The Westerners

BRAND BOOK

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

OREGON AND UPPER CALIFORNIA

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1848.

PACIFIC OCEAN

BRITISH AMERICA

OREGON

GREAT INTERIOR BASIN

UPPER OR NEW

OF CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

MEXICO

OLD CALIFORNIA

SCALE OF STATUTE MILES.

SCALE OF GEOGRAPHIC MILES.

LONGITUDE WEST FROM GREENWICH

LONGITUDE WEST FROM WASHINGTON

MAP OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, THE TERRITORIES OF OREGON & UTAH, and the chief part of NEW MEXICO.

PACIFIC OCEAN

BRITISH AMERICA

OREGON

UTAH

FREMONT BASIN

TERRITORY

CALIFORNIA

NEW MEXICO

OLD CALIFORNIA

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SCALE OF STATUTE MILES.

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LONGITUDE WEST FROM GREENWICH

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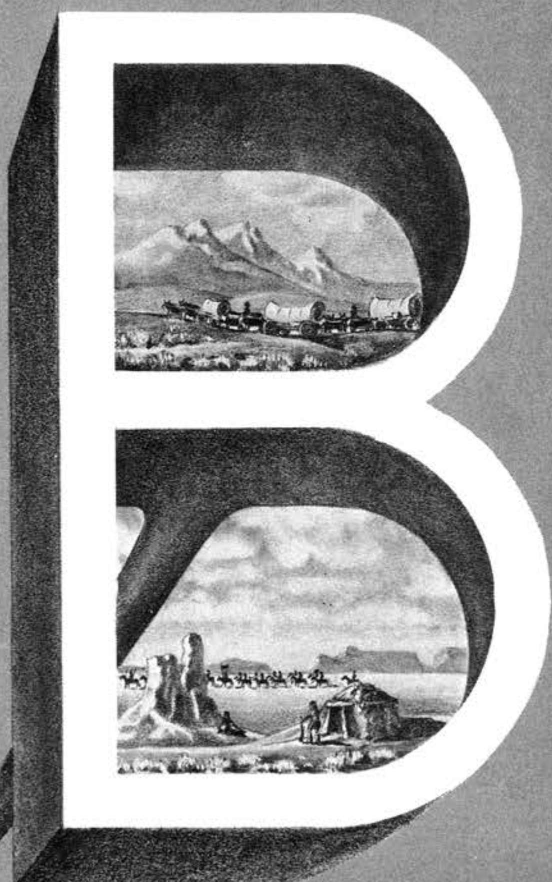

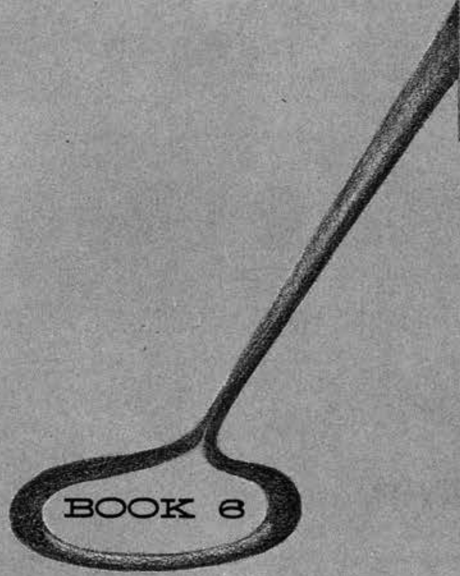

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA ••• NINETEEN HUNDRED FIFTY-SIX

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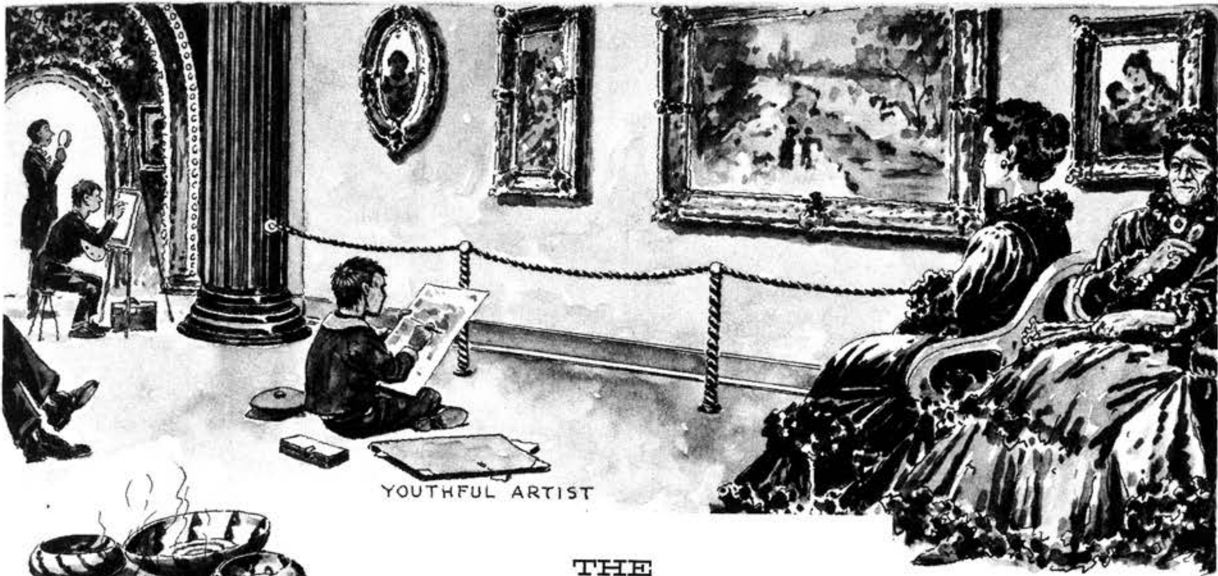

THE
LOS ANGELES CORRAL
OF THE
WESTERNERS
PROUDLY DEDICATES
THIS BRAND BOOK
TO

FREDRICK WEBB HODGE

ETHNOLOGIST • ANTHROPOLOGIST
ARCHAEOLOGIST • AUTHOR
AND WESTERNER

IN MEMORIAM

J. GREGG LAYNE — 1885-1952
A. R. VAN NOY — 1896-1953
HOMER E. BRITZMAN — 1901-1953
FRANK KING — 1863-1953
Col. WILLIAM A. GRAHAM — 1875-1954

But the time I liked best, as I clearly remember;
Is one every cowpuncher likes to recall.
When the work was all finished, along in November,
And he follered the chuckwagon home in the fall.

BRUCE KISKADDON

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FOREWORD

» » The Los Angeles Corral of THE WESTERNERS offers here, with a modest sense of real achievement, the sixth in its series of Brand Books. Though our group of active members is limited in numbers, our friends among those devotedly interested in our Western heritage are exceedingly numerous, as may be evidenced by the acceptance accorded our previous publications, as well as by the wide range of contributors to this volume.

It is with much satisfaction that the older Westerner groups note the addition of new, energetic, and productive Westerner Corrals and Posses, not only in new areas of the United States, but as well in England, and in France. This urge to learn more of the detail of the history of our West sufficiently demonstrates the basic human values which were displayed and tested by the Indian, the explorer, the settler, and all those who helped open and develop the colorful West.

The papers presented on these pages represent the work of not only the professional historian, but also the avocational amateur writer who has devoted many spare hours to research and study in the field most dear to his heart. All of the contributions will prove of real interest to the student and the casual reader of Western factual history.

The publication of this volume is now offered with the hope of appreciated acceptance.

ARTHUR H. CLARK, JR.
Sheriff, 1953, Los Angeles Corral
The Westerners

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The editorial committee of this book regrets that space will not permit the listing of the names of our several hundred Corresponding Members. It should be said, however, that their interest, support, and contributions are nonetheless recognized and much appreciated by this Corral.

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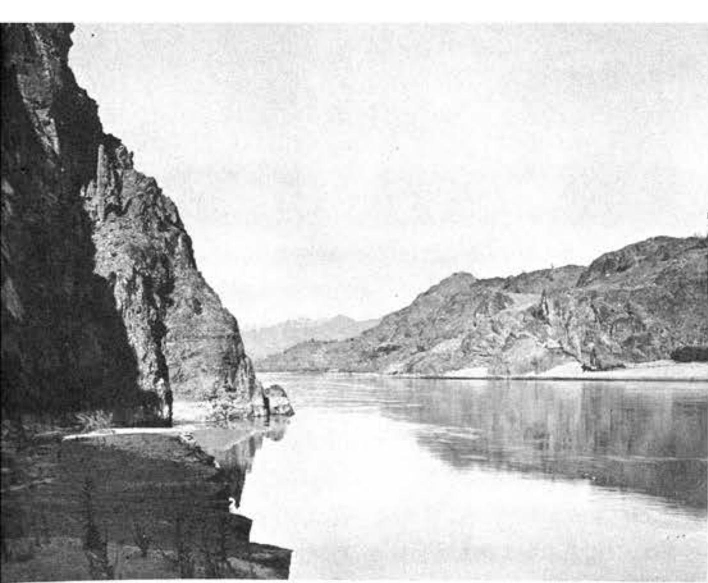


AN EXILE ON THE COLORADO

By ROBERT G. CLELAND

To SPANISH EXPLORER AND COLONIST, American argonaut and settler, the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers served as the natural gateway to California. But the way through and beyond that gateway was precarious, unpredictable, and as perilous as Christian's passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

The treacherous waters and even more treacherous quicksands of the Colorado River claimed scores of victims from the thousands of California-bound immigrants who sought to ford the silt-laden stream. The desert between the river and the California mountains destroyed even more. The Indians whose ancestors had lived on the Gila and the Colorado for unknown generations took still heavier toll. Accordingly, in 1849, the government erected a military post at the junction of the two streams to furnish a measure of assistance and protection to the harassed travelers. The post was soon named Fort Yuma.

Among the officers assigned to the new establishment was a young Irish-born lieutenant, some twenty-eight years of age, named Thomas William Sweeny. Sweeny had seen more than his share of rough service in the Mexican War and lost an arm in the battle of *Churubusco*. He distinguished himself in later years in the Civil War, and retired from the army with the rank of brigadier-general in May, 1870.

Sweeny was stationed on the Colorado from 1850 to 1853. During those years of exile he wrote regularly to his wife and occasionally to relatives and friends. He also kept a diary or journal, most of which was subsequently published in the *Atlas*, a weekly journal issued in New York from 1838 to 1881.[1] The following paper is based on the Huntington Library's recently acquired collection of the young lieutenant's letters, other manuscripts, and his contributions to the *Atlas*.

To judge from his letters and other writings, Sweeny was brave, often to the point of rashness, efficient, resourceful, well-educated, self-confident, careful of the safety and comfort of his men, capable of enduring the most trying hardships, skillful in dealing with the crafty, unpredictable Indians both in negotiation and the art of merciless desert war, quick to damn incompetence or veniality in his superiors, quicker still to resent any slight, real or imaginary, which he suffered at their hands—a war-hardened veteran at 28,

1. Mr. Arthur Woodward informs me that Sweeny's journal, or a substantial part of it, was reprinted under the heading "Military Occupation of California, 1849-1853 . . . ," in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution of the United States*, January-February, March-April, 1909.

who longed for wife, child, friends, and had as he wrote, "a certain craving for creature comforts, pleasant quarters, savory viands, and—and—I suppose I may as well confess the truth—a kind of curiosity to ascertain whether sherry-cobblers, brandy smashes, gin cock-tails, and other popular compounds of the kind, are really so palateable as we were wont to think them, or whether they are after all so many vanities."

Sweeny and his company were stationed at Jefferson Barracks in Missouri when the order transferring them to California was issued. Lack of overland transportation facilities forced the detachment to travel eastward to New York and make the long voyage around the Horn. The troops disembarked at San Diego, a post which the much-traveled lieutenant found little more than "a collection of dilapidated adobe huts affording scanty shelter to a population of three or four hundred Spaniards and Indians."

The Yuma command, under Major Samuel P. Heintzelman, left San Diego in October, 1850, followed the make-shift road by way of Warner's Ranch to Vallecito, where it made an extended stay, and reached the Colorado on January 22nd. Here, after a tentative choice further down the river, Heintzelman selected a site on a small hill on the west bank of the Colorado, opposite the mouth of the Gila, and began the erection of the fort. The place was already marked by tragedy and failure, for there, nearly seventy years before, the unregenerate Yuma Indians had destroyed the mission of La Purisima and all of its Spanish occupants.

Heintzelman's command spent the winter and spring in clearing land, building roads, and erecting make-shift quarters for the post. During this interval, Sweeny made note both in letters and journals of a number of interesting happenings. One of these concerned the noted scientist, Dr. John Le Conte, who with his brother, Joseph, later joined the faculty of the University of California. In 1850-51 Le Conte undertook a long journey through Sonora, the Pima villages, and the Apache country in search of data and specimens for a natural history of the region. In February, Sweeny wrote that the Indians had stolen his horses and left him half-dead from thirst, starvation, and exhaustion some 70 miles from Yuma. A rescue party composed of members of the garrison saved the unfortunate scientist from almost certain death.

Major Heintzelman, senior officer at the post, apparently took little personal interest in Le Conte's rescue and his subordinates, including Lieutenant Sweeny, deeply resented and bitterly criticized his indifference. For his commanding officer, indeed, the hot-tempered Irish lieutenant had no discoverable use. Whether his charges were justified or inspired by intense personal feeling, I am not fully prepared to say, though other evidence leads me to believe that Sweeny's judgment was not greatly out of line. In any event, no love was lost between the lieutenant and his superior and their mutual enmity served to increase the tension at the isolated post that heat, loneliness, wretched food, and the never-absent threat of Indian foray or attack kept constantly near the breaking point.

Soon after the Le Conte incident, word of the atrocious massacre of the Oatman party, presumably by the Yumas and Apaches, reached the fort. Sweeny's several accounts of the incident differ materially from the commonly accepted version based largely on Royal B. Stratton's melodramatic *Captivity of the Oatman Girls*, and are probably inaccurate in detail. But they at least represent the contemporary reports that from time to time reached the soldiers at the fort.

On March 28, 1851, Sweeny wrote: "Yesterday some emigrants arrived at this place from the Pimos villages, and gave us some melancholy intelligence in relation to poor Oatman and his helpless family, which I mentioned in my last letter. It appears, from their accounts, that the whole family were butchered in cold blood, by the Indians, within about 130 miles of this place, with the exception of a boy of 13, and a girl of 17 years of age. The boy's escape seems almost a miracle; he fell, stunned by the first blow he received (for the Indians used nothing but war-clubs) and when they afterward examined him to see if there were any signs of life, he lay perfectly still, and they went away satisfied, carrying with them his sister, to worse than death;—she still remains in their hands, a captive."

Some months later Sweeny added the following revised version of the tragedy: "A member of the Ferry Company brought a Mexican boy into camp today. He was found on the other side of the river in a starving condition, having had nothing to eat for several days but mesquet beans, which he gathered from the trees. His name is José Maron; he is about 18 years of age, and rather stupid and unprepossessing in appearance, and his countenance wears a look of vague alarm that makes him appear half idiotic. He had been hired by a party of immigrants as a guide—the best they could procure—but was betrayed into an ambush by the Indians, in which all the party was massacred, but two girls, who were made captives, and himself. He would have been slain with the rest, doubtless, had he not fallen and feigned death at the commencement of the onset, and escaped while the savages were busied with their plunder. The immigrants were exhausted by privations, fatigue, and taken by surprise, but fought like lions to the last. One old man, about sixty years of age, was seen, by the boy, fighting desperately in front of his two daughters long after the remainder of his party were killed or stricken down. His body, which was afterwards found by the ferry people, was stuck full of arrows, and covered with wounds numerous and deep enough to have dispatched a dozen men. It is to be hoped that, as his daughters' lives were spared, they may yet be rescued from the clutches of their cruel captors. As the ferry company solicited shelter and employment for José till an opportunity offered of sending him to the settlement, and as he seemed rather averse to hard work, I engaged him myself, and he is not a little delighted at the idea of being el señor capitan's servant, and of having nothing to do but wait on me."

In a subsequent letter Sweeny spoke at length of the indignation of the officers of the post over Heintzelman's failure to send out an expedition to rescue the Oatman party,

and laid full responsibility for the massacre at the major's door. In the same letter, he wrote: "a boy, 13 years of age, the only member of poor Oatman's family who escaped captivity or death, is here at present, in charge of the 'Mess,' he came on with a number of Mormons, who intend settling on the banks of the Colorado, as they say it is the Promised Land according to their prophets; the river Bashan, in the Scriptures (book of Esdras, I think) being the Colorado according to *their* interpretation. However that might be, their settling here will be of immense advantage to the surrounding country;—they have separated from the Mormons of the Salt Lake; who, they contend, fell from Grace . . ."

Early in June, probably because of the impossibility of obtaining sufficient supplies to support the garrison, most of the troops were ordered to leave Fort Yuma and return to Santa Isabel. Sweeny, who was left with a handful of men to hold the ford of the Colorado, thus described the incident: "The command left Camp Yuma (our old encampment, 7 miles above this place) on the 6th inst., for San Isabel, about 50 miles from San Diego . . . The Maj. . . . ordered me to remain here with a non-commissioned officer and nine men in order to protect the lives and property of American citizens, and to keep several tribes of hostile Indians in check and prevent our Indians making incursions into the Mexican territory:—in short to accomplish with a corporal and 9 men, what himself was incapable of accomplishing with three companies of Infantry and 5 commissioned officers . . . he heard no doubt of those charges I intend to prefer against him, and that by leaving me here, the Indians might rid him both of me and the charges . . . we were left here with some flour and pork, which is almost sure to kill those who have to live on it in a climate where the thermometer averages 108 degrees in the shade and 130 degrees in the sun. We had no sugar, coffee, beans, rice nor molasses until today, when we got those articles except the rice and molasses . . ."

Oppressed by the loneliness, interminable hardship, grim, never-ending peril, and deep sense of injustice, the exiled lieutenant wrote: "The nodding plumes, the gold-fluttering banners, the embattled myriads of friend and foe, the dashing charge, the clash of steel . . . the pursuit, the rally, the wavering contest, the victory, the 'brows bound with victorious wreaths,' &c., have all faded away, dwindled and sunk down into the stern reality of long, weary, dusty marches, coarse and stinted provisions, parching thirst, comfortless quarters, and an enemy too subtle for encounter and too restless for peace, from whom neither spoil nor glory can be wrested. I thought these barren hardships sad enough, but to be stationed here with ten men on this desolate spot, surrounded by hostile tribes, who neither want the will nor power, to annihilate us at any time, and leave not a vestige of our previous existence—this is what I did not conceive of even in a dream."

Although the young lieutenant's life was hard, perilous in the extreme, and inconceivably lonely, it was not by any means monotonous. The first night after his arrival in the new post, which he named Camp Independence, Sweeny was visited by a company

of hard-bitten, swash-buckling prospectors bound from California to the gold fields of Sonora. At that time, the turbulent Mexican state was coming to be known as "the land of romance, the land of tragedy, the dreamland of the filibuster"; and Sweeny concluded that the so-called prospecting expedition was far more likely to be engaged in a search for pillage and loot than in prospecting for gold or silver. "I cannot help thinking," he wrote, "that such a determined set of scoundrels, fearing nothing, and loving fighting better than their rations, will not be likely to return 'bootless home and weather-beaten back.' Scrupulousness, I fear, is not a prominent weakness in their character, and I should not wonder if they would just as lieve get their gold out of the ranches as out of the mines."

The leader of the ex-Californians—not inappropriately called the "Forty Thieves" by Sweeny's men—first asked and then demanded that the lieutenant furnish his company with food and other supplies. When the latter refused both request and demand on the reasonable ground that he "had no more than would barely suffice" for the needs of himself and his men, the visitors became overbearing and abusive and arrogantly threatened to take what they wanted by force of arms.

"This insolence from the leader of a band of lawless ruffians roused my indignation to the utmost," wrote Sweeny. "I told the scoundrel sternly that he forgot he was speaking to an American officer upon whom threats were wasted; that I was not stationed at my post to learn logic of him or to yield an inch to any one; that he might sell the lives of his followers for provisions if he chose but I would promise him they should find more powder than salt and more bullets than bread in store for them, and learn better than ever to venture again into a hornet's nest in search of honey."

Sweeny briefly noted that after this reply "The Forty Thieves" gave his small command no further trouble.

At Camp Independence, Sweeny was visited by a number of Yuma Indian chiefs. One of these, Caballo-en-palo, was "small, slight, active as a wild cat, and capable of enduring the greatest fatigue with apparent ease." Caballo-en-palo was considered the bravest warrior on the river. He had killed eleven men with his own hand in single combat and his naturally repulsive face was rendered even less attractive by the loss of an eye in battle. A second visitor, Pasqual, was also a noted warrior. "Tall and stately," mild of countenance, treacherous as a wolverine, an "indomitable lover of adventure," his body was covered with wounds and his skill in the use of the Indian weapons of warfare was said to be "almost miraculous."

Sweeny added the following interesting description of the Yuma weapons. They consist, he said, "of a bow made of willow, about five or six feet in length. The arrow heads are made of flint or glass; the half of the shaft near the head of arrow-wood, and the remainder of cane, feathered with eagle's or hawk's plumes. The Yumas carry a quiver at their back, and wear a thick leathern bracelet on the left arm to protect it from the

bowstring. The war club is a favorite weapon with them; it is about two feet long, very large and thick at one end and small at the other, to which is attached a leathern thong to retain the implement in hand. It is made of mesquet or leña-verda, an evergreen, with a verdant bark, without leaf, perfectly smooth and hard as lignum vitae. They are never without a knife, (about eighteen inches long), which they use for every purpose. They have also shields of undressed leather, which are arrow-proof, and spears from eight to twelve feet in length, with long, sharp, tapering heads. They decorate themselves most splendidly for war. Their sole garment, as I have said, consists of a belt and manta, or apron, when journeying across the hot sands they wear a rude kind of leathern sandal to protect their feet. In battle they sometimes wear a head dress formed of the plumes of the heron, hawk or eagle."

From another chief named Santiago, Sweeny learned the details of the destruction of the John Glanton party, one of the notable massacres in the history of the Colorado. His summary of the incident, which again differs from some of the more familiar versions, is worth recording: "Before the Yumas took their departure, Santiago paid me a visit, and related, at my request, some striking incidents connected with the fate of Glanton and his party. He was more free in his communication, as I had assured him in the first place that I considered the conduct of his people justified by the provocation. As his account tallied exactly with that given me by one of the only three survivors of the party, who after almost incredible hardships made their way to San Diego, it is no doubt a correct one.

"It seems that Glanton, after having been outlawed, even in Texas, for his crimes, fled to Chihuahua where—having raised a band of desperadoes like himself—he was employed by the governor of that state to protect the frontier settlements from the incursions of the Apaches, which had of late become so frequent as to threaten, if not soon checked, to depopulate those localities. He was supplied with arms, ammunition, horses, and a guide, by the Governor, who engaged also to award him a certain amount of money for every scalp taken from the enemy. Glanton commenced in fine style, and matters prospered wonderfully with him for a time; numerous Apache scalps were duly delivered and paid for, while the survivors, who had been checked for the first time in their marauding expeditions, by an enemy as bold and unscrupulous as themselves, but far more intelligent, and much better armed. Having essayed in vain to penetrate these fastnesses, Glanton and his gang had recourse to other expedients to keep up their revenue, and it was soon discovered that many scalps were presented that never grew on Apache heads. Finding these scourges thus turning upon himself, the Governor ordered their arrest, but as they would not surrender to the authorities, he set a price upon their heads, and called out all the disposable military forces to execute his orders. Conceiving the place to be growing too warm for them, the banditti decamped, after committing numerous outrages upon the defenceless inhabitants. Passing through the northern portion of Sonora, they

struck the Colorado river near its junction with the Gila (about seven miles above this post), where, perceiving the tide of immigration to California to be very considerable at the time (1849) by this route, they established a ferry.

"During their stay here they made themselves very obnoxious to the Indians, and did not even spare the poor immigrants, to whom they had tacitly engaged to afford aid and protection."

In his operation of the ferry Glanton made a fortune by fair means and foul, but the Yuma Indians by pretending friendship caught him off guard and attacked him and his gang in the midst of a wild debauch. Sweeny describes the incident as follows:

"In the midst of their excesses, when they were stupefied with drink, a signal was given by a Mexican woman (who had been forcibly taken from a party of immigrants and detained by these outlaws against her will), to a body of Indians concealed in the chapperal. The signal was obeyed, and before the victims could rouse themselves from their stupor, they were each surrounded by foes too numerous and implacable to afford a chance of successful resistance or escape. The battle, or rather butchery, commenced, but Glanton and his followers were too habituated to strife not to struggle for life, however hopelessly, and while the massacre was proceeding the uproar was fearful. The yells and shouts were borne to the Colorado, where, at a short distance from the ferry, the only three of Glanton's party not engaged in the orgie, happened to be occupied in cutting poles. They consulted a few moments together, and, divining the cause of the fearful sounds they heard, sprung into a small skiff concealed among the willows near by, and in this they floated down the river some distance, being carried by the current which is very rapid. They then abandoned the boat and struck across the desert for San Diego, at which town they arrived more dead than alive, . . ."

The "Record Book of the Rancho Santa Ana del Chino" in the Huntington Library contains the following entry with its corroborative bit of evidence on the Glanton massacre as well as on the general state of lawlessness at the Colorado crossing.

"I crossed about the the first of this month [April, 1850]. I have seen a dead body about two leagues below Fery, occupied by Capt. Glanton, and his party. Since I came on the road I heard that there was another man shot throug the back and was floating down the river this I did not see, but heard so. Also of a villain by the name of Thomas Cantrel, who murdered Mr Anderson and burnt him and also his three servants with him, Also stoled five thousand dollars, this Louis Rubedoue can certify to the young man that committed these deeds

Andrew Andreson."

In a statement made to Abel Stearns as alcalde and judge of the County of Los Angeles on May 23, 1850, Jeremiah Hill thus described certain incidents of the massacre,

together with the loot which the Indians took from Glanton and his party. Hill's information apparently came either from Santiago or one of the other chiefs engaged in the affair. "When the chief went up to see Glanton, as above stated, about the ferry, Glanton said that he would kill one Indian for every Mexican they should cross. He showed us by signs the amount of money in bags which he took from the Americans' camp. It seemed from his description to be about three bags of silver, each about three feet high, and about two feet round, which must have contained at least $80,000, besides a bag of gold, about a foot high and a foot round. This, he said, he divided amongst his people, then burnt the houses over the bodies of the dead. The six who were killed in the boat were thrown into the river as fast as they were killed, all killed with clubs. The five on shore were killed with clubs, except Glanton, who was killed with a hatchet, which the chief showed to us; their clothes were burnt, and perhaps their flesh somewhat burnt by the burning of the little shed of brush in which they had been killed; their bodies were then thrown into the river."

Somewhat later Sweeny recorded the following story of the creation of one of the most important features of present-day Imperial Valley. A party of immigrants who reached San Diego over the Gila-Colorado route in August, 1849, reported "the existence of a beautiful stream of water on the desert [west of the Colorado] that had proved so deep and rapid as to cause them much difficulty in crossing [it]." The immigrants' report was vehemently contradicted by other parties who had crossed the desert only two weeks earlier and found nothing more inviting than a dusty, dry arroyo where the "beautiful stream of water" was alleged to flow. The late arrivals stuck to their story, however, and it was "generally believed," as Sweeny wrote, that the "more recent immigrants had reached San Diego by a route not previously known." When a second company arrived on the coast and confirmed the report of their predecessors, the stream was named the New River by common consent, and by that name it is still known.

In concluding his account of the incident, Sweeny somewhat dryly remarked that the river "was universally believed to have risen in the desert through some special intervention of Divine Providence for the comfort and relief of our travelling population, who, consequently, looked upon themselves as particular favorites of Heaven." An unusual rise of the Colorado which filled up a series of arroyos and lagoons running some 80 miles into the desert was the more scientific and natural explanation of the miracle.

The problem of bringing supplies from San Diego to Yuma was one of the gravest difficulties that confronted the new post. The desert west of the Colorado was well described by one of the early Spanish explorers as "a deadly place," and Sweeny's account fully supports the description of his predecessor:

"A wagon belonging to the Colorado Ferry Co., arrived to-day from San Diego with supplies for the company," he wrote. ". . . It took twenty days to get the wagon across the desert, which is a wretched condition for travelling, without a drop of water between

Cariso Creek and the Alamo Mucho, a distance of ninety miles. The drivers were compelled to kill one of the oxen and drink the blood or perish of thirst—an occurence but too common in this desert, which in summer can only be travelled at night, as neither men nor animals can endure the excessive heat of the day. I have christened it "Bone Desert," because the route of the immigrant wagons is marked out by the line of bones and skeletons of oxen, mules, sheep and other animals that have perished while traversing it. At intervals is to be seen the rude grave of some hapless traveller, whose lust of gold seduced him thither, perhaps from a comfortable home and loving friends, to die of starvation or fatigue, and be thrown hastily into the barren bosom of this gloomy and uninhabitable desert."

To save his men from the dread scourge of scurvy Sweeny wrote: "I require the men to collect a quantity of Mesquit beans daily, to pound them up, steep them in water long enough to extract the acid they contain, and drink the liquor as an anti-scorbutic, for the want of a better. I imagine it has done some good already. This scurvy might, had it been allowed to assume a malignant form, have proved more fatal than the bows and war-clubs of the Yumas to my slender detachment; though these Indians, should they wake up some morning with stomach for the work, might make a breakfast of us all, and not surfeit themselves either, so spare is my band, and so numerous and hungry are they."

After six months at his lonely and dangerous outpost, Sweeny was ordered to return to Santa Isabel to join Heintzelman in putting down the revolt of the southern California Indians, led by the notable chief Antonio Garra. The revolt, the most effectively organized uprising of the Indians in southern California history, at one time threatened to destroy the isolated American settlements from Los Angeles to San Diego. Newspapers and letters of the time contained frequent and extensive references to it and its history was told many years later by the dean of southern California historians, J. M. Gwin. Sweeny's version of the revolt, pieced together from a number of his letters, ran substantially as follows:

"I had reached San Pasqual on my way to San Diego, when I received an order to return & join Maj. Heintzelman at Santa Isabel. He was on his way to that place with a force of about 100 men to chastise the Indians, who are committing terrible outrages, & are up in arms from Santa Isabel to the Gila: they have burned down Warner's Ranch, and murdered four Americans at Aguas Calientes, & six Americans at the Colorado within four miles of my camp, & came with[in] an *ace* of cutting off my detachment, but I outmanouvered them. The people of Los Angeles & San Diego were in a terrible state of alarm, expecting an attack from the Mountain tribes every day; they had to raise Volunteers, mount guard in town, &c., &c."

Garra was captured by a chief of the Cahuilla Indians, friendly to the Americans, surrendered to a company of rangers commanded by General J. H. Bean, tried by court martial, and sentenced to be shot. Bean asked Sweeny to serve as a member of the court, but the lieutenant declined on the ground that the court was organized by state rather than by

federal authority. For the same reason, after the Indian's conviction, Sweeny refused to detail men from his command to carry out the sentence. At Bean's suggestion, however, he supplied the necessary muskets and ammunition for Garra's execution. Sweeny closed his account of the latter incident with the laconic tribute: "He died like a man."

Although Garra's attempt to unite the southern California Indians and wipe out the whites failed of its purpose, it marked the beginning of numerous forays and minor uprisings on the part of the Colorado River Indians. Heintzelman reoccupied Fort Yuma in February, 1852, but the Indians presently attacked and routed a party of forty dragoons under command of Major Fitzgerald, killed seven Americans, and made way with a large amount of clothing, arms, ammunition, etc. Thereafter Sweeny was sent on repeated punitive expeditions, most of which involved extreme danger and hardship, against the marauding Indians. On one such expedition, the entire party was saved from death only because the men "discovered some moisture in the bed of a mountain torrent, in the cleft of a rock," and found water "by *digging eight feet with a tin cup.*"

The Indian forays and counter-forays continued at intermittent intervals for months until Sweeny was moved to remark, "The war with the Yumas is likely to be as long as the first Punic war. Old Heintzelman is not the man to bring it to a speedy termination. . . He knows nothing of the hardships of campaigning in this country because he never goes out himself on an expedition. He is sure to get all the credit for everything that is done, though. Nor will he listen to the suggestions of the officers under his command who do know the country."

In addition to conflicts with the Indians, the officers of the post were frequently called upon to deal with deserters, to care for immigrants who reached the Colorado without food, clothing, or transportation; to guard tens of thousands of sheep bound for California from New Mexico, Texas, and Sonora, against both Indian and white marauders, and to protect their men from sunstroke, epidemic, and a score of other major or minor ills.

In October, 1852, a fire, spreading from a camp kitchen, destroyed a large amount of clothing, equipment, tents, arms, official papers, the long-awaited supplies and provisions brought in the night before by a pack train from San Diego, and menaced the existence of the fort itself by threatening to set off two barrels of powder and forty boxes of ball cartridges.

In his letter of December 12, 1852, Sweeny wrote: "We have had a terrible earthquake at this place which has continued now for several days . . . P.S. It shakes so that I can hardly write." Later he added, "the earthquake which commenced about a month ago has continued more or less ever since. An immense column of steam or vapor was seen to rise in the direction of the Coast range of mountains in Lower California, between forty & fifty miles from here: a party was sent down from here to examine & report, and found it to be something similar to the celebrated Geyser or hot springs of Iceland . . . the bed of

the river has sunk several inches, and the water was seen to rush with tremendous force & velocity while the first severe shocks lasted . . . Large openings were made in the ground all around us, and water & steam thrown up in large quantities . . . The Schooner 'Capacity,' which was anchored in 12 feet of water, when the shock was over found herself in 2 feet water, high & dry. . ." Elsewhere he wrote, "The earth has been opened in every direction, & large quantities of water & *Scoria* forced through the apertures.—Large fragments have been detached from *Chimney Rock*, & the surrounding mountains, & precipitated with such force that we could perceive the clouds of dust raised by their fall, at the distance of 20 miles, with the naked eye.—The Express rider, on his way to San Diego, says his mule had much difficulty in keeping its feet, & himself in keeping his seat."

Shortly after the earthquake, a side-wheel steamer was brought dismantled to the head of the Gulf, re-assembled near the mouth of the Colorado and christened the *Uncle Sam*. The boat, sixty-five feet long, sixteen feet wide, and three and one half feet deep, was capable of carrying thirty-five tons of freight and drew only two and one-half feet of water. She started up the river with a full cargo; but because of the changes made in the course of the stream by the earthquake, the voyage to Yuma required two full weeks and part of the cargo had to be unloaded some thirty or forty miles below the Fort. The *Uncle Sam* was the first steamer to make the passage of the Colorado from the Gulf to the Gila. The vessel plied up and down the river until the summer of 1853 when she sank at the landing and had to be abandoned.

Late in April, 1853, Sweeny reported the death of a soldier by drowning in the Colorado and the narrow escape of two others. Though the wind "was blowing grape-shot at the time," the three men had taken a boat load of provisions safely across the Colorado for a fatigue party on the other side. On their return, as Sweeny wrote, "a snag (the river is full of them) ran through the bottom of the boat, when she immediately commenced filling with water; they tried to plug the hole with their jackets but the water rushed in so rapidly that in a few minutes the boat filled and sank: they were fortunately not far from a sand bar, which are continually forming and disappearing, on account of the great quantity of quicksand in the river: though the water was not more than 3 or 4 feet deep where they were, yet the rapidity of the current over the shifting sand, compelled them to hold on to a snag to prevent their being carried down the river. Sergt. McGuinnes party seeing the danger they were in, commenced firing signal shots, which they kept up for several hours: the shots attracted our attention on this side, when several of the officers and a great number of the men collected on the side nearest to where the shots were fired. The Major refused to send any help, saying 'if three men couldn't bring the boat across the river, it served them right to stay there all night:'—he also said he would charge Sergt. McGuinness for the cartridges he was *wasting*. One of the soldiers who had got nearer to the sufferers than any one else, came and reported that he heard them calling

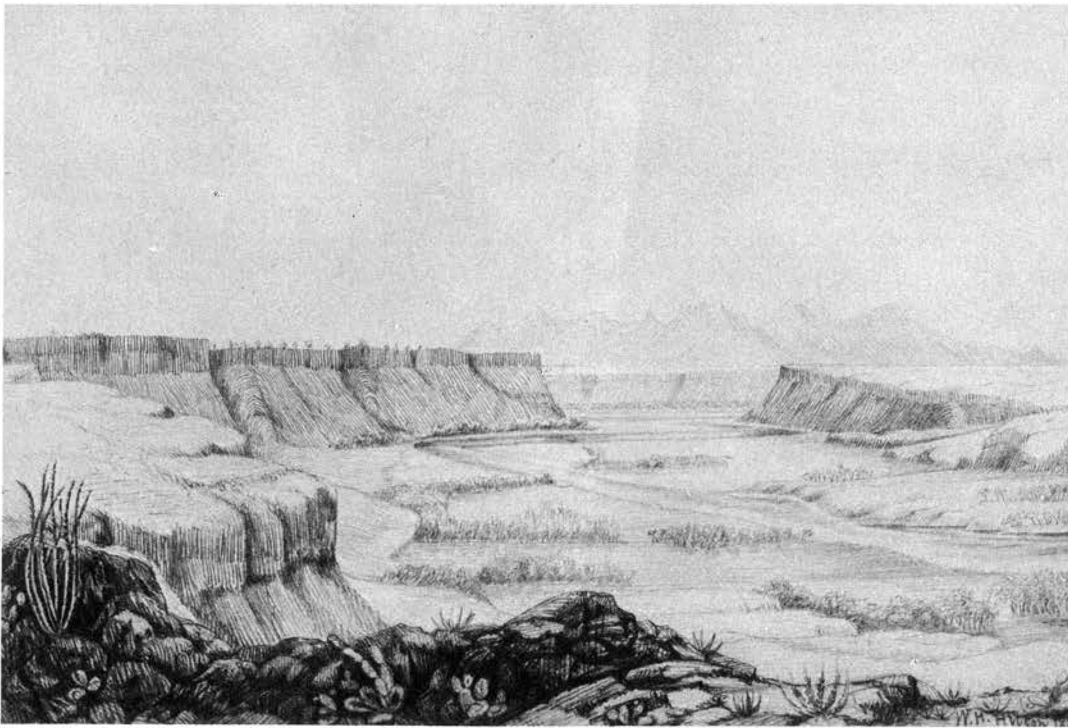
for help, upon which the Major threatened to send *him* across on a *log* to their relief; several of the men went to ask permission to go to the assistance of the sufferers but were refused. Night having fallen, and the men seeing no prospect of their comrades being relieved from their perilous position, the excitement among them became so intense, that the Major got alarmed and found he could not refuse them any longer with safety. Last summer he drove the men to the verge of mutiny by his cruelty, which cost poor Col. Craig his life. A number of the men immediately jumped into the scow, and pulled for the sufferers: they were in time to save two of them, the other, Nellans, was drowned long before they got over."

On November 12, 1853, Sweeny wrote to his wife: "The mail got here the day before yesterday, and I believe I've been half crazy ever since! It is hardly necessary to tell you that the receipt of 'General Orders No. 2.' relieving the 2d Inf. by sending out the 3rd. Art. to take our place, is the cause of that *happy* state of mind. As the 3rd. will come by the way of Cape Horn, it will probably be six months yet before we can all get away; however, as the Order recommended that as many officers & non-commissioned officers as can be spared be sent *immediately* to New York on recruiting service, Gen. Hitchcock will no doubt break up some companies and send the officers and non-com.'d officers home . . ."

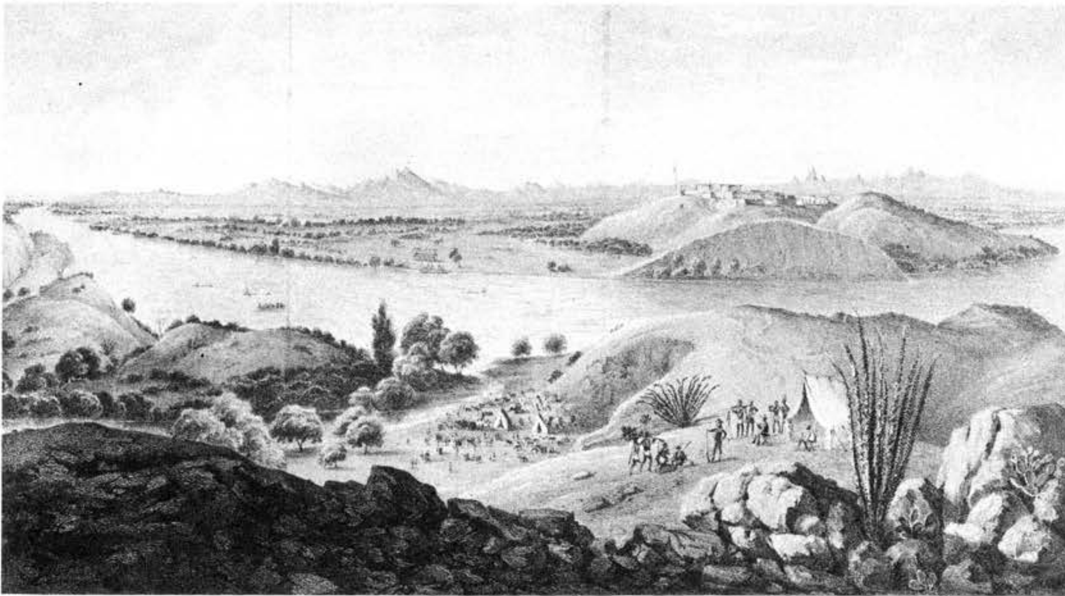
The exile's final letter from the Fort where he had spent three years of loneliness, hardship, peril, and bitter contention with his commanding officer closed with the following paragraph: "Capt. Davidson and most of the officers who expect to go home the same time I do have made up their minds to spend about a week in New York before separating for their respective localtiies, in order to furnish themselves with such articles of wearing apparel as they may be in need of, besides indulging in a few luxuries we have almost forgotten the taste of, such as oysters, sherry-cobblers, mint-juleps, ice-cream, and last, though not least in importance, potatoes, onions & butter . . ."

Left—Brigadier-General Thomas W. Sweeny United States Army, Retired. Photograph by Sarony, New York, September 30, 1874. [Huntington Library Collection.]

Right — Lieut. Thomas W. Sweeny, Second U.S. Infantry. From an ambrotype, about 1854. [Huntington Library Collection.]

