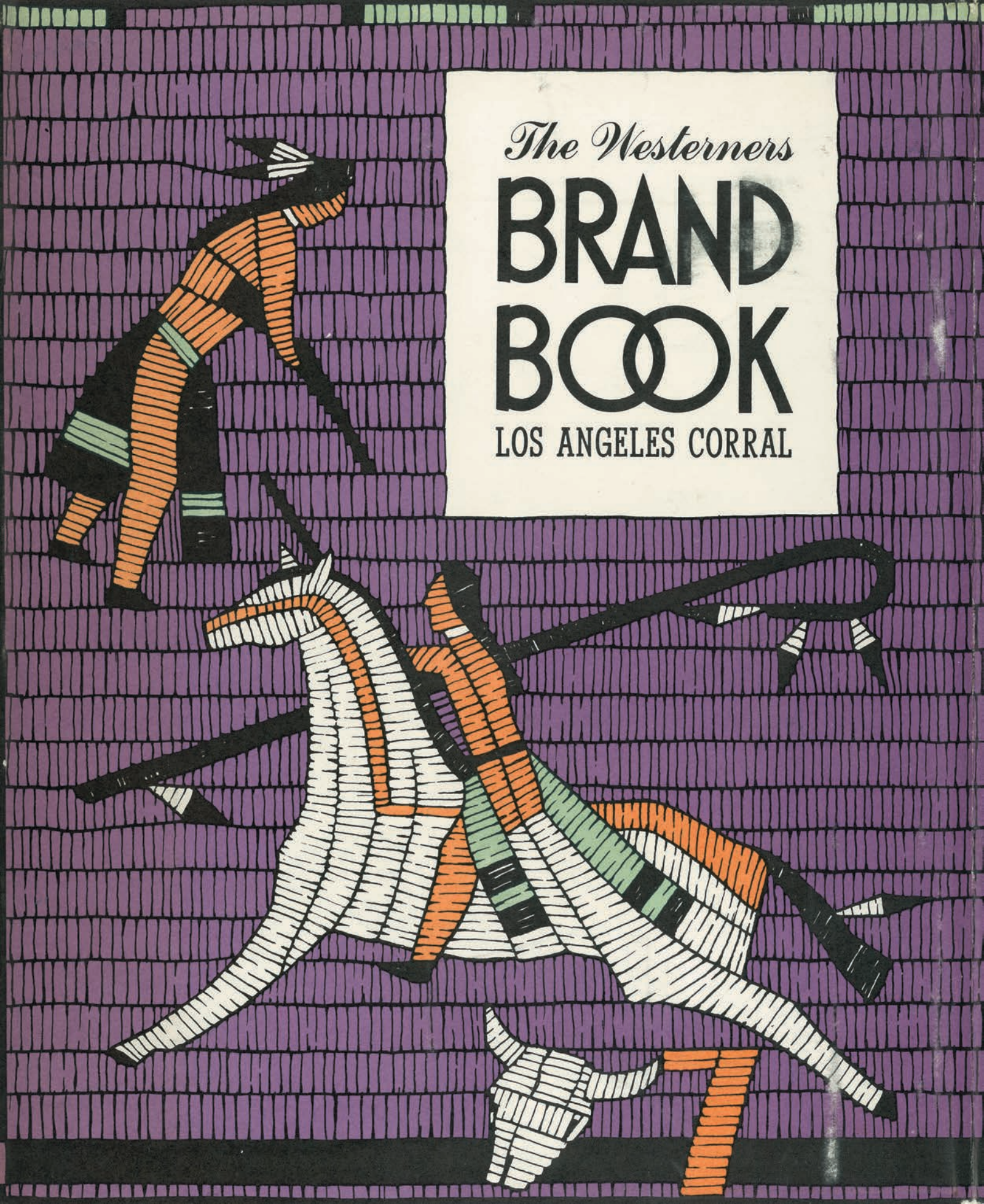
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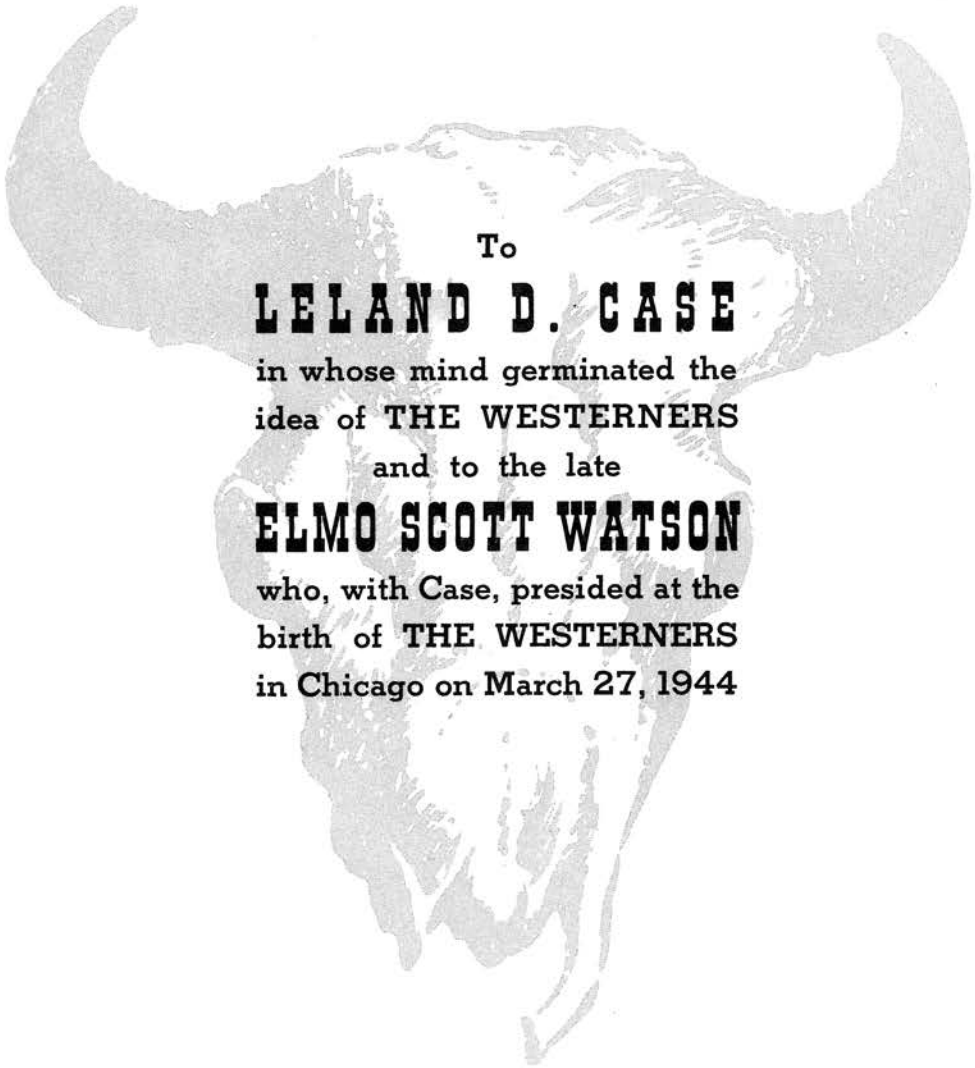

To

LELAND D. CASE

in whose mind germinated the
idea of THE WESTERNERS

and to the late

ELMO SCOTT WATSON

who, with Case, presided at the
birth of THE WESTERNERS
in Chicago on March 27, 1944

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

In publishing its seventh *Brand Book* the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners takes satisfaction in the quality of the material contained in this volume. As a result of high standards held to in research, writing, and illustrating, it is believed a substantial contribution has been made to the story of the early West. The organization, made up of men vitally interested in the history of the West, is a non-profit one and its production of this *Brand Book* is wholly a non-profit endeavor. Because of the varied interests of members there is something here for almost every taste.

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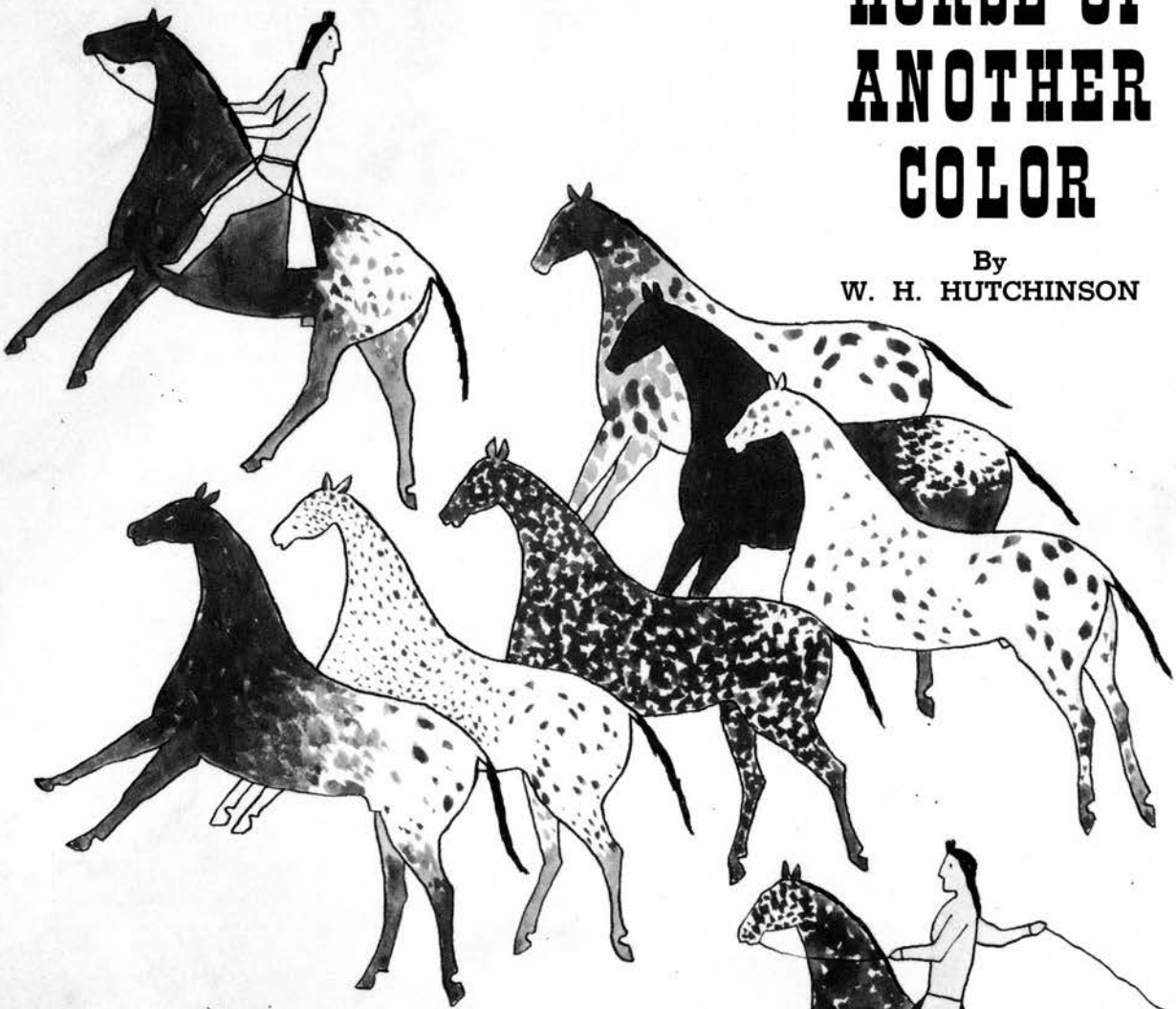
HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR

By
W. H. HUTCHINSON



STORY OF THE APPALOOSA HORSE

DON PERCEVAL

This account of the Appaloosa Horse, favorite of the Nez Percés Indians, is by a master of lean, wiry, picturesque prose. His most recent book is "A Bar Cross Man," story of the life and personal writings of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, published in 1956 by the University of Oklahoma Press.

IT IS WELL OVER THIRTY YEARS PAST, as this is written, that a frying-sized boy who claimed to be a horse wrangler drifted into the broken country along the headwaters of the Bill Williams Fork in Arizona and made his acquaintance with the F D horse herd. In all that saddle band—browns, blacks and buckskins, bays, grays and most shades of sorrels—there was one distinctively marked red-roan gelding. The known blend of his coat was speckled with underlying, egg-shaped spots of a deeper red that became darker and more prominent, quite naturally, when he lathered-up. The kid wrangler had never seen a horse so queerly marked. In the years that have passed, he never has forgotten his first meeting with the coloring and the name of the horse that is forever identified with the people of Chief Joseph—the Appaloosa.

Because this is a partisan piece, it seems best to lay the groundwork for disagreement first, then state the partisan case. Initially, then, let us dispose of the name, Appaloosa. It is not the etymological mystery that it may seem. It has no relationship to such words as Apaluchi, Apalachicola, Appalachian or Opelusas. Its derivation may come from one of two sources. A small stream that plunges down from the Bitterroot Range was named by some forgotten wanderer *Pelouse*, meaning "green, grassy meadows." A Nez Percés word, *peluse*, means "something sticking up out of the water." Considering the transformation from *Purgatoire* to *Picketwire* makes it easy to comprehend how either or both these root words could become PALOUSE, as it stands on our maps today for one of the great wheat raising regions of the West. The heartland of the Nez Percés held the Palouse Hills and further adaptations of the name became the name for the spotted horses of the Nez Percés—Palouseyes, Apaluseys, Appaloosa. Charley Russell was the first to use the name in print as he was first to use the horses in depictions of the West. He took both horse and name from the life and usage that he knew so well. So much for the name. What, now, of the horse?

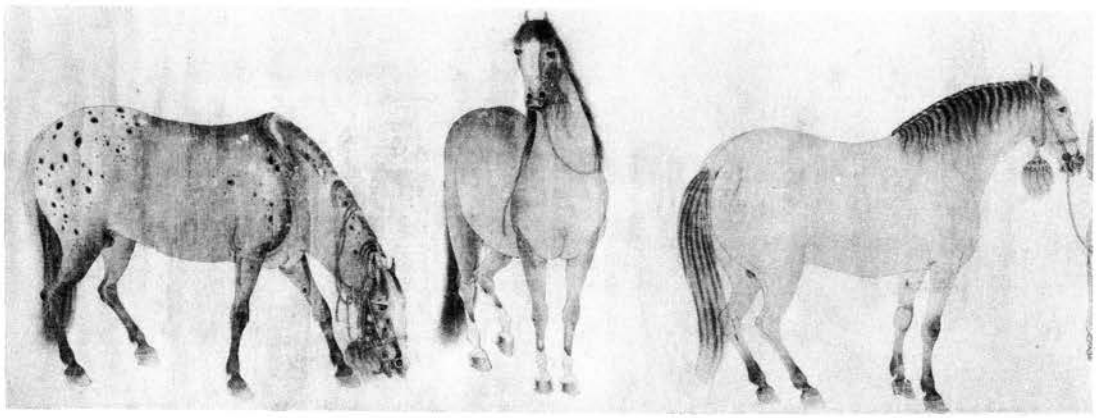
An eminent geneticist whose name is unknown but whose eminence was sufficient for his word to ding a piece written for The American Museum of Natural History about the Appaloosa says this: " . . . appaloosa *is* a color pattern. Similar or identical patterns can and do occur in completely different lines, breeds, or local stocks." To this, Francis Haines, for an offsetting eminence, and many a practical, working horseman and horse breeder say, simply, Balls! To them, the Appaloosa is a breed, the most prominent characteristic of which, to the uninitiated or arm-chair gentry, is the color pattern. They point out that of the veritable thousands of horses that have been checked out for registry or rejection by the Appaloosa Horse Club, not one horse with the coloration

of the breed has been found without ancestral relations to the spotted horse the Nez Percés called *Maumin*. They go a little further, too: The genetical eminence aforecited used the alleged breed called Colorado Ranger to prove his point that the color pattern of the Appaloosa occurred in other breeds. To this, Francis Haines has made soft reply: "We have definite, legal proof that the 'original' Colorado Ranger, Starbuck Leopard, was from western stock and that his 'pedigree' was a fake." Not all bays are Clevelands. Not all spotted horses are true Appaloosas. But, you can get a bay without any Cleveland any place behind him. You cannot get the Appaloosa markings without the Nez Percés horseflesh in the family tree someplace. Like Charley Russell said: "His mammy wore mocassins," but the Appaloosa color pattern may come from so remote an ancestor that the family tree ran off the page generations past.

It should be noted that the colorations of the Appaloosa are not so narrowly confined as is the pattern of the Berkshire pig who would be spurned if he lacked the six white hairs in the black expanse of his spinal area. The basic Appaloosa patterns are the speckled roan, either blue or red; the blanket-hipped and the eagle-feather or leopard spot, with intergradings between them. Despite these variations, the Appaloosa color pattern is not a genetic accident, and it affords the means by which historians have traced the breed back into the mists of time, probably the oldest identificable equine breed known to man.

Having thus come down before the footlights, even as Iago, boldly to proclaim authorial villainy, let's get on with the yarn. It makes an inspiriting paragraph in the thick volume of the white man's dealings with the people who bred the horse in the New World, a volume whose first entries are in the journals of Lewis and Clark.

To the captains, they were the *Choppunish*, a clean, active, intelligent people. William Clark and Meriwether Lewis were horse-conscious as only Virginians of that day could be.



(Courtesy Fogg Museum of Art)

A Chinese painting of the Yuan dynasty, showing tribute horses from Ferghana about 1280 A.D.

That consciousness had been accentuated by the miles they had traversed. It was honed sharp by the knowledge of the miles that stretched ahead. To them, the horses of the Nez Percés were of major interest.

"Most of them are fine horses. Indeed many of them would make a figure on the south side of James River . . . several of them would be thought swift horses in the Atlantic States . . . (*some*) are pied with large spots of white irregularly scattered and intermixed with black, brown, bay or some other dark color."

(*My genetical friend says they saw piebald pintos. This piece says they saw Appaloosas, too.*)

The captains made our first mention of another attribute of these people when they determined to alter several *stone* horses that had given them trouble on their westering. They did some of these in their own fashion, letting their hosts do several after their own way. On June 2, 1806, the following entry appears in Lewis' journal: "Our horses are all recovering and I have no hesitation in declaring that I believe that the Indian method of *guilding* preferable to that practised by ourselves."

This entry explains why the Nez Percés, alone of all the Amerinds, were able to practise selective breeding of horseflesh through gelding inferior animals before white civilization made the knowledge common property. Nothing in the journals of Lewis and Clark, nor in the later records of exploration, settlement, warfare and research explains how the Nez Perces learned the art of castration. That they used the Spanish method—scraping the cord—is known but how they learned it is not. Perhaps from a runaway slave from the Spanish settlements, perhaps from a wandering Ute or Navajo who had learned it by observation, perhaps from a forgotten forerunner who, *For the Glory of God and His Most Catholic Majesty*, left his bones, his bridle-bits, his bastards and his knowledge among the people where his own trail fades out forever along the lava rock of the Snake River rim. The important thing is that they knew how to geld and they practised it. This was the first step in their selective breeding. The other factor was their native land; northeastern Oregon, southeastern Washington, west-central Idaho.

This was as good a horse country as the grasslands of High Asia; indeed, there is a section in it called Horse Heaven still today. As Francis Haines has pointed out: "Deep sheltered valleys less than a thousand feet above sea level furnished winter pasture. In summer the herds found ample forage and pleasant weather on the plateau, three thousand feet higher and but a few miles away. The protecting mountains barred enemy horse thieves as effectually as they warded off the winter storms. Wolves and mountain lions were scarce." The terain of their heartland enabled the Nez Percés to keep their breed from degeneracy through indiscriminate couplings and this fact may have been just as important as their gelding of inferior stock in sustaining the superiority of their horses.

How the Nez Percés first got these horses is fairly discernible. Haines has located horses of the distinctive spotted markings in northern Chihuahua in the late Seventeenth

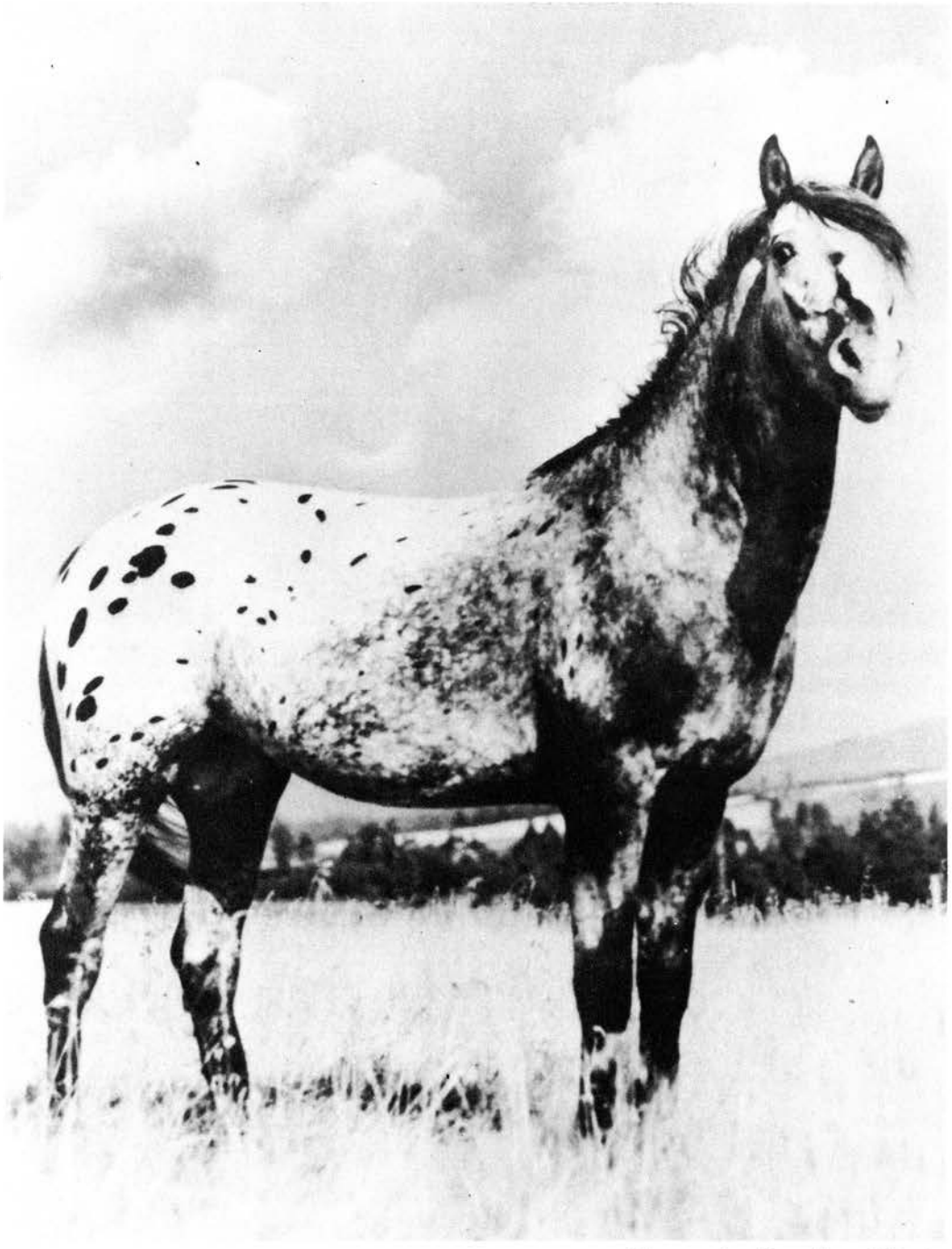
Century. (Parenthetically, Pancho Villa rode a blue-roan Appaloosa somewhat later.) From this reservoir, by raid, trade and estray, accelerated by the Pueblo Revolt in 1680, horseflesh in general made its way up the western slope of the Continental Divide much faster than it did on the eastern plains. The Shoshoni, near present-day American Falls, Idaho, gained horses *circa* 1700, while the horse frontier east of the Rockies was still along or below the Canadian River in the Panhandle and Oklahoma.

From the Shoshoni, horses moved east to the Upper Missouri tribes and west, along the Snake River plateau, to reach the Nez Percés *about* 1730. (The evasions, *circa* and *about* are used advisedly. Woodward may read this.) The horse changed them with incredible rapidity from a sedentary, river-dwelling, salmon-economy people into a nomadic, hunting, Plains Culture people. Among the horses they got were representatives of the spotted-breed. These could not have been numerous but the gene for spotting is a dominant so far as this story is concerned; having seen more than one mule with Appaloosa markings, having seen a cold-blooded Appaloosa mare bred to a thoroughbred stallion and foal a beautiful, blanket-hipped colt, this story may have some reason to season its genetical madness. The Nez Percés, like most other bipeds, loved to throw a pretty shadow. It may have been the coloring of these horses that sustained their interest in selective breeding. But, never forget that not all the Nez Percés horses were the spotted, *Maumin* breed.

Writing of an assemblage he witnessed at Fort Nez Percés, about 1817, Alexander Ross stated: "Generally, all horses of these fancy colors are claimed by the chiefs . . . and are, therefore, double or treble the value of others." These were the buffalo runners and war horses and they had other characteristics besides their coloring.

The Appaloosa had a white sclera around the eye, even as the human animal. The skin of the nostrils and along the hairless underbelly was parti-colored. The hooves, exceptionally tough and resilient, were striped vertically in black or brown and white. The mane and tail were wispy, the latter almost ratlike in extreme cases. Physically, these horses stood between 14.2 and 15.2, weighing up to 1000 pounds, with good withers, a short back, flat croup, sinewy legs, sloping, powerful shoulders, short, stout cannons and medium pasterns. They were a horse shaped by environment to live and work in a perpendicular terrain. They still are but do not expect to find every one of these old-time characteristics in *every* Appaloosa you see today.

They were easy keepers, able to rustle for themselves in all weathers and to maintain function on a diet that would give a burro acute melancholia. They were steady-nerved, what modern fanciers term, disparagingly, "cold-blooded." They were a well-dispositioned horse, tractable at first saddling and after which, as any working rider knows, is a desideratum devoutly to be wished. They possessed speed over distance—give a buffalo a quarter-mile start and catch him within two miles was the Nez Percés criterion and their



(Courtesy Appaloosa Horse Club, Inc.)

idea of a horse race, as Ross Cox noted in 1817, was a five-mile heat. Cox, himself, with a message from John Clarke, factor of Spokane House, rode a blue-roan Appaloosa to a Flathead camp at Lake Pend O'Reille, 72 miles in 12 hours. They have kept these inner qualities to this day, be they feral or barn-bred, and a man here in my own backyard will uphold this point with vehemence.

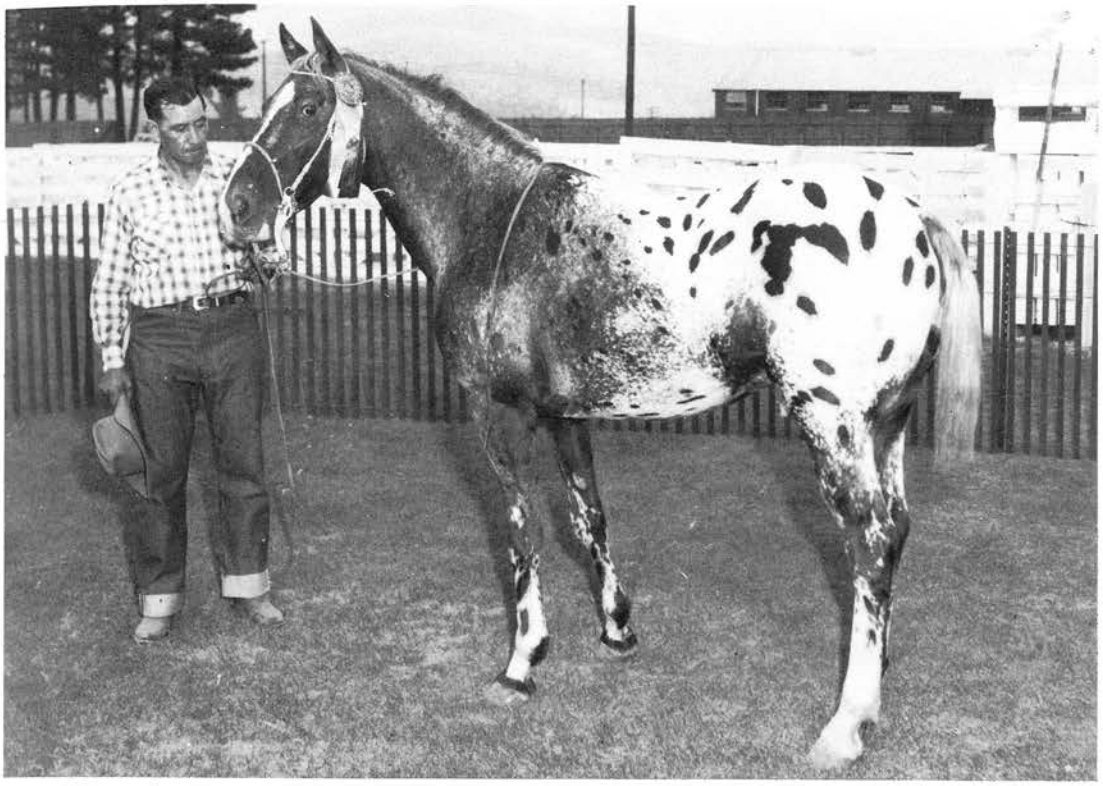
In early March, 1921, Bert Armstrong mustanged an Appaloosa stallion out of the wild bunch north of Pyramid Lake, Nevada, and broke him to ride the next day. On August 21, 1921, Bert got word that his mother was dying in Chico, California, and his car was broke down. He saddled his Appaloosa and made the ride from the Nevada line, east of Susanville, to Chico, across the Sierra by way of the Humboldt Road, 127 miles in 17 hours. And he didn't kill the horse. This, it may be noted, is slightly farther in both distance and time than is covered by the Appaloosa ridden by Mr. Guy Madison when he flutters out of the bat-cave called television in the role of the late and overly-lamented Mr. Hickok.

The fact that the Appaloosa can be traced back in time beyond any other breed occasions the Arab fanciers considerable anguish whenever it is mentioned. Herodotus mentions them, about 480 B.C., as coming from Turkestan, the Valley of the Oxus, the sacred horses of Nesaea. When Xerxes invaded Greece, his chariot was drawn by "sacred horses called Nisaean" from far Bactria, sometimes called "blood-sweating" horses by the Persians. It is worth noting that the Arab contingents in Xerxes' forces were mounted upon camels. The great Persian epic, *Shah Nemeh*, completed by Firdausi about 998 A.D. contains the much older saga of the Persian folk-hero, Rustem, and his horse, Rakush:

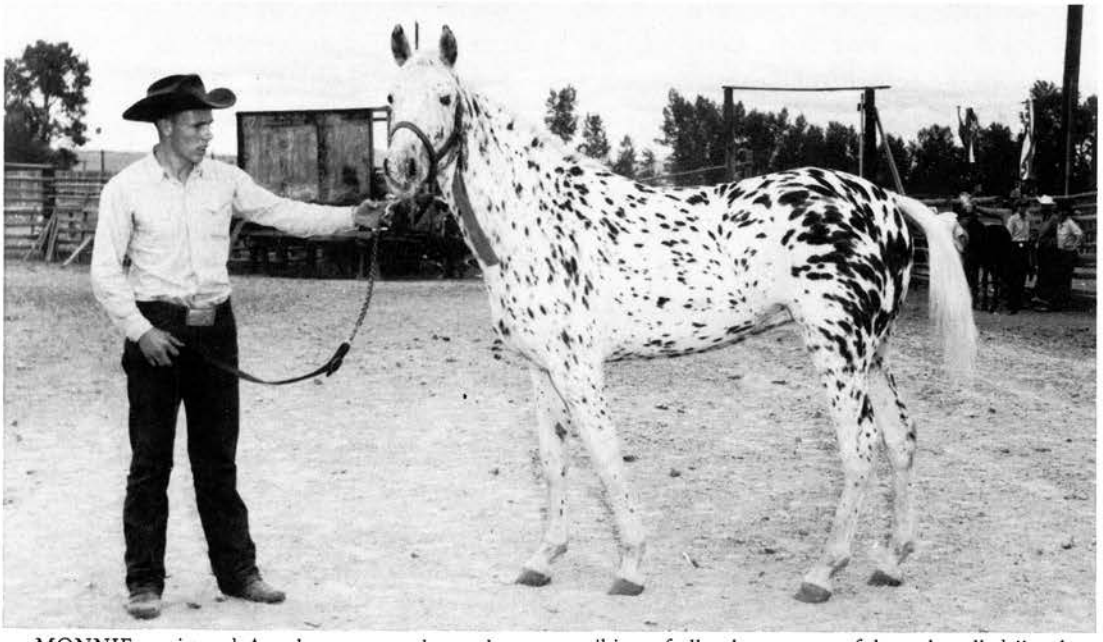
> " . . . a spotted bay
> His whole form beautiful and his spots
> Like roses spread upon a ground of saffron."

Far to the eastwards, behind the Great Wall, the Emperor Wu Ti, greatest of the Han Dynasty, took steps about 101 B.C. to upgrade his cavalry horses so they could meet the raiders from the north, the Hsiung-nu, the Huns of European history. The horses that he wanted for his remount service came from the land called Ferghana, the steppes between the Oxus and Jaxartes rivers, running up into the foothills of the great Hindu Kush and T'ien Shan ranges. It took the emperor some thirty years of bribery and warfare before he acquired his horses which were fired by court artists into imperishable porcelains.

The files of the Appaloosa Horse Club show that the breed still exists in the land of its nativity. Major R. B. Ekvall, USA, found horses of these markings in northern Thibet during his tour of duty there; one called "Ruk Ruk" being small and roanish in color, the other, "Ruk Chas", being larger and darker marked. Both types had the vertically striped hooves, parti-colored skin around nostrils and genitals, white sclera to the eye and wispy manes and tails. Other correspondence from Lhasa, Thibet, contains the following: "A Torgut Mongol Prince from Kuldja tells me that ponies with markings like



BLITZ, aged stallion, shows vividly the spotted coloration—white blanket with darker spots over loins and hips against a dark, blue-roan on forequarters, withers and neck. This pattern was highly prized by the Nez Percés and horses so marked have the pattern from birth. (Courtesy Appaloosa Horse Club, Inc.)



MONNIE, registered Appaloosa mare, shows the most striking of all color patterns, fulsomely called "eagle feathers" with the so-called "finger-tips" showing below the flank, these being close to the medicine-markings used by some Nez Perces on pregnant mares to insure spotted colts. (Courtesy Appaloosa Horse Club, Inc.)

those in the photographs sent are bred in Sinkiang in considerable numbers. The Mongols have an extensive list of names for such colours, the spotted being called Tsohar and subdivided into ten kinds according to their colour. He is certain that the origin of these horses is in Sinkiang although some exports from there may be breeding in Chinghai which is usually the source of Thibetan ponies." Arlan W. McClurkin, Institute Veterinarian of the Agricultural Institute, Allahabad, India, has written the Appaloosa Horse Club that the spotted horse is unknown to him in India as a native breed. A January, 1949, issue of *Life*, however, did carry a picture of Pandit Nehru up on a horse of the "leopard spotted" pattern, presumably an importation from High Asia.

If it be a difference of opinion that makes horse races, a similar honest difference of opinion applies to the route followed by the spotted horse between High Asia and the New World. Answering a query on this point, J. Frank Dobie, the beloved, wrote this author as follows: "The Appaloosa color is not Arabian. If it's not Arabian, what could it be but Barb? If the Appaloosa was of Spanish origin, and he had to be, and was not Arabian, these facts seem to limit his origin to Barb stock." This insistence that the Appaloosa was the same stock as the other Spanish importations into the New World would require the spotted horse to follow the traditional migration route through the centuries—across the North African littoral into Spain, thence via Santa Domingo and the Antilles into Mexico.

Against this accepted pattern of tradition and stock is the fact that assiduous research has failed to uncover any evidence of the spotted-horse in North Africa or Spain. The records of the French and Spanish remount services, who have obtained horses and fought cavalry actions in North Africa for over a century, are barren of any such evidence. So, also, are the traditions of the people of Morocco, Libya and Algeria. Indeed, the animosity of the native Barb and Arab breeders against spots amounts to phobia and it has been perpetuated in this country. No positive evidence yet has been adduced to prove the Appaloosa of either Barb or Arab stock nor to trace the migration route of the Appaloosa along North Africa. All the accumulated evidence works against both these theories.

Francis Haines believes that the Appaloosa came from High Asia to the New World via Central Europe. In the one-time East German province of Freiland, spotted-horses were an entity known as *Knapstroper*. In Austria of the Hapsburgs, similarly marked horses, heavily infused with draft blood, were known as *Pinzgauer* and much used for coach work with Dalmatians trotting alongside for window-dressing. A Beauvais tapestry depicts Louis XIV mounted on a spotted horse. Similarly, a series of five tapestries designed between 1734-1745 by J. B. Oudry, displayed at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1947, depict Louis XV in hunting scenes astride a spotted-horse. Two painters, Johann George Hamilton of Brussels and Vienna, (1666-1733), and John Wootton, of England, (1677-1765) both depicted spotted-horses in their canvases. An importation of spotted

horses reached England during the reign of Charles II, 1660-1685, among which was a spectacularly marked stallion soon named, appropriately enough, "Bloody Buttocks." This English importation originated either in Syria or from the Adriatic port of Trieste. Similar shipments from these ports direct to the New World have not been ruled out as yet although Francis Haines holds to the view that the spotted-horses found in Chihuahua, 1680-1700, were shipped from the Low Countries during the period of Spanish domination. That the spotted-horse is not a Spanish commonplace in the New World comes from Pedro A. Sarciat, the Argentinian authority, who writes that this breed has been imported into the Argentine only since World War I. Personal recall of the writings of Cunningham-Grahame and Hudson finds nothing of spotted-horses among the writings of these two most curious and most knowledgeable men. Talk about "Libyan Leopard" horses, "spotted Moroccan Barbs" and the like brings the rich, ripe, effulgent odor of a rainy day in a goat-shed to this partisan of the Asian Appaloosa.

It is an irony of our western history that the Nez Percés should have been despoiled utterly of all that they held dear by the people towards whom they were uniformly friendly. From the time that Henry Harmon Spalding established the first mission among them, at Lapwai in 1836, the power of the white man's Book and the white man's God was invoked against the spotted horses. These were the war and buffalo and racing horses and, as such, they made their owners independent of the Mission fields where they were to labor patiently and forget the old, wild customs of their fathers. To this very day, many Nez Percés will have nothing to do with the resurgence of the Appaloosa nor with their tribesmen who do.

It took forty years of unswerving loyalty—loyalty given for the privilege of losing earth and gaining Heaven—for the Nez Percés to have enough. When they rose, those who still had the will to follow Joseph, their horses were the backbone of their epic, fighting flight; a pastoral people pitted against the flower of the Regular Army, fighting, too, winter, starvation and the "talking wire." Yet, it must be stressed that not over one-third of Joseph's horses were the *Maumin* breed. When they surrendered, their horses were confiscated by the victors and, in what appears to have been a deliberate dispersal policy, were sold as spoils of war, some at Fort Keogh on the Yellowstone, the rest at Camp Kearney in Nebraska. From these points, the blood was scattered widely and the *Maumin* horses began to leave only their color patterns behind to perpetuate their memory.

It was their coloring that made them circus attractions. Browsing in an old *Sunset* for 1907, this author found a picture of Sells-Floto's extravaganza that featured eight, spectacularly marked horses hauling Ben Hur's chariot around the arena. The press agentry accompanying the picture made much of these "mysterious Arabs" procured at great expense from a French recluse in Nebraska who raised them under conditions of

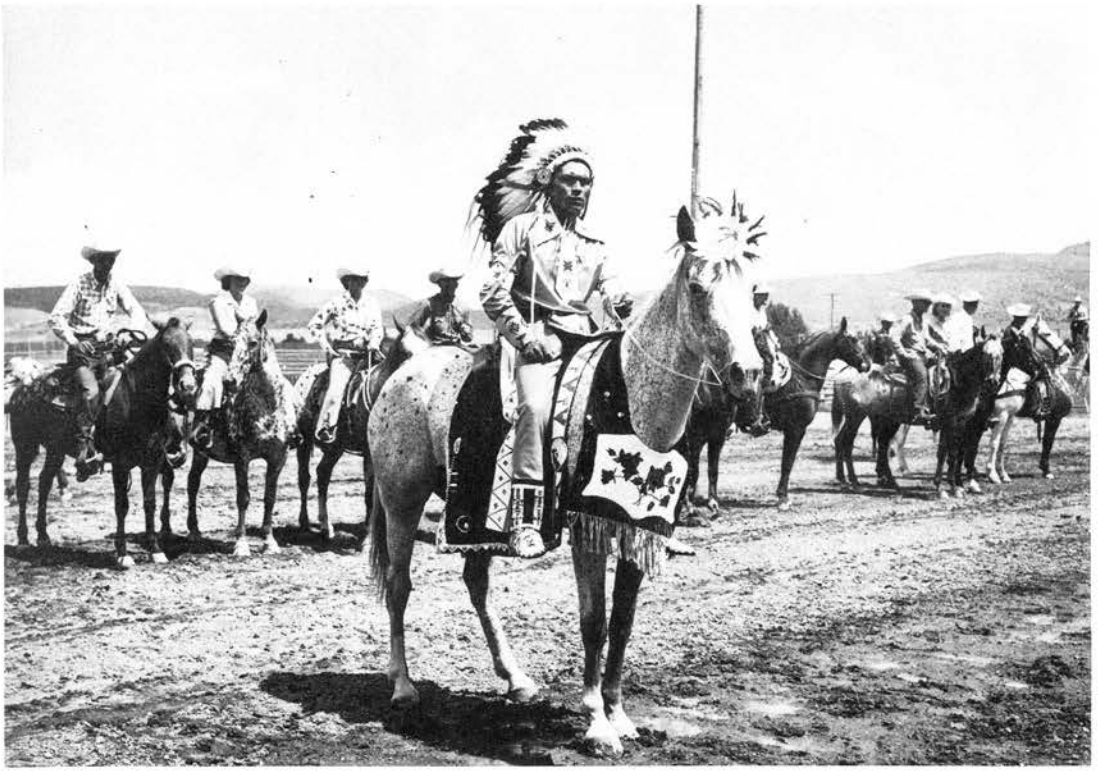
great secrecy. The late Jim Hathaway, may he rest in Esau's bosom, who was born and raised on the Mexican border and lived a most stirring life throughout the contagious vicinity, told me, years after the fact, how a spotted stallion had escaped from Barnum & Bailey's show at Nogales about 1906 and sired many a spotted colt for Jim and his uncle before he died. A recent and most opulently produced book on Buffalo Bill shows Mrs. Cody and daughter, Irma, in a carriage behind two spotted horses. But with their original husbandmen beaten and exiled, the *Maumin* blood became a lost breed—almost!

In isolated canyons of their heartland, a few Nez Percés who had not followed Joseph, who had not succumbed to the grinding pressures of missionaries, grafting Agents and land-hungry whites—men like Sam Fisher, Mack Pocatello and John Red Shirt—still managed to raise the horses of their heritage. (In 1893, Peter Shangreau, a Pine Ridge Sioux, got 91 head from Mack Pocatello and John Red Shirt of which 42 were "Palouseyes", meaning the spotted-breed.) There were, also, white men abiding in that country of the Nez Percés who knew that the spotted horses made the best rough-country, working stock horses they had ever forked, who knew, at least some of them, a little of the "salt and glory" of those horses' heritage.

One of these men, Claude J. Thompson, Moro, Oregon, crystallized the resurgence of the Appaloosa after years of personal work and almost 60 years after Joseph surrendered. This was the incorporation in 1938 of The Appaloosa Horse Club, as a non-profit organization under the laws of Oregon, "To collect records and data relating to the origin of the Appaloosa horse; to file records and issue certificates of registration for animals thought to be fit foundation stock; and to preserve, improve and standardize the breed of spotted-horses known in the northwest as Appaloosas."

It was an immense and arduous task that Claude Thompson thus set himself, his family and those few who joined him. The origin and antecedents of every horse submitted for registration had to be checked, largely in the field of word-of-mouth, almost legendary, remembrances plus examination of the animal itself. The continuing fight was and is to convince proud owners that a spotted hide does not an Appaloosa make. The presence of any draft or pony blood always has been a bar to registry. Thompson was lucky early in the piece when Francis Haines joined the cause. Montana-born and western-raised, "Doc" Haines was and is a historian who works in the field as well as in the stacks. Another early and invaluable recruit was a young rancher from Moscow, Idaho, George B. Hatley, who had known and raised Appaloosas from boyhood and who brought to his post of Executive Secretary the theoretical training of a BS in Animal Husbandry.

Their work was interrupted by WW II but was resumed as soon as possible thereafter, hewing always to the line of bringing back not alone the coloring but the other characteristics of the breed that made it, in their opinion, the best rough-country working horse in the world. They, and those who joined them, never have been real bigoted



JESSE REDHEART, full-blood Nez Percé, grand-nephew of Chief Joseph, during the Grand Entry at Ninth National Appaloosa Horse Show in Elko, Nevada, 1956. The horse, Choo-Choo, is literally speckled. (Courtesy Appaloosa Horse Club, Inc.)

about the horse. All they way is "You can tell the difference when you come in at night."

By 1948, they felt strong enough to hold the first all-Appaloosa Show at Lewiston, Idaho. The best things to come out of this gathering were R. L. Peckinpah, from Quincy, California, and Ben Johnson, Grand Junction, Colorado, who have been pillars of strength in the rapid expansion of the breed, the club and the regional affiliates that have sprung up all over the west in the past three years.

That these people and countless others whose names would make an article as long as this one did their work well was proven in 1950 when the Appaloosa was recognized as a breed by the National Association of Stallion Registration Boards. Today, well over 2500 registered Appaloosas are owned in 38 states, Canada, Hawaii, New Zealand and Great Britain.

What the future of the breed will be is a moot question. The craze for all things Western has produced some strange mutations of many once-honorable symbols of the Frontier. The Appaloosa, because of his coloring, may become nothing more than a spectacular piece of *foofarraw* in the burgeoning and malignant growths with which we both praise and malign our heritage.

However, nothing it seems to me can deny the fact that a group of earnest, working westerners, a group remarkably free to-date of professional horse coping or show-itis, has proven that in this one instance the white man has been an "Indian taker", thus diminishing his deserved reputation with the original freeholders of *Keeping the Sabbath—And Everything Else!*

(Courtesy Historical Society of Montana)

Charles M. Russell's great canvas of the Flatheads meeting Lewis and Clark that hangs in the State Capitol, Helena, Montana. Note the Appaloosa in the foreground. The Flathead obtained these horses from the Nez Percés with whom they were closely allied.

THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS PRESENTS

A CHARLES RUSSELL SKETCHBOOK

PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED DRAWINGS AND MISCELLANY FROM THE H. E. BRITZMAN COLLECTION, COURTESY MRS. H. E. BRITZMAN

A CHARLES RUSSELL SKETCH BOOK

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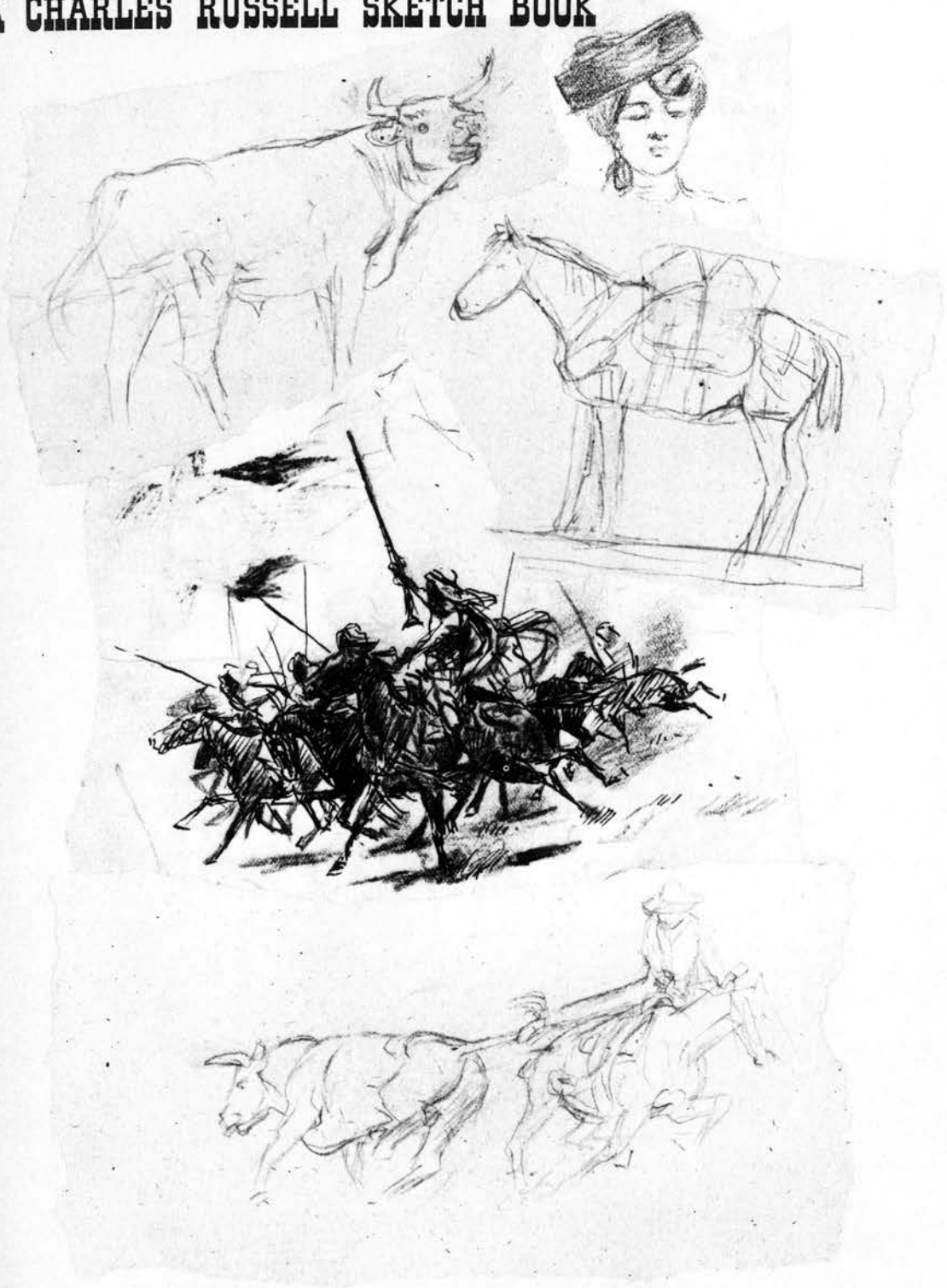


A CHARLES RUSSELL SKETCH BOOK

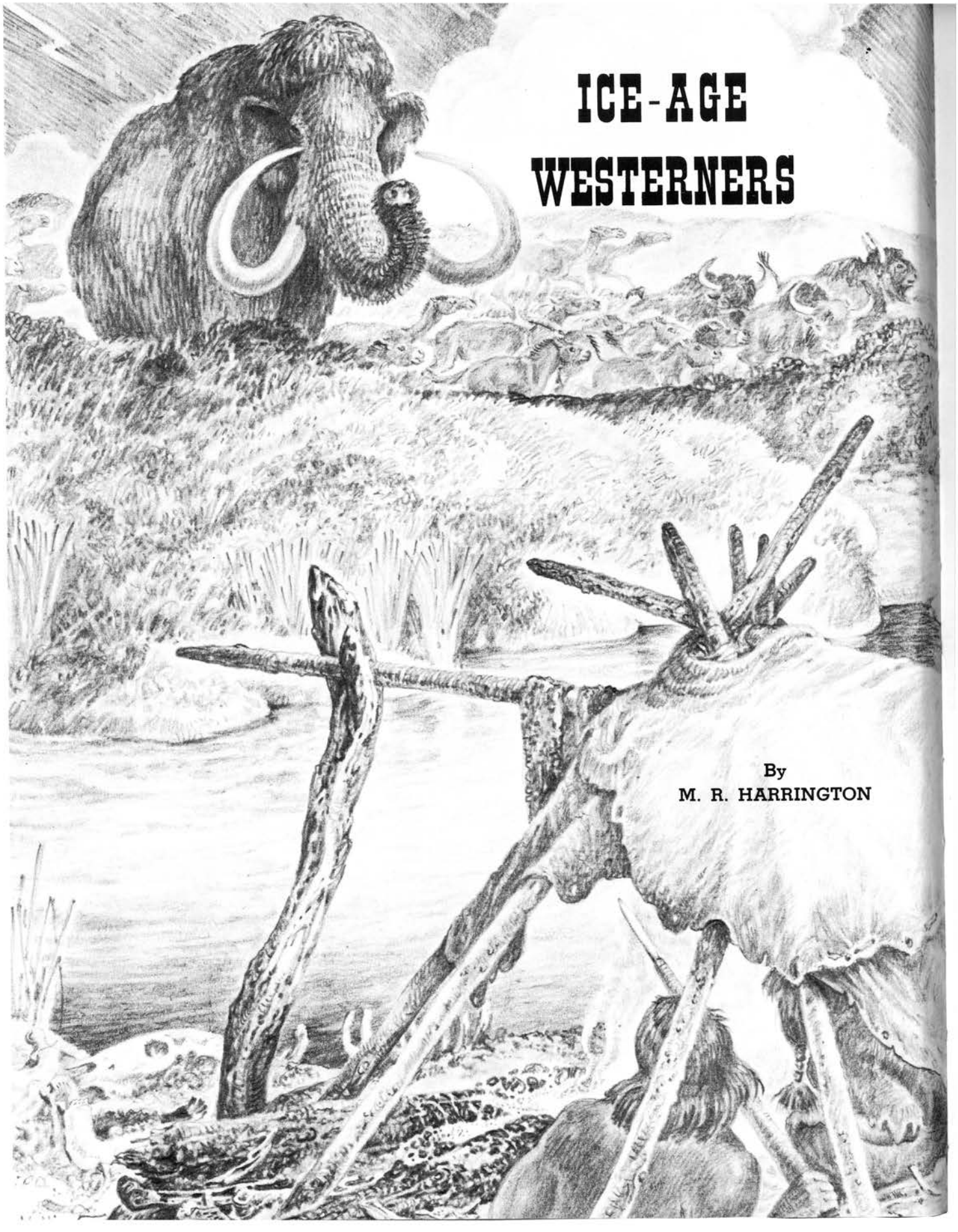
A CHARLES RUSSELL SKETCH BOOK

July 12

Friend Schatzbin

I send by to days express
five pictures which you ordered
some time ago the price is $20
each your friend

C. M. Russell



ICE-AGE WESTERNERS

By
M. R. HARRINGTON

ICE AGE WESTERNERS

In ICE-AGE WESTERNERS the curator of the Southwest Museum—Westerner Mark Raymond Harrington—tells of the discoveries made at Tule Springs, Nevada, which resulted in the known age of man in America being doubled. He does not say it, but the research was made under his direction.

HIGH THUNDER-CLOUDS PILED UP OVER the mountains and spread, darkening, with ominous rumblings, over the land. Soon large drops of rain began to fall. Then came blinding lightning, a terrific roar of thunder. A mixed herd of camels and small horses, grazing in the lush meadows, bolted in panic; a group of long-horned bison gathered quickly about their bull leader. A huge mammoth, with great curving tusks, walking leisurely along the bank of the river, stopped in his tracks, his trunk twisting nervously. Then came the downpour.

Crouching over the low fire in their crude hut—rough poles covered with overlapping camel skins—a young couple shivered.

"Will these rains never stop?" Yagungwe asked her husband. "If they keep up, we can't stay here. The river is rising, the ponds are running over; this valley will be a lake, and I mean soon! The other women in this camp are afraid, too!"

Rungwe groaned. "I'd hate to go away from here. The meadows draw the camels, and that means food for us. And, as you know, we have swamps in this valley where mammoths sometimes bog down. When they do, and the sabre-tooth demons finish drinking their blood, we have a real meat supply for the whole camp!"

But his wife still worried. "What if the river rises over this camp-ground and puts out our fires? How can we start fires again? All wood, everywhere, is wet! I looked at our firesticks—right now they are too damp to use, in spite of the skin bag I made for them!"

"Well, maybe you are right," Rungwe admitted reluctantly. "I know some little caves away up on that mountain across the river and a few of them may be dry enough to live in—might even have some dry sticks in them. It's a long way from food, but maybe we should move up there. Put that piece of rotten wood near this fire to dry out. We can use it for punk to carry fire to our new home—if we can get across the river."

However, the rains did not stop, and the climate grew colder. Then, on the higher mountains, it was snow instead of rain; snow which did not melt, year after year; snow which formed ice; in places, glaciers. For this was the beginning of the last ice advance in the north, the last episode of the great Ice Age or Pleistocene Period.

The valley did become a lake, and the submerged camp-ground of Rungwe and his friends, the split and burned bones of the animals they had cooked and eaten, the few crude stone tools they had made, their fire-beds and ash-dumps, all were buried as the

centuries rolled by, with wash from the neighboring hills—clay, sand, and gravel running down into the lake.

Then the weather became warmer; the snow and ice melted from the mountains; but the rains continued. Finally these decreased, practically ended, and a dry period set in, lasting centuries, becoming even dryer than the present. Now much of the vegetation perished of thirst, and a number of kinds of animals died off altogether—among them the mammoth, the camels, the small American horses, the long-horn bison, the ground-sloths and the sabre-tooth "demons."

The great drouth was finally broken by a shorter rainy period, some three or four thousand years ago; and from that time on to the present, our Southwest has been getting gradually dryer, with a few short rainy periods now and then.

The lake that filled the valley dried, of course, during the great drouth, and again after the "little" rainy interval; then the drainage of the valley—the Vegas valley in southern Nevada, to be exact, began to cut down through the thick lake bed deposits, following the course of the old-time river, and finally tapped some of the fire beds and ash dumps of the ancient people, which had been buried 16 to 20 feet deep.

And then, late in 1932, Mr. Fenley Hunter, representing the American Museum of Natural History, arrived on the scene. Searching for bones of extinct ice-age animals he began at the upper end of the Vegas Wash and, with a companion, worked his way down, scanning carefully the main wash and the side-canyons. He found what he was looking

(Southwest Museum photo)

Discussing a newly found ash-bed at Tule Springs site. Rozaire at left, Harrington right, Peck in front.

MAIN TULE SPRINGS SITE.
Many ash-beds were found at the bases of the eroded lake-deposit hillocks in rear.

for—the bones of mammoth, long-horn bison, camel, American horse, ground sloth—and *then*, early in 1933, in the bank of a side canyon, he discovered a layer of ashes and charcoal containing the mixed broken and burned bones of various kinds of extinct animals, and imbedded among them—a large man-made flake of obsidian probably used in cutting meat. The fact dawned upon him that this was a human deposit, dating back to the Ice Age.

Cutting out a block of the ash with the flake and some bones imbedded, Mr. Hunter carried it to his own institution, and later wrote me at the Southwest Museum, giving us permission to work out the archeological angle.

It was still early in 1933 when Mr. Fay Perkins, who had helped me on other expeditions, and I, made camp in the wind-swept, rain-soaked Vegas Wash. Following Mr. Hunter's directions we succeeded in locating his "dig," not far from Tule Springs, and shortly after, an untouched area, evidently part of a very ancient camp ground, containing a number of fire-beds and an actual ash-dump where camp refuse had been thrown into a small gully. Much of the overburden had been eroded from this spot, although still visible all around it, and it was not too hard to excavate the more interesting portions.

Naturally we, too, found the bones of the food animals of the ancient people—mammoth, bison, camel, horse—but especially camel, broken, split for the marrow, some burned, all mixed. In fact the only articulated bones we saw were those of a camel's foot, evidently hacked off and thrown into the ash-dump. Unfortunately we did not, as Mr. Hunter had, find any stone tools directly in the deposits, although we did get, imbedded in them, two awl-like implements ground from camel bone, and part of a third;

also picked up a few crude choppers and scrapers, chipped from stone, near the fire-beds and on the same level.

It was a good find—the association of man with extinct Pleistocene animals—but others had been made before. The age? These animals are supposed to have become extinct some 10,000 years ago, so we figured it must be about that. The geological situation however was puzzling, maybe our camp-site was even older—it looked to be—but how could we tell?

Years passed, and then—the wonderful Carbon 14 age test was invented. We found some of our stored charcoal, and the thought came to us—how about the Tule Springs site? There is plenty of charcoal in the fire-beds to get more for a test. So we made another visit, collected some, and sent a lot to Dr. W. F. Libby of Chicago University, who was making the tests. Incidentally, he is now on the Atomic Energy Commission.

"Carbon 14" is a method of age determination based on the fact that living plants give off a certain amount of radiation, which becomes less and less, at a regular rate, after the plant dies. Thus the amount of radiation remaining, determined by an especially sensitive Geiger counter, gives the approximate age of, let us say, a specimen of charcoal, within a comparatively small margin of possible error.

We waited a few weeks—then Professor Libby wrote for another sample, which we provided, and Mr. Hunter also sent in a sample. When the final report came, we were dumfounded. The Tule Springs charcoal was "MORE THAN 23,800 YEARS OLD!" The known age of man in America had been more than doubled; the Tule Springs camp-site had probably been occupied before the last advance of the glacial ice in the north!

Naturally a Southwest Museum expedition returned to the site, but all our digging revealed the same things—nothing different from what we had found before, except that Miss Ruth Simpson, Associate Curator, located the greater part of the dismembered skeleton of a mammoth, with a tusk more than seven feet long, in a side canyon some distance from the ancient camp ground. And this had a small fire-bed not far from the head.

Again we returned in April of 1956, with the help of Mr. Phil C. Orr, paleontologist of the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, who brought a bulldozer with him. After he had scraped off the overburden it was the same lucky—or shall we say capable—Miss Simpson who discovered an unmistakable chipped stone scraper imbedded *in* one of the fire deposits.

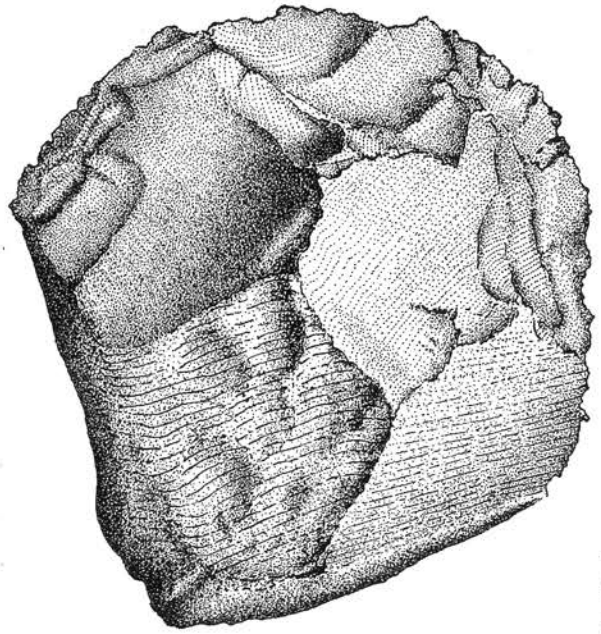
In spite of this outstanding find it would not pay us to return without very heavy equipment, or a big crew of pick-and-shovel men, for now all the fire-beds partly uncovered by erosion have been excavated. We would have to tackle those which still bear the 16 to 20 foot overburden, and much of that is tough clay.

What did we learn about these very ancient people? Not too much. We know they camped on a series of low knolls on the banks of a stream, and that the animals they ate

were mammoth, long-horn bison, camel, small American horse, but especially camel. How did they kill them? That we do not know—probably they had spears, maybe spear-throwers also. Probably too, the spears had fire-hardened hardwood points, as no stone points were found. A later examination of the animal bones showed that most of them were from very young or aged individuals, which would be easier to kill. We know that the people usually broiled the meat, but we found at least one roasting pit. After cooking they broke and split all the long bones to get out the marrow. Usually they left the bones where they fell, but sometimes they scraped up their garbage, including ashes, and threw it into a convenient gully.

About their tools we know little—except that they had awl-like implements made from camel-bone, flakes of obsidian and doubtless other stones for cutting, pebble choppers or hand-axes with the cutting edge chipped on both sides, and scrapers, large "hump-backs," with one side flat, the other chipped to an edge. Probably the choppers served to break up firewood and to split bones for the marrow—the scrapers for dressing skins. Incidentally there is no obsidian near Tule Springs—the flake Hunter found must have been brought from a distance.

Since our last Tule Springs expedition even earlier finds have been made elsewhere, the age determined by a more sensitive Carbon 14 apparatus, carrying the age of Man in America back to some 30,000 years. What future discoveries will show remains to be seen.



Rude Stone hand-hatchet or "chopper" Tule Springs, Nevada.

FRÉMONT AT THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF CAHUENGA

as visualized and described by

DWIGHT FRANKLIN

who takes issue with conventional portrayals.

The signing of articles of capitulation at Cahuenga, now so important an event in California history, was almost unnoticed at the time. It happened so suddenly that few details of the signing were recorded and, in order to reconstruct the picture, it is necessary to piece together fragmentary facts from various sources.

For example, there seems to be no record of how Frémont and his California Battalion looked at that time. However, how they looked at Monterey and Sausalito some six months before was described in considerable detail and there is no reason to suppose that their appearance was essentially different at Cahuenga.

In Monterey, Frémont had discarded his uniform in favor of the more practical and much more picturesque dress of the plainsman. Slouch hatted and bearded, with blue navy shirt open at the throat, suit of fringed buckskin, knife and pistol at the belt, he brings to mind a picture of Custer in the field.

The California Battalion was recruited from various walks of life and consisted of settlers, sailors, trappers and hunters. Both men and officers were dressed in much the same style and they were an irregular mounted force, but well disciplined and fit. From Monterey, they made a hard march down the California coast and arrived in San Fernando, months later, in dirty weather. They must have been mud caked, ragged and tired.

The Monterey details are well described in Allan Nevins' "Frémont, Pathmarker of the West," which is based on original sources and supplemented with many footnotes. D.F.

FRÉMONT'S BLUFF

By RICHARD H. DILLON

A CALIFORNIA TRAPPER named Agustín Escobar rode down out of the Sierra Nevada one day in February 1846, a month's take of furs lashed in a bundle behind his saddle. As he rode north at a leisurely pace, heading for Monterey, he found a horseman blocking the trail.

The man, a rough-looking foreigner, spoke to him in English which Escobar did not understand. The trapper politely explained this in his own tongue and attempted to pass. The American blocked his way and Escobar, annoyed, reached for his rifle. The *gringo* gave a shout and the *Californio* found himself surrounded by six or eight Americans, armed with rifles.

One of the men asked him in Spanish if he did not know that the United States was at war with Mexico. Escobar answered that he did not, explaining that he had just arrived from the mountains. The men did not bother his pelts but they took his horse and his rifle before riding off. Escobar made his way to Monterey to report the outrage and, less than a month later, found himself marching in Don Juan Bautista Alvarado's command to resist the "invasion" of John C. Frémont.

Frémont was camped on the Hartnell Rancho on March 3, about twenty-five miles from Monterey, when three men galloped up to the bivouac and reined to an abrupt halt. Lieutenant José Antonio Chavez, a California cavalry officer, delivered a message to Frémont from his commanding general, Don José Castro. Chávez's abrupt and rude manner was matched by the tone of Castro's communiqué, which ordered Frémont to leave the Department of California at once. Castro threatened to use force if Fremont did not comply.

Frémont, flushed with anger, expressed his astonishment at Castro's rudeness and "breach of good faith." He asked Chávez to reply to his chief that he absolutely refused to comply with an order which insulted the American Government as well as himself.

Early the next morning, Frémont moved his camp to the Don Joaquín Gómez house and then up a wood-cutting road to the summit of Gabilán (Hawk) Peak. Here, at 3,169 feet of elevation, he commanded the Santa Clara Valley and the Salinas Plain. Not only did the peak afford plenty of wood, water and grass but it also allowed a retreat to the San Joaquin River to the east should such a course become necessary.

Frémont set his men to building a strong fort of oak and digger-pine logs and had a

sapling raised as a flag pole. To the cheers of the men he ran up the Stars and Stripes over Mexican soil.

Alvarado's force, composed of some sixty to seventy men, was divided into two encampments—one under Alvarado himself, the other commanded by the Prefect Manuel Castro. Alvarado's unit camped in the open at Los Pilarcitos as night drew on, their only shelter being a rock fence. Don Esteban de la Torre, Officer of the Guard, was in charge of four sentinels and a corporal.

Around nine o'clock, the trapper Escobar was on guard near the great bonfire which had been kindled because of the cold. Alvarado lay in his blankets taking great swallows of liquor although he was already quite drunk. Suddenly, a soldier named Tiburcio Soto—also in his cups—began to shout "*Vivas!*" for Colonel Alvarado. He repeated them so lustily and frequently that the latter grew angry and ordered him to retire. Soto refused and Alvarado, furious, ordered the Officer of the Guard to shoot him. Instead, de la Torre and Escobar dragged him to the outskirts of the camp ground and booted him on his way.

Alvarado kept forcing drinks on his sentinel, and Escobar, because of his commander's insistence and the cold of the night, "drank with much pleasure." When Alvarado asked, "Aguias, where is Soto?," the trapper answered, "Well, didn't you order that he be taken away?" "Yes, that's right," the Colonel answered and, rolling up in his blankets, went to sleep.

After breakfast next day the command marched to San Juan Bautista where it joined José Castro's force. Castro was amusing himself by having his artilleryman, Francisco Rico, blow an alder tree apart with well-aimed shots from a culverin.

Up on the peak, Fremont had obtained a steer from a valley *rancho* and two *vaqueros* roped it, tied it to a work ox and dragged it thus to the American camp where they butchered it. The sight and smell of blood maddened the tame ox and it charged wildly through the camp, scattering men and equipment.

As it turned out, this was the only attack on Frémont's fort during the three days he remained on the "Pic del Gabelano", though his letter to U. S. Consul Larkin on March 9 had the odor of gunsmoke about it—"I am making myself as strong as possible and in the intention that if we are unjustly attacked, we will fight to extremity and refuse quarter, trusting to our country to avenge us."

He watched the Mexicans through his telescope, and friendly *vaqueros* informed him Castro was winning Indian allies with liquor. Late in the afternoon of the second day Domingo Hernández and Capistrano López led forty horsemen up the road to the peak. Frémont took forty of his men to a thicket to ambush the party but, after a consultation, they turned back before coming in range of the Americans.

Frémont wrote later that "my sense of duty did not permit me to fight them, but we retired slowly and growlingly before a force of four hundred men and three pieces of

artillery." Many have deplored Frémont's vanity and questioned his horse sense but no one has doubted his nerve. It is almost certain that Frémont decided to retire from Gabilán Peak when he realized that he was placing the United States Government in a most compromising position.

The gravity of the situation was reflected in Larkin's letter of March 9 to the U.S. Consul at Mazatlán. He asked that a sloop-of-war be dispatched north to aid Frémont who had only fifty men with only (!) "three to six guns, rifles and pistols each" against a force of some three hundred men.

Late in the third day the flagpole fell down and Frémont suggested it was a sign to move camp. His bluff had worked. He had maintained the dignity of the United States and preserved his own prestige with his men. "I now felt myself bound to go on my way, having given General Castro sufficient time to execute his threat." The Americans resumed their march to Sutter's Fort, covering only four to six miles a day to allow Castro to attack them if he dared.

Castro had sent John Gilroy to Gabilán Peak on March 11 to mediate the dispute. He found the fires still going in the deserted campground. Abandoned tent poles, clothing and saddles littered the area of the log breastworks with its fallen flagstaff. Despite his fiery proclamation of the 8th, in which he called Frémont's command "a band of robbers," Castro was disinclined to attack.

Concerning the major figures of this farcical little "cold war," Hubert Howe Bancroft claimed that, "of the two, Frémont made by far the greater fool of himself." This is a little hard to swallow. Frémont made a big bluff at Gabilán Peak which Castro refused to call.

When his men were eager to attack, Castro put them off, alleging (correctly) that there was no need to spill blood. He made it clear he did not want their blood on his hands. His men were so angered that they rebelled against him and Alvarado, planning to replace them with the firebrands Francisco Rico and Manuel Castro. General Castro got word of the plot and showed his true mettle by suddenly dissolving the auxiliary companies and forming up his own *Presidio de Monterey* Company and the loyal volunteers from the Gilroy and San Isidro *ranchos*. The rebels found themselves looking into the mouths of the cannon, loaded with grapeshot. Behind each piece stood a cannoneer with a burning fuse at the ready.

Castro delivered a hot harangue to the rebels and dismissed them, telling them to go home. ("And this we did," recalled Escobar.)

The site of this near-skirmish is now Frémont State Park. You can consider it a monument to two fools of a comic-opera war if you like, as H. H. Bancroft would probably do. It would be far more just, however, to think of it as a monument to two cool heads which prevailed over angry men and spared California the unnecessary blood-letting of another San Pascual.

DORA HAND, the popular dance hall singer of old Dodge City; killed by John Kennedy, and the last woman buried on Boot Hill. This is from an old photograph which I found in a photograph gallery in 1926, and identified as Dora Hand by two old women who had known her.

The prostitute with a heart of gold is a favorite character in the Old West of fact and fiction. Dora Hand of Dodge City, mixture of wanton and virtue, almost parallels the story of Julie Bulette of Virginia City. Both women followed the primrose path and both were the most popular gals of the town. Both were generous. Dora nursed sick cowboys, Julie sick miners. Dora was shot to death, Julie was strangled to death. Each had a record-breaking funeral. Here, for the first time told, is the authentic story of Dora Hand.

DORA HAND

THE DANCE HALL SINGER OF OLD DODGE CITY

By EARLE R. FORREST

DORA HAND, DANCE HALL SINGER OF DODGE CITY during the wild trail herd days of the 1870s, was one of the most glamorous and mysterious women the Old West ever produced. Glamorous because old-timers in Dodge still remembered her beauty, her charms and her sweetness fifty years after her death; mysterious because a curtain shrouded her early life before she appeared in the West.

What little I knew of her story had always fascinated me, and in the summer of 1926 when I was in Dodge City I decided to gather as much information as possible from the few old men left who were young when Dodge City was still in its youth and when Dora Hand was young and full of the love of life, even though it was a sordid, hazardous life on a wild frontier. Whatever her failings, and they were many, she paid the price when her life was brought to an end by a chance shot from a cowboy's six-shooter. Some people in Dodge City will tell you that she was the only woman ever buried on Boot Hill; but when I delved into her story I found that four others had preceded Dora Hand to graves on that hill of lurid memories.

My story is based on interviews with such old-timers as O. A. (Brick) Bond, and George W. Reighard, the last of the old buffalo hunters in Dodge; Hamilton B. Bell (Ham for short), a former sheriff of Ford County in its wild days, and Dr. O. H. Simpson, known as the cowboy dentist. These frontiersmen of early days have long since passed on to another range. Although Dr. Simpson did not arrive in Dodge until 1884 he had a nose for history as a hobby, and had spent forty years in gathering stories of those early days; and to him I am indebted for much definite information on the early life of this woman and four others who had preceded her to graves on Boot Hill. Most of what follows is given for the first time.

The hand of the Old West wrote many a strange, bitter life story; but Dora Hand's

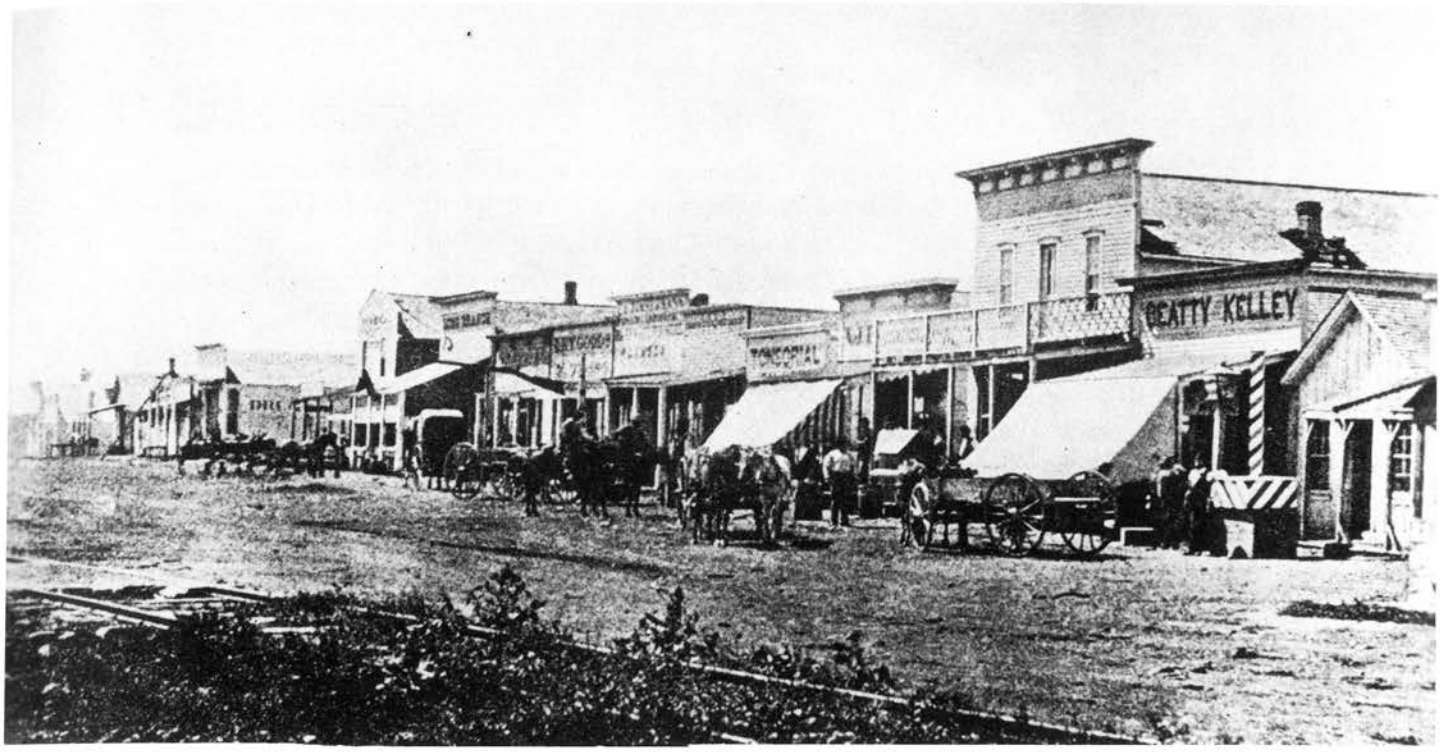
was one of the strangest, one of the most romantic and sordid of all. Her character was a strange mixture of the wanton and the virtuous, and even though fifty years had passed, those old-timers with whom I talked still spoke of her with respect, and remembered her as the most charming and bewitching woman, good or bad, in the West they had known in their youth. She seemed to hypnotize everyone she met; and as I talked to those old men of the long ago I could see that out of the hazy past of old Dodge the mythical smile of Dora Hand, wanton and dance hall singer, still shone down across fifty years of time with all its traditional sweetness.

When occasion arose she was all woman; and more than one young cowboy, wounded unto death in some dance hall or saloon brawl, went out over the long trail with his head pillowed in her arms, her's the only tears shed. Like most girls of the "Primrose Path," she had plenty of money; but she was generous, perhaps to a fault. Dr. Simpson told me that when another dance hall girl was down and out it was Dora Hand who came to her aid, no matter what the need; and when some luckless cowboy lost his last dollar in a poker game it was this same Dora Hand who grubstaked him for the journey back to his folks in Texas. When someone was sick or wounded Dora Hand became a nurse. No wonder the men who followed the trail herds to Dodge City in the seventies respected her memory long after she was dead.

According to western traditions she came from a proud old Boston family. Dr. Simpson had found in his research that early in life she showed talent as a singer, and after completing a musical education in Germany she went on the stage, making a tour with a company in Europe. This must have been short, for she soon returned and sang in grand opera in some of the principal cities in America. Fame and fortune seemed to be knocking at her door.

Her journey down the "Primrose Path," which ended in a flame of brilliant scarlet as a dance hall singer in Dodge City, began in 1868. While her company was playing in Kansas City she met a handsome young cavalry captain, on a furlough from frontier service. It was the age old story of an attractive youth in an officer's uniform, and a beautiful girl whose soul craved romance. Some claimed that they were never married, but an item in the *Dodge City Globe* for 1878, lists the case of Dora Hand versus Theodore Hand, who must have been the cavalryman who first won her heart.

She left Kansas City with the captain, and they went to Hays City, near Fort Hays where the captain's regiment was stationed. Whether they were married or not makes little difference. If they did not indulge in the benefit of clergy or a justice of the peace no one gave the matter a thought, for that was the wild frontier where anything went. Dr. Simpson heard that she was known in Hays City as Ida May, but he doubted the report. At any rate she and her soldier lover lived together until he was transferred, and each went a different path, never to meet again. The reason for this separation is not known. Perhaps



FRONT STREET, DODGE CITY, in 1878, during trail herd days. On the right is Beatty& Kelley's saloon. This was Mayor James Kelley, consort of Dora Hand. The Santa Fe railroad tracks are in the foreground. Front Street was the scene of early gunfights.

it was a lovers' quarrel that might have been mended in time; perhaps they became tired of each other and parted by mutual consent.

But no matter what the reason may have been it left no trace of bitterness in Dora Hand's heart; for she remained the same attractive woman with the bewitching smile that made men fight and die for her down through the scarlet years. She had made her bed and she was game to the end. It was not her fault that God had given her a beautiful face and a smile that won hearts and made friends. And what was exceedingly rare with such a woman her friends were not confined to the opposite sex, for every dance hall girl in Dodge would have given her life for Dora Hand.

The old court records at Dodge City show that the case of Dora Hand versus Theodore Hand was set for trial at the January term of 1878. The nature of this litigation is not known. Two of the old-timers I talked to had a hazy recollection that Theodore Hand was the name of the cavalry captain, and that she sought a divorce so that she could marry Mayor James Kelley; but the register of officers of the United States Army does not contain the name of Theodore Hand; and she did not marry Kelley with whom she was living, for the *Dodge City Globe* stated that she was killed just a few months before that term of court.

Dr. Simpson found that after she and the captain separated, an engineer named Curry became infatuated with her; and western traditions say that he killed five or six men who

dared look her way. Abilene, then in its prime as a trail-end cowtown, knew her as Fanny Keenan for a time after the Hays City days; and from there she drifted to Dodge City.

The smiles of Dora Hand caused more gunfights than any other woman in all the West, if half the stories told are correct. As Dr. Simpson remarked; "Everybody fought over her. She was so charming that they couldn't help it."

As just stated, her consort at Dodge City was Mayor Jim Kelley, proprietor of the Opera Saloon and Dance Hall, which she frequented as singer during her career in resorts across the "dead line."

Dr. Simpson related a story of a wedding one night in Peacock's Dance Hall when a party of Easterners "seeing Wicked Dodge," took in as part of the sights the wedding of a dance hall girl known as "Goldie" and a young Texas cowboy. After the ceremony was performed by Harry Girden, a justice of the peace, Dora Hand sang, "Because I Love You So," followed by "Blessed Be The Tie That Binds." Never in all its checkered career was such singing heard again in Peacock's Dance Hall. She threw her whole soul into those songs, and sang as she had not since her opera days. That night she won the title of "the nightingale of the old frontier." The couple went to Texas where they prospered and were still living in 1926, respected by all who knew them.

The date of Dora's death is not certain, but it must have been in the early fall of 1877, for the *Dodge City Globe* states that she was murdered a few months before her case against Theodora Hand was listed at the January, 1878, term of court, although some authors give the date as early in October, 1878. If the *Dodge City Globe* is correct (and it must be) it must have been in October, 1877. It all started when a young cowboy named John W. Kennedy, son of Captain M. Kennedy, a well known Texas cattleman, rode into Dodge with a trail herd of his father's cattle; and like many another young cowboy he was fascinated by Dora Hand.

There was nothing unusual about this; but Kennedy was endowed with those masculine qualities that are very attractive to feminine eyes, and he received more than a passing smile from Dora Hand. Just how far this went is not certain, but it was enough to arouse the jealousy of Mayor Jim Kelley, who regarded Dora as his property. He soon came to blows with Kennedy, and the latter received the worst of the argument.

Some of those old-timers claim that Kennedy had Indian blood in his veins; but this is not certain. However, he did plan a deadly revenge for the beating he had received. In a little two-roomed house, which Kelley owned back of the Western Hotel, Dora Hand lived as his mistress. Kennedy knew this, and made his plans carefully. Well knowing that his only chance of escape, if he got his man, lay in a rapid flight back to Texas, he purchased a good horse to carry him through, and then he located the position of the mayor's bed.

Dodge was almost an all-night town; but at four o'clock one morning several days

after the fight, an hour when everyone was almost certain to be asleep, Kennedy rode up to the little cottage in the rear of Front street; and two flaming, rocket-like streaks of fire suddenly flashed through the darkness, followed by the sharp, rapid reports of a six-shooter, as two bullets crashed through the door. The assassin's aim was accurate to an uncanny degree, or perhaps it was a chance shot in the dark; but his intended victim had left town the night before on business. This incident saved Jim Kelley's life; but Dora Hand, who was sleeping in his bed, paid the price.

One version told by Dr. Simpson was that she was entertaining a prominent cattleman during the mayor's absence, and he did not know what had occurred until awakened by blood in the bed. When he investigated he found that the woman at his side was dead. For the sake of posterity this name is withheld, although Simpson mentioned it.

However, the account in the old files of *The Globe* does not mention the presence of a man in the house; but another bed in the room was occupied by Fanny Garretson, another dance hall girl; and the bullet that killed Dora Hand passed so close to her that it brushed the bed clothing.

Fanny leaped from the bed with a terrified yell, and when she found that her companion was dead she ran from the house hysterically calling for help. A killing in old Dodge attracted little more than passing notice; but when the news was flashed from lip to lip that Dora Hand had been shot to death, men came running from all directions, and the greatest excitement prevailed. It was well for Kennedy that he had made his escape or his life-story would have ended right there.

BOOT HILL, DODGE CITY, in 1926. This shows the school house that was built in 1890 on the summit of the hill. It was abandoned in 1926, and was razed in 1929 for a new city hall.

PRAIRIE GROVE CEMETERY in 1926. In the foreground were the graves of 33 bodies removed in 1879 from Boot Hill after it was closed in 1878. Dr. O. H. Simpson is shown standing where Marshal Tom Nixon, the famous buffalo hunter, was buried in 1884, after he was killed by "Mysterious" Dave Mather.

As dawn appeared on the rim of the prairie, the law of old Dodge, mounted on five horses, galloped across the Arkansas bridge and down the Texas trail in pursuit of the murderer. This posse was led by Sheriff Bat Masterson, with Wyatt Earp, Bill Tilghman, Charley Bassett, and Pat Duffy as deputies. Just before leaving, Bat instructed his men that Kennedy must be brought back alive.

The posse reached Cimarron crossing near Meade City, ahead of their man, and there they waited for they knew he would have to cross at that point. The fugitive appeared near sunset, but when ordered by the sheriff to surrender he told that officer to go to hell with a calm defiance that was astonishing under the circumstances. At the same time he attempted to draw, but Bat was too quick for him, and Kennedy was almost instantly knocked from his saddle with a charge of buckshot in his shoulder. The posse returned with their prisoner, and rushed him to the hospital at Fort Dodge for treatment and to prevent a lynching; for, at that time, the men of old Dodge would have given Dora Hand's assassin a short shift at the end of a rope.

Dora Hand's funeral was described by Dr. Simpson as the largest ever held in old Dodge City. As the prairie schooner that carried the rough board coffin, the best that Dodge had in those days, wound its way from Front Street to Tin Pot alley and up to Boot Hill, it was followed by a concourse of dance hall girls and two hundred mounted men. Some of them were rated as good and many as bad, according to frontier standards. They were there to pay their last tribute of respect to a woman rated by those same frontier standards, as good as the best and as bad as the worst; but she had been a friend to them

all. Sentiment was a long forgotten feeling in that gathering; but men who had killed ruthlessly and had seen many die without so much as a look of pity, wept for the first time since they were boys as Dora Hand, dance hall singer of wicked Dodge, was lowered into a grave on Boot Hill.

The Rev. O. W. Wright, who conducted the services, had been so touched by personal contact with Dora Hand's charming personality that he selected as his text; "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Never before had such a sermon been heard in Dodge City.

Shortly after the funeral Fanny Garretson, who had so narrowly escaped death that fatal night, left Dodge City forever, and was never heard of again by those who had known her there.

Several weeks later when Captain Kennedy arrived from Texas his son was still in the hospital at Fort Dodge with a shoulder full of buckshot. He was only a casualty of the frontier, a man who had taken a life, and no one had taken the trouble to relieve his suffering. His father immediately sent to Fort Leavenworth for Dr. B. E. Fryer, one of the most skilled surgeons in Kansas at that time, and with the help of Doctors Tremaine and T. L. McCarty, of Dodge City, the shattered bones and shot were removed; but the youth's arm was crippled for life.

ODD FELLOWS HALL, at the corner of First and Chestnut streets, Dodge City, in 1926; built in 1886. Chestnut Street, at the left, was the famous Tin Pot Alley of early days into which, it is claimed, dead men were thrown after fights in the saloons, to be buried the next day on Boot Hill.

As soon as Kennedy recovered he was placed on trial, defended by expert counsel employed by his father. There were no witnesses to the shooting, and as excitement over the murder had died down the accused man was acquitted. After all a human life snuffed out by a bullet was only another killing, and Dora Hand's winsome smiles were already forgotten in the wild life of old Dodge; for she was only a dance hall girl and others had come to take her place. Kennedy returned to Texas with his father; and the story is told that he killed two other men before he met one quicker on the draw.

An interesting story of Dora Hand that came to light thirty-seven years later, was told to me by Dr. Simpson as it had been related to him by one of Dodge City's old-time residents, whose name was withheld at his request. The story appears here for the first time.

When in Denver in 1911, this man called upon an old friend engaged in the real estate business, and while in his office was introduced to a resident of Pawnee Rock, Kansas. The latter was interested in a tract of coal land about sixty miles from Denver, and the Dodge City man accepted an invitation to accompany them on an inspection of the property.

At Palmer Lake the two Kansas men were introduced to a merchant, who displayed more than passing interest when Dodge City was mentioned, and he asked the Pawnee Rock man concerning affairs in general in the old frontier metropolis, under the impression that he was from that place.

"Don't accuse me of being from that town," the latter replied in a jocular tone. "In my younger days I was a cowboy in Kansas during the trail herd days. I was young and full of the spirit of adventure, and the wild life appealed to me.

"Dodge City was the Mecca of all cowboys in those years, but the only time I was ever there was in 1874, when I lost my horse, saddle and bridle, all my worldly possessions except the clothes on my back. Naturally I never felt very kindly towards the town again. I had purchased the outfit only a few days before, and I was in love with it. Having heard much of the sights and life of Dodge City I decided to pay it a visit. I tied my horse to a rack in front of a saloon, and just as I entered the place I looked back and thought it was the prettiest horse and outfit I had ever laid my eyes on. That was the last time I ever saw my cowboy outfit, for the horse was stolen by a man who had shot another in a fight in a saloon, and had to get out of town ahead of the marshal; and to this day I have never heard of it."

This seemed to end the story; but just as the visitors entered their car to continue their journey the Palmer Lake man asked; "What was your pony, saddle and bridle worth?"

"I gave forty dollars for the pony and forty-five for the saddle, bridle and blanket," replied the Pawnee Rock man.

"What would you take for a clear receipt?" asked the merchant.

"Well, I would sell pretty cheap," was the laughing reply.

"What do you call cheap?" the merchant asked.

The manner of the question plainly showed that something more than idle curiosity was back of the query, and the Pawnee Rock man asked in a more serious tone; "Why do you want to know?"

"Because I took that horse," confessed the other. "Like all young cowboys in those days I was pretty wild and enjoyed a good time when I struck town; but I was never a horse thief. It was a case of dire necessity, as you know by this time. I drank, fought, and loved the bright lights; but I was raised too well to steal.

"The fight I got into that day was over Dora Hand, the singer in Jim Kelley's dance hall. All Dodge and the best part of Texas was crazy over her, and it was no wonder; bad though she was, every man who ever knew her would have waded through hell for one of her smiles. I had known her in Hays City as Ida May, and I never could be myself when she saw fit to cast her spell over me.

"That fight was no different from many others of the same kind. There was no reason for it; only a smile from Dora Hand, and we both went for our guns. I was a little quicker on the draw, and when I saw the other fellow fall, visions of Jack Bridges, the marshal, and his big buffalo gun suddenly appeared before me, and I stampeded out of the door. I had no time to look for my horse, but leaped upon the nearest pony and was away like the wind.

"Wild though I was that was the first and only real crime I ever committed, and with the fear of the marshal in my heart I rode day and night until I got up here in the mountains. That fight sobered me up, and for thirty-seven years I have lived a respectable life. I went into business and prospered. Several years later I learned that the man I shot had recovered, but I have always hoped that some day I would get a chance to pay the owner of that horse, and thank him for leaving such a good animal in such a handy spot. For years I was afraid to make inquiry at Dodge for fear the law had not forgotten that old fight; and when I finally knew it would be safe I felt that the owner of the horse had probably drifted away."

The merchant figured a little and then handed over his check for three hundred eighty-five dollars in full of the debt, interest and good will for thirty-seven years. On the way back the Pawnee Rock man remarked; "I'm glad that horse was stolen, for I have had a good investment all these years and didn't know it. I need the money worse now than I ever did; and besides, if I had kept that pony and outfit I would have ridden the range, in and out of Dodge; for I liked the bright lights and Dora Hand's smiles, and there's no telling what might have become of me. Anyway the loss of my outfit ended my career as a cowboy."

James Kelley was the only man in all the West who knew Dora Hand's real name; but he carried it unrevealed to his grave, and it remains forever buried among the secrets

of Boot Hill. Dr. Simpson said that one night in a confidential mood, as a flood of old memories and remorse swept over her, she told Kelley her story, exacting a promise that he would never reveal her identity.

Kelley died in 1912 in the Fort Dodge Soldiers' Home, for he had been a trooper under General Custer; and when asked an hour before his death to divulge her name he only smiled, remaining true to his promise given this mistress and sweetheart of his early years.

I found what I believe to be the only photograph of Dora Hand quite by accident. While in the local photograph gallery looking over some prints of early day scenes in Dodge City I came upon the picture of a woman that attracted my attention. When I asked the photographer her name he told me that he did not know, and then explained that the negative was in a lot he had purchased several years before from an old photographer who had been in Dodge in the early days. Acting upon a hunch I bought the print, among several others, and when I asked Dr. Simpson if he knew her, he studied it for some time and then said: "She might be Dora Hand. Two old women are still living here who were on the 'Primrose Path' in those days, and knew Dora. Come on; we'll find out."

When we asked the first one if she knew this woman, she studied the photograph for several minutes and then replied: "She looks like Dora Hand, doctor; the girl that Kennedy fellow killed."

The second one was even more positive. When asked if she had ever seen this woman, she replied: "Why, yes, that's Dora Hand, 'Dog' Kelley's girl."

When I returned home I made a negative from this photograph, and it is given here for what it may be worth; but I feel certain that this is Dora Hand.

Some authors claim that Dora Hand was the only woman ever buried on Boot Hill; but Dr. Simpson gave me the names of four others who were buried there during the first years of the buffalo hunters and Texas trail herds—and what we know of them adds to the background of the Dora Hand story. Boot Hill graveyard was closed for burials when the city council decided to erect a new school house on this hill of lurid memories. Prairie Grove Cemetery was then organized, and a section set aside for bodies from Dodge City's first burial ground. The removal of thirty-three bodies or skeletons was recorded in *The Globe* of February 4, 1879, by the following interesting item:

> "The skeletons removed from the graves on Boot Hill were found to be in a fine state of preservation, and even the rude box coffins were as sound as when placed in the ground. The reason of their keeping so well was because they were buried on the side of the hill where the water ran off instead of soaking into the earth. Colonel Straughn, the coroner, who removed them, says they are as fine a collection of the extinct human race as he has ever handled. Some were resting quietly with their boots on, while others, made more pretentions to style, having

had their boots taken off and placed under their heads for pillows. Only a few of them could be recognized, as all of the headboards, if there ever were any, had long since wasted away, and nothing remained to denote whose bodies lay there but little mounds of clay. They are all now resting side by side, like one happy family, at the lower end of Prairie Grove cemetery, northeast of the city. The enchanting click of the festive revolver they no longer hear. The sighs of the Kansas zephyrs are unheeded, and the sportive grasshopper perched on a headboard chews his cud and chants his harvest song without the fear of God in his heart."

Another item in the next issue of *The Globe* brought to light the name of the first woman buried on Boot Hill: "The body of Alice Chambers was removed from its former resting place to the new Prairie Grove cemetery."

That was all; no clue to her identity or the cause of her death, for the people of Dodge City who had known her had all followed her to the grave. But her tragic story, buried for long years among the secrets of Boot Hill, finally came to light when an old-time resident returned after an absence of nearly fifty years. He had known Dodge City in the seventies, and he had known Alice Chambers and the other frontier women buried on Boot Hill.

According to the story this man told Dr. Simpson, Alice Chambers was the mistress of Phil Coe when he was killed in Abilene by Wild Bill Hickok. One author states that the body was taken back to Texas by Coe's sweetheart, a Spanish girl known as Lola. Whether she was really Alice Chambers or not, Dr. Simpson was unable to learn; but the old-timer declared that Alice was living with Coe at the time.

