
THE
WESTERNERS

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The Westerners

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

BRAND BOOK

12

BRAND BOOK XII

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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This Brand Book is dedicated to
Sheriffs Erv Strong and Eddie Edwards
under whose auspices it was produced
and to the Officers and Members
of the Los Angeles Corral
of the Westerners

The Westerners – Los Angeles Corral

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CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

Illustrations

Pen and ink decoration on pages 16-17 by Don Perceval

THE OLD WEST IS GONE

EXCEPT FOR A FEW ISOLATED VESTIGES, the sights and sounds of the frontier have disappeared. Where the buffalo once roamed and the deer and antelope played, 250 hp Jaguars now roar and the Scouts are four wheel drive. Gunsmoked sheriffs have given way to Highway Patrols. Rip snorters like "Whiskey Flat" have been respectably renamed "Kernville." And while cowboys still ride the range they are apt to do so in jeeps and pick-up trucks.

Here and there, sparkling like high-grade ore on the great tailings of history, a scattering of ghost towns are to be found that enable one to step back into time with nostalgic impact. But even these are fast fading. Picturesque Hamilton has crumbled. Modoc, Panamint City and Candelaria have all but disappeared. "A man for breakfast" towns like Pioche have taken cover behind facades of aluminum sidings and neon signs. And places like Coso, which in its heyday boasted of a larger population than Los Angeles, have been swallowed by national defense needs.

Yet the Old West lives on, in the hearts and minds of men. To assure that it will is both the inspiration and dedication of The Westerners.

To kids in crowded cities, the salvaging of the lore and legends of the Old West helps keep alive the ageless excitement of "cowboys 'n injuns." To armchair adventurers they supply the means to journey with Powell down the Colorado and to rendezvous with the Mountain Men. To libraries and museums, historians and scenarists, they are an invaluable source of a flow of material, oft by dogged and determined "grubbing," without which shelves of scholarly tomes, novels and scripts would remain unwritten.

Guided in common cause and conviction that ". . . in almost every community there are men who are interested in Western America history . . . of their own region and as it applies to the over-all western historical scene . . .," the first Westerners "Corral" was formed in Chicago in March of 1944.

The Old West is Gone

Denver was next, in January of 1945. Los Angeles, the third "Corral," was founded in 1946 and celebrates its 20th birthday this Fall. The Westerners movement gained momentum with New York in 1952 and Wyoming, Tucson and the Black Hills Corrals in 1953. In 1954 The Westerners went international with, blimey, a Corral in London!

Today there are 18 Corrals in the United States and 4 abroad—England, France, West Germany and Sweden. Having supplied much of the impetus, Europe is now seeing the pendulum swing back with a reawakened interest in the frontiers to which their forebears fled from political and economic strife to find fame and fortune in the mines or in response to the clarion call of "Free land!" And the fascination with the Far West is also shared by the Far East, startling as it may be for world travelers to discover the popularity of cowboy ballads in the land of the Pharaohs, or Matt Dillon and Kitty conversing in Japanese over Tokyo TV.

Indeed, while the Old West is gone it has never died. Like the phoenix of old it emerges from the ashes of the past to burn ever brightly for future generations who, in fact or fancy, would pursue its dim and distant trails.

Many of the Westerners have devoted their professional or avocational efforts of a lifetime to the preservation of important papers, paintings, photographs, books, maps and memorabilia that all too often are irreplaceably lost or lie forgotten in dusty attics and musty archives.

They include some of the foremost western artists, writers and collectors; specialists in the plains Indians and ancient pueblo cultures, cowboys and conquistadores, guns and gunmen, the fur trade and mountain men, gold coins and old currency, boots 'n saddles cavalry and frontier forts, stage lines and Horn 'rounding clipper ships, missions and mining booms.

Ironically they are often more expert on the Old West than the westerners of that time who were given more to living history than recording it. But where the fleeting passage of the one oft left little to mark their trail, the purpose of the other has been to preserve the heritage of the past for the interest and inspiration of those to follow.

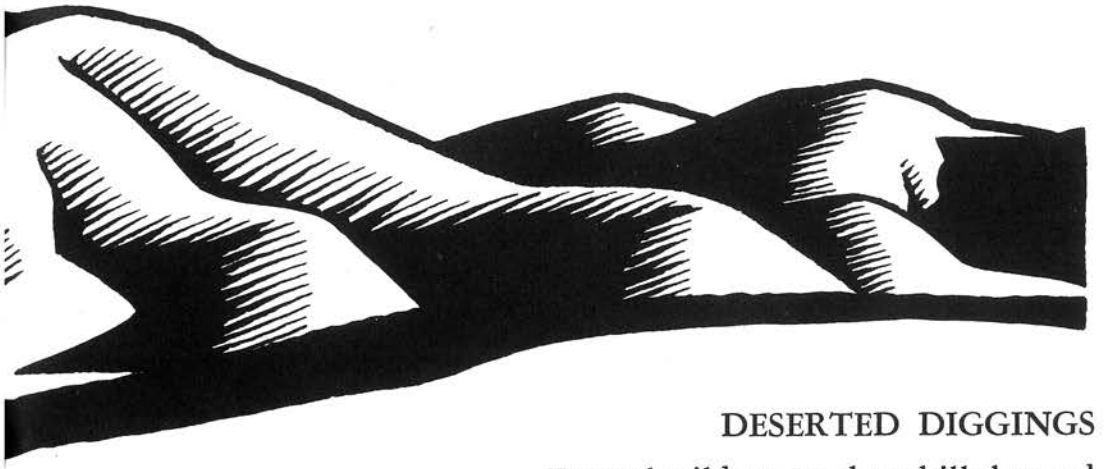
Collectively and individually The Westerners ride tall in the saddle as acknowledged authorities on the history of the Old West.

This Brand Book is a sampling of the Los Angeles Corral's contributive efforts. And they are but few of many, bounded only by the physical limitations of this book.

With deep-felt pride and pleasure, I present Brand Book #12 of the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners!

GEORGE KOENIG, *Editor*

These hills of mine, once haunted by ever hopeful Argonauts, have receded to the silence of the centuries, becoming once more a wilderness under the healing touch of Time. But everywhere I wander there are wounds that have not healed. Here one can follow the faint traces of Forty-niner trails if he has an eye and a feeling for the past. The hills and canyons harbor eroded dumps and prospect holes from which are scattered subtle hints of history, romance and tragedy in old boots with weather-cracked soles, sun-colored bottles and broken bits of chinaware.



DESERTED DIGGINGS

Eternal wilderness, these hills he trod
Bear dimming scars of trail and prospect hole.
Here lies his battered boot, its aged sole
Grass-rooted. Here a swell of sun-parched sod
Holds rub-rock, rusty pick and scattered clod.
In gutted earth he toiled, a patient mole,
Sun-starved. In darkness sought his aureate goal;
In sightless faith, his fortune or his God.

Eroded now his empty workings lie
Where on the dump a golden silence reigns.
Here in the chill of a November dawn,
Paused from the hunt, I search the morning sky.
Now gold is sunburst over distant plains.
Now God steps forth . . . a timid, questing fawn.

— Ardis Manly Walker

RAILROADS OF ARIZONA

The Old Yuma Bridge, with wood-burner crossing westward toward Fort Yuma in the background. The shrill whistle of a locomotive, early Sunday September 30, 1877, announced Southern Pacific's successful, if surreptitious, crossing. A swing span allowed river boats to navigate the Colorado River past the bridge.

RAILROADS OF ARIZONA

by DAVID F. MYRICK

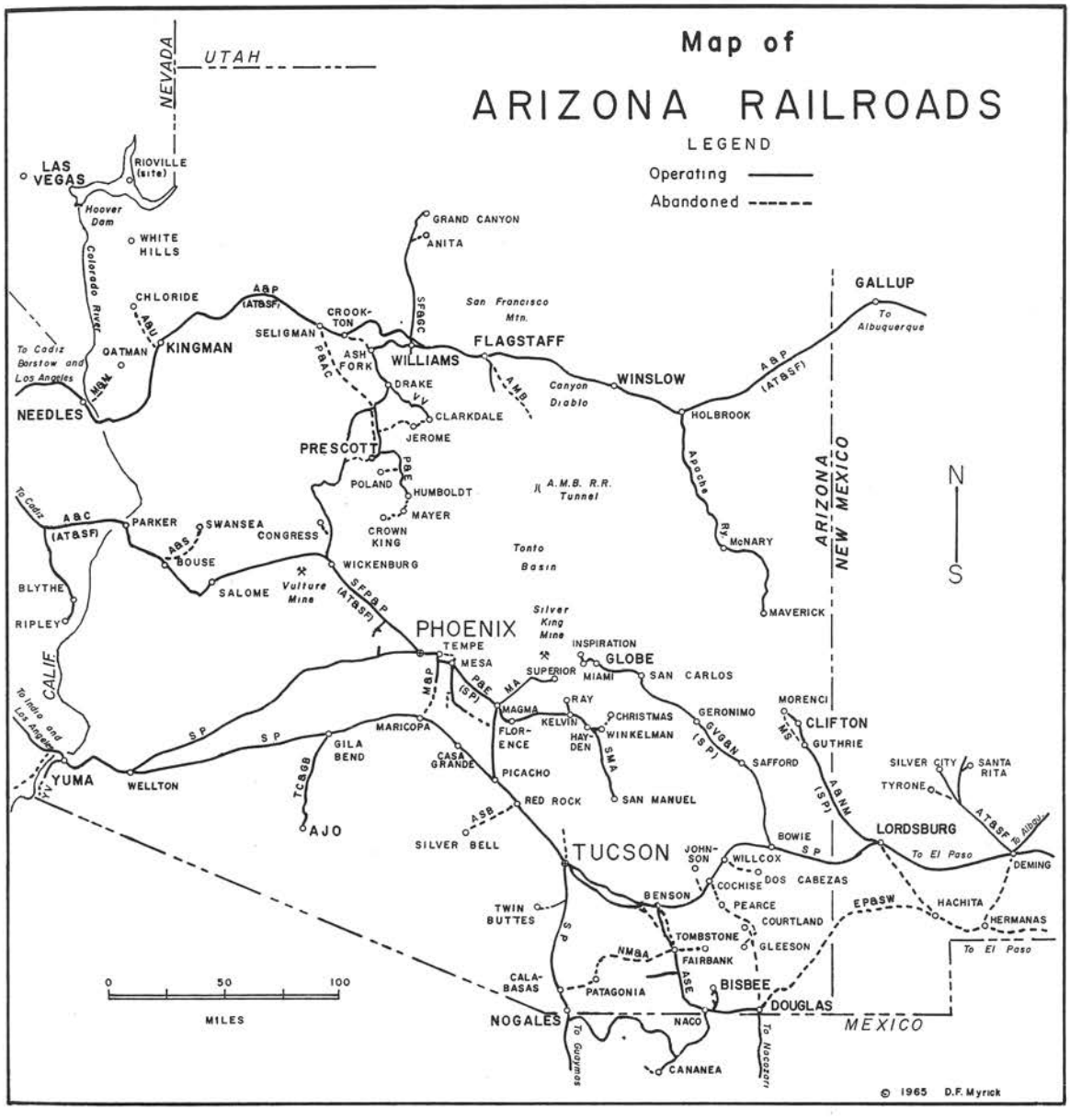
HOW MANY RAILROADS were there in Arizona history? Indeed it is a difficult question to answer without explanations and qualifications. Counting separate and distinct railroads, developed under different ownerships, the number would come to 35 and of these only six remain today. Of the vanished names, 13 became part of the two major systems now in the state, while 16 have fallen upon unhappy times; most of them known only to *aficionados* of rail lore who can trace their long abandoned, crumbling grades which were once part of a hopeful scheme.

Actually, this number does not completely answer the question, for there were another 18 lines classified as "Industrial Railroads" by the august Interstate Commerce Commission. This means that they filed an annual "Circular Report" rather than a veritable tome of detailed statistical information. To this list might as well be added 20 corporate subsidiaries built by the larger roads and not quite ready to admit parentage to the new branch lines. And to this list may be added five street railroads to bring the total to 88. But even this number could be augmented by a veritable myriad of "projected railroads" which might well bring the number over 200 or 300.

It was almost 90 years ago that the first railroad entered Arizona and during the intervening years many prominent names of Nineteenth Century Industrial America played some part in the development of Arizona and its railroads. The Big Four of the *Southern Pacific;* Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins and Crocker; Epes Randolph, E. H. Harriman, Dr. James Douglas, Frank M. Murphy, Gen. E. F. Winslow, W. B. Strong, Tom Bullock and a great many others contributed to molding the Arizona railroad system.

Railroads were first built to get across Arizona. It was lumber and minerals, principally copper, that made people want to stay and for these reasons branch lines were built within the state.

The first railroad to enter Arizona was the *Southern Pacific,* which came steaming in from the west, much to everyone's surprise, especially the military force specifically instructed to keep them out. The *S.P.* had the backing of the "Big Four" who, after finally finishing their *Central Pacific* in 1869, began to string their long, tenuous fingers down the San Joaquin Valley to loop and tunnel their way over the Tehachapis and head for Los Angeles. Meanwhile their men had been busy in the Los Angeles Basin, having purchased the railroad to Wilmington from General Banning (and incidentally,


Map of
ARIZONA RAILROADS
LEGEND
Operating
Abandoned
NEVADA
UTAH
LAS VEGAS
RIOVILLE (site)
Hoover Dam
Colorado River
WHITE HILLS
CHLORIDE
ABU
KINGMAN
OATMAN
To Cadiz Barstow and Los Angeles
MWM
NEEDLES
A&P (AT&SF)
CROOK-TON
SELIGMAN
PBAC
ASH FORK
GRAND CANYON
ANITA
SFGC
San Francisco Mtn.
FLAGSTAFF
WILLIAMS
DRAKE
VV
CLARKDALE
JEROME
PRESCOTT
POLAND
PBE
HUMBOLDT
MAYER
CROWN KING
AMB
Canyon Diablo
A.M.B. R.R. Tunnel
WINSLOW
HOLBROOK
GALLUP
To Albuquerque
A&P (AT&SF)
Apache Ry
McNARY
MAVERICK
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
N
S
To Cadiz
ABC (AT&SF)
PARKER
SWANSEA
CONGRESS
ABS
BOUSE
WICKENBURG
Tonto Basin
SALOME
Vulture Mine
SFP&P (AT&SF)
BLYTHE
RIPLEY
CALIF
PHOENIX
Silver King Mine
TEMPE
MESA
M&P
PBE (SP)
INSPIRATION
GLOBE
SUPERIOR
MIAMI
SAN CARLOS
MA
MAGMA
RAY
KELVIN
CHRISTMAS
WINKELMAN
HAY-DEN
SMA
GERONIMO
GVSAN (SP)
MORENCI
CLIFTON
GUTHRIE
SAFFORD
NM
ABNM (SP)
SILVER CITY
SANTA RITA
TYRONE
AT&SF To Albuq.
LORDSBURG
To El Paso
DEMING
To Indio and Los Angeles
SP
MARICOPA
FLOR-ENCE
CASA GRANDE
GILA BEND
TCG&B
AJO
PICACHO
RED ROCK
SAN MANUEL
ASB
SILVER BELL
TUCSON
JOHN-SON
WILLCOX
BOWIE
SP
COCHISE
DOS CABEZAS
BENSON
PEARCE
COURTLAND
GLEESON
TOMBSTONE
FAIRBANK
EP&SW
HACHITA
HERMANAS
To El Paso
TWIN BUTTES
NMSA
CALA-BASAS
PATAGONIA
ASSE
BISBEE
DOUGLAS
MEXICO
NOGALES
NACO
To Guaymas
To Nacozari
CANANEA
0
50
100
MILES
© 1965 D.F. Myrick

placing him on their team) and extending it northward beyond Saugus and eastward to Colton and Indio when the San Fernando tunnel was finally holed through in 1876.

They were now ready to move on to Yuma, Arizona, ostensibly to meet Col. Tom Scott, the president of the *Pennsylvania Railroad*, who had taken another railroad under his wing, the *Texas Pacific*, which had a charter to build from Texas to San Diego. Huntington was directing the show from New York and fighting Tom Scott in the chambers of Washington. The other three of the Big Four were filling in on pertinent matters in the west and, incidentally, getting the railroad built.

Early in 1877, materials and supplies began building up at Indio and soon the rolling hotels housing the Chinese workers appeared at the "end of track." During the first half of that year, Crocker had added another 112 miles to the empire, and people at Yuma could look across the Colorado River to see steam locomotives shunting cars to the wharves for transferring freight into boats to cross the river to Yuma for the long wagon haul beyond to the Silver King mine. Other freight would be transferred to the docks for the irregular sailings of the river boats to a host of ports of call, delivering their cargos of staples and machinery, returning with sacks of ore from the mines.

While Huntington and Scott were making remarks about each other in Washington, and while Huntington was writing Colton about putting a price on the vote of congressmen and state legislators, the *S.P.* bridge gang was quietly but openly building a bridge across the Colorado River, with a swing span at the Arizona side. Lacking permission to build across a portion of Fort Yuma on the California side, there remained a gap between the end of the *S.P.* rails and the beginning of the bridge, a condition which was to remain as long as the eagle eye of the miliary oversaw the job.

At the end of September, 1877, the bridge was finished and the military personnel was extra alert. Late one Saturday night, after the construction men had put on a fine demonstration of compliance with government orders, the guard was pulled off. No sooner was he gone than the bridge men crept out of the darkness and started to work. First they had to build the cribbing to close the gap to the bridge; on top of this they put the stringers, then the ties and rails. Soon they were ready to push on to the bridge. All had gone well to this point—then someone dropped a rail on the bridge and its clanging vibrations awakened Major Dunn at the Fort. Summoning the entire garrison, he marched them to the bridge to place the superintendent under arrest, a matter which was courteously acknowledged by Superintendent Green as the entire garrison consisted of the Major, a sergeant and one private.

For a while all track work ceased, but the men were enjoying the game so much that soon a car quietly began rolling. Just in time, the guard realized what was happening and stepped to one side. Work went on smoothly after

that and early the next morning, Sunday, September 30, 1877, the engineer of the locomotive blew his whistle to announce to one and all that the first railroad in Arizona had arrived in Yuma.

The army was less than pleased and a lot of apologizing was required to smooth over the hurt feelings. But although the *S.P.* was in Yuma, it was not yet time to move across Arizona. In Washington, Scott was trying to get the government to guarantee the interest on his bonds so that he could rescue his railroad, hopelessly bogged down in Texas. Huntington, on the other hand, had the money to build without any government aid and was eager to move on with the job. Finally, Scott retired from the picture and in the fall of 1878, over a year after the first train came into Arizona, the pile of ties and rails at Yuma grew to such proportions that anyone could see that construction was in the offing. In November, 1878, the Chinese were busy grading as they had done before.

First scheduled operations of *Southern Pacific's Arizona Division* began on January 8, 1879, when a daily round trip was operated from Yuma to Gila City and Adonde, a total distance of 30 miles, requiring one and three-quarters hours each way.

The coming of the railroad brought cheers from almost all because of the lowered transportation costs. The railroad fare between Yuma and Tucson was about one-third of the $60.00 stage fare and freight rates were correspondingly lower. No cheers came from the camps of teamsters, however, for they saw the railroad as a threat to their livelihood. They were right in their fears of competition but it came from an unexpected source. When the railroad came in the volume of freight to be moved to off-rail towns and mines increased in geometric proportions, drawing teamsters from Nevada and California to share in the business. In one week, Remi Nadeau sent in eight freighting outfits of his Cerro Gordo Freighting Company!

With the plodding Chinese, a good stream of supplies and favorable weather, the track moved steadily eastward to Texas Hill (now Kim) and Stanwix to reach Maricopa on April 29, 1879. A grand lot-selling excursion came down from San Francisco and lots went from $25 all the way up to $1,000. Lest the heirs of these lot purchasers contemplate a trip to see the land purchased by their ancestors, it should be mentioned that Maricopa was moved 15 miles eastward and a lonely siding named Heaton now marks the site of the auction.

Track laying continued another 21 miles to Casa Grande but, by the middle of May, it was so hot that the men could not handle their tools and again work was temporarily halted. Early the following year, the men picked up their tools and pushed on to Tucson to arrive on March 17, 1880. A wild celebration took place three days later when the silver spike was driven by Crocker. Telegrams were dispatched to mayors and other prominent officials

all over the world telling them that the ancient and honorable city of Tucson had at last been connected by rail with the outside world. In their drunken enthusiasm, a wire was dispatched to the Pope in the Vatican, informing him of the good news and asking for his benediction. During the celebration, the return telegrams were read, including one from His Holiness who sent his blessing but, for his own edification asked, "Where in the hell is Tucson?" This was not appreciated by all at the banquet and the perpetrators, who had intercepted the wire to the Pope and bribed the operator to reply with their own message, wisely remained silent.

By this time the construction forces were moving in full swing. Benson, the gateway to Tombstone and Bisbee, was reached in June. The New Mexico line was crossed that fall. Deming was reached December 15, 1880. El Paso, Texas, the following May. The last spike to create the Sunset Route to New Orleans was driven in January 1883, completing the third transcontinental railroad.*

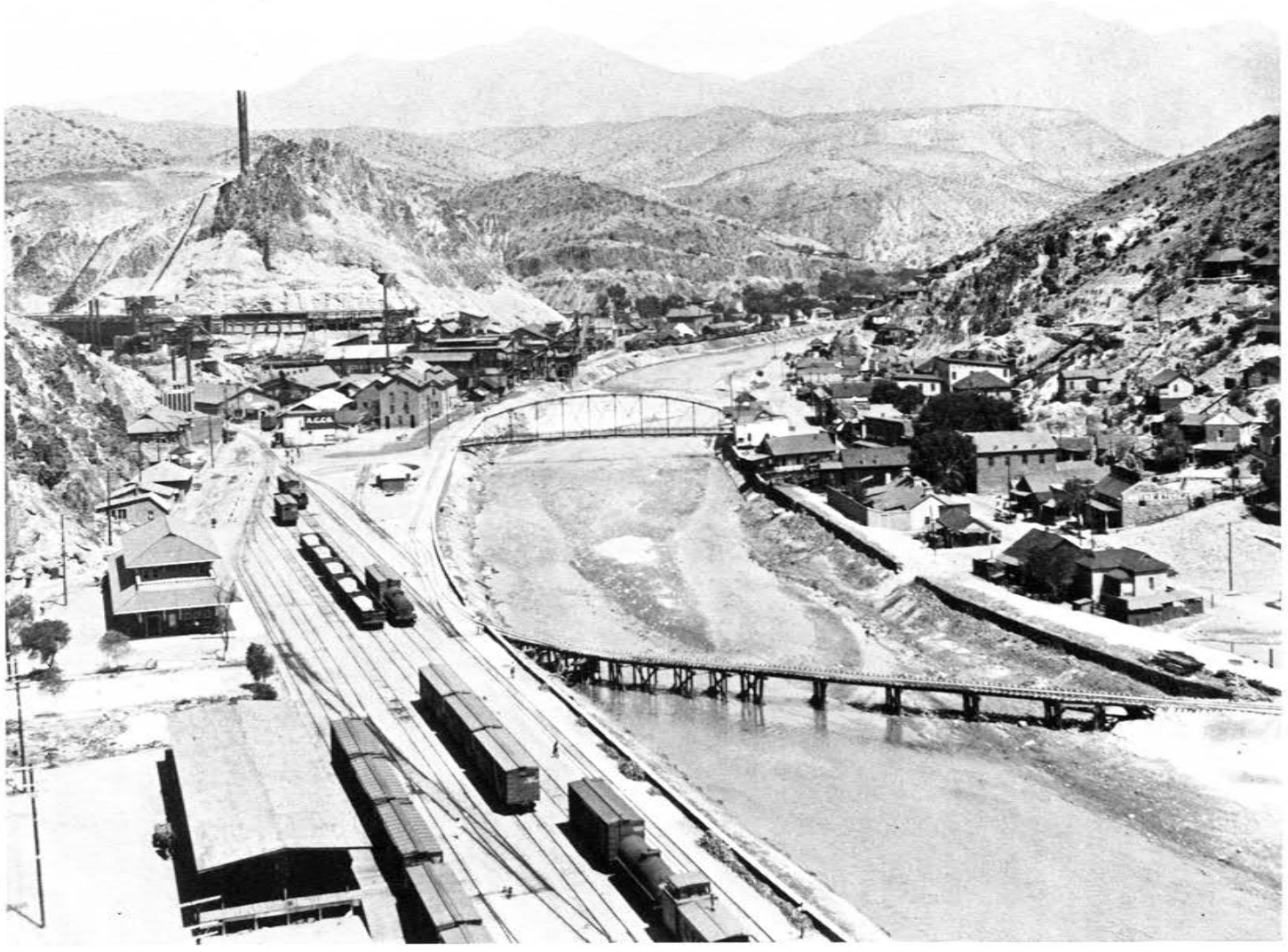
Now that the railroad was completed, the next job was to operate it. In the subsequent years, various sections of the railroad were washed out and long stretches were rebuilt at different locations. While the Apaches brought death to some railroad agents, they preyed principally on solitary miners and ranchers. Ultimately this ceased in 1886 with the capture of Geronimo. While too much water troubled the railroad at times, the usual problem was to obtain water. Deep wells were often necessary, their precious liquid being stored in tall, "sentinels of the desert" iron tanks.

The bridge across the Colorado has been replaced a number of times because of washouts and heavier trains. The last bridge was built in 1923, on the site originally held by the *Texas Pacific*, 1,300 feet above the former location.

Of the many independent short lines and *S.P.* branches in Southern Arizona, nearly all were built to serve copper mines. The early copper mines of this area included those at Morenci and Clifton, dating back to 1872, and those at Bisbee, discovered in 1877, the day after Ed Shieffelin located his famous claim he called Tombstone, from which the town and the stories grew.

Prospectors from Silver City and Pinos Altos, New Mexico, were responsible for the first discoveries at Clifton, but it was a merchant, Henry Lesinsky, who bought them, built furnaces and shipped the copper matte 750 miles by wagon to the nearest railroad, in Colorado. In 1882, he finally sold out to a Scotch group who formed the Arizona Copper Company to operate the properties. Included in the sale was the *Coronado R. R.*, a short railroad of very narrow (20″) gauge, operating up Chase Creek to the base of the Longfellow Mine. Although it is often claimed that this was the first railroad in Arizona,

*The first, of course, was the Union Pacific-Central Pacific. The second was SP-Santa Fe, connecting at Deming, New Mexico, in 1881.



Clifton, with the Arizona and New Mexico Railway yard in the foreground. The first narrow gauge in Arizona went up the canyon to the far left. The Arizona Copper Company smelter, beneath the stack on the hill, has been abandoned, with activities transferred to Morenci.

all evidence points to the fact that it was built in 1879-80 and not in 1877 as reported in some circles.

The Arizona Copper Company also built a narrow gauge railroad from Lordsburg, New Mexico, to Clifton to serve their mines as well as those of the neighboring Detroit Copper Company. Completed in 1884, construction was carried on under hazardous conditions as the Apaches were often on the warpath.

Although a couple of trains would have comfortably carried the entire population of Southern Arizona in 1880, *Southern Pacific* was to have competition from the east. The *Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe* met the *S.P.* at Deming in March, 1881. They then used the *S.P.* tracks to Benson, at which point their *New Mexico & Arizona Railroad* built southwesterly to Fairbanks and Nogales to meet an affiliated line building up from the seaport of Guaymas, Mexico. The rails met at Nogales where the last spike was driven in October, 1882.

Actually this was a long and roundabout way to reach California, the driving objective of the Boston men heading the *Santa Fe*. A more direct route was essential and when the *St. Louis and San Francisco Railway* was formed to take over the bankrupt *Atlantic and Pacific Railroad*, with its charter and land grant, the *Santa Fe* men were happy to step in with a share of cash to build the road as a partner.

The *Atlantic and Pacific Railroad* had a charter to build from St. Louis across Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona into California along what was called the 35th Parallel Route. The project had faltered after building a few hundred miles out of St. Louis. With the *Santa Fe* as a partner, arrangements were made to build from near Isleta, close to Albuquerque, New Mexico, westward to Needles, where a connection would be made with another line of the *Southern Pacific*. Work began April 8, 1880, but not until three years and four months later were the 554 miles to the Colorado River (Needles) completed.

After a good start, the railhead moved west rapidly so that the first trains were actually running in Arizona in June, 1881. The first locomotive whistled into the newly created town of Winslow at the close of November, 1881, but 27 miles ahead lay the formidable, well named, Canyon Diablo. Six months were required to bridge this chasm, 225 feet deep and 550 feet across. Meanwhile graders had been sent ahead to do the difficult rock work along the timber areas at the San Francisco Mountains. It was along here that the most difficult times were witnessed. In blasting a tunnel, a careless tamping of powder with an iron rod instead of one made of copper cost the lives of seven men. Actually a far greater loss of manpower stemmed from the general lawlessness prevailing along the construction camps. One reporter, paraphrasing a statement used to describe the wicked mining town of Bodie, California,

said: "So it goes; a man for breakfast, dinner and supper every day along the line of the *A&P R.R.*"

Not all the men were engaged in crime. A good number were engaged in construction and by the end of 1882 they had crossed the troublesome Arizona Divide to a point near what later became Seligman. It was only 113 miles to Needles but eight months' work was required to build the railroad and, more important, the Colorado River bridge. Unfortunately, the *A&P* forces arrived at the river at the time the spring thaws of the Rocky Mountains were sending down a large volume of water. Several times the bridge was partly completed only to have the river crest, and away would go the effort of several weeks. Finally, the river was spanned. The last spike was driven on August 8, 1883, and trains operated over the bridge the next day.

In comparing the construction of the *S.P.* and the *A&P*, allowance must be made that many of the conditions were quite different. Most of the population of Arizona was in the southern part of the state, as it is today, and there were no towns along the route of the *A&P* before it came. On the other hand, they did serve a large stand of Ponderosa pine from which ties could be made and water was more abundant along most of their route.

THE SHORT LINES — NORTHERN

In spite of all the talk and promotion that took place in the ensuing half century, the *S.P.* and *A&P* were the only railroads built across Arizona. Perhaps the financial results caused little envy. The *A&P*, along with its parents, went into bankruptcy in 1893, finally emerging as the *Santa Fe Pacific* in 1896 and then became part of *The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway* in 1902. However, a number of branch lines were built along both main lines.

Col. J. W. Eddy, in 1884-87, promoted the *Arizona Mineral Belt Railroad* to be built from Flagstaff through the timber to the Tonto Basin to tap the copper resources at Globe in the southern part of the territory. After building 36 of the 180 miles and a partially completed tunnel on the Mogollon Rim, he was beset by financial troubles. The property was sold to D. M. Riordan, a Flagstaff lumberman, who reorganized it as the *Central Arizona Railroad Company*. In spite of his wish to carry out a long range plan to extend southward, the only construction Riordan accomplished was limited to lumber lines around Flagstaff. Col. Eddy achieved fame when he went to Los Angeles to build the *Angel's Flight Railway*.

After two rival forces fought over the privilege to build a railroad to Prescott, then the territorial capital and the oldest and largest city north of Phoenix, they joined teams and built the *Prescott and Arizona Central Railway* from Prescott Junction (later Seligman) along the Chino Valley to Prescott. The big push for this project came from Tom Bullock and Gov. Fred Tritle, while the incentive came from the subsidy in the form of county

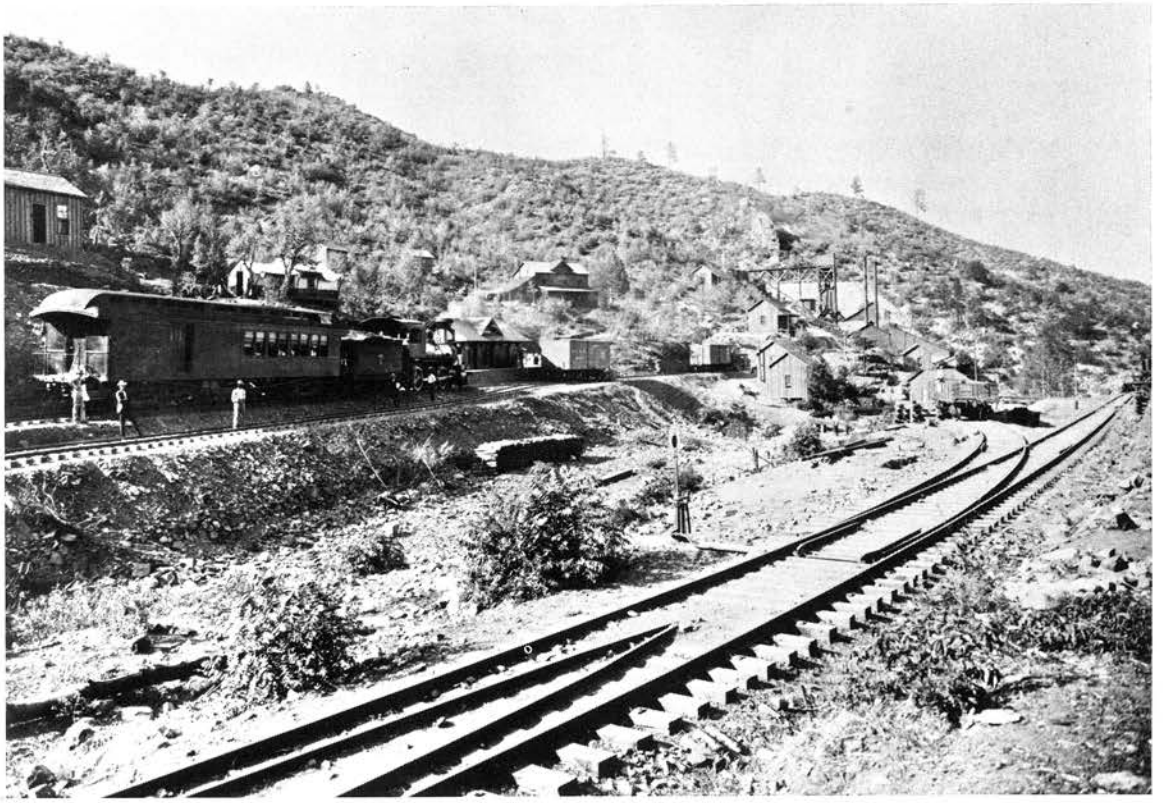
bonds. There was a deadline of December 31, 1886, when trains were to pull into Prescott. Bullock, in spite of many obstacles and unexpected difficulties, made it just under the wire.

Once in operation, the railroad charged high rates and provided contrastingly poor service—in some measure due to the harrassment from Mother Nature in the form of a constant series of washouts. The promised extension to Phoenix was daily becoming further and further from realization and the route of the projected line, taking the easy way along the Agua Fria River, would have placed Prescott on a branch. The action hardly added to the popularity of the *P&AC*.

Consequently, when Frank M. Murphy talked of building a rival road from Ash Fork to Prescott and on to Phoenix, he found a receptive audience. Among them were Diamond Jo Reynolds, a Mississippi river boat operator, who wanted the railroad to be built near his Congress Mine, and D. M. Ferry, the Detroit seed man. In April, 1893, Murphy's *Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix Railway*, triumphantly came into Prescott. Although the 1893 depression made money scarce, he managed to limp along to bring his trains into Phoenix in March 1895. Thus Murphy had built the first north and south railroad in Arizona and, as it turned out, it was the only one built of the many projected. Bullock's road gave up after a few months but later some of the equipment was used on his *Sierra Railway* in California.

A few miles north of Prescott, a branch was built in 1898 down the Agua Fria River to Mayer under the name of the *Prescott & Eastern*, thus shortening the wagon haul to the Bradshaw Mountain mining region. Murphy, although selling out to the *AT&SF* in 1901, was retained as president and manager of the property and supervised the construction of two branches by another subsidiary, the *Bradshaw Mountain R. R.* during 1902-04. The first branch went along Big Bug Creek to the mining town of Poland. The other pushed southward from Mayer to Turkey Creek before beginning the climb up the Bradshaw Mountains to Crown King. Regrettably, the mining prospects did not materialize and this spectacular mountain railroad with five pairs of switchbacks was abandoned two decades later. With subsequent abandonments, the branch now terminates at Humboldt, nine miles north of Mayer.

Northeast of Prescott is Jerome, the camp for the great United Verde copper mine, at one time largely owned by Senator William A. Clark of Montana. Again there was a problem of transportation. This time there was a range of mountains to surmount. A bucket-cable line was tried but was abandoned before it ever became fully operative. Clark then built the narrow gauge *United Verde & Pacific* which, after much twisting and turning, landed its passengers in Jerome. For some years after its completion in December, 1894, there was talk of building a standard gauge line to Jerome. The *Santa*



Poland, an old mining camp along Big Bug Creek, near Prescott, was named for a man, not the country. Once served by a branch of the Santa Fe, the town and tracks are gone; trees now fill the canyon.

Fe finally did, under the name of *The Verde Valley Ry.*, in 1913. When it came time to expand the United Verde mine, it was found that the cost of moving the narrow gauge railway was prohibitive so it was abandoned in 1920.

Meanwhile the *Verde Tunnel & Smelter R. R.* had been built from Jerome to the new smelter at Clarkdale. Until the mine was closed down in 1951, ore cars were shunted up and down the mountain between the mine and the smelter. Adjoining the Clark property was the United Verde Extension mine, a development of James Douglas, the son of Dr. Douglas of Phelps Dodge. To reach his smelter at Clemenceau, he built a short railroad called the *Arizona Extension R. R.*

Along the main line of the *Santa Fe,* there were a number of lumber railroads. From Williams and at other points, the Saginaw & Manistee Lumber Company operated railroads to the timber. One, the *Saginaw Southern,* was to build to Jerome but floundered about a dozen miles south of Williams. Another important railroad, the *Apache Railway,* was built by T. E. Pollock,

a Flagstaff banker, and others, from Holbrook southward to Cooley (now McNary) in 1918-19. Now part of Southwest Forest Industries, its new logging railroad was built in 1944-48 to Maverick, 68 miles southeast of McNary. With their railroad operation at Flagstaff, these are the only lumber railroads in Arizona today.

The splendors of the Grand Canyon have attracted tourists for generations and it is not surprising that it is served by a railroad. After many different proposals, the *Santa Fe and Grand Canyon Railroad* was finally built northward from Williams, although its objective was not the Grand Canyon but a copper mine at Anita. The venture was unsuccessful and the property was sold at foreclosure to the *Santa Fe,* which completed the missing 13 miles to Grand Canyon in 1901.

Further west, near Kingman, the *Arizona & Utah* started out in 1899 with great plans to link the two states, crossing the Colorado River at Rioville. Chief attractions along the way, from the point of view of traffic, were supplies to the mining district, one of the oldest in Arizona. The tonnage did not materialize and White Hills, the first destination, was never reached, for construction was halted at Chloride. After bankruptcy, the line was sold to the *Santa Fe.* A little farther west, across from Needles, California, the *Mohave and Milltown Ry.,* a narrow gauge line, operated to the mines a few miles west of Oatman during 1904. Financially it was a failure and it was soon closed down when serious floods washed out a substantial portion of the roadbed.

As part of the *Santa Fe's* short line from California to Phoenix, the *Arizona & California* was built from Matthie (near Wickenburg) westward to Salome, in 1905, by Frank Murphy with the support of the *Santa Fe.* Two years later it was extended to Parker, on the Colorado River. In 1910 it was completed to Cadiz, California, joining the main transcontinental line to California.

At Bouse, 30 miles west of Salome, the Clara Consolidated Gold Mining Company built a railroad 22 miles northeasterly to Swansea. Operations of this railroad were sporadic, reflecting the mining activity at Swansea, now dormant again.

THE SHORT LINES — SOUTHERN

Copper for many decades was the veritable dictator of southern Arizona. When prices were high prosperous times and full employment prevailed. When prices were down mines were curtailed or shut down entirely and the unlucky miners moved elsewhere or ventured into prospecting. Foremost among the copper areas was the Warren District, of which Bisbee and its famed Copper Queen Mine was the leader. As in other cases, transportation was important and as the volume of tonnage grew teams became inadequate. A steam traction engine was employed with less than satisfactory results. A railroad was the logical solution, but neither the *Santa Fe* nor *Southern Pacific*

would risk their funds to build it, apparently subscribing to the premise of Charles Francis Adams, who said that "Mining railroads are a specie of railroad gambling."

With that, the Copper Queen people built their own line from Fairbanks to Bisbee in 1888-89. The first branch came in 1895 as a result of a dispute with the *Santa Fe* traffic people, which caused Dr. Douglas to connect with the *Southern Pacific* at Benson. Thus he was in a position to play one road against the other. A few years later, the *Santa Fe* turned over all their lines in southern Arizona to the *S.P.* in exchange for other properties and Douglas found himself dealing with just one road again. The next step was to scramble about for the nearest connection, so he built to Deming, New Mexico, to connect with the *Santa Fe* in July 1902. But his real objective was readily indicated when he changed the name of his railroad from the *Arizona and Southeastern* to the *El Paso and Southwestern.* When he reached El Paso, at the close of 1902, he was able to connect with a number of railroads.

Part of the development of the copper mines was to build a new smelter at a site to be named Douglas, 25 miles east of Bisbee. The Phelps Dodge "Copper Queen" people, in addition to interests at Globe and Morenci, also controlled the mines at Pilares, a few miles from Nacozari, Mexico. By building a railroad 76 miles, Douglas was able to bring in his copper concentrates from Nacozari to the large smelter in 1904.

Meanwhile, other parties were building a line from El Paso northeasterly to join the *Rock Island* at Santa Rosa, New Mexico, in February of 1902, thus forming a new transcontinental line.* When the El Paso-Santa Rosa line was sold to the *EP&SW* in 1905, its management began casting covetous eyes to the Pacific. With ample funds from the prosperous copper operations, this plan began to take shape by the extension of the *EP&SW* to Tucson in November, 1912. James Douglas, going ahead on his own, went farther ahead to acquire the right of way to Phoenix and bought a terminal railroad in Los Angeles, having made surveys between these two points. The project ended with the acquisition of the *EP&SW* by the *Southern Pacific* in 1924 and the promise by the latter to place Phoenix on the main line. This was done in 1926, by the construction of 165 miles of new railroad at a cost of $14,000,000.

With the increased use of electricity, the world wide demand for copper rose but the price was held to reasonable levels as production was expanded. Today, one of the largest producers of copper in the U.S. is at Clifton-Morenci, a major Phelps Dodge property, along with Bisbee and Ajo. In 1901 the Detroit Copper Company opened its *Morenci Southern Ry.*, famous for its four loops as it wound down the canyon. In 1909-10 another narrow gauge

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* *Rock Island* from Chicago to Santa Rosa, over the new line to El Paso, thence *SP* to Los Angeles. Under the *EP&SW*, the *Golden State Limited* operated over their lines from Tucumcari, New Mexico, to Tucson, and via *SP* to Los Angeles.

was built when the Shannon Copper Company, tired of paying the ore rates charged by the *Coronado R.R.*, built its own *Shannon-Arizona R.R.* A fourth short line in the area was the *Clifton & Northern Ry.* Although a short, horse-drawn line handling ores, it was long enough to enable its president, Del M. Potter, to exchange passes for free transportation with the presidents of large railroads—until they caught on to the trick.

All these railroads are gone, except parts of the *Morenci Southern* and *Shannon-Arizona,* which make up the Phelps Dodge industrial railroad between Morenci and the *Southern Pacific* at Clifton. The former narrow gauge *Arizona & New Mexico* was widened, then sold to the *EP&SW* in 1922 and became a part of the *S.P.* two years later.

The *Maricopa & Phoenix* was completed between these two points in 1887, thus enabling the latter town to capture the territorial capital two years later. From this line a branch was built in 1895 to Mesa, a Mormon settlement. It was from Phoenix that Frank Murphy, having sold his Prescott line to the *Santa Fe,* started to build to Benson under the name of the *Phoenix & Eastern* in 1902, again with *Santa Fe* backing. All this was fine until he reached Florence. After that point it became obvious to E. H. Harriman, in far away New York, that Murphy was going up the Gila River canyon to invade *Southern Pacific* territory. Displeased at best, Harriman sent his lieutenant, Epes Randolph, a man with a knowledge of Arizona railroad operation, to put a stop to this. The answer, as Randolph saw it, was to build a railroad in the area first.

Forming the *Arizona Eastern,* he put surveyors in the field and was able to file a map of his located line in the Land Office in Tucson just two hours before the *Santa Fe* filed their map. When it came time to do some grading, there was some dispute among the men but the main battles were fought in the courts, with the victories going from one side to the other. Finally the *Santa Fe* won, but was willing to sell the line, completed to Winkelman in 1904, to the *Southern Pacific* in exchange for certain concessions in California.

Along this line, copper mining companies built shortline railroads. The Magma Copper Company built a narrow-gauge railroad, the *Magma Arizona R.R.,* from Magma to Superior in 1915, but when the major expansion of the property came in 1922-23, the railroad had to be widened to standard gauge. The same company also built the *San Manuel Arizona R.R.* in 1954-55.

Along the Gila Canyon is the entrance to Mineral Creek. Some copper mining was done around 1880 by Zeckendorf but the first real operation began in 1899 with the Ray Copper Co., Ltd., an English outfit to the extent that they brought their butlers and the officials dressed for dinner, if one is to believe the tales. A narrow-gauge railroad was built from the mines at Ray down to the mill at Kelvin, where the Gila River water was tapped. The mine was a financial failure because the ore was not as rich as supposed.

It was not until 1910 that it really began to be developed, but along different lines. The narrow gauge was discarded and a new railroad, the *Ray & Gila Valley R.R.* was built of standard gauge. A few miles downstream, the *R&GV* built a few miles of track from the *S.P.* to the smelter at Hayden. Today the mine is owned by Kennecott, its trains bringing the ore cars down to the Ray Junction (near Kelvin) where *S.P.* locomotives and crews take them to the unloading bins near the smelter.

Over the range are Globe, Miami and Inspiration with their copper mines. For a long time all coke for smelting was brought in by teams to the Old Dominion Company, but in 1894 William Garland, an experienced railroad contractor, started at Bowie, on the *S.P.*, to build the 120 miles to Globe. In addition to the usual difficulties faced in railroad construction, Garland was blocked by the San Carlos Indian Reservation for almost two years, thanks to overzealous bureaucrats in Washington. Finally, with the blessing of Washington, a pow-wow was held with the Indians, the right-of-way price agreed upon, and the first train entered Globe on December 1, 1898.* The celebration was held in January with a group of businessmen from Los Angeles joining the event.

At Globe were the industrial railroads of the Old Dominion and the Arizona Commercial companies. Both the mines and the railroads have been dormant since the 1930's. The main line was extended to Miami in 1909 to serve the Miami Copper Company and the Inspiration Consolidated Copper Company, the latter with its own industrial railroad, which today are important copper producers of Arizona.

Along the *S.P.* main line were a number of railroads. Starting at Yuma, the *Yuma Valley Railroad* was built to aid in the maintenance of the river levees. It was only by accident that it ended as a common carrier. For many years it handled shipments only as an accommodation to the farmers. In the 1930's, the *Southern Pacific* began operations over the line to serve the agricultural area.

From Gila Bend, the 43-mile *Tucson, Cornelia & Gila Bend R.R.* was built in 1915-16 to the mines of the New Cornelia Copper Company, which had previously resumed production at Ajo, one of the first copper districts of Arizona. A few years after the railroad was completed, there was talk of extending the line southward to the Gulf of California, but as in the case of other "Railroads to the Gulf," the proposal was dropped after a survey.

At Red Rock, the *Arizona Southern Railroad* was built, in 1904, to Silver Bell, a copper development of Frank Murphy and others under the name of

*Garland's company, largely financed with funds from the *S.P.*, was called the *Gila Valley, Globe and Northern Railway Co.* Under this corporate name the railroad was built from Bowie to Globe and to Miami. Early in 1910 it became part of the *Arizona Eastern Railroad*, the *S.P.* corporate name for the secondary lines in Arizona.

the Imperial Copper Company. Perhaps the most distinguishing feature of this road was the series of switchbacks at Silver Bell. Mining continued until 1910 when it was discontinued until World War I. After this its operation was sporadic, ceasing with the depression of the 1930's, at which time the railroad was torn up. American Smelting & Refining now operate the properties, hauling the copper concentrates by truck to the *S.P.* at Red Rock for shipment to the AS&R smelter at Hayden.

Southwest of Tucson is now a flourishing copper mining area where probably the most recent Arizona railroad construction took place. In April, 1965, a four mile spur was built to the Pima Mining Company's plant, an area with a long record of production but of varying activity. Back in 1906 the mayor of Milwaukee became interested in the mines at Twin Buttes, formed a company to purchase them and then built a 27-mile railroad to reach them. The mine was only a moderate success and the company probably did well to sell the 18 miles of track between Tucson and Sahuarita in 1910 to the *S.P.*

It was at Tucson that one of the great railroad fiascos of Arizona took place. Merchants, anxious to capture the trade of Globe, supported the issuance of county bonds to help finance the *Arizona Narrow Gauge R.R.* After the usual promotion, some ten miles of grading from Tucson to the north were completed in 1886, rails laid and a few trains operated. In spite of a change of name to the *Tucson, Globe and Northern R.R.*, the project was doomed to failure and the tracks were torn up in the 1890's.

Further east is the town of Willcox, not far from Dos Cabezas, a gold camp dating back to 1880. In the early 1900's, Dos Cabezas was revived as a copper camp and in 1915, the *Mascot & Western R.R.* was built as part of the promotion of the copper company. From Willcox, the railroad extended eastward to the company town of Mascot, adjoining Dos Cabezas on the north. Above Mascot were long aerial tramways reaching up into the mountains to serve the mines but in spite of all the fanfare and development the mines were not profitable and after years of struggle they were closed down.

The opening of the mine, the building of the railroad, the closing of the mine and the abandonment of the railroad, is a story that has been repeated many, many times in Arizona and the west. The mines at Courtland and Gleeson sprouted towns and a race between two railroads, the *Arizona & Colorado* vs. the *Mexico & Colorado (S.P.* vs. *EP&SW).* But the boom was over almost before the railroads were operating. Other short lines were built to serve such mining camps as Congress, Tombstone and Johnson, but they too are gone.

