretofore lived FOR MYSELF."

We had completed our plan to retrace the western portion of the route followed by the original party. I am sure, also, that we had achieved our goal of making the original Expedition seem vivid and real to the youngsters who made up our party.

The three boys who were the descendants of members of the original party had helped us immeasurably in that, but the fact that night after night we had camped and slept on the very ground the original party had used, had undoubtedly sat on the same rocks, bathed in the same pools, gazed at the identical scenes, all served to bring us closer and closer to a realization of the actuality of Jefferson's great dream.

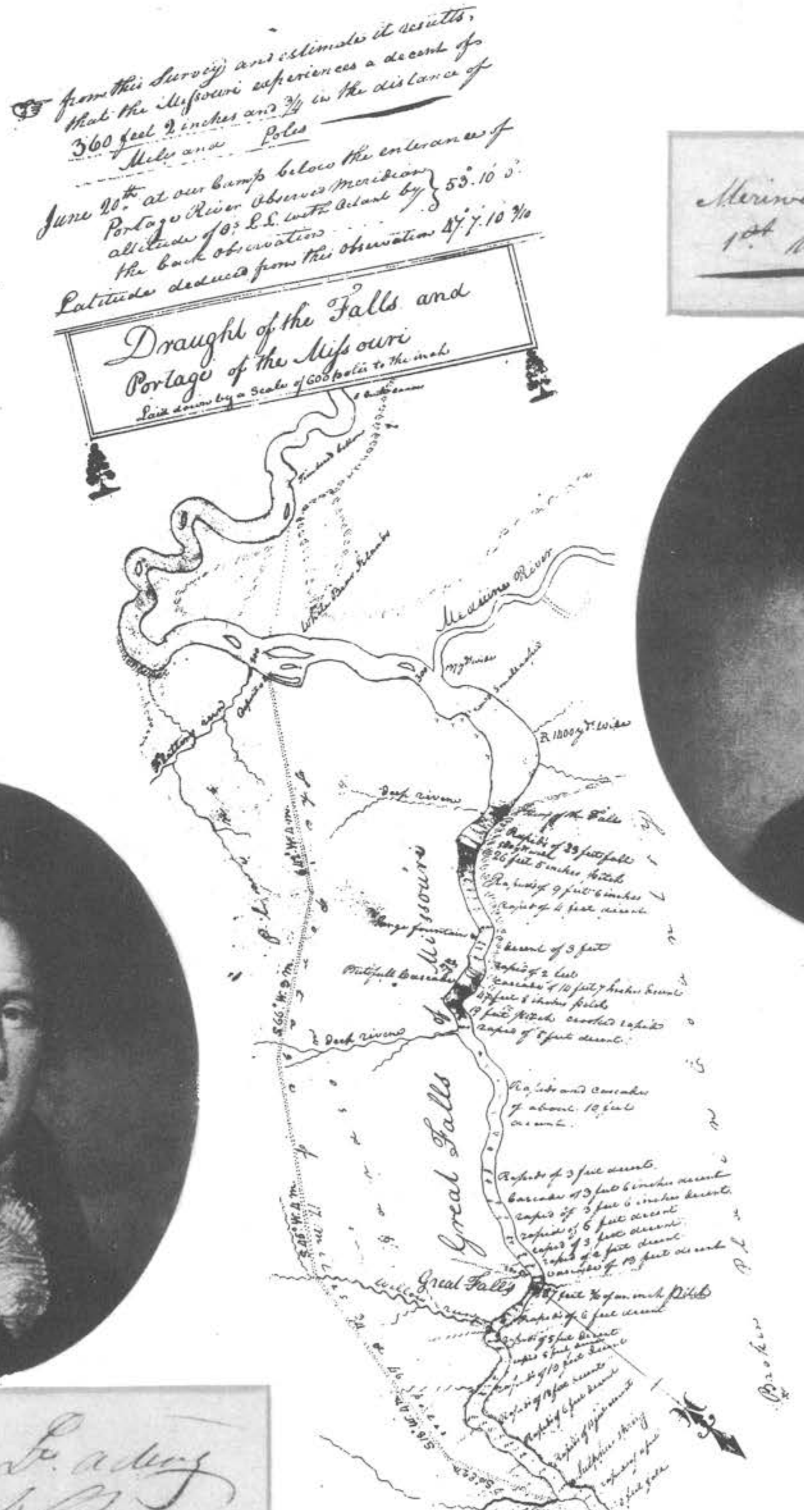
It seemed fitting that we should later visit the Shoshone burial bround back of Fort Washakie, near Landor, Wyoming. Here Sacajawea and her two sons are buried.

James Willard Schultz was still alive then and old as he was he joined us at Fort Washakie and took us out to her grave. A simple shaft with a metal plate on its slanting top marks the final resting place of the American heroine for whom more monuments have been erected than for any other woman in American history.

After paying our respects there we drove back to the agency and met old Dr. John Roberts, the well-beloved and deeply venerated Episcopalian missionary to the Shoshones and the Arapahoes.

In spite of his ninety years Dr. Roberts was hale and hearty, in full possession of his many faculties—a gracious host and fluent speaker. Retired after many years of active duty he lived in a substantial brick house close to the mission and schools he was responsible for establishing at Fort Washakie, the administration center of the Shoshone and Arapaho reservation.

Dr. Roberts arrived at his mission post in 1883. Shortly after his arrival he met Sacajawea, then a venerable woman living with her adopted son. Baptiste, Captain Clark's "Pomp," after whom Pompey's Pillar on the Yellowstone was named, lived about three miles away towards the mountains. He told how on April 9, 1884, the old woman had died during the night. The agent had a coffin made and a grave was dug for her on the slope of the foothills about a mile and a half from the agency. Here had been buried four white people who had been killed by hostile raiding Indians. The spot was later set aside as the Shoshone Indian Cemetery.

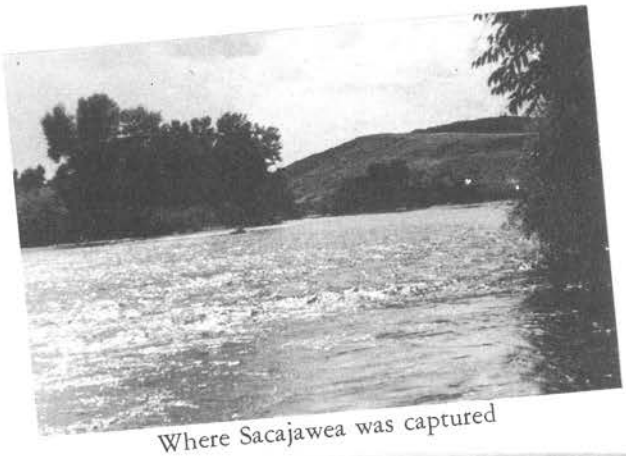

from this Survey and estimate it results, that the Missouri experiences a decent of 360 feet 2 inches and 3/4 in the distance of
Miles and Poles
June 20th at our Camp below the entrance of Portage River observed Meridian altitude of ☉'s L.L. with Octant by the back observation 53° 10' 0"
Latitude deduced from this observation 47° 7' 10 3/10
Draught of the Falls and Portage of the Missouri
Laid down by a Scale of 600 poles to the inch
Medicine River
Missouri
Great Falls
Portage River


Meriwether Lewis Capt.
1st U.S. Regt. Infty.

Sacajawea's burial took place late in the afternoon of the day on which she died. Those attending the simple ceremony were her relatives, the reservation agent (Dr. Erwin), and a few of the employees. Dr. Roberts read the Episcopal burial service. Little did he realize at the time that the heroine they laid to rest would become in later years one of the most honored of American women. On the parish register Dr. Roberts entered the simple facts of the burial, giving the age of the woman as one hundred years, which was a somewhat customary procedure when burying Indians of great but naturally unverifiable age.

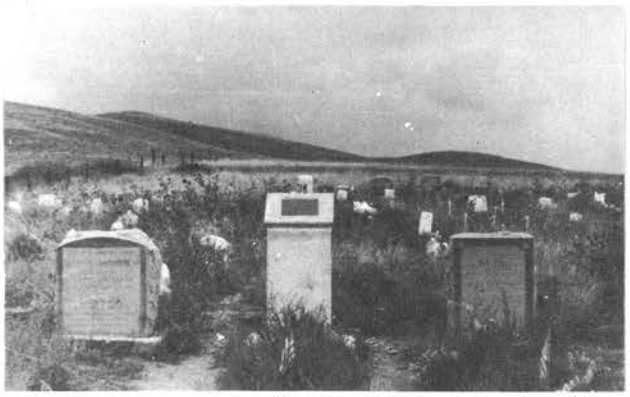
To one side of Sacajawea's grave is that of her adopted son, Basil. Her own son Baptiste was buried some distance away and rock slides have covered the spot. However, a memorial marker has been placed on the opposite side of Sacajawea. So rests the simple hearted Shoshone woman.

To quote Dr. Roberts: "She sleeps with her face towards the dawn on a sunny slope of the Rocky Mountains through whose grim passes she led, in 1805, the first white men ever to look upon the fastnesses of the great northwest."