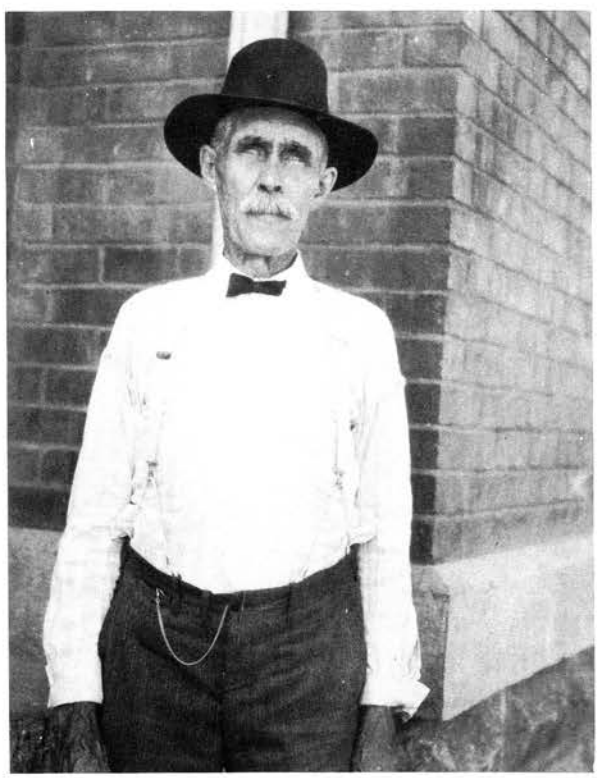
In 1874 when Abilene's prestige began to wane and Dodge City was coming into prominence as a shipping point for Texas cattle, Alice Chambers gathered her ten-year-old son in her arms, and with a bartender named Mose Barber and his wife, Carrie, as her only companions, joined in the rush of harpies, saloon keepers, gamblers and prostitutes to Dodge City. Traveling in a covered wagon over a road of a thousand dangers, they were attacked by Indians near Fort Larned, and pursued right into the post. During the flight Alice Chambers was slightly wounded by an arrow.

The old-timer said that after her arrival in Dodge, Alice Chambers became the mistress of a gambler named Charles Rowland. Like many other men of the frontier he was very jealous of his woman, and when he discovered that he was not the sole master of her favors he killed her with a blow from his six-shooter one night on the floor of a dance hall. She was buried the next day in the first grave occupied by a woman on Boot Hill. Later her son was taken to Texas by relatives.

Dr. Simpson said that Lizzie Palmer, Carrie Barber, the bartender's wife, and a dance hall girl known as "Little Mack," followed Alice Chambers to Boot Hill before Dora Hand was buried there. Lizzie Palmer died of blood poisoning that developed after she was

bitten on the face by another girl named Mollie Warren, nicknamed "Silver Belly," in a fight over Bat Masterson. "Little Mack" (her real name was not known) dropped dead on a dance hall floor from over exertion while doing the Spanish fandango. Carrie Barber died a natural death. The Rev. O. W. Wright, Dodge City's first minister, delivered the funeral oration for these women.

One afternoon Dr. Simpson took me to the site of old Prairie Grove Cemetery. It was some distance from the city, but buildings had encroached and the land was being laid out in lots. If there ever was a grove it had long since vanished, for not a tree was in sight on the bleak prairie covered with sage brush and bunch grass. The bodies had been removed to the present cemetery. The west end of the new Avenue C had been laid out directly through the ancient burying ground. West of the new street we found traces of thirty-three graves of bodies that had been removed from Boot Hill in 1879. They were in two rows of sixteen graves each, and one lone grave at the end where Dora Hand had been reburied.



GEORGE W. REIGHARD, one of the last of the buffalo hunters left in Dodge City in 1926. During the Civil War he served in the 22nd Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry. After the war he went west in search of more adventures and went to buffalo hunting. He had several narrow escapes from Indians, and then went to freighting for the army. He estimated that he had killed over 5,000 buffaloes. He was in Dodge City the night Ed. Masterson was killed on the night of April 9, 1878, and told me the story which was published in the Los Angeles Brand Book for 1949.

When the Pinkertons attacked the Missouri home of Dr. Samuel, stepfather of the notorious James brothers, thinking the outlaws were hiding there, much more happened than the detectives anticipated.

THE ATTACK ON CASTLE JAMES

By CARL W. BREIHAN

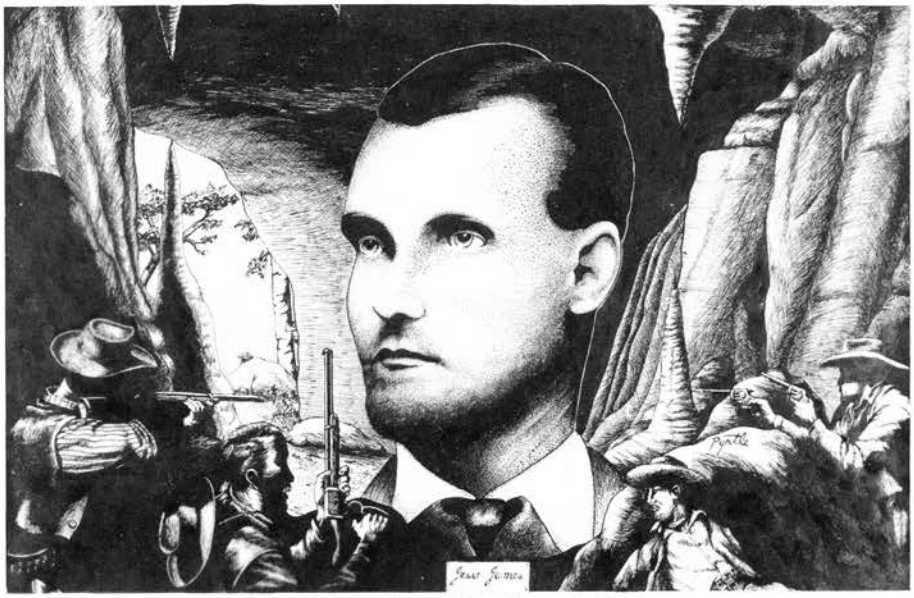
IN MARCH OF 1874, J. W. WHICHER, one of the Pinkerton's shrewdest operatives was personally picked by Allan Pinkerton to effect the capture of Frank and Jesse James. It also was during that month that he was found dead on the road between the Missouri towns of Independence and Blue Mills. His murder was quickly laid at the doorstep of Jesse, and Allan Pinkerton made elaborate plans to dispose of the outlaws. Naturally Pinkerton thought that his national reputation was suffering on account of this condition of affairs, so nothing was left undone to insure a successful campaign, with utmost secrecy the byword.

It was the first part of 1875 when their plans got into operation. Various circumstances seemed even to favor the detectives. Many of the respectable citizens of Clay County, Missouri, had agreed that the James boys were now nothing more than outlaws and murderers; and that they must forget their feelings toward them concerning the Civil War and its aftermath effect on the James family. Several of the closest neighbors of the Samuel farm were in on the plot. William Pinkerton, brother of Allan, had personally gone to Kansas City to direct the campaign, and to communicate with the citizens and spies in the vicinity of Castle James, as the Pinkertons liked to call the James-Samuel home. In the latter part of January of that year many reports came to William Pinkerton that the boys were seen at and around their home and that the opportune time had come. All precautions had been taken. Pinkerton had ordered that no strangers loiter in the Liberty, Missouri, area and that nothing be done in the least to excite the suspicions of the ever-vigilant Jesse.

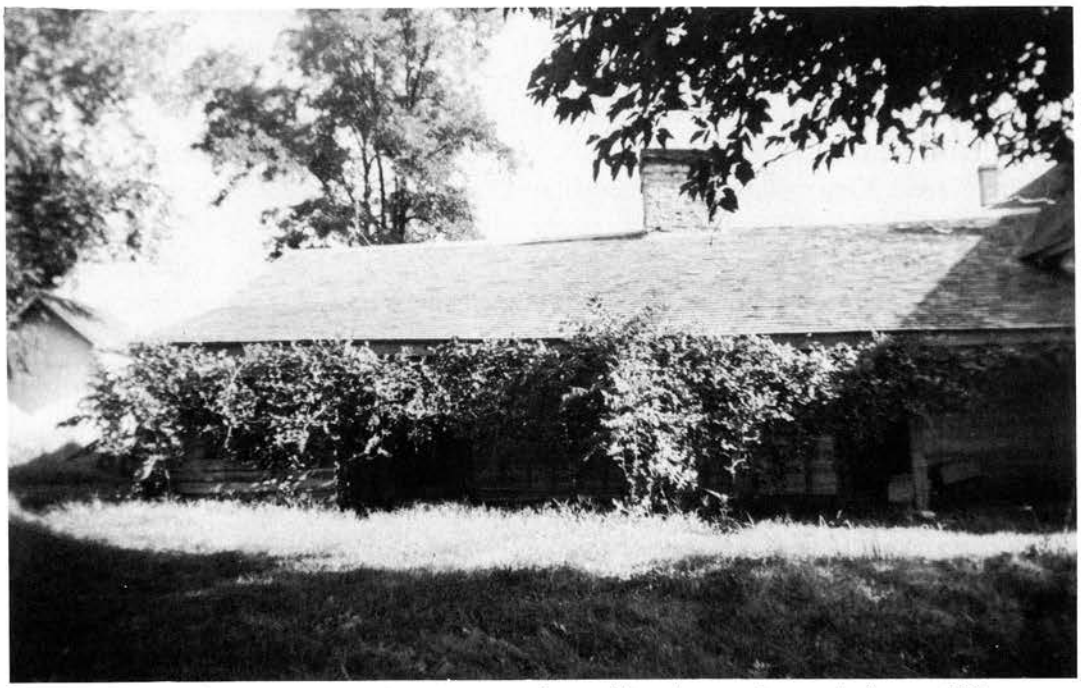
But the outlaws had more friends than did the officers. Friends who were shrewd and keen, noting every little incident. One especially had been detected; the sending and receiving of code messages by a Clay County resident at Liberty. The outlaws were now doubly watchful and, on the very night of the attack, they silently rode away from the Samuel home to that of a friend as they had sensed danger.

On the afternoon of the 24th of January, several small bands of men arrived at Clay County, and came into Liberty well after nightfall. They were secreted in many places and the citizens were unaware of their presence. Late on the evening of the 25th a special

ATTACK ON CASTLE JAMES



Pen and ink drawing of Jesse James by Pyrtle



Front view of James home, where Jesse was born. The vine on the porch is over 100 years old and blooms each year. The Pinkerton bomb was thrown into a rear window of the house.

train came up from Kearney, with it a special detachment of Pinkertons from Kansas City. They were met by citizens well acquainted with the locality and who led them to the place of rendezvous.

It was late the night of January 25, 1875, going into the 26th, when the detectives surrounded the Samuel home in preparation of the attack on Jesse and Frank, whom they evidently believed still to be in the house. Two of the assailants approached the house from the rear, carrying with them turpentine balls to light up the house. When attempting to open the shutters they awoke an old Negro woman servant, and she quickly spread the alarm. Quickly Mr. and Mrs. Samuel and several young children members of the family rushed into the kitchen. Instantly a turpentine ball was thrown into the room. The place was at once illuminated and a fire started to rage. Mrs. Samuel began to extinguish the flames when a heavy iron bomb filled with gunpowder was thrown into the room. It was wrapped in flaming kerosene-saturated rags and weighed 32-pounds. Mr. Samuel thought it was another turpentine ball and tried to kick it into the fireplace when a terrific explosion rocked the house. A piece of the bomb struck Mrs. Samuel's right arm below the elbow and it dangled helplessly at her side as she still tried to conquer the flames. The injured member was later amputated. Another piece of the shell struck young Archie Samuel in the chest and nearly went through him. He never gained consciousness and died within a few hours. So great was the grief at his loss that Mrs. Samuel could not attend his funeral.

The detectives and their allies now realized that the outlaws were not in the house and fled, leaving as a souvenir of their visit a revolver whose markings identified it as the property of the Pinkertons.

Some writers have taken sides concerning the bombing of the Samuel home. The Pinkertons have never to this day been able to give a satisfactory reason for this foolish act, although they have gone to great pains to state that it was not a bomb but only a pot flare which was pushed into the fireplace and caused to explode. Such an instrument could not cause such death and destruction; it is highly improbable even that one would "explode." Another writer, wishing to make a martyr of Jesse, takes great pains in elaborating on this attack as well as other atrocities; taking an opposite stand to that of the Pinkertons.

I take no side but wish to prove the point that it most certainly was a bomb and a vicious one. I have held in my own hand the one section of the bomb which did not shatter. But to bring to a close the discussion and dispute concerning this matter, I quote the following, which should suffice, from the Liberty, Mo. *Advance* of February 11, 1875:

To His Excellency, Chas. H. Hardin, Governor of Missouri:

Dear Sir: In pursuance of instructions received from you on Friday last, I proceeded without delay to Clay County, to ascertain as far as possible the facts

relating to the recent outrages perpetrated in said county upon the family of Dr. Samuel, the step-father of the notorious James brothers. Mr. Samuel resides about 2½ miles east of Kearney, a small town 9 miles north of Liberty . . . on the night of Jan. 26th, between 12 and 2 o'clock, the residence of Mr. Samuel was approached by a party of men . . . The party which approached the rear and west portion of the building set fire to the weatherboarding of the kitchen in three or four places, and threw into the window thereof a hand grenade.

This instrument was composed of cast and wrought or malleable iron, strongly secured together and covered with a wrapping saturated with turpentine or oil. As it passed through the window and as also it lay upon the floor it made a very brilliant light alarming the family who supposed the kitchen to be on fire and rushed in to extinguish the flames. Mr. Samuel . . . mistook it for a turpentine ball and attempted to kick it into the fireplace . . . It then exploded with a report which was heard a distance of two or three miles. The part composed of cast iron broke into fragments and flew out with great force. One of the fragments shattered the right arm below the elbow of Mrs. Samuel, the mother of the James brothers, to an extent which made amputation necessary. Another entered the body of her little son, Archie, wounding him mortally and causing his death in about four hours.

Mr. Samuel succeeded in putting out the fire in the weather-boarding and aroused the surrounding neighbors with a cry of murder . . . Four pistol reports were heard by the neighbors . . . but . . . the parties perpetrating the outrage had disappeared.

. . . On Monday, January 26, about half-past seven o'clock in the evening an engine with only a caboose attached came down the road from the north and stopped in the woods about two miles north of Kearney. Several unknown men then got out of the caboose, which then continued south in the direction of Kansas City. About two or three o'clock in the morning, Tuesday, the same or a similar engine and caboose came from the direction of Kansas City and stopped for a considerable time at the place where the unknown men had been left . . . The tracks of persons who were stationed behind the house and of those who set fire and threw the grenade into the kitchen . . . were made by boots of a superior quality, quite different from those usually worn by farmers . . . in the surrounding country. In following the trail of the parties on their retreat, a pistol was found which is now in my possession. This pistol has marks upon it which . . . are identically such as are known to be on the pistols of a well-known band of detectives . . .

The parties who perpetrated the outrage doubtless approached the house under the belief that the James brothers were there . . . on discovering that they had murdered an innocent lad and mutilated his mother, they deemed it prudent to retire and leave as little evidence . . . as possible.

Respectfully,

G. C. Bingham, Adj. General.

From the crumbling rubble of old Fort Union has arisen another National Monument, to remind Americans of today of that time when this once-great army base was the pivotal center of much of the epochal drama of the American frontier.

OLD FORT UNION STIRS TO LIFE

By HARRY C. JAMES

TO THE OFFICIALS OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE the preservation of all kinds of unusual things is more or less run-of-the-mill business. They have had to devise techniques for preserving everything from a pottery jar full of corn, found in an ancient cliff dwelling of Purunuweap Canyon in Zion National Park, to the dehydrated carcass of a bighorn sheep, which one day melted out of the Lyell glacier in the high country of Yosemite. To attempt to save for posterity a series of deeply eroded ruts in the soil of northern New Mexico may soon be another unique problem which these ingenious public servants will have to solve.

The ruts are those worn by the wheels of covered wagons which traversed the old Santa Fe Trail and of wagon trains which freighted military supplies from Fort Leavenworth and Fort Riley in Kansas to Fort Union in New Mexico. They pass directly in front of the ruins of Fort Union which has in recent months become the latest addition to our system of national monuments, the 2nd Session of the 83rd Congress having authorized its establishment in an act signed by President Eisenhower on June 28, 1954. The former uncertainty lay in the fact that the necessary property and public access to it had to be acquired by donation. Only when the Secretary of the Interior could be assured that sufficient land for the project had been acquired did Fort Union National Monument become an actuality.

For many years persons interested in western history have been urging that something be done to preserve what is left of the old military site. More recently the idea was given impetus by "Uncle" Billy Stapp of Las Vegas, New Mexico, whose father had been a freighter to Fort Union in the early days. In a talk before the Masonic Lodge of that town he pointed out that the Masonic Lodge at Fort Union was one of the first lodges in the Southwest and this alone would make the ruins worth saving. He urged that the group work to that end. The Chamber of Commerce of Las Vegas and that of Raton joined forces with them, and Governor Edwin L. Mechem lent his hearty endorsement, as did Senator Clinton Anderson and Congressman John J. Dempsey.

From this initial interest developed *Fort Union, Incorporated*, a non-profit organization of New Mexico citizens which has been actively engaged in a campaign to secure

the $20,000 needed to negotiate with the Union Land and Grazing Company, then owners of the historical property. The latter agreed that for this sum, considered as the value of damages to their ranch, they would give to the National Park Service the land on which Fort Union is located and a right-of-way to it. In order that the $20,000 be expense-free one hundred public-spirited citizens of Las Vegas have given $10 each to a working fund. Fittingly enough, the first important donation to the Fort Fund itself was made by "Uncle" Billy Stapp's Masonic Blue Lodge of Las Vegas.

Fort Union was first established in 1851 in Mora County near the Mora River, about eighteen miles east of the town of Mora and about twenty-five miles from Las Vegas. Ten years later a second Fort Union was built a mile to the east, and the old one was used from then on as an arsenal. Until 1891 the activities of the entire Ninth Military District stemmed from this headquarters, and it became the largest military post in New Mexico. At its height it was the supply center of all United States army posts within a radius of 500 miles.

Establishment of Fort Union was ostensibly for protection of the Santa Fe Trail, chiefly against attacks from the nomadic Apache, Navajo, Kiowa, Comanche, and Ute Indians. Actually it came about because of one officer's shocked disapproval of the conduct of the troops under his command. Lieutenant-Colonel E. V. Sumner had been appointed commander of the Ninth Military District with headquarters at Fort Marcy in Santa Fe. The good colonel had been disturbed by goings-on in Santa Fe and by rumors from smaller posts in the district. While on a visit to Kit Carson and Lucien Maxwell, at their gigantic ranch on the Rayado, Sumner had occasion to go into Las Vegas. There his moral indignation reached its height at the sight of his men in rented open carriages, companioned by lady friends and many bottles of spiritual refreshment, having a gay time racing around the plaza of the sleepy old town.

(Courtesy the National Archives)
Fort Union, New Mexico, looking nearly south. Water tank in center.

OLD FORT UNION STIRS TO LIFE

Colonel Sumner decided these very susceptible young men must be removed as far as possible from the tempting flesh-pots of Santa Fe and Las Vegas. He cast about for a site that would fulfill this purpose and at the same time be strategically located for the chief business of the troops under his command. The place he chose consisted of about 64 square miles on the old Mora Land Grant, near the junction of the Bent's Fort and the Cimarron Cut-off branches of the Santa Fe Trail. Without regard to the technicalities involved, he started construction on a series of log buildings in 1851. This was Fort Union, and to it he moved his headquarters from Fort Marcy.

It required considerable negotiation on the part of the Federal Government to clarify matters, but in 1853 a lease was finally concluded with owners of the grant—a lease which reduced the military area to six square miles. In 1868, however, the President fixed the area at 51½ square miles, for by then Fort Union had become an important supply depot. The actual buildings and fortifications never extended beyond the six-square-mile plan, and the present ruins are restricted to an area of not more than two square miles.

It was during the Civil War that General Canby decided to shift the site of the fort one mile to the east, where it would be less vulnerable to surprise attack. There he constructed new buildings with stone foundations, adobe walls with brick coping, and roofs of tin—save for the large hospital, which had a shingle roof.

A street 100 feet wide separated the nine sets of officers's quarters. Company quarters were at the entrance—four double sets of barracks large enough to house eight full companies. Behind these were the laundries, bakeries, and similar structures, and the guard-house of cut stone. Still farther back were the cavalry stables and the storehouses. A sutler's store was an important feature of the post, as was the wheelwright's shop, and the sawmill. The blacksmith shop, in addition to the usual horse-shoeing operations, produced the nails, hinges and other hardware needed for the construction work, while the extensive carpentry shop made even the unique wooden arches for windows and doors, so important in the construction of adobe buildings.

Each of the two gigantic domed-topped cisterns held 24,000 gallons of water. These, and a long tunnel to the spring which supplied the fort with water, were constructed with the event of siege by hostile Indians in mind. A steam heating plant was installed in later years, affording comfort not usually associated with fort life. Indeed, with the passage of the years, Fort Union became more of a settlement than a fort, and acquired a school, a small church, a Masonic Lodge, a dramatic society, and even a dancing school.

It was an expensive place to maintain. In 1857 the firm of Majors and Russell contracted to transport to Fort Union from Forts Leavenworth and Riley in Kansas 5,000,000 pounds of supplies. Freight charges seem to have varied from $1.25 to $4.50 per hundred pounds—with a ten percent extra charge for hard bread, bacon, pine lumber, and shingles! A bushel of corn thus transported cost the government $9.44; ink was

$3.50 a bottle; a can of tomatoes, $1.50; a plug of tobacco, $.50; and sugar, $.50 a pound.

The Civil War threatened Fort Union for a time. Many of the officers, who at one time or another had been stationed there, offered their services to the Confederate forces. General H. H. Sibley, inventor of the Sibley tent and the Sibley stove, who had been a commander at Fort Union, even issued a proclamation to the people of New Mexico, stating that he was about to lead an army into the territory to take possession of it for the Confederacy, and calling upon his old comrades-in-arms to join him.

"For", to quote from Paul Horgan's *Great River*, "the Rio Grande invasion was not merely a matter of subduing a handful of earthen towns along a drought-parched river, and of converting a primitive, scattered population of Indians and Mexicans to a belief in states' rights, and ownership of certain human beings by certain others. It was a matter of gaining a pathway to vast lands and resources whose possession—so argued Southern strategists—might actually tip the scales in the struggle for power between the South and the North. These were the gold fields of Colorado and California, the mountain west running to the Pacific from Denver through Salt Lake City, the ports of California all of Arizona and New Mexico, and even—either by conquest or purchase—Chihuahua, Sonora and Baja California. Such a huge acquisition would give the Confederacy a transcontinental scope with world outlets in two seas; and by taking in the gold fields, which Lincoln called 'the life-blood of our financial credit' it would go far toward crippling the Union's power to sustain the cost of war. The first move in such a grand design was to secure New Mexico."

However, General Canby (a brother-in-law of Sibley!) with reinforcements from Colorado and California, and volunteer troops from New Mexico itself, completely defeated Sibley's effort to take the fort. So far as New Mexico was concerned this was the turning point of the Civil War. The series of defeats that the soldiers of Fort Union and their volunteer reinforcements meted out to the forces under Sibley culminated in the virtual rout of the Confederates.

Beaten back into Texas, Sibley reported to the Confederate government at Richmond his conviction "that, except for its geographical position, the Territory of New Mexico is not worth a quarter of the blood and treasure expended for its conquest."

The worthy general was indeed eating sour grapes, for he went on to report, "the indispensable element, food, cannot be relied upon . . . hundreds of thousands of sheep have been driven off by the Navajo Indians." Sibley had had great plans for the enslaving of Apaches and Navajos. "We have beaten the enemy in every encounter and against large odds," but, concluded, "I cannot speak encouragingly for the future, my troops having manifested a dogged, irreconcilable detestation of the country and the people."

A few years after the Civil War ended Fort Union is catalogued as follows in an "Outline Description of U. S. Military Posts and Stations in the Year 1871":

(Courtesy the National Archives)
Fort Union, New Mexico

LOCATION: Latitude 35 degrees 54′ 21″; longitude from Greenwich, 104 degrees 57′ 15″. Post-office at the post. La Junta, five miles distant, the nearest town or settlement.

QUARTERS—For four hundred men. Officers' quarters: nine, viz: One 76 by 58 feet, and eight 56 by 54 feet each, and 15 feet high. All the buildings of adobe, with stone foundations, in good condition.

HOSPITAL, GUARD-HOUSE, ETC.—Hospital, 158 by 80 feet; height 15 feet; built of adobe, with stone foundation, shingle roof. Guard-house built of adobe, tin roof; also a prison, built of adobe, containing ten cells, built of stone. Condition good.

STORE-HOUSES—Three, *viz:* one 100 by 30 feet, one 106 by 30 feet, and one 140 by 30 feet; height, 15 feet; in good condition.

SUPPLY DEPOTS, ETC.—Quartermaster and subsistence depots at the post. The route of supply is known as Route No. 2, from Sheridan City, Kansas, by ox or mule trains; partially closed during winter. Spring and summer months the best seasons for transporting supplies on this route.

SUBSISTENCE—Is drawn as needed from the depot for the current month.

WATER AND WOOD—The post is supplied with water from a spring about half a mile distant, and from wells at post. Wood is supplied by contract.

INDIANS—Nearest Indians are the Utes, and some Jicarilla Apaches, settled about sixty miles northeast of the post.

MINES—Moreno gold (quartz) mines, about eighty miles distant.

COMMUNICATION—Between post and nearest town is by mail-coach; runs six days of the week between Sheridan City, Kansas, and Santa Fe, New Mexico.

RESERVATION—The reservation on which the post is situated has been declared by the President, under date of October 13, 1868, with additional "timber" reservation for military purposes. Reservation fifty-one and a half square miles. Timber reservation fifty-three square miles.

DESCRIPTION AND COUNTRY—About one-fourth of the land in the immediate neighborhood is arable, tolerably well watered and timbered. By irrigation fine crops of wheat, corn, and oats are raised by farmers in vicinity of reservation; excellent hay in abundance is also produced. Forage produced at cheaper rates than at other posts in the Territory. Gardens near the post have been an entire failure for want of irrigation. Grass, upland prairie, largely mixed with grama, on the reservation; grazing good. Timber, pine, and pinyon. Soil, sandy and stony. Rainy season usually commences in August. The winter is severe for this latitude; spring cool;

summer mild, and fall cool; average temperature about 49 degrees, extremes being 1 degree above zero at the lowest, and 85 degrees above zero at the highest, as taken from record of June 30, 1869; health of locality good. The largest settlement in the surrounding country is Las Vegas, about twenty-eight miles southwest, on direct route to Santa Fe; population about one thousand.

The sutler's store at Fort Union in those days did what was considered a land-office business. Sales amounted to as much as $3000 a day. According to the record a certain Lieutenant C. C. Rawn spent $65.00 for liquor alone in one month. He was soon promoted to captain!

Life at the garrison of from 2000 to 3000 people was bound to be monotonous at times, especially as Indian raids decreased in numbers and in ferocity and Santa Fe Trail travel became increasingly less hazardous. There was plenty of time for complaining. The weather, the water, the wind—all came in for their share of blame, and many times during Fort Union's forty years of existence men and women alike objected violently to the isolation Colonel Sumner had sought for his undisciplined men, and loudly voiced their opinions that the fort should be given up. But there were distractions of many kinds to fill the long days.

Entertaining could be trying on occasion, as one young officer's wife learned to her annoyance and dismay. Midway during a particularly important dinner the ceiling of her dining room, which like most of the ceilings at Fort Union had become soggy from innumerable leaks in the top flat tin roofs, collapsed and buried the just-served dinner under an avalanche of wet adobe.

Many distinguished visitors came to the fort, and on such occasions the wives of the officers vied with each other in their dinner parties and dances. The sutler's store was often hard put to meet their demands for delicacies. The fort's band practiced constantly for parades and concerts which were frequently given at both the fort and in the surrounding towns. The Young Men's Club planned dances and parties. The Fort Union Dramatic Society produced plays and an astonishing variety of theatrical entertainments, which were presented both at the fort and in Las Vegas.

These various activities resulted in some interesting complications. One tempest in a teapot occurred when the officers' wives, finding it difficult to secure capable women servants, decided to try using Chinese men. The soldiers rebelled with vehemence. The dismissed servant girls, who had come from towns as far away as Kansas City and Denver, had been the only available partners for the post dances. The soldiers retaliated for being deprived of their feminine companions by scaring the lives out of the luckless Chinese, threatening them with horrible torture and even death. Under such circumstances the new male servants refused to stay and the wives of the officers had to capitulate. Soon the Denver and Kansas City girls were back, and the Young Men's Club dances were again in full swing.

OLD FORT UNION STIRS TO LIFE

In time many of the men often prayed for a skirmish with hostile Indians to lessen the monotony, and to take them away for even a brief time from the devastating attacks of voracious bedbugs that had taken up permanent residence in the adobe walls of the barracks. So vicious had these pests become that the stories of their onslaughts rival in epic quality some of the early accounts of California fleas!

In those pre-DDT days the blitzkrieg of kerosene and soap directed against them by the army medicos occasionally would bring temporary relief, but there was never even a short period when the insects were completely eradicated. These respites would last only until the next wagon train arrived with ample reinforcements. During the summer, in desperation, the men would sleep outdoors, away from their infested quarters. But the determined bugs soon discovered this ruse and, according to some accounts, they would march out in military formation to attack the weary soldiers all night long. With the dawn the bedbugs would march back again to their quarters in the crannies of the fort's adobe walls.

With the entrance of the Santa Fe Railroad into New Mexico in the 1880's the usefulness of the garrison was further decreased, and more and more often it was proposed that Fort Union be abandoned. Finally, in 1891, the Secretary of War directed that it be given up and that the land and buildings revert to the owners of the original land grant. From these owners the Union Land and Grazing Company later gained possession of the property.

The abandoned fort soon became a veritable mine for everybody in the district who needed building materials. The buildings were soon wrecked, not only by settlers in

Ruins of Fort Union, N.M.
(Harry C. James photo)

need of lumber, bricks, windows, and the like, but also by vandals bent on destruction just for the thrill and satisfaction they gained from their vandalism. Even the tombstones in the graveyard were torn up and used to pave a pigsty! Later, when the graves could be properly identified, many of these old markers were put back in place.

The ruins of Fort Union are an impressive and astonishing sight to the casual traveler into that region who ventures off Highway 85 north of Watrous. To the west a series of sandstone cliffs, and to the east the Gallinas Mountains, form natural boundaries for the site. To the south the eye is immediately arrested by a line of tall chimneys, standing one after the other in true military precision. These chimneys are just about all that is left of the houses of the commissioned officers who at one time or another were stationed there—names permanently engraved in United States Army history—Pope, Carleton, Fauntleroy, Cooke. Here too, one recalls, Ceran St. Vrain and Kit Carson served as civilian commanders of volunteer troups.

No Indians lodge at the fort gate as they did in the early days, playing endless games of mumbletypeg. Indeed the only thought of Indians occurs at sight of the cut stone guardhouse, the best preserved of the Fort Union buildings. One can imagine the children peeking in to catch a glimpse of some renegade Apache, or Ute, or Kiowa—or of some equally renegade white man.

But the eye is chiefly compelled toward the worn ruts, deeply eroded with the years to depths in places of more than twenty inches. Like the ruts of the chariot wheels deep in the ancient stone pavements of Pompeii, they are the sort of humble, down-to-earth relics of history that truly evoke the past and strike actuality into the life of those bygone days. To try to preserve them is the sort of challenge one hopes that the resourceful Park Service can meet.

Now that Fort Union has been established as a national monument—to show how men lived and fought in the frontier days of the old West—a thorough survey of the site will be made. Only then will consideration be given as to how best to safeguard and protect what still remains of what was undoubtedly the most important and most impressive of the military establishments of the Southwest.

Soon the tire tracks of Chevrolets and Cadillacs and Fords and Jaguars will be crisscrossing the deep ruts of 19th century covered wagons. A ranger-naturalist will be leading groups of sightseers through the history-laden ruins. Small boys will be closing the iron doors against each other as they climb in and out of the old guardhouse, dark and gloomy in contrast with the brilliant New Mexico sunshine outside. Cameras will be leveled at the still-standing domed tops of the cisterns. An occasional tourist, more perceptive than the rest, may sense the ghost of some fierce-eyed hostile Comanche—or give himself a furtive scratch, if he has read too imaginatively of the invasions of *Cimex lectularius.*

KOOTENAI BROWN, SQUAW-MAN

By
HARLAN THOMPSON

NOW AS EVERY MOUNTAIN GUIDE KNOWS, a pack-train of any size, always has at least one flea-bitten ewe-necked gray mare possessed of the devil and a no-good cowpoke wrangler who doesn't know a diamond hitch from a diamondback.

The guide of this pack-train was no exception. This crimpy morning in early October he came out of his cabin dressed in buckskins and with long hair flying, to stalk across to where one of his punchers made futile passes at a pack-saddle with a dew-drenched manila lariat.

Close by stood Lord Latham and sundry members of the British House of Commons waiting for their man to get his outfit organized for a hunting trip back into the Canadian Rockies.

The guide grabbed the lariat and gave a mighty yank. The cinch under the pack-saddle broke and sent the mare bucking off into the woods and the guide sprawling backward to strike his head on a dead tree stump.

Rising scornfully, he burst forth, so the story goes, with a plain and fancy line of expletives, all in cultured Oxford accent, the like of which had never been heard by these Britishers before.

Lord Latham, at first dumfounded, then lost in admiration, finally managed to tap the guide on the arm and say, "my deah Kootenai, its magnificent. Would you please repeat those words for me again, and slowah?"

Such, according to legend, was the guide, John George Brown, better known throughout the Canadian west as Kootenai Brown, squaw-man, Oxford scholar, member

of Victoria's Queen's Own Guards, intrepid soldier of fortune, rumored rum-runner and gentleman.

Kootenai was born in Scotland, in a cottage on the banks of the river Dee, close by Balmoral Castle, home of Queen Victoria.

Because his father, John George senior was the Queen's overseer, John George junior often played with the Queen's two children, a boy later to become King Edward Seventh of England and a girl who would be Louise, Duchess of Argyle.

But there were days, much to his mystification and anger that John George junior would be excluded from play with the Royal children. To spend his time watching through the gates as they frolicked on the green castle lawn. Rumor has it, that after one such day, a difference of opinion arose as to whose turn it was to ride in the pony cart, which resulted in a "bloody" Princely nose.

True or false, this gives some inkling of the fiery temper that would follow Kootenai all his adventurous life.

But time passed. John George was educated at Eton and Oxford and did well in his studies. Later he was drafted into the Queen's Own Guards and rose in rank rapidly to become lieutenant in the 8th Regiment of Foot.

On December 13th in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven by command of Queen Victoria herself, he was made Ensign to Queen Victoria of the 8th Regiment of Foot. The wording of the command was as follows:

Victoria R.

Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, V.C.

To our Trusty and well beloved John George Brown, Gentleman—Greeting.

We do by these Presents Constitute and Appoint you to be Ensign of Our Eighth Regiment of Foot from the 13th of December 1857— You are therefore carefully and diligently to Discharge the Duty of Ensign—by Exercising and Well Disciplining both the inferior Officers and Soldiers of the said Regiment and We do hereby command them to Obey you as their Ensign—and You are to observe and follow such orders and Directions from Time to Time as you shall receive from Us or any of Your Superior Officers according to the Rules and Discipline of War in Pursuance of the Trust hereby imposed in You.

Given at Our Court at St. James, the Sixteenth day of December 1857 in the Twenty First Year of Our Reign.

By HER MAJESTY'S COMMAND
(signed) HERBERT.

KOOTENAI BROWN, SQUAW MAN

T. Crofton,
General
War Office.

John George Brown, Gent.
Ensign—8th Foot.

John George rose rapidly in his profession and became an exemplary soldier with a fine bearing and with the Queen's interest at heart.

But such a man would be marked by the Ladies of the Court. Romantic attachments followed, according to the story, which reached the Queen, and ere long John George was given his honorary discharge and packed off to the Colony of India.

True to character, John George arrived at the height of the East India Mutiny and in time to participate in it. The Mutiny was put down, the rule of the East India Company ended, and Queen made Empress of India.

But again, the temper of the man comes to the fore. A shooting escapade, so the story goes, with a fellow officer forced John George to flee the country.

He caught a tramp steamer for South America where he worked as a cowboy on the pampas and finally made his adventurous way northward. Not much is known of John from the time he left South America to drift north, through Central America. Our next record of him comes from San Francisco.

There, he settled down to a life of ease, and rumor has it, gambling. But again, fate stepped in. The cry of "Gold!" came down from the Sacramento hills, where a carpenter in building a sawmill for Captain John Sutter, had discovered the yellow metal in a millrace.

So with James Marshall's secret visit to Sutter to report the discovery becoming common property, John George was one of the first to respond. He let his beard grow, bought a burro and a shovel and followed the crowd to make his fortune. Gold eluded him, however, as it did so many others, and John's restless feet carried him north and still farther north. Perhaps it was his British blood that urged him to once more return to the soil of the British Commonwealth? Rumor has it, too, that his desire to go northward was increased by gun-play over a card game with a party of Indians, and that they coveted that scalp with the long fair hair.

Scalps being precious and a second one hard to come by, Kootenai moved swiftly across the border into Canada by way of British Columbia and thence into Alberta through Kootenay Pass.

Following Lone and Blakiston creeks, he came to three blue lakes connected with one another by narrow water known as the Dardenelles.

When Kootenai first saw Waterton Lakes, lying between wooded mountain slopes, he was enraptured. As his blue eyes wandered with delight over the high mountain peaks,

then came to rest on the chain of azure lakes, he exclaimed in faultless English, "this is my country, my home. This is the place of which I have always dreamed."

But the Indians still trailed him, and Kootenai pushed on out to the prairie, which for a time engulfed him. Here he established a trading post and became a shrewd trader with the Stoney and Kootenai Indians. Buffalo hides were the main staple for even then the plains were black with them. Kootenai was likable and friendly, and dressed like a scout, wearing his hair long like General Custer. It was quite the thing in those days. Later, Kootenai was to serve as a scout under the General, and it was only due to his riding dispatches that he escaped the Custer Massacre.

Our next record of Kootenai is the year 1865 when we find him again in Her Majesty's Service as a scout in the Riel Rebellion. That ill-starred protest by the half-breed Louis Riel against the injustices done the Indians, and his attempt to wrest title to their lands for them from a reluctant Canadian Government. With the collapse of the rebellion and the hanging of Riel for treason, Kootenai trekked to Fort Edmonton, Alberta, and thence across Cree country to Fort Garry. But John George could not settle down for long in any one place. His wandering feet carried him next across the boundary into Minnesota. Here he met the beautiful French half-breed girl, Mary Delano, and after a tempestuous courtship, married her. What more natural than in his love for this dark-haired breed, he should want to take her back to his Utopian home at Waterton Lakes?

Twelve years of idyllic happiness, marred only by the untimely death of two children born to them, followed on the shores of the beautiful Rocky Mountain lake. Then Mary Delano too, died, and was buried on the west bank of Lower Waterton Lake.

Kootenai, lonely and saddened by Mary's death, again left Waterton for the land of the Cree. Again, Kootenai established trade with the Indians. But Kootenai had an eye for beauty whether in women or scenery, and it was in an Indian encampment one early evening in June that his eye caught the slender grace of a young Cree girl named Chee Pay Tha Qua Ka Soon which meant Flash of Blue Lightning.

An offer of one horse to her father followed, with no response. A second offer of two horses, and at last in desperation, the unheard of price of five followed, before the final "Ugh!" indicated that Kootenai had at last bought his wife,* and could take her to his blanket.

Kootenai shortened her name to Neech-e-mouse or Nichemoos meaning Loved One, but to all others he jealously guarded her as his wife and insisted that to them she must be Mrs. Brown.

So again, with Nichemoos at his side, Kootenai could not forget his mountain paradise. Four years then from the time of his departure after Mary's death, we find Kootenai and his squaw at Waterton Lakes.**

* later married by Father Lacombe.
** This area later made a part of International Peace Park.

KOOTENAI BROWN, SQUAW MAN

With his return, Kootenai felt that it was time he settled down. He built a permanent log cabin and became trapper, trader and guide and between trips spent long hours poring over his beloved books of classics that had followed him throughout his wanderings.

If one had been on the shores of Waterton at this time and could have seen this tall distinguished man come walking from the woods, he would have been struck by his long white hair and upright bearing. Once six feet tall, he had shrunk to around five feet ten, due to his legs having been broken and improperly set. His legs swayed in the same direction and gave him a deceptively feeble look, belied by his vigor on the trail or under stress of necessity.

Christened "Inuspi" or Long Hair because of his long silky mane, the name Kootenai derived from his intensive knowledge and traffic with the Kootenai tribe, their tongue and ways of life.

Two things dominated Kootenai Brown's actions: his devotion to his wife and his great love of a practical joke. An anecdote has come down to us that demonstrates both.

It seems that Nichemoos took sick, so Kootenai rode to Fort Macleod, a distance of some seventy miles for a doctor. However, upon his return two or three days later with the doctor, Nichemoos had entirely recovered and sat beading a moccasin and humming a native song of her tribe. Since western hospitality dictated that the doctor must be fed before starting home, and Nichemoos had a savory stew on the fire, they sat down to eat.

During the course of the meal, Kootenai turned to the Doctor and queried innocently, "Doctor, is the meat from a poisoned animal edible?"

"Definitely not," the Doctor decreed, professionally.

Kootenai gulped and laid his knife and fork down.

"Then I guess you'd better fix us up an antidote, Doc," he said in resigned despair. "This bear we're eating was poisoned on Sofa Mountain just before I came to fetch you."

The Doctor grabbed his hat from the deerhorn peg and headed for Fort Macleod in spite of Kootenai's protestations that it had all been a joke.

The formation of Waterton Park brought out the fact that not all of Kootenai's life was indolence and hunting. He kept a journal in his own scholarly handwriting which is now filed in the Mines and Resources Department National Parks Library in Ottawa Canada. In it he has carefully delineated three hundred miles of park which he traversed on foot, much of it by snowshoe.

Ranchers of bye-gone days testified too, that by his tireless efforts many of their cattle were saved from foundering in deep snow by his constant vigil of fence up-keep.

Before the park was formed, while Kootenai worked as a trader and guide, one tale has been often re-told.

In the late 1880's, the Canadian Pacific Railway built their road through the Crows Nest Pass and Kootenai was hired as a packer for one of the contractors.

On one trip with a pack train of provisions, one of the horses was loaded with a two hundred pound sack of beans. Passing beneath a dead tree branch the sack was ripped slightly, all unbeknown to Kootenai, and as the horse moved along a thin trail of beans was sown.

Arrived at camp the loss was discovered.

The cook, a hot-headed Irishman, accused Kootenai of stealing them, and caching them away for his own use through the oncoming winter.

"Why you -%$-&–(! !(&!" Kootenai is said to have howled as he went for his gun.

The demise of the cook must surely have been swift and sure but for the timely arrival of P.C.B. Harvey, later Chief Superintendent of Dominion Parks, but at this time one of the engineers of the construction crew.

"Hold it," he commanded as he slipped from his saddle to grasp Kootenai's arm, then go on to show them the hole in the sack. "I've just trailed this horse in behind a line of beans. They're all the way to the railhead."

In the laugh that followed, Kootenai holstered his gun, and the cook went back to his kitchen with harmony restored.

The life of Kootenai went along in this vein for some years. In 1910 when the Waterton area was made into a Forest Reserve, Kootenai, because of his erudition and love of the area was appointed Fishery Guardian and Forest Ranger. The Forest Reserve was later made into a National Park and expanded. It now covers some two hundred and twenty-five square miles of green-sloped mountains, rushing rivers and beautiful lakes. With the expansion of the park, Kootenai was successively promoted to Chief Ranger, then Park Warden and finally Park Superintendent.

The welfare of the park became his obsession until his death, and long after he should have been confined to office, his tall angular frame with the swaying legs and head of long white hair made a familiar figure on patrol.

The beloved Kootenai Brown died on July 18th, 1916. With loving care his body was buried beside that of his first love, the half-breed girl, Mary Delano, in a little plot on Lower Waterton Lake, surrounded by a white picket fence and quaking aspens that flicker in the wind. Nichemoos lived until April 1st, 1935, when she too, was laid beside her husband. Rumor has it that a bottle of good contraband whisky lies buried beside Kootenai, even more closely than either of his two wives—the last friendly joke of his many friends on Kootenai who himself would be the first to appreciate it. Be this as it may, true or false, Kootenai Brown Squaw-man has a special niche in the hearts of all Canadians and those of us who knew him at Waterton.

Many tales are told of his thoughtfulness and help in woodcraft. The writer still remembers camping on the lake in the early nineteen hundreds, and of his struggle to build a campfire one rainy evening.

KOOTENAI BROWN, SQUAW MAN

"A bit of a problem this wet wood, youngster," Kootenai said as he took the axe and with a swift deft blow split the log cleanly, then went on to fashion a model fire.

Before I could more than nod, he was gone down the trail, erect and silent as an Indian. Wanting no thanks, just the assurance that all who visited his park should be content, and his friends.

One of these, Arthur W. H. Harwood, Postmaster and Magistrate of the Park, hand-picked rock and built a cairn for his colleague. It was unveiled July 8th, 1936 by the Honorable W. L. Walsh Lieutenant Governor of Alberta; His Worship Bishop Sherman, Bishop of Calgary dedicated, and the Reverand Canon Middleton, Rector of All Saints Church Waterton Park, conducting the service.

With the passing of this restless Oxford trained man who sprang from Scotland to roam the world, the west lost one of its most picturesque and unique characters. No more will the whispering pines shelter, or the blue expanse of Waterton Lakes mirror this woodsman who left such a mark on the area.

But though he has gone, the memory of Kootenai Brown, Adventurer, Explorer and Gentleman, will always be with us. Though he was Warden and helped establish Waterton Lakes as a National Park, he will perhaps be best remembered for his love and devotion to his two wives, who, though not white, were sheltered and protected by him all their lives. Truly he deserves the title: Kootenai Brown, Squaw-man, in its best sense.

* * * * * * *

Source of material for *Kootenai Brown, Squaw-Man:*

WHEN THE WEST WAS YOUNG.....John D. Higinbotham
Paper: Kootenai Brown Adventurer Royale.....Malcolm Douglas Paterson
The Sodbusters.....Grant MacEwan
Article from The Lethridge Daily Herald (Aug. 19, 1937)
Booklet (*Meet Southern Alberta*) Sponsored by.....Southern Alberta Pioneers and Old Timers Association

Oil painting of Kootenai Brown by Clarence Ellsworth.

PRELUDE TO THE LINCOLN COUNTY WAR:

THE MURDER OF JOHN HENRY TUNSTALL

By PHILIP J. RASCH

In the years following the Civil War the Territory of New Mexico was controlled by a shadowy group of politicians known as the Santa Fe Ring. In an attempt, made in 1877, to wrest control of Lincoln County from the Ring's local representatives, John Henry Tunstall was murdered. This set off the Lincoln County War, with national and international repercussions—all as told here by an authority on the subject.

ALTHOUGH THE PECOS WAR[1] OF 1877 presented grave difficulties for New Mexico cattle baron John Simpson Chisum, it did not absorb all of his energies. Even before his neighbors' guns frustrated his attempts to extend his range in Dona Ana County, he had leagued with John Henry Tunstall and Alexander A. McSween in an attempt to wrest control of Lincoln County from its political and economic dictators—Lawrence G. Murphy, James J. Dolan and John H. Riley, known as "The House."

About the middle of March, 1877, it was announced that Murphy had retired as head of the firm of L. G. Murphy & Co. and that the business would be carried on by Dolan and Riley under the firm name of James J. Dolan & Co. Designedly or otherwise, the announcement came just as his opponents were starting a vigorous campaign to unseat him. Almost simultaneously with his retirement, the Lincoln County Bank was opened, with Chisum as president, McSween as vice-president and Tunstall as cashier, and J. H. Tunstall & Co., a mercantile concern in direct competition with Dolan & Co., was established, with Deputy U. S. Marshal Robert A. Widenmann in charge. In August the two new businesses moved into their own building. This structure also housed the law office of McSween & Shield, a partnership composed of McSween and his brother-in-law, David P. Shield.

Little is known of McSween's early life. His birthplace has been variously given as Scotland, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. On September 23, 1873 he had married Sue Ellen Homer at Atchison, Kansas. On that occasion the young lawyer gave his age as 29 and his residence as Eureka, Kansas. Miss Homer had been born at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on December 30, 1854. The couple soon emigrated to New Mexico, arriving in Lincoln on March 3, 1875, where McSween became the legal representative of Otero, Sellar & Co., of El Moro, six miles north of Trinidad, Colorado, and of L. G. Murphy & Co.

JOHN HENRY TUNSTALL

Tunstall had been born in London on March 6, 1853. On August 20, 1872 he had emigrated to the New World to seek his fortune. He had worked for Turner, Beeton & Tunstall, a Victoria, Vancouver Island, firm of wholesale and retail merchants in which his father had an interest, but differences with the resident partner, J. H. Turner, led to his leaving that city. The young Englishman arrived in San Francisco in February, 1876, intent on going into the sheep business in California. However, Colonel John Coffee Hays advised him to go to Arizona or New Mexico. Rolando Guy McClellan, to whom Mrs. Ann Clark, a saleslady at the Victoria store had given Tunstall a letter of introduction, and Colonel William Wells Hollister wholeheartedly agreed with Hays.* McClellan

presented the young Englishman with a letter of introduction to his friend Samuel Beach Axtell,**governor of the Territory of New Mexico. In their efforts to be of assistance these people had unwittingly set in motion the chain of events which was to result in the violent death of their protegé. How this came about is the theme of this paper.

Turnstall arrived in Lincoln County in November, 1876. He had bought a large quantity of goods from Otero, Sellar & Co. and Sellar had given him a letter of introduction to McSween.[2] A strong friendship sprang up between these two ambitious young men. Murphy allegedly offered McSween $5000 to use his influence to induce Tunstall to purchase the Murphy ranch at Fairview, some 35 miles from Lincoln. This the lawyer refused to do, contending that Murphy had no good title to the property.[3] Instead the Englishman took up 4,000 acres of public land on the Rio Feliz under the Desert Land Act. Since he was not a citizen, it was necessary for McSween to file on the land and then sell it to his friend. The range was initially stocked by the purchase of 400 head of cattle which had been seized and auctioned off by the sheriff at $1.98 a head to satisfy a judgment Dolan had obtained against the Casey family. Richard M. Brewer, a local rancher who had formerly worked for Murphy, was hired as foreman and was sent on a trip through Lincoln County to purchase stock. Allegedly he offered less than half of their market value, but made it clear that he would not inquire as to their title, provided that none of the animals came from Chisum's ranch.[4]

It has been the fashion to present Tunstall as an English lamb fallen among Lincoln County wolves. The fact of the matter is that he was simply a fortune hunter, determined to get everything on which he could lay his hands. His attitude was well depicted in a letter which he wrote home on April 27, 1877:

> As regards chances of making money here that you can't guess at, I will tell you of one that I am busy on just now. Any work that is done in this county for the county . . . is paid for in paper called "county scrip," which I can buy at $1.00 and sell for $1.50 without moving from my seat . . . I have not yet ascertained exactly how much scrip is issued every year, but I intend to control it all if I can. . . *Everything* in New Mexico that pays *at all* . . . is worked by a "ring" . . . I am at

*For the life of Hays, "the founder of the city of Oakland," see James Kimmins Greer, *Colonel Jack Hays*, New York: E. P. Dutton Co., Inc., 1952. McClellan was born on Prince Edward Island on March 25, 1831. He arrived in San Francisco in 1855 and worked as a miner before becoming a lawyer and author. He died June 15, 1896. A brief account of Hollister appears in Frank Sands, *A Pastoral Prince*, Santa Barbara, 1863, pp. 176-179.

**Axtell was born near Columbus, Ohio, October 14, 1819. He attended Western Reserve College and was admitted to the bar. In 1851 he went to California. Upon organization of Amador County he was elected district attorney, holding office for three terms. Moving to San Francisco, he served two terms in the House of Representatives as a Union-Democrat. He then changed his political allegiance and was appointed Governor of Utah in 1875. That same year he was transferred to New Mexico, where he was reunited with many of his old friends who had served in the California Column and had chosen to remain in New Mexico after their discharge.

> work at present making a ring & I have succeeded admirably so far. You see an adventurer like myself does not present a very formidable aspect, if *in the ring*, but any one as well posted as myself can nearly break up an incipient ring single handed by skirmishing on the outskirts a little . . .
>
> My ring is forming itself as fast & faster than I had ever hoped & in a cash way that I will get the finest plum of the lot, always providing that I can make my points, which up to now I have done quite successfully. I propose to confine my operations to Lincoln County, but I intend to handle it in such a way as to get the half of every dollar that is made in the county by any one. . . .

Apparently all went well with Tunstall's manipulation of the county scrip, since he soon wrote to his father regarding his plans to extend the scope of his enterprises:

> I have made arrangements to corner all the corn in the county and will make a large profit upon it. I am going to work to corner the wheat . . . I have found a lot of ranches that I can buy for a *trifle* that are worth in many instances 4 and 5 times what they would cost me, and in fact I can make more out of in one year than they will cost me to buy. I have worked into a strong young and independent ring . . . I shall also make quite a neat thing out of hay this year . . . when I see that you made only 10 per cent net profit on your capital last year . . . you can understand how I feel . . . In addition a chance is looming . . . of acquiring a *very* profitable business, viz. the Post Tradership at Fort Stanton . . . And if I could but get that position, I could make a *great deal* of money every year as I should so entirely control the county that I could make the prices of everything just to suit myself.*

Perhaps fortunately for himself, Tunstall was in St. Louis on a buying trip at the time Frank Freeman and Charles M. Bowdre made their attack on Chisum.[1] On the return trip he fell ill of smallpox. While he was incapacitated at Las Vegas, "The Boys," a gang of rustlers led by Jessie J. Evans, stole a number of horses and mules belonging to Tunstall, McSween, Brewer and Widenmann. Brewer, Josiah G. "Doc" Scurlock and Bowdre trailed the rustlers to W. F. Shedd's San Agustin Ranch, but were unable to effect the return of the animals. During their absence the Caseys rounded up the cattle Tunstall had purchased at the sheriff's sale and started for Texas. Brewer sent a party led by John Middleton** in pursuit and was successful in repossessing the animals in the vicinity of the Beckwith ranch.

On the 17th of October Sheriff William Brady, acting under heavy pressure from McSween and Tunstall, arrested Evans, Frank Baker, whose real name was Hart, Tom

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*John to My Much Beloved Father, May 27, 1877.

**"Middleton is about the most desperate looking man I ever set eyes on (& that is not saying a *little*) I could fancy him doing anything ruffianly that I ever heard of . . ." John H. Tunstall to My Much Beloved Parents, November 29, 1877. A letter published in the Santa Fe *Weekly New Mexican* for April 20, 1878, refers to him as "an escaped jail-bird from Texas, for whom there is a large reward."

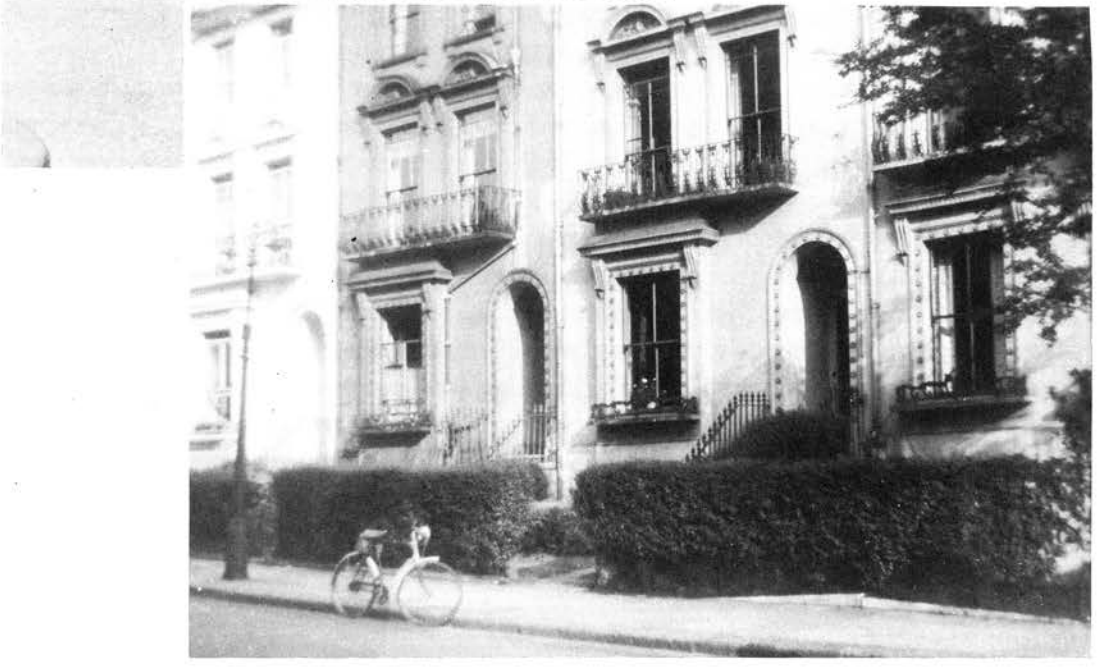
Hill, also known as Tom Children, and George Davis, alias Tom Jones, said to be Evans' brother, at the Beckwith ranch and placed them in jail at Lincoln. About the first week in November Katarino Romero, confined for the murder of Prudencia Garcia, made his escape. When safely away he wrote jailor Juan B. Patron that tools were in the possession of The Boys, with which they had filed their shackles and cut through the logs composing the wall of their cell. Brady investigated and found affairs as described, but took no action in the matter. Patron thereupon resigned. The sheriff appointed Lucilla Archuletta to the post, but failed to swear him in or turn the keys over to him.

On the night of November 16 there was no guard at the jail and the doors were left unlocked. The prisoners simply walked out. Horses furnished by Andrew Boyle and other friends waiting in the nearby hills took them to Brewer's ranch, where they equipped themselves from horses, saddles and arms belonging to Tunstall and Brewer. McSween claimed that the tools had been furnished by Panteleon Gallegos, a Dolan & Co., employee; Brady accused Tunstall of having arranged the escape in exchange for the return of his horses and those of his friends, and refused to rearrest The Boys. The truth may never be known, but both Boyle[4] and Evans[5] signed affidavits implicating McSween in the jail break. Tunstall[6] wrote a letter in which he boasted of the esteem in which the outlaws held him and commented that all but one of his horses had been returned. As a result of this episode feeling between Brady and Tunstall became so bitter that the sheriff hinted that the Englishman had not long to live.

These troubles, however, were but minor compared with those which were about to burst around the unfortunate Tunstall. His affiliation with McSween had involved him in the latter's bitter feud with Murphy-Dolan-Riley. In 1874 Emil Fritz,* a partner in Murphy & Co., had died of dropsy in Stuttgart, Germany. Among the assets in his estate was an insurance policy for $10,000. This the insurance company refused to pay, alleging that Fritz had actually died of tuberculosis, which voided the policy. A brother, Charles Fritz, and a sister, Emilie Scholand, were eventually appointed administrators of the estate. In the fall of 1876 they sent McSween east to investigate the situation. Arriving in St. Louis, McSween employed a firm there to assist him, promising them $2800 for their aid. On their recommendation he placed the case in the hands of Donnell, Lawson & Co., of New York City. The policy was finally paid in July, 1877 and Donnell, Lawson & Co. credited McSween's account with $7,148.94 just before receiving instructions from Probate Judge Florencio Gonzales to place the money to the credit of Charles Fritz in the First National Bank at Santa Fe, subject to the order of the Probate Court. Legally McSween was obligated to turn these funds over to the administrators immediately;

*Fritz was born in Ludwigsburg, Germany, on March 3, 1832. After serving in the 1st Regiment of Dragoons, he was appointed a captain and organized Company B, 1st Regiment California Cavalry, at Camp Merchant, California, on August 16, 1861.

Birthplace of
John Henry Tunstall
14 Liscombes Cottages
(now 261 Queensbridge Road),
District of Dalston,
Borough of Hackney,
London, England.
(Photo by Fred Nolan, 1956.)



Tunstall Home in 1873
Now 9 Belsize Lane, this address was 7 Belsize Terrace, London, when John H. Tunstall left it to make his fortune in America.
(Photo by Fred Nolan, 1956.)

instead he deposited them to his personal account in an East St. Louis, Illinois, bank, and presented the administrators with a bill for $4,095.15 for his fee and expenses. He then filed an application for release as surety on administrator's bond, contending that if the money was paid to Fritz and his sister it would be misappropriated by them, leaving the sureties to make good their defalcations.

Dolan & Co., as successors to Murphy & Co., demanded that the money be paid over to them, alleging that Fritz's estate owed the partnership $76,000. In November, 1877, Judge Gonzales appointed a commission consisting of Juan B. Patron, T. G. Christie and McSween to examine the books of Dolan & Co. They reported back that Murphy was indebted to the Fritz estate for something over $20,000, while Charles Fritz owed it about $2000. Fritz promptly paid The House $1100 on account and demanded that suit be brought against Murphy for the amount he owed. Mrs. Scholand's attorney, John B. Bail, then prepared to institute proceedings against Murphy at the next term of court and allegedly arranged for McSween to appear in court on the first Monday in January, 1878, to pay over the money due her.

In December, however, McSween suddenly announced that he was going to St. Louis. He left Lincoln on the 18th, but Mrs. Scholand sued out a warrant* charging him with embezzlement and had him arrested and jailed at Las Vegas. There he remained until the end of January, when Deputy Sheriff Adolph P. Barrier was ordered to take him to Mesilla for a hearing before Warren Bristol, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of New Mexico and Judge of the Third Judicial District Court. It may be stated here that the heirs received a total of $200 from the Fritz insurance. According to their descendants, Mrs. McSween once remarked that the balance went to build her house and to stock the Tunstall store. It is a fact, at least, that in 1877 George W. Peppin supervised the building of a large home for McSween, located just west of the Tunstall store.

A second blow was dealt the new ring on December 28, when Chisum was placed in the Las Vegas jail in connection with a suit over a debt which he owed U. S. District Attorney Thomas B. Catron, head of the Santa Fe Ring and President of the First National Bank at Santa Fe, financial backers of Dolan & Co. It was not until late in March that he posted bond and was freed. No fighting man, Chisum was careful to avoid any personal participation in the conflict which his actions had assisted in precipitating.

Competition from the Tunstall store had seriously undermined Dolan & Co. Already indebted to the Lincoln County Bank for a $1,000 loan, obtained about September 29, 1877, they were now forced to seek additional financial assistance from the First National Bank. On January 19, 1878, Dolan & Riley gave Catron a mortgage on forty acres of land adjoining Lincoln on the west, their store, its stock and 1500 cattle on Black River (near present day Carlsbad) to secure him for endorsing their note.

*Civil Docket Case No. 141, Lincoln County.

JOHN SIMPSON CHISUM
Born in Madison County, Tennessee, August 15, 1824; died at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, December 20, 1884. Buried at Paris, Texas.
(Courtesy Library of the Museum of New Mexico.)

JAMES JOSEPH DOLAN
Born in Laughrey, County Galway, Ireland, May 2, 1848. Died in Roswell, N.M., February 26, 1898. Photo taken about 1886. Courtesy Mrs. Bessie Dolan Chester.

JOHN HENRY RILEY
Born on the Island of Valencia, off the southern coast of Ireland, May 12, 1850. Died at Colorado Springs, Colorado, February 10, 1916. Picture believed to have been taken c. 1882-84.
(Courtesy Genevieve Riley.)

Tunstall relentlessly closed in to eliminate his opponents. In a letter published in the January 26, 1878 issue of the Mesilla *Independent* he intimated that Brady had mishandled tax monies and that these funds had been diverted to the use of Dolan & Co. This was equivalent to signing his own death warrant. In the following issue (February 2) Dolan retorted that Brady

> deposited with our house Territorial funds amounting to nearly $2000, subject to his order and payable on demand. Owing to sickness in the family of Sheriff Brady he was unable to be at Santa Fe in time to settle his account with the Territory. . . . If Mr. J. H. T. was recognized as a gentleman, and could be admitted into respectable circles in our community, he might be better posted in public affairs.

During his hearing at Judge Bristol's home on February 2 and 4, McSween protested that he had left behind him in Lincoln sufficient assets to pay all of his debts. Tunstall allegedly testified under oath that he and McSween were partners in J. H. Turnstall & Co., and that McSween's interest in the business was worth at least $5000.[7] McSween, however, later admitted that he was not actually Tunstall's partner at the time, although there was an agreement that he was to become so in May.[8]

Bail was fixed at $8000 and the case was remanded to the April term of court in Lincoln County. Bristol directed Barrier to take McSween to Lincoln and to deliver him to the sheriff of that county. On the night of February 6, Barrier, McSween, Shield, Tunstall and John B. Wilson camped at Shedd's ranch. Baker, Evans and Jack Long, alias Frank Rivers, arrived shortly afterwards, followed later in the night by Dolan, Fritz and James J. Longwell. The next morning Dolan and Evans came over to the McSween-Tunstall camp. Dolan berated Tunstall about his letter to the newspaper and tried to

provoke him to fight. When Tunstall enquired whether Dolan was asking him to fight a duel, the latter replied, "You damned coward, I want you to fight and settle our difficulties." Tunstall replied that he was not a fighting man and did not make his living that way. At this point Barrier intervened. Dolan left the camp, throwing back as he did so the threat, "You won't fight this morning, you damned coward, but I'll get you soon!"[8, 9] Barrier took McSween on to Lincoln, but, when Brady grimly remarked that McSween and Tunstall had reported that he was a defaulter on County funds but would find that he would not default in jailing McSween and taking the spirit out of him, became alarmed for his prisoner's safety and decided to retain him in his own custody. For this he was later arrested and charged with contempt of court. On February 7 Fritz and his sister obtained a writ of attachment from Judge Bristol in the sum of $8000 on McSween's real and personal property.* Two days later, Brady, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff George W. Peppin, Deputy Sheriff Jacob B. Mathews (a Dolan & Co. employee),** Charles Morton, Long, Longwell, John Clark and T. G. Christie, proceeded to the Tunstall store and levied the attachment on the interest which McSween was believed to have in the stock and premises. Tunstall's testimony thus had consequences which he had certainly not anticipated. Widenmann refused to deliver the keys, on the grounds that McSween had no interest in the store. He was thereupon placed under arrest and they were taken from him by force. In a towering rage Tunstall wrote to Chisum that "the Sheriff has attached my store and threatens to attach my stock; but G-D d - - n him he'll find I can't stand everything."[10]

McSween now moved to secure the lucrative Mescalero Apache contracts for Tunstall & Co. In a letter to Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz, he charged that Dolan & Co. provided the Indians at the Mescalero Reservation with bad wheat and beef and obtained and sold supplies issued by the Government for the use of the Indians. Because of these conditions, he alleged (falsely), the Indians were forced to depredate upon the local residents. Dolan & Co., he stated, employed the Agency Clerk, Morris J. Bernstein, to keep their books. He recommended that the Agent, Major Frederick C. Godfroy, be removed and that Widenmann be appointed in his stead.[11]

To the Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, who had recommended Godfroy's appointment, McSween complained that Godfroy "keeps nobody, outside of his family, about him but Roman Catholics, tho' others could be had,"[12] and requested

*Civil Docket Case No. 141, Lincoln County.

**Brady was born in Covan, Ireland, in 1825. During the Civil War he served in the 1st New Mexico Cavalry. Before becoming sheriff he worked for Murphy. Mathews was born in Woodbury, Tennessee, on May 5, 1847, and served in the 5th Tennessee Cavalry. He died on June 3, 1903. Peppin was born about 1849. He enlisted in Company A, 5th Infantry, California Volunteers, at Allegheny, California, on October 2, 1861 and was stationed at Fort Stanton from March, 1863 to May, 1864. He is said to have died in 1905.

that a Presbyterian missionary be sent to Lincoln. Godfroy was the sole Protestant member of a Catholic family. Dolan and Riley had been raised as Catholics and they reared their own children in that faith. However, finding that preferment in the Santa Fe Ring, which practically controlled the economic and political life of New Mexico, was restricted almost exclusively to Masons, both had left the church and become members of that fraternal organization. Whatever material benefits thereby accrued to them were achieved at the cost of an uneasy conscience. In later years Dolan died so suddenly that there was no time for his family to summon a priest. Perhaps to forestall a similar fate, Riley left the Masons and became a devout Catholic. Their religious background probably gave Dolan, Riley and Godfroy certain advantages in dealing with the citizens of a predominantly Catholic community.

It has been alleged that McSween felt that "the ennobling and refining influence of a Christian church would raise the standards of the whole community."[13] Yet the lawyer must have had some degree of education‡ and any educated man would realize that the introduction of a Protestant church into a largely Catholic community could not but put one more strain on a social fabric already stretched to dangerously near the breaking point. Superficially McSween's actions might be interpreted as those of a bigot raising the banner of religious intolerance against Godfroy or as those of a man desiring his own brand of religious edification. Viewed within the frame of reference of the place, the time and the situation, it appears likely that they were actually a carefully calculated attempt to secure certain financial advantages and to weld the Anglos of the area into a bloc which he could mainipulate to his own advantage.*

Simultaneously McSween counterattacked Fritz and Mrs. Scholand by filing a petition in Probate Court arguing that they were wasting the estate by bringing suit against him and contending that this was done at the instigation of Dolan. Dolan and Riley wrote to District Attorney William L. Rynerson,** a leader in the Santa Fe Ring, advising him of what was occurring. Rynerson's reply boded ill for McSween and Tunstall:

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‡A recent book states that McSween graduated from St. Louis University. This Catholic university has no record of his ever attending there. James V. Jones to P. J. Rasch, June 29, 1956.

*Lincoln was nominally under the spiritual care of Padre John Ralliere. Ralliere was in residence at Tomé, twenty-five miles south of Albuquerque, and travelled to the Lincoln area only once a year or so. See Florence Hawley Ellis, "Tomé and Father J. B. R.," *New Mexico Historical Review*, XXX:89-114, April, 1955.

**Rynerson was born in Mercer County, Kentucky, probably on February 22, 1828. He went to California in the '50s, where he ran a butcher shop and studied law. He enlisted in the 1st Infantry Regiment of California Volunteers in Amador County and was discharged in 1866 with the rank of Captain. He had received considerable notoriety as the result of killing Chief Justice John P. Slough in La Fonda at Santa Fe on December 15, 1867. Catron, Rynerson and Riley were partners in the Tulerosa Ranch and Rynerson and Dolan were two of the partners in the Feliz Cattle Co. He died September 26, 1893.

THE TUNSTALL STORE

After McSween's death Charles Fritz bought the store and land at a sheriff's sale for $1,870. On February 1, 1883, he leased the property to James J. Dolan. For the later history of the store see R. N. Mullin, "A War Memorial," *The Branding Iron*, 32, December, 1955. The above picture is believed to have been taken about 1885. (Photo courtesy Mrs. Bessie Dolan Chester and Mrs. Carrie Dolan Vorwark.)

> I have received letters from you, mailed the 10th inst. Glad to know you (Dolan) got home O. K. and that business was going on O. K. If Mr. Wiederman interfered with or resisted the sheriff in the discharge of his duty, Brady did right in arresting him and any one else who does so must receive the same attention. Brady goes into the store in McS's place and takes his interest. Turnstall will have the same right then he had before, but he neither must not obstruct the sheriff, nor resist the discharge of his duties. If he tries to make trouble, the sheriff must meet the occasion firmly and legally. I believe Turnstall is in with the swindles of that rogue McSween. They have the money belonging to the Fritz estate, and they know it. It must be made hot for them all, the hotter the better. Especially is this necessary now that it has been discovered that there is no hell.
>
> It may be that the villain Green—"Jusif Baptista" Wilson—will play into their hands as alcalde. If so he should be moved around a little. Shake that McSween outfit up till it shells out and squares up, and then shake it out of Lincoln. I will aid to punish the scroundrels all I can. Get the people with you. Control Juan Patron if possible. You know how to do it. Have good men about to aid Brady, and be assured I shall help you all I can, for I believe there was never found a more scoundrelly set than that outfit.[14]

The day after Dolan mailed his letter McSween had attempted to post an appearance bond. True to his promise to help, Rynerson refused to accept it, alleging that McSween was a fugitive from justice. Dolan's henchmen then threatened and cajoled the bondsmen into withdrawing their support.

Brady's threat to attach Tunstall's stock was no empty one. On February 13 he sent Deputy Sheriff Mathews, accompanied by John Hurley, Manuel Segovia, Andrew L. "Shotgun" Roberts, (an alias for Bill Williams) and George W. Hindman to attach the

Englishman's horses and cattle. On the way to the ranch the posse was joined by Evans, Baker, Hill and Long. According to Evans, it was at Mathew's invitation; according to Mathews it was on the pretext that they had loaned horses to "Kid" Antrim (an alias for Henry McCarty*) and wished to recover them before the attachment was levied.

The presence of these escaped criminals was to prove a serious source of embarrassment to Sheriff Brady. He tried to disclaim responsibility for their being in his deputy's posse by publishing a letter which he had given to Mathews:

> You must not by any means call on or allow to travel with your posse any person or persons who are known to be outlaws, let your Mexican round up the cattle and protect them with the balance, be *firm* and do your duty according to *law* and I will be responsible for your acts.[15]

Mathews protested that, "None of these men were part of the posse, but on the contrary were ordered away by me,"[16] a statement which cannot be given any degree of credibility. Why it should have been necessary for a sheriff to warn a deputy not to select "persons who are known to be outlaws" as part of a posse or why a deputy would not arrest such individuals on sight was never explained. The implications so far as Tunstall was concerned seem clear.

On the posse's arrival at the ranch it was met by Widenmann, who informed it that McSween had no interest in the horses and cattle there and that they would not be released without an order from Tunstall. Since he was backed up by Brewer and several cowboys, Mathews felt it best to return to Lincoln for instructions and reinforcements. Widenmann urged his companions to assist him in arresting The Boys, but they refused on the grounds that if they did so they would surely be murdered later on. The outlaws then rode off to Paul's ranch. Widenmann, Fred T. Waite and Antrim accompanied the posse to Lincoln, but returned to the ranch the next morning.

Mathews sent Telesforo Lopez to the Murphy-Dolan cow camp on the Pecos with instructions for foreman William S. Morton, who was said to have killed four men, to raise as large a force as he could to assist the posse. The resulting group included Mathews, Morton, Hurley, Segovia, Hindman, Roberts, Dolan, Gallegos, A. H. Mills, John Wallace Olinger, Tomas Moore, Robert W. Beckwith, Ramon Montoya, Juan Andrew Silva, Felipe Mes, E. H. Wakefield, Pablo Pino y Pino, Thomas Green, Charles Woltz, Thomas Cochran, "Dutch Charley" Kruling, George B. Kitt, Charles Marshall, Samuel R. Perry, and perhaps others. The Boys joined them at Paul's ranch and the party arrived on the Rio Felix on the 18th.

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*The background of this individual has been studied in Philip J. Rasch and R. N. Mullin, "New Light on the Legend of Billy the Kid," *New Mexico Folklore Record*, VII:1-5, 1952-52; Rasch and Mullin, "Dim Trails—The Pursuit of the McCarty Family," *op. cit.*, VIII:6:-11, 1953-54; Rasch, "The Twenty-One Men He put Bullets Through," *op. cit.*, IX:8-14, 1954-55 and Rasch, "A Man Named Antrim," Los Angeles Westerners *Brand Book*, 6:48-54, 1956.

Tunstall rode to South Spring, but Jim Chisum, John's brother, refused his pleas for assistance. The Englishman then followed his employees back to his ranch. He decided that saving the stock was not worth risking the lives of his men and sent William McCloskey, who was on friendly terms with several of the possemen, to inform Mathews that they could have the animals. McCloskey was also instructed to arrange for a neighbor, "Dutch Martin" Mertz, to stay at the ranch until matters could be arranged through the courts.

On the morning of the 18th Tunstall, Brewer, Widenmann, Antrim and Middleton started along the old Ham Mills trail to Lincoln, driving nine horses before them, Waite following on the road in a wagon. With them for the first mile or so rode Henry Brown,* a former Murphy employee who had left The House after a dispute over wages. Only one man was left at the ranch, Godfrey Gauss, a cook who had had his own bitter experience in dealing with Murphy. About 30 miles from the ranch Brewer and Widenmann rode off the trail to shoot some turkeys. Middleton and Antrim being towards the rear, Tunstall was left alone. At that moment a detachment of the posse swept down upon him. Middleton put spurs to his horse, frantically calling to his employer, "For God's sake, follow me," but Tunstall seemed confused and only answered, "What, John? What, John?"[16] It seems likely that in view of his belief that he had the regard and friendship of The Boys, Tunstall did not consider that he was in any personal danger from the possemen. If so, his error was the kind a man makes but once.

On arriving at the ranch the posse had learned from Gauss that a few horses had been started for Lincoln. Mathews and Dolan immediately dispatched Morton to recover the animals. To assist him they assigned Hurley, Segovia, Hindman, Gallegos, Olinger, Beckwith, Montoya, Green, Cochran, Kruling, Kitt, Marshall and Perry. With them went The Boys. Morton urged haste: "Hurry up, boys, my knife is sharp and I feel like scalping some one."[17] According to the story he told later, he called on Tunstall to halt and waved the attachment at him. Tunstall wheeled his horse around and rode towards the posse, with his hand on his revolver. The men called to him to throw up his hands, promising that he would not be hurt. Instead the Englishman pulled his gun and fired twice, whereupon Morton, Evans and Hill returned the fire.

"As no one else was present at the time," remarked the Santa Fe *New Mexican*, ". . . the statements of the parties are uncontradicted and will have to be taken for what they are worth."[18] There was good reason for the editor's skepticism. Accounts related by other members of the posse suggest that actually as Tunstall approached Morton shot him through the breast. As he fell to the ground Hill shot him through the back of the head. The murderers then killed Tunstall's horse and fired two shots from his revolver. It is significant that Tunstall's body was found about 100 yards off the trail, an area to

*The story of the life of this individual has been told in P. J. Rasch, "A Note on Henry Newton Brown," Los Angeles Westerners *Brand Book*, 5:58-67, 1953.

which the possemen need not have penetrated if their only object was to recover the horses.

About midnight Riley appeared at the McSween house much the worse for drink. He emptied his pockets to show that he had no weapons on his person and then reeled out into the night. Left on the table was a notebook which was said to have contained a detailed account of the dealings of The House with The Boys. When Riley sobered up, he went out to Catron's cattle ranch near Seven Rivers, remaining on the range during the troubles which followed.

During the night John Newcomb, with the assistance of Patnen Lonjillo, Florencio Gonzales, Lazaro Gallegos and Roman Barogan, brought Tunstall's body into Lincoln. An autopsy was conducted by Assistant Surgeon Daniel M. Appel, U. S. A. He reported that he found two wounds:

> one in the shoulder passing through and fracturing the right clavicle near its center coming out immediately over the superior border of the right scapula passing through in its course the right sub clavicle artery. This would have caused his death in a few minutes and would have been likely to have thrown him from his horse. . . . The other wound entered the head about one inch to the right of the median line almost on a line with the occipital protuberance and passed out immediately above the border of the left orbit. A wound of this kind would cause instantaneous death . . .
>
> It is my opinion that both of the wounds could be made at one and the same time and if made at the same time were made by different persons from different directions and were both most likely made while Tunstall was on horseback in as much as the direction of the wounds were slightly upwards.
>
> There being no powder marks on the body to indicate that the wounds were made at a short distance and the further fact that the edges of the wounds of the exit were not very ragged, I am of the opinion that they were both made by rifles. . . . [18]

A jury consisting of Justice of the Peace John B. Wilson, George P. Barber, R. W. Gilbert, Benjamin Ellis, John Newcomb, Samuel Smith and Frank B. Coe rendered the following report:

> We the undersigned Justice of the Peace and Jury who sat upon the inquest held this the 19th day of February A. D. 1878 on the body of John H. Tunstall here found in Precinct No. (1) number one of the county of Lincoln and Territory of N. M. find that the deceased came to his death on the 18th of Feb. A. D. 1878 by means of divers bullets shot and sent forth out of and from deadly weapons there and then held by one or more of the men whose names are herewith witnessed, Jessie Evans, Frank Baker, Thos. Hill, G. Hindman, J. J. Dolan, William Morton and others not identified by witnesses, that testified before the coroners Jury, we the undersigned to the best of our knowledge and belief from the evidence at the coroners inquest believe the above statement to be a true and impartial verdict.[19]

Tunstall was buried in back of his store on the morning of the 21st. His body is said to have since been taken up and reinterred with those of McSween, Harvey Morris and Huston I. Chapman behind the Penfield residence.

The day of Tunstall's murder Brady authorized his deputies at the store to give some hay to a U. S. Army detachment. The next morning McSween sued out a warrant from Justice Wilson, charging the sheriff with misappropriation of Tunstall's property. On the 20th Brewer, Constable Antonacio Martinez, Scurlock, Middleton, Antrim, Sam Smith, Samuel R. Corbet, the two Coe brothers, George Washington, George Robinson, Ignacio Gonzales, Jesus Rodriguez, Esiquio Sanches, Barogan, Frank McNab, Waite and one Edwards forcibly took possession of the Tunstall building. The men in charge of the store were arrested and Widenmann again took control. Brady was examined before Wilson and remanded to the April meeting of the Grand Jury.

At the April term of court the Grand Jury indicted Evans, Rivers, Davis and Segovia for the Tunstall murder, and commented on the Lincoln County troubles in the following words:

> The murder of John H. Tunstall for brutality and malice is without a parallel and without a shadow of justification. By this inhuman act our County has lost one of our best and most useful men. One who brought intelligence, industry and capital to the development of Lincoln County. . . .
>
> Your honor charged us to investigate the case of Alex. A. McSween, Esq. charged with the embezzlement of ten thousand dollars, belonging to the estate of Emil Fritz, deceased; this we did but are unable to find any evidence that would justify that accusation. We fully exonerate him of the charge, and, regret that a spirit of persecution has been shown in this matter.[20]

Coming on the heels of Judge Bristol's decidedly pro-Murphy charge to the jury, these findings must have been a bitter blow to The House's hopes of using the courts to crush its opponents.

Tunstall had invested over $25,000 of his father's money in the ranch and the store. Only a few months after his son's death the senior Tunstall suffered the additional blow of learning that his entire investment had vanished. The ill news came in a letter from Lincoln written by Corbet, who had been left in charge of the store when Widenmann had to go to Mesilla to attend court as defendant in three charges of resisting an officer* and as a witness in other cases. After describing the death of McSween** at the hands of the Murphy adherents on the 19th of July, Corbet wrote:

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*See Cases No. 251, 252, 261, Lincoln County. Following the session of court, Widenmann went to England to visit the Tunstall family, so took no part in the following troubles in Lincoln County.

**For a detailed account of this see Philip J. Rasch, "Five Days of Battle," Denver Westerners *Brand Book*, 11:294-323, 1956.

> The same night, after McSween was killed the Sheriff's posse broke open the store of J. H. Tunstall, deceased, and taken out everything they wanted. The following morning I went to Sheriff Peppin (he was then in the store), and beg him for protection of life and property. He told me he was not responsible for nothing. I told him, if him or any of his posse wanted anything, I would let them have it; but, for God's sake, not to destroy everything. He told me again he was not responsible for nothing his posse done. They were then carrying out things; by the assistance of a few citizens I got them out and nailed up the store, but that night they broke it open again, and hauled out loads with waggons.
>
> After they got everything they wanted, they invited their friends to come and help themselves while they guarded the store, and it was not long until nothing was left. . . . When they destroyed everything, I left town to save my life. I expect every day to hear of them stealing the cattle on the Felix. I am satisfied they will take them before they leave the country.[21]

Corbet's fears regarding the cattle were well founded. John Kinney's gang rounded up the herd and by the end of August the last of the animals had been swept off the ranch. Even Mertz's wagon and team were stolen. Eventually Mrs. McSween, as administrix, recovered 166 head of cattle, worth $976.50, at a cost of $842.45. She also collected $574.33 rent on the Tunstall building, while spending $572.00 for repairs. Another $146.00 was paid to Huston I. Chapman for legal services.[22] The ranch itself finally came into the possession of Dolan.

At the suggestion of both McClellan and McSween, John Partridge Tunstall, John Henry's father, authorized a reward of $5000 for the apprehension and conviction of the murderers of his son. Widenmann had immediately apprised the British Minister of Tunstall's murder, and on March 9 Sir Edward Thornton requested Secretary of State William M. Evarts to take such measures as might be necessary to investigate Brady's conduct and to bring the murderers to justice. This was to prove only the opening communication in what was to develop into a protracted argument between the United States and Great Britain.*

On November 12 Tunstall wrote to the Marquis of Salisbury complaining that the affair had left him almost penniless, and suggested that $150,000 should be the minimum amount which the United States should offer him in the way of pecuniary compensation. That same month the British Minister asked the Secretary of State what results had been achieved, and sent him a pamphlet which had been published by the Tunstalls containing copies of newspaper articles and letters from John's associates. In response to the request of the Secretary of State for information with which to reply to the British Minister,

*For a discussion of this correspondence from the British point of view, see Frederick W. Nolan, "A Sidelight on the Tunstall Murder," *New Mexico Historical Review*, XXXI:206-222, July, 1956. The correspondence between the United States and Great Britain may be found in the General Records of the Department of State, Record Group 59, in the National Archives.

the Attorney General answered that he had "directed the United States Attorney for New Mexico to institute thorough inquiry and report to me," but as that officer had not "at once undertaken such investigation," it had been necessary to send an agent to the Territory to investigate the situation.[23] The reason for the United States District Attorney's apparent dereliction of duty was simple; he was Murphy-Dolan-Riley's backer, Catron.

Since both Morton and Hill had been killed, the British Minister pressed for the arrest of Evans, in the hope that he might have valuable evidence to present. Catron resigned and was replaced by Sidney M. Barnes as U. S. Attorney. The Attorney General directed Barnes to use his influence to have the appropriate authorities in New Mexico investigate the affair and secure the punishment of those implicated. Two years later the Attorney General was forced to admit that he had received no response to his instructions to Barnes. Evans had meanwhile been arrested in Texas and was in the State Prison at Huntsville, a fact of which the Department of Justice seemed blissfully unaware. It is hard to understand why the Attorney General would tolerate such neglect of specific instructions other than on the assumption that the influence of the Santa Fe Ring reached into Washington itself.

On June 23, 1880 Sir Edward submitted a request for the payment of compensation to J. P. Tunstall for the murder of his son and destruction of his property. He argued that since all Territorial officers derived their authority from statutes enacted by the Congress, Sheriff Brady was actually an agent of the United States and they were responsible for his acts. To this Secretary of State Evarts replied that the laws of the various states and territories were administered entirely free from Federal control. Sir Edward retorted that inasmuch as foreign governments had no diplomatic relations with individual states, they were obliged to look to the central power for redress. Secretary of State Frederick T. Frelinghuysen eventually proposed that if Congress approved, the matter should be submitted to the Court of Claims or some other judicial body for decision. The British representative, now L. S. Sackville-West, agreed to this proposal, provided that the United States would admit liability in the case. When this condition was rejected, negotiations came to something of a standstill.

About 1885 the Tunstall family published an "Address to Lord Granville." Subtitled "Resumé of the Facts Connected with the Murder of J. H. Tunstall and the Plunder of His Property in Lincoln County, New Mexico in 1878," it laid the blame for Tunstall's death squarely on the shoulders of the Santa Fe Ring, specifically Brady, Catron, Ryner-son, Riley and Dolan. However, repeated British requests for some sort of action in the case were met by the non-committal answer that the matter was still receiving the consideration of the Department of State. Finally, on June 1, 1885, a lengthy letter from Secretary of State T. F. Bayard informed Sackville-West that the United States Government could not admit any liability in the case. Bayard pointed out that it was an established

principle of national and international law that the United States were not liable for the debts or torts of officers of a state or territory. Further, in countries subject to English common law, damages must be redressed through the courts and not through diplomatic intervention by the sovereign of the interested party. In similar instances affecting citizens of the United States, particularly in the case of Henry George, and those of other countries suffering injury in Great Britain, no claim had been made by the States of the individuals involved for pecuniary compensation. To admit such a claim would utterly confuse the boundaries between judicial, executive and legislative branches of the government, nor did the executive department possess machinery for investigation of such suits. In any case there was ample precedent for the fact that a citizen could not ask the State to intervene until he had "exhausted the means of legal redress afforded by the tribunals of the country in which he had been injured." In this particular case Mr. Tunstall was domiciled in New Mexico and hence had no title to the intervention of a foreign sovereign.

With this the correspondence on the subject between the two countries came to a close. A resumé of the case has been cited in some detail in Moore's *A Digest of International Law*.[24] The murder of John Henry Tunstall is probably the only instance on record in which a killing by western desperadoes resulted in the establishment of principles of law between nations.

Marker at the head of Tunstall Canyon, on the old Ham Mills Trail, the site of Tunstall's murder.

PRELUDE TO THE LINCOLN COUNTY WAR

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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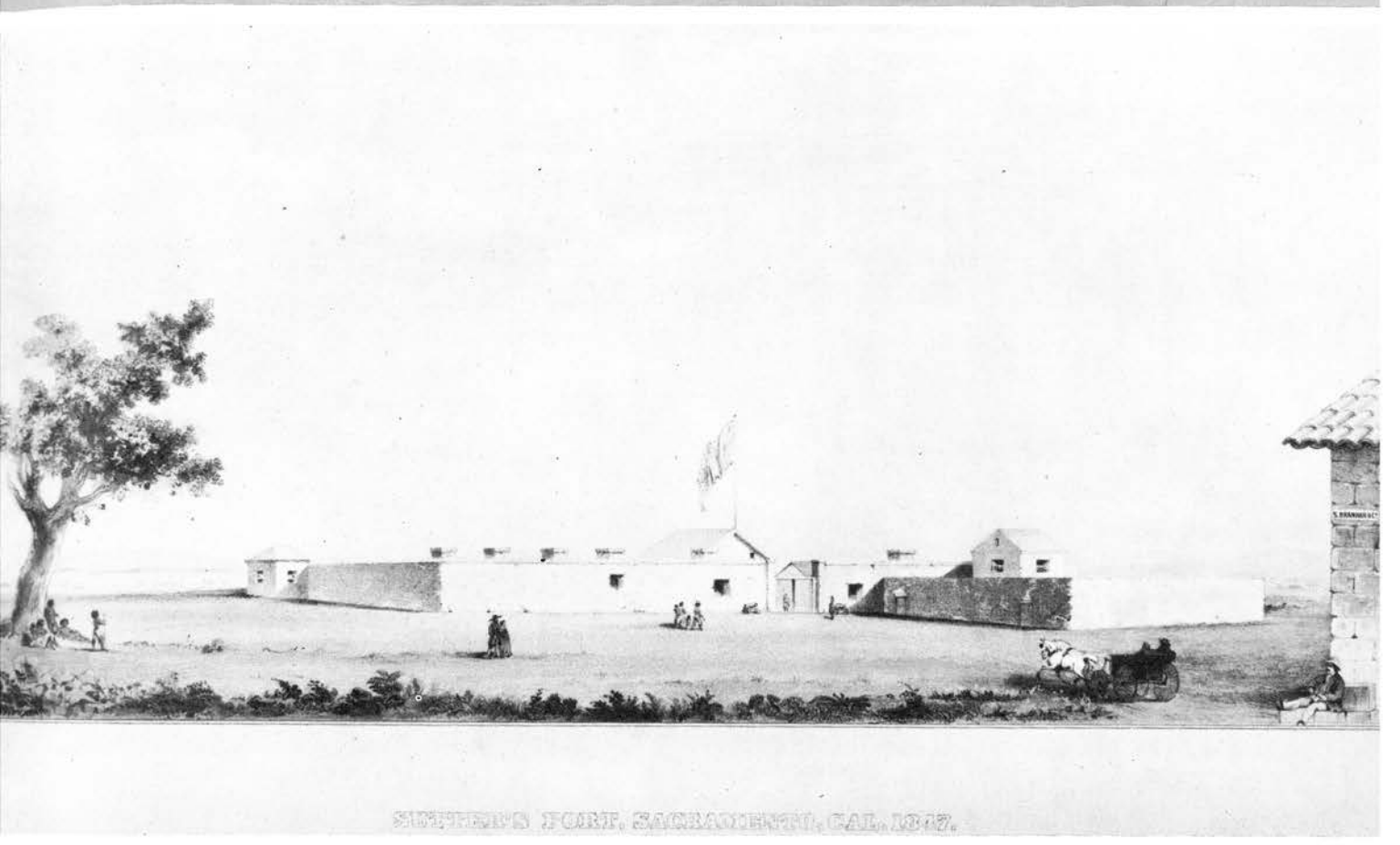
California in Lithographs



Sutter's Fort, Sacramento, Cal. 1847. Anonymous, no date.
This lithograph almost exactly resembles one issued by Snyder & Black, of New York. In this view there are a few added figures, and the flag flies to the left, rather than the right, as in their print.

Nineteenth Century Prints from the Robert B. Honeyman, Jr. Collection

CALIFORNIA IN LITHOGRAPHS

NINETEENTH CENTURY PRINTS from the ROBERT B. HONEYMAN, JR. COLLECTION

By
WARREN R. HOWELL
and
LAURA R. WHITE

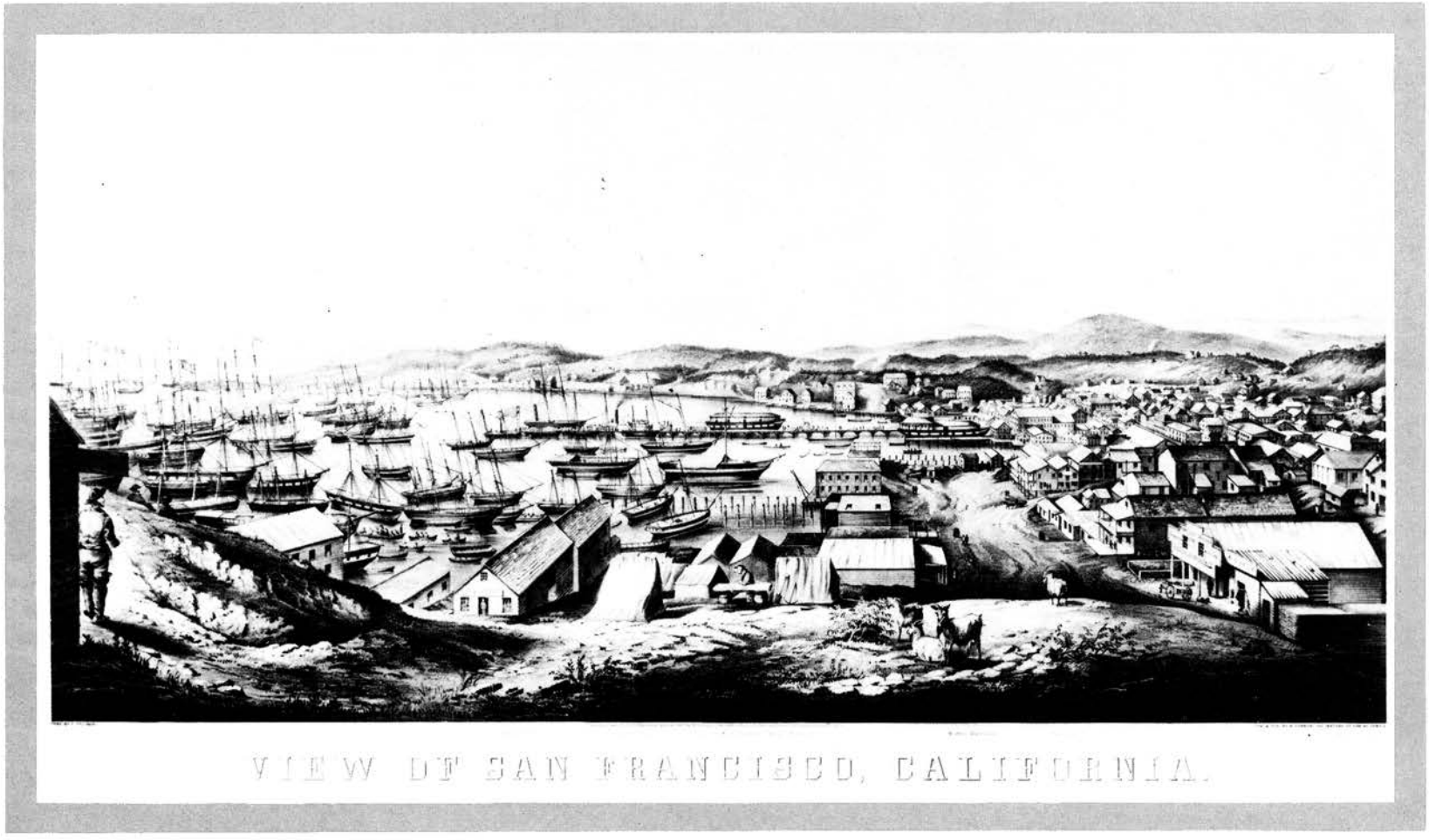
This is a first showing in book form of a representative group of California lithographs from the Robert B. Honeyman, Jr. Collection. It is made possible through the courtesy of Mr. Honeyman and of the two authors, Mr. Howell and Mrs. White—both experts on the subject—and through the cooperation of Miss Ruth I. Mahood, Curator of the History Division, Los Angeles County Museum. If the emphasis in pictures and text is on Southern California lithographs, it is because they have been less collected and less exhibited than those of Northern California.

IF BY CHANCE YOUR GRANDPARENTS HAD COME TO CALIFORNIA as early day visitors, here is what they would have seen, especially in Southern California. The majority of the early lithographs here reproduced are views of southland cities and towns, with an occasional sortie into Northern California.

These illustrations all come from the splendid collection Mr. Robert B. Honeyman, Jr. has built up at his Los Cerritos Museum near San Juan Capistrano. To anyone acquainted with American lithography of the 19th century, it is obvious that Mr. Honeyman has, in California at least, inherited the boots so long worn by the late Harry T. Peters, huntsman and collector, MFH at Meadowbrook on Long Island, MCL (Master Collector of Lithographs) all over America.