Railroading is still a big business in Arizona. In 1959 the *Santa Fe* announced plans to relocate two important segments at a cost of $22,000,000. The first, a 44-mile line change of the main line over the difficult mountain operating territory from a point near Williams to Crookton, which was com-

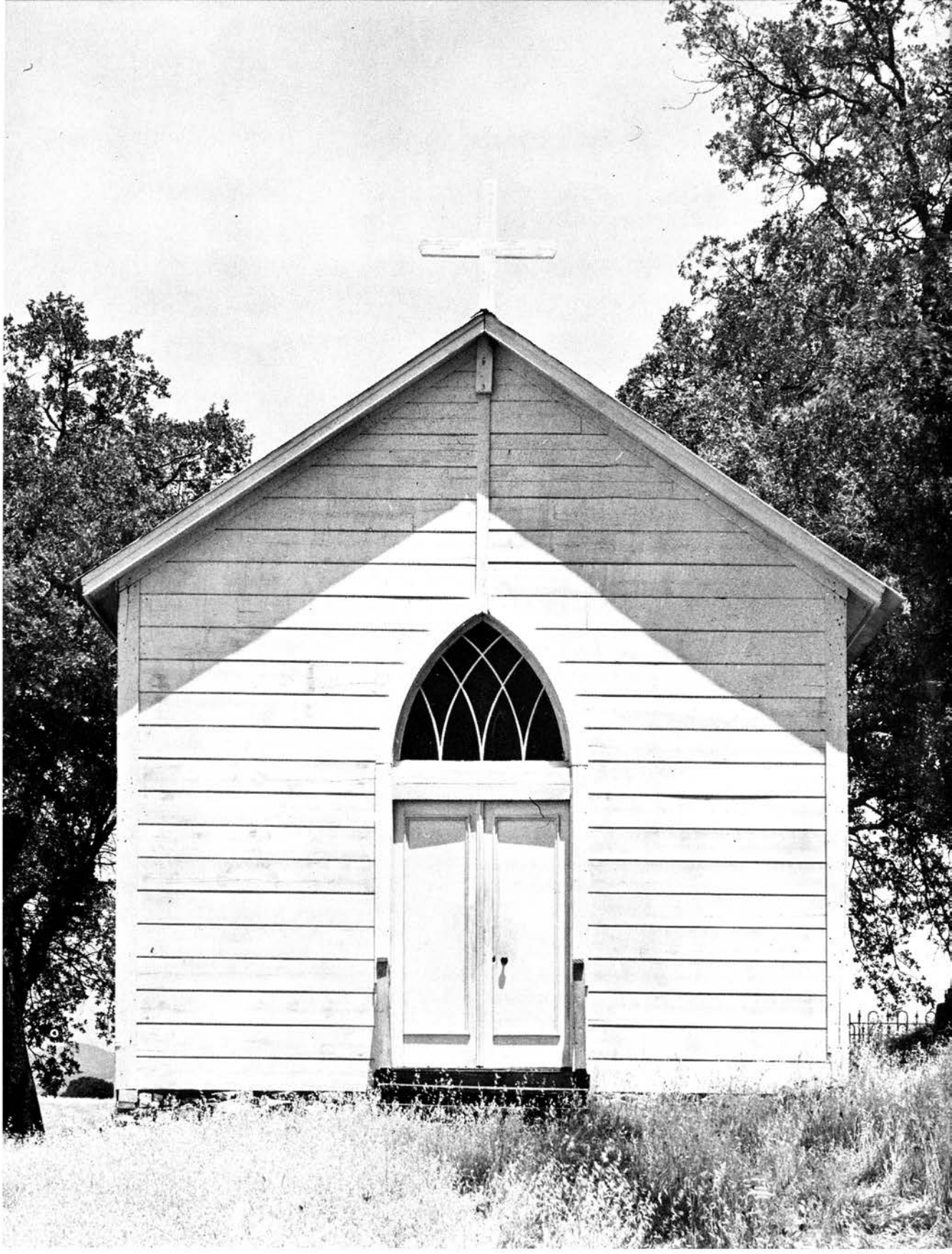
pleted late in 1960. In 1962 a new 37-mile line was built around Prescott to shorten the route to Phoenix by 14 miles and to eliminate severe mountain grades.

Although less spectacular, the *Southern Pacific* relocated a segment of their main line east of Phoenix. Part of the former *Phoenix & Eastern* was brought up to high-speed mainline standards and seven miles of new railroad were built. This permitted the abandonment of 15 miles of parallel main line, shortened the ore haul between Tucson and Hayden and provided beneficial operating savings.

Times may change but Arizona railroads will meet new conditions by new construction and new methods of operation. And even those which have faded away will linger long in memories of the roles they too have played.

DAVID F. MYRICK

David F. Myrick is a man of many hats. He is a Director of the Nevada Historical Society and active in the California Historical Society, Book Club of California, San Francisco Museum of Art, Sierra Club and the Nevada Mining Association. Above all perhaps, to Western buffs, he is the author of the superb two volume "Railroads of Nevada and Eastern California" on old railroads and ghost towns, to be joined later by a supplemental volume III. Meanwhile he is finishing "Railroads of Arizona and Sonora."



Brandt photo

St. Xavier's Roman Catholic Church, Chinese Camp

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD RUSH CHURCHES

by CLIFFORD M. DRURY

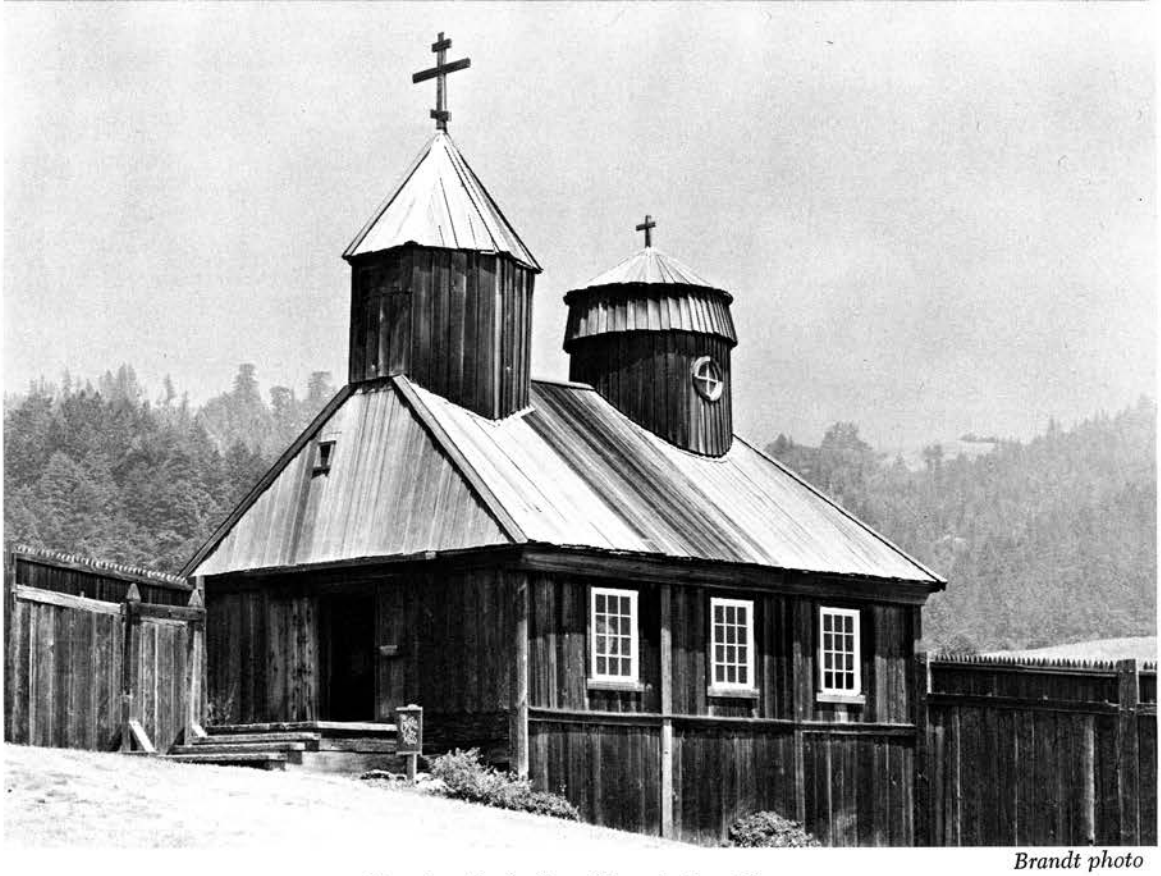
SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA, San Gabriel Arcangel, San Juan Capistrano—the roll call of the old Spanish missions rings out with familiar clarity. But just as their slowly stilled bells tolled the passing of an historic era, the raising of the United States flag at Monterey in 1846 marked the beginning of a new golden age.

Overland and "around the Horn" the onrushing miners and settlers brought their own religious faiths and needs. What of their first churches? Where are they? How have they fared? Is there the awareness of the importance of their restoration and preservation as of the Franciscan Missions?

According to the best information available, 31 of the church buildings erected in California during the decade 1851-60 are still standing.[1] This includes several which have been rebuilt, using much of the original materials. Of this number, classified according to the denomination which did the building, 13 were Roman Catholic, 8 Methodist, 5 Episcopal, 2 each Congregational and Presbyterian, and 1 Christian or Disciples of Christ. In a few instances the property has been transferred to or is now being used by a denomination other than that which first built the church.

Foreshadowing the non-Spanish mission churches on the coast, the Russian-American Company established Fort Ross in 1812. No exact date has been fixed for the erection of the twin-cupola wooden chapel, but according to Wayne Colwell, Historic Park Supervisor: "It is believed the chapel was constructed about 1828."[2] This means that this chapel at Fort Ross antedates the present Russian Orthodox cathedral at Sitka, Alaska, which was erected in 1844-48 and is the oldest extant church building of that faith in Alaska, by about twenty years. The author can testify that the statement of this fact came as a surprise to many in our sister state to the north.[3]

When the Russians sold Fort Ross to Captain John Sutter in 1841, the altar furnishings, the pulpit Bible, and other items of the chapel were sent to the cathedral in Sitka. The author had the privilege of visiting the Cathedral in Sitka in June 1965 and was shown the Fort Ross Bible by Bishop Amvrossy Merejko. This is a red-bound New Testament, folio in size, printed in Church-Slavonic in 1809 in Moscow. The inscription on the flyleaf mentions the fact that the Bible had been presented to the Fort Ross chapel. No clergy of the



Brandt photo

Russian Orthodox Chapel, Fort Ross

Russian Orthodox Church are known to have been assigned to the Fort Ross chapel. Evidently any religious services held in the chapel during the years 1828-41 were conducted by officials of the Russian-American Company.

A curious story is connected with the chapel bell. Following the sale of the Fort Ross property to Captain Sutter, the bell was taken to San Francisco where, in 1866, it was found in a junkyard. The bell was then taken to Petaluma where it was used as an alarm bell in the city's fire station until 1916. Its whereabouts was lost sight of until 1924 when the Chief of Police in Petaluma discovered it in the coalbin of the Petaluma jail. The Russian inscription on the bell clearly identified it. The bell was returned to Fort Ross in 1945.

The chapel was shaken down by the earthquake of 1906 but since it was constructed of wood it was easily restored. Services are held twice a year—on Memorial Day and the 4th of July—in the chapel by Russian Orthodox groups from San Francisco. Since this building is now within the confines of a State Historical Park, we are assured of its preservation for the future.

THE FIRST AMERICAN CHURCH BUILDINGS

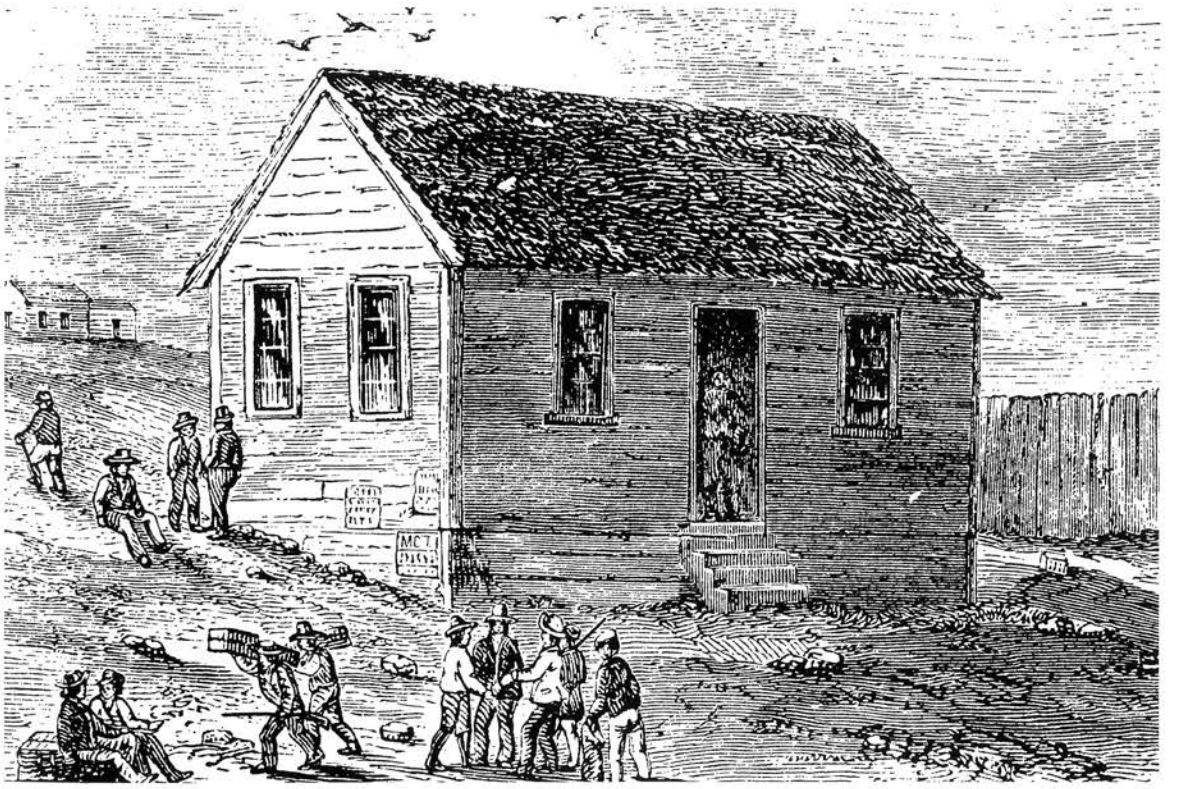
American civilization on the Pacific Coast began in the Oregon country where Protestant missionaries began their work as early as 1834. On August 18, 1838, the First Presbyterian Church of Oregon was organized at the

Gold Rush Churches

Whitman Mission at Waiilatpu, near what is now Walla Walla, Washington, with the Rev. Henry H. Spalding as pastor and Dr. Marcus Whitman, elder. This was the first Protestant church to be established on the Pacific Coast.

California was not opened to Protestant effort until the United States flag was raised at Monterey on July 7, 1846. Prior to that, the Roman Catholic Church had exclusive ecclesiastical possession of the territory. So it was that Oregon, and not California, remained the goal of westward-bound emigrants during the first two years after California came under the jurisdiction of the United States. All this changed, however, with the announcement of the discovery of gold. Although the epoch-making discovery was made on January 24, 1848, the first public announcement did not appear in a San Francisco newspaper until March 15th and it was August before a modest report was published in a New York paper. Naturally the Americans who lived nearest to California were the first to arrive. These included Oregonians and those who lived in Hawaii.

In Honolulu, a New School Presbyterian[4] minister by the name of Timothy Dwight Hunt was pastor of a community church in the city. When the gold-fever struck Hawaii, so many of Hunt's congregation left for the gold mines that he decided to follow; not to mine gold but to preach the gospel. He



Old School House on the Plaza, site of the first services in San Francisco. From *Annals of San Francisco,* 1855.

landed in San Francisco on October 29, 1848, the first Protestant clergyman to arrive in California for full-time religious work. An interdenominational group in San Francisco at once called him to be its pastor.

Hunt began holding religious services in the schoolhouse which had been erected in 1847 on the southwest corner of Portsmouth Square, in the heart of what is now San Francisco. That schoolhouse became the first Protestant church building in California. There on January 7, 1849, Hunt conducted the first recorded Protestant communion service in California after the raising of the United States flag.[5] He noted in his diary that eleven men, besides himself, were present and commented on the fact that there were the same number (of disciples) at the first Lord's Supper. The schoolhouse-church on Portsmouth Square formed the nuclei for the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian churches of San Francisco.

Hunt tried to make a community approach but failed. As early as May 1849 little groups began to peel off from Hunt's congregation and form denominational churches. The first to go were the Old School Presbyterians who founded the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco on May 20th.[6] The Baptists, the Episcopalians and the Methodists followed. Then Hunt took the remainder of his dwindling congregation and organized the First Congregational Church of San Francisco on July 29th.

Naturally, these pioneer Protestant congregations needed buildings. For a time several of the groups carried on their worship services in tents. The first to erect a building were the Baptists who on August 5, 1849, dedicated their one-room rectangular structure on Washington Street, between Dupont and Stockton. On October 7th, the Methodists dedicated their "Oregon Chapel" on Powell Street, so named because the lumber for the building had been sent from Oregon. The Episcopalians followed with Holy Trinity Parish opening its doors in November and Grace Chapel, now the Cathedral, dedicating its new building on December 30th. Thus by the end of 1849, San Francisco could boast of having four Protestant church buildings. The only Roman Catholic building was Mission Dolores.

The First Presbyterian Church of Stockton, organized March 15, 1850, had the first building of that denomination within the state. It bought the lumber for a warehouse which had been shipped around the Horn to Stockton. Since this had been prefabricated, the building was erected in ten weeks and dedicated on May 5th. A cupola was placed at one end of the roof which, with a little imagination, proclaimed the warehouse to be a church.

At least three other Presbyterian church buildings were shipped in a prefabricated condition around the Horn. These were erected in Benicia, San Francisco, and San Jose. The San Francisco building, with some Gothic features, was for that time a handsome structure large enough to seat 750. It was dedicated on January 19, 1851, and after a brief six months' use was destroyed

on June 22nd by one of the incendiary fires which devastated the city during those days. The building sent to San Jose came as a gift in 1850 from the congregation of the famous Henry Ward Beecher.

Judging by drawings made of several of the early church buildings and a photograph of the Presbyterian Church of Benicia, most of these structures were unadorned one-room rectangular buildings. Not one of the church buildings erected for Americans in California in 1849 and 1850 remains standing today. A portion of the bell tower of the Presbyterian Church of Benicia is preserved at the San Francisco Theological Seminary and the bell hangs in the Episcopal Cathedral of Sacramento. Since all of these early buildings were in cities, it is natural to expect that they would have been replaced by larger and more adequate structures.

About 200 church buildings, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, are known to have been erected in California during the decade under review, 1851-60. Only a handful of these pioneer structures remain. Some are still being used for religious services and others are closed or are used for other purposes. Some have been restored and a few are rapidly falling into complete decay.

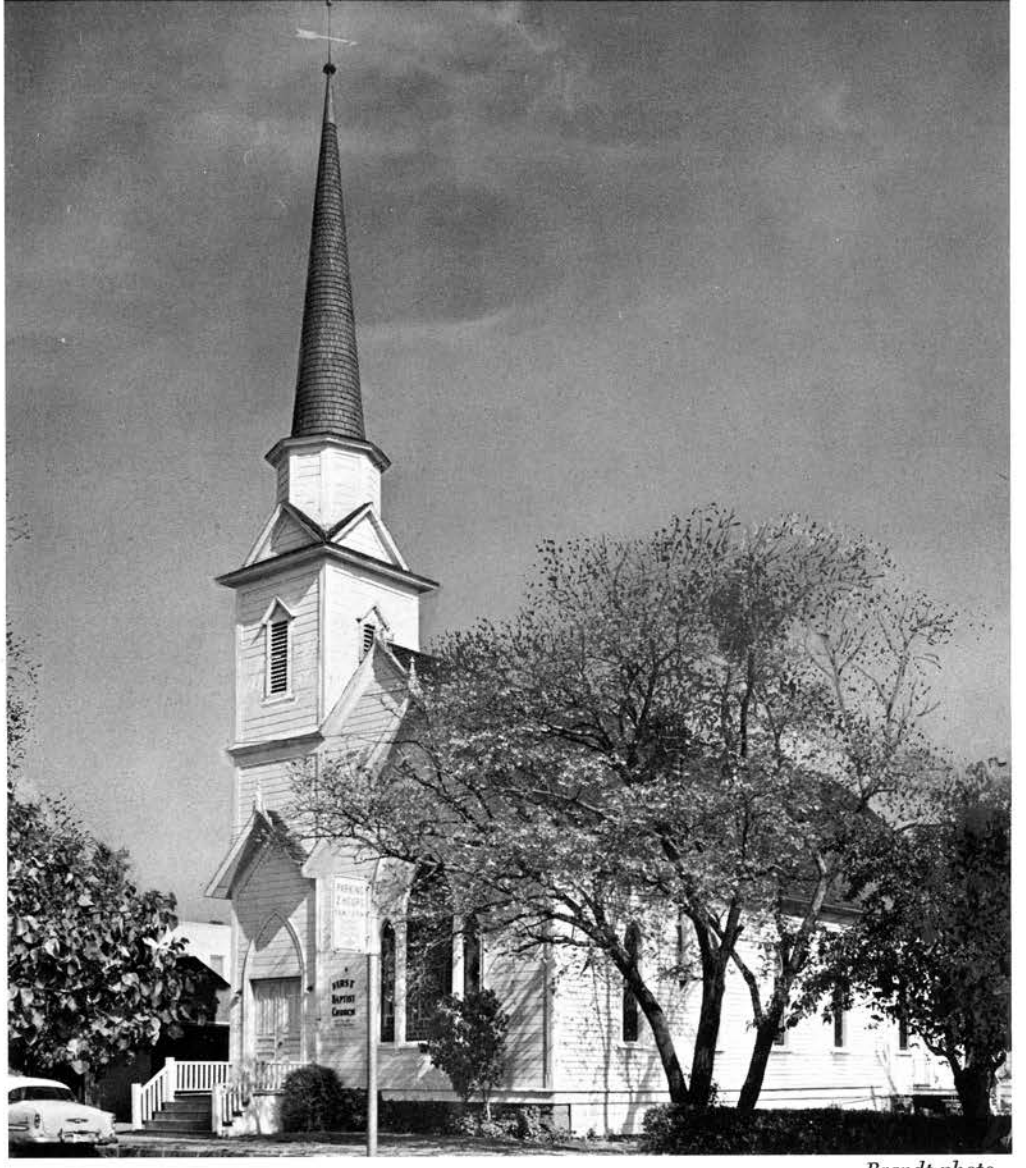
Fourteen of these remaining churches are pictured and described on the following pages.

Brandt photo

PLACERVILLE, METHODIST CHURCH, 1851

In early 1850, Rev. Isaac Owen organized the first Methodist and first Protestant church in the Mother Lode, at Coloma, on April 22. He moved on to Placerville where the Methodists built a church, which was dedicated October 12, 1851. The supporting timbers were hand-hewn Ponderosa pine and the siding and interior lumber from around the Horn. The building was crowned at the front by a small tower with a bell, nicknamed "Old Dick," from the sailing ship *Staffordshire*.

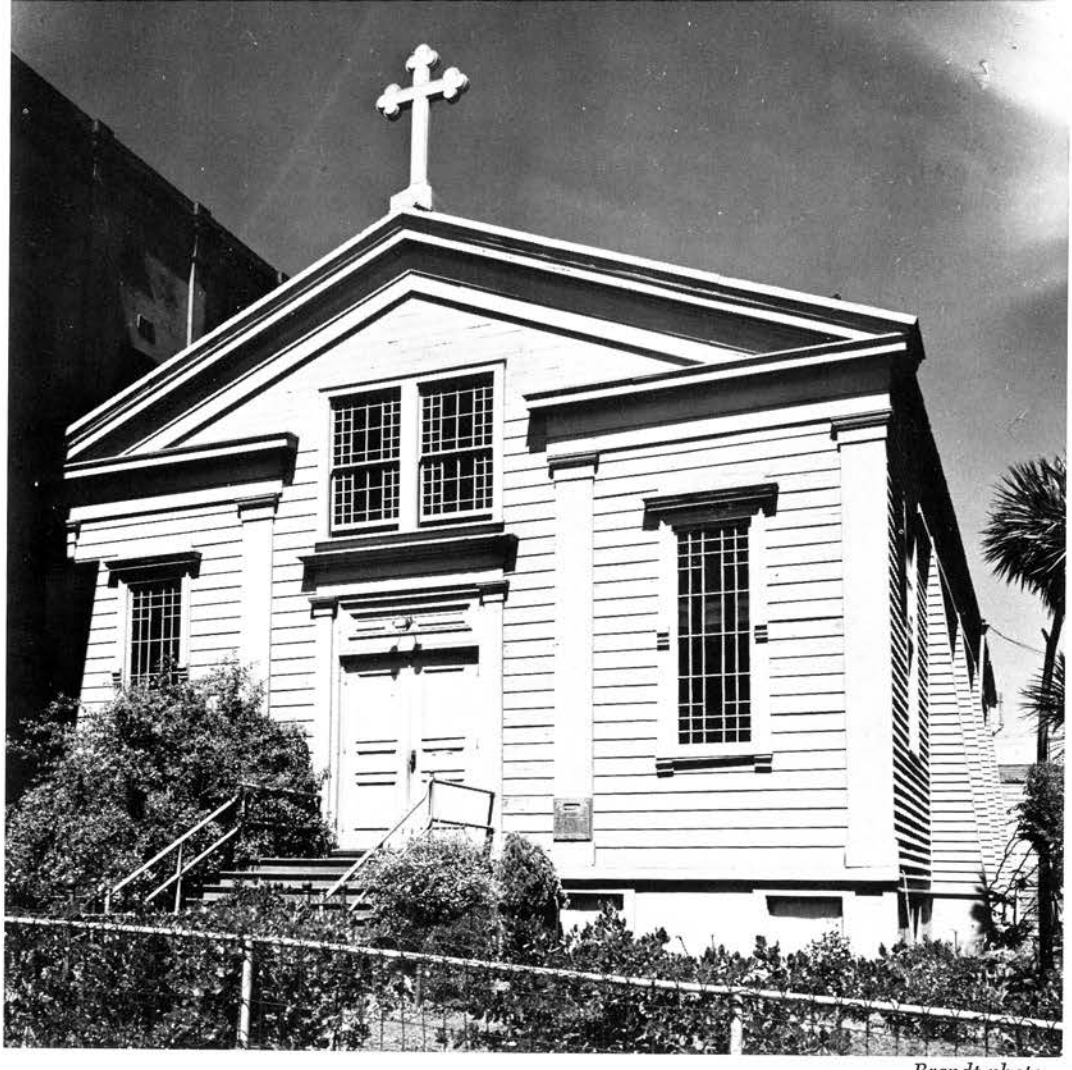
In the 1860's, a larger brick church was erected adjacent to the historic old building. Recently, with the construction of a new building away from the downtown area, the first brick church was razed and even the 1851 building threatened. History-minded citizens contributed the cost of moving as much of the structure as possible to a site on Thompson Way near the new edifice. The heavy supporting timbers were salvaged but new lumber had to replace the old siding. The restored building, with "1851" proudly displayed over the main entrance was rededicated July 30, 1961. It has the distinction of being the oldest Protestant building on the Pacific Coast still standing.



Brandt photo

SONOMA, METHODIST CHURCH, 1853

The old Methodist Church erected in 1853 in Sonoma, now owned by the Southern Baptists, claims to be "the oldest building in continuous use for Protestant worship in California."[7] Dedicated by the first Methodist Bishop to visit California, Edward Raymond Ames, it was known as the Ames Church. Its beautiful spire, with the unique circular design on the steeple, was added in 1893 when the building was moved to its present location. Extensive repairs were made in 1903. In 1954 the Methodists built a new and larger building, selling the historic old structure to the Southern Baptists. It is a striking example of pioneer blending of Gothic and basically New England design.

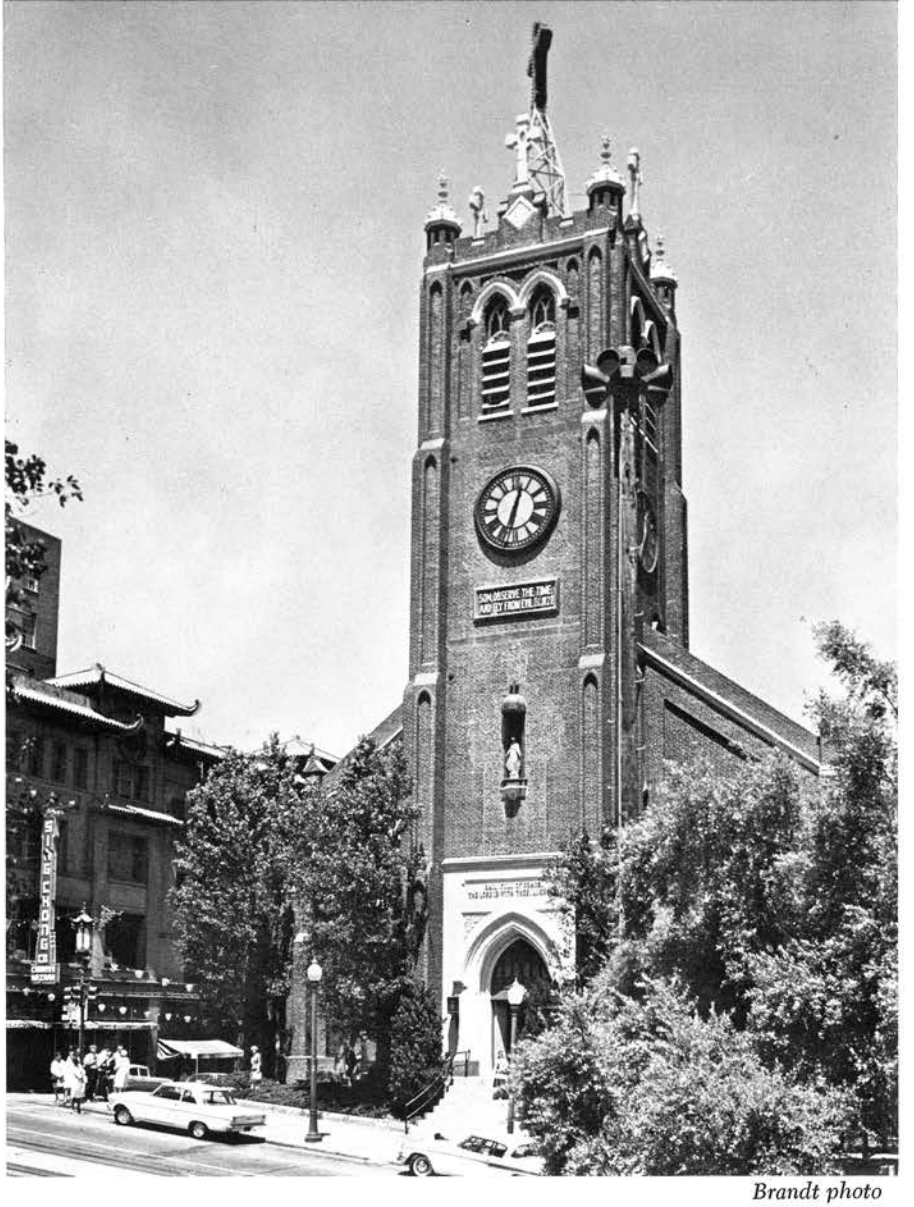


Brandt photo

SAN FRANCISCO, HOLY CROSS PARISH HALL
OF ST. PATRICK'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, 1854

This building, on Eddy Street between Scott and Divisadero, is reported to be the oldest church building and also the oldest frame building in San Francisco. First erected on a site of the present Palace-Sheraton Hotel, it was moved in 1873 to a lot on Eddy Street and again in 1891 to its present location. During 1885-91 it served as a pro-cathedral for Archbishop Riordan. Since 1899 it has been used as a parish hall for St. Patrick's Church.

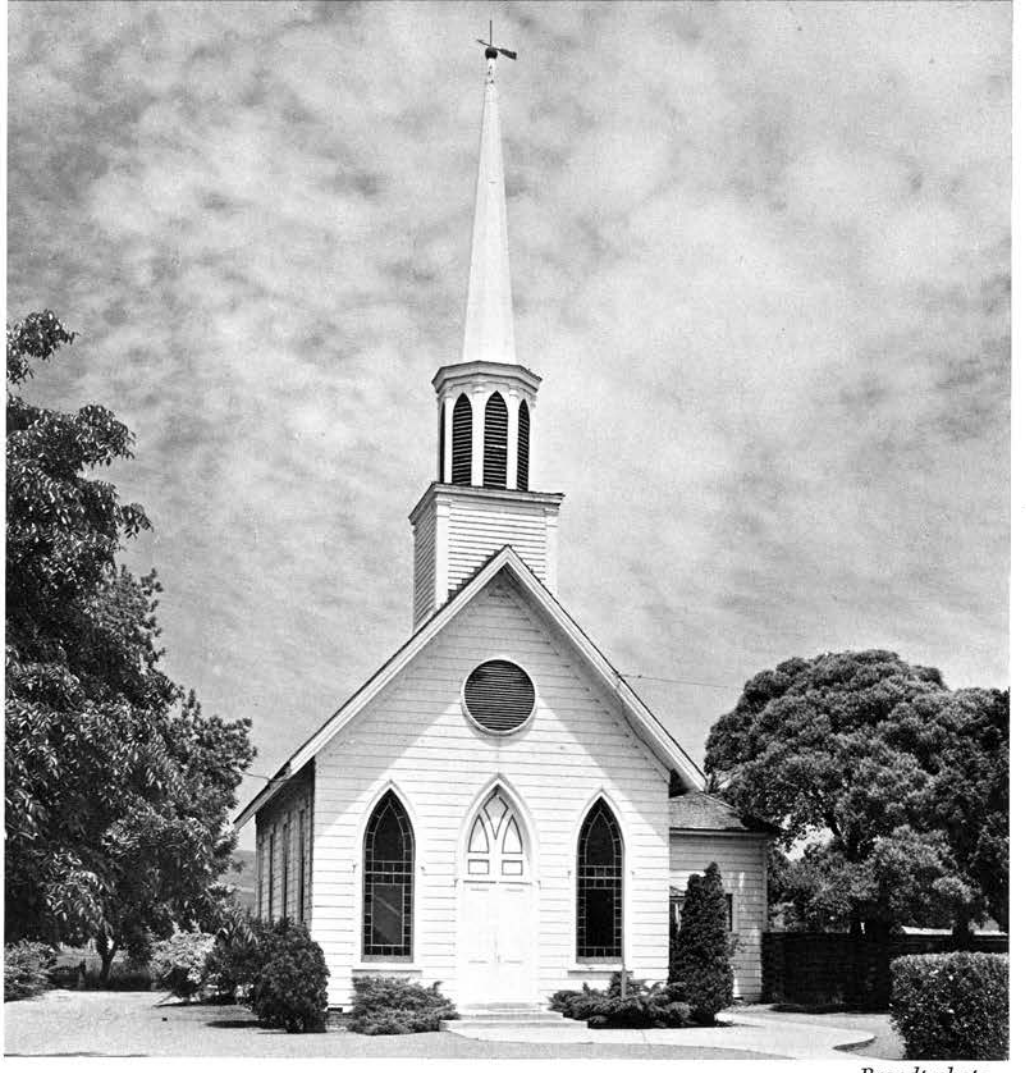
The exterior and facade remain unchanged from the original. The lumber, as with many early church edifices in California, was shipped around the Horn. Here is an exception to the general rule that one must go to the country or Mother Lode communities for examples of early day church buildings in California. For more than 110 years this frame structure has survived in the heart of a large metropolitan center.



Brandt photo

SAN FRANCISCO, ST. MARY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, 1854

In the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown, facing historic Portsmouth Square, the cornerstone of St. Mary's was laid July 17, 1853 and the building dedicated December 25, 1854. Purportedly, the foundation stone was quarried and cut to pattern in China and the brick brought around the Horn from New England. The tower quotation is from one of the books of the Apocrypha and in the Oxford University edition reads: "Observe the opportunity and beware of evil." It may be the oldest brick church building in California. Gutted by fire during the 1906 earthquake, it has been rebuilt within the original walls. In 1894, with a new cathedral on Van Ness, the Paulist Fathers took over St. Mary's for services for the Chinese.[9]

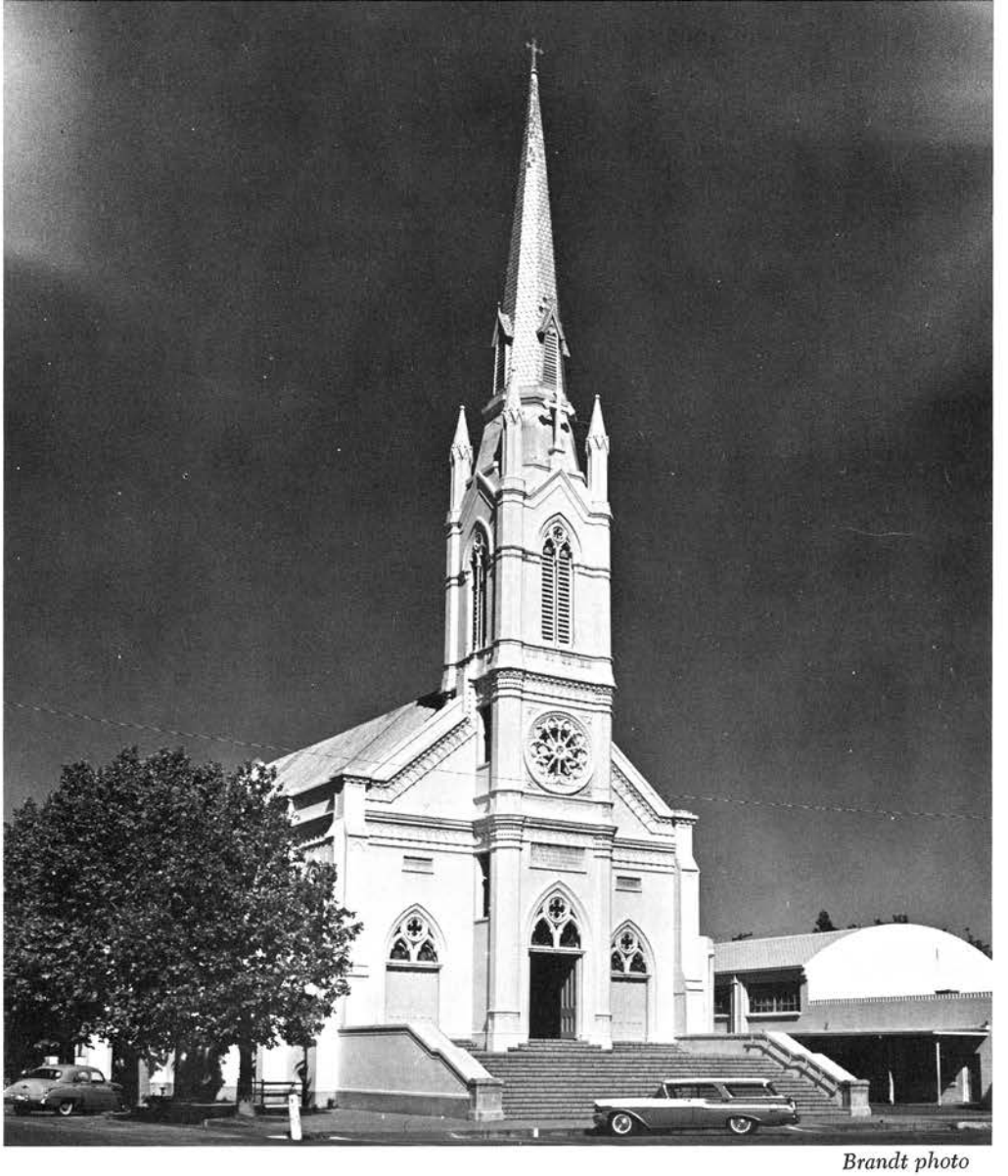


Brandt photo

CENTERVILLE, PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, 1855

This New School Presbyterian Church was organized June 5, 1851 by the Rev. William Wallace Brier, a cousin of the Briers of Death Valley fame. First called the Alameda Valley Presbyterian Church, it was patterned after a New England meeting house. Measuring 24 x 44 feet, it was constructed out of brick in 1855 at a cost of $1,175. A steeple was added in 1859. The earthquake of October 21, 1868 so damaged the walls that the building was razed. Restored on the original foundations, wood replaced the brick walls but much of the interior is original.

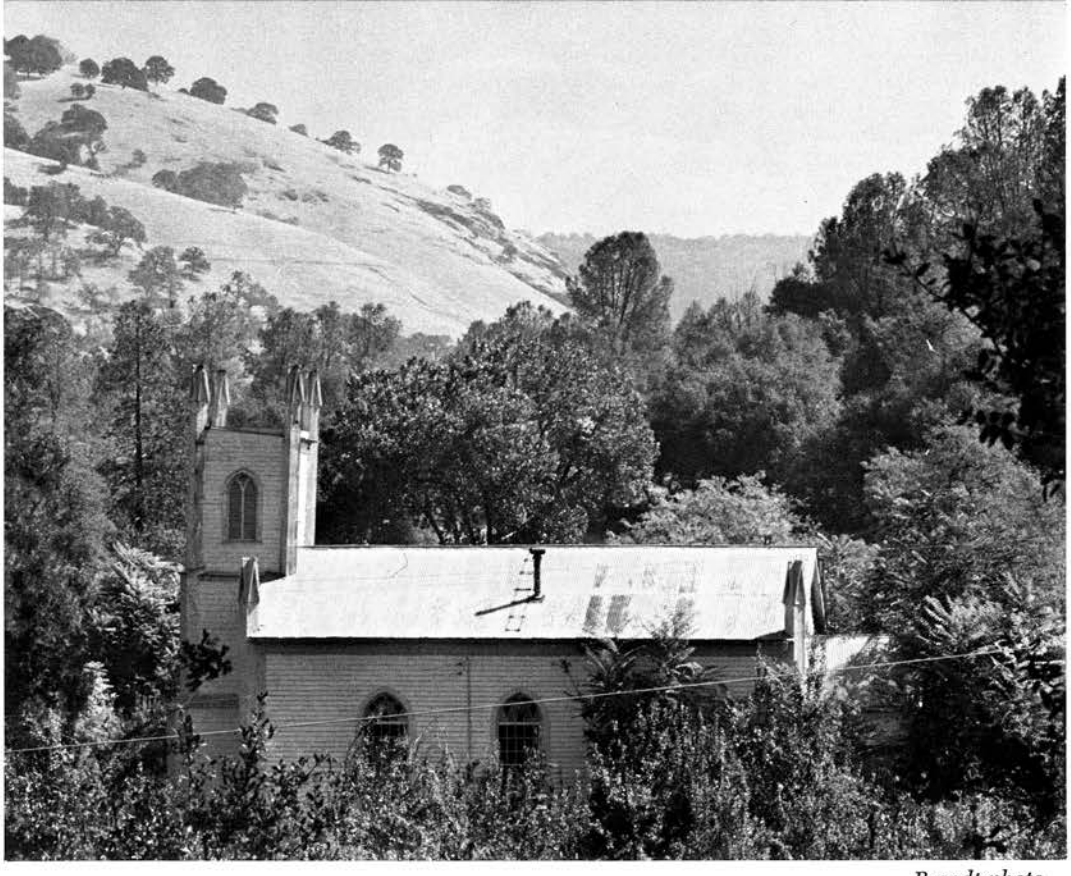
A Sunday School room was added in 1903 and still another addition in 1949. With the growth of population, the Fremont Presbyterian Church, seating 600, was erected nearby and dedicated in 1963. The Fremont Church holds title to the Centerville Church which is available to other religious denominations and is currently the First Christian Church of Fremont.



Brandt photo

MARYSVILLE,
ST. JOSEPH'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, 1855

Roman Catholic services were first held in Marysville in 1851 and Father Peter Magagnotto, a Passionist priest, organized St. Joseph's parish the following year. A small wooden church was dedicated on March 20, 1853. As the congregation outgrew it, a new and larger building was constructed. The cornerstone was laid on September 16, 1855 by Archbishop Joseph Sadoz Alemany and the building dedicated December 30 of the same year. The bell tower was added in 1862. A 40-foot extension on the western end was added in 1865. The church was built out of locally made bricks but in 1925 this brick exterior was covered with a coating of Italian cement.



Brandt photo

COLOMA, EMMANUEL EPISCOPAL CHURCH, 1856

The first of the 21 churches established by the Methodists in the Mother Lode from 1850-55, of which 15 were in the 1850's, was that organized at Coloma by Rev. Isaac Owen on April 22, 1850. Two dates are quoted for the first church building—1849 and 1852—which burned in 1854. William Ingraham Kip, the pioneer Protestant Episcopal Bishop to California preached his first sermon in Coloma in the Court House, January 1855.

Indicatively a second Methodist church was built about 1857 and torn down in the 1870's. Accounts vary in dating and details as with the other historic Coloma churches, including St. John's Roman Catholic (see listing at end of this article).

The present Episcopal Church, completed in 1856, is reportedly built on the site of the old Methodist Church. About 1870 the two denominations began to share the facilities. After the death of Rev. C. C. Pierce in 1903, the Methodists carried on alone. About 1921, in need of extensive repairs, the building was deeded by the Episcopalians to the Methodists.

Poet Edwin Markham, famed for his "Man With A Hoe," wrote of his religious experience as one of the early members of the Methodist Church of Coloma: "I felt I had discovered a continent, or, since I was in the gold region of California, as if I had discovered gold in these beautiful Coloma Hills."[8]

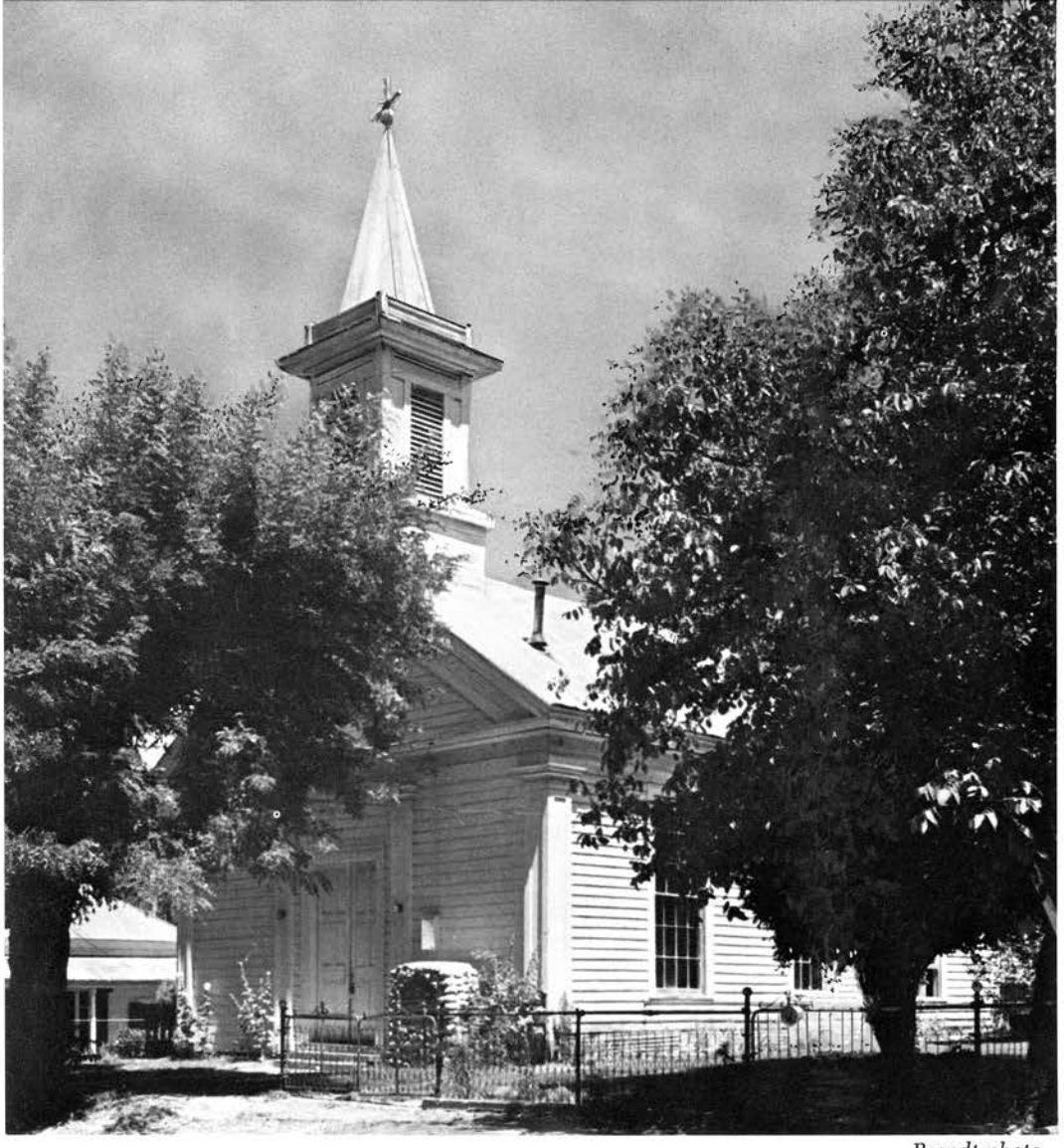
Brandt photo

COLUMBIA, ST. ANNE'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, 1856

Prominently located on a hill in the gold-rush town of Columbia, is stately St. Anne's, constructed from bricks made at a kiln at the forks of the Sonora-Springfield road. The large hand-hewn timbers were hauled from Saw Mill Flat. The altar paintings are the work of James Fallon, a local early day artist. Started in 1852 the building was dedicated November 2, 1856, with Archbishop Alemany officiating. A bell, cast in New York and costing $1,500, was shipped around the Horn and hung in 1857.

For a time, because of declining population, the Roman Catholic work in Columbia languished. The building was abandoned in 1910 and later restored by the Native Sons of the Golden West and the Knights of Columbus. The restored building was rededicated June 15, 1926.