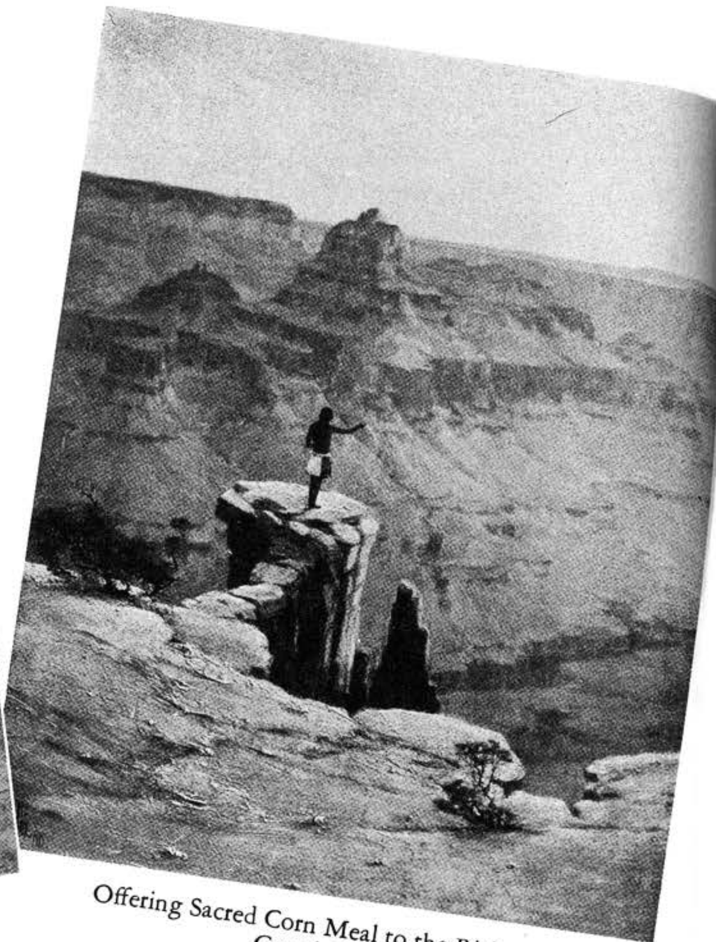


GILA RIVER—Original pencil drawing by William Hayes Hilton in 1859.
[Huntington Library Collection]

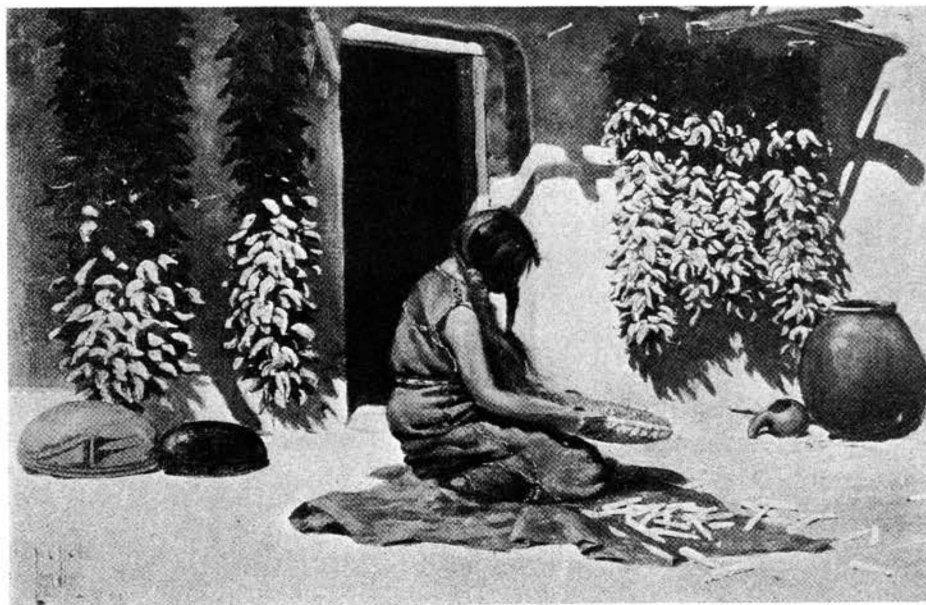


FORT YUMA—Frontispiece plate to Vol. 1. of John Russell Bartlett, *Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua, New York, 1854.*

Hopi Men in the Streets of Oraibi.



Offering Sacred Corn Meal to the Rising Sun in Grand Cañon.



A Hopi Matron Preparing Corn for the Mill Stone.

LOUIS AKIN...

ARTIST OF OLD ARIZONA

By EARLE R. FORREST

I FIRST MET LOUIS AKIN IN AUGUST, 1907, a few days before the Hopi Snake Dance was to take place at Walpi. I was riding with the C O Bar outfit, and for weeks we had been working the range in a wide sweep from the home ranch on the western slope of the San Francisco Mountains, to Cedar Ranch and Mesa Butte in the Grand Canyon country; then down to Clark's Valley and north again to the San Franciscos, and out to the White Mesa, near the Little Colorado. My old diary that I always kept in those days shows that on August 10th the wagon drove into Flagstaff, and we camped in Babbitt's corral.

I had planned to go to the Snake Dance, and that night Bill Babbitt told me that he had heard it would take place on the 15th.

"An artist named Akin has a room in the building (meaning Babbitt Brothers' store building). He lived with the Hopis at Oraibi for nearly two years, and I heard him say he wanted to go to the dance. Hunt him up in the morning, and if he still wants to go, you can take saddle horses and a packhorse from the outfit. Akin has just finished a big painting of the Grand Canyon, and this afternoon he had an exhibition. All the women in town were there, along with a few men they bullied into going. I saw it and it sure is a beauty."

"Were you one of those bullied?" I asked.

"I guess so," he replied with a wide grin, and a chuckle. Bill was single, but at that time he was paying close attention to a young lady who later became Mrs. William Babbitt.

Early the next morning I was pounding on Akin's door. He was not up yet, but he shouted, "What do you want?"

"Want to go to the Snake Dance?" I shouted back.

"Sure do," and the door popped open almost instantly. "Come in."

I was attracted to him at once, even though he was attired in nothing but his underclothing. Friendliness beamed from his eyes, and he grasped my hand with a hearty clasp as I introduced myself. That was the beginning of a warm friendship that lasted until Louis Akin's untimely death nearly six years later; and I never had a better partner in camp or on the trail.

"Bill Babbitt told me that you wanted to go," I explained; "and he said we could take saddle horses and a packhorse from the outfit."

We talked a little more, and decided not to take the packhorse as we expected to make some trading post each night; but for an emergency we would carry a few cans of corn and

tomatoes, and some rice and coffee rolled in our blankets on the back of our saddles, with a small frying pan, a coffee pot, Louis' canvas water bucket, a small aluminium stew pan, two cups, tin plates, and a knife, fork and spoon for each. I would strap my kodak to the saddle horn where I always carried it when taking pictures. We would tie our slickers on top of the blankets, for it does rain in Arizona in August, and it is usually a gully washer. If you had consulted the Hopis about rain in those days they would have told you that it was sent by the gods because of the Snake Dance; but I believe the missionaries would have had some doubts. We both carried ropes, while I packed a Colt and Louis took his .32 Winchester carbine. It's remarkable how much stuff you can carry on a stock saddle. Later I secured a gallon canteen from the wagon. We planned to start the next morning. That would give us time to reach Walpi on the day of the dance.

Before I went to Louis' room the next morning I had breakfast with the outfit, and while Louis went across the street to eat at a Chinese restaurant I returned to the corral for the horses. The outfit was leaving that day, and as I intended to go on to Los Angeles when I returned from the dance, I said "so long" to all of the boys.

Babbitt told me that we could take a short cut by going to Tolchaco Mission, on the Little Colorado, instead of following the road to Fred Volz's trading store at Canyon Diablo. This short cut would save us a day. He gave directions for following the trail around Elden Mountain to the Greenlaw sawmill, and then on to Tolchaco. The trail was plain, but he did not explain that it forked beyond Greenlaw and that the fork was concealed by cedars and a little hard to find. As a matter of fact it was a new trail from the fork, and I doubt if Bill had ever been over it.

I slept that night with Louis on the floor of his room which he called his studio for want of a better name. It was littered with all of an artist's trappings. The furnishings were very meager—two or three chairs and a table. Louis' blankets were rolled up in one corner, and several pictures adorned the walls.

On an easel was the large painting of the Grand Canyon, and I gazed at it in great admiration, for I had never seen its equal before, nor have I after all these years. Louis Akin was a master with colors, and he had captured all of the varied hues and tints, and beauty of the canyon at Grand View point; all of the deep shades only seen at the canyon with a storm coming up and partly obscuring the sun were there. Later I was to see Thomas Moran's famous painting, and I have never considered it the equal of Louis Akin's. I do not pretend to be an art critic, but I know what I like. More of this painting later.

After an early start the next morning we followed the trail around the point of Elden Mountain, past the Greenlaw Mill, and on through the cedars east of the San Francisco Mountains. All day long we rode, and when the Little Colorado did not appear late in the afternoon we knew that something was wrong. Then we came to more open country, and I recognized landmarks. Ahead of us was the White Mesa, where I had been with the

roundup wagon and Ben Doney hunting old ruins. We had circled around the east side of the San Franciscos, and were far off our trail.

It was too late to return, and before dark we made a dry camp under some cedars. Louis shot a rabbit and cooked supper while I took the horses to a water hole that I knew of at the foot of a small, jagged volcanic peaks of rocks about a mile away, only to find it almost dry; but there was enough to give them a taste. When I returned Louis had supper ready. That rabbit, roasted dry in the frying pan, with a can of corn, washed down with coffee, was one of the best meals I ever ate. The fact that we were both ravenous had something to do with it, for we had only eaten some drummer's lunch and a can of tomatoes at noon. We let the horses graze for a while at the ends of our lariats, and then hobbled them. As a precaution we placed the loops of our ropes around their necks and laid the knotted ends under our blankets so that they would awaken us if they took a notion to drift over the back trail and leave us afoot. I had learned that a horse can travel even if it is hobbled.

We were awake with the sun the next morning, and while Louis cooked our meager breakfast of coffee and canned corn I grazed the horses. That canteen was worth its weight in gold, for without it we would have made a very dry camp. We did not touch our canned tomatoes, for we did not know when we might need them for both food and drink.

The Black Falls group of pueblo ruins, now in the Wukoki National Monument, which I had first seen three years before, were only about two or three miles out of our way, and we decided to pay them a visit; then head for the Little Colorado, and follow it to Tolchaco.

These ruins are on an elevation in the center of a wide wash or small canyon, with rocky, perpendicular sides about the ruins. A ruin with a square tower at one end, stands on a rock just below the pueblo. This tower is several stories high and almost twenty feet above the rock. During his explorations in Arizona in 1896 Dr. Jesse Walter Fewkes identified these ruins as of Hopi origin.

As we stood on the rim of the wash, Akin gazed at this tower long and thoughtfully. I wondered what he was thinking until he finally said that he intended to make a painting of it with a Hopi Indian on the rim where we were, and title it the "Home of His Ancestors." He asked me to take a photograph, but as I already had a negative I had taken once before I promised to send him a print. When I returned home that fall I sent the print. He told me later that he made the painting, and traded it to George Babbitt for a pack mule when he went to Canyon de Chelly the next year.

From the ruins we headed for the Little Colorado, which we reached in a couple of hours, only to find ourselves on the rim of a canyon with the river and water far below. After some search we found a way down; but the water was a deep red-brown, and so impregnated with sand that the horses would not drink. We finally found a pool along

the shore where the sand had settled and the water was almost clear. The horses drank, and after filling the canteen we started up stream. All day long we traveled along the river. Many times we had to ford or climb out to the rim where the river ran close to the cliffs. Finally we reached the end of the canyon at Grand Falls, and camped for the night.

The next morning we resumed our journey; and a short distance above the falls we came to the ruins of Wolfe's Store, half buried under the drifting desert sands. This was an old-time Indian trading post that had been abandoned several years before; and painted on a board above the sand filled doorway we read in faded letters, "Wolfe's Trading Post." The stone walls of the store building, built like a fort in the days when the Navajos might not be too friendly, were all that was left of this once famous trading post of old Arizona.

Just above the old trading post we came to a Navajo camp, where Louis persuaded two of the men to pose with him for a photograph. They told us in broken English that Tolchaco was just up the river; but it was an hour before we reached this long sought mission on the banks of the Little Colorado. As I remember it there were only three buildings—a combined church and house for the missionary, a trading store operated by David Ward and his wife, and their small dwelling, with a couple of corrals and stables.

As soon as the missionary, whose name I have long forgotten, heard our story he invited us in, fed our horses and gave us our first real meal since leaving Flagstaff. And of all things to find in the desert he had a bathroom with a real tub and running water from a tank under the roof. He placed this at our disposal, and how we did luxuriate. He offered us beds for the night, but we preferred to sleep outside and camped in an abandoned Navajo hogan. It was very large, having been built for a ceremonial lodge, and there we spent a comfortable night.

As it was Wednesday, August 14th, when we arrived at Tolchaco, we decided that we could not make Walpi in time for the dance the next day, and so we decided to start the next afternoon for Mishongnovi, where the Snake Ceremony would take place on Sunday.

Two men working at the mission decided to go with us, and late Thursday afternoon we set out for the Fields, Fred Volz's abandoned trading store on the road to Oraibi. It was only fourteen miles, so we were told; but they proved to be "cowboy miles." Darkness overtook us while we were still on the trail, and it was soon so black that we could not see. I took the lead and gave "Old Smut" his head. How that horse followed the trail I will never know, but before long we were right at the old store building.

Traveling light has one big advantage—it does not take long to make camp. In a few minutes we had gathered enough sage and greasewood to make a fire; the coffee pot was boiling, and we hungrily ate the sandwiches Mrs. Ward had given us before we left.

We had just crawled into our blankets when an orange-red disk suddenly came up from behind the far-away rim of the desert, and the whole land was bathed in the silvery light of the moon. Louis and I sat up and watched, drinking in all the beauty of the scene

as the great orb rose higher and higher. The adobe walls of the old store building stood out in the white light with just enough dark shadows to add to the intense beauty, and the cottonwood trees that Fred Volz had planted long ago fairly gleamed in the silvery brightness. I thought then and still think that the moon rising on the desert at the Fields that night was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. It was a picture I have preserved in memory with every detail all these years.

"Did you ever see anything like that?" Louis remarked almost in a whisper as though he was afraid to break a spell. "Some day I'll paint it, with the old store against the sky and those cottonwoods bathed in that silvery light, and the Vermillion Cliffs away off to the left."

He gazed in silence for a long time as if to photograph every detail upon his mind. But he never made that painting. It was one of those pictures that only the Master Artist can paint. Human beings can only try to imitate Him, but can never hope to equal. Louis Akin could have come as near to it as any man.

In its day the Fields was one of the most famous of the old-time Indian trading posts of northern Arizona. It was in the latter 1880's that Fred Volz settled at Canyon Diablo, and then established trading posts at the Fields and Oraibi. I had been there once before, just a short time before the post was abandoned in 1906, and thus came to know it in the last days of its glory. Each year Volz gave the Indians a big feast on Thanksgiving and Christmas, and Navajos and Hopis came for many miles.

The next night we camped a little beyond Big Burro Spring, and about noon Saturday we reached Toreva Spring at the foot of the Middle Mesa, just below Mishongnovi. This is the Flute Spring for the twin pueblos of Mishongnovi and Shipaulovi. Just before sunset we witnessed the Antelope or Corn Dance at Mishongnovi, a preliminary to the Snake Dance that would take place the next day.

The Snake Race takes place at sunrise, and before dawn we were on the rim of the mesa, waiting. Finally, the first runner came puffing up the trail and hastened to the Snake Kiva to receive his reward. Louis had asked me to photograph the winner receiving his reward, as he wanted to make a painting of the scene, and we hastily followed him. A few seconds after the winner arrived on the roof of the kiva the chief of the Snake Clan slowly climbed up the ladder from the underground chamber, attired in nothing but a scanty loin cloth, known in the picturesque language of Arizona as a "G" string, and handed the winner a few prayer sticks which he would later deposit in his cornfield to bring the blessing of the Hopi rain god upon his crop.

I had doubts of the success of photographs taken in the early morning light, but I snapped several exposures, and got one outstanding picture, which Louis later used as a model for his painting. I never knew what became of that painting, but the owner has a masterpiece.

I always know a real westerner by his description of the loin cloth. Easterners seem to feel that it is more dignified to call this scanty garment a loin cloth or breech clout; but to the westerner it is simply a "G" string. And at Snake Dance time "G" strings were the sole attire of many of the best dressed Hopi men at that pueblo in the heart of the painted desert.

I will not go into the details of the Snake Dance that day as it would take up too much space, and I previously gave a full account in my book *Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest*. During the day two white men and a woman arrived, making seven of us *bahanas* who witnessed the dance that day.

The next morning our two friends from Tolchaco returned to the mission, and Louis and I went to Oraibi to take in the Flute Dance which was scheduled to take place at that ancient pueblo late in the afternoon. I found Oraibi little like the populous village I had seen when I visited it at Snake Dance time in 1906. After the trouble between the Friendlies and Hostiles the day following the dance, many of the inhabitants had gone to the new pueblo of Hotevilla, meaning "juniperwood slope," which was founded by the Hostiles when they left Oraibi in the fall of 1906. All of the Antelope Society, many of the Snake men, a few of the Blue Flutes (Cakwalenya), and all of the Drab Flute people (Macilenya) had departed with the Hostiles. Many of the houses at Oraibi, especially those surrounding the main dance plaza were already falling in ruins; and I have often wondered what this ancient village, that was there when the first Spaniards came, looks like now after so many years. I have been told that few Hopis are left, almost all having gone to Hotevilla.

Only the Blue Flutes were left to hold this interesting and picturesque ceremony, held biennial to the rain god. By the time we arrived that afternoon we found that the Flute people had gone to the Flute Spring at the foot of the mesa about a mile from the village.

When we climbed down the trail to the spring we found the priests dressing and preparing for the ceremony. I immediately unlimbered my kodak and prepared to go into action, but much to my surprise they resented this intrusion. During my two years' experiences at Snake Dances no objections had ever been made to photographs, although I could see that the performers did not like it. However, I stood by my kodak, and in spite of orders from the chief priest, who was also the ruler of Oraibi, I secured a number of good pictures, both at the spring and during the ceremony in the village plaza. I will not describe this ceremony because of space, but in *Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest* I have given a detailed description.

Louis Akin and I, together with a squaw man and some of his half-breed children, were the only white people present. Akin took in every detail with the practical eye of an artist, and told me later that he intended to make a painting of this colorful scene. I sent him photographs, but whether he ever made that painting I do not know. It would have been a masterpiece, with all of the color that Louis Akin could put on a canvas.

The next year (1908) I was to witness in that same plaza the first Snake Dance ever held there without the Antelope Society taking part. Dr. Fewkes later told me that this deterioration seemed to be the beginning of the end of this most interesting ceremony at Oraibi. It was during that year (1908) that I witnessed and photographed the Flute Ceremony at Mishongnovi, in which both the Blue Flute and Drab Flute societies took part.

We spent the next day roaming about the old pueblo, looking for scenes to photograph. I remember one incident that stands out vividly. We were walking along a street and Louis, who was a little in advance, stepped into the main plaza but hastily came back.

"Get your kodak ready, and slip up to that corner. Then step out and snap that group of the kiva. One squaw is picking lice from the other's head."

I did as directed and saw two women and several children sitting on the wall of the kiva, in a most picturesque group, with a setting that was unsurprased. A naked boy had hold of the ladder in the hole in the kiva roof, and the squaws and girls were seated on the stone coping. Adobe plastered houses on the other side of the plaza formed a background, and beyond was the great desert stretching to the horizon. They were so busy that they did not notice me, and I snapped the shutter before I was discovered. Louis said that if it turned out good he would make a painting from it. The negative was perfect, but I never knew whether he ever carried out his intention.

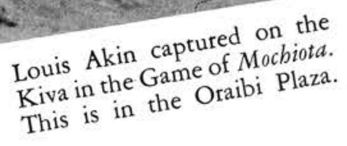
A few minutes later a Hopi man ran into the plaza, one hand held high with some object in it, and a group of young women were chasing him. He dodged and ran from one point to another until they finally captured him and secured the coveted object. When Louis asked what was going on they told him that it was *mochiota*, a sort of jollification following the Flute Dance. A man would run with something in his hand, and the women would chase him until he was caught.

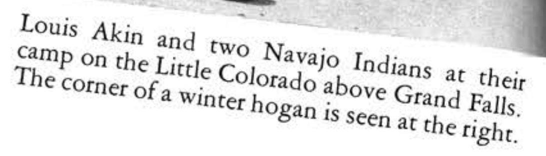
That was enough for Louis Akin. He suddenly held up his hand and started to run, and instantly the women and children were in pursuit. When they finally cornered him on the roof of the kiva, he fished a bag of candy out of his pocket and gave it to them.

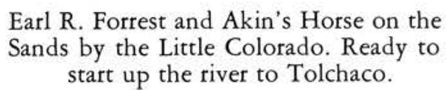
On Wednesday we visited Hotevilla, where Akin had friends among the Hostiles. Before we started the trader at Oraibi told us that they were in destitute circumstances, and we purchased a gunny sack full of coffee, sugar and canned goods for presents. A Hostile at the store volunteered to guide us. As we neared the village we came upon a group of children playing, as children always do when they get together; but the instant they saw us they scampered through the sage brush like scared rabbits, crying "bahana, bahana." They were afraid we were soldiers coming to take them to school which had closed for the summer. Even though our guide assured them that we were friends they gazed fearfully at us as we rode into Hotevilla.

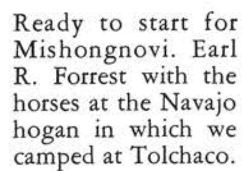
Most of the people welcomed us; but a few held aloof, and our presents of coffee and canned goods were turned down with scorn. They wanted nothing from the white man.

Louis Akin


Louis Akin captured on the Kiva in the Game of *Mochiota*. This is in the Oraibi Plaza.


Louis Akin and two Navajo Indians at their camp on the Little Colorado above Grand Falls. The corner of a winter hogan is seen at the right.


Earl R. Forrest and Akin's Horse on the Sands by the Little Colorado. Ready to start up the river to Tolchaco.


Ready to start for Mishongnovi. Earl R. Forrest with the horses at the Navajo hogan in which we camped at Tolchaco.

Louis Akin

Ceremony of the Blue Flute Society in the Oraibi Plaza in 1907. The houses in the background were deserted in 1906 when the Hostiles left Oraibi and founded Hotevilla.

Entrance of the Snake Priests at the Snake Dance at Mishongnovi in 1907. The only white woman who witnessed the dance is seen on one of the house walls just above the ladder.

Winner of the Snake Race receiving his reward at the Snake Kiva at Mishongnovi in 1907. This was later used by Akin as a model for a painting. Akin is at the extreme right.

An Episode in the New Fire Ceremony at Oraibi in 1904. From a photograph taken by Louis Akin. As far as I can learn scenes in the New Fire Ceremony were never photographed at Oraibi before.

But Louis' friends greeted us with open arms, and when we left we did not carry back a single item.

The courage of those Indians won our admiration. Hotevilla at that time was very primitive—only a few stone houses and brush wickiups. The latter were pleasant in summer but a poor shelter for winter. The inhabitants were in such destitute circumstances that we did not see how they would last. Their crops had been burned out, and many of their sheep had died of scab; but still they refused to return to Oraibi. They wanted nothing from the government. All they wanted was to be left alone to live their religion and their ancient customs, and for this they suffered deeply. Too proud to ask for help, even from their kinsmen at Oraibi, they eked out a miserable existence. And now after the passing of many years Hotevilla is a prosperous village and old Oraibi is only a memory.

We left Oraibi the next morning, and camped that night at the Fields. On Friday we arrived at Tolchaco. Late the next day we reached the Greenlaw Mill, where we stopped for the night; and by the middle of the next morning we were back in Flagstaff. As I expected to leave for Los Angeles the latter part of the week. I "camped" with Louis in his studio. We slept on the floor, and each morning when I awoke the first sight that greeted me was that painting of the Grand Canyon.

Hanging on the wall was the photograph of a very beautiful girl. I had noticed this when I first met Louis, but did not pay much attention at the time as we were busy getting ready for our trip. One evening after our return he told me that she was a girl back in New Jersey who had promised to marry him. Some day when he had sold that Grand Canyon picture for a good price he would go back East and they would be married. Then I understood. He had more than an artist's dream to produce a great painting. He had put his whole heart and soul into it, and with this girl's face always before him, he had created a masterpiece.

But he never sold that painting, and two years later the girl broke the engagement—and broke his heart. Louis Akin was never the same afterwards. He quit painting for a year or two, and then went to work again; but his heart was never in his work like it had been before.

The next spring I was back in Arizona, riding for the old C O Bar. Every time I was in Flagstaff I went to Akin's studio, and always found him "working like a peon," as he expressed it. He did not intend to go to the Oraibi Snake Dance that year; but had planned on an extended trip to Canyon de Chelly. When the time came I went to the Flute Ceremony at Mishongnovi and the Snake Dance at Oraibi as guide for Prof. Harry D. Evans' outdoor school for boys. Evans always spent his summers at his ranch near Flagstaff.

On our return journey we met Louis Akin on the trail about half way between Tolchaco and the Greenlaw Mill, riding a horse and leading a mule well packed with provisions and artist's supplies. I stopped while the others went on, and for almost an

hour Louis and I talked. He was full of high hopes. He expected to secure a wealth of material on this trip to Canyon de Chelly, and he firmly believed that a New York dealer would sell the Grand Canyon painting for a good price. Then he would go back East and marry that girl whose picture hung on the wall of his studio.

"Well, so long," he finally said; I'll have to be moving if I expect to reach Tolchaco before dark."

We shook hands, each turned and went his way, never to meet again. When I was in Flagstaff the next year he had gone back East after receiving the letter from the girl in New Jersey—breaking the engagement. A mutual friend told me that Louis was making a desperate effort to sell the Grand Canyon painting, hoping that if he did the girl would change her mind; but he never sold that painting and she never changed her mind.

We exhanged letters frequently through the years that followed. On a post card mailed at Oraibi, October 14, 1908, he gave a brief outline of his Canyon de Chelly trip; but later in the winter he wrote a detailed account from New York, that "miserable Manhattan pueblo," he called it, where he was living "away up in a cliff dwelling, but I at least don't have to climb any ladders." He said that after we parted that day on the Tolchaco Trail he "cussed" me "many a time for going back to civilization."

He stopped at Oraibi for a week, and then went to the Snake Dance at Hotevilla. Only ten or twelve took part, but he described it as "pretty fine." This Snake Dance of 1908 was the first ever held at that pueblo. From there he went to Toreva Spring and took in the Snake Ceremony at Shipaulovi. This must have been dramatic and interesting to the greatest degree.

"When it began to rain about two o'clock in the afternoon," he wrote, "the Snake priests became wildly enthusiastic, and when it developed into a terrific downpour about three o'clock they could stand it no longer. They fairly jumped out of the kiva, and held the dance in a heavy rain, with lightning flashing and thunder rolling."

Besides Akin there were only two other *bahanas* present—Frederick Monsen, an old friend of Louis, and the school teacher. What a Snake Dance that must have been!

The water at Toreva made him ill, and after the dance he went to Walpi, where he was laid up for a week, but was rewarded by witnessing a Marau Dance (Woman's Hand Tablet, sometimes referred to as a basket dance). From there he went to Keam's Canyon to spend a week with Lorenzo Hubbell, Jr., at his trading post. Although still half sick from the effects of the water at Toreva, he decided to pay a visit to Don Lorenzo Hubbell at his famous Ganado trading post. Louis felt that this would be about the limit of his endurance. At Keam's Canyon he had traded the mule for two burros; but he left these, together with all of his outfit except painting material, in care of young Lorenzo Hubbell. He had intended to remain at Ganado only a few days; but when Don Lorenzo found that he was sick he took him in hand and doctored him up.

In a short time he was feeling as well as ever, thanks to Don Lorenzo medicine. Then he wanted to go on to Canyon de Chelly; but his outfit was miles away at Keam's Canyon. Again Don Lorenzo came to his aid, furnishing a new outfit and a packhorse; and for ten days Louis roamed through the old-time Navajo stronghold of Canyon de Chelly.

"It was great," he said in his letter. "Gee, but I wished for you then. We'd sure have made it up to some of those untouched cliff dwellings. I could almost do it alone, but not quite."

He did make some good sketches; but he wanted more, and said that he would go back again the next summer. However, he never returned to Canyon de Chelly. Something else always seemed to interfere.

On the way back to Ganado he was "caught in the damndest sand storm the oldest settlers ever saw, and holed up in an old hogan till next day." At Walpi he saw another basket dance; and arrived back in Flagstaff on October 16th, going "through three days of sandstorms all the way from Oraibi."

The day after he reached home (he always called Flagstaff "home") he began to feel bad right after breakfast, and in an hour he was down with pneumonia, the most dreaded disease in the high altitude. Friends sent him to the hospital at the lumber mill. His rugged constitution came to his aid, and after three or four bad days he recovered rapidly. In two weeks he was up, and went to the Grand Canyon to recuperate at El Tovar, returning to Flagstaff three weeks later.

He worked hard on his paintings until he left for the East; but he did not mention what paintings. They were probably of Canyon de Chelly. Things were going pretty good for him, he said, which meant that he had sold some paintings. But life in that "miserable Manhattan pueblo" was not for Louis Akin, and he said that he expected to hit the trail for Arizona in April and "get right out into Hopiland for a lot of Indian work. You'd better come out and go with me. We'll sure have a time." But I did not go, and when I returned to Flagstaff the next summer he was at Hotevilla. We exchanged letters occasionally as the years rolled on.

Then in 1912 I received a letter from Jim Harvey of Santa Fe, an old friend of my college days, who was surveying on a government dam at Zuni. At the Shalako in Zuni he saw a man, dressed in a rather large corduroy coat and cavalry boots, watching the ceremony very intently. Jim noticed that he kept his right hand in his coat pocket, and there was something in that pocket that made it bulge. Occasionally he would grasp the pocket with his left hand for a few seconds, but he never removed his right hand. He viewed the picturesquely attired participants from all sides, and Jim wondered that the man was doing.

Finally, the stranger approached Jim, and they engaged in conversation, mostly about the dance. The talk finally drifted around to themselves, and the stranger introduced

himself as Louis Akin, an artist from Flagstaff. He had been commissioned by the American Museum of Natural History to paint murals for its Southwest Room, and he was there to secure material and ideas.

Photographs of the Shalako were absolutely forbidden by the Zunis, and Akin confided that he had a small kodak concealed in his coat with a hole cut in the pocket. He had practiced and knew just how many turns to make after each exposure. The trick worked admirably and was never detected by the Indians.

When Jim mentioned that he had attended Washington and Jefferson College, Akin asked if he knew Earle Forrest, and Jim told him that we were old friends. They saw much of each other during the time that Akin remained at Zuni. Good fortune came his way at last when he was commissioned to make the murals; but, unfortunately he never finished them, for death intervened.

One day in March, 1913, I was shocked when I read in *The Literary Digest*, under a reproduction of "*An Arizona Indian Village* from a painting by Louis Akin," that the artist had recently died. I immediately wrote to the editor for more details and received the information that Louis Akin had died January 2nd, 1913, in Flagstaff. His old enemy, pneumonia, had finally won a victory. The editor was kind enough to send me a tribute that had appeared in *The Craftsman*, an art magazine to which he had been a frequent contributor. I quote from that tribute to his memory:

> "The silver mists, the rose twilight, the solitary people of a dying race—a vision of the Southwest, her changeless beauty, her spell of mysterious splendor—how many of us have come to a knowledge and love of this land through the vision and glowing brush of Louis Akin? It is with a real spirit of mourning that we speak of Mr. Akin's recent and lamented death in his Western home near the Mesas, the Indians, the desolate, beautiful prairies of his paintings. The world has lost a painter of vision—a poet-painter—and *The Craftsman* mourns a friend of years' standing.
>
> "In nineteen hundred and six our first article about Mr. Akin appeared in the magazine illustrated with pictures of himself and reproductions of his paintings of the Southwest. The last record we may ever make of his valiant achievement in his chosen field of distinctive American art is the present mention of the work in which he was engaged at the time of his death—the designs for the mural decorations of the great Southwest Room in the Natural History Museum of New York. That so fine a monument to a man's love of his country and of art should not have progressed to completion is the overwhelming tragedy of Louis Akin's early death. We have been told by the museum that friends who saw the designs for the mural decorations this last fall on a visit to Mr. Akin's studio at Flagstaff, pronounce them 'wonderful!'
>
> "The Hopi Indians became Louis Akin's lifelong friends, welcoming him and sharing with him the wealth of their art and religion. He was in fact one of them in dignity, sincerity and real love of beauty. And no man has so well presented these gentle, vanishing people, for no one has so intimately known and so profoundly loved them and their land.

"After a few years among them Mr. Akin sent back to the East canvases that were gladly hung in the National Academy and at the annual exhibitions of the Pennsylvania Art Academy, also in dealers' galleries. The press as a whole commended him, the classic critic of academic conditions fretted a bit about his color, his curious atmosphere; his canyons swaying in frail-tinted mists bewildered these visionless men, and they accused Mr. Akin of being original. He was painting as if Holland and France had not been guiding us for years. He was courteously reproved; but he stayed out in the Southwest and painted more naturally, more fearlessly, more surely than ever. The critic did not exist to him, and the mesa top, the prayer at twilight, the prairie sleeping in a sea of gold and pink, the woman grinding corn, with yellow, red and blue in the picture, suns and moons and the wide skies of the Southwest filled his soul and his canvases. And he continued to work happily and beautifully for his own joy and for the good of his spirit and his friends, both Indian and white man.

"There were many of those friends, how many we did not realize until the word of his sudden, sad death came, and then messages poured in to *The Craftsman*, high tributes to man and artist. The fellow-workers of the Salmagundi Club held an 'evening,' not to eulogize him formally, but to come together once more in a friendly way to think and talk of 'Louis' as they had thought and talked with him so often in the past. The stories of him were good to hear, of his loyalty to his friends, of his devotion to his art. With these friends we would like to offer a spiritual toast, our loving cup held high, 'to a man whom men loved and an artist whom artists believed in.' "

The mention of critics above reminded me of an incident that occurred during our return from the Snake Dance. As we passed a small canyon along the trail from Tolchaco, one side of which was coal black and the other a beautiful desert red, Louis remarked: "If I painted that canyon just as it is and sent it back East the critics would declare that such a place did not exist; that such scenery was not possible."

In a recent letter Dr. H. L. Shapiro, Curator of Physical Anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History, said in reference to the murals:

"Some negotiations were carried on with Mr. Louis Akin some years ago in connection with our Southwest Indian Hall. The negotiations, however, fell through for reasons which I do not know and the work was assigned to other artists."

But the "some years ago" were forty, probably long before Dr. Shapiro was connected with the museum, and death was the reason the negotiations "fell through."

Louis Akin never talked about his past life, although he had nothing to conceal, and I never asked him any questions, for that was still against the code of the Southwest. However, he did tell me that he was from Portland, Oregon. Through information furnished recently by Miss Katherine Anderson, of the Library Association of Portland, Oregon, and Miss Catherine G. Hay, head of the Art Division of the Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, I found that Louis Akin was a true son of the West, I might say of the Old West. When I learned his background I realized that it was little wonder he turned to the last frontier of Arizona for his work.

Louis Akin

He was born in Portland, June 6th, 1868, a son of James and Carrie Akin. His grandparents had crossed the plains and mountains in a covered wagon from Mount Pleasant, Henry County, Iowa, to Oregon in 1852. One grandparent died on the journey to the promised land, to be buried in a lonely grave at the side of the Oregon Trail. The other followed shortly after reaching Oregon, leaving their oldest son, James, who later became Louis' father, to care for and raise the family. After the death of Louis Akin's parents, which occurred in his youth, he went to live with his uncle, Franklin S. Akin.

Early in life he developed a marked talent for drawing, and like many another famous artist he used this talent to increase his finances by painting signs for Portland business firms. By this work and other means he finally saved enough money to take him to New York, where he arrived with little means and a total stranger. He studied under Chase and Du Mond; but during all those hard years his mind was in his native West, and when the time came he decided upon Arizona—at that time the last frontier.

The first published work by Louis Akin that I have found is his poem, *Tantalus in Town*, illustrated by his drawings, which appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, August 17th, 1901. This poem shows that, like most artists, he had the soul of a poet; and life in that "miserable Mahattan pueblo" must have been a great ordeal for Louis Akin, for his love of the outdoor West is revealed in the first verse:

> *"How'd you like to be a-hittin' up the trail, instead o' sittin'*
> *At a desk an' nigh fergettin' that there's any happy land?*
> *How'd you like to be a-shovin' of your nose in Nature's Lovin'*
> *Cup, with droopin' ferns above, an' perriwinkles in the sand?"*

The date that he first went to Arizona is a little uncertain, but it must have been about 1903 or early in 1904, as shown by dates on his first paintings of Hopi life. He had evidently read much about the Hopi Indians, for he lost no time in going to Oraibi. An article in *The Craftsman* for June, 1906, states that for seventy-five cents a week he rented a room on the second floor of an adobe and stone house owned by Nav-ah-hong-a-ni-ma. This was a large sum for a struggling young artist when you consider that the weeks stretched into many months; and it was a gift from the Hopi gods for his landlord, for money was very scarce in Oraibi in those years. Although Nav-ah-hong-a-ni-ma belonged to the hostile element of Oraibi, who disliked all *bahanas*, he and Louis Akin became lifelong friends.

A description of this studio, where his first Indian paintings were produced, is interesting. It was eighteen by thirty-five feet, a large room for a Hopi pueblo, with two small windows, which most artists would consider insufficient for proper lighting; but it is possible that this poor lighting produced just the proper shadows that Louis Akin wanted. A small fireplace was in each of three corners, and a sunken oven and mealing

stones were located in the fourth. The front ten feet of the floor was about two feet above the rest of the room, with a low wall part way across which gave a gallery effect. Stone steps led to this balcony.

The Craftsman was illustrated with reproductions of ten of his Hopi paintings and a photograph of the artist in Indian attire standing at the door of his Oraibi house studio. I will give a list of these paintings later. However, one, titled *The Oraibi Plaza*, was sold to William H. Jackson, then proprietor of the Detroit Publishing Company. This must have been almost immediately for it was shortly after 1904 that it appeared in a beautifully colored print for sale at the Fred Harvey curio stands along the Sante Fe Railroad. That this early painting had considerable merit there is no doubt, for Jackson himself was an old-time westerner and an artist of considerable ability. Shortly afterwards Jackson purchased a small painting of a storm over the Grand Canyon, which showed Louis Akin as a master of colors and lights and shadows. This also appeared at the Fred Harvey stands.

A painting of El Tovar on the rim of the Grand Canyon was purchased by the Santa Fe Railroad, and for years framed lithographic copies adorned many ticket offices and even wayside railroad stations throughout the United States. Forty years later the Santa Fe reproduced on its calendar for 1948 Akin's painting of the San Francisco Peaks he loved so well. A storm is breaking over the mountains, and I doubt if any other artist could produce those colors in all their true blending.

While Akin was a great artist of Hopi Indian life he was at his best in painting the unsurpassed scenery of the Southwest; for he was a master in reproducing on canvas all of the varied, beautiful colors, shades and shadows of that wild, desert land.

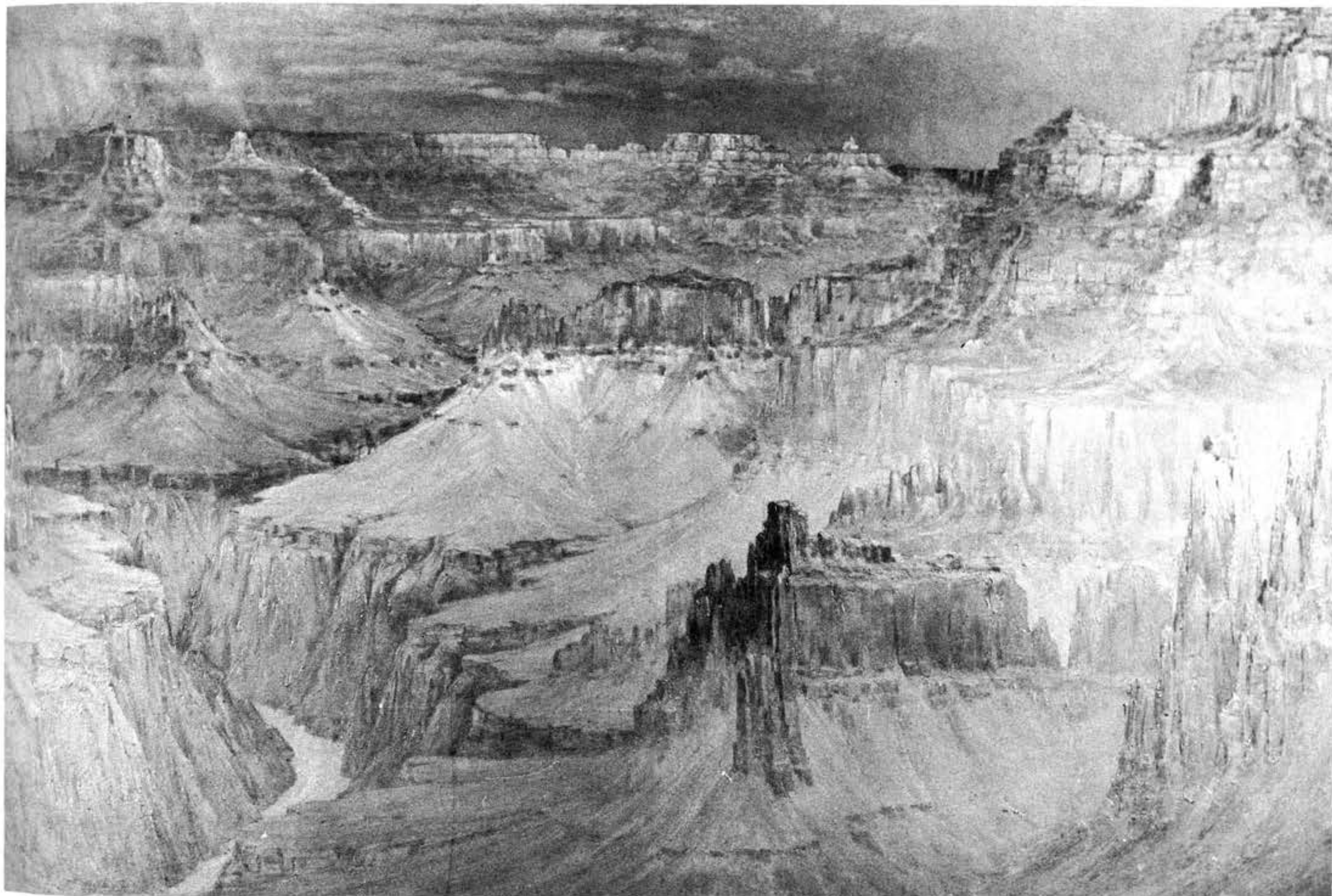
The Grand Canyon painting was his masterpiece, but he never succeeded in making a sale. After his death it was acquired by Babbitt Brothers, and for many years it hung in Verkamp's Curio Store at Bright Angel, on the rim of the Canyon. It is probably still there. George Colton, an old friend of both Akin and myself during the Flagstaff days, was in charge of this store for many years; but when I was there last in 1929, he had gone to California and a stranger was in charge. This new manager, who had never known Louis Akin and had never seen the painting until he took charge of Verhamp's, told me something I had never heard, and to this day I do not believe. He declared that the painting was never finished because Akin had not signed it. In one of his letters to me, Louis said that he had sent his Grand Canyon painting to a dealer in New York to be sold; and an artist does not send an unfinished painting to a New York gallery for sale.