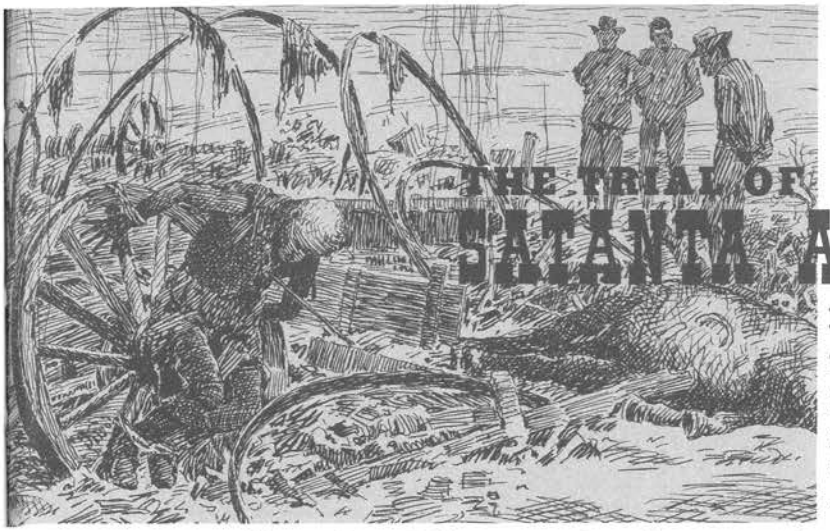


Where Sacajawea was captured

Baptiste Charbonneau's grave



Sacajawea's grave



THE TRIAL OF SATANTA AND BIG TREE

By ROBERT A. "Billy" DODSON

THE FIRST INDIANS EVER TO STAND before the Bar of Justice in the American Courts were Satanta and Big Tree, Kiowa Chiefs. The charge was "Murder in the first degree."

The setting of this unprecedented event was in the little western town of Jacksboro, Jack County, Texas. Just outside of the town stood one of the western military outposts, Ft. Richardson: A beautiful, as well as a very interesting, section of the State. It was here that my parents, with other adventurous pioneers, chose to establish their home. It was a good land, watered by many streams teeming with fish, and wild game abounded aplenty in the timbered hills and broad fertile valleys. This land was an outdoor paradise, worthy of the brave men and women who chose to endure privation and loneliness to make their contribution to civilization. These stalwart pioneers were not deceived as to the horrors they would be called upon to face, the long sleepless nights spent listening to the stealthy creeping of bloodthirsty Indians bent on murder, pilfering, scalping, and, worst of all, the carrying off of women and children into captivity, a fate worse than death. It was war to the death, for the Redman too, coveted this land. It was not the time nor place for the weak-hearted, but a challenge to the stout-hearted who elected to stay and fight it out.

Some tribes of the Plains Indians who had never been subdued could be coped with. It was from the so-called peaceful Indians, who were wards of the Government and confined to reservations just a few miles to the north, that the pioneers were pleading with the Government for protection. It was these Indians who were fed, clothed, and armed by the Government, so that they might hunt game as food for their families. They would, under the guise of hunting, sneak across the Red River and swoop down on the settlers, murdering, burning and driving off their livestock. These marauders could then skip back across the Red River and, under the protection of the military, thumb their noses at the outraged settlers who were in hot pursuit. For many years, without avail, the pioneers pleaded with the Government for protection from the depredations of these Indians.

In May, 1871, less than twenty-four hours before the dramatic incident leading up to this trial occurred, General Wm. T. Sherman, while on a tour of inspection of the Western Military Outposts, passed the exact scene of the massacre. He was met at Ft. Richardson by a committee of prominent citizens, who pleaded with him for protection from the massacres of these Indians. General Sherman listened politely but silently, which seemed to convey to the committee the impression that he was not convinced that it was the

Oklahoma Indians that were committing these outrages against the white settlers. At this point, the irony of fate intervened. An escaped, wounded teamster came in to report on the massacre. He was a teamster of one of twelve wagons of a wagon train owned by Capt. Warren, a Government contractor, which had left the previous morning from Ft. Richardson. The wagons were loaded with forage and other supplies destined for Ft. Griffith, a distance of forty miles to the west of Ft. Richardson. The teamster reported that just as wagon master Long swung his wagons off the road and corralled them for the night, more than a hundred well-armed Indians bore down upon them, killing seven of their number and wounding one of the five who escaped, burning the wagons and supplies and driving off forty of their mules.

A military detachment was immediately sent to the scene of the massacre. On its return it was reported that seven bodies had been found, horribly mutilated, one of the teamsters had been chained to a wagon wheel and burned, all wagons and supplies had been burned and the mules driven off.

General Sherman ordered General R. S. MacKenzie to proceed at once with 150 cavalry with 30 days rations and follow the Indians to their reservation or place of abode.

On May 20, 1871, General Sherman, General R. B. Marcy and escort (the same General Marcy who surveyed the California Trail in 1849, the Red River to its source in 1852, and the Indian Reservation in 1854) departed from Ft. Richardson for Ft. Sill, arriving there May 23, 1871. They were met by Lawrie Tatum, agent for the Comanche and Kiowa Indians. Agent Tatum gave General Sherman a very discouraging report, stating that he had been unsuccessful in civilizing the Indians. He further stated they disregarded his injunctions and continued to prey upon the Texas settlements and, in his opinion, should be compelled to respect government orders and policies and should be punished for their crimes.

On May 27, 1871, the Indian Chiefs, Satanta, Big Tree, Satank and others came into Ft. Sill to draw their government rations. Old Satanta got confidential with Agent Tatum and told him of the big raid in Texas. He stated that Satank and Big Tree were with him but that he, Satanta, was in command and that if any of the other chiefs tried to claim the credit for the raid that they were lying. The agent reported the incident to General Sherman, who immediately sent for Chief Satanta, who acknowledged that he made the statement to Mr. Tatum. General Sherman issued an order placing the three chiefs under arrest to be sent to Jacksboro to be tried for their crime. Satanta, realizing that he had made a mistake, endeavored to soften his statement by saying that although he was present at the raid, he took no part in the fighting and that some of his young warriors wanted to have a little fight and take a few white scalps and had prevailed upon him to go along to show them how.

Chief Kicking Bird pleaded with General Sherman to release the three chiefs, stating that if they were not released he feared great trouble. General Sherman pointed out to

Kicking Bird the enormity of their crime, the fact that more than a hundred warriors attacked twelve unarmed civilians and further stated that if the Indians felt that they must have a fight, his soldiers were ready to take them on at any time. The Indians were ordered to return all the mules stolen, which they did.

Again Kicking Bird warned the General that he feared war would be the result, if the prisoners were not released. In fact, it seemed that imminent trouble was in the making, as a number of the Indians rushed the gates of the Fort, wounding one of the guards. Order was no sooner restored when trouble again appeared in the form of Chief Lone Wolf, a show-off who was well known for his cruelty and lawlessness, who came dashing into the Fort mounted on a magnificent charger with silver-mounted saddle and all the trappings. He dramatically dismounted, stepped in front of the General, and seemed to say by his demeanor to the Commander of the United States Army, "Behold, the great Lone Wolf, Chief of the Kiowas." He threw his blanket from his shoulders, girded it about his waist, handed one of his rifles to one of his attendants, bow and quiver to another and prepared for action. The soldiers covered them with their rifles and prepared to shoot when Satanta and the other chiefs raised their hands and cried, "No, no, don't shoot." The order not to fire was given. Then all the Indians were cleared from the enclosure of the Fort, except the three chiefs, who were placed in chains and started overland under strong guard under the command of General MacKenzie on their way to Texas, the scene of their crimes. En route, Satank made a desperate attempt to escape and was killed by the guards.

General MacKenzie arrived at Ft. Richardson, June 3, 1871, with his famous prisoners, Satanta and Big Tree, and placed them in the guard house under strong guard for safe keeping until court convened.

On July 1, 1871, the Grand Jury of the District Court then in session found Satanta and Big Tree guilty of murder in the first degree. The two chiefs were remanded to the guard house under heavy guard, to await trial. Their case was recorded under number 224 of the State of Texas vs Satanta and Big Tree, Kiowa chiefs, for murder.

On July 5, 1871, for the first time in history the Redman stood before the bar of justice of the white man's court to be tried for his crimes. Satanta and Big Tree were stripped of their feathery regalia that designated them as great warriors, the chiefs of their tribes. Satanta would have need of his oratory, for which he was noted, and Big Tree his daring and fleetness, that had saved him many times.

The little court house was crowded to its capacity. Some came to look upon the fiends whom they had met face to face in fierce combat. Others were there who had known the terror of the Indian war-whoop and the crackling flames as it slowly consumed the roof over their heads, while these same men, surrounded by their bloodthirsty warriors eagerly waited for them to run from the flames, that they might collect a few more scalps and war trophies. Judge Charles Soward sat on the bench and S. W. T. Lanham was

TRIAL OF SATANTA

District Attorney for the State. The court appointed Thomas Ball and J. A. Wolforth, two prominent attorneys, for the defense. A Severance was granted by the court and Satanta was tried first.

The principal witnesses were Col. MacKenzie, agent Lawrie Tatum, and Thomas Brazeal, one of the escaped teamsters from the wagon train massacre. It was at this time that Satanta delivered his dramatic plea for liberty. The evidence was so conclusive that after a brief absence, the jury rendered a verdict of murder in the first degree. On September 1, 1871, the prisoners Satanta and Big Tree were sentenced to hang until dead.

Great pressure was brought to bear on Governor Edward J. Davis by many prominent citizens, including Agent Tatum, Judge Soward and others, to commute the sentence of the condemned prisoners to life imprisonment. They argued that to hang the prisoners would bring reprisal upon the settlers, thereby condemning many citizens to a horrible death, whereas, life imprisonment would really be a greater punishment for the two chiefs.

On August 2, Governor Davis issued a proclamation commuting the sentence of Satanta and Big Tree to imprisonment in the State Penitentiary at Huntsville, Texas, at hard labor for life. The prisoners were removed to the penitentiary under Special Order No. 185, issued by Major J. J. Reynolds, Commander, Headquarters Department of Texas and Louisiana at San Antonio, September 12, 1871.

On August 9, 1873, they were paroled to their tribes by Governor Davis on recommendation of President Grant and others. When the news reached General Sherman, who had risked his life in bringing these chiefs to justice, he was reported to have remarked that he hoped the first scalp taken in the next raid in Texas would be Governor Davis' war bonnet.