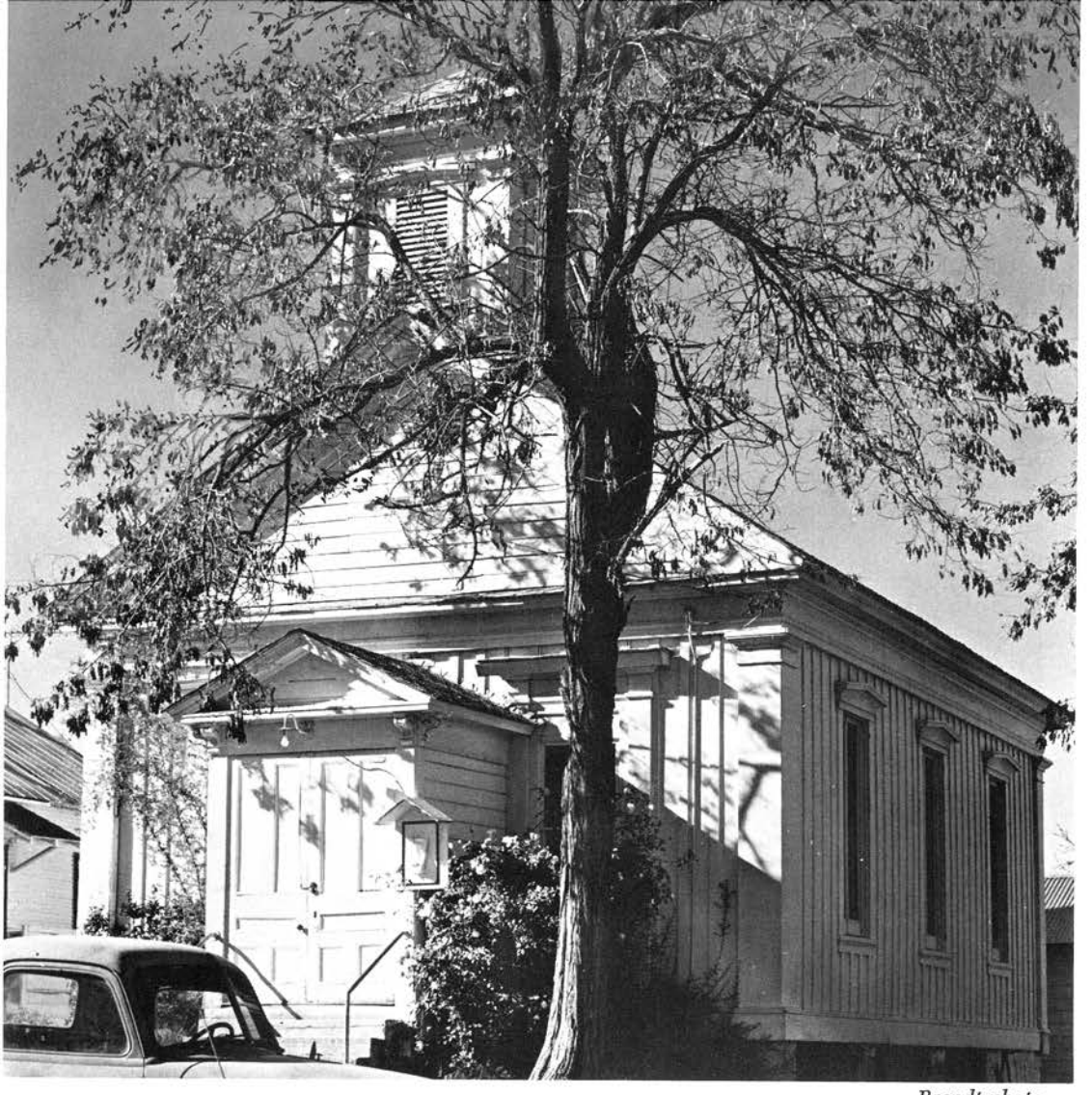
Roman Catholic services have been resumed and are now being held semi-monthly. Interesting sidelights include the cypress trees, which now stand around the church, were shipped as seedlings around the Horn; and that beneath the church purportedly lies the only "untouched" ground of the gold-rich Columbia placers.



Brandt photo

DOWNIEVILLE, METHODIST CHURCH, 1856

Another good example of the "New England meeting house" to be found in the Mother Lode country is the Methodist Church of Downieville, built in 1856. This church, organized in 1852, was the first Protestant church to be established in this community. When the building was erected, it happened to be located over a rich layer of gold bearing gravel. According to *Early Methodist Churches:* "At some unknown date someone tunnelled in from the river bank one hundred yards away and undermined the church. Pillars were left to support the church while the gold bearing gravel was taken out." The cavity was discovered in 1960 when a new floor was placed in the church. It has been in continuous use for religious services since dedicated.



Brandt photo

MOKELUMNE HILL, CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, 1857

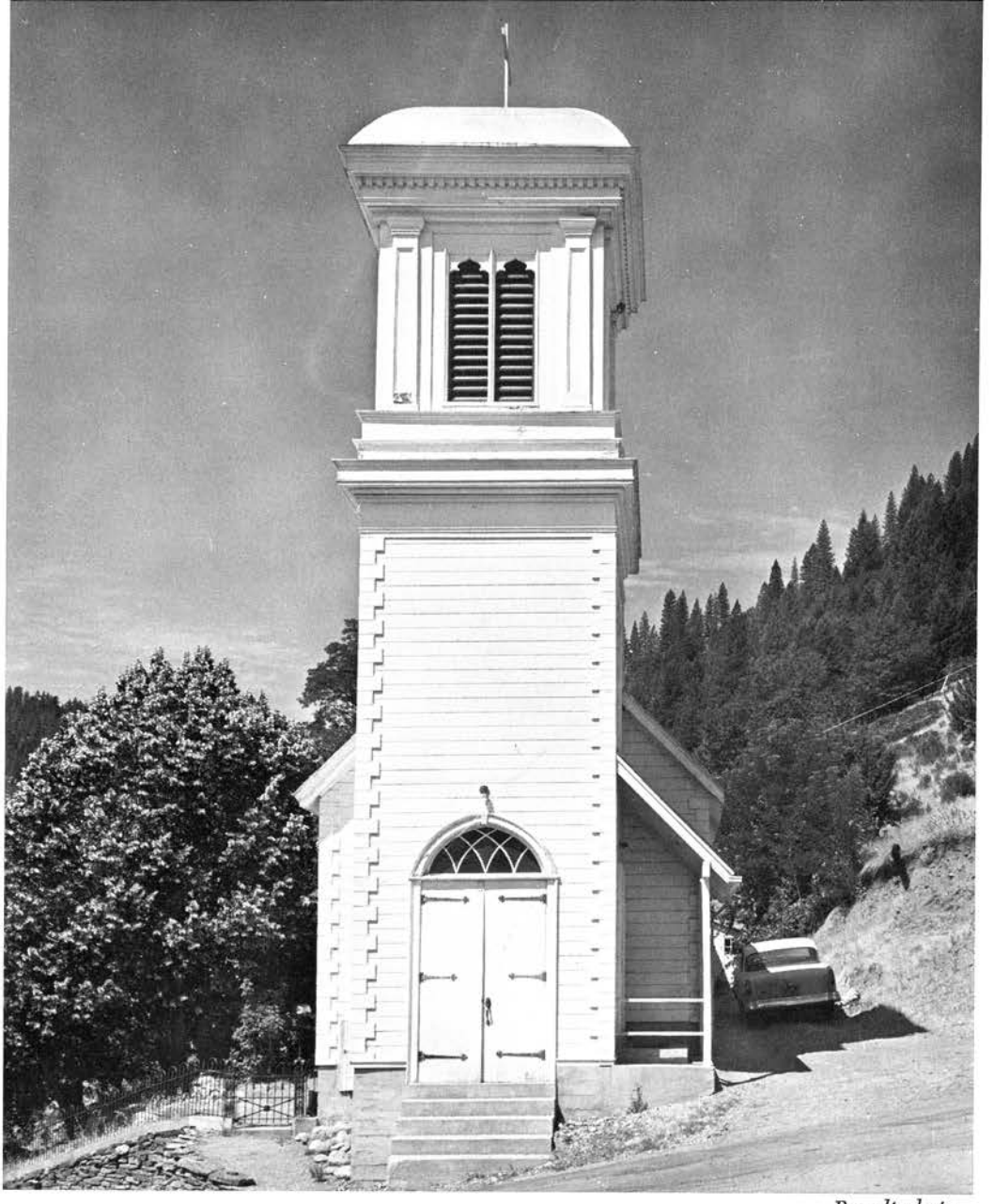
The oldest Congregational Church still standing in California is that now used by the Community Church of Mokelumne Hill. It was established in 1853 by Rev. Joseph A. Benton, later founder of the Pacific School of Religion at Berkeley, the oldest seminary in the state. Funds raised by passing a hat on Saturday nights for miners to drop in gold dust and nuggets, paid for the building dedicated March 8, 1857. Reportedly costing $2,700 and seating 200, its supporting pillars are cut from rhyolite tuff.

The United Church of Christ (Congregational) turned the property over to the Community Church of Mokelumne Hill in 1963 for the nominal sum of $100. Today services are being conducted by a minister of the Nazarene Church.

Brandt photo

GILROY,
CHRISTIAN (DISCIPLES OF CHRIST) CHURCH, 1857

This is believed to be the first building erected in California by members of this denomination. According to the church's historian it had two doors for entrance at the front end, one for the men and the other for the women who were seated on the opposite side from the men.[10] Evidently the front of the church has been remodeled as the present building has but one main entrance. This is the earliest example discovered of any California church having separate seating for men and women. The building is now being used by the congregation of the Calvary Baptist Church.



Brandt photo

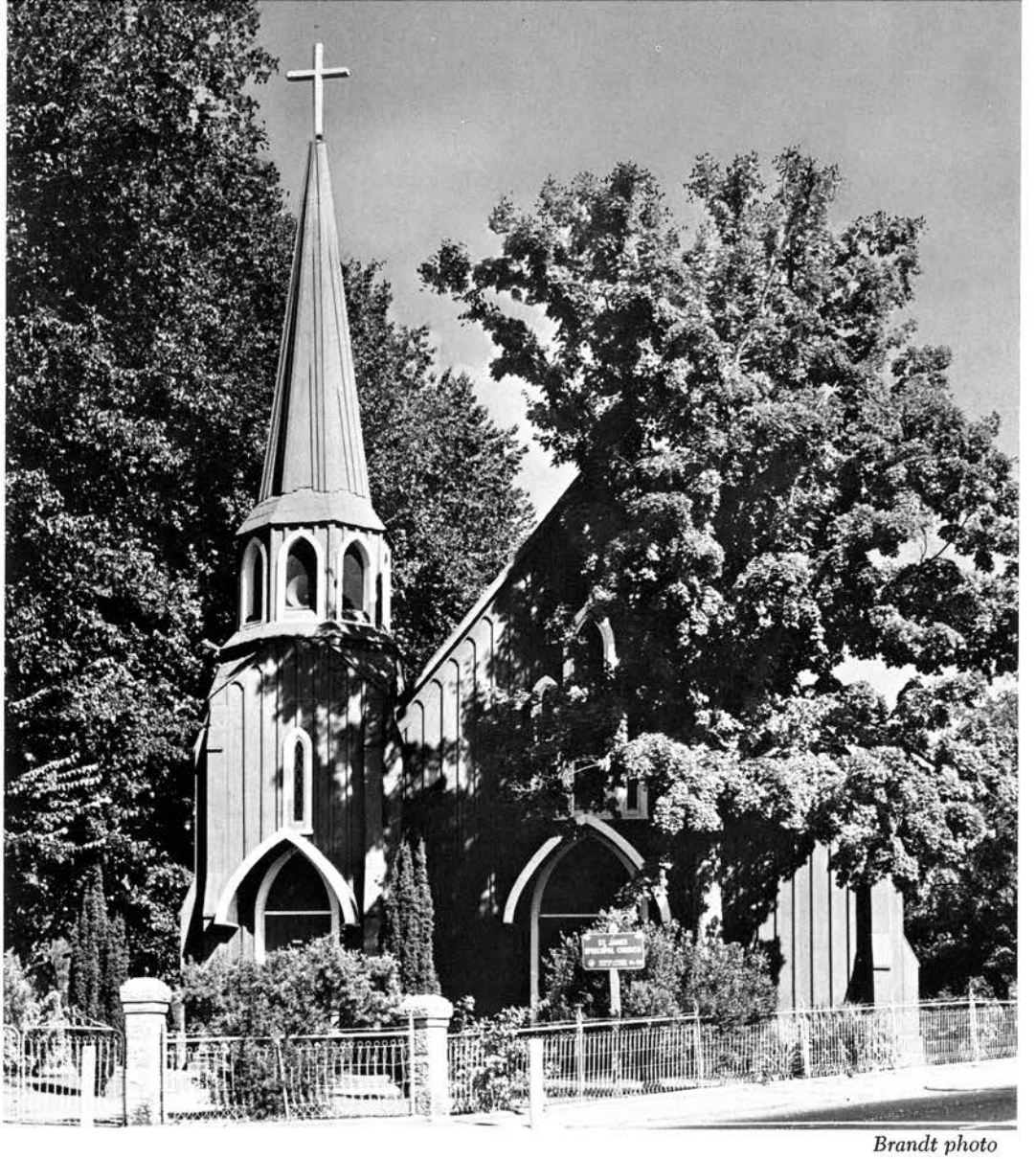
DOWNIEVILLE,
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, 1858

Perhaps the most striking building, from an architectural point of view, of any of the old churches of the Mother Lode country is the Roman Catholic Church in Downieville, with its unusual tower dominating the building. The first Catholic Church erected in this gold-mining town was built in 1852. It was destroyed by fire in 1858 and in the same year the present structure was built.

Brandt photo

GRASS VALLEY, EMMANUEL EPISCOPAL CHURCH, 1858

When Bishop William I. Kip held the first Episcopal service on April 23, 1854, the community is reported to have had 2,000 people, including the "floating mining population." Although Grass Valley had several churches when Bishop Kip first visited it, the combined Sunday attendance was not over 300. He doubted that enough Episcopalians could be found to justify the organization of a parish. However, a band of about 50 promised their hearty support, so work was started. For a time, services were held in the Masonic Hall. On December 11, 1856, the Gold Hill Quartz Mining Company presented the parish a building site on condition that an edifice could be erected within 18 months. The condition was met and the beautiful Gothic building, seating 150, was opened for services in August, 1858. It is the oldest Episcopal building in California; ownership of the Coloma church having been transferred to the Methodists.



Brandt photo

SONORA, ST. JAMES EPISCOPAL CHURCH, 1860

On Piety Hill in Sonora stands quaint old St. James Episcopal Church with its coat of bright red paint. The Rev. John G. Gassman, a Norwegian, initiated Episcopal work in Sonora in December, 1859. A parish was soon established and a building started. Because of Gassman's background, the architecture reflected both Continental and English influences. Seating 150, the sanctuary does not have a raised chancel but a small one even with the nave, with a raised altar in the sanctuary. The first service was held October 7, 1860. Fire severely damaged the west side of the building on March 30, 1868, but restoration has conformed with the original design.

In addition to the illustrated 14 churches erected in California during the decade, 1851-60, 17 other structures belonging to this same period are known to be standing. Lack of space forbids giving a more detailed description of each beyond the following brief listing: (*indicates that the building is either closed or abandoned)

1853: Jamestown, Methodist. Church still being used, altho extensively rebuilt.
1855: *Chinese Camp, Roman Catholic, St. Xavier's. Some restoration was done in 1950. See illustration at page 36.
1856: North San Juan, Methodist. Church in continuous use since its dedication.
*Rockville, Methodist. An impressive rectangular stone structure, colonial in design. Restored in the 1930s by Civilian Conservation Corps.
1857: Folsom, Roman Catholic, St. John the Baptist.
San Andreas, Roman Catholic.
Sawyer's Bar, Roman Catholic.
1858: Auburn, Methodist. First building, dedicated December 11, 1853, burned in 1856 and was replaced by the one now standing.
Coloma, Roman Catholic, St. John's. Rebuilt in 1920 and renamed St. Joseph's. The original building is basically that of the present structure.
Murphys, Roman Catholic, St. Patrick's. This building replaced an earlier structure. Built out of locally made bricks.
Nevada City, Congregational. The 1858 building burned in November 1863 but was rebuilt the following year using the original walls.
1859: *Harmony Grove near Lockford, Methodist. A brick church used up to 1883.
Benicia, Episcopal, St. Paul's. Enlarged and moved to present location in 1960.
*Dublin, Roman Catholic, St. Raymond's.
San Francisco, Roman Catholic, St. Francis. Built of brick in Gothic style. Although fire burned out the interior in 1906 earthquake, the cement covered brick walls stood and the church was rebuilt.
1860: Folsom, Episcopal, Trinity.
Folsom, Presbyterian. A stately brick building.

Not included in the above list of 31 churches are three Roman Catholic Churches now abandoned which may have been erected during the 1850s, but no definite information about them has been found. These are the buildings at Forest Hill, Alleghany (reported to have been first located at Moore's Flat and moved to Alleghany about 1912), and Washington.

Of the 31 churches above mentioned 8 are in San Francisco or vicinity; 5 are in the Sacramento Valley; and the other 18 are in the Mother Lode country scattered along Highway 49 and its tributaries from Sonora in the south to Downieville in the north, an airline distance of about 125 miles. The larger percentage, therefore, of the surviving church buildings of this decade, 1851-60, remain as visible evidences of the interest in religion taken by gold-miners and their families. All of these 31 churches are in Northern California. Church development in Southern California was delayed because of the lack of an American population.

Gold Rush Churches

The architecture of the church edifices erected during this decade show a marked improvement over the unadorned, utilitarian, one-room warehouse type common to the pioneer years, 1849-50. Now the churches have towers, steeples, belfries, larger windows at the rear of the sanctuary, vestibules, and sometimes Gothic type of windows or Gothic ornaments on the steeples or towers. A distinctive feature is the New England "meeting house" architecture. Nowhere in these early structures do we find any reflection of the Spanish architecture which became rather popular several decades later.

An encouraging aspect of this survey is the awareness expressed by the residents of the different communities contacted as to the importance of preserving the historic old churches. Two of the buildings mentioned above, those at Fort Ross and Columbia, are in state parks. In several instances historical or patriotic societies have come to the rescue. Whole communities have sometimes taken an interest in the restoration of an old historic building. And, of course, we find a growing appreciation of these old buildings on the part of the congregations concerned. It is hoped that the publication of this article will stimulate further interest in the preservation and if need be, the restoration, of these historic buildings.

IN APPRECIATION

Many supplied information for this chapter, and to all the author wishes to express his appreciation. Grateful acknowledgment is extended to Reuben W. Brandt of Redwood City, California, for his pictures and for the use of his notes. Howard Derby and Father John B. McGloin, S.J., both of San Francisco, have supplied important information. The tally of still-standing 1851-60 churches may well be incomplete and in places inaccurate. Corrections and additional information would be welcomed by the author.

FOOTNOTES

[1]There is an adobe chapel erected by the Roman Catholics in 1850 on Conde Street, in Old San Diego which was known as the Church of the Immaculate Conception and which was consecrated in 1858. It is not now being used for religious services. The present building was restored by the WPA about 1937. How much of the original structure remains is not known.

[2]Letter to author, June 3, 1965. There is some evidence that the chapel was erected prior to 1814. BANCROFT, *California II:* 631.

[3]The author had the privilege of speaking before four service clubs in Anchorage, Alaska, in June and July, 1965, before each of which he told this story. In every instance many expressed surprise that California had an older Russian Orthodox Church building than anything in Alaska. Bulletin: It is regretfully announced that the Sitka Cathedral burned January 2, 1966.

[4]The Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., divided in 1837 into two main branches, the Old School Presbyterians and the New School Presbyterians. Both branches established churches, presbyteries, and a synod in California. A union of the two was effected in 1870.

[5]The first Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to be administered on California soil was in June 1579, (which antedates Jamestown, Virginia), when Sir Francis Drake and his men were at what is now Drake's Bay, Marin County. Aboard the *Golden Hinde* was Drake's chaplain, Rev. Francis Fletcher, an Anglican. We cannot conceive of Episcopalians being a month in any place with an ordained priest present without having the Holy Communion. Hunt's service was the first after the raising of the American flag.

[6]This was the first Protestant church to be founded in San Francisco with a resident ordained pastor. It is now the oldest Protestant church in the state. Hunt's congregation in the schoolhouse was not a formally organized church. The Methodist had an earlier classmeeting but without a resident pastor. They date the organization of their church in San Francisco from the organization of the class.

[7]The best work on the history of Methodism in California is L. L. Loofbourow's *In Search of God's Gold*. For references to the Sonoma Church, see pp 49-51.

[8]The Methodist Historical Society of the California-Nevada Conference has issued a splendid map of the Mother Lode "showing Early Methodist Churches along Highway 49," 1963, with a brief historical account of 34 churches thus located.

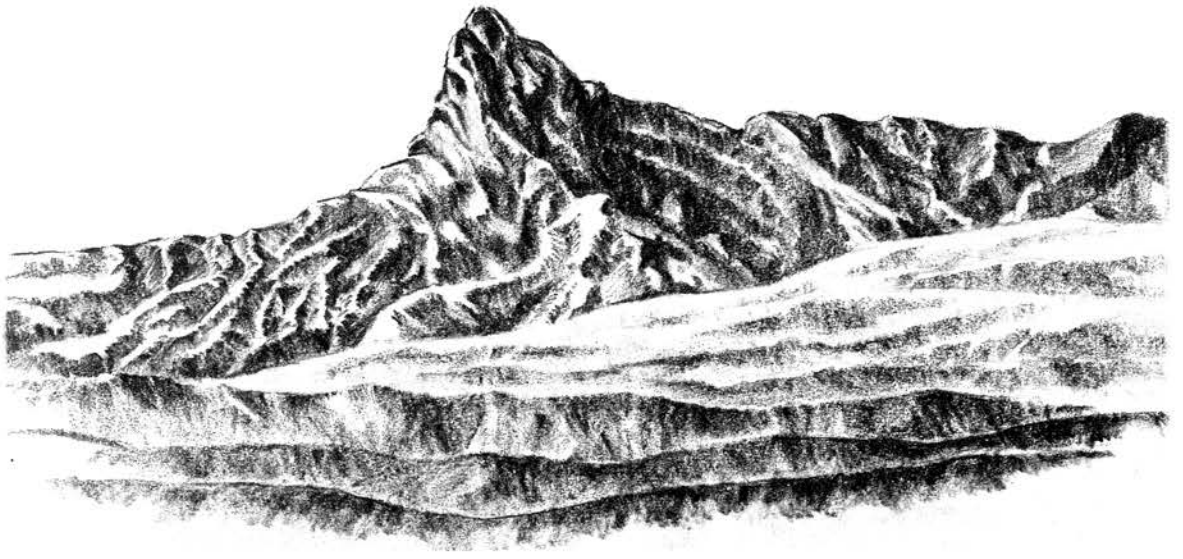
[9]Old St. Mary's was damaged by a $300,000 fire January 11, 1966. It is now being restored.

[10]E. B. WARE. *History of the Disciples of Christ in California*, pp 86-7.

Additional References: CLIFFORD M. DRURY, "A Chronology of Protestant Beginnings in California," *California Historical Society*, June 1947; WILL O. UPTON. *Churches of El Dorado County*, Placerville, 1940.

CLIFFORD M. DRURY

Dr. Clifford Drury's Presbyterian pastorate has led from his first church in Shanghai (China) to Moscow (Idaho), where he became interested in the Nez Perces and early Pacific Northwest missionaries. Author of 15 books, including "Henry Harmon Spalding," "Marcus Whitman, M.D.," "The First White Women Over the Rockies" and five books on the Chaplain Corps of the U. S. Navy, of which he was Official Historian. With four more books "in the works," he has taken time out for a long needed look at California's pioneer churches.



Manly Beacon, Death Valley

DEATH VALLEY'S NEGLECTED HERO

by E. I. EDWARDS

AN INDIVIDUAL'S REACTION to a given emergency often determines the measure of his heroism. This was demonstrated with startling accuracy during the tragic Death Valley incident in the winter of 1849-50. The participants in this unfortunate emergency described the full spectrum of human emotions and human characteristics, from suspected cannibalism to the courageous heroism of two young men who ventured life itself in the effort to rescue their companions from certain death.

It may be well, just here, to review briefly the memorable saga of Death Valley's dramatic discovery by white men in that eventful year of 1849. To supply this story, I shall draw from an earlier work—THE VALLEY WHOSE NAME IS DEATH, published in 1940.

> "In the late fall of 1849, a large emigrant train, known as the Sand Walking Company, rolled its monotonous journey southwest from Salt Lake City, enroute to the gold fields of California by way of San Bernardino. Due to the near approach of winter a more direct route to the gold fields was purposely avoided. However, after a few days of exhaustive travel a considerable number of the emigrants—impatient over the delay occasioned by this circuitous route—defected from the main wagon train and headed due west. Eventually, many of these turned back to follow in the wake of the main wagon train to San Bernardino. An approximate one hundred of them continued west, however, and these constitute what is now referred to as the Death Valley party of 1849-50. This refractory group was integrally com-

posed of several small and separate parties who more or less traveled together, most of them approaching the region now known as Death Valley at about the same time.

"The problem of securing food and water became acute. All the parties were forced to reduce the number of their oxen in order to secure subsistence.

"After crossing the Funeral Range which, together with the Grapevine and Black Mountains, forms the eastern boundary of Death Valley, the emigrants found themselves in even graver difficulty. Just across this pitiless waste-land sink loomed the Panamints, rising precipitously from the floor of the valley and forming its western boundary. To their great dismay, there appeared no passage over this imposing barrier across which they could transport their wagons.

"Accordingly, the largest of these groups—known as the Jayhawkers—killed the weaker of their half-starved oxen, dried the meat over fires kindled from the wood in their wagons, and proceeded to walk. They trudged across the narrow valley, climbed the Panamints, and eventually forged their way south into Los Angeles. A few smaller groups had earlier adopted a similar procedure.

"One group, however, chose a different plan. They determined not to abandon their wagons which, for so many long weeks, had been their homes and housed their most treasured possessions. They decided to camp for a time by a spring of fresh water on the floor of the valley while two of their number went forward on foot in the effort to locate a feasible wagon passage over the mountains. In this group, among others, were three families consisting of men, women and little children. They made camp by the water hole containing brackish but drinkable water, and awaited the return of the scouts.

"To the members of all the other parties this narrow stretch of desert now known as Death Valley presented no particular exigencies. Their real difficulties had scarcely begun at this point. Their stay here was relatively short; some of them, in fact, passed directly over the valley and up the Panamints. It was this group in the Long Camp on the floor of the desert that came to *know* Death Valley. They *lived* in it, *suffered* in it, all but *died* in it for five long dreadful weeks. They could never forget it; and, because of them, the world will ever remember it.

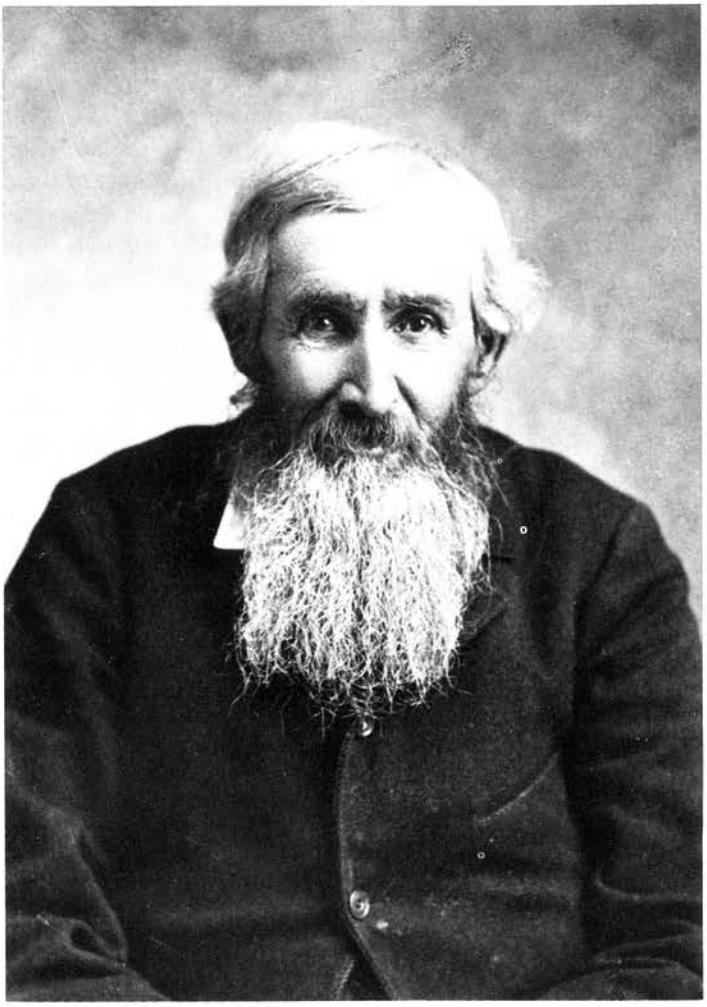
"The story of how two young, single men—William Lewis Manly* and John Rogers—detached themselves from the group, completed their arduous journey into Los Angeles and, with chivalric fortitude, actually *returned* to the rescue of those to whom they bore no relationship, relates one of the most inspiring exploits ever recorded.

"After suffering almost unbelievable hardship, and barely escaping death, the scouts eventually completed their long, dangerous trek from the Tule Spring or Eagle Borax area in Death Valley to Los Angeles.

"Then came the great generous gesture of these two great generous men. 'And if thy neighbor asks thee to walk with him a mile, go with him twain.' Weakened as they were from the strenuous exertion that had so nearly cost them their own lives, they deliberately turned their backs on this newly-

*Although he authored his book as William Lewis Manly, he is listed in the family Bible as L. W. Manly and was known to the family as "Uncle Lewis". Inexplainably, he was also given to a 50-50 spelling of Manly as Manley.

The "Long Camp" area near Tule Springs, Death Valley, looking east over salt flats.



An unpublished photograph of William Lewis Manly.
Courtesy of Michael Armstrong Collection.

found haven of safety, and walked out again into the 'white heart' of the desert to save the men, women and children who—desperately yet hopefully—awaited their return.

"With a small mule and all the provisions it could carry, they plunged once more into the desolate, treacherous desert, arriving—at last—upon the floor of Death Valley. Were their friends still there? Had they grown impatient of the boys' return and endeavored to effect their own escape over the pathless mountains and deserts? They had expected the scouts to return within ten or fifteen days at the most. Twenty-six long weary days had passed since that moment of their last farewell. Had the Indians murdered the families and plundered their wagons?

"They hurried on. Finally, in the distance, they saw the wagons; but there were only four of them. When they left the camp four weeks ago there had been seven. And the families—the women and children? There was not a sign nor sound of life in all that dead land of desolation.

"Those were tense, breathless moments. Cautiously they approached. Manly fired his gun as a signal. There was no response; not the slightest indication of life. Then—a man came slowly out from under one of the wagons and turned to face in their direction. Instantly he lifted both arms high above his head and shouted: 'The boys have come! The boys have come!'

"The great objective was accomplished. Manly and Rogers had returned to the camp of last hope."

* * * * *

Stark necessity, on occasion, creates heroes; responsibility *often* does. And Death Valley, certainly, had both its heroes and its heroines. Some attained this coveted status by performing heroic deeds as the result of a purely selfish motivation, inspired—no doubt—by the compelling urge to save their own lives. Others, particularly some of the women, conscious of their responsibility, unhesitatingly consorted with danger in the effort to save their children.

The ascendancy from mediocrity to the very ultimate in heroic action was achieved by Manly and Rogers. Theirs was a heroism not engendered by a selfish urge to save their own lives, because they had already succeeded in doing that. Neither was it a heroism energized by a sense of responsibility such as is known by parents, for example, in saving their loved ones. The purely voluntary performance of Manly and Rogers in subjecting themselves to another entry into Death Valley, plus a second attempt to fight their way out of it, was not a negative act nor an impulsive one; neither was it the aftermath of a spontaneous decision. They ventured danger with complete awareness *of* that danger; a danger so treacherous and formidable that already they had nearly lost their lives in confrontation with it. And although they had gained some familiarity with this danger that lurked before them, the hazards in facing it again were just as potent and menacing as they had been during their first march. Besides, all the zest, the challenge, the beckoning incentive had gone completely out of it.

The Neglected Hero

Moreover, both these boys were eager to get to the gold fields. This was their sole purpose in coming to California in the first place. They would now be forced to find work in Los Angeles before they could hope to accumulate sufficient cash to start for the mines. This new delay would retard their departure for at least another month. Beyond the threatening dangers hurled at them by the desert, the trip would involve costly *personal* sacrifice—sacrifice of money, valuable time, physical strength and energy.

An immeasurable distance separates the type or degree of heroism exemplified by these two courageous young men, and that displayed by other members of the Death Valley parties. For Manly and Rogers the emergency created not just heroism, but essentially the refinement and the sublimation of heroism.

* * * * *

I suppose it is only natural that William Lewis Manly should receive recognition as the true hero of Death Valley's colorful epoch. Perhaps this is as it should be. It is not my purpose either to affirm or deny this high estimate that has been accorded Mr. Manly. Often, however, in the glorification of some one individual we become neglectful of others who may be of equal heroic stature.

A striking example in point is discernible in the person of Manly's magnanimous scouting companion, John H. Rogers, who has been so completely subordinated to the personality and achievements of Lewis Manly that he has become not only neglected but virtually forgotten and unknown. Unfortunately little knowledge of this man is available beyond that which Manly has chosen to reveal to us; and this, regrettably, is meager in the extreme. We are not informed, precisely, when nor where he was born, the circumstances of his life and death, what—if anything—he accomplished during his productive years. As an *individual* he has almost completely lost identity; in truth, he has been relegated into a meaningless appendage couched inconspicuously in the familiar expression—"Manly and Rogers." Always it is "*Manly* and Rogers"; never does it appear—either verbally or in writing—as "Rogers and Manly." His is the tragedy of one of the West's great heroes being stripped bare of his rightful portion and denied historical substance. He is not a reality. He is not even a myth.

Yet, oddly enough, Lewis Manly did not perform one single heroic act in connection with the Death Valley episode of 1849-50 in which John H. Rogers did not also participate—and participate just as gallantly.

There is one significant exception. Manly wrote a series of newspaper articles and also a book on the Death Valley experience. And the book he wrote has won universal acclaim—and rightly so—as the classic relation of Death Valley's early history. Rogers authored one rather poorly written and relatively unimportant newspaper article.

Whether Manly's book falls into the heroic category is a matter of conjecture. This fact remains true, however: consciously or unconsciously, intentionally or unintentionally, Manly's book exalts Manly. He is perhaps as modest and self-effacing as one could reasonably expect an author in his position to be; yet he can *never* be accused, in his book, of selling William Lewis Manly short. Make no mistake about it. Manly may not have been a brilliant writer, but he was a clever one. It was not old age that caused him to omit all but a casual reference to emigrant Henry (or Harry) Wade, the man who succeeded in doing that which Manly failed to do—that is, extricate his wagon or wagons from Death Valley. In his *Santa Clara Valley* article Manly writes: "They (the Wades) always camped a little ways behind us and seemed independent and able to take care of themselves. I never saw them after I left this camp." And Jayhawker L. Dow Stephens writes: ". . . Old man Wade . . . was not a Jayhawker proper, but he with others if you remember . . . had taken his family and struck *south* down that valley and struck the Old Spanish Trail at the Mohave, which is the way we ought to have went."

Ray Goodwin, formerly Superintendent of the Death Valley National Monument, in writing me after THE VALLEY WHOSE NAME IS DEATH came off the press, states: "I note your comment that Manly ignores the Wades. On the contrary, he visited them frequently in San Jose and was laughingly referred to as Mrs. Wade's beau."

Conceivably, Superintendent Goodwin may have erred in referring to Mrs. Wade senior in this connection. There is good authority (Glasscock) in support of the belief that it was Wade's eldest daughter—Almira Wade Ortley—whom Manly visited and upon whom he relied for data relating to certain portions of his published newspaper and book accounts. Mrs. Wade senior passed away in 1888 or 1889, at the age of 75 or 76. But either way, there is no question about Manly having visited his near neighbors—the Wades—and having visited them frequently for the purpose of gathering source material for his writing projects.

Neat little personal references appear at times in Manly's book, such as the occasion when he sat at Mrs. Bennett's death bed and overheard the Doctor remark of him: "He is a *manly* man." The old gentleman didn't want his readers to miss this.

Interesting, too, are his repetitious reminders to the reader that he was sacrificing himself to save the women and children in the Bennett-Arcane wagons. "If I were alone," he writes in one of the typical instances of this nature, "I would be out (meaning out of the desert) before any other man." Alluding to this same subject a few days later he says: "Prospects now seemed to me so hopeless that I heartily wished I was not duty bound to stand by the women and children."

Now all this is well and good, except—and this is so frequently impressed

Manly Falls, Redlands Canyon in the Panamints. Manly Peak at upper right.
From George Koenig collection.

upon the reader throughout the book—Manly considers *himself* the only man destined to save the women and children. A few others just happened to have a part in this assignment: Wade, for example, and Bennett, and Arcane, and—of course—big John Rogers. Unfortunately, Manly reverts to this theme so often that one is tempted to say—paraphrasing the familiar words of the immortal Bard—"Mr. Manly doth protest *too* much, methinks."

Interestingly enough, it is to be noted that in every instance where he uses the expression "Manly and Rogers," and there are several of these, the words invariably come out in precisely that order—"*Manly* and Rogers."

Now I am not required to defend my position with respect to my own personal appraisal of William Lewis Manly. My high estimate of him (and I have even been accused of hero worship because of this high estimate) has many times been expressed, and unequivocally expressed, in the few books and articles I have written on the subject of Death Valley. My unqualified admiration for Manly is a matter of written record. But I suggest one read his book sometime with *this* thought in mind: suppose it had been John Rogers and not Lewis Manly who wrote DEATH VALLEY IN '49. Would Rogers *then* have been the forgotten man, or would Manly be the one to stand just outside the spotlight of recognition? And, in recounting this great adventure, would we be referring to those courageous heroes as "Manly and Rogers"; or would these words, perchance, come out as "Rogers and Manly?"

Again I stress that in my glorification of Rogers there is no intent to diminish the heroic stature of Manly. I seek only to position John Rogers by elevating him to *his* rightful status, both as an individual and as a participant in the Death Valley affair. For it is time, and long past time, that recognition be extended this man whose contribution to California history is in every respect comparable to that of Manly. Certainly Rogers' conduct is as conspicuously loyal, his resourcefulness and dependability as vividly pronounced, as were these identical qualities in Manly. At no time, according to the record, did Rogers fail in the performance of his duty. And by Manly's own account, Rogers demonstrated a temperament far more emotionally stable than that displayed by his friend.

* * * * *

So far as I have been able to determine, there are only two original sources to which we may turn for the very limited information available on John Rogers. One of these is the brief account prepared by Rogers, appearing in the *Merced Star* of April 26, 1894, the same year Manly's book was published. The other source, of course, is in writings of Manly. He authored several pertinent Death Valley items; a manuscript which was destroyed by fire; an account (unpublished) dictated to one of Bancroft's representatives; a dictated account published in *The Pioneer* of April 21 and 28, 1877; a written and detailed account entitled "From Vermont to California," appearing serially

and intermittantly in *The Santa Clara Valley Monthly* from June 1887 until July 1890; his published book—DEATH VALLEY IN '49, released in 1894; and numerous letters and articles in newspapers, mainly *The San Jose Pioneer, The Pacific Tree and Vine,* and the *Inyo Independent.*

From these meager sources it is impossible to construct a biographical study of John H. Rogers. Hopefully, sufficient material is available to permit a fairly accurate *character* assessment of this neglected hero. Contrasts, although sometimes odious, remain an effective medium of approach to a study of relative values. Regrettably, in our present analysis, we must draw these contrasts between two heroic men, both of whom merit respect and admiration.

As related by Manly, our story of Rogers begins early in the year 1849 as Manly was working his way west to the gold fields. He fell in with a small train of five wagons belonging to a Mr. Charles Dallas. Manly attached himself as one of the "whips" on the Dallas train. Eventually he and six of his fellow "whips" withdrew from Dallas, forming a company of their own which Manly calls "The Green River Company." Rogers was a member of this group; Manly was elected its captain.

We learn from Manly that Rogers was a butcher; also that he was capable of doing blacksmithing. Later he refers to Rogers as "a large strong Tennessean, weighing about 180 pounds." And several months later, while he and Rogers were returning to the desert from Los Angeles, Manly speaks of "Roger's powerful voice echoing throughout the canyon."

And this is about the extent of our knowledge concerning Rogers' physical attainments, except for a chance notation that he was "a good horseman."

After running especially bad rapids on the Green River, and losing the contents of one of their canoes, Manly quotes Rogers as saying: "Boys, this is all I am worth in the world," and he pulled three half dollars from his pocket.

In his *Merced Star* article Rogers informs that he was "dead broke" when he arrived in Los Angeles and "went to work in a blacksmith shop at $1.00 per day," thereby earning sufficient to enable him to take off for the gold fields.

These two comments by John Rogers have some significance when we relate them to a statement made by Manly forty-six years later when, as an old man, he visited Rogers at the latter's home near Merced, California. "(He) has not received the smiles of Dame Fortune, and says that he will not need any pocket in his shroud as he will take nothing with him when he goes over the divide." In this connection he says, further: "Already he leans heavily upon his staff and moves about with difficulty . . . and is a cripple and an object of charity." And elsewhere he refers to him as "an aged, crippled, destitute pioneer."

Manly tells of running into Rogers in Sacramento quite unexpectedly one day while each of them was making his way separately to the gold fields after

bringing the families in off the desert. The two friends had opportunity to visit with one another for only a few brief moments. Manly writes of this visit: "We shook hands heartily. He wore a pair of blue overalls, a blue woolen shirt and the same little narrow rimmed hat he had worn so long, I observed, too, that he was barefoot, and told him I had a dollar or two which he could take and get some shoes." Rogers then informed him there were no shoes in town; not even mocassin material.

* * * * *

Returning for a moment to the Green River Company, Manly explains that upon their arrival in Salt Lake City he and Rogers decided to accompany his friend Bennett to the gold fields. Bennett had arranged to team in with the wagons of the Sand Walking Company. It is in this overland trek to California and, more importantly, in the rescue of the Bennett and Arcane families from the "Long Camp" in Death Valley, that the true character of John H. Rogers illustrates itself.

A rather odd and conflicting note is injected into the Death Valley narrative at this point. It may or may not have any direct bearing upon our study, but it commands sufficient interest to warrant its inclusion. Also, I believe it sheds some light upon the character of the man we are considering. In his *Merced Star* article, Rogers goes into minute detail to describe an incident that appears to have evoked considerable comment among those who claim to have witnessed it.

At this stage of their travel, according to Rogers, he and Manly were approaching Furnace Creek Wash, a few miles east of the descent into Death Valley. Rogers writes: ". . . We found a big Indian camp. Their fires were still burning and the Indians gone, except an old man who was blind. He was crawling on the ground. He had a little willow basket full of muddy water and had a sharp stick which he used in digging up roots. Manly said that he had a notion to shoot him. Says I—'The deuce you would. I would as leave shoot my father.' I took his willow basket and went to the creek and rinsed it out and gave him clear water. I gave him some meat . . ."

Rogers suggests the old man was planted there purposely by his people so they could observe the kind of treatment the white men would accord him. He believed his kindly ministrations saved the emigrants from an all-out attack by the Indians.

Manly supplies an entirely different account of this same enigmatic Indian. And he is not a "crawling" Indian in the Manly version; he is a recumbent Indian—"curled up like a dog" in a hole in the sand, with only his head sticking out. Manly says he "took a good long look at the wild creature and . . . left him." Or, as he writes in the *Santa Clara Valley* article: "I journeyed on and left him alone in his glory." He sets the date as December 27, 1849.

Whether the Indian was stationary or ambulatory is of no immediate con-

cern. What *does* interest us is the fact that Manly is implicit in his assertion that he was traveling by himself and was *alone* when he found the Indian. Neither Rogers nor any other person was with him—according to Manly, that is.

But the episode of the ancient Indian does not end just here. To complicate matters the younger Brier—who, as a boy of six, crossed Death Valley with the 1849 emigrants—writing for *Out West* magazine in 1903, touches upon this same incident with the usual Brier propensity for literary adornment. "On this day," he writes, "two of the men came upon an old Indian in a depression, with the sand packed about him, but his head left exposed. One of them mistook him for a wolf, and was about to shoot him, when the other exclaimed—'My God! it is a man.' He was released from confinement, and we watched him catch beetles for food, and visit the branch for drink, though his eyes may have been dead for a quarter of a century."

Much that "the Brier cub," as the Jayhawkers called the younger Brier, wrote about the desert was garnered from his parents, as he was rather young to remember specific details of the time when he passed through Death Valley. However, there are two statements of significance in the Brier version. First, we note his reference to two men. It will be recalled *Rogers* said there were two men—he and Manly. Second, he comments with regard to one of the men wanting to shoot, thinking the thing he saw was a wolf. *Rogers* said Manly wanted to shoot the old Indian. Admittedly, we detect at least the semblance of similarity between the Rogers and the Brier versions.

Another peculiar, even bizarre, report of the old Indian comes from the Brier clan, this time from the younger Brier's mother. Writing for the *San Francisco Call* of December 25, 1898, in her article captioned "Our Christmas Among the Terrors of Death Valley," Mrs. Brier states: "The next morning the company moved on over the sand to—nobody knew where. One of the men called out suddenly, 'Wolf! Wolf!' and raised his rifle to shoot. 'My God, it's a man!' his companion cried. As the company came up we found the thing to be an aged Indian lying on his back and buried in the sand—save his head. He was blind, shriveled and bald and looked like a mummy. He must have been one hundred and fifty years old. The men dug him out and gave him water and food. The poor old fellow kept saying, 'God bless pickaninnies!' "

Surely this fantastic yarn about the venerable patriarch chanting in perfect English—"God bless pickaninnies" is enough to tempt the dedicated historian to toss his research notes into the garbage can and throw himself in after them. Even the younger Brier, whose knowledge of the Death Valley experience stemmed almost entirely from what his parents told him, and whose 1903 *Out West* magazine article was patterned closely after the earlier writings of his mother, couldn't quite tolerate this inordinate inclusion of the "God bless pickaninnies" bit; so he omitted it in toto.

I am sure the reader will understand that this problem poses no mystery to the astute scholar. The Indian was obviously a *Harvard* man. How else can we rationalize the amazing perspicuity of this illiterate savage who could speak fluent English to perhaps the very first white man he ever met?

Now Manly recalls seeing his Indian on December 27. Mrs. Brier saw hers on December 26. It appears unlikely that the Briers saw the Indian the day before Manly reports seeing him, else Manly would certainly have mentioned coming upon tracks made by another party. Depend upon it, the tracks made by the Brier family would have resembled those of a regiment of infantry. Manly could not possibly have missed them. Yet he is meticulous in telling us that what he saw was "a very strange looking track upon the ground. There were hand and foot prints as if a human being had crawled upon all fours." A possible solution to this puzzle is that, after the Briers extricated the Indian from one hole, he proceeded forthwith to dig himself another hole. One of the Digger Indians, no doubt.

It is not my purpose to equate these hopelessly conflcting versions; neither do I seek to substantiate any one of them in contradiction of the others. Accurate or confused, true or false, the details as Rogers relates them show a facet of his nature that is good to contemplate. Even assuming he did not encounter the ubiquitous Indian, he nevertheless indicates the kind of treatment he *would* have accorded him *had* they met. Manly "took a good long look." Then he passed on. Rogers, either in fact or fancy, lent a helping hand; he "took his willow basket and went to the creek and rinsed it out and gave him clean water."

We pass on now to the arduous journey of Manly and Rogers from the "Long Camp" at Death Valley, over the vast, forbidding desert to Los Angeles. Manly writes that he suddenly "got very lame in my knee and had to stop and rest quite often. After a while I told Rogers he had better go on and I would follow just as I could. He refused to go, saying: 'We will die or go together.' "

Now *this* is as Manly wrote it in his series of articles—"From Vermont to California." When he wrote his book, a few years later, he drastically revised this wording; in fact, he altered it in a manner designed to convey an entirely different impression. You think Manly was not a *clever* writer? Listen to this: "Rogers refused to do this; he said he would stay and see me out, that he could not do much alone and had better wait until *I* got better." Clever? I doubt if you will ever read anything more cleverly and more adroitly written than this. The first version enshrines Rogers as the hero he is; the book version divests him absolutely of his heroism and his self-reliance, and reduces him to utter incompetency. Manly surreptitiously steals all the glory and all the credit. He infers that only the great *Manly* was qualified to do

what had to be done in Los Angeles. John Rogers? Why without Manly he was totally inadequate to cope with the situation.

This entire incident of his lameness seemed greatly to perturb Manly. I cannot help wondering if this was because he felt it downgraded his own physical prowess and glorified the vigorous endurance of John Rogers. If we read carefully we are certain to detect his studied effort to endow his misfortune with heroic attributes, and twist it from an almost disastrous catastrophy to a blessing sent from heaven. He suggests that, had his lameness *not* occurred, their entire mission would have been reduced to failure. "It seemed now," he writes, "that my lameness had indeed been a blessing." He even sold this ridiculous idea to the families in Death Valley. He tells us "They were deeply impressed that my lameness had been a blessing in disguise." I am wondering if he also endeavored to impress them with the heroic loyalty of his friend Rogers who had assured him, at the time of his direst need, "We will die or go together."

Be assured that I am taking nothing out of context. The *true* story is written for all to read and know. John Rogers was big in heart and soul even as he was big in body. Here, in the instance of Manly's misfortune, do we find unimpeachable evidence of Rogers' loyalty. This, perhaps, was his noblest attribute. For no man can be truly heroic without loyalty; nor can any man be truly loyal unless there abides within him the essence of heroism.

Reliability or, perhaps more accurately, *dependability,* is another of the essential components of heroism; and dependability is another of the qualities we may, with assurance, impute to Rogers. Again it is Manly who supplies evidence of this, although—I regret to say—somewhat reluctantly. It was necessary, in certain areas of their route, for the scouts to maintain close watch against possible marauding attacks by the Indians. On one such occasion, during their return trip to rescue the families left in Death Valley, Manly fell asleep on his assigned guard duty. He doesn't put it that bluntly, you may be sure; but this is exactly what occurred. Again it was the dependable, ever-alert Rogers who awakened to find the camp unguarded—the sentry asleep at his post. Gently, but firmly, Rogers reproved his friend. Although Manly endeavors, somewhat humorously, to minimize its seriousness, this careless act could well have cost both men—and also the families in Death Valley—their lives. If, then, we accept dependability as a concomitant to heroism, which one of the scouts gave unqualified evidence of it? Which one was remiss in it? Assuredly there were reasons for Manly's dereliction of duty; and it is not my purpose to imply censure. I merely call attention to the facts.