Twenty-one of these illustrations have come to light since Peters' *California on Stone* was published in 1935. These twenty-one are but a few of the many "new" lithographs Mr. Honeyman has turned up since the great Peters hunt in this field. The Honeyman copies are, like all the pictorial material in his collection, without exception in fine condition: a most remarkable fact when you consider the terrific hazards California pictures have been subjected to by fire, earthquake, shipwrecks—even by the unusual itinerancy of many of the artists, lithographers and original buyers of these prints.

It was inevitable that Mr. Honeyman should find lithographs predominating in his fast-growing collection. As Paul Mills, Director of the Oakland Art Museum, puts it:



SAN FRANCISCO, no date.

City of San Francisco, Cal. Lithographed & Printed in Tints by F. Michelin, 225 Fulton St., N.Y. From daguerreotypes taken on the spot.

CALIFORNIA IN LITHOGRAPHS

"The art of the Gold Rush era is in large part the art of the lithographer, since this era in California history coincided with the great flourishing of American lithography . . . The Honeyman collection includes a most comprehensive assembly of California lithographs."

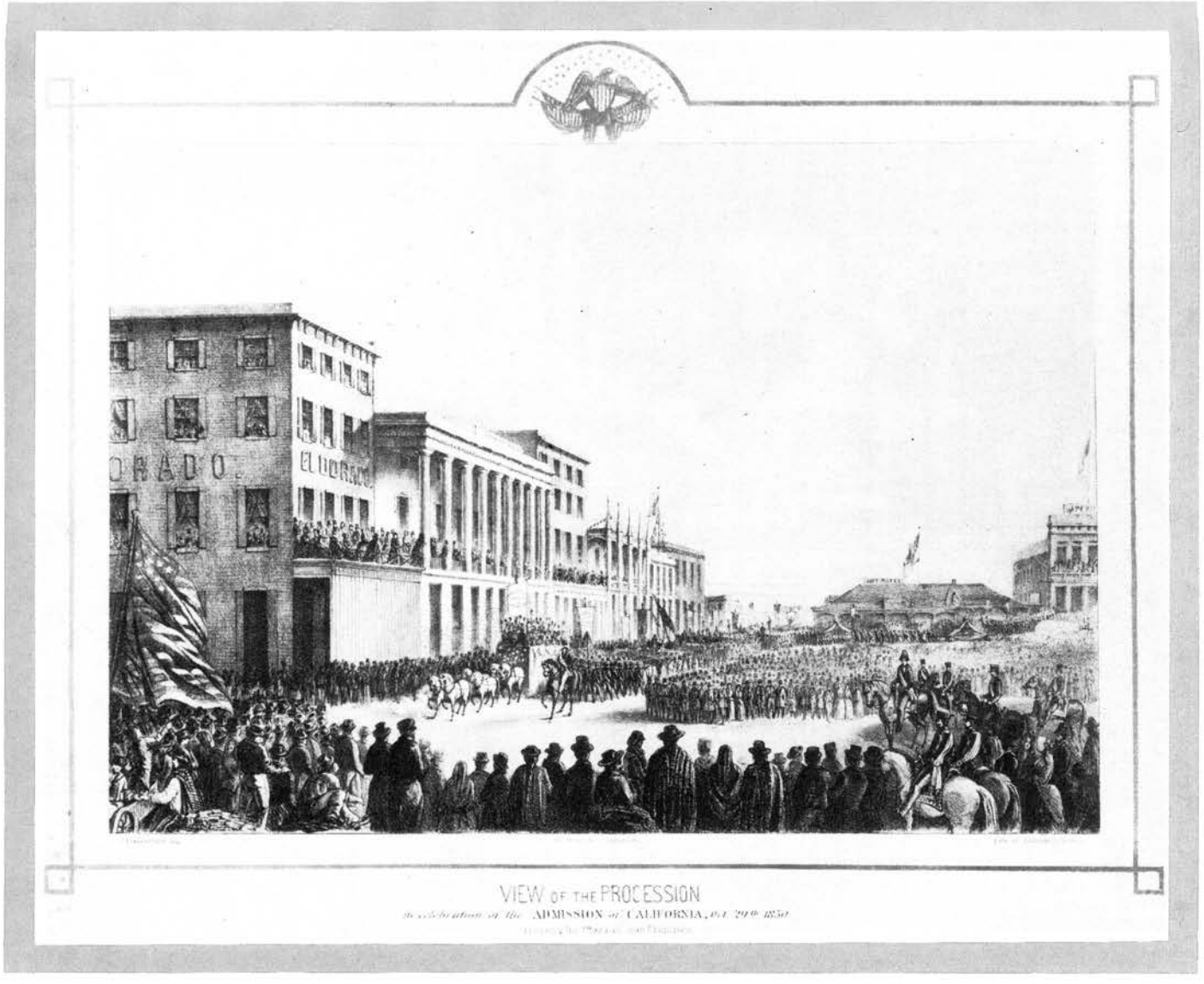
Lithography was the ideal medium for portrayal of day-to-day history, as well as of historic events. The Introduction to Jane Cooper Bland's Currier & Ives *Manual* says: " . . . lithographs are the pictorial records of the background of the American scene, the very essence of what we choose to call Americana." The most eminent of such lithographer-historians, of course, were Charles and Nathaniel Currier and James M. Ives. Hard on their heels in California came Messrs. Joseph Britton, Jacques Joseph Rey, Charles C. Kuchel, Emil Dresel, George H. Baker (all in the 1850's and 1860's), and E. S. Glover, A. E. Mathews, A. L. Bancroft, and H. S. Crocker in the last three decades of the 19th century.

The very nature of the stone on which the lithographic artists drew their original sketches or copied the works of others made it so suitable a medium. A lithograph, done on stone, gives us a scene as close to what our eyes actually see as any technique you can name. It can excel the finest camera work—and certainly did in those fumbling, non-artistic early days of photography—for it captures the intangible atmosphere or tone of a place as no film possibly can. This because the most skilled photographer—even today—cannot inject his *feeling* for what he sees to the extent possible for the artist drawing "on the stone." In any art medium, that intangible added quality comes through the artist's fingertips.

Engravings, etchings, woodcuts, all popular in the late 1800's, were by virtue of the techniques used less fluid, more rigid than the easily blending lines drawn on the stone. Oil paintings were copied with great similitude, and as for copies of water colors and wash drawings, the lithographer could add just the needed crispness of line to make his printable copy life-like. Whether present-day methods of lithography, using zinc plates, for instance, can accomplish a like result is for an artist to say, not a writer.

Among the illustrations here, see what Los Angeles looked like in your grandfather's day. The Crocker and Bancroft views give you Pasadena, Azusa, San Bernardino, Anaheim and other well-known Southern California cities in their infancies: one of them—Glendora—here specifically shown "when six months old," according to the caption.

"Currier & Ives is a household name in America still;" says Mills, "the California firms of Kuchel & Dresel and Britton & Rey, among others, are similar firms whose work merits more attention." Those two firms easily led the field in the Gold Rush period and on into the 1860's. The following three decades saw two other firms accounting for numerous collector's items: H. S. Crocker & Company of "Los Angeles, S. F. & Sac.", and A. L. Bancroft & Company of San Francisco. The Crocker firm is still active in San Francisco today, and in the U. S. Senate, Thomas Kuchel is carrying that name on into our time.



ADMISSION DAY PROCESSION, 1850

View of the Procession in celebration of the Admission of California, Oct. 29th, 1850. Crossing the Plaza of San Francisco. J. Prendergast Del. On Stone by Coquardon. Lith. of Zakreski & Hartman.

This is a famous view of a famous event in California.

CALIFORNIA IN LITHOGRAPHS

For additional Kuchel & Dresel views of California towns, the reader might wish to refer to *California in the Fifties*, published in 1936 by the late John Howell, with text by the late Douglas S. Watson, wonderful teller of early California tales. The Kuchel & Dresel series of town views there reproduced were usually framed by small marginal views of public, commercial and other buildings, or ranches and other interesting spots in surrounding countryside. These relics must delight the hearts of present-day chambers of commerce all over the state, for a comparison of them to modern photographs records pictorially the astounding growth of which California is so proud.

Prints of the 1870's and 1880's and later lacked the aura of the Gold Rush, and hence have not been as assiduously saved or collected as have those of the earlier decades. Consequently some of the lithographs here reproduced are truly rare ones.

Lithographs, or for that matter prints of any kind, by E. S. Glover or A. E. Mathews are seldom seen. Their work was done chiefly in the 1870's and 1880's, and Mr. Honeyman's collection of them is as large and good as may be found anywhere. The work of A. L. Bancroft & Company, here represented by eight or nine illustrations, put that firm almost in a class with Kuchel & Dresel.

An added interest to be found in these 1870-1880 prints may be found in the picture they afford of Southern California's Great Boom of the Eighties. This boom, covering actually the years 1887-1888, saw the greatest influx of population to Southern California that had been or was to be seen until the second World War set off our present booming growth.

Railroads, newly arrived at Southern California's terminus, and owners of huge tracts of land, went to extreme lengths to lure possible buyers into the state, such as reducing round trip fares from St. Louis to $15—even to $1 for a few days. Presumably they expected the buyer to sacrifice the return portion of his ticket, and many must have done just that. All of Southern California, but especially Los Angeles County, was subdivided like a crazy quilt, with land prices shooting skyward, and any place serving as a real estate seller's home base.

Along the railroads, particularly, new towns sprang up, many of them with luxurious hotels and ambitious colleges. Hollywood, among others, got its start during this boom, as did Redlands (here illustrated) and even Avalon, on Catalina Island.

Luckily the collapse of the boom did not kill off these towns, for by that time agriculture, on a large scale or on small ranches and groves, had become firmly established. Chauncey Depew, famed orator, lawyer and president of the New York Central Railroad, claimed that Southern California was destined to drive Italy and the rest of the world out of the market in citrus fruits, olives, prunes and wine. The healthy air and climate, and the scenery—so different from that back East—continued to draw tourists, who most often stayed on or returned to settle.

There is little need to say more of this Great Boom: many of you readers are living in

cities and towns that resulted from it, and know the history of it already.

By putting a magnifying glass on some of the birdseye views here illustrated you can identify street names, many still so named, a few since changed. We must admit that our street naming ancestors all too frequently fell back on the old standbys of American street nomenclature: Main, Market, Vine, Chestnut, etc., and even the dull system of plain numbers—First, Second, etc. This in a land extraordinarily rich in picturesque sources for nomenclature—the Indian, the Spanish, the topographical. For example, Ord's 1849 map of Los Angeles covered today's downtown section, and gave both English and Spanish names: Main—Calle Principal; Spring—Calle Primavera; Hill—Calle Loma; and Fort (now Broadway)—Calle Fortin. It showed also the Street of the Virgins, Eternity Street, Bull Street, Short Street, and the Street of the Grasshoppers. Northward, we have clung to our Spanish even when it records unpleasant facts: for example, the Peninsula's Alameda de las Pulgas!

With six exceptions, the illustrations here are all views, a fact typical of the whole body of California lithography. As Harry T. Peters has noted: "There were practically no prints of games and sports; there were few caricatures or comics. Most interesting of all, of course, are the very few of historic events." The six exceptions here include three marines, one stagecoach, one historic event, and one of a miner.

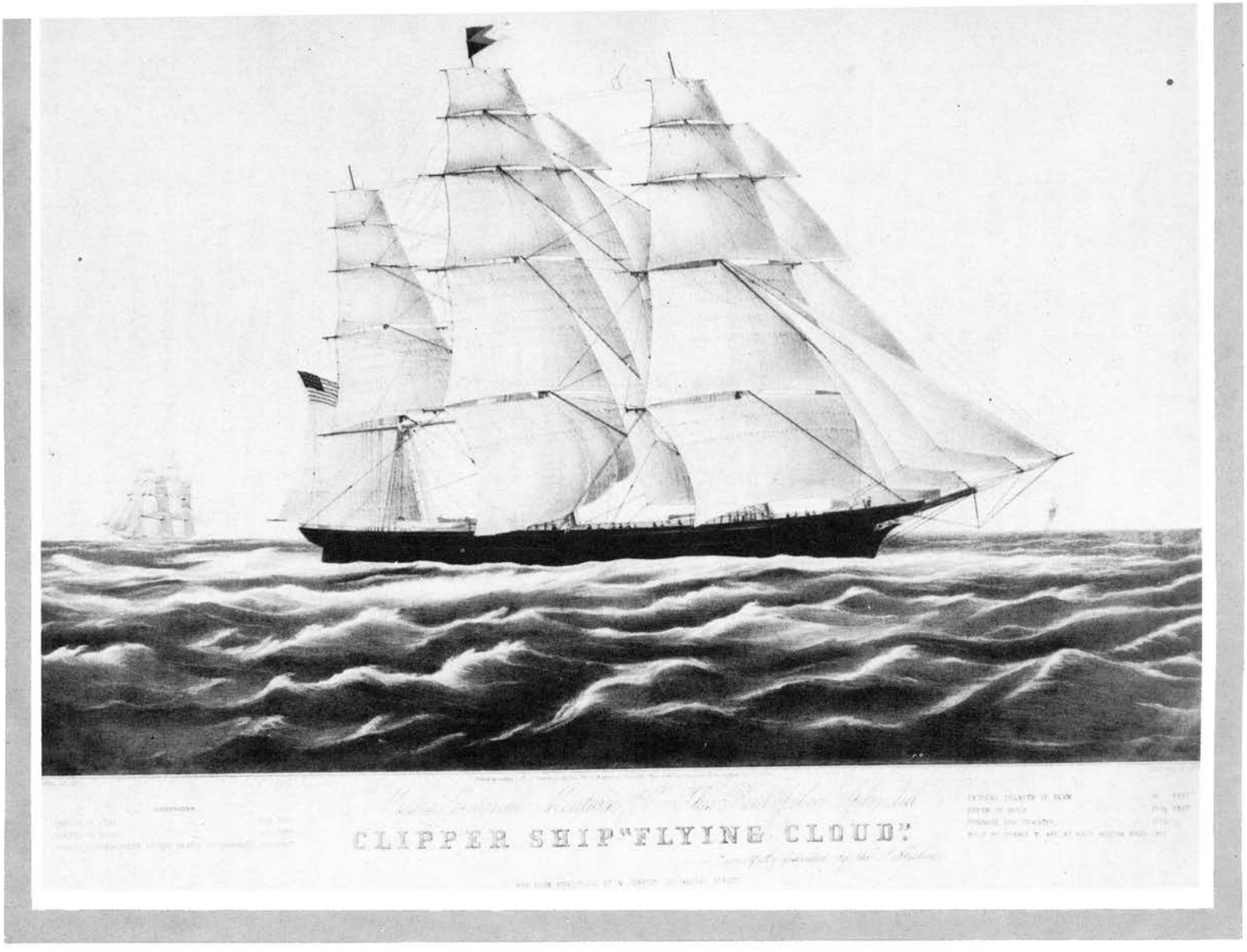
Compare this proportion of types of California lithographs with the listing of types in Peters' *America on Stone*, which dealt with American lithography at large, excepting Currier & Ives:

Views	Horses	Religious	Advertising
Portraits	Sporting	Cartoons	Book, Magazine and
Historical	Temperance	Comics	Annual Illustrations
Transportation	Ships	Sentimentals	Music Sheets

Despite this lack of variety, Peters has labelled California lithography "The Fourth School of American Lithography"—and has given it a very high rating for the quality of its art.

"The number of professionals, enthusiastic primitives, and competent amateurs," says Elliot Evans, "who were active in the early days of the Gold Rush continues to astonish us a century later. The consistently high level of craftsmanship bears testimony to the early excellence of San Francisco's lithography . . . The population of early California was cosmopolitan and probably as critical and responsive to art as any in America."

This is possibly the answer to Peters' query of why the California School so far outranked the general run of the Eastern schools. After pointing out the tones of those earlier schools (Boston—English; New York—German; Philadelphia—French), he went on to say there was "a quality, common to almost every California print I have seen, and quite distinct from subject matter, that could only have arisen from . . . the Gold Rush." Noting a strong Oriental feel in some prints, he asked: "Did that come across the Pacific



CLIPPER SHIP *FLYING CLOUD*, 1852

To Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn & Co. This Print of their Splendid Clipper Ship *Flying Cloud* is Respectfully dedicated by the Publisher. 1852. E. Brown, Jr. Del. (Signed on stone): J. E. Buttersworth. Lith. by N. Currier, New York. Published by N. Currier, 152 Nassau Street. 2 marginal columns of dimensions and statistics.

To quote Peters, this is "One of the rarest of the Currier marines. Seldom found in fine condition." It presents a famous ship lithographed by a famous printer. The work of Eliphalet Brown, Jr. was of high rank, but he did little else bearing on California. Of the J. E. Buttersworth who signed the stone, we know nothing.

also by clipper ship? It would seem that some of the printer's devils, at least, must have been from the Orient."

This Oriental flavor in the delicacy and perspective of so many California lithographs has yet to be accounted for. No Oriental names have been discovered on the prints themselves, and the Orient's only direct connection with them has been the figures in certain San Francisco views or the laboring "Johnny Celestials" in mining scenes.

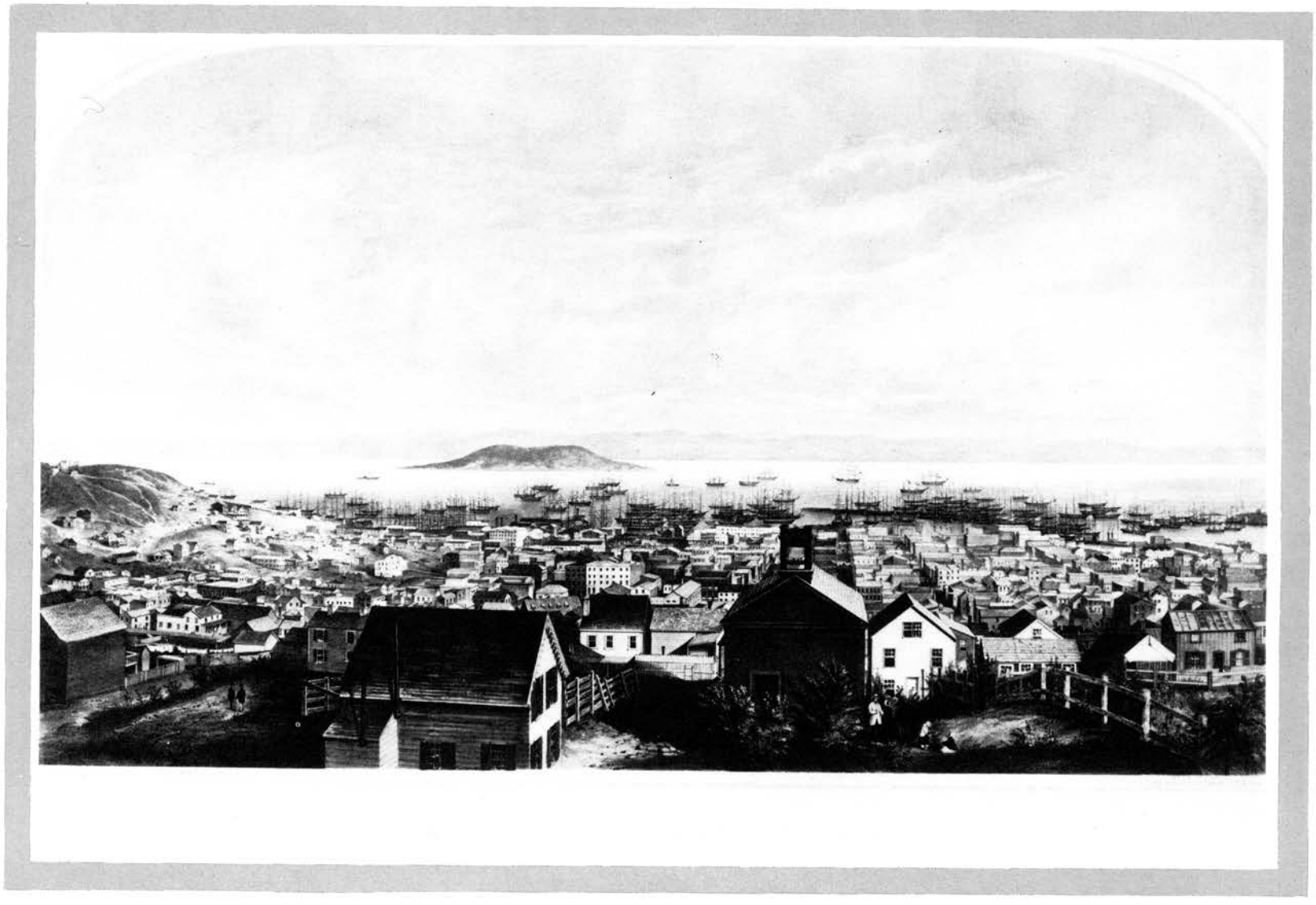
But, as we know, the population of early California was about as worldwide in source as any place could be. Gold lured many Americans, and in Europe revolutions and severe economic depressions were driving many, including some distinguished lithographers, to this Western shore. Again and again we have had to note, of an artist or a lithographer: Born in Germany; or, Studied in France, while working his way toward America. As Mesdames Van Nostrand and Coulter have said, "the number of immigrants from France exceeded that from any other foreign country with the exception of Mexico. It has been estimated that there were 20,000 Frenchmen in California in 1851."

The widespread California lithograph itself drew to California—to work on stone—still more lithographers from abroad, for these troubled men could see from them what riches California promised. Once here, and the mining fever worked out of their blood, they turned back to the stone. Thus did California lithography become self-breeding and achieve an excellence unparalleled elsewhere in America.

As for Art with a capital A, it could be found here. Charles C. Nahl and A. Wenderoth, who did our "Miner Prospecting," can surely be counted among America's painter-lithographers. Evans feels that Thomas Ayres, of "The Golden Gate" and so many excellent Yosemite views, was among the "limners of Western scenery . . . much influenced by Thomas Cole and other artists of the Hudson River School—which was a big and important part of American art history. And without doubt, one of California's rare caricaturists, E. Jump—whose work is well represented in the Honeyman Collection, but not reproduced here—compared favorably with Daumier, greatest caricaturist of them all.

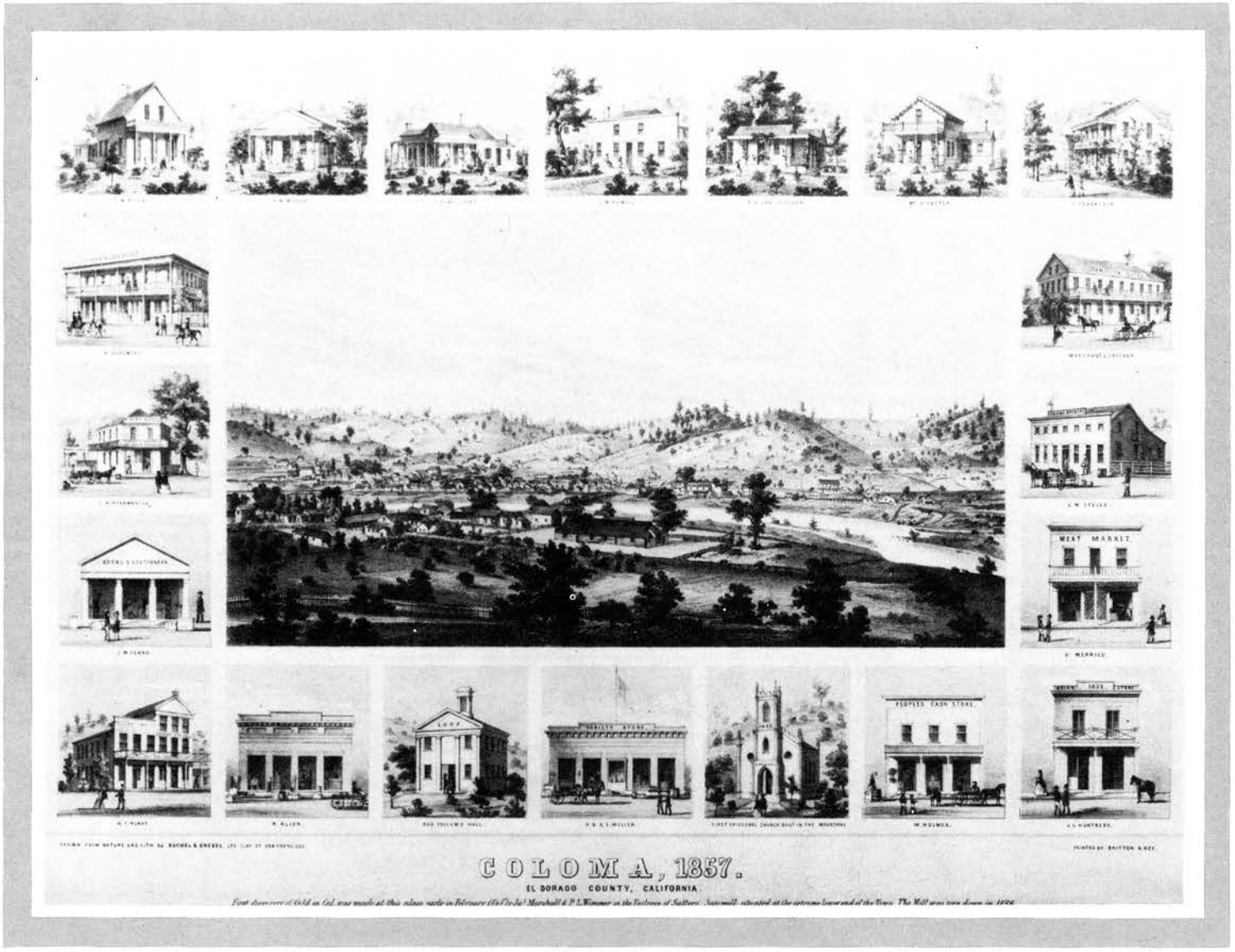
Before we drop this immigration feature of California's story of lithography, let us point out that Joseph Britton came from Yorkshire, England; his partner, Jacques Joseph Rey from Bouxvillier, Alsace; Charles C. Kuchel from Zweibrucken, Switzerland; and his partner, Emil Dresel, obviously from one of the Germanic countries.

California made one unique contribution to American lithography, not illustrated here, but well represented in Mr. Honeyman's collection. That is the illustrated letter sheet on which the '49ers and later settlers wrote so many letters home. At first, when postage ran to $5 an ounce, these pictures told, better than several ounces worth of words could, what life was like in the diggin's, or how the mushrooming gold towns looked, what the fabulous scenery was, or how the miners met their discomforts with a grin.



SAN FRANCISCO, 1850

View of San Francisco, Calif. Taken from Telegraph Hill, April 1850, by Wm. B. McMurtrie, Draughtsman of the U.S. Surveying Expedition. On Stone by F. Palmer. Lith. & Pub. by N. Currier, 152 Nassau St. Cor. Spruce, N.Y. 9 marginal references. Peters called this "McMurtrie View" not only "the most important historical and scenic production by N. Currier," but also "one of the finest and rarest of all Western views." The F. Palmer was most likely Francis, one of a tribe of lithographers, but not related to Fanny Palmer, who was one of Currier & Ives most prolific artists.



COLOMA, 1857

Coloma, 1857. El Dorado County, California. Drawn from Nature and Lith. by Kuchel & Dresel, 176 Clay St., San Francisco. Printed by Britton & Rey. 20 marginal views.

This view of Coloma is the first of our illustrations showing the fine work done by Kuchel & Dresel and Britton & Rey, both leading lithographic firms, who gave us pictures of every important town as it existed in their day.

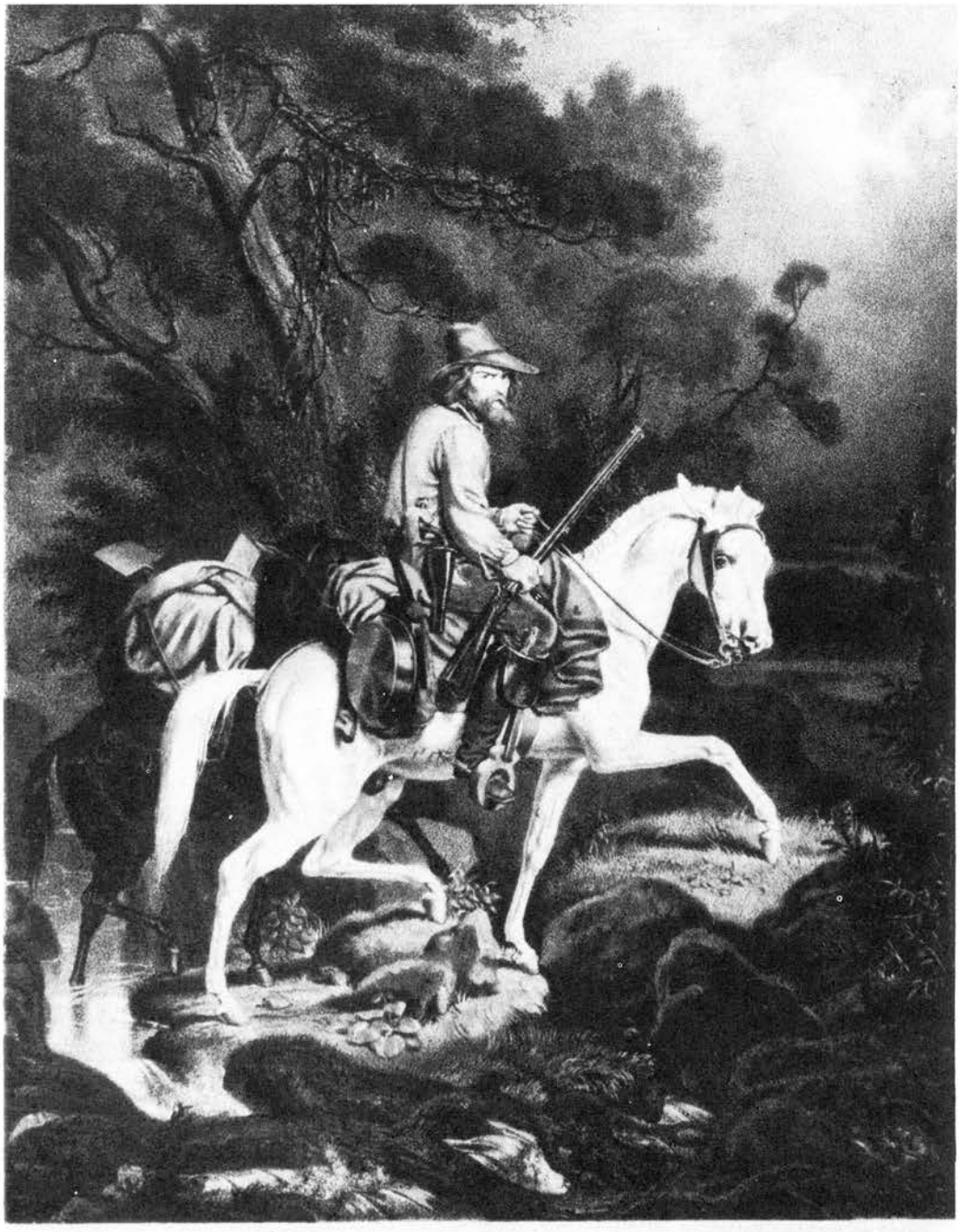
According to Evans, "The Argonauts themselves" called these little gems of lithography letter sheets, and they are not to be confused with business firm letterheads. He further said of them: "They resembled, somewhat, our direct mail enclosures rather than postal cards," and he in turn quoted an observation made in 1916 by Bruce Porter: " . . . transitory things, but, posted to the ends of the earth . . . they furnish a record (historical) surprisingly rich."

Available at low cost in those days, they are anything but cheap in today's collector's market. No better examples can be found of genre pictures—ignoring their usual lack of artistic value—for they depicted every phase of California life. The one R. E. Ogilby did of Grass Valley for Britton & Rey was as fine a piece of lithography as one could ask, and as for humor, it was rampant among them; far more so than on any of the larger lithographs, excepting those by E. Jump.

Let us take up the careers of three men whose work was of importance in the 1870 to 1900 period, and about whom little is available to the lay public: A. L. Bancroft, E. S. Glover and A. E. Mathews. Bancroft is responsible for ten of our views: The triple Los Angeles-Wilmington-Santa Monica, East Los Angeles, Riverside in 1877, San Diego in 1876, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, and Santa Ana — all done by the artist Glover; and Los Angeles in 1873 and San Diego in 1873, by the artist Mathews. While Mathews drew but two of our illustrations, you will see by the account of him that his work stands high in portrayal of the West in general, and, of course, he did others of California which are not reproduced here. Following these three men in their separate gyrations around America and abroad makes us feel a bit as if we had traced and told the story of three energetic fleas on a hot griddle: staying put in any one spot was the hardest thing any of them did.

Alfred Little Bancroft, the 1870-1880 counterpart of Britton & Rey, has been written up by Henry Raup Wagner in a three-issue article in the California Historical Society *Quarterly* in 1950, including a digest of "His Diaries, Account Books, Card String of Events, and Other Papers." This Card String of Events, apparently his own invention, consisted of 495 heavy cards, each decorated by Alfred's personal symbol (a V crossed by an horizontal line), tied together on a green string so that cards might be inserted or removed. His love of detail was shown by the mechanics of this gadget-record, and on it he recorded carefully the Bancroft genealogy and family events.

Born May 15, 1841, on a farm near Granville, Ohio, Alfred was a late son of Azariah Ashley and Lucy Howe Bancroft, who had married in 1822. His father was sixth generation of New-England-born Bancrofts, all stemming back to the English John, who had settled at Lynn, Mass. Christened Albert Little, few ever knew what the L. stood for until his obituary appeared in 1914. Albert hated that middle name: it not only sounded derogatory to an already sensitive younger son; it had previously been borne by another



MINER PROSPECTING.

MINER, 1852

Miner Prospecting. Painted and drawn on Stone by Charles Nahl and A. Wenderoth. Lithographed by B. F. Butler, San Francisco. Copyrighted 1852 by C. A. Shelton, San Francisco.

Peters says of this print: "This . . . and Butler's companion piece, *Miner's Cabin*, are among the most artistic lithographs produced in California during the Gold Rush period. They are painter-lithographs of the finest quality, and will stand comparison with any lithographs of any period or any place."

Bancroft son who had died in infancy. His friends and family called him Albert, and in print his name always appeared simply as "A.L."

According to Wagner, Albert was also sensitive almost to the point of having an inferiority complex, so common to younger sons, standing as he did in the shadow of his brother, Hubert Howe, who later became one of California's famed historians. Brother "Hube" evidently took full advantage of this feeling, for although we may credit him with getting Albert to California and helping him establish his lithographic firm, he frequently left the practical conduct of both their businesses to Albert while he took long trips around the United States and Europe, bent on his historical and other interests. Outright disagreement and a coolness between the brothers eventually developed, but for the main part of his business life, Albert was closely associated with Hubert.

A brief chronology of the various Bancroft firms may be helpful, and then we can turn to Albert himself:

December 1, 1856—H. H. Bancroft & Co., publishers and booksellers, opened its doors at Montgomery & Merchant Streets, San Francisco. It was organized by Hubert and George L. Kenny, Hubert's money coming from a $5,500 loan by his sister, widow of George H. Derby, Kenny's from money he had saved from previous earnings, plus $10,000 worth of goods on credit. Later they admitted as a third partner, Jonathan Hunt, who had had, as a realtor, desk space in the firm's office.

1857-1858—Hubert took a trip East to court and marry Emily Ketchum, of Buffalo, an on his return brought with them Albert, whom he set up as bookkeeper of H. H. Bancroft & Co.

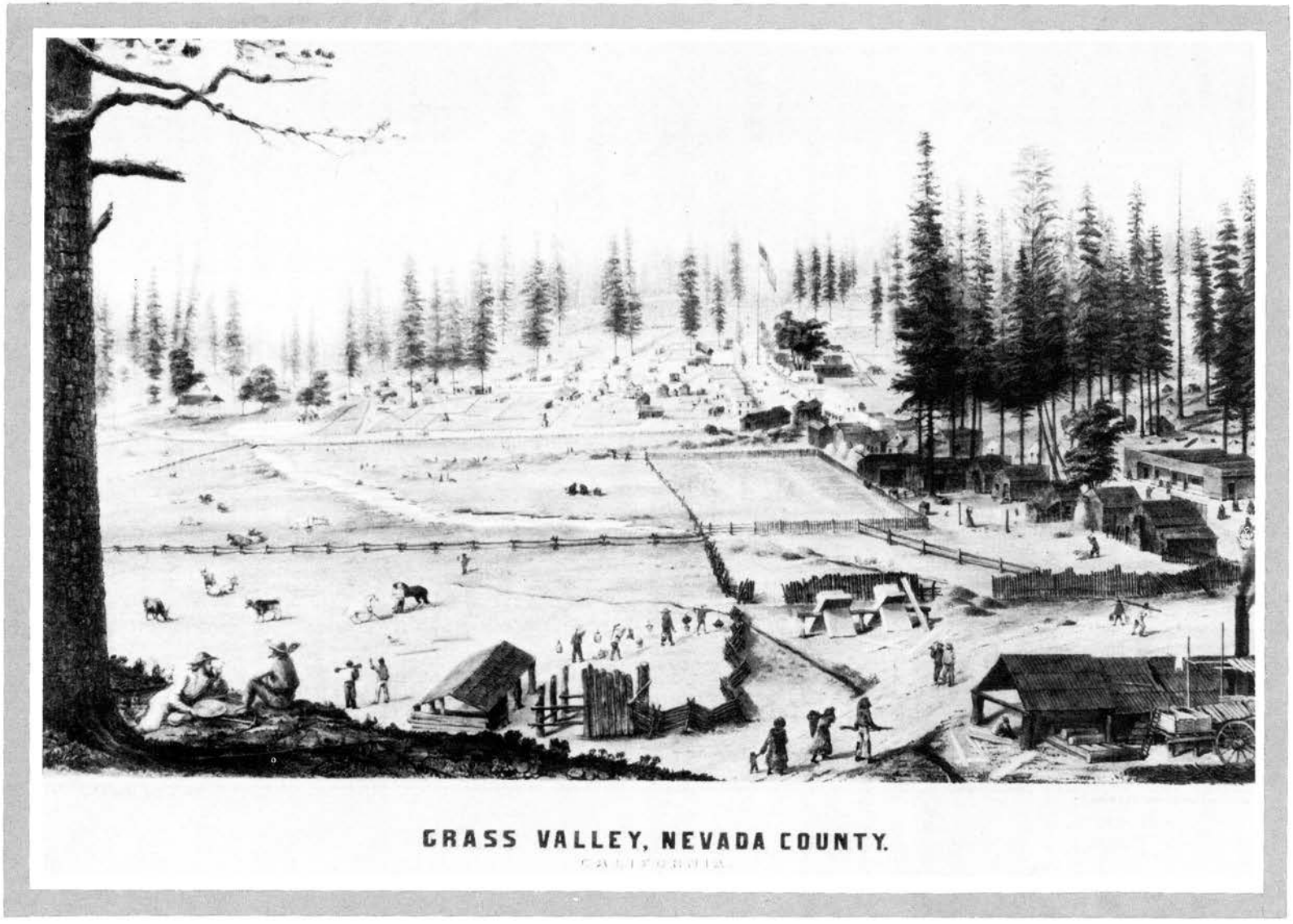
January 1860—A. L. Bancroft & Co. established as a branch store dealing in stationery and blank books. Albert paid for his share in this firm from his bookkeeper earnings. From this time on, either Hubert or Albert was always in San Francisco in charge of their firms.

April 28, 1886—A. L. Bancroft & Company's business became scattered when fire destroyed the building at 723 Market Street, owned by Hubert.

May 6, 1886—Bancroft-Whitney Company established and took over the small law publishing business of A. L. Bancroft & Co. Incorporators of this firm were Albert, Sumner Whitney, F. P. Stone, F. G. Sanborn and Joseph Hasbrouck.

July 1887—The Bancroft Company, with Hubert as president, took over the assets and liabilities of A. L. Bancroft & Co. Whereupon Albert, ousted by his brother from his old company, set up A. L. Bancroft Company, putting his wife in as president. This firm sold pianos and other musical instruments, and was listed in San Francisco directories until 1896. After that, it was heard of no more.

This nutshell review of Bancroft firm history demonstrates the wide scatter of Albert's business interests—in which he resembled so many other lithographers, like Joseph Britton and J. J. Rey, who invested in everything from cable cars to billiard tables and plumbing supplies. As for his indulgence of his wanderlust, which drew zig-zag lines all over America and Europe, this, too, was a trait common to many lithographers.



GRASS VALLEY, 1852

Grass Valley, Nevada County, California. R. E. Ogilby, Aug. 6, 1852. Lith. of J. J. Le Count, San Francisco.

California on Stone says of this print: "one of two lithographs known by J. J. Le Count, and one of the finest of the California lithographs." The Society of California Pioneers lists Ogilby as an artist in California from 1852 to 1880, so this must have been one of his early drawings here. Josiah J. Le Count did produce other good California prints, including maps and stock certificate illustrations, but in firm alignments with others. Like so many lithographers of those days, he was also a bookseller and stationer.

Albert started travelling the year he was born, when his family moved to New Madrid, Mo., and then four years later back to Granville, Ohio. In 1847, aged six, he took a trip on the "Underground Railway," and in 1848, a flatboat trip down the Mississippi. In 1855 he spent a few months with his Aunt Matilda on her farm near Columbus, and then went with his Uncle Justin "and some livestock" to a family-owned section of wild prairie land, where he spent a year and a half. The winter of 1856-57 found him living with his oldest sister, Cecilia, and attending school in Auburn, N. Y. Then he went with Hubert to San Francisco, and stayed put for the six following years, digging into his job and becoming part owner of A. L. Bancroft & Co., sharing a home on Harrison Street with his sister Mary Melissa and the Hubert Bancrofts.

In March 1862 he took a vacation to visit his parents in Fort Simcoe, Washington, going via Sacramento, Marysville, Bidwell's Bar (where he visited his brother Curtis), Oroville, Portland, The Dalles, and finally Fort Simcoe, on the Yakima Indian reservation. He celebrated his twenty-first birthday with his parents, then left for Portland and Victoria, where he stayed but one day because Hubert wrote for him to come back so he could leave San Francisco. On Albert's return, he took up the management of the two firms, and Hubert left with his wife on the *S. S. Orizaba* for a year's belated honeymoon trip.

In 1863, Albert went East to open an office in New York, setting up a buying agency for the Bancroft business, and staying there for three years. That summer he took a trip with his sister Emily down the St. Lawrence to the Thousand Islands, to the White Mountains and Boston. Then, while visiting this sister at her home in Greenport, Long Island, Albert met Frances Ann Watts, daughter of Judge John S. Watts of Bloomington, Ind. and Santa Fe, N. M. They were married January 11, 1866, and sailed that same morning for San Francisco, where they shared a household at California and Franklin Streets with the H. H. Bancrofts. There they lived until 1871, when they set up their own home on Franklin near Pine, living there until 1876.

"Living" at an address did not mean continuous occupancy to Albert. In 1869, he made his first trip to Germany, where at Frankfurt-am-Main he conceived the Country Road Blocking System to which he later devoted much of his time. In January 1876, the Albert Bancrofts moved into a new, two-story house at 1605 Franklin, which they maintained as a home for the ensuing twenty years. From it, in 1880, Albert sent his wife and three children to Weimar, Germany, for three years education, visiting there himself in 1882. In 1886 he was again in New York on a buying trip for A. L. Bancroft & Company, and a search of his diaries would doubtless turn up other such business trips east. Travel in those pre-airplane days may look horribly difficult and time-consuming to us, but the California business man of the late 19th century did get around despite discomforts. The Pullman cars of those days no doubt seemed luxurious to them.

Through 1894 Albert served as president of Bancroft-Whitney, but in that year he

sold his B-W stock in order to invest in the Honey Lake Irrigation Company, a scheme which went bust in 1896. This bankruptcy forced Albert to sell either his San Francisco home or a farm which he had bought earlier in Costra Costa County. A family election voted to give up the San Francisco house and move to Aloha Farm, where in 1890 Albert had built a two-story, concrete house, whose foot-thick walls withstood the great shake of 1906. Aloha Farm was part of 600 acres he had acquired, after first buying, with Hubert, 360 acres in Ignacio Valley, about two miles from Walnut Creek. After later dividing up his property with Hubert, Albert added seven more parcels of land, giving to each a name such as Granville Orchard, Crofton, Aloha Farm, but keeping all under one management. On his land, he set out over fifty thousand fruit trees. Now, living there, he started pushing his Country Road Block System, a plan of parceling land so as to simplify rural numbering.

For all his interest in farming, Albert did not enjoy farm life, and in the fall of 1896 he took his family to Los Angeles to live for five years. In August 1900 an accident there dislocated his shoulder, a fact not discovered until a year and a half later when it was disclosed by an X-ray, which also badly burned him. In June 1905, he attended the Lewis & Clark Centennial in Portland with his sister Emily, going on via the Canadian Pacific Railroad to witness the Centennial of Granville, Ohio. Sometime in 1907 or 1908 he was in Toledo, looking up Bancroft connections—no doubt for his Card String.

In 1908 he tried once more to live at Aloha Farm, but it made him too nervous and bored, so the family moved to Oakland. Here he died on October 14, 1914. He and Frances Bancroft, who lived until 1922, had five children.

Albert Bancroft must have been an enjoyable and interesting man to know. Weighing 235 pounds in 1867, according to his Card String, he strongly resembled his brother Hubert Howe, a resemblance which shows in the portrait he had painted in 1865 by P. P. Ryder, as a gift for his bride. His daughter, Sara Fry, estimated his income in the 1880's at about $30,000 a year, with which wealth he was always most generous. A strong family man, he bought a camping site on the Little Sulphur River, near Cloverdale, and built several lodges, naming two of them after his daughters Alberta and Sara. His boys he took on frequent hunting and fishing trips, and Albert himself is known to have hunted in Germany and Tangiers. At Greenport, he once joined some bunker fishermen on a trip out into Long Island Sound which netted over sixty thousand fish for oil and fertilizer purposes. Another family crony of his was his sister Melissa, who in 1859 followed him to California, later married Theodore Trevett, of Fort Simcoe, and educated her two daughters in Weimar, as did the Albert Bancrofts.

In addition to his travelling, hunting and fishing, his personal interests covered spelling reform, universal language, art and social activities. He was one of the Bohemian Club's first members, and was once president of the Olympic Club. He was a life member of the Institute of Art and held memberships in The Spelling Reform Society and

numerous other organizations. A lifetime main interest was collecting books printed in a universal language, and his 150-volume collection, now in the Huntington Library, includes books in Esperanto, Ido, Volapuk, and others.

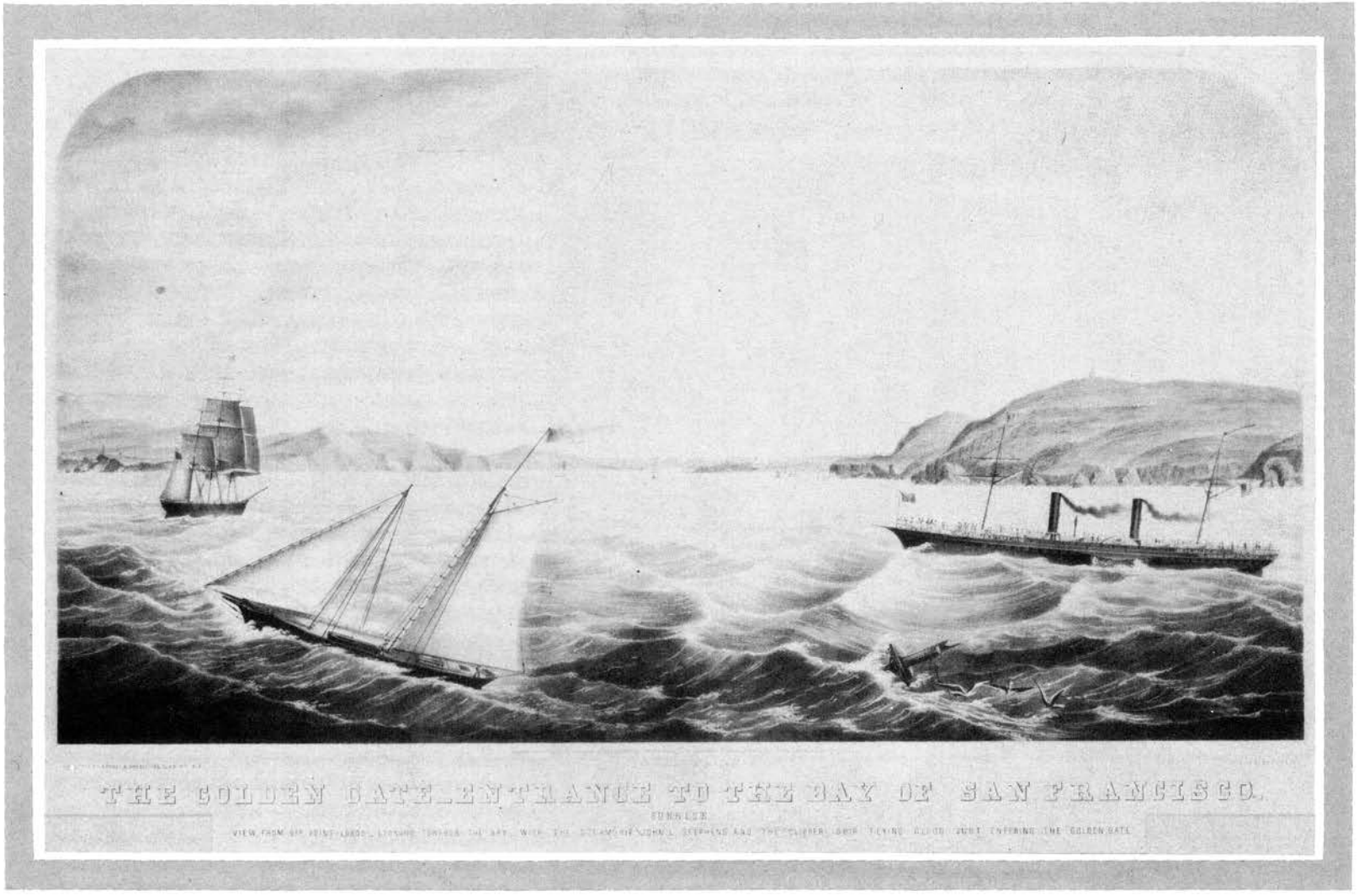
This absorption in languages led him to send his children abroad for three years' schooling so that they might learn French and German, which he made them speak on their return to San Francisco. He knew German before his first trip abroad, and had studied French in San Francisco. On his 1882 trip to Weimar, he satisfied both his art and family interests by having a dining room set made up, giving each of his children two chairs on which that child's likeness was carved.

Closely allied with Bancroft was another roving man, Eli Sheldon Glover, about whom little has ever been printed. Our knowledge of him comes chiefly from manuscript notes, corrected up to 1854, by his son, Sheldon L. Glover. In 1935, Peters could only guess that "E. S. Glover" on Bancroft lithographs might stand for "Edwin" Glover, who drew and published a view of "Big Bar." The January 1954 issue of *Antiques*, stated that "little is known about E. S. Glover . . . known to have worked in Oregon as well as California." Elliot Evans, in 1955, had only to say: "Artist for A. L. Bancroft & Co. city view lithographs, 1877-80." Here is the story of E. S. Glover, as abstracted from the notes on the Glover family:

The first American Glover, a Charles, arrived from England on the ship *Lion* in 1632 and settled in Salem, Mass. General John Glover, of Marblehead, was another of our man's ancestors. The Glover family eventually followed the route of so many New England settlers, first to upstate New York (Cayuga County) and then in 1838 to Michigan, where they were pioneers in the settlement of Washtenaw County. Eli Sheldon's grandfather, William, was a weaver by trade, and had the forethought to take along his loom, thereby making himself a valuable man in pioneer country. All of William's sons became prosperous farmers and lived to hearty old ages. The second son, Charles Smith, married Jane, daughter of Eli and Cynthia Sheldon of Penn Yan, N. Y., and on August 16, 1844, in Sylvan, Michigan, became the father of Eli Sheldon Glover.

Charles caught gold fever and came to California in 1851 via Panama, mined for awhile on the Feather River, then located a good farm in Grass Valley and considered bringing his family West. This idea was vetoed by his wife Jane, who had stayed home in Michigan and joined the Seventh Day Adventists, so Charles dutifully returned East and eventually became a deacon in that church in Michigan, raising some nine children altogether.

Their eldest son Eli went to country schools, helped on his father's farms, and at fifteen presumably got his first whiff of printers ink when he got a job with the Seventh Day Adventists Printing House at Battle Creek. Age seventeen found him teaching schools wintertimes and studying summers at Battle Creek, Marshall, and Ypsilanti State Normal School. He took a commercial course and studied painting briefly in



GOLDEN GATE, 1855

The Golden Gate—Entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. Sunrise. View from Off Point Lobos—Looking Towards the Bay—With the Steamship John L. Stephens and the Clipper Ship Flying Cloud Just Entering the Golden Gate. Sketched from Nature by T. A. Ayres. On stone by Kuchel & Dresel, 146 Clay St., S.F. Printed by Britton & Rey.

Detroit. With this cursory art training he undertook the publication of "Bird's Eye Views" of towns in Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois—and so our story of him really begins. In 1868 he founded the Merchants Lithographing Company in Chicago. Burned out in the great fire of 1871, he moved on to Kansas and Missouri, sketching and publishing town and city views.

On December 5, 1872, he married Sara P. Latta, of Battle Creek, and in the spring took his bride to Colorado, where he produced views of all the principal cities. E. S. Glover had surely found his niche and evidently prospered in it, for a year later, in partnership with a Dr. T. G. Horn, he opened a Colorado Springs hotel called "The Cascade Villas." Half a year later his wanderlust struck again, and he sold his hotel interest and moved on to Salt Lake City for another half year, during which he continued his town view sketching in Utah and Wyoming.

In June 1875, with the Rev. Walter Barrows, Congregational pastor at Salt Lake City, Glover went to Virginia City, Montana, and prepared to shove off on a two-month sketching expedition into Yellowstone Park. This trip the two men carried out, despite the threat of Indian hostility, which broke out a year later as the Sioux War. Reaching Bozeman, Mr. Barrows returned to Virginia City and Glover stayed on to sketch Montana towns. In October 1875, E. S. Glover further demonstrated that itinerancy typical of so many lithographers by leaving Helena for Washington Territory on horseback, blankets and provisions strapped to his saddle. He camped at Spokane Falls, then no more than a campsite, and sixteen days after leaving Helena reached Walla Walla. His provisions included sketching materials, and he at once preserved Walla Walla in one of his birdseye views.

Embarking on the steamer *Yakima*, he started down the Columbia River, to experience shipwreck when the *Yakima* piled up on the rocks at John Day Rapids. Another boat took the passengers on to Portland, from whence a stormy 14-day voyage on the *S. S. Ajax* brought Glover to San Francisco, where his wife and daughter met him. Thus did E. S. Glover finally reach the California of which his mother's veto years before had deprived him.

The Glovers spent a whole winter in San Francisco before the travel itch again caught up with Eli. Los Angeles then became their home in the spring of 1876, and Glover birdseye-viewed cities and towns from San Luis Obispo to Santa Barbara and San Diego. From this particular tour came some of our illustrations. The fall of 1877 became moving time again, and they returned to Portland, where E. S. drew many of the cities in Oregon and Washington, and Victoria, B. C. They went to Battle Creek in the fall of 1879, and 1880 saw Glover's "Metal Back Album" published, and later the establishment of his Art Album Company, which published his patented albums. These sold all over the United States and Canada.

Glover went to Europe in 1883 and 1885 on album business. In 1886 he opened a New York office and moved to Astoria, Long Island. A year later the family returned once

more to Battle Creek, and in 1890 again came West, this time to Tacoma, where—believe it or not—the Glovers maintained a home until 1910. During this unprecedented residency in one spot, E. S. took a trip to San Francisco in 1894. Result: an 1895 "Illustrated Directory" of San Francisco, followed later by one of Oakland. In 1896 he sketched and lithographed a large "Birds Eye View of San Francisco," published by H. S. Crocker Company, and did a general view of Southern California for the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Various business ventures kept him busy in 1897, and 1898 found him agent and associate editor of the Century Publishing and Engraving Company, of Chicago. Until 1904 he carried on this work in Illinois, Indiana, Colorado, Minnesota and Pennsylvania, becoming in that year one of the proprietors of the company.

The much travelled Eli and Sarah Glover managed to have four children, who in turn produced eleven grandchildren for them. The busy life of Eli Sheldon closed finally in 1920, in Seattle, but his work lives on and will, we believe, assume increasing historical importance. Working for both Bancroft and Crocker, he did fully as much to record early California as did any of Kuchel & Dresel's artists in the 1850's and 1860's.

Third and last of our important, but hopalong, lithographers is A. E. Mathews, here represented by only two views—Los Angeles and San Diego—but whose work is found among other firms' productions. Little was known about him until Prof. Robert Taft's *Artists and Illustrators of the Old West: 1850-1900* appeared in 1953; in that book he is the subject of one entire chapter. From that we get the following story.

Alfred E. Mathews was born June 24, 1831, in Bristol, England. His book-publishing father, Joseph, brought him to America in 1833, settling at Rochester, Ohio. The entire Mathews family was musically and artistically inclined: several of the children painted in oils, and one of them, William T., later became known as "the painter of the presidents," doing Lincoln, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison and McKinley. In his mid-teens, Alfred was learning the typesetter's trade on the *New Philadelphia Ohio Democrat*, owned by his brother Charles.

It is uncertain whether he had any formal art training, but by the age of twenty-five he was a combination itinerant bookseller and artist, thereby having qualified himself to become a typical American lithographer. Taft says of him: "Obviously he was an artist in feeling; he liked to travel; . . . and he was observant and shrewd." While Alfred Mathews did not move as frequently as did Eli Glover, still one almost needs a map and compass to follow his career.

April 1861—In Tuskaloosa County, Alabama, taught school on outbreak of Civil War.

August 1861—In Ohio, joined Capt. Charles Cotter's Battery A, 1st Ohio Artillery; later transferred to 31st Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

1861-1864—Participated in siege of Corinth, battles of Stone River, Lookout Mt. and Missionary Ridge.

1865—Out of Army, wanderlust struck, he went to Nebraska Territory, sketching, and on to Denver.

Winter 1866-67—Back to Ohio, and to New York to supervise lithography of his work; later in 1867, in Denver and Montana.

Winter 1867-68—Worked in a New York studio at 470 Broadway.

1869—Again in Colorado, where he purchased an extensive piece of land and planned stock raising on a large scale near Canon City.

Summer 1870—Travelled through the East, trying to enlist colonizers for his Colorado place; then back to Colorado.

1871—In England, after possible colonizers.

Winter 1872-73—In Southern California, near Los Angeles, San Diego and San Bernardino. (This trip gave us our pictures.)

May 1874—Moved into "an earthly paradise" of a mountain ranch home near Longmont, Colorado, and engaged in the trout raising business. His stock raising plan had failed.

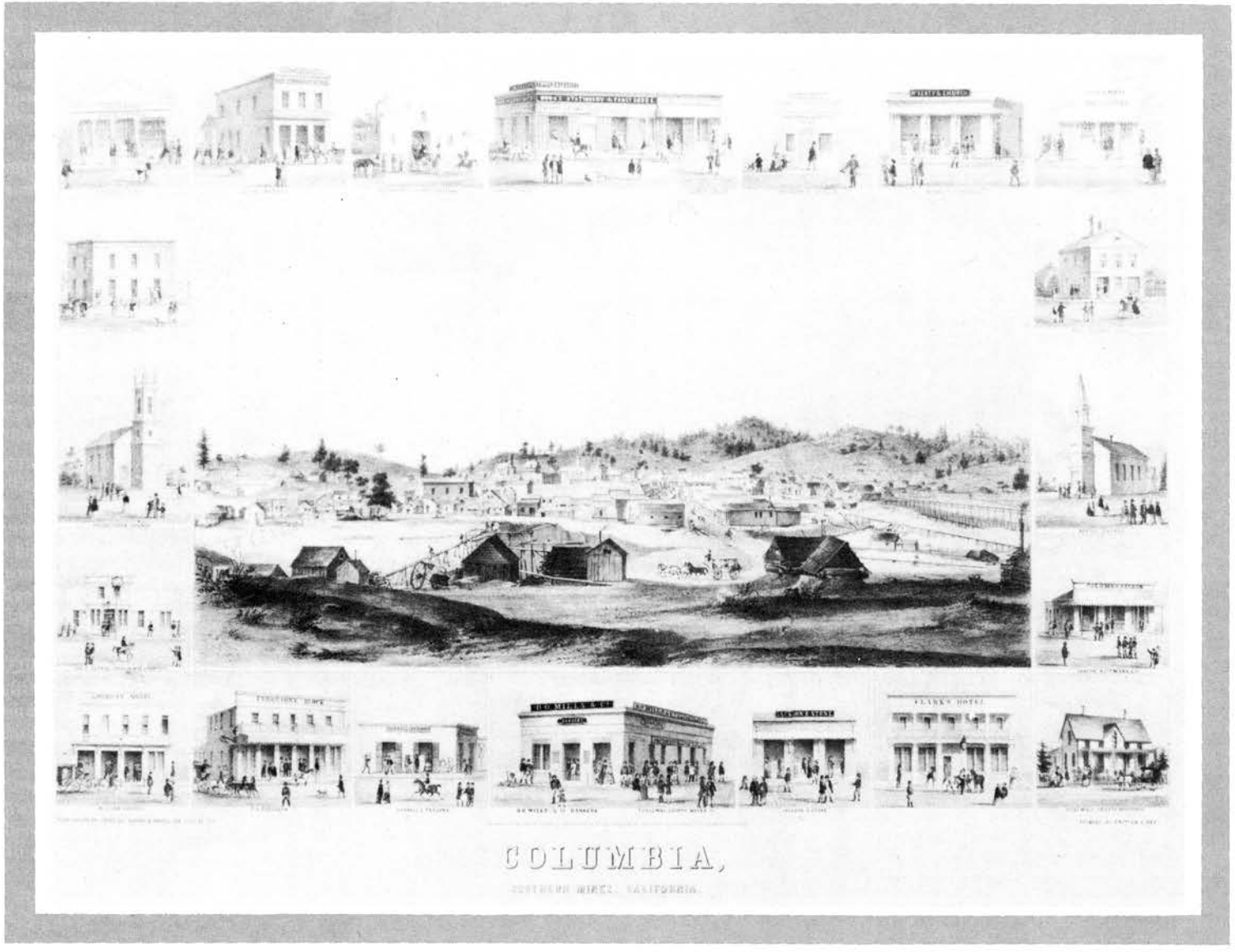
October 30, 1874—Died at home of appendicitis, far from any available medical care.

He was buried on his ranch, and twenty years later the authorities at Washington had placed over him a marble slab, such as is found over the graves of all good American soldiers. Like E. S. Glover, his work lives on and with growing interest and importance.

In 1861 Mathews published a 28-page pamphlet entitled *Interesting Narrative: Being a Journal of the Flight of Alfred E. Mathews of Stark County, Ohio*—an account of his escape from Alabama to go home and enlist. As a soldier, he prepared topographical maps and drawings for Army use. Some of his direct views of Civil War actions were later lithographed. There are 38 known titles of these, all done between 1861-64, and of them, General U. S. Grant wrote to him: " . . . the most accurate and true to life I have ever seen." Out of the Army, A. E. prepared a panorama showing Vicksburg, Stone River, Lookout Mt., Missionary Ridge, and Sherman's March to the Sea.

On his first trip to Denver, he at once got busy drawing, and one result was a birdseye view of that city. Later his work there was put between boards as *Pencil Sketches of Colorado*. This rare book, published in 1866, sold originally for $30 and now brings $300-$400 a copy. Montana he captured in his *Pencil Sketches of Montana*, 1868, sold at $17 per copy, and now bringing the $300-$400 price as a collector's item. Last of his best known pictorial books was his 1869 *Gems of Rocky Mountain Scenery*, originally $15, now selling at $75 to $100. On these book projects, Mathews was artist, lithographer and publisher.

In 1870, as part of his promotion efforts to colonize a stock ranch, he issued "Canyon City, Colorado, and Its Surroundings"—five lithographs and a panorama of Pikes Peak. This has been called one of his finest lithographs. Earlier, during his 1867-68 occupancy of a New York studio, he had prepared another panorama of Rocky Mountain scenery. Like Thomas Ayres before him, Mathews learned that panoramas, especially of Western scenes, were a popular form of art. They afforded the artist real scope, and scope was what a number of these large-minded lithographers needed. Not only scope, but variety.



COLUMBIA, 1856

Columbia, Southern Mines, California. From Nature on Stone by Kuchel & Dresel, 146 Clay St., S.F. Printed by Britton & Rey. Copyright . . . 1855. 20 marginal views.

A. E. Mathews stuck to art and lithography no more than did Britton or Rey in the earlier 1850's. All of them stuck their fingers in numerous other business pies, sometimes getting burned in the process.

While in Southern California in the winter of 1872-1873, Mathews drew views of Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and other scenes. How many of these were lithographed has not as yet been determined, but his California views are extremely rare. On his first venture westward—to Nebraska—his lithographer was Julius Bien, of New York, and a better man for the purpose he could not have picked. Mathews' Army day pictures were lithographed by three different Cincinnati firms. Later, as we have seen, he became his own lithographer.

Prof. Taft notes of his earlier work that his people and buildings showed a certain stiffness and faulty perspective, "but the mass of detail . . . and portrayal of small incidents lend genuine interest to his work." This would lead to the conclusion that A. E. Mathews' art education had been little, if any. Practice ironed out some of his deficiencies, and while we would never count him among America's art-lithographers, as we do Nahl, Ayres and others, he was a decidedly proficient man in that field.

An amusing and warm sidelight on Mathews is given by Taft. One of those small incidents mentioned above was a dog fight. Further, a dog appears in practically every view A. E. Mathews ever did, and he portrayed dogs more successfully than he did people.

A final note on this artist: He always spelled his name with a single "t" except on his early Nebraska views, which curiously bore the imprint "Matthews."

TIPS FOR COLLECTORS

It might be of use to the reader, especially if this has stimulated any new urges to collect lithographs, to add a few hints, gleaned from advice printed elsewhere by outstanding collectors, as well as from our own experience.

First of all, the most notable feature of the Honeyman Collection is the excellent condition of every print in it. This checks with Harry T. Peters' advice:

> " . . . buy only prints in fine condition with original coloring. It may mean paying the price and a long wait for the quarry, but it is worth it in the end."

We might remark that HTP himself sometimes ignored his own advice on this point, but that was because his aim was to assemble every locatable lithograph done by an American or about America.

Some of Peters' other points were:

> *On the scatter of lithographs*—"Since they were low in price, they appealed to the masses, and a collector may discover that his print was found in a cafe at Marseilles or Buenos Aires, a ship chandler's shop in Australia, a barroom in Barcelona, or a barber shop on the Bowery. In other words, they are found from Pole to Pole."

This, of course, is also fully true of California lithographs, and it makes for good and romantic hunting.

On limits for a collection—He stated frequently that any collector worth his salt should set his fences and not jump them—too often.

On illustrated lettersheets—". . . they contain so many scarce views, so much general information, and form so many connecting links, that they might well be assembled into a collection of great importance by themselves."

Lettersheets have been collected, avidly—but it might be a challenge to find out if any were done in, or showing, Southern California. To date, as far as we know, they seem to be an exclusively Northern California product.

On good art in lithographs—"It seems to me that someone having vigorous, experimental, alert and democratic taste could collect in this field, from this (art) point of view, with considerable excitement and satisfaction . . . There certainly are prints that call forth fairly fine powers of discrimination and connoisseurship . . . Many of the prints, while not art in the sense in which it is used by those who revere the word, display technical qualities of drawing and lithography worthy of the attention of anyone."

These are heartening words to remember when you hear lithographs laughed at scornfully by art lovers.

On possible Oriental lithographers in California—He noted over and over an evident Oriental flavor in many California lithographs. But he never—and we never—found proof that any artists or lithographers connected with the California story actually were Orientals. Anyone finding such proof would indeed possess a rare item.

Finally, we might suggest as other possible rewarding fields of search:

Lithographs that fall into categories beyond the so-far-found limits of California lithography—that is, sporting or humourous prints, pictures of historic events, and so on. Such types may never have been done out here, or they may have been all but wiped out by fire, flood or quake. Again, to locate any such lithographs would give one a rarity.

Although E. Jump has been collected, no one has yet instituted a thorough going search for his work. It would reward one with good laughs, as well as rarities.

Not all of George H. Baker's lithographs have come to light. Here is a good man to keep an eye out for. Some of his lithographs are still rare, and all of them show fine work.

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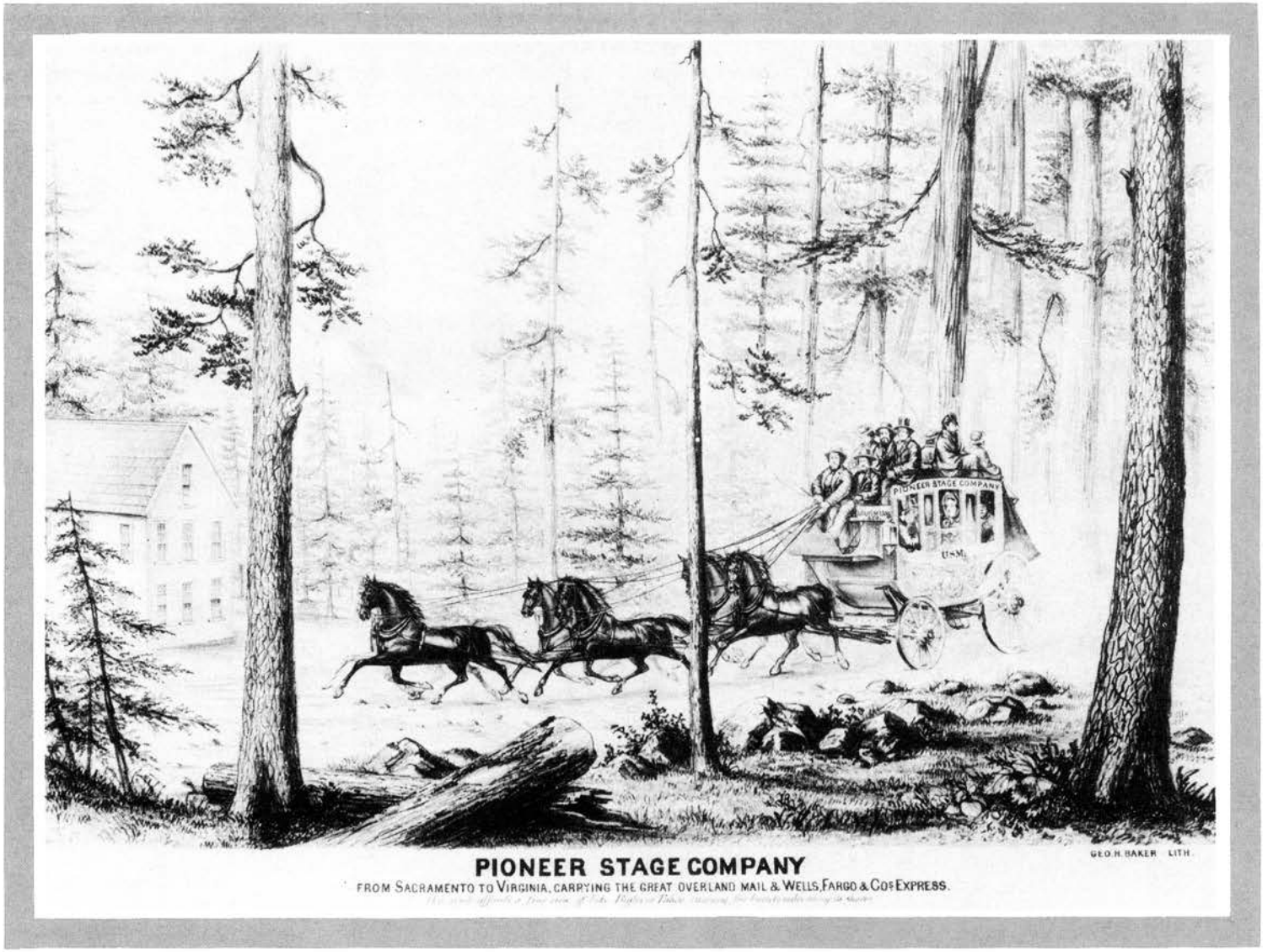
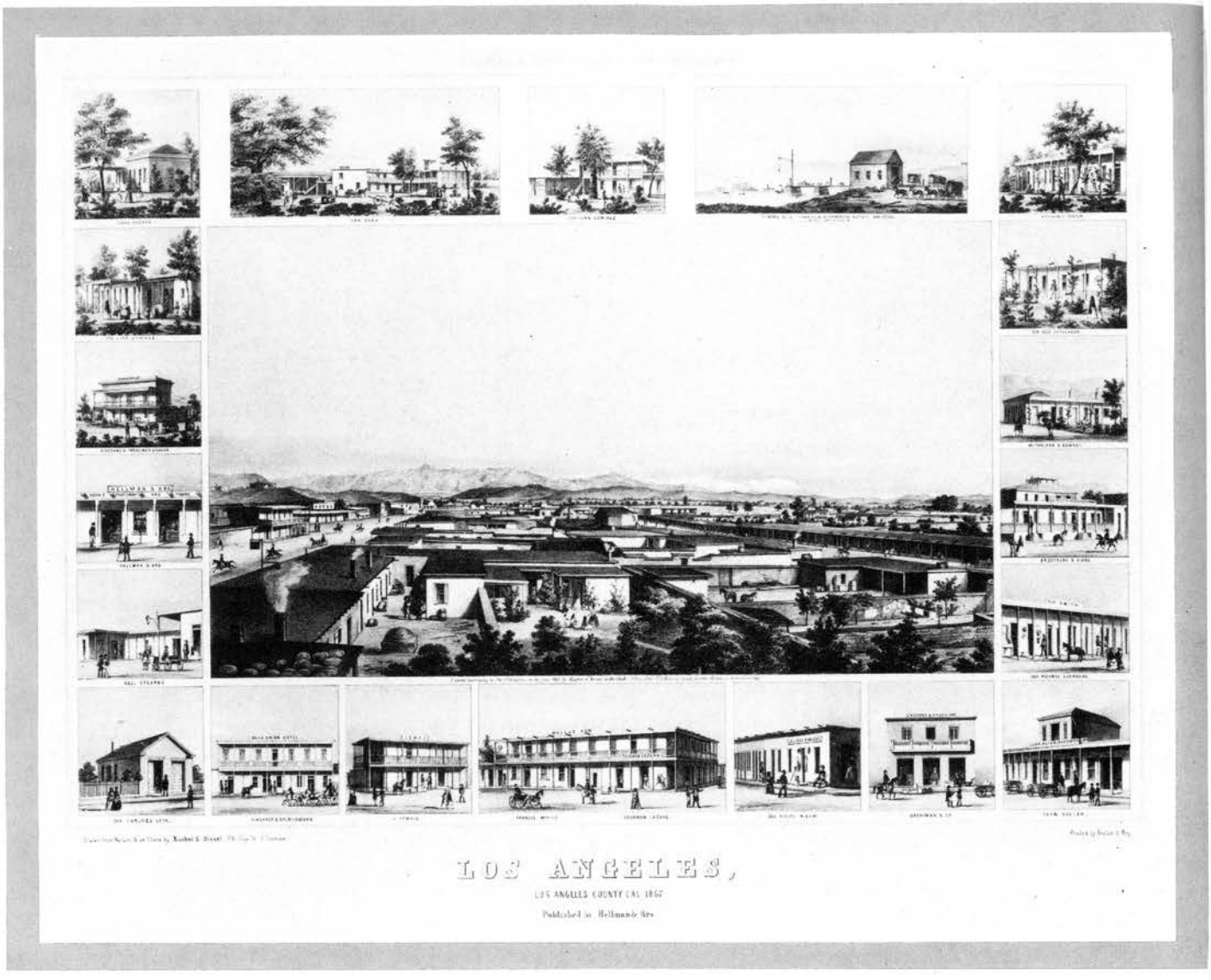
STEAMSHIP WRECK, 1857

Wreck of the Steamship Central America. Appalling Disaster. On Saturday, September 12th, 1857, Capt. Herndon, bound to New York, from California, with the Pacific Mails, Passengers and Crew, to the number of 592 persons, and treasure to the amount of over $2,000,000, foundered in a hurricane off Cape Hatteras. Lith. & Pub. by J. Childs, 152 late 84 S. 3rd St. Phila.



STAGECOACH, no date.

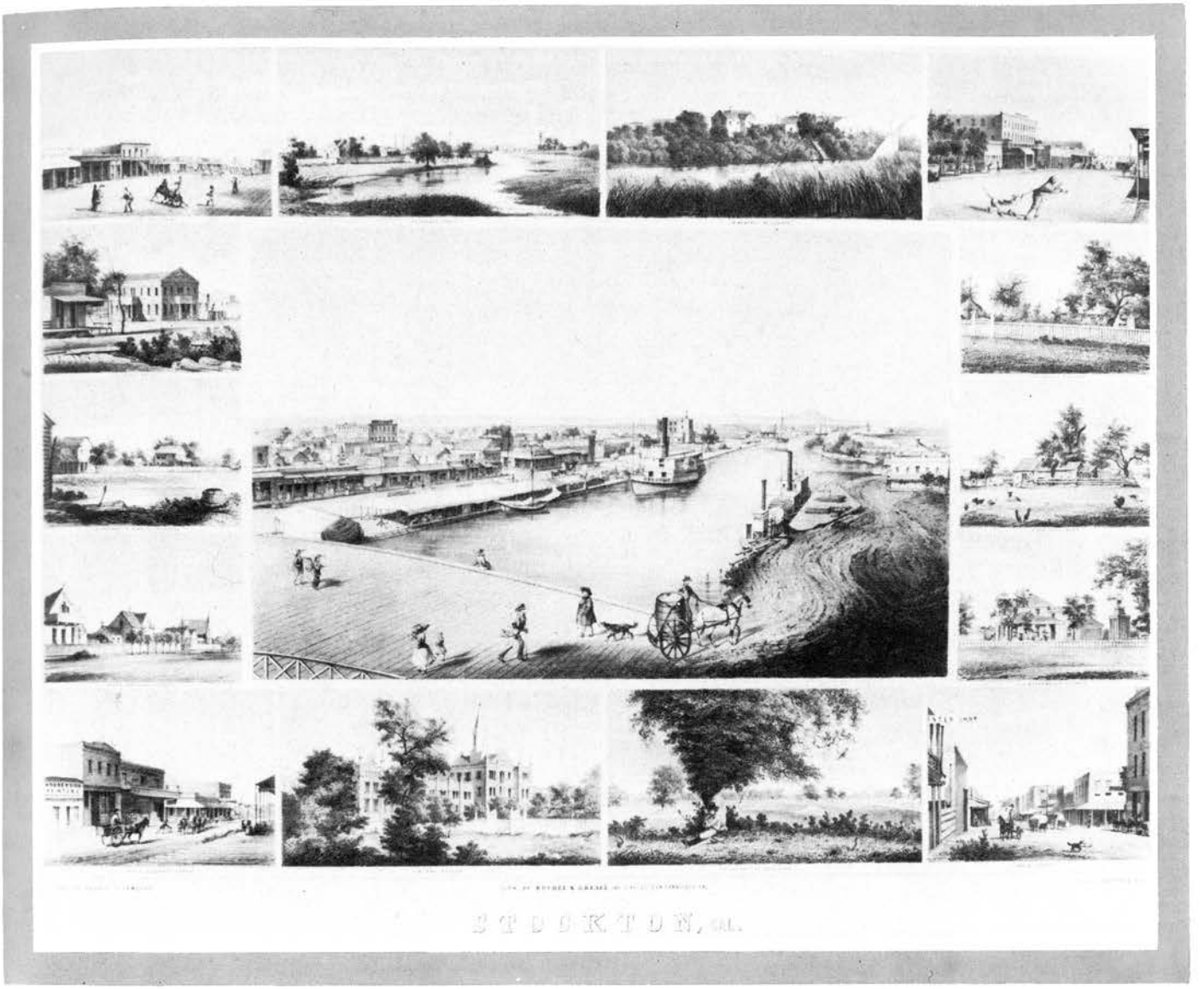
Pioneer Stage Company from Sacramento to Virginia, Carrying the Great Overland Mail & Wells, Fargo & Cos. Express. This route affords a fine view of Lake Bigler or Tahoe, running for twenty miles along its shore. Geo. H. Baker Lith. Building is old Friday's Station, later Edgemont, important teamster and wayfarer stopover point. Coach is headed toward Lapham's Stateline Hotel. Building still stands.



LOS ANGELES, 1857

Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, Cal., 1857. From Nature and on Stone by Kuchel & Dresel, 176 Clay St., San Francisco. Printed by Britton & Rey. Published by Hellman & Bro. 20 marginal views.

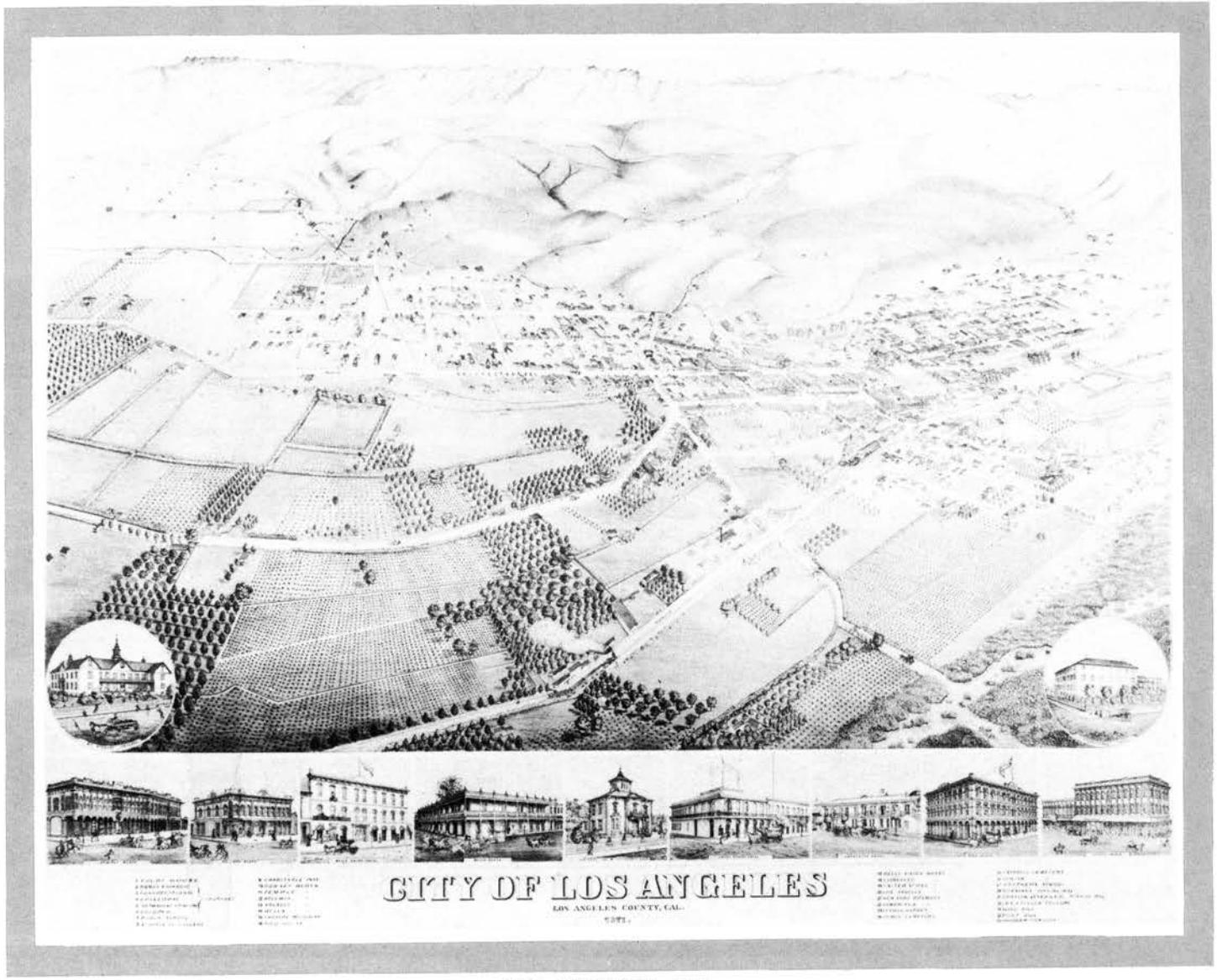
This is perhaps the best known of all the Kuchel & Dresel series of California towns.



STOCKTON, 1858

Stockton, Cal. Drawn from Nature by E. Camerer. Lith. by Kuchel & Dresel, 176 Clay St., San Francisco, California. Printed by Britton & Rey. 14 marginal views.

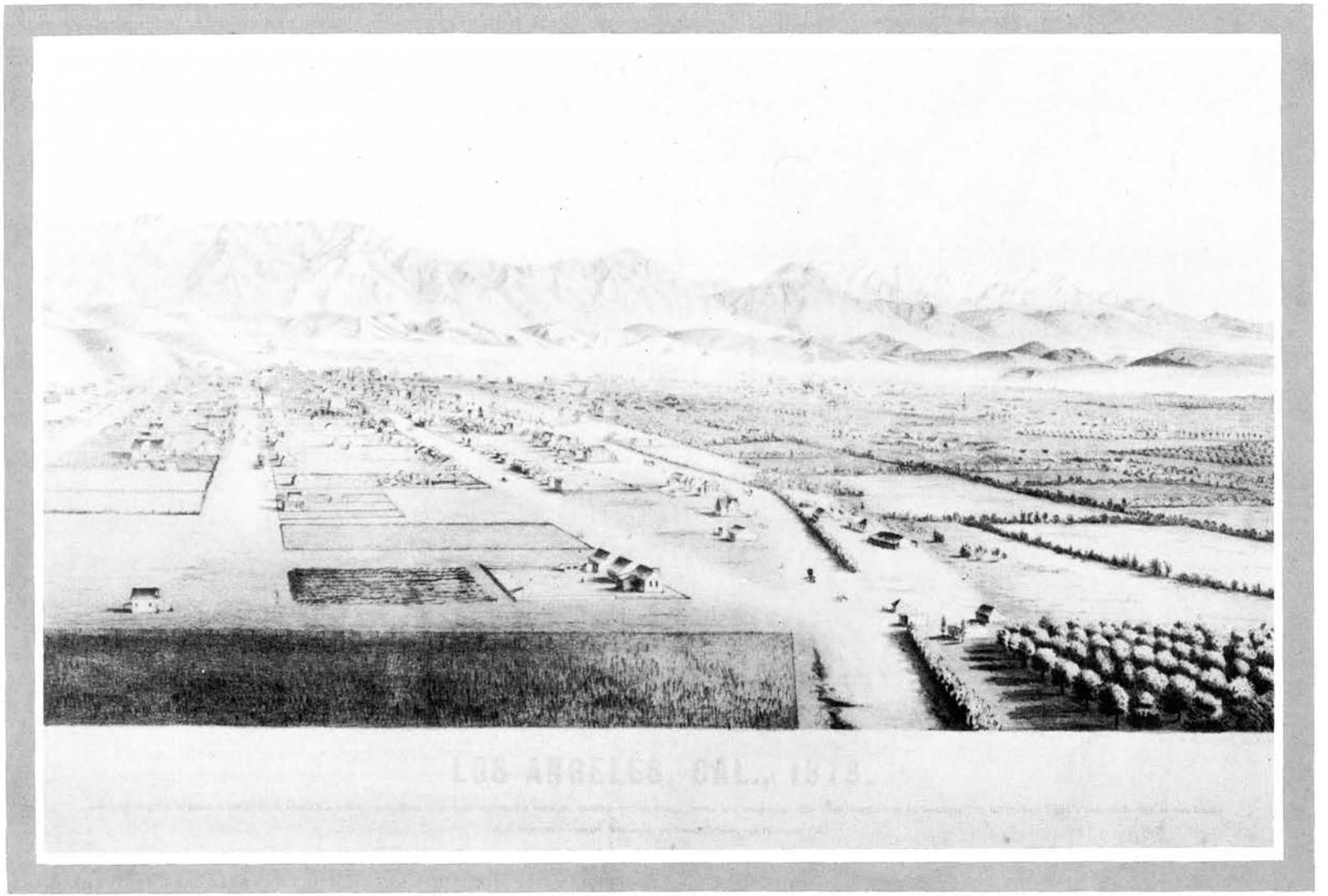
This is one of the fine series produced by Kuchel & Dresel, together with Britton & Rey. Eugene Camerer, the artist, was born in Germany in 1830, and studied at the Academy of Wurtenburg. He was in Stockton and S. F. from 1852 to 1862.



LOS ANGELES, 1871

City of Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, Cal., 1871. Drawn by Augs. Koch. Lith. Britton & Rey. 11 marginal and inset views; 30 marginal references.

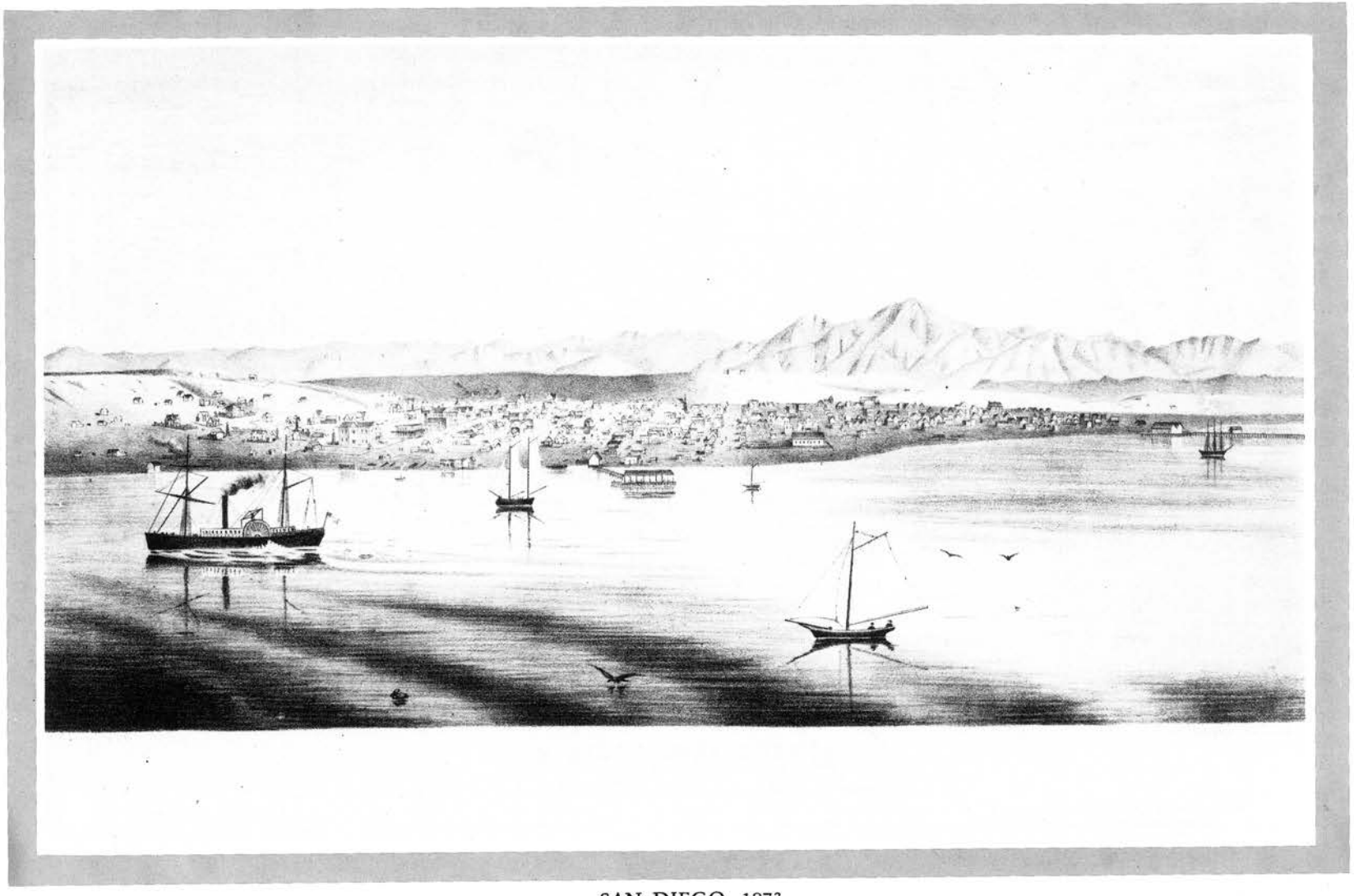
Augustus Koch, artist of this Britton & Rey lithograph, did a series of birdseye views for them, all in 1871. Little else is known of him.



LOS ANGELES, 1873

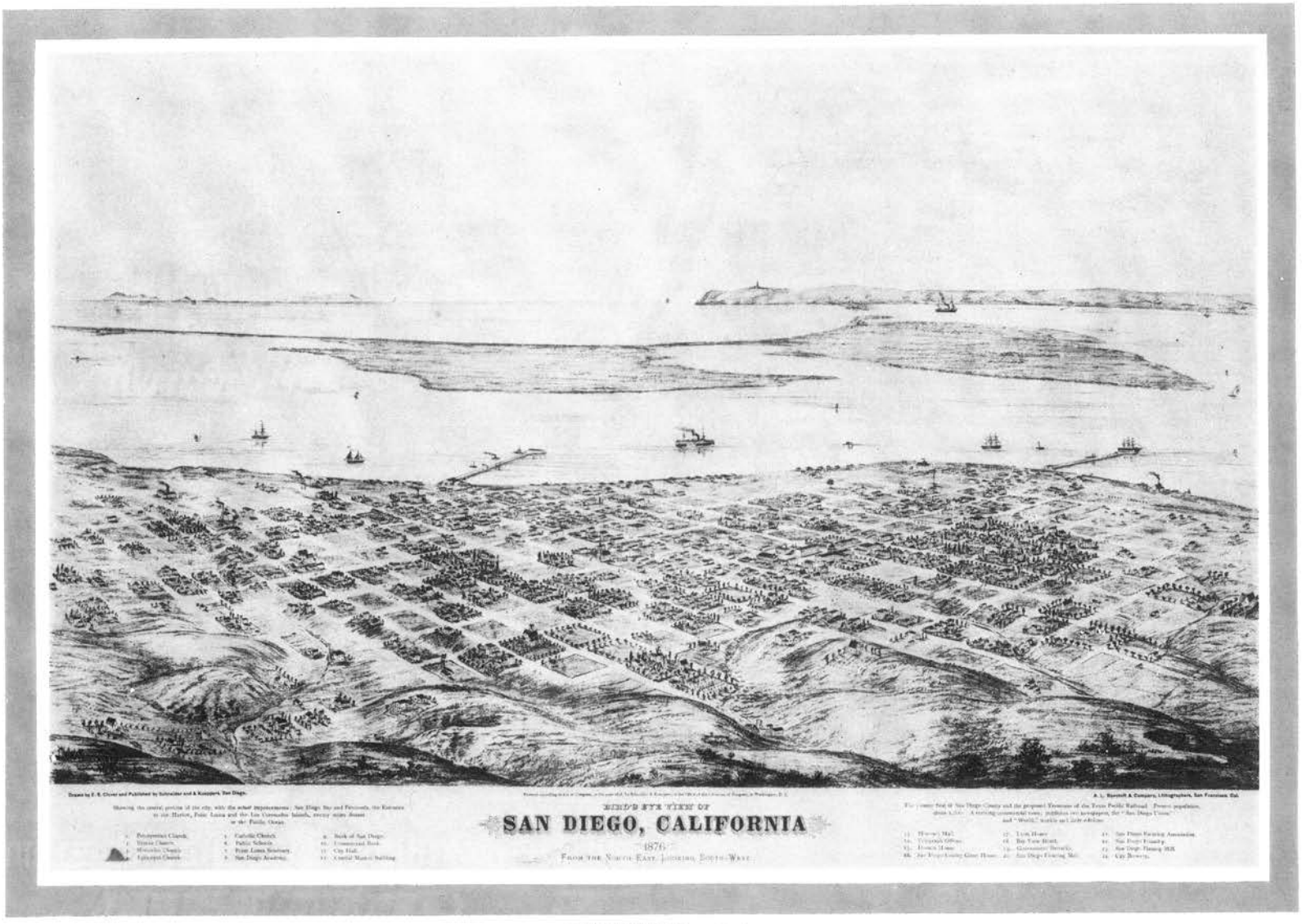
Los Angeles, Cal., 1873. A. E. Mathews Delt. A. L. Bancroft & Co. Lith. A. L. Bancroft & Company, Publishers, 721 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The subtitle of this print reads: "Los Angeles gives its name to the valley in which it is located, and where it occupies a charming location, nestling amidst orange groves and vineyards. The Coast Range, with its accompanying valleys, here forms a panoramic view of rare beauty."