Both prisoners broke their parole. On October 30, 1874, Lt. General Sheridan was ordered to arrest and return them to the penitentiary. Both Indians fled. Satanta finally gave himself up and surrendered and was re-incarcerated November 8th of that year. Big Tree was never returned to the penitentiary.

Satanta's prison record was good, although he was very lazy and really did very little work. After his return to prison, he became very despondent. Early in the morning of June 20, 1874, Satanta ended his life by jumping from the second story window or balcony. Another "bad" Indian became a "good" Indian.

Big Tree was punished once while in prison for being disrespectful to a guard. He was an incessant worker and became an expert in rebottoming chairs. Later he became active in helping to establish the Rainy Mountain Indian Mission and was a deacon for thirty years. He remained an active member and leader of his tribe until a few years before his death on November 13, 1929.

Spasmodic raids continued on the border of the Indian Territory and Texas until the close of the year 1875 when peace finally settled over the land that had been plagued by Indian warfare for so many long years.

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SPEECH OF SATANTA AT TRIAL

Taken from "History of Jack County" by Thomas F. Horton

"*I can not speak with these things on my wrists* (holding up his hands and arms to show the iron bracelets). *I am a squaw. Has anything been heard from the Great Father? I have never been so near the Tejanos* (Texans) *before. I look around me and see your braves, squaws and papooses, and have said in my heart, if I ever get back to my people I will never make war upon you. I have always been the friend of the white man, ever since I was so high* (indicating by sign the height of a small boy). *My tribe has taunted me and called me a squaw because I have been the friend of the Tejanos. I am suffering now for the crimes of bad Indians, of Satank, Lone Wolf, and Kicking Bird, and Fast Bear and Eagle Heart, and if you will let me go I will kill the three later with my own hands. I did not kill the Tejanos. I came down Pease River as a big medicine man to doctor the wounds of the braves. I am a big chief among my people and have great influence among the warriors of my tribe. They know my voice and will hear my word. If you will let me go back to my people I will withdraw my warriors from Tejano, I will take them all across the Red River and that shall be the line between us—across the Red River and the pale faces. I will wash out the spots of blood and make it a white land and there shall be peace and the Tejanos may plow and drive their oxen to the banks of the Red River. If you kill me it will be like a spark in the prairie—make big fire, burn heap.*"

This speech was interpreted by Mr. Jones. It was spoken in the Comanche tongue, that being the dominant vernacular used among the Indians of the Plains.

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SPEECH OF S. W. T. LANHAM

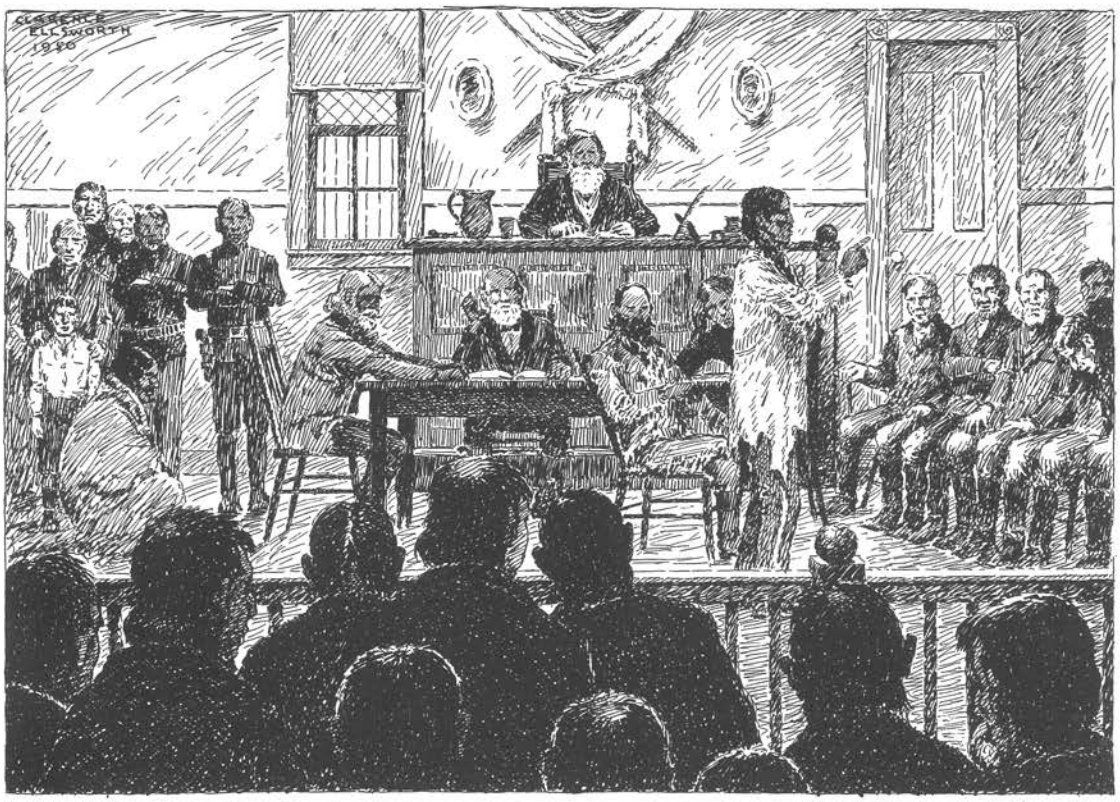
District Attorney of the State of Texas and Prosecuting Attorney
at the Trial of Satanta and Big Tree, Kiowa Chiefs
July 5, 1871

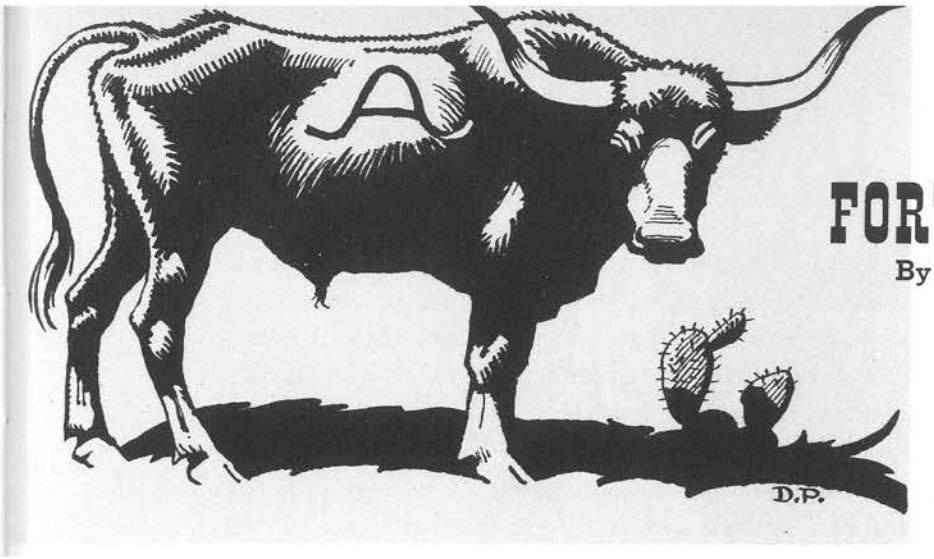
"*This is a novel and important trial and has no precedent in the history of American criminal jurisprudence. The remarkable character of the prisoners who are leading representatives of their race, their crude and barbarous appearance, the gravity of the charge, the murder of victims, the horrible brutality and inhuman butchery inflicted on the bodies of the dead, the direful and terrific spectacle of seven men who were husbands, fathers, brothers, sons and lovers, on the morning of the dark and bloody day of this atrocious deed arose from their rude tents bright with hope, in the prime of life of manhood, found at a later hour beyond recognition in every condition of horrid disfiguration—unutterably mutilated and dead, lying stark and stiff under the huffs of vaunting enemies. This vast collection of our border people, of faces including distinguished gentlemen, civil and military, who have come hither to witness the triumph of law and justice over barbarity and assassination, the matron, and maiden, the gray-haired, the immature lad, who have been attracted to this unusual occasion—all conspire to surround this case with thrilling and extraordinary interest. Though we were to pause in silence the cause I represent would exclaim*

with trumpet tongue: 'Satanta, the veteran chief of the Kiowa as the orator, the diplomat, the councilor of his tribe, the pulse of his race; Big Tree, the young war chief who leads in the thickest of the fight and follows no one in the chase; mighty warriors with the speed of the deer and the eye of the eagle, are before this bar in the charge of the law.' So they would be described by Indian admirers who live in more secure and favored lands, remote from the frontiers where distance lends enchantment to the imagination, where the story of Pocahontas and the speech of Logan, the Mingo, and the dread sound of the war-whoop is not heard. We, who see them today disrobed of all fancied graces, exposed in the light of reality, behold them through far different lenses. We recognize in Satanta the archfiend of treachery, the bloody, the cunning Catiline, the promoter of strife, the breaker of treaties signed by his own hand, the enticer of his fellows to rapine and murder, the artful dealer in bravado while in the powwow, and the most abject coward in the field, as well as the most canting and double-tongued hypocrite when detected and overcome. In Big Tree we perceive the tiger demon who has tasted blood and loves it as his food, who stops at no crime, how black soever, who is swift at every species of ferocity and pities not any sight of agony or death. He can scalp, burn, torture, mangle and deface his victims with all the superlatives of cruelty and have no feeling of sympathy or remorse. Both are hideous and loathsome in appearance and we look in vain to see anything in them to admire or even endure. Still, these rough sons of the woods have been commiserated. The measures of the poet and the fascination of romance have been invoked to grace the melancholy history of the Red Man. Powerful influences have been brought to bear to produce for them annuities, reservations and supplies. Federal munificence has fostered and nourished them, fed and clothed them. From their strongholds of protection they have come down upon us like wolves on the fold. Treaties have been solemnly made with them wherein they have been considered with all the formalities of quasi nationalities. Immense financial 'rings' have had their origin in and drawn their vitality from the Indian question, unblushing competition has stalked abroad and kept alive through 'the poor Indian whose untutored mind sees God in the clouds and hears him in the wind.' Mistaken sympathy for these vile creatures has kindled the flames around the cabin of the pioneer and despoiled him of his hard earnings, murdered and scalped our people and carried off our women into captivity worse than death. For many years predatory and numerous bands of these pets of the Government have waged the most relentless and heartrending warfare upon our frontier, stealing our property and killing our citizens. We have cried aloud for help as segments of the grand aggregate of the country. We have begged for relief—deaf ears have been turned to our cries and the story of our wrongs have been discredited. Had it not been for General W. T. Sherman and his most opportune journey through this section, his personal observation of the scene of the slaughter, the ensanguined corpses of the murdered teamsters and the entire evidence of this dire tragedy, it may well be doubted whether these brutes in human shape would ever have been brought to trial, for it is a fact well known in Texas that stolen property has been traced to the very door of the reservation and there identified by our people to no purpose. We are greatly indebted to the military arm of the Government for kindly offices and co-operation in procuring the arrest and transference of the defendants. If entire management of the Indian question were submitted to this gallant and