Understandably, there came a time when the thought of the possible suffering and death of the women and children was more than the warm-hearted Manly could endure. He was unable to control his emotions and hold

back the tears. Then came the calm, restrained voice of his scouting partner: "Come Lewis, don't cry."

Again Manly modified this earlier version when he wrote his book. He deleted the words "don't cry;" chose to retain merely the first part of Rogers remark—"Come Lewis." Indubitably, Manly felt that too many tears had already been shed—by him, that is; not by the more emotionally-stable Rogers.

I feel confident Manly could have told infinitely more than he *does* tell concerning John Rogers. These two men were inseparable companions in so much of what they said and did. From the days of the Green River Company until the time they brought the families out of Death Valley, Manly and Rogers were thrown in almost constant association. I find no acceptable explanation for Manly's reticence in this regard, unless it be that he preferred to avoid giving Rogers too much credit, even as he preferred to avoid giving credit to Henry Wade. And I think the reason, in both instances, is identical. For a man usually writes only what he wants to write, and in the way he wants to write it. If we read objectively, and the faithful historian is under obligation *to* read objectively, we shall eventually discover that Manly's writings—from beginning to end—glorify only one man. And that man is William Lewis Manly.

The response from Rogers that most graphically delineates the innate character of the man, came when the two scouts returned to Death Valley and—from a distance—viewed the "Long Camp" of the emigrants. Only four wagons remained; there were seven that day when the boys left on their mission. Not a sign of life was showing. The scouts were apprehensive; they were understandably fearful that the men, women and little children had been attacked and murdered by the Indians. Says Manly: "Finally, after looking over the place and all around for at least half an hour, Rogers said—'Let us go down to the camp and see and know what we have to do.'"

I like that. I like to think of young John Rogers—vibrant with courage, imbued with the urge to venture dangerously, ready and eager to "go down . . . and *see* and *know*" what he had to do.

Finally, let us remind ourselves again that the true test of the heroism of both men came at that crucial moment when—having saved themselves—they turned their backs on civilization and safety, and resolutely faced the desert again. No one was there to applaud; no one to wish them God-speed. No cheering friends were crowding the streets to urge them on; no bands were playing; no flags were waving. But let it always be remembered that *this* was their moment of glory; *this* their threshold to immortality.

Both men were equally heroic; both were well aware that neither honor nor monetary reward awaited them. It was just another job to be done. Their only stimulant to enthusiasm was the privilege afforded them of doing it.

The Neglected Hero

Let this fact be noted, however. Manly was influenced by at least one necessitous reason to return to the camp in Death Valley. The Bennetts were his close, personal friends. Speaking of this friendship, Manly once remarked: "She (Mrs. Bennett) had been to me as a Mother . . . Mr. Bennett and I for many years had been hunting companions; I had lived at his house in the East and we never disagreed but had always been good friends." John Rogers had no such compelling motive to return. He scarcely knew the people he was risking *his* life to save.

* * * * *

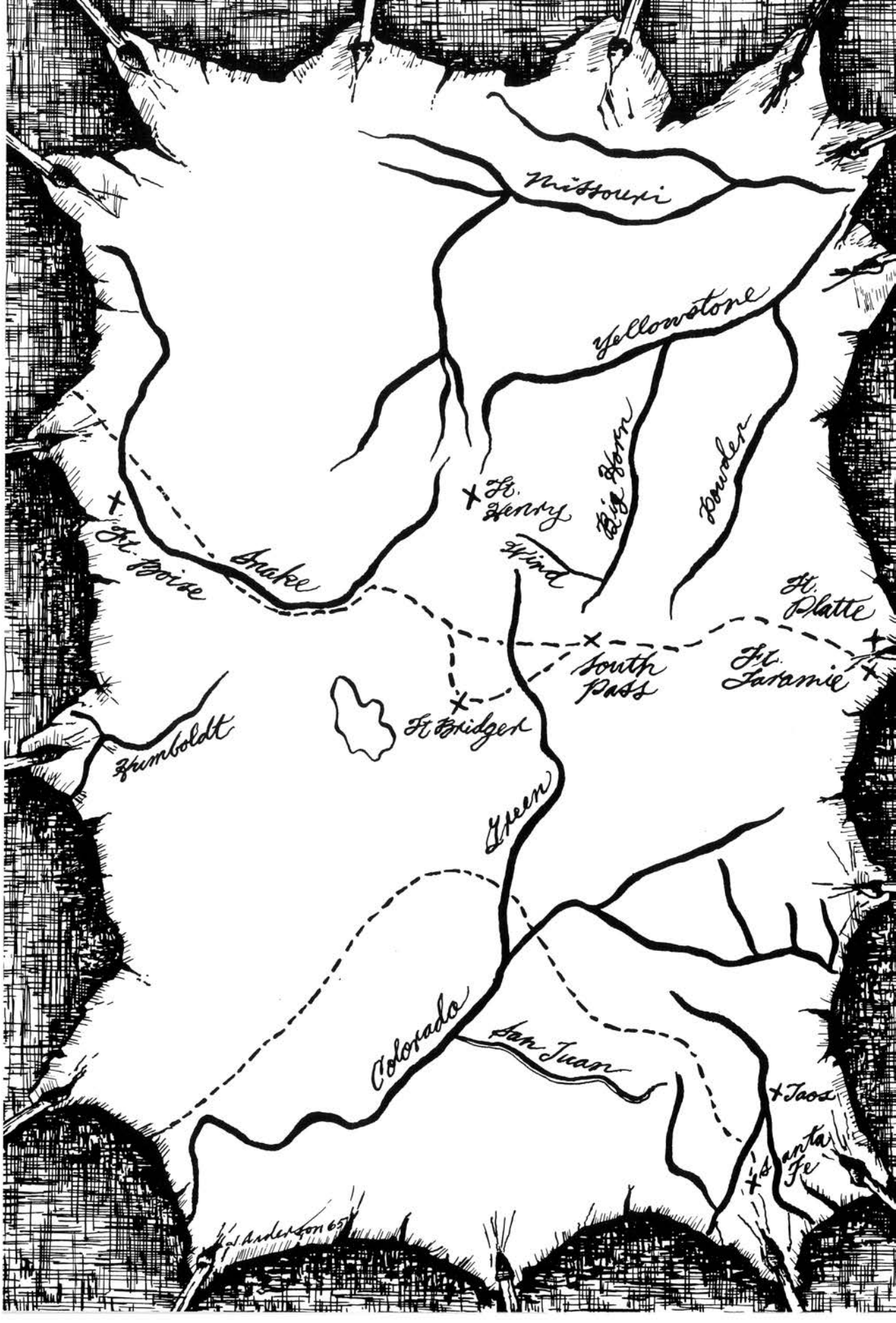
Of the ten who marched out of Death Valley from the "Long Camp," only three remained alive when Manly visited his old friend and trail companion in May of 1895. Manly was 75 years of age at the time, and Rogers was about the same; perhaps a year or so older. "We are old men now," Manly writes. The third remaining member of the trio was Mrs. Martha Bennett Johnson, the "little Martha" who, as Bennett's youngest child, rode out of Death Valley on an ox. Manly passed away in 1903 at the age of 83; Martha Johnson in 1910. I find no record of Rogers' death, but it is not improbable that he pre-deceased Manly. We are quite safe in assuming that "little Martha" Bennett, youngest of the ten, was the last survivor of this historically famous group.

Alone, crippled, destitute, Rogers could not enjoy camaraderie with the other pioneers. He was not a Jayhawker; and, because he could not claim membership with them, he apparently felt he should be denied the privilege of attending their annual reunions and participating in pleasant association with them. So he lived alone and he died alone, this neglected hero of Death Valley's immortal saga. He asked for little in life; he received even less. Yet by any infallible criterion designed to measure heroism on the basis of courage and dependability and unfaltering loyalty, few men can claim equal status with him; fewer still can hope to surpass him.

In the words of the Prophet Isaiah: "Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great."

E. I. EDWARDS

The tale of the Death Valley party of 1849-50 has often been told; but for a quarter century E. I. Edwards' classic "The Valley Whose Name is Death" has been unsurpassed as a definitive study of that historic trek. Although this California Historical Award recipient, noted bibliographer and Westerner Sheriff now has his heart and hearth in the High Desert, inspiration for his "Desert Yarns" and "The Whipple Report," his old flame—Tomesha—still calls across the wastelands to return, recently for "The Mystery of Death Valley's Lost Wagon Train" and now for this superb analysis of those who carved their niche high in Death Valley's Hall of Fame.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Ft. Laramie
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Humboldt
Green
Colorado
San Juan
Taos
Santa Fe
J. Anderson 65

MOUNTAIN MEN AS EXPLORERS

by LEROY R. HAFEN

THE FUR GATHERERS of the West were laborers, engaged in a precarious occupation. Some were company trappers, hired by the year; some were skin trappers paid by the pelt; some were "free trappers," independent and on their own.

Many of these workers doubtless saw their job as difficult and dangerous. They breathed stifling dust of the trail as they urged the pack train over the prairie. They packed and repacked mules. They feasted or starved in turn as game was plentiful or scare. When in the trapping country they waded icy streams, faced hostile Indians and grizzlies, endured the cold of winter and heat of summer. Oftentimes the exacting demands of survival pushed aside all other considerations. These Mountain Men became weathered and hardy —or else died.

Since the Mountain Man's vocation was the trapping of beaver, he was

Illustration — "A Mountain Man" by Clarence Ellsworth, 1951.

constantly venturing into virgin territory. The finding of never-before-visited streams dotted with beaver houses and dams insured a large catch and there was thus a money reward for exploration and trail-blazing. These men were not explorers by design or dedication; their discoveries were a by-product of their daily work.

Yet this does not mean that the fur men were unmindful of the landscape, immune to beauty about them, or unlured by the joys of discovery. When game was plentiful, the weather delightful and the mountains and valleys unfolded in breathtaking panoramas, the trapping of beaver must have seemed secondary. Then the Mountain Man was adventuring, seeking out the new and fugitive, enthused with the verve of living and the thrill of finding the unknown. What lay in the far shadow of the next mountain, what was hidden by the blue horizon were what mattered. It was then they heard, as Kipling wrote in his poem, "The Explorer," voices that whispered:

Something hidden. Go and find it.
Go and look behind the Ranges—
Something lost behind the Ranges.
Lost and waiting for you. Go!

Happily for the Mountain Man the instinct to discover and the desire for gain led in the same direction. Fortunately he was in the position of lucky men before and since—being able to do what he loved and also make a living at it.

The first men to ascend the Missouri and its branches, the first to reach the Rockies and the Pacific Coast, were entering a *terra incognito*. And the men who first penetrated most of the sections of this vast area and made known its geography and resources were pelt hunters and fur trappers.

But much American exploration had been done before the Mountain Men came on the western stage. Spaniards had pushed up from Mexico to penetrate the southern Rockies and had coasted the Pacific shore. They had established colonies in New Mexico, Arizona, California and Texas. But north of these "Spanish borderlands" was country largely unknown to them.

French fur men were the first to push westward from the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. They discovered the big interior river, but in descending it were disappointed to find that it flowed southward into Atlantic waters instead of being a west-flowing highway to the Western Sea, a route to the still-alluring Indies. Up all the western branches of the Mississippi went French *courers de bois* to reach the "Shining Mountains."

With the expulsion of the French from North America in 1763, British fur men took up the westward advance. Alexander Mackenzie was perhaps the greatest of his nation's furman-explorers. After finding a great waterway which regretfully led him to the Arctic instead of to the Pacific, he returned

up this "Disappointment River" (now the Mackenzie) and again set out westward. This time the venturing Scotsman reached his goal and on July 22, 1793, stood on the eastern shore of the world's largest ocean. Other British fur men followed to gather pelts on the streams of western Canada and make known the ill-defined Oregon country's geography and resources.

Then the young American nation took up the far Western exploration begun by France and Britain. Here we have the one instance where an official government expedition preceded the fur men as explorer. This was the justly famous Lewis and Clark party of 1804-6, that ascended the great Missouri, crossed the mountains and descended the Columbia drainage to the sea. Thereafter the pelt seekers took the lead, opening the routes and exploring the land of the Rocky Mountains, and the plateaus, plains and deserts of the central West.

The first American fur-hunting party to cross the continent was the famed overland Astorians, led by Wilson Price Hunt. In 1811 they left the Missouri River and blazed a trail many miles south of the Lewis and Clark course. They crossed South Dakota and Wyoming and, after failing in their navigation of the Snake River, broke trail across the lava fields of Idaho and over the Blue Mountains to reach the Columbia River.

At Astoria on the Pacific Coast they joined forces with the ocean branch of John Jacob Astor's great world-encircling fur trade enterprise. However, the War of 1812 interrupted the Astor plan and the main exploration of the Oregon country fell to the British fur men of the North West Company and of the Hudson's Bay Company, the oldest fur corporation in North America (chartered in 1670 and still going strong).

The central Rockies were opened and exploited largely by the Mountain Men supplied from St. Louis, the greatest American emporium of the fur trade. The Missouri Fur Company, started back in the days of Spanish control of St. Louis and the vast Louisiana Territory, sent pelt hunters up the Missouri. Of these, Manuel Lisa the Spaniard, was the most notable and persistent operator in the upper Missouri River country until his death in 1820. He, his men and his competitors, ascended the Yellowstone and other branches of the Missouri and crossed the plains to Santa Fe.

The fur trapping—and exploration—of the central Rockies was largely initiated by William H. Ashley and Andrew Henry, and was continued by their employes and successors. The Ashley-Henry venture up the Missouri River at first lost boats and cargo, suffered the hostility of the Arickaras and other discouragements.

In a final effort to retrieve something from the wreckage, they sent overland expeditions to the Rockies. Jedediah Smith and Thomas Fitzpatrick led a party to the Crow country and, in the spring of 1824, crossed South Pass

and entered the beaver-rich Green River area. Fanning out into this new country, together with another party of Ashley-Henry men under John Weber, they spread throughout the central Rockies and the eastern part of the Great Basin.

They did not long have this country to themselves. Indeed, two other parties of trapper-explorers converged upon this region in 1825.

One group had taken the Santa Fe Trail to New Mexico and had established a supply base there. These men explored the San Juan, Colorado and Green rivers, and crossed the Wasatch Mountains. Etienne Provost, one of the most prominent of this group, had crossed into the Great Basin and barely escaped massacre on the river that still bears his name. Returning eastward, he wintered (1824-25) at the big cottonwood grove where the White and the Duchesne rivers enter the Green. Near there, the next spring, he rescued Ashley by supplying pack horses and escorting him over the mountains and to the first mountain rendezvous (1825) on Henry's Fork of the Green River.

The other trapper band came southeastward from the Hudson's Bay Company base at Fort Vancouver and into the Salt Lake Basin in 1825. This was led by the outstanding British brigade leader, Peter Skene Ogden.

The three converging groups—from St. Louis, Santa Fe and Fort Vancouver—glared at each other from jealous camps on the Weber River of Utah. This first clash of national interests occurred on land which both the Americans and the British claimed. Ironically, it belonged to neither. Being south of the 42nd parallel, it was in reality Mexican territory.

The Americans won the first round when Ogden retreated through Cache Valley and along the Snake River to his Columbia River domain. But he came back again and had better success. On one of his subsequent trips (that of 1828) he discovered and trapped the "Lost River" (later called the Ogden and finally the Humboldt). On his trapping tour of 1829-30 he moved southward to the east of the Sierra Nevadas, reached the Colorado River and visited the Mojave Indians. In returning to his Columbia River base, he traversed the entire length of California's central valley and also southern Oregon.

The explorations of the numerous American trapper bands and individual fur men cannot be traced here. We may, however, outline the general achievements of a few men as examples.

One of the greatest explorers was Jedediah Smith. His early achievements on the upper Missouri and Green rivers and in the Salt Lake basin he shared with others. But in 1826 he led his own band on what was primarily an exploring expedition. From the Great Salt Lake region he rode southwestward to the Virgin and Colorado rivers and opened the first overland trail to California. Then he moved northward through the Spanish territory of the San Joaquin Valley to the Sacramento River and trapped on the stream ever since known as the American River.

Mountain Men as Explorers

Crossing the snowbound Sierra, he blazed a trail over the mountains and plains of central Nevada to join his trapper partners at the summer rendezvous on Bear Lake, Utah, in 1827.

That fall he returned to California by his first route and rejoined, on the American River, his men left there on the previous trip. After selling his beaverskins to a Boston sea captain, he purchased California horses and in driving them northward opened the first trail to the Columbia River.

Thus the opening of two major overland routes are credited to Jedediah Smith—Salt Lake to southern California (1826), and from the Sacramento region across the Sierra and Nevada to the Wasatch Mountains (1827)—as well as an inland course from San Gabriel Mission to Fort Vancouver.

A third overland route from the Rockies to California was explored across New Mexico and Arizona. The way from Santa Fe west to the San Juan and Colorado rivers was taken by various Americans, prominent among whom were Ewing Young and the Robidoux brothers. Then a small band of Mountain Men, for whom James Ohio Pattie was the chronicler, descended the Gila River to its mouth and crossed the California desert to finally reach San Diego in 1828.

A fourth overland course, from New Mexico to California, had been started from its eastern and western ends by Father Escalante and Father Garces respectively, back in 1776. But it remained for the fur trappers to complete the exploration project, when a band led by William Wolfskill and George Yount first traversed the complete length of this "Old Spanish Trail," in 1830-31.

A fifth trail to California was opened by the rugged Mountain Man, Joe Walker, who in 1833 led a detachment of Bonneville's men across Nevada by the most feasible route (along the Humboldt), which was to become the famous California Trail, favorite course of the forty-niners.

Numbers of other early fur men made noteworthy explorations. A few became famous; scores are well known. One could begin by naming Albert, Allen and Autobees; Beckworth, Bent, Boone and Bridger; Carson, Clyman, Colter and Crooks; Day, Dickson, Dougherty and Drips; and continue through the alphabet to Waters, Wootton and Young.

Indeed, over 400 Mountain Men are now being researched and written up by some fifty fine scholars. The resulting "Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West" series, which will run to six or more volumes, is being published by the distinguished producer of Western Americana, the Arthur H. Clark Company of Glendale, California. I am honored to have a part in this project.

Few of the Mountain Men are great or important persons individually. Many could not sign their names, could not record their wanderings. But one of the passports to fame is primacy. History is inclined to place the person who

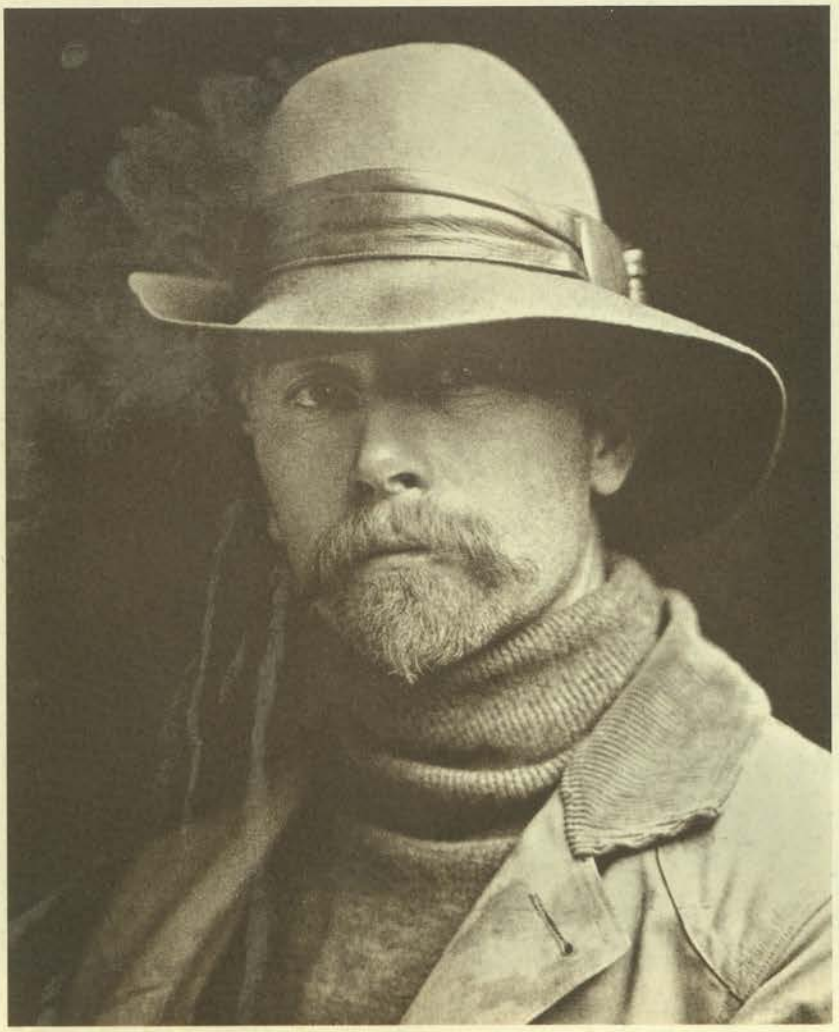
is the first to see or to do, along with the one who is great in personal achievements. So the Mountain Men are historic figures.

Collectively they were important. They were Explorers. They advanced the frontier, blazed trails, discovered new land, reported resources. They contributed to geographical knowledge, control of Indians and ultimately assured claims to national domain.

Their names are engraved in the geography of the West. Mountain peaks, ranges, passes, rivers, lakes, canyons, towns and counties commemorate their explorations. Their paths have become our highways; their campfire ashes our cities. The map of the West was drawn on a beaverskin.

LEROY R. HAFEN

There are many writers of things Western, but for authoritativeness, scope and interest, LeRoy Hafen occupies a place of enviable prominence. He is author of "The Overland Mail," "Colorado," etc., and co-author, with his wife Ann, of the famed 15 volume "Far West and the Rockies" series. He is currently completing the fourth volume of "Mountain Men and the Fur Trade," the most comprehensive coverage of the men who created much of our lore, legend and heritage.



EDWARD SHERIFF CURTIS

1868-1952

IN THE BADLANDS

"Alone with my campfire, I gaze on the completely circling hilltop, crested with countless campfires, around which are gathered the people of a dying race. The gloom of the approaching night wraps itself about me. I feel that the life of these children of nature is like the dying day drawing to its end, only off in the West is the glorious light of the setting sun, telling us, perhaps, of light after darkness."

EDWARD SHERIFF CURTIS.

EDWARD SHERIFF CURTIS

PHOTOGRAPHER-HISTORIAN

by HOMER H. BOELTER

with LONNIE HULL

EDWARD SHERIFF CURTIS was a man with a magnificent obsession. He dedicated almost half of a lifetime to fulfill a dream. His photographic masterpieces and scholarly research of the American Indian Tribes during the period of their great transition are preserved for posterity in 20 great volumes of history and photographs enhanced by their accompanying portfolios of 18″ x 22″ Gold-tone prints.

This set, "The North American Indian" is well known to students, ethnologists, museums and libraries, but too few laymen have had the opportunity to read the text or enjoy these masterpieces of photographic art. Sadly, there were less than the announced 500 sets produced and they are now rare collector's items, many times hidden from public view. Even few museums or libraries are fortunate to have complete sets. Nowhere else will one find an authentically recorded history so warm and euphonic as in these books and portfolios.

Edward S. Curtis possessed a breadth of vision that not only enabled him to encompass composition, proper lighting, beauty and understanding into his photographs; he also possessed a suppleness of mind and a sense of justice to his subject. He had the patience, understanding and talent to adjust himself and sympathize with the most reticent, stoic and oft-times fractious Medicine Man or Chief he encountered. He overcame their superstitions, inhibitions and foibles, making them friendly and pliable. Curtis so loved the Indians that he bridged the gap of prejudice and became an intimate in their social and religious life. Such an unusual combination of qualities define a man broader and more profound than his broad achievements.

Edward S. Curtis was born near Whitewater, Wisconsin in 1868. In 1887 his parents moved west and homesteaded near the then frontier village of Seattle. Edward had become enthused with the art of photography while in his teens and had learned the rudiments of his profession before moving to Seattle. Here, around Puget Sound, were pictorial subjects and scenes that

inspired him to continue his photographic work. There were ships in the harbor, a beautiful marine shoreline, magnificent stands of timber highlighted by the activities of a logging camp, the snow capped mountains and—the Indians. Although he was required to help support the family because his father was in ill health, he spent all his spare time photographing the photogenic country and selling a print now and then. While on one of his many mountain climbs, carrying his 14 x 17 camera and the necessary glass plate negatives, always searching for subjects and scenes that might make interesting and salable prints, he discovered a party of climbers who had lost their way. Curtis, well acquainted with the trails, assisted these weary and lost men; taking them first to his camp for a refreshing cup of hot coffee and then guiding them to their trail. Little did he realize that three of this party would have a great influence in shaping his destiny: Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the U.S. Biological Survey; Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the U.S. Forestry Department; and George Bird Grinnell, then Editor of *"Forest and Stream"* magazine. It was Grinnell who introduced Curtis into the Blackfeet and Piegan tribes. There seems to be no doubt that Grinnell's deep interest in the Indian so inspired Curtis that he became as a crusader in search of a Holy Grail.

Curtis became so absorbed in his study and pictorial recording of the Indian that he gave scant thought to the time and financial problems that faced him. For nine long years he struggled desperately to meet the expenses of his field trips. His well staffed and normally successful studio was continually under financial stress because every possible dollar was invested in his dream. His dedication and unswerving effort to attain his goal overshadowed any thoughts of an eventual bonanza. Although more than the estimated $1,500,000 return was invested in his dream it returned but a meager subsistance to Curtis and his family, but posterity became the heir to a priceless inheritance.[1]

His artistry and contagious enthusiasm introduced him into a circle of prominent and influential friends. Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, became so enthralled with Curtis' hopes and plans that he gave freely of his time and prestige to sponsor Curtis in many gallery showings and illustrated lectures. He introduced him to J. P. Morgan, Sr., urging Morgan

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[1]The *New York Herald* in a three-page story, June 16, 1907, commented: "The publication will bring a return of a million and a half dollars, yet this immense sum hardly suffices to cover the expenses of collecting the material and the making of the book(s). The Photogravures and illustrations alone will cost $600,000; the field work – $250,000 – plus ($300,000 for binding)." *The New York Times* on April 16, 1911, took the same figure (calling it cost rather than return) stating that Mr. Morgan's subsidy, plus 500 subscriptions, and amounts advanced by Curtis and his backers, "the whole work will cost over a million and a half – Mr. Morgan's own staff of auditors was employed to determine the amount of expense and they arrived at the total after weeks of work."

to support this work financially and help guarantee its completion. Morgan, convinced of the importance and value of this research, set up an initial fund of $75,000 towards the research and publication of the books and portfolios; one of the greatest printing and bookbinding projects of the time.

Fatefully, J. P. Morgan, Sr., whose faith and patronage put strengthening blood into this project, did not live to see the triumphant conclusion of the work but his son helped carry out his father's desires. The fund was dispersed at $15,000 a year towards field trips which speeded the research and Curtis foresaw the fulfillment of his venture and dream that was to take thirty years of unrelenting, many times frustrating, but ever rewarding labor.

C. Hart Merriam, one of the lost mountain climbers, wrote in a letter to Curtis upon the publication of Vol. I: *"While for years admiring your annual take of photographs, and your courage in attempting such a prodigious piece of work, I must confess that I have had misgivings as to the eventual publication of your results—your success is an accomplished fact."*

Because "The North American Indian" is of so broad a scope, this presentation will only touch on his work among the Sioux and related plains Indians. Curtis made his first field trip into the land of the Sioux, in 1905. Affectionately addressed as "Chief," he headed a small, close-knit group of loyal and tireless men.[2]

This group included W. E. Myer, a devoted companion and short-hand expert who accompanied Curtis on most of his travels, and whose skill in phonetics was invaluable in accurately recording the Indian story. There was also Upshaw, a Carlisle Indian School student, who was Curtis' favorite interpreter with the Plains Indians. The cook, who also drove the wagon and did the camp chores, was sometimes assisted by a man hired to scout and tend the stock. Included with this party was a very apprehensive but wide-eyed, fortunate boy of 12 years—Harold Curtis, who, on his summer vacation, shared the wagon seat with his father and the cook. This youngster did his man-sized chores around camp, working from early morning until late at night; at one time even becoming "Chief cook."[3] Scientists would visit their camp at intervals and listen-in on the interviews.

Their wagon was the heaviest and strongest steel-spring wagon built for a 3000 pound payload. The wagon box had a demountable top. Its frame was made of heavy metal and the roof was of hardwood slats covered with water-

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[2]Curtis was always addressed as "Chief" by his associates. His children still use this affectionate sur-name when speaking of their father.

[3]Harold Curtis relates: "At one time we were camped near the trading post of Browning Mont. so the "Chief" sent the cook into Browning to replenish our supplies. The thirsty cook, subsequently, fell off the "Water-wagon" and when he failed to return, I was sent into town to retrieve the wagon and bring back the supplies. At the store I was told to cut off any part of the hanging carcass that I wanted for 10¢ per pound. I promptly took all the steaks and on my return to camp with the steaks, was enthusiastically elected chief cook and supply sergeant."

proof canvas. The sides and back curtains rolled up. Attached to the rear was a heavy boot for equipment. Four horses were used to draw the wagon and two extra horses were taken as mounts or hitched into a six horse team when the going became difficult.

Starting at Fort Defiance, Nebraska, the party passed over the Wounded Knee battleground and headed out into the limitless prairie where there were no roads or fences but many rivers to ford or float their wagon across.[4] They carried two main tents, 10′ x 12′ and 12′ x 12′, "A" style with 6′ walls. These had canvas floors sewed on to keep out snakes. The larger tent was used for interviews and recording group meetings; the other was Curtis' studio and workroom. Curtis generally used a 6x8 Reflex camera but used a larger camera on some of his special photographs. He had no flash equipment and all of the wonderful lighting effects were achieved with sunlight and a few small light reflectors.

Through the interest and help of U.S. Indian Commissioner Francis E. Leupp and his Indian Agents on the reservations, the Indians were alerted to these visits of Curtis. They would search out and inquisitively visit the camp. At first they would show suspicion and distrust but Curtis quickly cultivated their confidence. Curtis would at times purchase a steer and distribute the meat to his guests. They would barely cook the meat in tin pails to a greyish color but very rare on the inside. After wolfing down this bloody meal they would relax and start "shooting the breeze" with their friends. During this period Curtis, with his interpreter, would visit with them and they were soon sharing their stories with him.

Harold relates how these Indians enjoyed displaying their trophies and recounting their experiences. He sat spellbound as the interpreter Upshaw would translate these stories. Curtis also might give a small silver coin to the more lucid and co-operative Indians. He carried a bag of silver coins with which to reward them for their enactment of the ceremonials that he recorded or to encourage a singer whose song he wished to preserve on the Edison wax cylinder recorder. It is noted that the Indians were so attracted by the personality of Curtis that they looked upon these pieces as tokens of friendship rather than as payment.

Fortunately for posterity, these studies were made during the time of great transition for the Sioux nation. With the passing of the buffalo, their ancient mode of life and important phases of their culture were brought to an abrupt halt.

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[4]A heavy canvas covering was stretched over the wagon-box to make it water tight, the wheels and undercarriage were detached and loaded on top of this improvised scow which was then towed across the river. Several trips were required to transport all the supplies and equipment across many of these rivers.. Harold was delegated to swim on the down-stream side of the lead horse and by continual splashing water into the horse's face, kept the team on a straight course.

After being subjugated and placed on their reservations, the Sioux were experiencing a period of great travail and frustration. Curtis movingly wrote in his foreword to Volume III:

"The Indian's thoughts are of the past. If he be an ancient, he lives and relives the life when his tribe flourished, the time when his people were truly monarchs of all they surveyed, when teeming buffalo supplied their every want; and his wish is ever that he might have passed away ere he knew the beggary of today. The younger man, if a true Indian, is a living regret that he is not of the time when to be an Indian was to be a man."

Curtis went among these people with understanding and a humble sympathy of man for man. He considered them his equal, not inferiors to be studied, photographed or exploited. His sympathetic respect and sincerity toward them as men, toward their customs, legends, ceremonials and religious rites, gave him access to their secret rites. They permitted and helped in the photographing of their sacred rituals and President Theodore Roosevelt, in his foreword to Vol. I, wrote:

"He (Curtis) has lived on intimate terms with many different tribes of the mountains and the plains. He knows them as they hunt, as they travel, as they go about their various avocations on the march and in the camp. He knows their medicine men and sorcerers, their chiefs and warriors, their young men and maidens. He has not only seen the vigorous outward existence but has caught glimpses, such as few white men ever catch, into that strange spiritual and mental life of theirs, from whose innermost recesses all white men are forever barred."

In Curtis' books, we have a wealth of Indian history, ancient and modern, as well as the recording of their sacred religious rites and ceremonials; all given willingly and honestly by these Indian friends. His photographs attest his talent as an artist but also signify his ability to gain the confidence and co-operation of a normally reticent and superstitious people. He was able to revive the pride and waning culture of these Sioux so that his photographs vibrate through this resurrection.

Many of the prayers and songs of the rituals and ceremonies were recorded on an Edison wax cylinder machine, which now rests as an heirloom in the home of daughter "Beth," Mrs. Magnuson. These recordings were meticulously translated and Mr. Edgar Fisher transcribed the music, using his personal field notes along with these phonographic records. This may have been the first recording of Indian music to be transcribed and collated with the history of the tribes.

The biographical sketches are gems of interesting reading. Sioux history and legends are documented and well told. The descriptions of Sioux battles with their hereditary enemies and with the Army are recorded from the Indian's version interlaced with knowledgeable research of historical fact. The recounting of the Battle of the Little Big Horn deserves its place in Custerana (although Dustin fails to record this item).

BRULÉ WAR-PARTY

The following quote of Curtis' note on his visits in 1905-07 to the battlefield will serve to illustrate his care, effort and desire to be factually correct in recording the history of the Sioux:

"In my close personal study of the Little Big Horn battlefield, I took with me three Crow Scouts, White-Man-Runs-Him, Goes Ahead and Hairy Moccasins, who with other scouts and Mitch Boyer, guided the command from the Yellowstone up the Rosebud and across to the Little Big Horn. These three men remained with Custer until he was actively engaged in the final fight. With these three scouts and Upshaw as interpreter, I traveled time after time over all the ground covered by the troops in this encounter. I also visited the Sioux country and interviewed many participants. Red Hawk, whose recollection of the fight seemed to be particularly clear, I persuaded to visit the field with me. His description of the battle was exceedingly lucid and remarkably detailed for one who had been a participant. I also went over the ground with Two Moons and a party of his Cheyenne warriors. Following this study I accompanied Gen. Charles A. Woodruff, U.S.A., over the area covered by the troops. In this study we had with us the three Crows, as I particularly desired that the testimony of these men might be considered by an experienced Army officer. Following the day spent on the field with Gen. Woodruff and the scouts, I visited the country of the Arikara and interviewed the scouts of that tribe who had been with the command, gathering much valuable information from them."

The 20 volumes of "The North American Indian" were edited by Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge, one of the great authorities on the American Indian. Dr. Hodge, who shortly before had completed his monumental work; "Handbook of American Indians" (1905), was then with the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution. Later, Dr. Hodge became director of the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles and a very active Honorary Member of the Los Angeles Westerners. One of his comments on the Curtis set in the Museum was: *"Perhaps no work in the whole museum library has proved of greater value for its comprehensive information on so many Indian tribes of the West that still retain much of their aboriginal cultures."*

Edward Sheriff Curtis

These authentic and beautiful books were not the only contribution Curtis made to the history of the American Indian. He wrote and helped illustrate two books of Indian legends and mysticism, directed toward children readers but enjoyed by adults and students of Indian lore. The first entitled, "Indian Days of the Long Ago," was followed by "Land of the Headhunters." Both were published by The World Publishing Company and reached sales of over two million copies. A motion picture was successfully produced by Curtis under the latter title and he also personally produced a series of well accepted musical plays under the title of, "The Story of a Vanishing Race." His writings and photographs were published by many publications.

Curtis' photographs were used profusely in Marah Ellis Ryan's historical novel of the Hopi, "The Flute of the Gods," (Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y. 1909). Mary E. Ryan ends her preface in these words:

"With thanks to the Indian friends who have helped me, I desire especially to express my obligation to Edward S. Curtis, whose wonderful volumes of "The North American Indian" have been an inspiration, and whose Indian pictures for this book of mine possess a solid value in Art and Ethnology far beyond the mere illustration of text."

There were a number of intrepid frontier photographers to whom we are indebted for their recording of the fabulous history of the American West, but few if any planned and recorded a historical sequence.

President Theodore Roosevelt was acutely aware of this fact, stating in his introduction:

"Others have worked in the past and are working in the present, to preserve parts of the record; but Mr. Curtis, because of the singular combination of qualities with which he has been blessed, and because of his extraordinary success in using his opportunities has been able to do what no other man has ever done; what, as far as we can see, no other man could do."

Curtis set a goal from which he never faltered. He stepped beyond all contemporaries into the realm of a great artist while recording, authentically, the last vestige of a vanishing race. Edward S. Curtis occupies a unique niche in Western Americana, and through these portraits of historically significant Indians selected from Volume III and Portfolio we hope to preserve, in facsimile, the artistic and authentic which were the hall-marks of Edward S. Curtis.

Edward Sheriff Curtis died in Los Angeles on October 21, 1952, at the age of 84 years. No monument carved by man can approach the monument that Edward S. Curtis conceived and builded himself,

"THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN."

This Curtis supplement is an excerpt from a manuscript now in preparation by Homer H. Boelter and has been *prepared and printed by him as a special insert* for the Brand Book. All the plates are reproduced from Vol. III and Portfolio III in his collection.

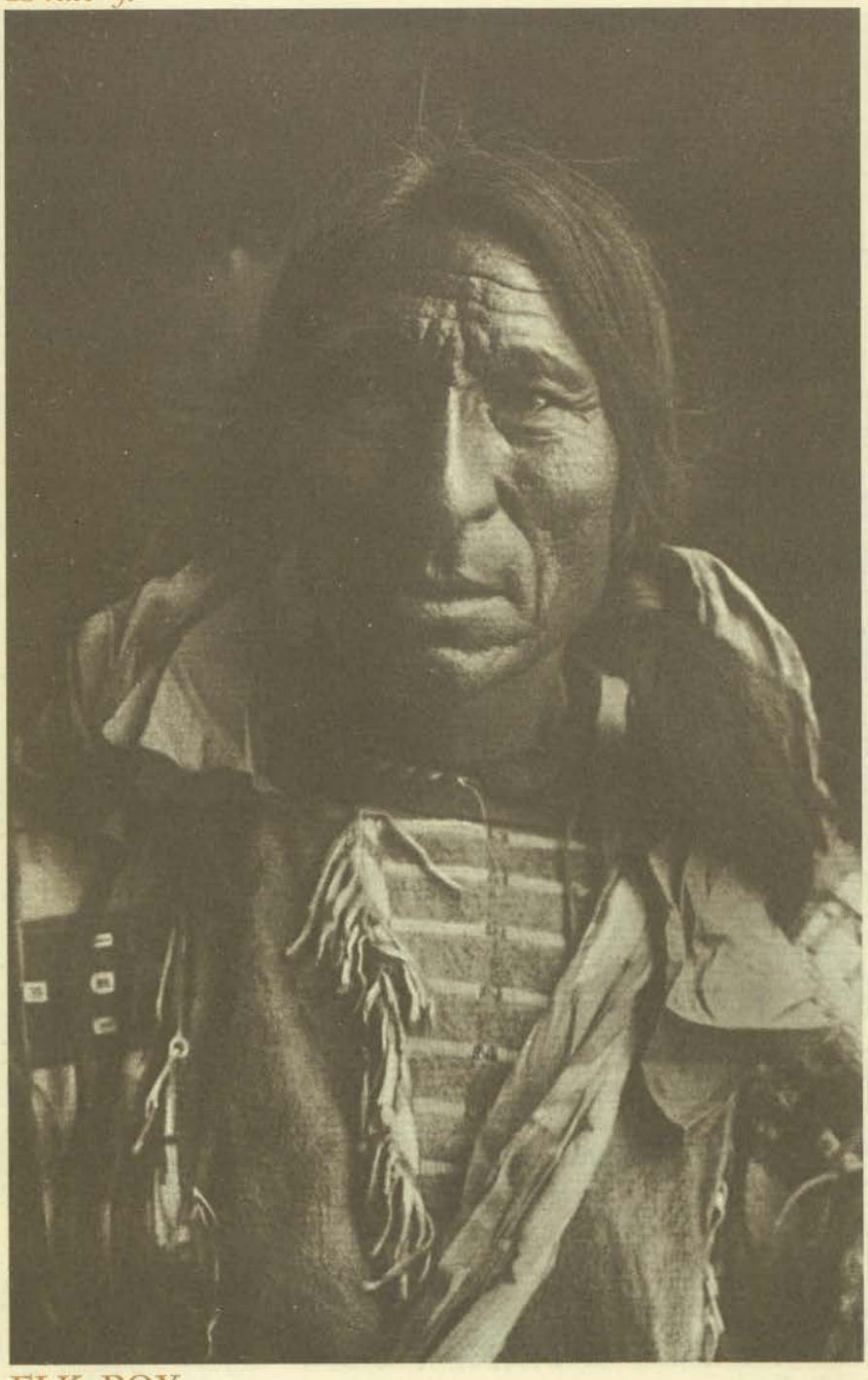
Plate 1.

CALICO

Plate 2.

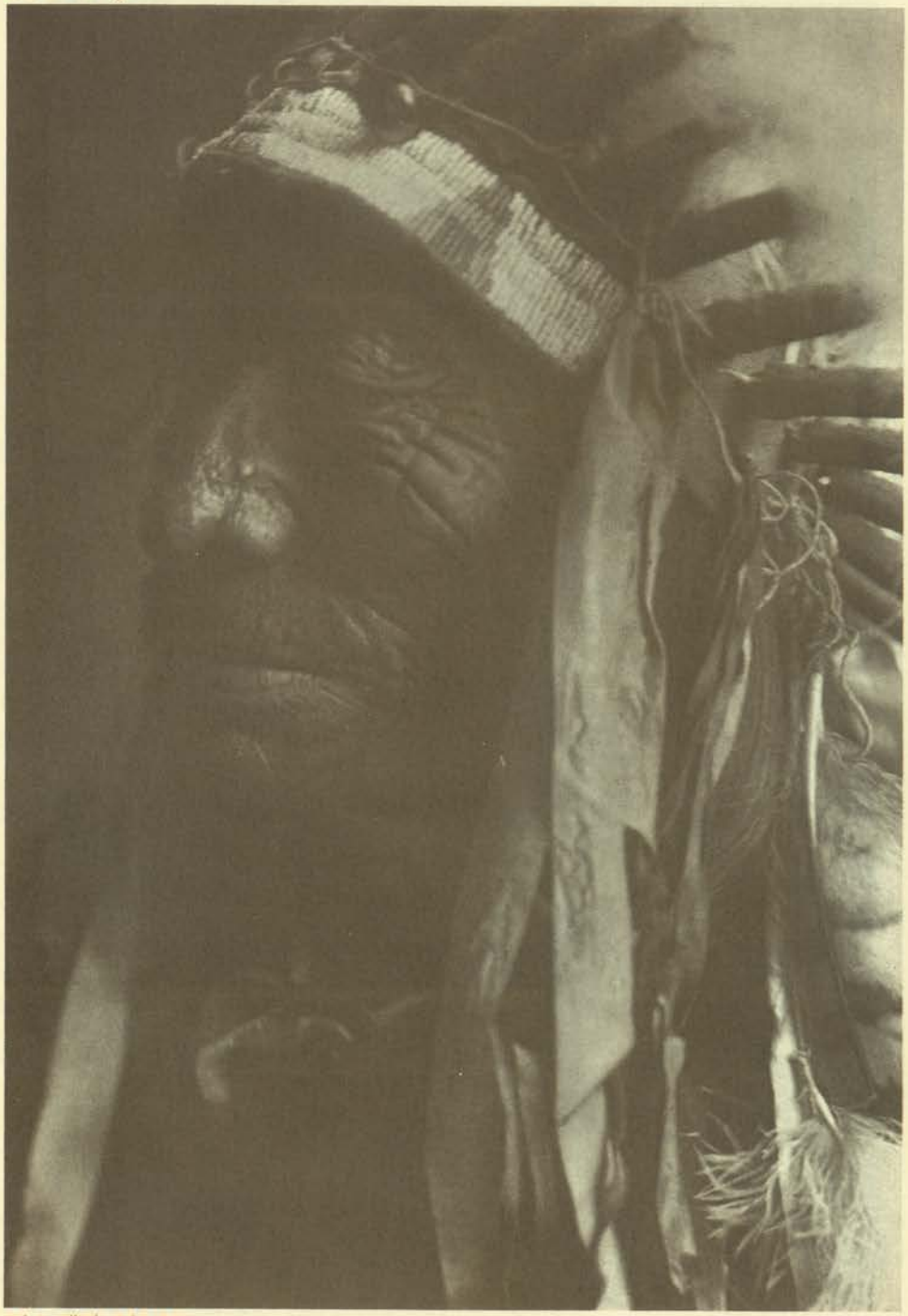
EAGLE ELK

Plate 3.



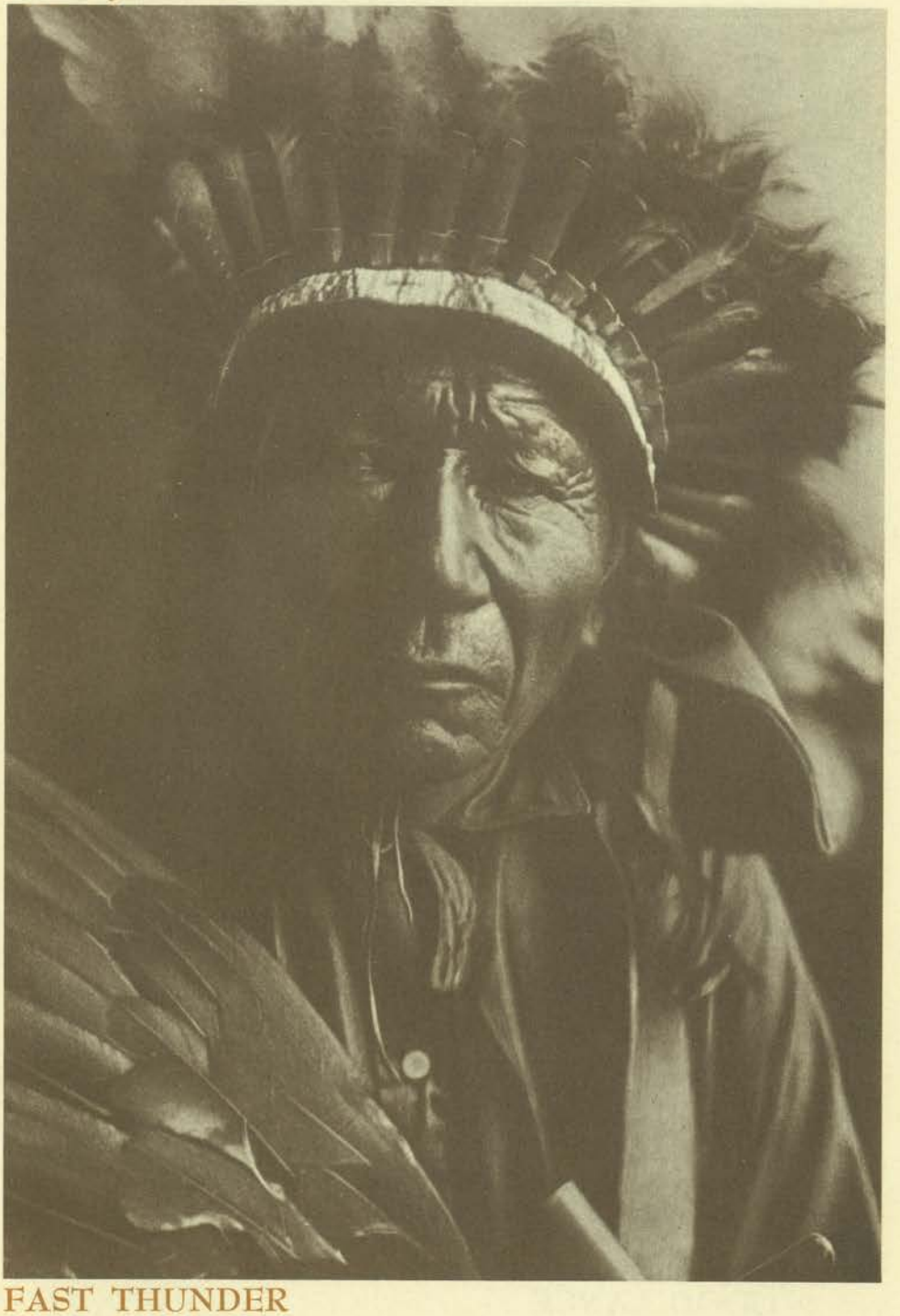
ELK BOY

Plate 4.



FAST ELK

Plate 5.