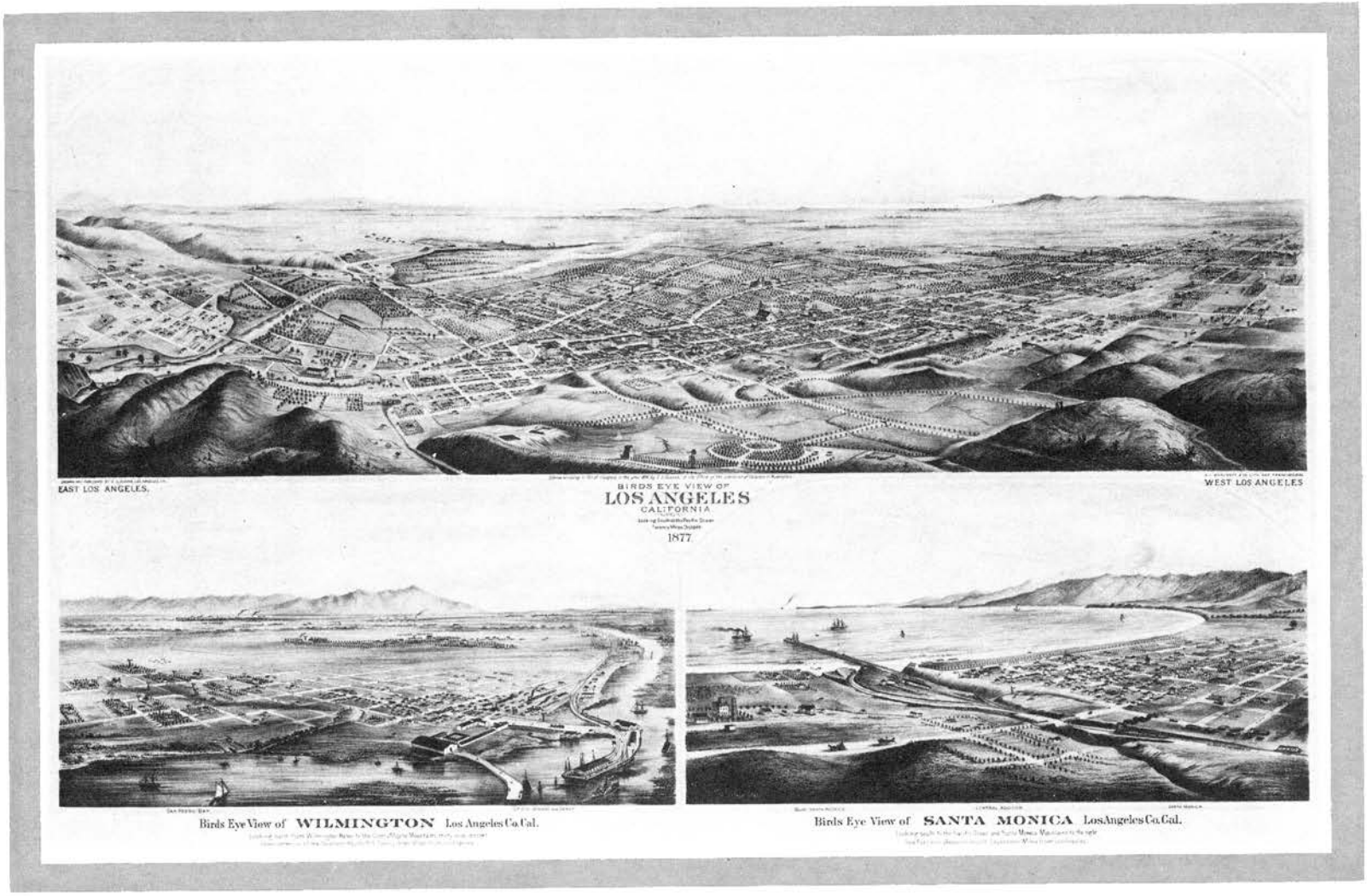
SAN DIEGO, 1873

San Diego, California. Terminus of the Texas Pacific Railway. From the Peninsula Looking East Across the Bay, 1873. A. E. Mathews Delt. A. L. Bancroft & Co. Lith. A. L. Bancroft & Company, Publishers, 721 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.



SAN DIEGO, 1876

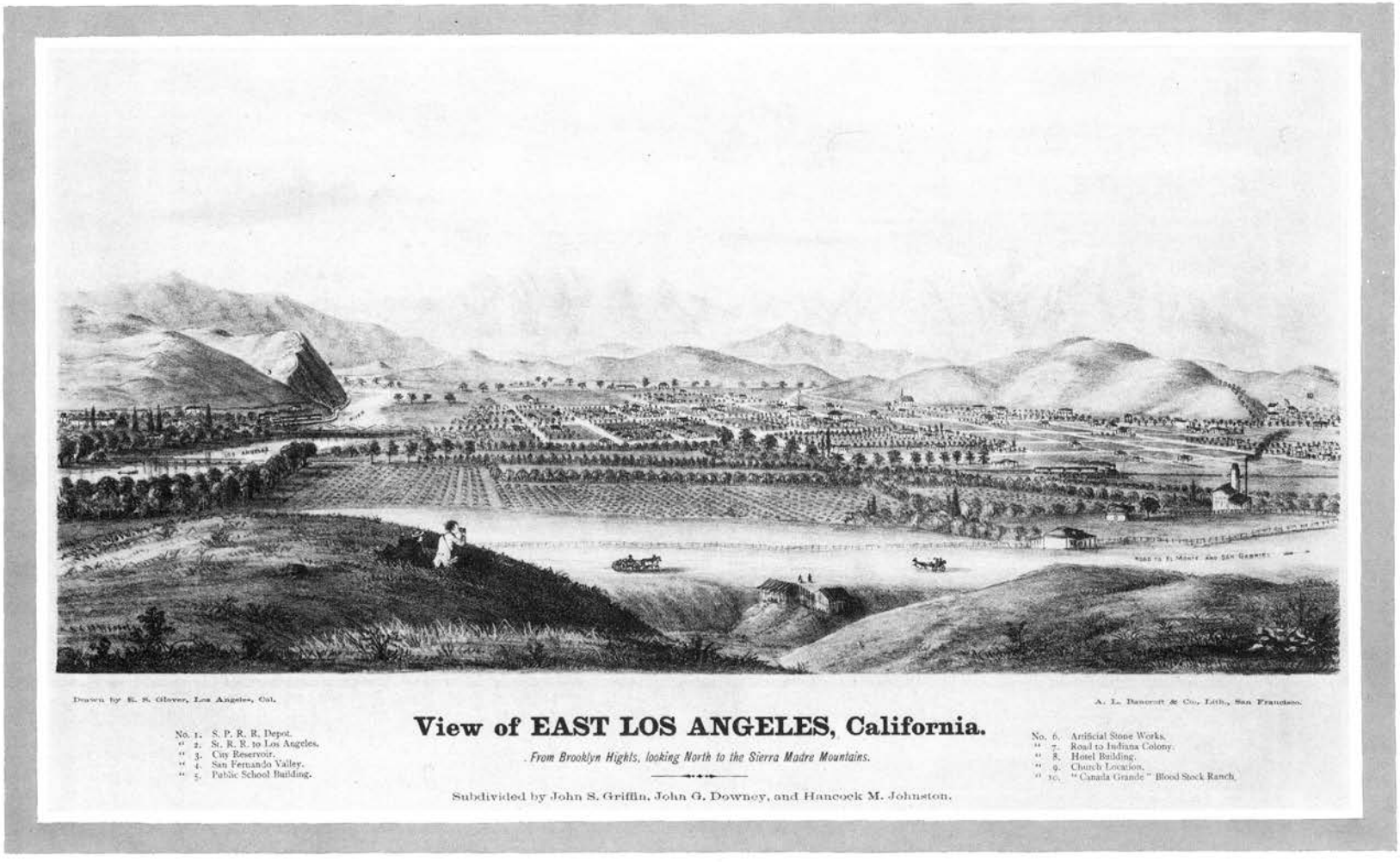
Bird's Eye View of San Diego, California, 1876. From the North-East, Looking South-West. Drawn by E. S. Glover and Published by Schneider & Kueppers, San Diego, California. A. L. Bancroft & Company, Lithographers, San Francisco, California. 24 marginal references.



LOS ANGELES - WILMINGTON - SANTA MONICA, 1877

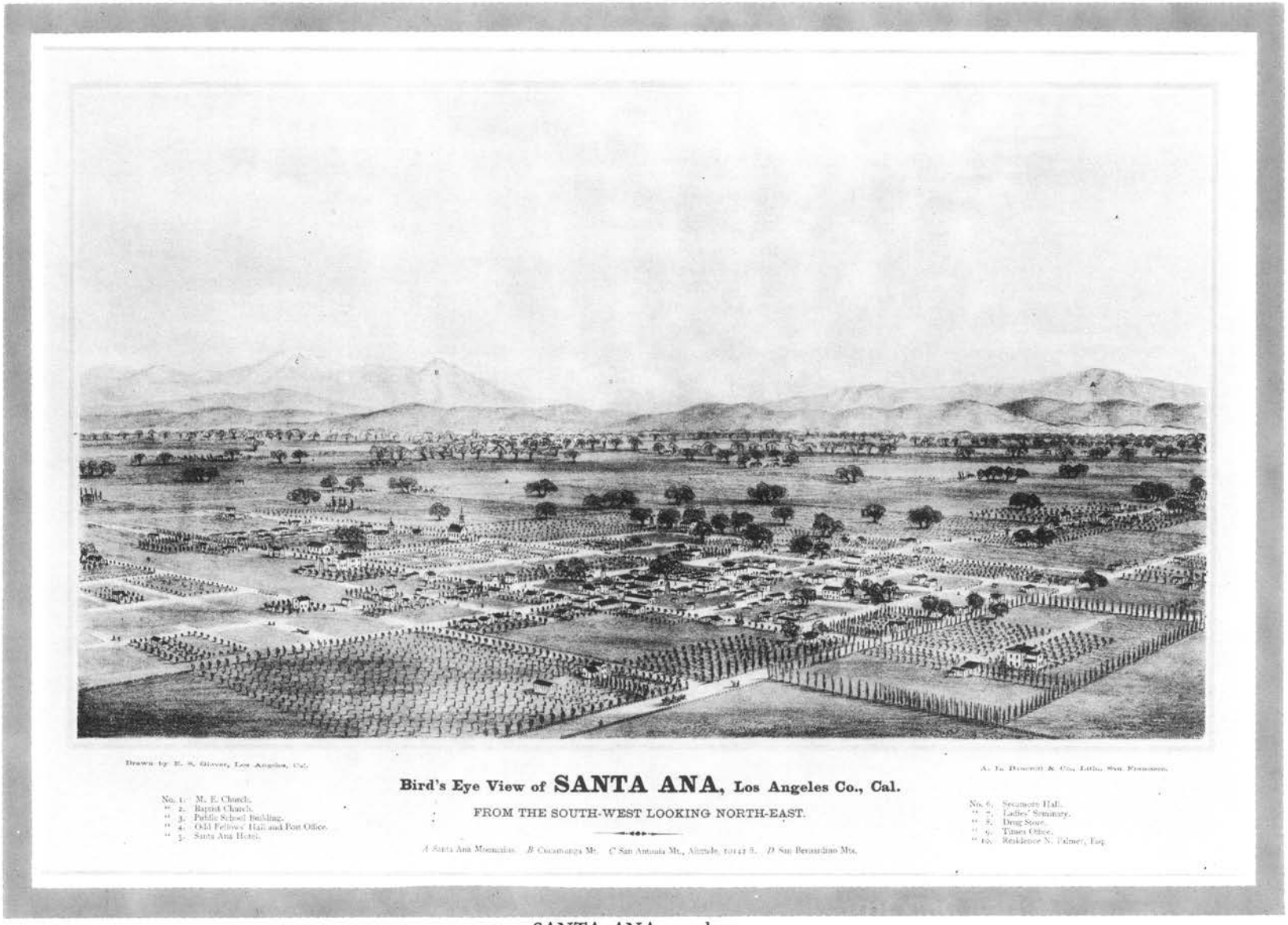
Birds Eye View of Los Angeles, California, 1877. Birds Eye View of Wilmington, Los Angeles Co., Cal. Birds Eye View of Santa Monica, Los Angeles Co., Cal. Drawn and Published by E. S. Glover, Los Angeles, Cal. A. L. Bancroft & Co. Lith., San Francisco.

This triple-birdseye view by Glover and Bancroft is truly a rare form of lithograph.



EAST LOS ANGELES, no date.

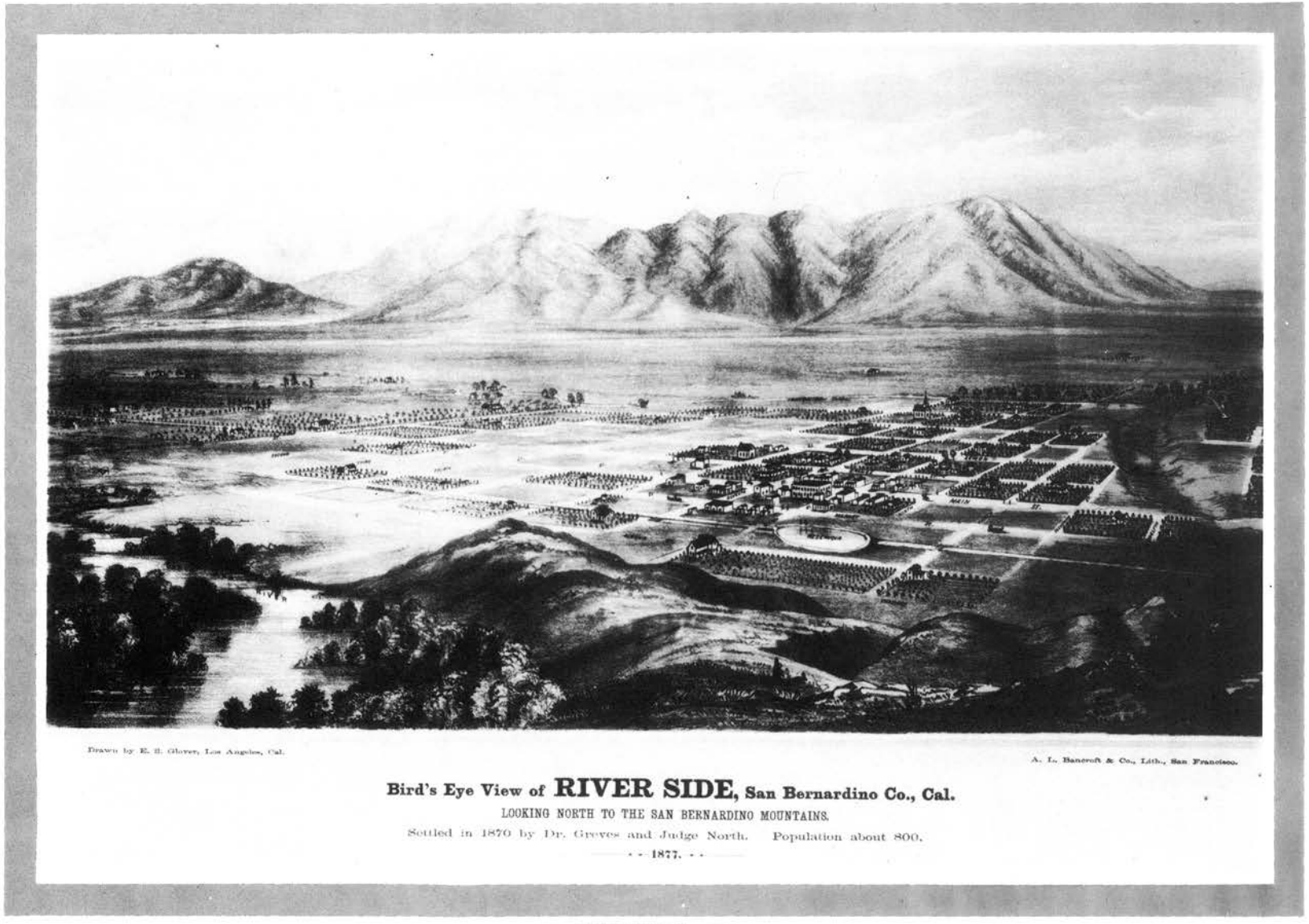
View of East Los Angeles, California. From Brooklyn Heights, looking North to the Sierra Madre Mountains. Subdivided by John S. Griffin, John G. Downey, and Hancock M. Johnston. Drawn by E. S. Glover, Los Angeles, Cal. A. L. Bancroft & Co. Lith., San Francisco. 10 marginal references.



SANTA ANA, no date.

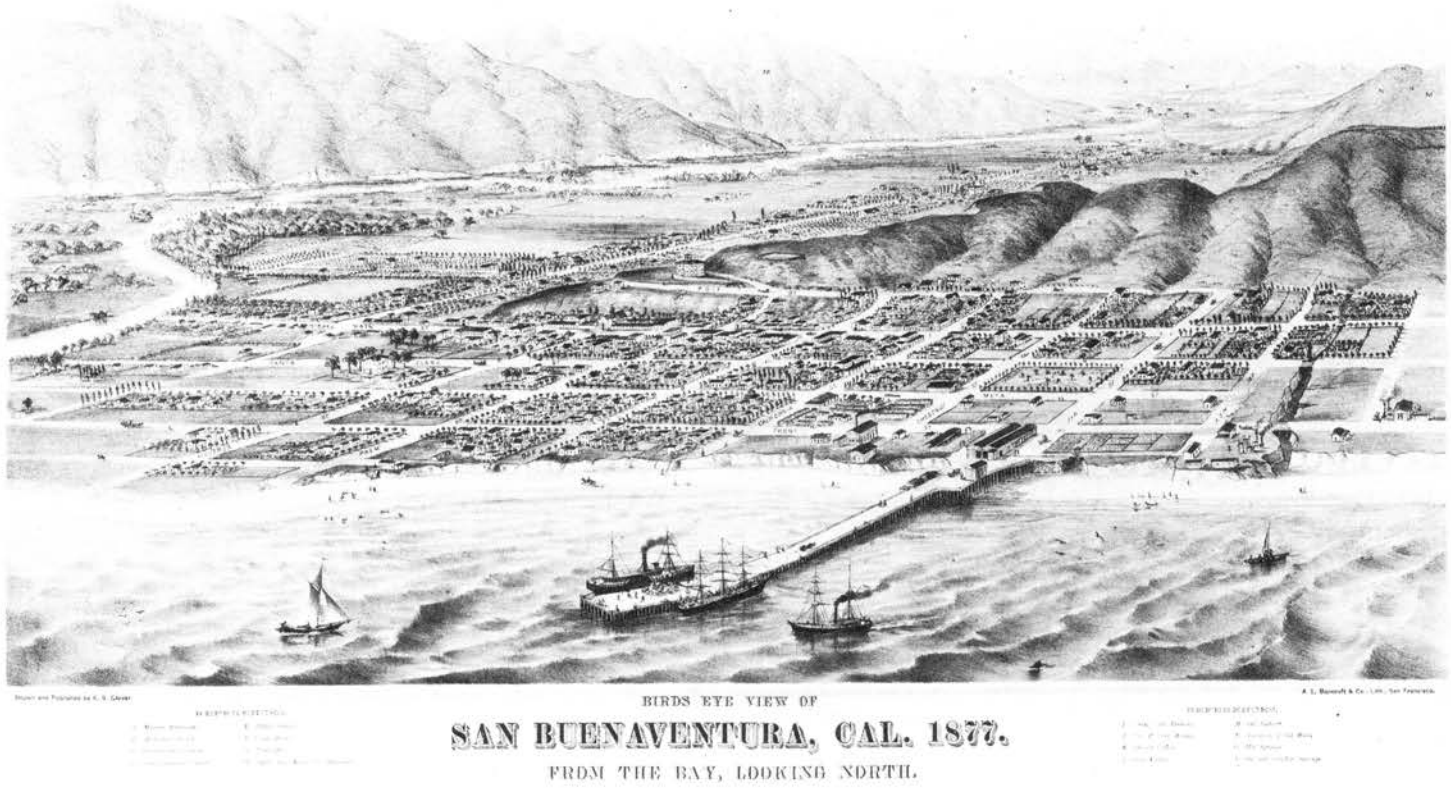
Bird's Eye View of Santa Ana, Los Angeles Co., Cal. From the South-West looking North-East. Drawn by E. S. Glover, Los Angeles, Cal. A. L. Bancroft & Co., Lith., San Francisco. 14 marginal references.

Although this print bears no date, we know the Glover-Bancroft birdseye views were done in the late 1870s, by which time Santa Ana had grown into this tidy little town, surrounded by citrus groves.



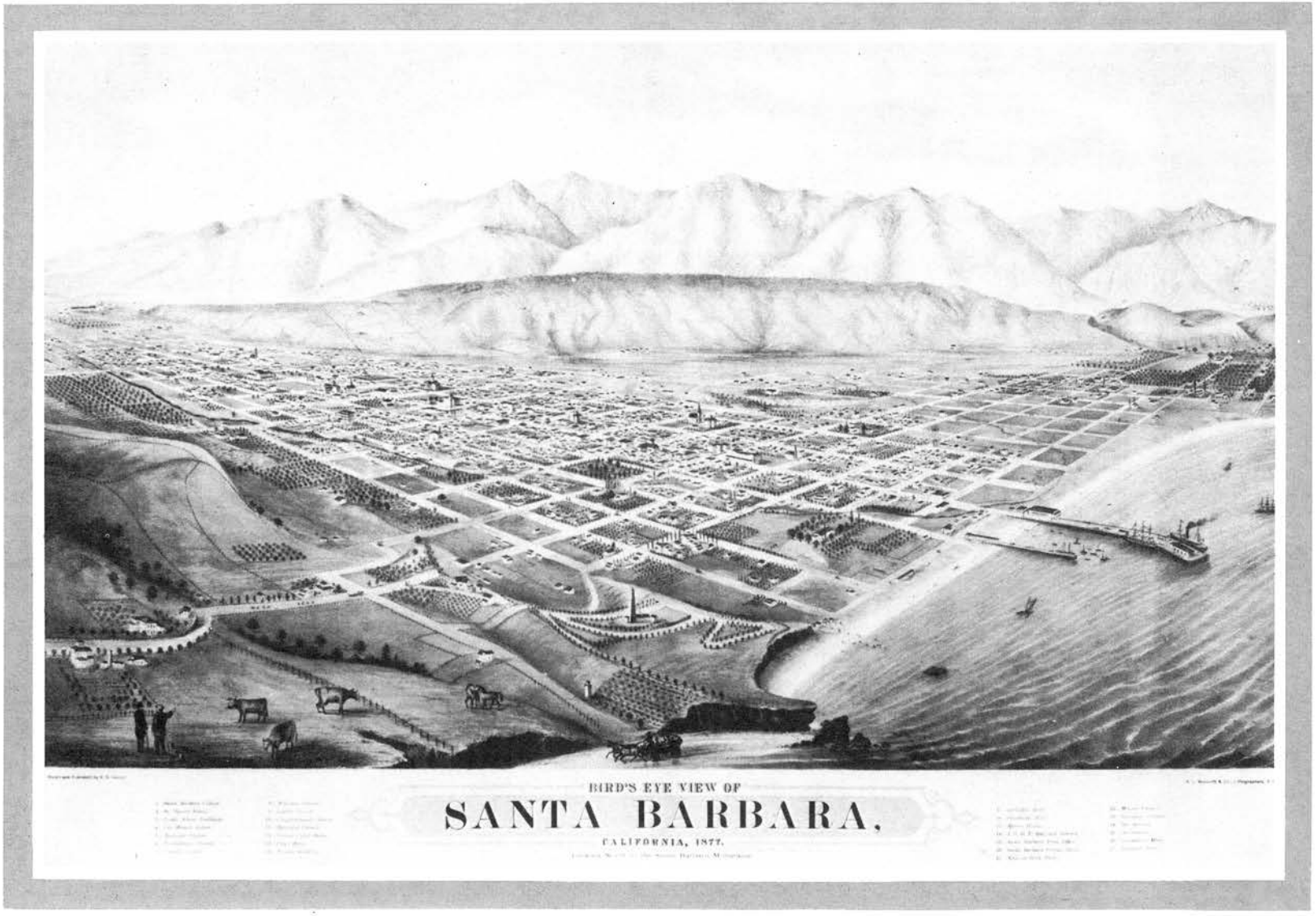
RIVERSIDE, 1877

Bird's Eye View of River Side, San Bernardino Co., Cal. Looking North to the San Bernardino Mountains. 1877. Drawn by E. S. Glover, Los Angeles, Cal. A. L. Bancroft & Co., Lith., San Francisco.



VENTURA, 1877

Bird's Eye View of San Buenaventura, Cal., 1877. From the Bay, Looking North. Drawn and Published by E. S. Glover. A. L. Bancroft & Co., Lith., San Francisco. 16 marginal references.

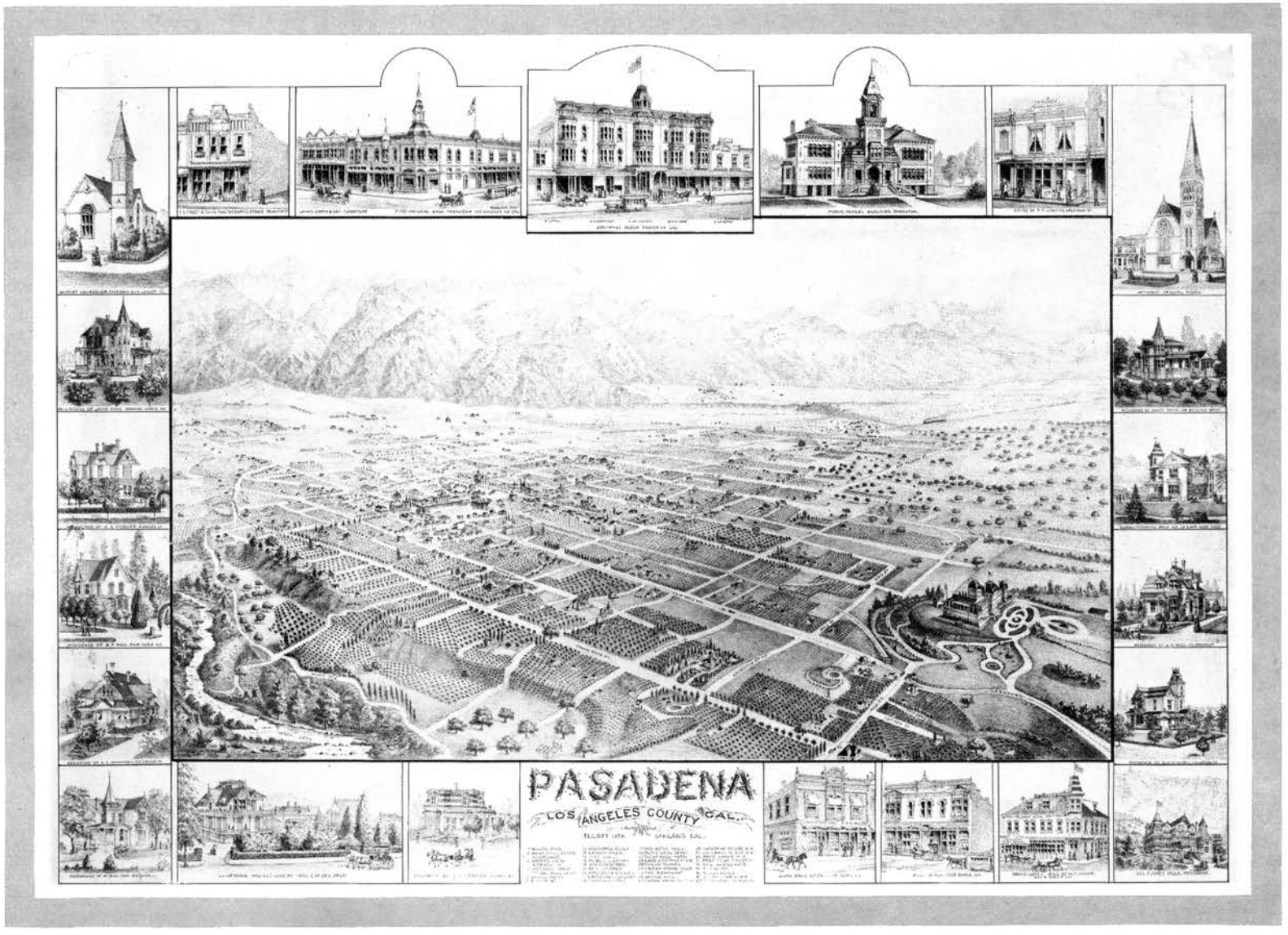


SANTA BARBARA, 1877

Bird's Eye View of Santa Barbara, California, 1877. Looking North to the Santa Barbara Mountains. Drawn and Published by E. S. Glover. A. L. Bancroft & Co. Lithographers, S. F. 27 marginal references.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, 1877

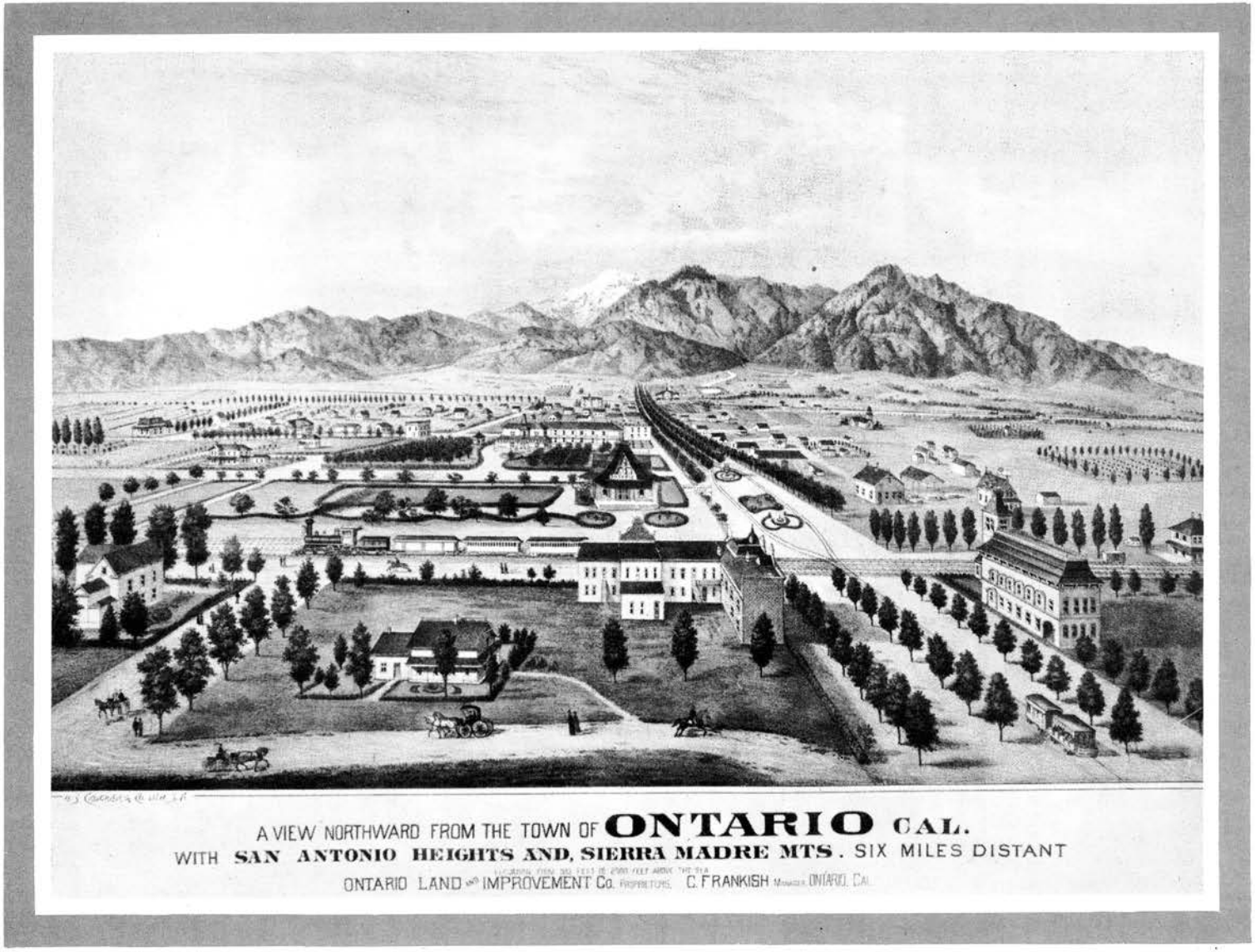
Bird's Eye View of San Luis Obispo, Cal., 1877. Drawn and Published by E. S. Glover. A. L. Bancroft & Co. Lith., San Francisco. 21 marginal references.



PASADENA

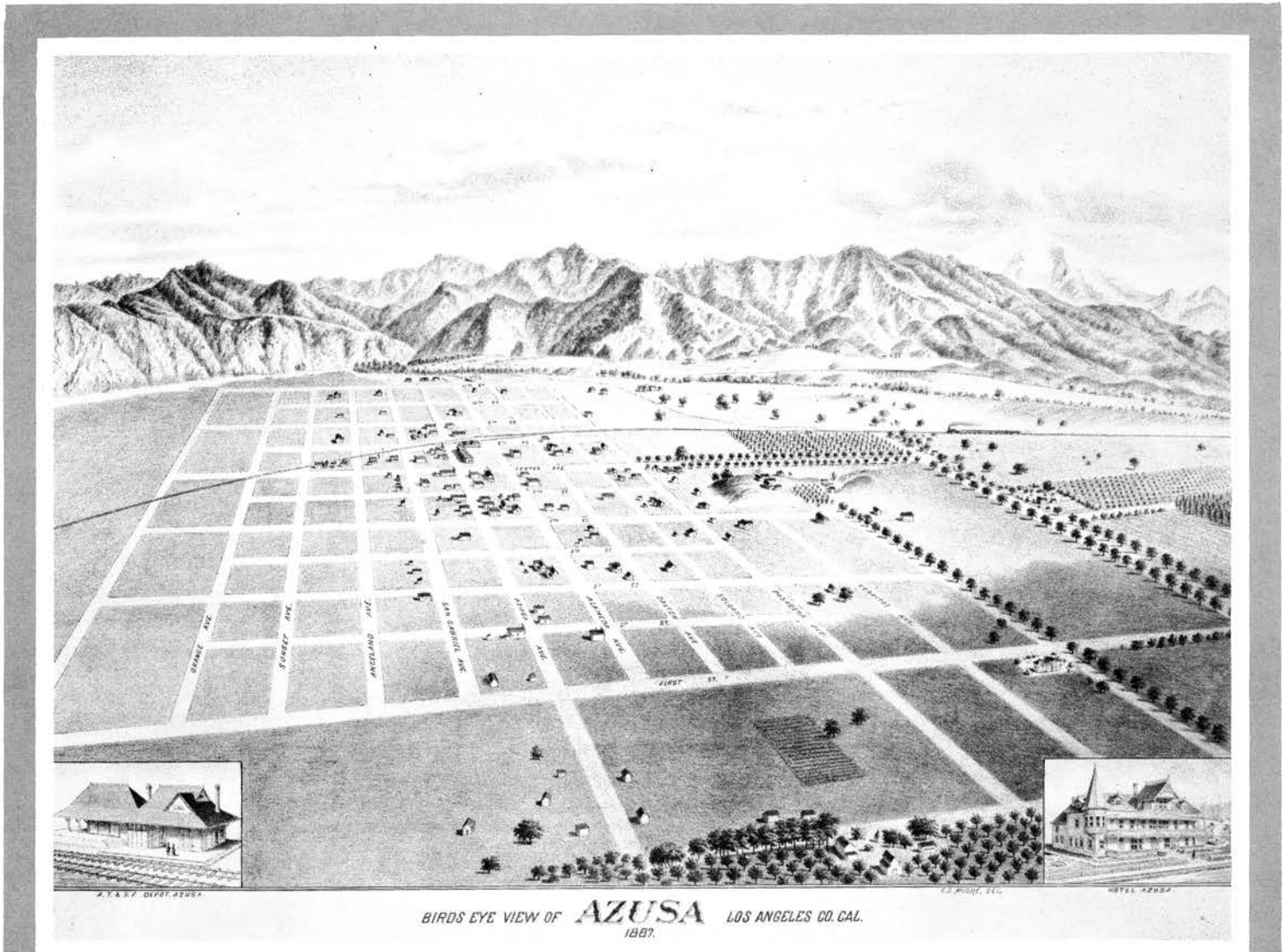
Pasadena, Los Angeles County, Cal. Elliott Lith. Oakland, Cal. No date. 22 marginal views, with 36 keyed references.

The lithographer Elliott is found listed, in Oakland and San Francisco, in various firm alignments from 1878 to 1885, but beyond that we cannot date this view.



ONTARIO

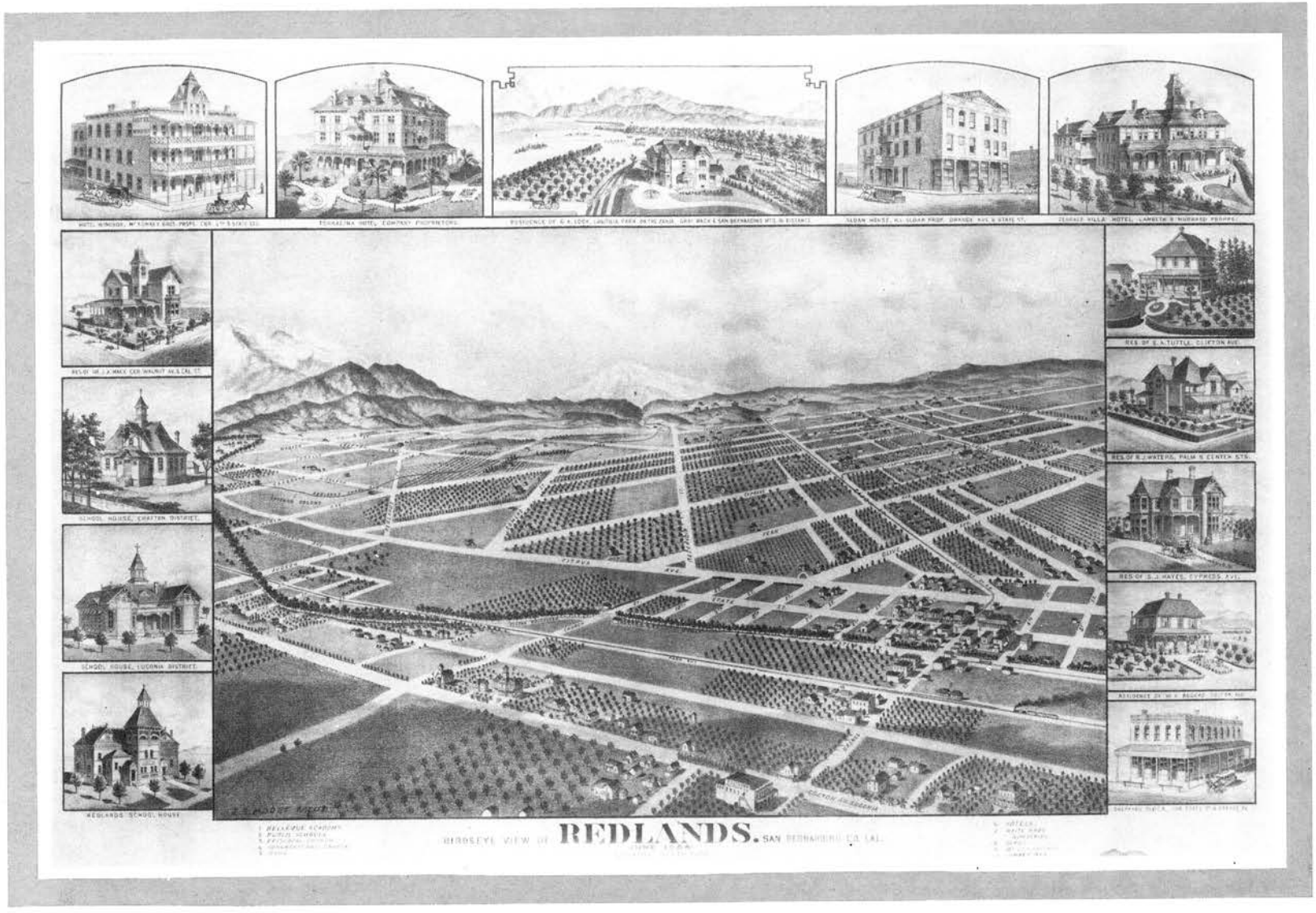
A View Northward from the Town of Ontario, California with San Antonio Heights and Sierra Madre Mountains Six Miles Distant. H. S. Crocker & Co. Lith., San Francisco.



AZUSA, 1887

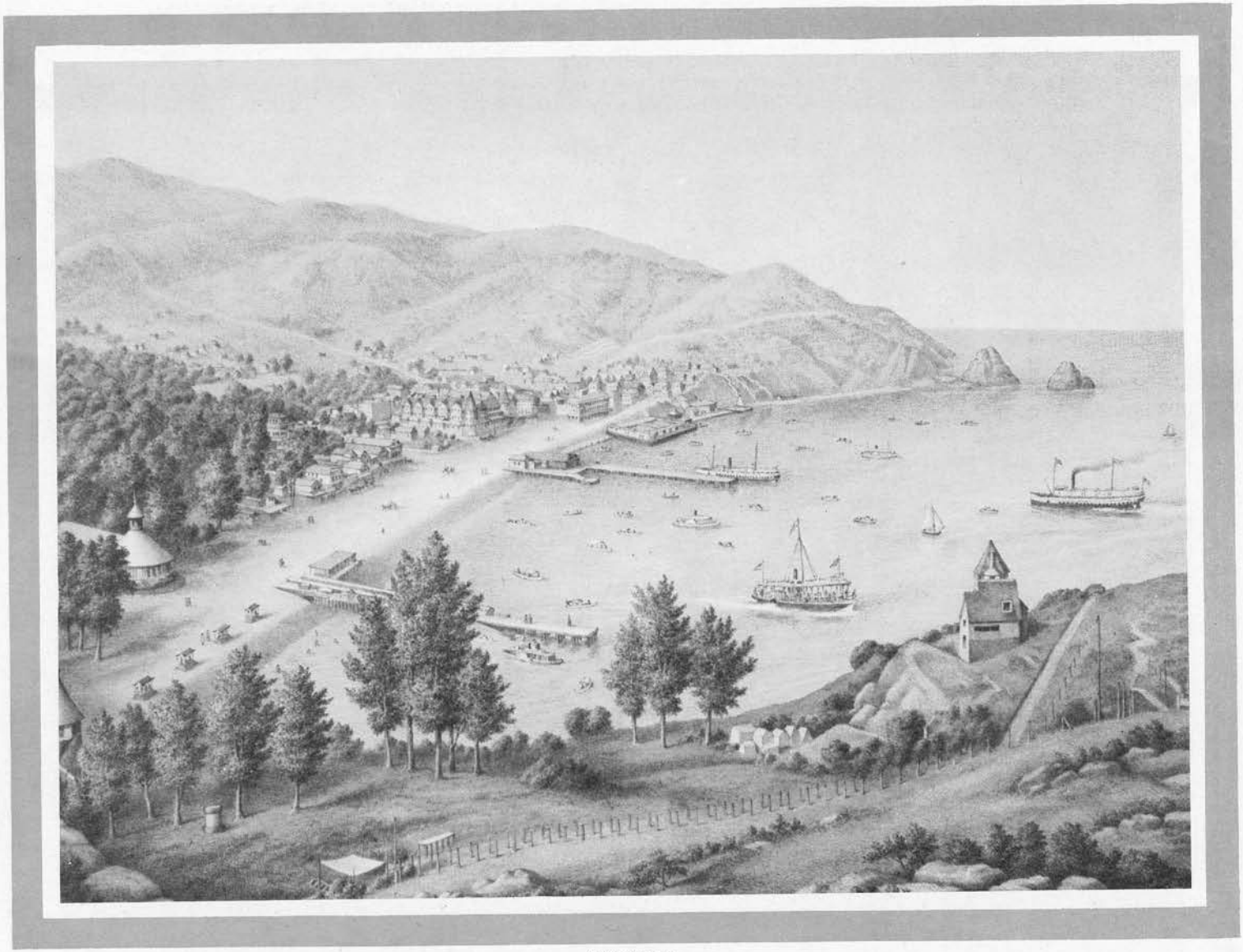
Bird's Eye View of Azusa, Los Angeles Co., Cal. 1887. E. S. Moore, Del.

This black and white lithograph did not appear in Peters' book, and little is known of Moore, who did the plates in a number of county histories, worked in combines of Elliott & Moore and Moore & Dupue and was listed in Oakland directories for 1891, 1892, and 1895. Among our illustrations, his name also appears on that of Coronado, Redlands and Merced.



REDLANDS, 1888

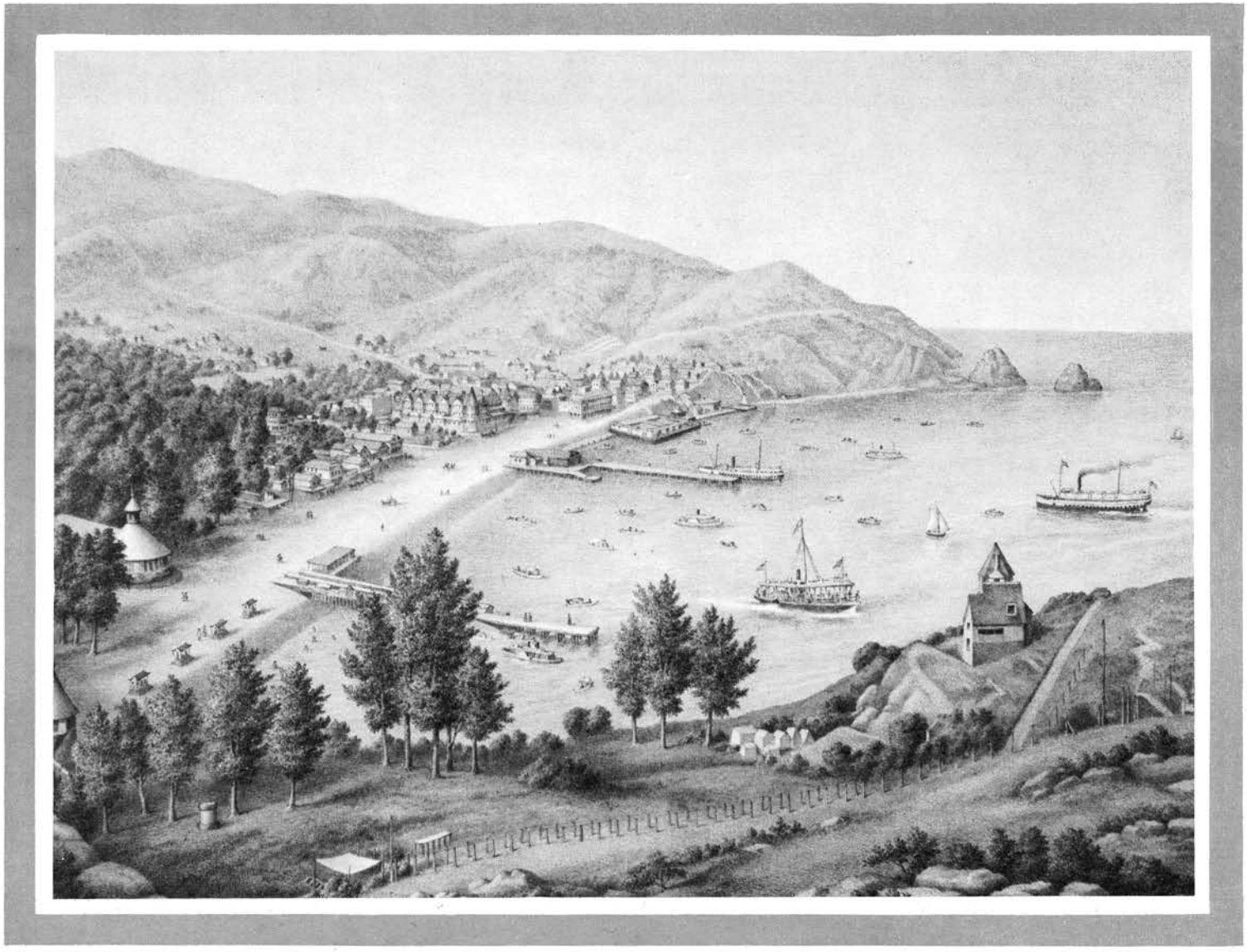
Birdseye View of Redlands. San Bernardino County, Cal., June 1888.
E. S. Moore, Artist. 14 marginal views and 10 marginal references.



AVALON

Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, California. The Island as it appeared in the '80s.

This anonymous lithograph in black and white shows the chief port of Santa Catalina Island, which by the 1880's had become one of Southern California's pleasure resorts.



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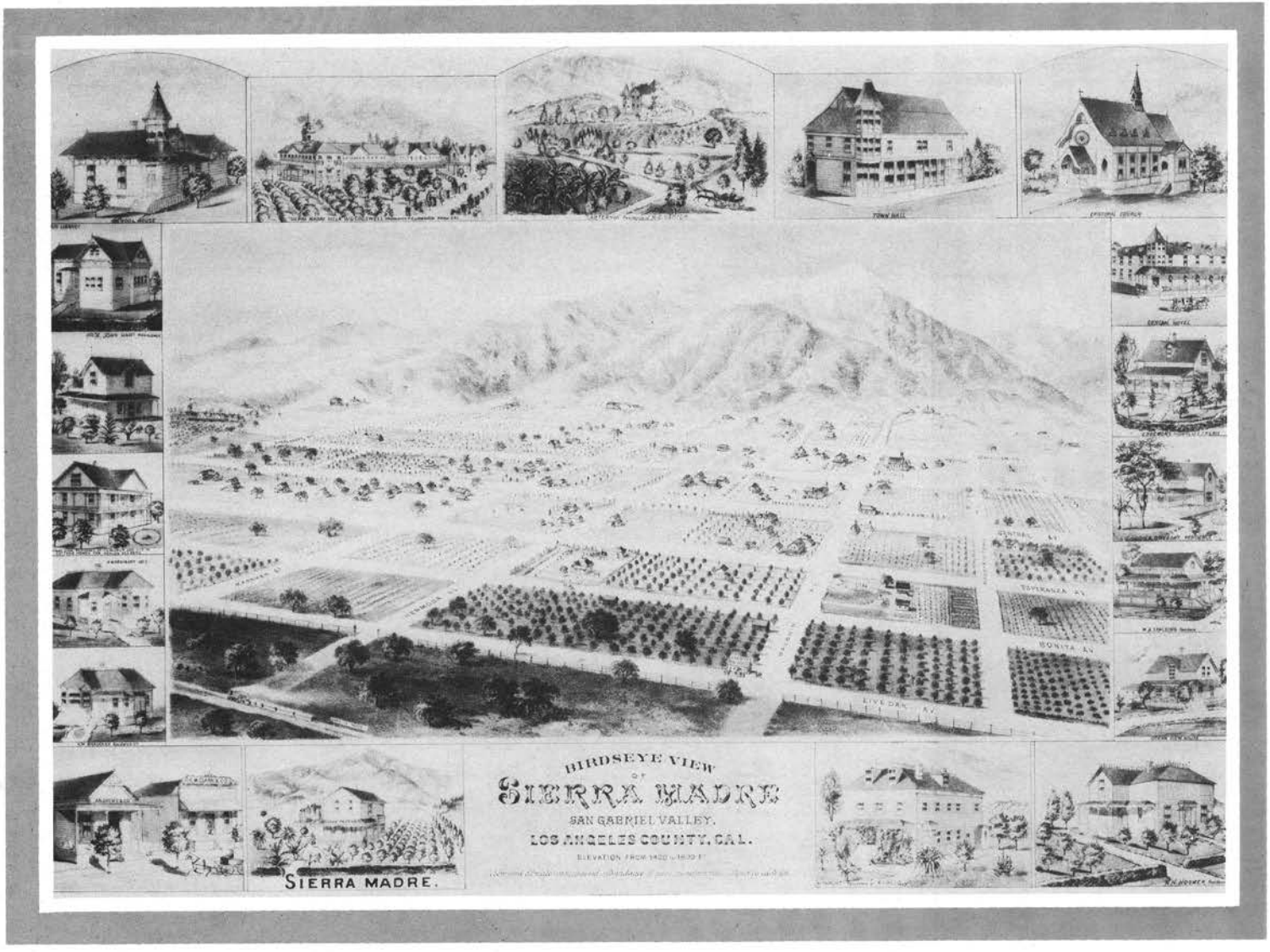
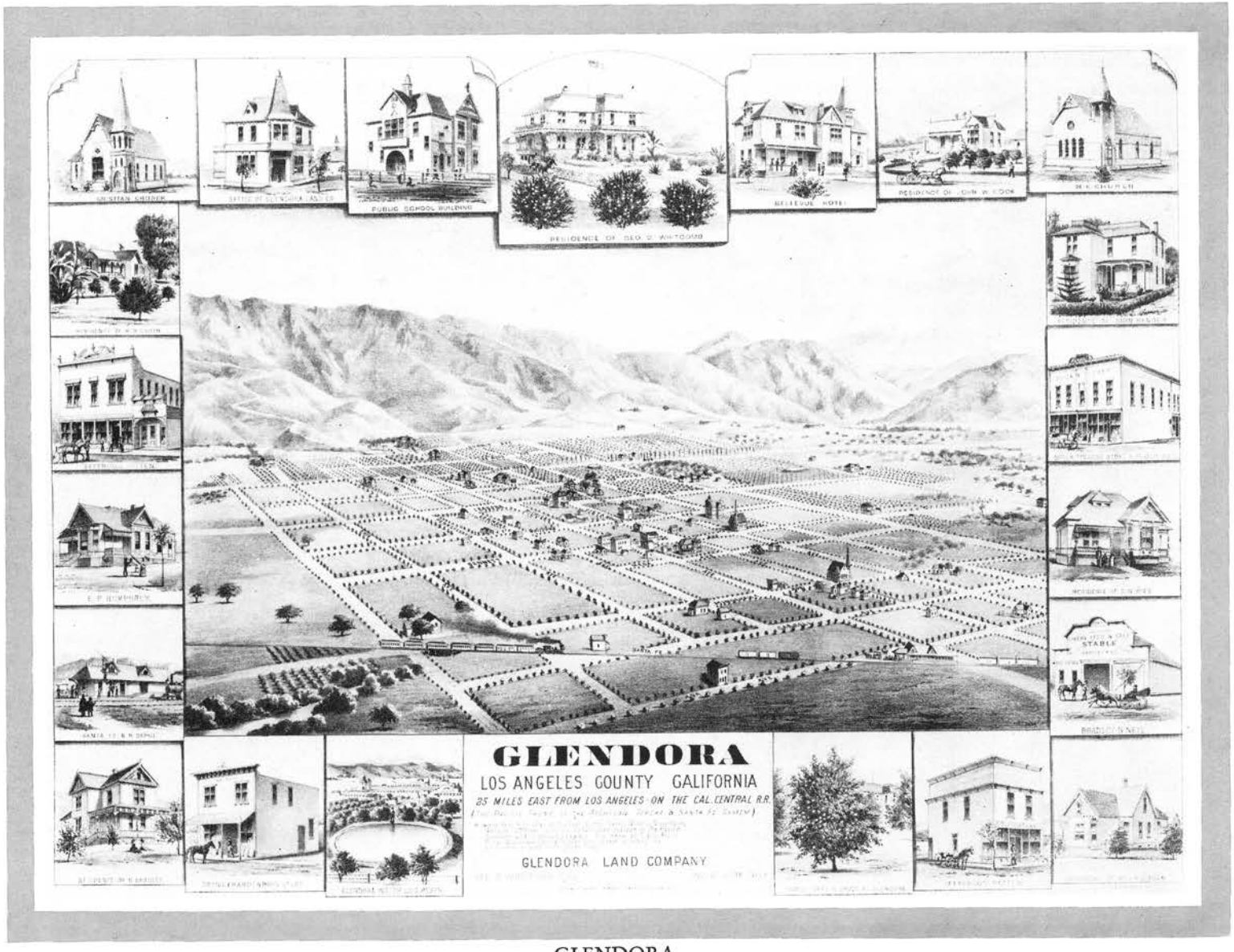


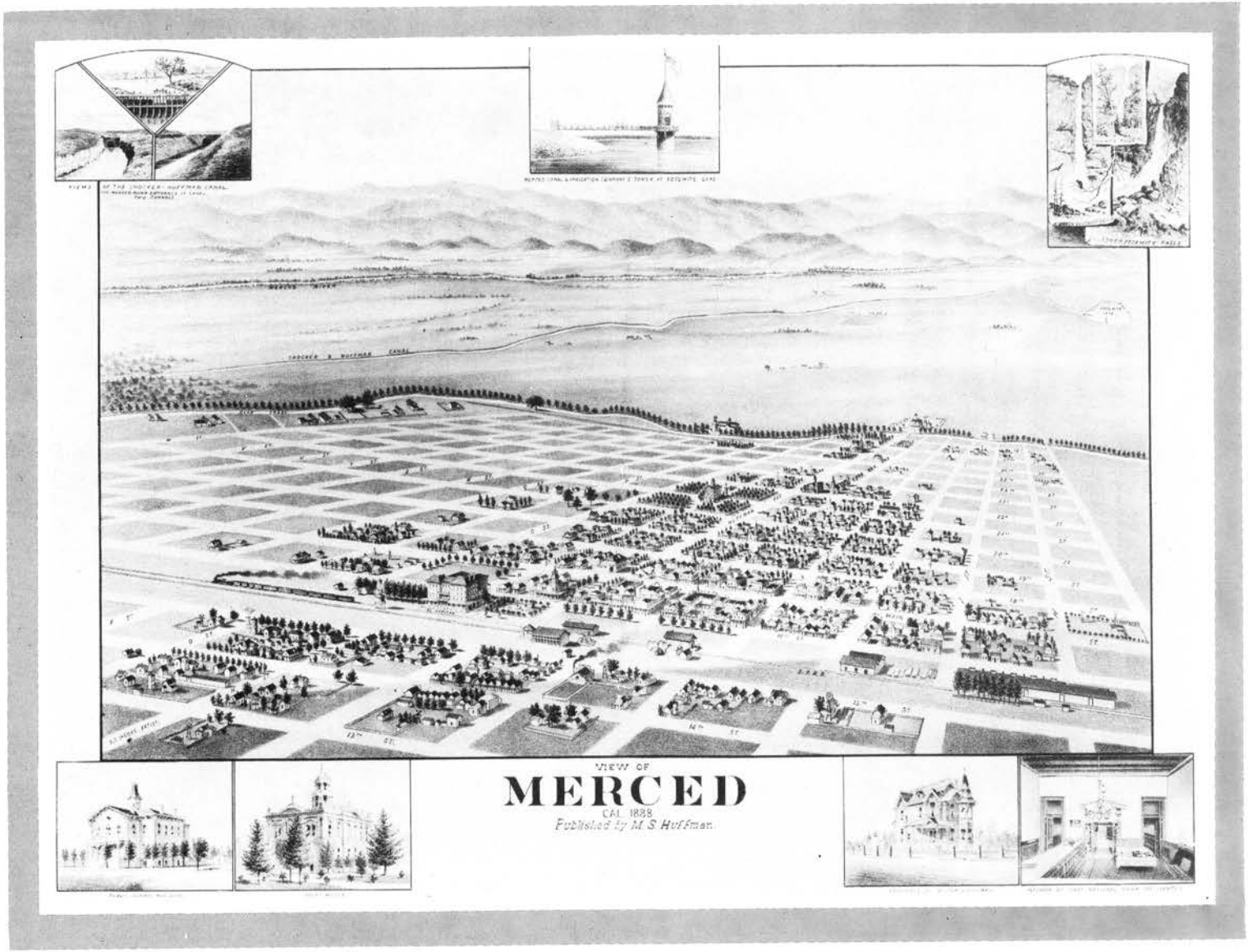
SIERRA MADRE, no date.
Birdseye View of Sierra Madre, San Gabriel Valley, Los Angeles County, California. Lith. Britton & Rey, San Francisco, California. 19 marginal views.



GLENDORA

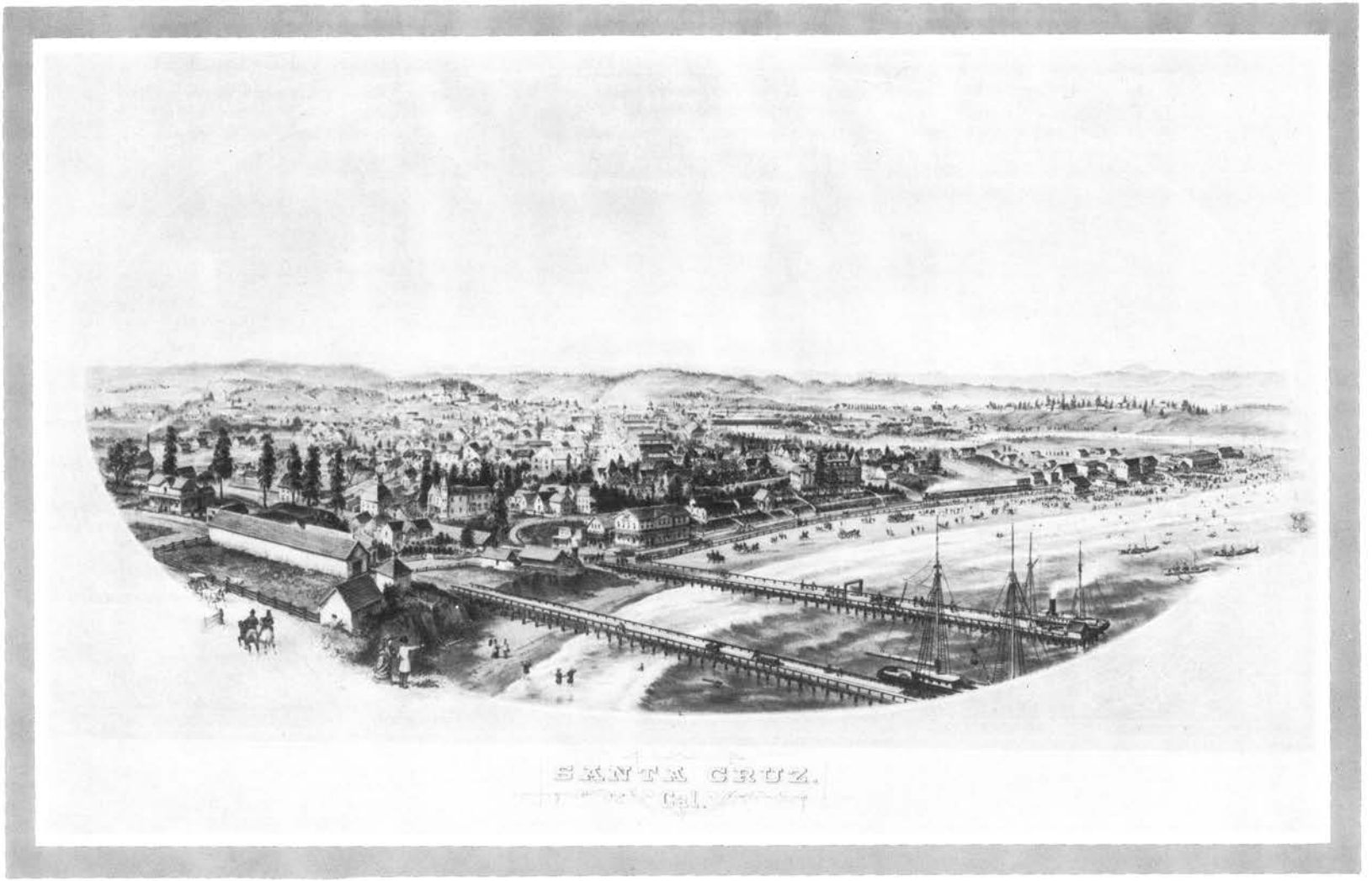
Glendora, Los Angeles County, California. 25 miles East from Los Angeles on the Cal. Central R.R. Glendora Land Company. Geo. D. Whitcomb, Pres. Jno. W. Cook, Secy. 21 marginal views. Lith. H. S. Crocker & Co., San Francisco.

This view, although undated, was very likely issued in 1888. Its caption text, "taken when six months old"—surely an early view of Glendora.



MERCED, 1888

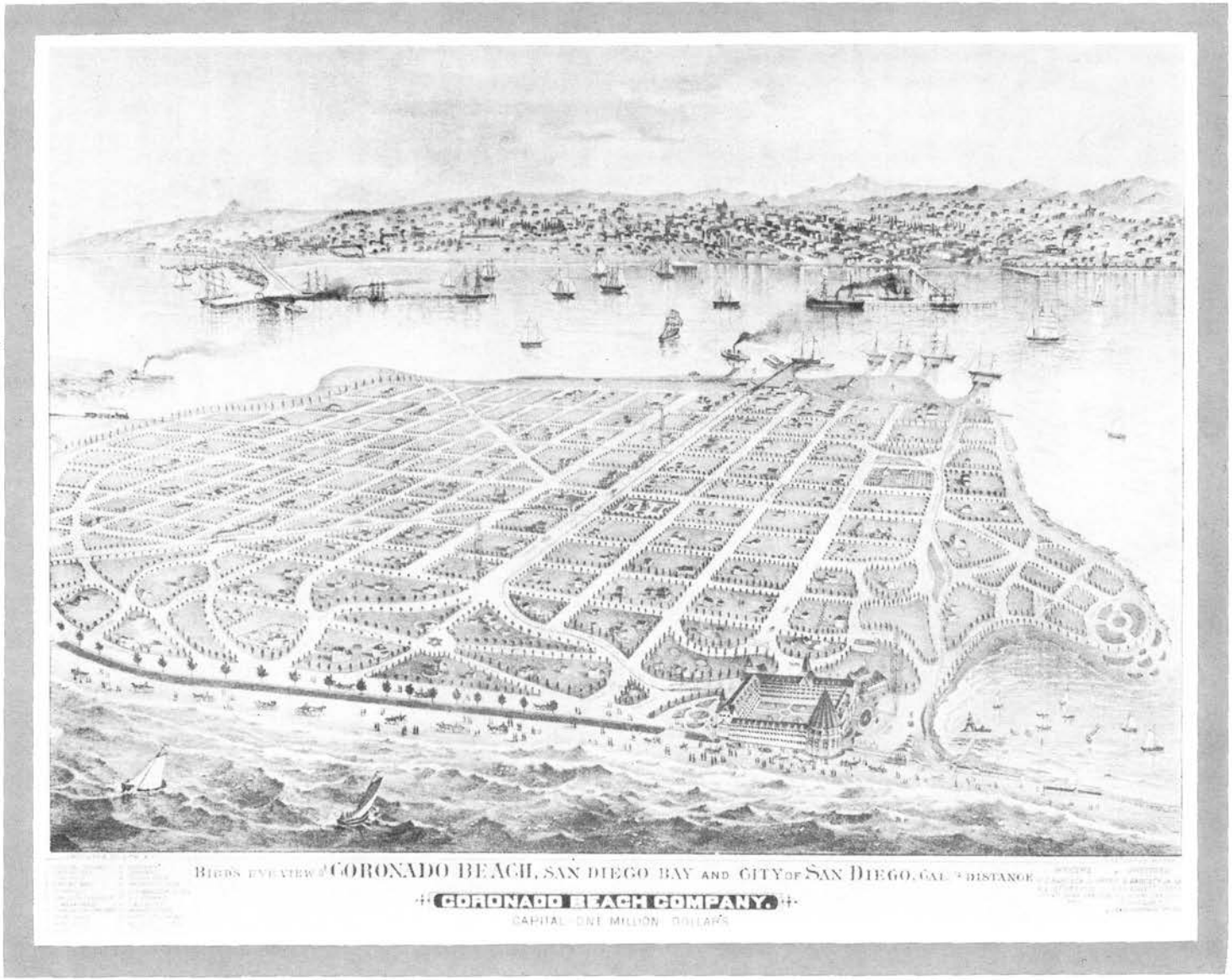
View of Merced, California, 1888. Published by M. S. Huffman. 7 marginal views.
The artist of this print is E. S. Moore. (Not listed by Peters.)



SANTA CRUZ, no date.

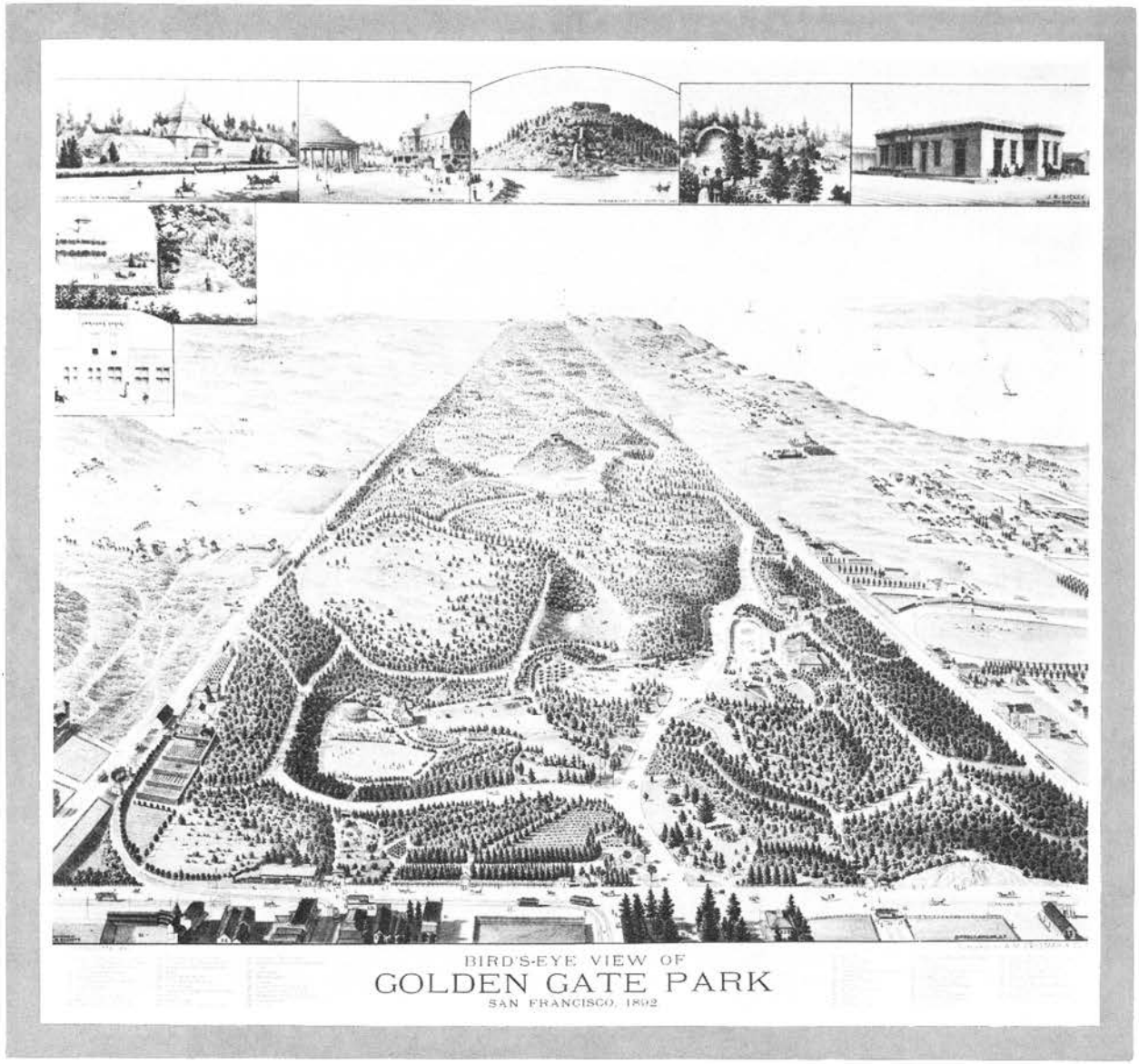
Santa Cruz, Cal. Lith. Britton & Rey, S.F. Copyrighted by A. J. Hatch & Co. Publishers, San Francisco.

While this embellished, unusual, oval-shaped view is undated, we find that the Hatch-Britton & Rey combination copyrighted a Los Angeles view in 1888, so we may assume that this was done in the late 1880s.



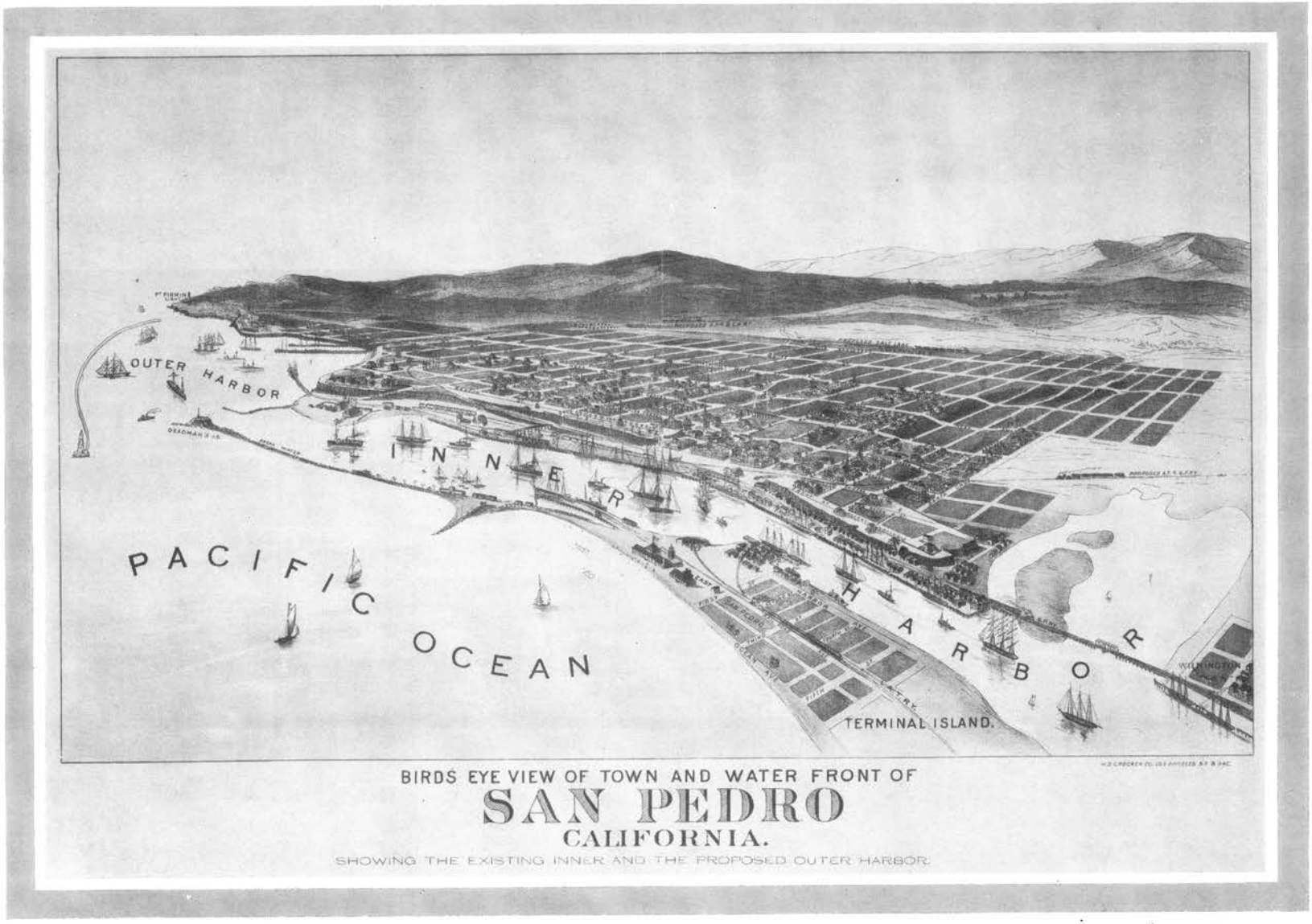
CORONADO, no date.

Bird's Eye View of Coronado Beach, San Diego Bay and City of San Diego, California in Distance. Coronado Beach Company. Capital—One Million Dollars. Sketch by E. S. Moore. Crocker & Co. Lith. San Francisco. 22 marginal references, and 2-col. listing of company directors.



GOLDEN GATE PARK, 1892

Bird's Eye View of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, 1892. (Signed on the stone): Sketched by H. B. Elliott.-and-Bosqui Eng. Co., S.F. Copyrighted 1892. Published by A. M. Freeman & Co., S.F. 58 marginal references.

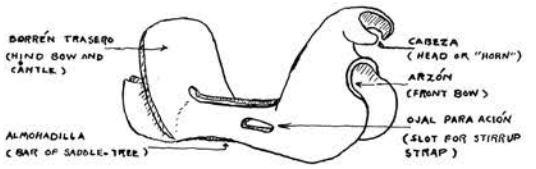


SAN PEDRO, no date.

Bird's Eye View of Town and Water Front of San Pedro, California. Showing the Existing Inner and the Proposed Outer Harbor. H. S. Crocker & Co., Los Angeles, S. F. & Sac.

SADDLE-TREES

By
BOB ROBERTSON



This type of Cavalryman's Saddle-tree may have suggested a Tree better suited to Vaqueros' use.

IT HAS BEEN STATED THAT THE MEX.CAN SADDLE-TREE and its descendant, the American stock-saddle tree, originated from "the Spanish war saddle."

That is probably true but, inasmuch as Spanish war saddles varied in type from place to place in Spain and from time to time, the statement furnishes scant information.

During most of a millenium the Moors of Africa not only occupied much of Spain but, during their occupation, influenced the culture and customs of that country to the extent that those influences actively survive to the present time in Spaniards' ways.

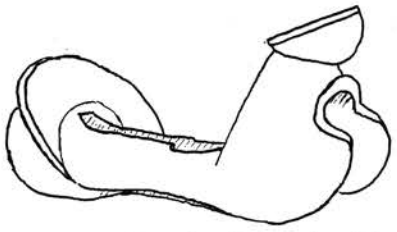
One of the customs brought to Spain by the Moors was their system of cavalry tactics. On their light, fleet and agile *berberiscos* they rode *a la gineta* in saddles with high cantles, short stirrups and "horns" on the *arzones* or front saddle-bows. With their fast horses and light riding outfits those *ginetes* could easily outmaneuver the heavily armored European cavalrymen who rode *a la brida* or *a la estradiota* on ponderous war horses that were effective mainly in straight, forward charges.

The high cantle and short stirrups of the Moorish saddles were aids and supports to the *ginetes* as they wielded scimiters and lances but the purpose of the "horns" on their *fustes* is not clear. It is clear, though, that the saddle horn goes far back into antiquity.

After the expulsion of the *moros* from Spain, their saddles and many other Moorish artifacts and manners were retained. The *morisca* saddle became one type of "Spanish war saddle" and, with little modification, it went to America early in the sixteenth century—perhaps earlier.

We may guess with good reason that the Moro-Spanish cavalry saddle became the ancestor of the Spanish stockman's saddle of colonial Mexico. With the exception of the shape of the horn and a lower cantle, the saddle-tree of the *vaquero* of New Spain differed little from the older Spanish cavalry *fuste*.

FUSTE MEXICANO
(MEXICAN SADDLE-TREE)



The Mexican Fuste has changed but little since Spanish colonial times except for the grooves in place of slots for stirrup leathers.

Greater changes were made in the names of the parts of *el fuste del vaquero* than in the parts themselves. The *arzõn* became, in *vaquero* speech, *la campaña* which, literally, means "the bell." The *almohadillas* were renamed *barras* or *tablas;* the *borrén trasero* with its high cantle was called *la teja* by the colonial *ginete* (now spelled *jinete*). And the feminine noun, *ación*, was converted into the masculine name, *arción*.

Palomilla, which already had half a dozen meanings, gave its name to the space between the bars of the new tree. The hind ends of the tree bars were named *pajuelas*. And *agarraderas* were cut through the cantle for hand holds.

With only minor changes the Spanish *vaquero* tree was used in New Spain from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. It was copied by North American saddlers and, as far north as St. Louis, Missouri, traders and mountain men could buy "Spanish saddles" for trade or use on the frontier.

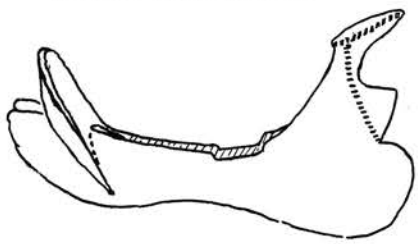
After the colonial wars for independence from Spanish rule, the *vaquero* saddle of New Spain became commonly known as the "Mexican saddle" and so is it known today even though it differs but slightly from its archetype of four hundred years ago.

When the *vaqueros* of Nueva España developed the *reata* from a short tie-rope to a long *cuerda con lazo* to be thrown, the neck and head of the horn of the Spanish tree were made heavier to serve the new purpose of a snubbing post for the long *reata*. The story of *la reata* is too long to include in a history of the saddle-tree but it should be stated that the changes made in the Spanish cavalry saddle were those which would adapt it to the use of the "lass rope."

The slots for the *arciones*—the stirrup leathers—were supplanted by shallow grooves on the tops of the tree bars in order to avoid weakening the bars by cutting through them. With the grooves, wider stirrup leathers could be used without weakening the tree.

During four centuries, more or less, or until Anglo-Americans came to the stock-range country, the only variations in *el fuste vaquero* were those of style. In California a tree with higher *cabeza* and *campana* was favored. In Texas the Spanish tree

FUSTE CALIFORNIO

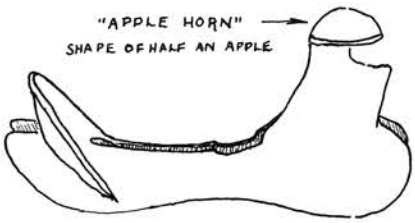


The Horn of the Fuste Californio was made higher, slimmer and steeply pitched for use of Vaqueros who took turns with the Reata instead of tying it fast.

SADDLE-TREES

was modified in the shape of its horn. Gringo saddle makers of Yorktown developed the "apple-horn" tree which retained its popularity east of the Rockies until the invention of the "steel fork" and the steel—or iron—horn.

APPLE-HORN SADDLE-TREE



The "YORKTOWN" or "APPLE-HORN" Tree of Texas was suited to use of cow-hands who tied their ropes "HARD AND FAST."

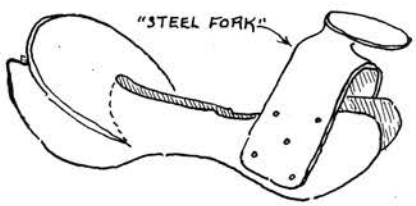
Gringo names came into use, too, as the Anglos adopted Spanish—or Mexican—methods of handling range stock. "Cantle" of course came from England through the Eastern colonies but "fork," for saddle-bow, came from the tree makers' practice of selecting a stout fork of an elm ("ellum" in Texas) or other hardwood to be shaped into a saddle-bow and horn of one piece.

Early in the second half of the nineteenth century *los gringos*, in an effort to make a stronger tree, devised a one-piece iron bow and horn which they named the "steel fork." From the steel fork evolved the iron horn which in turn was also called "steel fork" for many years.

The metal horn, screwed or bolted to the wooden fork of the American stock saddle, came into general use in the 1880's in the range country of the United States and Canada but, except near the U.S.-Mexican "line," the old wooden-horned *fuste vaquero* remained in use in Mexico.

There it is still made in traditional form of various materials in either of two ways. One method is to carve the entire tree from a selected piece of seasoned hardwood. The other—and commonest—method is to fit together by joinery the separate parts—*tablas*, *teja* and one-piece *campaña* and *cabeza*—and bind them with a covering of "green" rawhide which shrinks to form a strong, tight casing.

STEEL-FORK TREE

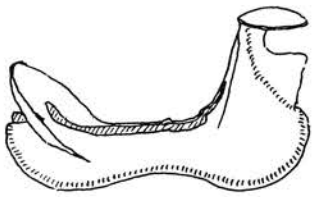


The "STEEL FORK" was designed to strengthen the saddle-tree for "TIE-FAST" roping. It was the forerunner of the Metal Saddle Horn which was also called a Steel Fork for many years.

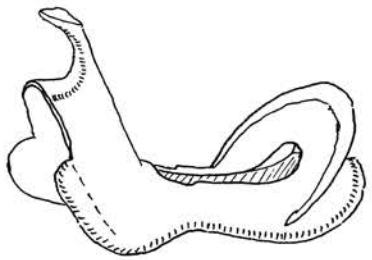
Sometimes, on one-piece *fustes* where the extra strength of rawhide is not needed, *retobo*, parchment-like material, is used as a covering. Other one-piece Mexican trees are varnished or lacquered and some are elaborately decorated with inlays of vari-colored woods or silver or gold.

North of the Mexican border, until the end of the nineteenth century, the iron-horned saddle-trees retained their "Texas" and "California" styles with no great variations except in the method of lacing the heavy rawhide coverings.

STEEL-HORN TREES



The short-neck, "COW-CHIP" Horn remained popular with "RIMMIES" of the plains for many years after steel horns replaced wooden ones.



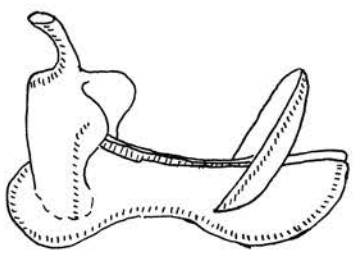
The tall, up-pitched horn of the California Tree suited Vaqueros and Buckeroos who "dallied" their "lass ropes."

The lacing was placed on the upper sides of the tree bars to avoid one of the causes of saddle sores on horses' backs.

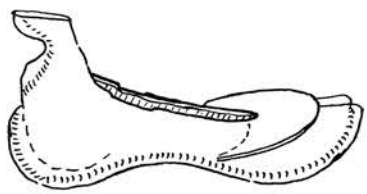
After the turn of the present century, as open-range work diminished and contests and Wild West shows increased, the American stock-saddle tree took on forms wondrous to behold. Old-fashioned range men called the queer shapes "freaks" but contestants and showmen demanded every shape and size of tree which they thought might give them advantages over two- or four-legged opponents.

So-called "bronc" trees were the first to become a fad and there seemed to be no limit to the extremes to which they went. Forks went "high, wide and handsome" up to two feet wide with "undercuts," "back swells" and other oddities to match high, steep, dished "washpan" cantles. "Freak" was a mild name for those monstrosities. Bronc freaks are still popular with those of bumptious hind quarters who ride silk-and-silver "gear" on the wild and wooly trail of Main Street.

"FREAK" TREES



Before adoption of the "ASSOCIATION" Saddle by show managers, the sky was the limit for Forks and Cantles during the first "FREAK" period.



An old-time cowman would as soon ride an English "POSTAGE-STAMP" saddle as a modern "ROPER" Tree.

SADDLE-TREES

With standardization of contests and shows, a "bronc" saddle built on the "association" tree was adopted by arena managers in order to equalize the advantages of bucking-horse riders. But the standardized saddle was not included in rules for competetive roping.

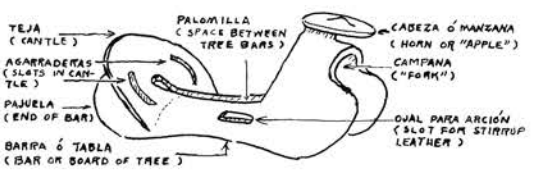
Since the only criterion of roping in professional shows is split-second speed and the only standard of judging is by the stop-watch, the old stock saddle was quickly abandoned by purse-seeking ropers and the second type of "freak" evolved as the so-called "roper" tree.

The roper tree is as hideous as the bronc freak, but in the opposite extreme, with its grotesque horn, low fork and almost total lack of cantle. It is designed to be ridden *on* rather than *in* and to allow a roper to jump—or fall—from it in the least possible time.

There remains but one more change to be made in what dudes now call the "western saddle" and there are indications that that change may soon be made. It will be a reversion to the flat, hornless "pancake" which Anglos first rode to the West.

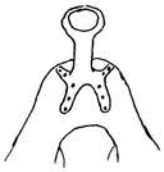
FUSTE DE SILLA VAQUERA ESPAÑOL

(TREE OF SPANISH VAQUERO'S SADDLE)

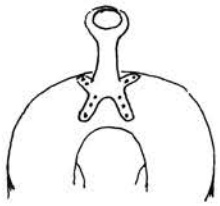


The Tree of the Saddle of the Spanish Vaquero of Colonial Mexico was the forerunner of *El Fuste Charro*, the Texas Stock-saddle Tree, The California Tree and Modern "Freaks."

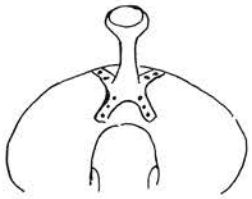
TREE FORKS



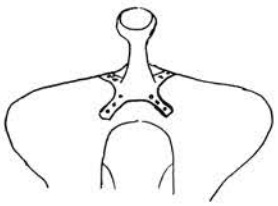
"SLICK" or "A" Fork, the first form used on Spanish, Mexican, Texan and Californian Trees. Steel Horn, also called "STEEL FORK," was secured to the fork before rawhide covering was put on the tree.



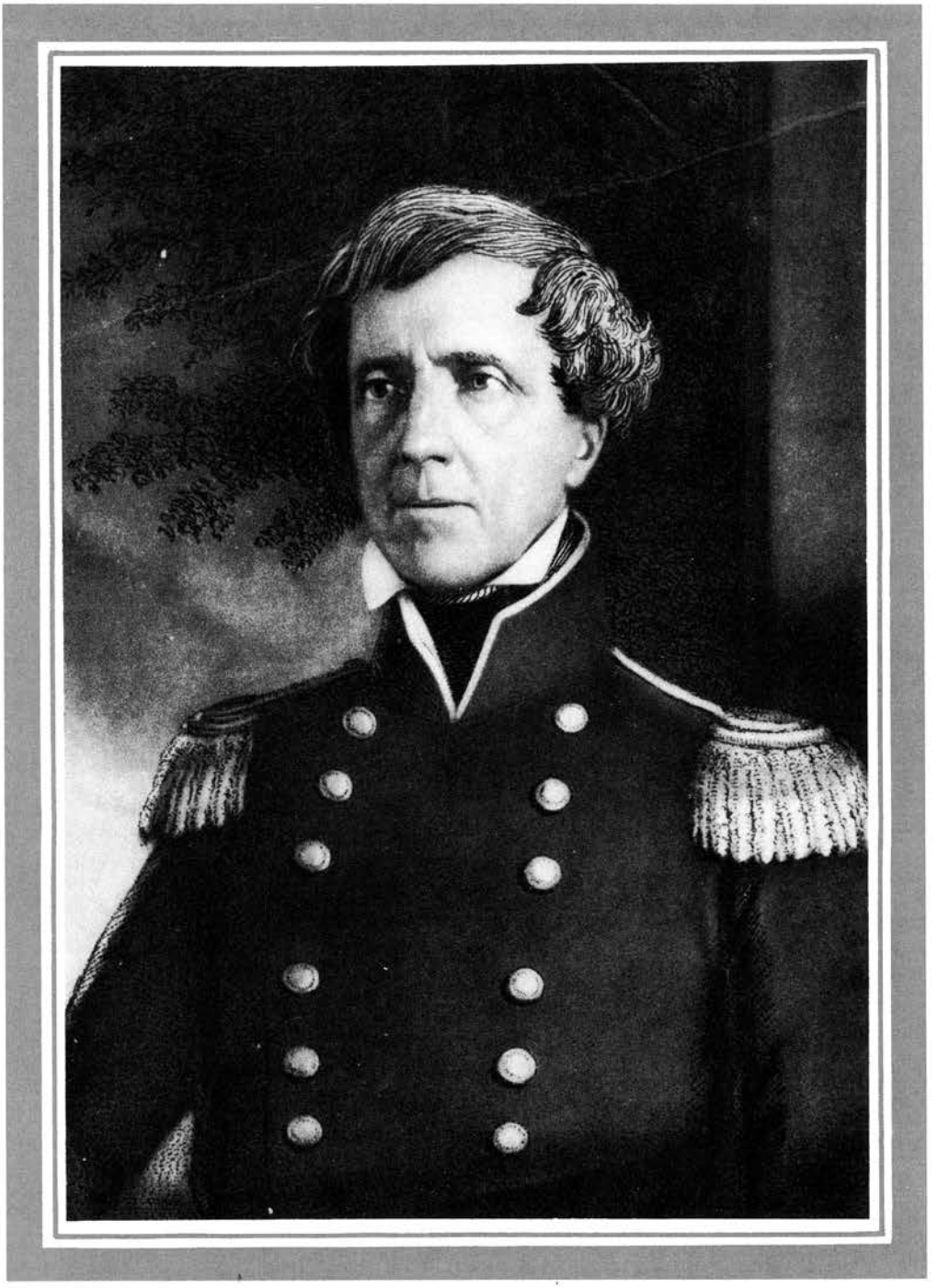
First type of "BULGE-FORK" which later was called "SWELL FORK." Bulge Forks came in in the early 1900's and became popular in the next twenty-five years.



As the wild-west show developed into a professional exhibition, Swell Forks became wider and higher.



Until standardized rules were adopted by managers of shows, Saddle Trees became veritable "FREAKS." Swell Forks were made as wide as twenty-four inches. The one shown is only fifteen inches wide.



MAJOR GENERAL STEPHEN WATTS KEARNY
(From a mezzotint engraving in the Library of Congress, taken from an original daguerrotype engraved by J. B. Welch for Graham's Magazine.
Courtesy UCLA Library Photographic Department)

Here is a foretaste—the introductory chapter—of the first book length biography to be written of Stephen Watts Kearny. Now being completed for publication, the volume (authored by Westerner Dwight Clarke) is sure to attract attention by its forthright statements in appraisal of a military figure who has fared poorly at the hands of historians.

KEARNY: SOLDIER OF THE WEST

By DWIGHT L. CLARKE

FEW AMERICAN SOLDIERS HAVE SUFFERED THE HISTORICAL ECLIPSE that has been the lot of General Stephen Watts Kearny. His long record of solid achievement is too often unknown to most readers who casually study the Mexican War period of California's history. To them Kearny was just another of many figures who appeared briefly on the western scene. Larkin, Montgomery, Sloat, Stockton, Gillespie, Mason and Stevenson loom just as large in their eyes. All of this group, and especially Kearny, are unfairly dwarfed by the strange image of John C. Frémont—that combination of explorer, soldier of fortune, adventurer and master exhibitionist about whom men will probably never agree. Usually they end by hailing him "the Pathfinder." Too often they base the hero worship which his memory has attracted on the glamorous picture drawn by popular novelists and sentimental myth makers doubling as historians. That the trails Frémont "found" had been trod by less articulate predecessors, that the Frémont of the legend had other and far seamier sides, such mental reservations trouble the idolaters not at all. Schools, streets, parks and towns will no doubt continue to be named for him through many more generations in the fond belief that thereby a debt to history is recognized.

So long as it is realized that in such actions tribute is being paid to a romantic legend at the expense of historical accuracy, no great harm is done. But when the record of faithful public servants like Stephen Kearny is also distorted or erased, then indeed the past is not honored but denied.

There will always be a solid base for Frémont's claim to fame. He deserves credit as an explorer. He possessed unusual powers of graphic description and vivid narrative. He popularized knowledge of the West to an entire generation. He played a leading role in stirring and decisive events. However, intellectual integrity forces one to add that he played that role in a manner sometimes equivocal and disingenuous. The residuum of his true worth will better stand scrutiny if it is not so retouched as to belittle and defame the other actors who shared the stage with him.

My first serious interest in Stephen Kearny was aroused by reading Bernard De Voto's book, *The Year of Decision—1846*. In it General Kearny appears as an officer and gentleman who has fared poorly at the hands of historians. He several times changed the course of history without receiving due credit for either his motives or achievements.

Let me quote De Voto on this point:

> "Kearny (was) not only a practised frontier commander but one of the most skillful and dependable officers of the army . . . In the vaudeville show of swollen egotism, vanity, treacherous incompetence, rhetorical stupidity and electioneering which general officers during the Mexican War displayed, to the pensive mind Kearny stands out as a gentleman, a soldier, a commander, a diplomat, a statesman and a master of his job whose only superior was Winfield Scott. He did the job assigned him. Since one of them involved reducing John C. Frémont's heroic dislocations, he aroused the enmity of the fiery hater, Thomas Hart Benton, and so has had less than his due from history. But he wrote no letters to the papers and he could even address his superiors in respectful prose."[1]

In seeking the reason why Kearny has suffered historical eclipse, De Voto again supplies a good answer:

> "Because of what Benton said of him in that interminable speech (when Benton spoke in the United States Senate in opposition to the brevet commission of Major General awarded Kearny); at the trial (Frémont's court-martial), and in the newspapers, and in *Thirty Years' View*, Kearny has never had his due. Besides the malice, prejudice and blind rage in Benton's attack, there were innumerable deliberate misstatements, misrepresentations and misinterpretations. They were immoral acts of revenge and historians should contrive to get beyond them to the facts. Kearny's service to the United States at a decisive turning point in history is great—was itself decisive. He did the jobs assigned him, quietly, completely,

> authoritatively. He took New Mexico and organized it. He completed the conquest and began the organization of California. In that packed year his was a job rich with possibilities of failure, with just such possibilities as we have seen fulfilled by the stupidity, arrogance, carelessness or egotism of other men. He succeeded at everything he set out to do; he was an expert. He kept his temper and he held his tongue . . . He conducted no intrigues and was not interested in politics. Few of those in high places we have had to deal with were capable of putting the republic before themselves. Kearny served it without trying to serve himself. He was a man, a gentleman, and a soldier. The enmity of an adventurer's father-in-law should not be permitted to obscure his achievements any longer."[2]

These and many other references in De Voto's pages prompted me to search the record. I found many brief biographical sketches of the General in books and magazines. Some of the best appeared as obituaries in 1848 and 1849. Their full text is not too readily found today but they have been often quoted and form the basis for much later writing. No one has ever written a book length biography of this soldier though many men of far less solid achievements have received such recognition. (A great-grandnephew of General Kearny who wrote a biography of the latter's nephew, General Philip Kearny, did include some chapters about the uncle.[3])

The neglect is probably due as De Voto suggests to the wide publicity accorded Benton's attacks upon Kearny's record and character. The newspapers at the time of Frémont's court-martial depicted the accused as a martyr. Kearny as the superior officer who had brought charges of mutiny against him was made the villain of the melodrama. Journalism in the 1840s had a decidedly yellowish tinge. So, according to that press, prosecution of Frémont for defying the written orders of the President of the United States, his commander-in-chief, as borne by General Kearny, was vile persecution.