AND BIG TREE *distinguished army officer* (General MacKenzie) *who graces this occasion with his dignified presence, our frontier would soon enjoy immunity from these marauders. It speaks well for the humanity of our laws and our tolerance of this people that the prisoners are permitted to be tried in this Christian tribunal. The learned Court has in all things required the observance of the same rule of procedure, the same principles of evidence, the same judicial methods from the presentment of the indictment down to the charge soon to be given by His Honor that are enforced in the trial of a white man. You, gentlemen of the jury, have sworn that you can and will render a fair and impartial verdict. Were we to practice sextationit no right of trial by jury would be allowed these monsters. On the contrary, as they have treated their victims so it would measure unto them. The definition of murder is so familiar to the Court and has been so frequently discussed before the country that any technical or elaborate investigation of the subject under facts of this case would seem unnecessary. Under our statute all murders committed in perpetration or in attempt at perpetration of robbery is murder in the first degree. Under the facts of the case we might well rest upon the clause of statute in the determination of the grade of the offense. The testimony discloses these salient features. About the time indicated by the charge the defendants, with other chiefs and a band of more than fifty warriors, were absent from their reservation at Fort Sill. They were away thirty days, a sufficient length of time to make this incursion and return; that upon their return they brought back their booty—the forty mules, guns and pistols and camp supplies of the deceased; that Satanta made a speech in the presence of the interpreter, Lawrie Tatum, the Indian agent at Fort Sill, and General Sherman, in which he boasted of having been down to Texas and had a fight killing seven Tejanos* (Texans) *and capturing forty mules, guns and pistols, ammunition, sugar and other supplies of the train; that if any other chief claims the credit of the victory that he was a liar; that he, Satanta, with Big Tree and Satank* (who were present and acquiesced in the statement) *were entitled to the glory. Here we have his own admission, voluntarily and arrogantly made, disclosing minutely the whole tragic affair. Then we have the evidence of the surviving teamster who tells of the attack on him and his comrades by a band of over fifty Indians killing seven of his comrades and the escape of four others with himself. Then we have the testimony of the Orderly Sergeant who himself is an old Indian fighter and familiar with the mode of attack and general conduct of the savages. He, with a detachment of soldiers went out from Fort Richardson to the scene of blood to bury the dead.* (There is a monument standing on or near the scene of battle to the memory of the teamsters.) *He describes how they were scalped and mutilated with tomahawks, shot with arrows; how the wagon master was chained to the wheel and burned, evidently while living; of the revolting and horrible manner in which the dead bodies were mangled and disfigured and how everything betokens the work and presence of Indians. He further describes the arrows as those of the Kiowas. We learn from this the interesting fact that Indian tribes are known by the peculiar manner in which their arrows are made, like civilized nations are recognized by their flags. The same character of testimony were sufficient to convict any white men. 'By their own words let them be condemned.' Their conviction and punishment can not repair the loss nor avenge the blood of the good men they have slain; still it is due to law and justice and humanity that they should receive the highest*

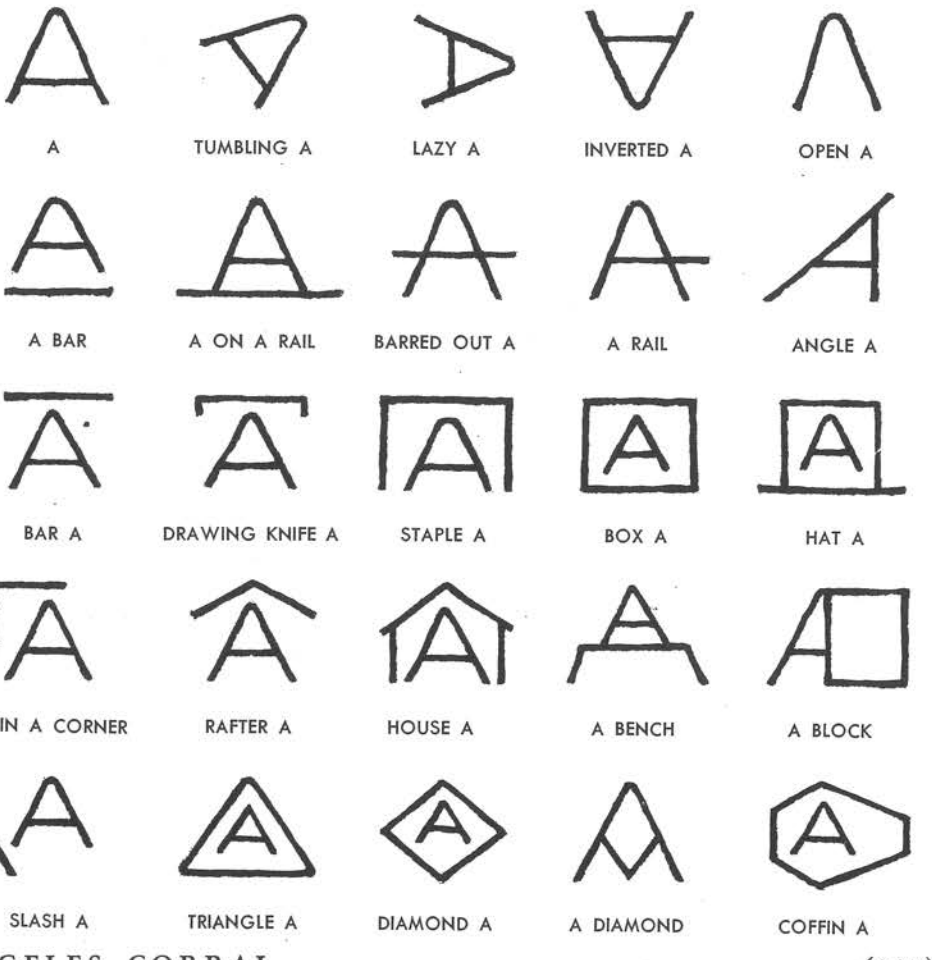
punishment. This is even too mild and humane for them. Pillage and bloodthirstiness were the motives of this diabolical deed. Fondness for torture and intoxication of delight at human agony impelled the perpetration. All the elements of murder in the first degree are found in the case. The jurisdiction of the Court is complete and the State expect from you a verdict and judgment in accordance with the law and evidence."