Along about 1911 or '12 Louis met a young woman from Philadelphia, who was visiting in Flagstaff. Their acquaintance began when he gave her art lessons, and they were married after a short courtship; but they separated a year or two later, and Mrs. Akin returned to her home. Perhaps it was expecting too much to ask a girl from an old eastern

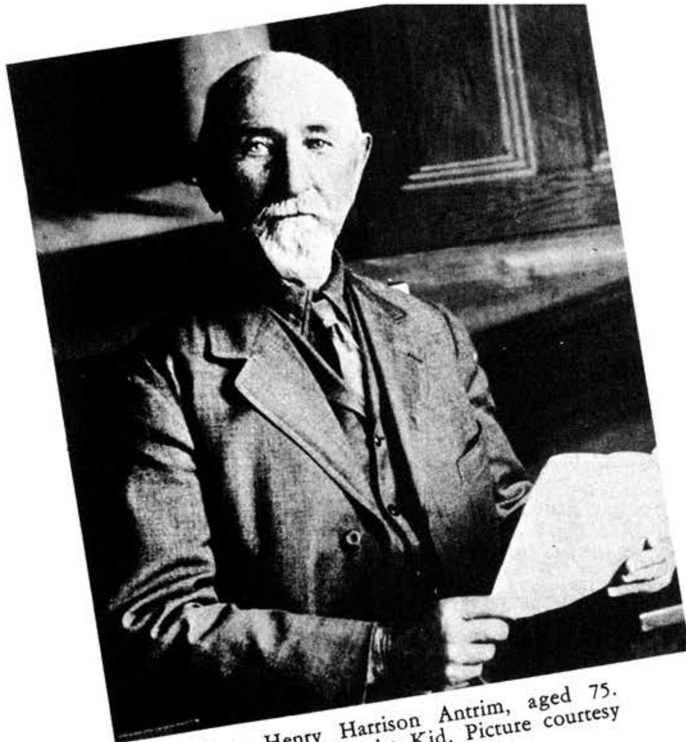
family, where she had known every luxury, to adopt the roving, half vagabond life of a desert artist of old Arizona.

When I returned to Arizona several years after his death I learned that Louis Akin sleeps in an unmarked grave in the cemetery at Flagstaff; but the great San Francisco Peaks he loved and painted so naturally, towering high above his last resting place, are his monument. He needs no other.

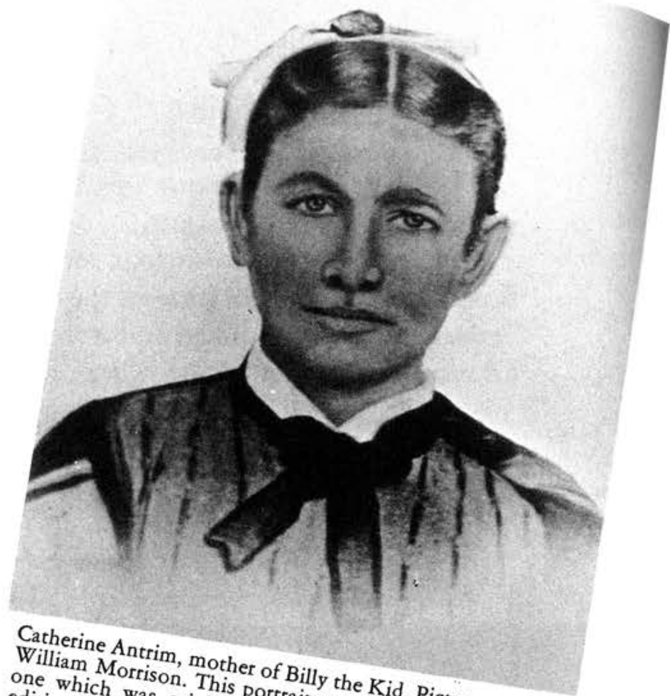
> *"How'd you like to be a lopin' where there's nothing' but the open,*
> *Wishin' sumpin' needed ropin', just to give the bronc a run?*
> *How'd you like to be a sleepin' where the crawlin' things an' creepin',*
> *Make a bug-nest worth the keepin' till the risin' o' the sun?*
>
> —Akin in *Tantalus in Town.*



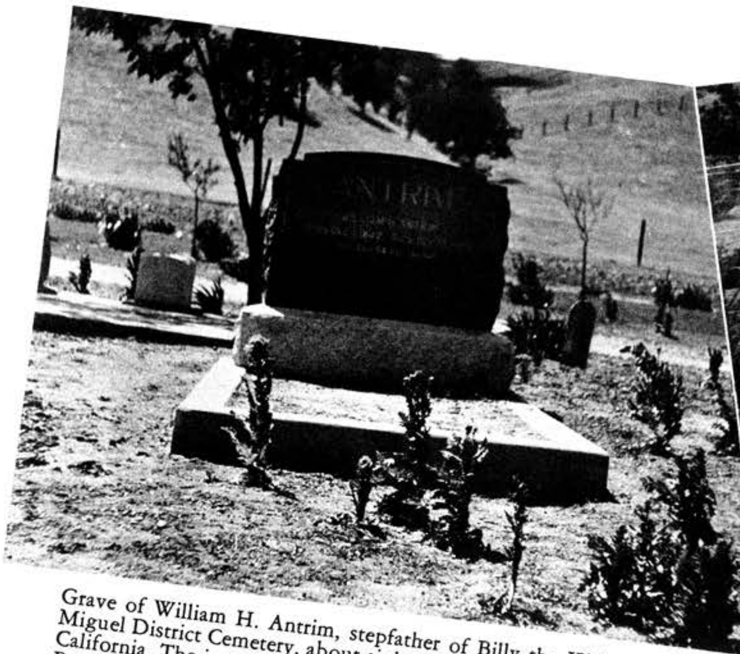
Unsigned Painting of the Grand Canyon at Verkamp's. Photo by Virgil Gipson.



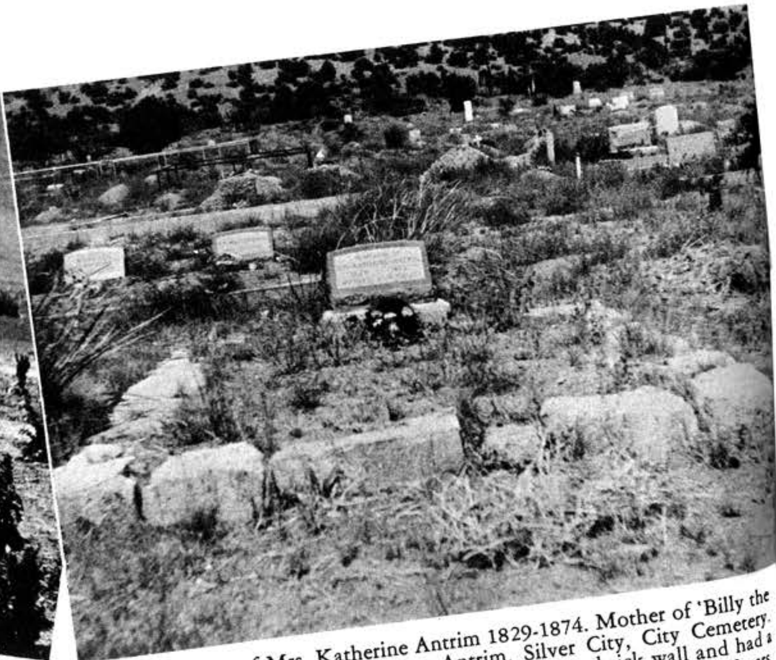
William Henry Harrison Antrim, aged 75. Stepfather of Billy the Kid. Picture courtesy Mr. Robert C. Hollinger.



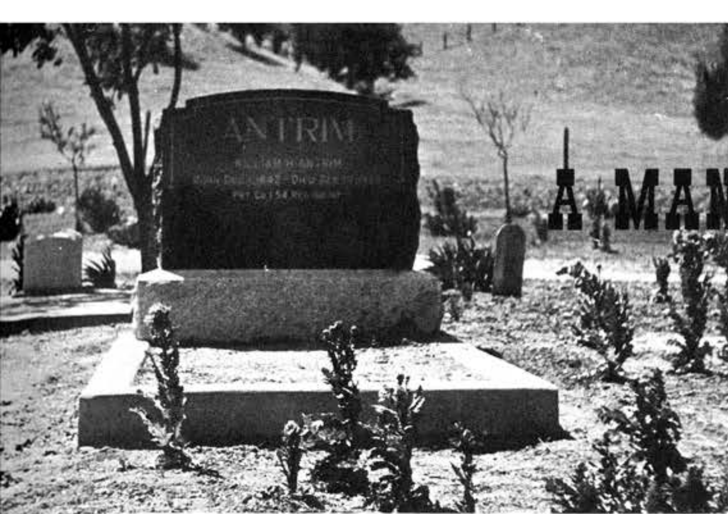
Catherine Antrim, mother of Billy the Kid. Picture courtesy William Morrison. This portrait seems to be a duplicate of one which was originally published in 1934 in the first edition of Eugene Cunningham's *Triggernometry*. So far as the writer's research reveals, this was the first time her photograph was reproduced. Mr. Cunningham advises that it was copied from a hand painted tintype loaned him by a New Mexican. Photographer Noah Rose cropped the hair, which was wavy and spread out in the original, and strengthened some blurry lines to make copying possible.



Grave of William H. Antrim, stepfather of Billy the Kid, in San Miguel District Cemetery, about eight miles north of Paso Robles, California. The inscription reads: ANTRIM—William H. Antrim, Born Dec. 1, 1842—Died Dec. 10, 1922. Pvt. Co. I 54 Reg. Ind. Inf.



"In Memory of Mrs. Katherine Antrim 1829-1874. Mother of 'Billy the Kid'." Grave of Mrs. Catherine Antrim, Silver City, City Cemetery. The plot was originally surrounded by a four foot brick wall and had a heavy wooden head board. The present marker was installed by Messrs Ernest Pollock and Sidney Curtis, of the Cox Mortuary, in 1947. The indident was ignored by the Silver City papers at the time, but was written up in the St. Cloud (Minn.) *Daily Times*, December 11 1946, and belatedly by the Silver City *Enterprise*, July 20, 1950.



A MAN NAMED ANTRIM

By PHIL RASCH

WHEN PAT GARRETT (or, more correctly, Ash Upson) wrote *The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid*, he stated that the Kid's mother "married a man named Antrim," thereby setting the style for all succeeding biographers of the Kid. The words "she married a man named Antrim," or slight variations thereof, have been repeated like an antiphonal chorus by Burns, Otero, Coe, Wellman, Hendron, Pannell, Fergusson, Brininstool, Davison, the anonymous authors of *The New Mexico Guide*, and many another. Unfortunately, their thousands of words have not enlarged his portrait by as much as a line, and Uncle Billy Antrim has remained one of the least known figures in the folklore of the Southwest. It was not until Mary Hudson Brothers' "The Stepfather of Billy the Kid" appeared in *The New Mexico Magazine* and drew comment from Mildred York[1] and H. A. Hoover that Antrim began to emerge as a living, breathing human being.

There is no particular mystery about him; it is simply that he, like thousands of other pioneers, was an honest, hard working and respected citizen. The deeds of such men are seldom chronicled by the press or preserved in folklore. As a result it will probably never be possible to compile a complete account of Antrim's life, but certainly it can be recorded in somewhat more detail than has been done heretofore.

William Henry Harrison Antrim was born in Huntsville, Indiana, on December 1, 1842,[2] the son of Levi Antrim, of County Antrim, Ireland, and of Mary Lawson Antrim, of Ohio. He was the fifth boy in a family of seven, and grew up into a stalwart, but rather short tempered, young man. Several of the brothers served in the Civil War. Billy himself was enrolled as a private in Company I, 54th Regiment Indiana Volunteers, at Morganstown, Indiana, on July 11, 1862, and honorably discharged by reason of expiration of enlistment on September 26, 1862, at Indianapolis, where he continued to reside until 1869. The Antrim family then moved to Kansas and Billy lived in Wichita for the next two or three years. According to family tradition, he then had a severe quarrel with one of his brothers and the latter ordered him out of the house. It is said that he and a friend, Charlie N. Munns, decided to go out west to seek their fortunes and that one of their first jobs was in the Carlisle Mine, near Duncan, Arizona.

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1. Mrs. York argues that Mrs. Brothers has confused Antrim with Dad Russell, and that her article actually describes the latter individual. (Personal communications July 24, 1952 and August 4, 1952.)

2. The family Bible gives the year as 1840, but 1842 is the date accepted by the family and given by Antrim himself.

a man named Antrim

Antrim's main claim to fame is that he was the stepfather of Billy the Kid. The conventional story of how this came about is based upon information which Ash Upson furnished Garrett and Otero. Upson, who claimed to have lived with the Antrims in Santa Fe and in Silver City, recounted that early in the summer of 1862 William H. Bonney, Sr., his wife Katherine and their two young sons, William H. (Billy the Kid, born November 23, 1859) and Edward (born in 1861) left New York City for the west. In Coffeyville, Kansas, the elder Bonney died. His widow and her children joined a wagon train going to Pueblo, Colorado, where she married "a man named Antrim." In 1863 the Antrims moved to Santa Fe, where they operated a restaurant-boarding house, transferring their residence to Silver City in 1868. In the Garrett opus, Upson included the statement that in 1882 Antrim was the only surviving member of the family. The Kid, of course, was killed by Garrett on July 14, 1881, and Upson's statement would indicate that Edward too must have met an untimely death.

This account has been repeated so often and for so long that it has come to be generally accepted as fact, but the writer has long been dissatisfied with the whole story. It simply does not seem within the bounds of probability that all the important males in the saga should be named William H. To the writer this suggests that there has been some confusion in names or characters. Further, the townsite of Silver City was not laid out until after the first rich silver strike was made on May 27, 1870. It seems most unlikely that the Antrim family would have emigrated to this Apache-haunted district two years before this date.

None of the statements made by Upson can be substantiated from documentary records. The Clerk of Manhattan reported that a search of the recorded births for the years 1859 and 1860 revealed no mention of a William H. Bonney. The City Clerk of Coffeyville advised that they have no records of deaths for as far back as 1862. As a matter of fact, the first non-Indian settler did not arrive until 1868, and the townsite was not laid out until 1871. The County Clerk at Pueblo found that their records for 1862 do not contain any mention of a marriage between William Antrim and Katherine Bonney—and small wonder, for this was neither the time nor the place of Antrim's marriage.

Research for this biography has brought to light the fact that on March 1, 1873, William Antrim married a Mrs. Catherine McCarty. The officiating minister was the Reverend D. F. McFarland, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Santa Fe. Both parties gave their residence as Santa Fe. Mrs. McCarty was a widow whose first husband had died in New York City. She was about 44 years old at the time and had two sons, Henry, afterwards to become famous as Billy the Kid, and Joseph, of whom little is known.

Soon after the marriage the family moved to Silver City. Antrim is said to have worked in a butcher shop for a while, but apparently he soon resumed his career as a miner. Mrs. Antrim is said to have run a boarding house. Louie Abraham, who knew her

when he was a boy, recalled her as "a jolly Irish lady, full of life, and fun and mischief. . . . Mrs. Antrim was as good as she could be, and she made everyone welcome in her home." Unhappily, the deadly tuberculosis bacillus had already fastened its grip upon her, and the September 19, 1874, issue of the Silver City *Mining Life* contained this obituary:

> Died in Silver City, on Wednesday the 16th inst., Catherine, wife of William Antrim, aged 45 years.
>
> Mrs. Antrim with her husband and family came to Silver City about one year and a half ago, since which time her health has not been good, having suffered from an affection of the lungs, for the last four months she has been confined to her bed. The funeral occured from the family residence on Main street, at 2 o'clock, on Thursday.

Chauncey O. Truesdell claims that Mrs. Antrim asked his mother to look after her sons and that she became sort of a foster mother to them. The conventional account insists that Antrim abused his older stepson, thereby earning the latter's undying hatred. When the Kid was 12 years old, it continues, he killed a man who had insulted his mother and was forced to flee for his life. Antrim did not like the Kid; that much is certain. He remembered him as a cruel little sneak who stole everything on which he could lay his hands. Years later he recalled with revulsion how he had once given the lad a new Barlow jackknife, which the boy had promptly used to behead a neighbor's kitten. Nevertheless, there is no evidence to indicate that he abused his stepson; in fact, such testimony as is available suggests quite the opposite.

All of the old-timers who are on record are emphatic in stating that the Kid never killed anyone in Grant County. He is recalled as having fallen into bad company and having done a lot of petty thievery. Finally he was arrested by Sheriff Henry Whitehill. The sheriff thought to give the boy a good scare by locking him up in the jail, but he managed to climb up the chimney and make his escape. Since Whitehill did not become sheriff until 1875, this arrest must have occurred after the death of Mrs. Antrim. Whitehill referred to the Kid as having been just over 15 at the time.

According to Henry Bickerstaff, a Dan McMillen later recounted that he was working with Antrim in a mine at Chloride Flat (just west of Silver City) at the time. The Kid came up to the mine and told Antrim that he was in a great deal of trouble. Antrim gave the Kid all of the money he had on him and advised him to leave town. An account in the Grant County *Herald* dates the Kid's escape from the Silver City jail as September 26, 1875. If the boy was actually born in 1859, he would have been almost 16 at this time and Antrim may well have given him this advice; it does not seem reasonable that he would have made such a suggestion to a 12-year-old.

Nothing is known of the Kid's exploits during the first two years following his escape from Sheriff Whitehill's jail. He reentered recorded history when he killed F. P.

Cahill in George Adkins' saloon, near Camp Grant, Arizona, on August 17, 1877, and thereafter his life can be documented almost week by week until his death at the gun of Pat Garrett on July 14, 1881.

Unfortunately, we have no such information on the life of Joe McCarty Antrim. Truesdell states that Joe lived with various families around Silver City for a few years and then went to Globe, where he became a dealer in the Centennial Saloon. In 1915 William Antrim stated that "My wife had two boys. One died in the eighties and the other I have not heard from in 14 years." Evidently, then, Joe was alive at least as late as 1901. There is one story to the effect that he became a prosperous rancher in the south of Texas; another account has it that he was killed in a gambling brawl in Colorado. There is evidence which suggests that he died in Denver on November 25, 1930.

Uncle Billy himself appears to have remained in the general vicinity of Silver City for several years. He was still a resident of the town in 1879. In 1882 he was living at Georgetown, a nearby mining camp. About 1888 he worked in the Bremen Mill in Silver City.

That same year a Cooney saloon-keeper named Penny shot and killed Charlie Moore. As related by French, Penny promptly called upon everyone to witness that it had been done in self-defense, but Antrim, arriving while the smoke was still in the air, observed that the position of Moore's hands and the fact that his gun was tied into his scabbard with a hard knot made such a tale unbelievable. After considerable difficulty French obtained a warrant for Penny's arrest.

French and Antrim were deputized and proceeded to execute the warrant. The prisoner was placed in jail at Socorro for safe-keeping and the following year a grand jury issued a true bill against him. Antrim's testimony was so damaging that the judge instructed the jury that if they believed the evidence they had no choice but to find the prisoner guilty. After only 20 minutes of deliberation the jury stunned the courtroom by returning a verdict of "Not guilty." The jurors apparently spoke but little English, and French hints that the interpreter's translations might have been influenced by Penny's lawyer.

Among Moore's possessions were a few mining claims. As an expert on silver, Antrim examined the ore samples and pronounced the claims worthless. Later some of them turned out to be very valuable copper producers.

From the few photographs available, supplemented by the recollections of men and women who knew him, it is possible to reconstruct a picture of Antrim as he appeared about this time. Visualize a man about 5 ft. 10 in. tall, of fair complexion, light colored hair, blue-gray eyes, weighing between 150 and 160 pounds, strongly built, but somewhat stoop-shouldered. His face is covered with a full beard, his ears are unusually large and the end of the second finger of his left hand has been mashed in some accident. His clothes are the rough corduroy favored by the miners of that day. He does not use rough language, seldom drinks and never gambles. He is fond of a good story, but dislikes music and

possesses little mechanical ability. Quiet almost to the point of taciturnity, he is firmly convinced that his personal affairs are the business of no one else.

But perhaps the best index to his character is the fact that from being "Uncle Billy" to nephew Lon Irish, he became Uncle Billy to the entire community. The reason is found in stories like that related by Mr. Elton Cunningham. Now over eighty years of age, Mr. Cunningham is as alert, intelligent and friendly an old-timer as one is likely to meet. Usually very pleasant in manner, his eyes flash with anger at any criticism of Uncle Billy.

"I came out here for my health in 1890," says Mr. Cunningham. "I was so sick everyone thought that I was going to die. When I arrived in Mogollon I found the town so crowded that I could not even get a place to sleep. I didn't know anybody and had no idea what to do. I happened to meet Billy at a bar and told him my troubles. He promptly invited me to use a cot in his cabin, and I stayed with him for a year and a half. That's the sort of person Billy Antrim was!"

In 1893 Antrim decided to take a vacation from his job sorting ore in the Confidence Mine and visit the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. He talked Mr. Cunningham into accompanying him, but in Silver City induced his companion to try his first enchilada. Cunningham's resultant gastric distress was most severe, but it was so soothed by the internal application of liberal quantities of blackberry cordial that he decided to stay in Silver City and continue the treatment. Billy went on alone, and evidently found the trip well worthwhile, for he made a similar visit to the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. About 1896 or 1897 he become foreman at the Confidence Mine.

The next several years of his life were spent around the mining towns in the Silver City area. He is reported to have lived in Graham in 1898; in Cooney in 1904; and to have been back in Mogollon in 1906. In 1907 he made a trip to the Pacific Coast, and some time after his return he and Lon Irish homesteaded some land on top of White Water Mesa, about four miles from Glenwood. When Mr. Cunningham bought the property from him, Billy used the money to go to Johns Hopkins Hospital for a prostate operation. (October 23-December 3, 1912.)

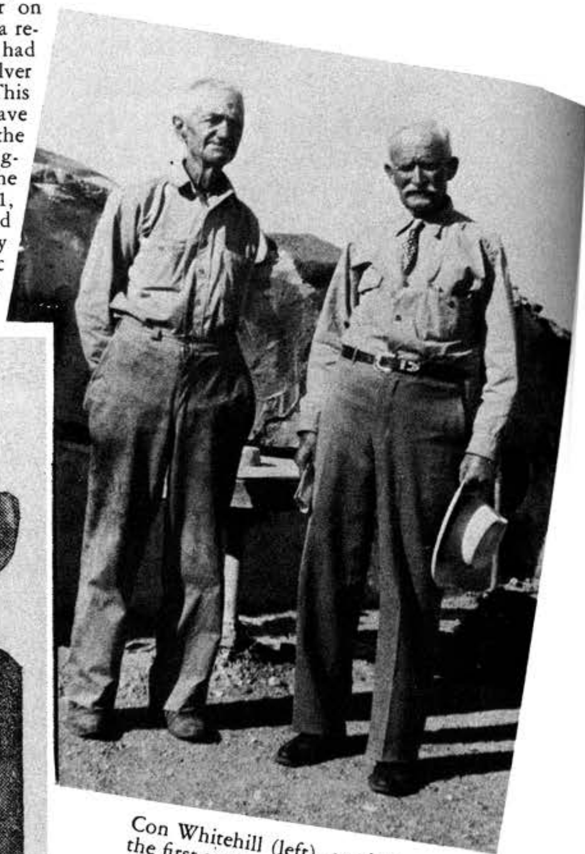
After convalescing he returned to Mogollon, but Corresponding Member H. A. Hoover, an intelligent and scholarly gentleman who still lives in Mogollon and is the leading authority on the history of the district, recalls that Antrim was beginning to age a bit. "He started to find the winters here too cold for him," recalls Mr. Hoover. "He had an income from some property he owned in Kansas and did not have to work. About 1914 or so he began to spend the winters in El Paso, although he stayed here in the summers. I remember that around 1918 he was living in a rooming house on North Stanton Street, in El Paso."

About 1920 Uncle Billy moved to Adelaida, California, where he made his home with his niece, Mrs. Arthur Bryan. His life came to its close on December 10, 1922, from a

combination of uremia and broncho-pneumonia. Funeral services were held under the auspices of the Odd Fellows Lodge and his remains were interred in the family plot in San Miguel District Cemetery, about eight miles north of Paso Robles, California, on December 13. In the words of Dr. A. H. Wilmar, who was both the attending physician and administrator of his estate, "Mr. Antrim spent his last few years here as a pious and highly regarded old gentleman."

William H. Antrim. Taken at the portal of the Confidence Mine tunnel, near Mogollon, New Mexico, in the 1890s. Courtesy Mr. Elton Cunningham and Corresponding Member H. A. Hoover.

Joe Antrim, a professional gambler who died in Denver on November 25, 1930, told a reporter from the *Post* that he had moved to that city from Silver City, N.M., in the 1870s. This suggests that he may have been the brother of Billy the Kid. The picture was originally published in the Denver *Post* on April 1, 1928, and is reproduced here through the courtesy of the Denver Public Library, Western History Department.



Con Whitehill (left), aged 80, whose father was the first peace officer to arrest Billy the Kid, and Chauncey O. Truesdell, aged 87, whose mother looked after the Antrim boys after the death of Catherine Antrim. Taken at Silver City, 1951. Picture courtesy Mr. Roscoe G. Willson.

NOTE: The writer takes pleasure in acknowledging his indebtedness for assistance received from Mrs. Robert K. Bell; Miss Grace Branson, Paso Robles City Librarian; Mrs. Mary Hudson Brothers; Mr. and Mrs. Elton Cunningham; Gilbert Cureton; Charles F. Hollinger; Robert C. Hollinger, whose assistance was both invaluable and freely given; H. A. Hoover; Archie M. Truesdell; Chauncey O. Truesdell; Miss Marye V. Weller, Research Assistant, Library, Museum of New Mexico; Mrs. Alys Freeze, Research Assistant, Western History Department, Denver Public Library; Roscoe G. Wilson; Dr. A. H. Wilmar and Mrs. Mildred York.

CALIFORNIA'S FANTASTIC MEDICAL TRADITION

By J. B. de C. M. SAUNDERS

THE CHARM AND FASCINATION OF THE history of Californian medicine rests in large measure with the unexpected. The remoteness of the land, sequestered behind the barrier of the Sierra and of the desert beyond, naturally precluded the participation or influence of its profession in the rapidly developing medicine of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The establishment of more rapid communications with the laying of the transcontinental railroad was necessary before California's medical profession became part of the general pattern of the nation's medicine. Nevertheless, it is surprising how swiftly, though unevenly, the new ideas filtered across these very barriers of isolation. This is of advantage to the medical historian anxious to follow in a rapidly growing civilization the dissemination and impact of medicine as a social force. However, geographical isolation not only gives nurture to the unexpected, but also attracts the adventurous, enhancing his individualism. Indeed, it is the individualism of its early physicians and the unexpectedness of their actions which are characteristic of California's medical tradition.

It is, for example, most unexpected to discover that the first scientific autopsy performed on the North American continent was carried out in California. While that "falsest Knave" Master Fletcher offered prayers, Francis Drake ordered his ship's surgeon, James Wood, to conduct a post mortem on his brother with the findings, "liver swollen, heart sodden and gut all fair." In 1579, an autopsy was a rare phenomenon. Indeed, the science of pathology made little progress until the post mortem became regular practice almost three centuries later. However, there is evidence that occasional autopsies were being done in Peru as early as 1694, and there are records of an autopsy at Baltimore in 1637, and that on Governor Slaughter took place at New York in 1691, but in the Americas there was none as early as that on Joseph Drake.

It is astonishing to discover that the first vaccination with cowpox on the American continent occurred (if we are to believe Governor Arrillaga's report) at Monterey, in 1786, which is a dozen years before the appearance of Jenner's famous monograph (1798) on the subject and fourteen years before Professor Waterhouse of Harvard was bold enough to

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Editor's note: Under the title of *A Triptych on the History of Californian Medicine* this paper by J. B. de C. M. Saunders, F.R.C.S., Professor of Anatomy and Medical History, Librarian, University of California Medical Center Library, University of California School of Medicine, San Francisco, California, was presented to the Friends of the Library of the University of California at Los Angeles on June 10, 1954.

vaccinate his children. In contrast to vaccination, innoculation with smallpox had become popular since 1718, following its introduction to the Western World by Lady Wortley Montagu. The first smallpox innoculation in America was carried out by Zabdiel Bolyston of Boston in 1721 despite great opposition from his fellow townsmen. However, prior to Jenner, deliberate vaccination was an extremely rare local practice and had been performed occasionally by the Dorset farmer, Benjamin Jesty, in 1774-89 and by Plett of Holstein in 1791. The first lymph brought to California from the outside world was that used by José Verdia in 1817, after which year vaccination became established practice.

It is unusual to find physicians responsible for the sheep as well as the human population of the state, with Dr. Thomas Flint of Maine driving 2,000 of the balky creatures across the continent or Dr. Jesse Scott Cunningham, graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, conducting no less than 4,000 head into California with the exceptionally low mortality rate of 375, a mortality doubtless lower than that of the selfsame physician's practice.

It is certainly unexpected to note the acceptance, by the presumably latined padres of San Gabriel, of John Marsh's diploma of a Harvard baccalaureate in arts as a medical degree when asked to pass on its legitimacy by the city council of Los Angeles, or to discover in Jones Street of San Francisco, Elbert P. Jones, a physician who would receive payments in nothing but gold dust—nuggets would not do—in which he bathed and eventually died immersed in a quarter of a million dollars worth of auriferous splendor.

The history of Californian medicine, like that of any other profession, is an inescapable part of the secular history of the state and reflects the factors which were dominant at corresponding periods. In brief, this history has its beginnings with the primitive beliefs, rites and practices of the aboriginal Indian priest-physician. Its middle period is that of Spanish and Mexican colonies, reflecting the sterility and stagnation of the medicine of the motherland, but gallantly attempting to adjust to new conditions and strange situations. Finally, there is the American period in which the growing stability permitted the establishment of professional organizations and the development of institutions. Owing to the heterogeneous origin of its immigrant population, these organizations and institutions take on a less provincial character than is the case elsewhere so that California's medicine becomes integrated with that of the nation with extraordinary rapidity. Omitting aboriginal medicine which was more magic and superstition than medicine, I have selected from each of these formal periods of California's medical history a significant occasion to form a triptych which I hope will illustrate something of the rich medical tradition of this state.

* * *

In the first panel of this triptych I would represent in allegory the deficiency disease of scurvy as being the most important single influence in determining the character of the

Californian scene from the Spanish period to the beginning of the twentieth century. In this allegory would figure prominently the portrait, preferably painted by his contemporary Goya, of the distraught and deranged Pedro Prat, California's first physician and medical hero.

It is a commonplace among historians to mention the threat of an extension by the Russian settlement of Alaska and the audacity of Britain's maritime power as the political events which forced the hand of Carlos III of Spain and compelled the occupation and colonization of Alta California. However, historians seldom mention the influence of scurvy, yet this disease was of first importance in shaping these policies. In 1740 Lord Anson had sailed from Portsmouth with six ships of the line and two "victuallers" to challenge the Spanish supremacy in the Pacific. Aboard those ships there were over and above two thousand men of whom scarcely two hundred returned to their native shores—of the rest, the majority had died of scurvy. Richard Walter has left us a graphic picture of this expedition in his *Lord Anson's Voyage Round the World 1740-44*. This voyage was largely instrumental in stimulating the researches of James Lind, leading to the publication of one of the most significant monographs in the history of medicine, *A Treatise of the Scurvy*, Edinburgh, 1753, which was dedicated to Lord Anson, now First Lord of the Admiralty.

The British Admiralty, with what some will judge to be characteristic alacrity, finally adopted James Lind's recommendations on the treatment of scurvy after an interval of some forty years (1795). Again it was a voyage into the Pacific which gave wide acceptance to Lind's principles. Captain Cook set out on his voyage (1772-75) in the H.M.S. Resolution with a crew of 118 and returned having lost only a single man from this disease to receive from the Royal Society its highest award, the Copley medal, not for his remarkable feats of navigation but for his demonstration of the means of preventing scurvy. The conquest of scurvy was at hand and Britain's fleet had gained complete freedom of the seas. Within a year of his return, Cook was again commissioned to explore the western coast of North America in search of a "North-East Passage." Carlos of Spain had reason to be concerned.

It will be recalled that on receiving orders to proceed with the colonization of Alta California, José de Gálvez, His Majesty's recently appointed Inspector General (Visitadore), with an energy and zeal regarded as almost maniacal by his associates, began the organization of his company. Gálvez' plan called for a two-fold expedition. A party, under the leadership of Gaspar de Portolá and his lieutenant, Rivera y Montada were to proceed overland up the Peninsula in two divisions, accompanied by the missionary fathers, Indian herdsmen, cattle, horses, and mules.

The sea expedition was to be under the command of Vicente Vila, "sailing master of the first class," as he called himself. The fleet was to have consisted of the *San Carlos*,

the *San Antonio*, and the *San Jose;* but the *San Jose*, a caravel of 50 tons, could not be completed in time and would have to follow later. The sea-going expedition was to sail from La Paz, make an initial rendezvous at San Diego with the land forces and continue thence to occupy and hold the final objective of Monterey, the site of Vizcaino's reputed "fine harbour."

At the end of Don Vicente Vila's list of the ship's company, after the enumeration of the four cooks and two blacksmiths, appears the name of Pedro Prat, surgeon, who is to accompany the expedition says the report, "for whatever might be necessary." The lowly position of the physician on the list is but a measure of his relative insignificance in the eyes of the naval establishment. How inferior was the surgeon's position and how little his authority is admirably described by Tobias Smollett in "Roderick Random." Smollett went to sea in this capacity in 1739, the same year in which James Lind first served the Royal Navy. This lack of precedence and authority has at all times made the work of a ship's surgeon doubly difficult. Not until World War I did he achieve any degree of recognition in the naval hierarchy commensurate with his rank.

Of Pedro Prat's antecedents we know little save that he was a Catalonian, although Bancroft has him a Frenchman, and a graduate of the University of Barcelona. Schuman presents evidence which suggests that Prat was more likely an unlatined surgeon, *cirujano romanista*, from the *colegio* rather than the university. However, it would not be difficult to form an estimate of Prat's medical capacity. The eighteenth century was an age of rampant medical theory out of which arose a number of formalistic methodic systems. Nevertheless the century produced many clinicians of great skill and insight: Hermann Boerhaave, von Haller, Camper, Cheselden, the Hunters, Percival Pott, Richter, Auenbrugger, Morgagni, Withering, Cullen, and notable William Heberden, "ultimus Romanorum, the last of our great physicians." Spanish medicine, however, made few advances and for the most part remained in a backward state. Indeed, some texts dating from the sixteenth century were still in use.

The northward passage along the coast of California is difficult sailing. Day after day one may face a wet, monotonous and uncomfortable beat directly into the prevalent northwesterly wind. Even in a cunningly designed modern sailing vessel, fore and aft rigged, with a center of effort scientifically calculated, which can point as high or higher than four points off the wind, one can beat all day and night and make not a yard over the bottom if the wind is heavy and the sea broaching. On the map, the coastal voyage looks easy enough, but to the over-timbered, pot-bellied craft of colonial Spain, square rigged, high in the poop and broad in the beam, the northward passage must at times have been a nightmare.

The preliminaries of Vila's naval expedition were inauspicious. In sailing from San Blas, where the ships were commissioned, across the mouth of the Gulf of California to

La Paz, where the expedition waited, the *San Carlos* and her consort spread their timbers so badly that they had to be unloaded and beached for repairs. At last, on January 9, 1769, the *San Carlos* set sail to be followed a month later by the *San Antonio*. Among those aboard the *San Carlos* were the twenty-five Catalan soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Fages, twenty-three sailors, Father Parron, Pedro Prat, six cattle and two dozen hens, with a generous supply of provender from brandy to wine, but no vegetables, save garlic and red peppers, nor fruits of any sort.

The lack of forethought given to victualling and water supplies by sea captains of that age amounts in the eye of the modern to total irresponsibility. Captain Vila was no exception. The *San Carlos*, but six days out of harbor, was compelled to put in at Cape San Lucas, the southernmost-point of the peninsula of Baja California, since the crew had forgotten to fill her water casks and no one had thought to check them. On setting forth again, it took five days to round the cape and it was not until January 21 that her northward journey was begun. It had taken twelve days to accomplish some 150 statute miles.

No sooner had the *San Carlos* rounded Cape San Lucas than she ran into heavy winds and sea. Pedro Prat's professional services were immediately required to set a compound fracture of the leg received by the helmsman when the tiller whipped loose during the dawn watch. A few hours later a calker reported the presence of three and a half inches of water in the hold, rising fast. The pumps were manned and the flooding controlled until it was discovered that the water was fresh and its source, the casks which with characteristic ineptitude had not been made fast and had staved one another. It was impossible to turn back and seven days later, when the wind had abated, the *San Carlos* now lay 100 miles to the South and 500 miles West of Cape San Lucas. The loss of the greater part of their water was serious, but it was hoped that with better luck and more favorable wind they might reach San Diego in two or three weeks and could hold out with careful rationing. However, these hopes were not to be fulfilled. The ship made slow progress and for two weeks the winds remained light. Not until February 14 did Vila sight the island of Guadalupe, three-quarters of the way to their objective. For eight days the ship beat northwards but could make no progress and Guadalupe still remained on the horizon. By February 24 they were in sight of the mainland but still 200 miles short of their objective. It now became apparent that the Captain's optimism had been misplaced. The crew was not only suffering from thirst, but scurvy had made its dreaded appearance. For twelve desperate days a search was made for water without success. The captain was compelled to turn south, eventually anchoring in an open roadway off Cedros Island, 200 miles southeast of Guadalupe where water was known to exist. From this poor anchorage the empty casks were floated ashore and after eleven strenuous days the weakened crew managed to hoist the kegs aboard. The water itself was brackish and bitter, but it would have to do.

Once more the ship turned north, but again the winds denied her and for nine days she tacked back and forth within sight of the island. Day after day the clumsy vessel fought her way northward and with every passing day the effects of the scurvy were intensified. Her captain was reduced to invalidism, her navigator on the point of death, and Pedro Prat manfully did his pitiful best to relieve a situation which was rapidly becoming a major catastrophe.

The conditions on such a ship must have been simply frightful. In the stench of the dank, unventilated forecastle, provided with no sanitation, the ship's surgeon must attend his anguished patients, many of whom had now developed the "bloody flux," a scorbutic dysentery, which in their ignorance they blamed on the foul water from Cedros. Hardened as a surgeon was in those days, Prat could stay below decks with his patients for only a few minutes before the unholy stench sent him retching to the side. He drew in vain upon all his knowledge to help them. Following approved practice, Prat induced those who were ambulatory to wash down the inside of the ship with boiling vinegar which, in addition, had long been advocated as an antidote for the scurvy and as a corrective of the rank and putrid state of sea-provisions. He fumigated with brimstone and evil-smelling asafoetida. He found some condemned tobacco, the smoke of which should have been salutory according to the learned faculty, if overpowering to the sick in their confined and ill-ventilated hold. He flashed gun powder to jar loose the infectious matter from the timbers. Doubtless he dosed them with the tartrates and sub-acids, used the digestives and rhubarb all as set forth in the works of Hermann Boerhaave, "communis totius Europae praeceptor."

The torment of the *San Carlos* continued and on April 18th the first death occurred. Another week slipped by and now the Captain was desperately ill and the pilot dead, but at this critical moment, April 24, a landfall was made and the expedition found itself in the Santa Barbara Channel, nearly two hundred miles north of their immediate objective. The gross navigational error, with due allowance for the inaccuracies of dead-reckoning, is perhaps a measure of the sorry plight of the crew. Perforce the *San Carlos* turned south and running before the wind sailed into San Diego Bay on the 110th day of her passage April 29, 1769, to find her consort, the *San Antonio*, riding at anchor.

The *San Antonio* had left La Paz more than a month after the *San Carlos*. She had likewise crawled up the coast, making the passage in fifty-five days, but she too was full of scurvy and two of her crew dead. Although the ship had lain in harbor for nearly two weeks, she had not landed a single party to establish a camp or explore the countryside. The crew were too ill to venture. At length the remnant of some eight ambulatory members of the two companies transported the sick and dying to the shore to occupy a crude structure of canvas, euphemistically referred to as the first hospital to be established in California.

For weeks Pedro Prat had been battling with death and disease but his duties had

just begun. Desperately, on swollen, oedematous and painful limbs, Pedro Prat sought the much vaunted "scurvy grass," the spruce shrub, sorrel, or the lesser celandine, decoctions of which were reputed specifics for this disease.

Pedro Prat fought with Lieutenant Fages to save for the sick what little food their gelatinous gums and ulcerated mouths could tolerate. But Fages was not interested in the fate of the many, only in his own and that of his precious Catalans. He dragged the invalids from their beds if they could totter and would not permit them to return. He reduced Prat to a state of hysteria. Daily the men died. Over ninety of the expedition succumbed. When the land party under Portolá made their junction, they were horrified at the sight of their decrepit comrades.

Historians not infrequently ascribe the illness aboard the *San Carlos* and *San Antonio* to an outbreak of smallpox. On the contrary, the reports provide a clear clinical picture of scurvy which is substantiated by the fact that the Indians and Portolá's party, who nursed and fed them, were not infected.

There is no need to follow in any detail the further progress of the naval expedition to its ultimate destination of Monterey Bay. Once more Pedro Prat was to be subject to the pain, the labor, and the fatigue of a scorbutic voyage. Usually the passage from San Diego to Monterey by sail took some ten days, but adverse winds extended the voyage to six weeks and the weakened crew must again suffer from nutritional depletion. The later arrival of ten priests in an advanced stage of scurvy and the continued battle with Lieutenant Fages for authority and provisions subjected the enfeebled doctor to strains which he could not withstand. He developed insomnia, became absent-minded and seclusive in premonition of the dementia which would soon overwhelm him. They put him aboard the *San Carlos* and took him back to Guadalajara, where he died in 1771.