With such a premise it is not surprising to find that he who adopts it reaches conclusions that not only bear no resemblance to Stephen Kearny's true character but quite obliterate the fine accomplishments in his record.

In striking contrast to the neglect shown Kearny, John C. Frémont has been the subject of fifteen or more full length biographies, two written in French and German. In addition articles in journals and magazines are innumerable. In the field of fiction both Frémont and his colorful wife have had the limelight turned on their careers.

One is forced to conclude that virtue has to be its own reward. A strict regard for one's duty, and for the obligations and responsibilities implicit in any post of high authority, may inspire maxims to be parroted on school blackboards and copybooks. But as means to acquiring picturesque fame and a glamorous name—well the contrasting

treatment history has meted out to Kearny and Frémont is something for moralists to ponder and palliate as best they can.

In the Stockton-Frémont-Kearny imbroglio I confess to a certain predilection in favor of General Kearny. He had the great advantage of legal authority for the course he pursued. All questions of personality and the diverse and irrelevant side issues that have beclouded the controversy cannot alter that fact. That was the conclusion reached by the judges at the court-martial and nothing has ever since come to light to change it.

Excluding that controversy for the moment, I approached my long study of Kearny's antecedents, early career and personality from the really advantageous ground of the shearest ignorance. The facts were not too easy to find but as I pieced them together they began to form a consistent pattern of quiet, industrious devotion to duty, of solid, usually unspectacular contributions to our country's welfare and security.

My research has convinced me that Americans, especially Californians, need to be reminded that Stephen Kearny, before he crossed the Colorado river in November, 1846, was generally considered one of the ablest officers of the United States Army and a recognized authority on Indian affairs and frontier conditions. That reputation had been earned by long years of varied yet always successful service over wide areas of America.

So it must be emphasized that Kearny did not just ride out of the morning mists into the deadly lances of the Californios at San Pascual, then engage in hot dispute with Stockton and Frémont, and eventually prove a rather awkward witness in a famous trial. He cannot be made to disappear thereafter like the dehumanized figure some writers have contrived. Had he drowned while fording the Colorado or even died of his wounds at San Pascual, history would perforce have acclaimed his many illustrious achievements.

What irony then that events between November, 1846 and his departure from California in June, 1847 could have almost blotted out recollection of thirty-six years of faithful service to his country. Even if everything he did in California had been blundering and mistaken, the scroll of those earlier successful years was already indelibly written. Moreover, all fair-minded admirers of Frémont must admit that the brief administration given California by Stephen Kearny was wise and beneficial in every particular which does not involve their hero. That makes the widespread ignorance of General Kearny's contribution to our history the more amazing, and "historical eclipse" does not seem too sweeping a term for it.

One of the factors that contributed to the process set in motion by Senator Benton and his journalistic allies was Kearny's own taciturnity. After lengthy research for letters and other memorabilia of the General, I feel it is not too far from the truth to shorten De Voto's words first quoted, and say of Kearny that—except for official papers—"he wrote no letters." Not only was he usually laconic in speech and correspondence, but he had no flare for publicity. He was no showman. He would have been the despair of a

modern press agent or public relations counsel. Through all his military assignments he seemed concerned only with getting a job done as well and speedily as possible and then turning to the next task.

When, with critical issues in the balance, such a man is placed in juxtaposition to a veteran of forensics in alliance with a matchless exhibitionist, only one outcome is possible. There was no aide at hand to make up for Kearny's deficiencies at the court-martial. Therefore the verdict which officially found Frémont guilty, in the popular mind convicted General Kearny himself. Something akin to ancient Greek tragedy springs from the fact that the one man more responsible than any other for the calamities that provoked the court-martial was not even on trial. The man of course was Commodore Robert F. Stockton.

My studies have fully verified De Voto's strictures on the misstatements and misrepresentations of too many writers. Apparently the line of least resistance has been to repeat what Old Bullion said. Added to these distortions, which originally stemmed from malice, incidental references to General Kearny in books on history, geography and biographies are replete with downright misstatements of non-controversial facts. After viewing them en masse, I am reminded of the old Spanish proverb that truth lies at the bottom of a well.

The first and simplest of the mistakes about Stephen Kearny has to do with his name. It is frequently mispronounced and more often than not misspelled. There is ample recorded evidence that the name should be pronounced "Carney." One of the principal streets in San Francisco was named for the General, very shortly after his departure from California. Yet as an old San Franciscan I would think twice before saying a certain store is on "Carney" street. In San Francisco that would be considered either an affectation or just such a mark of the outlander as is the unpardonable "Frisco." No, Kearny Street, San Francisco, though usually correctly spelled in recent years, is almost invariably called "Curney."

Another error widely repeated involves the spelling of the General's surname. I have never heard of anyone related to his family who spelled it other than K-E-A-R-N-Y. Old family tombstones in Ireland bear that spelling. As early as 1509 an affidavit filed in the English House of Lords by an ancestor reads K-E-A-R-N-Y. But the United States Government when it named an army post in Nebraska for General Kearny misspelled it Fort Kearney. The same unwarranted extra "e" before the terminal "y" appears in both Kearney County and the town of Kearney, Nebraska and also in Kearney, Missouri. To my knowledge only one spot honoring Stephen Kearny in the Midwest is correctly spelled—Kearny County, Kansas.

Recently I discovered a Memorial resolution adopted by the Legislature of the State of New Jersey, honoring its native son, Stephen Watts Kearny, shortly after his death.

In the beautifully engrossed document the name is carefully misspelled KEARNEY and was so sent to General Kearny's widow by New Jersey's governor on April 2, 1849.[4]

What shall we say, however, of the accuracy of historical writers when they assign the wrong mother to so prominent a man? There is no mystery about his birth or parentage. These facts are plainly set forth in many books. Stephen Kearny was the fifteenth and last child of Philip Kearny and his wife Susanna Watts. He was born August 30, 1794 at Newark, New Jersey.[5] This record has been printed so often that it is a bit surprising to find one authority on southwestern history giving the General an entirely different mother. Ralph Emerson Twitchell says "He (Stephen Kearny) was the son of Philip Kearny and Lady Barney Dexter (Ravaud) Kearny, his wife." Along with the wrong mother goes an unwarranted patent of nobility! [6]

Two histories of St. Louis containing biographies of its prominent citizens contain a glaring error. (I suspect one copied from the other.) They give Stephen Kearny's birth a year earlier than is plainly stated in his family Bible; and of course that mistake has been repeated by others.[7]

In other ways the historians and biographers have dealt strangely with the facts of General Kearny's life. Frederick S. Dellenbaugh in his *Frémont and '49* goes far beyond such errors as we have seen. For some inconceivable reason he gives an entirely fictitious account of General Kearny's death. Actually, Stephen Watts Kearny died in St. Louis, Missouri on October 31, 1848 from a fever contracted at Vera Cruz while on military duty there. Those facts appear in virtually every reference I have found to the General's life. Yet Mr. Dellenbaugh says that General Kearny was killed in battle in Mexico in 1848![8]

Incidentally in the biographical sketch by Twitchell previously mentioned, Kearny's death is also erroneously stated as having occurred at Vera Cruz. What price accuracy?

Akin to the foregoing errors are some of the references to General Kearny's ancestry. Few Americans can show a better documented record of their ancestry. We know the names and other details concerning all his ancestors for the three generations preceding his own. The names of all but one of sixteen ancestors in the fourth generation are likewise of record, as well as fourteen of the fifth and thirteen of the sixth generation. The record of many even more remote has been preserved. Hence there seems slight excuse for some of the allusions to Stephen Kearny by Allan Nevins, who has often been termed Frémont's best biographer. Writing later than many of the others, Mr. Nevins had the advantage of their findings. Yet he refers to General Kearny in such phrases as "with his customary *Irish* assertiveness, etc." and again "His *Irish* blood was now up." [9] It is surprising to find a historian of Professor Nevins' reputation affixing racial labels in this rash manner. "Irish assertiveness" and "Irish blood" are certainly not meant to be complimentary to General Kearny. According to Professor Nevins, the General was guilty of unjust conduct to Colonel Frémont which he ascribes to Kearny's Irish blood.

Regardless of whether the General's treatment of Frémont was wrong or unjustified, suppose we investigate this Irish blood of Kearny's, so emphasized by Allan Nevins.

Kearny's paternal great-grandfather emigrated from Ireland in 1704, ninety years before our subject's birth. Both the General's father and grandfather were born in America. One of Kearny's great-grandmothers in his paternal line was of English Quaker stock. Very few surnames in many generations of the General's paternal ancestry are recognizable as Irish. Unquestionably the name Kearny is Irish. But does that make every one bearing it an Irishman? Especially is the question pertinent when we find the General's mother, Susanna Watts, with that unmistakeably Scottish name. She was the descendant, too, of forebears named de Lancey, Nicoll, Ravaud (a French Huguenot family), Van Renssalaer, Van Cortlandt and Schuyler, the last three uncompromisingly Dutch. Farther back in her ancestry one finds three decidedly French names and a long line of other families with cognomens just as Dutch as one I have selected at random—Van Slichtenhorst. Strange ancestors indeed for an Irishman.

A great-grandnephew of General Kearny states that according to national origins Stephen Kearny was 12½%—Irish 12½%—Scottish 18¾%—English 18¾%—Dutch 37½%—French Huguenot [10]

Any possible revision of these figures would constitute a very poor basis for calling the owner of such blood Irish. It is a most dangerous species of generalization to affix a racial label merely on the basis of one's surname. With apparently all of his ancestors for two or more generations native Americans of a variety of earlier origins, why should we now call Stephen Watts Kearny anything but an American? If there is any serious ground for dubbing him an Irishman, who among us is American?

These biographers of Frémont and other historians are consistent in one respect in their treatment of Kearny. They distribute their errors and inaccuracies quite impartially over his whole life. More than one of them has wrongly stated the facts of his military career. Here again no mystery exists. The U. S. Army records show that Stephen Watts Kearny, previously a student at Columbia College, New York, accepted a commission in the army on the outbreak of the War of 1812. He continued to serve in the army until his death over thirty-six years later. He steadily progressed from second lieutenant to major-general in that interval. There is not one line in the government's official record of this service to indicate that he ever spent a day of his life at West Point.

But Stanley Vestal in an unsupported charge that Kearny disliked Kit Carson gives as the reason that West Pointers had no love for Frémont and that Carson's close attachment for Frémont militated against him with Kearny as the latter was a West Pointer! [11] Cardinal Goodwin in his fine life of Fremont commits the same error twice. [12]

At the time of Frémont's court-martial, the newspapers, strongly pro-Frémont, contained many charges that the whole prosecution sprang from the enmity of the West

Point crowd for the non-West Pointer, explorer Fremont.

It is surprising how both the newspapers and writers like Vestal and Goodwin could overlook the fact that Stephen Kearny was also a non-West Pointer.

I do not propose to enumerate all the errors and mistaken conclusions in the writings both of historians and biographers of John C. Frémont. However, on a few major points, the misstatements have been repeated so often at such great length that they have virtually become embedded in our basic knowledge of the conquest of California. We are reminded here of the famous observation of Hitler that if one tells a lie often enough and loudly enough, people in the end will generally believe it.

A realization of the truth about these controversial issues is bound to alter greatly one's understanding of General Kearny and provide a better perspective of his achievements and proper place in history.

Apologists of Colonel Frémont and even many writers quite friendly towards General Kearny usually begin their account of the famous controversy by blaming it on the conflicting instructions given by the Polk administration to the Army and Navy commanders in California. Most of the palliation of Frémont's insubordination rests entirely on these alleged conflicting instructions.

On the surface the "conflict" in these instructions sounds quite convincing but it will not stand close scrutiny. The proper analysis of said instructions and their bearing on events in 1847 require too much space for inclusion in an introductory chapter. The same is true of the closely related criticism of General Kearny for proceeding to California at all after he met Kit Carson at Socorro, New Mexico on October 6, 1846. Even cartography and geographic nomenclature have been enlisted against the General. In due course I hope to show on what flimsy foundations all of these criticisms rest.

May I close this introduction to the career of Stephen Watts Kearny by summarizing the almost unique combination of his qualities and performances. It would be hard to name any military commander whose forces marched a greater distance than the mileage traveled by the expeditions he led; still harder to name other officers with a lower percentage of casualties sustained on such marches. He was a soldier who was preeminent as an explorer. Although not an engineer he built more frontier forts than any contemporary. He was a soldier who with a handful of men held many thousands of Indians in check for long and critical years by firmness tempered with conciliation and persuasion rather than warfare. He was an American who brought law and order to large regions of the present United States which had known very little of either blessing under their previous governments.

In one capacity he was indeed unique. He was the military governor of two of our commonwealths, New Mexico and California, and of two great foreign cities, Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico.

Viewed in these lights, it seems to me his proper place in history is that of the forerunner of a small but very devoted and distinguished group of what I will term America's pro-consuls. Leonard Wood, William Howard Taft (as to his service in the Philippines), George W. Goethals and Arthur and Douglas McArthur—these men followed in the footsteps of Stephen Watts Kearny.

FOOTNOTES

Note

1. *The Year of Decision*—1846 by Bernard De Voto. Page 230.
2. Opus cited supra. pp. 305 and 466-7.
3. *General Philip Kearny, Battle Soldier of Five Wars; including The Conquest of the West by General Stephen Watts Kearny*, by Thomas Kearny. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1937.
4. Stephen Watts Kearny Papers in Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, Missouri.
5. *History of St. Peter's Church in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, 1698 to 1923* by Reverend W. Northey Jones, M.A. Published 1924. Page 360; also Memorandum in Stephen Kearny's Family Bible in Collections cited Note 4 supra.
6. *A History of the Military Occupation of Territory of New Mexico—1846-1851 by the Government of the United States* (*etc.*) by Ralph Emerson Twitchell. Published in Denver, Colorado 1909, Page 203.
7. *Encyclopedia of History of St. Louis* by William Hyde and Howard L. Conard. 1899. Volume II Page 1154; and *History of St. Louis* by J. Thomas Scharf, 1883. Volume I Page 386.
8. *Frémont and '49*, by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. Published 1914, Page 363.
9. *Fremont: the West's Greatest Adventurer* by Allan Nevins. Published 1928. Volume 2, pp. 345 & 376.
10. Letter of Philip J. Kearny to Dwight L. Clarke dated October 31, 1951.
11. *Kearny and Kit Carson as Interpreted by Stanley Vestal.* ('*Kit Carson, a Happy Warrior of the Old West*') by Thomas Kearny. New Mexico Historical Review, January, 1930. Volume V, No. 1, Page 1.
12. *John Charles Frémont: an Explanation of his Career* by Cardinal Goodwin. Stanford University Press. 1930. pp. 149-152.

Kearny family coat of arms. John W. Kearny was a relative of Steven Watts Kearny.

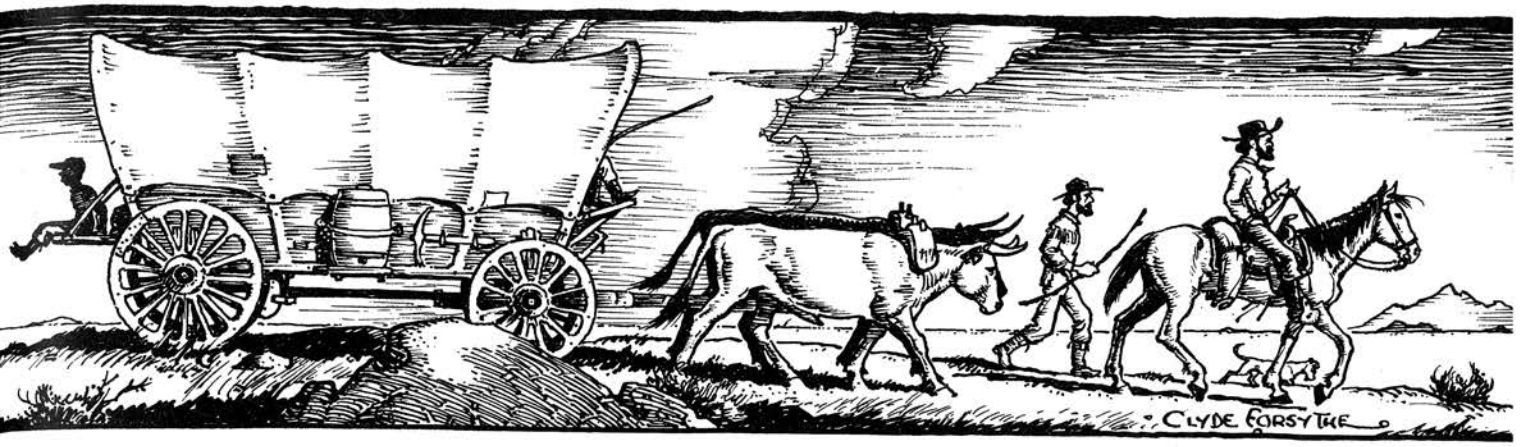
ONLY KNOWN COPIES OF EMIGRANT GUIDES

By GLEN DAWSON

BOOK COLLECTORS AND LIBRARIANS, as well as book sellers, like to speak in superlatives—the finest copy, the first, the best and the only known copy. Such statements are always dangerous because as soon as a writer says a certain imprint is the first there is the chance that someone finds an earlier one, or in the case of this article, the statement that a book is the only known copy may produce one or more elsewhere. The term "only known copy" is used in all aspects of book collecting, but here I am referring to only known copies of emigrant guide books.

The basis and authority for my information is the great bibliography of Henry R. Wagner and Charles L. Camp, the *Plains and the Rockies* (Third Edition, 1953), which describes some five hundred original narratives and emigrant guides. It is interesting to note that these are termed "emigrant" rather than "immigrant." This term is valid because in the period before the gold rush, the Californians were not encouraging Americans to come overland to California, but there was an interest throughout the mid-west in emigrating to Oregon and California. The term emigrant guides stuck and it was not until much later that such organizations as the California Immigrant Union showed that we in California had become Californians.

These notes were originally jotted down for a talk before a group at the Los Angeles County Museum. My first plan was to talk about some of the more important books listed in Wagner-Camp, to include the accounts of James Ohio Pattie, Zenas Leonard, John C. Frémont, etc., but I became intrigued with the number of important books that are apparently known in but a single copy. The late Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach in his volume



Books and Bidders tells how his Uncle Mose Pollock made fun of the terms of rarity used in booksellers' catalogues. Uncle Moses had his own classifications—rare, damn rare, damn damn rare and infernally rare. Dr. Rosenbach's own personal collection now preserved as a museum in Philadelphia was composed of the latter two classifications. I have selected nine printed books and two manuscripts which seem to be one of a kind. Even though only very casual research has gone into the preparation of this list, it may be of interest to others.

It is now possible to go out to the airport and eight hours later be on the other side of the continent. It is difficult for us to visualize the great magnitude of an overland trip to California in the days before the railroad. There were three main routes— by ship around Cape Horn, by ship and then overland in Panama or Central America and continuing by another ship to California, and the overland route. The diary writers on board ship could only record the roughness of the sea, when a whale was seen, when plum-duff was served and the like. The overland routes are of more interest to me, because now there are paved highways paralleling the wagon ruts, bridges at the fording places, and gas stations or towns at the camp sites.

Here is my list of 11 emigrant guides:

(1) BIDWELL, JOHN. (*Journal*, 1842.) When someone complains that they do not collect imperfect books, I sometimes remind them of a pamphlet in the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, lacking title page and with other defects. This is the only known copy of Bidwell's *Journal* printed in western Missouri about 1842. John Bidwell himself never knew of its publication. He had written it in the form of a letter and perhaps even forgot about writing the letter. It is perhaps less literary than the hair-raising adventures of James Ohio Pattie, but more factual. When Bidwell crossed in 1841 there were many Indians. "On one occasion some forty seemed to his companion as 'lots', 'gaubs', 'fields and swarms' of them." There were buffalo and other animals. It was an eventful journey with two marriages enroute, the split of the party, some going to Oregon. Bidwell notes berries, currants, and choke-cherries. Bidwell was a young man

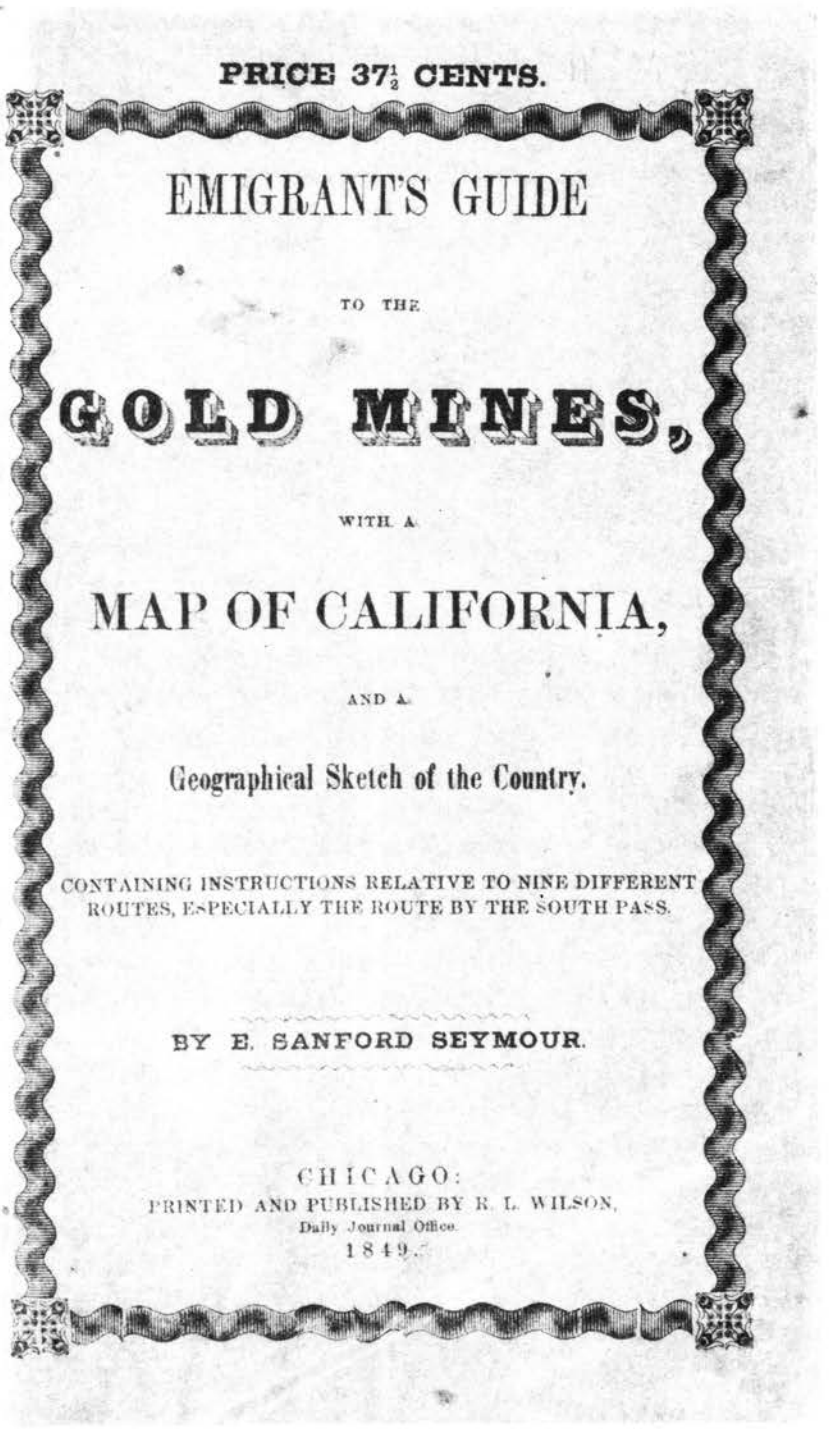
of some 22 years and had the enthusiasm to climb a mountain to find snow, incidentally giving his party considerable worry. He recommends the trip to those in bad health; however, he does describe hardships. It is the first book by an intending settler to California. It has been reprinted with an introduction by Dr. Herbert I. Priestley. This original copy of this Journal was actually used by George McKinstry in crossing the plains in 1846. There has frequently been conversation and speculation as to what a perfect copy of this would bring should it be found.

(2) EDWARDS, PHILIP LEGET. *Sketch of the Oregon Territory or Emigrant's Guide*, Liberty, Mo., 1842. This twenty-page pamphlet has been termed the first overland guide to the far west, but whether it was actually printed before or after that of Bidwell, we do not know. It is a guide to Oregon rather than to California; however, many prominent Californians came by way of Oregon as the Oregon route was more generally used in the early days. The only known copy was a prize piece in the H. V. Jones collection and is now in the Yale University Library in New Haven, Conn., as part of the great collection given by William R. Coe. There is a small pamphlet reprint. A diary of Edwards has been published relating to a cattle drive from California to Oregon in 1837 (Grabhorn Press, 1932). The Report of Lewis Linn on Oregon Territory is said to have been prepared by Philip Edwards.

(3) SEYMOUR, E. SANFORD. *Emigrant's Guide To The Gold Mines.* 104 pages, folding map. Chicago, 1849. When California became a part of the United States and particularly when gold was discovered, there was much more interest in going to California and much more reason for printing emigrant guides. Seymour's *Guide* was taken largely from Frémont's *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the year 1842 and to Oregon and North California in the years 1843-44.* Frémont's report was printed in elaborate form in some 20,000 copies, whereas some of the pamphlet guides, were probably printed in only a few hundred copies, and no doubt some of these have disappeared entirely. Although listed in many bibliographies, the Seymour *Guide* has survived in one copy in the Bancroft Library. There is a photostat in the New York Public Library. It is on the Robert E. Cowan list of the twenty rarest and most important books relating to California. "The contents of the book is above average for such works, but the map is doubtless the most crude representation of California ever attempted." There are records of Ephraim Sanford Seymour as a publisher in Illinois in 1847 and 1848 and of his death in June of 1851 at Nevada City, California.

(4) WILLIS, IRA J. *Guide to the Gold Mines*, 1849. The simplest form of guide was created when two travelers met in the mountains; one would draw with a stick in the dirt a sketch map of the route traveled. Travelers gave each other much information and some like J. Goldsborough Bruff took careful notes of such information as could be collected. Ira J. Willis had been to California and then east to Salt Lake. Willis had been with the

ONLY KNOWN COPIES OF EMIGRANT GUIDES



PRICE 37½ CENTS.

EMIGRANT'S GUIDE

TO THE

GOLD MINES,

WITH A

MAP OF CALIFORNIA,

AND A

Geographical Sketch of the Country.

CONTAINING INSTRUCTIONS RELATIVE TO NINE DIFFERENT ROUTES, ESPECIALLY THE ROUTE BY THE SOUTH PASS.

BY E. SANFORD SEYMOUR.

CHICAGO:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY R. L. WILSON,
Daily Journal Office.
1849.

Mormon battalion, and participated in the very early days of gold mining at Mormon Bar and elsewhere.

Many of the printed guide books ended at Utah or were very incomplete. The key portion of the trip was across the deserts of the Nevada and the Sierra Nevada. Enterprising Mormons wrote out the guide of Ira Willis to sell, and there are many references to the purchase of such guides. Bruff made a copy of one. Many such manuscript Mormon guides or waybills must have been made and sold to the 49ers, but the only one now known to exist is written on cloth, once the property of the Hutchings family, and now in the Yosemite Museum, Yosemite National Park. It was reprinted in the *California Historical Society Quarterly* for September, 1953, edited by Irene D. Paden.

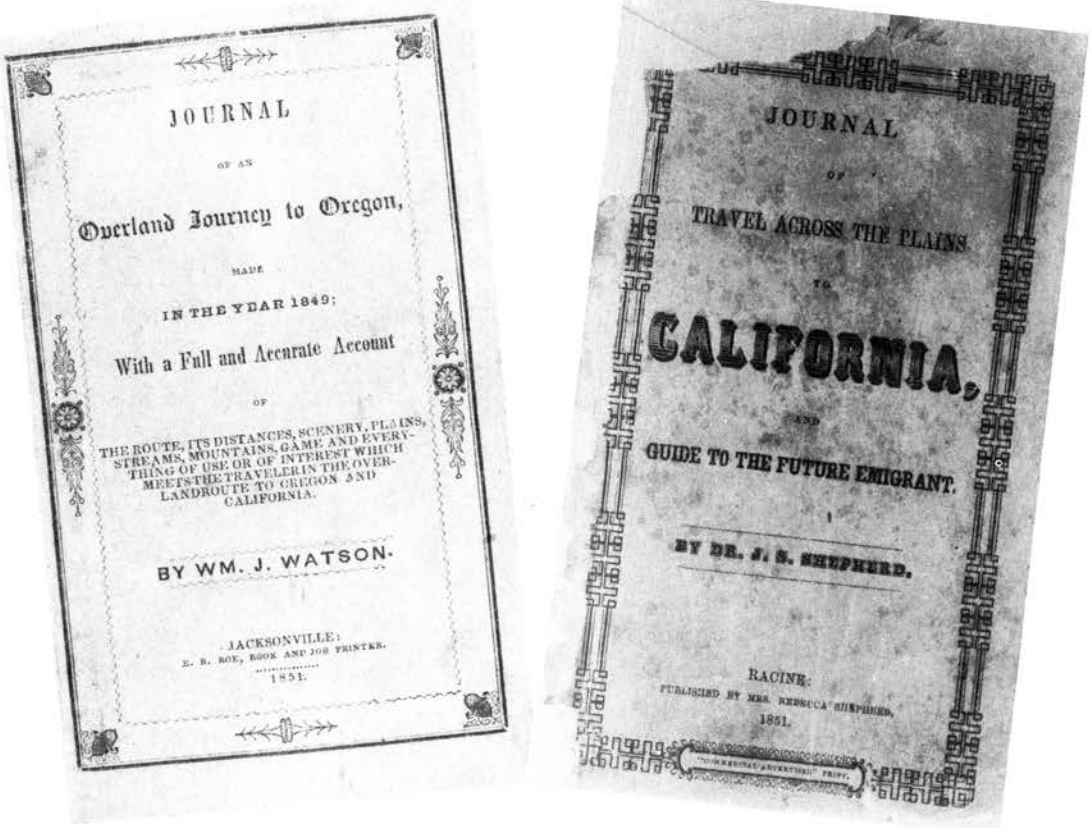
A printed Mormon waybill by Joseph Cain and Arieh C. Brower, was printed in Great Salt Lake City, Deseret, in 1851. This was in the Auerbach collection and at that time thought to be the only known copy. I had a commission to buy this for $3000.00. I "went" my $3000 plus my commission but it was topped by the Eberstadts' buying it for William Coe and is now in the Coe collection, Yale University. However, according to Wagner-Camp, there is a second known copy, so this does not fit in my classification of the only known copy.

(5) CHRISTY, THOMAS. *Account of the distances from one camping place to another . . . the sites or camp grounds for convenience of wood, water and grass, also the breadth and depth of each stream.* 79 pages, 4 by 4¾ inches. (1850). It is a curious fact that the printed guides which can be catalogued and defined are usually more saleable than the same material in manuscript form even though the manuscript is unique. Thomas Christy wrote out this guide but who he was, where he came from, or what happened to him after he arrived in Sacramento, I am unable to determine. There are in existence innumerable journals, diaries and narratives of overland trips to California, as 1849 was an era of diary writing. However, the unique part about this particular manuscript is that it is in guide book form rather than diary form. Christy no doubt wrote from personal observation. The first page indicates that he did not necessarily expect it to be printed, but intended to make it correct. Riley Root made the same observation in his guide book but his was printed. The preliminary page of the Christy guide is dated April 27th, 1850 and has an entry at the end, August 6th. The distance between each camp site is given and the total distance is 1944 miles. Another example of the 1850 overland route is the one by Andrew Child printed in Milwaukee in 1852. The Christy guide book is the only surviving manuscript guide book that I have been able to locate. It is now in the Bancroft Library.

(6) SHEPHERD, DR. J. S. *Journal Of Travel Across The Plains To California And Guide To The Future Emigrant.* Racine, published by Mrs. Rebecca Shepherd, 1851. 44 pages.

This is a printed account of the 1850 journey; Joseph Smith practiced medicine in Placerville and was in the Racine, Wisconsin Directory for 1858, but no further trace found.

ONLY KNOWN COPIES OF EMIGRANT GUIDES



JOURNAL

OF AN

Overland Journey to Oregon,

MADE

IN THE YEAR 1849;

With a Full and Accurate Account

OF

THE ROUTE, ITS DISTANCES, SCENERY, PLAINS, STREAMS, MOUNTAINS, GAME AND EVERY-THING OF USE OR OF INTEREST WHICH MEETS THE TRAVELER IN THE OVER-LAND ROUTE TO OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

BY WM. J. WATSON.

JACKSONVILLE:
E. B. ROE, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER.
1851.

JOURNAL

OF

TRAVEL ACROSS THE PLAINS

TO

CALIFORNIA,

AND

GUIDE TO THE FUTURE EMIGRANT.

BY DR. J. S. SHEPHERD.

RACINE:
PUBLISHED BY MRS. REBECCA SHEPHERD,
1851.

The American Imprints Inventory, Volume 24, *A Check List of Wisconsin Imprints 1850-1854* fails to locate this work, and Wagner-Camp records only the copy in the Philip Ashton Rollin's collection now at Princeton University. Some years ago I was offered a copy from Placerville by a very aged man, George Langlois. After an involved correspondence I secured a number of copies of a reprint that he had made. He gave the impression that he had an original. There was still more correspondence as I assumed that, since he had made a reprint, he had an original from which to make the copy. However, it finally turned out that he was making his reprint from a typed copy, probably from the Rollins copy before it was at Princeton University.

(7) WATSON, WM. J. *Journal Of An Overland Trip To Oregon . . . everything of use or of interest which meets the traveler in the overland route to California.* 48 pages, Jacksonville, Illinois, 1851.

This journey covered was made in 1849. Wagner-Camp records this as being in the Coe collection of Yale University and Howes records Yale and Harvard. Actually all entries refer to only one copy at Harvard University.

(8) PLATT AND NELSON SLATER. *The Traveller's guide across the Plains, the northern overland route from the States to California.* This guide is known in a single imperfect copy in the collection of Thomas Streeter. It was copyrighted in 1852 in California, but either was not printed until later, or there were two editions, as this copy mentions a bridge in the text which indicates that it must have been printed after 1853. This copy has no title page, lacks pages 1 to 16 and has just the remnant of a map. It was carried across the plains in 1854 by Thomas Reber. It later came into the possession of Henry R. Wagner who sold it to Thomas Streeter. Mr. Streeter recently sold his Texas collection to Yale University but still has the finest private collection of Americana. A selection of his holdings is described in *Americana-Beginnings* (1952).

(9) RIKER, JOHN F. *Journal of a trip to California by the overland route.* 32 pages, no cover or title page (Urbana, Ohio, 1855?).

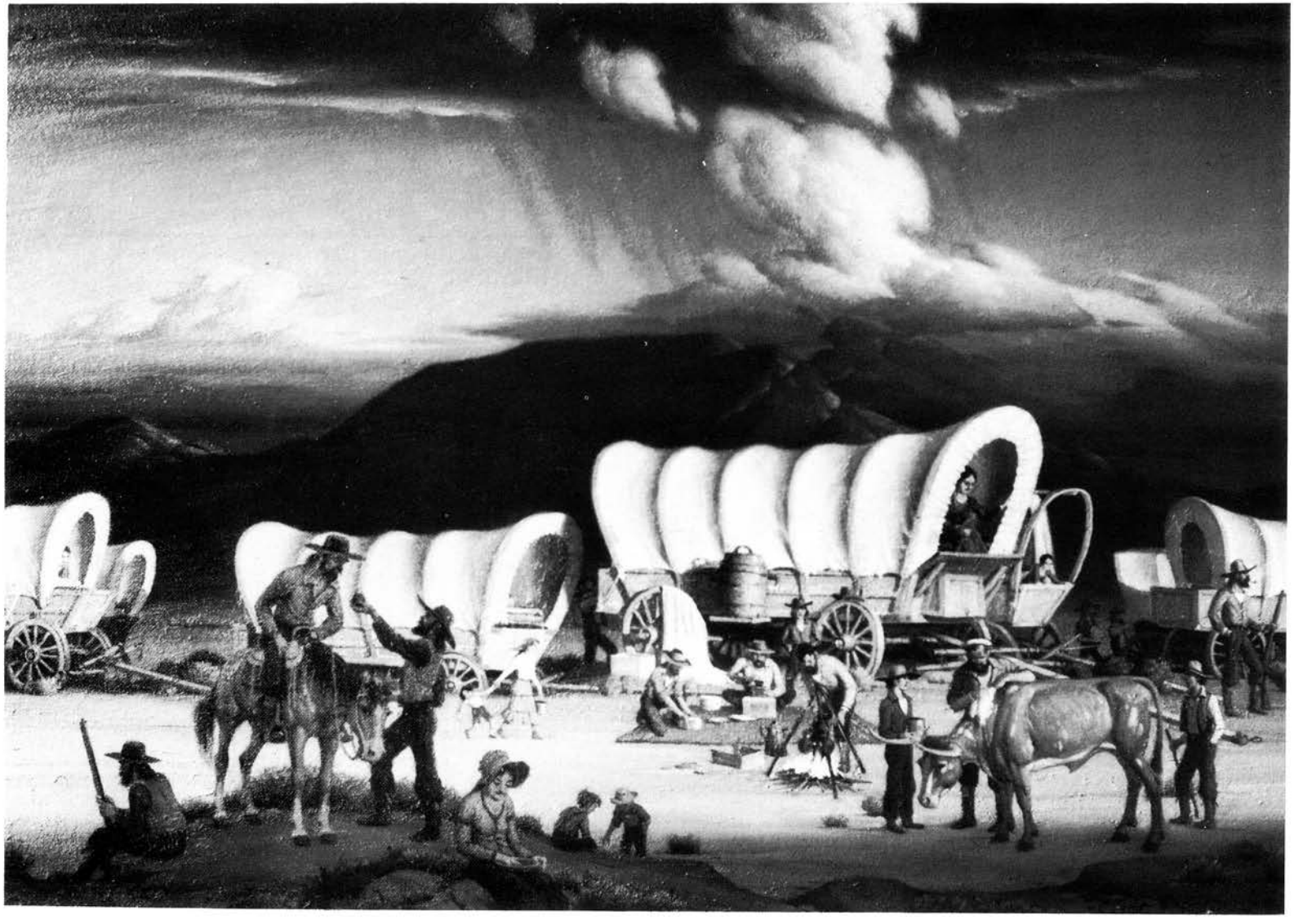
Only known copy in the Coe collection. (All the printed guides selected in this list are recorded in *U.S.-iana* by Wright Howes.)

(10) MCCLUNG, ZARAH. *Travels across the Plains in 1852.* 37 pages, St. Louis, 1854. This is a day by day diary, from March 29th to September 8th, 1852, ending in Volcano, California. The only known copy is in the Mercantile Library Association, St. Louis, Missouri. It probably once had printed wrappers now lacking.

(11) UDELL, JOHN. *Journal kept during a trip across the plains containing an account of the massacre of a portion of the party by the Mohave Indians in 1858.* Solano County Herald, Suisin City, 1859.

Udell made four overland trips; the first when he was fifty and the last when aged 64. He had eight children and made fifteen permanent moves in thirty years, building seven different log cabins, was employed as a Baptist minister, a farmer, a traveling salesman and a subscription book agent. His *Incidents of Travel to California* was published in Jefferson, Ohio in 1856 and describes three trips (1850, 1852 and 1854). He wrote another book about the 1858 trip when part of the party was massacred by the Mohave Indians, and this was published in Jefferson City, 1868. However, this turned out to be a second edition. I purchased the Suisin City book, but had a difficult time in persuading anyone of its importance. It was finally sold to Edward Eberstadt who sold it to Coe and it is now in the Coe collection.

I tried to locate another copy in the Suisin City area without success. This edition of Udell has since been reproduced in facsimile by the Yale University Library. I believe that this is the most recent discovery in the field of overland guides, but it is logical to believe that some future discoveries can still be made in forgotten attics or basements. Booksellers make their living selling bread and butter books but there is always the potential excitement of the only known copy.



"EVER WESTWARD" by *Clyde Forsythe*

PROCLAMATION!

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

REWARD.

WHEREAS, Information has been received that a murder was committed on the body of DR. JOHN MARSH, on the evening of the 24th day of September, ultimo, near Martinez, in the County of Contra Costa, and that one of the persons suspected of said murder, namely, FELIPE MORENA, has eluded arrest and is now at large.

NOW THEREFORE, I, J. NEELY JOHNSON, Governor of the State of California, by virtue of the powers vested in me by law, do hereby offer a reward of One Thousand Dollars for the apprehension of the said Felipe Morena, and his safe delivery into the custody of the Sheriff of Contra Costa County.

WITNESS, my hand, and the Great Seal of State, at Sacramento, this 13th day of October, A. D. 1856.

[SEAL]

J. NEELY JOHNSON.

ATTEST: DAVID F. DOUGLASS,
Secretary of State.

DESCRIPTION:

FELIPE MORENA, commonly called NINO, is a native Californian or Mexican, about 19 or 20 years old; has black hair turning inward at the border ends; complexion dark and cloudy; has a thin beard about the upper lip; has fine white teeth; is about 5½ feet high, of rather slender appearance; weighs about 140 pounds; is of lively and sprightly air and action; speaks Spanish rapidly. His mother resides at San Jose, where it is suspected he may be concealed; if not there, he has probably gone to the southern portion of the State.

The following is a description of the Watch on the person of Dr. Marsh at the time of his murder, and which is supposed to be, or to have been, in the possession of Felipe Morena;

Gold Hunting Detached Lever, marked "Cooper, London," No. 20,038.

THE DOCTOR IN EARLY LOS ANGELES

By HARVEY E. STARR, M.D.

THE U. S. GOVERNMENT MADE ITS FIRST census in California in 1850. Los Angeles County had a population of 4071 whites, and 4193 domesticated Indians. The city had a population of 1610 and many were still away at the mines. The names of the following were listed as doctors in the city: A. P. Hodges, William B. Osbourn, W. W. Jones, A. W. Hope, Charles R. Cullen, A. I. Blackburn, J. W. Dodge, and Overstreet (initials not given). The name of Stephen C. Foster should appear, although his activities at that time were political instead of medical. Also Richard Den's name is missing, but this is probably due to the fact that he was still away at the mines. We may conclude however, that Los Angeles was well supplied with doctors.

This was not always true, nor was California always supplied with doctors, for when the Spanish set out from Mexico in 1769 to occupy Alta California, the expedition consisting of three ships and two land columns, one surgeon accompanied the expedition. He was Dr. Pedro Prat, graduate of the University of Barcelona. When the component units assembled at San Diego, the morbidity and mortality rates from scurvy were high, and the doctor, himself ill, valiantly cared for the sick. When he returned to Mexico in 1771 to die, his position was not refilled until 1774.

Throughout the entire Spanish period, only one doctor, with the title of surgeon-general, was assigned at one time to the Province, and he was stationed at Monterey. On occasions not á doctor filled the position.

During the Mexican period, the same dearth was manifested. Although a medical department had been established in 1580 at the University of Mexico, not a single Mexican graduate ever served in Alta California. In 1840, Dr. Edward Bale an Englishman, was appointed surgeon-general at Monterey, serving until 1843.

Consequently, Californios for many years availed themselves of any medical service they could find. There are repeated instances of their acceptance of medical care from visiting scientists, seamen from infrequent ships, and by those untrained or not trained to the standards of medical practice of the day. Their need and want made them gullible concerning medical matters.

John Gilroy was only twenty years old when he arrived at Monterey in 1814, too ill to proceed with his ship when it sailed. He stayed in the Province to become a substantial citizen; he is known to have performed surgery.

In 1823, James Burroughs, aged 21, came to Santa Barbara from New York. No

record shows that he had ever had medical training, yet he made a contract with Captain de la Guerra, the local commandant, to give medical care to the active and inactive military personnel, their families, and the neophytes at the mission.

The ease with which the "Anglo" could pose as a doctor to the Californios is probably best exemplified by John Bidwell's account of the old mountain man, Joe Meek. While on the way to California via Oregon, he had announced, "Boys, when I get to California among the greasers, I'm going to palm myself off as a doctor." After that he was called Dr. Meek, and as Bidwell dryly comments, "He couldn't even read or write."

Preëminent as a layman-doctor, stands the historic figure of John Marsh. Under the title, *John Marsh, Pioneer*, Dr. George Lyman produced a most readable account of this interesting personage. Born in Massachusetts, Marsh graduated from the Liberal Arts Course at Harvard in 1823. He desired to study medicine, but being short of funds, he accepted a lucrative offer to be tutor to the children of Col. Smelling, in Wisconsin Territory. Living on an Army post, with not too onerous duties, he assisted the post's surgeon whenever he could, and also read medicine. He wrote a dictionary of the Sioux language. So highly did he become esteemed that he was soon appointed an Indian sub-agent by Governor Cass. At the end of the Black Hawk War, he was selected as one of the commissioners to draw up a treaty. During these procedings it was disclosed that Marsh had supplied arms to the warring parties, the very Indians that he was supposed to keep at peace. An order for his arrest was issued, and he precipitately fled to St. Louis. He remained in this vicinity for some time, then went to Santa Fe, thence to Sonora, and finally by January, 1836, he was in Los Angeles.

His Harvard diploma proved to be open sesame. Presenting it to the alcalde, Manuel Requena, and to the ayuntamiento, he requested a license to practice medicine and surgery. Unable to read Latin, in which the diploma was couched, the City Fathers sent it to the padres at Mission San Gabriel, who in turn declared it adequate. Marsh practiced in Los Angeles for about one year, apparently successfully, taking pay for his services in cowhides.

In 1837 he set out to see more of California. At San José he met José Noriega and purchased from him Rancho Los Meganos located in the vicinity of the present town of Antioch. Now rancher, he still practiced medicine, charging stiff fees.

Historically, he played a role in California's immediate future. He wrote extensively to eastern acquaintances extolling California's healthful and salubrious climate; its agricultural and economic possibilities. Many of his letters were published in eastern newspapers and undoubtedly awakened interest, and brought immigration to the Province. It was to his ranch that the Bidwell Party made its way in 1841.

The year 1843 saw the arrival in Santa Barbara of a qualified medical man, Richard Den. He had graduated from the Medical Department of Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, at the age of 21. Shortly after, he had been appointed ships surgeon on the

Glenswilly bound for Australia and India. At Sydney, the trip to India was cancelled, and the ship proceeded to Valparaiso, and then to Mazatlan. Here, Richard Den heard that his brother Nicholas, whom he had not seen for several years, was a prominent citizen of Santa Barbara. He left the *Glenswilly* and waited until he found a ship proceeding up the coast of California. It was Richard's intention to pay his brother a short visit, but calls between ships were infrequent, and demands for his medical abilities soon had him fully occupied.

Nicholas Den had studied medicine at Trinity College, but had never graduated, yet he carried on a medical practice in Santa Barbara in addition to civic and extensive ranching activities.

In the later part of 1843, Richard Den was called to Los Angeles to perform surgery. The leading citizens were impressed with his results, and they petitioned him to make his residence in Los Angeles. He was issued a license by the Mexican Government, and during the Mexican War, was surgeon-general to the Mexican Forces in California. Richard joined the rush for gold; was in the vicinity of Sonora and Angels Camp. He found it more profitable to render medical and surgical aid to the miners than to dig for gold. In 1851, he returned to Los Angeles and, in 1855 to Santa Barbara.

In 1862, Nicholas Den died. A severe drought struck Southern California about that time, and it rang the death knell of the booming cattle industry. Richard Den sustained

severe financial loss. In 1866 he returned to Los Angeles, and at the time of his death, July 20, 1895, he had his office at 242 North Main Street.

To Harris Newmark, we are grateful for a latter day description of Don Ricardo. "Old Doctor Den will be remembered, not only with esteem, but with affection. He was seldom seen except on horseback, in which fashion he visited his patients, and was, all in all, somewhat a man of mystery. He rode a magnificent coal-black charger, and was himself always dressed in black. He wore, too, a black felt hat; and beneath the hat there clustered a mass of wavy hair as white as snow. In addition to all this, his standing collar was so high he was compelled to hold his head erect; and as if to offset the immaculate linen, he tied around the collar a large black silk scarf. Thus attired and seated on his richly caparisoned horse, Dr. Den appeared always dignified, and even imposing. One may therefore easily picture him a friendly rival with Don Juan Bandini at the early Spanish balls, as he was on intimate terms with Don and Doña Abel Stearns, acknowledged social leaders. Dr. Den was fond of horseracing, and had his own favorite race horses sent here from Santa Barbara, where they were bred."

Dr. A. P. Hodges assumes almost a role of mystery in Los Angeles' history, as little information concerning him can be found. When Dr. Charles R. Cullen was elected county coroner, he refused to serve, and Dr. Hodges volunteered his services. Shortly after, he was elected mayor of the City of Los Angeles. In *Centennial History*, Judge Benjamin Hayes remarks, "Mayor Hodges and Wilson, through tempestuous times, held the helm with firmness and foresight." Don Benito Wilson was the second elected mayor of the city.

In 1852, Dr. Hodges, along with Dr. J. B. Winston, who had arrived that year, purchased the Bella Union Hotel. Horace Bell, recalling his own arrival in Los Angeles that same year, says, "I soon made the acquaintance of the junior member of the hotel firm, who was also mayor of the city, and like mayors in general, he was the reverse of the grim bar-tender, he just smiled all over, and all the time. It was a perpetual smile with genial old Hodges. The bar was well patronized, so reiterates this pious chronicler, and during the hour or two that I was looker-on, there was a continuous smiling at that bar. Although I had been two-and-a-half years in the upper country, and had become familiarized with the desperado character of the people, I most solemnly asseverate that the patrons who came and went from the Bella Union Bar during that time were the most bandit, cut-throat looking set that the writer had ever set his youthful eyes upon. Some were dressed in the gorgeous attire of the country, some half ranchero, half miner; others were dressed in the most modern style of tailorship; all, however, had slung to their rear the never-failing pair of colts', generally with the accompaniment of the bowie knife. I will dispose of the aforesaid junior member of the hotel firm, Mayor Hodges, by saying that he is long since dead. The municipal corporation remembers him as one of its most enterprising and intelligent heads. Under his vigorous administration the authorities

projected and carried to completion a public water ditch, which remains to this day (1881) a monument to his enterprise and forethought."

In *An Historical Review of Lodge No. 42, F. & A. M.*, we read, "The other charter members were substantial citizens. Alpheus P. Hodges was the first mayor of Los Angeles under the Charter of 1850. He was a well educated physician and musician. He also served as county coroner, and by way of business was for a time proprietor of a hotel. He left Los Angeles prior to the Civil War and we are singularly lacking in information regarding him." Lodge No. 42 was organized in 1854.

One may ask, "Where was Dr. Hodges born; where did he receive his medical education; when did he arrive in California, and in Los Angeles?" His election as mayor in 1850 suggests that he had been here for a little while prior to that, and that he was highly regarded; yet his name does not appear in Bancroft's Pioneer Register. He left Los Angeles when, for where? Horace Bell says Dr. Hodges "is long since dead." Did he have definite information? One only wishes that these and other questions could be answered. As one of the doctors in Los Angeles in 1850, and as the first acting County Coroner, when he set a record of eleven inquests in one day, and as the first mayor of the city, he certainly deserves more than mere passing mention. Incidentally, Coroner Hodges received $100 per inquest, when the deceased happened to be an Indian.

The Stevenson Regiment arrived from New York via Cape Horn in March, 1847 at San Francisco, and Regimental Headquarters were established at Los Angeles on May 9. It comprised four companies of the Mormon Battalion, two companies of U. S. Dragoons, and two companies of the Stevenson Regiment. The Mormon Battalion was mustered out in July, and the Stevenson Regiment on September 18, 1848. Many members of the latter organization chose to remain in California. One of these was Dr. William B. Osbourn.

On being mustered out, Dr. Osbourn went to Placerville to try his hand at gold mining, but before 1850 he was back in Los Angeles practicing medicine. In January of 1850, Drs. Cullen, Blackburn, Dodge and Osbourn held the first medical meeting in Los Angeles, of which there is a record; not to discuss a new surgical procedure, or a new drug, but to consider the practical problem of establishing a just and fair fee scale for medical services, and making it known to the public.

Later in 1850, Dr. Osbourn opened the city's first drug store. In 1851 with an associate, Moses Searles, he added facilities for taking daguerrotypes—the first photographic shop in Los Angeles. A little later, he was also using his store to conduct public auctions. Such versatile use of his drug store, one cannot help but facetiously think, was the forerunner of the modern drug store.

In 1853, the first official postoffice was established in Los Angeles, and Dr. Osbourn was appointed Postmaster by President Pierce, a position he held until terminated by resignation in 1855. Prior to 1853, mail service in Los Angeles was a haphazard affair.

Mail was dumped into a tub at one of the stores and anyone looking for a letter had to sort through the jumble. The new postmaster put his fertile mind to work and evolved an orderly method for distributing the mail, one that the post office department adopted; he had a box with pigeonholes marked alphabetically.

In 1854, Dr. Osbourn shipped the first Los Angeles grapes ever sent to the East, to a meeting of the New York Agricultural Society at Albany, and the year following he imported from Rochester, a large collection of roses, fruit trees, ornamental trees, and shrubs. Also in that year he sought an artesian well, sinking a bore 780 feet deep at a spot near what is now First Street and Broadway; drilling stopped when the doctor's funds were depleted.

In 1856, Dr. Osbourn was City Superintendent of Schools; resigned, the position being filled by a colleague, Dr. John Strothers Griffin. Later, he was a member of the State Legislature, and on various occasions he served as deputy sheriff. In 1852, he engaged in a duel, the single such event in Los Angeles history, with the popular Col. J. Bankhead Magruder. The affair ended bloodlessly, and after reading Horace Bell's account of the affair, humorously.

In 1862, Dr. Osbourn died. Certainly, his presence was missed. His numerous ventures, and his energetic services had been a stimulating contribution to the growth and life of the city.

To Henry D. Barrows who arrived in Los Angeles in 1854, who was subsequently county superintendent of schools, who engaged in various mercantile and manufacturing enterprises, we are indebted for such information as we have concerning Dr. Charles R. Cullen. He was a Virginian, and a graduate of Brown University. He came with his brother John to California in the Gold Rush, and before 1850 he was practicing medicine in Los Angeles. He had declined to serve as county coroner when elected to that post.

When the *San Francisco Bulletin* was looking for a correspondent from Los Angeles, it selected Dr. Cullen. His column, titled "Letter from Los Angeles," was signed "Observador." The doctor returned to his home in Richmond, Virginia, in 1856, and Henry Barrows became the *Bulletin's* correspondent.

Dr. Alexander W. Hope was a surgeon in the Army when he arrived in Los Angeles in 1848. He was elected State Senator from the First Senatorial District, serving during 1850-51. When the volunteer police force, commonly spoken of as "The Rangers," was organized in 1850, Dr. Hope was its commanding officer, being variously spoken of as captain, or the chief. In 1854 he opened the third drug store in the city. Death ended his services in 1856. Horace Bell remarked in his *Reminiscences of a Ranger*, published in 1881, "Captain Hope sleeps in an unmarked grave in Fort Hill Cemetery."

Dr. Wilson W. Jones was the first elected county clerk and recorder, and in 1854 to the State Legislature. After that his name fades from the records. Harris Newmark

tells us that in 1853, Dr. Jones, "While returning from a professional call at the Lugos at about sunset, nearly rode over the bleeding and still warm body of a cattle buyer named Porter, on Alameda Street. The latter had been out to the Dominguez Rancho, to purchase stock, and had taken along with him a Mexican named Manuel Vergara who had introduced himself as an experienced interpreter and guide, but who was, in reality, a cutthroat with a record of one or two assassinations. Vergara observed that Porter possessed considerable money; and on their way back to Los Angeles shot the American from behind. Jones quickly gave the alarm; and Banning, Stanley and others of the volunteer mounted police pursued the murderer for eighty-five or ninety miles when, the ammunition of all parties being exhausted, Vergara turned on the one vigilante who had caught up with him and, with an adroit thrust of his knife, cut the latter's bridle and escaped. In the end, however, some of Major Heintzelman's Cavalry at Yuma (who had been informed by a fleet Indian hired to carry the news of the fugitive's flight) overtook Vergara and shot him dead."

Further information concerning Drs. A. I. Blackburn and J. W. Dodge, signers of the Fee Scale Notice, and Dr. Overholt, is unrevealed.

Not mentioned in the Census of 1850, is Dr. Leonce Hoover, but the name Hoover is listed. According to Harris Newmark, Dr. Leonce Hoover, "Who died on October 8, 1862, was a native of Switzerland, and formerly a surgeon in the Army of Napoleon, when his name—later changed at the time of naturalization—had been Huber. Dr. Hoover, in 1849, came to Los Angeles with his wife and son, Vincent A. Hoover, then a young man, and two daughters, the whole family traveling by ox-train and prairie schooner. They soon discovered rich placer gold beds, but were driven away by hostile Indians. A daughter, Mary A., became the wife of Samuel Briggs, a New Hampshire Yankee, who was for years Wells, Fargo's agent here. For awhile the Hoovers lived on the Wolfskill Ranch, after which they had a vineyard in the neighborhood of what is now the property of the Cudahy Packing Company. Vincent Hoover was a man of prominence in his time; he died in 1883. Mrs. Briggs, whose daughter married the well-known physician, Dr. Granville MacGowan, sold her home on Broadway between Third and Fouth Streets, to Homer Laughlin when he erected the Laughlin Building. Hoover street is named for this family."

In 1851, the roll of doctors in Los Angeles was further lengthened by the arrival of Drs. Thomas Foster, John Brinckerhoff, and James P. McFarland.

When Lodge No. 42 was organized in 1854, Thomas Foster was installed as Junior Warden; in 1857 he would be Master. In 1855, he was elected the sixth mayor of Los Angeles. Harris Newmark recalls that, "He lived opposite Masonic Hall on Main Street with his family, among whom were some charming daughters, and was in partnership with Dr. R. T. Hayes, in Apothecaries Hall near the Postoffice." Mrs. Foster was a highly

educated Scottish woman; taught in the City's Schools, and the Foster home was considered one of the intellectual centers of the city.

When the Sisters of Charity arrived in Los Angeles from Baltimore in 1855, Bishop Amat convened a meeting of the city's leading citizens for the purpose of helping launch the Sisters in their labors of charity, education and medical care. Abel Stearns presided, John G. Downey was acting-secretary, and Dr. Thomas Foster was a member of the committee. The Sisters soon opened an orphan asylum, and in 1857 at the rather spacious home of Don Cristobal Aguilar on North Main Street, the Sisters started a hospital, called the Los Angeles Infirmary.

In 1859, Thomas Foster was a member of a committee whose purpose was to obtain a Protestant church building for Los Angeles.

The final comment on Dr. Thomas Foster comes from the pen of Harris Newmark: "The intimate relations characteristic of a small community such as ours, and the much more general effect then than nowadays of any tragical occurence have already been described. Deep sympathy was therefore awakened, early in February, on the arrival of the steamer *Senator*, and the rapid dissemination of the report that Dr. Thomas Foster, the ex-mayor, had been lost overboard on January 29th, 1862, on the boat trip northward. Just what happened to Foster will never be known; in San Francisco it was reported that he had thrown himself into the sea, though others who knew him well looked upon the cause of his death as accidental."

Dr. James P. McFarland, a native of Tennessee, formed a partnership with John G. Downey, in 1853, to open Los Angeles' third drug store; known as McFarland's and Downey's it was a long one-story adobe located on the northwest corner of Los Angeles and Commerical Streets. Dr. McFarland had taken a fling at gold mining before coming here. In 1852, he was elected to the State Assembly, and was elected State Senator in 1853. About 1858 he sold out his interests and returned to Tennessee. In 1860, he revisited Los Angeles briefly.

Henry D. Barrows erroneously listed John G. Downey as a doctor, in a paper presented to the Historical Society of Southern California, and Dr. George Kress quotes this paper in his book, *The Medical Profession in Southern California*, published in 1910. Henry Harris, M. D., author of *California's Medical Story*, published in 1932, also refers to *Dr.* John G. Downey.

Downey was born in Ireland in 1827, and, following preliminary education, came to America. He was apprenticed to learn the drug trade in Washington, D. C., and had operated drug stores in the East before coming to California via Panama in 1849. He remained for a while at Grass Valley, and then worked as a stevedore to pay his passage back to San Francisco. Here he was employed by the Henry Johnson Company, wholesale druggists. In 1853 he moved to Los Angeles. His venture with Dr. McFarland was suc-

cessful, and he began buying land, and raising cattle and sheep. At one time, he owned 75,000 acres. He was elected governor in 1860, ran for reelection in 1862, but was defeated by Leland Stanford. He was a charter member of Lodge No. 42; a prominent member of the Catholic Church; and generous in his support of worthy causes, for example, a gift of land to the aspiring University of Southern California. He was an early subdivider, and founded the town of Downey. There is no evidence that John Downey ever represented himself to be a doctor.

Dr. J. B. Winston arrived in Los Angeles in 1852, and immedicately entered into the business and social activities of the city. He opened a second drug store, and with Dr. A. P. Hodges, purchased the Bella Union Hotel. Of the social activities, Harris Newmark says, "When Dr. Winston or one of the gallants of that period thought it was time to have a dance, they just passed around the hat for the necessary funds, and announced the affair." Margarita, daughter of Juan Bandini, became Winston's wife. Later, among other ventures, he had a part in the organization of the Pioneer Oil Comapny, and in the organization and construction of Southern California's first railroad connecting Los Angeles with San Pedro. Winston Street bears his name.

In December of 1850, the Dr. Obed Macy family arrived from Indiana, accompanied by several familes from various places, and settled at El Monte. Within two years an additional fifty families, largely from Texas, joined the community to make it the largest distinctly American settlement in Los Angeles County.

Dr. Macy, born on Nantucket Island, had practiced medicine in the Hoosier State some time before emigrating to California. In 1853, he moved into Los Angeles, and purchased the Bella Union Hotel from Drs. Winston and Hodges. He was a charter member of Lodge No. 42, and by the time of his death, July 9, 1857, he was considered as one of the city's leading citizens. Macy Street was named for him.

Oscar Macy, a son, had been in California prior to his parent's arrival, having mined and worked as a typesetter up-state. He joined his family here and engaged in various enterprises. With the election of President Lincoln, he was appointed collector of customs at San Pedro. His sister, Lucinda, married Samuel C. Foy, who had a harness and saddle shop. Their daughter, Mary C. Foy, a great lady by her own merits, still lives here.

Not listed as a doctor in the census of 1850, but already one of the city's leading citizens, was Stephen Clark Foster. Born in Maine in 1820, he graduated from Yale University, in 1840. There followed a period of teaching in Virginia, Louisiana, and Alabama, during which wandering he acquired an M.D. degree. He established a medical practice in Missouri, only to forsake it for the lure of being a trader at Santa Fe and Sonora.

During the Mexican War he was assigned to the Mormon Battalion, not as a surgeon, but as an interpreter, and as such, he arrived in Los Angeles on March 17, 1847. That he was a capable man is apparent from the fact that Col. Mason, the military-governor,

appointed him alcalde of Los Angeles, Col. Stevenson administering the oath of office. In 1849, Dr. Foster was elected as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention. He served as state senator from 1850-1853, and was elected mayor of Los Angeles in 1854.

That year must have been rather hectic for Mayor Foster, for he was also superintendent of city schools, and a county supervisor. He called to the attention of the city council, that while there were private schools in the city receiving subsidies from the city, and while there were 500 children of school age, and while there was a surplus of $3000 in the City's treasury, there was no school building that the city could boast of as its own. This resulted in the erection of a building and its occupation the year following, during the mayorship of Dr. Thomas Foster (not related). He persuaded his fellow supervisors to spend $1000 to open a road between San Fernando Mission and Rancho San Francisco near the Ventura County line.

On October 13th, a gambler, Dave Brown, murdered a citizen, Pinckney Clifford. Brown had originally planned to kill John Temple. The crime aroused seething indignation and the day following, the jail was beset by a mob set on lynching the murderer. Mayor Foster addressed the mob, persuaded it to await due process of law, and promised that if justice was thwarted, he would resign as mayor, and in person, would lead a lynching party. Brown was tried, convicted, and sentenced to hang on January 12, 1855, at the same time that Felipe Alvitre was to die for a murder committed at El Monte. Two days before the scheduled execution, Brown's attorneys won a stay of execution. Mayor Foster, true to his word, resigned as mayor, and led Brown's lynching party.

Reelected mayor in 1856, Stephen Foster had the pleasure of seeing the second public school building in the city erected. After this year, he seemed to drift out of the public picture. He had married Merced Perez, widowed daughter of Antonio María Lugo, and it may be that the Lugo vineyard and other land holdings, such as Rancho San Antonio, kept Stephen Foster occupied. Bancroft remarks in the Pioneer Register, "His prominent position in the past as a public man makes it necessary to add that in respect of morality and sobriety, his conduct in later times is not exemplary." Death came January 27, 1898.

Dr. John Strothers Griffin is unquestionably the best known member of this early group of doctors in Los Angeles, and for several reasons, the foremost probably being the Griffin diary. This was widely used by Bancroft in penning his record of the Kearny Expedition, and in 1943, the diary was reproduced in full by the California Historical Society, under the title, *A Doctor comes to California*. The foreword, written by Dr. George Lyman, is excellent.

Born in Virginia in 1816, Dr. Griffin was orphaned at a tender age, and a maternal uncle living in Kentucky raised and educated him. In 1837 he graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and returned to Louisville, Kentucky, to

practice until 1840. He then entered the Army as an assistant surgeon. About the time of the outbreak of the Mexican War, he was assigned to the Army of the West, more specifically to the First Dragoons, commanded by Col. Stephen Watts Kearny.

After the easily won occupation of New Mexico, the First Dragoons started for California and reached the vicinity of Socorro, when Kit Carson, eastward bound with dispatches, hailed them. On the basis of Carson's optimistic report from California, coupled with his own easy triumph in New Mexico, Kearny ordered three companies of Dragoons back to Santa Fe, and retained two companies to proceed to California. It was a fateful moment, at least for Dr. Griffin, when he drew straws with Dr. Simpson to see who would go on west.

After entering California, and following the ill-starred "victory" at San Pasqual, Dr. Griffin was with the combined American Forces when the final battle of San Gabriel and La Mesa were fought in January of 1847. Following this, he returned to San Diego as commanding surgeon of the General Hospital. In May he was back in Los Angeles, assigned as chief surgeon to Col. Stevenson's Headquarters, where he remained until May of 1849, when he was transferred to the Presidio at San Francisco, under the command of General Persifor F. Smith.

Of these years in Los Angeles, he records that he found much sickness in Col. Stevenson's command. He treated epidemic catarrh, diarrhoea, typhoid fever, and performed post-mortem examinations on those who died. Soon after his return from San Diego, he cared for an old man at the home of Nathaniel Prior who had suffered severe dog bites, and, as a result, died of rabies. He also removed a large tumor from the shoulder of a Californian remarking, "It must have weighed fifteen pounds."

He also mentioned his first July 4th celebration in Los Angeles: "The flag was raised on the hill above the Plaza, and the military installations there were christened Fort Moore." One can only wish that he had left some mention, some impression, of his medical colleagues of that time. He knew Stephen Clark Foster, and probably knew Osbourn, Cullen, Hodges, Hope and perhaps, some of the others.

From 1850 to 1853, Dr. Griffin was stationed at Benicia, then was assigned to the command of Major Samuel P. Heintzelman, who was making an expedition from San Diego to Yuma. Later in the year he was ordered to duty in Washington, D. C. In 1854, he resigned from the Service, and returned to Los Angeles.

Dr. Griffin was immediately successful in his practice, and so wide-spread was his fame, that in 1856, when James King of William was shot by William Casey, Dr. Griffin was summoned to San Francisco, and stood shoulder-to-shoulder, to consult with Drs. Gibbon, Cole, and others.

In 1856, when Dr. Osborn resigned as superintendent of schools, Dr. Griffin filled the post. About this time, he married Louisa Hayes, a sister of Judge Benjamin D. Hayes, she

holding the distinction of being the first woman teacher in Los Angeles. In 1857, when the lawless elements under Pancho Daniel and Juan Flores threatened the area, Harris Newmark related that Mrs. Griffin came to the Newmark home in great excitement. Los Angeles was placed under martial law and Dr. Griffin was put in command of local defenses.

In 1858, Dr. Griffin acquired the San Pascual Rancho, and was later called, "The Founder of East Los Angeles." He was an original incorporator and stockholder of the Los Angeles Water Company and of the Farmers and Merchants Bank.

During the Civil War he was markedly pro-South in his sentiments. His sister, Eliza, was the wife of General Albert Sydney Johnston. At the end of the War, Harris Newmark recounts, "On the fifteenth of April, my family physician, Dr. John S. Griffin, paid a professional visit to my house on Main Street, which might have ended disastrously for him. While we were seated together by an open window in the dining-room, a man named Kane ran by on the street shouting out the momentous news that Abraham Lincoln had been shot. Griffin, who was a staunch Southerner, was on his feet instantly, cheering for Jeff Davis. He gave evidence, indeed, of great mental excitement, and soon seized his hat and rushed for the door, hurrahing for the confederacy. In a flash, I realized that Griffin would be in awful jeopardy if he reached the street in that imbalanced condition, and by main force I held him back, convincing him at last of his folly. In later years the genial doctor frankly admitted that I had undoubtedly saved him from certain death."

When the Los Angeles County Medical Association was organized on January 31, 1871, Dr. Griffin was elected its first president, and Dr. R. T. Hayes, who had been in Los Angeles since 1853, was elected vice-president. Associated with Dr. Griffin at this time was Dr. Joseph P. Widney, a graduate of Toland Medical School in 1866.

In many ways, 1898 marked the end of an era and the start of a new. The Spanish American War began in April of that year, and on August 23 Dr. John Griffin died. During the Mexican War, he had come to California and had witnessed America's westward expansion reach the shore line of the Pacific. The new war would carry America's outposts into the far reaches of that ocean.

Dr. Stephen Foster had died earlier in the year. Both had seen Los Angeles for the first time 51 years before. They had seen the city grow to metropolitan stature; had witnessed the decline of the ranchos to small ranches and city lots; had seen the adobes ruthlessly pushed aside to make way for several-storied buildings of brick and stone, concrete and steel; had watched the isolation of a frontier community vanish before the advance of the railroad, and communication advance to the new wonder of the telephone; had observed the newer and surer concepts in medicine replace the uncertain notions of their medical-school years; and had viewed the establishment of medical schools and hospitals in this so recently a primitive region. They had lived to see all this,—and each of them had played a rather important part.

In this contribution from Westerner Web Jones we are getting advance notice of a forthcoming book, probably to be titled *Oregon Hundred* and sure to do for Oregon bookmen (and booksellers) what the *Zamorano Eighty* did for Californians. The portion printed here, complete in itself, is a shortened version of the introduction to the book, now nearing completion, which will be a bibliography of Oregon's best and most readable books in the non-fiction field.

THE BOOKS OF OREGON HISTORY

By WEBSTER A. JONES

OREGON HISTORY DEVELOPED ON A HIGH PLANE OF DRAMA AND GRANDEUR—unique in all the movement of this nation westward to the Pacific Ocean.

The scene was magnificent. Fifteen hundred miles from west to east, from the lush rain-drenched forests above the surf of the Pacific, to the white, steel-like peaks of the Rocky Mountains. Fifteen hundred miles from north to south, from the shining lanP of lakes and dark wilderness to the adobe missions of the Franciscan padres.

Here was a land bigger than Europe. Here was a land of untold richness. Here was a land of stored-up resources which could feed and clothe and propel the world for centuries.

Drama and suspense came into the picture when the greatest nation on earth, at the beginning of its decades of world dominance as the British Empire, and the revolutionary new nation of the United States of America fenced and maneuvered for the Oregon country for 37 years. It is a singular turn of events that this nation in so short a time should become the successor to the British Empire in world leadership.

Within this drama of nations, played by diplomats and kings and presidents, there swirled in widening circles the episodes and plays of heroic men and women. No less dramatic, no less intense, no less productive were their works, their loves, their hatreds, their sacrifices.

Because of its greatness and because of the drama it created, the Oregon Country caught the interest of the best writers of America, Great Britain, France, and Germany, the great explorers of these nations, the top scientists of the world. And because of these factors, too, it drew the attention of the best minds of America. No area of Western America received so much attention from our national leaders for so long a period as the Oregon Country.

The Oregon Country was a land of conflict. Out of this conflict came great creativeness: a flood of wonderful books which are as absorbing now as the days they picture and the years in which they appeared. This is the gold of the Oregon Country, more vital,

more endlessly fascinating, more wonderful than anything produced in that land or of that country, rich and beautiful as it is.

To your pleasure in studying and collecting in Oregon history, I dedicate this essay. My only real usefulness will be in helping to suggest avenues for your greater enjoyment. To me, the adventure of Oregon history has been one of a lifetime—and each year it holds me more and rewards me more. I hope that I can aid you to build platforms from which you can launch your own exploration of Oregon history. Remember, Oregon history is like olives or artichokes; it is a cultivated taste. Avoid Oregon history at all costs if you feel any bookman's weakness. Once you taste its richness and thrill to its dramas, you are a gone collector; and on the way to your most satisfying years of collecting.

Five factors stand out in a study of the books of Oregon history, or of any study of Oregon history itself.

First, are the conflicts we have generalized and which we will describe more fully later. No phase of Oregon history, no period, no activity failed to develop conflicts which brought out the best as well as the worst in the participants. But they produced great books. More about conflicts as we progress.

Second, is the influence of women on the course of Oregon history. In no other Western advancement did women control the destinies of the land as definitely as they did the Oregon Country. The Oregon migration was essentially a woman's movement. The growth of Oregon was mainly due to women because they set standards far above those of the earliest inhabitants, the mountain men. Women made Oregon into a frontier of homes and churches, of temperance leagues, of orderly progress. From the time Sacajawea helped Lewis and Clark through the mountains after they had abandoned their boats on the headwaters of the Missouri river, women never ceased to contribute immeasurably to Oregon's development. This was a woman's world transplanted into a wilderness. Women led in missionary work. Women made something out of this lonely land.

Third, the overwhelming sacrifices of the men who were the greatest champions of Oregon. Dr. Marcus Whitman, a great man by any standards, was tomahawked to death for the 11 years he devoted to improving the lot of Indians and immigrants in the Oregon Country. No man ever went through as searing a hell on earth as he in trying to keep his mission going despite the capricious opposition of the American Board in Boston which was influenced by Dr. Whitman's slandering enemies. John Floyd, Congressman from Virginia, was ridiculed as "Old Oregon," sneered at, laughed at for all his years in Congress, for his efforts to keep alive interest in Oregon through bills and reports in the House of Representatives which furnished field days of ridicule for the Eastern Representatives in Congress. Hall Jackson Kelley who did more than any other man to stimulate the emigrations to Oregon, the development of Oregon, and the interest in Oregon, was the object of the most knavish kind of ridicule, but he continued his work

Fort Vancouver, as painted by Henry James Warre in 1845-46 and appearing in his *Sketches in North America and The Oregon Country* (London, 1848). (Courtesy The Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif.)

for almost 50 years until engulfed by poverty and sickness and bitterness. President James K. Polk withstood the damning of powerful blocks of politicans in steering a sane course on Oregon. No president ever took more abuse over a present part of this nation than Polk. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, who sunk his own and his friends fortunes in the Oregon Country, and lost them all, was broken and reviled when he left Oregon. Dr. John McLoughlin, Chief Factor at Fort Vancouver for 22 years, ruling all the vast Oregon Country —the most able administrator in all its history—was attacked with savagery and brutality by the pioneers he had helped, so that his later years as a United States citizen were swamped in abuse and bitterness. Dr. Lewis Linn, Senator from Missouri, took ridicule for his championing the occupation of Oregon. Stephen A. Douglass bore the frontal attack of the Southern senators and their allies in making sure that Oregon would never be a slave country. The sacrifices of these men make dramatic the scenes in which they were the principal actors—and add to the depth of our interest in Oregon.

Fourth, the remarkable timing of the writing and production of books on the Oregon Country. In a period of 60 years from 1830 to 1890, from the first publication of Washington Irving's account of the Astor expedition in *Astoria*, to the Bancroft histories, the

great period of books about Oregon burst into full bloom. The quality and quantity of that golden era has never been equalled. The significant works of the past 60 years have been few and widely separated, with the exception of a few scholarly works, such as James Christy Bell's *Opening a Highway to the Pacific*, the best study of the emigration to Oregon, in 1921, Hiram Chittenden's *The American Fur Trade*, in 1902, Harrison Clifford Dale's *The Ashley-Smith Explorations* in 1918, Clifford Merrill Drury's *Marcus Whitman, M.D. Pioneer and Martyr* in 1936, and *Henry Harmon Spalding: Pioneer of Old Oregon* in 1937, George W. Fuller's *A History of the Pacific Northwest* in 1931, William I. Marshall's *Acquisition of Oregon* in 1911, Lewis A. McArthur's *Oregon Geographic Names* in 1944, the magnificant biography of Dr. John McLoughlin by Dr. W. Kaye Lamb in the three volumes of *The Letters of John McLoughlin from Fort Vancouver* in 1941, 1943 and 1944, Dale I. Morgan's *Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West* in 1953, Fred Wilbur Powell's *Hall Jackson Kelley, Prophet of Oregon* in 1917, and Dr. Oscar O. Winther's *The Old Oregon Country* in 1950. After the first sixty years of amazing vitality in writing worthwhile books,

The American Village, as painted by Henry James Warre as painted in 1845-46 and appearing in his *Sketches in North America and The Oregon Country* (London, 1848). (Courtesy The Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif.)

a lull set in which has been relieved only by few original works. It appears that the great age of Oregon books was finished in 1890. We would wish it to be otherwise; but we, as students and collectors, are grateful for the prolific golden era which gave us the grand story of Oregon as it emerged from wilderness.

And *fifth*, is the stature of women in the production of significant books on Oregon history. For example, in the *Oregon Hundred* (now in preparation), six are by women:

1. Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor's *History of Oregon* in the Bancroft series
2. Mrs. Victor's *River of the West*
3. Mrs. Victor's *Early Indian Wars of Oregon*
4. Narcissa Whitman's *Journal and Letters*
5. Mrs. Abigail J. Duniway's *Captain Gray's Company*
6. Miss A. J. Allen's *Ten Years in Oregon: Travels and Adventures of Dr. E. White and Lady West of the Rocky Mountains.*

Mrs. Francis Fuller Victor, who worked with Bancroft for 11 years and who is credited with six of his histories, undoubtedly is the greatest woman historian in America. She merits that standing both for the volume of her work (eight major histories), the care of her research, and the brightness of her prose. Time has proved the worth of her work and her amazing skill.

No record written by any woman in American history excells the humanity, the pathos, the drama in the journal and letters of Narcissa Whitman, first white woman to cross the plains, as she records the dreams and hopes for the Whitman mission. We see this remarkable woman mature before our eyes. Knowing her death is to come in the brutal murder of 1847—knowing that this is the story of a doomed woman—we are held by this tragic life as it unfolds in the most fascinating letters ever written by a woman in the West.

The five most important books on Oregon history—the most readable and the most significant, are the following, in the order named:

1. *Astoria* by Washington Irving. In my opinion the greatest book ever written on California was Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. *Astoria* is the *Two Years Before the Mast* of Oregon history. After all these years (it was first published in 1836), and after all the historians have proved its inaccuracies, it still is bright and entertaining—and we get the same thrill out of reading it as we did 35 years ago. It is magnificent, beautiful, endlessly intriguing. We are entranced by Irving's prose.

Astoria has been read by more persons than any other book on Oregon. The editions must be countless.

2. *A Day with a Cow Column* in 1843, by Jesse Applegate. This is a short essay on crossing the plains, the record of the day's activity in the wagon train, written in simple prose so directly and so warmly that it has become the most beautiful account ever penned of the migration to Oregon. It is a great human document of a great movement.

3. *History of Oregon* by Hubert Howe Bancroft. (Written by Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor.) Mrs. Fuller was a talented writer, as well as a careful researcher, so that this work moved easily and swiftly through all the turns of history, a wonderful job of organization and writing.

4. *Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition*, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. The greatest exploration in the history of America was the Lewis and Clark expedi-

The Rocky Mountains from the Columbia River Looking Northwest, as painted by Henry James Warre in 1845-46 and appearing in his *Sketches in North America and The Oregon Country* (London, 1848). (Courtesy The Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif.)

Mount Hood from les Dalles, as painted by Henry James Warre in 1845-46 and appearing in his *Sketches in North America and The Oregon Country* (London, 1848). (Courtesy The Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif.)

tion. No other work can equal in vitality the every-day reports of these two remarkable men. We learn to know them, their faults, their bad grammar, the haphazard spelling; we live with them and their adventures. We capture in their halting prose the zest and zeal of their advance, suffering with them, exulting with them. No other record of exploration gives quite the thrill that these original journals provide. To many of us, reading the original journals for the first time has been the most wonderful adventure we have had in all our reading and collecting in Western Americana.

5. *Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer*, by Peter H. Burnett. This is an engaging and frank account of the emigration of 1843 and events in Oregon and California, of which Burnett was the first governor. It is told in the manner of the age, with good sportsmanship and a healthy joy in the special kind of humor loved by the pioneers. Burnett could laugh at himself when the joke was on him and when he had no shoes in his first years in Oregon. It has humility which makes it a great book as well as perhaps the brightest ever written on early Oregon.

If this cream of Oregon books were to be 10 works, I would add to the five above the following:

6. *The Rocky Mountains*, by Washington Irving. Captain Bonneville's adventures in the West have almost as much pull and charm as Irving's *Astoria*. He writes of the fur trade with gusto and zest. Although Captain Bonneville's journeys and activities in the West actually were of much less importance than many others, Irving has made them far more interesting.

7. *Journal of a Trapper*, by Osborne Russell. This is by far the best narrative of fur trading and trapping in the Oregon Country. We are indebted to our good friend Lawton Kennedy for the finest printing of the book—a new edition published in 1955 by the Oregon Historical Society and the Champoeg Press.

8. *James Clyman, American Frontiersman*, edited by Charles L. Camp. This is the most forthright, ruggedly honest report on Oregon ever written. Clyman had the gift of creating an impressive narrative in the most simple language. It has a glowing vitality and veracity that makes it stand alone as an Oregon story of the years 1844 and 1845. He roamed all over the West, but almost half of his diaries cover his trip across the plains in 1844 and his observations in Oregon. The priceless original diaries and journal are at the Huntington Library as are many other Oregon high spots.

9. *Journal and Letters of Narcissa Whitman*. We have already talked about these above. They cover the years from 1836 when she began her journey to Oregon, the first white woman to cross the continent, to only a few days before she was killed by the Cayuse renegades at Waiilatpu near Walla Walla, Washington. Here is a poignant record of a beautiful and dedicated woman struggling with all the overpowering difficulties of the Oregon wilderness. It is perhaps the most moving story in all of Oregon history.

10. *Journal of Travels over the Rocky Mountains to the Mouth of the Columbia River*, by Joel Palmer. This is the most interesting and informative of all the Oregon Trail narratives. It is direct, simple, sparing of words, completely representative of the age and the people. It provides a little breath of Oregon Trail fever which we draw into our lungs like the pleasant aroma of a fine wine. It is a beautiful and stirring story—powerful because of the terseness and simplicity of Palmer's prose.

When Marion Speer writes of Colorado, its "slim line" railroads, its mountains and its mines, he speaks with the joy and truth of a participant and an observer. He traveled every mile of the web of narrow-gauge steel which once covered the state, worked in the very mines, the little railroads served, and has walked with nostalgic sorrow over their now abandoned, weedy and forgotten roadbeds.

THE NARROW GAUGE RAILROADS OF COLORADO

By MARION A. SPEER

NOT UNTIL 1859, when many a disappointed gold-seeker in the California diggings was returning to his eastern home, was gold first found in Colorado. But once more came a fever of excitement, and a rush of prospectors. A returning party from Georgia, under leadership of George A. Jackson, found the yellow metal near present-day Idaho Springs, up Clear creek canyon, forty miles west of Denver. This was in the fall of 1859, and a large boulder is there today marking the spot; its bronze marker reminding passersby of this important event. Jackson had noted the geology of these mountains, and because they reminded him of the Mother Lode of California, he had started to prospect. From that day to this, the story is the same. Hardships, privations, disappointments and death went hand in hand. Good luck and bad was the lot of the prospector. But this made little difference, and the search went on for the pot of gold that would be found at the end of the rainbow, up this or that gulch, or over beyond the high ridge of mountains that was often in everlasting snow. Many rich strikes were made, like those at Central City, Leadville, Creede, Silverton, Ouray, Telluride, Rico, Cripple Creek, and other places too numerous to mention.

Transportation has always been, and will be to the end of time, a major problem of man. He must devise ways and means to get to and from places he is interested in, regardless of the obstacles nature has placed in his path. The many discoveries of rich mineral deposits throughout the Colorado Rockies taxed man's ingenuity to get supplies in to the mines, and products out of them to market. At first mere trails were used, over which plodded men with their burdens on their backs. Then came pack animals and this narrator has seen hundreds of burros, mules and horses slowly zigzagging over what appeared impossible mountain trails. Then wagon roads of a sort were built, and in some manner, with much hard work and effort, wagons loaded with supplies did reach the mining camps. Food and mining supplies were at a high price, and with transportation added, it was a rich mine that could pay all of this and leave any sort of profit. As long as the lush surface

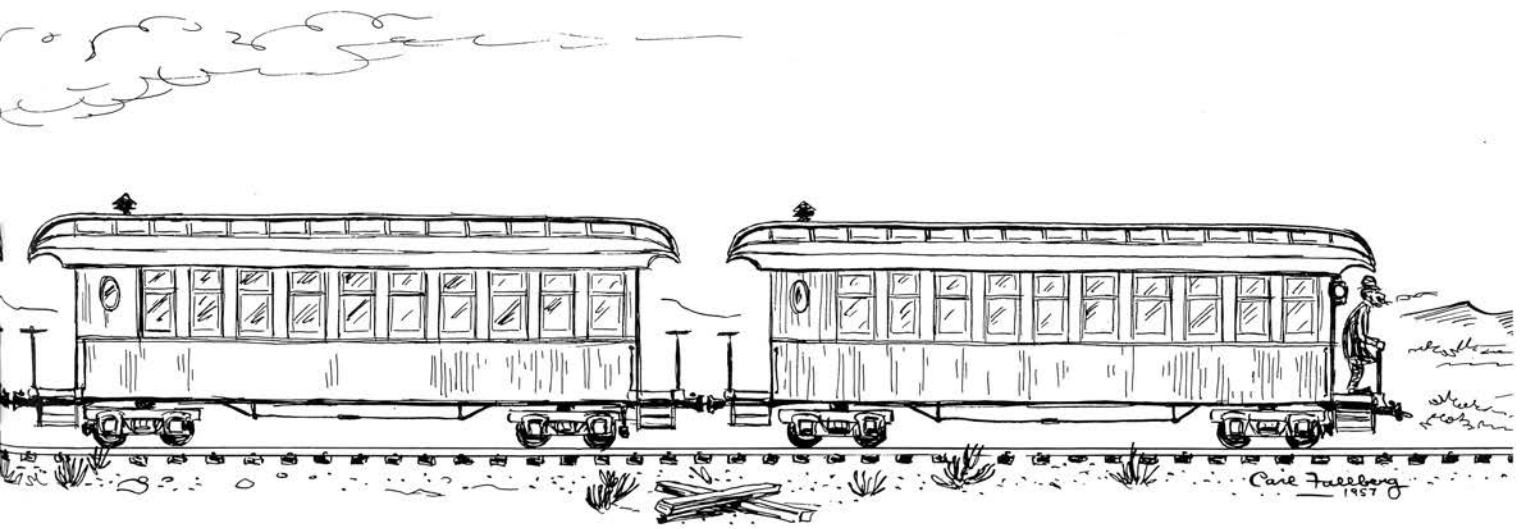
workings produced gold in abundance, conditions moved along at a lively pace. When mines failed to pay the cost of production, they were shut down and many of them were forgotten. Still others would keep at it and would go bankrupt. Something had to be done for these mines were still very rich in mineral wealth. It began to appear that gold and silver mining in the Colorado Rockies would soon be a dream of the past. Amid this state of affairs, General William J. Palmer, of Civil War fame, enters the picture.

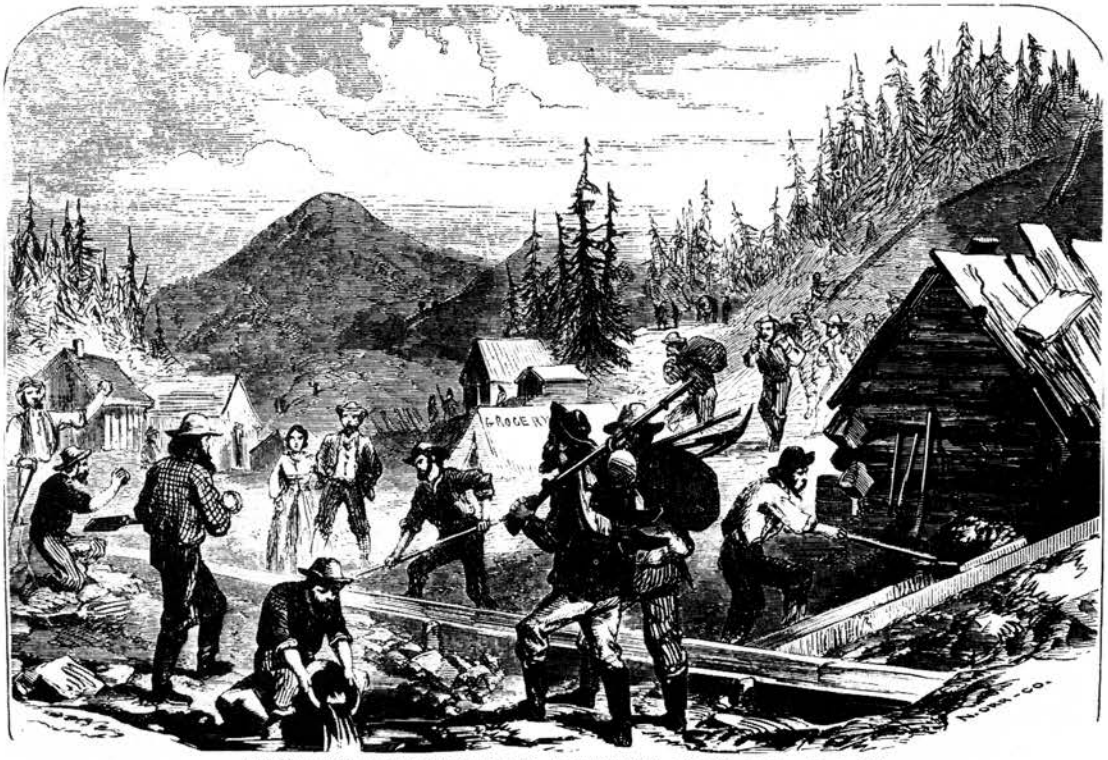
General Palmer had worked for the Union Pacific, and this experience had given him an urge to do greater things. He built an extension of the Kansas Pacific from Denver to Cheyenne, Wyoming—a much-needed connection with the first transcontinental railroad. Now, with the rich grass-roots diggings closing down because transportation costs were so high for lower grade ores that expenses could not be made, something had to be done, and quickly, or the hordes of prospectors and miners who had swarmed into the Colorado Rockies would drift to other places, or give up and return to their old homes. General Palmer had vision enough to see this. After considerable study he was convinced that a narrow-gauge railroad could be built at lower cost, and could penetrate the mountains where it would be impossible to build a standard-gauge. In 1871 he organized the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company, and started building his narrow-gauge south from Denver.

Events were to happen that changed many plans. While Palmer was building his narrow-gauge southward toward Pueblo, the Santa Fe, under the guidance and driving

power of Cyrus K. Holliday, was building a branch line up the Arkansas River from La Junta toward Pueblo. The rival railroads reached Pueblo at about the same time in 1875. Certain it was that war clouds were forming, between brains, leadership, money, and men. The Rio Grande gave notice that it would go south over Raton Pass to El Paso, Texas. This stirred up action and hatred with both the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific, which considered the Southwest their private domain. Surveying crews were busy for the rival lines for a route over Raton Pass, as well as a route west from Pueblo through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River. Fights took place between the rival surveying crews at the entrance to the Royal Gorge. The river through here was only 30 feet wide and this was the only feasible route to the Rocky Mountain Empire. It was certainly a choice morsel for the one lucky enough to be the first through the Royal Gorge.

Court inuunctions were obtained by both sides. Work was stopped. Armed guards were placed at the gorge, with plenty of guns and ammunition, and with orders to hold back the workers. General Palmer had stone breast-works built, and these are still there today, to remind one of the fight for the Royal Gorge. At long last all parties concerned sat down at a peace table, and settlements were made which have affected both systems from that day to this, as well as the territory which they serve. The Rio Grande was not to build over Raton Pass, but would end its line at El Morro, four miles out from Trinidad, Colorado. This made the people of Trinidad angry at the Rio Grande, but the decision stood. Also, the Rio Grande in building south from San Luis Valley, of which





GREGORY GOLD DIGGINGS, COLORADO, MAY, 1859. Page 181.

This may not have a thing to do with the building of the narrow gauge railroads of the Colorado Rockies. But, it was new descoveries like this that caused excitement and the building of the railroads to tap these new and rich diggings. From a drawing made at the time and artist unknown.

Alamosa was the trade center, would stop its line fifty miles north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. It would seem that the Santa Fe had the better of the bargain. It agreed, however, to let the Rio Grande have the Rocky Mountains to itself. The terms of this settlement hold good to this day, when railroads are almost a thing of the past. General Palmer had been in many fights, but he called this settlement a victory for himself and his Denver & Rio Grande narrow-gauge. Palmer, with fights out of the way, now had a free rein to build where he pleased in the Colorado Rockies.

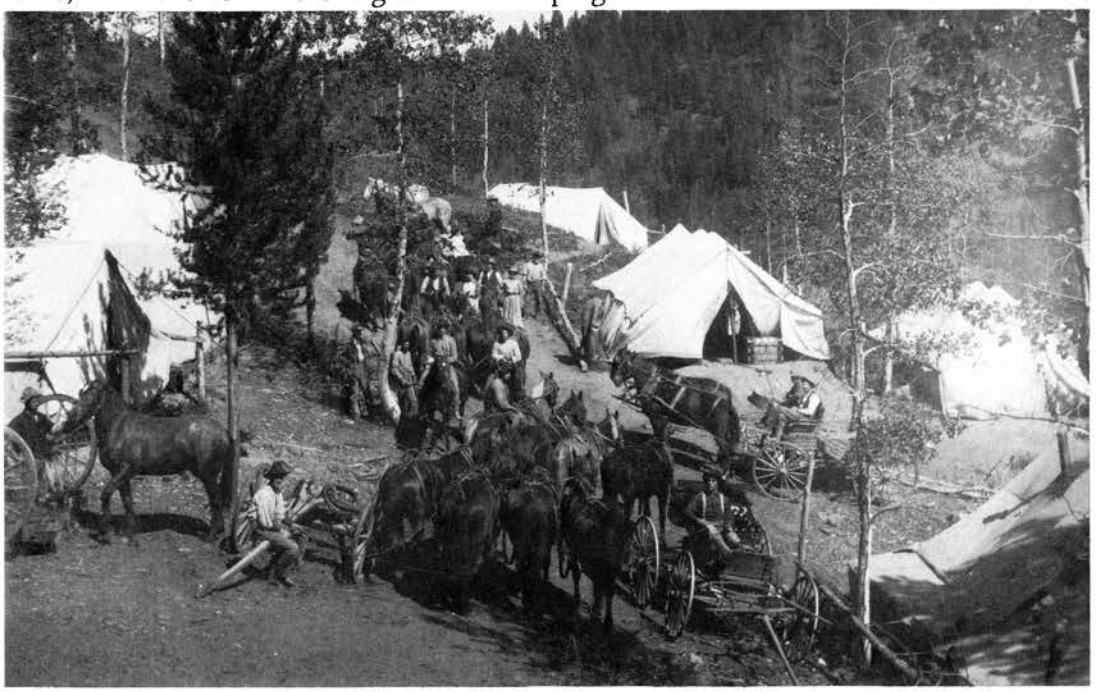
But how to build through the Royal Gorge was a problem. The river took up all of the thirty feet from wall to wall. Engineers designed a swinging bridge, by anchoring supports in each side-wall of the canyon. These anchors came together over the center of the bridge in a tripod-like arrangement. It is still there and it has stood the test of time and heavy loads for these eighty years. This was to be the main line of the narrow gauge. Shops and headquarters were established at Salida, a location well out of the canyon country. The main line was then extended over Marshall Pass to Gunnison.

Once more one sees the engineering skill of Palmer's men, on the line over Marshall Pass. Problems were many and difficult. Timber, slide rock, mountain streams which became roaring torrents during the snow melting season, all had to be battled and won. One of the thrills of my life was to stand at the east base of Marshall Pass and, looking

northwest up the mountain, see four different trains in motion all at the same time. Each had two and three engines pulling them. Actually one could not tell which direction they were going, because of the winding, twisting, and switch-backing of the line. I shall never forget the noise of these hard-working little engines as they slowly worked up the pass. The noise of the whistles were music to my ears. The pall of black smoke would drift away and disappear into the mountains.

The main line was extended down through the Black Canyon of the Gunnison River to Cimarron, Montrose and Ouray. Back at Salida a branch of the main line was built south, through the San Luis Valley. A feature of this narrow-gauge line was a ninety-mile stretch without a curve, and at no place was the grade over a foot high.