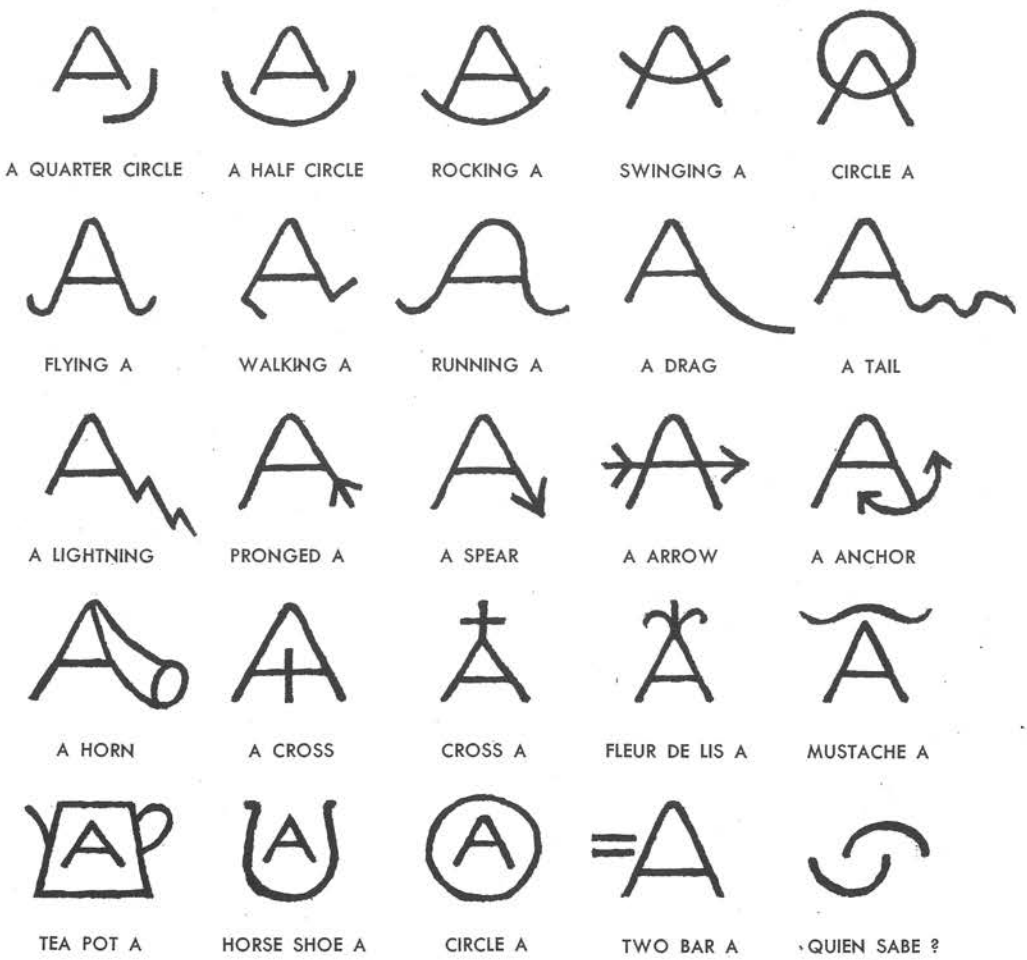


FORTY-NINE A's

By DON PERCEVAL



GIVE a cowman a letter and he'll give you a hundred variations of it. Unlike most articles, which give the widest selection of well known brands, I want to put down a few of the different ways of using the same letter and how they are read in some parts of the country. Several shown here can be read two or three ways, so we won't fight over that, just depends where you're from. I figured that A, being the first letter of the alphabet, would do as well as any and started to write down all the A brands I had ever seen or heard of. Then the variants, such as using a Lazy A or an Open A instead of the straight A in most of the brands shown below, then adding Bars or Half Circles till the hundreds turned into thousands without using any other letter or figure. However, because this is the 1949 Brand Book, I decided that forty-nine would be a fair sample; and as for 1950, Quien Sabe?

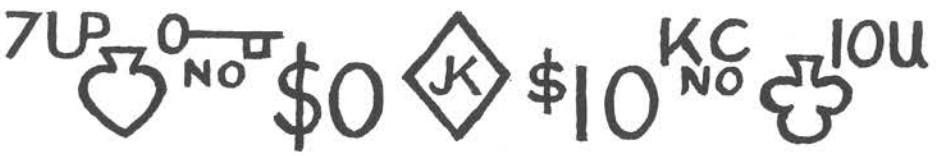


BARREL JUG. OPEN A BAR WINE GLASS B A R WINE GLASS CORKSCREW BOTTLE

MY HEART CUPID'S HEART TWIN HEARTS HEART & DART HEART STRINGS

RUNNING S A C FLYING Y J LAZY J 5 3 LAZY S C L S

BRIDLE BITS



SEVEN UP ACE OF SPADES KENO NO MONEY JACK DIAMOND TEN DOLLARS CASINO ACE OF CLUBS I O U

BIG DOIN'S AT PLACERITOS RANCHO

A bunch of the boys was whoopin' it up
In El Placeritos Saloon,
A drinkin' beer and soda pop,
And hittin' the old spittoon.

(By Art Woodward after Service with no apologies. That would only make it worse.)

"Git outa the way, the stage is comin' in!"

A cloud of dust and a squawking of chickens mark the progress of the ancient old thorough braced vehicle drawn by a pair of decrepit jackasses as it rattles to a stop in front of Los Placeritos Saloon, located on Placeritos Rancho, Ernie Hickson, Proprietor.

Out of the stage steps as weird an assortment of human bipeds as the mayor domo of the ranch has ever seen. Heading the roistering crew is a gent who sports a shiny tin star on his vest, Homer Boelter, renegade sheriff of Hollywood, who operates a print shop as a legitimate blind for his real business, which is riding herd on a posse of Westerners and counterfeiting tickets for the Old Ladies' Home.

Others in his gang are Ernest V. Sutton, a tramp printer and a Hopi Indian by adoption, although part of the time he can't make up his mind whether he is a Hopi or a Paiute. With him on this occasion, which is the annual summer roundup of the Westerners of the Los Angeles Corral, Ernie Hixon has as his guest and speaker of the day Fred Trueblood, Sr., a stray waddy from the Arizona range, who is now an ink slinger in Newhall. Subject of the speech, delivered under difficulties, was the life story of William S. Hart, famous cowboy hero of the silent movies, who spent the last years of his life in his hill top rancho overlooking the town of Newhall. As part of the program Editor Trueblood played a record of Hart's voice. Sheriff Boelter also contributed to the program aside from just being present in a sober condition, by showing a colored motion picture, "Ghost Towns of the Mother Lode," loaned through the courtesy of the Signal Oil Company.

Ray Orton, a guest, entertained the group with a selection of old western songs with guitar accompaniment.

Among the most notorious members of

the gang who were still on their feet at the end of the afternoon were "Doc" F. W. Hodge, alias Teluli, best known for his escapades with his old trapper friend Dan DuBois in New Mexico and in more recent years for his peaceful activities in fields of research and science at the Southwest Museum where he occupies the director's chair; Noah Beery, Jr., as tough a cow poke as ever forked a spooky bronc in the best of the western movies, but don't let it fool yuh, podner, Noah knows his western history; Lindley Bynum, alias "Pinky", who plinks a mean guitar and rustles rare books and manuscripts for the University of California; R. J. "Bob the Bibliophile" Woods, who has cases full of rare western Americana an' a concealed wine cellar filled with bottled cheer; Paul Bailey, alias "Dirty Finger Jake," who is of Mormon ancestry and writes knowingly and well of Mormon history, but who has shucked the Garment and doesn't let the all-seeing Eye know everything he does; Clarence Ellsworth, painter of western scenes; Billy Dodson, one of the very few honest to God range riders in the outfit who has ridden many a range and polished off his share of son-of-a-gun and beans; E. N. "Kid" Carter, son of old Judge Carter, who operated old Fort Bridger trading post in the days when the Injuns were still wild. "Kid" Carter sports a mean set of mustaches and has been taken for a professional gambler, a frontier "professor" and a Kentucky colonel, suh, he makes a mint julep like one.

W.W. Robinson, one of the slickest land title sharps in the bizness, has written many booklets and books on the subject of California ranchos and who rooked who and who paid for it.

Dwight Franklin, the gunman, unshaven as usual and sporting his usual Navy Colt in sight and his hideout gun for dirty work, acted as bartender along with Carl Dentzel, the genial ranchero from the San Fernando Valley, who rode in for the occasion in his buckboard. Bert Olsen fought his way through the milling crowd surrounding the bar, along with Dan Gann and Homer Britzman, the latter being ex-sheriff and publisher of many western books. Sneaking around on the edge of the crowd was Arturo Guardabosque, alias Art Woodward, who came rigged out as a California vaquero of the 1830's. He was out of place in all that mob of gringos.

There were many others there too, all good fellows, each one tops in his own line, and when the sun began to set behind the purple hills and the kiyotes began singin' their evenin' hymn, and the bar keep began sweepin' out the debris and rollin' the celebrators who found the floor under the table more comfortable than the chairs, out onto the porch, the sheriff rounded up the gang and poured them on board the outgoin' stage. The whip popped, the jackasses groaned and the mud wagon rolled outen the gates of the rancho and those who were able, not includin' Woodward and Robinson, all whooped and yelled adios to Ernie Hickson, the genial host and prop. of Rancho Placerito, and said thanks for a helluva good time and if they was invited they would be back the next year.

P.S. They was and they will.

THE MEETING AT ERNIE SUTTON'S

It was one of the most festive occasions of the year. The hot summer was done. The leaves of the trees were not yet crisp under a moccasined foot, and there still was a green smell to the eucalyptus perfume floating in the air. The Westerners put on their good clothes and their good manners, because they were going to meet this night at the town home of one of the members, a blood brother and an adopted son of the Hopi Tribe, Ernest V. Sutton.

Just a word about Ernie Sutton. He lives in a large home. The home sits smack dab in the middle of an expansive and well-manicured yard. The back yard butts onto the back yard of another Westerner, Dan Bryant. Between the two yards, a man could run thirty head of (please excuse the expression) sheep, if he was of a mind.

This was a get-together that the hands all had been waiting for and wanting. A man could talk the things he had been saving up to talk about. He could meet the men he had heard of, and he could run a welcome eye over the old friends he already knew. This was the sort of an event that men would ride many a mile to attend.

First of all, those who were there took careful note of Ernie. The summer season had been kind to him. There was the same wry smile, the soft-spoken greeting. There was his eternal and perpetual pipe, and he had on another Indian costume which few of us ever had seen before. Here was the man who had lived *A Life Worth Living*. Here was the man who was an adopted son of the Hopi. Here was the man who had ranged the West and tasted of its salt and its sweets. Here was Ernie . . . a man among men, a Westerner every inch.

Ernie really took care of the boys who came. The pot of beans alone took two men to handle. Ernie and Dan had gathered together for the event the comeliest and most gracious of the entire neighborhood's squaws, and they served the grub the way a man wants it . . . heaped high and wide.

Following the eats, there was a long bill of fare for entertainment. There were songs by one of Dan's daughters, as purty a little gal as ever turned a saucy nose up into the full night air. And there was a little speech making.

There were several citations, one to Ernie, and one to Percy Bonebrake.

There also was some fine Indian dancing done by some of our colorful Indian friends. Iron-Eyes Cody was leader. They were dressed in their brightest regalia and feathers. They transported the whole scene back perhaps seventy-five, perhaps one hundred, perhaps 200 years ago. The pace of the dance was furious, and a spectacle which previously had been witnessed only by the eyes of some of our contemporaries. These were the authentic Indian dances. We watched them, fascinated, and the pages of history turned back a page, back a chapter, back a long, long ways. Some of the pictures are here shown.

Perhaps the most touching part of the entire evening was the official appointment of three special Deputy Sheriff Emeritus to Ernie Sutton, Edgar N. Carter and Percy L. Bonebrake.