The meaning of the story of Pedro Prat and the disaster to the naval expedition was not lost upon the authorities. It quickly became evident that the colony could not be supported by sea with the kind of ships available to the authorities of colonial Spain. It took the *San Antonio* nine months to make a second voyage (1769-1770) from San Diego and return with a cargo and in 1772 the *San Carlos*, as though to end any argument on this score, was driven back almost to Panama in a seven-month sail across the mouth of the Gulf of California from San Blas to Loreto. The development of a land route became imperative and Juan Bautista de Anza provided an answer to the demand. Thus it was scurvy which determined the character and pattern of California's colonization. The real key to the difficulties of Carlos and his ministers was at hand in James Lind's little treatise on the scurvy, but its teachings would be ignored in California almost to the twentieth century when strangely, as though to fulfill the axiom of early physicians such as Pedro Prat, "whence the disease, thence the remedy," the land would give birth in profusion

to the scorbutic remedy in the groves whose golden harvest is, in a sense, a memorial to the tragedy of California's first physician.

* * *

The second panel of this triptych would frame two buildings, the one a ponderous Romanesque pile of brick, the other a monster of baroque baronial, separated by a wide valley, now a park. These structures represent a quixotic insanity of personal memorialization and the primitive urge of a profession to reproduce itself, at a time when continence might have been saner policy for the vast horde of doctors who glutted the market with their offerings.

Californian medicine at its period of emergence from the pastoral tranquillity of Mexican rule to the frenzied tumult of American occupation has written a story so heavily punctuated by quarrel, animosity and intrigue that its quieter and more gallant moments tend to become obscured in the turmoil of violent and contending factionalism. A contemporary, Henry Gibbons, in 1858 described his colleagues as "a heterogeneous mass, an army of incomptables." "No country in the world" he continued, "is supplied with physicians so diverse in character. We have all the peculiarities of all the schools in the world, coupled with all the peculiarities of all the nations in the world." Examples of nobility and self-sacrifice, worthy of the highest traditions of medicine, are not lacking among these early physicians of California. However, for the most part they came to the new land not as dedicated disciples of Aesculapius, but attracted by the riches of Croesus. Their practice as physicians was the measure of their failure as gold miners. Nonetheless, they came in their hordes. They contributed little or nothing of originality to medical science. Yet, they exhibited great fortitude and adaptability in establishing familiar organizations and institutions in this new outpost of their culture.

California owed its medical population to the gold rush. Harris estimates that some 1500 physicians rolled in with the initial human tide. Madame Shirley speaks of Rich Bar as having 29 doctors in its population of approximately 1000. Dr. Thomas M. Logan, writing in 1850, remarks, "we physicians are at the most ruinous discount . . . held in so low repute that many a worthy physician studiously conceals his title." The ratio of physicians to population diminished more than threefold from the national average. In the California of the fifties and sixties there was almost one physician to every 300 of the population. That a medical school should have been founded to contribute to this horde, seems preposterously absurd. Yet after 1859 local graduates were being added to the list.

To organize and establish a medical school in the fifties and sixties was a feat which would seem to be next to the impossible, when for years every attempt on the part of the profession to form even a medical society had met almost immediately with failure. The local physicians were incapable of hanging together to establish anything, save a fee

schedule, so great was the competition. Their vindictive quarrelsomeness and personal antagonisms are reflected in the long continued "Battle of the Medical Journals." New journals appeared and disappeared at the rate of almost one a year, unable to withstand the wrangling of their supporters. No state in the Union can rival California in the number of medical periodicals making their appearance in a short fifty years.

In 1858, Elias Samuel Cooper (1822-1862) managed to accomplish the impossible and establish the far West's first medical school. In an editorial commenting on the new school the editor of the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* judged its founder to be a charlatan, contended that "it filled no need," prophesied that it would attract no students, and held that it was staffed by a faculty of incompetents. The school lasted six years, unable to survive for more than a year or two the death of its founder.

However, Elias Cooper was not the only physician seeking immortality by bestowing his name upon an institution of learning. Hugh Huger Toland (1806-1880), San Francisco's leading surgeon, had long nursed such ambitions and in 1864 the Toland Medical School was opened for instruction. The faculty was drawn in part from the earlier school, now defunct. It is an interesting commentary on the times that the new school was the only organized medical body in the entire state. All other medical societies, both local and state, had disappeared, unable to exist in face of the cumulative animosities of the membership.

Toland, like the great majority of his colleagues, had come to California bitten by the gold bug. Being a highly practical man he had had the foresight to bring with him a quartz mill. If he failed in his mining ventures, there remained to him the great gift of transmuting mercury and jalap into gold. He had displayed this gift from the moment of his graduation when in two and a half years as a medical circuit-rider in Pageville, South Carolina, he had managed to accumulate no less than $3000. With this sum he ventured to France to observe the great surgeons of Paris: Lisfranc, Dupuytren, Roux, Velpeau, Malgaigne, Nélaton. On his return he settled in Columbia, South Carolina, and during the ensuing eighteen years was making a consistent $20,000 a year—an enormous income for those days. It is difficult to understand why such a man, now forty-six, should heed the siren song. Failing at the mines, Toland sold his interests and made his way to San Francisco where once more he displayed his pecuniary talent, earning within a few years an income of $40,000 a year, to say nothing of his profits from agricultural investments. The basis of Toland's fortune was his mail-order business. Using Wells Fargo as an intermediary he diagnosed and prescribed by letter for countless individuals isolated in the remotest parts of California and Nevada. His chief remedies were kept in two barrels behind the counter of the drug store attached to his consulting rooms. The first, labelled "anti-scrof," contained a noisome mixture to support its main ingredient of potassium iodide. The second, disguised its specific of mercury in a variety of syrups and was labelled "anti-syph." Upon those two barrels were laid the financial foundations of the

future Medical Department of the University of California which Toland's School was to become.

The taciturn Toland, devoid of likeable personal qualities and lacking in the art of diplomacy, encountered great difficulties in holding his contumacious faculty together. The retirement of the dean, Washington Ayer, a medical man with poetic aspirations, forced a crisis. It was anticipated that Eli Lane, Cooper's nephew and leader of the group absorbed into the new school, would fall heir to the position, but he and his group were outvoted and the deanship passed to Thomas Bennett. It became apparent to Toland that if the school was to survive he would need the assistance of someone of ability who was more politically adept and persuasive. To the astonishment of all, Toland chose his greatest professional enemy, Beverly Cole, who took up his duties in the spring of 1870 as Professor of "Obstetricy" and third dean of the institution.

Richard Beverly Cole (1829-1901) was an unusual figure in more ways than one. Unlike the great majority of his colleagues, he came to California in 1852 in search of health, not gold. A terrifying hemorrhage from the lungs destroyed his ambitions of establishing the leading medical practice of Philadelphia. Positive and self-reliant, fearless and eloquent, adept politician and able executive, Cole endeared himself to many by his quick wit and contagious joviality. He adored women, provided they kept their place. Among his social graces, greatly admired by forty-niners, was the superlative quality of his profanity and his mastery of the cuspidor.

Toland's enmity toward Cole began with the turbulent events in the San Francisco of 1856. In the late afternoon of May 14, occurred the attempted assassination of James King of William, the editor of the *Evening Bulletin*, at the hands of a James Casey, who had been exposed in a lurid editorial for the corrupt politician that he was. A certain Edward McGowan, a police judge of shady character, had been observed surreptitiously leaving the site of the crime and was thought to be an accessory to the murder.

The first of the physicians to arrive on the scene were the youthful Dr. Nuttall and Beverly Cole. They found the wounded man laid out on a shop counter and having succeeded in controlling the hemorrhage, made a digital examination of the wound which had passed through the shoulder in the neighborhood of the subclavian artery and vein. Soon there arrived Dr. H. M. Gray followed by Doctors Hammond, Valentine Mott, Jr., Bertody, and others, and at last Dr. Toland himself, greatest of the local surgeons. By this time some twenty physicians surrounded the unfortunate man, pulse taking, arguing and battling amongst themselves. The air was so thick with tobacco smoke and so crowded with spectators listening to the debate of the physicians that Toland could scarce see the patient. The point at issue was whether the artery had been severed or not and whether a sponge temporarily inserted to control the bleeding should or should not be removed. Cole offered the opinion that the sponge should be extracted and the vessel,

if divided, taken up. He was ignored and elbowed out of the case by Toland and his friends. The patient made little progress and to add to the plethora of physicians Dr. John Griffin of the U. S. Army stationed at Los Angeles, and later first president of the Los Angeles Medical Society, was sent for as a consultant. On the fifth day, the patient died and the Vigilantes disposed of James Casey. However, the suspected accomplice McGowan remained at large and was not apprehended for several months, during which time the Vigilante Committee had disbanded.

The cavalier manner in which Cole had been dismissed from the King case and especially the affront to his professional pride rankled deep. At a meeting in February 1857 of the State Medical Society at Sacramento, Cole was "invited by a resolution of the Society," as were the other physicians in attendance, to discuss the case of James King of William. Cole, without mention of names, let it be known that in his judgment the treatment employed was nothing less than gross malpractice and that "with ordinary care and judgment there would not have been the slightest danger to the life of the wounded man." His opinion went unchallenged as the other physicians in attendance on King failed to appear as expected, and so "Dr. Cole was one of the warmest advocates of the expurging resolution." The damage had been done. The press reported Cole's opinion under such headlines as "James Casey Innocent of Murder. Death of James King caused by Doctors" and the "Battle of the Sponge" began.

Eventually Casey's suspected accomplice, Edward McGowan, was brought to trial. Feelings ran so high that the trial was held in the courthouse at Napa. The testimony of the doctors would determine the outcome of the case. If malpractice could be proved, the defendant's neck was saved.

Toland gave his evidence bluntly and directly, defending the use of the sponge on the grounds that it was impossible to know whether the great vessels had been severed. He admitted that the postmortem, from which Cole had been excluded, revealed no mortal wound, but the presence of tuberculous masses in the chest showed a "weakened constitution" so that even though no vital spot had been struck, the wound must prove fatal.

To Dr. Cole, Toland's testimony was little more than the self-justification of an embarrassed incompetent who had caused the unnecessary death of a personal friend and was too proud to admit of his mistake. The obvious contempt displayed by Toland in his every dignified motion was too much for Cole who proceeded to state on direct examination, "In my opinion the wound was not necessarily a mortal wound; and next, the treatment was such as to make it a mortal one, or in other words, to cause death." As the hot morning wore on Dr. Cole suddenly requested permission to demonstrate the nature of the wound. On permission being granted, there came trundling into the courtroom on a cart an elongated parcel wrapped in oil cloth which gave off an unmistakable odor, none too sweet. The audience became apprehensive and their forebodings were justified when

Cole removed the wrappings to expose the body of a malefactor, one Nicolas Graham, who had been executed the previous year. The corpse had been indifferently preserved. In the words of the reporter of the *Morning Call*, "The stench was at times intolerable." With the aid of the cadaver, Cole discussed at great length the anatomy of the parts, the position of the wound, the course of the bullet, the effect of the sponge and other features. The overpowered audience gradually evacuated the court and as Cole reached the climax of his demonstration there were none left to hear him, save the miserable judge, counsel and jury.

The testimony was evenly matched. The jury retired for ten minutes and returned a verdict of acquittal for McGowan, but declared that Casey was the murderer, from which muddlement we are to suppose that they judged the Toland-Cole conflict to be a draw.

No sooner had the battle of the sponge terminated when Cole unwittingly started the great controversy on the chastity of Californian womenhood. As chairman of the section, it was his duty to report before the State Medical Society on the present state and advances made in obstetrics and gynaecology for the year 1858. In haste, and short of material, he padded his report with some general observations on the morals of Californian women. His paper was buried in the transactions of the society for some months whence it was exhumed by an Eastern paper to be taken up by the daily journals of the West. The explosion was instantaneous. "A filthier falsehood never blackened paper. A more virulent and wanton slander never originated in the festering brain of insane lewdness," wrote the *Daily National*. "The respectable portion of the interior press of California had promptly denounced the bawling city papers, on their action in the Beverly Cole matter" said the *Alameda Gazette*. Nonetheless, public pressure became so great that the State Society felt compelled to appoint a special committee to take action. The report fully exonerated Dr. Cole "of any evil intent to defame the character of women in the State" by a vote of 22 to 8. But the society was split. Stout, Whitney, Bertody, Fourgeaud, Hatch, Logan, Gerry, Gray and Sharkey are on the roster of those who resigned from the society on hearing the favorable resolution.

After such a record, one might well have assumed that Cole was a man without a professional future. But these were but episodes in the career of this adroit gentleman who was to receive the highest honors of his profession as president of the American Medical Association, and was the first physician from California to be so elected.

Beverly Cole was above all a man of vision. On joining the faculty of the medical school in 1870 he immediately proposed affiliation with the University of California which had opened its doors in the previous year. The affiliation, welcomed by the new University was delayed for three years by the exactions of Dr. Toland who was anxious to perpetuate his name. Finally it was achieved in 1873 under President Daniel Coit Gilman. The

entry of Cole and talk of affiliation immediately led to an explosion and the opening of the "Cole-Lane battle."

Eli Lane, Cooper's nephew, together with the faction which he led, disappointed in the alliance, promptly tendered their resignations and marched out of the school. They did not leave alone. With them departed Toland's entire student body save one lonely soul. Toland and Cole and the solitary student remained in their silent building flanked by the decrepit county hospital and the more extensive home for inebriates.

Backed by local money, Lane quickly re-established the second Cooper Medical School which in turn was to become the medical school of Stanford University. Lane and his friends possessed great abilities in attracting local money with which they built a resplendent many-spired edifice to humiliate those who occupied the poor cramped quarters of Toland's school on which the University would spend nothing. Then, too, in Lane's pocket rested a handsome ring formerly the property of Dr. Cole, and found under circumstances most embarrassing to him, connected with a Miss Tessie Wall, madam of the City's most expensive parlor. Lane knew how to display ostentatiously this ring at meetings in which Cole ventured to get out of hand.

But Cole was an extraordinary man. He knew not only how to wheedle a resistant legislature into granting him an appropriation for buildings but also how to continue his persecution of the ambitious Lane. He now began to conceive of something mightier than a mere medical school—the creation of something he called the Affiliated Colleges which was to encompass all schools for professional training: of law, of medicine, of dentistry, of pharmacy, of veterinary science. To this nucleus he would add, given time, an entire university. Into his scheme he drew San Francisco's mayor, Adolph Sutro, who generously donated land, twenty-six acres, which was co-terminus with the extensive property purchased for the city by Dr. Cole himself, now known as the Golden Gate Park. Distant from the city and at first without access by public transportation, yet here on a lofty platform, commanding an unexcelled view, where he could look down upon his rival, Lane, Cole built his school. In the valley below he saw gardens and greenswards and between the trees glimpses of buildings which would house eventually the colleges of the liberal arts and sciences. His enemies saw only sand dunes. As a heavy rainstorm soaked the assemblage at the laying of the corner-stone, Lieutenant-Governor Jeter declared the rain drops were tears of joy running down the face of Nature. But in the medical journal of his opponent, the rain drops were ascribed to the falling tears of Aesculapius, weeping at the burial of a medical school amid the sand-dunes.

In this wise arose the first schools of medicine of the state. They were born in contro-

versy and out of vindictiveness. In view of their survival, these early years were perhaps the fire to give temper to their metal.

* * *

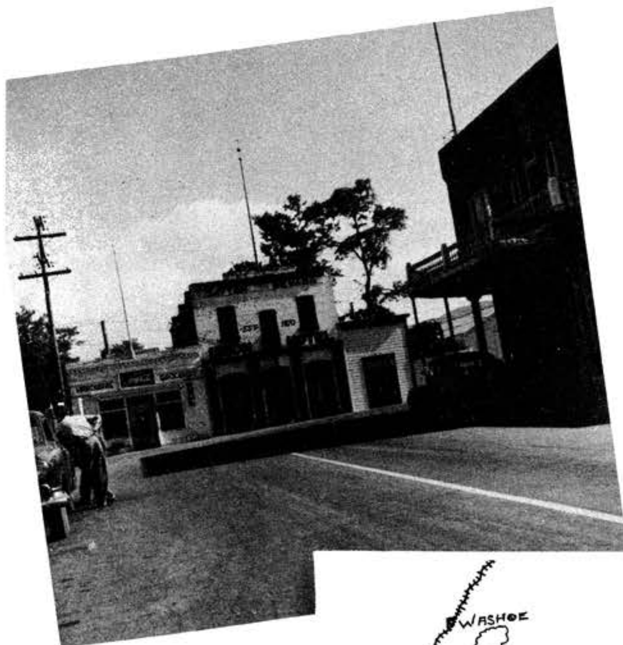
In the third panel of this triptych would appear the portrait of a quaint, unprepossessing little man, who in the words of Dr. Joseph P. Widney, is described as "feminine rather than masculine in type, gentle, quiet, and not self-assertive." This was James Blake (1815-1893), California's first great scientist. In the hot red soil of Lake county he lies buried, an enigma.

James Blake was an Englishman born near Plymouth, a student in London and Paris, and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons by 1842. As early as 1839 he was making contributions which stamped him as a man of brilliant and original mind. An association at University College, London, with William Sharpey, the world's first pure physiologist, gave direction to many of Blake's future researches. In virtue of such early promise and recognition of ability, what caused this man to take up residence in the isolated California hamlet of Middletown? The amazing versatility of the man and the mystery surrounding him, has led to speculation. He has been spoken of as the Californian counterpart of a "Lord Jim" or a "Martin Arrowsmith." However, there is reason to suspect that the trouble lay with women—in London, in New York, in St. Louis, in Sacramento, in San Francisco and in Middletown where finally there rests beside him in the narrow graveyard the body of one Emma Woods.

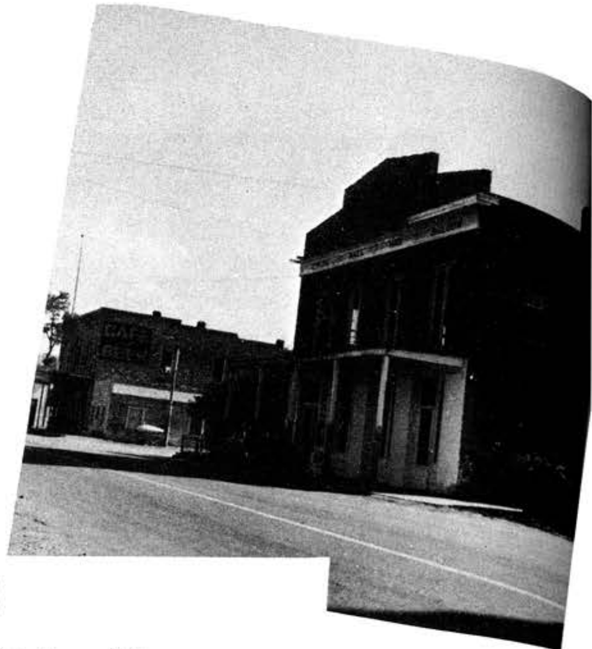
In 1860, Blake published an astonishing report on the treatment of tuberculosis. He vigorously denied that drugs were of any real value in this disease and strongly advocated open air treatment. Blake was more than twenty years ahead of his times and indeed, followed up his ideas by establishing in 1876 on the slopes of Mount St. Helena of the Silverado Squatters, a tuberculosis sanitarium which was one of the earliest in existence. He wrote on geology, on anthropology, on viniculture, and on zoology, besides many clinical papers and prepared the Blakean collection of the flora and fauna of California at the University of Oxford. He introduced quantitative science to California and brought to his small laboratory in the hills the first analytical balance and spectroscope. He had the experience at the Physiological Society of Britain of hearing a paper on the effects of digitalis on the arteries acclaimed a major discovery when in fact the discovery had been made and reported fifty years earlier by himself. He made studies on the toxicity of the thallium compounds in 1892 and even determined its rate of excretion by spectography. The significance of this work was not recognized until 1934 when the outbreak of thallium poisoning in connection with the control of rodent pests and its use in cosmetics brought his contribution to public notice. However, he will always be remembered in the history of science for his extraordinary work on the relation between isomorphous

properties of inorganic salts and their physiological actions. Had these contributions been fully appreciated they would have advanced experimental physiology by over half a century. Furthermore, his writings on the theory of pharmacodynamics entitle him to be regarded as an outstanding pioneer in what is to-day a most important line of scientific investigation. Blake died in 1893 following an injury while engaged upon the writing of a major work, the manuscript of which is now lost. Nevertheless, judged by his published papers alone, Blake's originality entitles him to a high place in the roster of of scientists. Despite the efforts of his admirers, his personal life is largely mystery.

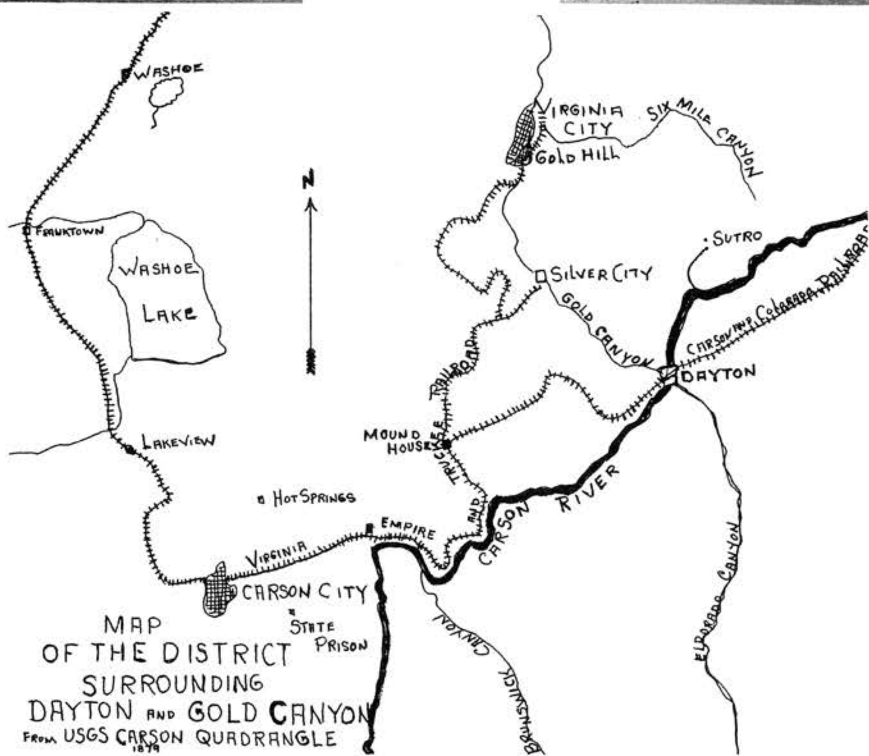
From her first physician to the establishment of her first medical institutions and the appearance of her first medical scientist is an interval of scarcely 150 years. In this brief period California has concentrated as rich a medical tradition as may be found in any of her sister states.



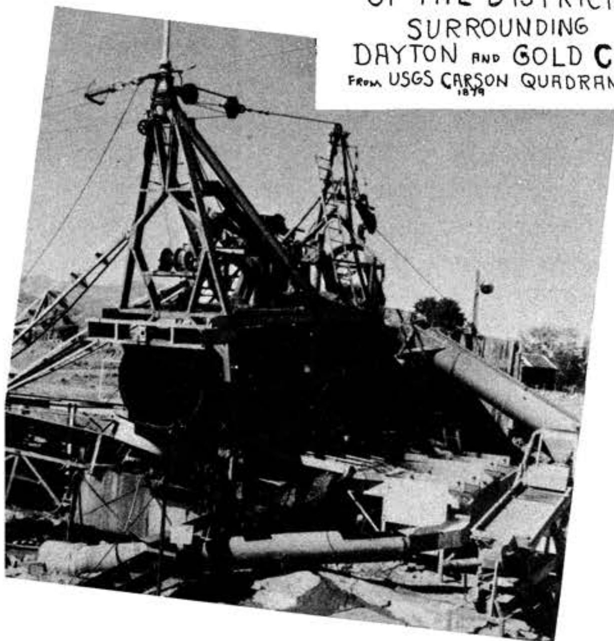
Union Hotel. Built in 1870. Where the highway turns to Carson City and was once the route of the Pony Express and Emigrant Road.



Odeon Hall and Saloon. Built of red brick. Still in active use.



Present day placer operation working from a deep pit of virgin ground in the town limits of Dayton.



The marble slab marks the resting place of Hosea Grosh in the cemetery at Silver City.

GOLD CANYON, BIRTHPLACE OF THE COMSTOCK

By BERT H. OLSON

ALL THINGS HAVE A BEGINNING BUT the slow discovery of the riches of the Comstock Lode in Nevada was ten years in the making.

That becomes apparent if we turn back the pages of history and consider the now quiet reaches of the Carson River where it flows past the mouth of Gold Canyon. This river has seen much of western history in the making: Indians who camped and lived along its banks for generations, fur traders who followed its winding course across the barren wastes of the Great Basin, explorers who crossed and re-crossed its 150-mile length reaching from the snowy Sierras to its end in a desert lake, and then thousands of western bound emigrants to whom it meant existence itself. It saw them come to its banks more dead than alive along with great numbers of oxen and cattle dying from thirst after crossing the burning deserts. Named by Captain John C. Fremont in honor of his top scout, Kit Carson, the Carson became the royal highway for the emigrants and gold-crazy miners hurrying to the Sacramento diggings.

Some histories point out that prior to 1849 the section of the Carson near the mouth of Gold Canyon was called by the emigrants "Mineral Rapids." Evidence of this is apparent in a map probably published in Salt Lake City depicting in glowing description "The City of Mineral Rapids, Carson County, Utah." The surveyors, McBride and Barker, evidently were greatly impressed with the future possibilities of Mineral Rapids, if we take this map seriously. No doubt there was some basis for their visionary portrayal of this section of the Carson River at Gold Canyon, but, to put it bluntly, the carefully executed map looks more like a modern day real estate subdivision promotion than an honest effort by the Saints to publicize to their flock the promise of a ready-made town here among the sage-covered hills along the Carson. Other authorities claim Mineral Rapids was a name given to the junction of the Carson and Six Mile Canyon, a few miles east, as the map as outlined by McBride and Barker clearly defines the mouth of Gold Canyon.

It was in the spring of 1849 that the first emigrant trains passed Gold Canyon. They were composed mostly of Mormons, led by Thomas Orr. On May 15th they encamped for a few hours beside a little creek which came down from the mountains on the right. One of the group, William Prouse, for the lack of something else to do, went down to the bank and started panning the dirt in a frying pan. In a short while he returned to show his companions a few shining grains of gold, evidence at least of the presence of gold bearing sands. The train was impatient to move on to the fabled El Dorado of California where they heard the precious metal was waiting to be scooped up by the shovelful.

They journeyed on through the Carson Valley and here they met an advance party returning from the foothills with the disappointing information that the Sierra passes were still closed by heavy snow. The parties banded together and camped in the beautiful Carson Valley near the present site of Carson City. Thomas Orr's son John and several others returned to the canyon where the gold had been found and named it Gold Canyon, the name it is known by today. They prospected for several miles up the winding ravine, finding traces of gold as they made their way up the canyon.

Near its head Orr washed out a small golden nugget from a quartz-bearing formation, the first real nugget to be found in the district which would one day disgorge a bonanza. More gold dust and nuggets were found but, when the Sierra passes were open, the lure of the golden harvest awaiting them over the mountains in California was too strong to resist and they broke camp and moved on. Meanwhile other emigrants came to camp and prospect the little gullies and ravines bordering the creek. Some stayed on and made wages for a time. In August a band of Mexicans arrived to pan the nearly dry stream, but in a short while they too were forced to leave the placer diggings due to the high cost of supplies and lack of available water.

More passing emigrants tarried a time along the junction of the Carson and Gold Canyon but not for long. They were bound for California and they must reach there before the passes were again closed by snow. What irony of fate drove them on, when here within sight of the setting sun over Sun Mountain, lay, locked in the soil, one of the greatest treasures in history! With the Sierra passes open, emigrant trains passed Gold Canyon unceasingly during the summer months of 1850. Some stayed a while and prospected farther up the canyon but they, too, were eager to be out of the hot barren country and disdained the small yield their efforts were bringing. One emigrant, Spoffard Hall from Indiana, decided that here would be an ideal place for a trading post and he built a log building which later became known as Hall's Station. This is the first definite name given to the spot where Dayton now stands. Later when Hall was injured he turned the station over to a Mr. McMarlin. It also became known by his name for a short period.

Emigrant trains poured past the station in a never-ending stream all during the year 1850. Everyone was hurrying on to the golden land over the Sierra passes. A few stopped and drifted up the Gold Canyon ravine and were successful in panning a meagre wage, content in the knowledge they were showing color in every pan. Summer found the district nearly deserted as the stream in the canyon went dry and great difficulty was encountered in panning. History records that here passed such personages as Horace Greeley, James Fair, William Sharon, George Hearst and many others who were to become famous in the building of Virginia City and Gold Hill. Their goal was westward and to get there as fast as they could. Nothing they saw in the rocky defile of Gold Canyon held their interest. This was hot, desolate country. What good could come of the lean pickings they

noted the sweating miners were panning out in Gold Canyon? El Dorado was in the west. They must hurry on and they did, never realizing they would be back in a few short years to find here, at the head of this very canyon, riches untold.

In the monograph of Elliot Lord, *Comstock Mining and Miners*, published by the United States Geographical Survey in 1883, it is recorded the overland movement of 1850 reached the tremendous total of 60,000 emigrants and miners all bound for the gold placers of California. This mighty migration scoured the entire countryside "of every living green thing in its path like a cloud of locusts." Cattle died by the thousands, and, even in the comparatively lush meadowland around the Carson River and the Gold Canyon district, the country was left a waste, with carcasses of animals strewn over every mile.

As the placers in Gold Canyon were further developed, a group of Chinese came and established themselves near Hall's Station. They became in later years a strong, compact unit, and the place gradually took on the appearance of a "Chinaman's town." Therefore the next name attached to the junction of the Carson and Gold Canyon was Chinatown. In Captain J. H. Simpson's *Report of Explorations in the Great Basin of the Territory of Utah in 1859*, published by the Engineering Department, U.S. Army, in 1876, he gives a very enlightening account of the condition of the settlement called by him "China Town." There were two stores, one run by a E. Sam, a Chinese, and the other by Keller & Cohen. He relates in detail the ever-present opium den and gambling houses along the Carson River. One of his informants advised him that $8.00 worth of opium would last two persons about 6 months, and that the dens were always occupied. Some of the prices of supplies at that time are interesting. Sugar was 3 lbs. for $1.00, coffee 3 lbs. for $1.00, flour 16 cents per lb., and whiskey $3.00 per gallon.

From Lord's monograph, we learn the following approximate value of gold taken from the Gold Canyon placers in the years 1850 to 1857. The number of miners working in the district and their daily earnings are also itemized.

Year	*Miners*	*Daily Earnings*	*Gold Bullion*
1850	...	....	$ 6,000.00
1851	120	$5.00	60,000.00
1852	150	5.00	100,000.00
1853	110	5.00	76,000.00
1854	150	5.00	100,000.00
1855	200	4.00	118,400.00
1856	125	4.00	70,000.00
1857	105	2.00	18,200.00

In 1857 the placers were being exhausted, with the low estimate also accounted for by lack of water, there being little snow that winter.

Johntown, according to the official survey made by George M. Wheeler's Corps of engineers, U.S. Army, in 1876, and published in the annual report of the "Geographical Surveys of the Territory of the U.S. West of the 100th Meridian," was situated a little over two miles up Gold Canyon from Chinatown. From 1856 to 1858 it became the center of the mining activity in Gold Canyon. It consisted of perhaps ten to fifteen wooden buildings and many tents. When pleasure bent—and what miner did not feel this should be a nightly occasion—Chinatown was their goal, and the dens and gambling houses did a rushing business all through the night. There were few women in the territory. Sometimes, when the miners were short of dancing partners, Princess Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of Winnemucca, chief of the Paiutes, would fill in for the miner's pleasure at the weekly Saturday night dances. Chinatown was the hub of the social life, such as it was, for several years—until the settling of Virginia City and Gold Hill.

The whites living in and around Chinatown objected to the settlement being called "Chinatown," so it was renamed Nevada City, but this name did not last long. In 1861 a surveyor by the name of Day was passing through the diggings and the citizens asked him to lay out the town for them. He agreed if they would name the place after him. He performed his part of the bargain and the settlement became officially known as Dayton, the name it now bears.

The tragic story of the two brothers, Allan and Hosea Grosh, who first came to Gold Canyon in 1853, need not be retold here. They revisited the locality in 1854, 1856 and again in 1857. The sad events leading up to the death of Hosea in Gold Canyon on September 2, 1857 and Allan in a lonely mining camp cabin at Last Chance on the middle fork of the American River in December of the same year have been described fully in many accounts. They endeavored to trace the source of the native silver which they discovered in their careful examination of the ground in the upper reaches of Gold Canyon. In letters written to their father in Reading, Pennsylvania, they described in great detail several silver veins they had located near the head of Gold Canyon. No one will ever know just exactly where these veins were but, from evidence uncovered through the passing years, the Grosh brothers were perhaps the real unheralded discoverers of the Comstock Lode. Their years of diligent toil and persistent search for the sources of the silver deposit were in vain. It was left to a shiftless and drunken prospector to accidentally stumble on the treasure which the brothers had been so earnestly seeking.

In the early part of 1858, James Finney, a native of Virginia who had been working in the canyon since 1851, laid claim to a ledge of rocks in the hills at the head of Gold Canyon. He never attempted to work the claim according to the mining laws of the district, but it was generally accepted that the property was his. In the winter following he and three others located a claim on a large mound at the foot of Sun Mountain, which they named Gold Hill. Harry Comstock with four other miners a few days later came to

the newly discovered diggings and took up a fifth claim. In May 1859 two Irishmen, Patrick McLaughlin and Peter O'Riley, were washing dirt at the head of Six Mile Canyon, about a mile East of the Gold Hill claim, and drawing their water from a little spring which trickled down the hillside. They were to become the actual discoverers of the famed Ophir Mine, but history attests that, when Harry Comstock happened by a short time later, he claimed ownership of the spring of water they were using to wash their dirt. On noting the richness of the returns, he accused them of being trespassers on his property and ordered them off. To keep peace, O'Riley and McLaughlin let Comstock and his friend Emanuel Penrod in as equal partners of their rich claim, and so the name Comstock became associated with the first discovery of gold in Virginia City. The name stuck and eventually when silver was found to be the main element in the "blue stuff" the miners were throwing away as worthless, the lode was called Comstock, a name it never truly deserved.

From then on the further opening of the lode was inevitable. The name Comstock became the by-word for thousands, and the mad scramble for its well-hidden treasures began. Ten years had gone by in its finding, but the next ten years of fabulous returns of silver and gold were never equalled in history.

The quiet little settlements of Dayton and Johntown down in Gold Canyon were momentarily forgotten, but they had played a vital part in the discovery of the world's greatest treasure-house of silver. As the mines were opened in Virginia City and Gold Hill, and the crowds of miners flooded to the new Bonanza, Dayton took on a more stable appearance.

The silver sulphurets wrested from the ever-deepening mines were difficult to reduce, and smelting mills using steam were built first in Gold Hill and Silver City. Soon mills were constructed down on the Carson River to take advantage of the water power. From the little town of Empire eight miles West on the Carson, they were scattered along Brunswick Canyon and into Dayton proper. By 1865 there were over 28 mills operating on the river in the neighborhood of Dayton. A few of the larger ones were the Merrimac, Mexican, Vivian, Morgan, San Diego, Brunswick, Eureka and Rock Point.

In 1861 Dayton had a population of 1600. The traffic on the toll roads was never-ending with teams and wagons carrying ore from the mines to the mills and returning with loads of cord wood to feed the boilers of the mine hoisting works in Virginia City and Gold Hill. Timbers to help support the carved-out depths of the shafts and tunnels of the mines were brought from every available source. Soon the scant growth which could be cut around the Carson district was depleted, and whole forests bordering Lake Tahoe, twenty miles to the West, were cut and floated across the lake to the Nevada shore at Glenbrook, there to be hauled up to Spooner Summit by logging trains and flumed into Carson City via Clear Creek and Kings Canyon.

From El Dorado Canyon, which entered Dayton from the south, thousands of loads

of cord wood were transported by wagon team to satisfy the insatiable demands of the furnaces and boilers at the mines. Lumbering became a major industry in the district and forests for miles around were denuded of every living tree, whether giant monarchs or scrubby pine. Veins of a low grade of coal were discovered in El Dorado Canyon, but it was of poor quality and contained a high percentage of slate and rock. It never proved of great value, although there were grandiose plans for the sale of stock in several companies in Virginia City.

William Sharon's and Ogden Mills' little narrow-gauge railroad, the Carson and Colorado, which made a junction with its parent road, the Virginia and Truckee Railroad at Mound House, five miles west, was completed in 1861. It was intended to be built to the Colorado River, but it never reached further than Keeler, near Lone Pine in the Owens Valley. According to legend, Ogden Mills own comment on the line, after a hot and dusty inspection trip from Mound House to Keeler, was that it had been built either 300 miles too long or 300 years too early.

Dayton basked in glory as an important way station on the railroad. In fact today the Dayton station of the Carson and Colorado Railroad on its original site is still in use. A well known citizen, Mr. C. C. Barton, has converted it into a pleasant home. In 1865 Dayton had a population of 2500 and boasted a school house, Masonic Lodge, I.O.O.F. Lodge, brewery, three grocery stores, seven hotels, and five saloons, along with a sizeable collection of homes.

The red brick assay house built in the '70s, with its tall chimney, still stands on the old road leading up Gold Canyon. Just recently the owner, Treva Mirgon, while searching through the cellar of the building, came across the assay book covering the period during the '80s, interesting reading of old assay accounts and personages now long gone. Nearby is the bluestone chemical works, built of tremendous blocks of cut stone, its windows and doors gaping open. A litter of vats and abandoned machinery clutter up its first floor and deep cellar. Across the road the all wooden I.O.O.F. building, miraculously still intact, appears alone and forsaken, although meetings have been held in it in recent years. The school house nearby, built in the early days, still has its young occupants during the school season. It has fared well through the years and the date 1865 inscribed on its entrance speaks well for the original builders.

Down the main street one can see the camel barn built of heavy cut stone with an extra high doorway facing the road. Here were quartered the camels brought out to Nevada from San Francisco. They were the first camels brought to the Pacific Coast from Asia and were used to pack salt from Esmeralda County to the silver district. The original herd was unloaded from the ship at San Francisco in 1860. They were used in this capacity for several years and as late as 1876 oldtimers remember the camels being seen in and around Dayton. In fact, in 1875 the Nevada Legislature passed an act prohibiting camels

to be left running at large on any public road or highway in the State of Nevada. Their appearance on the roads caused a great deal of disturbance, as horses and mules became entirely unmanageable when they met the strange beasts. This camel herd was in no way connected with the camels brought into the West by Lieutenant Edward Fitzgerald Beale at the suggestion of Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, in 1856, although undoubtedly the results of the Secretary's experiment to use camels in the deserts of the West was directly responsible for this further venture by private parties.

Where the main street of Dayton makes a sharp right hand turn on its way to Carson City, the original old Union Hotel, built in 1870, still stands. It is in excellent repair and has been in daily use these past eighty years. The red brick Odeon Hall and Saloon with its white portico to shelter passersby from the sun is a fine example of the early builder's art. Across the street at the corner of the old Gold Canyon road is a one-story building of massive cut stone, built in 1866. It was the main store in town from that date until 1935, when it was converted into a saloon. However, its interior has changed very little. Around the walls and in many cabinets are gathered a treasure of relics, handbills and other interesting items depicting the early history of Dayton.

While Dayton was not a mining town, as the name goes, it had its share of lynchings and hangings like every other open Western town. It was the center of gayety for miles around the Gold Canyon district, and its main street had the usual complement of hurdygurdy palaces and gambling halls to entice the teamsters, miners, mill hands, and loggers who made this section of Nevada their home.

The present inhabitants wish it to be known that here in Dayton occurred many of Nevada's "firsts." It was the first seat of Lyons County, and the first site of gold discovery in Nevada. The first dance was held here, the first marriage and divorce took place a short distance up Gold Canyon, and the birthplace of the first white child born in Nevada was just a mile below the town.

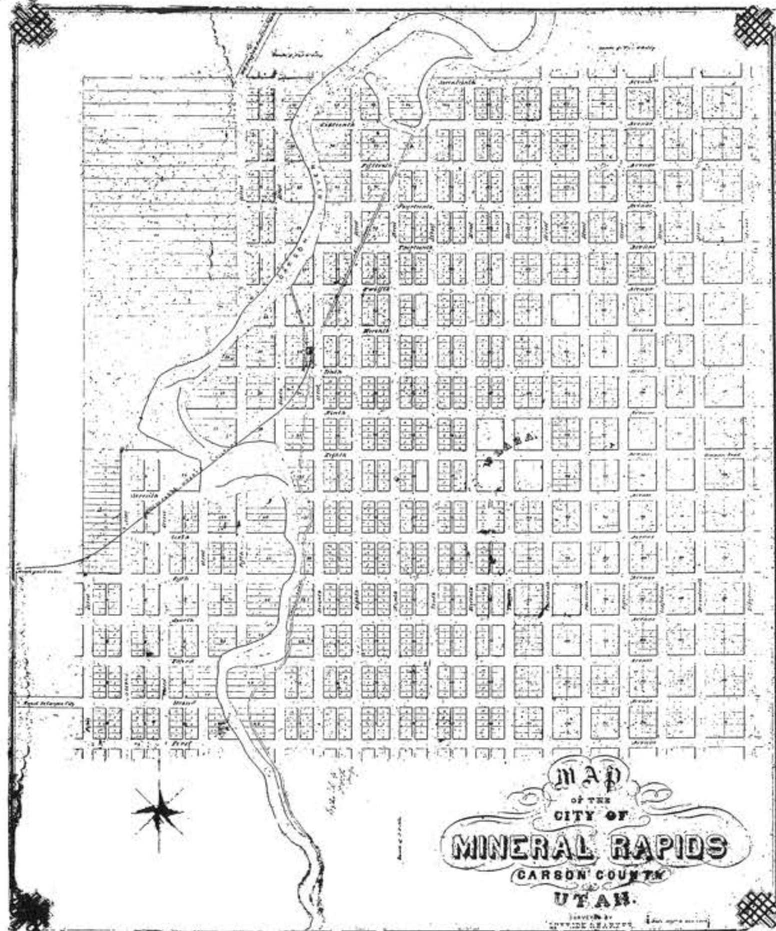
Mrs. Emma Nevada Loftus, who has lived in Dayton for the past fifty years, has a wealth of valuable and interesting information on the town's early days. Her mother crossed the plains to Placerville, California, in 1849 and settled in Dayton in 1864. After a year she and her husband moved to Gold Hill. Mrs. Loftus was born in Gold Hill in 1874 and lived her entire life in and around this locality. Through the years she has been an ardent collector of clippings from Nevada and California newspapers. The scrapbooks she has so zealously compiled from these many items cover every form of activity and history on western Nevada, and they are her prized possessions.