In time a standard-gauge of the D. & R. G. was built to Alamosa, having come in from the east over La Veta Pass by way of old Fort Garland. A branch was built to Creede when rich silver mines were discovered there. In 1880 this line was extended south to Antonito, and from there to within fifty miles of the Santa Fe, thus living up to its agreement with that line. This line became known as the "Chili Route" because Indian and Mexican pueblos were along the route; peppers were the main crop, and in season, the adobe buildings were covered with drying peppers. It was abandoned in 1912. The D. & R. G., defeated by its conflict with the Santa Fe from becoming a north and south route, had to extend its energies to developing mountain traffic. The extensive silver



Construction camp on Marshall Pass, Colorado, of Denver & Rio Grande narrow gauge railroad. This was taken about 1885.

strikes of the basin of the San Juan River in southwestern Colorado caused track laying to turn in that direction. The chosen route was along the border of Colorado and New Mexico, in some respects the poorest of the several surveyed. No metal mines were located in the entire distance to Durango, but for many years there was a very large lumber traffic, and west of Chama coal of excellent quality provided an enormous traffic. It is thought this route was chosen to keep any other railroad from entering the San Juan from the south. Alamosa became a transfer point for freight from standard to narrow-gauge. This in itself was a job. In 1882 the line reached Silverton, 421 miles from Denver, the starting point.

In 1879, J. Gould entered the picture as a godfather of the D. & R. G. He had dreams of extending his Missouri Pacific to San Francisco. His was a standard gauge line. So he caused to be laid a third rail from Denver south to Pueblo and up the Arkansas River to Salida. From Salida this standard gauge was built into Leadville and over Tennessee Pass and on to Salt Lake City. Years later the Western Pacific was built on west, down the Feather River to San Francisco, by way of Sacramento. This dream came true after its dreamer had passed on. But the spirit of J. Gould was in its building.

There were many branches of the D. & R. G., and all of them had their share in the Rocky Mountain story. These were mostly built to reach some isolated mining camp, such as Lake City, Crested Butte, Silverton, Ouray, Pogosa Springs and Creede. Many branch lines were built to lumber camps and coal mines in the section served by the D. & R. G. Some mining companies built their own short lines to connect with the main line. While the D. & R. G. was the leader in building narrow-gauges in Colorado, others were being built. Notable among these was the Denver, South Park and Pacific. It was built from Denver up the South Platte River to South Park, high up in the mountains west of Colorado Springs. It was supposed to reach the Pacific Coast in time, but it never got beyond Gunnison. So heavy was the freight on this line that by the time it had reached Leadville, the cost of building had been returned. Freight would be hauled to the end of the track, and here teamsters would pick it up and make delivery. In 1890, Otto Mears built his Rio Grande Southern from Durango to Ridgeway, a distance of 165 miles. This narrow gauge served the country west of the San Juan Mountains and mining camps along its route such as Rico, Ophir, Telluride and others. It had a heavy traffic in lumber and livestock as well as farm products. Hauling coal was a big item in its business. Most of the coal mines were near Durango. Many branch lines of various lengths were built as feeders. The Ophir Loop was world famous and was one of the attractions in the scenic circle trip of 1,000 miles, starting and ending at Denver. This became well known as an attraction for summer tourists to the Rocky Mountains. Vacations in those days usually ended at Denver or Colorado Springs. There was the Cripple Creek Short Line, Florence & Cripple Creek, to mention a few more of the narrow-gauge lines—each adding its share to the

growth and development of the Colorado Rockies.

At the present time, how many miles of the thousands of miles of narrow-gauge lines that once penetrated every nook and corner of the Colorado Rockies, are now in use? Less than 200 miles of Colorado's "slim lines" are now in operation. "Slim lines" was the fun-making name given to the narrow-gauge lines by the men on the big standard-gauge lines. The oil and gas boom in and near Farmington, New Mexico, has made it possible for one line to keep busy and alive by giving it traffic in oil and gas supplies, mostly casing and pipe-line material. Heavy equipment needed by the industry give it plenty of tonnage. It runs from Alamosa to Durango, and its narrow-gauge to Silverton, from Durango, has become a summer attraction.

West from Denver, and up Clear Creek, was the narrow-gauge Colorado & Southern. This line served Golden (home of the Colorado School of Mines and Coors Brewery), Black Hawk, Central City, Idaho Springs, Georgetown and Silver Plume. There was a famous loop on this line between Georgetown and Silver Plume. During summer months trainload after trainload of folks were taken to this place on picnics, at two dollars per passenger. I made the trip several times myself, and my memory of these gay crowds lingers on. As the line entered Clear Creek Canyon, one could look up yonder to the south and see the top of Lookout Mountain where lies Buffalo Bill. It was his request that he be buried there.

Yes, the slim lines are all gone from the Colorado Rockies, except the 200 miles from Alamosa to Durango and the 45 miles up to Silverton from Durango (this runs only during summer months). Right now the very last of the rails over Marshall Pass are being delivered to junk piles at steel mills. The Denver, South Park & Pacific, in building its line over the mountains from the Arkansas River to Gunnison, built the first tunnel through the Continental Divide and named this tunnel "Alpine." It was lined with California redwood for its two-mile length. This lining is still in perfect condition today after being there for 75 years. The Rocky Mountain Railroad Club holds an annual meeting at this tunnel in July of each year. I attended one of those meetings and met many men who had worked on this little line. Some of these old fellows shed tears as they looked back on the work of their young lives. So great is the sentiment attached to early day narrow-gauge railroads of the Colorado Rockies, that the equipment of such lines, as they are abandoned, is seized-upon by collectors. Even towns and cities are giving prominent places to show the instruments that were so much a part of early-day development of Colorado, and not so long ago considered a vital necessity. Changes in railroad service in southwestern Colorado the past 30 years have been many. Who can say that the abandonment of the Lake City fork branch did not have some bearing on the general decline of mining in that section? It is a matter of considered judgment the railroad and its officials lent no helping hand. Nor did these same individuals even wait a reasonable time for

One of the many lone water tanks that can still be seen along the abandoned narrow gauge lines throughout the Colorado rockies. What a wonderful story this lonely tank tells! This one is north of Ouray, Colorado.

Narrow gauge Denver & Rio Grande engine number 315, in city park Durango, Colorado. Many of these hard working little fellows have found a like fate. ⟶

this and other like districts to see if there might be a comeback. They let go as quickly as possible. And this is called progress.

Necessity brought about the development of the narrow-gauge railroads of the Colorado Rockies. Man down through all ages has been able to meet demands of progress. Roadbeds could be built along defiles too narrow to accommodate standard-gauge. The little lines could snake up mountainsides on steeper grades and could make dizzying hairpin turns, such as the Georgetown and Ophir loops, where the tracks wound back above themselves. Rolling stock was smaller and lighter, and consequently less expensive. The Rio Grande's first locomotive, the Montezuma, was only 35 feet long from cow-catcher to tender end. The engine weighed only 12½ tons and the empty tender another 2½.

The early narrow-gauge passenger coach was only about 35 feet long, seven feet side, and a little over ten feet high. Passengers sat two on one side of the aisle and one on the other half of the car. Then the seating was reversed, to preserve balance. A typical box car was 24 feet long and narrower than the coach, but could carry twice its four-ton weight. These figures are for the narrow-gauge lines of Colorado, but they set a pattern for other slim lines wherever they were built. Crack passenger trains on main lines through the mountains today use four 50-foot diesel units for power and have passenger cars up to 90 feet long. The average box car is 50 feet long. Eventually, the most profitable narrow-gauge lines emerged into standard gauge operations as cities prospered. Notable is the present main line of the Denver & Rio Grande Western from Denver to Salt Lake City.

Woes piled up over the years for the roads which remained narrow-gauge. Bonanzas played out in the mining camps which they were built to tap. Dreams of new cities at

timberline failed to materialize. Every product brought down on a narrow-gauge had to be re-handled when it reached the main lines. Gradually equipment wore out, and there was not money enough to replace it. Taxes gnawed into receipts. But it was the paved highway, with its trucks and automobiles, which really sealed their doom. Motor travel became faster and easier, and each avance killed another line. Most of these death throes were played out before judges or commissioners who had to forget sentimental feelings and face hard reality. The little trains always have been close to the hearts of the people. They meant a link between remote cliff-locked hamlets and the outside world. Many acquired pet names. The Chili Line, already mentioned, for instance, wandered through northern New Mexico and got its *nom de plume* because it carried so many chili peppers. When it was abandoned it left the New Mexico capital without a direct rail line. Even the whistle of the little trains spelled romance for lonely ranchers. The Colorado public utilities commission actually received protest against abandonment from people who simply liked to "hear the whistle."

Probably no other narrow-gauge went through such agonies at the end as the Rio Grande Southern—the last of whose tracks were torn up in 1954. Its fight for life was symbolic of many others. Before it vanished it won a place in American railroad lore as "The Galloping Goose Line." The road was built in 1891 and pierced 165 miles through the steep, forbidding San Juan Mountains of extreme southwest Colorado. Business dwindled as metal mining declined. For more than two decades the road struggled in receivership. One receiver evolved a rail coach powered by an automobile motor to keep passenger traffic and mail shipment alive. This hybrid immediately was dubbed "The Galloping Goose," and the name stuck and spread, until the line's real name was all but forgotten. Cancellation of the Goose's mail contract in 1950 proved the *coup de grace.* For years it had not even paid taxes. Stock and bond certificates had sentimental value only. A discontinue-service order turned out by the Colorado public utilities commission on St. Valentine's Day, in 1951, became the Goose's obituary. Also, in a sense, it was a requiem for all narrow-gauges.

Commissioner, John R. Barry, a native of the area, wrote the death sentence. How he felt about it can be summed up from a closing passage, describing how the elements seemed to feel about man's intrusion into the mountains: "In the winter they heaped snow to unimaginable depths. Then they sent snowslides crashing down their bare surfaces to cover up, bury and kill those who were disembowling them. In the summertime, they did the same with torrential downpours of rain. These were not the only weapons they used. Rock slides, lightning, biting cold were also their weapons," and he continued "It has been a long fight and arduous as well, but we, as well as the others who made the fight and lost, must admit that those mighty mountains have conquered us, too."

Out there in the rugged mountains of central Colorado, workmen are this very day

digging up the remaining rails that led over Marshall Pass. For them it may be a routine job, but for many others it's a saddening end to a great era. A few still struggle on, but they are running on borrowed time. Their little whistles are drowned out by today's roar of mammoth diesels on the standard-gauge lines, and whine of trucks on broad highways. This is the obituary of the Goose, and other lines that helped open up the west. The remaining narrow-gauge railroads, little giants of the old west, are chugging across their last divide. A few of the toy-like trains still steam along little tracks on three lines of the Denver & Rio Grande in the canyon-cut mountains of southern Colorado and northern New Mexico. One still holds out in California. Elsewhere in the west they are already legend. Only a few boulder-strewn grades and dilapidated stations mark their paths.

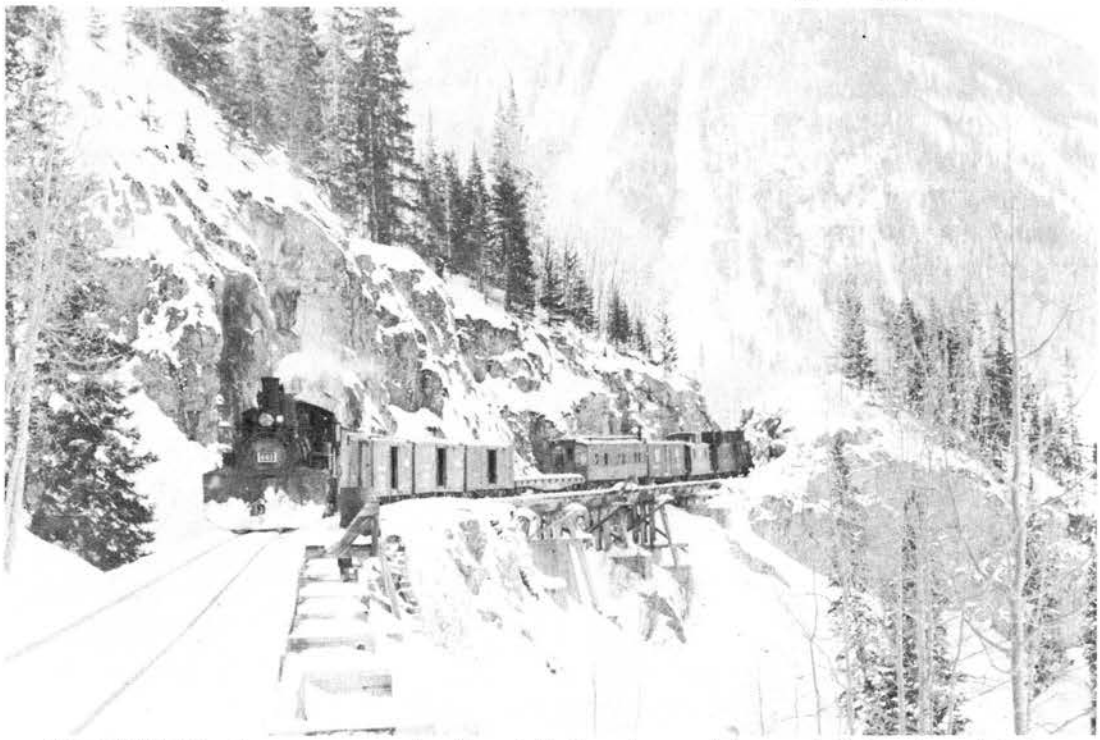
The four lines and a few short routes which deliver a specific product to a specific market, are the sole survivors of more than 100 narrow-gauge lines which once laced the west's high country. Other sections had narrow-gauges, too, some 75 years ago. Records list them in all but six of the 48 states. But it was the settlement of the west that brought them fame. Those remaining are only shadows of the bustling roads at the turn of the century.

Where the San Juan Express, complete with club car, once sidestepped snowy crags between Alamosa and Durango, Colorado, crossing the New Mexico border a dozen times in 200 miles, now only an occasional bob-tailed freight puffs along. Its sister line, south from Durango, 50 miles to Farmington, New Mexico, exists on crumbs of an oil and gas boom. The lone passenger train left on a narrow-gauge threads 45 miles north from Durango to Silverton, a historic gold and silver camp, three times a week for three months of the year each summer. Its patrons are nearly all tourists. The surviving California narrow-gauge is the Owens Valley branch of the Southern Pacific, 71 miles between Laws and Keeler in Inyo County. Its only train is a three-times-a-week freight, mostly carrying stock. The route is a remnant of the old Carson and Colorado Railroad which headed up in Nevada and was built by the famous Virginia and Truckee. All have a bleak future. Officials hope they may hang on another few years. Some railroad fan clubs talk of trying to get the Durango-Silverton line made a National Monument. The diminutive roads have been a long time dying. Most were built in the pioneering 1870's and 1880's, and passed their prime by the end of the century. General William Jackson Palmer was, in effect, their patron saint. When Colorado was still a territory in 1871 he began building the Denver & Rio Grande and decided on a three-foot width between the rails. Palmer's decision cued most later narrow-gauge routes in the rockies.

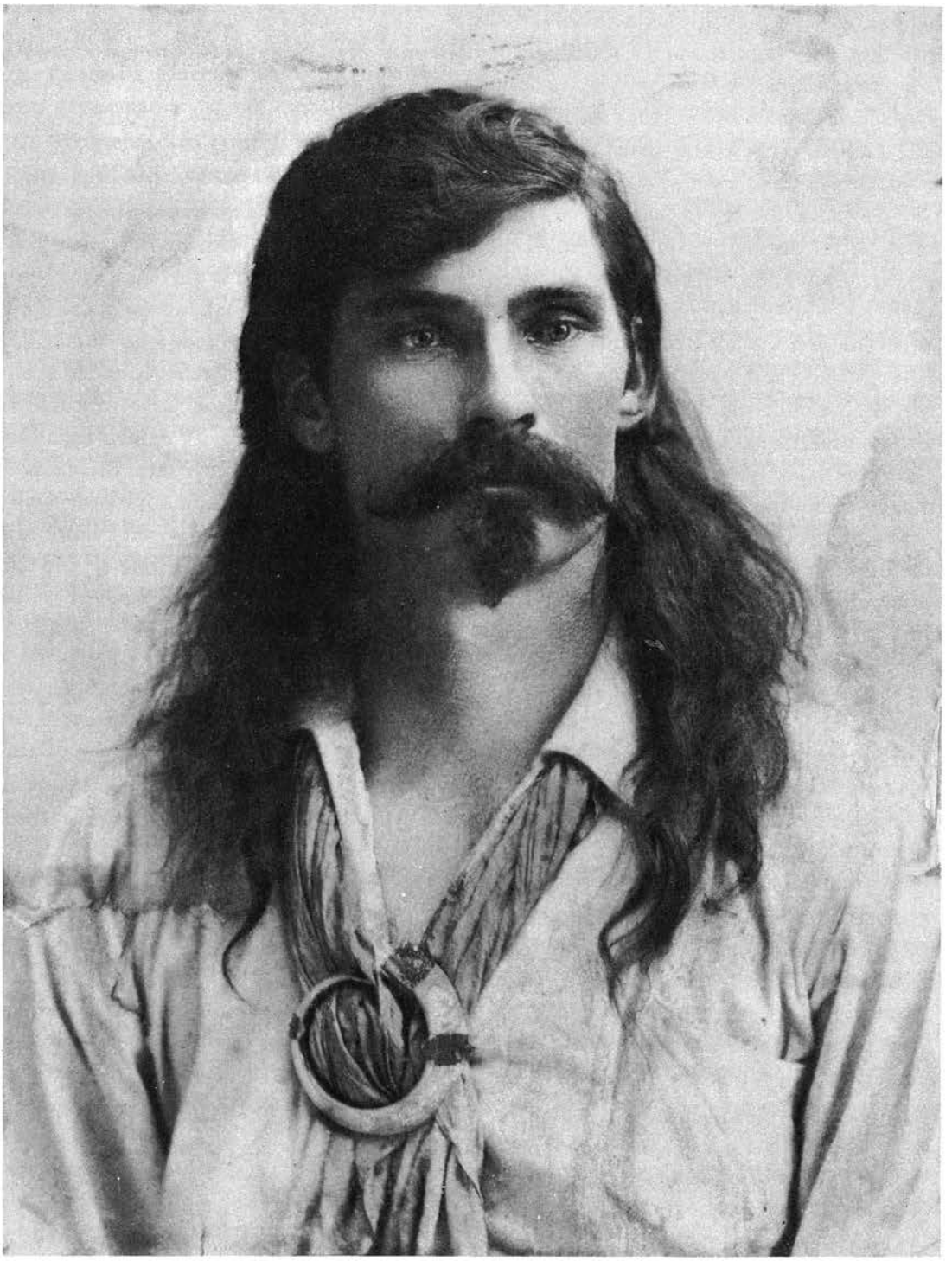
Walter Knott of Knott's Berry Farm, has done more than any other person to keep alive the story of the narrow gauge lines of Colorado. He has two of the little engines, and a number of the coaches. They run every day on a circular track at the farm. Thousands of people get to see what the narrow-gauges really looked like in action. Engine number 41 has an interesting history. It was built for the D. & R. G. and was used on the coal

run between Gunnison and Crested Butte, Colorado. A snow slide caught it on one of its trips and tumbled it down into Slate creek. Its number was 402. It lay there for some time. Otto Mears needed an engine for his Rio Grande Southern. He was told he could have old 402 if he got it out of the creek. This he did, repaired it and changed the number to 41. The engineer who was on it at the time, Gilbert A. Lathrop, now lives at San Jose, California.

Happily, though, a remnant continues to exist, and because of its presence it is still possible for people to sample the most glorious single day's trip in the nation. Not alone are the alpine heights, the pine-clad slopes and the rushing streams the chief attraction; there is the spell of the narrow-gauge train. In this diesel age here is old time railroading. Who among us is not a railroader at heart? An editorial writer not long ago had this to say, "Among all the mechanical devices with which our generations have surrounded themselves and built the nation, the steam locomotive is the only one to have captured an almost universal affection." That affection is deep-seated and, perhaps, explains why the Silverton branch carries thousands of passengers each summer. At any rate, this narrow-gauge trip awakens fond memories for one generation while at the same time providing a graphic page from the past for today's youth. That vanishing breed, the steam locomotive, performs at its best, the aroma of coal smoke perfumes the atmosphere, and the diminutive open platform wooden coaches are reminders of an age long gone.



Denver & Rio Grande narrow gauge going through Rockwood cut and down grade in the winter of 1906.



(Photo courtesy of Don Meadows)

"ARIZONA CHARLIE" MEADOWS

"Arizona Charlie" was a swashbuckling, picturesque, adventurous showman and promoter, a Westerner who played his part with exaggerated efficiency. The outlines of his story are told by a cousin: Westerner Don Meadows.

THE GENESIS OF "ARIZONA CHARLIE"

By DON MEADOWS

ON MARCH 10, 1859 A BABY BOY WAS BORN IN A COVERED WAGON under a white oak tree three and one half miles northeast of Visalia, California. He was the sixth child of John and Margaret Meadows who had just completed their second trip across the plains from Arkansas.

It was John's third trip, for in 1849 at the age of twenty, he had joined a party of gold seekers to make a fortune in California. After a few months in the Mother Lode, with a small amount of gold dust he returned to Arkansas, married, and bought a farm. John was a fiery, opinionated Democrat who was very popular with his southern friends. Back in Arkansas he talked about the wonderful land he had seen in California. Fired by his enthusiasm the neighbors commissioned him to return to the West and find them land on which to settle. In 1854, with a wife and two small children, he returned to El Dorado. For almost two years the Meadows family cruised along the eastern side of the San Joaquin valley looking for a place to colonize. A third child was born. On Four Creeks near Visalia he found a site that had possibilities. There were few squatters in the neighborhood and quantities of good land were open for settlement. His wife was pregnant, but being a resolute man he turned back toward the east to lead his friends into the promised land. Shortly before reaching home a girl was born and named Rhoda Kansas. In Arkansas he sold his farm, recruited his southern friends, formed a covered wagon train, and led his party toward California. His third trip west was uneventful, though his wife was expecting another child and had five small children to care for.

Barely had their new home in California been reached before a little brother arrived He was named Abram Henson Meadows, though in years to come he grew into the swashbuckling, picturesque, adventurous showman and promoter known to the world as "Arizona Charlie."

John filed a claim on 320 acres surrounding his covered wagon and set about building a cabin on Elbow Creek. Spring floods filled the house with two feet of silt and debris, but undaunted he started a larger home built of bricks on higher ground. Little Abram was too small to take any part in building activities but in the brick house he grew up, surrounded by nature, horses and politics. When Abraham Lincoln was elected Republican president of the United States John Meadows was infuriated with the people's choice. The Civil War

made him a radical Confederate. Tulare County was a Democratic stronghold, with John Meadows leading the party. He ran for sheriff and won by a good majority. With a rabid Southerner in control of law enforcement the Union Army command in California became disturbed and sent 300 Union troops to Visalia to establish Camp Babbitt. John met the situation by refusing to function as sheriff, but he would not resign to allow someone else to assume the office. The next election put a more conservative man in power, but the Meadows homestead continued to be a center of Confederate agitation. Only popularity kept John out of jail. When the South was defeated he became a bitter and unhappy man who threw his whole vitality into building up a horse and cattle ranch.

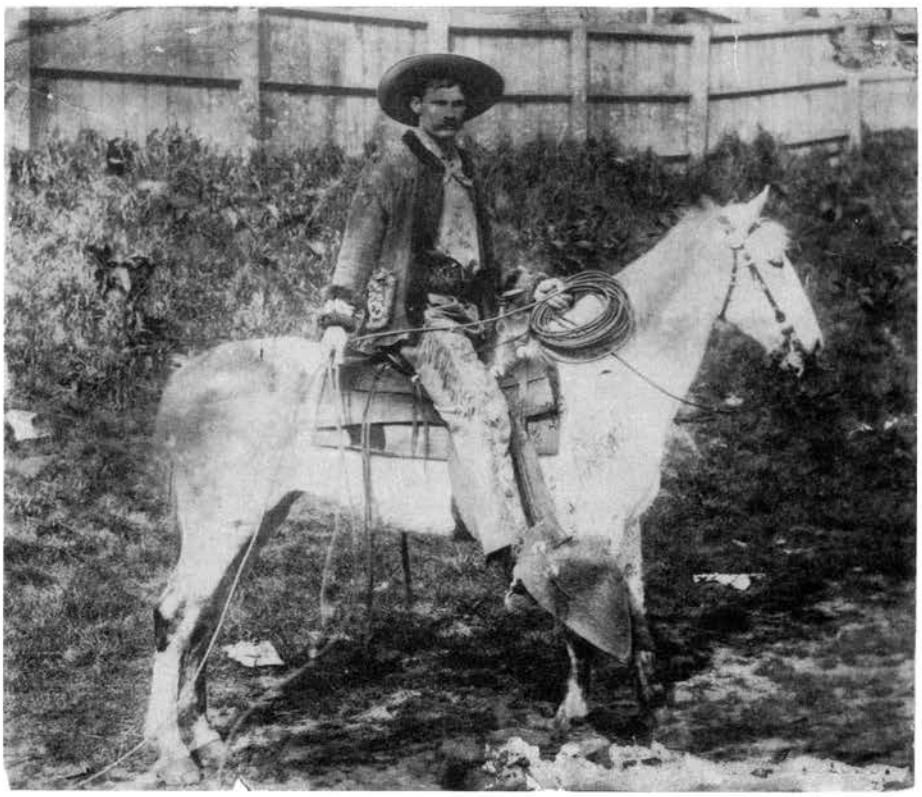
Little is known about the school days of Abram Henson Meadows, except that sometime before he was ten years of age his name became Charlie. Perhaps he chose the name himself in rebellion against one he disliked. Apparently the change had family approval, for in the census records of Visalia for 1870 he is listed as Charlie Meadows, age ten, white, and living at home. Living at home meant that he had an eight-mile ride each school day to attend the Tipton-Lindsey school in the village of Visalia. Such a short ride was nothing to a youngster who had lived on a horse since he could walk. His closest friend was a boy named Frank Prothero. They went to school together, rode the countryside in pursuit of the Meadows' cattle and horses, and talked and dreamed of things that occupy a boy's imagination. The friendship continued through their lifetime. When a man, Charlie claimed he graduated from the Visalia Academy(?), but this is doubtful. Perhaps he had no more than an eighth grade education, for many of his letters, written later in life, show frequent transgressions from grammatical perfection.

John Meadows grew prosperous. With the same intensity that he had applied to political activities he built up his herds of horses and cattle until the ranch on Elbow Creek was the finest in the county. Charlie and his brothers became expert stock men. The Civil War had been over for more than ten years when John felt again that his rights as an American citizen had been imposed upon. Sandlappers, wheat and fruit growers who pioneered new agriculture land were cutting up the open range. To protect their crops they pushed the "No Fence Law" through the California legislature. The law required owners of cattle and horses to restrain their stock and not put the responsibility of crop protection on the shoulders of the farmer. Three hundred and twenty acres was too small an area for a man of John's expansive temperment. He needed room, and no contrary opinions. Down in Arizona, he was told, there were places where a man could be free from petty restraints and cattle could roam at will. He determined to find out for himself.

Early in the spring of 1877 John, his oldest son Henry, and seventeen-year-old Charlie, set out to investigate. They drove a herd of horses south to Los Angeles then turned eastward to the San Gorgonio pass. From there a railroad was building across the desert to Yuma, Arizona, so they followed the ties to the Colorado river. Going along the Gila

River they struck the Prescott road and turned north to the mountains. An occasional horse trade kept them in money. At Prescott they found a beautiful country, but it was inscribed and settled. Further north around the budding village of Flagstaff the same situation was encountered. They were told that south and east was a wild and little known territory called the Tonto Basin. Turning in that direction they reached the edge of the Mogollon Rim and looked down on a vast tree-covered realm. No road led into the lowland, but a horse trail broke the rim. They led their caballada down the narrow trail.

One evening camp was made on a narrow stream that was lined with willow and alder trees. Low rocky hills, covered with pines, oaks and junipers formed a diamond-shaped valley. Inside the valley about fifty acres of level land were covered knee high with grass. A lingering sunset cast a golden glow across the landscape. For several days the Meadows camped beside the stream, giving their horses a chance to rest while the men tried their luck at bagging deer and wild turkeys. During their stay not another rider passed over the trail, neither to or from the Rim. Taking the trail again the explorers found, after a twelve-mile ride, a cabin occupied by two men who had recently squatted



(Photo courtesy of Don Meadows)

"ARIZONA CHARLIE" MEADOWS, Phoenix, Arizona, 1890

beside another stream. From them they learned that Diamond Valley was drained by the east fork of the Verde River and the surrounding country was still Government land. The squatters had their claim on Tonto Creek, and called the spot Green Valley. John and the boys visited at the cabin and learned much about the area. However, second-hand knowledge was not to their liking; they wanted to see for themselves. Pushing on, they followed trails and forded streams, always looking for an ideal homesite. During their wandering a vague idea grew into a deep conviction: there was no finer spot in Arizona than the hollow on the Verde River. Heading back to Diamond Valley they took another look and made a quick decision. Here was their new home. John rode off to Phoenix to catch a train for California while the boys remained to build a cabin and settle on the land.

For three winters and two summers Henry and Charlie lived in Diamond Valley and prepared a home for the Meadows family. A one-room log cabin was erected a few yards from the west bank of the Verde, a corral for the horses was fenced on the eastern bank, and some of the land was cleared for farming purposes. Between chores the boys hired out as cow hands to distant neighbors, or picked up jobs with the Army at Fort Apache. An inquisitive wanderer, Charlie got as far away as the San Carlos Indian Reservation. Infrequent letters traveled between father and sons, each containing reports of progress in Visalia or Diamond Valley. John in California sold all but his finest stock, the ranch on Elbow Creek was up for sale, and preparations were being made for the family to move to Arizona. Spring set the family in motion. By the middle of the summer of 1880 the Meadows clan was united again. All but the married children were settled on the Verde. To Charlie's great delight Frank Prothero had come along with the family.

The following months witnessed great activity on the Meadows' claim. Another log cabin was built facing the first, and a roofed-over passage was constructed between the two. Across Verde Creek, east of the cabins, about thirty acres of farm land were fenced. When spring arrived in 1881 the whole area was planted to corn. Up in the capitol at Prescott two cattle brands were filed in the Meadows name; a diamond with a J within and a diamond enclosing a quarter circle. Rumors of unrest among the White Mountain Apaches reached Diamond Valley, but there was so much work and happiness on the ranch that distant Indian troubles caused no great concern.

On the afternoon of July 14, 1881, Frank Prothero rode into Diamond Valley looking for Charlie. Frank had been in Little Green Valley, eighteen miles southeast of the Meadows claim, when Cavalry troops under the command of Captain Adna R. Chaffee had come that way. The Army was in pursuit of fifty renegade Apaches who had left the San Carlos reservation and were raising havoc in the Tonto Basin. Several settlers had been killed and their cabins burned. Captain Chaffee was in need of additional packers for his troop train, and also wanted a man who was well acquainted with the country. Prothero had been given a job and another experienced man was needed. Frank, suggesting

Charlie Meadows, was detailed to Diamond Valley to get his friend. Charlie was eager to fight Indians, but was reluctant to leave his family unprotected. John, having brushed with Indians while crossing the plains, assured his son that there was no danger and advised him to join the Army expedition. About sundown Charlie and Prothero cut out across the mountains to find Chaffee and his troops. Three men, two boys, Mother Meadows and three young girls were left in Diamond Valley.

A few hours before dawn on July 15, John, Sr., Henry, John, Jr. and eleven-year-old Jacob Meadows were awakened by wild incessant barking of their dogs. John and his sons were sleeping in one of the cabins, the women were resting in the other. Father Meadows looked out into the darkness, and, observing nothing strange, assumed that the dogs had tackled a bear which had wandered onto the ranch. At dawn the dogs were still raising a ruction, so John and his oldest son dressed, and, with loaded guns, went out to investigate. John walked northward along the west side of Verde Creek; Henry crossed over and followed the eastern side. John Jr., who was slower in dressing, picked up his gun and followed his father. Father Meadows was about eighty yards from the cabins when a volley of shots broke from the willows. He staggered and fell forward on his face. From the other side of the stream Henry gave a cry and crashed through the willows toward the house. John Jr. ran to his aid and was met by more shots, two of them striking him in the shoulder. Dragging Henry toward the cabin John saw the women coming from their shelter, and cried, "My God, get inside or we all will be killed." Gaining the protection of the log house, John turned on their assailants. A few Apache Indians were seen, but they disappeared when shots whined in their direction. Henry was too badly wounded to be of any assistance, young John, though injured, kept his gun warm, and his fifteen-year-old sister Rose worked a carbine at his side. Mother Meadows hid the younger children under a feather bed and kept the guns loaded for those who were fighting. The Indians were more interested in horses than in killing whites, and while a few kept the Meadows inside the cabin the rest, six or eight in number, gathered horses and turned them into the corn field. By the middle of the morning fifty animals had been corraled. Then, driving the herd in front of them, the Indians moved northward out of the valley.

About noon, when the valley had been quiet for a couple of hours, Rose Meadows slipped from the cabin, dived into the willows, and slowly worked her way down stream. After a hundred yards or so she found a horse, and, mounting it, galloped off toward Green Valley. On the way she passed the cabin of John Gray, and telling him what had happened, he saddled a horse and set off to notify the Cavalry. Rose continued her ride to Green Valley (Payson) six miles further on.

Chaffee and his men were close on the trail of the renegades when Gray caught up with them. When the story of the attack had been told two troopers were assigned to Charlie and Frank Prothero, and the four hurried away for the Meadows claim. It was only

a short ride. At the ranch everything was quiet with the family still huddled in the safety of the log cabin. Father Meadows was dead, Henry was unconscious, and John, Jr. was weak from loss of blood. The rest of the family was unharmed. Scouting the surrounding hillsides for Indians, not an Apache was found, but their signs were everywhere. By sundown neighbors began to trickle into the valley with offers of help and protection.

On the morning after the raid the body of Father Meadows was wrapped in a blanket and buried in the passage way between the two cabins. John and Henry were placed in a wagon, the more valuable possessions of the family in another, and under an escort of neighbors the sad caravan left for Green Valley. Charlie, Prothero and the troopers went off to re-join the Cavalry. A deep hatred was in Charlie's heart. Though usually talkative, there were some events in his life which he never mentioned. Fifty years later, when his estate was settled, an Apache scalp was found among his effects. The four riders caught up with the Army forces just as the battle of Chevelon's Fork, or Big Dry Wash, was coming to an end. Captain Chaffee and the Cavalry, with Al. Sieber and the Tonto Scouts, had cornered the Apache raiders and had annihilated them.

Diamond Valley was never occupied again. In Green Valley the Meadows family lingered until a new plan of living could be worked out. Four months after the raid Henry died of his wounds. John, fully recovered, took over as head of the family. In March 1884 Green Valley became Payson when a post office was established. John and Charlie made the village their permanent home, but Mother Meadows and the rest of the family moved to Phoenix.

Charlie, with no home ties, became restless. Big, handsome, and extremely proficient with a rope, he roamed from one cow camp to another. He worked from Globe to Flagstaff, from Phoenix to Holbrook. He was known on every ranch in the Tonto Basin. Always an individual he formed no permanent ties with any outfit. He was well acquainted with the Graham's and the Tewksbury's. Like his father, he was strong willed and opinionated, but openly he took an impartial attitude toward a conflict that was brewing between cattle and sheep men. No doubt he became indiscreet and talked too much for he received a note in Flagstaff, from Payson, dated August 3, 1887, which read:

> Bessig and John Meadows got back last evening from the Gordon Country and say they learned from reliable parties that the Water's Cattle Co's men are waiting for you—to take you in had you passed that way to Flag—They also say —that from information it was that outfit that shot up the house—Be careful in what road you take in coming back. Yours in haste— Wentworth.

Years later Ed. Tewksbury was a favorable witness for Charlie in a lawsuit over horses. Early animosity would not have prompted such friendly testimony.

The rodeo was part of a coyboy's job in the 1880's. Each man was proud of his ropework and it was natural that rivals would attempt to show their superiority. Charlie

Meadows gained the distinction of being one of the fastest men with a rope in northern Arizona. As his reputation grew he roamed the range looking for competition. Sunday afternoon contests were an established custom in the cowtowns and usually Charlie came out as top man in such affairs. His most serious rival was a fellow named Tom Horn.

In April 1888 the *Arizonan*, published in Phoenix, carried the following squib:

> Charlie Meadows, of Payson, this territory, publishes a card in *Hoof and Horn*, challenging any man in the world to an all-round cowboy contest for $500 or $1,000 a side. He will also wager either of the above amounts with any man on the steer-tieing contest, either three or five steers to be tied. Expert cow-punchers make a note of this.

A few weeks later the same newspaper printed the following:

> In the tournement at Payson about two weeks ago, Charlie Meadows won first prize for roping and tieing a steer; time, 1:24. He also took first prize in roping and tieing three steers; time, 4:28. Meadows won the first premium at the territorial fair, it will be remembered, roping and tieing a steer in 59 seconds.

A decisive event in Charlie's life took place in Phoenix in the spring of 1889. At that time he was working for the E. F. Kellner Company of Globe. He was thirty years of age, six feet three inches tall, handsome, poised, confident and un-married. His name on any roping program attracted women as well as men. When invited to Phoenix to appear in a contest and meet his arch rival, the great Tom Horn, he quickly accepted. A great crowd packed the fairground when the champion ropers appeared that Sunday afternoon. The competition was terrific, and Charlie lost the contest when Tom Horn established a new world's record for throwing and tieing a steer in 49½ seconds. But it was not defeat that turned Charlie away from the range, it was a celebrity in the audience.

Col. William F. Cody, in the grandstand, watched the amazing skill of the two ropers. When the meet was over Buffalo Bill invited the two contestants to dinner and offered them both jobs with his Wild West show. Tom Horn turned down the offer. He did not want to be a play-acting cowboy; he was a real buckaroo and wanted to associate with men who had guts. Fourteen years later he ended his career at the end of a rope. Charlie gave the offer short consideration, and accepted. An agreement was made to meet the showman at the Cody ranch in Wyoming at a future date. Charlie kept the appointment, but Cody could not be located. He had gone East to organize his show for a Continental tour. Disappointed and somewhat disgusted, Charlie rode back to his brother's house in Payson. A new horizon had appeared to the cowboy. Col. Cody was leading an ideal life; just the life that Charlie wanted. Buffalo Bill was a world-wide celebrity, not just a local hero. Buffalo Bill received attention and respect wher-ever he went, he dressed with distinction, there was a grand style in the manner in which he wore his hair, moustache

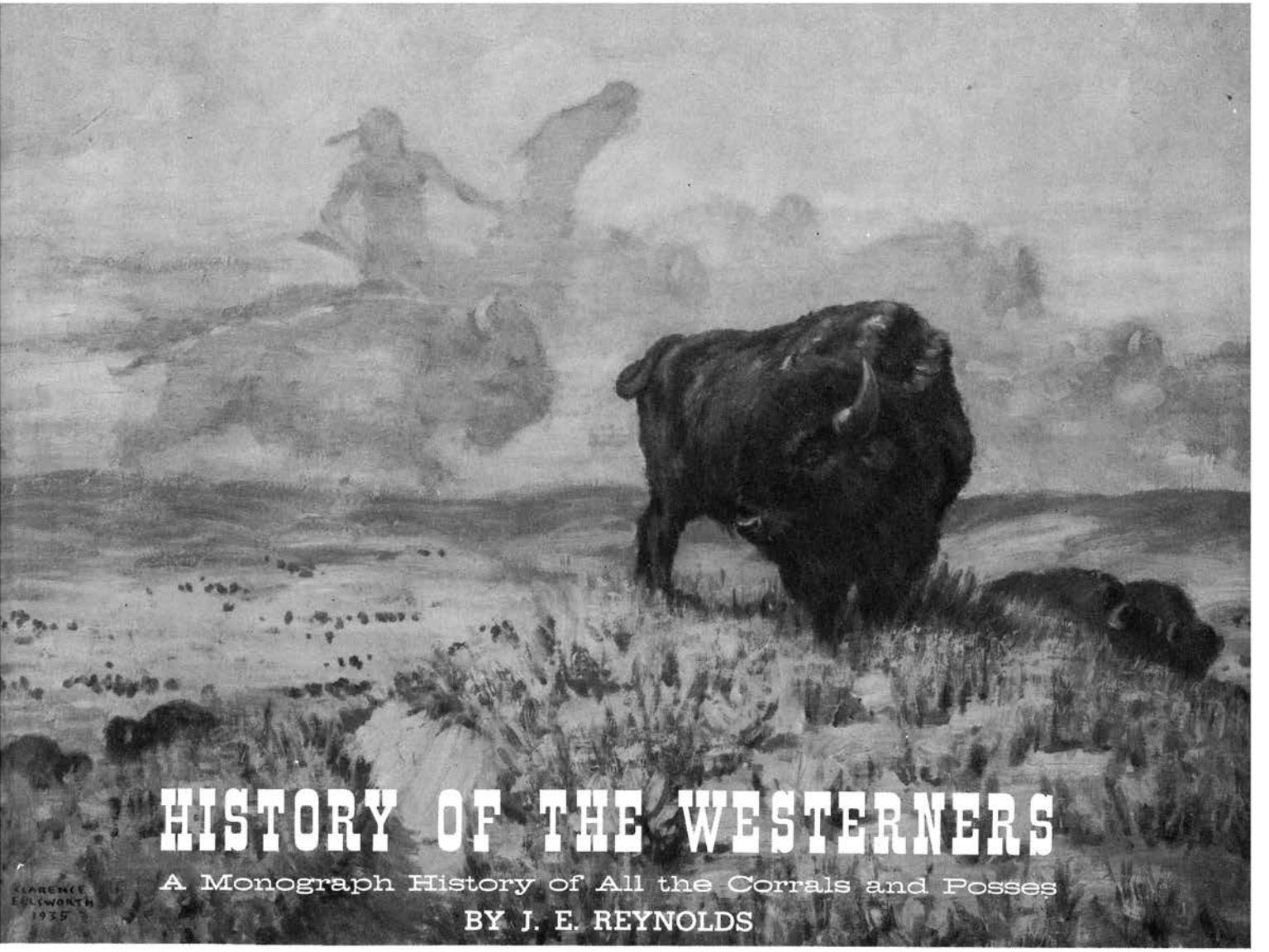
and pointed beard, and he was his own boss. Charlie did not want to be a cow-pucher all of his life. A door to adventure and romance had been opened to him, but it had closed before he could enter. In Payson Charlie mauled over his situation. Buffalo Bill had let him down; but the name Buffalo Bill was a magic one. Maybe Col. Cody had not liked the name of Charlie Meadows. That might be the reason Charlie was not with the Cody show. But there were other shows like Buffalo Bill's in the country, though none so famous. They needed talent such as Charlie possessed. He began to write letters advertising his ability and accomplishments. They were all signed "Arizona Charlie."

From one of his letters he received a favorable reply, for on August 13, 1890 he sailed from San Francisco for the Orient as a star attraction with Harmston's Wild West Circus. Arizona Charlie was launched as a character. After two years in the Orient he caught up with Buffalo Bill in London and for a season traveled with Cody's Congress of Rough Riders. Back in America with his brother Mobley he organized his own outfit and toured the United States and Mexico. When gold was discovered in Alaska he was off for Dawson to establish the first theatre and dance hall in the Yukon. From Alaska he drifted down the Pacific Coast promoting carnivals, street fairs, fiestas and Wild West shows. He moved into Colorado and was arrested for staging the only bull-fight ever held in the United States. In Yuma, Arizona, he became involved in mining schemes, he organized a filibustering expedition to take over the island of Tiberon in the Gulf of California, he entered politics and met his opponents in physical combat, he started a newspaper and was sued for libel, he dabbled in the Mexican revolution, and after forty years of picturesque living he died through his own carelessness in 1932.

Arizona Charlie contributed nothing substantial to the history of America but he did make his presence known. Many books on the West and Alaska are punctured with his name. He was never dull, and newspaper men found him to be unusually good copy. He was a Westerner who played the part with exaggerated efficiency.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I am greatly indebted to Mr. John Meadows of Southgate, California, administrator of the estate of "Arizona Charlie" for much of the information contained in the preceeding story. John is the nephew of the showman, while my own relationship is somewhat more removed. **Don M.**



HISTORY OF THE WESTERNERS

A Monograph History of All the Corrals and Posses

BY J. E. REYNOLDS

IN THIS MONOGRAPH it is my hope that I shall be able to point out the main historical arteries of our international Westerners organization and shall be able to serve all the autonomous Corrals and Posses by giving a brief historical outline of their origins and purposes.

At the outset I must state that in this history I cannot devote the space necessary to a chronology of the many publications of the different Corrals and Posses, nor will I be able to give the names of all the men who have held office. As J. Frank Dobie has so aptly put it, "Chronology is often an impediment to the useful acquiring of knowledge."[1] Rather, I intend to emphasize what I consider important events, key figures, and the development of a fine ideal. At the risk of oversimplification, I might say that in most particulars the organizational structures of all the Corrals and Posses of The Westerners have a great deal of similarity. The names given the officers sometimes differ, publications vary, active members, associate members and corresponding members are not in the same numbers, and in some cases there are instances of organizational uniqueness which I shall attempt to point out as each particular Corral or Posse is under discussion.

The organization known as The Westerners, to be logical, should have germinated in the United States, but it did not. The idea began in Sweden, in the mind of an American named

Leland D. Case, former editor of *The Rotarian* and present editor of *Together*. The 1937 convention of Rotary International at Nice, France, was adjourned, and Mr. Case decided to take a short vacation in Sweden before returning to the United States.

It was during this vacation, in Stockholm, that Mr. Case first saw Skansen, the great open-air museum of Swedish history, arts and crafts, dedicated to preserving the national cultural heritage. Mr. Case observed the enthusiasm and deserved pride of the Swedes. Sensitive to cultural trends, he felt that America might well profit from a similar study of our own background and culture. Immediate everyday activities that confronted him upon his return to the United States, however, temporarily thwarted further thought on this interesting problem of activating a regional cultural consciousness in his own land.

Late in 1938 Leland Case found himself in Santa Fe, New Mexico, trying to find respite from overwork. He had time to read and think, especially to think. This was a grave period in American history. Farmers were uprooted from their beloved native soil to become migrant workers; dust, great gargantuan clouds of crop-killing, cattle-strangling dust, rolled across the middle and southwestern states. Eight years of economic depression had been only partially alleviated by emergency measures. Abroad were wars and rumors of wars. The picture was not inspiring.

Leland Case thought about Sweden and Skansen, and the proud, enthusiastic preservation of a national heritage. We had lost sight of our real wealth for a gold brick during the ballyhoo Twenties; somehow the American people had lost much of the strength that comes from an appreciation and understanding of one's historical and cultural past.

Leland Case felt he knew a partial answer to this dilemma. He must have thought what that great delineator of western American history and culture, J. Frank Dobie, was later to put into these beautiful words: "I am at home here, and I want not only to know about my home land, I want to live intelligently on it. I want certain data that will enable me to accommodate myself to it. Knowledge helps sympathy to achieve harmony."[2]

When seeking a solution to a problem, one usually works within the areas he knows best. Mr. Case's background was that of the Upper Missouri Valley. Until the turn of the century, the people of this vast region had been almost forgotten by the writers of fiction and non-fiction. The first articulate voice to speak out for the pioneers of the Missouri basin was heard in 1891, with the publication of Hamlin Garland's now classic *Main-Travelled Roads*, and again in 1893 with his *Prairie Folks*, to be followed by his many novels and stories that were to stimulate others in the creation of a literature of the Middle Border.

Leland Case recalls, "My thoughts turned to the drought-stricken region I knew well, the Upper Missouri Valley. It was currently losing ten percent of its population, much of it the younger element. There was a 'greener pasture' complex even among the older generation. Art? You had to go to Minneapolis—or better Chicago, the assumption being that the farther away naturally the finer it would be. Literature? Well, though Hamlin Garland had started his writing on a Dakota homestead, that fact wasn't being called to the attention of students out there—not if my experience was a criterion."[3]

Living in Albuquerque at the time was a man who was to become United States Secretary of Agriculture and who is currently a United States Senator. He listened with sympathy and understanding to Mr. Case's concern over America's apparent disinterest in her own cultural achievements. This man was Clinton P. Anderson. Mr. Anderson had spent his boyhood years in South Dakota; he had known the often-rigorous life of the Middle Border region. He encouraged Leland Case to go ahead, with his help, in forming an organization which would inspire the residents of the Middle Border states to have greater understanding and pride in the historical and cultural past of their area.

Next Leland Case wrote to Hamlin Garland, Stewart Edward White and John Dewey. Everyone he contacted offered help to set in motion

ELMO SCOTT WATSON
Co-Founder of the Westerners
(1892-1951)
(Photo, Courtesy of
Mrs. Elmo S. Watson)

LELAND D. CASE
Co-Founder of the Westerners
(Photo courtesy *Together*)

what was to become the parent organization of the later Westerners.

In 1939, The Friends of the Middle Border was incorporated as a non-profit organization in the state of South Dakota, with its headquarters at Mitchell, near the Jim and Missouri Rivers. Few cultural or historical organizations have had a more distinguished group of founders than the FMB. There were Hamlin Garland, author and pioneer Dakota homesteader; James Truslow Adams, Pulitzer Prize winner for American History; Gutzon Borglum, painter and sculptor, creator of the Mt. Rushmore Memorial; John Dewey, educator and philosopher; Stewart Edward White, author; Badger Clark, poet; Clinton P. Anderson, statesman; and Paul P. Harris, founder of Rotary International—a truly impressive group.

The Friends of the Middle Border is unique in concept and inspiring in purpose. The heartland states of the Middle Border have produced not only great historical achievements and thereby nurtured great men and women, but they have also given us some of our nation's finest literary and artistic creations. Dedicated to the preservation of the historical, cultural and social development of the Middle Border, the first published statement of the purpose of the FMB reads: "It seeks to stimulate among the people there a lively awareness of new potentialities for satisfying living. FMB believes that the Middle Border—*or any region*—makes its best contribution to the nation not by copying another but through self development. FMB hopes to stimulate further indigenous culture on the Middle Border which shall translate into new and fruitful modes the self-reliance—which is to say, creativeness—of the pioneer."[4] All of this is expressed in two mottos adopted by the association: "*What is past is prologue*" and "*From what we have we make what we want.*"[5]

The events that led to the formation of the FMB are very important to those who wish to understand the origins of what was to become known as The Westerners, for it was the FMB which gave The Westerners its *raison d'etre.* This history of The Westerners is the history of a group of men who have been made captive by the historical uniqueness of the westward thrust of frontier America.

Such a captive was Elmo Scott Watson. Leland Case writes of Elmo Watson's role, "One of the most understanding backers of the FMB from its earliest days was Professor Elmo Scott Watson, of Northwestern University. His seasoned interest in Western History dovetailed neatly into what we were trying to do. It was natural, therefore, that when we conceived of a Chicago Chapter of the FMB he was right there where the planning was done."[6]

Born and raised near old Fort Henline on the Mackinaw, Elmo Scott Watson early discovered the thrill of youthful archaeological expeditions to Indian burying grounds. Formal education took him westward, to Colorado College in Colorado Springs. Here, too, exploration of the surrounding region, enriched by an increasing knowledge of frontier history, left impressions that were to play a major role in Watson's later life.

After a year of newspaper work on the Colorado Springs *Gazette*, Elmo Watson turned to the teaching profession, becoming an instructor in journalism at the University of Illinois, where he remained until 1924. From 1924 until his death on May 5, 1951, Elmo Watson's life was devoted to numerous editorships, along with his classes in journalism at Northwestern University and Illinois Wesleyan. In 1950 he received an honorary Doctorate of Letters from Illinois Wesleyan. In June of the same year he returned to an area of early enthrallment, Colorado, where he headed the School of Journalism at the University of Denver.

In less than a year from the time of Watson's return to Colorado, The Westerners had lost an irreplaceable friend. Those who felt his loss most poignantly were the members of the Chicago Corral. The symbol of their love is a bronze plaque, presented by the Chicago Corral to Elmo as co-founder, with Leland D. Case, of The Westerners. The plaque has been placed on Elmo Scott Watson's headstone at the old pioneer burying ground at Lawndale, near Colfax, Illinois.

HOMER E. BRITZMAN, organizer and first sheriff of the Los Angeles Westerners
(Courtesy Mrs. Homer E. Britzman)

It was Professor Watson who suggested that a historical section of the Chicago Chapter of the FMB be created. At an informal meeting held at the Watson home in Winnetka, Illinois, in March of 1943, a small but enthusiastic group of guests met to hear Herman Seeley and his brother-in-law, and collaborator, Will Frackleton, discuss their book, *The Sagebrush Dentist.* Leland Case reminisces about that first meeting, "We had a goodly little group out for an interesting talk. There was interest, we discovered, in setting up an organization."[7] It took almost a year, however, for The Westerners to be officially created.

During the interim, the Chicago Chapter of the FMB failed to become very active, and there was a growing sentiment that the interests of its members were not confined to the history of the Middle Border. This widening historical horizon was given official notice on a stormy night in February, 1944, when Elmo Scott Watson again played host to a gathering at his home to hear Clarence Paine discuss some new discoveries about Calamity Jane. It was at this meeting that the word "posse" was first used in relation to the formation of a new organization. A Posse composed of Elmo Scott Watson, Leland Case, and Franklin Meine was appointed to arrange for an organizational meeting.

On March 27, 1944, The Westerners, the name agreed upon by the twenty-three charter members present, was officially born at Ireland's Restaurant in downtown Chicago. The Chicago Corral is still meeting at Ireland's on the fourth Monday of each month. The articles under which The Westerners was incorporated as a non-profit organization under the laws of the State of Illinois were drawn up by the late Seymour Frank, who was not one of the original founders, but whose influence was

keenly felt throughout the many years that he served as secretary of the Chicago Corral. The articles have served as a definitive guide for all other Westerner groups formed since the inception of the Chicago Corral.

Elmo Scott Watson was elected the first Sheriff of the Chicago Corral, and it was he who rolled off on a mimeograph machine the report of the first scheduled meeting of The Westerners. After two years of mimeographed bulletins, the Chicago Westerners published in printed form two bound volumes of what was considered the best historical material presented by members or guests during the period. Another charter member of the Chicago Corral, the late Mannel Hahn, worked closely with Elmo Watson on the publications and was responsible for the editing and production of the first two bound Chicago Brand Books. In recognition of his unselfish services to the Chicago Westerners, Mannel Hahn was made President Emeritus and honorary life member. His passing on December 31, 1954, was a great loss to all the Westerner Corrals and Posses.

In January of 1951, Elmo Scott Watson was paid an honor accorded to no one before or since by any other Westerners Corral or Posse. The membership of the Chicago Corral made him *Perpetual Sheriff*, and thereafter the presiding officer has been and shall forever be known as "Acting President."

With the Chicago Corral of The Westerners in its infancy, Leland D. Case carried the news of its purposes and organization further west. In July, 1944, he went to Denver, Colorado. He had been in touch with Edwin Bemis, Colorado newspaper publisher, regarding the initial venture in Chicago, and after discussion with Mr. Bemis and Herbert O. Brayer, living in Denver at that time, it was decided to call a meeting of interested men at the Denver Club on July 25, 1944.

The Denver Westerners provides the clearest picture for the Westerners of the processes of organizational development. From the first meeting until organizational completion, the problems of leadership, dues, publications and purposes were handled in a business-like way.

At this first meeting at the Denver Club the twelve men in attendance heard Leland Case outline the history of the FMB and the recently organized Chicago Corral of The Westerners. The nomenclature of officers was explained, those names that originally applied only to range parlance and were now being applied to a citified remuda of tamed skyscraper dwellers: Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff, Roundup Foreman, Registrar of Marks and Brands, Tally Man and Chuck Wrangler. Mr. Case pointed out that in almost every community there are men who are interested in western American history and that The Westerners provided an opportunity to discuss and exchange views on social, cultural and historical background of their own region as it applied to the overall western historical scene. After Mr. Case's introductory talk, the meeting was open for general discussion.

Before the close of the first meeting, a motion had been unanimously carried to organize a Denver Chapter of The Westerners. A Committee of Organization, composed of Herbert O. Brayer, Edwin Bemis and Edward Dunklee, was appointed to arrange for the next meeting, at which time they would present a plan outlining rules of membership, dues, and organizational makeup. Pending permanent organization, Mr. Brayer was made Acting Sheriff and Mr. Dunklee Acting Deputy Sheriff.

The second organizational meeting of the Denver Westerners took place at the Denver Club on January 26, 1945. There were sixteen men in attendance, including the guest speaker, Professor Elmo Scott Watson. After agreeing upon annual dues and membership, the first officers of the Denver Posse were nominated and elected. Edwin Bemis was elected Sheriff; Edward V. Dunklee, Deputy Sheriff; Virgil V. Peterson, Roundup Foreman; and Herbert O. Brayer, Registrar of Marks and Brands.

It would be well at this time to quote from the By-Laws of the Denver Posse regarding the objects of The Westerners, which are similar for all the Corrals and Posses. The Denver By-Laws state: "The Objects of the Westerners shall be to investigate, discuss, and publish the facts and color relative to the historic, social,

political, economic, and religious background of the West; to, wherever possible, preserve a record of the cultural background and evolution of the Western region, and to promote all corollary activities thereof."[8]

The Denver Posse has been outstanding from its inception in the field of western historical research and publications. Especially commendable are the punctuality and continued high quality of their monthly Brand Books and their Year Books. It goes without saying, of course, that the Chicago Corral has set an enviable record in the same department.

The Denver Posse's geographical location has made it an ideal meeting place for an Inter-Posse Rendezvous. After Denver's first decade, it was decided to call all the Posses and Corrals to meet on July 31, 1954. The first all-day and into-the-night rendezvous was a social and organizational success all in one. Representatives from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Tucson, Black Hills, and Laramie were present. The Dean of all good Westerners, J. Frank Dobie, was there. The serious side of this first nation-wide gathering of The Westerners was the creation of an intergroup committee made up of the Sheriff, or his appointee, of each Posse of Corral. The purposes of the group were limited to discussion of mutual organizational problems and means to protect the original name and purposes of The Westerners from infringement.

At this first Inter-Posse Rendezvous a tradition was established, thanks to Denver's gracious host, Westerner L. D. Bax. On Mr. Bax's ranch near Morrison, Colorado, is Chief Colorow's Cave, an impressive amphitheatre carved by nature. That first evening of the Inter-Posse Rendezvous witnessed 150 members and guests gathered in this natural assembly hall, where food, drink, and entertainment were enjoyed by all. Every year, including the Inter-Posse gathering of 1956, the Rendezvous at Colorow's Cave on Bax Ranch has been the high point of the meeting. Last year nearly 220 Westerners and friends attended to hear Stanley Vestal speak on Dodge City.

The men of the Denver Posse have "thought big," and their gracious hospitality has matched the majesty of their mountains!

No history has yet been written that, in conformity to the facts, is all molasses and honey. This is so with The Westerners. At one time, following the organization of the Denver Posse, Chicago Westerner Mannel Hahn inspired the organizing of a St. Louis Westerners. The date of organization has escaped this writer's knowledge, as news has been very sparse concerning St. Louis. I have, however, seen a list dated May, 1953, which records the names of twenty-two regular members and one non-resident member. Meetings were held at the Old Court House on the evening of the third Wednesday of the month. Apparently the St. Louis group was organized in the late forties and functioned for some time, but there is no record that any publications were issued. In the last few years the St. Louis Westerners have ceased to function.

This unhappy plight of the St. Louis Westerners points up an existing example of what happens when there is not a clear understanding of the purposes of The Westerners. Despite the difficulties of reorganization, the reinstatement of the St. Louis Corral as an active organization is imperative to the accurate recording of their regional history. Their rapid recovery is the heartfelt hope of all Westerners.

The Los Angeles Corral can thank the late Homer E. Britzman, noted collector of Charles M. Russell paintings and sculpture, for being their organizing father. Mr. Britzman had an intense and devoted love of the American West, and was consequently aware of the activities of the Chicago and Denver Westerners. He felt that the Los Angeles area was in need of a similar organization to bring together the many men who wished to exchange views on their mutual interest, California and far western history.

Mr. Britzman discussed the possibilities of organizing a Los Angeles Corral with Robert J. Woods, well-known Los Angeles collector in the field of Western Americana. Mr. Woods concurred with Mr. Britzman and they discussed the idea with other historically-minded Angelenos. Out of this initial groundwork was

arranged a meeting to be held at the famous Trails End residence of Homer Britzman in Pasadena. The first informal meeting, on the evening of December 3, 1946, was attended by Robert J. Woods, Jim Williams, Don Hill, Lindley Bynum, Clarence Ellsworth, Jack Hardin, W. W. Robinson, Glen Dawson, Paul W. Galleher and Mr. Britzman, the host. Mr. Britzman outlined the history of The Westerners and the activities of the Chicago and Denver groups. All were enthusiastically receptive, and a nominating committee composed of Paul Galleher, Glen Dawson and Jim Williams, after a brief conference, submitted the first slate of officers.

On December 19, 1946, the first formal meeting of the Los Angeles Corral was held at the Redwood House in Los Angeles. The slate of officers submitted by the nominating committee was unanimously elected: H. E. Britzman, Sheriff; Jack Hardin, Deputy Sheriff; Homer H. Boelter, Round-Up Foreman; Robert J. Woods, Registrar of Marks and Brands; Arthur Woodward, Representative; and Noah Berry, Jr., and Paul W. Galleher, Wranglers.

The Los Angeles area presents problems that make it very difficult for an organization which depends upon regular meetings to function smoothly. Great distances, lack of adequate public transportation, and the ever-expanding reaches of population within the city have created the problem of finding a centralized meeting place satisfactory to the majority of the membership. For a number of years the monthly dinner meetings were held at the Redwood House, located near Civic Center. During the past two years numerous other locations in various parts of the city have been tried and the membership has shown a remarkably cooperative spirit in testing alternate eating places. At present the meetings are once again held in the downtown area, at Costa's Grill, on the third Thursday of each month.

The traditions set by the parent organizations have been carried on in the Los Angeles Corral, and the Corral has contributed to the preservation of western history in the form of monthly meetings at which one or more historical papers are delivered. The Los Angeles Corral Branding Iron, the yearly Brand Books (admittedly late at times), and occasional printed keepsakes have contributed greatly to the wealth of permanent historical records accumulated by the Corrals and Posses of The Westerners.

The year 1952 saw The Westerners throw their loop from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The organization of the New York Posse is important for more reasons than mere geography. Chicago straddles the United States as "hog butcher" and rail center, and has always played an important role as the connecting link between East and West, but with the formation of the New York Westerners, we have put our brand across the continent.

In recounting the story of the organization of the New York Posse, the trail of a fence rider named Leland D. Case is again crossed. Several years ago Jeff Dykes, the bibliographer of Billy the Kid, covered the subject of Leland Case's work for The Westerners by describing him as "the best damn promoter of new corrals and posses the Westerners ever had!"[9]

In the same year that the Chicago and Denver Westerners were being organized, Leland Case went to New York and while there talked to a small group of men interested in The Westerners. In a letter to the editor of the New York Westerners Brand Book in the summer of 1954, Mr. Case recollects, "I once dreamed of and took steps toward establishing a Corral of Westerners in New York. That attempt dates back to 1944 and it included a luncheon and interviews with Larabie Cunningham of Collier's, Harry Maule of Random House, Paul Friggins of the AP, Dr. Philip Cole and various others, such as Harvey Dunn, the western painter . . ."[10] William Kelleher, the well known New Jersey bookseller, worked closely with Leland Case on the project during this time, and even though it did not materialize until some years later, the groundwork had been established.

It was not until April, 1952, that the New York Westerners first rolled their wheels. What actually happened on that April night was not like the first meetings of the Denver or Los Angeles Westerners, pre-planned, with heads

(Courtesy the Denver Posse)

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE, Charter-Member of the Denver Westerners (1871-1954)

full of organizational problems. Let James D. Horan tell it in his own words: "Vig (S. L. Vigilante) and myself made up a little party for Homer Croy to celebrate the publishing of one of his books. We had dinner first in New Jersey, then came down to the bar-playroom of my house in Weehawken, N. J., which is called 'Hole In The Wall' after the Butch Cassidy hideout. The knotty-pine walls are covered with the usual pictures of outlaws, a Winchester with six notches (woodchucks or injuns we'll never know), etc. Those present were Vig, Mari Sandoz, Bob Pinkerton and his wife, Al Jancovic, Pete Decker, Homer Croy, and my wife, Gertrude.

"I was behind the bar and Vig was in front of me. I recall saying to him, 'Why don't we make this a permanent thing?' and Vig said, 'Let's do that.' Thus the N. Y. Posse was born. Vig insisted that we all pay five cents—we still have those coins—to make the organization legal.

"It was after this meeting that Vig and Pete Decker began to spread the word. By the time the next meeting took place the *Hole In The Wall* was groaning with the weight of our numbers. The idea caught on here and the posse began to spread."[11]

The first officers of the New York Posse were: S. L. Vigilante, Sheriff; James D. Horan, Deputy Sheriff; and Peter Decker, Registrar of Marks and Brands. The New York Posse set a precedent right off by allowing sage hens to be their runnin' mates. Yes, *Wimmin!* There were a lot of wranglers in the Corrals and Posses further west who damn near moved camp over this, but it wasn't too long before the men stopped airin' their lungs and the whole outfit from the Atlantic to the Pacific is now bridle-wise. After all, one can't say "No" to a Mari Sandoz!

The first publication of the New York Posse appeared in 1953. This "Special Publication No. 1" was written by Paul C. Henderson and is titled *Landmarks on the Oregon Trail*, limited to 300 copies. The New York Posse's first Brand Book, a quarterly, was published in the winter of 1954. From the first issue it has set a pace in quality of writing and appearance that is superb. About that first issue James Horan writes, "Pete Decker and myself put out the first Brand Book after nights of struggling with makeup and cuts. I worked harder on that one than I had all week on my own job. After the first issue Mr. A. H. Greenly kindly took it over and has done a swell job."[12] Mr. Greenly has remained the Editorial Chairman, with a system of rotating Editors, and the quality of the New York Brand Book has steadily improved, if that is possible.

A stanza of the official song of the University of Wyoming reads:

> Where the western lights long shadows
> Over boundless prairies fling,
> And the mountain winds are vocal
> With thy dear name, Wyoming.

The line that speaks of "boundless prairies" is no idle statement; because of this, and the "mountain winds," plus no street car service between Thermopolis and Saratoga, Wyoming's statewide Posse was a happy and inevitable development in the evolutionary progress of The Westerners.

Dean F. Krakel, Archivist of the University of Wyoming and Editor of the first Wyoming Brand Book, wrote, "Some have said that our Posse won't succeed. 'You're spread too thin over too large an area,' they say. But I am confident that this handicap (if it is a handicap) will become our feature. Meetings will be rotated throughout the state—thus this so called distance hardship will not be levied against the same members all the time. The fact that a man is willing to saddle-up and ride a long ways just to be with the boys is sure proof that he is a bona-fide Wyoming Westerner."[13]

In July, 1952, an attempt was made to hold a meeting in Casper to discuss the formation of a Wyoming Westerners' Posse, but plans for a meeting to be held in August were abandoned because of the discouraging response. During the winter and spring, after much smoke signalling, two informal meetings were held at the Laramie residence of Dr. and Mrs. Walter B. Ludwig. Present were Alfred Pence, Dean Krakel, Dr. T. A. Larsen and Dr. R. H. Burns. It was agreed that in the case of a Wyoming Posse there could be no centralization; those "bound-

less prairies" necessitated the rotation of meeting places. Dr. Burns and Mr. Krakel obtained organizational information from the Chicago and Denver Westerners, and a statewide meeting was planned for May, 1953.

On May 2, 1953, twenty-three men met at the Noble Hotel in Lander, Wyoming. During the day a number of informal conferences were held and after dinner the evening meeting was called to order by Dr. R. H. Burns, acting as Chairman Pro-tem. Before the evening was over, the Wyoming Posse of The Westerners had been formally organized. The new process of rotating meeting places over a statewide area, with its attendant problem of designating such meeting places throughout the year, was made the responsibility of the Chuck Wrangler.

The first officers of the Wyoming Posse were: Dr. W. B. Ludwig of Lander, Sheriff; J. Elmer Brock of Kaycee, First Deputy; H. D. Del Monte of Lander, Second Deputy; Dean F. Krakel of Laramie, Roundup Foreman; Dr. R. H. Burns of Laramie, Tally Man; Dr. T. A. Larsen of Laramie, Registrar of Marks and Brands; Dr. William A. Hinrichs of Douglas, Central Range Chuck Wrangler; and Fred Hesse of Buffalo, North Range Wrangler. The effect of population and geography on the naming of officers is apparent; the wide membership dispersement created the need for an extra deputy, with Wranglers ridin' sign in designated areas.

The University of Wyoming was made the Wyoming Posse's depository and corresponding headquarters. Two Brand Books have been issued by the Wyoming Posse in mimeographed format, covering the period from November, 1953, through the Winter of 1955.

Cooperation has been the key-word between the Wyoming and Denver Posses, with well-attended annual get-to-gethers at which fruitful discussions take place concerning mutual problems arising from the search for a true historical picture of their adjoining regions. The members of the Wyoming Posse deserve a great deal of credit for their dedication to the preservation of their state's historical heritage, and their willingness to "saddle-up and ride" to carry out the aims of The Westerners.

"Como esta, amigo?" is the greeting to any wandering Westerner who happens to drop his saddlebag in what was the settlement of Stjukshon, the Indian name for the Old Pueblo, Tucson, Arizona. When Leland D. Case decided to make Tucson his permanent mailing address it was only a question of time before he would round up every historically-minded vaquero who lived in this beautiful valley of history.

Leland Case soon discovered that if a Tucson Corral was to be organized, he could not hobble the Tucson remuderos to range rules; they wanted nothing but a free grass outfit. The Tucson Westerners have no constitution, no by-laws. Any pilgrim who attends one of the Tucson Corral meetings and expects to hear minutes of the last meeting read is going to have a long wait.

In the only issue I have seen of the Tucson Corral's *Hoofprints in The Corral*, a Tucson tally hand sharpened his pencil and explained this spread's way of doing business: "The Tucson Corral is about the most informal outfit you can imagine . . . in fact, one member has compared its free-and-easy ways to those of the old Arizona Territorial Legislature, which reputedly met once a year simply to find out what laws had been broken; the legislators thereupon repealed these laws and adjourned."[14]

The Tucson Corral officially got down to business on April 13, 1953, with the first election of officers. They were: Arthur S. Mann, President; Clay Lockett, Vice-President; T. E. A. Von Dedenroth, Secretary; Dale Chambers, Treasurer. The first Corral Committee was made up of George Chambers, Leland D. Case, Charles Towne, Chester Bryant and Byron Ivancovich. No Sheriff? No Wranglers? According to Leland Case, "Nosir. Here we have a Junior Chamber with a Posse of hairy-faced gents who shoot blank ca'tridges when celebrities come to town . . ."[15]

Just such a celebrity came to town in the spring of 1953. J. Frank Dobie spoke at the University of Arizona on *Coyote Lore* and the Tucson Corral attended, with a big pow-wow afterwards. Those Tucson remuderos took to this man from Texas like bees to honey. Immed-

iately after his speech, J. Frank Dobie was voted "Grand Exalted Coyote of the Tucson Corral, with the Right to Howl Whenever in Town."

To the wandering grub-line riders from other Corrals and Posses who might visit Tucson on the first Monday of a month, a word of advice: You will be welcome at the table, but plan on paying your own grub check and feel free to interrupt the speaker of the evening at any time. These are two rules of the Tucson Corral, unwritten, but abided by all.

The Westerners moved to the North Central state of South Dakota to found the next Corral. How did it happen? According to Joe Koller, the present secretary of the Black Hills Corral, a roving Westerner by the name of Case was behind this one, too. Koller writes, "Our start came in September, 1953, at the urging of Leland Case."[16]

A small group interested in The Westerners' organization met at the Rapid City residence of Robert Lee to plan informally for a new Corral. In September, 1953, a meeting was held at Lockhaven at the mountain cabin home of Rev. and Mrs. Carl Loocke of Keystone, South Dakota, and the Black Hills Corral was formally organized, with the first officers elected that evening. They were: Freeman E. Steele, Sr., President; Robert Lee, First Vice-President; Joseph Koller, Second Vice-President and Secretary. In 1954 the first By-Laws were adopted and the original officers were maintained.

Like the New York Posse, the Black Hills Corral admits ladies to membership; and, like the Wyoming Posse, they have the problem of wide population dispersement. An interesting and unique feature of the Black Hills Corral is that meetings are held on the second Sunday of each month, for luncheon. Originally the meetings were rotated, as with the Wyoming Posse, with meetings held at Keystone, Custer, Deadwood, Belle Fourche, and Sturgis. Of late the meetings have been held almost entirely at the A & F Cafe in Rapid City, attendance being better at Rapid City than at the other locations.

The membership is in most instances composed of the families of history-making pioneers of the Black Hills region. There is usually a speaker at the meetings to tell of incidents or some aspects of life among the early Black Hills settlers. To date no publications have been issued by the Black Hills Corral.

Leland D. Case's fence riding next led him to an open gate in a place once called the "Wilderness City," better known now as Washington, D.C. Historically speaking, this is the big ranch's headquarters; here is where the main bunkhouse was built; this is where they make big medicine. Washington, D.C., is the place which the historian recognizes as the activating force of America's pioneer course of empire. If you wanted financing for exploration, treating with the Indians, frontier surveys, border protection, or statehood, Washington was the answer.

In the fall of 1954 Leland Case had a talk with Roland F. Lee about organizing a Washington Westerners. This started the grapevine telegraph going, and on December 16, 1954, a luncheon meeting arranged by Oliver W. Holmes was held at the Federal Trade Commission Building. Twelve western history enthusiasts attended: Leland Case, Ronald F. Lee, Jeff C. Dykes, Wayne C. Grover, Robert H. Bahmer, Herbert E. Kahler, Oliver W. Holmes, Fred G. Renner, B. W. Allred, John C. Ewers, Paul H. Gannt, and Roy E. Appleman.

At this luncheon Mr. Case built his loop carefully, and with the skill of a Washington diplomat succeeded in convincing those present that they needed a Washington Westerners. The first official organizational meeting, a dinner held at the Cosmos Club, took place on February 28, 1955, and the Potomac Corral was born. The Corral's first historical paper was by Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, 3rd (Ret.), who talked on the career of his famous grandfather as an Army officer in the West.

The following were elected the first officers of the Potomac Corral: Ronald F. Lee, Sheriff; Wayne C. Grover, Deputy; Herbert E. Kahler, Roundup Foreman; B. W. Allred, Registrar of Marks and Brands; John C. Ewers, Tallyman; M. L. Dumars, Chuck Wrangler; and Usher L. Burdick, His Honor, The Judge. You will note that something new has been added to Westerner nomenclature in the form of His Honor,

A group from the Denver Posse. *Standing* (left to right): Dr. Eric Douglas, Denver Art Museum executive; Charles B. Roth, sales analyst; Dabney O. Collins, advertising man. *Middle row* (left to right): John T. Caine, stock show manager (astride western saddle) and Dr. Nolie Mumey, M.D. (holding cigar store Indian). *Foreground* (left to right): Fred M. Mazzulla, attorney (holding rare photos); Forbes Parkhill, author (behind stone head); Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen, state historian (with powder horn); and Fred A. Rosenstock, book dealer (with theater bills). (Photo courtesy Orin A. Sealy, *Denver Post*)

The Judge. One assumes that this new officer will head the hemp committee and will add dignity to all necktie socials.

The Potomac Corral's official publication is a quarterly called *Corral Dust;* the first issue appeared in March, 1956. As in other Corrals and Posses, papers delivered at meetings are published, with an added feature not to be found in other Westerners' publications. This is a section entitled *Dust from the Archives*, devoted to prime western historical data gleaned from the National Archives, which the Potomac Corral is fortunate to have right in its own back yard.

To augment the periodical *Corral Dust*, the Washington Westerners are preparing to publish a series of books to be called the Great Western series. Jeff C. Dykes, the wandering bibliographer, is Chairman of the Publications Committee and the first book, to be entitled *Great Western Indian Fights*, is expected to show up on the skyline sometime in 1957. With the Old Bookaroo behind the prod pole, we can all expect some fine reading matter.

It took a long time for those Santa Fe traders situated at the confluence of the Missouri and Kansas Rivers to throw in with The Westerners. You would assume they would have been among the point riders when The Westerners started up the organizational trail. But when you can point out the site of Fort Orleans, built in 1720, you don't get too excited over a bunch of outriders from Chicago and Denver who start to dally their tongues about preserving the facts of western history. You observe their antics and wait a while to find out if it is just horse play. So they waited eleven years!

One man from Kansas City became convinced that this Westerners outfit was not only preserving western history, but was actually uncovering caches of facts too important to ignore.

He is Frank Glenn, owner of the book shop at the Hotel Muehlebach in Kansas City, Missouri. Mr. Glenn sounded assembly call, and on March 22, 1955, seven Kansas Citians high-tailed for the residence of Marvin B. Marsh for a long overdue rendezvous. In the first issue of the Kansas City Posse's *The Trail Guide*, these former mavericks explain, "There is just a touch of chagrin that we have been so slow on the draw in forming a posse here in such lush historical territory . . . so here we come, pardners, like hell a beatin' tanbark!"[17]

A well-attended organizational meeting was held at the Hotel Muehlebach on April 5, 1955, at which the Kansas City Posse was made official. Frank Glenn was elected the first Sheriff, and about his part in the creation of the Posse James Anderson, Tallyman, writes, "Mr. Glenn, to use a massive understatement, was founder of the Posse."[18] Other officers were: Martin E. Ismert, Sr., Chief Deputy Sheriff; W. H. (Red) Edwards, Deputy Sheriff; Clinton W. Kanaga, Chip Keeper; John Edward Hicks, Registrar of Brands; and James Anderson, Tallyman.

Since the first regular meeting held in the Archives Room of the Native Sons of Kansas City on May 10, 1955, the Kansas City Posse has held regular meetings on the second Tuesday of each month. Apparently there is no set meeting place, as dinner meetings have been held at the Hotel Muehlebach, the Napoleon Room at Millman's and the Pine Room at the Union Station.

The Kansas City Posse's publication is called *The Trail Guide*, with four issues appearing in 1956 and four planned for 1957. A hardcover Brand Book is being planned for 1957. From the quality of the historical papers that have been published in *The Trail Guide*, it appears that this "johnny-come-lately" outfit is going to make up for lost time.

Spokane, Washington, was not going to ride in the dust of the Kansas City Posse. The Spokane Posse was organized in the same month of 1955 that the Kansas City Posse made the roll call, thus extending The Westerners' range to the Canadian border.

The first organizational meeting of the Spokane Westerners was held on March 17, 1955, at the Spokane Hotel. Thomas Teakle, an ardent historian of the West, did the spade work in gathering together a group of Spokane men interested in the study of Western American history and inspired them to associate themselves with The Westerners. At a meeting on April 21, the Constitution and By-Laws were adopted. The first officers were: E. T. Becher, Sheriff; Jerome Peltier, Deputy Sheriff; Louis S. Livingston, Roundup Foreman; Judge Ralph P. Edgerton, Tally Man; Cecil Hagen, Registrar of Marks and Brands; and Lowell H. Noll, Chuck Wrangler.

Monthly meetings of the Spokane Posse are held at the Spokane Hotel. December, 1956, saw the first appearance of the Spokane Posse's quarterly publication, *The Pacific Northwesterner*. Each issue will be primarily devoted to the printing of historical papers read by the members. The Spokane Posse is in an area with an inexhaustible supply of prime frontier American history, and all Westerners can rest assured that the members will distinguish themselves as able historians.

With the Spokane Posse the trail of active Westerner Corrals and Posses within the borders of the United States peters out. The grapevine has sent out rumors of organizational activity in Houston, Dallas, and San Francisco, but at this time they are still coolin' their saddles.

J. Frank Dobie has written, "Perspective is a concomitant of civilization. The chronicles of the range that show perspective have come mostly from educated New Englanders, Englishmen, and Scots."[19] All students of American frontier history are cognizant of England's intimate role in the civilizing of the American West. English exploration along the Pacific Coast is an integral part of California, Oregon and Washington maritime history; the gold rushes of the 40's through the 60's brought Englishmen across the sea by thousands; and the part played by the English in the range life and cattle trade of the 70's and 80's is well known. Early in the 19th century many wealthy and titled Englishmen came to the Wild West as tourists to hunt buffalo, and later returned to

THOMAS TEAKLE, Founder of the Spokane Westerners
(Photo by F. A. Mark)

create large ranch holdings. To quote Joseph Nimmo, Jr., in his article, *The American Cowboy*, "They have become virtually, if not through the act of naturalization, American herdsmen."[20]

With such a record of participation in the discovery and development of the American West, it should come as no surprise that in 1954 The Westerners jumped the creek and turned up in Liverpool, England. The founder of the English Corral of Westerners was Frederick W. Nolan, now residing in New Brighton, Cheshire, England. Mr. Nolan, a long-time corresponding member of the Chicago Westerners, has been in correspondence for a number of years with Don Russell, Editor of the Chicago Brand Book. Early in 1954 Mr. Nolan came to the conclusion that there were enough people within his ken to form an English Westerners Corral. Don Russell advised as to the proper procedures of organization, and within the same year the English Corral became a reality. In recognition of Don Russell's role as American adviser and contributor, the English Corral made him the first Honorary Member of their Corral in February, 1955.[21]

The Charter Members of the English Corral numbered ten; at the time of this writing there are over two hundred English Westerners, including corresponding members. I have been unable to find a list of officers in the Brand Book, and because of the distances indicated by the addresses of the members, one assumes that, like the Tucson Corral, this is a free grass outfit, with occasional meetings and an unwritten Magna Carta.

The primary activity of the English Corral is the publication of their Brand Book, edited by Frederick W. Nolan, with Alan B. Gregory, Associate Editor. The first number appeared in November, 1954; the first twelve issues were mimeographed. With Vol. II, No. 1, November, 1955, the English Westerners' Brand Book has

been in printed form. In December of 1956, word was received that the Brand Book would henceforth appear every two months instead of monthly. The Brand Book is devoted to original historical papers, occasionally written by American Westerners, plus book reviews of western interest and news concerning the activities of the Posses and Corrals in America. With corresponding members in Malta, Egypt, Australia, Germany, Switzerland, and Texas, the grub-line riders of the English Corral will certainly be authorities on international food and drink.

Can you imagine a bunch of cowboys using the wide open spaces of the Champs Elysees as *parada* grounds, sans cattle? Now, don't say, "tie one to that"; it sounds plumb ridiculous, but for nearly three years there has been talk about a bunch of Parisians who had organized a French Westerners. Information on these musketeers in chaps is still scarce, but in December, 1956, they issued their Brand Book No. 3. The Chicago Westerners' Brand Book gives the following report on the activities of these line riders of the *Grands Boulevards:* "The activities seem quite diverse; there is notice of a motion picture club to see and discuss Westerns, square dancing, fancy roping, riding ranch style, and some hopeful discussion of a Rodeo American. We gather that riding is available twice a week, square dancing every Wednesday, and a session on Indian dances every Tuesday." [22]

If the French Westerners find time after their costume parties and hoof shakin', they have plenty of work cut out for them on researching French activities in the development of frontier America. You Parisians sure have the makings, and we *Americains* say *Dieu vous garde!*

At this point the facts about the history of The Westerners end, and the speculation begins. One question that most Westerners ask is, Why hasn't there appeared a Canadian or a Mexican Westerners? We're waitin', you voyageurs and vaqueros; we have need of such top hands as you.

Organizationally, The Westerners has grown to the point where the cross-filing of corresponding members has made it impossible for one member to afford to purchase all the Year Books from the different Corrals and Posses in order to have a permanent record of each year's historical papers and activities. That is, unless you want to sell your saddle.

Here is what Leland D. Case, top stray rider of our whole outfit, has to say about this, "Already there is a tendency for corresponding members of the existing Corrals and Posses to overlap and the number of publications and books has grown to the point that subscribing for all is beyond the reach of most individual members. Perhaps that is not a serious problem, possibly no problem at all. Yet it may be that as the group of individual Rotary Clubs came together back 40 years ago and formed an association with a central magazine, Westerners will repeat that history. It's something that some of us sometime may want to think about." [23]

The Inter-Posse Rendezvous that has been held for the last three years at Denver needs more participation on the part of every Corral and Posse. This annual meeting of minds should inspire greater cooperation, correspondence, and exchange of publications. In speaking of the 1956 Rendezvous, the New York Posse wrote, "This is the third rendezvous Denver has sponsored and with little cooperation from others . . . We're not saying the Denver Westerners are sore, nevertheless they are reexamining the event to determine whether there is sufficient interest to keep the annual meeting alive." [24] Warning enough?

The first thirteen years of The Westerners have enriched all the members through the enjoyment gained when men and women meet in the comradeship of mutual interests. More than that, the Corrals and Posses have enriched the world of scholarship by investigations, discussions, and permanent preservation of research in the form of historical papers published in monthly Brand Books and the Year Books.

The spirit and purpose of the international organization known as The Westerners are captured in these words of Emerson Hough: "Changed unspeakably and utterly, the old West lies in ruins. To pick about among those ruins may, indeed, be to find here and there a bit of local color; but were it not better to reflect that this color may be only the broken bits of a

cathedral pane? Restore that cathedral, in recollection, in imagination at least, if it be within the skill of art or literature to do so. Restore it, and write upon its arch the thought that history may be more than a mere recital of wars and religions; that the destruction of human life may be nationally not so great as the development of human character. Give the men of the old West, parents of the men of the new West, this epitaph—that *they had character*. Let the heroes have place of honor in their own cathedral; and so may the Western earth lie above them, and the Western skies smile over them rememberingly."[25]

(Left to right) SYLVESTER L. VIGILANTE AND JAMES D. HORAN
New York Westerners Posse
(*N.Y. Journal-American* Pickwood, Photographer)

AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to extend my gratitude to the Posses and Corrals that aided me in preparing this monograph history, particularly those members who unselfishly took time to answer the many tedious questions and requests for illustrative material that were so necessary to the telling of the story of the development of The Westerners.

Among those individuals to whom I am especially indebted are Mr. Leland D. Case of Tucson, Arizona; Mr. James D. Horan of Weehawken, New Jersey; Mr. Jeff C. Dykes of College Park, Maryland; Mr. Edwin A. Bemis of Littleton, Colorado; Mr. Don Bloch of Denver, Colorado; Mr. F. A. Mark of Spokane, Washington; Mr. Joe Koller of Belle Fourche, South Dakota; Mr. James Anderson of Kansas City, Missouri; Dr. Harold A. Bulger of St. Louis, Missouri; Mr. Maurice Frink of Boulder, Colorado; and Mrs. Julia S. Watson of Colorado Springs, Colorado.

My thanks also to my fellow members of the Los Angeles Westerners, Mr. Philip J. Rasch, who aided with his file of personal correspondence, and to Mr. W. W. Robinson and Mr. Paul Bailey, who gave encouragement when the going got rough.

J. E. R.

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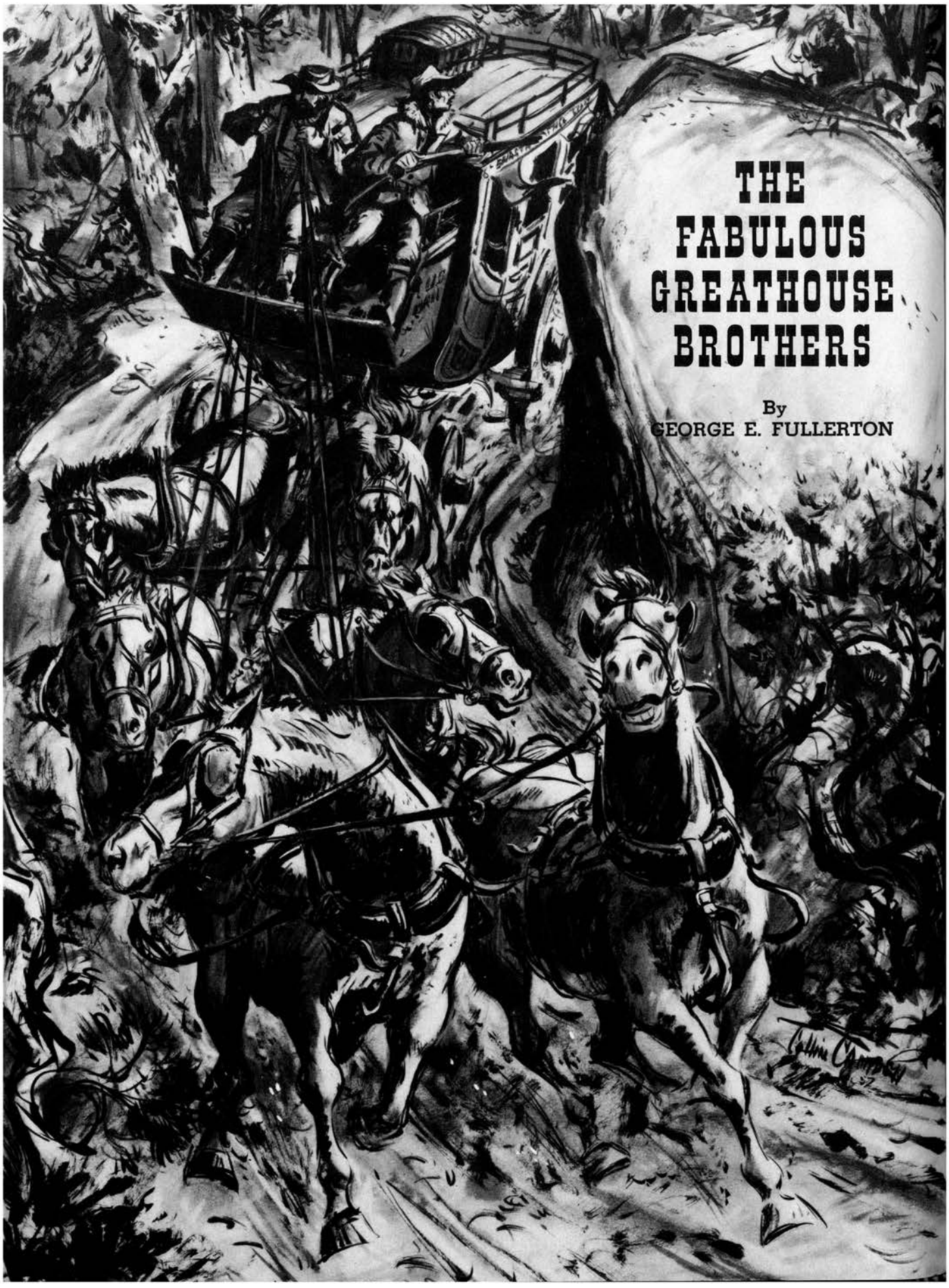


THE FABULOUS GREATHOUSE BROTHERS

By
GEORGE E. FULLERTON

GREATHOUSE BROTHERS

Staging in the northern California mines, early day express companies, the Chapman (piracy) affair, a daring prison escape—with the Greathouse brothers playing leading roles —such are the topics essayed here by Westerner George Fullerton.

TO THE FAR NORTH IN CALIFORNIA, in the country known as Siskiyou, is a confused group of mountain ranges, unsurpassed for variety of forest and river scenery. In these mountains are rich and beautiful valleys and basins, drained by streams which, almost without exception, cut through narrow gorges and rocky canyons, the walls of which rise in places more than a thousand feet.

Even before the Gold Rush days this country was familiar to early trappers and settlers. As it lay across the direct route between San Francisco and the Columbia River, a well defined trail soon marked the way.

Peter Skene Ogden, with his party of Hudson Bay Company trappers wintered in Shasta Valley in 1827. Ewing Young in 1834 followed the Sacramento River canyon around the west base of Mt. Shasta on his way to settle in Oregon. Again in 1837 Young followed this route in driving a large herd of cattle to Oregon. This drive was described in a journal kept by Philip L. Edwards, one of the party. James Clyman also made his way down the Sacramento River Canyon in 1845, and his diary is full of descriptions revealing the rugged character of this old trail.

In the late '40's and early '50's the trail became thronged with gold seekers in their headlong rush to the mines, led on by the lure of gold. About the year 1841, due to Indian attacks on the travelers in the Sacramento River Canyon, the trail was shifted some miles to the west, passing over Trinity Mountain up the Trinity River and over Scott Mountain and then joining the old trail in Shasta Valley.

The Trinity River Trail was popular with prospectors coming down from Oregon in 1849 to the newly discovered mines that were already being worked along the Trinity River and in Shasta County. Although many miners crossed through the wilderness of Siskiyou County there is no mention of any discoveries of gold there before 1850. In that year a rich deposit was discovered on the banks of the Scott River. Soon many gold seekers were coming back over Scott Mountain to the new discovery.

Reports had been made, according to Bancroft, that the bars of the lower Shasta River were worthless. Undeterred, Abraham Thompson in the spring of 1851 began prospecting on the flats just west of the present town of Yreka. Here he panned out a quantity of the coarse gold and nuggets for which this camp became known. The exciting news of this find spread rapidly. The influx of miners increased the population of the camp, first known as Thompson's Dry Diggings, to about 2,000 within two months time.

The settlement soon started moving from the flat, taking up the present location of

Yreka. This new location was first known as Shasta Butte City. In the spring of 1852 the legislature substituted the name Yreka, when making it the county seat of the newly created county of Siskiyou.

Closely following the gold seekers were the traders, saloon keepers, gamblers, and merchants.

Among the early arrivals were the Greathouse brothers—George, Henry and Ridgley.[1] They came here from Kentucky, of Colonial Virginia stock.[2] They immediately took an active part in the business life of the town, engaging in real estate, the development of a commercial water company, stage and express business, and banking. In conjunction with the banking business, Ridge Greathouse regularly carried gold dust and coin by pack train or alone over the rugged trails through the Scott and Trinity mountains to San Francisco. Family tradition has it that he had many hairbreadth adventures and miraculous escapes from highwaymen and Indians on these lonely mountain trails.

The remoteness of the Siskiyou mines, the ruggedness of the mountains covered with dense forest growth, the steeply cut valleys and river canyons made communication with the mines and supply centers to the south extremely difficult. The only means of communication was by winding pack trails—at best dangerous to both man and beast—and made even more hazardous in the winter by heavy snowfall and rains. Over these tortuous trails the first express and pack trains carried mail and supplies to the mines from such centers as Shasta City, Red Bluff, and Colusa.

As the mining communities sprang up over the state the demand for postal service became widespread. The United States Post Office Department was slow to meet this demand. Even when post offices were eventually established in the more important camps, the mails were irregular and slow. In response to this demand private express lines came into being which soon took a leading part in transportation and communication. Bancroft states that "the enterprise of the people was in no way more manifest than in this branch of the business, marked as it was, not alone by bulk and extent, but by the speed and endurance brought out by competition for popular favor." According to Wells' *History of Siskiyou County*, Cram, Rogers, and Co. opened the first regular express line in the fall of 1851 between Yreka and Shasta. At the latter town they connected with Adams & Co. In 1852 the firm of Rhodes & Lusk started an opposition line connecting at Shasta with Wells-Fargo & Co. The failure of Adams & Co. in the spring of 1855 was a death blow to

1. The name Ridgley is found in documents and books spelled variously Ridgely, Ridgeley and Ridgley. The latter is the spelling used by the family.

2. The father of the Greathouse brothers was William, the son of Major Isaac Stull Greathouse who had served in the Revolution from Virginia. Their mother was the former Jane Lewis, daughter of Colonel George Lewis, a niece of Meriweather Lewis, who with Clark led the famous expedition to the mouth of the Columbia River in 1804-6.

Cram, Rogers & Co. A new line started by Jack Horsley and S. D. Brastow had but a brief existence. George, Henry, and Ridge Greathouse, in connection with Hugh Slicer, then started an express and passenger business. They ran stages to Callahan's,[3] and then sent their express and passengers over the mountains on mules to Shasta. The following item appeared in the news column of the Shasta, California, weekly *Courier* of December 22, 1855:

"Greathouse & Slicer's Express. We call attention of our business men to the card of Messrs. Greathouse & Slicer. It will be seen that they have established a Daily Express between this place and Yreka. Wm. T. Hanford, a young gentleman well and favorably known as one of the oldest Expressman in Northern California, is their agent resident at Yreka."

The card referred to read:

GREATHOUSE & SLICER'S EXPRESS

We are now prepared to run a Daily Express from our office in Yreka, to all parts of California and Oregon, connecting at Shasta with

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

Regular messengers leave the Office every MONDAY and THURSDAY, for carrying treasure.

Letters and package Express Daily.

Collections and Commissions attended to with promptness and dispatch.

Checks on Wells, Fargo & Co.
Payable at
SHASTA,
SACRAMENTO, and
SAN FRANCISCO

Drafts on any of the Atlantic Cities.
Treasure received for shipment and insured.
Gold Dust bought at the highest rates

Greathouse & Slicer
W. T. HANFORD, Agent

Yreka, Dec. 22, 1855

3. Callahan's was located at the south end of Scott Valley at the foot of Scott Mountains. M. B. Callahan located here in 1851, where he built a small cabin and furnished slender meals for the weary traveler. In 1854 the ranch hotel, still standing, was built with a sturdy hand-hewn log frame and finished with hand-split laths covered with plaster, a rare luxury at that date. The old hotel served as a stage station until the early 1900's.

This advertisement was continued in the *Courier* until March 1, 1856. A similar advertisement appeared in the Yreka *Union* beginning October 20, 1855.

Previous to this the Greathouse brothers, under the name of "Greathouse & Co.", had been running a passenger train of pack mules over the mountains from Callahan's to Shasta as evidenced by the following news item in the Shasta *Courier* of August 12, 1854:

> "Greathouse & Co. are running daily passenger trains of mules between this place and Callahan's ranch, at the head of Scotts Valley. This line connects with McComb & Co's line of stages at Callahan's, and with the California Stage Co. line in Shasta."

McLaughlin & McComb, detailing connections of their California and Oregon Mail Stage Line, announced in the Shasta *Courier* for August 26, 1854:

> "Mr. Geo. L. Greathouse & Brothers have established a line of saddle mules between Shasta and Callahan's Ranch, leaving the St. Charles Hotel, Shasta, every morning at 6 o'clock for Callahan's Ranch. Messrs. Greathouse and Bros. have spared no pains to make everything comfortable and convenient for the traveling public over this road."
>
> Wm. McTurk is listed as agent in Shasta and Hugh Slicer agent in Yreka.