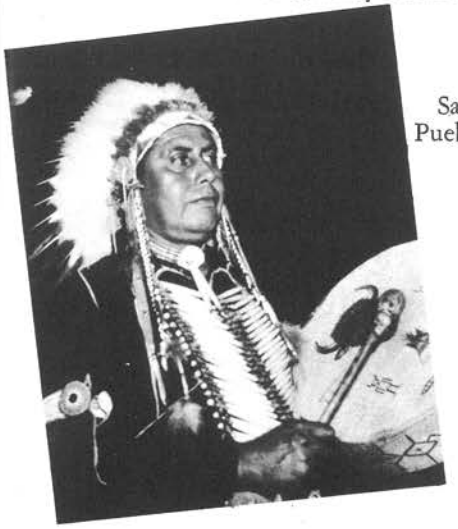
There was many a tough old hombre clearing his throat of some gol dang lump that somehow got there that night as these awards were being made. And we won't none of us ever forget THAT party.

Martin Herrera, Pueblo; Tom Humphrey, Hopi; White Flower, Poncha; Archeletti, Pueblo; Iron Eyes, Cherokee.

Pueblo Bow and Arrow Victory Dance by Martin Herrera—"Red Willow"

'49ers Song, Kiowa—Iron Eyes, Cherokee; Tom Humphrey, Hopi; White Flower, Poncha; Archeletti, Pueblo; Riley Sunrise, Hopi.

Apache Devil Dance by little boy *Nnmkina* and Tom Humphrey



Sandy Archeletti
Pueblo—with drums

Riley Sunrise
Playing on an Indian Flute
"a Kiowa love song."

CONTRIBUTORS

RAMON F. ADAMS — Corresponding Member of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, as well as the Chicago and Denver groups, is a Dallas business man whose interest in the West has become more than a hobby. He is the author of *Cowboy Lingo* and *Western Words*, classics in their field. Manuscript of his newest book *Come and Get It*, a story of the old-time range cooks, is now in the hands of the publishers. Is co-author, with our own Homer Britzman, of the definitive *Charles M. Russell, Cowboy Artist*. Ramon is one of our favorite speakers and has addressed both the Denver and Los Angeles corrals. Has one of the largest collections of books on cattle and western outlaws in the southwest He is at present engaged in writing bibliographies on these two subjects under a Rockefeller grant from the Texas Historical Society of which he is a member. Also belongs to the West Texas and the Panhandle-Plains Historical Societies and the Texas Institute of Letters. Is also associate editor of the West-ways Feature Syndicate of Tucson, Arizona.

HOMER H. BOELTER, Sheriff 1949, Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners. He was born in Illinois but with his family roots in California. His grandfather having settled in Los Angeles in 1887. Finishing his education at Armour Institute and the Chicago Art Institute he started his professional career in Chicago as a Lithographic Artist. After serving in the Air Corps during World War I, he returned to Los Angeles and worked as an Art Director in a Motion Picture studio. He later opened a lithograph plant under his own name. He is a collector of lithographs and original art dealing with the culture and history of the West. His hobbies are, painting, photography, travel and editing the "Scarab," an often homey, often scholarly collection of philosophical gems. It is in the plant of this member that the Brand Books of the Los Angeles corral are composed and produced.

H. E. BRITZMAN—One of the founders of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, was born in 1901 in Missouri. Went to school in Colorado Springs; graduated from Northwestern University and the University of Colorado. Has been active in the oil business for many years. Under the imprint of the Trails End Publishing Company, Britz has brought out valuable western Americana. His main enthusiasm is the work, art and life of Charlie Russell. He has one of the finest collections of Russell's paintings as well as the bronzes. His home, "Trail's End," was once the home of the Russells. His collecting bent is also manifested in some 1000 branding irons. Britz deserves a lot of commendation for his work on the bronzes of Charlie Russell which are a feature of this issue.

LORING CAMPBELL—One of the outstanding professional magicians of the country, was born in 1905 at Sapulpa, formerly Indian Territory. Lived in various small towns in Kansas and it was his delight as a boy to be regaled by old-timers with tales of driving

cattle up the Chisholm Trail, and of outlaws and wild Indians. Started his large collection of Americana at an early age. Specializes in outlaw items and has perhaps one of the best collections on Billy the Kid in the country. Loring is now (spring of 1950) making his 25th annual tour. Has been in every state in the union and most of Canada and Mexico, in some of them as many as thirty times. When not roving around makes his home in Burbank, California.

R. A. (BILLY) DODSON—One of the few members of the Westerners who is really an old timer, and saw many of those episodes and took part in adventures which we Westerners are trying to perpetuate in our organization. Billy was born in the Lone Star State (Texas) in the year 1874. The "education" of which he is most proud was procured on the range; in cow camps, trail driving and horse wrangling. He is proud of having been a hand in those days, and well he might be. He will fight anyone at the drop of a sombrero who might intimate that cowhands in general were anything but the finest breed of men in the country. Billy's domain was the Texas Panhandle mainly, but he saw a great deal of New Mexico, Wyoming, Montana and Indian Territory also. Naturally interested in anything about the Old West which includes reading about it from the books in his library. Salud to a real Westerner.

CLARENCE ELLSWORTH—Artist member of the Westerners was born in September 1885 at Holdredge, Phelps County, Nebraska. Clarence says he arrived on that date "prematurely, and for two or three weeks was kept wrapped in a wool blanket anointed with whiskey and lay in the oven of the kitchen stove." He was born an artist it seems for when just a small boy he began cutting images of horses and dogs and cats and people out of the wrapping paper that came from the grocer and butcher. His artistic training came haphazardly. He began drawing houses, barns, store-fronts, signs and show cards. He spent some time at the Pine Ridge Indian reservation, sketching and familiarizing himself with Indian ways. He lived for a number of years in Denver and was associated with the Denver Post and Rocky Mountain News. Those who have been privileged to see Clarence's paintings will realize that right in our own midst we have one of the foremost artists of Indians, horses and western scenery in the country. Since 1919 he has made his home in Los Angeles.

EARLE R. FORREST—Was born in Washington, Pennsylvania (where he still lives) in 1883. In 1902 his parents gave reluctant consent to his urge to go west. His landing at Trimble and Morgan's cowcamp in Dolores County, Colorado, was the beginning of various adventures and travels. He wanted photos of cowboys and Indians so he set out with a packhorse and photographed Utes, Navajos, Hopis, Pueblos and Apaches. Material for the book *Trail of the Apache Kid* was secured mainly in the Santa Catalina Mountains of

southern Arizona. For a time he was a cowboy in Montana and Arizona. Also studied forestry. Started newspaper work in 1914 and has been engaged in it ever since. Makes numerous trips back to Arizona and New Mexico. Books and publications include *Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest*, *California Joe* (with Joe E. Milner), *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground*, *Lone War Trail of the Apache Kid* (with Edwin C. Hill). Some of his many hobbies are Indian photography, historical subjects, cliff dwelling and pueblo ruins, Indian relics, stamps, old guns, etc.

JAMES F. GARDINER is a third generation Californian, his birth date being December 7, 1917. Jim is a married man and has a family of four children. Was a pilot in the late World War. Is an authority on the Mother Lode mining districts of California. Collects books on California history, being particularly interested in mining history. Is at present working on the development and history of the oldest gold mine in continuous operation in the United States, dating back to 1850. With his wife draws original maps usually depicting fur-trade routes, old trails, etc. Became a Westerner last year and early in his membership gave a fine talk on Trapper Trails in the West.

JOHN B. GOODMAN, III—A native of Denver, Colorado (August 15, 1901), but has lived in California nearly all of his life. He became interested at an early age in the history of the west, mainly California, centering around the gold rush and overland narratives; and also Maritime history and architecture. He joined the art department of the old Famous Players Lasky Studio in 1920 and has remained in the motion picture art directing business ever since. He has worked at nearly all of the various studios, and at one time was supervising art director at Universal Pictures, Inc. He prefers to work for the independent companies, which permits him time to follow his hobbies of book collecting, illustrating and golf.

LONNIE HULL—Born Alonzo Bemis Hull at Seattle, Washington, in 1893, popularly known as Lonnie. Moved to Oregon in 1906 and to a ranch on the California-Mexico border in 1908. Attended schools in San Diego and Redlands. Married Ada Shaw in 1913 and went back to Seattle. California called again and they returned. Worked as salesman for wholesale food products until 1919, when he entered the business of selling automobiles and has been thus engaged ever since. Lonnie has five children who he claims are all good Westerners. His father and mother were Seattle pioneers, and his maternal grandfather was an early resident of San Francisco dating back to 1854. Lonnie's main hobby is photography and in this the Westerners are most fortunate for he has devoted much time and energy in photographing the members singly and collectively. Lonnie's greatest contribution, however, will be found in this issue of the BRAND BOOK for it was he who took on the big job of photographing the bronze sculptures of Charlie Russell. The opinion is unanimous that he did a wonderful piece of work. Another hobby of his is travelling throughout the western United States. Home is in Los Angeles.

HARRY C. JAMES—Harry James was born in Ottawa, Canada, in 1896 and came to California early in 1914. He finished university work here and worked in many Hollywood studios in the early days of motion pictures. Became very much interested in boys' clubs with the result that he formed a club in Hollywood which later developed into the present organization, The Trailfinders. Interested in mountain climbing, natural history, western history and the Hopi Indians. Is at present President of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, member of the Mountaineers, American Association for the Advancement of Science, The Authors Club (Hollywood), etc.