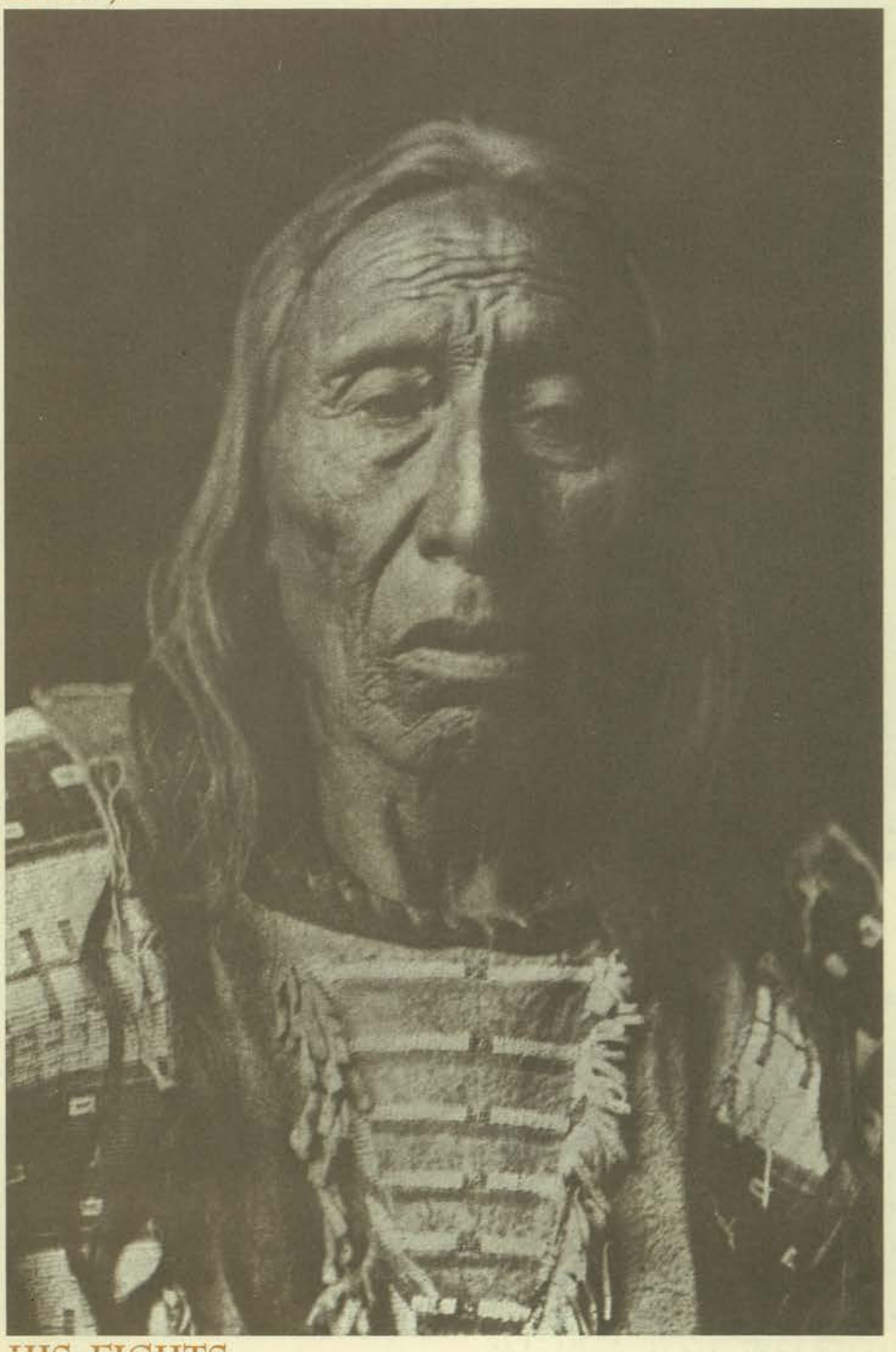


FAST THUNDER

Plate 6.

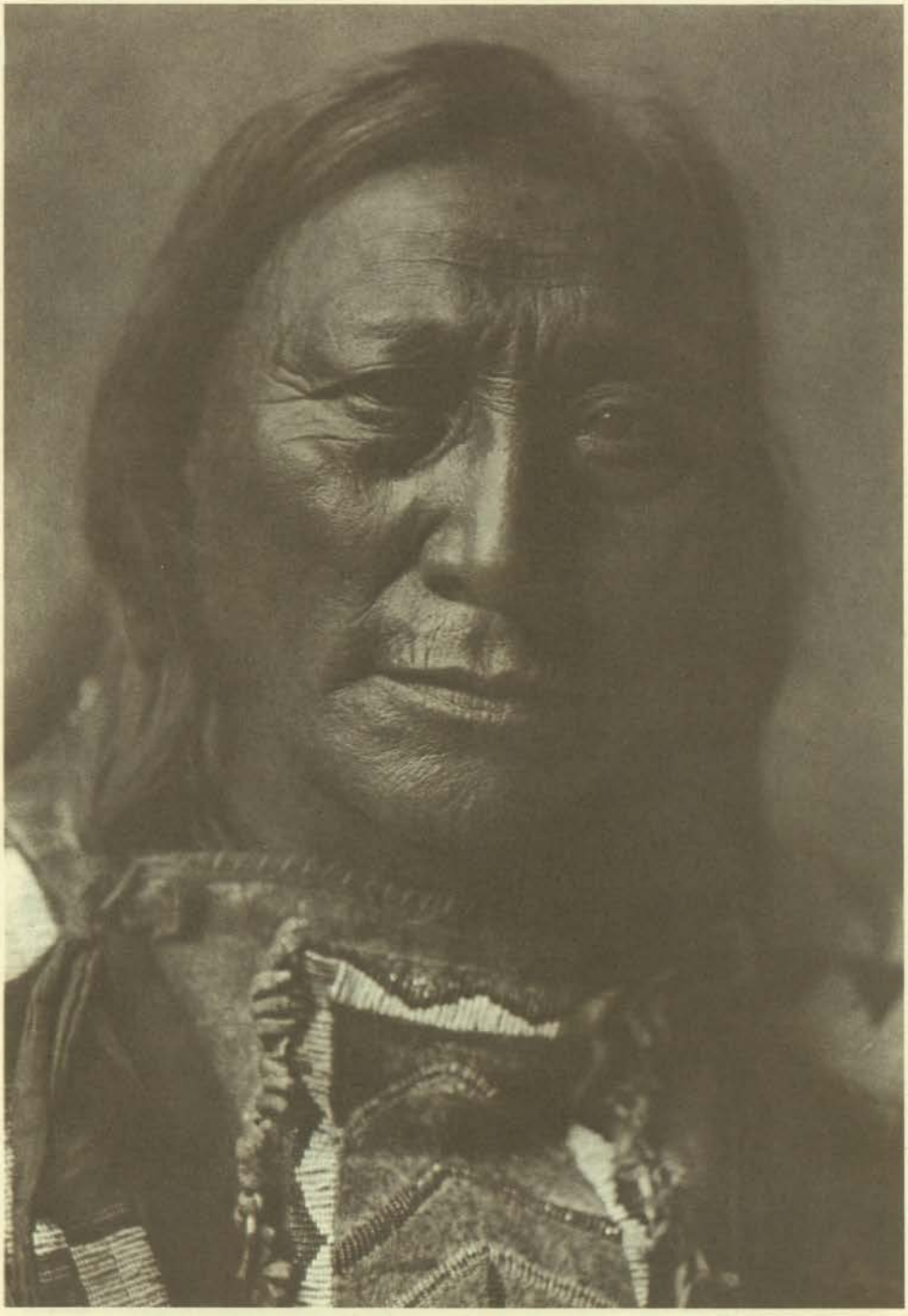
GOOD LANCE

Plate 7.



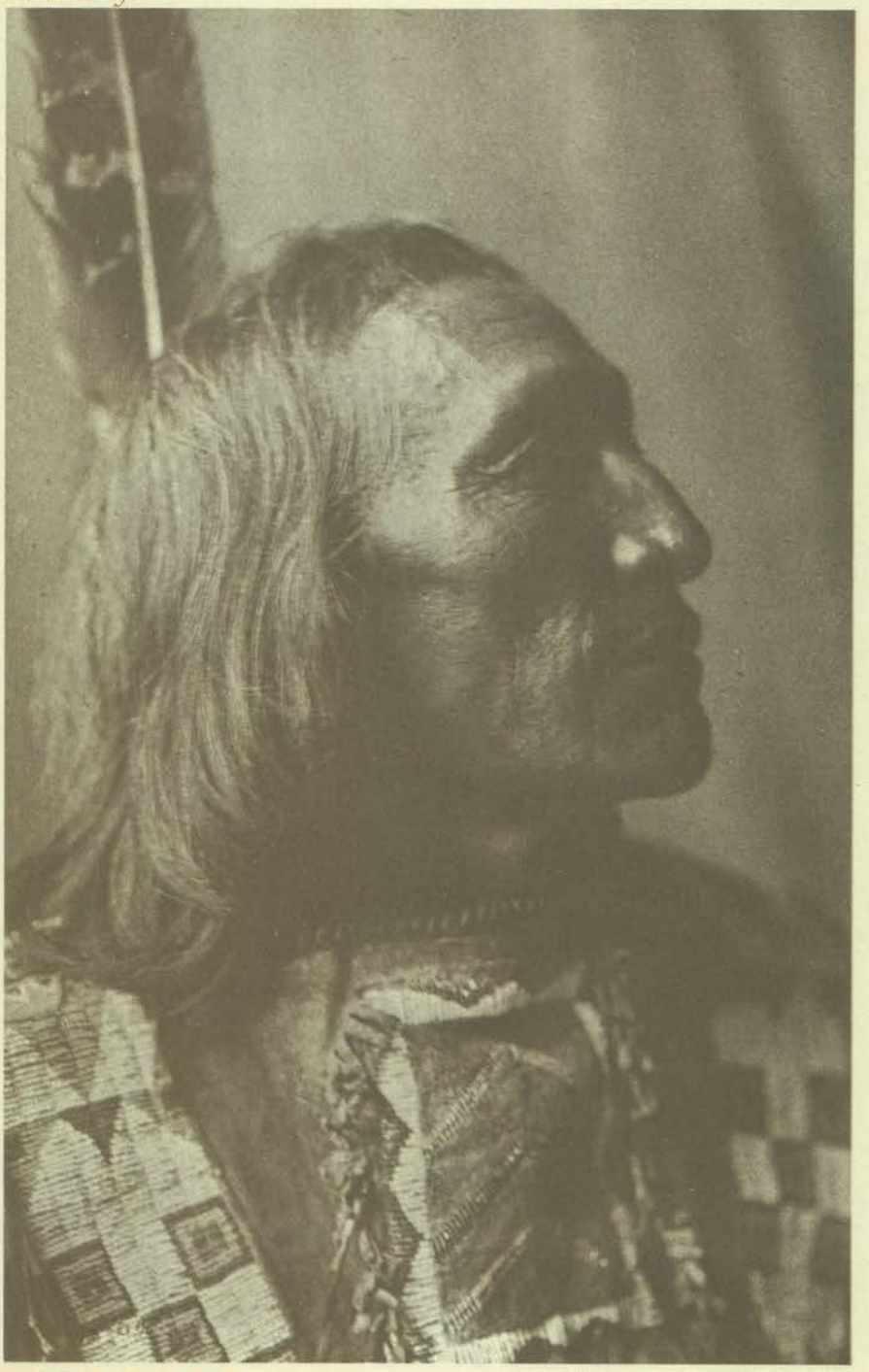
HIS FIGHTS

Plate 8.



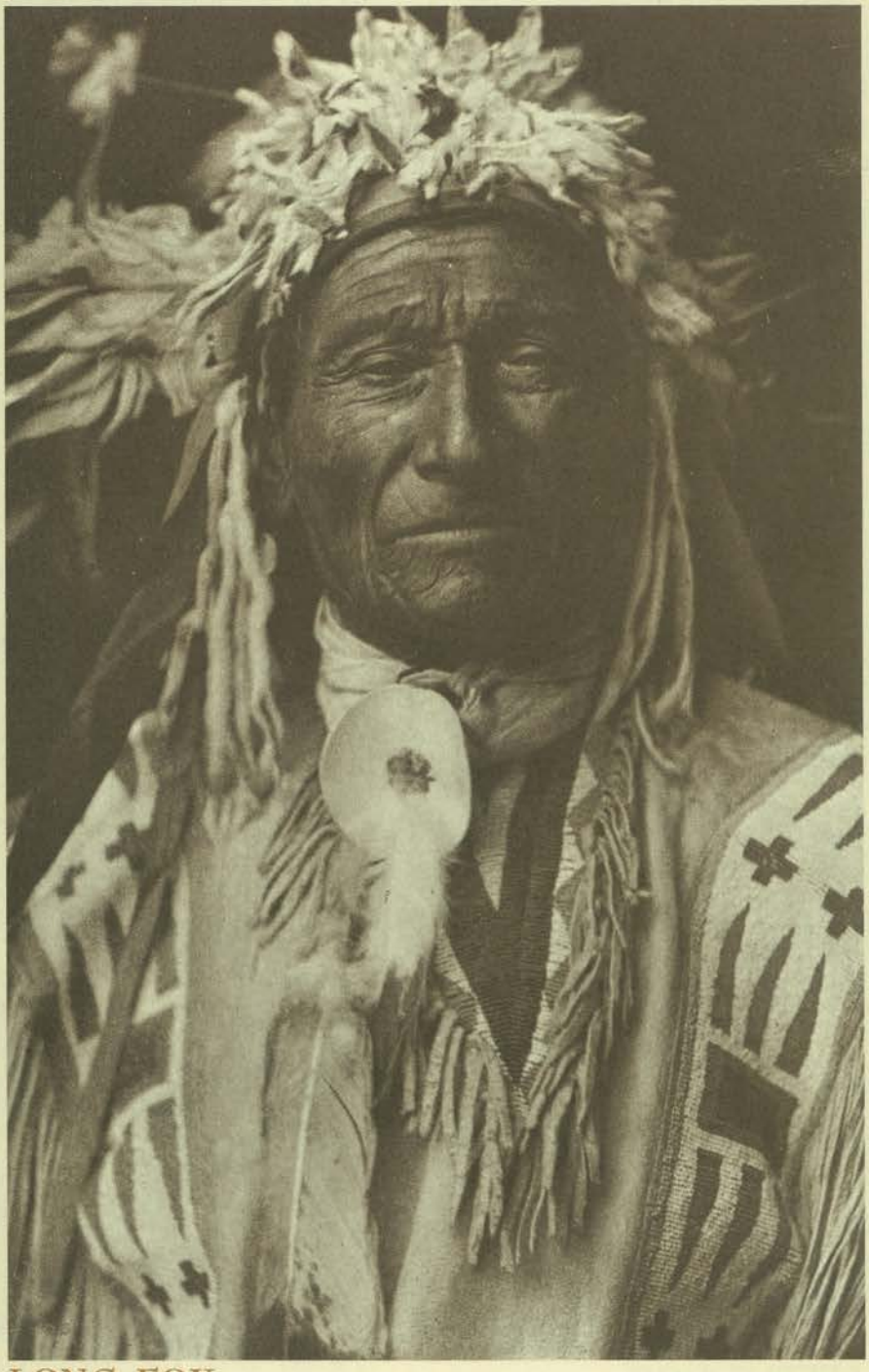
HOLLOW HORN BEAR

Plate 9.



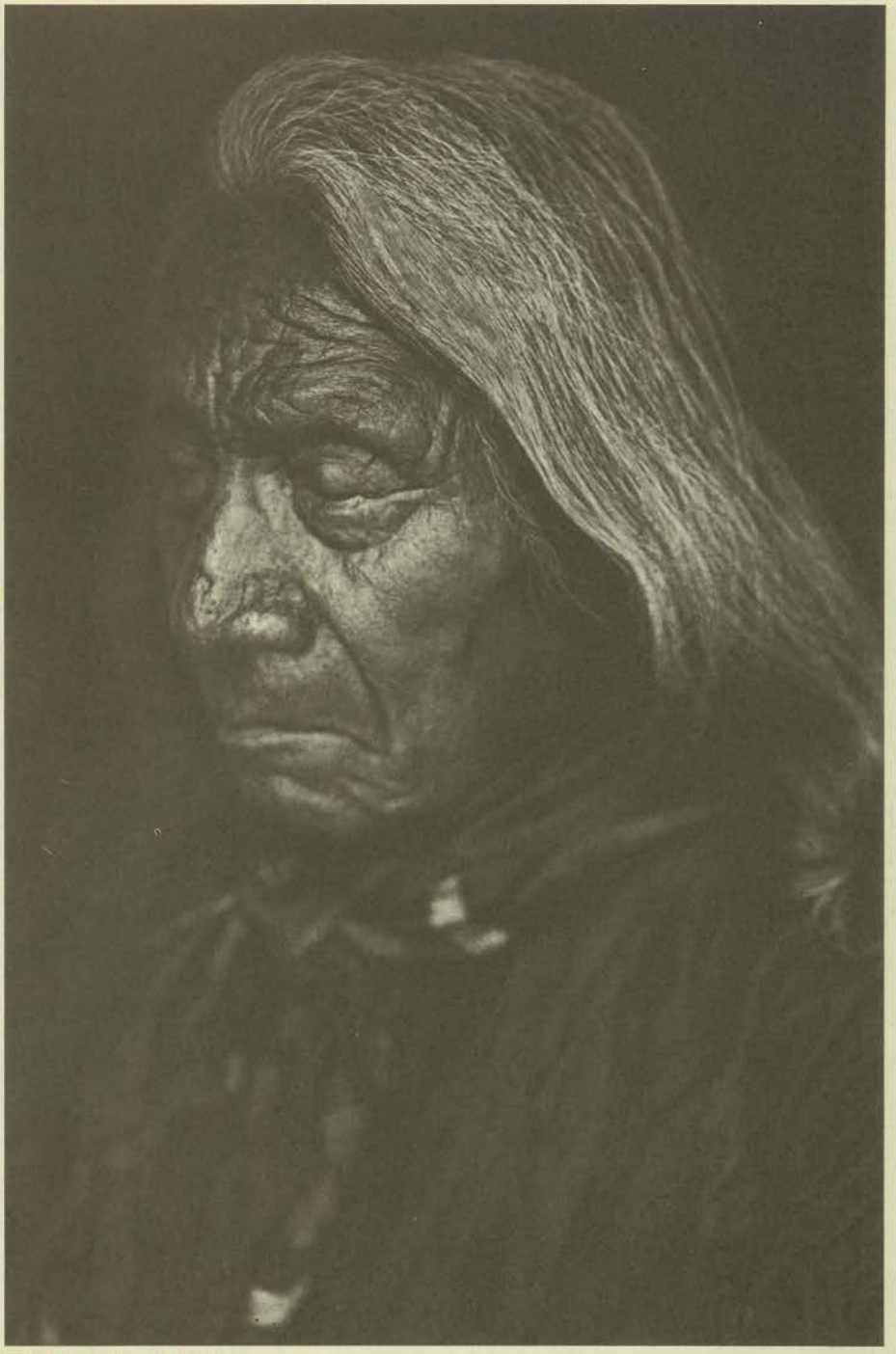
LITTLE DOG

Plate 10.



LONG FOX

Plate 11.



RED CLOUD

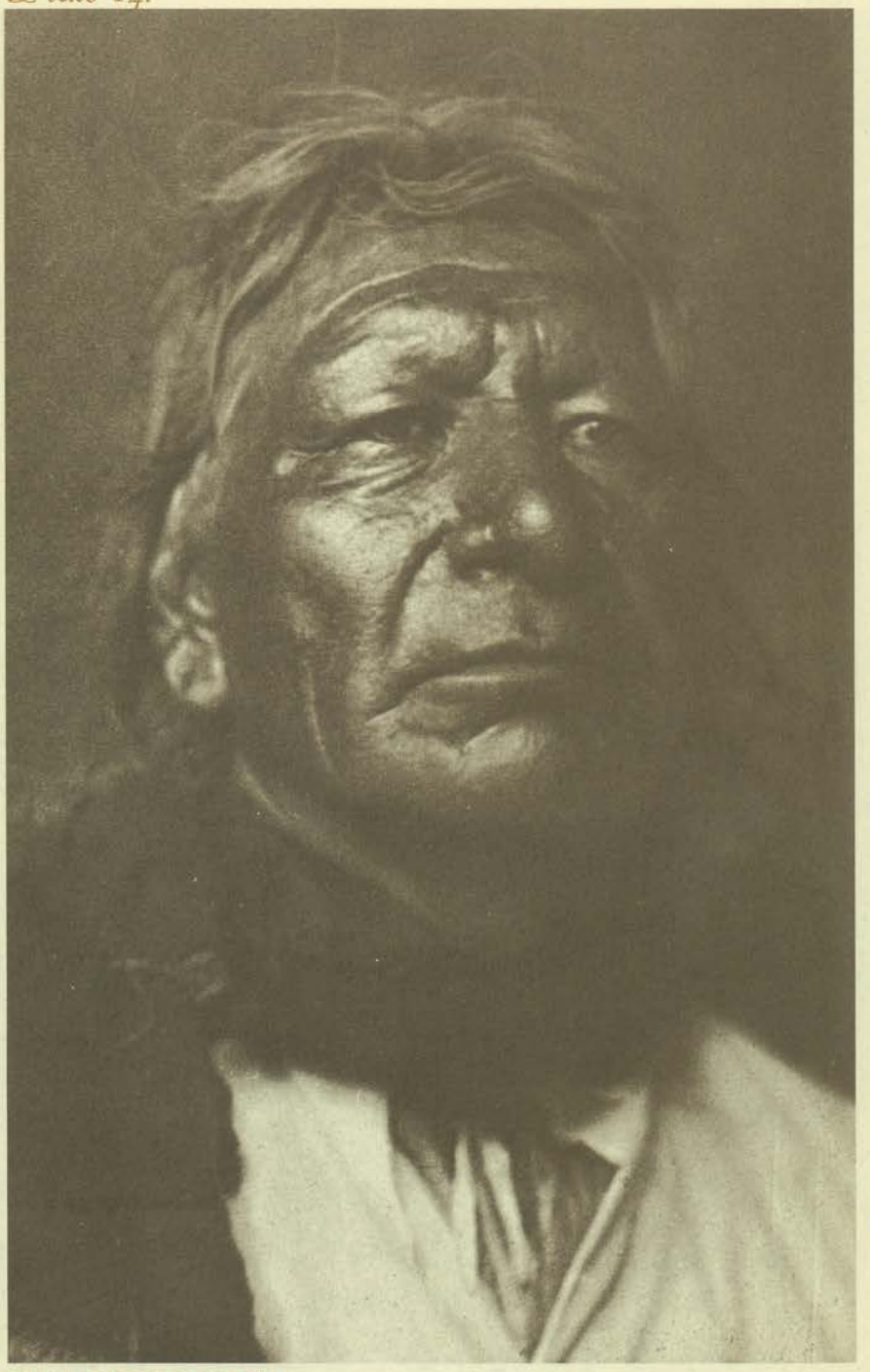
Plate 12.

RED HAWK

Plate 13.

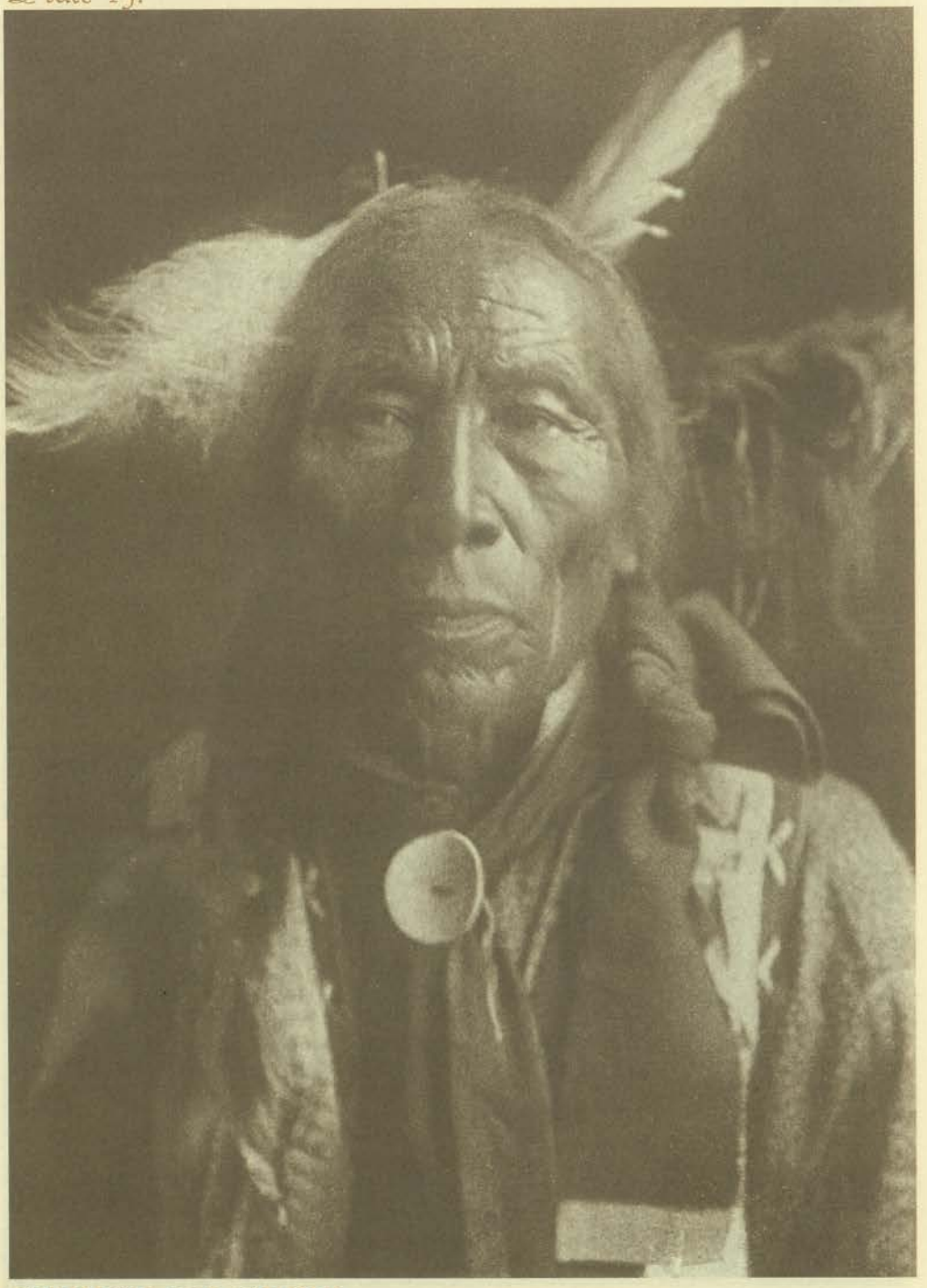
SLOW BULL

Plate 14.



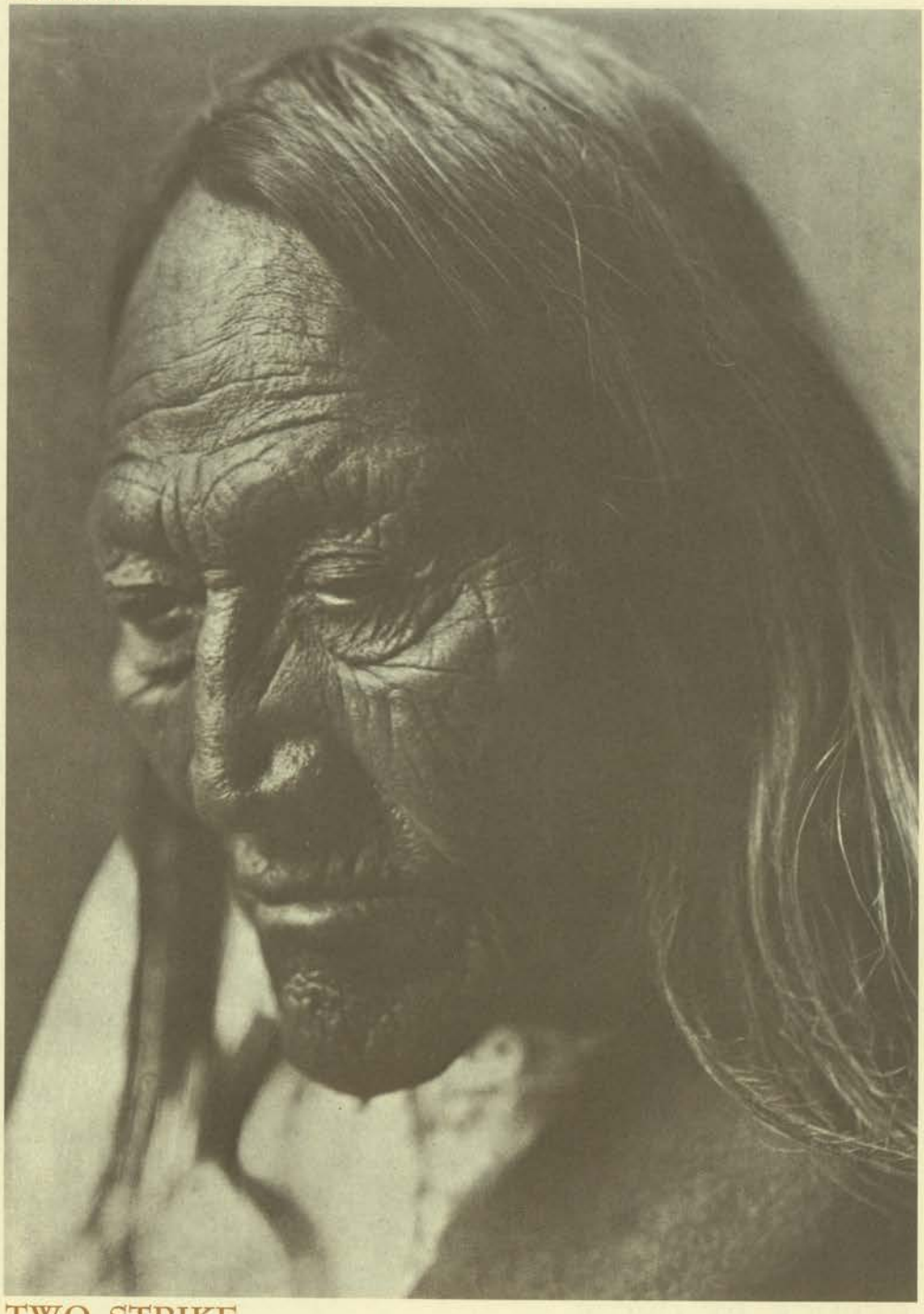
STANDS FIRST

Plate 15.



STRUCK BY CROW

Plate 16.

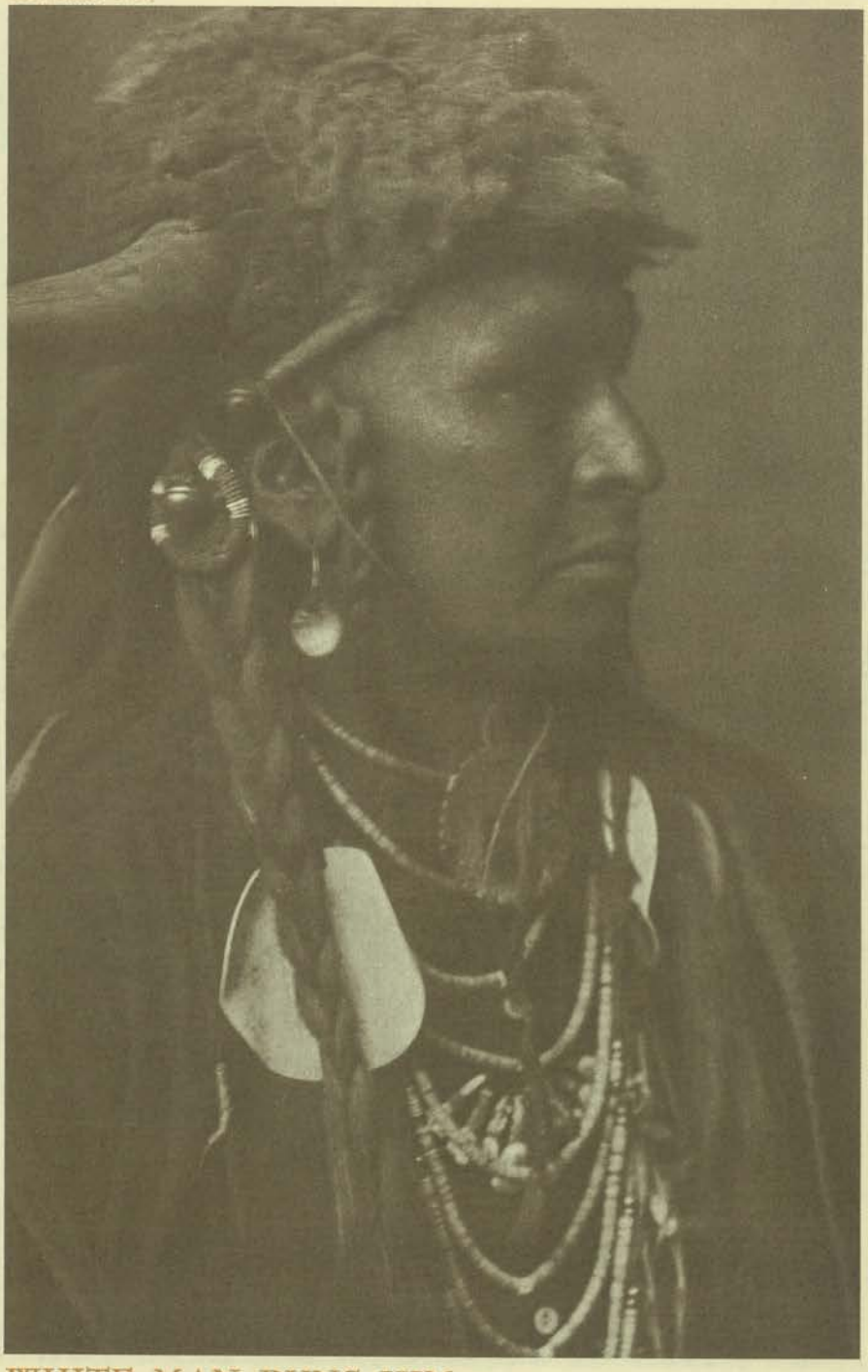


TWO STRIKE

Plate 17.

YELLOW HORSE

Plate 18.



WHITE MAN RUNS HIM

BIOGRAPHIES

of the Indians portrayed in this section are as recorded by Curtis in the Appendix of Vol. III.

CALICO, *Mínihúha* Plate 1

Ogalala. Born 1843. First war-party at fourteen, against Pawnee. At twenty-two he led eight men against the same tribe, and himself killed one and captured his gun. This party took twenty-nine horses. Later he led eight men and two women into the country of the Shoshoni. A man came out of the village, and Calico with five others charged him. Two had struck coup, when Calico raised his bow to win a third honor. Just then his horse shied and threw him, and the enemy grappled with him. The Shoshoni was the larger, and Calico's friends had ridden on. As the enemy reached for his knife, the Ogalala remembered his recently acquired revolver, which he drew and fired. The Shoshoni staggered back, but lunged again with his knife, when Calico shot him again, in the breast. As he tore off the scalp, some one said, "Give me that scalp!" Looking up, he saw a friend who had brought back his horse, so he gave the scalp to him and took another piece for himself. The enemy were now swarming out of the camp, but the two Ogalala escaped on their horses. His name of Black Shield, *Wohácha^{n}ka-sapa,* was changed to *Mínihuha* after the agency traders came. In 1865 he was with his uncle, Two Face, who, with another Sioux and a Cheyenne, was hanged at Fort Laramie for having mistreated a white woman he had ransomed from the Cheyenne and delivered up to the garrison. Though the woman said Calico was innocent, he was put in irons. Soon after that the Indians attacked a detachment and killed a sergeant and three privates. Calico was in eight great battles with Omaha, Pawnee, and Shoshoni, and in four battles with troops along Platte river. About 1874, at the suggestion of Red Cloud and others, he was made chief of the *Tapislecha,* Spleen, band of Ogalala, because of his good war record and his hospitality. He served several terms of enlistment as scout at Fort Robinson.

EAGLE ELK, *Heháka-wa^{n}bŭlí* Plate 2

Ogalala. Born 1853. At fourteen he went against the Apsaroke with a party which killed four near the Bighorn mountains. He participated in many battles against the Apsaroke, Shoshoni, Blackfeet, Cheyenne, Assiniboin, Omaha, and Ute, the severest being that with the Apsaroke and Nez Perces at the mouth of Arrow (Pryor) creek. Eagle Elk was then about twenty years of age, and thinks there were a thousand men on each side, the Sioux being aided by Chéyenne and Arapaho. The fight lasted from daylight until darkness, with neither side victorious. Each lost about ten killed and many wounded. Eagle Elk fought under Crazy Horse against General Miles at Tongue river, and under the same leader in the Custer fight. He fasted in the Black Hills four days and four nights, but had no vision, and never acquired any fighting medicine.

ELK BOY, *U^{n}pá^{n}-hokshíla* ("Cow-elk Boy") Plate 3

Ogalala. Born 1848. At fourteen he accompanied a party under the great leader White Swan, against the Apsaroke. At twenty he led his first war-party, which met and killed thirty Apsaroke, Elk Boy himself counting two first coups in the fight. One of the Apsaroke, who were surrounded on a rocky hill, dashed out alone; Elk Boy rushed to meet him, shot him down, struck him with his gun, and scalped him. Another coming to the assistance of the Apsaroke was shot by others of the Sioux, and Elk Boy struck him as he fell. He was engaged in eleven battles against Apsaroke, Shoshoni, Pawnee, Assiniboin, Arikara, and Ponca; fought once against the soldiers.

FAST ELK, *Heháka-lúzaha*^{n} Plate 4

Ogalala. Born 1838. He first went on the war-path at eighteen; the party searched for the Pawnee, but finding only a deserted village, returned. Fast Elk never led a war-party, but fought in four great battles with other tribes, and participated in the Fetterman massacre in 1866. He counted coup once in a fight with Apsaroke, when their village on Pryor creek was surrounded by the Sioux.

FAST THUNDER, *Wakí*^{n}*ya*^{n}*-lúzaha*^{n} Plate 5

Ogalala. Born 1839. At nineteen he was a member of a party that went to fight the Apsaroke, but which was prevented from attacking their village because of swollen streams. They met three Nez Perces, however, two of whom they killed. Participated in about twenty fights, most of them against troops. Was not engaged in the Custer fight, but was present at the wiping out of Fetterman's force. Counted four coups, three of them at one time, when in an attack on a Shoshoni camp he struck a woman, a boy, and a girl, the only occupants of a lodge. Again when Shoshoni came to capture horses the alarm was given, and one of the enemy being shot, Fast Thunder struck him. He fasted thrice, the first time on a hill near the Crow agency, Montana. From dawn until midnight he stood erect, then lying down he heard a voice and saw the Bighorn mountains, and a village from which seven men were departing. Two approached him, while the others waited. The two stopped as if shot. Next day the faster returned to camp and warned the people of danger. He regards the attack of the Shoshoni horse-raiders above mentioned as the fulfilment of this vision.

GOOD LANCE, *Wahúkeza-washté* Plate 6

Ogalala. Born 1846. At thirteen he accompanied a party under his brother, then the possessor of the name Good Lance, against Pawnee, four women and one man of whom they killed without loss to themselves. At twenty-five he led a party, and himself won first coup from the leader of the Pawnee, whom he struck with his lance and unhorsed, capturing the horse. On another occasion he struck with his coup-stick a Pawnee boy left behind by his retreating companions; the father, armed with a Spencer rifle, turned to the rescue and fired at close range, but missed. Good Lance struck him with a sword, and others closing in killed father and son. He participated in ninety raids, mostly against the Pawnee. Fought against the troops in 1878, but was on the southern plains in 1876 and consequently took no part in the Custer fight. From a famous Cheyenne medicine-man south of the Platte he bought medicine of pulverized roots tied in deerskin, as a charm against bullets and arrows. The medicine-man clothed him in a buffalo-robe with horns and tail attached, and rubbed the charm over his body. To prove that nothing could now harm him, the Cheyenne discharged a pistol at him, but the bullet inflicted only a skin wound in the arm; he then struck Good Lance in the back with a bayonet, but the resulting wound was slight. Good Lance paid the medicine-man a horse, and thereafter before entering a fight always rubbed the medicine over his body. He fasted five time, the first time during two days and two nights. At dawn of the second day a white-breasted crow perched near him; at daylight the crow was transformed into a hawk. A thunder-storm approached and the hawk became a horse, which trotted toward the storm, while from beyond the ridge over which the animal passed was heard the sound of many horses whinnying. The storm broke, and holding his pipe close he drew his robe over his crouching body and waited amid the rain and hail. After the storm abated he perceived that all the ground about him was perfectly dry, and that there were four men, each with a lance thrust into his body,

who became mere ridges of hail. The faster concluded that the import of the vision was that he was destined to kill four men with a lance, as he afterward really did. His second fast was not rewarded, for he remained out only one day: the camp was being moved and he accompanied the others. On another occasion he began to fast in the evening, standing upon a hilltop with his robe drawn about him. The following day as he slept under his robe he became aware of something creeping over his body toward his face. When he saw that it was a rattlesnake he was frightened; he dared not move. He set his teeth, and the thought came to him that this thing ought not to happen to one who had made offerings. The snake began to crawl away, and in his relief he moved; the reptile coiled at once and struck .Returning to the camp he went into the sweat-lodge, and though his body became stiff and swollen, he recovered.

His Fights, *Wókichize-táwa* Plate 7

Ogalala. Born 1832. At fourteen he accompanied a war-party under Long Bear and Buffalo Head, against Apsaroke. The ground was muddy, and the horses of the chiefs becoming exhausted, the warriors went on without their leaders. Arriving in the Crow country, they charged upon some hunters who were engaged in cutting up meat, killed and scalped two, and escaped with about ten horses. His fights and the other boys guarded the clothing and extra horses of the warriors during this fight. When a young man, he again went against the Apsaroke. When the enemy was sighted, White Man's Fire, the medicine-man, donned his head-dress of buffalo-horns and eagle-feathers, and while the chief held forward the war-pipe he prayed, each of the warriors extending his own pipe toward the enemy. Then the medicine-man rode toward the war-pipe, which now lay on the ground, dismounted, and sat in front of it, while His Fights raised it and gave it to White Man's Fire, saying, "Brother-in-law, go and tell the warriors what you have seen." A bit of pulverized buffalo-chip was placed on the top of the tobacco in the pipe and fire applied, after which the medicine-man smoked. Then he pointed with his thumbs and thrust one hand after the other in the direction of the enemy, exclaiming, "*She! She!*"—indicating that his heart was hot against them. "I see a hundred horses coming toward us. We will kill the Raven Men and one of them will be dressed like a chief." Then they charged, and succeeded in running off about eight hundred horses. The Apsaroke rushed out, and two boys and three men, one of the latter wearing a shirt covered with weasel-skins, were killed. It was afterward learned that he was Big Otter. In the retreat twenty Sioux were killed and about half the horses lost. No scalp-dance followed the return of that party. His Fights' medicine was given him by White Man's Fire, who in the summer preceding this fight got it in the Black Hills, from a geyser which the medicine-man entered and from which he emerged holding several long white roots, one of which he gave to each of the five warriors present, at the same time instructing them how to paint. His Fights took part in the battle of the Little Bighorn.

Hollow Horn Bear, *Mató-hehúlóghecha* Plate 8

Brulé. Born 1850. Firs war-party at twelve, against Pawnee. At nineteen he took the pipe and led a party, which killed a number of Pawnee wood-haulers. Struck a first coup—"kill right"—in that battle. After that his father, Iron Shell, desired him to take that name, but hè said he would take his grandfather's name instead, and make the name Hollow Horn Bearr good. During his career as a warrior he counted coup many times and participated in twenty-three fights with Pawnee, Omaha, Ponca, Shoshoni, Ute, Arikara, and United States troops. He was present at the Custer fight.

LITTLE DOG, *Shúⁿka-la* Plate 9

Brulé. Born 1848. First war-party at sixteen against the troops at the head of Platte river; horses were captured without fighting. The next year he led a party against a detachment on Lodgepole creek; one soldier was killed and some horses were taken. Counted three coups, one of the first grade, each while acting as war-leader, and was thrice wounded. Sorrowing at the death of a sister, he went alone against the Pawnee, and nearing their camp gave chase to a solitary hunter, but abandoned the pursuit because there was no one to testify that he counted coup even if he had done so. That night he stole into the camp and captured five horses. Participated in forty-one fights and fifteen horse-raids. Scouted for General Crook.

LONG FOX, *Tokána-háⁿska* Plate 10

Assiniboin. Born in 1827 near Fort Berthold, North Dakota. He joined a war-party against the Mandan, capturing three horses. On another expedition against the same people he received an arrow wound. Subsequently, in an attack on the Assiniboin by the Sioux, he killed one, and in another fight with them he counted a first coup. The Assiniboin met a war-party of Piegan, and he captured one. Long Fox led against the Sioux a war-party that captured seven horses. He never had a vision. He married at thirty.

RED CLOUD, *Mahpíya-lúta* ("Scarlet Cloud") Plate 11

Ogalala. Born 1822. At the age of fifteen he accompanied a war-party which killed eighty Pawnee. He took two scalps and shot one man. At seventeen he led a party that killed eight of the same tribe. During his career he killed two Shoshoni and ten Apsaroke. Once going against the Apsaroke, he left the party and approached the camp on foot. About daylight a man came driving his herd to the range. Red Cloud charged him, killed him with arrows, stabbed him with the Apsaroke's own knife, and scalped him; he then took his clothes and started back, driving the horses. Men from the camp pursued, and a severe fight followed between the two parties. Once an Apsaroke captured his herd. He followed all night, and at daylight caught up with and killed the raider. Red Cloud received his name, in recognition of his bravery, from his father after the latter's death. Before that his name had been Two Arrows, *Waⁿ-noⁿpa*. His brother-in-law, *Nachili*, gave him medicine tied up in a little deerskin bag. Always before going to war Red Cloud rubbed this over his body. All the tribe regarded his medicine as very potent. He first gained notice as a leader by his success at Fort Phil. Kearny in 1866, when he killed Captain Fetterman and eighty soldiers. In the following year he led a large party, two to three thousand, it is said, in an attack on a wood-train at the same post, but was repulsed with great loss. Previously only chief of the Bad Face band of Ogalala, he became head-chief of the tribe after the abandonment of Fort Phil. Kearny. Red Cloud was prevented from joining in the Custer fight by the action of General Mackenzie in disarming him and his camp.

RED HAWK, *Chetáⁿ-luta* ("Scarlet Hawk") Plate 12

Ogalala. Born 1854. First war-party in 1865 under Crazy Horse, against troops. Led an unsuccessful war-party at twenty-two against Shoshoni. First coup when twelve horse-riding Blackfeet were discovered in a creek bottom and annihilated. Led another party against Shoshoni, but failed to find them; encountered and surrounded a white-horse troop. From a hill overlooking the fight Red Hawk saw soldiers dismount and charge. The Lakota fled, leaving him alone. A soldier came close and fired, but missed. Red Hawk did likewise, but while the soldier was reloading his carbine he fired again with his Winchester

and heard a thump and *"O-h-h-!"* A Cheyenne boy on horseback rushed in and struck the soldier, counting coup. Engaged in twenty battles, many with troops, among them the Custer fight of 1876; others with Pawnee, Apsaroke, Shoshoni, Cheyenne, and even with Sioux scouts.

Red Hawk fasted twice. The second time, after two days and a night, he saw a vision. As he slept, something from the west came galloping and panting. It circled about him, then went away. A voice said, "Look! I told you there would be many horses!" He looked, and saw a man holding green grass in his hand. Again the voice said, "There will be many horses about this season"; then he saw the speaker was a rose-hip, half red, half green. Then the creature went away and became a yellow-headed blackbird. It alighted on one of the offering poles, which bent as if under a great weight. The bird became a man again, and said, "Look at this!" Red Hawk saw a village, into which the man threw two long-haired human heads. Said the voice, "I came to tell you something, and I have now told you. You have done right." Then the creature, becoming a bird, rose and disappeared in the south. Red Hawk slept, and heard a voice saying, "Look at your village!" He saw four women going around the village with their hair on the top of their heads, and their legs aflame. Following them was a naked man, mourning and singing the death-song. Again he slept, and felt a hand on his head, shaking him, and as he awoke a voice said, "Arise, behold the face of your grandfather!" He looked to the eastward and saw the sun peeping above a ridge. The voice continued: "Listen! He is coming, anxious to eat." So he took his pipe and held the stem toward the rising sun. This time he knew he was not asleep, or dreaming: he knew he was on a hill three miles from the village. A few days later came news that of five who had gone against the enemy, four had been killed; one returned alive, and followed the four mourning wives around the camp singing the death-song. Still later they killed a Cheyenne and an Apsaroke scout, and the two heads were bruoght into camp.

Slow Bull, *Tatáⁿka-húⁿkeshni* Plate 13

Ogalala. Born 1844. First war-party at fourteen, under Red Cloud, against Apsaroke. Engaged in fiifty-five battles with Aprasoke, Shoshoni, Ute, Pawnee, Blackfeet, and Kutenai. Struck seven first coups. At seventeen he captured one hundred and seventy horses from Apsaroke. In the same year he received medicine from Buffalo in a dream while he slept on a hilltop, not fasting, but resting from travel on the war-path. Counted two honors in one fight, when the Lakota charged an Apsaroke camp and were routed. Slow Bull returned to the enemy; his horse stepped into a hole and fell, and an Apsaroke leaped on him. He threw his antagonist off, jumped on his horse, and struck his enemy in the face with his bow. At that moment another Apsaroke dashed up and dealt him a glancing blow in the back with a hatchet. Slow Bull counted coup on him also. He has been a subchief of the Ogalala since 1878.

Stands First, *Tokéya-nazhiⁿ* Plate 14

Ogalala. Born about 1844. Distinguished himself as a young man by riding out alone to meet a single Apsaroke who charged from the enemy's line. Stands First did not shoot, and received a wound in the breast; but as the two passed each other he struck the Apsaroke with his coup-stick, a feat of great honor. The following year,—seemingly in 1869,—two hundred Sioux attacked the Apsaroke camp near the forks of the Missouri, and in the thick of the fight Stands First was twice wounded in the back. In the battle of the Little Bighorn he captured the standard of the troops.

Struck By Crow, *Ka^{n}ghí-apapi* Plate 15

Ogalala. Born 1847. At eleven he accompanied a party against the Apsaroke, the one in which Fast Thunder served as a warrior. He participated in ten battles, most of them against the Apsaroke, and fought four times against troops, three of these occasions being the Fetterman massacre, the engagement with Crook's command at the Rosebud, and the battle of the Little Bighorn. Counted coup twice, both in the same fight, when twenty Flatheads and two Sioux were killed. Fasted four times in the Bighorn mountains and experienced a vision. Early in the morning he took five tanned buffalo-skins to the summit and gave them to the Mystery. He remained on his feet until long after darkness had fallen, and then as he lay half sleeping he saw the fork of a river, and beside it a ridge over which came many horses driven by a man.Some of the horses were white. The next day at sunset he returned to his camp and went into the sweat-lodge. A short time after this Struck By Crow accompanied a raiding party and captured some white horses.