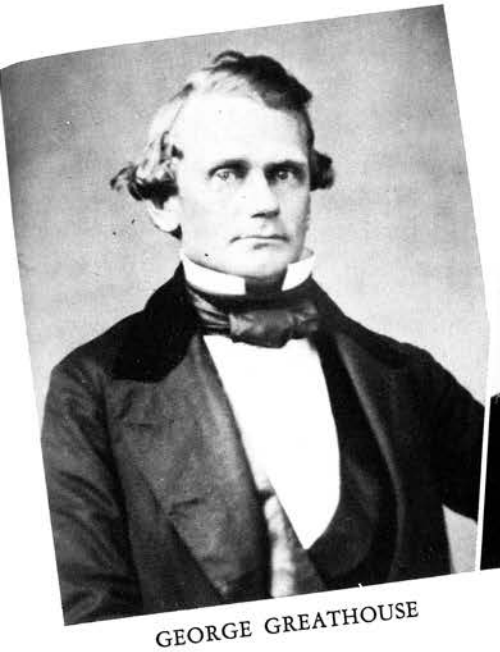
On October 28, 1854 the *Courier* laments that "The stages arrive crowded (in Shasta) every day. A majority of the passengers are making for the diggings in Trinity and Siskiyou Counties. The facilities afforded by Greathouse and Company, Cram, Rogers and Company, and James Loag, of the Shasta Horse Market, are so ample, that there is now but little difficulty in reaching any mining points north of this. It strikes us as being very remarkable, however, that men will rush to a distant point in search of diggings when by stopping in this county they may have the opportunity of working in the very best dry diggings to be found in the state."

H. H. Bancroft in the *Chronicles of the Builders* says: "At Yreka—in 1855—following the failure of Cram, Rogers and Co's. Express—A line was started by J. Horsley and S. D. Brastow to connect with the Pacific Express Co. (at Shasta). The line was soon succeeded by an express, banking and passenger business started by George, Henry and Ridgely Greathouse and Hugh Slicer. This Company ran stages to Callahan's Ranch, and sent their express and passengers thence over the mountains on mules."

The route traveled by the stages of Greathouse and Slicer followed up Yreka Creek, climbing over the rugged slopes of Forrest House Mountain, the Pass being in excess of 4000 feet, then down along Moffitt Creek to Ft. Jones[4] in Scott Valley. Turning south

4. Fort Jones was named after Col. Roger Jones, adjutant general of the army. It was established on Oct. 16, 1852 by companies A & E of the First Dragoons. General George Crook as a young lieutenant was stationed here in 1853 and again in 1856-7.

THE FABULOUS GREATHOUSE BROTHERS



GEORGE GREATHOUSE

RIDGLEY GREATHOUSE

HENRY GREATHOUSE

here the route followed up Scott River through this lovely valley to Callahan's. At the foot of Scott Mountains M. B. Callahan had established a store and hotel in 1852 which was the terminus of Greathouse and Slicer's stage line. Here the passengers and express were transferred to mule train and made the difficult crossing of the high, rocky and precipitous Scott Mountains, furrowed into deep canyons, to the valley of the Trinity River some miles above Carrville. Continuing down the lovely Trinity River through Trinity Center to Feeny, the trail climbed steeply over Trinity Mountain through magnificent fir, pine, spruce and oak trees to Whitney on Clear Creek. Here the trail followed down this picturesque ravine through French Gulch to Tower House. At this point the trail from Weaverville joined the Yreka trail and proceeded eastward through Whiskeytown to Shasta.

Some of the hazards of this trail are indicated by an item that appeared in the Red Bluffs, weekly *Beacon* for April 29, 1857:

MULE DROWNED AND EXPRESS MATTER LOST—

> A gentleman just down from Yreka informs us that on Sunday last while Messrs. Greathouse and Company's Express was crossing Coffee Creek, a mule on which was packed the Express matter, was caught in the current and drowned. Up to the time our informant left, the Express had not been recovered.

Again we have an item from the Sacramento *Union* of January 13, 1857: "Senator Cosby, of Siskiyou, who arrived at the capital, was compelled to cross Scott Mountain on snow shoes. He in company with several other gentlemen were seven days in getting from Callahan's to Shasta. . . . On Scott Mountain the depth of snow was about twelve feet, and on Trinity eight feet. Snow shoes are now absolutely indispensable in the North. It is by means of them alone, that communication can be had with Yreka from the South. The passages of the mountain are extremely perilous."

Danger from highwaymen was ever present. In March 1856 an express was way-laid by a gang of masked men as it neared the foot of Trinity Mountain and robbed of $21,000—in gold dust.

Until the California and Oregon Railroad completed its line through the Sacramento River Canyon in the early eighties, this historic route remained one of the main arteries for commerce between Oregon and California. The beauty of the scenery on this route was unforgetible. To quote Isaac Cox, in *The Annals of Trinity County:* "The scenery viewed from the top of Scott's Mountain is magnificent. In every direction as far as the eye can reach, you behold an Alpine panorama, which causes you to forget the paltry cares of the world beneath. The Glory of God and his creation is preached here, in strains which would put pulpit preaching to blush, if it were conscious of Nature's sublimity."

A traveler in 1853 found the going rough over Scott Mountain. He comments that "The Yreka trail over Scott Mountain especially calls for improvement. Why many persons have not had their necks broken in passing over that Mountain is alone attributable to the wonderful skill with which our mules have learned to scale the huge rocks."

By 1860 there was a considerable change for the better as a correspondent wrote that "The route over Scotts Mountain has opened up a safe, pleasant and ready access to Shasta and Sacramento Valley. It is a delightful road. I crossed it the other day—distance from base to base, fourteen miles—in two hours. Fast traveling that, over what was here-to-fore regarded as an impassable barrier."

While operating their express line the Greathouse brothers were engaged in other activities around Yreka. They were active participants in the building of the Big Ditch, variously known as the Yreka Ditch or Shasta River Canal Company, to supply water to the placer miners in the Yreka Basin. It played an important part in the early life of the community. The remains of this canal can be seen today along the foothills to the West of the highway as one drives between Weed and Yreka. It was some 90 miles in length. George Greathouse was president and Ridgely was treasurer of the company for several years. In 1859-60 Ridgely was treasurer of the town of Yreka. In 1861 Greathouse and Company ran the first line of through stages from Yreka to Red Bluff over the new road opened through the Sacramento River Canyon. Simeon Southern,[5] the famous proprietor

of a number of hotels and stage stations in the northern mining country had recently built a store and stopping place on the trail, in the Sacramento River Canyon, and with the opening of the Soda Springs Turnpike Company's road, according to May Southern, his daughter, he added corrals and sheds for the use of the stock of Greathouse and Company.

Heavy floods occurred in the winter of 1861-62 which swept away all bridges over the Sacramento and washed out practically all evidence of the road, so that it went into bankruptcy. George Greathouse, who had loaned a large sum of money to the Turnpike Company, appointed Simeon Southern, his brother-in-law, receiver.

With the advent of the Civil War the Greathouse brothers, who were from Kentucky, showed sympathy with the Southern cause. George and Henry seem to have been rather passive in their attitude. Ridgely, however, apparently more adventurous, became involved in a case that created a great deal of excitement and interest at the time. In 1861 Ridgely had gone to visit relatives in Kentucky, and in returning to California via Panama, he fell in with Asbury Harpending,[6] a fellow Kentuckian, and Alfred Rubery,[7] an English youth.

Harpending had dreamed up a wild scheme to buy a ship in San Francisco to be fitted out as a privateer, to capture the steamers out of San Francisco carrying the shipments of gold and silver from the mines of California and Nevada that were so essential to the Union cause. The money promised Harpending by unnamed persons to buy the ship was not forthcoming when needed, and drafts drawn by Rubery on persons in London were refused. At this point, Ridgley Greathouse, referred to as a capitalist banker of Yreka, was persuaded to participate, supplying the money to purchase the ship that had been selected as well adapted for the purpose in mind. This was the fast schooner *J. M. Chapman*, of 90 tons burden, just 130 days out from New York via Valpariso.

The vessel was loaded with two brass rifled 12 pounders, shells, fuses, powder, muskets, pistols and every necessary kind of ordinance equipment, in boxes marked "oil mill" and "machinery." A crew was assembled. Some lumber and general cargo for Manzanillo, Mexico, was also taken on for which port the vessel was listed.

The plot was uncovered, however, by the federal authorities and the vessel was boarded just as it cast off from the dock on March 14, 1863, by sailors from the Sloop-of-War *Cayane*. The ringleaders and all aboard were arrested and jailed on Alcatraz Island.

In October, the "pirates," as the newspapers called them, were brought to trial in the Circuit Court of the Northern District of California, before Associate Justice Stephen

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5. Simeon F. Southern kept the Empire Hotel in French Gulch from 1856-58. He built his hotel and stage station in the Sacramento River Canyon in 1859. It was for many years famous for its hospitality and was a popular resort for travelers. Brewer comments on Mr. Southern's marvelous stories and notes "that with him, 'truth is stranger than fiction'." When the Southern Pacific built through the canyon they named the station at this place Sims for Simeon Southern.

J. Field of the Supreme Court and Judge Ogden Hoffman of the District Court in the case known as the "Chapman Treason Case."

Robinson, in his *The Confederate Privateers*, has a chapter telling of this affair which he titles "The Case of Captain Greathouse."

Greathouse, Harpending and Rubery were not charged with piracy, but they were indicted for engaging in, and giving aid and comfort to the Rebellion. The Jury, after being out four minutes, returned with a verdict of guilty. The prisoners were each fined $10,000 and sentenced to imprisonment for ten years.

The envolvement of the young Englishman Rubery, produced a little known incident in President Lincoln's career—a pardon for Rubery by Lincoln in response to a request by John Bright. And, as the pardon reads, in part, a "public mark of the esteem held by the United States of America for the high character and steady friendship of the said John Bright."

On November 1, 1863 Ridge wrote from Alcatraz to his brother George about his imprisonment and said that Rubery and himself were confined in a cell 5 by 10 feet and were not permitted out for any purpose, but he seemed quite philosophical and unrepentant about it.

At this time, in the *Daily California Express*, Marysville, under the heading "The Chapman Pirates", Ridgley Greathouse is described as "a square headed, handsome fellow, with yellow hair, blue eyes, a pretty mustache, and a wide-awake business look." The article further states that "he is well known in the northern part of the state. He carried the mail some years ago between this place and Downieville." It ends with "Greathouse is no sailor, but he will yet man a rope." The *Shasta Courier* under date of October 24, 1863 commented that "The sentence of the principal pirates meets with public approbation."

6. Asbury Harpending, the son of a wealthy Kentucky family, was an adventurous youth who came to California in 1857 via the Isthmus when little more than 16 years of age. Going to the northern mines he struck it lucky and had amassed a fortune of $60,000 before he was 17. He shortly after went to Mexico and successfully engaged in mining. He returned to San Francisco in 1860 still not quite 20 with a quarter of a million dollars. Lincoln had just been elected president and Harpending, being a hot-headed southern sympathizer, soon was deeply involved in the abortive effort of the Southern sympathizers to take over California for the South. In this effort he lost most of his fortune. Harpending now had the idea of fitting out a ship to intercept the gold shipment to the east. He made his way through Mexico to the Confederate States and secured from Jefferson Davis a letter of Marque and a commission as Captain in the Confederate Navy. Harpending was later identified with William Ralston in a number of real estate projects, railroad ventures and the "Great Diamond Hoax." He was also the founder of Havilah in the Kern River Mines.
7. Alfred Rubery was an English youth who became acquainted with Harpending as the result of a dueling fiasco. Rubery's apparent lust for adventure made him an eager participant in the privateering enterprise. He was not a nephew of John Bright as Harpending seems to have thought, but the son of a widow living in John Bright's constituency. He was later associated with Harpending in the "Great Diamond Hoax" after which he migrated to Australia.

THE FABULOUS GREATHOUSE BROTHERS

In February 1864 Judge Hoffman released Ridgley Greathouse under the provisions of the Presidents' amnesty proclamation, upon the prisoner taking the oath of allegiance. He did not for long enjoy his freedom however, for he had for some unexplained reason retained a military pass, No. 253, issued at Louisville, Kentucky on February 5, 1862, reading, "Pass bearer, Mr. R. Greathouse, through our lines to Evansville. By command of Brig. Gen. Buell, A. F. Richmond, Aid-de-Camp." On the reverse he had subscribed to an oath reading, in part: "and that I will not take up arms against the United States, or aid or comfort, or furnish information, directly or indirectly, to any person or persons belonging to the so styled Confederate states, who are now or may be in rebellion against the Government of the United States, so help me God. It is understood that the penalty for violation is death."

This document was found in a secret drawer of a secretary belonging to him on board the *Chapman*, and as one paper observed, "presents the anomaly of a man signing his own death warrant." They were mistaken, however, as will be presently shown.

On or about April 9, 1864, in Yreka, Ridgley Greathouse was seized again by the federal authorities and returned to San Francisco. Here he was put in irons and placed aboard a steamer bound for New York via Panama, under guard of Lieut. Col. McGarry and three soldiers. On arrival in New York he was placed in Fort Lafayette, the fortress-prison in New York harbor, to await trial by court martial.

In the mean time feeling and sentiment were strong against the Greathouses in Yreka. A paper at the time reported: "We are advised by persons recently from Yreka, that George Greathouse—brother of that eminent young man Ridgely Greathouse who was convicted of piracy—is now 'laying around loose' in the northern part of the county, a fugitive from justice, there being a warrant out for his arrest on a charge of treason. Poor George! We knew him when good men sought him for his virtues, real or supposed, that they might grasp his hand in friendship, smile and bid him Godspeed as he passed through our town. Now how changed, men shun him like a leper."

Henry had earlier gone to the northern mines in Idaho and the Boise Basin, where he established a number of express lines running from Idaho City to Centerville and Placerville and from Boise to Wallula on the Columbia. At one period, by pooling interests with John Hailey and a couple of other expressmen, they controlled most of the express business of southern Idaho. This chapter of the Greathouse story will have to be developed at another time. George Greathouse, however, joined his brother in Boise when feelings against him were so strong in Yreka.

Meanwhile, Ridge, incarcerated in Fort Lafayette, was not idle. He had contrived through the wife of another prisoner, who was permitted to see her husband regularly, to get some saws with which he cut the iron bars of his window. The following is an account of his escape taken from a letter written to his sister."

"On the night of the 13th of July, having provided myself with a bottle of brandy under pretense of using it for medical purposes, I had sawed the bars of my cell window and under cover of darkness got out, crawled past the sentry and let myself down from the parapet into the water. The noise made by falling into the water attracted attention and immediately that side of the fort was illuminated by rockets, and guns were fired into the water, and boats were sent out. I swam around to the opposite side in to the dark until the boats had passed to the shore, when I silently struck out with the tide, it being flood, for New York. I had a summer coat and pants tied around my waist, had on a woolen shirt, and my shoes slung over my neck. I seemed to have five times my usual strength, and in a short time I was far away from the fort and could see the lights and the guards. By this time I began to get tired and much chilled. I turned on my back and taking out my brandy took a good drink to the health of Burk, the commander of the fort, knowing he would catch hell the next day for my escape. The brandy and the great stake for which I was playing gave me nenewed strength and I again struck out and swam, making fast time. After being in the water about an hour and a half, I landed and walked ten miles to Brooklyn, went from there to Williamsburg and knowing there was a telegraph to all the ferries, I hired a boy to cross me into New York with a boat. I immediately went up town and sought that portion of the city, the lowest and most degraded, where I suppose a respectable person never came before, and where I am now writing this letter, having no apprehension of being taken. Before you receive this you will doubtless hear by telegraph of my safe arrival in Canada. They took all my money away at the Fort, but I have enough to carry me across the line. No one but myself escaped. A few days before, several tried to escape, but they were detected and heavily ironed."

He did reach Canada safely from where he went to England, briefly visited Rubery, toured the continent, and then went to Mexico where he stayed until the General Amnesty Proclamation of Andrew Johnson permitted him to return to the United States with safety.

Here he joined another brother Robert who had a cattle ranch at Gonzales, Texas. While driving 2000 head of cattle to Idaho to join Henry and George, Bob was fatally stricken with cholera. Most of the trail hands deserted, so Ridge was forced to dispose of the herd in Kansas. The remainder of his life was spent in Idaho and Texas, where he seems to have been somewhat of a character.

Laura V. Hamner, in *Short Grass and Longhorns*, writes of Ridgley as follows: "Uncle Ridge, professional animal poisoner, wandered about in a little wagon, following the Matador outfit, fed by the ranch in order that he might keep down wolves and other preditory animals. He was well educated, refined and a man of innate dignity, refusing to be called Grandpa but yielding to the nickname Uncle Ridge. He was a scarecrow in appearance, with snowy hair, tattered clothes, trouser-legs and coat sleeves tied with twine to keep the wind from penetrating. Instead of being the filthy vagrant he appeared,

he was so cleanly in personal habits that he bathed every day, no matter what the weather or what the accommodations. He used the creeks in warm weather. On cold days he climbed to the seat of the wagon, stripped to the skin, even in blizzards, held a towel by each end and enjoyed a good rubdown."

Uncle Ridge had one weakness. He loved to drink. The boys stole his whiskey or hid it to annoy him. Once he looked up from a book of poetry he was reading and said, "If the gentleman who stole my whiskey will step forward and tell me he did it, I'll fill his body so full of lead he can't walk up the hill." No one confessed.

He died at Matador, in broken health and prematurely aged by his imprisonment, wanderings and adventurous life.

Henry sold his express and other holdings in Idaho and settled in Decatur, Texas, where he organized the first National Bank of Decatur, operated a hotel and engaged in the cattle business and apparently occupied a position of considerable importance.

After the brothers' sale of their holdings in Idaho, George went to Salt Lake City and became agent for Wells-Fargo, whose president, Lloyd Tevis, was a cousin. Later he occupied the same position in Silver City, Idaho, and finally he was agent in Santa Rosa where he died May 27, 1879. The notice of his passing was in marked contrast to that appearing in Yreka when he left that town—"shunned as one would a leper."

The *Santa Rosa Democrat* wrote: "No man ever made sincerer friends quicker, or was held in higher esteem," to which the *Yreka Union* added: "He had a host of friends in this county, who will be sorry to hear of his death."

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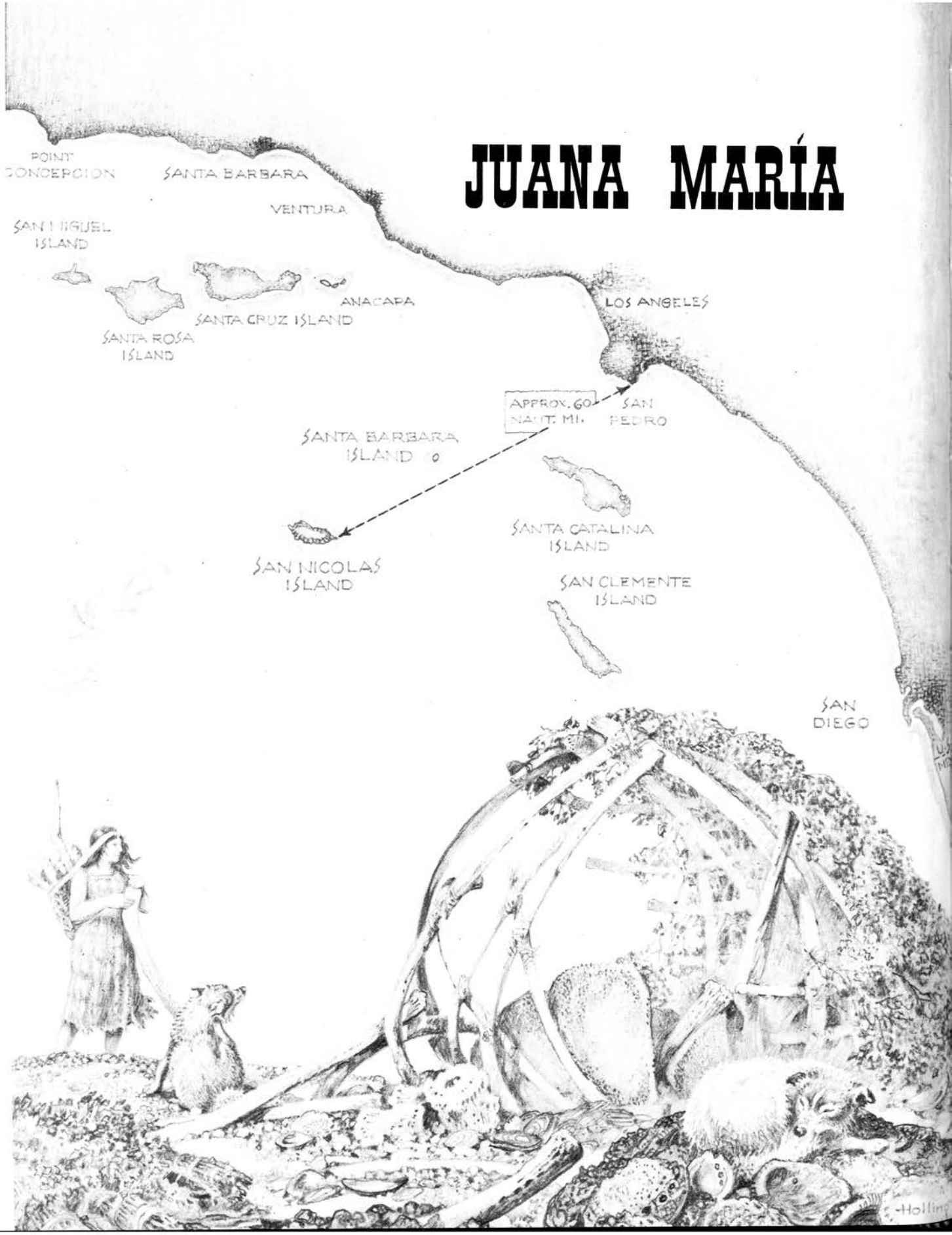
FAMILY LETTERS

JUANA MARÍA


POINT CONCEPCION
SANTA BARBARA
VENTURA
SAN MIGUEL ISLAND
SANTA ROSA ISLAND
SANTA CRUZ ISLAND
ANACAPA
LOS ANGELES
APPROX. 60 NAUT. MI.
SAN PEDRO
SANTA BARBARA ISLAND
SANTA CATALINA ISLAND
SAN NICOLAS ISLAND
SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND
SAN DIEGO

On barren, windswept San Nicolas Island, off the Southern California coast, the battle of nature against man, and man against nature has been waged for centuries. Part of this great drama includes the strange vanishment of its native population, the invasion of the sea otter hunters, and the mystery of the Lost Woman of San Nicolas.

JUANA MARÍA

Sidelights on the Indian Occupation of San Nicholas Island

By ARTHUR WOODWARD

LONELY, WIND-SWEPT SAN NICOLAS ISLAND lies approximately sixty miles northwest from San Pedro, the most isolated of all the islands of the Southern California coast. During the past three and one-half centuries the island has borne many names. Who first named it San Nicolas is, according to Wagner, a moot question. He believes it may have been some one on the *Tres Reyes*, the vessel commanded by Sebastian Vizcaino, December 6, 1602. To the Indians on the mainland it was known as Ghalas-at, which some students think may have been the Chumash pronunciation of the Gabrielino word Haras-nga. Down the ages especially during the 19th century it has been called "Sea Otter Island," "The Isle of Skulls," and in 1900 the authoress Blanche Trask referred to it as "Dying San Nicolas." At the present time it is technically a part of Ventura County but is under the control of the United States Navy.

Judging by the extensive shell mounds to be found on the north side of San Nicolas, especially toward the west end, the native population in prehistoric times was concentrated in those areas.

The island is approximately ten miles long and perhaps four miles in width at the widest part. It rises from the sea to a height of about 800 feet. The top is rolling, semi-flat terrain, breaking abruptly into a series of rugged, steep, barren arroyos on the south side and eastern end. These dry, eroded canyons were termed "the Roughs" by sheepmen who ranged their flocks over the island during the last half of the 19th and the first four decades of the 20th centuries.

The east end terminates in a long, partially submerged sand spit, dreaded by mariners, and across this long sandy dagger, sheathed in the surges of the ocean, the rapid currents sweep from east and west, meeting here and culminating in fountains of snowy spray, which on sunny days shimmer like aquatic fireworks as the huge rollers thunder together.

At the west end, rocky fangs protrude, extending for some distance into the sea. These rocks, exposed at low tide are the home of countless thousands of haliotis, mussels and other shell fish. Here too, at the west end, rise long, rolling sand hills, stretching east

and along the south coast to join with the western edge of the escarpment. The south shore, near the west end is also the site of two huge sea lion rookeries, where thousands of sea lions bark constantly. Nearby are shag rookeries. The waters surrounding San Nicolas teem with fish, and in ancient times, the fabulous sea otter made the island waters their home.

On the north side also are the only potable springs. The water seeps from the rocky ledges and wells up near the beachline. Since no group of people can survive without water or food, the north and west sides of San Nicolas became particularly desirable to the Indians who called it home.

Judging by their archeological remains the natives of San Nicolas were allied to the Chumash. Only four badly spelled words have been preserved of their speech, which prove it to have been Shoshonean. However, these people living in semi-isolation on their sandy, desert-like island probably developed a special dialect, which over the course of the years may have been practically unintelligible to their mainland brethren.

The San Nicoleño were essentially a maritime group. Aside from what trading they may have done with the tribesmen along the southern coast of California, probably from Santa Barbara south to San Pedro, for acorns, seeds, deer meat, wild nettle cordage, etc., all of their living came from the sea.

They ate abalone, mussels, chitons, limpets, crabs, sea urchins and many other crustacea and mollusks. They fashioned circular fish-hooks out of abalone and mussel shells as well as the small turban shells. Thousands of these hooks have been found in the shell mounds mingled with many types of bone implements made from sea mammals. With harpoons tipped with bone and stone they took the whale, sea otter, seal, sword-fish, marlin and many other of the larger denizens of the ocean.

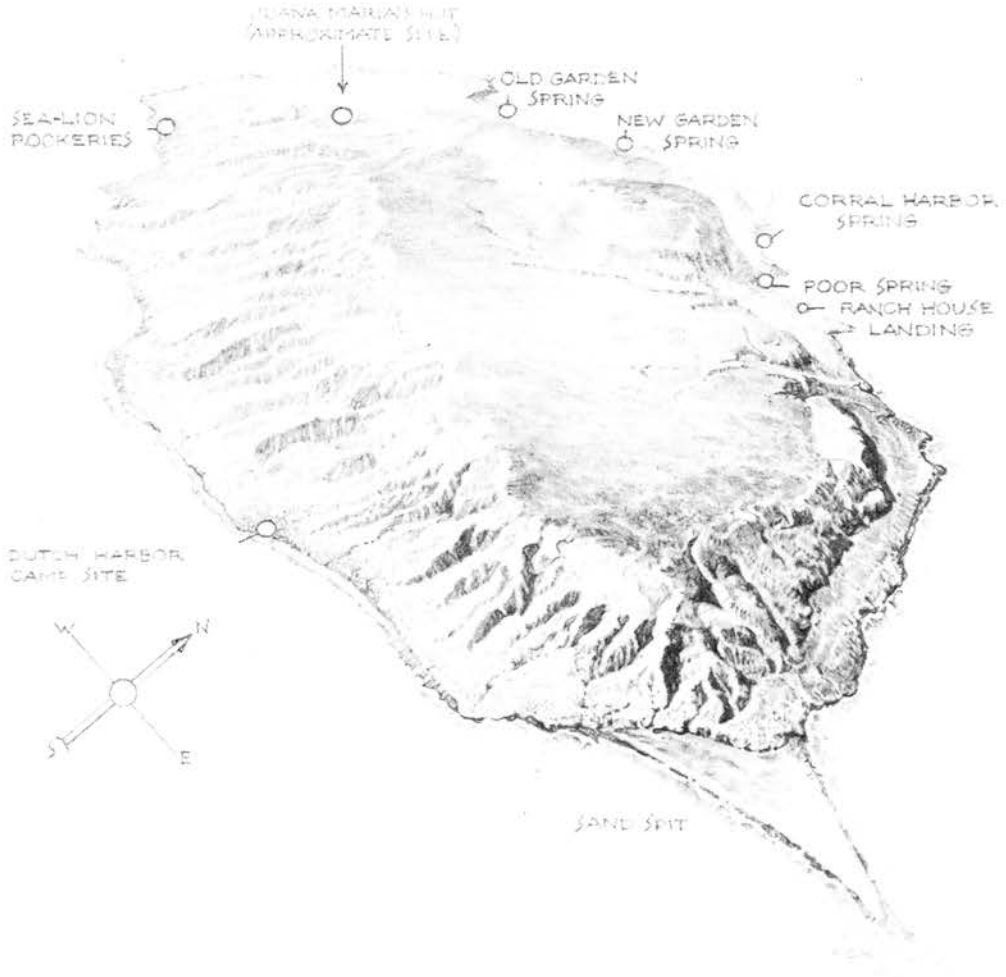
Many of their implements were of the same general type as those recovered from mainland village sites. The circular shell hooks for example, were quite similar to those found in the excavation of Wihatset at Point Mugu and other villages nearby, and on the islands of Santa Rosa, San Miguel and Santa Cruz. However, there was one slight difference that set the shell hooks of San Nicolas apart from the others, the shank of the hook was a small knob, while those found elsewhere had longer, flattened shanks.

The largest game to be found on San Nicolas was the small gray fox. Consequently, as one might expect, arrowheads of chipped chert, chalcedony and other minerals were not so plentiful on San Nicolas as elsewhere, although some were found, along with knife and spear plades.

The skins of the sea otter, seals, sea lions and probably sea elephants furnished fur robes, while the skins of shag and pelican and other sea birds likewise provided clothing for the islanders. From the rocks along the shore the island women gathered sea grass from which they manufactured cordage of varying sizes. They also wove aprons, mats

and capes out of this material. Since San Nicolas did not provide the three-leaf sumach, the deer grass, or the juncus reed, from which the mainlanders wove their basketry, the San Nicoleno women used the sea grass, from which they wove a flexible sort of narrow-necked basketry bottle. This they made waterproof with tar gathered from the ocean, or which floated ashore and was deposited upon the rocks or upon the beach.

In 1939-1940 I was on San Nicolas Island and tramped from site to site, surfacing some of the ancient villages and excavating in others. From one badly eroded mound at Dutch Harbor (so called) on the south side of the island, we removed quantities of two-ply twisted sea grass cordage, fish lines, aprons (the latter were short, truncated triangular



affairs with some of the lower fringes ornamented with small pellets of bitumen). Fragments of mats, a portion of a large cape and a partially woven grass bottle or basket, all in a fairly good state of preservation, were found under about six to eight inches of midden debris consisting of shell, charcoal, sand, stone, etc.

From other sites we also took quantities of small, tarred pebbles about the size of walnuts and even smaller. These were uncovered in heaps of twenty to one hundred and sixty, the tar upon them was smooth and glistening as if the pebbles had been buried but yesterday. On the mainland the Indian women made baskets and tarred them, but in the latter case the utensils were made of stiffer materials and the baskets themselves had wider orifices, consequently the round stones used in the tarring process were larger, some of them ranging up to the size of tennis balls.

The habitations of the San Nicoleño were constructed of whale ribs, scapulae and other large bones from the ungainly mammals. Apparently these so-called houses were more like open-topped shelters than true wickiups used by their mainland brethren. In the first place young trees suitable for the flexible framework of the thatched houses built by practically all of the tribesmen from San Diego north along the coast beyond Santa Barbara, were lacking on San Nicolas. During prehistoric times grass necessary for thatching may have been present on the island, but after the introduction of sheep onto the sea-girt island in the mid-1800's, the ground-cover began to disappear under the voracious attacks of the wooly locusts, while the sharp hoofs of the sheep cut the surface of the sites themselves so badly that the wind and rain took over and began the ultimate disintegration of the land.

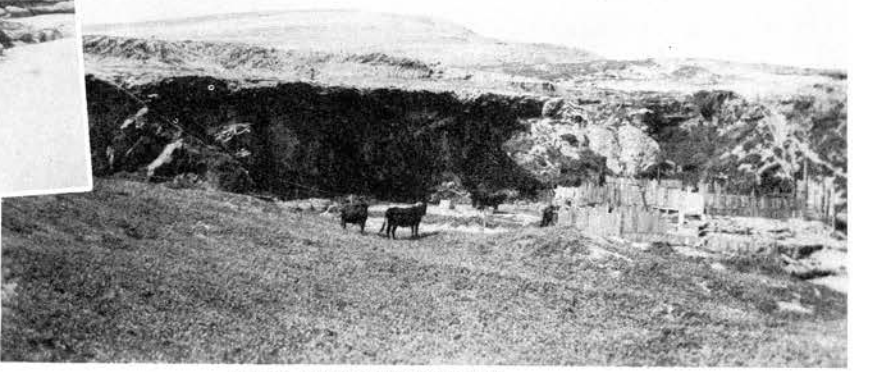
During the Indian occupation of San Nicolas there was apparently considerable ground-cover in the form of abronia or sand verbena and the taller malva bushes and possibly larger clumps of vegetation such as the western holly and other vegetation. When the sheep were introduced after the 1850's, all of this protective shrubbery vanished and the moving sands began their inexorable scouring away of the west end of the island.

The San Nicoleño used sewed-plank canoes to navigate the open waters between their isolated homeland and the nearby islands, and the mainland sixty miles away. These canoes were peculiar to the Channel dwellers along the entire stretch from Redondo northward to the region about Santa Barbara and adjacent islands.

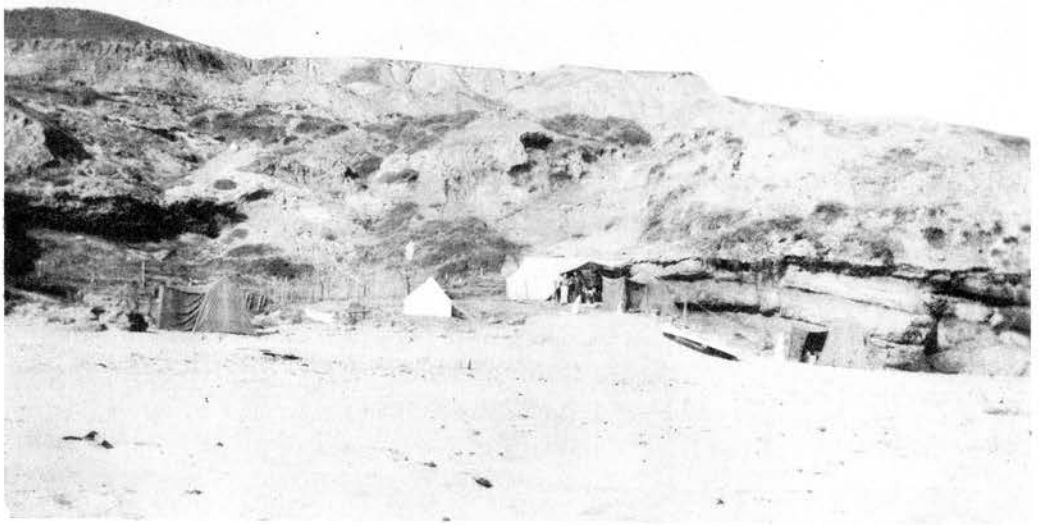
The canoes were of varying sizes, ranging in length from eight to ten feet, to a possible thirty feet, with beams averaging three to four feet. Such craft had a capacity of two to twenty or possibly more persons. They were propelled with double-bladed paddles and were often painted with red oxide of iron paint or more lavishly ornamented with bits of the nacreous haliotis shell. The planks themselves were of different sizes, and the woods used were pine, cedar, juniper and redwood. Holes were bored along the margins of these planks, shallow channels were cut in which to lay the reddish milkweed or nettle fiber

JUANA MARÍA

OLD GARDEN SPRING,
SAN NICOLAS ISLAND
Nearest source of water supply
for Juana María.
(Photo by Art Woodward,
July 25, 1939)



NEW GARDEN SPRINGS
This was the largest and best spring on the northwest side of San Nicolas Island, from which Juana María obtained her drinking water. It was on top of this cliff that the men waited while Juana performed her ablutions.
(Photo by Arthur Woodward, 1939)



CAMP JUANA MARÍA, LOS ANGELES COUNTY CHANNEL ISLAND EXPEDITION, JULY 1939
This camp was pitched at Ranch House Landing beach probably near site of Nidever's landing in 1853.
(Photo by Art Woodward)

cords, and thus the canoes were pieced together—a liberal caulking of boiling hot bitumen being used to seal the seams. Even so, the bail boy had to dip constantly to keep out the water that seeped in. While excavating Big Dog Cave on the east end of San Clemente Island, for the Channel Island Survey Expedition sponsored by the Los Angeles County Museum, early in December 1939, Barker Woodward, one of the archeological assistants, discovered a small pine plank from one of these canoes. It was in perfect condition. The piece of wood (later identified as being a portion of Torrey Pine, probably from Santa Rosa Island, or possibly from the grove near La Jolla on the mainland) was 8½ by 5½ feet. It was pierced by six small holes drilled along the edge, and in one of these a strand of two-ply nettle fibre cordage covered with bitumen still adhered. Later a second, smaller, plank was discovered in the same cave.

In such cleverly contrived canoes the San Nicoleño traversed the treacherous waters around the island, and by choosing their days when the weather was favorable, they could easily paddle to Santa Barbara, thence to Santa Catalina, and so to San Clemente or across the open channel to San Pedro, Redondo and to points along the coast where Chumash villages were located. Or by a more direct route of some sixty-four miles over open sea, they could reach San Miguel, from whence it was relatively easy to paddle to Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, Anacapa and the adjacent mainland.

All in all, life on the Island was not too hard. There was plenty of foodstuffs. True the weather was inclement; the harsh winds sweeping down from the north made even the circular whale-bone and brush enclosures seem like palaces, and there were heavy bone-chilling fogs which enveloped the island. At night the sky above the little desert in the sea might be clear, with the stars shining overhead, but off-shore the heavy, impenetrable gray robe of fog covered the sea, and, with a north wind, scudded by like all the lost ghosts of former inhabitants of the land. But to the Indians accustomed to such things, life was not too unbearable on San Nicolas.

When an Islander died he was buried, probably with great ceremony, in a sandy grave, accompanied by all of his earthly possessions. Into the pit with the man went his harpoons, knives, scrapers, drills of sandstone and chert, his fishing gear, paint stones, steatite pipes, hunting charms and all other paraphernalia so necessary in his society. The women took with them in their last sleep their sandstone mortars, bone awls, needles, whale-bone pry-bars for removing abalone from the rocks, unfinished baskets, their shell ornaments, hairpins, paint and everything else so dear to the feminine heart. Quite likely foodstuffs also went into the grave; dried meat of sea lion, seal or fish, shell-fish, crabs, etc. In the earlier days, contrary to the commonly accepted archeological beliefs, some of the bodies were cremated, and the accumulated calcined bones were deposited in the hardpan sub-stratum of the island, accompanied by tubular sandstone pipes, chipped blades, cooked mussels, etc. Similarly the early inhabitants on San Clemente buried their dead.

JUANA MARÍA

SCOURGE OF THE OTTER HUNTERS

During the early Spanish occupation of California, which began with the first overland *entrada* by Don Gaspar de Portolá and Fray Junípero Serra in 1769, the native population on all of the islands offshore were left severely alone by the missionaries and colonizers. This seeming neglect of the native islanders was probably not due to the wishes of the padres but was in fact brought about by a directive issued by the Viceroy Teodoro de la Croix of Mexico in 1770, the year following the establishment of the first settlements on the mainland:

"The inhabitants of the islands that form the channel of Santa Barbara must not be taken from there, not even for the purpose of reducing them to the Missions of the mainland; for besides the grave consequences that might result from depopulating these islands the Indians that live on them can be instructed by the Fathers of the Missions in the vicinity when such Indians pass over to the mainland. If the soil and conditions on said Islands are suitable for establishing Missions there, however, the corresponding means will be provided, which particular matter I am also communicating to the Rev. Fr. Presidente."

On June 22, 1771, Governor Pedro Fages, to whom the Viceroy had addressed the letter of instructions, responded, saying:

"The Fr. Presidente of these Missions and I have agreed that the inhabitants of the islands that form the Channel of Santa Barbara should not be removed to the missions of the mainland."

Thereafter, all during the mission period this order of 1770 stayed in effect. The padres never attempted to establish missions on the islands but they did record their satisfaction when Indians from Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa and presumably from some of the other islands came ashore to be baptized and live in the vicinity of Santa Barbara. As a result of this non-official communication between the priests and the distant islands, no adequate records of the population of those places have been preserved.

The last two decades of the 18th century saw more and more ships of Spanish, British and American registry venturing along the coast of California to tap the rich trade of this almost untouched source of pastoral revenues. Aside from acquiring hides, tallow and dried meats, the ship masters found the sea otter trade a richer field of endeavor.

In the far north the Russian *promlishennik* (the free fur trader), had already established himself, ranging out from the shores of Siberia to the Aleutian Islands and thence to the coast of Alaska proper, where the harvest of sea otter (*morskoy bohbior*—sea beaver) began to outrank the marten, sable and fox skins in the fur marts of China. Thousands upon thousands of furs from Russian sources found their way to this rich market every year.

In their search for additional furs the Russians extended their operations deeper and deeper into the territorial waters claimed by Spain. When this happened the Spanish authorities in Mexico tried to establish a monopoly in the field. Special authority was designated to private individuals and the Mission fathers for the taking and selling of sea otter skins. However politics, human greed and other factors combined to doom the

RANCH HOUSE AREA, SAN NICOLAS ISLAND
This collection of buildings was on north side of San Nicolas in 1939-40. They have since been demolished.

Spanish activities in the rich trade. Then after the turn of the 19th century, British and American ship owners entered into trade agreements with the Russians at Sitka and until about 1848 vessels of the foregoing nationalities sailed the waters along the California coast, smuggling and trading with the inhabitants and likewise reaping a most satisfactory harvest of sea otter pelts from the Channel Island waters.

The pelts of the sea otter were richer than beaver and made a warm lining for robes of Chinese mandarins and Russian nobles. The Indians too, made ready use of the skins and the islanders were especially found of making robes of the soft, warm fur. During the excavation of Big Dog Cave on San Clemente Island in the late fall of 1939 we found fragments of some of these sea otter robes, enveloping not only human remains but also those of a big, tawny dog.

On March 15, 1769, the *San Antonio*, one of the small vessels of the Portolá-Serra expedition made its first landfall at San Clemente Island.

Through the eyes of Fray Juan Vizcaíno, O.F.M., the priest on board the *San Antonio*, we are privileged to see some of the Indians who came out to the vessel on March 20th (Holy Monday) in two of their plank canoes from one of the Indian villages at Pyramid Cove on the southeast end of San Clemente Island:

"These Indians gave us of their possessions: two robes made of twisted skins held together with some fiber ropes or small cords fashioned to resemble a blanket, they seem to be made of alternating black and brown strips of otter fur, three or four fingers wide, arranged vertically, and the cords had the fur twisted inside and out, these were fastened together with some small cords, which had the colour of coconut husk . . ."

In the end it was the lust for these same sea otter skins that brought about the downfall of the Island Indians. The European invaders as well as the American ship captains brought in Indian hunters from Alaska and the coast of British Columbia. For many years the Aleut, Haida and Tlingit Indians pursued the "sea beavers" and in so doing came into conflict with the Channel Island tribesmen, to the ultimate wiping out of the surviving inhabitants of those deserts in the sea.

By the early 1800's only a few Indians were reported living on the islands of San Clemente and San Nicolas. Those on Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz and San Miguel, living closer to the mainland, had been gradually drifting thence to come under the aegis of the mission fathers.

THE LOST WOMAN OF SAN NICOLAS

The accounts vary as to who was responsible for the destruction of the dwindling populace of San Nicolas. J. J. Warner, writing for the *Los Angeles Star*, December 13, 1856, said:

"In the prosecution of collecting furs along this coast by the Russian Fur Company, a large party of traders and hunters composed of Russians, half-breeds and Codiac Indians, were in 1818, hunting and trading at the Island of San Nicolas.

SAN NICOLAS ISLAND

This is the bleak shore looking north from Ranch House Landing, over which Juana María trudged, and is on the route followed by Nidever and his party in the search for the Lost Woman. (Photo by Art Woodward, July 1939)

"During their stay on the Island jealousies sprang up and with them difficulties and broils occurred between the hunters and the natives. The inhabitants were simple and harmless, their numbers insufficient to cause internal discord, and their remote situation offered no opportunity to cultivate the science of war. The hunters and traders were the reverse of harmlessness and simplicity and without difficulty or loss on their part exterminated all of the inhabitants which they could discover except a small number of females whom they carried away with them on their departure.

"Two men and two women were undiscovered in their hiding place and after the sailing of the hunting party remained the only inhabitants on the Island. Their numbers were increased by the slow but gradual course of nature until 1836, when the population consisted of seven persons, four male and three females, one of whom of about twenty years of age was of a fairer tint than her companions.

"The otter hunters from Santa Barbara and Los Angeles who from 1830 to 1836 in the prosecution of their business along the shore of the mainland and the neighboring Islands sometimes extended the scene of their operations to the more remote Island. The reports they gave of the timid half-breed maiden of San Nicolas occasioned considerable sensation among their fellow hunters who had not visited the Island, or who, on their visits had not been so fortunate as to discover the inhabitants who invariably sought to avoid the observation of strangers. Repeated attempts were made by hunters at various times to induce this solitary family to hold intercourse with them but which were only partially successful.

"In the summer of 1836, an American and an Englishman, residents of Los Angeles, set out for the purpose of bringing away this family. After much delay and difficulty in accomplishing this object they succeeded in getting six of the seven persons on board their vessel and sailed for San Pedro."

(In April, 1946 I was informed by Mr. Leo M. Harloe of Compton that his grandfather Capt. Marcus Harloe, a part Scot, part English sea captain then living in Los Angeles accompanied Isaac Williams on this expedition.) Continued Warner:

"They were brought to Los Angeles where from the change of diet and habits they soon sickened and died, with the exception of one old man and one middle-aged female. The former became blind in consequence of his sickness but instinctively found his way to the ocean's shore, where, recovering his health, he for many years was the most notable object that met the eye of the visitor or traveler at San Pedro. He was unfortunately drowned by falling from a steep bank into the ocean. The latter lived for many years in the family of one of the most respectable citizens in whose care she was at the time of her death. The solitary female that was left on the Island in consequence of her flight from those who brought away her relatives, remained there in regal solitude. She was frequently seen by the hunters who visited the Island in subsequent years, but all efforts to hold communication with here were unsuccessful, as she invariably fled from the approach of every human being.

"About 1853 or 1854 Mr. George Nidever, who for many years had been engaged in otter hunting and had frequently visited the Island, found her, old, infirm and decrepit, suffering from hunger and succeeded in removing her from her solitary and lonesome abode."

In another article by Warner, which appeared in the *Star* (n.d.) and was reprinted in the *Evening Bulletin*, San Francisco, December 27, 1856, the author stated that the American vessel commanded by Captain Whittmore, with about thirty Kodiak Indians on board, was at San Nicolas in 1811. It was at this time the difficulties arose between the islanders and the intruders. If such was the case it is quite probable the ship was the *Charon*, owned by P. T. Jackson of Boston, under command of Captain Isaac Whittmore. However, since his schedule does not place him at San Nicolas in that year, it may well be that Warner was mistaken in the name of the captain. Three other ships, the *Albatross* under Capt. Nathan Winship, the *Isabella*, William Heath Davis in command, and the

O'Cain under Jonathin Winship, Jr., all having Kodiak hunters on board, were in the Island waters taking otter during 1810-1811. One account states that the firm of Boardman & Pope was the owner of the offending ship. The *O'Cain* was owned by that company in Boston. Frankly I do not know who was responsible for the alleged slaying of most of the surviving Indians on San Nicolas. The fact remains that by 1825-1836 there was only a handful of San Nicoleño left on the dying island.

The mission fathers at Santa Barbara are generally credited with having sent the *Peor es Nada* out to remove the survivors from San Nicolas. Dr. Stephen W. Bowers, editor of the *Ventura Observer*, stated in his article, "The Lone Woman of San Nicolas Island," December 20, 1892, that the schooner, *Peor es Nada* (Nothing is Worse) or Nothing Can Be Worse) was owned in Monterey and had been chartered for the trip by Lewis F. Burton and Isaac J. Sparks for the trip to San Nicolas. He also said the captain was Charles Hubbard, and the majority of the crew were Kanakas (Polynesians); an American, known as Bill Williams also accompanied them, and they set sail with the blessing of Father Gonzales of Santa Barbara mission, about August 1, 1835. (The latter statement on the part of Bowers, is, I believe, somewhat erroneous since, at the time when the *Peor es Nada* sailed, Fr. Antonio Jimeno was in charge of Mission Santa Barbara. There was a Leandro Gonzalez at the mission at this time, but he was a hired field overseer, not the spiritual head of the establishment. If any priest dispatched the vessel it may have been Fray Jimeno. Fr. José Mariá Gonzalez, who arrived on the coast in January 1833, did not take any post at Santa Barbara until the spring of 1842, seven years after the Indians had been removed from San Nicolas.)

At any rate the small vessel arrived off the north shore of the Island, presumably about the 3rd or 4th of August, 1835, and a party went ashore to round up the Indians. Apparently the natives were glad to be taken off. There is no harbor worthy of the name on San Nicolas. The waters about the place are treacherous. Ground swells are heavy, and at times the surf pounds the sweeping crescents of sandy beaches on both sides with tremendous force and high waves, making landing in small boats almost impossible. There is one very tiny enclosed harbor known today as Corral Harbor, just north of the old Ranch House Landing (the latter being about midway on the north shore) where small row boats can put in, or at least could before the tiny refuge sanded in. Entrance to Corral Harbor was through a narrow passage in the rocks, and it was just about wide enough for a small skiff. Here in times past the Indians, no doubt, guided their plank canoes to a safe landing. Here too was a small spring, welling out of the ledges—good, sweet water; the last potable spring before Ranch House Landing beach was reached.

It may well be that the *Peor es Nada* beat up and down the island offshore while the ship's boat went into Corral Harbor. The water beyond the breakers was too deep to afford good anchorage, and in certain seasons of the year, squalls rise suddenly, making it

imperative for larger craft to stand out to sea to avoid being swept sahore. Stories vary as to how the "lost woman" came to be left on shore.

One version has it that when the Indians were assembled at the landing place, a young woman, about twenty-five years of age, suddenly broke away from the group and started back west along the north shore. The other tribesmen said she had left her young baby asleep in one of the huts, and in the excitement of embarking preparations, had forgotten the youngster.

The other story is that all of the Indians were safely on board the vessel when the woman, uttering a scream of anguish, plunged overboard and swam back to shore to get her child. The captain of the schooner fearing the stormy warnings of a dropping glass, stood out to sea and cruised up and down as long as he dared. The storm increased, and the huge breakers pounding the beach precluded any attempts to launch the ship's boat. So the *Peor es Nada* sailed away from San Nicolas to take refuge in the lee of Santa Barbara Island, and thence proceeded to San Pedro, where she disembarked the refugees. *Manana* they would return for the lone woman and her child. But, in California as in all Latin controlled countries, *manana*, is truly the tomorrow that never comes. Days merged into weeks; weeks became months; months turned into years; shipping became scarce along the coast. The *Peor es Nada* was sunk. Gradually the memory of the abandoned Indian mother and her baby became a sort of a folk tale, which remained alive only in the minds of the inhabitants of the sleepy little villages of Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. Yes, someday someone would go out and rescue her. But as the years drifted by, no one ever did.

By the time of the gold rush the story of how this female Robinson Crusoe came to be left on the island was quite vague.

Mrs. John McDougall, a passenger on board the steamship *California*, bound north from Panama to San Francisco made this entry in her journal for Thursday, May 3, 1849:

"In coming to Santa Barbara we passed an island about sixty miles from the coast, on which there is a lone woman living. The Russians some years ago, had a party there catching otter; a storm coming up they were obliged to put out to sea, leaving some of their party on shore. They afterwards returned and got them all off but this woman, who has lived there alone ever since. Some years ago they caught her but she was perfectly wild and had lost her speech, so they left her."

No doubt other stories in circulation at the time were just as vague and off beat as this one. Luckily we do have more correct versions of the final chapter in the life drama of this last inhabitant of San Nicolas. Two of the men who were in the search party that found the woman have left us their stories of what happened.

George Nidever, an ex-mountain man, and Carl Dittman, *alias* Charles Brown, a native of Prussia, were the men who eventually tracked the all but forgotten islander to her isolated hut of whalebone and brush standing on the bleak, windswept ridge comprising the west end of the Island.

JUANA MARÍA

During the remainder of his lifetime Nidever gave a number of interviews in which he related the particulars of his finding of the "lost woman." And, after her removal to the mainland at Santa Barbara, she was baptized "sub condicione" by Fr. Francisco Sanchez as Juana María, by which name she has been known to history ever since.

Perhaps the best account ever published concerning the discovery and bringing back to civilization of Juana María was that written by Emma Chamberlain Hardacre of Santa Barbara. It appeared under the title "Eighteen Years Alone" in *Scribner's Monthly*, September 1880. It was reprinted in pamphlet form in 1950 by her niece, Miss Elizabeth Mason. There are discrepancies in her account, as indeed there are in all such yarns. Nidever added to or left out details in his various versions and I shall not attempt any lengthy comparison of these accounts in this brief resume of the incident.

George Nidever was born December 20, 1802, in eastern Tennessee. In May 1830 he was one of a group of trappers that left Fort Smith, Arkansas, headed for the Rocky Mountains. In 1833 the young hunter was a member of Joseph Reddeford Walker's party when it came into California. Nidever remained in California, eventually settling in Santa Barbara. He continued to hunt, however, and had many adventures on the water and ashore. He went to the diggings in the spring of 1848, but the deaths of so many companions by fever drove him out. In 1849 he again returned to try his luck, but his luck didn't hold out. He bought a small schooner of 17 tons burden in San Francisco in January 1850. In this he returned to Santa Barbara, where he had decided to settle. In the year 1851 Nidever went on several short otter hunts. Shortly after purchasing the vessel he bought out the interests of a man by the name of Bruce, who had a sheep ranch on San Miguel Island, and stocked the island with sheep, cattle, hogs and horses. This ranch he maintained for seventeen years. In those days the titles to the islands of San Miguel, Santa Cruz and San Nicolas were clouded, to say the least. Men bought and sold the rights to occupy them without having the least vestige of a title to the lands. They built ranch houses and made other improvements in spite of the fact that the islands, with the exception of Santa Rosa, Santa Catalina and Santa Cruz, were all the possessions of the United States government. However, such little matters as lack of title did not deter these pioneers from claiming the islands as their own. In 1870 Nidever "sold" the island to the Mills brothers for $10,000.

In April 1852 Nidever sailed out to San Nicolas Island with Tom Jeffries, and a crew of two Indians. At that time sea gull eggs were in great demand, and since there were many gulls on San Nicolas they anticipated a good harvest. It was on this trip that Nidever saw the first evidences that the lone woman of San Nicolas was still alive. Let him tell the story in his own words, as he dictated it to E. F. Murray September 1, 1878, and published and annotated by William Henry Ellison in *The Life and Adventures of George Nidever*, University of California Press, 1937:

"We went direct to San Nicolas and having arrived early in the day, Jeffries, one of the Indians, and I landed and travelled along the beach towards the upper end of the Island some 6 or 7 miles. At a short distance from the beach, about 200 yards, we discovered the foot prints of a human being, probably that of a woman as they were quite small. They had evidently been made during the previous rainy season as they were well defined and sunk quite deep into the soil then soft, but now dry and hard." (p77)

The party also found the weather-beaten remains of three small circular brush enclosures about six feet in diameter, with walls standing about five feet, grass growing inside them and giving no evidences of having been occupied for some time. Apparently these were the temporary shelters built by Juana María, which she used from time to time when absent from her more permanent resident on the west end of the island. On poles ranging from four to eight feet in length, which were thrust into the ground around these jacales, were pieces of sun dried seal blubber which the men estimated had been there about three or four months. These windbreaks were located about two miles apart, and stood on slight elevations back from the beach, perhaps two or three hundred yards. On this expedition Nidever states he landed on the south side of the island. I presume the schooner may have been lying off the stretch of beach we know as Dutch Harbor, which is a harbor in name only, and is probably the only semi-decent anchorage on that side of the island. (We camped at this place November-December 1940, excavating a small, open, badly eroded village site on a slight elevation back a few hundred feet from the beach. From this place we took quantities of sea-grass cordage, coarse matting, fragments of short sea-grass frontal skirts and basketry. It may well have been one of the places where Juana María had one of her temporary camps, but I believe the material we excavated from the shell heap antedated her lonely vigil.)

When the schooner's anchor began dragging, Nidever improvised one by filling a large sack with stones. The gale which sprang up blew for eight days, at the end of which they left their uncertain position and ran over to Santa Barbara Island. The egg hunting had not panned out so well on San Nicolas as they had anticipated, and they had no better luck on the rocky islet of Santa Barbara, so they headed for home, minus their eggs but satisfied the "lost woman of San Nicolas" was still alive.

The news of the discovery of the evidence of Juana María spread throughout Santa Barbara. Father José María Gonzalez, who by this time *was* in charge of Mission Santa Barbara, heard of it. When Nidever decided to outfit for another trip to San Nicolas the following winter (1852), this time to take sea otter which apparently had staged a comeback in the waters around the island, Father Gonzales urged Nidever to make every effort to find the woman. On this trip Nidever was accompanied by Carl Dittman, or as he was then called, Charley Brown.

Again they landed on the south side of the Island, and headed toward the west end. At the head of the island Nidever sat down to rest while Dittman forged ahead. He rounded the end of the long sandy ridge, which terminates in a very rocky point at the

REGGIE LAMBERT AT CHARLES PETERSON'S GRAVE
The lone grave of this fisherman on San Nicolas is in the sand dunes above Corral Harbor. All traces of the grave had disappeared by 1940. (Photo by Art Woodward, July 1939)

DYING SAN NICOLAS
View taken almost opposite opening of Corral Harbor, showing desolate sand dune area on northwest shore. (Photo by Art Woodward from Fish and Game Patrol boat *Bluefin*, July, 1939)

extreme west end, and started down the north side, headed east. Here on the sandy beach he saw fresh footprints, but he lost them in the heavy carpeting of ground cover. He also found a small piece of drift wood which Juana María had evidently lost from her bundle as she made her way inland. It was on this trip that the party had first sighted some seven or eight wild dogs, about the size of a coyote, but they were black and white in color. Nidever thought that perhaps the animals had killed and eaten the woman, since they had seen no further signs of her. But discovery of the footprints, as well as the finding of a basket tucked away in the crotch of a high malva bush, convinced them she was indeed still alive. The basket was covered with a piece of seal-skin, and in the container were several shag-skins, neatly trimmed into squares, along with some bone needles and a long, tightly twisted sinew rope. Nidever started to replace the basket in the bush, then changed his mind, and scattered the contents upon the ground. He left the basket beside them—explaining that if on their next visit they came to this place and found the items replaced, they would know she was alive. They then returned to the schooner. Next day they searched again, but did not find her. Then they began hunting otter, which were very thick. After hunting three or four days, a strong southeaster came up, and continued for about a week. Rough water made hunting impossible, so once more they left San Nicolas. This time they ran over to San Miguel, where they took refuge in a good harbor (presumably Cuyler's Harbor) and laid by until the gale blew itself out. Afterwards they returned to Santa Barbara.

It was not until the summer of 1853 Nidever made his third attempt to find the stranded Indian woman. This time he was successful. With him went Charley Brown, as hunter; a red-faced Irishman, called "Colorado" because of his florid complexion; and four Mission Indians.

This time they landed about mid-way of the island, on the north side, or approximately where Ranch House Landing is located. They were equipped to remain for two or three months, and wanted not only to find the lost woman, but to take sea otter as well.

The first day they made tentative explorations along the shore toward the west end and, when within about one-half mile of the extreme western tip of the island, they found fresh footprints in the damp soil around a spring of water. This spring is, or was known in the 1930's, as Old Garden Spring, to distinguish it from the largest spring on the island, which is a mile or so east of New Garden Spring. Names of places on the island are never constant. Over the years they have changed according to the fancy or the lack of knowledge of the namer.

This day they didn't find the woman, but the fresh signs were encouraging. Early next morning all hands, except the Indian cook, went ashore and headed west toward the head of the island; four men striking across to the spot where the basket had been found in the malva bush on the previous trip. Nidever and Dittman (Brown) kept on toward

the western tip of land, skirting the north shore. Later the four men reported they found the basket with its contents carefully replaced in the bush.

Tramping the sands of San Nicolas is a tiring business. I know, because I have trudged every foot of beach on the place, as well as having crossed and recrossed the plateau on top of the island. No wonder then that Nidever got tired. He sat down to rest while Charley went on ahead.

In those days the surface of the terrain was not as barren as it now is. Low brush and grass covered the western hills, which are at present windswept, sandy ridges, where the sun reflects glaringly on bright days and over which the sea gulls mew in lonely flight against a backdrop of sullen gray clouds during squally weather.

Charley plodded on until he reached the very tip of the island, then he turned south and began climbing the long slope. The ridge is broken by a succession of two or three rounded terraces. En route to the summit he passed the brush-covered, whale-rib framework of several jacales, long since abandoned, with grass growing high within the open, deserted huts. (Brown's statements concerning tall grass growing on the dunes at that end of the island seem almost incredible today because those areas are now bare and as devoid of covering as a Chihuahua dog.)

Pausing to catch his breath Brown looked about him in all directions. Ahead of him, on what was approximately the highest point of the ridge, Charley saw only . . . "a small black object about the size of a crow, which seemed to be in motion." Said Brown: "What is that? It looks like a crow sitting on a whale bone." He continued toward the object:

"So when I came to find out it was her I took my gun and stuck my hat on and held it up to make signs to the Indians. I did not know if she would bite or scratch. I motioned the Indians to come along. She had a brush fence about two feet high to break the wind and right in front she sat facing me. The sun was coming in her face. She was skinning a seal before I came up to her."

Nidever relating the episode said:

"Looking about in all directions from this point he (Brown) discovered at a distance, along the ridge, a small black object about the size of a crow which appeared to be in motion. Advancing cautiously towards it, he soon discovered it to be the Indian woman, her head and shoulders only, visible above one of the small enclosures resembling those we had before discovered. He approached as near as he dared and then, raising his hat on his ramrod, signalled to the men who were then recrossing the low sandy stretch and were plainly visible from this point.

"They saw the signals and came toward him. In the meantime, the old woman was busily employed in stripping the blubber from a piece of seal skin which she held across one knee, using in the operation a rude knife made from a piece of iron hoop stuck into a piece of rough wood for a handle. She kept up a continual jabbering to herself and every few moments would stop and look in the direction of our men, whom she had evidently been watching, her hand placed over her eyes to shade them from the sun.

"Upon his first approach there were some dogs near which began to growl. These the old woman sent away with a yell but without looking in the direction of Charley. The men having come up, they quietly surrounded her to prevent any escape."

The long search was at last ended. Here before them sat the almost legendary "lost woman." She showed no fear as the men approached. Instead she bobbed her head and

smiled ingratiatingly, chattering away in her unintelligible island tongue. Not one of the Mission Indians could understand her. The men now signalled to Nidever to climb the slope, but he was tired. He couldn't see what they had found and didn't much care. His feet were tired, and whatever it was could wait until they returned. But the signals from the men now seated around Juana María became more insistent. Reluctantly he made his way to the top of the hill. When he arrived, the woman bowed and smiled at him. Apparently she was quite happy and, remembering her duties as an Indian hostess, she busied herself around the fire which was burning in the center of the enclosure. In the embers she placed some roots of two different kinds . . . "one called *carcomites* and the name of the other I do not know . . . As soon as they were roasted she invited us all to eat some."

The site of her hut was ideal for keeping watch over the west end of the island. Nidever describes it thus:

"The inclosure or hut where we found her was on the N.W. side and near the top of the ridge that forms the upper end of the Island. It was not far from the best springs of water, near to the best point for fish and seal, and it commanded a good view of the greater portion of the Island."

At this point I am going to break in upon Nidever's narrative and relate my own experiences in the re-discovery of the hut site once occupied by Juana María. On July 25, 1939, in company with Reggie Lamberth, who had come to San Nicolas the previous year with his wife and two children to work sheep for Roy Agee, lessee of the island, I set out on horseback to ride to the west end of San Nicolas. Our expedition, sponsored by the Los Angeles Museum with another of our fellow Westerners, Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows as leader of the biological division, had landed on San Nicolas on July 22, and since I was anxious to get busy on the archeological reconnaissance of the island, I gladly accepted Lamberth's offer of a horse. With his generous services as guide, we started out from our camp near the ranch house, headed west along the beach, covering practically the same route taken by Nidever and his companions eighty-six years earlier.

In my knapsack I had a copy of Ellison's *The Life and Adventures of George Nidever*, published in 1937. It proved a valuable guide to the landmarks we visited. We passed Corral Harbor, near which is a spring of sweet water, thence to New Garden Spring, from which a pipe line about two and a half miles long conducted drinking water to the ranch house. This entire area is covered with the remains of ancient camp-sites, where the Indians of Ghalas-at made their homes. Beyond New Garden Springs is another spring. Juana María used all of the sources of water mentioned. At last we came to the end of the island, just as Charley Brown had done. In my journal I noted:

"The point of the island is one long sand dune. Here in this ridge was the site of Juana Maria's hut. I photographed the site (ridge) from the east. We ate lunch at the Old Garden where the spring issues from a shelving rock just at the edge of tide line. This is Honeymoon Beach. It is a sandy beach in summer but in winter it is covered with drift wood. Abalone by the thousands cluster along this section of shore line on the rocky reefs.

JUANA MARÍA

"Today it dawned sunny, but the fog rolled in, and the sun came through only in intervals. In winter the gales lash the northwest end and heavy seas pound the beaches, tossing the spray inland."

We passed remnants of old whale-bone hut structures, which I duly noted. As we rode up the hill I remarked to Lamberth: "If Nidever was correct, then we should find the remains of Juana María's house on that high point." When we reached the spot I had indicated, there on the windswept summit were some nineteen pieces of whale-bone, pieces of ribs and scapulae which were scattered on the ground in a rough circle. Since it was the only evidence of any shelter on the site which corresponded to Nidever's description, it seemed logical that there could be only one answer, this was the wreckage of the whale-bone and brush shelter once occupied by the lost woman of San Nicolas.

In other respects too, the site occupied by the hut corresponded to the description of the men who found it in 1853. Southwest of it, within plain sight is an enormous sea lion rookery and the incessant gutteral barking of the animals came to us between blasts of wind. From that rookery Juana María obtained some of her sustenance. There too were the places where the sea gulls and shag nested, and west and southeast of us were the rocky reefs teeming with shell-fish and other sea life. Also plainly visible was the stretch of beach where Old Garden Spring was located, and further east along the coast were the

RANCH HOUSE LANDING BEACH
View from cliffs above the ranch house looking northeast toward beach. (Photo by Art Woodward, July, 1939)

other springs mentioned by Nidever, where Juana María had kept her supplies of dried meat tucked into crevices in the rocks and staked out on driftwood poles. From all of these sources of water she carried the life-giving fluid back to her campsites in the pitched grass water bottles which she wove endlessly.

Later, on a second trip to the island December 1, 1940, we again visited this place, and photographed the jacal site on top of the ridge. Then we re-erected the fallen pieces of whale bone, and a member of the party, a girl archeological assistant who was short in stature and possessed of a shock of wiry black hair, sat down in the center of the enclosure and we photographed her. In the picture all that can be seen of the girl was her black hair appearing over the top of the whale bone, just as described by Brown and Nidever. In 1949, I again visited the ridge, and found that the heavy whale-bones had again been blown flat by the blasts of the northeast gales. There we left them to gradually weather away and become part of the debris carried by wind and sand over the west end of the island.

But to revert once more to Nidever and the lost woman in 1853.

The sea otter hunters urged the woman to go with them. She was not unwilling. Said Brown:

"Old Man Nidever (he was then forty-one years of age. A.W.) said to the Indians, in case she would not come could not we take her by force. I said no, she is not afraid. So I took her by the shoulder and said *Vamoose* and she understood at once. I took everything she had and she took a big seal head in a basket and that was all. We all had something to carry. Then she had a little brand of fire and she took that away and wobbled along with a strange kind of step."

Nidever adds to the picture with more detailed observations:

"Just outside the inclosure or windbreak, as I should call it, was a large pile of ashes and another of bones, showing that this had been her abode for a long time. Nearby were several stakes with blubber on them, as we had seen around the others (inclosures). There was blubber also hanging on a sinew rope, similar to the one already described (The one found in the basket. A.W.) which was stretched between two stakes. Near the inclosure were several baskets, some in the process of construction also two bottle-shaped vessels for holding water; these as well as the baskets being woven, were of some species of grass very common on the Island. (The grass in question was the sea grass already mentioned. A.W.). There were also several other articles such as fishhooks made of bone and needles of the same material, lines or cords of sinews for fishing and the larger rope of sinews she no doubt used for snaring seals on the rocks where they came to sleep. . .

"The old woman was of medium height, but rather thick. She must have been about 50 yrs. old, but she was still strong and active. Her face was pleasing as she was continually smiling. Her teeth were entire but worn to the fums, the effect, no doubt, of eating the dried seal blubber. (Nidever was only partially correct in the latter diagnosis. Much of the attrition of the teeth of the California Indians came from the pulverized stone dust from the mortars in which the tribesmen pounded their seeds and dried meat and shell fish which mingled with their foodstuffs. A.W.)

"Her head, which had evidently been for years without any protection, was covered with thick matted hair, that was once black, no doubt, but now it had become a dull brown color. (Who was it that once remarked that except for a certain pigmentation of the hair all Chinamen would be red headed? A.W.)

"Her clothing consisted of but a single garment of the skins of shags made in the form of a gown. It fitted close at the neck, had no sleeves, was girded at the waist with a sinew cord, and reached nearly to the feet. She had another dress of the same material and make in one of the baskets. These were sewed with sinews, the needles used being of bone. This place was undoubtedly where she usually

lived, but in the rainy season she lived in a cave nearby." (Various references have been made to this cave on San Nicolas, but unfortunately our party in 1939-1940 never located it. I suspect it was either in the rough narrow canyons on the south side of the island or possibly in the "Roughs" on the east end. I regret very much never having seen this shelter. A.W.).

When it came to leaving her home Nidever coroborates Brown's statement, but added:

"She at once began putting her things into her baskets. Her basket filled she put it on her back and followed the Indians toward the beach, while we walked behind; each of us carrying some of her things. Seal meat, some of it stinking, and a seal's head from which putrefied brains were running, was all carefully put into the basket. (And, my friends, nothing stinks worse than a rotting seal carcass. A.W.). We soon arrived at a spring of water where we stopped and on some stakes which we found standing near we hung the things we were carrying, fixing them on the stakes in such a manner as to lead her to believe we took very great care of them. (This was Old Garden Spring, the nearest source of water to Juana Maria's hut site and the last potable water along the northwest side of the island. A.W.).

Leaving this place the men proceeded to the beach "where a spring issues from a shelving rock, just below the bank." This was the largest spring on San Nicolas, New Garden Spring. It comes out of the rock formation at the base of a steep bank. Here Juana Maria stopped to bathe and said Nidever:

"The men having gone on ahead, Charley and I remained on the bank above. This being finished, we proceeded to the boat and went on board the schooner. When we put her into the boat, she crept forward to the bow where she knelt, holding firmly on to either side of the boat. As soon as we got on board, she crept along side of the stove which was on deck."

Once Juana María was safely in their custody, Nidever and his men went about their job of hunting sea otter. The woman was perfectly content among her new friends. She worked around the camp, brought in wood, and continued her never-ending task of weaving and tarring baskets. Nidever remarked that he never saw her complete one of them. She enjoyed the pork and hard tack as a change in her diet and she was particularly fond of sugar or anything sweet. She smacked her lips after eating sugar to indicate her appreciation of it. However, she could never quite shake off the eternal spectre of hunger that had hovered over her in her lonely days. She saved every scrap of leftover food from the camp, even the bones, which she took out from time to time and sucked upon vigorously. One day Brown shot a she otter offshore and it was brought to land to be skinned. The carcass was hauled away to the water but Juana María protested angrily that this was a waste of good food. To humor her they left the animal's body nearby, but after it became too high even she did not argue the matter, when they finally threw it into the water.

(I wonder if this protestation was not more in the nature of a religious fear than a feeling of need for the flesh. Many tribesmen believed that the bones of water mammals should not be thrown into the rivers, lakes or sea because the spirits of the deceased animals would inform the live creatures that the human hunters didn't know how to treat their game. In Big Dog Cave on San Clemente we found a huge windrow of sea mammal and fish bones stacked up. It would have been so easy to pitch these bones into the ocean fourteen or fifteen feet below the mouth of the cave, but instead the thousands of bones were kept, long after the flesh had been removed.)

Finally the day came when Juana María was to leave her island home for the last time. The men, thinking that her shag skin garment was insufficient for her appearance in the pueblo of Santa Barbara, made a petticoat of mattress ticking. Charley Brown started the skirt but she indicated by signs that she could do it better, so he threaded a needle and let her go to work. A man's cotton shirt and a black necktie completed her ensemble. Nidever gave her an old cloak or cape, badly worn, but by dint of much hard work she made this into a serviceable covering.

En route to the mainland the schooner ran into a severe storm and when the gale increased Juana María intimated by signs that she had the power to quiet the wind. She knelt and prayed, facing into the wind and continued her chanting until at last the storm passed. Then she smiled and gave them to understand that it was only through her medicine that this had come about.

The vessel had to put into Santa Cruz until the storm was over, then it proceeded to Santa Barbara.

As the schooner approached the mainland Juana María became quite excited. She clapped her hands and danced gleefully on the deck. An ox-cart, plodding along the shore, was a strange and novel sight to her, and she exclaimed delightedly and pointed the wonderful phenomenon out to the men. When they landed she went immediately to the ox-cart, talking all the while as she examined every part of it. Dr. J. B. Shaw, an English physician, rode down to the beach on horseback, and this new marvel caused another outburst of excitement from Juana María, who signed to Nidever her impression of the horseman by placing her two fingers of her right hand astride the index finger of her left and imitating the motion of the horse.

News of the arrival of the sea otter hunters with their strange cargo was soon noised about Santa Barbara, and scarcely had Nidever reached his house with the woman when half the town was down to see her.

Juana María was the news sensation of the day. Word of her presence spread up and down the coast. She settled down at Nidever's, and received the townspeople by the score. And for several weeks she was the center of attraction, along with her shag-skin garments, her baskets, needles, etc. Mrs. Nidever took good care of Juana María. The island woman delighted in visiting the pueblo, and would wander from house to house, singing and dancing when requested. She seemed particularly fond of the children, thinking perhaps of her own lost youngsters. Many of the gifts she received were given to visiting children.

By signs, she made Charley Brown understand that at one time she had two children; at the time the first vessel called at San Nicolas to take the Indians off in 1835. One was probably a couple of years old. Said Brown, when queried about the fate of the infant which she had left asleep at the time:

"I understand she made signs so plain—she showed two fingers for two children and she

shook her breast; one was sucking and the other had teeth. She sucked her fingers."

Although various Indians were brought to see and talk with Juana María, not one could understand her.

Nidever, when queried by a Mr. J. Terry about 1882 concerning the fate of the sucking infant, said that one of the Indian women brought to see Juana María had learned through sign language that the San Nicoleño believed the dogs had killed and eaten it. There were many dogs running wild on the island at that time. By signs also she made her questioners understand that at the time of embarkation, the eldest child had probably been taken on board the *Peor es Nada*, and that as the vessel sailed away leaving her on the beach they had shouted "*manana*" at her, indicating they would return the next day . . . but they never came back.

Also Brown said that the dress brought ashore from Juana María's hut was given by Mrs. Nidever to the priests at the mission, who in turn sent it to Rome. Said Brown:

"She had bone needles with eyes drilled in and she had a knife made with bone, and another with a piece of wood that she had when I catched her cleaning the sealskin. She had nails pointed for catching fish with. She had the rope nicely twisted with sinews and had it twisted as true as any rope-maker could make, and she had bottles made of grass about the size of a gallon demijohn. We found some dishes of wood with handles."

Juana María's life ashore was all too short. Although she entered into the activities of her new world with a child-like zest, civilization was too much for her. Her new clothes were her prized possessions. Everyone was her friend. In vain did the priests attempt to piece together the history of her island life. Indians from Ventura, Santa Barbara and Santa Inez visited her and tried to understand her dialect, but with no results. She acquired a few words of Spanish. In her own tongue (presumably) man was *nache*, the sky *tegua*, and a hide or pelt was *toco*. She called Nidever *tata* or sometimes *nana*. (These are colloquial terms of endearment meaning "daddy" and "grandma" respectively.

She was very fond of the new foodstuffs given her at Nidevers—especially green corn, vegetables and fresh fruits. When first brought ashore she was in excellent health, but her excessive use of the strange foods brought on attacks of dysentery. One day she fell from the Nidever porch, injuring her spine and probably causing internal injuries as well. Mrs. Nidever nursed her as best she could, but Juana María grew weaker and weaker Thinking to tempt her failing appetite, a seal was killed and roasted and some of the meat brought to her. Even this did not rouse her. She laughed feebly and rubbed her fingers across her badly worn teeth, making signs that now she was too old, and her teeth too dull, to eat seal. She lingered four weeks, then died. She had ónly been in Santa Barbara seven weeks from the time she had been brought ashore from San Nicolas to the day of her death.

A captain of a coastwise steamer had offered Nidever $1000 if he would permit the captain to take her on board and exhibit her up and down the coast as a side-show

curiosity. When asked why he did not do it, Nidever answered that he thought it didn't look right to sell a person. It may be that Captain C. J. W. Russell, a friend of Nidever and owner of a coastal steamer, was the man who made the offer. After Juana María's death, which occurred Tuesday, October 18, 1853, Nidever gave to Captain Russell a pitched water bottle, a stone mortar and some stone beads which had been among the possessions of the unfortunate woman. In turn Russell deposited these items in the collections of the California Academy of Natural Sciences at San Francisco at its meeting on March 30, 1857.

The body of Juana María was buried in the Nidever family plot in the cemetery of Santa Barbara Mission on October 19. On page 113, entry No. 1183 in the Libro de Difuntos (Book of the Dead), kept among the records at the Mission, is this paragraph:

1183
Juana
Maria
india
adta

En 19 de Octe. de 1853 di sepultª ecca en este cementº. al cadaver de Juana Maria india traida de las isla de S. Nicolas, y como no habia qⁿ. la intendiese su idioma fue bautisada sub condicione pʳ elP. Sanchez y pª qᵉ conste le firme
Fr.Jᵉ. Mª. de Js. Gonsaz.
rubrica

(*Translation*)

1183
Juana Maria
Indian adult

On the 19th of October, 1853 I gave eccelsiastical burial in this cemetery to the mortal remains of Juana Maria, an Indian woman brought from the Island of San Nicolas, and since there was no one who understood her language she was baptized conditionally by Fr. Sanchez and that this may stand as true. I sign it.
Father Jose Maria de Jesus Gonzalez.

Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, in 1923 the aging Franciscan historian at Mission Santa Barbara, although intrigued by the story of Juana María, said in his book *Santa Barbara Mission*, p.451, after a discussion of the rescue:

"Were it not that Mr. Nidever's fame for veracity appears above suspicion, we should declare the whole story a myth, for the reason that, after a close examination of the Baptismal Registers at the Mission and at the Parish Church of Santa Barbara, we failed to discover any entry recording the woman's Baptism in either the Mission or the Parish Church. Likewise there is no record noted of her burial in the Mission Cemetery."

In the next paragraph Fr. Engelhardt quotes from an article in the *Ventura Observer*, December 20, 1892, written by Dr. Stephen Bowers, who stated that in 1877 he had secured "a translation of their record of the event (*i.e.* the story of Juana Maria) by a competent Spanish scholar," from the archives of Santa Barbara Mission.

In spite of this Fr. Engelhardt stubbornly refused to admit that such a record existed, saying, "We found no such account among the numerous papers in the Mission Archives nor anywhere else."

One must excuse the Reverend Father for his doubts. He was ailing, and his eyesight

dim. He may well have seen the smudged entry of Juana Maria's burial and baptism in the *Libro de Difuntos* many times but had passed it over.

On the evening of January 19, 1944, two clerics of Mission Santa Barbara, Frater Blaise Cronin and Frater Kenneth Henriques, who, having obtained permission from their superior to search for the record of Juana Maria in the archives, as part of the research they were doing for an article "Juana Maria," to appear in the publication "Priestly Studies," Vol. XII, No. 2, Winter 1944, found the entry quoted in a foregoing paragraph within about fifteen minutes. No longer was there any doubt about the legendary lost woman of San Nicolas.

All that is mortal of the last surviving inhabitant of the dying island of San Nicolas today rests in the hallowed ground of the Campo Santo of Mission Santa Barbara. *The Daily Independent*, Santa Barbara, November 8, 1883 remarked that Juana María, "whose heroism and exile are celebrated the world over, but whose grave remains unmarked and unhonored in the Nidever lot in the cemetery," is likewise wrong, because now it is known that she was a real person and a plaque to her honor has been placed in the cemetery, although the exact location of her grave is not known. Perhaps a study of the Nidever lot might reveal its presence.

One more note and then we shall let Juana María rest in peace.

The rescuers stated she had two shag-skin dresses among her effects. One is reported to have been given to Fr. Sanchez at the Mission. Her water bottle (of which there is a contemporary wood cut in *Hutchings California Magazine*, illustrating an article "Narrative of a Woman Who Was Eighteen Years Alone on the Island of San Nicolas, California," by C. J. W. Russell, November 1856) was presumably lost in the fire in San Francisco in 1906.

What happenec to the other shag-skin garment?

My belief is that it too, unless by some miracle saved from the same fate as the water bottle, went up in the holocaust of April 1906.

The Daily Alta California, Sunday November 13, 1853, carried a relatively commonplace item about a Ladies' Fair which was to be held in the Musical Hall on Bush Street, San Francisco on the evening of Tuesday the 15th of November. A raffle was to be held and "a great variety of curiosities will be on exhibition, some of which, from their rarity and peculiarity, will be well worth the attention of the scientific and the curious. Some of the most singular objects will be disposed of by lot or raffle or as may at the time be thought proper and advisable. One of the most singular things on exhibition will be the dress of an old Indian woman who for seventeen years lived:

Alone, alone, all, all alone
Alone in the wide, wide sea—
And ne'er a soul took pity on,
Her soul in agony."

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Likewise I drew upon my own Journals of 1939-1940, as well as Naval Files, 11th Naval District, San Diego. Personal interview with Mr. Robert S. Howland of Los Angeles, who was on the island with his father Captain William S. Howland (the latter was there in 1888).

I also used an unpublished interview with George Nidever, made by one J. Terry, which was supplied me by our late and honored Westerner, F. W. Hodge of the Southwest Museum, in 1932.

Of both human interest and historic value are the letters written in 1870-72 from Port Isabel near the mouth of the Colorado River by Captain David C. Robinson's wife Ellen to members of her family in Maryland. Port Isabel, a little known shipyard built in 1865 by the Colorado Steam Navigation Company for the maintenance and construction of its steamers, has long since vanished, but during the 1860's and 1870's it was the busiest Pacific Coast port excepting that of San Francisco. The letters, edited by Westerner Frank S. Dolley and shown here in abbreviated form were obtained from Captain Robinson's daughter, Margaret Robinson, who is still living.

WIFE AT PORT ISABEL

A Pioneer Woman's Colorado River Letters

By FRANK S. DOLLEY, M.D.

DURING THE TURBULENT PERIOD OF THE 1860's and 1870's when the Colorado Steam Navigation Company was the only practical common carrier between the Pacific Coast and Arizona Territory, Port Isabel, situated in a deep, narrow slough at the mouth of the Colorado River, and extending into the Sonoran desert, was, save for that of San Francisco, the busiest port on the Pacific Coast.

Here from the earliest days of the shipyard's existence dwelt David C. Robinson, ship's carpenter and veteran captain and pilot of Colorado River steamers.

In 1869, Captain Robinson visited Maryland, the land of his birth. During this visit he met, and following a brief courtship married, Ellen Hayes, an attractive girl many years his junior who had never been more than 50 miles away from her home. The thought of conditions under which she would have to live, for a time at least, presumably seemed of little importance to her; nor did the Captain give serious thought of the effect upon Ellen of the dreadful contrast between the lovely Maryland countryside and the utter desolation of the Colorado River delta where they must make their home.

And so on August 24, 1869, with family and friends about them they were married in the village church, setting out at once by train on the long journey west for a life that was to hold so much of happiness and sorrow for her.

The first opportunity for the bride to write back to her mother came upon her arrival at the Union Hotel in Pittsburgh. "He (Captain Robinson) is now taking a nap," she wrote. "I have his watch by me to call him in an hour's time. He is all that fancy painted him and *more* and I believe he would like it better if I only had more *wants* as he is so kind and attentive . . ."

WIFE AT PORT ISABEL

In all the letters Ellen never referred to Captain Robinson, her husband, other than as Mr. R. or as Mr. Robinson.

It would seem that excitement and fatigue of her early honeymoon days and the changing panorama of the landscape viewed from the car window of her slow moving train combined to postpone her next letter until the one postmarked San Francisco.

San Francisco, September 3, 1870. My dear Mother:

We arrived here yesterday evening, the second, very tired and dirty. You can scarcely form an idea how black with dust we were. Our hair was more like dried broomcorn than anything I can compare it to. It took a great deal of soap and water to make me presentable. I stood the journey pretty well but I think I could hardly have stood another day's ride on the cars. It is such a relief to get on the steamboat in Oakland, which is opposite San Francisco. It was so cool and nice . . .

I have much to tell you of our journey here but do not feel settled enough to begin at present. It became very tiresome crossing the plains in Wyoming territory. So little variation in the scenery. Sleeping cars are fitted up with every accommodation and are very comfortable but they seem so cramped that the last two days of our journey on them, I thought sometimes I would give almost anything in the world to get to walk three or four miles just to see if I could ever get tired of exercise. I walked about the cars a good deal and even listened to two or three babies cry with a good deal of interest. The *dear little things*, they did what they could to enliven the scene. You would be surprised to know how many go and come to California. I met no less than four ladies coming to California to meet their husbands; two had ever so many children, two had none . . . Tell Han [Hannah, her sister] . . . I am as happy as a bird (I always think them the happiest things in creation). Mr. Robinson is certainly one of the best of men. Never seen a frown on his brow about anything and so kind and good and loving. What a happy life is in prospect for me if I can only be worthy of him and I mean to try to be. He looks so handsome and so fine looking. He is letting his beard grow. I am so sorry that he did not have it when he was in Hartford, that he might seem younger than his 50 years. It adds very much to his appearance. I must close. Mr. R. has just come up to take me to dinner. He sends his love to all of you. Give my love to all inquiring friends . . . I do hope there will be two or three letters for me when we arrive at our home. With much love your affectionate daughter, (signed) Ellie M. Robinson.

In the following letter Ellen's determination to face without complaint whatever might confront her becomes at once apparent, with no reference to the squalid settlement in which she finds herself. Ellen bravely continues the description of her journey west.

September 17, 1870. Fort Yuma, or Arizona City. Saturday afternoon.

My dear sister, we arrived here Thursday evening a little after sundown so tired and dirty that you would not have known me could you have seen me. Mr. R. you might have known, he being of such proportions that the dirt failed to conceal him only obliterated the clearness of his physiognomy. But I will commence at the beginning of my journey, or rather from Pittsburgh, as I wrote from that place. Well, we left that horrid dirty place on Friday afternoon, the 26th of August, arrived at Council Bluffs on Sunday morning before noon, crossed the Missouri River in a steamboat to Omaha, went to a hotel where we had to delay for some hours. The house was full. We could not get a room but a lady who with her husband was putting up there for a time very kindly invited me to her room, had fresh water and towels brought. After washing and changing my clothes, I felt very much refreshed and ready to start afresh which we did immediately after dinner. Omaha is quite a nice looking place, will be a handsome city after awhile. I think it could *now*, there are more handsome men than can be found in half a dozen other states combined. I stood at the window some time watching them and saw but one who was in anyway homely and there were some magnificent *beards* which was quite an item, I think, but to resume my journey. We arrived in the city of Ogden the following Tuesday evening whereupon asking the hackman that came rushing at Mr. R. to take us to the best hotel in the city, which he promised to do to the best place possible, showed us the way to his hack which was an old covered wagon with a very uncertain floor. We felt every time he bounced over a stone that my feet would surely find *terra firma* and with one's head rubbing the top we were not sorry after ten or fifteen minutes' ride to alight almost anyplace. The *outside* of the hotel looked more inviting than any other place we noted as we rode to it but when we went to our room we found they believed in making clean the outside of the platter, or on account of the increase in travelers, I suppose, the inside had been partitioned off into very small rooms. The partitions were made up of very rough boards, coarse muslin and paper for variety, great big cracks and a big hole over the door *intended for glass*. And then we had for *next door neighbors* a couple of fellows who were as agreeable as a couple of horses. When Mr. R. entered the room, as he gave a look around he caught my hand and just looked at me as if to say, "What do you think of me for bringing you to such a place." The answer was a hearty laugh in which he joined and I laughed until I nearly cried. I made a short investigation, found the bed uninhabited but with soiled sheets which was soon remedied. We then went down to the parlor where the flies were so thick we had a most busy time keeping them from biting and scratching us. But our attention was soon diverted from them by the call to supper which I at least gladly obeyed and it was, indeed, a good thing that I am favored with a voracious appetite for the cup and saucer which was more like a big bowl, a wash bowl, was ridged with *black* and a streak of fly specks. The dining room was set with small tables, seating about four persons. We always had one to ourselves. There was a place cut in the wall of the kitchen and our waiters were a man and a little boy, Welch, would take our orders and go to this place and call for the cook and in a short time we had coffee, two or three kinds of bread, roasted potatoes, meat nicely cooked with spices of different kinds which almost took my breath at first and onions seemed to be in almost everything. When I sat down at the table, everything struck me in such a ridiculous light that I took a right good laugh, would have given something if I could have indulged. Mr. R. seemed to feel badly that we had gotten into such a poor place on my account but I told him variety was the spice of life and I would not have missed it for a good deal.

Next morning, after eating a right hearty breakfast, we started for Salt Lake City which is about 28 miles from Ogden. Upon arriving, we took a hack, a very nice one, and went to a very pleasant hotel and in about an hour the same hackman took us around to see whatever was to be seen in the time we intended to spend there . . . [Here follows a good description of the city—the tabernacle, the temple being built, the sulphur baths, Brigham Young's residence, the wide streets, etc.]

. . . Your loving sister, Ellie."

Ellen is determined to permit no word of complaint or of her homesickness to enter her letters. Nothing is said of the wretched conditions under which she has just finished a letter home; the use of the pencil rather than a pen, for probably neither pen nor ink was available. Ellen passes over completely the exhaustion of the dreadful trip by stage over the 70 odd miles of desert between San Diego and Fort Yuma, nor does she mention her feeling of apprehension that must have existed as she faced the continuance of her journey down the Colorado River, 175 miles by steamer to Port Isabel.

Port Isabel, October 2, 1870. My very dear mother:

As you will see by the date this is Sabbath morning. The steamer has just come in, bringing your and Floy's letters and oh so welcomed are they. Yours was dated 12th Sept. so you see it takes about 20 days for a letter to reach me and I suppose it takes the same length of time for mine to reach you. I am sorry I did not persevere more and write oftener but I did not know then it took so long a time for a letter to go and I felt so unsettled when I stopped that I deferred it when I should not have done so. When we arrived in San Francisco I felt quite tired and dull and slept a good deal of the time. Monday evening—WHEN I got this far Mr. R. came in and I laid my pen aside as it was rather late. The weather is very warm here and I get tired against night so that I do not feel like writing or doing anything but trying to get cool. But all say the weather will soon be getting cooler now, there was a very hot wind blew all day yesterday so that in the afternoon I could not read. In speaking of

reading reminds me again of me neglecting to bring my small Bible and the Testament Aunt Amelia gave me, that looked badly but I left them until the last as they were lying in sight, but Mr. R. has a very nice one, pleasant to hold and pleasant print. The print of mine was too fine to read with comfort. Will have to stop a little while again, the bell has rung for supper. Well, now it is nearly dark and I will have to hasten. I intend to write one to some of you by every steamer and some of you write to me often. *Do not wait* to receive one from me. Mr. R. introduced me to a number of his friends, Captains and their families. I was much pleased with Captain McDonough's wife. I expect she will be down here in the course of two weeks, her husband is Captain of the Josephine. It sails from San Francisco to this port. He brings our trunks and furniture. I did not bring but one calico dress with me and my light suit and when I got to Fort Yuma found it so warm and I got a calico there, made it last week . . . Cannot wear anything but calico or lawn at this time. The perspiration takes the color out of it so cannot wear it except when it is a little cooler. . . . Tell Han to write me a long letter. Oh how I do want to see you all but it cannot be. I am determined to be contented, could not well help it with such a husband as I have. He often talks of when we will go home. The boat is just about to leave. Give Pap a great deal of love from me, and also my brave sister, Han and her child, Floy. Love to all inquiring friends . . . . Your affectionate daughter, E. H. Robinson.

Port Isabel, October 3, '70. My dear:

You should have been the recipient of a letter from me at a much earlier date but was waiting to arrive at *home*, when I could put my mind upon it, but in looking around at my new house and the place in which it is situated allowed the steamer to leave. Your letter was not ready so put it off until it came in again which was last night. We live 160 miles from the postoffice which is at Arizona City, and the steamers take and bring our mail which is about once in eight days. The mail is taken from A. City across the desert a distance of 180 miles in a stage to San Diego, from there is a steamship to San Francisco, being delayed en route but when it arrived in San F. it goes home in seven days. . . Now I will give the rest of my journey to you. . . [Here follows a description of her cross-country trip, climaxed by her enjoyment of San Francisco, the wonders of the place, the food, the fruit. Then a steamer took them to San Diego.] . . . We had to stay in San Diego until the next evening, about 8 o'clock when we took the stage for Fort Yuma. We were two days and two nights in the stage. I was glad there was not another day of riding. The first night I did not sleep at all, nor the next day, but the night following I slept almost all the time. We stopped several times through the night and day and changed horses and to water them, and at the stations where they stopped to change horses we could get our supper, dinner and breakfast, as the case might be. I will now have to close. Mr. R. has just come in for the third time since I commenced to write. . . . I would like to see you all. I often dream about you and dreamed about everyone of you the other night. I am very, very happy in my new life. Mr. R. is one of the excellent ones of the earth. I often wonder if I will be a good enough wife for him and I will try to be like Mother. Write soon to me: Now do. Letters are the only connection between me and my Maryland home. . . I have written so long my hand gets tired. Goodbye, dear friend with much love to all. Your affectionate friend, E. H. Robinson.

October 17, 1870. My own dear mother:

The Steamer Colorado has just come in, bringing your welcomed letter. I kept telling myself all the time that I did not look for a letter, for I so much feared to be disappointed but I believe I was looking for it after all. . . . Will write to everyone, but do not get out of patience (will finish this sentence directly.) Have just paused to devour an apple. A little box was brought in a little while since with my name outside and Mr. R. has just come in to open it and saying it was a box of apples sent to me by Mrs. Polhamus, a Mexican lady, the wife of a gentleman where we stopped in Arizona City, or as it is generally spoken of, Fort Yuma. It was an unexpected kindness to me for which I feel grateful. Apples are a great treat here and for me, a stranger in a strange land, it was a nice present. I shall share them with my friend Mrs. McDougall, who is just as kind as it is possible for her to be to me. She seems to think it a great favor to do anything for me and her husband is just as kind. I still go there for my meals and they make it very pleasant. He often has some funny things to tell us of his younger days that causes me a hearty laugh, but to resume where I left off. Do not be uneasy if it is a long time, sometimes before you receive a letter from me, for it takes the boat longer to make the trip this season of the year. There are often adverse winds and many things to cause delay but write often as ever, whenever you can, all of you. It is such pleasure to hear from you. Your affectionate daughter, Ellie.

October 17, 1870. My dear sister:

Have just received your welcomed letter to find it is a short one, indeed. Do hope they will not be like heavenly visitants but rather like seed time and harvest that never *fail*. I am happy to think that you had a little visit but *I* should have been home with Ma. It seems so strange that I am not there. Sometimes I find myself wondering how I could leave her and you and Floy and Pap. But for all, I do not feel that I have done anything ungrateful or wrong. Otherwise I would not be so happy and contented for it takes a very slight thing to make me very unhappy and if I had done wrong in leaving all, I would be too wretched to live. I have never been homesick yet, to cry. Tears come but I will drive them back and think of something bright and soon I am cheerful as ever, for I do not want Mr. R. to see me sad for a minute. . . . I would love to see my home, to see you, all the flowers, my flowers. I often think of them, can almost imagine smelling them at times. I am coming home some day. Often dream of being home. But there is always a feeling that I am going away, an indefinable feeling.