BRUCE KISKADDON—Honorary member of the Westerners and an old-time westerner himself, was born in a small boom town in the oil regions of Pennsylvania in 1878. Says he remembers it only vaguely as his family began drifting west when he was only four years old. Home for a time was southwest Missouri near the Cherokee Nation. The Dalton Gang was operating ruthlessly until it was shot to pieces in Coffeyville, Kansas. Bruce went on to Colorado—worked as cowhand, freighter and "broke out a few colts." Then to West Queensland, Australia, where he was boundary rider and station hand. April 1917 enlisted in old "D Troop" of the first California Cavalry and was in service twenty-six months. Then once more to cowpunching until he decided it was time to take it a little easier and began devoting himself to writing western verse. Those who have read his book *Rhymes of the Range* know that Bruce knows how to write about the golden remote wild west. He still does a weekly stint of poetry to keep his hand in. Has long been a member of the Chuck Wagon Trailers, an organization of old cowmen.

J. GREGG LAYNE—While Gregg Layne doesn't have an article in this year's BRAND BOOK his contribution is nevertheless very real. Gregg has had the important chore of editing not only this edition, but the two previous, BRAND BOOKS. It would be hard to find one more fitted for this task. Besides a large library to draw upon for reference, he is an outstanding authority upon western history and, in particular, that relating to California and Los Angeles. He is editor of the Quarterly Magazine of the Historical Society of Southern California and Historian of the Bureau of Water and Power. Writes western lore for various magazines and is the author of many books. His latest, *Books of the Los Angeles District*, is limited to only 200 copies.

PAT E. MC KILLIP—One of the interesting papers of this BRAND BOOK is the one by Pat E. McKillip entitled *Passing of the Buffalo of the Plains*. This article was originally printed in a very limited edition in 1932 by Dan V. Stephens, and was illustrated by Clarence Ellsworth through whose courtesy the Westerners obtained it for inclusion in our BRAND BOOK. McKillip was a pioneer of Nebraska and participated in many buffalo hunts with his father and uncle. The buffalo were killed mainly for their hides, which were in great demand. He saw the vast herds decimated until only a few hundred remained. McKillip "went west" some years since, probably about 1932.

DON LOUIS PERCEVAL—Son of parents who were also artists, born in 1908. Says he was raised on horses. Spent summer vacations doing ranch work, mountain climbing or making trips to the Indian country. Studied at Chouinard Art Institute, Los Angeles, Heatherley's Art School and the Royal College of Art in London. Did research study on primitive art in the British Museum, and Victoria and Albert Museum, London. Further study was done in most of the galleries of Europe, the longest stretch being in the Prado, Madrid. Travelled over Europe and parts of Africa as well as the West Indies sketching and painting. Don's greatest interest is painting the southwest, especially the Navajo country. Being in Europe in 1939 he joined the British Navy and served six years. Collects Navajo silver, blankets, etc. Taught art at Chouinard Art Institute and is now teaching at Pomona College. Lives in Altadena, although he "prefers any wild spot to city life."

PHILIP J. RASCH—Born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, but was raised in Villa Park, Orange County, California. Is a graduate of Fullerton Junior College where he was wrestling captain, and of U. S. C. where he was fencing captain. He served during the war as Lieutenant Commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve, in command of U. S. S. Peridot; Professor of Naval Science and Tactics and Commandant of Midshipmen at California Military Academy; staff member of the Seventh Fleet. Now employed at the Brentwood Hospital as a Corrective Therapist. Member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. His interesting article *A Note on N. A. M. Dudley* appears in this issue of the BRAND BOOK. Hobbies are fencing and western biography.

W. W. ROBINSON was born in Trinidad, Colorado. Came to California at the age of seven carrying his favorite book, *The Life of Uncle Dick Wooton*, and the memory of once seeing the old scout himself in his home town which was likewise Trinidad. Grew up in Riverside, California, and graduated from the University of California at Berkeley. Served with the U. S. Army Ordnance Corps 18 months, overseas 12 months. Is vice-president of the Title Insurance and Trust Company. Author of (to date) eleven books for children which were illustrated by his wife Irene Robinson. Also author of books on California subjects which include *Ranchos Become Cities*, *What They Say About the Angels*, *The Island of Santa Catalina and Land in California*. Among numerous interests are The Westerners, Zamorano Club, P. E. N., California Writers Guild, Historical Society of Southern California, The American Legion. Is interested in California in all its aspects. Lives in Los Angeles.

A. R. VAN NOY—Born in 1896 in Burt County, Nebraska. Went to school ("there's a law agin' not going" he says) and has been a western history fan ever since his teacher took a class down to old Fort Atkinson. Worked at odd jobs until he went on the Union Pacific pay-roll in 1916. Finally landed in the claim department and has been claim agent, examiner or supervisor ever since. Did much travelling for the railroad particularly in Wyoming, Utah and the Dakotas. Cherishes the memory of many bull sessions with old

wagon masters, cowhands, track-laying gangs. His father was a cowboy with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Los Angeles has been his home since 1936.

EDWARD N. WENTWORTH—One of the foremost authorities on the history and development of the livestock industry, was born in Dover, New Hampshire, in 1887. Received a B. S. at the Iowa State College; took graduate work at Cornell and Howard Universities. Professor of Animal Husbandry at Iowa State College for several years. At one time was associate editor of The Breeders' Gazette; Bureau of Agricultural Research and Economics 1920-1923. Director Armour's Livestock Bureau since 1923. Served as Captain, U. S. Army, and Military Director, College of Agriculture, A. E. F. University, Beaune, France, World War I. Author of *America's Sheep Trails* and co-author of many works on livestock raising and marketing. Member of American Farm Economics Association, American Genetic Association, American Society of Animal Production, American Society of Naturalists, S. A. R., American Legion, Military Order of World Wars (past commander-in-chief), and Chicago Corral of Westerners.

T. M. "CHIP" WOOD—Eminent artist of Sheridan and Big Horn, Wyoming, was born, reared and educated at Big Horn. Grandson of pioneers Mr. and Mrs. James Orr Willits, who homesteaded near Big Horn in 1881. Chip's first recognition was won through his work on wrought iron fire screens. He began painting and after some lean years several pictures were exhibited in New York. He was awarded the Cromwell Academy scholarship in Rome, and this gave him the opportunity of spending the last three years before the war studying and painting in France and Italy. Got out of France a few jumps ahead of Hitler; put away his paint brushes, and enlisted. Was in the China-Burma-India theater of operations in the service of Wild Bill Donovan's office of strategic services. Does mostly creative painting but has done a number of portraits particularly of children. Does illustrations for the Saturday Evening Post and covers for Fortune Magazine. Is an amateur photographer of considerable skill. Still calls Big Horn his permanent home.

ROBERT J. WOODS—Another member whose vast knowledge of western history serves well in the compilation of the BRAND BOOK is Bob Woods. Bob has compiled the bibliography for every BRAND BOOK the Los Angeles Chapter of Westerners has published. His annotations are a great aid to those who wish to pursue further research. Has one of the finest libraries of Western Americana in the West. Bob is a charter member of the Westerners and one of our best boosters.

ARTHUR WOODWARD—Chief Curator of History and Anthropology at the Los Angeles County Museum. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1898. Attended school at Ramona, California, and the University of California. Served in the 20th Regular Infantry in World

War I. In World War II was attached to U. S. Navy and in O. S. S. Has been doing exploratory work in archaeology for many years, travelling over much of the United States and Mexico. Has written a great many articles for various magazines on archaeology, ethnology and historical subjects. Author of *Lances at San Pasqual*, co-author of *Story of El Tejon*. Responsible for the recent publication of *The Jayhawkers' Oath and Other Sketches by William L. Manly*, source book on Death Valley. Interested in all phases of the early West and particularly books, Indians, guns, etc. Lives in Altadena, California.

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EDWARD N. WENTWORTH of Chicago, a corresponding member of the Los Angeles Posse of Westerners, is the author of *America's Sheep Trails.* Ames, Iowa: The Iowa State College Press, 1948, and is co-author with Charles W. Towne of *Shepherd's Empire,* Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1945. Mr. Wentworth has incorporated his bibliography, as footnotes, in his article. The following work is recommended reading.

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STORY OF THE BUFFALO

Unlike men in public life, the buffalo hunter had little time to write his memoirs or keep a diary, even if he were so fitted for the task. So, no cache of such material will likely ever be found buried in any "Hide Park."

Listed below are some of the better books on the subject of the buffalo.

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BRANCH, E. DOUGLAS. *The Hunting of the Buffalo.* New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1929. A good general review of the subject.

COOK, JOHN R. *The Border and the Buffalo.* Topeka, Kansas: Crane & Company, 1907. Reprinted Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., 1938. A good story of the disappearance of the buffalo on the southwest plains.

DIXON, OLIVE K. *Life and Adventures of "Billy" Dixon.* Guthrie, Oklahoma: Frederick S. Barde, 1914. Reprinted and revised. Dallas, Texas: P. L. Turner Company, 1927. One of the best autobiographies of a buffalo hunter.

HORNADAY, WILLIAM T. *The Extermination of the American Bison.* Washington: Government Printing Office, 1889. Also in the Report of the National Museum, 1886-'87. A basic work. Also has four drawings from photographs made by L. A. Huffman, the photographer noted elsewhere in this year's Brand Book. Mentions a number of experiments in cross-breeding with domestic cattle.

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COOSIE OF THE COW CAMPS

It seems like the King of the Chuckwagon is a forgotten man as far as range literature goes. But, Ramon Adams remembers him as does a member of the Denver Posse of Westerners; see below.

COLLINS, DABNEY OTIS. *Pothooks Over the Plains.* Denver: The Westerners 1946 Brand Book, 1947. Many other fine articles in this issue.

FOLLOWING THE FOOTSTEPS OF LEWIS AND CLARK

For an account of the first crossing of the continent, in the continental United States, read one or all of the following four books.