Two Strike, *No^{n}p-kahpá* Plate 16

Brulé. Born 1821. At the age of twelve he accompanied his first war-party against Pawnee. At thirty-one he led a party against the same tribe and counted coup. Twelve coups, all on Pawnee, and twenty-two battles. Two Pawnee counted coup on him, but the second he killed. Was never wounded. Name changed from Living Bear to Two Strike after unhorsing two Pawnee riding the same animal. After the sixth coup he was declared chief, and, as others died, gradually ascended to the position of head-chief of the Brules. He never fasted for the purpose of seeing a vision, and had no medicine, but wore a bear's ear "to frighten the enemy."

Yellow Horse, *Tashú^{n}ke-hizi* Plate 17

Yanktonai. Born near Standing Rock, North Dakota, in 1853. He went on the war-path first at the age of fifteen. This expedition was fortunate for the boy, as his party met a band of Apsaroke and he killed one. The next year the Apsaroke invaded the Sioux territory and he killed another. Yellow Horse led into the Apsaroke country a few years later a war-party that brought back a large number of horses. The following winter he headed a party of eleven on an excursion to the same place, and they captured fifty horses, but being pursued by the Apsaroke, they were compelled to make a stand. Armed with a repeating rifle, he aroused the enemy's fear and drove them back. His medicine is a bird-skin tied in a yellow cloth; this he purchased, never having had a vision. Yellow Horse married at nineteen.

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Cover: Curtis while at work among the Indians
Courtesy Mrs. M. E. Magnuson.

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Photogravures by John Andrew & Son, Boston; and Suffolk Engraving Co., Cambridge. There are 1500 photogravure prints in the text volumes, and 723 (12 x 16″) plates on separate special vellum (18 x 22″) in the portfolios. Each portfolio contains 36 plates, except for 39 in volume 1; 37 in volume 8; and 35 in volume 20.

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Loading Bin at Old Coso

FROM COSO TO CARRICART

by SEWELL "Pop" LOFINCK

STEP SOFTLY AMID THE SAND and sage of the Cosos, friends, for you walk in the paths of history.

From the surrounding alkali playas of China Lake, within the Naval Ordnance Test Station, the land sweeps up with low gear suddenness to a mountainous center of a series of 5-6000 foot mesas and high desert valleys. Now the only permanent residents are rabbits, rattlers, coyotes, burros and a few survivors of once thriving wild horse herds.

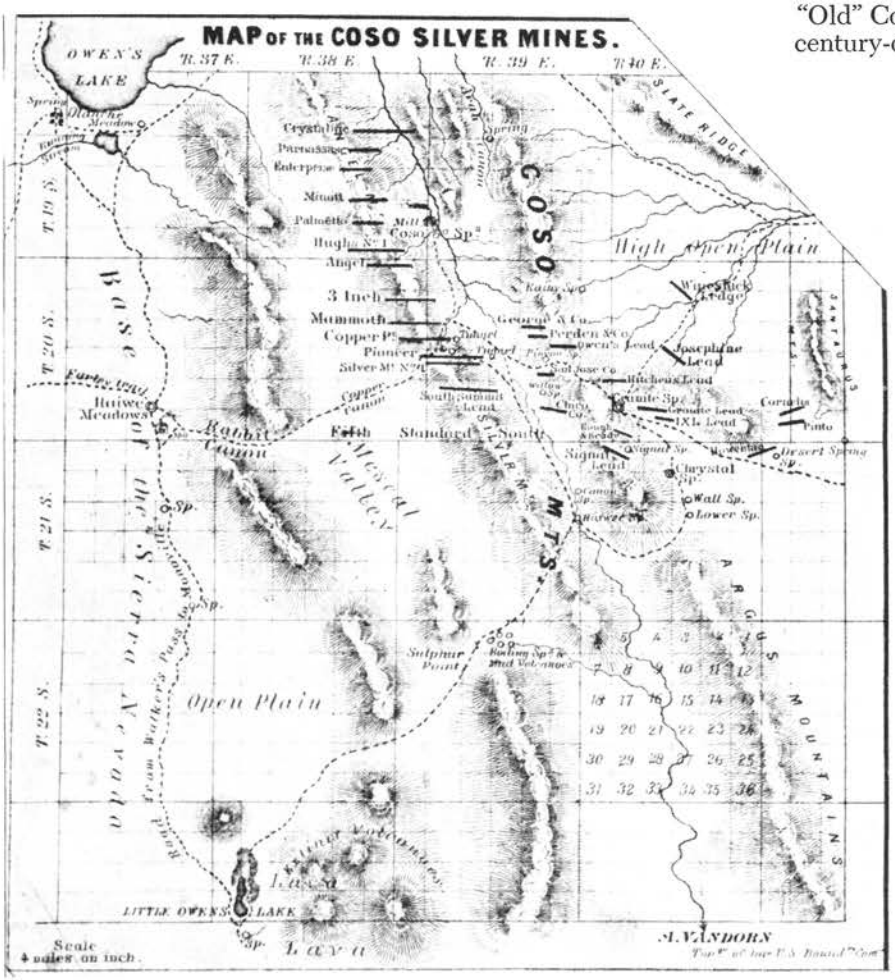
But it was not always so.

The Darwin-Ballarat-Brown stage once rattled and rocked its dusty way down Mountain Springs Canyon. Famed freighter Nadeau's wagons rumbled along the flats below. And by foot and hoof a passing parade of army details, soldiers of fortune, Lost Gunsight seekers and countless miners with dreams of silver and gold wended their way.

"From Wall Spring . . . where the Josephine Mill now stands in Coso," Dr. E. Darwin French, in quest of the elusive Gunsight Lead, progressed into Panamint Valley on his first expedition in September of 1850.

Four years later, Fremont on his little known Fifth Expedition proceeded south from Saline Valley to the Darwin area. With two railroad route possibilities ahead he divided his small force. One group apparently went by way of Junction Ranch and Carricart Lake; the other via Cole's Flat, descending into Coso Basin.

"Old" Coso. Only a ghost of this century-old boomtown remains.



Inset from "Farley's Map of the Newly Discovered Tramontane Silver Mines in Southern California," 1861. Courtesy of Bancroft Library.

Coso to Carricart

1860 saw Dr. French's second expedition establishing the Coso Gold and Silver Mining Company on their return from Death Valley. Later that year, Dr. S. G. George's party, also on the Gunsight trail, criss-crossed the Cosos and discovered the Christmas Gift Lode (Antimony) in Emigrant Canyon. And he too returned, the following year, as Treasurer of the Rough & Ready Mining Company, founding the Telescope Mining District.

Evidently the good doctors felt there was more gold in them thar hills than in the pockets of their patients.

But they were not alone. According to Farley's 1861 map of "the Coso Silver Mines," things were booming even then. At least enough to put Coso on the map, along with place-naming innumerable mining camps, claims and springs.

And it was in 1861 that Manly, of Death Valley fame, along with Charles Alvord, heard of the outbreak of the Civil War at the town of Coso.

Following the war, the first military exploring expedition, under 1st Lt. Charles Bendére, left Camp Independence in April of 1867 for Coso via Centennial Flat. From here he struck southeasterly past Junction Ranch and into Panamint Valley. By the time of the better known Lt. Wheeler treks of 1871-5 it was becoming a well traveled area. Both Wheeler's mappings and that of Co. D 12th U.S. Infantry of Camp Independence show a toll station in Shepherd Canyon. Altho this was a rugged route between the Panamint and Coso camps it was one of the best in an area where passes are rare.

Signs of the toll station buildings can still be seen altho the boulder-clogged canyon is now inaccessible to vehicles.

Save for a few fragmentary writings, such as Roberts' "The Great Understander," relatively little is known of the next few decades. And these were primarily about Darwin, to which the Cosos gave birth in 1875.

But what of the sites that are still spots on the USGS maps—Coso and Cole's Flat, Modoc and Minnietta, Millspaugh and the Mariposa Mine?

Of Coso one must speak carefully, for it apparently was a popular name.

Technically, for it has never been legally changed, Darwin is "New Coso (Mining District)."

According to Geological Survey Professional Paper No. 368, the Darwin quadrangle contained commercially important deposits of lead, silver, zinc, talc, tungsten, copper, gold and antimony, with a total mineral production to 1952 of about $37½ million.

By 1883 more than $2 million had already been reported. From 1875 to 1880 Darwin was reported to have had a population of 5000. There were three smelters with a combined capacity of 180 tons a day. The district was idle from 1928 to 1936. In 1945 the Anaconda Company purchased the Defiance, Darwin, Essex, Independence, Lanai, Premonition, Rip Van Winkle and Thompson Mines and operated them for about ten years. The Anaconda

operations have been shut down for several years and there are indications Darwin may become a retirement town rather than a full fledged ghost town.

And then there is Old Coso, some seven miles southwest of Darwin, of which a number of stone houses and weather beaten board buildings still remain. A real, honest to goodness century old ghost town.

Indeed it was within a few months after Dr. French's discovery of the Coso ore ledges that ninety claims were staked out and 200 men were working claims and prospect holes, according to the Visalia *Delta* and Sacramento papers of that era.

Located in an open flat of unique granitic upthrusted and tilted boulders, Coso is pockmarked by little mines and prospect holes. Some found gold Others lived on dreams and Great Expectations.

(Oddly enough, in legal language, claim diggins are prospect holes—until ore values are recovered. Then it's a mine. But not until then, regardless of the length of tunnels or shafts!)

The Coso ores were crushed by horse or burro drawn arrastras, of which several can still be seen. Later larger arrastras were operated by gas engines.

The nearby Josephine Mine, dating back over a century, was one of the best producers. The ore was arrastra crushed in a canyon to the east where there was plenty of water. Altho a flash flood washed it out, parts still stick their skeletal fingers up out of the sands. Eventually it was replaced by a stamp mill which also disappeared except for well built living quarters.

There were several good springs in and around Coso. However, they have dried up to mere trickles since the days they watered the populace and a few trees. But on the nose of a nearby hill an old stone fort still stands guard over the spectral return of marauding Indians, bandits and claim jumpers who oft threatened the town and its more precious than gold water supply.

A rough mile or so west of Coso was the Mariposa Mine, the only mine in the district that was patented. It produced free gold for awhile, then petered out—probably much to the dismay of its rather noted owner, Senator Hearst.

The Hearst family had better luck with the Modoc Mine, perched high on Lookout Mountain in the Argus Range to the east, with a breath-taking view of Panamint Valley and endless miles beyond.

Still owned by the Hearst Estate, the Modoc's first production was in 1875. By 1890 the value of mineral recovery was listed as $1,900,000. Up until the time it shut down the total value of production of lead, silver, zinc and copper was $3,740,000.

Until a few years ago many of the Modoc buildings were still roofed. But as happens in the desert, the unpainted boards dried out and the nails loosened. Wind and snow did the rest. So it is that time has taken its toll of Modoc, leaving only the stone walls still standing.

Although Modoc can be reached from Panamint Valley without entering

Modoc, looking northeasterly into upper Panamint Valley

Walled road from Modoc, eastward out of Stone Canyon toward the Panamints

the Naval Ordnance Test Station, this misses the continuation via Stone Canyon into the Coso area. This is an adventure in itself, cliff hanging along a "road" shirred up by a wall of hand fitted, dry mounted rocks and painstakingly built by the camp's Chinese.

Oddly enough, the Post Office of "Modock" was located at Minnietta, nestled at the foot of the cliffs below Modoc. Dating back to the 1870's and still spasmodically operated, the Minnietta Mine is owned by Helen Gunn Edwards, daughter of "Jack" Gunn who took over the mine in 1883. It has produced approximately $2,000,000 in silver, gold and lead, with no production recorded after 1954. Of the townsite, little remains but rubble and sands that whisper of days of old and dreams of gold.

South of Darwin a malpai-crusted ridge separates two long Joshua studded valleys. The more westerly leads into Cole's Flat, settled by Dave Cole and his 15 year old bride in 1873. Of this there are no reports of ore findings, only rumors—and the graves of Cole and his son Edward, the remains of an arrastra, a barn-like building, the remnants of a wagon and a shack with the barely discernable sign "PICO SOCIAL CLUB."

Continuing on and up the dusty roadway lies El Conejo, comprising a sizeable shaft structure and expensive equipment—across from an otherwise typical miner's shack except for its obviously cared-for cactus garden. And, until it was removed to the NOTS Maturango Museum, the rusted remains of

El Conejo, between Coles Flat and Etcharren Valley

Coso Hot Springs, with its now dormant geysers, abandoned spa buildings and colorful boiling mud pots

an old Lincoln reposed in quiet solitude in one of the sheds. The lack of ore reports has long pointed a finger of suspicion that the only gold and silver was taken out of stock investors' pockets.

For those inclined to do things the hard way, a road of sorts leads westward and down into still another "Coso"—Coso Hot Springs, nestled in a miniature Yellowstone Park-like valley of colorfully boiling mud pots and now dormant "geysers." It was here that the Indians came for healing in the hot muds and to quarry obsidian from nearby Sugarloaf or Glass Mountain.

Intriguingly, Manly and Alvord, on their 1861 Coso trip, noted the Coso Hot Springs:

> "... more than a thousand jets of steam came through the water, making a hissing noise that could be heard a hundred yards away ... we looked into some big caldron-shaped holes ... and could see ... boiling pots of green, red and blue liquid continuously in motion ... The man I stayed with on Kern River told me ... his mule broke through the crust ... (and) the red mud took the hair and hoof off his mule's leg."*

There are two other phenomena connected with Coso Hot Springs. One,

*From "The Pioneer," August 15, 1893. Reprinted in Arthur Woodward's excellent "The Jayhawkers Oath and Other Sketches."

the Devil's Kitchen cinnebar workings, of which the still usable Mercury retort furnace has been hauled away to near Tehachapi. The other was Billy Ball.

Billy was born in 1860. At 78 he fathered a son. Don't smile. He was quite a man. He was living at Coso Hot Springs when the Navy took over and made him a Range Guard at 82. At 94 he survived a lung cancer operation. And climbing the stairs to a doctor's office because the elevators were out, he died of overdoing it at the age of 101! The desert does work remarkable wonders!

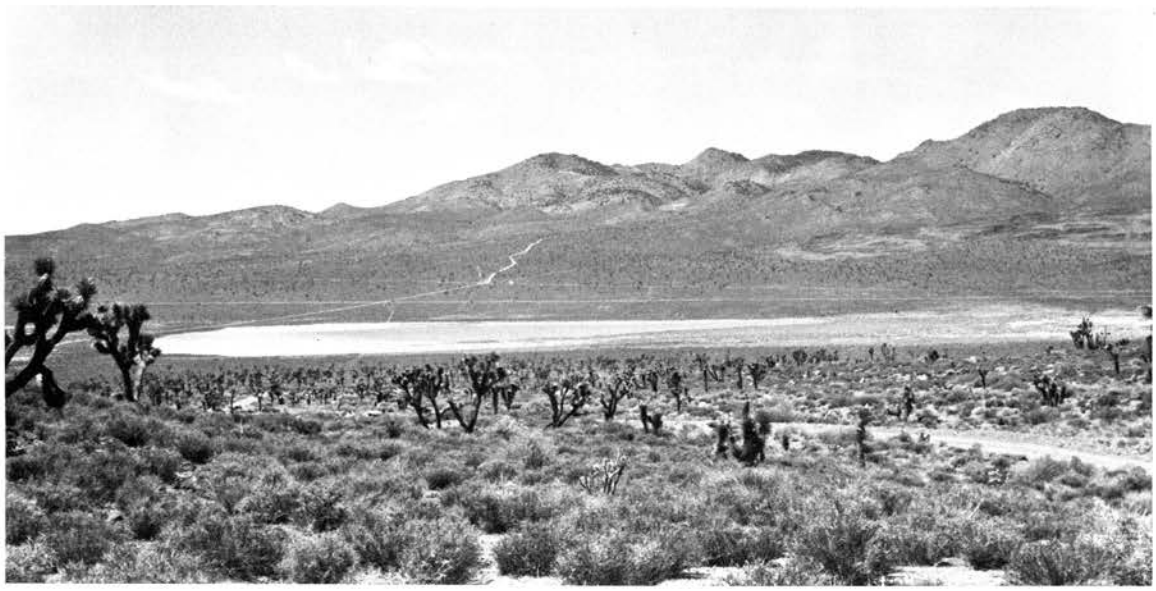
In the 1920's Coso Hot Springs was a popular health spa, with the natural steam supplying the heat for mud baths, cooking and even heating—piped into 50 gallon drums in each room. Alas, the stacks of empty bottles of "Coso Water—America's Wonder" now lie glistening in a thousand shattered pieces beneath the desert sun.

Backtracking to Coso to swing down the valley east of the ridge, one follows a time-dimmed stage route—from Darwin to Brown via Etcharren Valley where it connected with the stage from Ballarat via Shepherd Canyon.

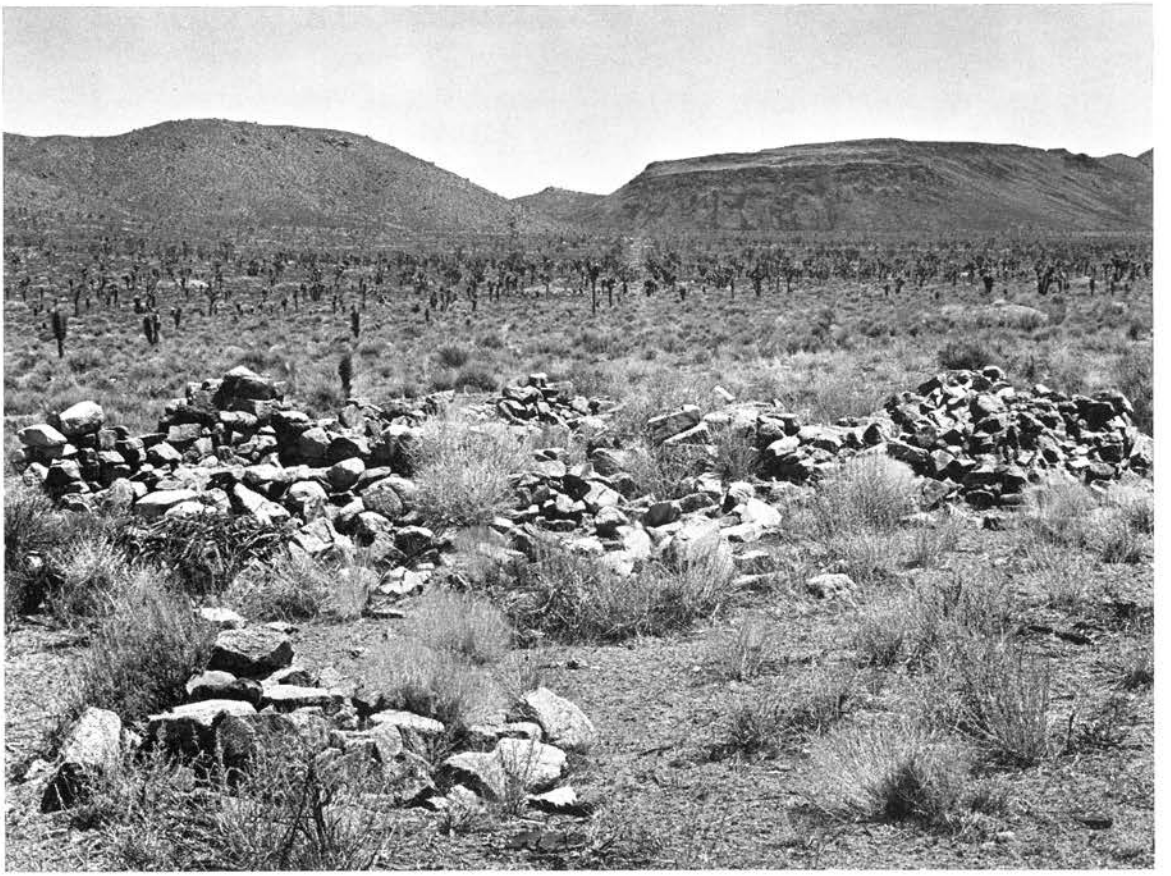
Hastily, for the sharp-eyed, it is to be noted that the correct spelling is Etcharren, not Etcheron as mapped even by the USGS. Also, the lake bed it contains should be Carricart, not Carricut.

The valley was named after old Domingo Etcharren, whose son Ted still lives in Lone Pine.

In 1903 Domingo Etcharren, in partnership with John Carricart, started running sheep in the valley and surrounding hills. The sheep lost so much wool on the brush, which was very abundant in those years of more rain, that they gave up after a year.



Carricart (Carricut) Dry Lake in Etcharren (Etcheron) Valley



Historic Howard Ranch. Faint signs of the old Ballarat stage road lead into Shepherd Canyon beyond.

Carricart went to Johannesburg and established a prosperous blacksmith shop, shoeing the freight teams and repairing the wagons.

Domingo Etcharren then formed a partnership with Silas Reynolds, in 1904, running cattle and horses in the area. They did well. At the same time, they worked some mines on the west slope of the Argus Range.

Etcharren and Reynolds sold their cattle to Charlie Summers about 1912. Summers, now 74 and living in Lone Pine, continued to run cattle and horses as far over as Coso Peak and Coso Hot Springs while headquartering at Junction Ranch for 20 years.

Altho Junction Ranch is popularly presumed to be the changing station for the connecting stages, it was actually the old Howard Ranch at the foot of the Shepherd Canyon grade into Etcharren. Of this only stone foundations outline the site.

Frank Crysler, who lived at Junction Ranch in 1907 and 1908, used to

drive a four horse stage from Darwin through Etcharren Valley and Shepherd Canyon to Ballarat, changing at the Howard Ranch. Scheduled time: 8 hours "down," 10 hours on the return trip up the steep slopes from Panamint Valley.

Two miles north of Junction Ranch there is another walled outline—of an extensive corral. While it may have been a quick stop for the stages, being well supplied with water from Tennessee Spring on the nearby slopes of 8850 foot Maturango Peak, it appears to have been built in 1880 for the freight wagons hauling supplies into and ore out of the area.

Of Junction Ranch's origin little is known, but as early as 1871-5 it was important enough to be mapped by Lt. Wheeler.

After John Carricart closed his blacksmith shop in Johannesburg, he returned to live at Junction Ranch while prospecting and working a small mine about 3 miles away. Later it became headquarters for cowpokes who herded cattle and broke in the wild horses of the area. One, "Slim" Winslow, recalls that at the rear of the ranch there lived some Indian families who were already wise to the asking price for purple bottles!

The old ranch building, apparently built in the late 1890's, has since been replaced by an aluminum Dallas hut. But out front you can still gaze at a wild horse trap, a rusted arrastra and, ironically, the grilled plates of a helicopter landing mat!

Canting easterly from Junction Ranch one follows the old Ballarat stage route until it drops into Shepherd Canyon. Forking left leads to a real spirited ghost town. In fact, according to "usually reliable sources," Millspaugh was founded by a Spiritualist colony, guided by the spirits to dig where the digging was best.

Unfortunately all they found was a lode of iron ore, too heavy and too costly to ship out of the rugged highlands. Gold was found lower in the canyon about 1897 by a George Davis. About 1899 he sold the claim to Almon Millspaugh who built a mill at Millspaugh to work the gold ore. Why they hauled the ore up the canyon instead of milling at the bottom only the spirits know.

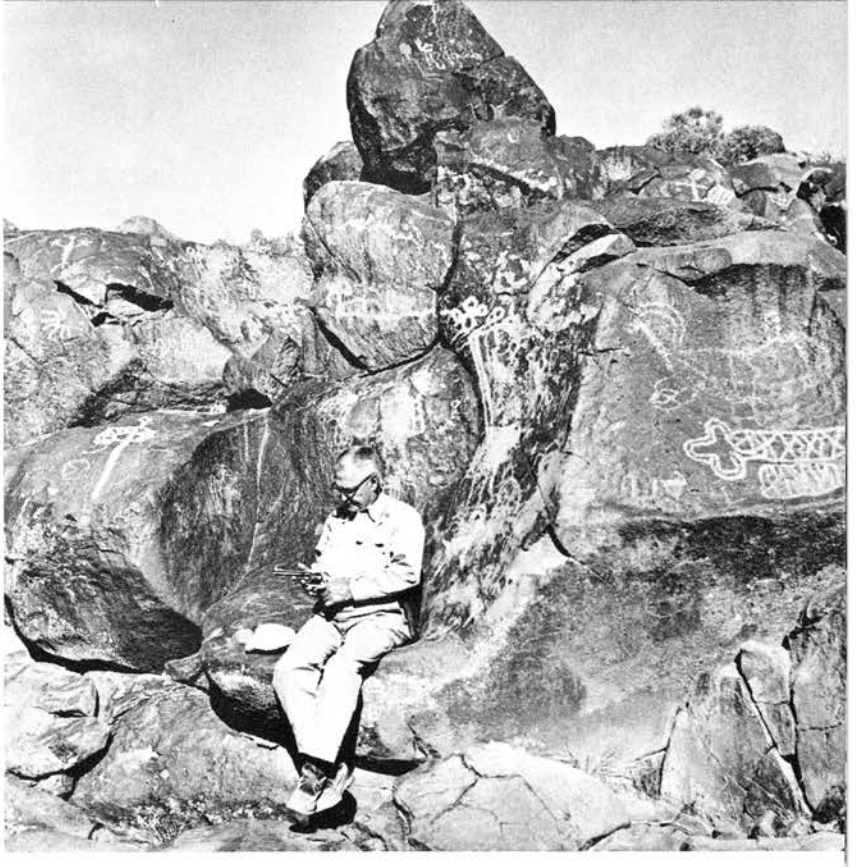
In any event, by 1902 Millspaugh had a store, post office, blacksmith shop, assay office and a population that shifted between 50 and 200. In 1909 a flash flood wreacked havoc with the Shepherd Canyon road and by the following year the populace had dwindled to a handful, including a Mrs. Fowyer and her daughters.

The mill and blacksmith shop were sold in 1914. The boarding house was bought by Summers and Butler of Bishop, sawed in two and moved to Junction Ranch for cattle grazers until it was razed in 1948.

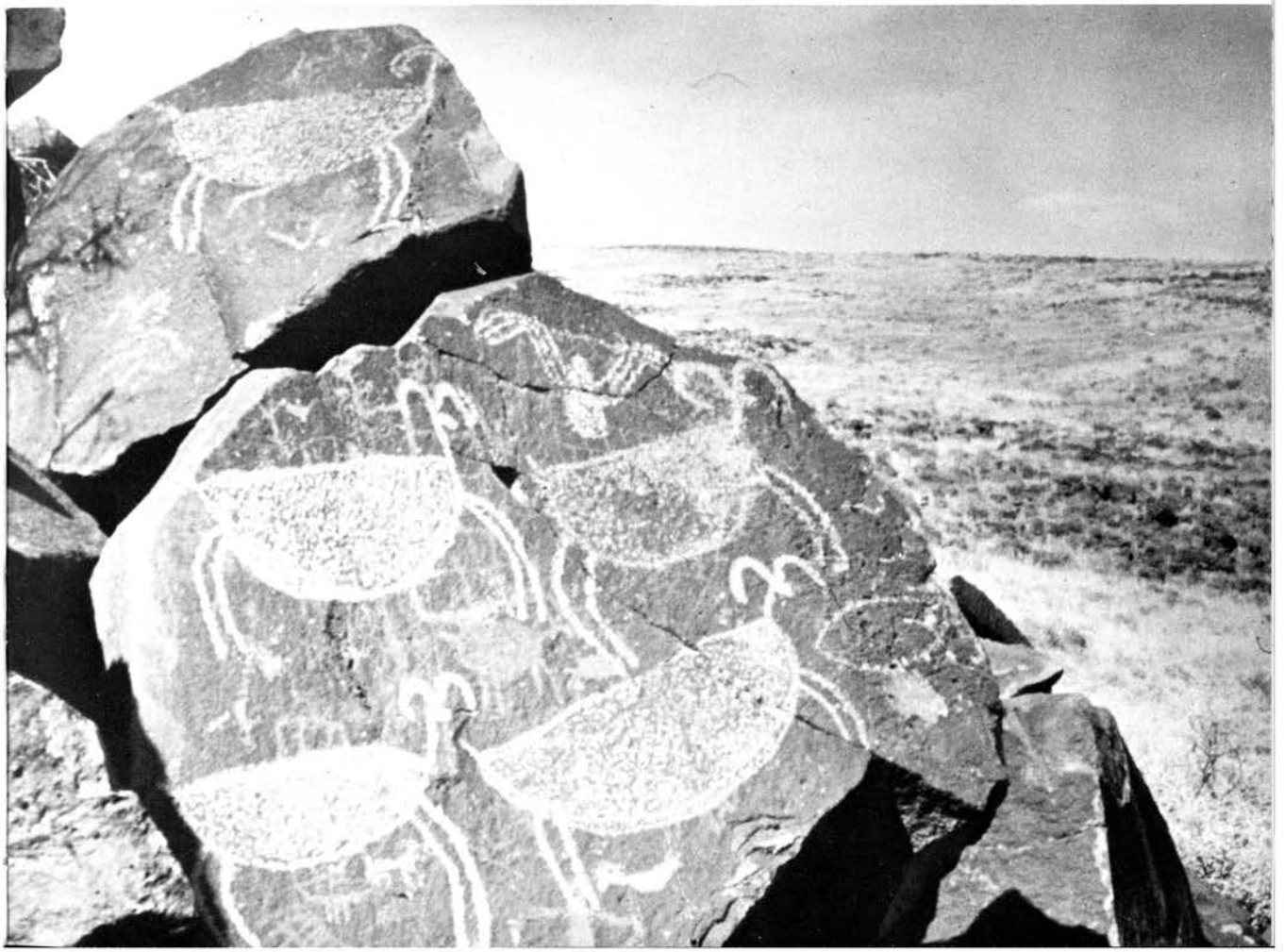
Little is left of Millspaugh save a magnificent panoramic view, sparkling specimens of Specularite Iron and memories of misguided spirits.

While there are countless other trails to go adventuring along in the

The author rests in
Little Petroglyph Canyon



(below) At the head of Big Petroglyph Canyon



Coso-Argus area, few if any are as notable as the famous petroglyphs. Although they can be seen here, there, most everywhere, the aptly named Little Petroglyph and Big Petroglyph canyons provide the greatest concentration of "the largest collection of Indian rock carvings in North America."

The area was recently designated as a National Historical Landmark. And deservedly so, for Little Petroglyph Canyon is almost a solid mosaic of carvings from cliff top to wash bottom for hundreds of yards.

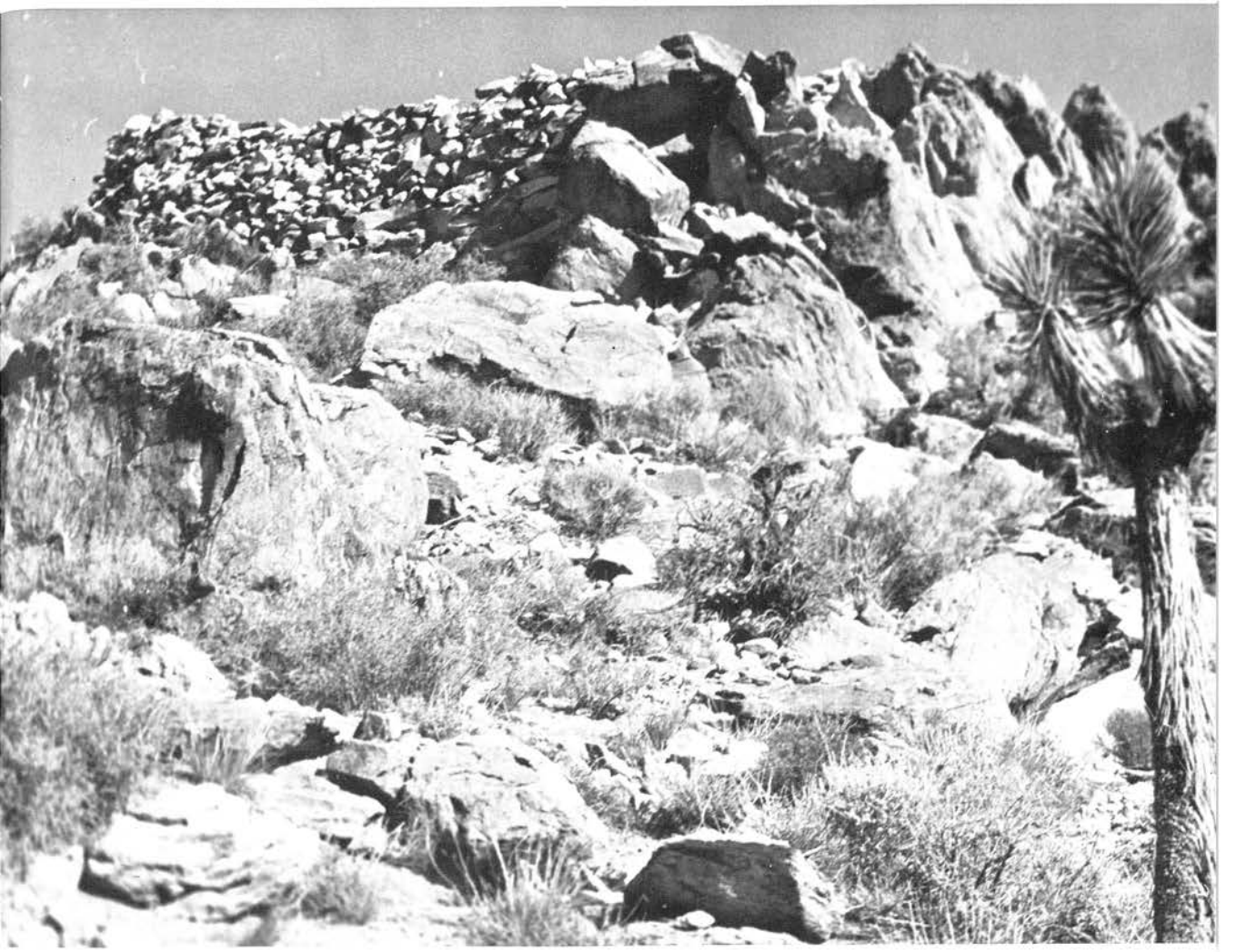
How old are they? Quien sabe? They could have been put there over a span of thousands of years by prehistoric inhabitants. Certainly the high mesas and malpai valleys provided plenty of piñon pines and ample water for grass, game and Indians in a happy, tho less than lush, hunting ground.

The old trails and mine wagon ruts still finger their way into the shadowy canyons and across the flats. Parts of the old stage routes cling to the slopes where they escaped conversion into the bladed dirt roads that meander back into time. Save as names on maps and in the memories of a few who remember 'way back when, the Coso camps still left are fast fading into a past that will all too soon be forgotten.

Acknowledgment for much of the information is made to the old timers who remember back when and to George Koenig for sharing his unpublished material on the Coso-Argus area.

SEWELL "Pop" LOFINCK

Long before they were sealed off as the China Lake Naval Ordnance Test Station, most of the Coso camps were forgotten history. For over 20 years "Pop" Lofinck rode its vast outer ranges with a six shooter on his hip—by jeep and helicopter. Now by-lined columnist for the NOTS "Rocketeer" his beat covers a fascinating out-of-bounds land of sites and scenes that few have seen and of which even less has been written.



Remains of the old stone fort near Coso, which guarded the camp's precious springs in the canyon below.

Independence Mo. May 11th 1846.

My dear sister

I commenced writing to you some months ago but the letter was laid aside to be finished the next day & was never touched, a nice sheet of pink letter paper was taken out & has got so much soiled that it cannot be written upon & now in the midst of preparation for starting across the mountains I am seated on the grass in the midst of the tent to say a few words to my dearest only sister. One would suppose that I loved her but little or I should have not neglected her so long. but I have heard from you by Mrs Greenleaf & every month have intended to write. My three daughters are round me one at my side trying to sew Georgeanna fixing herself up in an old indiarubber cap & Eliza poor knocking on my paper & asking me ever so many questions. They often talk to me of Aunty Poor. I can give you no idea of the hurry of this place at this time. It is supposed there will be 7000 waggons start from this place, this week We go to California, to the bay of Francisco. It is a four months trip. We have three waggons furnished with food & clothing &c. drawn by three yoke of oxen each. We take cows along & milk them & have some butter though not as much as we would like. I am willing to go & have no doubt it will be an advantage to our children & to us. I came here last evening & start tomorrow morning on the long journey. Mrs Eddy's family was well when I left Springfield a month ago. She will write to you soon as he finds another home. He says he has received no answer to his two last letters, is about to start to Wisconsin as he considers Illinois unhealthy

Farewell my sister, you shall hear from me as soon as I have an opportunity My Love to Mr Poor, the children & all friends. Farewell

T. E. Donner

Tamsen Donner's letter to her sister, May 11, 1846, the day before the Donner Party started west from Independence, Missouri.
From Huntington Library. Reproduced by courtesy of Heritage House Publications.

VALLEY OF THE TWO STUMPS

by BERT OLSON

THE SAGA OF THE DONNER PARTY crossing the plains from Independence, Missouri, has been recorded by many eminent historians. Their story has captured the interest of people everywhere as an epic of stark tragedy, with 36 out of 81 perishing in the snows of the Sierra Nevada.

Rent by dissension, delayed by an ill-fated following of the "Hastings Cut-Off", they were late in leaving the Great Salt Lake in September, 1846. Reaching the present site of Verdi, Nevada, they crossed the Truckee River for the last time and headed up a steep canyon, camping near a spring in a fine grove of pines at the top of the ridge. By now it was late October and unusually early snows had started.

Next day the wagon train started down the steep incline into Dog Valley, as it is known today. It was an exceedingly difficult descent, during which one of the George Donner wagons broke an axle and overturned. In its repair, George Donner suffered a severe gash on his right hand—an accident that was to have a profound bearing on the lives of the Donner families as they fell behind.

The forward section of the main party hurried on, endeavoring to reach the summit of the Sierras before the snow closed the pass. The accounts of their repeated attempts to scale the summit and the tragedies that befell them throughout that terrible winter of 1846-7 have been chronicled in many liter-

The Emigrant Trail ascending the hills west of Verdi, Nevada.

ary works. And today monuments mark the site of the Breen, Graves, Murphy, Keseberg "cabins" on the shores of Donner Lake.

But what of the Donners, who ironically never saw the pass or lake now named for them?*

There were six wagons in the Donner families' train, five owned by the Donner brothers, the other by Mrs. Wolfinger who joined the Donners after the loss of her husband.

With worsening weather, the party set about cutting logs for cabins in the growing realization there now was no way out. They must winter in Alder Creek Valley if they were to survive. But by the morning of November 3, deep snow covered their campground. They immediately abandoned plans for log cabins and feverishly began constructing make-shift shelters with tree boughs, bed comforters and canvas from the wagon tops.

Three such shelters were made. That of the Jacob Donners had been placed just across Alder Creek, or the little rivulet which flows into the creek from the west, a few hundred feet from a tall pine tree near the George Donners' shelter. However, the Jacob Donner location has been questioned for many years. Some historians locate it as further south, with quite an intervening distance between the camps of the two brothers. The third

*At the bitter end, Tamsen Donner and her children sought refuge at the lake camp. But, under the circumstances, whether they were aware of the lake or pass is speculative.

brush shelter, built tepee style, housed the three teamsters employed by the Donners. According to some reports, it was close to the Jacob Donner campsite.

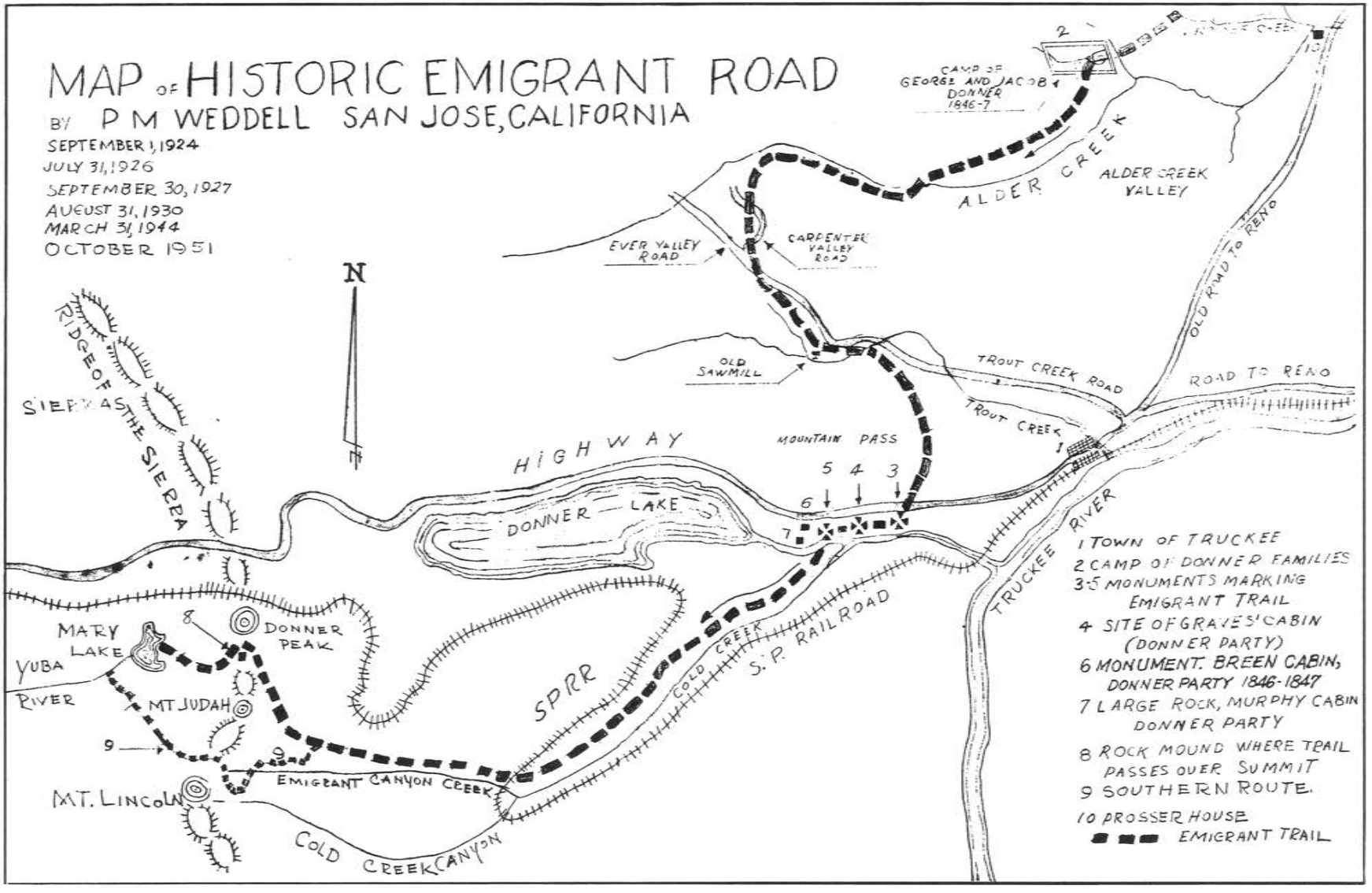
In the tragic months between December 1846 and March 1847, eight adults and children out of the 21 perished of exposure and starvation. These were George Donner, Jacob and Elizabeth Donner and their sons Lewis and Samuel, and the three teamsters—James Smith, Samuel Shoemaker and Joseph Reinhardt.

For over a hundred years the little valley nestling in the foothills of the Sierras slept in quiet peace, a silent sepulchre disturbed only for short intervals by the sound of the lumberman and the passage of cattle browsing among the sage and grass-covered bottom lands. Occasionally hunters and travelers crossed its perimeter bound for the forest which surrounded it on three sides. Not many came to visit and few knew or cared of its tragic history.

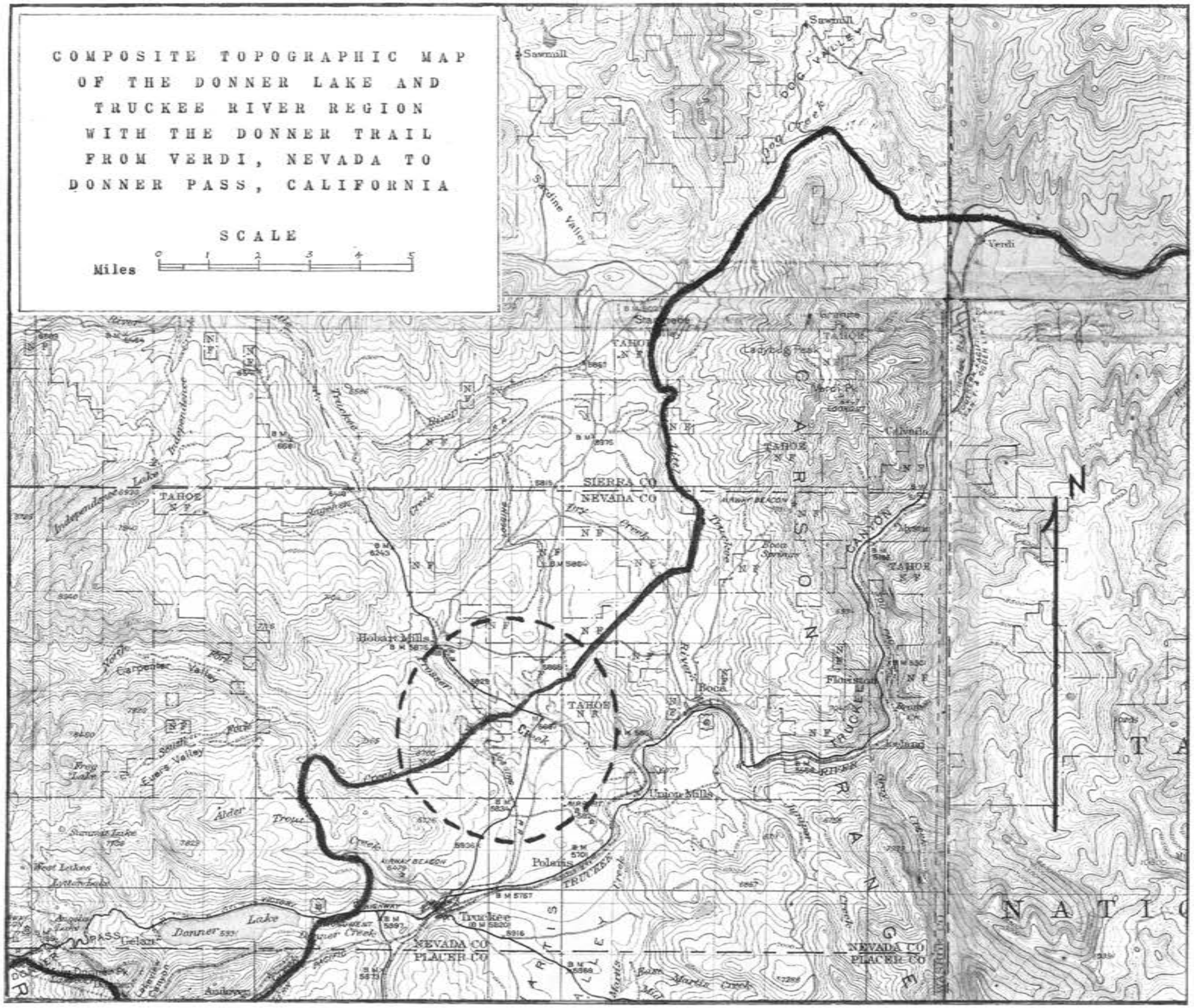
The rocky bed of Alder Creek still meandered through the little valley's center, now nearly covered by a tangle of brush in its upper reaches but open to the sky as it wound through the curving lowland to join with the larger stream known as Prosser Creek.

Much of the tall timber had been logged and carried away, first by team and later by a little narrow gauge railroad which circled its way around the valley edge and over the hills to the saw mills at Truckee or Hobart Mills before fading into history.

Alder Creek Valley and the old logging railroad between Truckee and Hobart Mills, of which only some roadbed signs remained in 1935.



This copy was presented to the writer on July 30, 1952, shortly before Weddell's death on October 18, 1952. Copy on file in the Bancroft Library.


COMPOSITE TOPOGRAPHIC MAP OF THE DONNER LAKE AND TRUCKEE RIVER REGION WITH THE DONNER TRAIL FROM VERDI, NEVADA TO DONNER PASS, CALIFORNIA
SCALE
Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5
Verdi
Dog Creek
Sawmill
SIERRA CO
NEVADA CO
Hobart Mills
Boca
Floriston
Union Mills
Truckee
Donner
Lake
NEVADA CO
PLACER CO
N

Eventually, time took its toll of the old Prosser House, a famed landmark and stage stop in the logging days of the late 1880's and which overlooked the scene of the Donner trail and trials. Even Alder Valley itself was to disappear under the encroaching waters impounded by a modern day dam.

But the tall pine tree that marked the George Donner shelter still stood, altho a massive bleached fork felled by lightning lay like the writhing remains of a skeletal giant on the ground.

And other trees along the edges of the remaining timber eventually came to bear weathered wooden signs proclaiming that an historic, almost forgotten trail once crossed the valley—a trail of early emigrants bound for the snow covered peaks ahead.

Also, until 1963, at the northwest edge of the valley, two venerable stumps continued their 120-year vigil over the Donner camp. Weathering in uneven ridges from the ravages of many years of exposure, they were known as "the Donner stumps" to the pioneers of the area.

But were they?

One must backtrack to 1879 and Nicholas Clarke, who had spent three weeks in the valley and at the lake camps with the Donners. Returning to the scene thirty two years later, he led his companions down into the meadow and pointed out the exact location of the hastily built brush and canvas shelters which the Donners had erected. No visible signs remained, but from memory he retraced the outlines of the camps in detail.

Among this group was C. F. McGlashan, author of the "History of the Donner Party", first published in serialized form in the *Truckee Republican* early in 1879, and later that year in abbreviated book form.

Clarke pointed out to McGlashan the tall stumps at the campsite area, evidencing the snow level from which the Donners had to hack at the tree trunks. And he outlined the trail, still evident, which the emigrants used in coming down Alder Creek Valley from the east, over a wooded ridge and across Prosser Creek.

Forty years later, McGlashan was to pass his findings, in turn, to a vacationing high school teacher from San Jose—Peter Mark Weddell. From this, Weddell spent the next few summers locating the exact trail and campsites. Each year he patiently and painstakingly added wooden guide signs along the trail and at the camp.

In 1927 Weddell persuaded McGlashan to accompany him to confirm his findings. From the old Prosser House they walked across the bottom lands of Alder Creek and up to the head of the valley. Here McGlashan pointed out the site of the Donner family camp near the still standing tree stumps.