Have the Penstamen any seed? If so, send me two or three and some seed of that large cockscomb inside the garden gate. I have not any place picked yet for flowers but hope will have and if they will only grow. If the air is not too salt for them. Mr. R. is going to bring down some fresh earth from up the river. Just imagine a place where there is not a tree nor a stone as large as a pea, not a bit of anything green as far as the eye can reach excepting a little salt grass along the very edge of the river and a row of one storied houses, consisting of first a cook house, then a meat house, then the mess room, then the store room where there is lots of canned oysters, peaches, tomatoes, green beans, peas, corn, salmon, fish, sardines, blackberries, whortleberries, gooseberries, and all kinds of jams and jellies. Then our room, then the office, then our house; that is, as soon as Mr. R. can get the carpenters at work. Then Mrs. Dougall's. Then in front of this is a carpenter shed and piles of lumber while still further, first is a drydock, to build and repair boats, and a blacksmith shop—and you have Port Isabel—my house at least the principle part of it, for back of it are the hen house, hog house, water tank and an old steamboat that is used for lodging for the men and a good house it makes. Captain Overman, of the Colorado, has just sent me up a nice muskmellon. It tastes like a cantaloupe. Everyone has been very kind to me. Being attracted by the noise of many feet, I glanced out the door and saw 21 pigs, large and small, marching by. He has over 40. We have fresh pork every week. I will certainly grow fat if eating has anything to do with it, for I eat everything that comes in my way, almost. It is said to be very healthy here, everybody looks so. . . . You write soon. You can have plenty to say if you will only say it. Give my love to Pap and Ma and yourself.

These letters reveal Ellen's homesickness. Her nostalgia in writing in great detail of their garden in Maryland. The utter desolation of the country about her home in Port Isabel. One's admiration for the determination and bravery of this Maryland girl transplanted to one of the loneliest places in America continues to grow with the reading of these letters.

A letter written home on December 10 must have been lost for the next one preserved was dated December 25, 1870.

Read this to yourself. My own dear Ma: Long 'ere you receive this you will have gotten the very miserable one of December 10th, written by the kitchen stove with a lead pencil, telling you how poorly Mr. R. was. Well, he suffers so much at night, could not lie down at all and could not get ease sitting up. It showed him to be so much worse than ever, that he concluded to go to Fort Yuma to see the doctor. I arose, got his breakfast, packed him up some clothes and he started. He was gone just eleven days. I was terribly lonely. But was comforted by the thought that it was for his good. Perhaps he would come home much better, which he did. Dr. said it was rheumatism of the muscle, gave him liniment with which I rubbed him every night but he is far from well. Think he will improve faster when the weather gets warmer. Has been very cold, has moderated some but oh, it is nothing like home. Yet the north wind is scorching. He took cold coming home. He was so very cold on the river. I have been making syrup for him and he is getting better. The rheumatism has weakened him considerably. He is very quiet but no wonder, he *never* complains. I have to question him earnestly to find out how he is. But then he is so much better than he was two weeks ago that I think surely will not be long before he is well. He came home two days sooner than I expected him and when they said there was a steamer in sight, wasn't I glad. They saw her smoke about 5 o'clock and it must have been near 7 before she came in. The evening was clear and with his glass I could see when the boat entered the slew. (I cannot find this word in the dictionary but write it as it is pronounced.) Could see the light, like a large star. Mrs. McD. came in and sat to help me pass the time until the boat came out. The tide was out and when it got close up, I might say to the door, it dragged on the ground and only about two boat lengths from her mooring place. Then they had to heave as they call it. Draw her to her place with ropes and it seemed a long, long time to wait but think at

WIFE AT PORT ISABEL

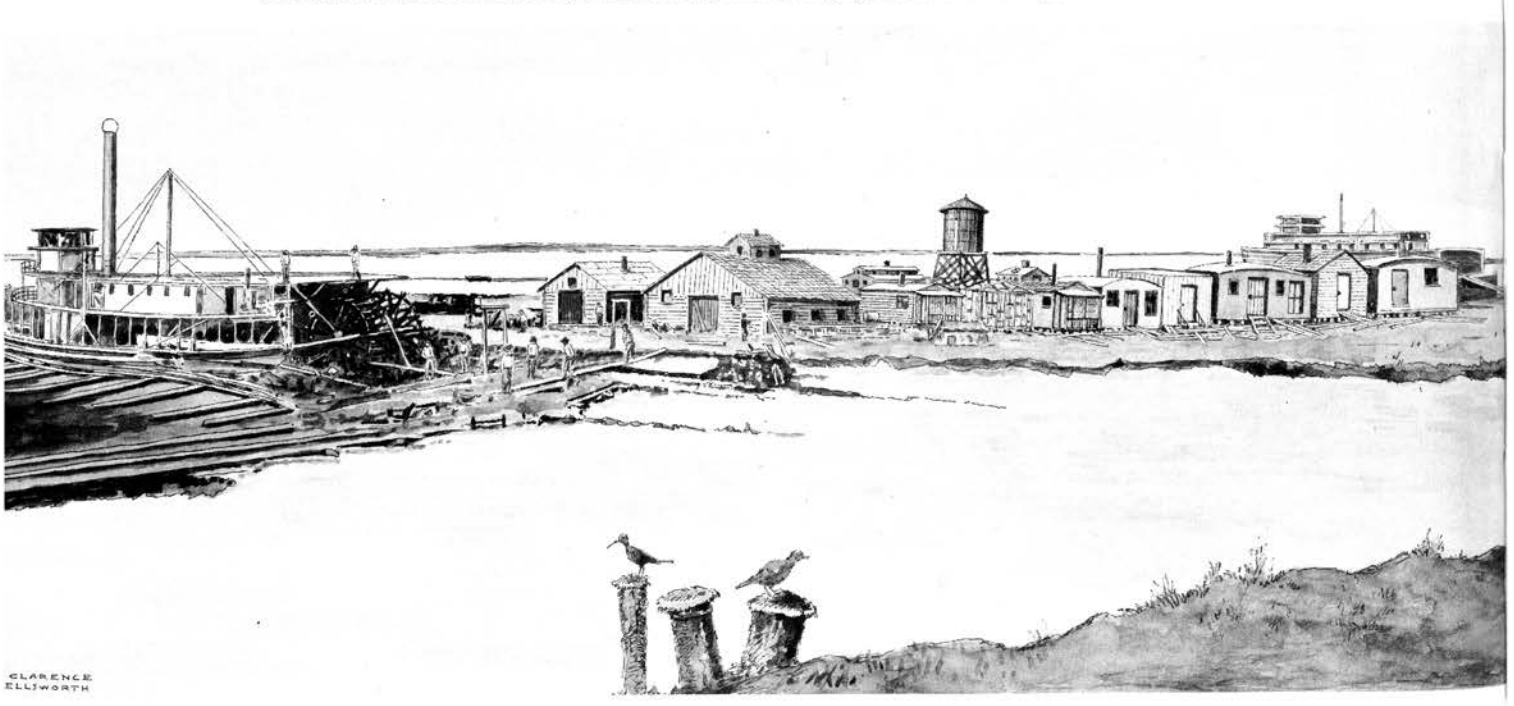
least it was not more than half an hour. He brought me Floy's letter, mailed November 21st, and yours mailed November 28th and a bundle of working clothes and the unexpected and highly prized gift and the crochet needles came so nicely. I take it and the letters for my Christmas gift from home and am rich and proud of them. One end of the carton was torn open. Mr. R. says he thought it was a bundle of *greenbacks*. Wonder if they thought Mr. R. had married an heiress. The letters were a great treat, such nice full ones and I like you to write everything you do. Although it is a tax on you when you have so much to do but it is a great enjoyment for me. Tell Han to write me soon and tell me everything new she gets and has made and what she has been doing this winter up to this time in the way of pretty things. . . . Was weighed about the first of October, weighed 113. . . . Think now I would come nearer to 130. I have the most trouble with my clothes, making them large. Just finishing a new calico. . . . I would have told you before how fleshy I am growing but feared you might weave a little about me but have concluded that older married people than I will find no cause for suspicion. . . . I never had such good health in my life. Mr. R. seems quite fond of me but I think I will lose and more than I have gained when the warm weather comes for people perspire here so much, you have no idea. I am so thankful for my good health. It makes life so bright. . . . I often think of you on cold days while here the coldest weather we have only makes ice a half inch thick, I do wonder how you spent Christmas day, very quiet I expect. . . . While Mr. R. was gone, Mrs. Mac did everything in her power to make me feel less lonely, came in of night and sat and talked to me and made the time pass. I could not leave *my house* after sundown. I will quit writing now. Am tired.

Continuation of letter of December 25th, 1870, written as a part but added a week later:

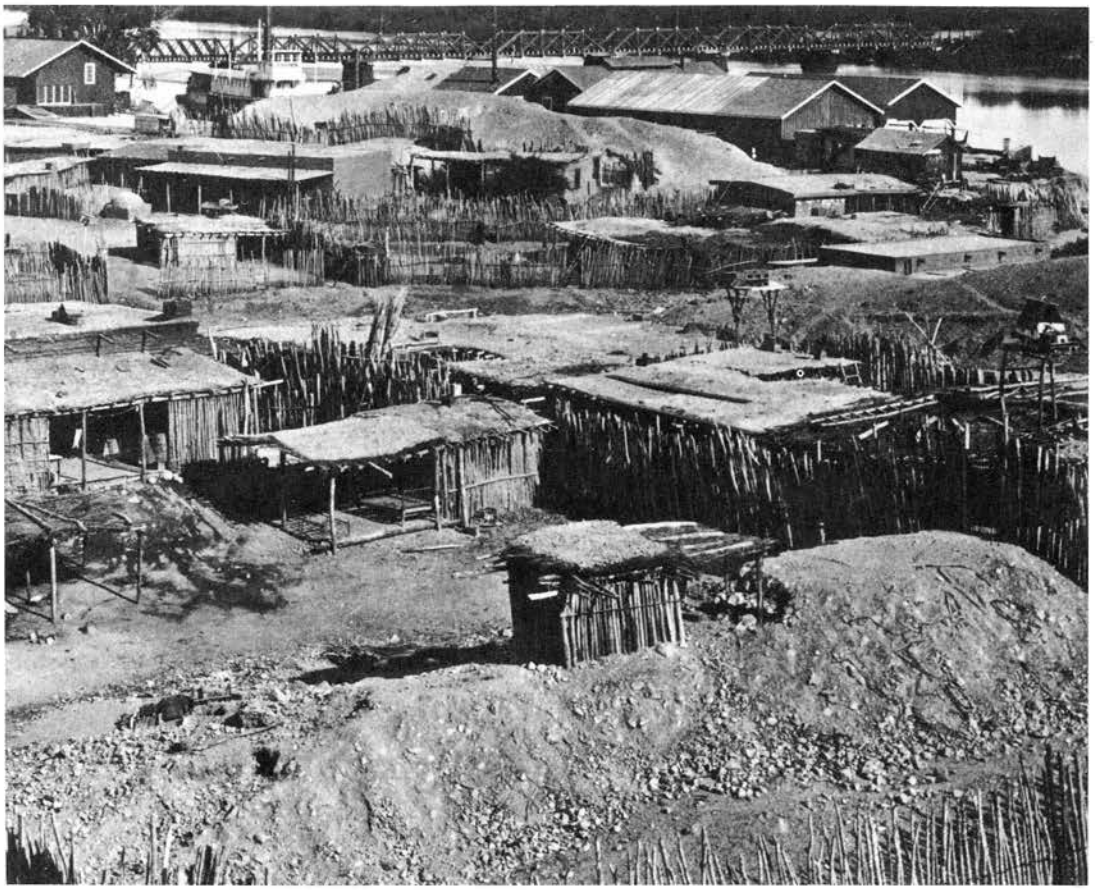
Have not had an opportunity to send this letter to the office. Fear you will become impatient when you do not get a letter for a long time. Do not be the least uneasy for there is not the least certainty about the boats. It has been lying here 12 days now and every prospect that she will stay here 6 or 7 more. She is waiting for a vessel from San Francisco and it is not even in sight yet. After she comes in it takes two days or more to get to her place where the barge is to load from her unless the wind is very favorable, then two days to load the barges, then the steamer tows the barge to Fort Yuma which takes from 2½ to 4 days. So you see even when my letter gets started from here, it is some time before it is mailed. This has been a most lovely day. Our coldest weather is now over, these three or four warm days are like our warm May days at home

I am happy to tell you Mr. R. is very much better. The pain does not bother him much until about 4 o'clock in the morning and then not severe. I am so *glad* and *thankful*. He looks much better than he did but does not feel strong. And, Ma, I must tell you how dear and good he is. Yesterday I was not *well*. You know how I always am for a day. In the morning I cut around pretty much getting everything ready for Sunday and when he came in in the evening, I was lying down. I told him I felt badly and oh, Ma, he was so apprehensive that I must not feel sad or lonely that I have someone that loves me and will care for me always. He then in a short time made tea and set the table and all so quietly. He was more gentle than most women. He then came and told me it was ready and I got up to eat. Then this morning he rose and got breakfast. Cooked codfish and several things and made coffee, then came and wanted to know if I would have some breakfast brought in. I told him to eat his and let everything be and I would fix it all up. He then brought me some warm water, as the water in the pitcher was very cold to wash in. He did all this without me saying a word. Oh, Ma, it is a great pleasure to live with him but, Ma, I do not say anything more about him than I can help as I do not want any praise of him to sound anything like two cousins that I could name, but he *merits* far more praise than you have heard of him. Now, Ma, be sure and keep all this secret between yourselves for if you tell *anyone*, at least anyone except H, they will listen with *rapt* attention and then go away and ridicule me and make jokes and I do not like to be ridiculed. I do not care for myself alone. I write to you almost as I would talk. You need never be uneasy about me. He will take as good care of me as mortal can and after that, we must submit without complaining to all things. Wish I had written on a large sheet. Would have done so but thought I had not much to say. This paper is so stiff do not like to put more than a sheet and a half in. Have filled this with the one subject, *myself* and *my other half*, a *wonderful subject* but my mother will have patience with it, but will try and write a better hand next time and give myself room. Will not say goodbye yet. Ellie.

PORT ISABEL—1865-1878 (As reconstructed by Clarence Ellsworth). "Just imagine a place . . . with one storied houses: At one end the dry dock to build and repair river boats (Colorado II on ways), then a blacksmith shop, then a carpenter shed, then captain McDougall's house, then Captain Robinson's under construction, then our present living quarters, then the store house, then mess room, then meat house. To the rear the hen and hog houses, water tank and the old steamboat (Cocopah No. I) used as lodging for the men—and you have Port Isabel."



CLARENCE ELLSWORTH



YUMA (ARIZONA CITY UNTIL 1873) 1877. Stick and mud Indian and Mexican dwellings in foreground scattered carelessly about. Governmental and steamship company buildings at river's edge. Southern Pacific Railroad bridge in background. (Courtesy of Arizona Pioneers Society)

With improvement in Captain Robinson's condition, Ellen writes with much less anxiety. Apparently satisfied with the culinary facilities at Port Isabel, she suggests extensive improvements in her old Maryland kitchen that would lessen the household duties and cares of her mother.

February 7, 1871. My dear Ma:

I received yours of Jan. first on Friday the third of February, also one from Floy. . . . I have been thinking much lately about your getting a new stove. I think one just like mine would be plenty large enough although it is a little thing, the baker will bake as much at one time as our big old thing and if I have a little fire, enough to keep it warm, it is warm enough to bake a loaf of bread with three or four at most little sticks of wood. Not much larger than my wrist and heats the irons so easily on top, boil the kettle and bake cakes on the griddle and all without removing the lid, or working with it in the least. Oh, you do not know what an *abomination* you have in that old stove. Mine is called a Victor #6, I expect #7 would be a little better for you. The only thing about mine is the spider is so small. If I had one or two to supper just with the one it would be unhandy but you have *such* a nice spider, always keep it. There is never any need of taking off the lid to put this spider on, just set it on top. Now if you only had a new stove, a washing machine and wringer and last but not least, a sink like Jenny's, the kitchen would be *furnished.* I am happy to tell you Mr. R. is considerably better today, can lie down and be at ease, has been sleeping a good deal since breakfast. Do trust the medicine will cure him. He says [it] is not neuralgia, says he had that once in his head and arm, was nothing like this. Cured it by a few applications of towels wrung out of hot water and bound on his head. After reading your letter I figured it was that and told him that it was, he told me he had it once which only made me fear [the] more it was neuralgia. Last night I took one of his bathing towels, a very thick towel, wrung out of scalding water and put it something like a poultice, then took a small blanket and put over it to keep the heat in. Did that two nights but did not do him the least good. I had to discontinue it as the medicine he is taking has *sulphur* and salt peter in it. He wears thick flannel drawers and shirt. He has always been a remarkable hearty man, a strong constitution, thinks he can stand anything. The first of this that he felt was last winter. He was running the boat and there was a very cold spell of weather, water froze in the wheel-house where he stands all day long steering the boats and no fire, it was then he felt the first of it and no wonder, he has exposed himself I think. . . . I must close. It is nearly dinner time. With much love to you and Pap and the rest, I am your affectionate daughter, Ellie.

Despite Ellen's efforts to conceal her anxiety over Captain Robinson's condition, the light tone of the following letter is very far from convincing.

Colorado River, February 20th, 1871. My dear mother:

We are now steaming up the river to Fort Yuma and I am in the cabin writing this, which will account for my pen not always obeying my will as it is rather *shakey*. Mr. R. is going up to see the Dr., he wrote the Dr. telling him how he was and to send him some medicine. The Dr. wrote Mr. R. a very nice note by return boat telling him if possible to come up, he wished to examine him again, as he thought he had not understood his disease. . . .I picked up our clothes and early Friday morning we started and this is Monday and we will not get to Yuma before tomorrow evening, a long trip. The boat is towing a heavily laden barge and we are detained occasionally. . . . You would scarcely know Mr. R. if you should see him. Instead of the erect man he was, he is quite bent. The pain in his heart has been so severe and left him so that he cannot straighten himself but for all, I do not think he is in a dangerous way and I think when the doctor sees him again he will be able to cure him, just seeing him once and not studying his symptoms any, it is no wonder he did him no good. You must not worry anthing about it, it will do no good, and I am enough to worry about it, I did not tell you until he got so bad, I thought I ought to. I am so glad you write me such nice long letters. . . . I have no pieces of paper with me, write soon to your affectionate daughter, Ellen.

[Postscript] I hope I will get a letter from some of you when I get to Fort Yuma, if we stay there a few days I will write again, and let you know about Mr. R. He does not know yet whether he will return at once with this boat or wait for another. Ma, I send you one of Mr. R's. photos, he had taken several years since. He thinks you will hardly know him with the beard but it is just like him. I feel *so provoked* when I think of him having his beard off when we were married. It made him look so much older. He has a nice beard now, just like his photo and he does not look a day older, if as old. No I believe his photo now would look younger than this one. You see his collar is very loose, this causes him to look not so neat as he does in a close fitting one. That is the way they wear them here to be cool. Ellie.

[Sent according to the envelope from Arizona City March 27.]

Wednesday, March 22, 1871. My dear mother:

I received yours of the 18th of February last week and I allowed the boat to leave without sending a letter. To tell you the truth, I forgot and how I came to do so I do not know unless it was that my mind was so taken up with wishing the boat would get off so as to bring me a letter back. Anyway, I did not think of it until the boat had been gone a day. It started yesterday. Well it has not yet returned but it will surely come this evening but I do not look for a letter as I must not, I suppose, as an unexpected barge came down last week and brought me your letter so it would not be reasonable to look for another but whenever Floy relieves of her budget of news I should like to have some of the richest scraps although I would not object in the least to having the whole budget and she did not get her photograph taken. . . . Before I write anything more I must tell you of Mr. R. He is still very poorly, is now very weak and is anxiously looking for the steamer back as he intends to go to San Francisco and if she arrives this evening will start tomorrow as the barge is ready and waiting for her. He expects to be gone two months and I expect I will have a desperate fight with the blues but I intend to try and keep up my spirits for I think surely he will find a physician that will understand his case. I do not now believe his heart has anything to do with it. There was a man at Fort Yuma affected the same way with several slight exceptions and the Dr. there told him he had rheumatism, then enlargement of the liver, but as he continued to grow worse he went to San Fran. last September. We met him as we came across the desert. He then tried one doctor after another, growing weaker all the time until he came to the 11th doctor, who was a Frenchman. He examined him and said it was the bile on his stomach had collected and had become caked. He gave him a medicine which in a week's time broke it up and he got better at once and as the brig, Josephine with Captain McDonnough was ready to sail, he came down here and said he is as well as ever and I would not be at all surprised if that is the matter with Mr. R. I do hope it will prove nothing more serious. I dread that ride for him across the desert. I have made him a little pillow that he may lay his head down when he gets a chance and I do hope the stage will not be full then he can make himself more comfortable. He will write to me from San Diego.

Captain McDonnough and his wife spent the day with me on Saturday, Monday and yesterday. She brought me some grapes and a couple of books so they will be great amusement while Mr. R. is absent. She is very kind. A good many here look for her coming as she always brings them papers of different kinds and distributes them around which is a great treat. This now forms a news depot in Fort Yuma but the papers are very high and I do not know what kind of a selection they keep but I know they keep no very early papers. Mrs. McD. gave me her canary bird. It is a gay little thing and sings so sweetly. I find it cheers me very much. Keep it on the porch in the daytime and in the sitting room at night. It will sit on its top perch, looking so pert till I take the light out of the room for a few minutes. When I come back it has its little head tucked under its wing and looks like a little yellow ball. She gave it to me as she expects to go home to Maine on a visit and a lady is to give her another when she comes back. Well, I suppose the grass is beginning to show green. Oh! Ma, you *cannot realize* the pleasure it is to see the grass getting green and the flowers and the birds singing and oh so *many* beautiful things unless you were in a place like this for awhile. I never knew how rich I was until now when sometimes I think I would give anything almost to have just *one frog* as at home. We do not have any here. I know Floy will laugh at my wish but I hope she may never be any place where there is *not* even a frog. But now I have the little bird; perhaps I will not so long for other things. But send me some violets when they bloom. Both the colors and the purple retains its scent a long time. Excuse this scribbling and my unarranged sentences for I have not time to do better. At least I think I have not. Have to throw my pen down to attend to things. Threw it down some times since to prepare some clams for clam chowder that I intend to have for supper. Tell Pap I can eat clams like I had been born and bred on a clam flat. The way we have them for breakfast is to put them in a pan and set them in the oven and in ten minutes the heat open the shell and then we take them out at once and sit down to breakfast and take them out of the shell as they want them. Oh! but they are nice and not long since we had some venison. It was nice but I did not care about it. The nicest thing of the game kind that I have eaten since I have been here was a rabbit. A gentleman with several other men went away off to the California shore to hunt and get clams but he got a rabbit and sent it to me. It was a very large one. I put it in salt and water awhile and fried it with onions and it was very nice. It made enough for us and plenty for Mrs. Mac's family but I must tell you a little about the Indians. Expect you will get tired of them. There has been trouble among them. Cocopah tribe, Mr. R's Indians, there is a white man among them and sells them whiskey (or did). Mr. R. sent him word to sell them no more. Do not know whether he heeded it or not. One of the squaws, Oruke, by name, quite a favorite with me because she could talk English quite well, got drunk and threatened to kill an Indian, when one of them killed her. When we went up to Fort Yuma the boat stopped at Captain Coloron's place to take on wood and Oruke was there. She seemed so pleased to see me and bid me goodbye several times and it was the next day they killed her. They do not take much notice when a squaw is killed but she had friends who took it up and one of them killed the one who killed her and it made a general fight and as usual when there is any trouble they come to Captain R.

It looks to me as if they acknowledge him as their Chief. He said if he would go and live among them they would at once make him Head Chief. Well, one day, week before last, three or four Indians drove down to see him. One wounded man came to get Mr. R. to cure him. Mr. R. had him fed and taken care of until his wound healed which was only about a week but those who came to see him said if Captain R. would only *speak*, there would be no more fight and Mr. R. did speak all he knew but somehow they were not satisfied. He did not say that this and that was to make all peace again, but he did not *know* what to say so he could not find out all the trouble as they heard he was going away. Then on Monday evening about sundown, we saw a number coming. The old Chief and all the others mounted on horses and behind them some footmen. Mr. R. was sitting on the office porch and Mrs. McDonnough and I went up there to see them come up. They came near and tied their horses and then walked up. All the head ones shook hands with Mr. R. Then with Mr. and Mrs. McDonnough and then sat down. Mr. R. then gave them nearly a box of crackers and a couple of bags of flour. Then they all went off on their horses. Then we saw no more of them until next morning when about 8 o'clock, Mr. R. was sitting in his usual place on the office porch. I looked out the window and saw them going up to him. Some of them drew a bench up to him and seated themselves while others stood around him and others sat down on the floor and ground. I counted 27. I had to laugh to see Mr. R. sitting there like a judge, or like Grand Sachem. The chief would talk a little, then one of his men would interpret or try to. Mr. R. is so used to them he made out to know what they said. Then when he replied, the Indians would interpret to his people. Mr. R. said the trouble now is that they will not mind Captain Coloron. He has no authority over them. They talked more than an hour and when they got through he told them he was going away awhile and he would leave me here and they must take care of me and let nothing hurt me. He says every one of them responded to that. A little while ago Mr. R. was lying down on the lounge. The old Chief came in and bid him goodbye and he shook hands with us and he went out and got him a chunk of meat and he was delighted. He said goodbye again and started. There are a good many here yet. They often come to the door for a drink of water, they can get none but what is given them. It is kept locked up.

Night. I laid this aside to get supper and have been reading and talking to Mr. R. since. Since he has just gone up to the office, a boat is coming but some distance off yet, I think, and it will take him away from me tomorrow. Till he gets well I'll make myself contented. He wanted me to go to Fort Yuma and stay during his absence but I told him if it was not against his wishes I would rather stay here. Would not be so lonely at home as up there. He said I should do as I liked and if I wanted to go anytime, to go. Sick as he is, he thinks of my comfort and happiness. In every way he never forgets me but he is one of those who makes no parade of anything. I am always learning something new about him and it all makes his character brighter and he always says, "Ellen do not forget me in your letters home and

tell them I am going to San Francisco." Just as if I could keep him out of my letters. Why I cannot keep him out of many lines of them. We are very much obliged to Pap for the wish he could send us a barrel of applies. I know we would do justice to them but we get a few occasionally. Could have plenty but the sea voyage is too much for them. Half or more always rot. And, Ma, I am so much obliged to Toby for his kindness but nothing more than I expected from him for I was thinking the same thing I know you have been thinking. I knew where and *who* would see that I got to my home again if anything happened to my husband, but, Ma, if anything should ever happen to him and I should be left destitute, it would be because death would overtake him so suddenly and so unexpectedly that he would not have five minutes to provide for me and those minutes would be agony for him, that he was leaving me unprovided for but I cannot write anymore of this. It makes me cry. God has led me this far. I can surely trust him the rest of the way. Ma, do not say a word of this outside the family. It would cause speculation and I do not suppose my friends often hit on the true motives I had in marrying Mr. R. but as I know and you know that is sufficient.

Thursday morning. Mr. R. starts today about 1 o'clock. He is about as usual this morning. . . . This is a lovely day, just warm enough to sit with the door open. I have my bird on the porch and it sings so sweetly. I can really imagine there are beautiful green grass and trees. It makes the place different to me. I am always loath to quit writing to you but must close. With much love from Mr. R. and myself to you all. I am your affectionate daughter. . . . Tell Floy to write me the funniest kind of a letter that I may receive by the last of May when Mr. R. comes home. I want something to make him laugh heartily. . . . Youre all so plainly present when I am writing to you. . . . Would say something on all you wrote to me but I am so tired. I do not have any success with my flowers. The air is too salt. The seed will not come up and my lily grows slow and not at all like they grow at home. It grows more like a young duck. Good-night, dear Ma and Pap and sister. How cozy my old room at home seems when I think of it (which is often) and us three girls sitting on the floor in our nightgowns chatting, chatting away as if for *wages*. Well, when I come home I will sit there and make believe I am a girl again but I fear I shall look so much older I cannot deceive the rest of you for I do not expect ever to be as fair again as I used to be. It is getting so dark here. Write when you can. Your loving daughter, Ellie.

The following is a letter from Captain Robinson in the cramped hand of one unused to writing and will find no words other than those necessary to convey his message to the one whom he dearly loves:

San Francisco, April 22nd, 1871. Dear Wife:

I am still improving slowly. The pains have all left me but I am weak and not able to walk far without rest. My greatest trouble now is to stay in the house and I can't leave it without riding. The doctor says I am cured but must not leave until I gain sttength. I hope this letter will find you well and in good spirits. I am very anxious to get back to you again but I don't think it advisable to come before I am strong. I am looking for a letter from you every day. This is the third one I have written to you. Don't get angry at this short letter. Don't think that I have forgotten you because there is not much in them. Your affect husband. (Signed) D. C. Robinson.

Port Isabel, July, 1871 [no day of the month given]. My own dear mother:

I have appeared to neglect you and very much fear you have been uneasy about me and Mr. R. First let me tell you I have been, and am still enjoying excellent health and you must not get uneasy and worry about me. I could tell you a whole list of reasons for not writing but am very much hurried to get this done to send down to the boat which is lying aside of the steamer from San Francisco which got here about noon today, and *which did not bring* my long-hoped for husband but instead a sweet letter from him which has revived my spirits to a great height, notwithstanding the disappointment experienced upon finding he did not come. He says he is very much better, indeed almost well. The Dr. told him he needed his attention no longer but he advised him to stay in San Francisco until the 20th of this month when he might safely return to the river. He expects to be here the last of the month. I would not be suprised if it was some time after that. It will be if he comes in the steamer for he will not sail from San Francisco until after the first of August and he may upon further thought remain to come that way. I wish he would for the journey across the desert is too much for him this time of the year, I think, but he is very anxious to get home. Sailing vessels are taken off this line and a steamship put on service and it will arrive here regularly once a month. Captain McDonnough is the commander, I am glad of it. His wife did not go to see her friends. She did not come with him. I believe she is expecting to have a responsibility this fall. The steamer brought down a lot of soldiers, officers and their wives. Among the passengers, a Doctor Gildersleeve a surgeon of the Company, I believe. He came down last fall with soldiers and officers and we got acquainted with his boat. Well, he called on me today and told me he had seen Mr. R. and he was *so much* better. He brought me some oranges and told me of their passage down here and how pleasant it was and all about it. He is a very pleasant and handsome man, has a most lovely wife. I have written this in such a rapid rate, I expect you will have to supply words and letters but have to send it away in two or three minutes. Write me when you can. I will write to you again. Give my love to Pap, Floy and all the brothers. . . . Love to all inquiring friends, your loving daughter, Ellie

Port Isabel, August 1, 1871. My dear mother:

It is just about sundown and Captain Overman just came by to tell me he is trying to get an Indian to go to Fort Yuma on business for him and that I would have an opportunity to send a letter if I wished, would not have many minutes as he would have to get him started almost immediately or wait until sometime tomorrow, so I took a lead pencil as I can sit in the door and write faster with it. Mr. R. has not got home yet. I am looking for him every day now, when the last boat came down I heard by the Captain that he intended to start from San Francisco the 20th of July and if he did, he is in Fort Yuma by this time and I know he is very anxious to get home. There is a boat up there that will be down some time but may not be for eight or nine days. In that case I expect he will come in a small boat for which I will be sorry for the sun is so hot. I have not heard from him since I wrote you last. I keep very well. Have never been sick a day since I left home. This place, so far, agrees with me very well. It is quite damp some times but does not have any bad effects upon me. We have had a very pleasant summer and if we have no warmer weather this summer, I will think I am very fortunate for I did dread the summer. In 23 more days I will have been married one year. It seems a strange kind of a year, to be all at once removed so far from my home and it seems my one hope in life is to get back there again and see you all. I have been thinking of home all day and wondered if this August will look like last. I wonder if it is moonlight now and shining over that beautiful lily. But of course it is, for it is moonlight here and nearly as light as day. There is nothing here to make shadows, no dark corners made by trees or shrubbery so I have to imagine everything that is lovely. What a nice time you all are having, I expect now Toby is home. How much I would like to be with you all. It is almost impossible to write a word for there are six or seven Indians gathered around me and chattering away at a great rate. Of course they enjoy my company and I cannot bear to send them away as they would think it hard, would not understand it.

It is now quite dark and my ideas have certainly gone to roost for I feel like I wanted to write but cannot think of what I want to say. Are you still busy? I do hope you have had or will have some rest. I hope I will get a letter from some of you the next time I hear from Yuma. Tell me all that goes on in the neighborhood and give my love to all inquiring friends. I hope that this may find you all very well and that you may continue to have the best of health. Then I will not mind being so far from you so much. I do not know how this is written. Cannot write by candlelight on account of having to shut myself up out of all drafts and it is so warm I cannot think and I cannot see a letter, so will close. Give much love to Pap, L., H., and S., and your wonderful self. Tell Floy to write very soon a tremendous letter, not to imitate this writing as I could not read it if she did. . . . I remain your affectionate daughter, Ellie

My dear sister:

I was made extremely happy the fourth of this month by the arrival of Mr. R. and your and ma's letters and also one from Floy, written in Baltimore. Mr. R. was very tired when he came in and wet from head to feet. He arrived at Fort Yuma on Saturday evening and started from there on Tuesday morning by barge and having no boat to bring her, dropped down with the current and after staying on her something over two days, he then took a small boat with several to row and came that way. Was out one night and on account of the high tide, the ground was wet for miles so they had not a dry spot to lie down upon but propped themselves against a large stump of a tree and slept about an hour. He took an early start and got within some miles of here and the tide being high and the current strong, left the boat and walked across as by that means he would reach home some hours earlier. I was lying upon the lounge in an unsettled state, trying to read and just raised up and looked out the door when I saw a man with something in his hand, running across the upper deck of one of the steamers. When I watched to see what it was and in a moment he had unfolded a flag and run it up on its pole. I at once suspected the cause and went to the door and the other two steamers and the barges were running up their flags, I thought they saw the steamer Cocopah as she was expected down in a week or so and that he was on board and that they were answering her flag, announcing his presence on board. But *I* could see nothing of her and went and sat down to try and keep from getting excited when in a minute the cook came running down—and said there were two men coming across the flat and one they felt *sure* was Captain R. but wanted to be sure. Well I watched and waited but could not see him. The slough was full of boats and barges and so many men and I did not know where to look for him *to cross* it and I began to think they had all been mistaken so went and sat down to wait for his step before I would look again and pretty soon I heard it. Oh! but I was too glad, but was much disappointed to find he was not well. He is much better

but still suffers from pain and is very weak. The last doctor told him his left lung was affected. Gave him some medicine which seemed to help him but an old man, an old acquaintance, told him he could cure him, that he had been affected in the same way only much worse. The medicine is made of herbs. He has now been taking it for five days and *I* I think it is beginning to have some affect. If it cures him I will send the receipt as I believe it will cure Callie. I *do hope* it may cure him. He has suffered so long, ten months, but he is as patient as ever, never complains. Tell Ma she must *not* think much about it, that is to worry, for it will do no good and I do not fret at all, only it hurts me sometimes to know he is in pain but I still think he will get well. All the doctors agree there is nothing dangerous but for all that I think they are a set of rare humbugs. A San Francisco doctor, one old fellow, the first he went to, has a great reputation. Well, he doctored him two months, blistered and blistered him and did him no good and his advice to him was to keep on blistering. Guess he must have thought Mr. R. had lived long enough.

Monday morning; when I got this far had to put supper on the table and it was then too late to resume. The steamship just arrived and Mr. R. has gone down to it in the Fort Yuma steamer and I will have to hurry up my letter. Intended to have them all written in time but very unexpectedly had company, when the last steamer came down (this day week). The Captain brought his wife down and Captain Polhemus, wife and children and a doctor and a lady, the wife of an officer who is returning to California as her husband is ordered in the field. She has no place to live. She is a very agreeable lady, spent several evenings with me. It is lonely and tiresome for her on the boat, both the Captains' wives being Mexican, one of them talks very good English but Captain P's wife cannot speak a word, or does not. Oh, how the time does fly but I am not sorry although I have nothing to complain of, for very unexpectedly this has been a pleasant summer, *so much* cooler than I expected. Have a most delightful breeze everyday and deep our house all open at night which is elegant but the best of all is we do not expect to be here more than 8 or 9 months longer. We are then going to Oregon to live, the southern part, Coos County, about 400 miles from San Francisco. 'Tis' said to be a splendid country. The land is cheap and *very* rich. It is like California. We will raise everything but has the advantage over that state in that it does not suffer from drought. Mr. R. said it is a land flowing with milk and honey, a great deal of timber, a great deal of wild honey. He has not yet bought a place but we will go and then will look around and find one to please him. I am perfectly delighted with the idea. . . . I must tell you of the present Mr. R. brought me. A nice pin and cuff buttons of gold quartz; chose that kind as it is more of a curiosity than other stones. They are very pretty and attract attention even in this land of gold quartz. And also brought me the loveliest gold watch and chain that I ever saw. It is just perfect and what I like so much, the chain is like a cord and goes around the neck, one end attached to the watch the other hangs down about half way with a gold tassel on the end, a gold slide on the chain and in the center of it is a lovely pearl. He displayed a great deal of taste in the selection, as he did when he got my rings. . . . My little canary bird has been singing lovely since Mr. R. came home. He appreciates good company. Looked at me so knowingly out of his little bead black eyes and my mocking bird is getting so tame and commencing to sing and will take flies and canned cherries out of my hand, but I lost my little cat. The coyotes took him. How nice that you are making so much butter. We cannot have any here this season of the year, just when we want it most. The best thing we have here is fish which we get fresh every day or two. But I must close. I feel real tired. So, write me often as you can. Mr. R. sends love to you all. With much love to each one of you, I remain your loving sister, Ellie.

And, now to the culminating event in Ellen's strange and adventurous life on the Colorado River.

Arizona City, September 27, 1871. My own dear Mother:

I will surprise you when I tell you you are a grandmother and Pap a grandfarher. Your granddaughter was born the 20th of this month, on the Steamer Mohave, two days from this place.

My good true friend, Mrs. McDougall and I started on the 17th, I expected to be here five or six weeks before the event but had been suffering with a bilious diarrhea for nearly two weeks and on the boat it got worse and caused my baby to be born 10 or 15 days sooner than it should have been. And so you see, I made a mistake of several weeks. Well, no wonder. I do not know how anyone knows. I did not mind the birth ot the baby at all. She is a very strong child. She was born at half past two o'clock in the morning and the Captain of the boat sent some men in a ship to A. City for the doctor in case everything was not right. It was Wednesday night when the men reached there. The doctor started at once, rowing all night and reached the steamer at 4 o'clock Thursday morning and found me well but the baby sadly in need of medicine, as I had not a drop of milk for her and it needed a purge at once. He told me afterwards that he was much frightened for several hours and it has been perfectly well since. It is the best child that ever was. Hope will continue. So I have to drink porter for milk for it which is an awful dose but expect to get accustomed to that.

Mr. R. did not come up with me. It was impossible for him to do so unless it became positively necessary and we both thought it was not. He is quite well now, or at least I left him so. Will hear from him in several days and maybe see him.

Captain Thorn dispatched a messenger to him at once, letting him know that he was a father and that we were well. He will be so glad. Tell Sister Han and Floy they may now feel independent as regards a niece, having one that is really their own. I thought it was going to be a boy for I wished it to be on Mr. R.'s account although he never expressed such a wish, just so we had a baby, he would be satisfied. But I wanted it to be so that it could follow him about. We arrived here the 22nd, about sundown, when Captain Polhemus and wife came on board at once to see me but I was not moved until early the next morning when I washed, put on a calico wrapper over my nightdress and was carried in to Captain Polhemus' (house) in an armchair where there was a nice room prepared for me. Mrs. P. had had it ready for some time, expecting me up. Mr. R. having made arrangements with him some time since. Mrs. P. is a Mexican lady, one of the finest of her race and a perfect lady in every respect. Every attention is paid to me that is possible. Providence seems to have taken special charge of me although I am the last to wish it but then I have such a good mother. The doctor who attends to me is a Spaniard, not a Mexican. He is a very fine man, watches me very closely, comes in twice a day. I am now nearly well of the diarrhea. Gaining strength very fast. Tell Floy I received her nice long letter the evening I arrived here and after receiving quite a cabinful of company. I am sitting up in bed and writing a note to Mr. R., I got Mrs. Mac to put a candle on a chair and I laid myself down to the enjoyment of it and after finishing it went off to the land of Nod. . . . Write often, I shall feel nervous. The typhoid fever is so close. Watch yourselves closely and when any of you feel badly have the advice of a physician at once.

September 28th; I received such a very kind affectionate note from Mr. R. last night. Said he was rejoiced to hear of the birth of his daughter. No one ever had a better husband. I sent him a piece of her hair. He thinks its beautiful. I want to know just how Floy looks and acts when she hears of her niece. Tell her to write me with a photograph of herself and as for Sister Han, she will take it as everything else, perfectly cool. I could tell you some queer things, could I see you. We had very warm weather for several weeks before I left Port Isabel and it has been very warm here since we have been here. I never take a nap in the daytime nor sleep well at night but it is cooler today. Hope it will continue. . . . Tell Mollie H. to forgive me for treating her so badly but not feeling well for some time have indulged my laziness. . . . Tell Pap his granddaughter sends him a kiss and a nice sweet one, for even now she is a pretty little thing, brown hair and large blue eyes and Baby, with myself, wish to be affectionately remembered to her. . . . I have written just as things came into my head, could not arrange sentences or subjects well. I feel grateful to Pap for wishing he could send me a barrel of beets. I could devour them with a will. Expect the steamship will bring some this fall, if we live. Next spring we will be where we can get everything good. . . . Must close, am tired and the flies are horrid but a great deal of love to you all, I am your affectionate daughter, Ellie.
[written on the bottom of the last page] You will have to supply missing words, cannot read it over, will tell you some time about baby's clothes, would like to have some patterns sometime.

Arizona City, October 2, 1871. My dear Mother:

I wrote to you last week, know that you will be anxious how we are getting along. I am right well and have nothing to do but gather strength and flesh, both of which I could do much faster if I could only sleep but various things keep me from sleeping very well at night. It is impossible to take a nap in the daytime. The heat, flies and children entirely prohibit such a thing, although no better children, yet they must amuse themselves.

I am very anxious to get back to Port Isabel with my husband and peace and quietness. The baby is well, sleeps all the time, is not one bit of trouble. Is gaining daily and getting flesh. It was very thin when born but very strong. I am thinner than you ever saw me, having the diarrhea so long and not being able to eat much for several months.

October 4: When I got this far I laid down my pencil to rest and could not resume it until yesterday for the baby was quite poorly all the forenoon and could not lay it down until about dinnertime and I was quite worn out. Think the milk I gave her made her sick. Have not enough for her. Think I would have if I were not cooped up here like a prisoner. If we live, I expect in a year's time to have a home of my own. I will surely know how to appreciate it. I have seemed only to exist but with an acute consciousness of existence this last year of my life, but Mr. R. does not imagine my feelings nor shall he. Yet it all seems to be coming out right. He is quite well now for which I cannot be too grateful and thankful. He suffered so much and was so patient that I feel I should not utter one complaint. . . . The baby is two weeks old today and I have just had her up. I do wish you could see her. She has funny little ways already. She has as strong a grip as a child of two years, clasps my finger like a little vise. While on this subject must tell you how the news went through the yards (Port Isabel) to her father. The other day the Captain of one of

ELLEN HAYES ROBINSON in her 65th year

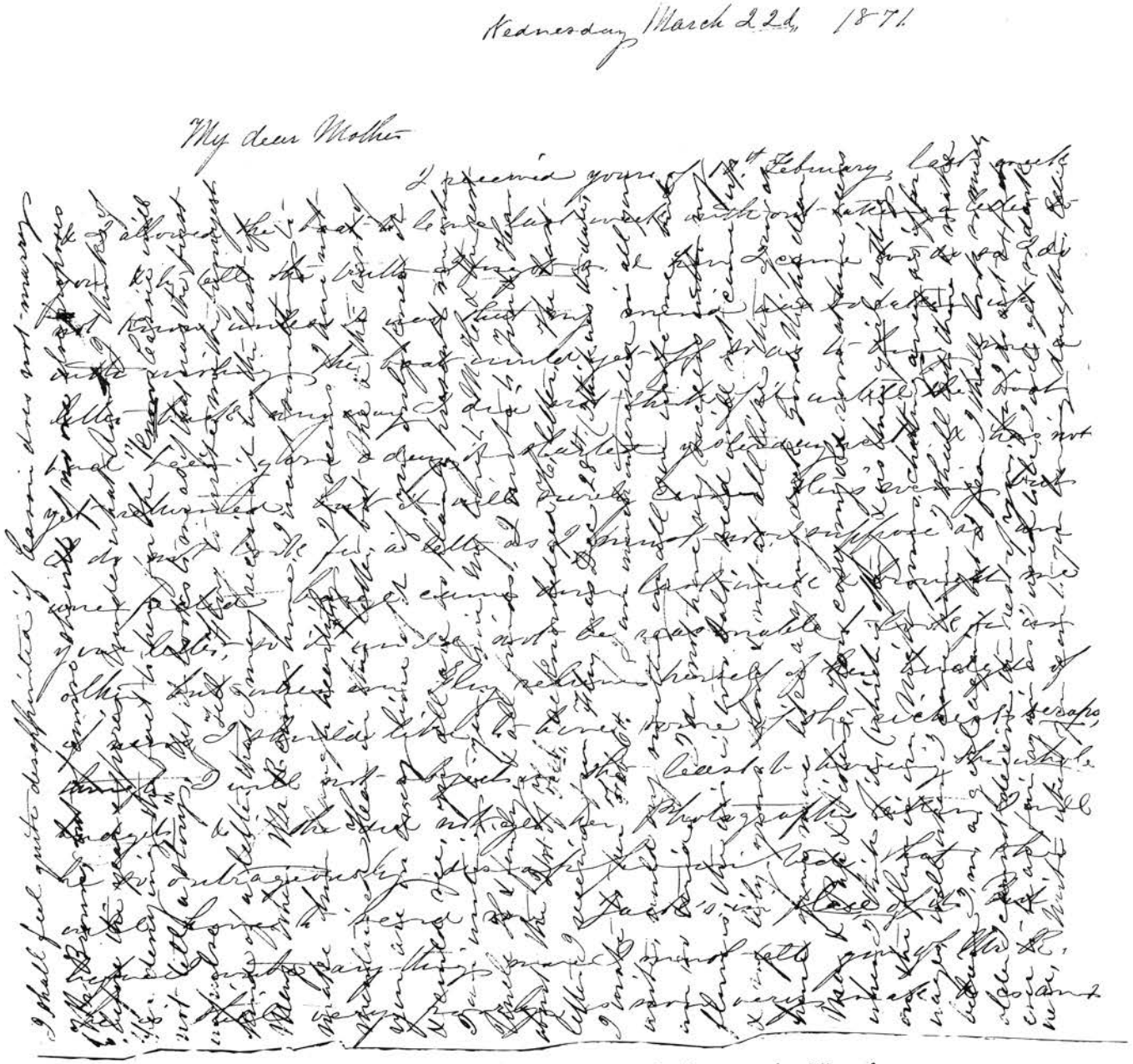
the barges, a young fellow, came in to see me and told me it with great glee, but to go back a little a few hours after it was born at early daylight. When the Captain of the Mohave (it is pronounced Moharvey), the boat I was in, was getting steam up preparatory for starting, Captain Overman with his boat came alongside (had been tied up for the night a few miles ahead of us). He came in to see me and the baby and I told him to tell Captain R. that the baby and I were well and when he came to the mouth of the river (which is nearly two days after passing it) the brig was still laying there that we left and Captain O. stopped, went on board and told Captain Dougherty who immediately ran up all her flags. Captain Overman doing the same. Mr. R. was sitting on the office porch, reading and seeing the flags flying at once got his skiff and a man to take him a distance of two and one-half miles and soon heard the whole thing. The one who told me is a very fine fellow and he says he went to Mr. R. to know the meaning of the flags and he had to tell him and he declares Mr. R. was the happiest looking man he ever saw. While Mr. R. was in San Francisco I employed and amused myself in making baby clothes. . . . I made myself 3 wrappers and read a good deal and ran into Mrs. Mac's often and amused myself with the Indians.

I kept my secret from you fearing you would worry about me and lay awake at night thinking until you would make yourselves sick. I thought if anything happened to me it would not be as hard on you in the end as if you had worried beforehand. . . . This is another warm day but with the rushing of a cool breeze occasionally. I am covered (except on my face) with the prickly heat, never saw such a thing before. Hope never again. It looks badly and itches horribly. Please excuse all this miserable writing. I lie down to rest and hold the paper on a little board so cannot write steady.

Tea, cold bread and butter, weak tea, some cheese cut very thin; for dinner two kinds of vegetables, never more, pickles, napkins, bread, or a little dessert. I find you are entirely too particular about the table.

The next letter of Mrs. Robinson's that has survived was dated nearly two months later at Port Isabel. Weakened by her illness, her existence at Port Isabel is fast becoming intolerable except when Captain Robinson is by her side. She dreads his trips to the gulf some five miles down the slough for, when their ocean steamships arrive at the mouth of the shipyard slough, Captain Robinson was responsible for the safe transference of passengers and freight to the river boats and barges usually waiting for them within the slough where they are well protected from heavy seas and tumultuous tides. By provision of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848 Mexico gave the United States the right of passage for vessels with their passengers and freight up the Gulf of California and the Colorado River. The ocean-going vessels anchors at the mouth of the Port Isabel Slough, therefore, to avoid the high Mexican customs duties were they to nose into the Mexican shore for land transfer of their cargos.

WIFE AT PORT ISABEL



Prompted by a sense of thrift or because paper was hard to come by, Ellen often resorted to cross-writing her letters home. The task of deciphering was always tedious.

Port Isabel, Dec. 15th. My very dear Mother:

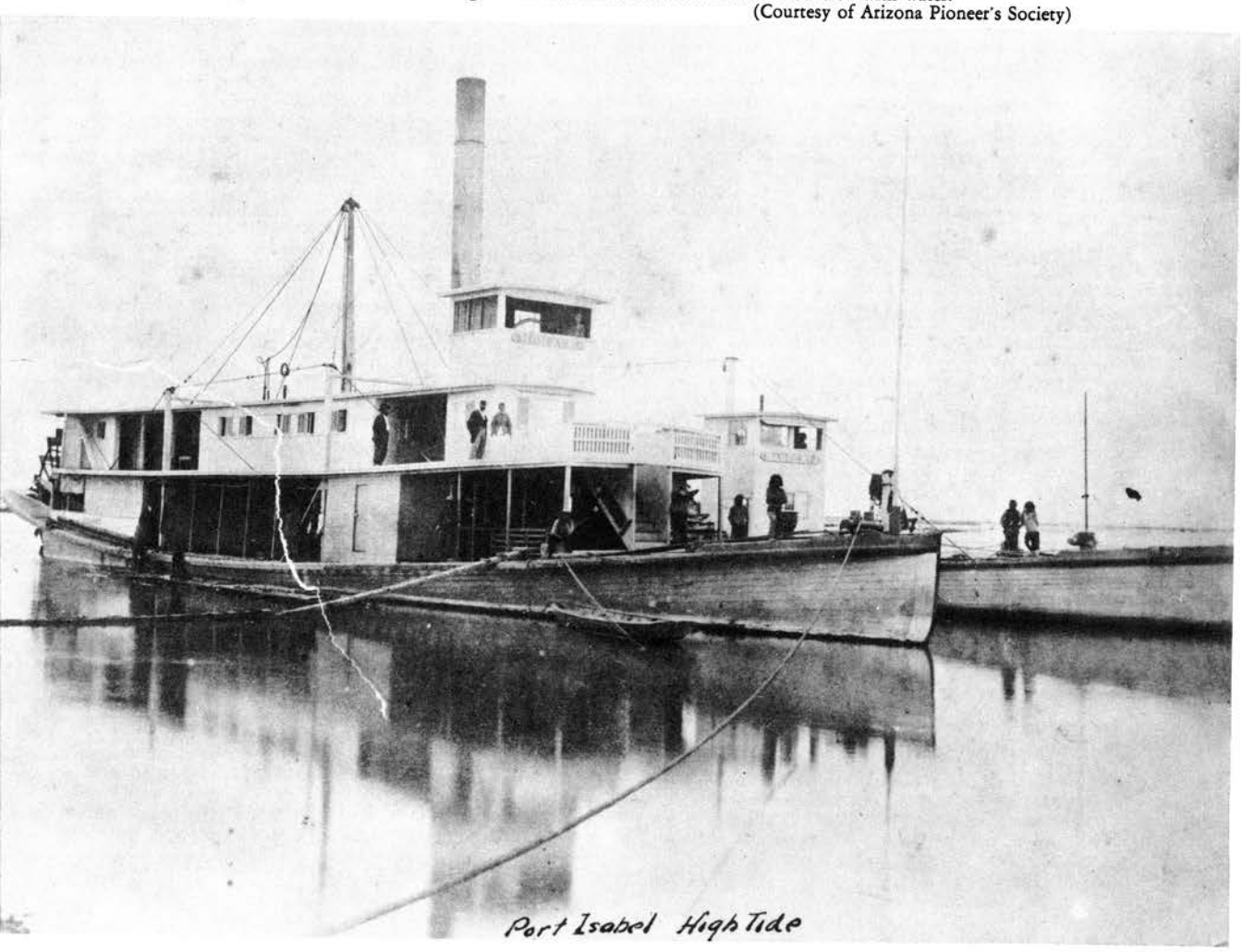
I received your ever welcome letter the 11th of this month and I have been trying ever since to muster up energy enough to reply to it, but could not before tonight and now Bridget is holding baby whilst I write but from the sounds proceeding from the other side of this room I will soon have to throw down my pen and take her. . . . I am kept so closely in the house attending to baby that I do not get a mouthful of fresh air consequently do not have any energy at all. Hope it will be a little better . . . Maggie [for the baby was named Margaret] is beginning to take so much notice; is such a funny little thing, can sit up as straight as I can, believe she could without any support but I do not trust her, and so handy with her hands, sometimes when taking a good look at her Papa she puts on a most dignified expression and claps one hand over the other. The night your letters came, her father was sitting at one end of the little table, B at the other end on the lounge playing with baby, I sitting in front reading yours when B picked up a piece of brown paper and told Maggie she should have a letter too and presently called my attention to her. She was sitting up straight as an arrow smoothing the paper on her fingers with her big round blue eyes fixed on her father. Oh! she made such a beautiful picture . . . She has a most beautiful head and her hair . . . is a light rich red brown . . . Mr. R. feels pretty well, he has to be down at the ship all the time while she is in. Does not get home every night. It is a cross to me. I am always afraid he will take cold and this place feels just like a prison when he is absent—the truth is I do not like to have him out of my sight for long at a time—for with all my blessings, and they are without number, I seem to lose sight of them when he is from home. Will close—the baby is asleep and I am so sleepy. . . . Will not receive letters many more times from Port Isabel. Time is flying here—not much more than three months to stay—am so glad.

(no signature)

In the following letter of December 19 Ellen faces her second Christmas at Port Isabel free of the discouragement and homesickness of the year before. Happy with her baby she looked forward to her departure from Port Isabel to a new land on the Pacific Coast, both green and temperate. Presumably the wild goose being prepared under forced feeding was for their Christmas dinner.

While wild ducks and geese in vast numbers frequented the surrounding mudflats during the Summer and Fall the absence of trees and shrubs to screen a hunter's approach made it possible to shoot them only when, in flight to and from their feeding grounds, they ventured within gunshot.

Colorado River Steamer Mohave No. 1, with Barge No. 1 in background. Note Indian at capstan. In stateroom of the Mohave Margaret, daughter of Ellen Robinson was born September 20, 1872 while steamer en route to Arizona City. View of Port Isabel at high tide when illimitable mudflats were covered with water.
(Courtesy of Arizona Pioneer's Society)



Tuesday night, Dec. 19th (Port Isabel) My dear Mother:

Have not got my letter started yet but expect to soon. Mr. R. took a very bad cold last night which distresses me but he is something better now . . . Well, Christmas is almost here again. Will you all be at home that day? . . . Bridget says to tell you we have a wild goose for Christmas. She is feeding it faithfully. It eats so heartily twill certainly be very fat. We had one about ten days ago but it was tough. Have had some splendid clams lately. . .

Captain McDonough's wife has a son six days older than my baby. He expected to bring her down this time but had several hundred troops aboard and could not—will bring her next time if no troops. We weighed our baby when she was a month old, weighed 8 lbs.— at two months ten and three-quarters. Tomorrow she is three months. Will weigh her if Mr. R. has time and the day is fine enough to take her out . . . he weighed me, weight 107—nineteen pounds lighter than last winter . . . think I am gaining. Must now close am very sleepy . . . With much love to yourself, Pap and the girls and all friends, I remain your affectionate daughter, Ellie.

In this letter Ellen makes her first and only mention of earthquakes. Temblors along the Colorado River from Fort Yuma to its mouth were by no means unknown. In the past some had been of great violence producing much disturbance both to river bed and to vessels playing upon its waters. It is possible that upheavals of far-distant minor force are not officially recorded unless frequently repeated.

[Letter written from Port Isabel "Tuesday night" (Spring of 1872)]

We had a shock of an earthquake last night or rather this morning about 3 o'clock—It was sufficient to break the schooner from her moorings. The schooner lies about a mile and a half from here down the slough. It awakened me but I did not know what wakened me so suddenly from the creaking of the house thought that someone was in it—listened but it died away. Did not awaken Mr. R. and baby was lying on my arm so did not get up to look—thought it was only an Indian if it was anyone. This piece of blue is Maggie's Christmas present from Mrs. Mac, will make her a nice suit when she walks. No more, in haste. E.

[Ellen continues] I wish you could see Maggie with a big piece of bread in her hand doing her best to eat it. Mr. R. said the other night he wished you could have her home there awhile. She is getting so sweet and cunning. Give my love to all enquiring friends. Did Ma ever get the kitchen fixed? The "Newbern" is on her way down—the trip after this we expect to go on her. It may be sooner than the middle of May and it may not. I hope it will I am *so* tired. Burn this letter as soon as you all read it, although it is not worth the reading. . . . I would write to V. if I had time . . . but it seems I have not a minute for when Bridget has Maggie I am interrupted every minute by them. *Must* close. With much love to Ma and Pap and your own dear self and a whole heap for sister Han from Mr. R. baby & self—I wish you could see Maggie. Ellie.

Port Isabel, April 12, 1872. My dear Mother:

I will make another attempt to write to you although I have nothing worth the writing. . . . The "Newbern" came in on Sunday morning early, the last day of March, and is still here. Some detention in the boats up the river. I do not know what it is. Maybe waiting for troops, was some such talk. I am so anxious for her to sail that she may the sooner get back, I fear that we will not get off before the first of June. Bridget leaves me this trip. She has been complaining all this spring and fears to stay longer, dreads the trip up in warm weather, says it is so hot, it only takes ten days to go, sometimes not that and it is hot only the first four or five days but she is tired, has been away from her church for nearly a year and from civilization. My pearl is asleep. Oh! she is such a happy little thing and so sweet, has such cunning ways, I do hope she may be spared to me and may continue to have good health, her Papa is *very* fond of her and she of him. As soon as she awakes in the morning she turns to him and *scratches* his back and if he is sound asleep she will holler which awakes him and he turns around and they play awhile. Some times I go to sleep. They play until one or both gets tired when he gets up and she turns to me and takes another nap. Mr. R's health is very much improved. He is troubled sometimes with some phlegm in his throat. He grows dearer and sweeter every day—he went down to the ship this afternoon. I hear the oars now, I know he is coming. The moment he tells me he is going to the ship everything looks dark and I get so homesick, for this is such a prison-like place. I'll not be such a baby when I get to a better place—I do hope you are all well. Do take every care of yourselves—the climate is so cold but 'tis getting warmer now (in Maryland). The grass is getting green and the flowers are coming up—I can see my home just how it looks . . . I hope the small-pox has entirely disappeared. Tell brothers I'll write to them as soon as possible-—after shaking this Mexican soil off my feet, for then I calculate on a slight expansion of ideas but I am afraid I will always feel cramped. Mr. R. has just come in and retired. He remarked to me the other day that he had formed one good habit on the river, that of retiring very early.

Give much love to Pap, the girls and a great deal for your own dear self and brothers, and all inquiring friends. Ellie.

And so, life at Port Isabel daily became more trying for Ellen. She was kept within the confines of her tiny home by the almost constant attention of her baby. There was no doctor to consult about its care. Captain Robinson, in addition to being much older, was occupied with his many responsibilities at the shipyard. The occasional distraction of picturing the loveliness of her former home in Maryland was soon dispelled by the stark reality of the sand and mud and water that completely surrounded them.

[Then the postscript to the letter above]

I have every blessing but that of a home near you, within a day or two's journey, but I am not repining, it would seem too wicked, I would love to live in one of the western states, only because it would bring me nearer you, the climate is too cold for Mr. R. He could not stand it—I think if we did I would get out of the reach of the dear relatives. It is a very great relief to be out of their meddlesome reach although I have great love for the truthful and peacemaking pretense of my relatives, but everyone seems with a few exceptions ashamed to tell the truth. Mrs. Mac is one of the truthful ones—she is very particular and one cannot be too particular about the truth. Mrs. Mac's health is not very good. She has been here too long—she expects to take a trip to San Francisco when we go. I hope she will. It will do her so much good. I'll draw this to a close—I do hate to write with a lead pencil but have to. It worries me to use a pen. I wish there was a letter coming for me but suppose there is not unless Han wrote. Your loving daughter. 'E.'

It seems more than likely that, morbidly sensitive over her lonely, out-of-the-world situation, Ellen came to believe that her life since her marriage to Captain Robinson, so many years her senior, was the subject of critical gossip by relatives and friends. With the completion of this postscript, however, Ellen soon left Port Isabel, presumably in the "Mintern," for San Francisco. She was never to return.

The next letter extant was written two months later. Though return of strength is retarded by the care and nursing of the baby, Ellen seems to be looking forward happily to the future.

San Francisco, June 13, 1872. My dear Mother.

I arrived at this city on Friday evening, the 7th, came out to Captain Pierson's which is in the suburbs on Saturday morning. Mr. R. did not come with me. Mr. Hartshorne wrote to him wishing him to stay several months longer to put up a boat and barge but I think I told you he could not get to come up with me being so busy. I could have stayed with him, only for baby and account I feared she could not endure the heat, and I felt nearly played out. Captain P. insisted on Mr. R. and I coming to his home. Captain P. is not at home, his wife has a surprise for him, a young son. He was five days old when I came. She is sitting up this morning. She is a very pleasant and agreable young woman. Her mother is with her. She is one of the finest old ladies I ever saw. Everyone I meet is so kind to me. The people of California seem *all* to have at least one good trait of character, they are so unselfish. I was not at all seasick coming up, was so glad for baby was as much as I could attend to. Mrs. MacDougal came up on a visit. She has a sister-in-law here. Her health has gotten bad being in that warm place so long. She was seasick whenever it was a little rough . . . I hope you will write as soon as you get this. Do not be sur-

prised if you see me coming home this summer. I will if it is possible, for I do not wish to stay here and had better be home than boarding in the city and not feeling comfortable in the least. Mr. R. told me to come if I could and he would come for me as soon as he leaves the river. I brought a little Cocopah Indian with me. I will leave her here if I come home. I call her "Dolly Varden." I am entirely out of clothes after being down there and getting nothing, but intend to see if I can get home before I attempt to get anything. Have to pay so much for everything here and besides I cannot get out. Cannot leave baby and cannot take her. She is so heavy for me. Mrs. P's sister came and went out with me on Monday a little ways and I was tired to death. Only got three or four little articles. I did not intend to come home until I could come right but I guess I'll have to. I have no time to write now. Write as soon as you get this. Will give you the address. Love to self, Pap, the girls, and any inquiring friends. Your daughter, 'Ellie'.
Address care of Captain W. H. Pierson, Cor. Bryant and 24th Street, San Francisco.

On boarding the steamship for San Francisco Ellen probably had changed from the plain calico dresses, most suitable for the climatic conditions at the shipyard, to those of her trousseau in which she had journeyed west two years before. In style-conscious San Francisco she keenly felt her out-moded attire. With commendable thriftiness, however, she decided to postpone the purchase of new clothes until she could engage the skilled services of her mother.

That decision had scarcely been reached before a letter arrived from Captain Robinson. He had assumed from Ellen's letter of the 13th that her departure for Maryland was imminent. He wrote:

Port Isabel. June 25, 1872. Dear Wife:

I received your very welcome letter on the 22nd. I would have answered before this but there was no way of sending before now; but will commence and have it ready for first opportunity.

I was much delighted to hear of your safe arrival, and that you got along on the ship so well. I do want to see baby and you, too, very much. I have been like a lost sheep ever since you left but I will be a very busy man which will make the time pass quicker. I am getting better and hope by the time the new boat is done to be entirely well. Should this reach you before you leave for the east; be very particular not to show any more money when you pay for anything than you can help. Always have small sums ready and give the porters on the cars two or three dollars and they will help you along the road and any time you should want any information about baggage or if you want to telegraph, call on the conductor of the train, not the conductor of the sleeping car.

You better telegraph to Robert when you are going to leave San Francisco and what route to take. The route we came is best, Central Pacific, Union Pacific, Rock Island, Chicago, Lackawanna and Pittsburg, Northern Central and Baltimore. Should you need any money before you see me, let me know and where to send it.

You will find enclosed letter from Philadelphia which arrived here same day your letter arrived. Take good care of yourself and Maggie. With many sweet kisses. I will join you as soon as I possibly can. Remember me to Mrs. Pierson and family and my love to the folks at home.

[And then, in response to a surge of loneliness, he continues:]

Dear Nellie:

I hope this is the last time we will be separated for I am not at all content or happy without you. Our prospects are fine now and with a little energy and forethought we can glide along through life with comfort and happiness.

I will now close hoping to see your sweet face and imprinting thereon many sweet kisses at the earliest opportunity. I still remain your affectionate husband, 'D. C. Robinson.' Please write whenever you can. 'D. C. R.' Goodbye.

That Ellen reached her childhood home with Maggie that summer is established by the following letter received by her from Captain Robinson with cover addressed to: "Dublin, Hartford Co., Maryland." From its context one appreciates her profound disappointment that he would not join her in Maryland for the winter. She must, at length, have realized that there was ample justification for his decision. He was bound by his promise to the steamship company to remain at Port Isabel until the completion of the great new steamer "Gila" and "number 4" barge. A task that would not be finished until the following spring. More important to them both, he was determined to have a home provided away from Port Isabel for Ellen's return to the west when his work on the river was done. Nor was the matter of his health to be neglected.

Port Isabel, Oct. 5th, 1872. Dear and Beloved Wife:

I received your very welcome letter of August 7th day before yesterday and it made me so happy to know that you and baby are so well and contented. It will be the object of my life to make you and baby happy and contented for all time. We are separated now but the time will soon roll around when we never part again for so long a time.

You must not be discouraged because I talk about remaining away from you all winter. My object in doing so is to save my health and find a home for ourselves and Maggie.

Give my love to Pap and Mom and the girls also Susan and others.

Your affectionate husband 'D. C. Robinson'.

The tranquility and happiness that Ellen and her Captain had tried so diligently to obtain still evaded them. In 1873 Captain Robinson, after the launching of the "Gila" left Port Isabel, for the time being at least. Some months later, it seems, he became interested in operating pleasure boats for the summer trade on Clear Lake with headquarters at Lakeport in Lake County. For the next definite record we have of them is from a letter written by Captain Robinson from Lakeport to Ellen then living with Margaret in a rented house at Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, California.

Lakeport, June 18th, 1874. Dear Nellie:

I received your letter of the 17th. Was glad to hear from you so soon. The valise arrived safe. I had written to you from Calistoga on the 16th. When I arrived in S. F. I found that Luke had left for Lakeport with all of the machinery; and I took the afternoon boat for Calistoga and overhauled him at that place, with two carpenters and everything right. I arrived here on Tuesday night and commenced work on the boat Wednesday morning. So everything is going on smoothly . . . I have improved in health considerably in the last two days. I got a good supply of medicine from the doctor when in S. Francisco. I met Mr. Norton on the street just from the river and he told me that all hands were discharged at the shipyard but C. Overman and (they) were coming up on the ship (probably looking for work). I hope they will not call on me to go to the river before October; by that time I will be able to see what I can do here. It looks very flattering here now. The travel has just commenced and this little boat here is making from $40-to $70-per day and if I were ready I could make $100 per day easy. Part of the machinery will be here tomorrow and we will hurry up all we can.

If Mr. Cooper is willing to wait several months for his rent, let him wait. I want all the money I can get to finish the boat. I expect to come over home about the first of August. Many kisses to you and Peggie (Magaret).

Your loving Husband. D. C. Robinson

The optimism and elation obvious in this letter to Ellen continue in the one to follow. Yet the final play in their fateful game with fortune was just at hand.

Lakeport, June 28th 1874. Dear Nellie:

I received your very welcome letter of the 26th. I was happy to hear that you and Maggie were well. If anything happens serious let me know at once. Don't get discouraged; everything looks encouraging here. Our boat is in frame and we are getting along very well. The ladies and gentlemen come down to look at our boat every evening. I wish you were here to come down in the yard at the edge of the lake every evening, then I should be happier than I have been for a long time. My health has improved very much in the last week.

I hope you will be successful with your school girls. If you could get enough of them I think it would suit you better than dress-making. I am sorry now we did not move here at once, for this is a much better place for your business and pleasanter than Santa Rosa. Many kisses to you and Maggie.

Your loving husband

D. C. Robinson.

P.S. If everything goes well I will come over in two weeks. D.C.R.

On the cover of this letter Ellen wrote "The last letter written to me by my beloved husband."

CAPTAIN DAVID C. ROBINSON, 1830-1874. Ships Carpenter-General Manager Port Isabel in charge of Construction-Captain and Pilot of Colorado River Steamers.

During the night of July 31st, 1874 Captain Robinson suffered a fatal heart attack. Thus died one of the great Colorado River captains. He was the second pilot to guide,

on an independent voyage, a river steamer up the uncharted river 350 miles north of Arizona City to El Dorado Canyon. With the foregoing letters is presented for the first time the important role Captain Robinson played in the construction of the great river steamers at Port Isabel. He was mourned by all who had known him. His accomplishments on the river are of record.

Ellen endured her tragic loss with the fortitude that had characterized her deportment throughout the period encompassed by these letters. Ezra Curtis, David Robinson's partner in their Clear Lake enterprise, managed Ellen's interests with his own following the death of the captain. As the dreary months passed she became more dependent upon him and some two years later she became his wife. They moved to his ranch at Freestone some ten miles west of Santa Rosa. The next few months were happy ones for Ellen and for Margaret who loved her step-father. Then tragedy struck again. In 1876 Ellen's mother, Mrs. Hayes, who had been failing for many months passed away in her Maryland home. Before the grieving ceased for her mother's loss, Ezra Curtis became ill and, despite a change of climate in Texas near her brother Toby's home, soon died.

Saddened and discouraged by these repeated blows of misfortune, Ellen resumed the name of her first husband and, at length, returned to her native state, settling down at Castleton, Maryland, where she remained until her death in 1913.

Margaret Robinson never married. Now nearing her 86th year and in good health, she is living in California. She inherited the intelligence, kindliness and personal warmth of her remarkable parents. Despite her advanced age she continues well informed in both local and national affairs. Bornpre maturely September 20, 1872 on the steamer "Mohave", as it struggled all too slowly up the turbulent Colorado River, Miss Robinson is one of the few to survive the era when the Colorado constituted the only dependable source of supply between the Pacific Coast and the rapidly growing, unruly inland communities of Arizona Territory.

[NOTE: The editor of these letters wishes to express his deep appreciation to Miss Eleanor Sloan, Mrs. Helen Overpeck and Mrs. Sadie Schmidt of The Arizona Pioneers Historical Society for their great assistance in making available the material concerning the early Colorado River days from which the notations for these letters were obtained.

My special thanks, also, to Mr. Mulford Winsor, Director of the Department of the Arizona State Library and Archives and Mrs. Alice B. Good for their cooperation and kindly interest in my behalf during this inquiry. The editor is particularly endebted to Mr. Otis Marston, authority on the history of the Colorado River, for guiding him to the posessor of these letters. F. S. D.]

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CARL WM. BREIHAN was born in Missouri and still lives there, where he is the office manager of the St. Louis Branch of Hayes Freight Lines, Inc. In the past he has done part time police work, as deputy constable and deputy sheriff of St. Louis County. He has written juveniles, several hundred poems, but primarily he writes of American outlaws and badmen, with contributions to such mags as *Gnns, The Gun Report, Man's Conquest, Outdoor Adventures*, and *Fury*. Has close friends among old-timers who knew the men of whom he writes. Newest book is *Badmen of the Frontier*, published by Robert M. McBride Co., New York, containing over 50 photos and the biographies of a dozen or more famous outlaws. Aside from his writing activities, Carl Breihan is much interested in work among children, is director of the Assumption Church Teentown, Mattese, Mo. He is also president of the Missouri Division of the Longstreet Memorial Association, as well as being a member of various writer and Western organizations.

COLLIN CAMPBELL was born November 11th, 1926 in St. Charles, Michigan; is married now and has a son. Worked at the Disney Studios on moving to California at the age of 16. Served in the Navy from 1944 to 1946 in the Far Eastern theatre. Travelled in Europe and studied at the Beaux Arts in Paris. Returned to Disney's in 1953. Has a special interest in the Civil War and is a member of the Civil War Round Table, a group of historians, artists, and writers.

DWIGHT L. CLARKE, author of *Kearny, Soldier Of The West*, was born in Berkeley, California, and now lives in Los Angeles. He is a second generation native son, his paternal grandparents having crossed the plains to Sacramento during the Gold Rush. Clarke was educated in the San Francisco schools and at the University of California. He started his business career in banking in San Francisco and continued in Bakersfield and Los Angeles banks. Then in 1936 he assumed the management of the Occidental Life Insurance Company of California, at that time a small western concern. When he retired as its president a few years ago, it had become the largest life insurance carrier west of the Mississippi and one of the largest in the country. In 1946 the national organization of life insurance companies, known as the American Life Convention, honored him by election to its presidency. He is still a member of Occidental Life's board of directors as well as a director of several other financial and industrial corporations, and has long been identified with various civic, cultural and philanthropic activities. History, especially of California and the West, has always keenly interested Dwight Clarke, so that he is a member of both the northern and southern historical societies of the state, the Zamorano Club and the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners.

GLEN DAWSON, one of America's best known bookmen and booksellers, was born in 1912, is a graduate of UCLA, and served during World War II in the 10th Mountain Division in Italy. He and his brother Muir are proprietors of the well known Dawson's Book Shop, rendezvous of collectors and bookish minded folk. Glen collects Western Americana. He is especially interested in mountaineering and skiing and is a member of the American Alpine Club and is a director of the Sierra Club. He has published a good many books on western history and of recent years has sponsored and published an "Early California Travel Series" of small books in limited editions, attractive to Western collectors and calling for the best efforts of the best printers of California. Westerner Glen Dawson lives in Pasadena, has a wife and three children.

RICHARD H. DILLON was born in 1924 in Sausalito, California. Presently he moved six miles north, to Mills Valley. He spent about six years at UC, Berkeley, with a slice of absence in the middle for Uncle Sam. (Combat Infantry, mortarman, 79th—Cross of Lorraine—Division, Purple Heart.) Returning, he graduated with "honors in history" in 1948. Elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Got his M.A. in Mexican history in 1948; also picked up a general secondary and a J.C. teaching credential. Taught one year in high school, then went on to UC Library School and graduated in 1950. Came to Sutro Library in San Francisco as cataloger and in two years became librarian of the Sutro, which is a branch

of the California State Library. Has written two hundred or more book reviews for the SF *Chronicle*, the *Library Journal*, and *America* (and even a couple in the LA *Times*). Has had about 56 articles published in newspapers, popular magazines and scholarly journals. Authored two books: *Bully Waterman*, published by the Roxburghe Club in 1956; *Crusoes of Pitcairn Island* (Glen Dawson). Has a nice wife and two hoss-wranglers aged 1¾ and 4¼. Likes to travel but cannot afford it. Likes books, libraries, and writing. Specializes in Western Americana and Pacific maritime history.

FRANK S. DOLLEY, to whom we are indebted for *Wife At Port Isabel*, was born in Maine. He came to California at the turn of the century, graduating from Pomona College in 1907 but returning to Maine for his medical education. In 1911 he graduated from Bowdoin Medical School. The next four years he spent as interne at Roosevelt and Presbyterian hospitals in New York City. Returning to California, he entered the practice of general surgery. Later becoming interested in the development of thoracic surgery, he spent several years in the east and abroad in preparation for this work. In 1929 he settled in Los Angeles, limiting his practice entirely to surgery of the chest. For many years he has been keenly interested in the history of Western America in general and of the lower Colorado River in particular.

CLARENCE ELLSWORTH was born in 1885 at Holdredge, Phelps County, Nebraska—in a sod house, he says. Since his arrival was premature, his first few weeks were spent in the oven of the kitchen stove, wrapped in a wool blanket anointed with whiskey. Perhaps that is the reason he doesn't touch the stuff now. His artistic training came haphazardly and he began by drawing houses, barns, storefronts, signs and show-cards. In his early life he spent much time at reservations, sketching and familiarizing himself with the ways of the Indian, the Sioux in particular. He is at his best in his drawings and paintings of Indians, horses, and western scenery. His work may be encountered in magazines, books, covers, and book jackets. He has been most generous in supplying art work for the Brand Books and in doing presentation paintings for each sheriff of the Los Angeles Westerners. Since 1919 he has lived in Los Angeles.

CARL FALLBERG, an artist with the Disney organization who loves Western Americana, especially Western railroading, says he'd rather picture narrow-gauge railroads than grind out comic-book stories. A few years ago he did a cartoon series for *Railroad Magazine* having to do with misadventures of a mythical mountain narrow-gauge called the "Fiddletown & Copperopolis." He also made humorous sketches for two publications by John B. Hungerford: *Narrow Gauge to Silverton*, story of the Silverton Branch, D&RGW, from Durango to Silverton, Colorado, and *The Slim Princess*, the story of the Southern Pacific Narrow Gauge, both good Western items. "Would that it was financially practicable," comments Carl, "to put in full time drawing cartoons about old trains—but perhaps it would cease to be fun, then."

EARLE R. FOREST was born in Washington, Pennsylvania (where he still lives) in 1883. In 1902 he went west. His adventures began at Trimble and Morgan's cowcamp in Dolores County, Colorado. He wanted photos of cowboys and Indians, so he set out with a packhorse and photographed Utes, Navajos, Hopis, Pueblos, and Apaches. He was a cowboy in Montana and Arizona. He studied forestry. Since 1914 he has been a newspaperman and freelance writer. He has authored books including: *Mission and Pueblos of the Old Southwest* (with Loe E. Milner), *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground*, and *Lone War Trail of the Apache Kid* (with Edwin C. Hill).

CLYDE FORSYTHE, eminent painter of Western scenes, writes this sketch of himself:

"Born Orange, Calif., 1885. Started 1903 *L. A. Examiner* . . . To New York 1904 study at Art Students League . . . 1905 *N. Y. Eve Journal*, news illustration and cartoons for Arthur Brisbane . . . 1910 fired! Western illustrations for magazines . . . 1911 *N. Y. Eve World* doing cartoon strip JOE JINKS. Nice juicy pay . . . Did posters World War I, under Charles Dana Gibson . . . more westerns, got into *Collier's*, *Post*, etc. Back to California in 1920 to paint desert. Continued cartoons till 1938 so as to eat regularly. Still eating. Best boyhood memory . . . two treks in big covered wagon from

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Orange to Elizabeth Lake . . . four days each way, with father and uncle . . . eleven in all . . . kept camp supplied with game all summer . . . homesteading. Outstanding achievement, married 1906 to the best girl I ever knew, and still married to her. Memory of 1914 . . . split studio rent in New Rochelle, N. Y. with 19 year old artist of great promise who made good. That would be Norman Rockwell . . . (look me up in *Who's Who in L. A. County*) . . . P.S.—This bores me!"

DWIGHT FRANKLIN, though born in New York, was always a Westerner at heart and came west to stay 23 years ago. He goes east only to carry out commissions for museums as an artist. He specializes in the making of miniature groups and figures for museums and collectors, such as the Frémont figure he did for this Brand Book and which is destined to go to the Los Angeles County Museum. Dwight is an inveterate collector of things Western, books, pictures, costumes, especially guns and firearms of early days. Not only is he a most competent artist in a special field but he is a writer, too. Dwight Franklin and Mrs. Franklin live in Santa Monica Canyon.

GEORGE E. FULLERTON—A native of San Francisco and a product of the public schools of Oakland. His grandparents came to California in the early fifties and his mother was a native of California. He married Isabel Greathouse, also of a pioneer California family. At the age of 20 he was employed by a manufacturer of surveying equipment and was soon traveling throughout the Southwest. He came to Los Angeles in 1922 to manage an Engineering Supply House and established his own business in 1940 as the Fullerton Engineering Sales Company. He was early interested in books, particularly biography and history of the Civil War accumulating a rather extensive collection in this field. Due to his background and travels throughout the Southwest and later association with Gregg Layne, his interest changed to Western Americana, and he now has accumulated a rather notable collection, comprising some 4,000 books and pamphlets of California and Western Americana.

DR. MARK R. HARRINGTON is an archeologist of note, and curator of the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles. He was born at Ann Arbor, Michigan, July 6, 1882, the son of a professor of astronomy at the university. He received his M.A. degree from Columbia University, of which he is a graduate, and a year ago was honored by a doctorate, in humanities, by Occidental College, for the great achievements which add luster to his name. His life work in archeology and anthropology has been spent 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 his long years with the Southwest Museum. He has visited and studied forty Indian tribes; has made archeological 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 and missions in California, and in serving in advisorial capacity in a number of extensive restoration projects now in progress. In a previous Brand Book he wrote of *Adobe In California*, one of his published books is *How to Build a California Adobe*, and he lives in a California adobe house of his own building.

HOLLING CLANCY HOLLING—Born August 2, 1900, some twelve miles north of Jackson, Michigan. Great Grandfather Holling drove a spanking team west from York State, bought a spread of land and a former stage-stop inn at Meridian and Territorial Roads. Rebuilding, he hid all traces of the bar—being strictly teetotal. His son, a kid then, grew and cleared the next farm—one more step west. Deer? Tame as sheep. Passenger pigeons freckled the air fit to blot the sun. To folks from York State, Michigan was The West. But when grandson Holling was born here and hunted with the family muzzle-loader, The West had shifted some. Wild pigeons were extincted by the time he came eleven. And the deer were long gone from the old orchard.

He edged westward by fits and starts. Wouldn't have made a farmer anyhow—always drawing pictures! Why, resting his work horses, he'd whap out drawing tools and sketch their rumps! Sketched his first big hill, Thunder Mountain, in Lake Superior at sixteen (sailed two high-school vacations on Great Lakes ore boats). But he was twenty-one when he saw sure-enough mountains at Taos, New

Mexico. Right then The West was for him—his "spiritual home" or some such twaddle. Twenty miles per day in the saddle, he also "printed etchings." An odd one. Even wrote poetry!

They say he turns out books for kids and stuff. Mixes pictures and words like braiding a reata. Great Grandad wheeled west to Michigan—Dad made it to Alberta—Holling saw the Southwest while young—and now lives in California, on a mesa edging Pasadena—and has learned what deer from the mountains can do to *his* orchard. He and his artist-wife, Lucille, have hatched another book together. Crazy name—PAGOO. About crabs and such in tide pools. Well, when you've wet your heels in the Pacific, you've ridden a mite west. Of course, the Hollings rode on west *across* the Pacific—Japan, India and so on—but they had to use a boat.

WARREN RICHARDSON HOWELL, born November 13, 1912, grew up in Berkeley and was educated at Stanford University. He entered, in 1932, the business established by his father, John Howell, outstanding Western dealer in rare books. This business he now owns, and has become in his own right a bibliophile and expert in rare books, manuscripts and prints. From 1942-1945 he served in the Pacific as Assistant Flag Secretary to Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner and also on the aircraft carrier *USS Essex*. For meritorious service during the amphibious operations leading to the capture of Iwo Jima and Okinawa Gunto, Lieutenant Howell received the Bronze Star.

Secretary and a director of the California Historical Society, he has written articles on California lithographers for *Antiques*, and on San Francisco lithographs for The Book Club of California's *Quarterly*. He recently published *Filings from an Old Saw*, the reminiscences of Joseph T. Downey, and back in 1935 he assisted his father on *California in the Fifties*. As an expert and dealer, he has helped build up many important collections of California lithographs, and has been largely responsible for the excellence of the Honeyman Collection. He and his wife live in San Francisco.

W. H. HUTCHINSON was born in Denver, Colorado, 1910. Emigrated to Goldfield, Nevada, six weeks later, to be near his father. Grew up in Nevada, Arizona, California, anyplace there was a mine, a prospect or an oil field his father wanted to examine, for fee or for fun. Had a brief exile in Mississippi during World War I where William Faulkner was, briefly, his Scoutmaster, Worked cattle, rode rough string, *once!*, worked down the hole, fired boilers, mucked, and had a short spell as an embryonic flyboy in 1931. Went to sea, 1933, and stayed there until 1944. Started writing for money, 1946, and has done it ever since with varying success. Latest book was *A Bar Cross Man*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1956, $5.00 and worth it. Recently finished editing and writing long introductory essay for previously unpublished collection of Gene Rhodes' fiction to be released in 1957 by Norman. Got mixed up with the Appaloosa horses and folks in 1952 and have handled publicity, announced and been show secretary for the last five National Shows. Married, two sons. Drink, smoke, have nervous tensions and am generally well-adjusted to modern living on a quarter-section in the mountains twenty miles out of Chico, California.

HARRY C. JAMES was born in Ottawa, Canada. After completing his studies at the Collegiate Institute in Ottawa he did special work at Queen's College in Hamilton. After serving with the Canadian Engineers in World War I, he came to Hollywood, liked the United States, and became a citizen of it. In California he established a small club for boys interested in the outdoors, which grew into the famous Trailfinders organization, and The Trailfinders School for Boys, of which he served as headmaster for twenty-five years. As founder-president of the organization he continues its camping and conservation activites from its present headquarters at Lolomi Lodge, in the San Jacinto Mountains, near Banning, California. His interest in hiking, climbing, camping, Indians, and especially history, has taken him to every part of the American West. In 1920 he first visited the Hopi Indians, and his interest in them has never waned. In recognition of his aid to them at various times, he was made a member of the tribe at Oraibi, and given the name of *Honauwayma* (Walking Bear). He still makes annual visits to their villages and writes and lectures about them frequently. On the subjects of conservation, and restoration of historical landmarks he is an avid enthusiast. In addition to many newspaper and magazine articles dealing with the great Southwest, his writings include such books as *The Treasure of the Hopitu*, *Haliksai!*, and *The Hopi Indians*.

CONTRIBUTORS

WEBSTER A. JONES, author of *The Books on Oregon History*, and a fourth generation Oregonian, comes naturally by his special interests. His great grandfather Anderson reached The Dalles in 1847, bringing his wife and nine boys. His great grandmother Boone was rated the best campfire dutch oven cook of Southern Oregon. His grandfather, Web Anderson, was a leading stockman in Prairie City, Oregon. His father, an ex-cattleman and horse breeder, took the 16-year-old Web (our hero, born in 1904) to Westfall, an Oregon cowtown, where he (the father) ran one of the three saloons. The boy spent much of his babyhood in the saloon—it was convenient to park the baby-buggy there—where he cut his teeth on poker chips. Cattle and horses were the life of the family. Web graduated from the University of Oregon in 1922, with a degree in journalism. He pursued journalism with a vengeance—feature writer, star reporter, editor, on *The Oregonian*. He became administrative assistant (largely in the public relations field) on three Portland utilities, then spent four years in the United States Navy. When he came to California—as all good Oregonians do—he became managing editor of *Sunset Magazine* (in 1947) and later, in 1950, editor of *Western Family Magazine*, the circulation of which latter publication, in five years, he built from 600,000 to 1,250,000. Living in Encino with his wife and two sons, he now handles his own writing and magazine business and devotes spare moments to Oregon history and the collecting of Oregoniana. When *Oregon Hundred* is published, antiquarian booksellers should put him on the payroll.

DON MEADOWS—Indiana-born, grew up in Orange County, California, where his father owned a country newspaper. After graduating from Pomona College in 1922, he took graduate work in biology at the University of California and at Cornell University. Served in the U. S. Navy in World War I. Has had experience as a printer and as a newspaper reporter. In 1939-41 he was supervisor of field work with the Los Angeles County Museum-Channel Islands Biological Suervey. During the summers of 1945-52 he was park naturalist with the California Division of Beaches and Parks. For a number of years he has been a teacher of photography at Polytechnic High School, Long Beach. For 35 years he has collected Western Americana and Californiana, specializing on Baja California. He has contributed many articles on history and on biology to magazines and newspapers. In Glen Dawson's Early Travel Series were Don's *Baja California 1533-1950 A Biblio—History* (1951) and *The American Occupation of La Paz* (1955). Drawn inevitably back to Orange County, Don and his wife have built themselves an adobe home in Santa Ana where the library and the literary files can be housed properly. Don is not only a Westerner (serving in many high offices including those of sheriff and of editor of the *Branding Iron*), but is high up in E Clampus Vitus (carries card No. 1), and is a member of other historical and scientific organizations.

DON LOUIS PERCEVAL got off to a good start as an artist by having parents who were artists and as a Westerner by having his first vacations doing ranch work, climbing mountains and taking trips to the Indian country. He studied at the Chouinard in Los Angeles, at Heatherley's Art School and the Royal College of Arts in London, with further study in the galleries of Europe especially in the Prado Madrid. Sketched and painted in Europe, Africa and the West Indies. The American Southwest is his love, particularly the Navajo and Hopi country. Is an adopted member of the Hopi. Being in Europe in 1939 he joined the British Navy and served six years. He forsook Altadena in Los Angeles County for Tuscon, Arizona, preferring blue skies to a smog canopy. He is one of the busiest known artists, whether as book illustrator, easel painter, or in the general field of decorative art.

PHILIP JOHN RASCH was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, but spent most of his youth in Villa Park, California. He holds degrees from Fullerton District Junior College (A.A.) and the University of Southern California (B.A., M.A., M.Ed., Ph.D). He is Director, Biokinetics Research Laboratory, Los Angeles County Osteopathic Hospital Research Program. During World War II Rasch served in the Navy, and is now a Lieutenant Commander, attached to Surface Division 11-46, Santa Monica. His hobby is the troubles in Lincoln County, New Mexico, between 1873 and 1884. He has contributed articles on this subject to such journals as the Los Angeles, Denver and New York *Brand Books*, *New Mexico Historical Review*, *New Mexico Folklore Record*, *Panhandle-Plains Historical Review* and *West Texas Historical Yearbook*.

CONTRIBUTORS

J. E. (JACK) REYNOLDS, a native Californian, was born in Long Beach in 1914. His early youth was spent on what was the old Los Cerritos Rancho, where he attended school with the descendants of the owners of the Rancho. His first introduction to the Wild West came when he was tossed on the back of a young bull by Tony Encinas, a well-known breaker of Arizona wild horses. Jack says, "I was given *no time!*" His high school education was received in Long Beach. He was awarded an honor scholarship in the University of Chicago, from which he received his degree in English and American Literature in 1937. After graduation, he spent the next ten years doing a bit of anything that came his way—carpenter, cabinet maker, truck driver, motion picture technician, book reviewer, script reader, teacher—you name it. In 1948 he turned to the field of antiquarian bookselling and has been a specialist in the field of Californiana and Western Americana ever since. His articles on bibliography and bookmen have appeared in the *Antiquarian Bookman*, the *Library Journal*, and the *California Librarian*. In 1954 he published Helen S. Giffen's *California Mining Town Newspapers, 1850-1880: A Bibliography*. His reading tastes are catholic, but he admits having a weakness for anything written by J. Frank Dobie and Dr. Lawrence Clark Powell.

BOB ROBERTSON of Carson City, Nevada, who did the story about the saddle-trees, was born on ranch at Sage in Riverside County, California. His parents and his grandparents were pioneers. Between ranch chores Bob squeezed in a few semesters of highschooling at Hemet and by that time some of his relatives were beginning to label him a "hopeless bookworm." He had also become "collector of prints of Charlie Russell's paintings and had formed the mild notion that Ned Buntline, Buffalo Bill, Zane Grey, and Hollywood producers should have been castrated, dipped in boiling oil, hung, drawn, quartered and thrown to the coyotes and buzzards for their outrageous caricatures and parodies of Westerners and their ways and for their vile burlesques and travesties on Western life." Then in 1923 Bob got married, hung up his saddle and began "thirty years of traipsing up and down the West from Mexico to the Yukon Valley (12 winters in Alaska and Canada) between the Shining Mountains and *el mar pacifico*"—meeting many old-timers with stories to tell, old records to read, and many books to buy. During this period he was in forestry and nursery work, a law-enforcement officer, was in war-defense construction work, and was a "Northwest Trader" dealing in sporting goods, furs, ivory, antiques and books. At Carson City he is the "Far West Trader," but bolsters his living as correctional officer (guard) at Nevada State Penitentiary.

MARION A. SPEER is a real product of the Old West, having been born in a dugout on a farm homestead near Sedan, Kansas, January 2, 1885. In early years his parents moved their family to New Mexico, and Marion literally grew up on the Bell Ranch, where his father was employed. On this—one of the great cattle spreads of America—he learned all the niceties of a first-class cowhand, and the self-reliance which went with existence on the western frontier. From New Mexico the Speer family moved to their own farm in Montague County, Texas. Here it was that Marion received his first schooling. In 1901, at age 16, Marion left the farm in Texas, and traveled north and west into Colorado. After a two-year battle to meet the entrance requirements, he entered the Colorado School of Mines, where he was graduated in 1909. His first employment was in old Mexico. From there he returned to Colorado, and entered the employ of The American Smelting and Refining Company at their Silver Lake Mines, in Silverton, where he remained until 1916. That year he associated himself with The Texas Company, until his retirement in 1950. But in all these years Marion Speer has been an avid student of the West within which he found his life and his heritage. A lifetime of collecting, and 300,000 miles of traveling the pioneer trails found culmination in his Western Trails Museum, which for many years was open to the public on Speer Avenue, in Huntington Beach, California. Last year this unique and magnificent collection of pioneer and Indian relics was moved to Knott's Berry Farm, at Buena Park, California. In its own new and private building it is seen daily by thousands of visitors from every part of the world.

HARVEY EVERETT STARR, current sheriff of the Los Angeles Westerners, is Iowa-born. His high-schooling was at Lincoln, Nebraska, college days were spent at Walla Walla, Washington, and, in addition, Harvey Starr graduated from the Medical School of the College of Medical Evangelists,

Los Angeles. He is actively engaged in the practice of medicine, but is somewhat of a joiner. Read this list of professional and pleasurable organizations of which Sheriff Starr is a member:

Los Angeles County Medical Association, California Medical Association, American Medical Association, World Medical Association, Pacific Coast Dermatological Society, Hollywood Academy of Medicine, Assistant Clinical Professor-College of Medical Evangelists, Senior Staff of California Hospital—Chief of Dermatology, Syphilology and Communicable Disease-Service, Delta Chapter of Phi Rho Sigma—life member—Vice-President—Delta Chapter 1957, California Historical Society, E Clampus Vitus, Westerners—Los Angeles Corral, Los Angeles Lions Club, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, University Club, Al Malaikah Temple, Board of Directors—Trojaneers—U.S.C.

HARLAN H. THOMPSON, born in Brewster, Kansas, December 25th, 1894, lost no time in getting to Alberta, Canada and the life of a big cattle ranch. There he grew up in the saddle, with time out for schooling both in Canada and in California at Los Angeles High and the University of Southern California, majoring in English. Born with an itchy foot, and a writer by profession as well as rancher, he and his charming wife, Margaret, have travelled extensively in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Europe and the British Isles, gathering material for books and articles. Ranch life, a study of California past and present as well as the foreign scene have been the source for many of his magazine stories and published books: *Wild Palomino, Phantom Roan, The Whistling Stallion, etc*, under the psuedonym, Stephen Holt. *Star Roan, Spook The Mustang*, etc. under his own name. With the *California Forty Niners*, a story of the California gold rush also under Stephen Holt. Two of his books have been Junior Literary Guild selections, one was awarded a gold medal from the Boys Clubs of America, and another was given an award by the Commonwealth Club of California. He is a member of Hollywood Authors, California Writers Guild, P.E.N., Western Writers of America and Westerners, Los Angeles Corral.

LAURA RETTING WHITE, born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, the year San Francisco burned, acquired her school and college education in Michigan, Wisconsin, California, New York and Florida. For many years she was research and editorial assistant to Mr. Harry T. Peters on his books on lithography, and did similar work in other fields, including banking and industry, occasionally as a ghost writer. In her own name, she has written for the *Bulletin* of The Museum of the City of New York and the *Quarterly* of the California Historical Society. She has been a staff member of the latter, as well as of the New-York Historical Society. She was an associate editor, and compiled the Index volume, of Scribner's *Album of American History*. Currently engaged in hospital work, she is doing graduate study at San Jose State College, and lives in Redwood City.

ARTHUR WOODWARD'S personal history includes an enlistment with the 20th Regular Infantry in World War I, the study of history under H. E. Bolton and anthropology under A. E. Kroeber at the University of California, reporter on the old *New York Evening Journal*, and three years on the research staff of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York. For twenty-five years he was Chief Curator of History and Anthropology at the Los Angeles County Museum, during which time he did archeological work in Arizona, Southern Utah and the coastal and island regions of Southern California. During this period, and in addition to staff duties, he was loaned to the National Park Service to aid in launching its Museum Division; aiding in the laying out of exhibit plans for many parks and monuments, including the Scotts Bluff National Museum in Nebraska and the Tumacacori National Monument Museum in Arizona. He has served as chairman of the Los Angeles County Landmarks Committee, and as a member of the Advisory Committee for the restoration of La Purisima Mission. In World War II he served first with the California National Guard, then was recruited for Office of Strategic Services and opened the first O.S.S. office in Los Angeles. Following this he was attached to the Navy and spent three months on Admiral R. E. Byrd's staff in the Southeast Pacific on a very hush-hush Presidential mission. In 1951 he was assigned to do a recreational survey of Alaska for the National Park Service. His writings include over two hundred articles on history, ethnology and archeology, and eight books, including his popular *Feud on the Colorado*, and the scholarly *Journal of Lt. Thomas W. Sweeny, 1849-1853*.

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