When one enters Dayton from the East on highway 50, it is readily apparent that great effort has been made in the past to recover gold from the mouth of Gold Canyon by dredging operations. Continuous piles of rock and gravel stretch along the highway, forever obliterating the original stream bed. The deep pit at the north side of the town is the

scene of a modern day placer operation. Here the scoop bites deep into the virgin ground to recover values which in past ages have been carried down to the mouth of the canyon.

High on the sage-covered hill overlooking the town and the canyon's entrance is the resting place of many of Dayton's early pioneers. The little rectangular cemetery, cleared from the surrounding sage, looks lonely and forlorn with its white stone monuments and wooden paling enclosing plots laid bare and unprotected in the hot Nevada sun. Many are here who played a vital part in the building of this State.

During the late 70's Dayton began to show signs of definite slowing, and in 1880 the population dwindled to 200. The present residents number 125. With the rumor of a new highway cut-off, to be built around the town to avoid the sharp curve in its main street, it is sad to contemplate that perhaps in the near future old Dayton will be bypassed like many historic towns in this day of faster highways. It will have to be content to sleep in the sun alone with its glorious memories. But one thing no one can take away from it. That is the knowledge that here, along this quiet canyon, were planted the seeds that eventually sprouted into world-wide headlines telling of the discovery of one of the most fantastic deposits of nature's riches, the Comstock Lode.



Map of the city of Mineral Rapids, Carson County, Utah. (Surveyed by McBride and Barker) no date.

Probably published in Salt Lake City for distribution to Mormon emigrants to further the colonization plans of the Mormon Church in the Carson River district.

Photostat copy of map furnished through the courtesy of Mr. "Pop" Roy, Map Department, State of Nevada, Carson City, Nevada.

ELIAS JACKSON "LUCKY" BALDWIN AND HIS SANTA ANITA RANCH

By CAREY S. BLISS

IN A LOS ANGELES COUNTY DIRECTORY for 1890 the first listed resident for the town of Arcadia is E. J. Baldwin, occupation brickmaker. Although it is true one of Baldwin's first business ventures in San Francisco was that of brickmaker, he had progressed far beyond that status by 1890. The directory entry was probably just one of the jokes he was fond of perpetrating on his friends.

Baldwin first saw the San Gabriel valley in 1873 while on a business trip to San Bernardino. He fell in love with the country, finally purchasing the Santa Anita Rancho from Harris Newmark in 1875. By 1879 work had been started on the Queen Anne cottage which Baldwin was building to entertain his ranch guests. Finished in 1881, it served merely as a guest house, meals being prepared in the old Hugo Reid adobe built by the first owner of the Santa Anita Rancho in 1839. The Queen Anne cottage was designed for Baldwin by Albert A. Bennett, a well-known San Francisco architect and destined later to become Baldwin's father-in-law.

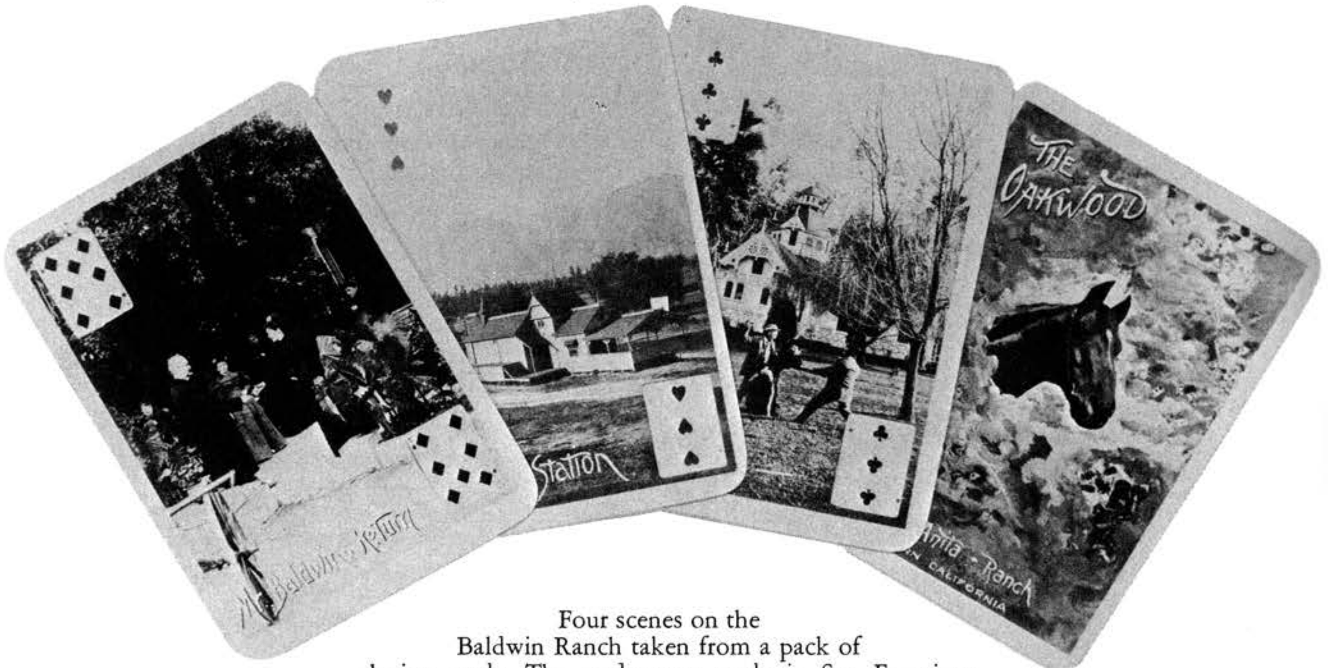
Carpets, mirrors, stained glass windows and marbled fireplaces all were imported by Baldwin to decorate the cottage by the lake. Meanwhile, as Baldwin's investments prospered, he became a leading figure on the turf. He bred and raised his own horses and four of his most successful racers are buried under a huge cement Maltese cross on the ranch. Carriage horses were another love of Baldwin's. Not far from the Queen Anne cottage he built a splendid carriage house with inlaid mahogany stalls and fancy iron fret-work.

On the ranch lands Baldwin brought in water and raised grapes for his winery, set out orchards and pastured cattle. The old brick winery still stands on the property of the Santa Anita race track. All the other buildings are now part of the Los Angeles State and County Arboretum and are open to the public at stated times. The Queen Anne cottage has been restored to its former magnificence. The Hugo Reid adobe and the carriage house are on the agenda for restoration when the money is available.

Just north of the ranch buildings on the Santa Fe railroad still stands the old Santa Anita station. Baldwin allowed the railroad to build through his ranch, providing the trains stopped on demand at the little station. At one time, a station agent, not knowing Baldwin by sight, informed him that the train did not stop at Santa Anita. Baldwin wrote out a telegram, handed it to the agent for transmitting which read "Have 200 men put to

work immediately tearing up the Santa Fe track through the ranch." Needless to say, the train schedule was changed.

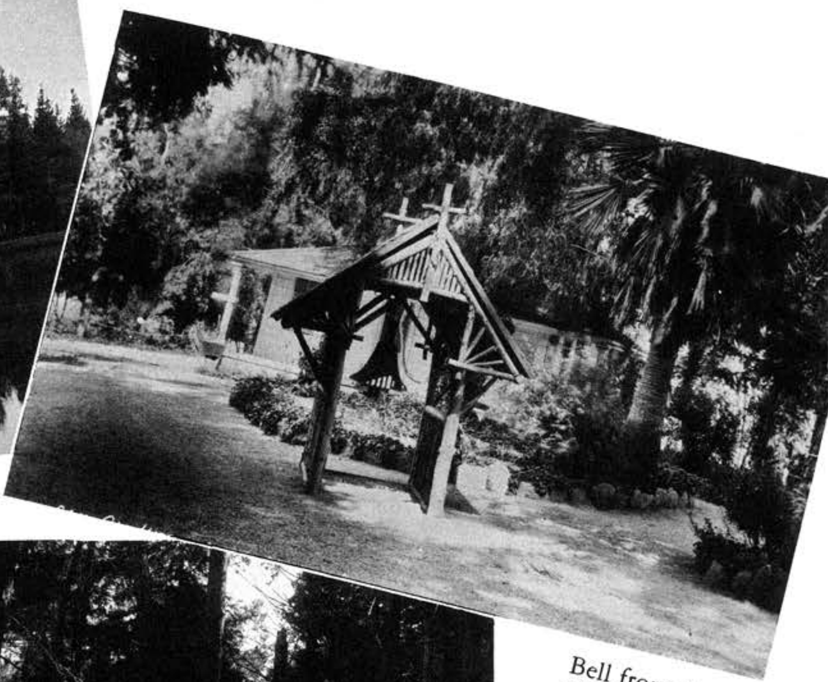
Baldwin himself died at the ranch on March 1, 1909 in a room in the old Hugo Reid adobe. The photographs on the following pages depict some of the scenes at the ranch during "Lucky" Baldwin's lifetime. They are reproduced from the photograph collections at the Huntington Library.



Four scenes on the Baldwin Ranch taken from a pack of playing cards. The cards were made in San Francisco about 1895. Each card has a different scene of the Ranch. From left to right: "Lucky" Baldwin greeting guests. The Santa Anita Station on the Santa Fe Railroad. Play-acting in front of the Queen Anne Cottage. The back of the cards showing one of Baldwin's Derby winners.

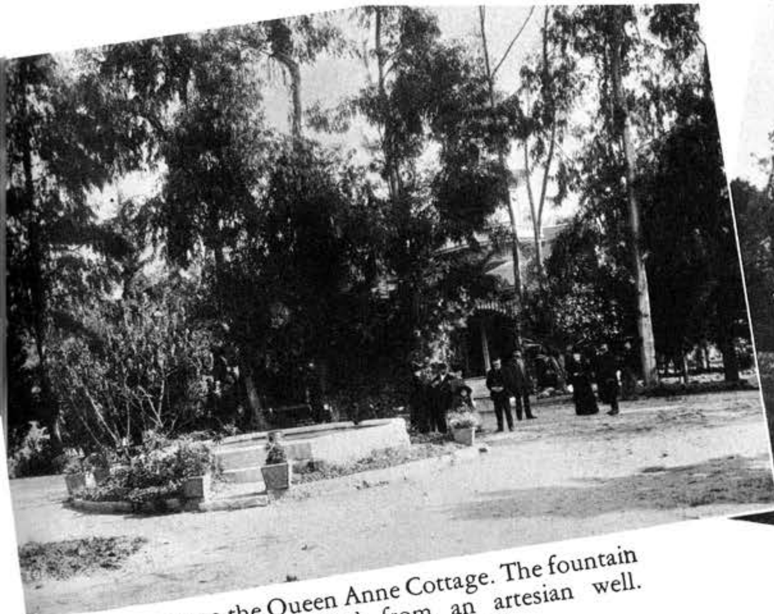
Cement Maltese Cross near Stables. Four of Baldwin's most famous race horses are buried here.

The Queen Anne Cottage from across the lake. From the tower one could see a remarkable view of the San Gabriel Valley.

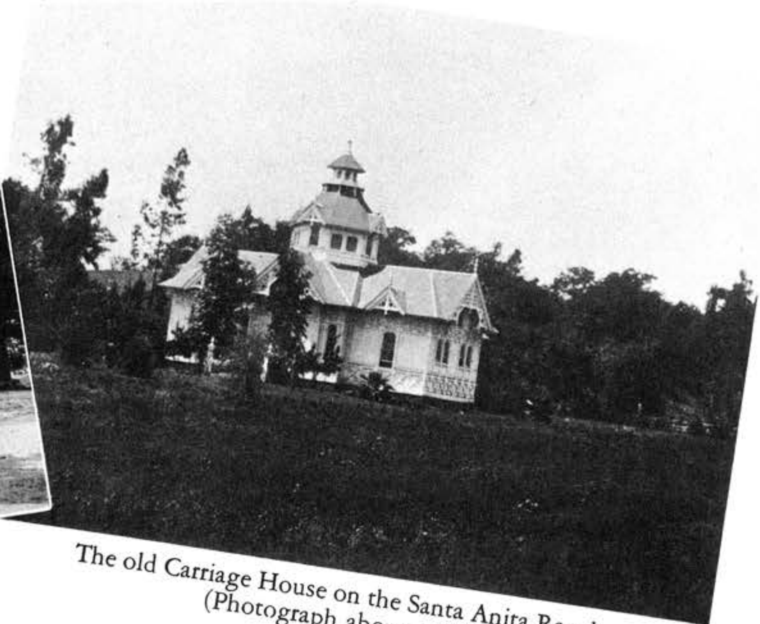


Bell from the San Gabriel Mission. Hugo Reid Adobe in the background.

Trees bordering the lake on the Baldwin Ranch.
The lake covered eight acres.

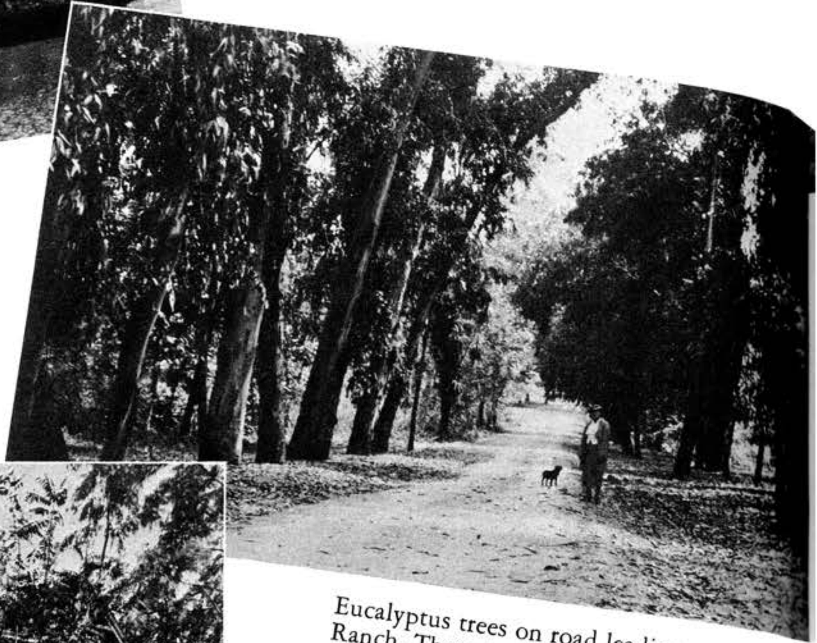


Entrance to the Queen Anne Cottage. The fountain in front was supplied from an artesian well. (Photograph about 1902)



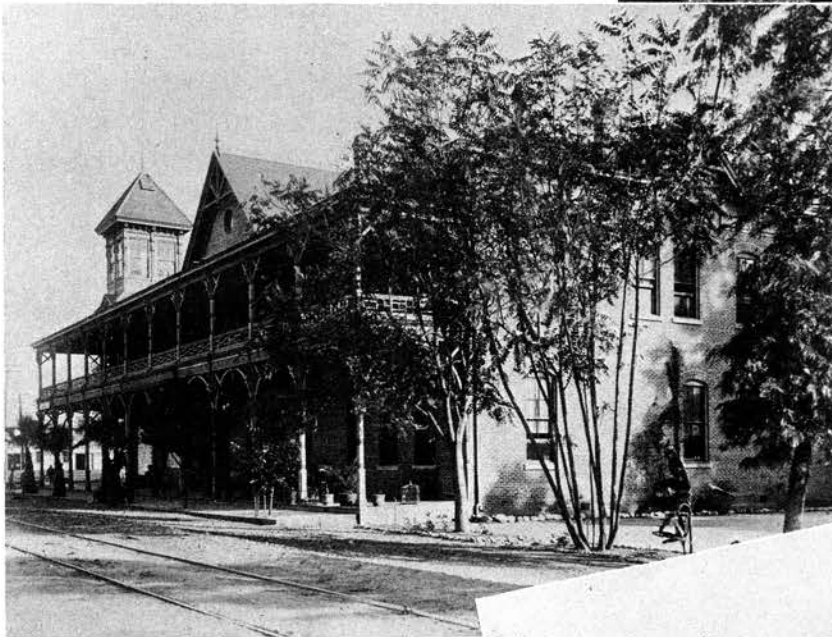
The old Carriage House on the Santa Anita Ranch. (Photograph about 1885)

Tower of the Queen Anne Cottage.
(Photo about 1896)



Eucalyptus trees on road leading to Ranch. These trees were planted by Baldwin.

The Oakwood Hotel in Arcadia built by Baldwin. It burned in 1912.
(Photo about 1900)



The Hugo Reid Adobe from the Lake. The wooden porch was added by Baldwin.

LUCKY BALDWIN'S RANCHO SANTA ANITA

By PERCY L. BONEBRAKE

E. J. BALDWIN, BETTER KNOWN AS Lucky Baldwin, bought Rancho Santa Anita in the Spring of 1875. As soon as he came into possession he began improving his 8000-acre acquisition. Buildings, houses and stables were erected, the place was fenced, water was brought down from the mountains, a large part of the acreage was put into cultivation and production, and an addition was built to the original adobe that had been the home of the first owner of the rancho, Hugo Reid.

The grounds around the house were landscaped and planted to flowers, shrubs and trees. A dam was built and a small pond was developed into a good-sized lake. Little brick canals filled with running water were built, as were fountains spurting artesian water.

A deer park was made adjoining the home grounds, and thousands of trees were planted until the famous rancho became the show place of Southern California.

There came to be—in the 1890's—three points of interest to tourists in Southern California: The Santa Anita Rancho, Avalon at Catalina Island, and the Mount Lowe Railway.

Of these, The Rancho was most popular, and from 15 to 20 six-horse tallyhos a day, loaded with sight-seers, came out to see its beautiful gardens, its oranges, grapes, and grain, and its racing stable.

The area now occupied by the City of Monrovia had been sold by Baldwin to William N. Monroe, who founded that city in May 1886. Later on, N. C. Carter had bought 845 acres from Mr. Baldwin, together with one-half the rights to all water in the Little Santa Anita Canyon, and 255 acres from other parties—then founded the City of Sierra Madre.

It was Baldwin who laid out and founded the City of Arcadia. In the early nineteen hundreds he and his associates built the first Santa Anita race track where the County Park now is. Horse-racing soon became the football of politics. Betting on horse races was outlawed in California about the year 1907, and this track, together with all other race tracks in the State, was forced to close.

Lucky Baldwin died of pnuemonia while at the ranch on March 1, 1909. He was in his eighty-first year. He left a vast estate, most of it in lands.

In addition to other properties, he bequeathed to his daughter, Anita Baldwin, and to her half-sister, Clara Baldwin Stocker, all that part of the rancho north of the Santa Fe Railroad tracks.

As to the rest of the ranch (that part extending south from the Santa Fe tracks to Huntington Drive, and bounded on the west by Michellinda and reaching east to Arcadia).

Anita and her sister were to have the use of it during their lifetimes, and on their deaths, it was to become the property of their children, his grandchildren.

Anita Baldwin made an arrangement with her half-sister for the use of the Rancho. She established the Anoakia Stock Ranch, where she raised registered thoroughbred horses, registered Arabian horses, registered crossbreeds (Arabian and thoroughbreds), registered Percheron horses, registered jacks and jennies, and registered Holstein cattle. She had a dairy of about 300 head of milk cows, all registered, and about 2000 registered hogs, Poland China, and some Berkshires.

I was livestock superintendent for her. I not only attended to the breeding and raising of these various kinds of animals, but raced a string of horses for her, as well as fitting and showing her animals at livestock fairs.

To give you an idea of her operation, she once bought at public auction a bull calf, ten months old, paying $40,000.00 for him.

We traveled in express cars, by special trains, and when her led stock was paraded in the livestock parades, it took 155 men, all dressed in white, to lead them. The hogs, of course, were not paraded.

In 1922, Anita Baldwin decided to go out of the livestock business. Except for certain of her pet horses, she gave all the thoroughbreds, Arabians, and the cross breeds to the Remount Division of the Army. Some of the Percherons, jacks and jennies, the cattle and hogs, she gave to agricultural colleges and boys clubs. The remainder were sold.

During the first World War, that part of the ranch that is now the County Park was the Balloon School of the Army. After the war closed, the County acquired title to it. It comprised 184 acres and had originally cost the County $92,000.00.

I believe it was in 1936 that the Los Angeles Turf Club purchased 214 acres of the ranch and built the magnificent Santa Anita Race Track.

Shortly after, a syndicate of Los Angeles capitalists purchased the remainder (except some 11 acres at the lake and the old home place). They also bought the remainder of Anita Baldwin's holdings except her home and grounds now occupied by the Anoakia School for Girls (which is in a trust that will expire shortly).

The State of California and the County of Los Angeles bought the old home and grounds and the 11 acres at the lake. This area is now known as the Los Angeles State and County Arboretum and is in process of being revamped and restored. It will be open to the public soon. The Turf Club acquired an additional 200 acres for parking space from the same people, the Los Angeles syndicate.

Except for the home place of Anita Baldwin's daughter, Dextra, on the south side of Foothill just west of the Anoakia School, little, if any, of the famous rancho remains in the hands of the Baldwin family.

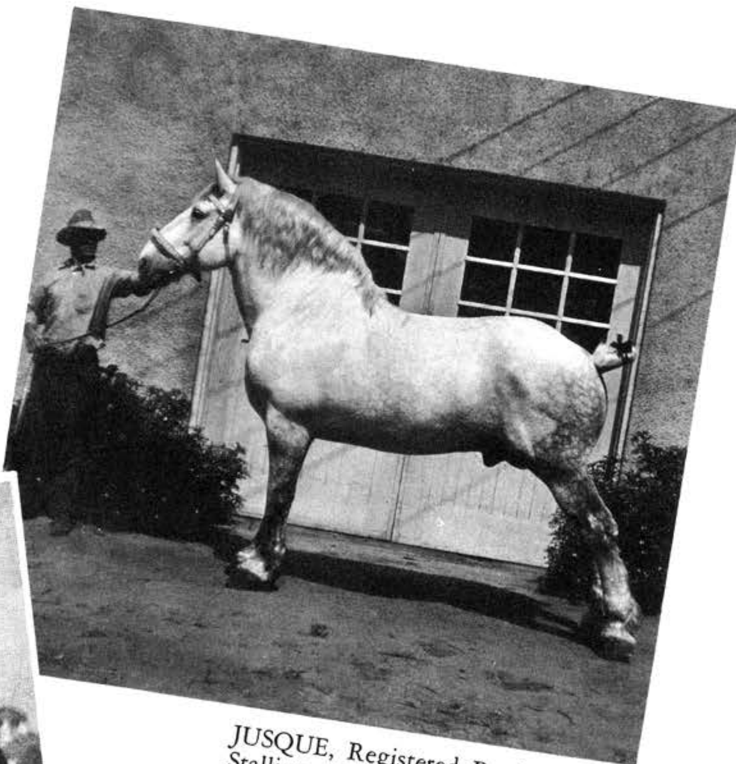
Lucky Baldwin founded the City of Arcadia. He gave it her generous charter, her

broad streets, and her beautiful avenues. He, personally, with the aid of his body servant, Uncle Si, a mulatto, planted the trees on Double Drive, and he stipulated in the deed he gave the City that the center of that street should always remain a bridal path. If used for any other purpose, it must revert to his heirs. He brought the water from the mountains and made Arcadia the most beautiful city in the valley.

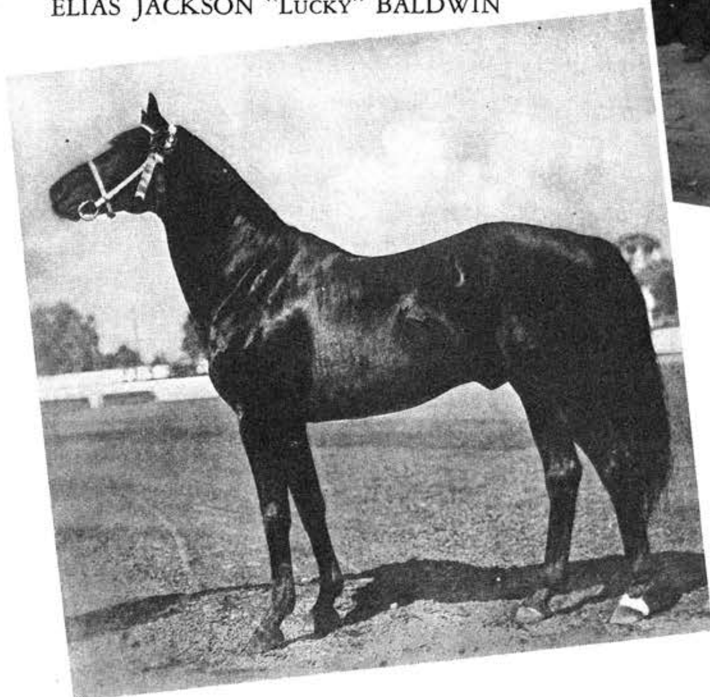
All that Arcadia ever was, is, or ever shall be, it owes to him.

No one has ever erected a statue to Lucky Baldwin.

ELIAS JACKSON "LUCKY" BALDWIN



JUSQUE, Registered Percheron Stallion, imported from France and winner of many championships. Sometimes call "The Red Star Horse."



REY EL SANTA ANITA, four times winner of the American Derby. Rey El Santa Anita won more money than any other horse wearing the colors—red and black, and the famous Maltese Cross.

Panamint News.

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OUR EARLY HISTORY.

ROSE SPRINGS, March 18th, 1875.

EDITOR NEWS: In my last, time prevented me from giving you some interesting items in regard to what is known as

The Alvord Lead.

I stated that W. T. Henderson and myself made a trip off in the Slate Range country. While on that trip we fell in with Wm. Alvord and a Mr. Manley of San Jose, also a party of sixteen men from Los Angeles in search of his (Alvord's) leads. We left the party where we found them; but before leaving the party Alvord tried to show me where his lost lead was. From where we stood, he pointed out the middle one of the high mountain peaks back of Panamint, and he described the lead as being within five miles from said peak. Thirty-six days after parting with Alvord and party, in passing Indian Wells, we found Alvord and Manley; they had lost their horses, were out of every article of provisions, Alvord sick with an abcess on his thigh, and Manley sustaining himself and Alvord on jack rabbits. Our party having enough bread to sustain the sick man until our arrival at Kingsville, we put him on my riding horse and took him in. Alvord was afterwards killed by a man by the name of Jackson, because he could not show him the rich gold lead near Panamint.

To continue my narative. In April our party prepared to return to this part of the county to continue prospecting. In addition to our first party was added six more men (J. R. Bell, J. W. Rolf, Wm. Waters and others). After leaving Visalia we fell in at Walker's Pass with the New World Mining and Exploring Company, the same being under the directorship of Colonel W. P. Russ. A proposition was made to consolidate the two companies, which was accepted. We then proceeded on our way to Granite Springs, in Coso, when one half of the party came on here and the rest went to Owen's River. The party coming here proceeded to organize the old Telescope Mining District. After locating a number of leads they joined the other party on Owen's River.

Before leaving this place to follow the party to Owen's River, I would state that after returning a company was formed, known as the

Combination Gold and Silver Mining Company,

To work the mines in this district. Several attempts were made to develop the mines, and a tunnel was run a distance of one hundred and fifty-five feet, but the Indians becoming troublesome and we having had several of our men killed, the mine was abandoned for the time being. The names of the parties killed were John A. White, Ed. Turm and two others, the names of whom I do not know.

To return to our party at Owen's River. We made the first discovery of mines ever made there. We formed a district and gave it the name of the Russ District, in honor of Colonel Russ. Among the discoveries made, were first, the Old Union Lead, the Eclipse, and many more, the names of which I leave for my old comrades to give, whose minds are not impaired by old age. After prospecting for several weeks and naming places, we returned home and organized the old Union Gold and Silver Mining Company.

I will state here that I gave the name of Inyo to the range of mountains running from the foot of Owen's Great Lake, on the east side, up to the White Mountains. The name Haiwe was given to the Springs between Big and Little Lakes; Haiwe is the Indian word for dove.

The history of Inyo county up to and since its organization, is too well known for me to continue this article further, and Indian wars in this county have already become a matter of history. I hope, however, that some one more competent than myself will take up this matter and bring the history up to the present.

Respectfully,

S. G. GEORGE.

"I see very little of you," said an old gentleman at a Louisville ball to a young lady whom he had not met in a long time before. "I know it," was the artless reply, "but mother wouldn't allow me to wear a very low-neck dress to-night, the weather is so cold."

METALLIFEROUS DEPOSITS.

[From the Daily Stock Report.]

Dr. Sterry Hunt has recently published a volume of lectures, among which is one on the origin of metalliferous deposits, delivered in New York some time since. In this lecture Dr. Hunt reasserted the theory of aqueous deposition, which has become so popular and is now so generally accepted. The explanation fits in with many facts connected with the form and mode of occurrence of mineral deposits, but it is by some mineralogists carried too far, and made to explain many phenomena which point to an igneous origin of ore bodies in certain cases. This theory admits of extensive generalization and will apply to perhaps the large majority of deposits. But there are some exceptions which should be made, or the aqueous theory will be apt to mislead. It is worth while to reproduce the ideas of Dr. Hunt, in his own words, as they come to us. He maintains that the metals seem to have been originally brought to the surface in watery solutions, from which they have been separated by the reducing agency of organic matter in the form of sulphurets or in the native state, and mingled with the contemporaneous sediments where they occur in beds in disseminated veins, or are the cementing material of conglomerates. During the subsequent metamorphism of the strata, these metals being taken into solution by alkaline carbonates or sulphurets, have been redeposited in the metalliferous strata, forming veins, or ascending to higher beds, have given rise to metalliferous veins in strata which are not themselves metalliferous. Such is conceived to be, in a few words, the theory of metallic deposits; they belong to a period when the primeval sediments were yet impregnated with metallic compounds, which were soluble in the permeating waters. The metals of the sedimentary rocks are, however, for the greater part in the form of insoluble sulphurets, so that we have only traces of them in a few mineral springs, which serve to show the agencies once at work in the sediments and waters of the earth's crust. The present occurrence of these metals in waters which are alkaline from the presence of carbonate of soda is of great significance when taken in connection with the metalliferous character of certain dolomites which probably owe their origin to the action of similar alkaline springs upon basins of sea water. The intervention of intense heat, sublimation and similar hypotheses to explain the origin of metallic ores are considered to be uncalled for.

There is some indefiniteness in the word surface, as to the exact meaning of the word surface, as used by Dr. Hunt. It is, however, probably intended to designate that part of the earth's crust which is accessible to miners, and not the literal surface or any small depth. Now even where the aqueous theory holds good, and it usually does, by going back another step we are obliged to take the igneous theory into account. The agency of solvents is sufficient to explain the secondary distribution and precipitation of minerals, but as the watery solutions are mere carriers they must receive their burden from some original body. The presence of intense heat resulting in sublimation, is considered by Dr. Hunt unnecessary to explain distribution. It may be unnecessary, but nevertheless it will force itself into a consideration of the subject. To take a single instance, we find native, metallic quicksilver in volcanic regions, associated with sulphur, which must be admitted to have sublimed. If any chemical solution will deposit bright globules of quicksilver, such as are seen in the Rattlesnake and other mines, we have yet to learn it. But it might be urged that the roasting process evolving the metal might have been subsequent to the original aqueous deposition of the same metal in the form of cinnabar. That would hardly be satisfactory to those who are extreme advocates of the aqueous theory. This is but one example of many which might be cited. Our space does not admit of an extended discussion of the subject, but in a future issue we intend to return to it.

John Dennis brags on the Eureka boys and attributes their superior virtue to the influence of the Sentinel. Men sometimes get to be "solemn warnings," but we never knew before that one bad example could reform a whole town full of boys.—[Reese River Reveille.

[C]OSO MINING NEWS.

DARWIN, INYO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

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& BRIGGS,

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To the Public.

JOHN G. NAGLE, PIONEER BLACKSMITH.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

We present our readers today with several very interesting letters from "Bascomb," who, heretofore has only written as an "occasional" correspondent. The letters are so very interesting and readable that we hope to secure the services of this gentleman as a "regular."

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 15, 1875.

FRIEND HARRIS: [illegible]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 16, 1875.

FRIEND HARRIS: [illegible]

SANTA CRUZ, Oct. 20, 1875.

EDITOR NEWS: [illegible]

T. S. HARRIS
EARLY CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPERMAN

By MUIR DAWSON

Early Western newspaper men were made of hardy stuff, and no exception was T. S. Harris. He is best known for his colorful *Panamint News* and *Coso Mining News* at the distinctly un-literary mining towns of Panamint and Darwin. Practically unknown is the fact that Harris was active before and after establishing these two well-known papers and founded the first newspapers in Santa Ana and Lancaster, as well as founding or having a hand in four others.

Thomas Spencer Harris was born in Ohio, probably Cleveland, in 1831 and came to the Pacific Coast in 1859 at the age of 28. In 1862 he joined the Second California Volunteer Cavalry and when it was sent to Camp Douglas, three miles east of Salt Lake City, he eventually attained the rank of first lieutenant. He saw at least a little Indian fighting and was mentioned in reports as leading an engagement against a band in Spanish Fork Canyon on April 15, 1864.

Harris had a hand in founding the first "gentile" newspaper in Utah, the *Union Vedette*. This was published by the army at Camp Douglas and appeared beginning on November 20, 1863. It was small, but Harris said that it "had the power of a first rate Gatling gun in bringing Brigham Young and his infamous cohorts to a realizing sense of their duty to the government . . ." The staff remained anonymous, but Harris' hand is revealed in the following solicitation of support: "As a western chronicler of the times, an epitome of eastern news, a reliable reporter of markets and mining, an advocate for the Union and the West, the miner, the merchant, and the settler, we solicit everybody's aid . . ."

Army life and Indian fighting must have made a hardy man of Harris for he chose as the location of his first independent newspaper effort, the wild and barren mining town of Panamint. Located on the slopes of 11,045 foot high Telescope Peak between Panamint and Death Valleys, Panamint consisted of only 26 frame houses and a number of tents when Harris came to start his *Panamint News* in November of 1874.

In less than a year Harris had enough of Panamint and decided to give Darwin a try. The first issues of his *Coso Mining News* were wonderfully full of information. If Harris had not been in the habit of telling about himself it would not have been possible to piece this biography together at all. "It is no small job to pack up a printing office and transport it over such roads as we have in this country, fit it up again and issue a paper within two weeks. Some idea of the roads may be had when we state, for the benefit of those who have never traveled over them, that we were five days in traveling forty-five

miles." It appears that his printing office was not bulky and was transported on a wagon or two. It was only twelve days from the time he left Panamint until he printed the first issue of the *Coso Mining News* at Darwin. Darwin was a good deal more substantial a place than Panamint, and Harris managed to hold on for three years before having to close with $2000 or $3000 owing him.

For his next venture Harris tried something different. He went into partnership with a Mr. Elliott and purchased the pioneer newspaper of Bodie, the *Bodie Standard.* In the first issue after taking over on October 9, 1878, Harris gave a lengthy resume of his troubles in Panamint and Darwin and evidently felt that it was time his luck was changing. It was a relief to have a partner and be the head of a well-established newspaper. "We are now with you, shall be identified with your interests and the development of Bodie and the surrounding country, and our wish is that all may succeed in making something to lay up for a rainy day."

It was with a good deal of bitterness then, that Harris had to announce that he had to sell out to one of the two opposition papers in Bodie after a year and eight months. He went through all the troubles at length including the difficulty of three newspapers in Bodie trying to exist on the limited patronage. "Last winter we know that one of our publishers was forced to burn up a good pair of gum rubber boots to heat up his roller so that it would make an impression. The girls in the office who were setting type were awfully cold, and, to help them and the roller out, the gum boots were sacrificed." He left the field with a generous touch of humor, advice to the citizens of Bodie on supporting their papers and good wishes to his successors.

It would seem that at this point in life Harris was finished with the newspaper business for in parting he said, "we surrender gracefully to our contemporaries who are desirous of wearing out their lives in the vain-glorious effort to make money in the publishing business."

Harris was not through, however, and for his fourth try he chose an agricultural community after three failures in the mining towns of Panamint, Darwin and Bodie. He came south to Los Angeles for a few months to find a town with a future. He finally settled in Santa Ana, where he started the *Santa Ana Weekly Standard* on January 21, 1882.

The opening issue as usual had a long, revealing introduction. He explained in detail the difficulties of newspapermen and how necessary it was for businessmen to support their paper in order to promote general prosperity in the community. He was going to make a strenuous effort to continue the paper and pointed out that he knew very well that newspapers must be run on a business-like basis. And just in case his own efforts were not enough, he was going to see that Santa Ana became the shining jewel of Southern California by pointing out its many desirable features for home-makers, farmers and merchants.

All of Harris' newspapers made exceptionally good reading. He did more first hand

reporting and less of the scissors and paste sort of reporting. In his first issue of the *Santa Ana Standard* Harris pointed out that "The journals this publisher has published in California heretofore are evidence of the fact that he will either issue a good lively, readable paper or else surrender the field to some one who is satisfied to inflict upon the public a Cheap-John', wishy washy newspaper abortion."

Harris had to do just that. In any case it was not more than a year and a half before he sold out and came to Los Angeles. At about this time, or perhaps before coming to Santa Ana, Harris acquired a wife with some independent income who put him in business a few more times and supported him through evil days to come.

In December 1883 Harris tried a different arrangement in starting the Los Angeles *Evening Republican* in partnership with Jarret T. Richards and Charles Whitehead. Harris contributed some of the printing equipment and was foreman of the composing room, while Whitehead was manager and editor. Things did not go happily and only three weeks later a violent argument broke out in which Mrs. Harris was "ejected from the premises." T. S. Harris returned later and shot Whitehead, though not killing him. Apparently Harris had been thrown out of the partnership a short time after the paper started because of "unsatisfactory work and intemperate habits." Harris claimed he shot Whitehead in self defense but could not convince the court and shortly after was found guilty and sentenced to a year in San Quentin.

As soon as the year was up, Harris was busy again and started off for his sixth try for success and riches in the newspaper business in Lancaster. Here in the "brand new town on the Southern Pacific Rail Road, forty miles from Los Angeles" he began the first newspaper, the Lancaster *Weekly News*, on February 7, 1885. The story here was about the same as elsewhere. He believed that Antelope Valley had a great future, urged settlers to come in, and urged business men from Kern and Los Angeles Counties to advertise. His paper was sold on all the S.P. trains and, therefore, was a good advertising medium for Los Angeles businesses. The story was usual, too, when about a year later the paper ceased.

Harris must have been a discouraged man when he tried his luck for the seventh and last time in Tulare, when he started the Tulare *Weekly Standard* on October 22, 1887. He was asking for trouble here, for there were already two papers established and one of them, the Tulare *Weekly Register*, noted that "There was no fat pickings for two papers and the result of three remains to be seen. If the *Standard* thrives one of the others will have to slip down the scales. Only a certain amount of patronage is available. Citizens will have to decide whether they want a few strong papers or many weak ones."

Harris' paper was glowing in its praise of Tulare. He said he was tired of trying to build up towns where the land owners took no interest and hoped the people would support him so that he could stay for good. Things went well for awhile but the *Register* was right that three papers could not exist in Tulare. The *Standard* ceased after a short time.

From here on things went from bad to worse. Harris and his wife went to San Francisco where he tried to make a living with a small job printing business. That failed too, and before long they were almost penniless and living with Mrs. Harris' sister, who had also married a printer, but a more successful one. Being ill, tired, and with poverty staring him in the face, Harris shot himself on November 22, 1893, at the age of 62, after a period of heavy drinking.

It's hard to make a harsh judgment on Harris' life. He was certainly a failure, but what a hard-working failure. His wife loved him in spite of losing her money in his later ventures. Her name was the last word he spoke before dying and in turn she said, "he was always a kind and loving husband."

It is difficult to explain why Harris did not make a success out of at least one of his papers. He was an able writer, good printer, a hard worker, and certainly persistent. Short-lived newspapers were no novelty in Southern California, and Harris was not alone in his failures. Of the 15 newspapers that were issued in Southern California before 1867 only three lasted more than four years, and seven, or almost half, did not last over a year. After this date the record improves for the big cities but in the smaller towns the mortality rate remained high.

Harris was strong on getting original stories and did not lean heavily on exchanges. Using material from other papers got so bad in one instance that a rival accused the Los Angeles *News* of being "a daily machine grinding up old stuff."

In summing up his eventful life, Harris left the following note when he committed suicide. "I have had a great time. Never mind what may be said. Many people say what they think they know. They will know more as they grow older. But what is the use of knowledge when it comes in contact with brains cultivated by years of experience. I devote my brains . . . help yourself to what is left."

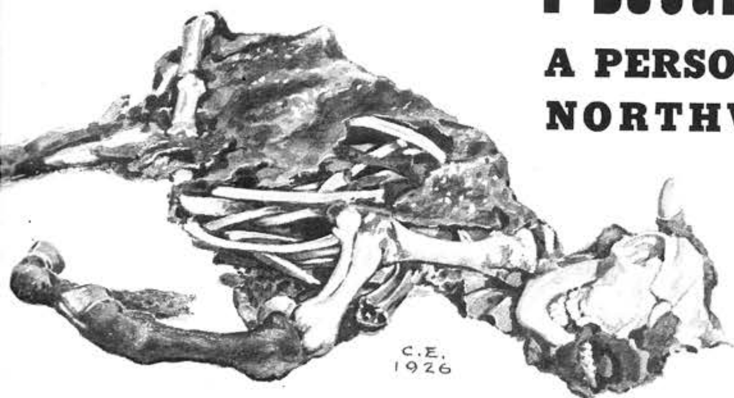
Note by author: The information for this biography came almost entirely from contemporary newspapers, mainly those published by Harris himself. For additional references and a census of copies of the *Panamint News* and *Coso Mining News*, see Muir Dawson *History and Bibliography of Southern California Newspapers*, Los Angeles 1950. The San Francisco *Call* of January 10 and February 21, 1884 carried news on Harris' shooting of Whitehead. The *Call* of November 22nd, 1893, carried news of Harris' suicide.