The signs which Weddell had erected a few seasons before coincided exactly with McGlashan's location of the campsites and where the trail once entered the valley from the east. Heavy logging operations, the grazing of

The George Donner campsite as marked by P. M. Weddell. View is east down Alder Creek Valley. The Donner trail came from the east, back of the big pine and over the wooded point near the now gone Donner stumps (1944).

The historic Prosser House, now long gone. View is from Prosser Creek into Alder Creek Valley. The junction of Prosser and Alder Creeks is at the low willows to the right (1944).

cattle and the natural growth of underbrush had obliterated the trail ruts completely.

Weddell began to devote his summers to further marking of the trail from Prosser Creek to Donner Lake and up Cold Stream to the summit of the mountains. In time he became well known about the little town of Truckee; and the local newspaper, the *Sierra Sun,* recorded his coming in the Spring and his departure in the Fall with due acknowledgment of his dedication to keep alive the memories of the historic route.

During the winter months he delved into research at libraries to find additional information that would add to his knowledge of the campsites. This turned up a manuscript of John Markle, who led a party of emigrants to California in 1849, just three years after the tragic Donner Party. This confirmed Weddell's markings. Markle had left the emigrant trail at Prosser Creek, in the vicinity of the future site of the Prosser House, and journeyed along the route now taken by the old highway into Truckee.

Markle stated the Donner campsite could be seen from a high point near the junction of the two creeks. And this was the only place one could stand and look toward the head of Alder Creek Valley and see the two tree stumps indicating the approximate site as Weddell had marked it!

Markle also noted that he rode over the area after crossing the valley and found "... fragments and human bones" scattered over the ground in the vicinity of the two stumps.

From other sources, such as logging operators and old pioneers in the region, Weddell added to his knowledge of the old trail and particularly as to the Donner sites. All corroborated his retracing of the trail as accurate. And assuredly, the information gleaned from his trips and conversations with McGlashan, who had interviewed every available survivor or relative of the Donner Party still alive in 1879, added conclusive proof.

In the summer of 1935, the writer of this article vacationed in the Tahoe region and became interested in the Donner Lake country. Following Weddell's signs from Donner Lake over the range of hills east, I came across Weddell, hard at work replacing one of his markers on the trail. It was an interesting and eventful meeting. From then on I was his ardent disciple. And for over seventeen years we met in Truckee or on the trail nearly every summer. Together we explored the possibilities of marking the trail east from Prosser Creek through Stampede and Dog Valleys down to the junction with the present highway at the town of Verdi on the Truckee River. Section by section we rode and walked over the emigrant trail, deciding where markers should be placed and direction arrows posted.

Innumerable times we combed the Alder Creek locality with shovel and pick to locate any relics or evidence to substantiate the George Donner campsite as being at or near the tall pine tree in the valley. At one place I found

several arrowheads. Excitedly I recalled Tamsen Donner had a fine collection of arrowheads which she had gathered on the journey west. But there was also a realistic realization that this valley was once the home of Indian tribes. Were the arrowheads Tamsen's, or had they belonged to local Indians? Quien sabe?

After the passage of over a hundred years it would be difficult to be certain just what possible relics could be found to pinpoint the camps beyond all shadow of doubt.

In going over the many accounts of the Donner Party story, both the old and the new, we do know that their wagons carried, among other household furnishings, many pieces of fine quality china. The Donner women would have prized these pieces; and among the emigrants it was customary to pack them carefully in barrels of flour or other grain products for protection on the overland journey.

What happened to this china?

On his June, 1847 trip east, General Kearny visited the lake cabins and found the mutilated remains of the unfortunate emigrants who had died during the winter. He reported burning the cabins and burying the bodies. Also, that a detail of men were sent to Alder Valley to inter George Donner.

Save possibly for some sordid souvenir taking, the burying details' interest in salvaging the chinaware is doubtful. Nor would the problems of packing it out have been much easier than for the last relief parties who brought out the belongings of the emigrants. Although the latter were quite thorough in their search for valuables, fragile items such as china would have been very difficult to transport across the mountains to Sacramento. And no doubt much of it had been broken and scattered during the long winter months the emigrants were imprisoned in the valley, or left for nature to take its inevitable toll.

According to the few travelers who passed that way in the following seasons there was still much left at the camps unburned and unburied. Nor was it apt to be picked up by other westward bound wagon trains who, hearing of the Donner ordeal, avoided that route for several seasons.

Too, the natural debris of a hundred years, and the results of run-offs from the melting snows, would make it difficult to find any small objects, such as bits of china. Although the writer has picked up many iron articles in and around the campsite, they all proved to be of later date.

Since Weddell's death I have explored the site many times, especially in the vicinity of the marked pine tree. Digging and raking the earth in a large area around this spot failed to uncover anything that could be positively identified as coming from one of the Donner wagons. And at the marshy edges of the meadow near the tall pine tree, where the Donner tent stood, the matted fingers of swamp grass roots intertwine soil and grass into a solid mass. Nothing short of mechanical equipment could uncover anything there.

EPILOGUE

Part of the preceding account of the Donner family camp was written by this writer for the *Truckee Sierra Sun* in several issues during 1958. At that time no markers except those placed by Weddell had been erected in Alder Valley.

In 1959-60, the Department of Interior began to make plans for the dam at Prosser Creek that would form a lake eventually covering the Prosser Valley as well as most of Alder Valley. The project included relocating the existing road from Truckee to Hobart Mills. It was also planned to place some kind of marker or monument at the tall pine which established the George Donner campsite, marked by Weddell many years earlier.

The end result was that, from the Freeway near Truckee, a new section of Highway #89 was built which skirts the upper end of the valley on a high level grade. At the point where it passes the head of Alder Valley, in a bit of historic irony, a public picnic ground was constructed by the U.S. Forest Service. Groups in and around Truckee, including the Truckee Chamber of Commerce, E Clampus Vitus, Nevada County Historical Society and the Sierraville Native Daughters of the Golden West, furnished funds for the bronze plaque which was set into a large boulder at the foot of the "George Donner pine tree."

But it was feared that, with the proximity of the relocated Highway #89 and the newly established public grounds at Alder Creek Valley, vandals would be likely to destroy the two "Donner stumps", or to carry off souvenirs so that the stumps would be disfigured and eventually disappear—forever. So, in July of 1963, the State of California authorized their removal for permanent exhibit at the museum, with explanatory markers as to the original location and long history.

"The Valley of the Two Stumps" is no more. And the waters closing over Alder Creek Valley will soon wash away the tears of a hundred years, when the Donner Party fatefully fought its way across the Sierras and into history.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Valley of Two Stumps

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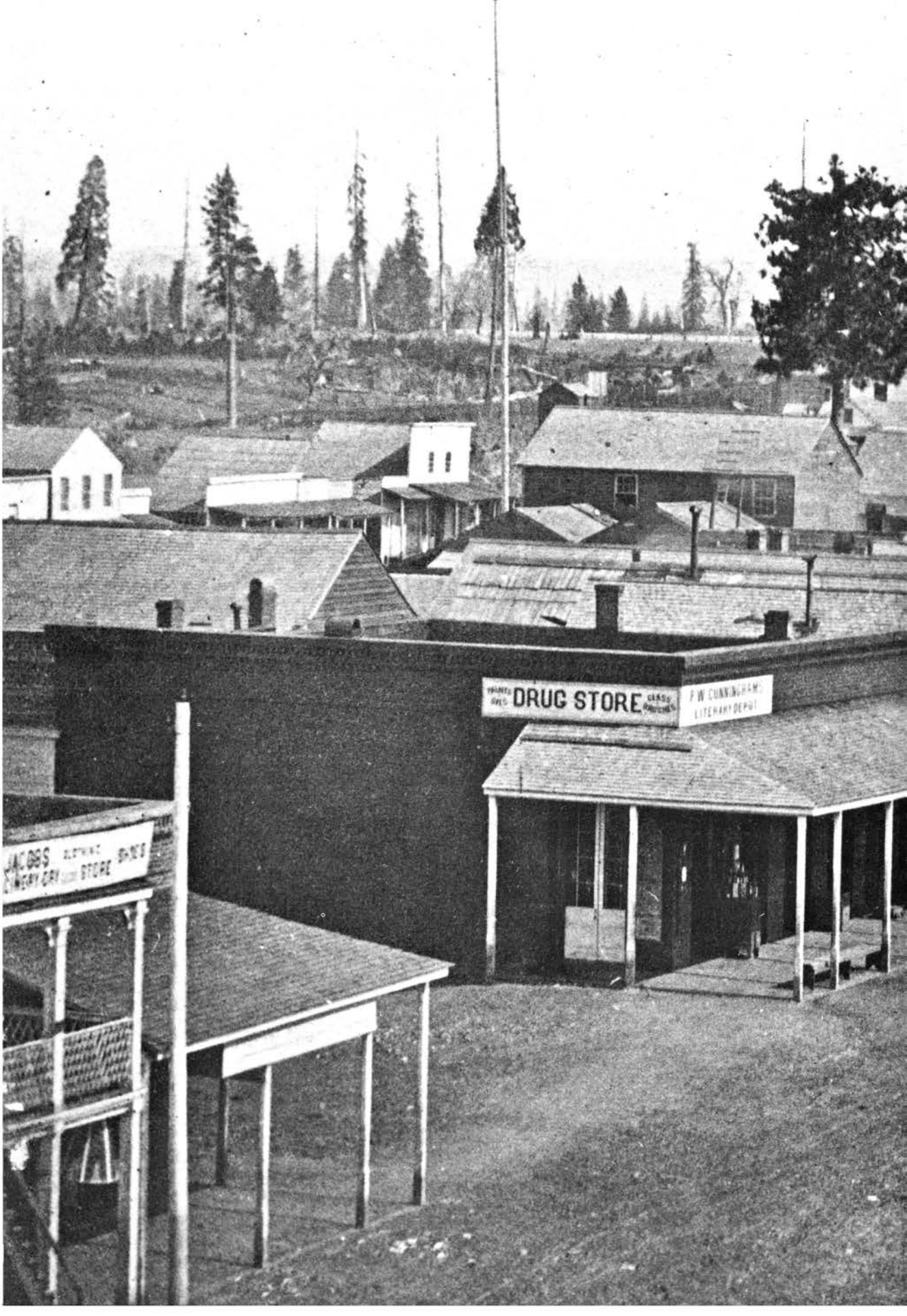
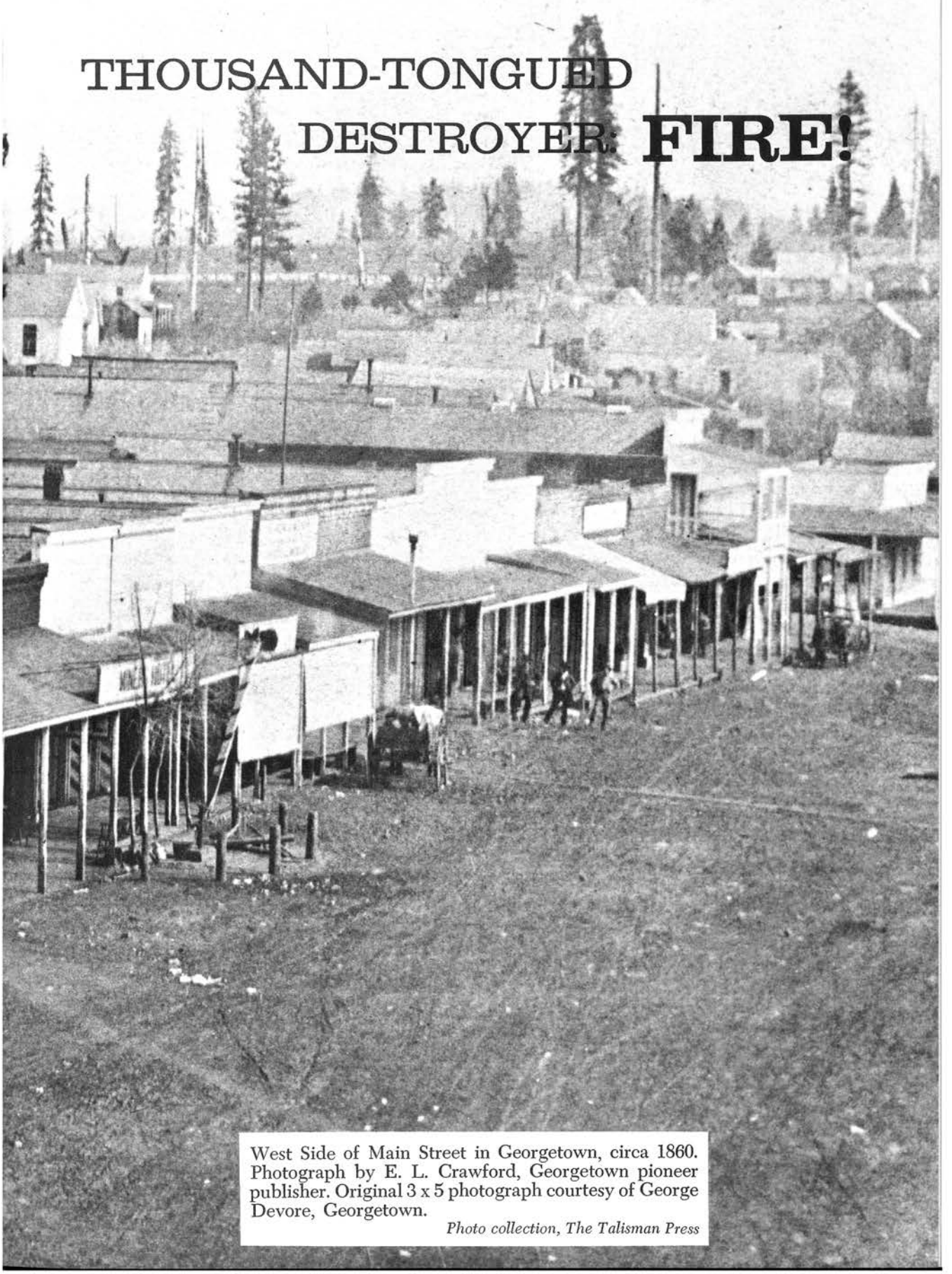
BERT OLSON

The story of the historic and tragic Donner Party has been told many times. Yet there are relatively unknown chapters, such as the camp of the Donner families who, ironically, never saw the pass or lake now named in their honored memory. A former Sheriff of the Westerners, the author of this article has long been interested in early emigrant trails. Particularly of the "Donner area," where 25 summers of on the spot searching led to an intimate first hand familiarity with the Donner story and trail.

In 1935 the two stumps still stood in the boggy land of Alder Creek Valley.


DRUG STORE
P W CUNNINGHAM
LITCHAM DEPOT

THOUSAND-TONGUED DESTROYER: FIRE!



West Side of Main Street in Georgetown, circa 1860. Photograph by E. L. Crawford, Georgetown pioneer publisher. Original 3 x 5 photograph courtesy of George Devore, Georgetown.

Photo collection, The Talisman Press

THOUSAND-TONGUED DESTROYER: **FIRE!**

by NEWTON BAIRD

THE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH the mining camps of California were built, after the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, was frequently exceeded by the speed with which the same camps could be destroyed by fire. What is even more remarkable, however, is the resourcefulness which the early pioneers showed in rebuilding—sometimes several times over—these same communities. The pattern of disaster was much the same from camp to camp. Often a gambling tent or wooden saloon, alive with the revelries of miners, would burst suddenly into flames. Fire would sweep quickly down the streets, through tents, log houses and unpainted frame buildings. Within an hour or two most of the town would be gone. As fires occurred over and over volunteer companies were formed and fire-fighting techniques developed. Though these companies fought skillfully, little could be done to save most of the town structures.

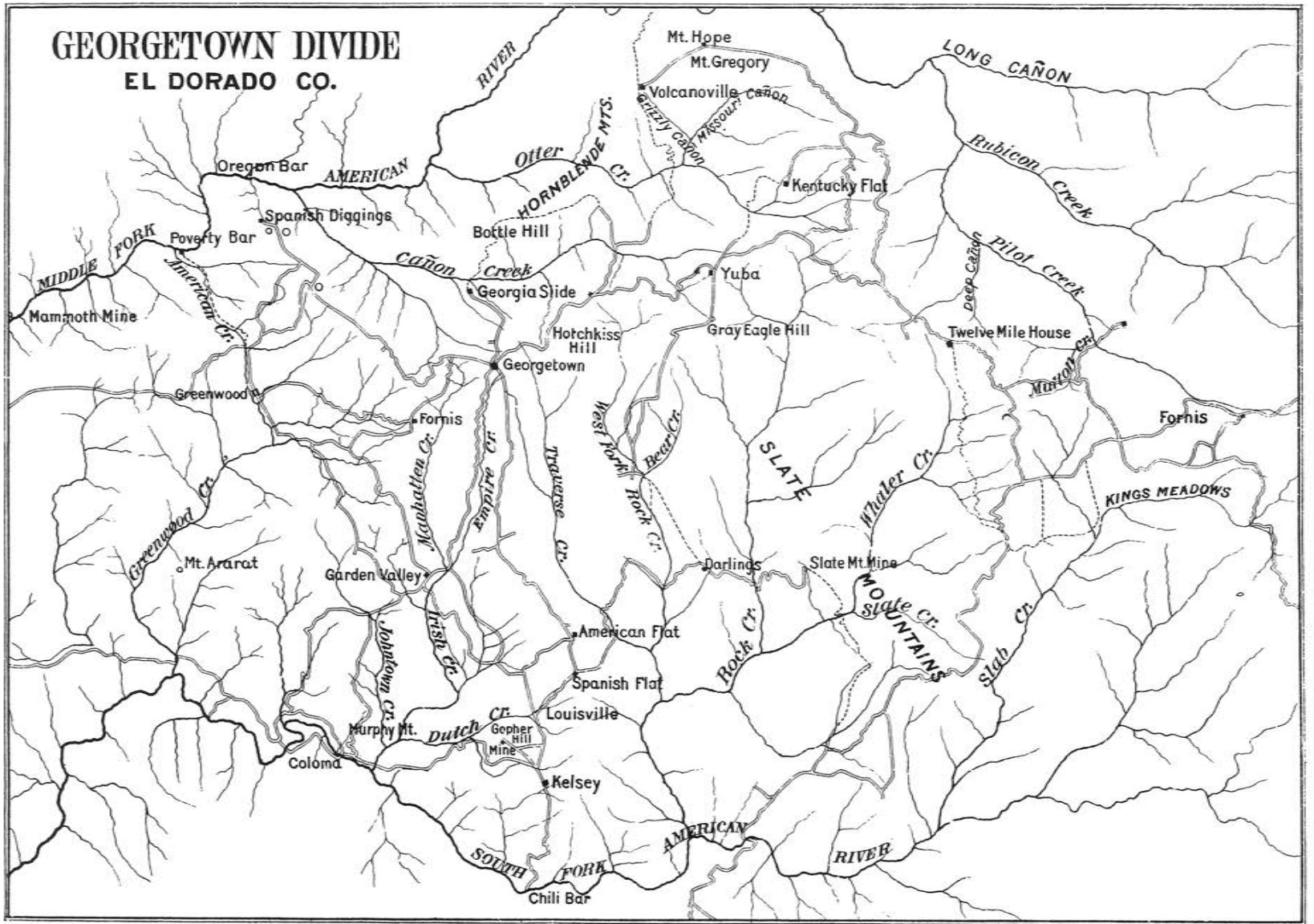
But the disaster itself was often overwhelmed by the resourcefulness with which the industrious citizens, men and women from all parts of the world, from many enterprises and professions, came quickly together in common interest and rebuilt the towns, sometimes before the embers had cooled. And then, when fire struck again, were willing to repeat the effort. There was little time for procrastination. There is no evidence to suggest these pioneers sought outside funds either for master-planning or redevelopment. Necessity, enterprise and self-reliance were the stimulating factors, combined with a readiness and willingness to cooperate and get on with the work.

The mining camp of Georgetown in El Dorado County, California, had a history of fiery disaster equal to any. It was destroyed twice, and nearly so twice more. Add to this at least four other fires of major consequence, and several minor blazes, and it seems miraculous that the town stands today.

In its third year of existence, on July 14, 1852, the bustling mining camp was first destroyed by fire. How this fire and the later fires came about, and how the citizens of the town rebuilt, again and again, their homes and businesses can be told by tracing the history of the fires in available documents.

The first newspaper in Georgetown, the *News*, did not begin publication until 1854. However, in the issue of December 20, 1855, the editor, through boastful enthusiasm about his town, gave us one of the earliest descriptions available of the location:

> "... we assert that Georgetown, in point of location, stability and steady increase in improvements of different kinds, is not surpassed in California. We say nothing but what is so ... Our model town is beautifully located high up on the dividing ridge between the waters of the South and Middle Forks of the American, at an altitude of 2,484 above the sea, with a popula-



An 1892 map, from a United States Geological Report.

tion numbering nearly 1,200, and commanding the entire trade for many miles east, north and west. We are surrounded by a vast extent of country not only teeming with the precious metal, but well adapted to lumbering and agriculture, in all its various branches . . . We venture the assertion, that since the discovery of gold in California the mines in the neighborhood of Georgetown, have produced more gold in proportion to the number of persons having been engaged at mining, than any other locality in the country."

But the town that the *News* editor described was not the original mining camp. Versions differ as to the date upon which the first miners moved into the Georgetown mining district. However, it was probably in the summer of 1849, and the first mining was not done in the immediate site of the first camp of Georgetown, but in one of the canyons surrounding the townsite. Thomas Patten, a pioneer of 1849, wrote his reminiscences about early day Georgetown for a later newspaper, the Georgetown *Gazette*, in 1882, in a series of articles entitled, "Notes of the Past." His version of the founding of Georgetown stresses the importance of the canyons and gulches in the first mining efforts:

"Upon the discovery of gold at Coloma, Jan. 14 [sic], '48, the invaders made that place the initial point, and from thence radiated in every direction. Kelsey, Hangtown, Greenwood, Mormon Island and Georgetown were the principal points of the early invaders. A party of Oregon men on their way to Middle Fork of the American river, prospecting as they went, passing the present site of Georgetown [the second site], struck the cañon that bears their names, Oregon cañon and Hudson's gulch. This cañon was without doubt one of, if not the richest of its size in the State. Hudson's gulch was equally rich. The amount of gold taken out by this party from those two places was immense; no date was kept, and no approximation can be given; they made their pile and left . . . Of those persons who worked in Oregon cañon in '49, there were Cornelius Cole, afterward U. S. Senator for this state, and his brother, afterward District Attorney of Sacramento; a company of sailors from Australia consisting of five worked a small green flat on the cañon and took out untold pounds of gold; their lead was followed into the hill which is still known as Sailor Slide; Sherman Castle, Thomas B. Patten, Twitchel & Co., who built a large cabin on the ridge between Oregon and South cañons, north of the since famous Bull and Mamaluke diggings, and many others whose names are forgotten . . . Georgetown acquired its name from one George Phipps, who early located at the head of Empire canyon . . . Being on the trail from Coloma to the Middle Fork of the American, Georgetown early became a stopping place and trading post and soon grew in importance; store after store was built, goods arriving, miners coming in, and in '49 over a dozen stores well stocked with provisions, tools and rough clothing were established, and be it said to the credit of the traders, they never refused strangers who arrived without present means, provisions and mining tools, taking their word for future payment, and they were seldom disappointed in the men of those days. A few of the then store-keepers were Graham & Hull, Cus[h]ing & Co., (old) Tom Clegg, Little & Co. [John Little, one of the most prominent and prosperous merchants and traders during the

gold rush, with trading posts and stores in Sacramento City, Coloma, Georgetown, and later San Francisco], other names not remembered. The old town was located on the north side of the head of Empire canyon, the traders keeping near the canyon. The town was built near the canyon. The town was built of logs, shakes and canvas, and had a rude and temporary appearance, but life-like. In 1850 trade and travel increased, the sound of pick was heard in every gulch and canyon, the muddy water running down denoted mining above and many a rich claim was thus exposed. Hotel after hotel was built along the sloping hill side above the stores. There was the Missouri House by Chance, the Illinois House kept by [John] McKinney, the Alabama by Riel [usually spelled Real], and others. The town spread rapidly towards and up what is now Main Street. Conness & Reed occupied a large frame building in which was Vanguilder & Hunter's Express; Humphrey & Cunningham, Stelle & Headley, had stores there. The Round Tent, a gambling institution, in close proximity to the Bee House, of its character and its inmates there was no doubt, kept by a notoriety named Joe Brown. There being no directory in those days names are forgotten. In the early days there was no post office in the mines, and the desire to want was supplied by a private express run personally by Mr. Grammer who traveled to San Francisco, received the mail from the Post Office there for Georgetown and intermediate places, and charged from $1 to $2 a letter. It was a profitable business even in those days. The miners were grateful, and as each received his letter he would move away from the crowd, seat himself upon a rock or lean against a tree, to peruse in silence the long looked for word from home. Sorrow and joy in their many shapes could be read upon many a face, and not a few were the tear drops which coursed down rugged cheeks over sad news from home . . ."

Though there was no post office in Georgetown during the first two years of its existence, one was established late in 1851. The first postmaster was William T. Gibbs, who wrote his reminiscences for the *Gazette* in 1903. He not only established the first post office, but also was one of the parties in the camp's first wedding ceremony and later ran his own express between Georgetown and Todd's Valley, a mining camp in Placer County, across the American River. His description of the first camp of Georgetown adds to that of Patten:

". . . Main street began about where the present Main street strikes the ravine . . . There was what was known as the Nevada Hotel and a store on the corner. There was a small street running parallel with Main Street. It contained but a few houses, the principal one being a big dance hall and gambling resort. From the point indicated, Main street followed the canyon west as far as slate point below the cemetery ground [both landmarks still visible in 1966 in the canyon long since reclaimed by nature]. Shake houses were numerous, and there were a number of stores, boarding houses, two or three hotels, saloons and some three of four residences. The principal houses were located near the old spring at the eastern end of Main street. The spring furnished nearly all the water for the town. It was afterwards used by a soda water factory. In the street stood many tall pine trees. About half way down

and on the lower side of the street a building used as a Masonic hall. It was built around a tall cedar tree. Opposite it was the old round tent, used for gambling and a saloon. It was kept by a man named Latteau.* He was a fine musician and was the leader of the band. He was also the Justice of the Peace at that time. He had his office in one end of the saloon, with the bar on one side and four or five gambling tables on the other. When jury trials were held and the case submitted, the games were opened for business. All the jurors would take a drink, play little monte, take another drink, and then get down to business and bring in their verdict. There was no 'hanging' of juries in those days. The prisoner was either found guilty or turned loose. Further down on the side of the street stood one or two saloons and a boarding house. In the latter was the stage office. The line was first opened early in 1852. The agent's name was Merchant, and his grave is in the Georgetown cemetery . . . On the 7th day of October, 1851, the Georgetown post-office was established. I was its first postmaster, serving until 1853. Georgetown at the time had a population of nearly 600, and only about six families. I was married to my present wife in 1851. It was the first marriage held in Georgetown. Everybody was invited, and about every one was present, many as far over as the middle fork of the American river attending. Of course, the affair wound up with a dance. D. W. Barker, known as 'shaved head' Barker, because he always wore his hair very short, fiddled for the dance. He would call out, 'Balance all' and I would get mixed up and step on the ladies' dresses. 'Shave' called out, 'why don't you get into line?' How could I? We had a great time. But very few men were seen under the influence of liquor in those days, and a woman was much safer from insult then than she is at the present time. To insult a decent woman then meant that something would happen to one that did the insulting and it would happen quick too . . ."

Georgetown thrived in its Empire Canyon location, rivaling the surrounding towns of Placerville (Hangtown) and Auburn. But the location, as can be seen very well today by looking from Lower Town Road down into Empire Canyon, was a narrow one, steep and heavily timbered. The town had no place to spread as it grew, excepting upon the steep sides or up and down the narrow length of the canyon. The Round Tent, its canvas spreading in the very center of the camp, lit by candle and lantern as the gamblers and whiskey drinkers jostled each other, dominated Main Street. A lady pioneer who remembered the old town, and whose nom de plume was "Juanita," described the scene in the tent as she recalled it in the *Gazette* in 1880:

". . . A little below the center of the town was to be seen the white sides of the round tent, rising above the smaller wooden buildings like some giant circus canvas. This was the general resort of the gamblers who comprised a large proportion of the population. Within the canvas sides of the Round Tent, was to be heard from morning to night, and from night until morning

*In the Georgetown *Gazette* of April 16, 1880, appeared this version: ". . . the fire originated in what was called the 'Round Tent' owned by N. Lothian—leader of the once famous Lothian's Band of New York—and was caused by a spirit lamp used in taking a daguerreotype of the corpse of Mr. Eber Thomas, who died the day previous."

again, the rattling of dice, the clinking of glasses, shuffling of cards and mutterings of discomfiture when the pile of glittering dust was swept away from some expectant hand. Doctors and lawyers, working men and merchants, wore the blue or gray flannel shirt, while the white shirt was the insigna of occupation and served to proclaim the sporting man, as well as a sign board does a hotel. Men from all parts of the world, of all nationalities and of all dispositions, were here huddled promiscuously together, intent on one and the same object, the accumulating of wealth . . ."

Life often ended abruptly for many of the miners and residents of Georgetown, as the tombstones in the cemeteries and obituaries in the newspapers testify. One of these was a man named Eber D. Thomas, whose gravesite, even in 1915, was lost in the old cemetery. The grave was marked plainly in 1880 but several fires swept the cemetery after that time destroying many of the head boards. If Mr. Thomas' was destroyed by fire, it is a small irony, for it was indirectly because of his death that the first town of Georgetown was destroyed by fire. Gibbs relates how he saw the fire:

"On July 14, 1852, I was at work in the shaft of the El Dorado Mining Company. There were fourteen of us in the company. About ten a.m. we saw a great column of smoke rising over the town. The town was afire. When I arrived on the scene the fire had just reached my place of business. I rushed into the store and grabbed a box of candles and fell over a bench, (there being no chairs then) and the whole business went up in smoke. My wife, with the assistance of a few men, had managed to save the letters and other mail matter in the postoffice.

"The fire started in the old round tent and spread both ways. Large pine trees that stood in the road took fire and in less than twenty minutes all was ruins and ashes. During the fire the old guns and pistols that were left after the fake Indian war [an abortive Indian disturbance of 1852, not the serious conflict of 1849], began to go off. We all went over on the hill where Wentworth now lives to get out of range of the flying screws and other hardware.

"Only two log cabins at the lower end of town escaped the fire, and one of them was used for a chicken roost. I fired out the occupants, cleaned it up, and moved in . . ."

Patten tells of the part of Eber Thomas, one day dead:

"On the 14th day of July 1852, Georgetown was destroyed by fire. A death had occurred in the town of a person from Maine; his friends desired a picture taken of him. There being a mulatto photographer in town they took his body to the operator's rooms for that purpose. By some accident, a light the operator was using, turned over setting fire to the canvas lining of the house. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning; the fire spread in every direction, and with such rapidity that little was saved; only two buildings were saved at the extreme ends of the town. The photographer immediately left town thro' a false fear, no one thought of holding him responsible, as it was purely an accident."

The residents were quick to rebuild. However, consideration of the old site in Empire Canyon was dismissed almost at once. A meeting was held to

consider the possibilities, and it was decided to rebuild on the ridge running north from the canyon, the present site of Georgetown. The ridge was thickly covered with brush and large pines. Only two persons present at the meeting dissented, one being the merchant Francis Graham. His store had survived the fire, being on the extreme end of the street. For a time after the rebuilding he persevered at the old site, nearly half-a-mile from the new Main Street. Soon, however, with his business faltering, he rebuilt with a substantial brick building on what is today the corner of El Dorado and Main Streets. The building remained until the 1940's, giving in to time and change, but not fire.

The new site presented the problem of clearing a large enough area in the heavily wooded hill to accommodate all the businesses and residences that had been situated in the canyon. Gibbs describes the procedure:

> "The first thing to do was to clear the ground, which was done. The miners from the adjoining mines came in voluntarily ax in hand and other implements, and a will, went to work, and in a few days the new town site was cleared. It was resolved that the streets should be 100 ft. in width. Main was the only one that retained that width. The old residents had the first choice of lots; having made their selection, any persons who would build were then allowed lots without cost.
>
> The town from the foot of Main Street to Orleans was gradually built up on both sides of the street. Four hotels were immediately erected—the Nevada House, Reals, Georgetown Hotel and one by a company of Portuguese. Stores, provisions, clothing and dry goods, book, druggists, carpenters, blacksmiths, painters, saddle and harness makers, a public school, churches, theater, and saloons were built and flourished. Situated as it was on the ridge, sloping gently to the south, east and west, it became the prettiest and cleanest town in the mountains."

So due to fire the mining camp was moved, and grew into a town which, by the time the Georgetown *News* was established in 1854, had a population of between two and three thousand souls. As a postscript, one should read the warning of a later citizen. Possibly knowing of, or remembering the 1852 fire, he wrote to his fellow citizens in the *News* of March 20, 1856:

> "GEORGETOWN, March 15th, 1856
>
> EDITORS GEORGETOWN NEWS: I would through the columns of your paper call the attention of our citizens to the unguarded and defenceless [sic] condition of our town, from the great want of water in case of the breaking out of a fire. Our only safety is in water, and of that there is none which is easy of access. It is at the moment of a breaking out of a fire that water is most needed and if at command it would perhaps save our beautiful town from destruction, and prevent those vain regrets that always follow after a disaster, of 'had we done thus or so we could or would have been saved this serious loss.' The present and only mode of procuring water is from wells thirty to forty feet deep, one of which would not yield more than two buckets of water in three minutes, during which time the flames would spread from building to building, baffling the utmost exertions of our fire-

men and citizens; destroying all; nothing remaining but a smouldering pile to mark the spot where stood the pride of the mountains.

I have waited long in hopes that some of our more prominent and influential citizens would move in this matter, but in vain. My proposition is, that cisterns or reservoirs be built at suitable distances from each other, on our main streets, for it is there the most danger is to be apprehended, both from its compactness and the combustible materials of which the houses are built. I would place one cistern or reservoir at the junction of Main and El Dorado streets, another near the Georgetown Hotel, one between Williams' stable and Mowry's saloon, and the fourth and last near Lewis' saloon, supplying them from either or both of the ditches alternately, connecting the cisterns with pipes or wooden troughs, feeding one from the other. The water for such purpose could be procured without cost from either of the ditch companies. After the cisterns had been once filled, they would require but little attention, and that duty would properly devolve upon the officers of the fire company, who I do not doubt would promptly and cheerfully attend thereto. The cisterns could be built of brick, wood, or stone; but the cost of the first and last named, which should be cemented, would be so great as to preclude the possibility of using either of those materials. Wood, if not the most durable, is the most economical and speediest of construction, and more in consonance with the class of our buildings. The four cisterns could be constructed, with all the conduits, buckets, &c., at a cost not exceeding eight hundred dollars, which, when completed, would be of incalculable benefit to our town; and if our citizens would look seriously to their interest, they would not sleep until measures were taken, and in a forward state towards completion, either of this or some other proposition which may appear more feasible to them. Something should be done, and that immediately, or they may awake to the sad realization of their procrastination.

AQUARIUS

The editor of the *News* was prompted to call his readers' attention to "Aquarius's" letter. In another part of the paper, the editor stated: "We ask you to peruse carefully an able communication which appears elsewhere, signed 'Aquarius.' The suggestions therein contained are of momentous importance, and we do hope measures will be taken to protect the town against the ravages of fire. Should it be consumed by a conflagration under the existing pressure of hard times, we doubt very much whether again it would ever be re-built in every respect as creditable as at present." Unfortunately most of the good citizens of the town did not read well enough, or, at least, did not heed this warning, for just four months later, on July 7th, 1856, and just four years from the first fire—give or take one week in either case—fire destroyed the second Georgetown. A letter published in the Coloma *Empire County Argus*, on Saturday morning, July 12, 1856, tells the story:

"Georgetown, July 7th, 1856.

EDITORS ARGUS:—A fire broke out this morning at 10 o'clock in the rear of the Bank Exchange, adjoining the Georgetown Hotel, and where no fire had been used for a long time; hence it was no doubt the work of an incendi-

ary. [A fire destroyed a good part of Placerville the same week, and citizens of Georgetown and Placerville implied that the contest for the coming election to decide the placement of the County Seat, between Placerville, Georgetown and Coloma, might have had something to do with both fires.] It spread with such fearful rapidity that but little could be saved, therefore very many are left houseless and penniless. When the fire started it was calm, but in a short time the wind rose and there was quite a breeze, and the frightful element soon destroyed the entire block, crossing the street northward at Pratt's, and going south at Cunningham and Dowdle's, destroying everything on the east side of Main street, from opposite the Masonic Hall to near the Steam Saw Mill. As though not content with the east side, it crossed to the west side of Main street, and spread so rapidly that in a few minutes all that portion lying between Main and Church streets, and extending from Knox's to the Temperance Hall, was in flames. From the time of its starting until all within said district was a mass of ruins did not exceed one and one half hours. All the business part of the town is burned, leaving but one store and one hotel. The Banks, Expresses, Telegraph and Post Offices, are all burned; the business part of the town is a total loss; and may be estimated in round numbers at $200,000. While many stood wondering what to do with the women and children, gentlemen came from Coloma and Greenwood Valley, with their carriages and horses, and with a sympathizing cordiality said 'Come stay with us, our homes are the homes of the sufferers.' Such acts of charity, so prompt, so noble, are from those who know no North no South, who remember no political strife; and they will never be forgotten by those who can so well appreciate the motives. It is useless to name any single individual as being a special sufferer, for all have suffered very heavy losses. The heartless wretch who started the fire, should be hung as high as Haman; and it is the duty of every good citizen to be vigilant, and keep a good lookout for those who live amongst us without any visible means of support.

"While the fire still burns, several of our enterprising citizens are making preparations for business, and already have the Express companies put up their signs, which will be followed in a few days by others. *Americans are never vanquished.* All was done that could be done to save the town and property, but to little purpose. In haste, yours, X.

P.S. The town is fast being rebuilt."

The fire occurred only days after the town had celebrated the Fourth of July. The *Argus* carried a story about this celebration, noting that it was the last Georgetown public occasion before the fire. The celebration, it said, passed off in "handsome style." Just enough of a shower had fallen in the morning to lay the dust. The sun burst through the rain clouds in time "to make every person happy, and each countenance beamed with satisfaction and patriotism. Little they thought, who made merry that day, that ere the traces of their festivities had disappeared the pretty town in which they were so happy and so gay, with the palatial ball-room where assembled the fair and brave should be licked up by the thousand-tongued destroyer, Fire!"

They rebuilt again. But on April 19, 1859, all of the East side of Main

Photo collection, The Talisman Press

Election Day in Georgetown, November 4, 1890, showing Main Street before the business block was destroyed by the 1897 fire. The American Hotel, at Main and Orleans, is shown at the far right.

Street burned. On May 28, 1869, all the wooden and several of the brick buildings on the west side of Main, from Orleans south, and on both sides of Church from Placer, burned at a loss estimated at $20,000. Five persons lost their lives in the 1869 fire. Several smaller fires occurred during this period. The Georgetown *Gem,* a tiny amateur newspaper published by E. L. Crawford, reported a fire that destroyed most of Chinatown on March 25, 1873. In some of these fires, arson was thought—but never proven— to be the cause. But in 1897, an even more violent if not more destructive blaze swept the same streets. The Georgetown *Gazette,* started by H. W. Hulbert in 1880 during a period of mining revival carried the story this time. The issue of June 17, 1897, reported the following:

> "About ten o'clock a.m. Monday, June 14, 1897, a fire was discovered in the upper part of the Tahoe saloon, a frame building occupied by Frank Scherrer. An alarm was immediately given, but as a strong south wind was blowing, the fire extinguishers and water applied were of no avail. The origin of the fire is thought to have caused by a defective flue. It could be seen at a glance that the whole business part of the town would soon be destroyed. The whole community went to work and exerted every effort to save the resident portion of the place. Men, women and children fought desperately to save their effects. People in close vicinity to the fire commenced to move their belongings to a place of safety, until the upper part of Main and Church streets presented the appearance of a large camping ground . . ."

The 1897 *Gazette* story documents the spread of the fire from one building to another, brick and wooden structure alike, from drug store to telephone office, from restaurant to warehouse, from saloon to Wells Fargo Express office. It seemed at one point that the American Hotel, a large structure built in the 60's would go, but the large locust trees which bordered it on Orleans and Main streets protected it, though it was on fire three times. The hotel was saved but, in 1899, fire from one of the large chimneys ignited the roof and it was burnt to the ground, the stumps of the locusts outlining the smouldering remains.* Another large hotel, the Georgetown Hotel, taking the name of the one destroyed in 1856, was erected immediately following this fire of 1897. and the opening festivities celebrated the unvanquished spirit of the town.

But fire was not the most destructive element in the fire of 1897, as the rest of the *Gazette* story tells:

> ". . . At 12 o'clock all the frame buildings were in ashes. The remaining brick buildings were thought to be safe, but the interior of Jackson's store was soon discovered burning. Soon a regular fusilade of cartridges began, which resembled a sham battle, and then a slight explosion which took the roof off the building. Flames leaped high in the air and once more the hotel was in danger. Next, from Jerrett's, Sornberger's and Shepherd's stores, supposed to be fire-proof, smoke was seen emerging. People had already commenced

*It was replaced within three months by a very similar structure which stands today.

Photo collection, The Talisman Press

The Georgetown Ridge in 1890, viewed from the old school, shows where the town has been located since 1852. Old location in Empire Canyon was to far left.

to move back their things to the houses that were spared, when a explosion of sporting powder in Sornberger's lifted the roof off the rear of the store [site of the Miner's Club in 1966]. Dynamite was known to be in the place. As to how much no one could tell, but there was not more than three 10-pound boxes of giant and a portion of a 25-pound keg of sporting powder in the store. Cartridges commenced to explode, and it was said by men accustomed to handling giant powder, that there would likely be no danger unless caused by concussion.

"At two o'clock it began raining, and Silva's porch was crowded with men, women and children, while others sought shelter under trees, in barns, and the hotel. They did not anticipate any danger and were waiting to see the dynamite go off. At 2:15 a terrific explosion occurred which the writer cannot find words to describe. For a minute everything was like night, the smoke and dust completely shutting out the daylight. Then came the falling of glass, bricks, timbers on fire, etc. Men shrieked, women fainted, and every thing was in a turmoil . . . The explosion completely demolished the buildings that up to this time were considered out of danger . . . A part of an iron door from the rear of Sornberger's struck the residence of Mrs. Crawford, about a hundred feet distant, and stove in the front of the house. Another piece struck a tree in her yard, at least five inches in diameter, completely severing it, and landed in the back yard. The house is a complete wreck . . . The house adjoining, also owned by Mrs. Crawford, had the gable end knocked in and not a window was left in the house. A piece of iron struck the side of the house and passed out at the rear . . .* Nails were found sticking into the posts in front of the American Hotel . . . A brick passed through a door and bedstead, while a large apple tree in the yard looks as if it were struck by a cannon ball . . . At the M. E. Church lamps were knocked down and 27 window panes broken. The school house, 500 yards away, had several windows broken. A few windows were broken at the Gazette office and a little type pied. In fact, there is hardly a house in town that has not suffered to some extent. At Bottle Hill, four miles above the town, old stockings, shoes, and other remnants landed, while pieces of iron and bricks, were strewn all over the country in the vicinity of Georgetown . . ."

In that day, 1897, some of the businesses and residents were insured, and some losses recovered. But the same individual resourcefulness and community cooperation which had marked earlier disasters and their aftermaths rose again. One week after, in the *Gazette* of June 24, 1897, a story headed, "A New Georgetown," began: "From now on let the cry be: A NEW GEORGETOWN! With new buildings, up-to-date stores and a water system, we will show the people that, although we have been visited by the worst catastrophe in the history of the county, we are not discouraged, but will push forward with the energy our business men are known to possess until Georgetown will be the pride of the county. Already the buzz of the saw and the sound of the hammer can be heard."

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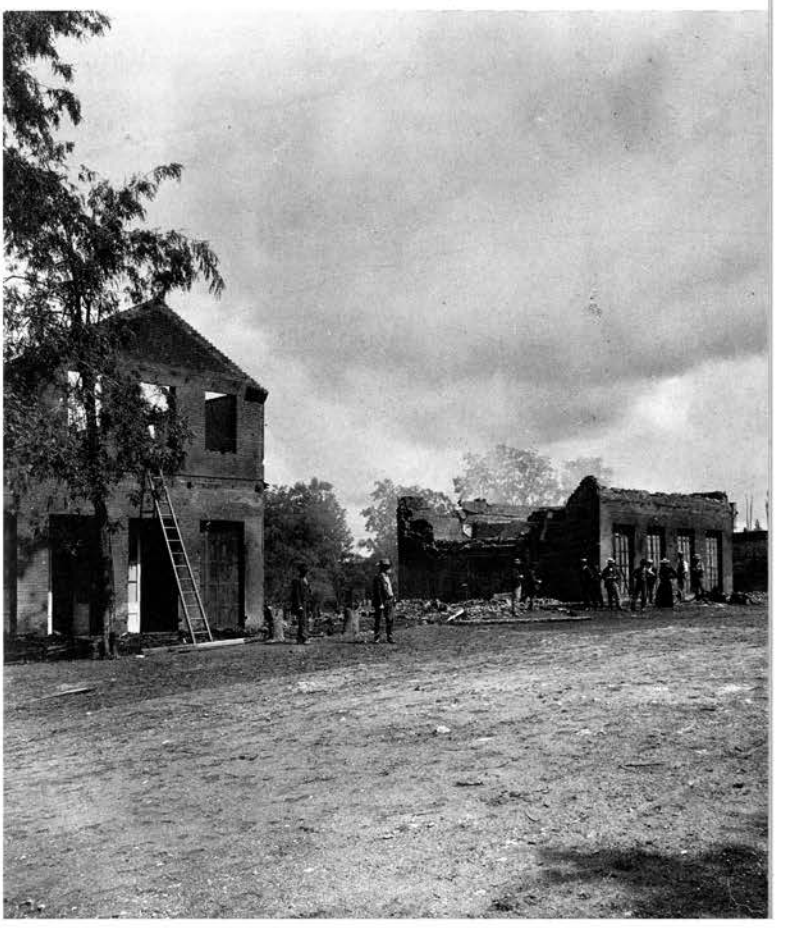
*Other houses stand on these sites today, but the giant cedars still stand on Church Street, one still bearing a deep mark where the iron door passed through its bark, severing the tree next to it.

Photo collection, The Talisman Press



Main Street in Georgetown, looking east, after the fire and explosion of 1897. In the photo above, at the far right, is the American Hotel which survived, only to be destroyed by fire two years later.

One might think that after this disaster, the town having had more than its share of holocausts, there would be no more fires of such size. However in 1934, on October 3rd, the revived *Gazette* headlined: "Eleven Buildings Are Destroyed in $100,000 Blaze." The same block that had been devastated in the 1897 fire was again involved. A little over a week later, Maude A. Horn, daughter of the founder of the *Gazette,* compared the fires of 1897 and 1934:

> ". . . In 1897 we had no fire equipment and very low water pressure, hastily organized bucket brigades worked fast and furiously. A brisk south wind fanned the flames. Both fires started in liquor places . . . Saloons, in both cases, running full blast immediately after the fire . . . One big difference in the two disastrous fires was in the amount of insurance carried, $33,100 in the earlier fire and less than one-tenth that amount in the recent conflagration. One merchant, B. F. Shepherd, collected a total of $12,000 insurance in 1897 and did not rebuild . . ."

The same day, under a heading, "Improvement in Georgetown," the newspaper reported the rebuilding of some of the businesses destroyed in the 1934 fire, and added: "And it is hoped that many others will take advantage of the opportunity presented by the Federal Government this fall and make the improvements they have been wanting to make for some time . . ."

Mining was revived for a short time in some of the mining camps during the 1930's. But the revival, marked by the fire in Georgetown, soon ended. Most of the mining towns were finding survival difficult. With the declaration that gold mining was a non-essential industry at the beginning of World War II, decline speeded rapidly. Those historic buildings that still stand in Georgetown today—whether scarred or unscathed by the fire demon—are a contemporary tribute to the heroic and persevering spirit of the past.

NEWTON BAIRD

Newton Baird is co-partner, with Robert Greenwood, in The Talisman Press, fine book publishers specializing in California and Nevada history. The Talisman Press, which began in Los Gatos and moved to Georgetown in the historic Mother Lode in 1962, will mark its Tenth Anniversary in 1967 by publishing a biography of James Marshall, a 30 year project of Theressa Gay. Their current publication, "The California Gold Discovery: Sources, Documents, Accounts and Memoirs Relating to the Discovery of Gold at Sutter's Mill," by Rodman Paul, is their twenty-second title to be issued. Others include "The Governors of California" by Benjamin Gilbert and Brett Melendy, "Old Greenwood" by Charles Kelly, Dale Morgan's two volume "Overland in 1846" and Doyce Nunis' "Josiah Belden." Mr. Baird is currently at work on a multi-volume collection of letters of the California gold rush and a forthcoming "Illustrated History of El Dorado County," from which this history of Georgetown was taken.

"Chilians." Courtesy of Huntington Library

HELL'S BELLES

by RON MILLER

AMONG THE EARLY SPANISH explorers the mythical vision of California was one of a strongly fortified island with steep, rocky cliffs. The natives were believed to use weapons of gold and to ride wild beasts caparisoned in gold. On the island, ran the legend, there was no other metal than gold. It was Garcia Ordonez de Montalvo who, in 1510, first published this description. In his *Las Sergas de Esplandian*, a popular Spanish romance, he made it clear that he was no literary genius. However, he affected the thoughts of early explorers with this colorful vision:

> "Know that, on the right hand of the Indies there is an island called California, very near to the Terrestrial paradise, which was peopled with black women, without any men among them, because they were accustomed to live after the fashion of Amazons. They were of strong and hardened bodies, of ardent courage and of great force . . .
>
> And there reigned in this island of California a Queen, very large in person, the most beautiful of all of them, of blooming years . . . her name Calafia."

Montalvo was something of a prophet. Gold there was—in abundance. However, his conception of the sex ratio of California was greatly in error. Available historical records show that California women have always been outnumbered by the men. This is true of Indian, Spanish and Mexican California, but it was especially the situation during the gold rush period. It has been estimated that, of the 34,000 people who arrived in San Francisco by sea in 1849, only 700 were women. The proportion of females among the 30,000 who traveled by land was little better. Perhaps this fact explains the persistent popularity of prostitution in Gold-rush California.