BAKELESS, JOHN. *Lewis & Clark.* New York: William Morrow and Company, 1947. Perhaps, the best short account. Deals with some incidents in the lives of the two leaders before and after the expedition as well as the journey to the Pacific and return.

BROOKS, NOAH. *First Across the Continent.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1901. This title gives the wrong impression. The first white man to cross the continent north of Mexico was Alexander Mackenzie, who reached the Pacific through Canada in 1793. While this book is for young people, it gives the essential parts of the original narrative with comments by Brooks.

COUES, ELLIOT. *History of the Expedition Under the Command of Lewis and Clark.* New York: Francis P. Harper, 1893. 4 Volumes. This is a new edition of the authorized edition of 1814, with copious critical commentary by Dr. Coues. This work and the following item is for the serious student.

THWAITES, REUBEN GOLD. *Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition 1804-1806.* Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Index, by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1904. 8 Volumes. Also various de luxe sets of 15 Volumes.

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WHEELER, OLIN D. *The Trail of Lewis and Clark.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1904. 2 Volumes. This is a must for any study of Lewis and Clark. Extensively illustrated, with a description of the old trail, based upon actual travel over it, and the changes found a century later.

SALISBURY, ALBERT AND JANE. *Two Captains West.* Seattle: Superior Publishing Company, 1950. A modern jaunt over the trail by a photographer-writer team, contains a running account of the Salisburys' own experience over the route. One hundred and sixty photographs as well as nine detailed maps are used to aid the reader.

THE TRIAL OF SATANTA AND BIG TREE

WHARTON, CLARENCE. *Satanta. The Great Chief of the Kiowas and His People.* Dallas: Banks Upshaw and Company, 1935.

PARTIAL LIST OF ARTISTS WHO, AT SOME TIME, PAINTED INDIANS OR WESTERN SCENES

BORN		NAME	DIED	
C.1550	England	JOHN WHITE		
C.1550	France	JAQUES LEMOYNE DE MORGUES		
C.1650	Holland ?	JAN VERELST		
C.1700	France	ALEXANDER DE BATZ		
1723	Plympton, England	SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS	1792	London, England
1734	Balton-le-Furness, Eng.	GEORGE ROMNEY	1802	Kendal, England
1735	Boston, Mass.	PAUL REVERE	1818	Boston, Mass.
1738	Springfield, Pa.	BENJAMIN WEST	1820	London, England
1741	Chesterton, Md.	CHARLES WILSON PEALE	1827	Philadelphia, Pa.
1752	London, England	JOHN WEBBER	1793	London, England
1756	Lebanon, Conn.	JOHN TRUMBULL	1843	New York, N.Y.
1763	England, active in	FRANCIS PARSON	1804	England
1770	France	CHARLES B.F. DE SAINT-MEMIN	1851	France
1785	Les Cayes, Haiti	JOHN JAMES AUDUBON	1851	New York, N.Y.
1785	Newport, R.I.	CHARLES BIRD KING	1862	Washington, D.C.
1796	Wilkesbarre, Pa.	GEORGE CATLIN	1872	Jersey City, N.J.
C.1800	U.S.A.	J. OTTO LEWIS		U.S.A.
1801	Utica, N. Y.	HENRY INMAN	1846	New York, N.Y.
1805	Riesbach, Switzerland	CHARLES BODMER	1893	Barbizon, France
1806	Berne, Switzerland	PETER RINDISBACHER	1834	St. Louis, Mo.
1808	Brunswick, Me.	SETH EASTMAN	1875	U.S.A.
1810	Mallow, Ireland	PAUL KANE	1871	Toronto, Canada
1810	Baltimore, Md.	ALFRED J. MILLER	1874	U.S.A.
1811	Virginia	GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM	1879	Kansas City, Mo.
1812	Henderson, Ky.	JOHN WOODHOUSE AUDUBON	1862	California
1814	Canadaigua, N.Y.	JOHN MIX STANLEY	1872	Detroit, Mich.
1815	Astoria, N.Y.	GEORGE GIBBS	1873	New York
1818	Cassel, Germany	CHARLES CHRISTIAN NAHL	1878	California?
1818	Berne, Switzerland	FRIEDERICH KURZ	1871	
1818	Philadelphia, Pa.	CHARLES DEAS	1850s	or 1860s.
1819	England	JAMES WALKER	1889	Watsonville, Calif.
1822	Philadelphia, Pa.	FELIX OCTAVIUS CARR DARLEY	1888	Claymont, Del.
1825	Liverpool, England	HENRY WORRALL	1902	Topeka, Kansas
1825	Germany	HEINRICH BALDUIN MOLHAUSEN.	1905	Potsdam, Germany
1825	Tilsit, Germany	GUSTAVUS SOHON	1903	Washington, D.C.
1826	Brittany, France	DE FRANCHEVILLE E. NARJOT	1868	San Francisco, Cal.
1828	London, England	ALFRED R. WAUD	1891	Marietta, Ohio
1828		CHARLES WIMAR	1862	
1829	Birmingham, England	THOMAS HILL	1909	Raymond, Calif.
1830	Solingen, Germany	ALBERT BIERSTADT	1902	New York, N.Y.
1830	New York	WILLIAM JACOB HAYS	1875	
1831	Bristol, England	ALFRED E. MATHEWS	1874	Colorado
1837	Bolton, Lancs., Engl.	THOMAS MORAN	1926	Santa Barbara, Cal.
1839	Olmeldrum, Scotland	WILLIAM KEITH	1911	Berkeley, Calif.
1840	Boston, Mass.	THEODORE R. DAVIS	1894	Asbury Pk, N.J.

BORN		NAME	DIED	
1840	France	PAUL FRENZENY		
1843	Zanesville, Ohio	CASSILLY ADAMS	1921	Indiana
1844	Ireland	JOHN MULVANY	1906	New York, N.Y.
1844	Paris, France	JULES TAVERNIER	1889	Honolulu
1848	England	FREDERICK PIERCY	1880	
1849	Charleston, S.C.	RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM	1925	New York, N.Y.
1852	Rock Island, Ill.	CHARLES GRAHAM	1911	
1856	Newark, N.J.	ALEXANDER FRANCIS HARMER	1925	Santa Barbara, Cal.
1859	Bridgeport, Ohio	JOSEPH HENRY SHARP		Still working
1860		EDWARD WILLARD DEMING		
1861	Canton, N.Y.	FREDERIC REMINGTON	1909	Ridgefield, Conn.
1861	New York	CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL	1912	Hoboken, N.J.
1862	France	AMEDEE JOULLIN	1917	California
1865	St. Louis, Mo.	CHARLES MARION RUSSELL	1926	Great Falls, Mont.
1866	Saginaw, Mich	EANGER IRVING COUSE	1936	Albuquerque, N.M.
1866	Berekely Co., W. V.	WILLIAM ROBINSON LEIGH		
1868	Hudson, N.Y.	BERT GREER PHILLIPS		
1870	Paris, Ontario, Can.	ARTHUR HEMING		
1873	San Leandro, Calif.	EDWARD BOREIN	1946	Santa Barbara, Cal.
1874	St. Louis, Mo.	OSCAR EDMUND BERNINGHAUS		
1874	Pittsburgh, Pa.	ERNEST LEONARD BLUMENSCHEIN		
1874	Big Grove, Iowa	FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON	1939	Alhambra, Calif.
1874	Leavenworth, Kan.	BLANCHE CHLOE GRANT	1948	
1874	Glasgow, Scotland	JOHN YOUNG-HUNTER		
1875	Fresno, Calif.	MAYNARD DIXON	1946	Tucson, Ariz.
1875	Eureka, Calif.	JAMES GUILFORD SWINNERTON		
1876	Plainfield, N.H.	KATHRYN WOODMAN LEIGHTON		
1876	Louisville, Ky.	WALTER UFER	1936	
1876	Montevideo, Uruguay	JOSEPH JACINTO MORA	1947	Monterey Co., Cal.
1878	Augusta, Me.	WILLIAM HERBERT DUNTON	1936	
1879	Grinstad, Sweden	CARL OSCAR BORG	1947	
1884	Shelbyville, Ind.	VICTOR HIGGINS	1949	
1885	Holdredge, Neb.	CLARENCE ARTHUR ELLSWORTH		
1885	Orange, Calif.	VICTOR CLYDE FORSYTHE		
1886	Germany	WINOLD FRITZ REISS		
1886	Pennsgrove, N.J.	ERNEST MARTIN HENNINGS		
1887	Paris, France	ANDREW DASBURG		
1888	England	BUCK WEAVER		
1888	Chicago, Ill.	FRANK B. HOFFMAN		
1889	Thornburg, Iowa	ROSS SANTEE		
1890	Germany	HANS PAAP		
1893	Philadelphia, Pa.	WILL SHUSTER		
1896	Washburn, Mo.	EDGAR ALWIN PAYNE	1945	
1896	Hungary	FRANZ GERITZ	1945	Los Angeles, Calif.
1898	Brooklyn, N.Y.	WILFRED LANGDON KIHN		
1898	Memphis, Mo.	ALEXANDRE HOGUE		
1903		GENE KLOSS		
1904	Roswell, N.M.	PETER HURD		
1907	El Paso, Texas	TOM LEA		

Many others could, and should, be mentioned but this list is intended only to whet the appetites of those interested in the painters of Indians and the West-and four hundred years of their painting.

D.L.P.

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WE THANK YOU:

WE DEDICATE this page to the members and many friends of the Westerners for their help and contribution to this edition of the Brand Book.

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BRAND BOOK

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EARLY CALIFORNIA MINING SCENE

Original Oil, 1850, by Ernest Narjot

NOTE— The scene pictured is somewhere near Sonora, and depicts Fluming and Toming. Ernest Narjot, known as California's pioneer artist, spent the years from 1849 to 1852 painting the gold rush scene.