The Bancroft Library has an excellent file of the Bodie *Standard*. The Bancroft Library has volume number one and about 20 subsequent issues of the Santa Ana *Weekly Standard*. No copies of the Los Angeles *Evening Republican* have been located. The Los Angeles County Museum Library has an issue of the Lancaster *Weekly News* for December 26, 1885 while the Bancroft Library has March 27, 1886. The Bancroft Library has volume one, number one, of the Tulare *Standard*.

I BOUGHT BUFFALO BONES

A PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF THE NORTHWEST IN THE 1880'S

By M. I. McCREIGHT



I WAS TWENTY. INSPIRED BY HORACE Greeley's advice to young men to "Go West," the spring of 1885 saw me resign my position—after two years' dull work in the local bank, and exchange it for a letter of recommendation, headed "To Whom It May Concern."

Having arranged with neighbors, soon to leave for the frontier to take up land, for the shipment of my chestnut-sorrel riding horse—in their emigrant box-car—I packed my carpet-bag with my winter suit, wool socks, mittens and work-shirts. My mother having packed a market-basket with cold chicken, sandwiches, pickles and hardboiled eggs, I started the long trip to the far west and far north. That was before the day of trunk lines. Yet the old Erie Railroad was called a trunk line, for it reached all the way to Chicago—and it was an emigrant train that I boarded at the Indian town at Salamanca. It was a local-stop train, with a broken pane which let in the cold wind and cinders, at the only seat available, all through the night.

Somehow the cross-town was accomplished, and the same kind of a train was boarded for St. Paul. Most of the time I spent asleep in the seat, for a limit is reached after three days and nights of constant jarring clatter and crash from the stopping and starting of those early-day slow travel trains. No dining cars, no stopping for dinner and no Pullmans on that sort of train. And so, the only relief was a snack from the basket and the hunker down for the uneasy sleep.

Jim Hill's rattly, worn day-coach, attached to a string of box cars, backed down track and the conductor called, "All aboard for St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba . . . for Fergus Falls, Glyndon, Crookston, Grand Forks and Devil's Lake." That was the last long hard stretch; from Fergus Falls north and west the country was new, just in the process of settlement—ranches few and far between, with flimsy shacks and only a little cultivation. Over the western stretch from Grand Forks was a series of lakes and swampland to Minnewaukan—then called Devil's Lake and Creel City.

At last the end of track—the real frontier! Down from the train I was received by a band of well-dressed Sioux Indians—came to see the big fire-wagon come in. One other passenger got off. Opposite the little red station was a great pile of bones—100 feet long and a dozen feet high. It was a curious lad who staggered over the platform to gaze at it—

and the friendly Indians tried to explain, saying the only word they could command, "Buffalo." So, here was my introduction to a business that I later was crowded into by my employers, when I became a buyer in the giant trade in bones, with the Indians and half-breeds, which trade as a whole amounted to more than forty million dollars. It is little noted in U. S. history. My part in that trade and traffic covered the region between the Red River of the North, north and west to the British line and to the Missouri River.

As the buyer and shipper of bones, I became popular with the Red Rivers and the Chippewas and also the Sioux. Riel's Rebellion was in progress just over the Manitoba line. The Crees and 'breeds of the Red River district, some Blackfeet, and some Chippewas, all along our district border, including the Turtle Mountain tribe under Chief Little Shell, customers of me as a young bone-buyer, were in sympathy with Riel's attempt to force the Ottawa government to correct its long standing abuse and inattention. These poor natives were suffering—starving from the dominion government's indifference and neglect.

Riel was not a personal acquaintance of mine, but my associates and a personal friend, James W. Schultz, knew him. He was well educated, had been prepared for the priesthood, was polite and entertaining at all times; he had assumed leadership of the several bands who no longer had the buffalo for support and were dying from starvation because of the neglectful Canadian Government. If the Ottawa regime could not be prevailed upon to remedy its failures, then he would resort to force. So the trouble began—property was destroyed, settlers' homes raided, homes burned, owners killed or driven away. It was several months before the Ontario armies reached the area and succeeded in settling the uprising.

While the uprising lasted there was uneasiness among the natives who gathered their loads of bones from all around the troubled area, and hauled them in their crude Red River carts to the rail terminal to get a pittance for them, an average of $2.50 to $5.00 per load, often hauled for distances of 100 to 150 miles. Bones were rated at $6.00 per ton—loaded and sold for $8.00—shipped to Empire Carbon Works at St. Louis.

It was my duty to meet the bone train when it arrived, weigh the gross, issue a ticket, guide the train to the unloading yards at the railroad, then weigh the empties, count the net and pay over the cash to the holder of the ticket. Always the Indian who got this little payment, for long weeks of hard travel in collecting a load, complained of the hunger and suffering of his family—no buffalo—no meat—no robes. Only bones left for them to live by. It was truly a hard life—and winter coming on. Gooseflesh comes yet, when I recall all the suffering I witnessed in that long ago.

The arrival of the Indian buffalo bone train was an event in the little frontier boom town. It was made up of forty or fifty carts, loaded with 150 to 450 pounds. After unloading their caravan, the band gathered in the open plain at the border of the village, erected their tepees, and loosed their ponies and cattle, under guard, to pasture on the luscious grasses bordering the lakes. Here they would camp for a week or longer, scouring the

stores for bargains in cheap dress goods, trading their beautiful bead work for whatever took their fancy. Squaws and grown girls took employment, when offered, cleaning around homes and hotels or boarding houses. This Indian encampment occupied nearly as much space as did the town itself, and it was always a treat for the town folks to visit in the camp day or night. Then, suddenly, without so much as a good day—see you later—the busy foreign village would disappear—off for another tour of 100 or 300 miles to pick up the whitening skeletons of the gone-forever herds of shaggy brutes which but a short time ago had covered the plains.

The Duck Lake, Batosh and Battleford skirmishes were over. Poundmaker and Riel gave up, not even realizing that they were prisoners of the Red Coats. They were treated kindly and were furnished food for their wives and children—to wait the vindictive trial—and sentence of death by hanging! It is a pitiful tale of inhuman treatment of the natives by white conquerors! Yet it is called The Northwest Rebellion. It was prompted to a degree by the rebellion of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull, long sufferers from the same kind of abuse from the American Government. And the remnant of Custer's 7th cavalry was stationed at Fort Totten, where I served it food, kept records and collected the semi-monthly bills.

The bone caravans continued to come; but the vacant lands were taken up so rapidly by the hordes of Swedes, Laps, Norwegians and Germans that the bone-pickers were obliged to go farther and still farther into the wild lands. Deliveries became less frequent. The thoughtless emigrants, coming daily in train loads and in covered wagons, rushed far to the west and north and grabbed up the rich black soil and built their shacks for their new homesteads. No thought was given to the lack of fuel and the raw cold winters that were to come. The Turtle Mountain Indian Reserve, at the International boundary, was a timbered section, and it was plentifully stocked with wild game. There the Chippewa had a livable environment; they were a part of the many scattered tribes of both sides of the border who made up the bone-gatherers. When these new foreign settlers realized their lack of fuel they encroached on the Indian grounds to cut trees for fire-wood and to kill the game for food. This, it must be remembered, was in territorial days. There was little Federal law and little territorial government in this remote section!

During mid-summer Jim Hill sent his herds of imported Pol-Angus cattle for exhibition, and the famed "Fat Stock" show was on. He was planning to supplant the exterminated buffalo by distributing this blooded stock amongst the ranchmen! Special trains from as far as St. Paul, came loaded with holiday crowds, brass-and-string bands—from all cities along the line. The long trains were decorated with flags and bunting. Special trips by steamer from the fort, loaded with officers and troops. From all across the plains came the ranchmen, cow-boys and Indians!

Sponsored by A. O. Whipple, H. C. Hansbrough, Johnny Percival and others, a

quarter-mile racetrack had been graded and a stockade built for stalls for the prize cattle—and for the races, the greased pig exhibition and the Indian pony stunts by the Indians.

The local officials and merchants were lost in the overwhelming mob of nations—different in color and language! Saloons wide open—and many of them crowded the day long—but strange to say, there were no disturbances. Police had nothing to do but join the crowds and see the fun. By nightfall the vast crowds were merrily on the way home from the marvelous jubilee.

Hansbrough (later U. S. Senator) was on the program as treasurer, but, when the crowds began to swarm the ticket office, he gave up in despair and called for me, pinned his red badge on my lapel and left for home. The two-year practice in a bank was salvation for the fair; money came so fast that Hansbrough was recalled to carry it to the bank in filled cigar boxes, satchels and suit cases. The "Fat Stock Show" was a grand success!

Then began the loud and louder talk about the railroad being extended toward the Missouri River; and one day it happened! Two of my chums from the office and I went to the end of track and with a shovel threw the first bit of earth to be the bed of the first sleeper on the new (to be)—Great Northern Railway. What a picture to look back upon!

But, I was writing about the "Northwest Rebellion"—and of the poor misguided Riel who forfeited his life in the effort to do good to his fellows. I occupied a unique position for I had the confidence of the Indians, and their trade as well; I was the cashier and record keeper of the large firm that supplied them rations and also food supplies to the garrison at the fort.

From the Indians I got the complaints about abuses by the whites—and from the officers and troops at the fort, I heard the report of their trials and troubles in watching the Indians, which was their purpose in being stationed there—three troops of cavalry and one of infantry. Luxury and high life at the military homes of brick and stone—and on the other side the hard life, sickness, starvation, death of those who only recently had been the supreme owners and happy possessors of a wide virgin empire!

One quiet Sunday morning in late summer I was rudely awakened by my room-mate, Doctor Smith, who had just come in from an early morning call. "Get up quick, the Indians are at the old camp ground—they are bent on trouble—go and see what you can do with them." I quickly dressed, grabbed a six-gun and filled a pocket with shells, and started in the darkness. The doctor followed to guide me. A quarter mile from the last border street the band of natives could be heard making a commotion as if dancing or debating. Dawn was breaking and the crowd of 100 or more could be seen gesticulating as if arguing as to the next course of action. The doctor waited at the corner as I approached the gathering. Before reaching the mob, I noted a lone figure a few rods closer. I discovered it was Chief Little Shell of the Turtle Mountain tribe. I took the arm of the chief and led him back toward the lone doctor at the street corner. Feeling sure no

trouble would arise from the native mob as long as the chief was absent, the doctor was directed to get Maynard out of bed and have him open his fruit and novelty store at once. The doctor hastened to do this, so as I guided the chief down to the square, Maynard came to open the shop. Lighting a lamp, the obliging Maynard served the chief with tobacco, cigars, oranges, and candy, until his blanket could hold no more. Then the doctor was told to go to the livery, send an express by pony around the lake border to tell the troops at the fort to come at once. This was a wild chance; for it was 32 miles around the end of the lake and the steamer was not operating on Sundays. So, the commandant could hardly be notified in time to get his troops over to quell any disturbance, if they had to march around, nor could the steamer be got ready and put over and back in time to do any real good. This all passed through my head as I pondered the next step to take, with the chief now somewhat anxious to get back to his people. It was fast becoming day.

The day before I had noted the glass-top, photographer's gallery-on-wheels standing on a below-town vacant lot. Appealing to the doctor, I asked him to hunt up the owner and open the place. The medico did service again—bringing the picture-man from his breakfast of bacon and pickerel at the Brooks House. Meantime the old chief was being guided slowly up and down the streets of the sleeping town, window-shopping, to use up all the time and to entertain him with the many tools in the hardware shops and the fancy dresses and shirts and stockings in the show-windows of the clothing and general stores. There was purpose in all this wandering about town—first to keep the chief away from his warriors, and then to get him to lead them back to the reservation without disturbing the townspeople—and before the troops could be arriving from the fort. It was a delicate situation! And time was passing!

Just then Doc Smith came with the itinerant picture-taker, who promptly opened his studio and let me lead the chief up the steps to gaze with wonder at the gilt-framed photos and the polished camera structure with its black blanket hanging over it. The artist was told to make two tintypes of the chief—and not to hurry the job. Puttering around as long as he dared, the picture-maker sat the chief in the pose chair—fixed his head brace to suit and then rumbled the big camera back and forth to get the proper exposure; dodging behind the black veil, he took the cover from the lens for the shot—when the Indian gave one spring out the door and to the ground—with me after him. A hurried consultation—the photo-man explained that he would have me sit in the chair—with the Indian standing beside me, so that if the brass cannon went off I and not the Indian would be shot. This was done—the two pictures were finished, enclosed in a pink paper case and handed over—one to the chief, the other to me. That was the only portrait ever made of the old chief—now long gone.

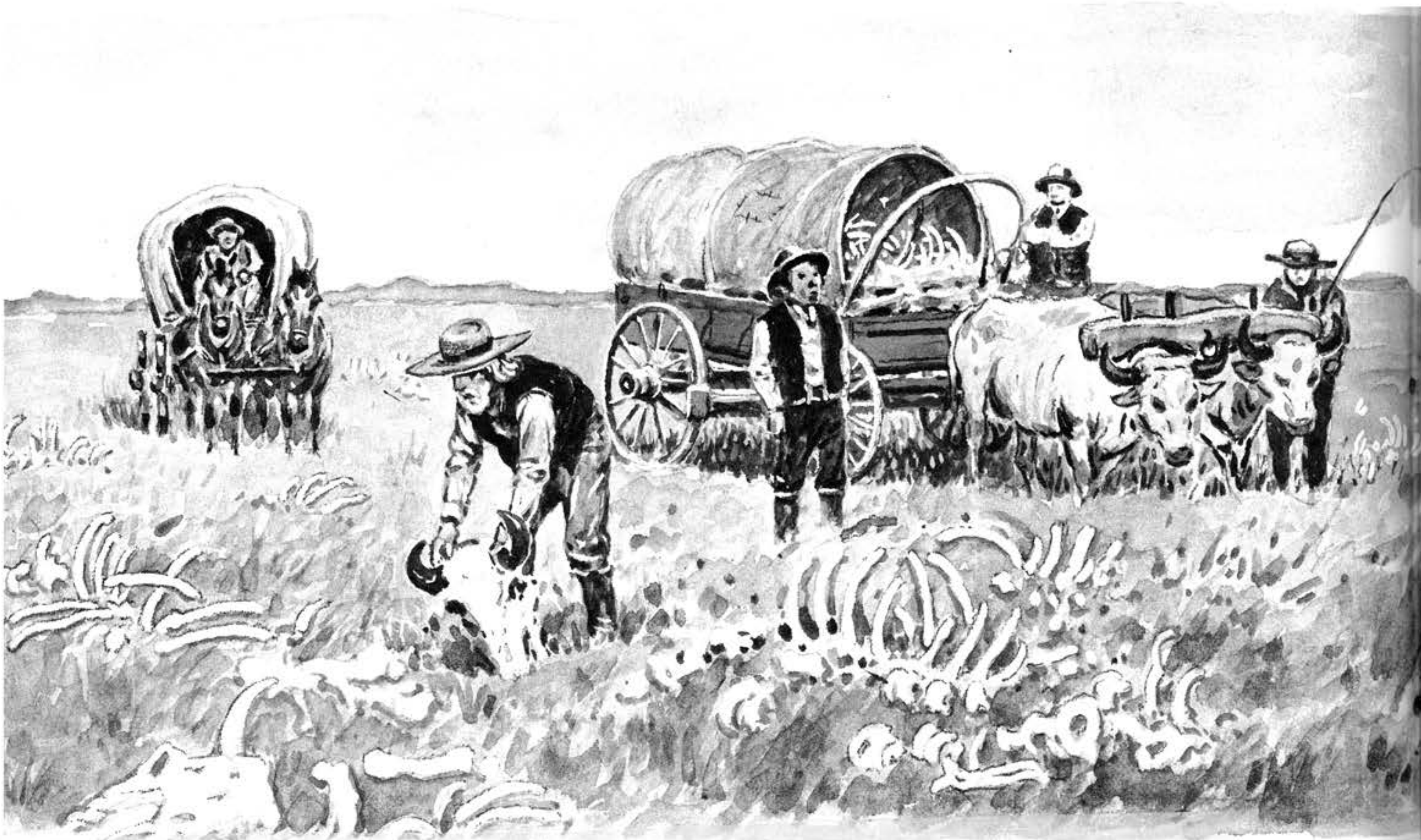
That scare over, the chief with his own picture in the pocket of his shirt, was willing to talk. As I sat beside him on the grass, he poured out his grievances. It was the old, old

story—well known to me—how the whites had cut their trees, killed their wild game, stolen from them their crops of hay and garden truck and fished their streams, all without pay; how they had appealed to the agency in vain. Their young men were desperate, no longer to be controlled—they were out for vengeance—had planned to burn the white man's town, drive the farmers and settlers from the lands. It was just what the Riel tribes across the boundary had done.

Daylight was coming fast; the chief must go back to his men he said. Would I show him the way? Yes, yes, but—you must listen to a friend; you must go back to your boys and tell them that your good white friend has promised you that he will see to it that you will have justice—from Washington; you must now promise that you will tell your boys what the white man has told you, and you must take them back to your home at Turtle Mountain; he will now guide you back to your men.

We two arose and made our way at once to the crowd he had left before daylight. There the chief made them a short speech ordering them to take the back trail to the ninety-mile reservation home. As the band started, the old chief held out his hand for a final farewell—and followed them north.

Thus was a threatened outbreak nipped in the bud. No one in the town was aware of what had taken place before they were out of bed—and no one was told. It was not even reported to the garrison. Why stir up this to make more trouble for the innocent natives? God knows that they were being hurt enough!



LOST WORDS

By ART WOODWARD

WORDS ARE THE TOOLS OF EVERYDAY speech. As times change we keep adding new words to our vocabulary and sometimes the meanings of the old ones get lost in the shuffle. American literature is rich in colloquialisms and introduced words and phrases. By blood and heritage we are a strangely mixed lot of people. Our ancestry is derived from the four quarters of the globe and our language, by the same token, is equally mixed. In the following article I have assembled a few of the words which we, as a people, have used or continue to use, although many of the words are alien to us, in that the meanings have been lost or forgotten. American colloquialisms have always been most expressive. Frontiersmen from the past to the present have been and are quite competent in producing picturesque phrases which have added to the richness of our language. Soldiers and sailors, too, living in worlds of their own, evolve languages suitable to their environment. New inventions and articles of everyday use lend themselves to terms and expressions which linger on, long after these items have ceased to be functional. Here, then, are a smattering of these words which may interest and amuse you. I have thrown them together in a rubbaboo (to be defined later) which I hope will be palatable to my fellow Westerners.

FRONTIER SPEECH

'coon . . . a word used by mountain men and other frontiersmen during the 1830s-1840s to denote themselves or their friends. It is derived from that sagacious animal, the raccoon.

beaver . . . the animal which was the livelihood of the mountain man. It was also used to express the term money or coins. Beaver skins were currency among the trapping fraternity. A mountain man seeking to start a game of cards would pull out his greasy deck, sometimes made of rawhide, and say "Hyar's cards and (shaking his buckskin poke), hyar's beaver."

buck . . . the frontier term for one dollar. This began during the mid-18th century on the trans-Allegheny frontier when tanned buck skins were valued at a dollar and are so listed on the old fur trade exchanges thus, "one buck . . . one dollar."

mizzle . . . to go away, to walk; thus in the 1850s they said "He mizzled off" when he high-tailed it in a hurry.

high tail . . . derived from the old frontier expression describing the action of a buck deer leaving the country in a hurry, with his tail up.

tin
rhino
needful
ready } . . . all current expressions for money in the 1850s.

here's how! . . . derived from the Dakota word of salutation "Haugh!" Adopted by the Army men serving on the plains during the 1860s-1870s, and used when drinking with friends.

a cake
a flat
a spoon
a stick . . . They all meant the same thing in the 1850s . . . a man not remarkable for his display of good sense.

sharp shooter . . . not derived from the Sharps rifle. It was in common use during the late 18th and early 19th centuries to denote riflemen who were crack shots, long before Christian Sharp invented his rifle. As a matter of historic fact, when the Berdan Sharpshooters were first organized in the summer of 1861 and went into camp at Weehawken, N. J., September 1861, the men were armed with a variety of target rifles and the only man in the outfit possessing a Sharps rifle at that time was Truman Head, the original "California Joe" of Civil War fame. Berdan had to fight like hell to overcome the mossbacks of the War Department to obtain breech-loading open-sighted .52 cal. Sharps for his command and it wasn't until the first part of June 1862 that the regiment was finally able to turn in their well worn Colt's rifles and get the Sharps.

chaps . . . this word, meaning a pair of open-seated leather leggins, worn by the cowmen, is not derived from the word *chaparejo*. The latter word is in itself an Americanized version of the true Mexican term *chaparreras* which came into vogue in Mexico around 1840 and was applied to the new style leather *calzoneras* which supplanted the old familiar *armitas* and *armas*, which were the great-grand-daddies of the *chaparreras*. American cowboys hearing *chaparreras* thought they heard it as *chaparejos*, and thus a new word came into being. Most of the vocabulary used by the cowboys north of the Rio Grande, *i.e.* those words of Mexican origin, have been more or less garbled in the same manner.

seeing the elephant . . . became famous during the gold rush of 1849 but it was in vogue on the southwestern frontier some years before that time. When a man came into camp at the end of a long tiring day whether hunting, tramping alongside his wagon, or plying pick and shovel, he usually said, "Well, I've seen the elephant," meaning of course that he had gone about as fur as he could go, the elephant being the biggest animal he knew and when one had seen that creature he had seen about everything.

gone under
rubbed out
thrown cold
gone beaver
make meat of . . . mountain man terms for killed or dead.

half froze . . . ready for it, a fight, frolic or feast. "Half froze for hair" signified the speaker was anxious to tangle with the redskins and to collect himself a "top knot" or scalp.

heap . . . lots of it. Taken from the Indian manner of speaking.

fofarraw . . . from the French *fanfaron*, meaning fan fare or from the Spanish *fanfarron*, meaning a bully, a blusterer or swaggerer. To the mountain man, however, fofarraw

meant fancy trimmings, such as ribbons, beads and gaily colored clothes for his Indian woman or it might mean extravagant speech or unnecessary luxuries. Thus a fresh buckskin shirt trimmed with beads or porcupine quills which he donned at rendezvous would become fofarraw. He probably got the word from his French-Canadian or Mexican companions.

fat cow . . . good, juicy buffalo meat or any food that equalled it.

poor bull . . . lean, tough, stringy meat, or any similar doin's, such as roast rattle-snake, wolf meat or sich like.

thats the way the stick floats . . . used conversationally to denote the trend of affairs. It is derived from the float stick used by the trapper to locate the position of a beaver trap under water. This float attached to the trap chain told the trapper where the trap was in the event a beaver succeeded in getting said trap loose from its pole and drowned elsewhere so that he could recover both beaver and trap.

tickle the fleece . . . used in telling about the use of the knife in an Indian fight. When a mountain man spoke of tickling a Blackfoot's fleece he meant he rammed the old Green River between the red head's ribs, just like taking the fleece off'n a buffler. He might vary it and say he had tickled the nigger's hump ribs.

nigger . . . term used indiscriminately to denote himself, his partner, an Indian or a Mexican.

bufler or *buffler* . . . buffalo.

lodge . . . derived from the term meaning an Indian habitation but the mountain man applied it to any kind of a house or fort, such as "Fort William ain't the lodge it was."

hootch . . . first used in southern Alaska in the 1870s. It is said to be derived from the name of Hutsnuwu (grizzly bear fort), a Tlingit town in southeastern Alaska, where the natives were expert in the brewing of "hoochenoo," a skull popping decoction made by distilling a mixture of molasses, or sugar, yeast and flour in crude stills made of five-gallon coal oil tins and a barrel of cold water through which the tin distilling pipe passed. The Indians are said to have been taught the art of distilling by soldiers of the army post at Sitka, who in turn became good customers of the red skinned distillers. "Hoochenoo" was shortened to "hooch" and "hootch." I might add that in lieu of sugar or molasses, berries or potatoes were used in the mash.

quills, *dogwood switches* . . . Indian arrows, so called because the arrows of some Plains tribes were made of dogwood, and they were sharp as porcupine quills.

to take in one's sign . . . to die. From the custom of removing the name of a man from his office or shop when he died.

full split . . . at top speed.

implements . . . firearms, either revolvers or rifles.

poor doe . . . same as poor bull.

wake robin . . . hard liquor, Texas in the 1850s.

red eye, *tangle leg*, *bust head*, *pop skull* . . . terms in vogue in Texas in the 1840s-1870s for any kind of poor grade whiskey. Nuff sed.

horn off . . . to physically prevent a man from doing anything.

long taw . . . a term used by boys playing marbles, but in Texas in the 1850s-1870s it also referred to taking a shot from a distance, with a rifle.

white lion . . . a New Orleans drink of brandy, sugar, Jamaica rum and a slice of fresh pineapple, in vogue during the middle of the 19th century.

deadener, *knee weakener* . . . a good-looking woman.

a Santa Fe . . . an imaginary insect of huge proportions, found in Texas in the 1850s.

Johnny Green . . . a tenderfoot or greenhorn in Texas during the mid 19th century.

gasper goo . . . a certain kind of fish caught in Texas in the 1830s. It was similar to white perch.

bait . . . old term used for food or a meal in Texas during 1830s and thereafter.

buck ague, *buck fever* . . . a malady suffered by greenhorn hunters.

minnie rifle whiskey . . . named after the Minie rifle bullet with a hollow base invented by Captain Minie of the French army in 1847 and used by the British Army in 1848. Captain Minie however was not the first one to propose an expanding bullet of this nature. William Greener, the celebrated English gunsmith, had submitted a similar type ball as early as 1836 but it was rejected as "useless and chimerical." During the Civil War, the Minie ball was used quite extensively and the hard hitting "Minnie rifle" became a synonym for the "forty rod" whiskey which killed at that distance.

SOLDIER LINGO

The following words and phrases were in vogue mainly during the Civil War days, but some of them continued to be used for many years and some are still current:

I.C. . . . old army term for "Inspected and Condemned," stamped on worn-out equipment or military materiel of any kind. The soldiers of the 1860s applied this term to themselves, and it denoted the private soldier then, much as G.I. (General Issue), for anything in the line of military equipment, applies to the doughboy of today.

B.C. . . . letters applied to hard bread (*i.e.* hard tack) of ancient vintage. Why naturally it means "Before Christ." 1860s.

truck . . . stuff from the sutler's store, or anything that was edible. 1860s-'70s.

sutler . . . private concessionaire who sold his truck to the boys from wagon, tent or shack at exorbitant prices and suffered accordingly when the victims decided to play rough. 1860s-1880s.

sow belly . . . fat (and I mean fat) salt pork.

skilly galee, *hishy-hashy* . . . hard tack soaked in water and fried in the grease of salt pork. The "favorite food" of the infantryman of 1861-1865.

hard tack . . . (In case you don't already know what it is) . . . a small, square plain flour and water cracker three and one eighth by two and seven eighths inches in dimensions

and one half inch thick. Nine and ten constituted a ration. Most of this "bread" was made in Baltimore and was shipped to the front in boxes of sixty pounds gross and fifty pounds net. Usually they swarmed with small, hard-shelled "crawlers" or weevils which *could* be driven out with heat . . . the maggots which also took up residence in the tack wouldn't respond to the heat treatment. They kept for years, biscuits *and* contents. (I think the ones I had in 1918 were of Civil War vintage.)

Virginia feathers . . . pine boughs used in making bunks, 1860s.

Virginia mortar or *plaster* . . . just plain gooey mud, 1860s.

bummers . . . foragers, also applied to recruits. "Sherman's bummers" is a good application of the word.

desecrated vegetables . . . dessicated carrots, turnips, potatoes, etc. made up into cubes about two by three inches in size. Like the powdered eggs of World War II, these dessicated vegetables of the 1860s were never among the popular items of army diet.

salt horse
salt junk . . . the rusty, yellow-green, embalmed beef pickled in salt petre brine served to the men as food. To show their appreciation of this delicacy the men often laid their rations of the stuff out on a bier improvised out of boards from a hard tack box and to the tune of solemn music accompanied the stinking stuff to the company sink where it was thrown in and a volley was fired over it. A favorite article of food, enjoyed by the Army contractors of the 1860s.

bureau . . . a well stuffed knap sack, carried by the Union boys of the 1860s.

Jonahs . . . clumsy soldiers always getting into trouble in camp, 1860s. We knew 'em as "Johns" in 1917-18.

slush lamps . . . sardine cans filled with grease and a piece of rag for a wick, used in camp as lamps. (In 1918 we found that cans of gun oil cut open, with strips of gun rags did just as well.)

shin plasters . . . U.S. paper currency of all denominations from ten cents up. A scarce commodity among the boys and quite frequently, when wet, they stuck together in unspendable masses. 1850s-1860s.

old man
old woman . . . used in place of buddy or bunkie, *i.e.* bunkmates, of Civil War days.

chicken . . . a young soldier (not at all what it means today) of the 1860s period.

chicken fixin's . . . braid on an officer's coat. Chicken guts was also another way of expressing it. Today it's scrambled eggs on a Navy cap.

dog tents . . . same as our half shelter or pup tents of today, or was it yesterday?

wooden overcoat . . . an empty barrel, usually given to a lad who had been on a spree, who was forced to wear it around camp. A hole was cut in the bottom just large enough through which he could pass his head and with appropriate words lettered on its sides. Thus clad he was forced to parade around camp as a punishment. 1840s-1860s in the U.S. and probably the 17th and 18th centuries in Europe.

on the chines . . . another form of punishment involving a barrel. The culprit was forced to stand on the ends of the staves of an empty barrel which was upended in a con-

spicuous place. This was a nice feat of balancing, and under a blazing sun, with a hangover, the soldier was anything but happy.

gray back . . . a louse, or as the Yank soldier often used it, a Confederate soldier.

Johnny Reb . . . Confederate soldier.

blue belly . . . a damyank, according to the Southern version, a Union soldier.

clover eaters . . . Virginians.

Josh . . . Southern army term for soldiers from Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana. It is said to have originated at the battle of Murfreesboro, when a Tennessean, seeing a regiment of Arkansas troops approaching, sang out "Here come the tribes of Joshua to help their brethren," referring to Biblical days when the tribes of Joshua crossed the Jordan to help their brethren fight. In this instance, the Jordan was the old Mississipp.

weemen . . . Southern term applied by the Confederate fighting men to shirkers from military duty, said to have originated as a play on the word "women" from the opinions voiced by the shirkers of "what we-men will do to the Yankees" boasters who never enlisted but fought good word battles at home.

ten-strikers . . . a term said to have been coined by Lt. J. W. Boothe of the 7th Texas Regiment and applied to would-be soldiers who boasted that any one Southerner could "whale" ten Yankees.

pinetop . . . a kind of mean turpentine whiskey made in North Ca'lina.

Old Ned . . . southern term for bacon. Said to have originated in the darkness of the smoked rind. "Old Ned" was a negro character in a song of the day.

cush . . . a Reb expression for cornbread crumbled in pork grease and fried. The equivalent of the Yank hishy-hashy.

slow bear . . . Confederate slang for a stolen pig.

mud lark . . . ditto.

dry Mike . . . hard tack or dry bread or any unmoistened provisions served to the Reb forces.

Blue John . . . Carolinian for skimmed milk.

Chub . . . a Texan soldier.

Gopher . . . a Floridian, alleged to have sprung from the use of "gophers" or land terrapins as food by residents of that state.

snook . . . a Reb expression denoting a snack of any kind.

kettlings . . . a Southern sausage made from the lower parts of meat, served fried.

collard . . . a corruption of colewort, a kind of a cabbage found in the South.

Bronze John . . . yellow fever.

chilling it . . . attack of ague and fever.

MISCELLANEOUS

Included in this category are words and expressions that have drifted into the

language from here and there, some of them highly localized in character, others of which were widespread.

Is he religious? . . . a Texas term of the 1860s, asked about a horse by a prospective buyer, meaning, is he good?

rubbaboo . . . a word used by the voyageurs of the H.B.C. during the 1850s-1860s and probably earlier. It was originally applied to a stew, the main ingredient of which was pemmican (dried meat, tallow and berries liberally mixed with hair, sand, sticks, stones and leaves, depending upon the care taken by the original Indian maker). In time, however, it came to mean any mixture of food; language or songs, thus a man attempting to sing a song in mixed Indian, French and English would be told, "That's a rubbaboo."

lariated out . . . Texas for land purchased from the government but not yet occupied, also of the 1860 period.

sky godlin . . . running obliquely synonymous with "ante godlin."

"*You're mighty Confederate*". . . an expression used in Texas just after the Civil War to express a strong approval of a sentiment or a person.

bluebacks . . . Confederate money.

blue Williams . . . $50 bills in Texas in the 1860s.

Williams . . . $100 bills in the same state at the same period.

spizerinctums . . . corrupted from the word specie. Greenbacks were used no further west than Marshall, Texas in 1868. West of that point, specie or hard money, known as "spizerinctum" was in use.

to june . . . to get going. Said to have been derived from the German term gehen-go, used by the German settlers in Texas in the early days.

to quill or "*get up and quill*" . . . also meant to get going.

drawcansir . . . a bully or swaggering gunman in Texas.

jimpsecute . . . that is how a Texas man described his best gal way back yander in the 1860s.

juicy-spicey . . . is what the Texas gal called her best beau in them thar days.

golumcumptiated . . . is what a man said he was when he was in a dog-goned fixment by being obfusticated.

gyascutus or *gyascutucus* . . . this word had different meanings in different places. In Texas during the 1850s-1860s it was a term given when two cronies met. In Virginia in the 1830s it was the name of an imaginary nobleman from China and at another point on the frontier during the 1850s it was a (quote) musical instrument made by stretching a piece of rawhide over the end of a small keg open at both ends. A string was fastened to the center of the head on the under side and this was pulled and let go. The result was apparently something in the nature of a sound made by a sick bull frog. This instrument was one of the essential *music?* makers in a Callithumpian band which turned out at all charivaris in small frontier settlements. Among the Clampers in California in 1849 and 1955 the Grand Gyascutus was and is a well known personage.

higulcion flips . . . is what they said a Texan had when he was seized with the conniption fits.

Meat in the Pot
Blue Lightning
Peacemaker
Mr. Speaker
Black Eyed Susan
My Unconverted Friend
Pill Box
Sweet Lips
Panther Cooler
Cross Burster
Knock Em Stiff
Betsey
. . . These are a few of the names bestowed upon firearms by the old boys when every man owned a rifle or revolver and knew how to use it.

needle gun . . . the term applied to almost any kind of a rifle using a firing pin on rim fire or center fire metallic cartridges during the 1870s and 1880s by men on the western frontier. Actually the original needle gun, first invented by a chap by the name of Dreyse in 1829 and by him manufactured and sold to the Prussian government in 1841. It was the true "needle gun;" the firing pin was a long, slender, sharp needle which drove through the base of a paper cartridge and exploded fulminate located at the *base* of the bullet. The resultant explosion so corroded the thin needle that it often broke after a few rounds had been fired, and a new needle had to be inserted. This weapon was never adopted in the U. S. but the term was used by men who had never seen an original needle gun.

"*gone up the flume*" . . . an expression which originated in the mining camps of California during the early 1850s and referred to those who had died with their boots on. It is said that it first came into use in Tuolumne after the hanging of J. S. Barclay. This victim of lynch law was strung up on the timbers of a high flume which ran between Columbia and Gold Springs, and thereafter, when any bad men were hung from similar gallows, they were said to have "gone up the flume."

derrick . . . now used as a piece of machinery. The name was originally that of an official hangman in an English prison in 1608 who, through his efficiency in stringing up law breakers on the gallows, has left his name to posterity as the term for an instrument for hoisting things aloft.

Hudson's Bay blanket . . . a large paper bank note circulated by the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada during the 1850s and 1860s.

putties or potties . . . nickname for the Hudson's Bay Company men as applied to them by their rivals, the Nor'westers, prior to 1821. It is said to have originated in the French term "les petits" (the little ones), persons of no importance.

jaw bone . . . credit, term used along the frontier in both the U. S. and Canada.

Northwest iron . . . rawhide strips used to mend everything from snowshoes to broken gun stocks among the voyageurs of the Northwest company and the H.B.C. The native terms were *babiche* and *shaganappe*.

lost words

shave tail . . . a U.S. Army term which originated on the Plains during the 1870s and denoted a young lieutenant fresh out of West Point, brash and untried. It sprang out of the custom of army packers who, when they obtained a new lot of unbroken mules, shaved the tails of the fractious ones to separate them from the older, wiser animals. The connection between these young mules and the first and second looies is only too obvious.

bell sharp . . . this was an old, weatherwise and canny mule who knew his business and so, it was natural that an old experienced ossifer, wise to the business of fighting Indians and controlling hell-raising Indian fighters would receive the name of "bell sharp."

dixie . . . the name applied to the South, as you well know, and they do say it originated in the ten dollar bank notes issued in Louisiana which carried the French "dix," for ten, on them. These were known as "dixies," hence "away, away, away down south in Dixie."

stateroom . . . a relic of the old Mississippi steamer days when the cabins on board were named for the states. Simple, no?

cake walk . . . a dance of the ante bellum South performed by the colored lads and lassies and later imitated by the black face minstrels. It is said to have been first performed by employees on river steamers, who would strut and prance at the captain's command and when they finished would be rewarded with cake to eat, a real treat in those days. Hence the dance they did was to them their cake walk, and so it became known thereafter.

deck of hurdies . . . group of dance hall girls in Nevada in the 1880s, probably derived from the well known music box, the hurdy-gurdy.

trapeze whiskey . . . enough to make a man turn somersaults in Nevada in the same period. (P.S. We still got the same brand.)

Foot & Legit's Line . . . prospectors on foot through Nevada in the 1870s. By "shanks' mare" is just another way of saying it.

— — — — —

Hell, this is enough, I'm not writing a book.

Cumpliendo con la eficacia y exactitud devi-
da con lo que V. se sirve prebenir a este Ayunta-
miento en su sup.or oficio de 24 de Nov.re ulti-
mo, en orn a que por su conducto se dirija infor-
me al supremo gobierno de los Estados Unidos Me-
xicanos, exponiendo en el las ventajas y alibios
que pueden proporcionarse a los habitantes des-
ta Prov.a para que tenga conocimiento de todo
la junta que con el objeto de fomentar las Califor-
nias se ha instalado en la Capital de la Union;
A consequencia de todo expone lo siguiente. Sentado,
pues, el principio que no puede dejar de ser infe-
lis todo Pais cuyo comercio sea puramente pa-
sivo, y que tenga necesidad de ser socorrido aun
de los efectos de primera necesidad para su sub-
sistencia, a ninguno mejor que a esta desgraciada
Prov.a le toca de medio a medio tan funesta suerte,
orijen primario de sus miserias y Calamidades.
Ella, es verdad (y lo confesamos de buena fe) que
en sus productos agricolas no es de las mas abu-
ndantes, por que su terreno mas declina en este-
ril que en feras, sin embargo es presiso decir

CONDITIONS IN BAJA CALIFORNIA

1824 - 1825

Two Unpublished Reports
to the
CENTRAL GOVERNMENT OF MEXICO

Translated by
CHARLES N. RUDKIN

Foreword

FROM the accession of Napoleon's brother Joseph to the throne of Spain in 1808 the history of Mexico becomes the account of a series of revolts and revolutions lasting, except for the long Diaz regime, for nearly a century and a half.

The Californias, although affected by the changes in the national government after independence was gained, were influenced less by attempted revolts than was Mexico itself. However each temporary regime as it came into power made some attempt to introduce its policies and principles into the outlying provinces.

After the return from exile and execution of Iturbide in July, 1824, a Constituent Congress was called and the resulting federal constitution was promulgated on October 4, 1824, with Guadalupe Victoria as first president.

One of the first acts of the new government was to require reports from the political chiefs of the outlying provinces on the political and economic status of the territory under their jurisdiction.

The two manuscripts, translations of which follow, appear to be Baja California's response to this demand.

The first report, that of the Municipality of Loreto to the central government through José Manuel Ruiz, the *Jefe Politico* left over from the old regime, shows a decidedly anti-missionary bias and seems to reflect the views of Canon Augustín Fernandez de San Vicente, who had been sent by the Emperor Iturbide in 1822 as *comisionado* to receive the oaths of allegiance and establish the supremacy of the imperial government. He went further than this and set up regulations for the management of the missions and of the Indians. These regulations were distasteful, to say the least, to the Dominican missionaries. In general they gave full citizenship to the Indians and suggested the eventual distribution of the temporalities to the neophytes.

The municipal report is nearly illiterate, although written out in a very clear hand, and shows that the municipality well deserves the strictures of Ruiz, in his report.

Although the family names of the signers of the Loreto report all occur frequently throughout the history of the two Californias I have been able to trace only one of them by both given and family name, and in that case the identification is extremely conjectural.

An Anastacio Arce, not previously married, an Indian of heathen parentage, was married on October 10, 1799, to María de Jesus Troncoso, also an Indian, at Rosario mission. On August 25, 1806, Anastacio Arce, widower, was married at the same mission to Gaspara Aragon, race not stated. If at the time of the first marriage Arce was between fifteen and twenty years old, as seems reascnable, he would have been in 1824 between forty and forty-five. In view of local conditicns at the time he may well have risen to the rank of Alcalde under the regulations of Canon Fernandez.

(I owe this reference to the marriage record of Rosario mission, now in the Bancroft Library, to Miss Ellen Barrett of the Los Angeles Public Library.)

José Manuel Ruiz, the author of the second report, was appointed *Jefe Politico* in October, 1822, replacing Governor José Argüello during the rule of Iturbide. His claim to "practical and extensive knowledge . . . of the country" would seem to be justified by the record to which he appeals. He had been in the military service of the colony for years, as least since October, 1794. At that time he commanded a guard, as sergeant, which accompanied Fr. Tomás Valdellon on explorations near the site of Santa Catalina mission. When appointed *Jefe Politico* he was in command of the troops on the frontier. His apologia in the last four pages of his report seems to have been ineffective, since he was replaced in June, 1825, by José María de Echeandía who then took office as civil and military commander of both Californias.

For further details regarding the period of these reports Father Engelhardt's *Missions and Missionaries in California*, Volume I, and Bancroft's *History of the North Mexican States and Texas*, Volume II, form the most convenient sources.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM IN 1824

A report of the Municipality of Loreto, December 6, 1824

Report which the Municipality of Loreto forwards through His Honor the Political Chief of Lower California to Their Excellencies the Supreme Government of the United Federated Mexican States.

COMPLYING, with efficacy and accuracy answerable to that which you exercised in giving notice in due form to this Municipality in your official letter of Superior Authority of the 24th of November last, that through you a report should be forwarded to the Supreme Government of the United Mexican States, explaining the advantages and assistance which can be shared among the inhabitants of this Province, in order that the council which has been established at the Capital of the Union for the purpose of promoting the Californias may have full knowledge thereof. The principle that no land can cease to be unfortunate whose commerce is completely dormant and which of necessity must be helped even to the first necessities of life [is] demonstrated by nothing better than by the fact that such a dismal fortune continuously buffets this unfortunate province, the primary source of its miseries and calamities. It is true (and we freely admit it) that it is not among the most abounding in agricultural products, because its land inclines more to the sterile than to the fertile. However, it is accurate to say that since its conquest the cultivation of its fields has been directed by the Reverend Missionary Fathers; that, it may be for lack of intelligence in the matter or for other causes which it is not for our survey to declare, the element most necessary in any well governed society has never been developed. Certain it is that the Indians are by nature inclined to laziness—but also they have never experienced any stimulus to devote themselves to work and to love it, since they have always lived communally, eating wretchedly, almost naked, and punished with arbitrary cruelty, for which reason they became violent, fleeing to the woods, committing excesses, to which they were often driven by despair and by the extreme need in which they found themselves.

Very recently they have begun to know their rights and to try to get out of such an unhappy situation, and because of the obstacles in their way they have often applied to this Corporation, asking for their emancipation, but as it has been prohibited to interfere in matters relating to the Missions their applications have been fruitless pending the election of deputies (which they have now held) who would bring their just claims up to the Supreme Government, and fortunately they have been heard, as has come to our notice with the highest gratification.

Supposing, then, the establishment of towns composed of free men exercising their rights, and the lands distributed to the Neophytes of the respective Missions which have title to them, much that is now barren would be cultivated, if tools were distributed to them and they were given other indispensable help, for which they have an undeniable need because of the miserable estate to which most of the Missions are reduced, and upon whose circumstances we do not speak more fully for several reasons.

It is a shocking thing, Señor, but at the same time not to be doubted, that in the vast extent of more than five hundred leagues which this Province has from south to north there should be found not one town that has brought its citizens together. The cause is not hard to find: This Corporation attributes it to [this]; that the Missions having taken over all of the land that can be cultivated by irrigation, and because to till the unwatered land is to lose time and labor on account of the notorious aridity of the country and the rains so unreliable, it comes about that the greater part of the inhabitants of this Province, and in particular those who are included in the jurisdictional district of this Presidio, live in miserable shacks five or more leagues apart and, from this Capital or any other parish, some more than forty and none less than fifteen, compelled to support themselves on the milk and meat from a small herd of horned cattle which they keep for this end,

Juan Ybañez Presidente — Anastacio Arce Alcalde Consti.

Domingo Aguilar

Domingo Lopez Sindico

Jesus de Mayorga Srio Supte.

their only resource in their need. For this reason, and for the time being, well-ordered towns are not being formed, nor can Christian instruction, nor agriculture, nor intellectual nor political culture, make progress. It follows as a legitimate consequence that the more the population might increase the more unfortunate and prejudicial for this society the results would be. Therefore this Corporation has arrived at the opinion that the Supreme Government might deign to be pleased to command that the politico-economic management be changed, that it protect, shelter and assist the new farmers, distributing to them all the resources possible, perhaps from the Pious Fund for the foundation of Missions, or indeed from public funds, although it might be on condition of repayment when the work gets under way, supplying, from the above resources and from others which the Province offers, adequate subsistence for the curates who may be appointed to the spiritual administration of the respective towns. This first step taken as the most essential of all, others would follow step by step, not only to encourage agriculture but also to establish the crafts, which are completely lacking.

This is as much as this Corporation can report at this time and as has seemed expedient for the well-being and for the happiness of these inhabitants.

God and Liberty. Loreto, 6th of December, 1824.

JUAN YBANEZ
Senior Councilman

ANASTACIO ARCE
Constitutional Alcalde

DOMINGO AGUILAR

DOMINGO LOPEZ
Syndic

JESUS DE MAYTORENA
Acting Secretary

El Comandante principal y Gefe politico del Territorio de la Ba
xa California. Dice: Que en virtud de lo que V. S. le previene en
su superior oficio de 25. de Octubre pp.do relativo à los motivos
que se necesitan saber sobre el actual estado en que se hallan
los Ramos de gubernacion interior, beneficencia, extension de
fomento, è ilustracion de los habitantes del distrito de su man-
do, y que exponga lo que se halla adelantado, ò atrasado en
el particular, para que en su vista se forme el concepto q.e
sirva de datos, para formar la Memoria q.e debe presentar
se al Soberano Congreso general de los Estados Unidos de la
Federacion, segun lo prevenido en el articulo 120. de la Consti-
tucion. En cumplimiento informa lo conveniente.

1.o Gobierno interior: Este se halla desorganizado siendo insufici
ente la actividad zelo y energia con que se ha procurado cum-
plir. Dos efectos motivan la causa principal de tal entorpecim.to
El primero, la falta de pagas, socorros, y aun de una regular
subsistencia, que en la pasada crisis, hà sufrido la compañia
y marina de este territorio de mi cargo, hasta llegar à el
extremo de no tener pan, como se ha hecho presente re-
petidas veces à los respectivos Ministerios por el informan-
te, con tales penurias se ha insubordinado bastante uno, y
otro cuerpo. El segundo en lo civil es la ignorancia casi
general en el pueblo, la apatia y remision de las autori-
dades Municipales en el cumplimiento de sus obligaciones
por mas que se les estrecha, siempre eluden su cumpli.

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS IN 1825

A report by Jose Manuel Ruiz, Jefe Politico, February 23, 1825

THE PRINCIPAL COMMANDER AND Political Chief of the Territory of Baja California, says: That he refers to Your Lordship's advice to him in your letter of Superior Authority of the 25th of October last, relative to information which it is necessary to have on the present state in which are found the functions of internal government, charities, expansion of trade, and enlightenment of the inhabitants of the district under his command, and that he should set forth what is in progress or planned in particular matters, in order that you may form a picture which will serve as data for preparing the memorial which must be presented to the Sovereign General Congress of the United States of the Federation, as provided in article 120 of the Constitution: Complying, he reports accordingly.

1st. INTERNAL GOVERNMENT: This is found to be disorganized, the activity, zeal, and energy with which it has been carried on having been insufficient. Two things are the basic causes of this sluggishness. First, lack of pay, relief, and even of regular subsistence, which the military company and the naval force of this Territory in my charge have suffered during the recent crisis, until it came to the point of having no bread, as has been laid before the respective ministers repeatedly by this informant; in such poor circumstances each body has become insubordinate enough. Secondly, on the civilian side is the almost universal ignorance of the people, the apathy and remissness of the municipal authorities in carrying out their duties beyond those they are forced to do. They always avoid their execution by fictitious difficulties, since they are not accustomed to exercising honorary employments; I say fictitious because they do what they want to, rather than what they can. Also a part of it is the preoccupation of the people with the published notice of the distribution, to the Indians and to the citizens, of lands held in common by the Missions, without holding many of them worth working nor knowing how to acquire them nor how to subsist, at least unless they are given the pay earned for the time they have served as soldiers and sailors; unequivocal evidence that the greater part, perhaps almost all, of the basic population is in the pauper class.

The civil milltia is in a similar state, not ready for any service for lack of arms and training, of which an account has already been given. This body, which is no longer enrolled nor sworn in, is composed of one squadron of cavalry of 200 men, distributed between this Capital and the Del Sur jurisdiction. The public safety is not under attack in the southern jurisdiction, but that of the North is in a state of war and the detachments there

are in incessant movement. They are not sufficient to restrain excesses for lack of necessaries, nor even to maintain the garrisons, which suffer innumerable shortages, as the sergeant who commands them has repeatedly informed me, since the Missions supply very little. For this reason he has taken steps to apply to Alta California for assistance, the results of which are not yet known, since from here it is impossible to obtain reliable information.

Public treasuries and excise taxes are not established. Only the Missions hold community property, and have the management of it. Their missionaries answer to the Prelate, since the Government has no connection with nor [official] knowledge of them.

The postal service is also sluggish for lack of ships to carry mail from the mainland, concerning which an account has been given, and, in the interior, because the troops are supposed to carry it and they are dismounted and in arrears for pay. The income would not justify the expense which beasts of burden would incur, nor does its volume of business. He requested from the Governor of Alta California mules to remount the troops and was denied, saying that he should apply to the Padres. Truly, along with other matters, he did not fail to bring it up each month, but nothing has come of it for five months; he does not know the cause of this delay. The public health was in a disturbed state in the jurisdiction of the Pueblo of San José del Cabo de San Lucas, manifested by fevers of which some have died since last autumn, when it began, and as there are no doctors, medicines, or drug supplies, it made progress toward the towns of Real de San Antonio and Todos Santos; but it has already begun to abate, according to repeated advices which have been given to your informant. The cattle have not propagated because of difficulties of which an account has been given to the Ministry at present in Your Lordship's charge.

2nd. CHARITY: This subsists on financial receipts. The lack of these has destroyed the function and this, being what maintained the Missions and Missionaries, has fallen away so much that it may be stated that those of Baja California are only phantoms, what with their few laborers, their buildings almost destroyed for lack of funds and of tools (to which the shortage of specie contributes). Since from their income they have supplied the frontier troops since the year 1810 and have not been repaid, the debt has risen to the sum of forty-seven thousand three hundred and sixty-three pesos, two reales, five and one-fourth granos. In addition to this debt against the Finance Office they hold some drafts of whose acknowledgement by the General Finance Office, against which they are drawn, he is not informed. In Guadalajara is Don Gervasio Argüello, General Finance Officer, into whose charge are given the business affairs of the Californias, who will furnish an accounting; or the Procurator of the Missions, Fray Francisco Troncoso of the Order of Preaching Friars. The means by which progress may perhaps be made is that proposed in my earlier report.

3rd. EXPANSION OF TRADE: Is at a standstill for the causes stated, and because here

there are no capitalist entrepreneurs, nor any stimulus which might give a forward trend to agriculture, arts and crafts, and industry, in part because of the lack of civilization and in part because the people who came in as colonists have been accustomed to live on a salary, as well as because the country does not admit of many projects and because the inclination of these inhabitants is towards horsemanship, mining and sailing, and much more toward laziness, since they are satisfied with a miserable subsistence.

4th. ENLIGHTENMENT has no hold in the Territory, nor will it make progress, because it is absent and because the young people have failed to get the first principles in letters as in arts. Of a surety there is not to be found a teacher either of elementary reading or of the common mechanical arts, much less the liberal. The lack of gifts for endowments has made impossible, and will continue to make impossible, the establishment of schools which would teach the children to read and, furthermore, get them out of the loutish condition in which they live scattered throughout the desert and vegetate until old age, without understanding the moral or political cause of the bad education which is almost universally to be observed in the young. The municipalities have no funds from which to supply them, since to impose taxes for them on the mass of the people would cause a riot, because they are not accustomed to pay anything, and only with much aversion do they pay the tithes and church fees. For this reason as much as for the lack of capable persons and necessary equipment it has not been possible to sustain a single school, either here or in the South. In truth those who know how to read and write correctly are extremely rare (I refer to the native-born of the country). What ideas will Your Lordship develop for other scientific establishments? Probably none, since many do not even know the words.

* * *

For evidence to Your Lordship of the innocence of negligence in the performance of his duties in the employment in which he finds himself established, and because sometimes connivance is imputed to him, that the Territory of his command is not free of the conditions which are well known to everyone, in confirmation of what he has said he reminds you that he is alone in all the vast extent which is Baja California. On his staff he has only an Alférez who manages the business of the Company, obtains provisions and supplies for it, and collects the revenues and interest for the public treasury, for which reason he cannot separate him from these duties and assign him, as yet, to those that arise from warfare, nor can he be charged with direct command of one of the jurisdictions of the North or the South, as much because of their distance from this Capital as because it is improper for an officer to take charge both of military and political affairs, he being a subaltern. The jurisdictions mentioned are entrusted to some sergeants who hardly know how to write and there is no one within reach to replace them, owing to the lack of people of even equal ability. The other Alférez is under suspension for not having been

willing to go to the frontier to take charge of and direct the detachments there and to include in his field of duty the Indians who are hostile; excusing his refusal by the small resources which he would have there and the lack of assistance, but the character of an officer (as your informant told him) has more weight than that of a sergeant and would have been listened to by those of Alta California, and the necessary aid would always have come when solicited.

The causes of disorganization and inaction which show up in the other branches having been described to Your Lordship, I will amplify the account further with respect to civic order and enlightenment. This land was colonized the 1st of October, 1697, by the Jesuit Father Juan Salvatierra, who introduced into these parts only rustics and those useful for war, with no skill but for horsemanship, who were intimidated and persuaded to the exploration of the country, which he reduced little by little, forming towns or missions of those very Indians he was catechizing in those places he found suitable (so that all were located in valleys with short streams, no river being known in all this land). He took no thought for the instruction and education of the offspring that these colonists were producing. The Jesuits governed military, civil, and economic affairs thus: they paid the salaries of the troops from their funds and donations, broke and made captains as seemed good to them. They paid those whom they called soldiers four hundred pesos per year on a simple bookkeeping entry, and so on for other matters. They maintained boats which brought them necessaries by way of Acapulco. The attraction of the pearl fishery was the motive for this acquisition and of many disturbances and dissensions which its exploitation caused among the troops and the people of the country, as also of the immense sums which the Jesuits invested during that period, and the King of Spain, who began to furnish protection in the year 1703, granting an allowance of eighteen thousand pesos (which was suspended pending new negotiations) that the Crown might not lose the territory acquired, since it was necessary to North America (considering it from all angles) although it weighed heavily on the public purse. So it has been continued up to our times, and if it is desired to encourage, conserve, and raise it from uncivilized barbarism, it is necessary to incur expenses, in order that the Army may conform to its proper regulations, and likewise the Navy, since without these services the Californias cannot be maintained; for the tactics of neither body is what it should be, they not being trained in their professions. Local government will be organized and will spread the training necessary for its functions, since it is a great shame that no persons suitable for a successful municipal organization (not a ridiculous one such as now exists) are to be found because of the loutishness of the people, supplemented by soldiers, sailors, and majordomos of missions, accustomed to live under military rule, since usually they neither know nor recognize laws or taxes.

He concludes his report with what a politician said (and it is incontrovertible) that

among all peoples custom holds the ruling sway, that only through enlightenment and the passage of time, coupled with a good class of people and education diffused persistently and stimulating to the young, lies the way to improve and to prepare for a favorable change which may make them susceptible to new cultural impressions. This Baja California needs, in the full meaning of that word, because it has passed over to another system of government, with new institutions to govern us, and only so will it be able to progress, taking into consideration that something new is going to be created for the inhabitants and for their posterity, that they may know what civilized life is, of which they now have only a very imperfect notion. This is as much as the undersigned can report to Your Lordship in response to what he has been asked, from the practical and extensive knowledge which he has of the country of his birth; and he has governed it for several years under various authorities, as the record of his long continued service shows.

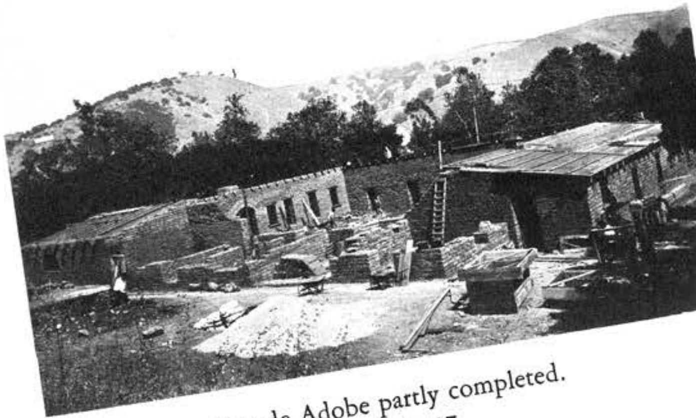
Loreto, 23 February, 1825.

JOSE MANUEL RUIZ (rubric)

gresar haciendose cuenta se va à Crear de nuevo para
q. los habitantes y su posteridad, sepan lo que es la vida ci-
vilizada que aun no tienen de ello sino muy corta no-
cion. Es cuanto puede informar à V. S. el que subscri-
be à consecuencia de lo que se le pide, y à los practicos
conocimientos y vastos, que tiene de su pais natal, y
ha mandado por algunos años, con diferentes Representacio-
nes, como lo acredita la Hoja de sus dilatados servicios.

Loreto 23. de Febrero de 1825.

Jose Man.l Ruiz



Casa de Adobe partly completed.
June 2, 1917

"Corridor" or porch, patio of "Casa de Adobe", with entrance to the Chapel in distance.
Photograph by George F. Clifton

THE STORY OF ADOBE IN CALIFORNIA

By M. R. HARRINGTON

JUST WHAT DO WE MEAN BY "ADOBE"? Here in Southern California when we say "adobe soil" we mean an unpleasant kind of clay which is hard as concrete in summer and a sticky mess in winter. The "adobe" I am discussing, however, is different. It is the kind used for building, largely clay, to be sure, but containing enough sand or just plain dirt to dry without shrinking and cracking when molded into blocks and dried in the sun. "An adobe" may mean one of these blocks or bricks, or a house built of them.

The use of adobe as building material is very ancient; we know it goes back far before the time of Christ, in Mesopotamia and ancient Egypt. In fact it was in Egypt where the Israelites, according to the Old Testament, were greatly distressed because they were asked to make bricks without straw—adobe bricks, no less, which are usually mixed with straw as a binder. The very name of "adobe" seems to have originated in ancient Egypt, and there is a form of it in Arabic.

We know the use of adobe was and is prevalent in North Africa, and probably reached Spain from Morocco, at the time of the Moorish occupation. From Spain it was taken to Mexico, from which it was brought to California.

It is true that adobe was used in our own Southwest before the coming of the whites, but in different ways and not very much, except as mortar and plaster. The Indians had not invented the rectangular molds necessary for making adobe bricks—so their adobes were rounded, loaf-like, shaped with the hands—not very practical and not much used. Another method seen in early Pueblo ruins in southern Nevada, was simply to pour a layer of wet adobe mud on the site of the future wall, shape it with the hands, let it dry and then repeat—until the wall, made of layers instead of blocks, was high enough. In southern Arizona still another method was used—a form of poles was built and the material—in this case caliche mud—was rammed in while soft.

Probably the first houses built in California by settlers from Mexico were of *jacal* type—that is, a simple rectangular frame of poles with walls of interwoven willows plastered with adobe mud—a style quickly built. Then came small dwellings of adobe blocks. Some early buildings for temporary use were of "palisade" construction: that is forked posts were set up to support the roof and the spaces between filled with small adobe bricks. These were not permanent because the posts eventually rotted out and the thin wall was not strong enough to support the roof without them. Structures intended to last had good foundations and substantial walls.

Starting perhaps with one room only, adding others when and if desired, the homes of the early settlers grew. In town the rooms were often in a straight line along the street. Houses of L-shape with a walled patio between the arms of the L became popular; and for larger establishments, houses like the Casa de Adobe of the Southwest Museum, were built entirely around the patio. Some rancho homes, like Guajome, near Oceanside, even had two patios—one a garden spot for the family, the other for various ranch activities. The patio idea is ancient, going back to Roman times at least.

Some story-and-a-half and two story houses were built; and the latter, with an upstairs *corredor* balcony, became very popular in the Monterey district and are now known as the Monterey type.

Whatever the style, the first step in building was, naturally, to make the adobe blocks. Often a suitable soil containing sufficient clay could be found in a natural state near the building site; if not, clay or sand could be added as required. For the adobe pit the ground was spaded up over a small area and flooded with water; then covered with a layer of short straw or horse-manure. Then the mixers, bare footed and armed with hoes started in, hoeing, treading, adding more water, until the mud was just right. Then it was dumped into rectangular molds, patted down firmly, the mold lifted off and the action repeated. Strange to say the mold had to be washed every time it was lifted, or the next installment would stick.

When the blocks were dry enough to hold together they were turned on edge for additional drying—which took a number of days, depending upon the weather. Then they were ready for use. Sizes varied, but a popular early one was about 4 inches by 10½ inches by 22 inches.

Foundations for adobe construction were usually made by simply digging a trench and filling it with loose field stones, rammed down but not mortared—which permitted drainage. It was built up slightly above the surface and the top plastered and smoothed to receive the wall. If not above the surface soil, water containing alkali soaks into the bottom of the wall and causes the adobe to scale off. Some of the oldest houses have walls two feet or even more in thickness, but 22 inches was popular and walls as thin as 16 inches are practical and are permitted by building regulations.

Roofs were of two kinds, almost flat and pitched. In either case, in old days, the *vigas* or rafters were substantial logs cut in the mountains and squared with broadaxe and adze. The sheathing laid across these consisted of willows set close together, or a layer of *arunda* cane, originally introduced for this purpose by the Mission padres. For flat roofs rushes were laid on these, then a layer of adobe mud, which was waterproofed with *brea* or asphaltum from the tar pits where available. Pitched roofs were covered with a thatch of tule rushes, in the early days, or with tiles when such could be obtained from the nearest Mission; later the use of hand-split shakes came in—and in still

more recent days—shingles. Nails or any kind of iron was scarce in the early period, and roof beams were tied together with rawhide thongs as in the Missions.

At first, windows were small, without glass, but protected with *rejas* or grilles, usually in the early days, of wood, and provided with solid wooden shutters opening inward. Later casement windows with glass, also opening inward, were used—or a combination of shutter and casement window. Eventually Gringo style windows with small panes, set in sashes to be raised and lowered became almost universal. With these, outside shutters, New England style, came into vogue and grilles were often dispensed with. Doors were of slab or raised panel construction; in some cases, sunken panel.

Kitchens were frequently housed in a small separate building, but in many instances as in the Casa de Adobe, a room in the big house was put to this use. Dome-shape bake-ovens of adobe were usually built outside, but sometimes inside the dwelling.

I have been asked concerning bath and toilet facilities. While some homes, like the Casa, might have a plunge bath, most early Californians took what we call sponge baths with the aid of a bucket or tub of water, as did most of our Gringo ancestors of the same period, or in warm weather headed for the nearest creek or beach.

Without going too deeply into the toilet question, there is a good example at La Purisima Mission—a board cover with several holes, laid over a rectangular cement tank. Of course the board cover could be lifted off when the Indian servants cleaned out the tank and carted the contents off to the fields. I don't doubt there was a box or bucket of wood ashes with a little shovel, and—a good supply of corn-cobs.

As for the all important water supply, patio fountains might be used like the one at Casa de Adobe, provided there was a spring at somewhat higher elevation from which the water could be piped in; otherwise a well or cistern might be found in the patio, or even a shallow tank which could be filled by the help every day with water brought in buckets or ollas. In many cases the buckets or ollas were simply filled at the nearest spring or creek and lugged into the kitchen—and that was that.

Adobe, in spite of the mistaken ideas of some people, is a very durable material if properly cared for, and if a proper foundation was provided in the beginning. In fact the oldest houses surviving in California today are adobes. However, adobes must be kept roofed over in order to last, and the walls, in this climate, should be kept plastered.

Because of the non-conducting walls, adobe houses are cool in summer, especially if the windows are kept open at night and closed during the heat of the day; in the winter a comparatively small amount of artificial heat will keep them warm. They are almost noise-proof and with tile floors and roofs, practically fire-proof.

Of late years an emulsion of asphaltum known as "bitumuls" has been invented, which if mixed with the adobe in proper quantity makes the blocks practically water-proof without changing their appearance, and makes plastering unnecessary if not wanted.

Another improvement, required by law in Los Angeles, is a concrete bond-beam around the top of the wall; while concrete foundations built up some inches above the ground are also required.

In conclusion, I would like to add that I have lived in California adobe houses, both old and new, most of the time for the past 24 years—and I hope to continue to do so until the final curtain. Adobes may be "mud huts" to some people, but not to me.

Quicksand *by Charles Ellsworth*

EXIT JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

By ROBERT R. DYKSTRA

WHEN WYATT EARP, WHO MIGHT be termed the last of the major gunfighters, died in 1929 it was with the hope, once expressed to his biographer, of at last achieving a measure of obscurity. This hope, obviously, has never been realized; in fact, as most students of the Old West are aware, a movement is current which claims as its sole function the factual illumination of Mr. Earp and his kind.

This movement, however, suffers greatly from the ravages of that school of journalism which—carrying on the tradition of Messrs. J. W. Buel and Walter Noble Burns—sacrifices truth in the interests of gratifying the public's insatiable passion for drama. One need only turn to many of the so-called "men's magazines" to see evidence of this. But other, much more subtle, literary misbehavior distorts our written heritage concerning this singular breed of men, i.e., manipulation of facts to accord with the personal or factional prejudices of the writer, retrospective falsification of the truth through autobiographical or endorsed biographical data, and undiscriminating rejection of what is often described, for want of a more specific term, as "folklore." It may indeed be said with justification that the critical examination of pertinent biographical material, with regard to source, is always necessary. This is not news to experienced researchers; still, it should be remembered that the necessity of "objectivizing" one's source material arises with even the most casual inquiry into the personalities of the times. Through the examination of the source material pertaining to an incident in the well-known career of one of these men, this problem will be illustrated and perhaps a better realization achieved thereof. At the same time, a new insight may be gained into what actually occurred in Abilene, Kansas, on the night of July 7, 1871, to precipitate the hasty exit of our protagonist, John Wesley Hardin.

A general review of the events that culminated on the evening in question will be helpful. Young Hardin, a fugitive from justice, arrived at the north terminus of the Chisholm Trail in the spring of 1871 with a Texas trail herd. On May 26 Hardin turned 18, and one week later he rode into Abilene. From photographs and from contemporary descriptions we know that Hardin was, at this time, a slenderly-built lad (155 pounds in weight, by his own reckoning; around five feet, nine inches in height) with light brown hair, blue eyes, and a broad, normally clean-shaven jaw. His manner seems to have been rather impulsively exuberant and, by frontier standards at least, inclined towards loquacity.

He already had, if we may be charitable with his own tabulation, a homicide to his credit for each one of his years.

In Abilene Hardin found an uneasy coexistence in progress. For less than two months J. B. ("Wild Bill") Hickok had been employed as city marshal to superintend the more vulgar manifestations of the community's greatest cattle-shipping season ever. Hickok was performing successfully in this role to the extent that the Texans, as individuals, feared him and remained generally undemonstrative. The marshal's trouble stemmed from the hostility of a group of saloon-owners who disliked both him and his supervision. These owners were Texan in origin, and as such were able to influence, to a great extent, the local cowboy temperament. Hickok early began to display signs of strain. There were no threats to his face, it seems—just an occasional .44 round sent through his sleeping-quarters at night. By the time Hardin arrived in June, the marshal's normal, somewhat arid good-nature had been twisted into a neurotic severity that, when pressed, was apt to erupt into volcanic outbursts of rage. Hickok's demeanor during this period, an informant tells us, alienated even his friends, although the marshal's thrashing of his own deputy, which Hardin witnessed, reveals this to be a superb understatement.

Not even the most skillful gunman in town cared to risk himself in single combat with the marshal, mentally unstable though Hickok might appear. Hardin's arrival was seen by some as timely. No less a person than the celebrated Ben Thompson, then a local saloon-owner, tried to entice the youngster into a contest with Hickok.[1] The marshal countered shrewdly by arranging a formal introduction to Hardin and, taking a long view of the law he was commissioned to administer, promising to ignore a wanted flyer issued for Hardin by the State of Texas. It appears that in return the youngster pledged himself to obey the law. "We parted friends," recalled Hardin. For some reason Hardin had obtained the local nickname "Little Arkansaw."

It was on about June 20 that the controversial "road-agents' spin" episode occurred, wherein, Hardin tells us, he got the drop on the marshal.[2] According to Hardin, all was resolved with him and Hickok repairing their friendship over a drink. But later that evening Hardin shot a man and did not wait to hear the marshal's reaction before fleeing town.

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1. This and the data following, to the point of the first extensively-quoted material, is exclusively based upon Hardin's own testimony as contained in his autobiography, pp. 42-57, which will be cited later in detail.

2. For a defense of Hardin's testimony regarding this incident see Ripley's biography, pp. 94-96; for dissenting opinion see Frank J. Wilstach, *Wild Bill Hickok, the Prince of Pistoleers*, pp. 184-88; William Elsey Connelley, *Wild Bill and His Era*, pp. 181-82; and Eugene Cunningham, *Triggernometry*, p. 46.

exit John Wesley Hardin

On or about July 2 Hardin was back again,[3] a hero because of his having exterminated, quite legally, a Mexican murder suspect. For a second time Hardin received the marshal's absolution. On July 6, a third crisis developed when Hardin requested that his cousin, Manning Clements, who was being held on a charge of murder, be released from the Abilene jail. Hickok consented, although he had no choice in the matter; Hardin had planned to kill him at the slightest indication of a refusal, a condition Hickok may have understood. Early the following morning Manning Clements started back to Texas, leaving his younger brother, "Gip," in the care of Hardin.

Hardin's career in Abilene was abruptly concluded that evening, Friday, July 7, 1871. On page 58 of his autobiography, *The Life of John Wesley Hardin, from the Original Manuscript, as Written by Himself* (1896), Hardin relates his version of what happened:

> In those days my life was constantly in danger from secret or hired assassins, and I was always on the look out.
>
> On the 7th of July Gip and I had gone to our rooms in the American hotel to retire for the night. We soon got to bed, when presently I heard a man cautiously unlock my door and slip in with a big dirk in his hand. I halted him with a shot and he ran; I fired at him again and again and he fell dead with four bullets in his body. He had carried my pants with him so I jumped back, slammed the door and cried out that I would shoot the first man that came in. I had given one of my pistols to Manning the night before, so the one I had was now empty.
>
> Now, I believed that if Wild Bill found me in a defenseless condition he would take no explanation, but would kill me to add to his reputation. So in my shirt and drawers I told Gip to follow me and went out on the portico.
>
> Just as I got there a hack drove up with Wild Bill and four policemen. I slipped back and waited until they had gotten well inside the hotel and then jumped off over the hack. Gip came after me.
>
> I sent Gip to a friend of mine to hide him. I hardly knew what to do. I was sleepy in the first place, and without arms or clothes. I knew all the bridges were guarded and the country was out after me, believing that I had killed a man in cold blood, instead of a dirty, low down, would-be assassin."

A resumé of this report is desirable for clarification purposes. Hardin, above, observes that he is constantly on guard against "secret or hired assassins." Hardin and Gip go to their rooms in the American House, to which Hardin here refers as "the American hotel." The two go to bed. After an unspecified period of time, Hardin hears a person stealthily unlock the door and enter, and sees the intruder holding a knife. Hardin fires at the man.

3. Ripley, in attempting to clarify Hardin's testimony, incorrectly interprets Hardin's return to Abilene as having taken place on June 30 and Manning Clements' release from jail on July 3.

The man flees. Hardin fires at least three more times, for the man falls dead outside of the room "with four bullets in his body." The intruder has carried off Hardin's trousers; the reader is led to wonder if the motive for the intrusion was not theft rather than murder. Hardin, trouserless, slams the door and shouts that the first man to enter will be shot. This is actually a bluff because, of the two weapons with which Hardin is normally equipped, he has lent one to Manning Clements and the remaining one has been emptied. He presumably has no additional ammunition in his possession. Hardin feels that when Marshal Hickok discovers that he (Hardin) has no means of self-defense—in spite of the dead intruder outside Hardin's room with a knife and Hardin's trousers to testify to the illegality of his visit—Hickok will not listen to logic; instead the marshal will kill him "to add to his reputation." Upon seeing Hickok and four deputies arrive, Hardin and Gip flee from the hotel and Hardin sends his companion into hiding with a friend. Hardin observes, in conclusion, that he is universally thought to have "killed a man in cold boood, instead of a . . . would-be assassin," but neglects to explain why he assumes this to be the case.

So much at the moment for Hardin's account of the incident. Mr. Thomas Ripley, in his biography of Hardin, *They Died With Their Boots On* (1935), pages 114-16, relates another version that is interesting. It is as follows:

> Several Texans had warned Hardin repeatedly to keep his eyes open, that Hickok wasn't one so easily outwitted. They were of the opinion that the Manning Clements incident would not sit well with him, and that he would have Hardin in irons or in his grave sooner or later. The accuracy of this prediction is shown in an attempt to slay Hardin four days later, on the night of July 7th.
>
> Hardin and Gip Clements went to their rooms in the American Hotel and turned in for the night. Hardin was unable to sleep. He kept hearing noises, tried to place them and to reassure himself that it was nothing. Then suddenly he was aroused to his full senses. He was not imagining things; somebody was picking at the lock. He sat up in bed and listened with full ears. There it was again! The knob was turning!
>
> He slipped from bed, found his six-shooter hanging across the back of a chair, and stepped into a dark corner. A moment of silence followed, and the door was pushed softly, slowly open. A man stole across the floor to the bed, lifted his hand, and flashed the long blade of a knife. For a second Hardin was petrified with horror. What if he had been there asleep? A hired killer! And there was Gip lying innocent and dead to the world . . . God! . . . Both sets of suspension periods the author's.
>
> "Don't" he cried out, and his pistol roared a flame even as he shouted.
>
> The man groaned, but Hardin kept on shooting, sending five more slugs

into the falling body. A hired killer! A fire of rage flared in him. He had always wanted to meet one of that sort and shoot him like a dog. And he had done it.

An extended examination of Ripley's material reveals that the author, closely follow-in his subject's testimony, always carefully specifies when he is supplementing Hardin's account with additional material. So it can safely be assumed from Ripley's treatment of the incident in question that he is depending entirely upon Hardin's testimony. But why do their reports differ?

The detailing of Hardin's thought-processes can be ascribed to an attempt to heighten the drama of the situation, with such discrepencies as the intruder's falling with six bullets in his flesh instead of four probably being the result of haste and a more or less disinterest in minute accuracy. Easily the most startling feature of Ripley's version is his strong implication that the intruder was hired by Hickok to kill Hardin. This is apparently a result of the author's disapproval of Wild Bill, a recurrent theme in Ripley's chapters on Abilene. One of the subsidiary heroes of Ripley's book is Ben Thompson. Ben's biography composed by a friend after Thompson's death, was anything but subtle in expounding Thompson's hatred of Hickok. Ripley apparently adopts this viewpoint without reservation. Furthermore, he states as an introduction to his Abilene section that he gets "ill at ease" reading about Hickok as a "Western hero," and notes as an example of this type of writing Frank Harris' *My Reminiscences as a Cowboy.*

Through implication and subtle distortion Ripley seems to be seeking to prejudice the reader against Hickok. In speaking of July 6, for instance, Ripley reports that ". . . Wes and Wild Bill wound up at a house of females, where Hickok kept a blonde. He called for her, and the mistress informed him that one of his deputies had jailed her for drinking too much." But see how Hardin tells it in the first place: "On going over town he learned that a policeman named Tom Carson had arrested some female friends of ours and we determined to see them turned loose . . ." The point is obvious.

A second theme overshadows even Ripley's personal dislike of Hickok. Ripley, an Atlanta newsman and self-styled "grandson of one of the toughest, hardest-riding cavalry rebels ever to swing a saber," takes a hostile point-of-view towards Abilene that mirrors precisely the attitude of the Texans of 1871 of which he writes. This attitude was true not nearly so much of youngsters like Hardin as it was of men who had seen Confederate service in the Civil War and who had retained their intense factional loyalty. It is interesting to note, for example, that over six years after the end of hostilities Ben Thompson tried to prejudice Hardin against Hickok by labling the marshal "a Yankee, (who) always picked out Southern men to kill, and especially Texans." Ripley, as many a Southern journalist before and since, simply adopts this theme as an expression of his own prejudices, which probably represent, in turn, the imprint of his environment.

The Abilene *Chronicle*, apparently as an editorial policy, concerned itself little with

the cattle-trade and its local institutions; no note of the homicide is to be found in its pages for three issues following July 7, 1871.[4] Almost 30 years to the month later, however, in June, 1901, Mr. E. C. Little, a young resident of Abilene in 1871 and later an informant of Wilstach concerning the Hickok-Coe fight, had an article published in *Everybody's Magazine* that appears to shed light on the event. In the article Little speaks of his famous hometown and its marshal. The majority of Little's Abilene information appears to have been items of gossip in the days of his youth, and later, local tradition. Nowhere in his article does Little mention Hardin by name, and it does not seem improbable that Little would fail to recognize the name "John Wesley Hardin" in 1901.[5] On page 583 Little relates that "In the American House one night seventeen-year-old 'Arkansaw' fired through a wooden partition, and killed a man he never saw, because his neighbor snored. Those were good old days!" A consultation of Hardin's account of himself in Abilene reveals that he possessed the nickname "Little Arkansaw," roomed in the American House, and, on July 7, had been an 18-year-old for a period of less than six weeks. Even more surprising is the fact that an identical anecdote was told to Ripley apparently in Texas. With no frame of reference within which to judge the truth of this information—at least he leads the reader to believe that he has none—Ripley repeats it as an example of folklore concerning his hero. "Another story," reports Ripley, pages 136-37, "goes that Hardin was asleep in a hotel when he was troubled by a snorer in a room next to his. He shot through the wall and ended the snoring and finished his night in peace! Friends of Hardin laugh at that one. 'Nonsense!' they say."

Nonsense? Ripley may be too quick to judge. That the report was simply manufactured in Abilene to discredit Hardin is a theory that appears reasonable until one attempts to explain how it came to be repeated in Texas, where the tendency has always been to lionize Hardin, not defame him. In addition, no evidence exists to lead one to believe that Little heard the story in Texas or that Ripley received it in Abilene—he seems to have done no research whatever in that community—or that Ripley read Little's article in *Everybody's Magazine.* If the latter had been the case, Ripley would surely have disclosed this in his attack upon Little's version of the Hickok-Coe fight as contained in Wilstach's book, *Wild Bill Hickok, the Prince of Pistoleers.* But this he does not do. Perhaps this version of the July 7 incident came to be repeated in Texas because, at one time or another, Gip Clements revealed to the home-folks what he knew from first-hand to be the truth.

Considering the possibility of the truth of this last version, a re-reading of Hardin's

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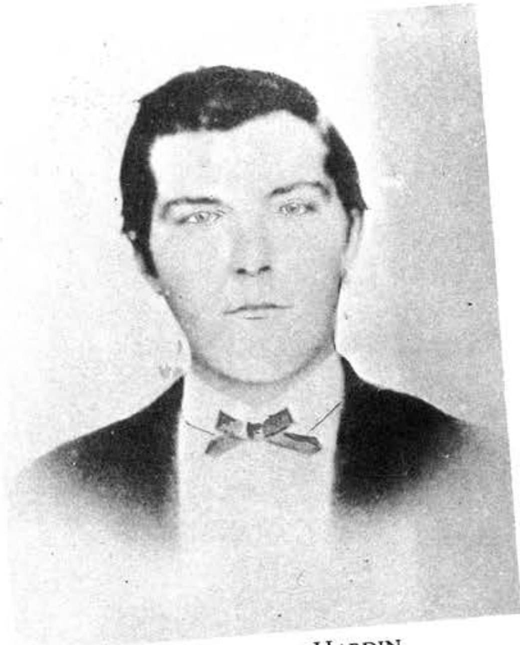
4. F. R. Blackburn, Research Director, Kansas State Historical Society, letter to the writer, May 31, 1955.

5. Hardin's autobiography, by means of which he gained more than just Texas fame, had been published but five years previously. Almost certainly it enjoyed only a very limited early circulation.

own testimony concerning the affair is instructive. Two thoughts, however, should be kept in mind: Are Hardin's actions those of an individual who has actually committed a crime? And could Hardin's testimony be that of a man who is seeking to justify a certain indiscretion in his past? The need for an interpretation of some type cannot be overstressed.

What actually took place no one may ever be entirely certain. But this and similar controversial episodes will surely keep interest in Hardin and his brothers-in-arms alive for some time to come—in spite of any supernatural hope on the parts of the principals themselves, as on old Wyatt Earp's, for a little peaceful obscurity.



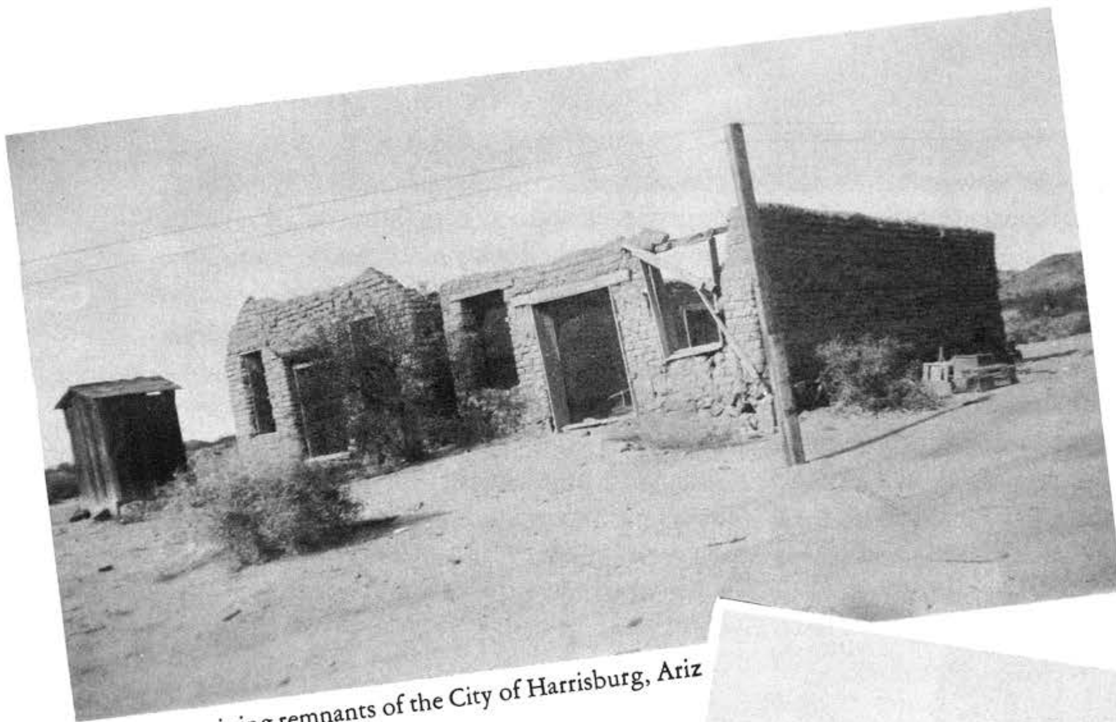
JOHN WESLEY HARDIN
Murderer or would-be victim?

BEN THOMPSON
The original Hickok-hater?

WILD BILL HICKOK
Law-enforcer or assassin-hirer?

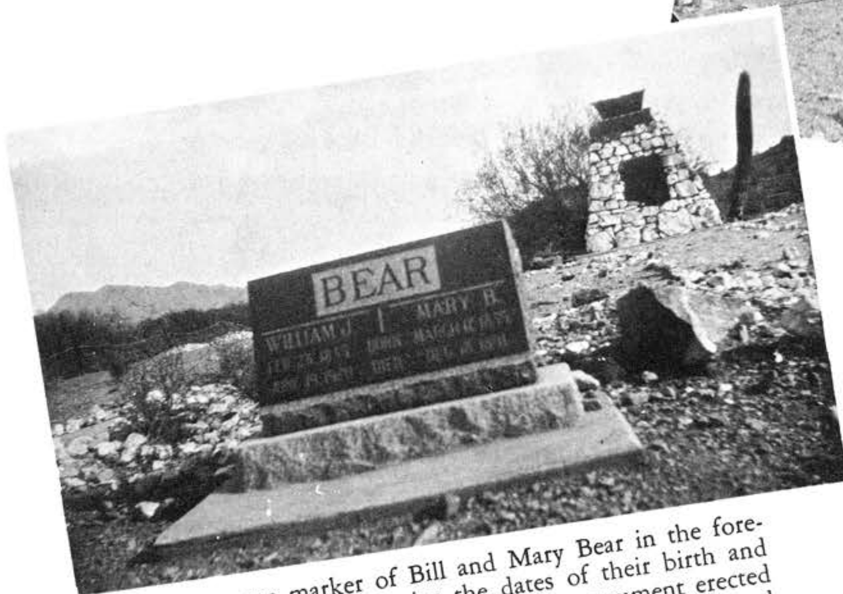
GYP CLEMENTS
Did he tell on Hardin?

Photos courtesy of Ed Bartholomew.



THE last remaining remnants of the City of Harrisburg, Ariz

THE monument itself, flagpole, and gold-bearing quartz strewn about over the graves.



THE grave marker of Bill and Mary Bear in the foreground,—which contains the dates of their birth and death. And in the background, the monument erected of gold—bearing quartz in memory of the Bears, and other pioneers of Harrisburg.

A GHOST TOWN'S STRANGE DRAMA

THE STORY OF HARRISBURG, ARIZONA

By LOUISE and FULLEN ARTRIP

THE HAND OF TIME HAS EXACTED A heavy toll of the once lively city of Harrisburg, Arizona! A city which had her beginning in the early 1860's as a cluster of covered wagons and tents, grouped about a water-hole near a series of immensely rich ledges of gold-bearing quartz. Today there are only portions of the crumbling adobe walls of two buildings left standing to show where the prosperous mining town flourished for many years, in all the glitter and glamour of a frontier community.

The ghost town of Harrisburg is situated in a wide, sweeping valley, some miles south of Wenden, Arizona, and was the first settlement in this part of the desert. Her history is now time-worn and dim, for only a very few of the oldest old-time prospectors remain as connecting links between her glorious days of yester-year and the present.

However, as Harrisburg was slowly passing into oblivion, one of the strangest dramas the desert has ever produced was played to its end in her sagebrush and sand-choked streets: a drama of life which carries one behind the scenes and gives an insight into the strangeness of human nature.

Bill Bear, around whose life this strange drama spun it's web, was one of those redoubtable early-day prospectors who managed to keep his scalp even though he spent many years prospecting hither and yon throughout the length and breadth of Apache-land.

In 1860, near where the town of Harrisburg was later built, he discovered a rich gold vein, and soon thereafter a horde of prospectors, miners, and people who thrilled to the magic word "GOLD" were following the trail through the land of sagebrush, cactus, and sand, toward the new diggings.

Very shortly, long trains of heavily loaded freight wagons began to arrive from beyond the desert's rim. Suddenly, houses began to take the place of the tents and covered wagons; stores, saloons, and dance halls sprang into existence as if by magic; and within a very short time, a church, a school, and the post office of Harrisburg were established.

Bill Bear built a thick walled adobe house and brought his wife Mary, whom he fondly called "Hon," to the desert to make their home in the boom mining town beyond the fringes of civilization.

Mining men, with eastern capital backing them, followed the trail through the vast reaches of wasteland; machinery to reduce the ores from the near-by mountainsides was freighted in, and great stamp-mills were erected.

a ghost town's strange drama

In the hey-day of her pomp and power, Harrisburg's busy streets were teeming with stage-coaches, freight wagons, pack-trains, and the inevitable horde of men and women who followed the lure of GOLD! Millions of dollars worth of the yellow metal were taken from the mines. Fortunes were made and spent within a day!

In the heart of the desert, where only a few short months before there had been nothing but sun-scorched sand and stillness, a city had suddenly blossomed forth.

But Harrisburg's doom was sealed. Her death knell sounded when her ores began to run out, and when the miners and prospectors started the trek across the next range, looking for better diggins.

Some of the mine owners spent fortunes trying to pick up the faulted veins again, but their drifts and shafts revealed nothing but solid gray-granite. A deep gloom settled over Harrisburg and her people.

Citizens began to take their exodus. One by one, and family by family, as if they were fearful of draining too much of Harrisburg's vitality away, at one time. They knew that when she was left alone, the desert would reclaim her. Sun and rain would mellow her; wind and sand would grind her to dust with as much ease as the great stamp-mills had pulverized the ores from her mines.

Eventually, the day came when two of the last three remaining men packed a few of their belongings in a light wagon and headed out across the desert. The third man, Bill Bear, stood in the door-way of his cabin, watching as the departing wagon moved slowly along; the wheels picked up dust as they turned, and the dust was caught by the breeze and carried out into the wasteland where it settled on the grayish-green sagebrush and cactus. Far out ahead of the wagon, a whirlwind danced across the desert, carrying a spiral of dust high into the air. The watcher's gaze followed the whirlwind for awhile as it swirled on toward the mountains. When he looked back at the road again, the wagon had disappeared.

Bill Bear was alone in a deserted city, a city that only a short time before had been teeming with throngs of people. He had no intention or desire to move on as the others had done, for only a few months before his wife "Hon" had passed away, and they had laid her to rest on a little knoll near their home. And where she was, so also was his heart; he couldn't move on and leave her alone out there on the desert.

A brooding silence settled over the desert valley; a stillness, broken only by an occasional whirlwind that swirled and danced down the empty streets, to rattle a gate here, or a door there; or perhaps, to sweep along the wall of an adobe building, carrying away a fine spray of dust. The desert had begun, in her slow, methodical way, to reclaim her own. To obliterate the city in the wasteland.

Time wrote on as the years slipped gently by, and Bill Bear wandered about Harrisburg's deserted streets, just waiting, waiting, patiently waiting.

A quarter of a century passed; Harrisburg's houses sagged, walls crumbled; the sun

and rain mellowed them; wind and sand ground them to dust; and sagebrush, greasewood, cactus and mesquite, once again grew in her streets.

Thirty years came and passed, and inevitably, Bill Bear's steps became slower and slower. In 1920, at the age of 85 years, Bill became ill, but refused to go to the hospital until some friends promised that, if he should die while there, they would bring his remains back to Harrisburg, for burial beside his beloved wife, "Hon."

"One more request," the old man feebly said, "when you bring me back, I want to be carried the last mile of the way on a burro's back."

His prospector friends promised to carry out his wishes, and took him to the County Hospital at Yuma, Arizona, where he died. The County buried him there, and for a time he was forgotten.

Sixteen years later, Jim Edwards, an Arizona State Highway official, heard of Bill Bear's patient vigil, and strange request, and had the remains exhumed and transferred to the ghost town of Harrisburg.

At exactly 5280 feet away from the cemetery, the remains were placed on a burro's back,—and Bill Bear was started on the last mile of the way. On the little knoll beside his cherished "Hon,"—Bill Bear's remains were finally laid to rest,—and his dreams and years of patient waiting were rewarded. To the westward, as he was being lowered into his final resting place, an exquisite sunset was spread across the heavens. As the sun sank lower, the magnificent colors changed to pure-spun gold, the gold slowly fading as dusk crept over the desert valley. The atmospheric haze deepened in sequence from gold to a fiery crimson, lilac and rose, blending into the dusk-shaded reaches of the far-flung wasteland. The desert and sky were combining their mystifying glories into one tremendous pattern of dazzling beauty as the curtain came down on the final act of this strange drama.

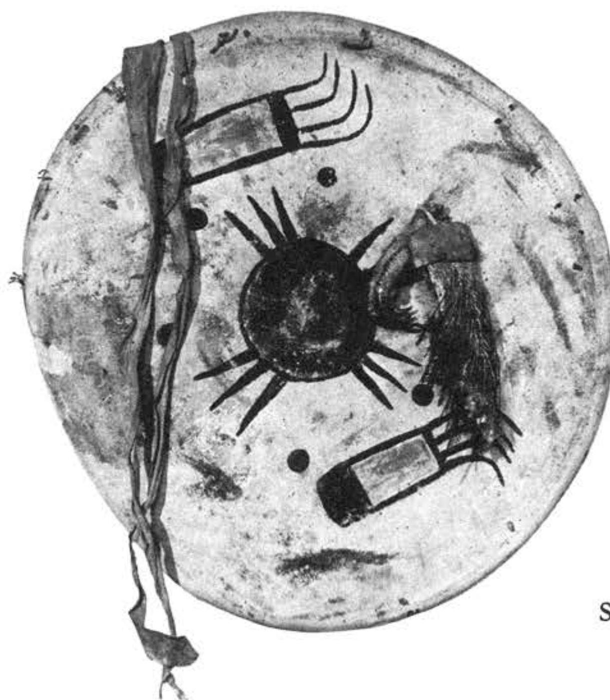
The crumbling town lapsed into an eternal, brooding silence. In a few more years, her struggle against time and the elements will be over. The cycle will have been completed; and she will have returned to dust.

The old-time prospectors and their burros have long-since forsaken her and passed on into oblivion. Harrisburg now rests in peace beneath the desert skies.

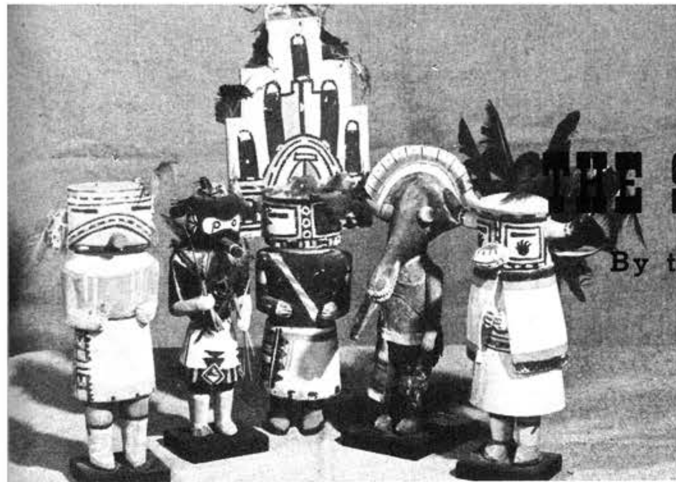
* * *

Today, a massive monument stands near the polished granite marker of Mary and Bill Bear's graves. The monument is built of rough, gold-bearing quartz from the near-by mountainsides; a-top the monument is a minature bronze covered wagon,—and imbedded into the front of the monument is a bronze state-shaped placque commerating the memory of Bill Bear and the other pioneers who helped to wrest the state of Arizona from a desert wilderness.

FREMONT FLAG. This is the original flag raised by Gen. Fremont on the crest of the Rocky Mountains March 15, 1842. On the back was sewed the label "1841" the date the expedition started.



OSAGE SHIELD. War-shields made from the dry hide of a buffalo bull's neck usually had a decorative buckskin cover. They would turn arrows and some smooth-bore bullets.



THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

By the SOUTHWEST MUSEUM STAFF

IT WAS THE LATE DR. CHARLES F. LUMMIS who first brought to the world's attention the fact that our Southwest is a separate and very interesting part of the United States, and it is only natural that he should be instrumental in founding the Southwest Society in Los Angeles, out of which the Southwest Museum grew. This was in 1903; the following year the Society was granted a charter by the Archaeological Institute of America; while in 1907 the Southwest Museum was incorporated. Its first exhibits were in two rooms of the old Chamber of Commerce building, in Los Angeles, but these were later removed to the Pacific Electric building.

As the years went by, Dr. Lummis, the first secretary, felt that the Museum should have a home of its own, and in response Henry W. O'Melveny raised $29,000 to purchase the 17 acres where the Museum stands today, $7,000 of which came out of his own pocket. A bequest from Mrs. Carrie M. Jones made possible the first building; and it was Lt. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, the first president, who broke ground for it on November 16, 1912.

The Museum, finished at a total cost of about $80,000, was opened to the public on August 3, 1914, with Dr. Hector Alliot as curator. It did not have a full equipment of cases however, until 1923, when Dr. Norman Bridge contributed $17,882 for this purpose.

Probably no other hill-top museum has a street level tunnel and an elevator so that visitors are not compelled to climb the steep slope. This unique feature was provided by Dr. Bridge and Mr. J. S. Torrance, between them, at a cost of $50,000, and was opened for use March 3, 1920. The interest of the tunnel is increased by a series of dioramas—miniature groups—illustrating American Indian life, installed along the walls. The tunnel is 260 feet long, and the elevator carries the visitor 108 feet up through the heart of the hill to the Museum building.

The last addition to the building was the Poole Wing, built in 1940-41 by the late Colonel John Hudson Poole and Mr. John Hudson Poole, Jr., to house the Caroline Boeing Poole collection of Indian baskets, one of the finest in existence.

Following Dr. Alliot, whose title was curator, came Dr. John Comstock as director, a zoologist especially interested in insects, and after him Dr. James A. B. Scherer who had much to do with the establishment of the Museum's present policies. Dr. Scherer tendered his resignation early in 1931; then followed an interval when M. R. Harrington was curator in charge.

In January, 1932 the Museum was fortunate enough to enlist Frederick Webb Hodge as director—a man whose knowledge of Southwestern Indian tribes, ancient and modern,

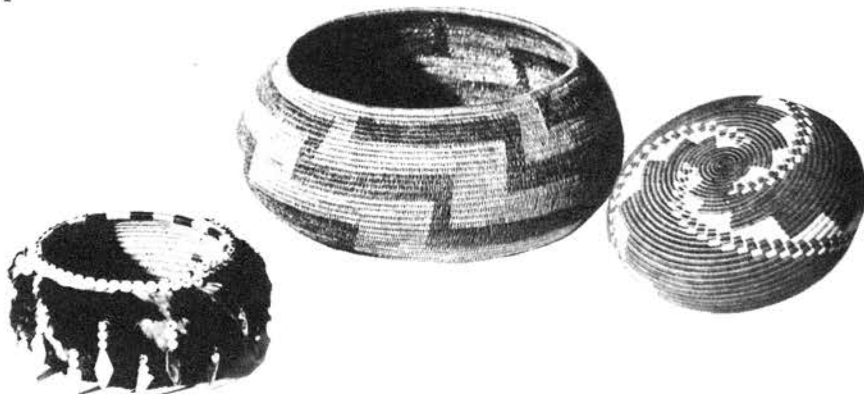
also of the Southwest's Hispanic history, is unsurpassed. His long experience as editor of publications on anthropology for the Government and for the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, well fitted him to produce the series issued by the Southwest Museum, which would be a credit to any institution. Dr. Hodge celebrated his 90th birthday anniversary in 1954. After his 23 years of faithful and outstanding service the trustees of the Southwest Museum have granted him a sabbatical leave. The present acting director is Carl S. Dentzel.

Starting at first as a general museum where everything was shown, now the Southwest Museum specializes on the American Indian in the main building, including both archeological and ethnological materials; and in the Casa de Adobe, a separate structure, historical and artistic exhibits of Spanish and Mexican California. This policy, decided upon in 1926, has produced excellent results — for the Southwest Museum's American Indian exhibits are considered among the best in the West, and the Casa de Adobe offers displays without equal in the State, illustrating early California life.

Incidentally the Casa de Adobe, at the foot of Museum Hill across North Figueroa Street from Sycamore Grove, was built in 1916 by the Hispanic Society of California to preserve a replica of an early Spanish Californian home, and was given to the Southwest Museum in 1925. Much of the furniture shown in it was provided by old California families.

The modern Indian costumes, weapons and utensils, of which the Southwest Museum

HOPI SEED-BOWLS. The designs illustrate a revival of ancient patterns inaugurated by Nampeyo, a famous potter.



POMO BASKETS. The Pomo Indians made more kinds of fine baskets than any other people on earth.

has such a wonderful collection, have mostly come as gifts from such generous donors as Anita Baldwin, Mrs. Louis J. Gillespie, Mrs. Frank E. Aiken, Gen. Charles Mc. C. Reeve, and the Pooles. The ancient Indian pottery, stone implements and the like have on the other hand been derived in large measure from archaeological expeditions sent out by the Museum.

Some of the earliest work along this line was done by Dr. F. M. Palmer, whose really fine archeological material from southern California is still an important basic collection in the Museum. Later expeditions were led by Harold S. Gladwin at Casa Grande, Arizona; by C. B. Cosgrove, Jr. in the Mimbres area of New Mexico, and by Monroe Amsden who made an archaeological reconnaissance in Sonora.

In 1928 M. R. Harrington joined the staff of the Museum and conducted its subsequent expeditions. In this regard the Museum was most fortunate, for his knowledge of the material culture of the American Indians is surpassed by no one in the field. On his first expedition he undertook the excavation of "Mesa House", an early Pueblo ruin—part of the "Lost City"—in southern Nevada; also a small cave. The next, the exploration of Gypsum Cave, also in southern Nevada, resulted in a real discovery—the association of man with the ground sloth, extinct American horse and extinct small camel, all animals of the Pleistocene period. The date of this association, as determined by Carbon 14 tests was between 8,000 and 10,000 years ago.

Not long after this, several deeply buried ash-beds were examined near Tule

MIMBRES POTTERY. The ancient Pueblo people of the Mimbres district in New Mexico used both geometric and conventional animal figures in decorating pottery.

APACHE SKIN-PAINTING. Made by Naiche, son of Cochise, to represent the so-called "Devil Dance" of the Apache.

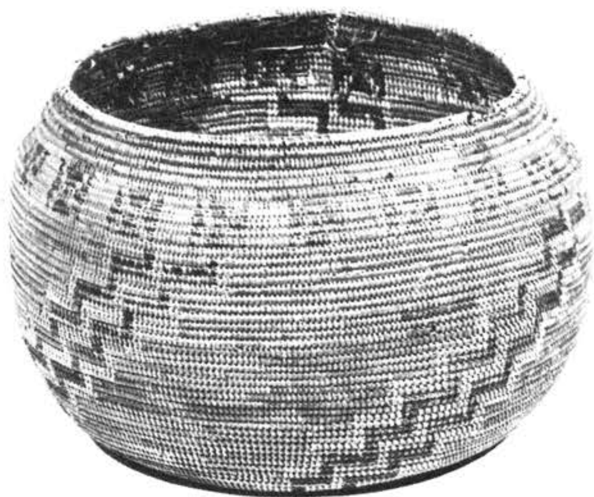
TULARE BASKETS. The Tulare or Yokuts Indians of the San Joaquin Valley make fine baskets. The basket on the left was used in a rattlesnake ceremony.

Springs in the same general area, which yielded camel, horse, bison and mammoth remains along with a few crude man-made tools. Recently charcoal from these same ash-beds has been dated by Carbon 14 as "more than 23,800 years old"—a record age for human deposits in the Americas.

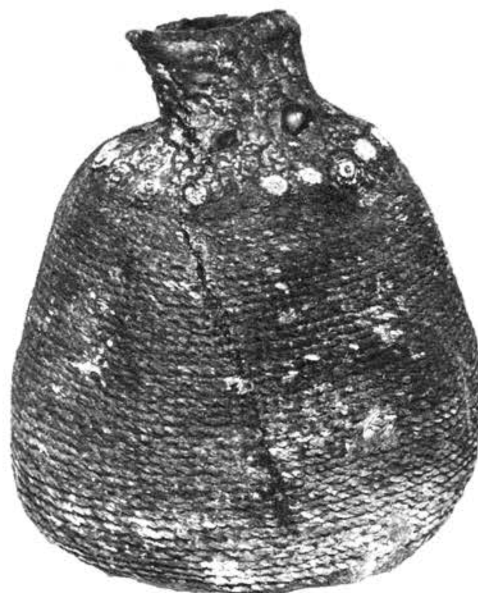
Since then among minor expeditions there have been two outstanding ones—the exploration of the Borax Lake site in Lake County, California, where the indications of an ancient culture were found apparently associated with "Folsom Man," dated about 8,000 B.C.; and the Pinto site at Little Lake in Inyo County, not yet published, the age of which seems to be at least 3,000 or 4,000 years.

Today the visitor to the Museum finds in the lobby as he steps from the elevator a series of exhibits from Latin American countries, a display showing various types of stone spear-heads, dart-points and arrowheads, their making and their uses; another on the processes used by the ancient southern California Indians in making shell ornaments; and most interesting of all, a case showing the many contributions—mainly agricultural—made by American Indians to modern civilization.

To the left is the Members' Room in which may be seen a large special exhibit, changed every month or two. On the right is the Fred K. Hinchman Southwestern Hall where the costumes, ornaments, utensils and ceremonial equipment of the modern south-western tribes are shown. On beyond in the Caracol Tower is the California Room where



CHUMASH BASKET. These Indians, living near Santa Barbara, made the finest baskets produced by the southern Mission tribes.



CHUMASH WATER-BOTTLE. Made of basketry, coated with pitch, decorated with shell beads. Found in a cave in Chumash territory

the work of California tribes, ancient and modern, may be seen.

On the upper floor the visitor finds to the left as he ascends the stairs, the Auditorium, scene of the Sunday lectures during the winter months, with cases around the walls in which collections from the northern tribes, including the Eskimo, are shown. Adjoining this is the Library with its large collections including many rare items, all of which may be used by anyone interested, although nothing leaves the Library except on interlibrary loan. The Joseph A. Munk library of the Southwest formed its nucleus, while the library of Charles F. Lummis contributed importantly to both Southwestern Americana and Californiana and served as the foundation for the present fine collection of Spanish Americana. Other fine private libraries—Fenyes, James, Jackson, McClintock, Hinchman and others—have enriched the holdings, along with purchases and exchanges. In anthropology the chief field of interest is the aborigines of the Western Hemisphere. Emphasis is upon all that pertains to the archaeology, ethnology, and history of Southwestern United States, though growth is rapid in material on California and the entire West. Developing through a quarter of a century under the direction of Dr. Frederick W. Hodge, the Library has become outstanding for research in American anthropology and history.

To the right of the main staircase is the Plains Indian Hall with its big skin tipi, the Prehistoric Room with its archaeological treasures, and last but not least, the Poole Basketry Hall, displaying one of the finest collections of Indian baskets in existence,

CUSTER BATTLE PICTURE, painted by Kicking Bear, a Sioux chief.

WOMAN'S ROBE, PLAINS. The buffalo robes, worn as overcoats by the women of the central Plains tribes, were decorated with fine geometric patterns.

QUILL-WORK (Plains). Before glass trade beads came into use clothing was decorated with dyed porcupine-quill embroidery.

in addition to a number of dioramas illustrating the life of basket-making tribes.

It must be understood that only a small portion of the collections of the Museum can be displayed at any one time; however, the stored material is always available to qualified students. It is the Southwest Museum's policy to render every assistance possible to those who need it.

Among the outstanding archaeological publications of the Southwest Museum have been *Gypsum Cave, Nevada* by M. R. Harrington, relating the details and significance of this discovery of the association of man with extinct Pleistocene animals; *An Ancient Site at Borax Lake, California* by the same author; *The Pinto Basin Site* by Elizabeth W. C. and William H. Campbell, recording a pioneer discovery of human indications associated with now dry lake and river beds in a desert area; and *The Archaeology of Pleistocene Lake Mohave*—a similar find—by the same authors and others. Of a more general character are *Prehistoric Southwesterners from Basketmaker to Pueblo* by Charles Avery Amsden, and our latest publication—*The Maya Civilization* by George W. Brainerd.

Turning to ethnography our most outstanding contribution, published in cooperation with the University of New Mexico Press, is *Navaho Weaving, Its Technique and History* by Charles Avery Amsden, by far the best work on this subject yet to appear. Then we have *Cheyenne and Arapaho Music* and *Music of Santo Domingo Pueblo*, both by Dr. Frances

CHILKAT BLANKET. The Chilkat band of Tlingit Indians, living in southeastern Alaska, are noted for their beautiful woven blankets, decorated with totemic patterns.

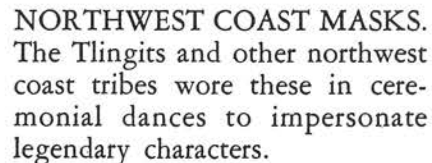
Densmore; *The Black Pottery of Coyotepec, Oaxaca, Mexico* by Paul and Henrietta R. Van de Velde; *Costumes and Textiles of the Aztec Indians of Cuetzalan, Puebla, Mexico*, and *Costumes and Weaving of the Zoque Indians of Chiapas, Mexico*, both by Donald Bush and Dorothy M. Cordry. The research and publication of the Densmore and Cordry items were financed by that generous and thoughtful friend of the Museum, the late Miss Eleanor Hague.

Speaking of generous friends we must mention the late Mrs. Eva Scott Fenyes whose foresight and great artistic ability preserved in her paintings the significant landmarks of early California. Her daughter, Mrs. Thomas E. Curtin, is responsible for one of the Museum's most beautiful publications, *Thirty-two Adobe Houses of Old California* selected from the paintings by Mrs. Fenyes who bequeathed them to the Museum and which are among its greatest treasures. The text was written by Señora Isabel López de Fáges, the bronze wing-frames for the display were given by Mrs. Curtin.

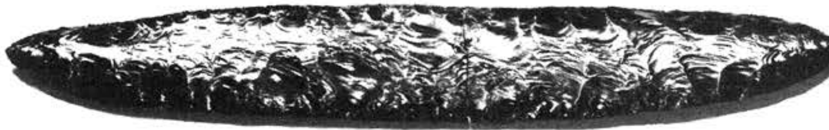
Another popular book on a similar subject is *How to Build a California Adobe* by M. R. Harrington, recognized authority on adobe construction and Mission architecture.

The publications of the Frederick Webb Hodge Anniversary Publication Fund, of which there are now six, are administered by the Museum. Of these the most outstanding are *The History of Hawikuh* by Dr. Hodge himself; *Inca Treasure as Depicted by Spanish Historians* by S. K. Lothrop and *Five Prehistoric Archaeological Sites in Los Angeles County* by E. F. Walker.

Our inexpensive "Leaflets" have always proved popular—so much so that many of

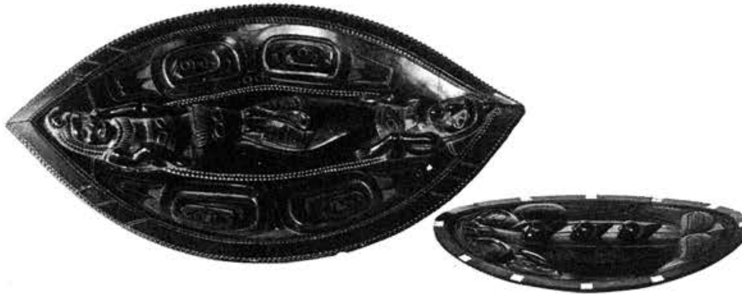


NORTHWEST COAST MASKS. The Tlingits and other northwest coast tribes wore these in ceremonial dances to impersonate legendary characters.

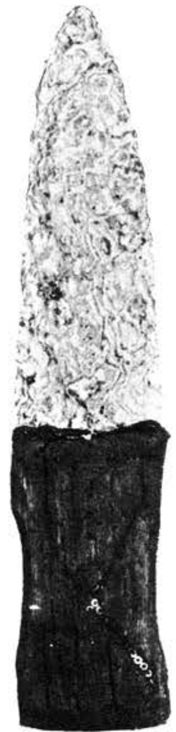


KAROK INDIAN CEREMONIAL STONE BLADE. Over 33 inches long, one of the largest known. Made of obsidian. Carried in the White Deerskin Dance.

"PAVIUT STICK"—a ceremonial wand equipped with a stone knife blade, used by various southern California tribes.



HAIDA BLACK SLATE. The Haida Indians of Queen Charlotte Islands, British Columbia, did most of their art work in black slate, although, like other Northwest Coast tribes they worked extensively in wood.



HAFTED STONE KNIFE Has "ceremonial" on label which may not be correct. Of Gabrielino Indian origin.

ESKIMO IVORY. These people took pride in carving walrus ivory, whether for practical use or simply for ornament.

KACHINA DOLLS made by the Zuni Indians. The tall one represents a "Shalako" for which a ceremony is held every December.

KACHINA DOLLS, made by the Hopi Indians to represent the demigods and demons of the old legends.

the favorites are now out of print. Among the most popular still available are *Indians of Southern California* by Edwin F. Walker; *World Crops Derived from the Indians* and *America's Indian Background* by the same author; *The Navaho* by Frances E. Watkins; *Bows and Arrows* by Clarence Ellsworth; and *The Hopi Indians* by Ruth DeEtte Simpson. The Museum publishes *The Masterkey*, a popular bimonthly magazine for its members.

The Southwest Museum has never received any public funds. It is supported by income from endowments and memberships of persons interested in furthering the good work of the institution. The broad policies of the Museum are established by a Board of Trustees chosen among the prominent citizens of the community, and are administered by an Executive Committee, consisting of a devoted group of public-spirited men headed by Homer D. Crotty, and including Joseph Scott, Preston Hotchkis, Jonathan Bell Lovelace, John O'Melveny, Stuart Chevalier. Its finances are in the hands of a capable group of business men with Jonathan Bell Lovelace as their chairman.

Members of the Staff of the Southwest Museum include Frederick Webb Hodge, *Director* (on sabbatical leave), Carl S. Dentzel, *Acting Director*, Mark Raymond Harrington, *Curator*, Ruth DeEtte Simpson, *Assistant Curator*, Madeleine Amsden, *Secretary and Assistant Treasurer*, Ella L. Robinson, *Librarian*, Allen W. Welts, *Artist and Preparator*, Bernice E. Johnston, *Docent*, Margaret M. Colvin, *Bookkeeper*, Margaret Youngblood, *Copyist*.

NAVAHO MASKS. These crude masks are worn in certain ceremonies by dancers impersonating gods.

Contributors

FULLEN and LOUISE ARTRIP have for a number of years been publishing historical and fiction books and folk-lore and western songs under the imprint of Artrip Publications. The Artrips are composers and music arrangers, having written and published many of their own western and desert songs. For many years the Artrips engaged in prospecting and mining, and roamed over much of the south-west desert country. Through the years they gleaned many human-interest stories from their wanderings; some titles are: *The Lost Squaw Mine*, *Memoirs of Daniel Fore (Jim) Chisholm and The Chisholm Trail*, and *Kit Carson's Lost Daughter*. Fullen Artrip is a Virginian, born in the Blue Ridge Mountains; studied electrical engineering, and came west in the early '20s. Louise Artrip is an Oklahoman, but has spent the greater part of her life in the west. Her education included theology, art, and music. Her hobby is producing hand-tailored, hand-embroidered Western shirts.

CAREY S. BLISS—Born in Albany, New York, December 13, 1914. Came to California at the ripe age of five when his father came out with Mr. Huntington's Library in that year. Attended San Marino-South Pasadena grammar schools and high school. Graduated from Pomona College in 1936. Worked for a short time as a cabinet maker and roofer. Entered Huntington Library as a page, February 1937 and has remained there ever since. Married Amelia Baker in 1942. He has one son, Anthony Stillman Bliss, born in 1946. Present position is Assistant Curator of Rare Books, Huntington Library and Art Gallery.

PERCY LOCKE BONEBRAKE—Son of a prominent banker and financier of early California. Bonebrake was born in Los Angeles in 1878, and was educated in Los Angeles and Dallas schools. Served in earlier years as Deputy United States Marshal, Deputy Sheriff in New Mexico, and Special Agent for the Union Pacific Railroad. These experiences plus the fact that he was superintendent of livestock for Anita Baldwin at the fabulous Santa Anita Rancho and Anoakia Breeding Farm, have provided rich background knowledge for the authoring of numerous articles on horses, cattle and the cattle business. Bonebrake's Western history interest centers in California, Arizona, and New Mexico. A true Westerner of the range days, Percy possesses a robust sense of humor—claims he lives on Coon Krick, Skunk Hollow (Sierra Madre, that is).

ROBERT GLASS CLELAND—One of the distinguished scholars and historians of California and the West, and a man whom the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners is proud to claim as an Honorary Member. A native of Kentucky and an early resident of Southern California, Dr. Cleland is a graduate of Occidental Academy and of Occidental College. In 1912 he received his Ph. D. from Princeton University. Other honorary degrees have been accorded him in more recent years. For many years professor of history, dean of the faculty, and vice president of Occidental College, he is currently Director of Research at the Huntington Library. An avid fisherman, Dr. Cleland spends vacations at his ranch in Montana, reputedly a rendezvous point for trout. Many books and articles have been authored by Dr. Cleland, among which are his *History of California, the American Period; Cattle on a Thousand Hills; A Place Called Sespe; The Irvine Ranch; A History of Phelps Dodge;* and his latest *A Mormon Chronicle, The Diaries of John D. Lee.*

Contributors

MUIR DAWSON. A partner in Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles. Born in Los Angeles in 1921. During World War II was a ski instructor at Camp Hale, Colorado, later served in the Aleutian Islands and then as a mule driver in a mountain artillery battalion in Italy and Southern France. Graduated from Pomona College in 1949. Author of *A History and Bibliography of Southern California Newspapers 1851-1876*. Has a small press and has printed a number of small books relating to Western history, and history of printing and bookselling.

ROBERT R. DYKSTRA—Born in Ames, Iowa, in 1930. Educated at the State University of Iowa. Upon graduation with a BA early in 1953, accepted a commission in the Infantry and served two years stateside duty in Georgia and California. Now a DAC (Department of the Army Civilian), and by the time this is printed will be somewhere in France on a two-year tour of duty. Have always been enthusiastic about Western Americana, and have indulged a particular interest in Wild Bill Hickok's Abilene regime since 1949. Expect to return to California someday for keeps.

CLARENCE ELLSWORTH—Artist member of the Westerners was born in September 1885, at Holdredge, Phelps County, Nebraska, in a sod house. Clarence says his arrival was premature, and his first few weeks were spent in the oven of the kitchen stove, wrapped in a wool blanket anointed with whiskey. Plentifully blessed with natural ability, his artistic training came haphazardly. He began by drawing houses, barns, store-fronts, signs and show-cards. In younger years he spent much time at reservations, sketching and familiarizing himself with the ways of the Indian, the Sioux in particular, who have inspired many of his best paintings. In Clarence Ellsworth we have one of the foremost artists of Indians, horses and western scenery. His work may be encountered in many magazine articles and books, covers and book jackets. All of the *Brand Books* have included his work. He lived a number of years in Denver, associated with the *Post* and *Rocky Mountain News*. Since 1919 his home has been in Los Angeles.

MARK RAYMOND HARRINGTON was born at Ann Arbor, Michigan, July 6, 1882, the son of a Professor of Astronomy at the University. In 1908 he received his M.A. degree from Columbia University where he had graduated the preceding year. His life work in anthropology has found him with the American Museum of Natural History, the Peabody Museum of Harvard, The Heye Museum, the University of Pennsylvania Museum, the Museum of the American Indian Heye Foundation, and as Curator of the Southwest Museum which he joined in 1928. He has visited over 40 Indian tribes; has made archaeological expeditions in many parts of the United States and in Cuba; and is the author of numerous articles and books on anthropological subjects, popular articles, fiction, and a juvenile novel with an Indian background. One of his interests is in the restoration of historic adobe buildings, restoring the Romulo Pico Adobe near San Fernando, and serving as adviser on the restoration of San Fernando and La Purisima Missions. Among his published books is *How to Build a California Adobe*, and he now lives in an adobe house of his own planning.

Contributors

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 cow-camp 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 his *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. Books and publications include *Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest*, *California Joe* (with Joe E. Miller), *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground*, *Lone War Trail of the Apache Kid* (with Edwin C. Hill) as well as contributed papers to historical publications.

FREDERICK WEBB HODGE—A native of Plymouth, England was only seven when his family came to this country, settling in Washington, D. C. While still a young boy his lasting interest was aroused by the finding, near the Potomac River, of an Indian axe-head. The lad was fascinated by the United States National Museum. Later ha gave up schooling for work with the United States Geological Survey. He became secretary of the Hemenway Archaeological Expedition, and spent eighteen intensely interesting months excavating ruins in the Southwest. Following this, for a year he took over the work of Frank Hamilton Cushing on the pueblo of Zuni. In July, 1889, returning to Washington and entering the Bureau of American Ethnology, he began work as editor on the now famous and enduring *Handbook of American Indians*. Eighteen years later (1907) the first volume appeared, followed by a second three years later. Throughout all these years Hodge made many trips into the Southwest; in 1895 toured all the pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico studying the clan system; and in 1897 ascended the Enchanting Mesa. Everywhere the Indians became his friends. In 1901 the Smithsonian Institution drew him into its fold, but he returned to the Bureau in 1905, and in 1910 became its head. In 1917 he returned to Zuni, and to explore Hawikuh. In addition to being an editor and author of many books and publications and a member of many scientific societies, Hodge has served in recent years as Director of the Southwest Museum at Los Angeles.

LONNIE HULL—Born Alonzo Bemis Hull at Seattle in 1893, from where his home moved gradually south to Oregon and to a ranch on the California-Mexico border in 1908. Following schooling in San Diego and Redlands, he married Ada Shaw in 1913. After a stint with wholesale food products, in 1919 he entered the automobile sales business in which he is still engaged. Seattle pioneers were his parents, and his maternal grandfather was an 1854 resident of San Francisco. Lonnie's principal hobby is photography which he has shared most generously with the Westerners, devoting much in time and substance to the photographing of Westerners and their cherished scenes and objects. The 1949 *Brand Book* exhibited his skill in the photographs of the bronzes of Charlie Russell, and in this volume we again enjoy one of his meticulous jobs in the excellent illustrations for the Southwest Museum article. We also wish to thank Albert Nadeau for his help and assistance to Lonnie Hull in preparing the photographs in the Southwest Museum article. Mr. Nadeau's interest in the Old West is clearly expressed in this contribution.

Contributors

M. I. MCCREIGHT has more claim to being a Westerner than the fact that he lives west of the Alleghenies in Pennsylvania. Born April 22, 1865, he travelled to the Dakota frontier in 1885 to avenge the death of his grandfather who was killed by Indians. His regard of the Indian was changed when he was met in Dakota by a band of Sioux, with a handshake and a cheerful "how kola." The close friendship that developed was evidenced some twenty years later when he was made a chief, in a ceremony witnessed by Buffalo Bill. On the plains of Dakota came the experience which has made Mr. McCreight the only living authority on the buffalo bone traffic. A Pennsylvania banker and business executive, his home, called "The Wigwam," is located on his thousand acre farm. In addition to his writing on the bone traffic, his book best known to Westerners is *Fire Water and Forked Tongues*. A number of other booklet publications bear his name, as well as contributions to the Denver *Brand Book*, and to magazines.

HERBERT H. OLSON, better known as "Bert." This Westerner was born in 1901 in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and finished his basic education there. Then he chose a big city position rather than college. After successful years in New York, "buck fever" for California attacked him. So he moved to this state in 1922, a move he has never regretted. Delving in the Old West's history has become his hobby, with particular interest in emigrant trails, ghost mining camps, and the history and trail of the Donner party. A sincere worker for the Los Angeles Westerners and a contributor to a former *Brand Book*, as well as the editor of *Brand Book* number 5.

PHILIP J. RASCH—Although a native of Grand Rapids, Michigan, his youth was spent in Villa Park, Orange County, California. He is a graduate of Fullerton Junior College (A. A. '33) and of University of Southern California (B. A. '47, M. A. '51). During World War II he served in the Navy, attaining the rank of Lieutenant Commander, and he is now associated with Surface Division 11-46, Santa Monica. Rasch is a Corrective Therapist at Brentwood Hospital. His particular field of interest is the troubles in Lincoln County, New Mexico, during the period 1873-1883. He has contributed articles on this subject to the *New Mexico Folklore Record*, as well as to previous editions of the *Brand Book*.

CHARLES NATHAN RUDKIN, Chief Research Accountant of the Southern California Edison Company, and owner of an extensive library of Western Americana, has the unusual knack for translating the work of early foreign Westerners into good readable English. He was born July 24, 1892, in Meridan and received his B.S. degree from Wesleyan University, in Connecticut. He served 13 months in France with the U. S. Army in World War I. His published work includes: as editor, *Wesleyan Verse*, 1914; and as translator-editor, *Father Kino at La Paz*, 1952; *A Voyage on the Colorado, 1878, by Francis Berton*, 1953; *Camille de Roquefeuil in San Francisco, 1817-18*, 1954; and *Voyage of the Venus, Sojourn in California, 1837*, 1955.

Contributors

DR. J. B. de C. M. SAUNDERS, F.R.C.S., is a distinguished anatomist, surgeon, bibliographer and medical historian. Born in Grahamstown, South Africa, in 1903, educated in England and Scotland, he came to the United States in 1931, to join the faculty of the University of California Medical School where he is at present Professor of Anatomy and Librarian. During his years of practice and teaching in England, South Africa and the United States, Dr. Saunders has authored several works on medical history and numerous contributions to scientific publications.

ARTHUR WOODWARD, now enjoying retirement from his position as Chief Curator of History and Anthropology at the Los Angeles County Museum, is a native of Iowa, born at Des Moines in 1898, but came to California at an early age, attending school at Ramona and graduating from the University of California. The crowded years since have included soldiering in the 20th Regular Infantry during World War I, ranching, newspaper work, tending a lighthouse, employment in tin mill, shipyards, and National Park Service. World War II saw him attached to the U. S. Navy in O.S.S. Woodward is interested in historic archeology, doing exploration work for many years, traveling over much of the United States, Alaska and Mexico. Books he has authored include *Short History of Navajo Silversmithing*, *Lances at San Pascual*, and *Feud on the Colorado;* he was co-author of *The Story of El Tejon;* and was responsible for the publication of *The Jayhawker's Oath and Other Sketches by William Manly*, source book on Death Valley. Recently published under Art's editorship are *Tarakanoff's "Statement of My Activity Among the Californians,"* and *Markoff's "The Russians on the Pacific Ocean."* Also, he has written many articles appearing in publications on history, archeology and ethnology.

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