Most contemporary writers of California history have preserved the Paradise-like innocence of Mexican California. Richard Henry Dana, Jr. stands out during that period as the lone voice of social conscience. With "anti-Papist," New England hyprocisy typical of his time, he described the morals of California women as follows:

> "The fondness for dress among the women is excessive, and is sometimes their ruin. A present of a fine mantle, or a necklace or pair of earrings gains the favour of the greater part. Nothing is more common than to see a woman living in a house of only two rooms, with the ground for a floor, dressed in spangled satin shoes, silk gown, high comb, and gilt, if not gold, earrings and necklace. If their husbands do not dress them well enough, they will soon receive presents from others."[1]

California patterns of formality have always been as far removed from those of Boston as are the geographic locations of the two regions. Therefore, one should not take very seriously the impressions of a nineteen-year-old Harvard junior in the year 1834. Undoubtedly, prostitution did exist in Mexican California before the gold rush. However, even if one includes the common-law wives of soldiers and mountain men, there was little immorality. There were few residents and fewer visitors on the Pacific Coast. Prostitution seldom flourishes under these conditions.

California had dozed in the sun for centuries. Few changes had taken place after accession to the United States. The land and people were still primarily the same as under Spanish and Mexican rule. It took the discovery of gold on the American River to radically change the social and economic climate of the Territory. On December 5, 1848, President Polk addressed Congress concerning that discovery:

> "The accounts of the abundance of gold in that territory are of such an extraordinary character as would scarcely command belief were they not corroborated by the authentic reports of the officers in the public service . . ."

During the next month, sixty-one ships left New York, Boston, Norfolk, Philadelphia, Salem and other ports, carrying 3,050 Americans to the gold fields. Word had already spread throughout the Pacific. The schooner *Louise* had carried two pounds of California gold to Honolulu in the Sandwich

Islands on June 17, 1848. From that center of trade the news passed by trading vessels to the Pacific Islands, Australia, and China. Strangely, Oregon first learned of the gold discovery from a Hawaiian ship. On August 19, the brigantine *J.R.S.*, sixty-four days out of San Francisco, delivered the news to Valparaiso, Chile. Mexico did not receive it until September. By December, all Europe knew of California's new-found wealth. January, 1849, found the world ready for its rush upon California's golden shore.

They not only rushed, they panicked, pushed, pulled and clawed their way to the Sierras. Germany and France, torn by revolution, sent their contributions. The Irish, escaping the devastation of the potato famine, rushed for wealth. The victims of overpopulation, civil war and famine fled from China's Kwangtung Province. Two nations not represented were Russia, which permitted only diplomatic travel, and Japan, where emigration carried the death penalty. The whole world contributed large numbers of people to the gold rush. Some were not of the most reputable character. Among the early arrivals, the women were perhaps the worst.

Almost all of California's pioneer prostitutes were of Spanish, Mexican or French descent. Most came from Mexico or Central and South America. Between October 1848 and March 1849, an estimated four to six thousand Mexicans left Sonora for California. Many were prostitutes who traveled by ship from Guaymas, San Blas or Mazatlan. Few had money for passage, but this problem was easily overcome. When they reached San Francisco, the captains sold the girls to the highest bidder. They were placed in local cantinas, where they were allowed to spend six months "paying off the debt."

Rivaling Mexico numerically were the women from Chile. More than half of those who came to California were teenagers, some as young as thirteen. By the summer of 1849, their numbers had increased appreciably. In San Francisco they made their headquarters on the southern slopes of Alta Loma (Telegraph Hill). Here, in "Little Chile," both sexes lived in large tents, scattered upon the hill side. These tents were far from the fancy parlor houses that would later grace San Francisco. As many as six plied their age old trade under one canvas. Of the girls, annalist Soule wrote:

> "Their habits were unclean and their manners base. The men seemed deceivers by nature, while the women (for there had been extensive speculators in their own country, who brought many females to San Francisco) were immodest and impure to a shocking degree. These were washerwomen by day; by night—and, if a dollar could be earned, also by day—they were only prostitutes."[2]

From Brazil they came, with dark and somber eyes. Paraguayan maidens, smoking black cigars, were close behind. Nicaraguans joined the stream of immigrants. Of the latter, Mark Twain wrote: "They are virtuous, according to their lights, but I guess that their lights are a little dim." Peruvian women

arrived from Callao, the port of Lima, aboard ships from Chile. Through 1849 they continued to arrive—these women who were "neither wives, widows, nor maids." In September, Patrice Dillon, later to be French consul to San Francisco, observed:

> ". . . industries that public morality in Europe would disgrace with a most severe censorship are here in full activity, and weeks never pass that some Chilean or American brig loaded by speculators does not discharge here a cargo of women. This sort of traffic is, they assure me, that which produces at the time the most prompt profits".

Had Dillon taken a second look, his European smugness would have vanished. There were many large French colonies in the Western Hemisphere. California's first wave of French prostitutes was composed of women from Valparaiso, Lima, the French Marquesas and the Hawaiian Islands. Nearly all the saloons and gambling-houses employed French women.

The San Francisco businesses that kept French women always succeeded. The Gallic ladies leaned on bars, talking and laughing with their male customers. They sat at the card tables and attracted players. Some stood beside pianos and tried vainly to imitate Madame Stoltz, the notorious Parisian playgirl of the 1800's.

By the early 1850's, the number of women in California had greatly increased. However, they were still scarce and profited accordingly. A girl usually charged one ounce, or 16 dollars, an evening to sit with a man near the bar or at a card table. For anything more, a fabulous amount was charged. A whole night cost from 200 dollars to 400 dollars. Some charged even higher prices. Soon the demimondes of Paris were rushing for California's golden shore.

Along the California coast, copies of the New York *Herald* sold out minutes after their arrival. The paper's phenomenal popularity was due to the fact that it employed a rather remarkable Paris correspondent, an authority on French prostitutes. In this manner, the names and reputations of the French ladies were widely known by the Californians before their arrival.

The correspondent's June 20, 1850 dispatch described some of the women who had left for California the previous week. Included in the menu was M'lle Julie Manton, "a lovely brunette with sparkling eyes, a Spanish foot, a child's hand, a Roman nose, and a rosy mouth, embellished with pearls." There was M'lle Frisette (Pauline Leroux), "an ex-actress of the Folies Dramatiques, one of the prettiest women of Paris, whose reputation for amiability was universal among the youths of Tortoni and the Cafe de Paris." M'me Sarah Mercoeur was described as "*écugère* of the Hyppodrome, a tall and handsome Venus." The list continued:

> "M'lle Dina Vernet (nicknamed Diana Vernon) the most intrepid rider of the Bois de Boulogne . . .; Emily Marshall, an English milliner, imported in

> Paris and speaking French as well as her own language; fair complexion, rosy ringlets, black eyes, etc.; M'lle Gabrielle La Bruniere, a Spanish Creole, for the appearance of figure but an Italian woman . . . Such is the Pleiad of brilliant stars who have deserted Paris for the city of San Francisco. A host of fallen angels, who go to purify themselves in a bath of gold, and who will undoubtedly revolutionize the shores of the Sacramento . . ."

According to one source in 1851, the most popular San Francisco beauties were Helene, Marguet, Arthémise, Emilie, Lucy, Marie, Lucienne, Madame Meyer, Madame Weston, Maria, Madame Mauger, Eléanore and Angéle. Occasionally, they would hide their real business and pretend to be dressmakers or milliners. Most of them were quite shameless and scrawled their names and hours in big letters on their doors. In Paris, most had been streetwalkers of the cheapest sort. Of them, the French journalist and playwright Albert Benard de Russailh, commented frankly:

> "Americans were irresistibly attracted by their graceful walk, their supple and easy bearing, and charming freedom of manner, qualities, after all, only to be found in France; and they trooped after a French woman whenever she put her nose out of doors, as if they could never see enough of her. If the poor fellows had known what these women had been in Paris, how one could pick them up on the boulevards and have them for almost nothing, they might not have been so free with their offers of $500 or $600 a night. A little knowledge might have cooled them down a bit."[3]

Many of the first mademoiselles earned enough in a month to go home to France and live comfortably for the rest of their lives. A few were not so lucky. Perhaps Benard's analysis of their failure was a correct one. He wrote that "no doubt, they were blind to their own wrinkles and faded skins, and were too confident in their ability to deceive Americans regarding the dates on their birth certificates."

Les Francaise were landing in increasing numbers. The French government aided in the mass emigration of courtesans by holding a most unbelievable lottery. It was called *L'ingot d'or*, the Lottery of the Golden Ingots, and was responsible for the importation of 300 prostitutes and their associates.

In December, 1850, the Minister of Home Affairs announced in Paris that a national lottery was to be conducted. Tickets were sold at one franc apiece. The prizes were to consist of 214 bars of solid gold, valued at one and one-half million francs. First prize, given to the first name drawn, was to be a 400,000-franc bar. The other prizes would range down a sliding scale to two hundred 1,000-franc bars. The general public was told that the lottery would be conducted under the strict personal supervision of Paris Police Prefect Carlier. Proceeds, it was announced, would be used to ship five thousand of the "poorer citizens" of France to California and a new life.

From the first news of the gold strike in 1848, France had avidly followed events in California. The lottery gave every French citizen with a one-franc

ticket a chance to strike gold. *L'ingot d'or* changed the topic of conversation in France from politics to California. Under its cover, Louis Napoleon and the monarchists were able to kill the remaining revolutionary reforms. They were able to rig the drawing and channel most of the proceeds into their own pockets. The secret police cleared the Paris underworld and prisons of the worst criminals, prostitutes and pimps. Louis Napoleon's critics were added to the list of citizens sent to California. Few of France's truly poor made the trip, but anticipation of being chosen kept them from causing the government trouble. The drawing was held on November 16, 1851. Before the passage of three weeks, the Assembly was dissolved and Louis Napoleon was made dictator of France.

Strangely, one of the first to label the lottery a fraud was Karl Marx. After closely scrutinizing it, he wrote:

> "In the main, the scheme was an unmitigated swindle. The vagabonds who meant to open California gold mines without bothering to leave Paris were Bonaparte himself and his Round Table of desperate insolvents . . . They did not content themselves with putting into their own pockets part of the surplus of the seven millions over and above the bars that were to be drawn; they manufactured false tickets; they sold ten, fifteen and even thirty tickets with the same number . . ."[4]

About 40,000 citizens gathered in the Circus in the Champs Elysées, on a Sunday afternoon, to watch the drawing. No trickery was observed, since the crime had already been committed. Everyone was happy. The lottery was a success, Napoleon II had a country, and many of the prostitutes of Paris were on their way to the Golden Shore.

One notable native Californian, José Fernandez, had become the first Alcalde of San Jose under American rule. He was an educated and observant man who viewed with analytical eyes the transformation of California. Fernandez commented on the French invasion:

> "The French women did much more damage to the public morals than did the Mexicans, because these ex-Parisian sirens, more skilled in the art of entrapping the unwary, in place of allowing themselves to be kept in large houses, where they must share their earnings with the proprietors, rented the best apartments. From these they sallied forth at noon to preside over some table of monte or lansquinet. It is not too much to say that half of the money of which the gamblers robbed the miners and merchants went into the pockets of the sylph-like seductresses who presided over the game."

In support of this view, General Mariano Vallejo, a great statesman under Spanish, Mexican and American rule, claimed that France had sent over "several thousand lying men and corrupt women" at the expense of the government. Another group who fell victim to his pen were the Chinese. He blamed them for harm to the health and morals of San Francisco, stating that they "had made it a duty to keep the hospitals always filled with syphilitics."

Hell's Belles

From Hong Kong they came, from Singapore, Senkiang and famine-ridden Kwangtung. The "Yellow Peril" many called them. They came in a wave that threatened to engulf the shores of California. The state's first discriminatory law was passed. It was a special tax on foreign miners, aimed mainly at the Chinese. Californians began talking of alien exclusion laws. Anti-Chinese feeling grew in proportion to the number arriving daily. It grew fast.

The Chinese prostitutes came to California as slaves, usually controlled and managed by men. They were generally peasant women and short in stature. Albert Benard noted:

> "The Chinese are usually ugly, the women as well as the men; but there are a few girls who are attractive if not actually pretty, for example, the strangely alluring Achoy, with her slender body and laughing eyes."[5]

Benard refers to Ah Toy—variously rendered Atoy, Attoy, Atoi, Ahtoy, Achoy, Achoi and Ah Choy. She arrived late in 1848, or early in 1849, to become the second Chinese woman living in California. She brought the Chinese population of San Francisco to a total of four. Her profession could easily be discerned by viewing the block-long line of men outside her small shanty. Contemporary writers have stated that whenever a boat from Sacramento docked, the miners would run toward Ah Toy's door.

Early in 1849, leaders of the growing Chinese community received a letter from a Hong Kong resident claiming to be Ah Toy's legal husband. He asked that his runaway wife be returned to him. In the subsequent court hearing, the beauty denied that she was married, claiming that her name was Miss Ah Toy. She testified that she was twenty-one years old, had been born in Canton, and had sailed from Hong Kong to San Francisco in order to "better her condition." The court acceded to her request that she be allowed to stay in California.

Ah Toy became a madame in 1850, when five additional Chinese women arrived. Two of them went to work for her, and she moved to a larger house located off Clay in an alley known as Pike Street.

By 1851, there was a sizeable number of Chinese living in the ten square blocks bounded by Pacific, California, Stockton and Kearny Streets. The population of China Town was soon to increase even more. Frank Soule, the San Francisco journalist, blamed Ah Toy for the immigration in 1852 of several hundred Chinese prostitutes:

> "Her advices home seem to have encouraged the sex to visit so delightful a spot as San Francisco, and by and by, notwithstanding the efforts of the male Chinese to keep back their countrywomen, great numbers of the latter flocked to the city. It is perhaps only necessary to say that they are the most indecent and shameless part of the population . . . Dupont street, and portions of Pacific, and other cross streets are thickly peopled with these vile creatures."[6]

In truth, Ah Toy had become active as an agent for other Chinese houses. She frequented the *barracoon,* a basement room under a joss house in St. Louis Alley. Here, she and other brothel owners examined each new shipment of girls from China. In their homeland, these girls were sold for $30 to $90. In California, depending upon their beauty and age, they brought from $300 to $3,000. Most wretched of the prostitutes in California, the "Celestial" females were bought and sold with less consideration than shown by ranchers at a cattle auction.

The life expectancy of a Chinese prostitute was very short. In most of the pitiful cribs and houses, a girl was not allowed to refuse a customer—even if he was obviously diseased. Their plight shocked the good people of San Francisco, who made many attempts to rid themselves of the eyesore of their presence. This was not accomplished until the slave-freeing raids of the 1890's.

The Chinese were never popular among the Argonauts. When comparing foreign women, most ranked the Chinese at the bottom of the scale and the French or Spanish at the top.

Young William Perkins came from Canada to California and fell in love with its Spanish ways. He remained to become the contemporary historian of Sonora. His interests were not all scholarly, however. In his journal, he included several pages on California's prostitutes. His careful analysis was based upon nationality traits. Perkins summed up a rather lengthly discourse with this statement:

> "The Spaniard in all circumstances remains a 'Woman' with all the feminine qualities pertaining to her sex: warm hearted, generous and unartificial. The Frenchwoman is made up of artificiality; profligate, shameless, avaricious and vain, she studiously covers these defects with a charming manner, fascinating conversation and a deportment before the world which is unexceptionable. She is the Apple of the shore of the Dead Sea—enchanting on the exterior, within a mass of filth."[7]

Perkins continued his analysis discussing Anglo-Saxon prostitutes:

> "Of the English women from Sydney and the loose American women from the States, I say nothing; vulgar, degraded and brutish as they are in their own countries, a trip to California has not, of course, improved them."

While the "civilized" citizens of the big cities wrestled with their problem of immorality, things were faring differently for the women in the gold camps. Prostitution in the New England-dominated Sierras followed a different pattern than in San Francisco. Strangely, the girls did not always receive a cordial welcome. The brothel at Rich Bar failed and was turned into the legitimate Empire Hotel. Expressing the general feeling of the Yankee miner, one Argonaut wrote: "For the first twelve months, I think that style of women were wholly supported by married men, and the young men were the only moral ones in the community."

Hell's Belles

An Englishman, J. M. Hutchings, sweated for two years in the diggings of California. Disappointed, but not lacking a sense of humor, he made his fortune by printing on the reverse side of a letter sheet "The Miners' Ten Commandments." By the end of 1853, few cabins were without a copy on their walls. The border was decorated with sketches depicting the miner's life. The text is too lengthy for inclusion here, but the Tenth Commandment may explain the failure of early gold-camp prostitution:

> "Thou shalt not commit unsuitable matrimony, nor covet single blessedness, nor forget absent maidens, nor neglect thy first love; but thou shalt consider how faithfully she awaiteth thy return; yea and cover each epistle that thou sendest with kisses until she hath thyself.
>
> And a new Commandment I give unto thee; if thou hast a wife and little ones that thou lovest dearer than life, thou keep them continually before thee to cheer and urge thee onward until thou canst say 'I have enough. I will return!' Then as thou journeyest toward thy home they shall come forth to welcome thee and in the fullness of thy heart thou shalt kneel together before thy Heavenly Father to thank him for thy safe return. AMEN. So mote it be."[8]

The moral undertones of this commandment are easily discerned. The average homesick miner was virile but supposedly true to his "first love." The "first women" of California had to be straightforward and ingenious in order to gather their gold. One Marysville lady showed such qualities when she placed the following advertisement:

> A HUSBAND WANTED
>
> BY A LADY WHO can wash, cook, scour, sew, milk, spin, weave, hoe, (can't plow), cut wood, make fires, feed the pigs, raise chickens, rock the cradle, (gold-rocker, I thank you, Sir!), saw a plank, drive nails, etc. These are a few of the solid branches; now for the ornamental. 'Long time ago' she went as far as syntax, read Murray's Geography and through two rules in Pike's Grammar. Could find 6 states on the Atlas. Could read, and you can see she can write. Can—no, *could*—paint roses, butterflies, ships, etc., but now she can paint houses, whitewash fences, etc. Could once dance; can ride a horse, donkey or oxen, besides a great many things too numerous to be named here. Oh, I hear you ask, could she scold? No, she can't, you ——— ——— good-for-nothing ———!
>
> Now for her terms. Her age is none of your business. She is neither handsome nor a fright, yet an *old* man need *not* apply, nor any who have not a little more education than she has, and a great deal more gold, for there must be $20,000 settled on her before she will bind herself to perform all the above. Address to DOROTHY SCRAGGS, with real name. P.O. Marysville.[9]

If the average Yankee miner had rejected the pioneer prostitute, it was only to receive the cold shoulder from the few "honest" women in the hills. His disillusionment with the girl who considered the mere miner below her is shown in a popular song of the time. One of the verses of "Seeing the Elephant" went:

"I fell in love with a California girl
Her eyes were gray, her hair did curl;
Her nose turned up to get rid of her chin,
Says she, 'You're a miner, you can't come in!"

Obviously, the first women had received a reprieve from oblivion. Even though they were not accepted, they were in command numerically. This is not to say that they outnumbered the men in California. They did, however, surpass in numbers their "honest" sisters from the East. Most important, they were friendly women in a lonely land.

As time passed, the influence of Victorian womanhood increased. In the early years of 1849-51 their ranks were too meager to be heard. They were spread too thinly among the Sierras. The Mexican, French and other early arrivals were still rulers of the scene. Then a new tune was heard in the mountains and cities of California. The opening verse went as follows:

"Oh, do you remember Sweet Betsy from Pike
Who crossed the wide prairies with her lover, Ike,
With two yoke of oxen and one spotted hog,
A tall shanghai rooster, an old yaller dog?
Singing good-bye Pike County, good-bye for a while
We'll come back again when we've panned out our pile."

Awkward, lean and lanky, dressed in calico, the Pike County belles rode prairie schooners west. They traveled with their husbands from many spots along the American frontier. Betsy was tough and simple. She worked like a mule. Most important, she was a good woman.

The Sonora observer, William Perkins, seemed interested in nothing so much as the ladies of the town. In 1851, he recorded the arrival of an eastern woman:

> "Eureka! we all exclaimed a day or two ago, on the arrival of the wife and family of our American Doctor. But, good Lord! and I confess my very pen is blushing while it writes the sentence; the comparison is anything but favorable to morality. What chance has virtue in the shape of tall gawky, sallow, ill-dressed down easters, in rivalship with elegantly adorned, beautiful and graceful Vice! The strife is unequal. Virtue must put on some pleasing aspect to enable her to conquer the formidable enemy already entrenched so advantageously.
>
> It is too much to expect from weak male human nature in California, that a man ever so correctly inclined, should prefer the lean arm of a bonnetted, ugly, board-shaped specimen of a descendant of the puritans, to the rosy cheeked, full formed, sprightly and elegant Spaniard or Frenchwoman, even with the full knowledge that the austerity of Virtue accompanies the one, while the dangerous fascination of Vice is hid under the exterior of the other."[10]

Even though she worked at a disadvantage, Betsy had one thing in her favor. The sex ratio was still uneven. At Nevada City's first ball early in 1850

there were three hundred men and only twelve ladies. At Marysville's first successful ball, there were only seven women. Plain and moral though she might be, Sweet Betsy was much in demand.

First slowly, later more rapidly, the "good women" of the East moved in. Betsy's aristocratic cousins from New England waited until California looked safe and then sailed around the Horn. They carried Virtue as a banner and began to change the moral climate of the Golden Shore. The days of the foreign prostitute in California were numbered. The French seductress, Chinese "Celestial" and Latin siren would soon be history.

Nobody missed them until they were gone.

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RON MILLER

Ronald Dean Miller is a native Californian whose love of its history and heritage is reflected in his book, "Mines of the High Desert," a booklet on the Chemehuevi Indians for the Malki Museum at Banning and a weekly newspaper column, co-produced with his mother, Peggy Jeanne Miller, on the history of Cucamonga Rancho. In 1964 he delighted Western buffs and reading public alike with his "Shady Ladies of the West," published by Westernlore Press. In somewhat the same titillating and informative vein "Hell's Belles" sheds a little more rosy light on the days of forty nine!


RITT
ohne Wiederkehr
Kugeln für WELLS FARGO
DER MARKEN-WESTERN
VESTMANN
Lester Garett
ROBERT ULLMAN
Salbeibusch-
JUSTIZ
Der
WAGENBOSS
ROBERT ULLMAN
MÄNNER ohne Sattel
R. ULLMAN
GRUBLINE-REITER
WILDWESTROMAN
FORT
SABA

THE LITERARY EVOLUTION OF THE "WILD WEST" IN GERMANY

by H. J. STAMMEL and FRIEDRICH GASSMAN
translated from the German by Don F. Meadows, M.A.
Instructor of German, Yuba College, Marysville, California

THE AMERICAN PIONEER, especially the cowboy, has won the love of Germany's young and not so young. It was not only a love at first sight but enduring with a constancy unequalled in a world of changing appeals.

The heroes of German literature have been many and varied—Greeks, Romans, Teutons, Huns, Vikings, knights, Saracens, Condottieri, mercenaries, pirates and Napoleonic troopers. Each held the literary stage briefly, then faded away. But the American cowboy, favorite of generations of Germans, a symbol of freedom beyond their grasp, is today more popular than ever.

However, for half a century pseudo-literature portrayed the so-called American Wild West as the rebirth of a caveman culture. Indeed, until only a few years ago German belles-lettres completely ignored the Western novel as well as the very concept of pioneer history. German novels about the Old West remained exclusively in the lowest stratum of hack writing. Historically accurate accounts simply did not exist. Ethnological seminars at the universities ignored America's frontier history. Professional historians were not interested. Libraries were overflowing with books yet one who sought information about the pioneers sought in vain. The book trade handled adventure literature of all countries and epochs but spurned that of the American pioneer period. Not a single legitimate publishing house dreamed of publishing anything in this area and the boulevard press, traditionally the worshipper of "public taste," completely overlooked the fact that over twenty percent of the populace regularly devoured Western novels and films.

Radio and television now and then condescended to recognize Western novels and films but only as aberrations of taste. No editor bothered to deal with this material either as literature or history. Even educational radio programs for the schools avoided the story of the frontier as a historical pariah. In elementary and intermediate schools a teacher was considered a heretic of good taste if he so much as uttered a few sentences about the building of the American transcontinental railroad. Textbooks considered the Wild West only as a former emigrant reservation for undesirable Germans, an intellectual and moral detention camp for Old World radicals.

Essentially, this universal rejection by educated circles can be traced to the nearly complete break with European cultural traditions and the radical

shift to uncivilized conditions which accompanied the unique conquest of the Wild West. The heirs of European culture experienced this as a shocking, unredeeming atavism. The German esteem for "culture" at the turn of the century had gradually assumed the role of a second religion. Thus the Germans lacked the open-mindedness to recognize in the barbaric aspects of the American pioneer the rejuvenation of elemental human values threatened with extinction by an increasingly technical civilization moving toward total regimentation.

For the educated readers and arbiters of literary taste this historical process, of which they had at best only a superficial knowledge, was a literary caricature that betrayed no hint of deeper significance. They refused to acknowledge serious works by American writers. To be sure, there were some early translations of Bret Harte, O. Henry and Mark Twain. But these writers had already gained a status in world literature. Yet these translations were never really successful for the theme itself was suspect.

It was merely the basic charm of adventure and romance which continued to attract the more naive, instinct-prone popular authors. These hoped, by promoting tales of exploration, to break away from the provincial trend of tear-jerking escape novels set in the milieu of German nobility. For this was Germany's period of awakening in imperialistic colonial ventures. European kings and emperors were sending out expeditions to conquer new continents and open immense resources of raw materials. At home the boulevard press ground out travel-centered stories. While some were interesting, most were dull. But Germany's self-awareness as a nation was climbing to new heights. A popular writer needed only to season his travel tale with some German Manifest Destiny to see sales soar. However, the lack of a good copyright law resulted in publishers thriving while authors withered on the financial vine.

All of this abruptly changed with Karl May, a frail little man from Saxony. While serving his second term for robbery in the state prison, where he had charge of the library, he created the noble German adventurer "Old Shatterhand" and the Apache chieftan "Winnetou"—two characters who were destined to conquer the Wild West and bestow upon that part of the world the advantages of a German-Occidental moral heritage.

Out of fragmentary sources of the most varied sort and with a schizophrenic imagination, May created fictional settings which he labeled with real geographical names. His tales, considered authentic in Germany for many decades, are historically worthless. They were voluminous tales of a German hero without fear or blemish who set out to hammer into the American heathens by means of his "fist of iron" a due respect for Europe as the mother of all spiritual revolutions.

May's publisher experienced a record breaking demand. A simple, hackneyed vocabulary of 3000 words produced, year after year, new convulsions

in the literary market place. Karl May walked out of prison a rich man. He added "Doctor" to his name and traveled throughout Germany attired in a Buffalo Bill costume, complete with Winchester and Sharps rifles. The admiring clergy celebrated him as a messiah. The book trade considered him a walking gold mine. To the academic world he was the embodiment of a super-hero.

Finally a disrespectful journalist exposed May's "factual accounts" as frauds, the product of pure fantasy. The Western novel as well as the whole American pioneer history was again exiled, almost overnight, to a literary ghetto.

The market then split into two segments: literature and pseudo-literature, for which latter category the term *Edelkitsch* (noble trash) was later coined. Through this move the educated circles regained face and were bitterly determined to defend their image against any future threat. Henceforth all Western writing was *a priori* branded as hack work, even if this tended to be unfair, as for example with the translations of Bower's *Chip of the Flying U* (1908), Spearman's *Whispering Smith* (1908), Mulford's *Bar 20* (1909), McLeod Raine's *Hopalong Cassidy* and *Bucky Connor* (1912) and Grey's *Riders of the Purple Sage* (1913). For decades these translations were the only attempts to balance the American version against May's historical tour de force. But these American classics could not breach the solid resistance of the book trade nor the prejudice of the intellectuals.

Meanwhile, May's books continued to set new records. Each year they sold by the millions, with their strong homosexual undertones deeply embedded under a morally pure Christian veneer. Scorn for Jews and foreigners in general, nationalistic ideas of inherent German superiority, Messianic-inflated human idealism, homoerotic sexual titillations and a sadism bordering on the orgiastic—all these qualities, coupled with absolute historical worthlessness, even today have failed to convince either the usually zealous German state censors or the Church to withdraw their recommendations of Karl May as suitable reading for young people.

However, the masses instinctively soon sought out another literary genre which arose after the first World War—the Dime Novel, which even the dullest intellect could devour raw in a short time. First to appear were the American translations. But soon the publishers noted that these five-Pfennig novels were bringing in millions in a period when ninety percent of all Germans were unemployed and had time on their hands. The translators took the hint. They began turning out their own Wild West creations on a production line basis. Even then they couldn't meet the demand. Before long the writer's entire family, sometimes his whole clan, were turning out Westerns by the pound.

Then the Hitler regime came along and American super-heroes were

suddenly unpopular. And Hitler found eager supporters of this ban among the German intellectuals who again refurbished the German superman as an ersatz ideal. But this time it wasn't done under the sign of the Christian Occident. Now the image was that of an atheistic Viking figure, the unrelenting Germanic warrior.

The second World War brought another new literary genre to Germany—the paperback. Again, primitive shoot-em-up stories of the Wild West were served to a public starving for information from across the barbed wire of national disgrace. Movie houses began to feature Hollywood-formula Westerns. But if any were concerned over lack of quality there was little to measure the writing about a Wild West that no one knew. Therefore magazine publishers hired German "authors" to write two, even three novels a week, according to a recipe which made even the late Karl May look like a critical historian.

In these "novels" the plot and characters were freely and carelessly concocted according to the pattern of Hollywood, whose own products showed scant concern for historical accuracy. The works of Zane Grey and Max Brand, which had been published in the Twenties, supplied sufficient terminology to provide a smattering of local color. But the German product presented only a very naive and superficial spectacle. Although there was plenty of riding, shooting and fighting, few words were wasted in motivating and correlating these events.

While the primitive but potent themes underwent continual variations, they were invariably successful. Publishing houses which had begun in barracks with rented presses soon were building majestic skyscrapers, flooding the market with hundreds of titles with editions running to millions, and employing talented advertising staffs and American-trained promoters. While some authors didn't make it, many began sporting a new Mercedes commensurate with their new economic status. Dozens of new novel categories appeared: adventure, medical, science fiction, espionage and whodunit. They came, reached tremendous sales peaks, then disappeared. But despite the inadequate treatment of the material, the Western survived. No other theme of literature could command the reading audience and endure such shoddy treatment as the cowboy, who seemed to fulfill all the requirements of a hero par excellence.

But this very essence of the cowboy, as an ideal of the masses, provided a target for the dedicated scorn of every intellectual who took pride in his status. They tended to overlook the fact that even Homer was "popular" in his day and that the roughnecks in the *Iliad* were not too different from the revolver artists of a latter day Wild West.

Rather than being concerned about this rather significant parallel, nearly all educators declared with one unfaltering voice that the cowboy presented

a dangerous moral example—primitive, undignified, crude and historically false. Moreover, the intellectual not only condemned the oversimplified Wild West novel but also vented his scorn on the basic historical substance behind these books. Thus the limits of reasonable criticism were exceeded and a defensible personal attitude turned into absurd snobbery.

Still, the literary quarantine could not remain inviolate. Edna Ferber's novels became international best sellers. Conrad Richter was printed for a small circle of daring intellectuals. Jean Paul Satre reprinted, in his journal *Temps Moderne*, the novel *Shane* by Jack Schaefer. The German translation of Frederick Jackson Turner's *The Significance of the West in American History* was heralded by historians. Still, DeVoto's excellent historical work *The Year of Decision* did not find the reception it deserved. And real works of art like A. B. Guthrie's *In a More Beautiful Country* or Rölvaag's *Quiet on the Prairie*, which ranks with Knut Hamsun, remained almost unnoticed.

Ignorance and misrepresentation of this pioneer history could only mean a shortsighted renunciation of one of the prime idealistic sources of western democracy. This fact led to the founding of the German Westerners Society, Inc., inspired with the spirit of personal freedom and responsibility to portray a true and meaningful image of the American West.

The German Westerners Society had quite a different task than did The Westerners in the U.S.A. The charter members, in contrast to their American counterparts, did not have access to an unlimited source of historical information. Rather, they had at their disposal only a meager knowledge of American historical works and these were to be found only in small private collections accummulated with modest funds. Basic source material could be found only in American archives. Attempts to obtain public or private funds with which to bring out a journal were unsuccessful. No quality publishing house was even interested in discussing such a journal. Radio and television rebuffed all approaches. The boulevard press was willing only to evaluate Hollywood Westerns in its regular columns devoted to movie reviews.

Meanwhile the so-called "popular" literature had become a major industry. In 1960, six dime-novel presses published a total of 884 Western novels with a total printing of 91,000,000 copies. One out of every three foreign films shown in Germany was a Hollywood Western. With the advent of television and its deadly competition with the movie industry, only the Western remained consistently profitable.

Twenty-five thousand lending libraries, in which the average book was borrowed 150 times in a five-year period, supplied the demand for readers of Westerns. Sixteen specialized presses brought out, in 1960, a total printing of 3,000,000 copies spread among 1200 titles to serve this hard-cover reading demand. Only one press, in Munich, continued to publish American translations exclusively.

These large editions brought great profits to the publishers, but the authors picked up only 300 to 500 Marks per novel. Thus the publishers were able to maintain a staggering production by a handful of writers. The primitive quality of American pioneer history that these works presented requires no elaboration when one considers the novels averaged five days and four hours for creation. And none provided the reader with even an approximately correct concept of Western American history.

To fill the void, the Society saw as its first task the dissemination of historically accurate information on as broad a basis as possible. They also sought to prove that the Western theme was by no means exhausted by historically naive trivia, but rather here was a theme of almost endless creative possibilities for first-rate authors, even poets, and a lucrative market for the quality book trade.

The German Westerners convinced two of the more talented German hack writers to try credible fictional treatment of historical accuracy as having a better chance for lasting success than tales of fantasy. The results were esthetically and financially successful! The authors developed a more mature and measured language. Their characters became better delineated and the settings more authentic. And they sold more books for higher royalties, which allowed them to write fewer but better books than their colleagues.

The German Westerners also succeeded in convincing two dime-novel and four large-circulation, hard-cover presses that serial publications would be made more attractive by reproductions of genuine historical photos and accounts. From then on, these weekly publications contained photos, sketches, newspaper items, courtroom transcripts, statistics, anecdotes and discussions of American history books.

At long last the average reader was able to form a judgment of rudimentary history, which in turn led to a small scale revolution inside the literary ghetto. The hack writers now began to look foolish. Their sales declined while demand for the new authentic novels rose. This was not only because of the availability of books of higher literary and historical merit, but readers were entering the fold who formerly had enjoyed quality Western films but had purposely avoided the primitive reading matter in this field.

Authors who had no access to historical information now began to drop out of the picture. Publishing houses soon felt the dearth of manuscripts and began turning more and more to translations of American Westerns to meet the demand. Few manuscript readers, however, had mastered the English language sufficiently, and qualified specialists refused, as before, to deal with this "pseudo-literature." Publishers were forced to turn to the German Westerners who were thus able to introduce the mass reading public to the best American novels by Haycox, Schaefer, Drago, McLeod Raine, Fisher and others.

This movement toward higher quality was limited, of course, by such factors as format, make-up, price and the general nature of popular taste. But it also succeeded in introducing the "authentic Western" in which a few German authors produced fictionalized accounts of actual historical events, complete with historical photos, illustrations and bibliographies.

Finally, the German Westerners persuaded *Stern*, the largest German illustrated weekly, to do a documentary on the Wild West, entitled "Die Flegeljahre Amerikas" (America's Years of Indiscretion). This crumbled the decade-long barriers of prejudice. Two million copies of this illustrated weekly conveyed, for the first time, a hint of this theme's potential. It impressed the quality book trade. The first of the quality paperbacks soon appeared, followed by the first popularized scientific stories for young people.

The Westerners Society also interested a record company in historical cowboy songs, resulting in the best-seller "Gimme a Cowboy for a Husband." Although it fell somewhat short of one's expectations, overnight the so-called German hill-billy craze hit the record market. Soon every third tune was a Western. Television bought up the first Western serial films. Karl May was filmed. German versions of *Oklahoma* and *Annie Get Your Gun* were tremendous successes. German literature dropped all reservations about the Western. American history was now acceptable!

Professor Herbert Frenkel published his anthology *Western Saga,* a collection of good short stories by American authors. A translation appeared of the French film expert Rieupeyrout's critical book about the Western film. Barthold Strätling struggled for a year with his specialized book *Amerika Saga,* which is a shocking example of how difficult it is for a person, no matter how conscientious, to do justice overnight to a subject completely new to him. The Chicago Corral's book *This Is The West* provided a German paperback press with heavy sales.

Even before the year 1964 was out, the proverbial "German Western-psychosis" had set in.

In the pseudo-literature, however, the number of German Western authors declined by half. Out of sixteen presses supplying lending libraries, twelve had disappeared from the market. Those remaining published 128 titles in 1964 with a total printing of 626,000 copies. Dime-novel production also dropped, from 884 titles in 1960 to 422 titles in 1964. But, American translations increased their share of the circulating library market from 2.5 to 12.8 percent. In the dime-novel field the increase was from 0 to 30 percent.

This decline of pseudo-literature is, of course, a victory for the few remaining German Western authors who can no longer afford to appear amateurish by not knowing their subject. The talented writers are gradually migrating to the paperback market, which is of a higher literary caliber and rapidly expanding. The publishers of leisure as well as scientific works are

faced with a dilemma. A constantly growing market is capable of absorbing many titles with large printings. On the other hand there are too few recognized novelists and popular scientific writers who understand enough of American history and environment to be able to withstand critical analysis. Moreover, hardly an editor or manuscript reader possesses the mandatory background knowledge in this field.

But here too the German Westerners Society found a wide field of activity in providing this information. As a result, the Society's membership has risen enormously in the last few years. Well qualified men, mainly of the academic professions, are busily selecting, discussing and evaluating worthy American novels and specialized historical works for a future German book market. And there is good reason to believe that this development is only in its early stages for the manifold perspectives are gradually being defined. In the next few years it will likely lead to a market for a literary, i.e. belletristic "Western Novel," as well as to the publication of German "Americana" on a wide basis.

In the Fall of 1966, the largest German publisher of specialized books will bring out the first comprehensive historical study of the Western era, a book representing years of work by a German ethnologist. Translation of good American novels and current new items from the U.S.A., such as *The Book of the American West*, published by Julian Messner in New York, are in preparation. Some expanded series are being planned which deal with the conquest of the West.

Indicating the extent of its phenomenal interest, in the last two years alone, estimated expenditures for "Western" entertainment and education have doubled, from 672,000,000 to 1,350,000,000 Deutsche Mark. This includes (1) dime novels, (2) circulating library books, (3) Karl May novels, (4) pocketbooks, (5) youth books, (6) novels, (7) historical books, (8) educational books, (9) radio programs, (10) school books and school radio programming, (11) television programs—educational, documentary, fictional, historical, musicals, (12) movies, (13) comics, (14) merchandise—Western clothing for hobby, holidays and year around wear, (15) buildings—private and club ranches, blockhouses and Western campsites, (16) historical arms collections—private and clubs ("Indian," "Cowboy" and "American Army" Clubs), (17) membership fees in such clubs including books, arms, tools and clothing archives, (18) local celebrations—entrance dues and costs, (19) pioneer map-making and sales, (20) sales of antique arms, replicas and equipment for movie production, theatre promotions and TV archives.

It is almost a certainty that German novelists and historians will soon begin contributing new facets to the literary and historical Wild West concept which up to now has been the sole province of Americans. These new viewpoints will almost certainly be influenced by the literary, sociological, economic and philosophic background of the European. Just as Germans are

Wild West in Germany

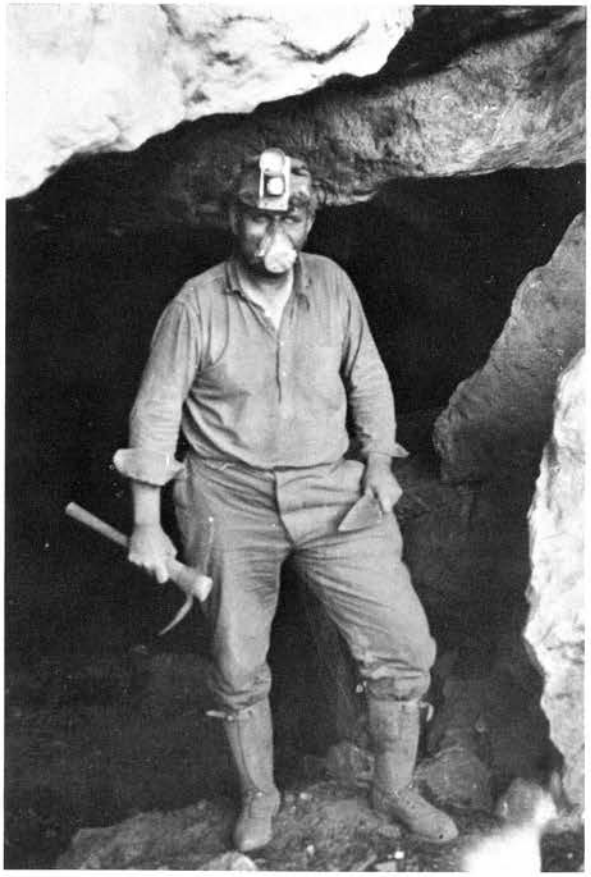
interested in the American West, Americans may be interested in seeing their history from the viewpoint of German writers.

Already a small number of historical Western novels have been written in Germany, which can be placed on a literary and historical level with outstanding American works. However, it is not these qualities alone which might attract American readers, but rather the unique approaches and departures from familiar writings.

The spiritual and philosophic implications of the Wild West are in themselves an almost virgin territory, for here we have the early stages of a new cultural evolution embodying the eternal spirit of all cultures. In our modern technological era, with its dissolutions of traditional cultural forms, the example of the American West may well be a field to challenge the talents and speculations of future German authors.

H. J. STAMMEL
and
FRIEDRICH GASSMAN

European interest in the American Old West may be of surprising if not startling extent to many. This analysis of its progress and problems is presented by two founding members of the Westerners Corral in West Germany. Philosopher, historian and author Friedrich Gassman is credited with much of the popularity of authentic historical literature over the pulp "westerns" that have swept Germany. Deutsche Westerner H. J. Stammel, who also writes under the pen name "Robert Ullman," is a journalist and award-winning historical writer, currently completing a comprehensive 10-year study of pioneer history, "Bis Ans Ende Des Regenbogens" (The End of the Rainbow). The translation of this original German manuscript for the "Brand Book" is by Don F. Meadows, son of Los Angeles Westerner and Baja California expert, Don C. Meadows.



"M. R." in professional garb at the Lovelock Cave "dig," in 1924.

"M. R." and helpmate, Marie, at the Little Lake site, 1948-51.

Lonnie Hull photo

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF M. R. HARRINGTON

by MARIE HARRINGTON

THE POSITION THAT "M. R.," as his intimate friends call him, holds in anthropology is internationally known; but the question of how and why he became so interested in the American Indian, that the subject became his life work, has been left unanswered.

Born in the observatory residence building of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, on July 6, 1882, he usually spent the summers at his grandparents' home in Sycamore, Illinois. His earliest memories are of his grandmother, who claimed a wee drop of Mohawk blood along with the Laporte family's French-Canadian, singing him snatches of Indian lullabies.

M. R.'s father, Dr. Mark Walrod Harrington, was professor of astronomy at the University of Michigan, following a distinguished career as a professor at the University of Peking—complete with blue button on his black cap!

However, while the boy was still young, the family moved to Washington, D. C., where Dr. Harrington became Chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

It was here that M. R. saw Chief Joseph, the famous Nez Percé leader, a fine looking man, who appeared at the Smithsonian one day in full tribal dress and who spoke to the small wide-eyed boy. Whether the boy's pal of that period, Herbert Winlock, was along that day, M. R. doesn't remember, but Winlock later became Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Along about the time high school was looming on the horizon, the family moved to the State of Washington where Dr. Harrington became President of the University at Seattle. It was here that the boy's first real friendship began with Indians, when he came into contact with many Siwash Indians and picked up some of the Chinook jargon. He often went to visit their camps along the Puget Sound beaches and more than once received an invitation to take a ride in their wonderful canoes.

He especially liked to visit Princess Angeline in her little cabin on the beach. The "Princess" was the daughter of Chief Sealth, for whom the City of Seattle was named. A white-haired old lady of some ninety years, she took a liking to the schoolboy and told him many tales. One evening he went to her cabin to find her sick in bed.

"Naika cultus etsitsa," she said, meaning "me bad sick." These were probably her last mortal words for the next day she was dead and with her much of the legend and lore of her people and of Seattle's early history.

While still in high school, the Harrington family again retraced their steps to the East and M. R. reluctantly bade farewell to his Siwash friends.

Since there were no living Indians around Mt. Vernon, New York, the growing boy spent all of his spare time poking around ancient village sites along East Chester Creek and Pelham Bay Park. With the picking up of arrowheads, some broken pottery and a few stone implements, M. R. became bitten indeed with the bug of archeology. It was fortunate that he took his finds to the Museum of Natural History in New York for it led to his meeting Professor F. W. Putnam, then head of the Department of Anthropology.

The family's financial affairs suddenly met with reverses and M. R. had to leave high school temporarily in his third year. It was Dr. Putnam to whom he turned and who gave M. R. his first job in the work with which he had become so fascinated.

His first expedition work was at nearby Trenton, New Jersey, where an archaic culture and a later Lenape were involved. That his digging of Lenape artifacts would later lead to his writing of two books about these people was not even a dream at the time. The expedition, under the leadership of Ernest Volk, was to be the last under any leadership not of M. R.'s own.

Four years of work at the American Museum of Natural History made M. R. realize that he would never advance in his chosen profession unless

he had a college degree. Through friends of his father, he received a scholarship to the University of Michigan. However, it had no anthropology courses at that time and, after two years, he transferred to Columbia.

Among his teachers was Adolph Bandelier, whose aversion to lecturing in the classroom led him to teach his classes at his home. His hungry young students fully approved of this arrangement as the teacher's wife very thoughtfully always had a "spread" ready after the session. Friends that M. R. had made at the museum, such as Marshall Saville, George Pepper and Franz Boaz, now became his teachers as well. It was under Boaz that he received his M.A. in 1908, a year after his B.S. degree.

During his college days he had met Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, a great friend and benefactress of the Iroquois and an honorary chief of that nation. She introduced M. R. to two men who were to become his lifelong friends. One was Arthur Parker, a divinity student at the time, who was a quarter-blood Seneca. He changed his mind about his career after being on a few expeditions with his new friend. Parker also became a noted archeologist, author, and later Director of the Rochester Museum. Parker's first wife, Beulah, an Abenaki, was the mother of Mrs. Iron Eyes (Bertha) Cody.

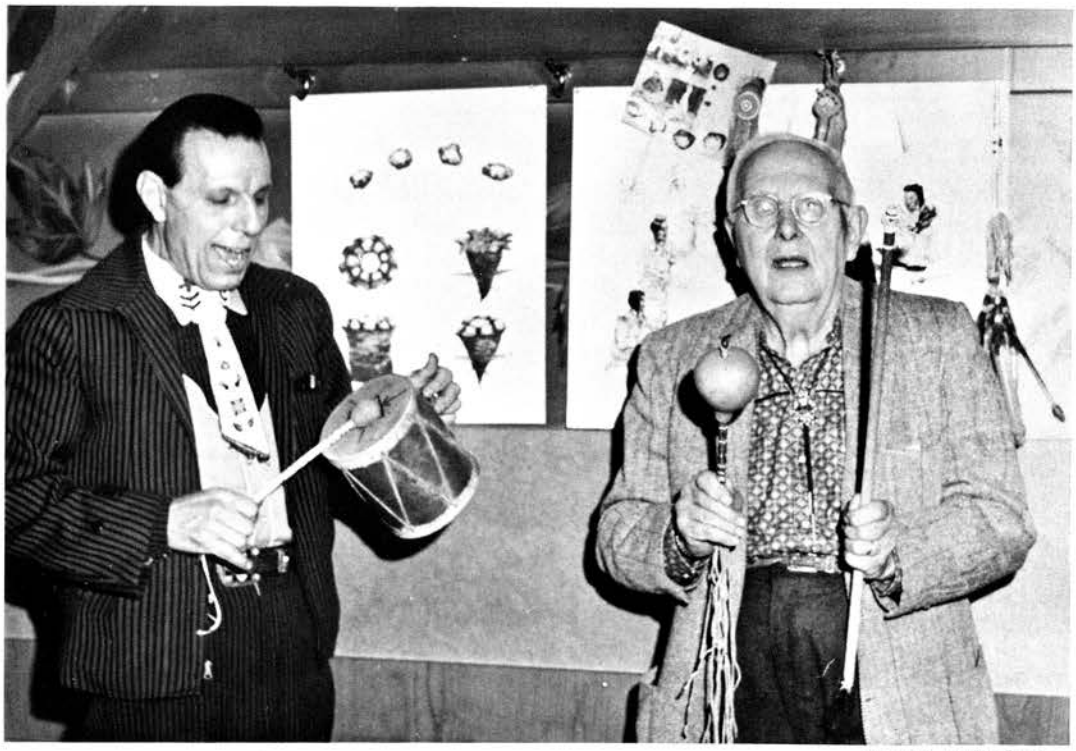
M. R. fondly recalls an expedition he and Arthur Parker were on in Long Island. While looking over the shoreline with a view to finding accommodations, they came upon a vacant cottage. As they peeked in a window, a man and woman came by. When told about the expedition, the man took a key out of his pocket and told the young men to use the house, as he owned it. "Come over to Oyster Bay and see me," he invited. This was their introduction to Teddy Roosevelt.

Joseph Keppler, great political cartoonist and part-owner of *Puck* magazine, was the other friend introduced by Mrs. Converse to M. R. Also an honorary chief of the Iroquois, Keppler befriended many Indians at his palatial home at Inwood on the northern tip of Manhattan Island. In later years, he and his wife, Vera, moved to La Jolla where they lived in a small home surrounded by the Indian art and craft Joseph Keppler loved so well.

During the summers of M. R.'s college years, he continued his archeological work in New York State for the Peabody Museum of Harvard, as well as collecting articles from the Iroquois for Erastus T. Tefft. This material is now in the American Museum of Natural History.

M. R.'s one and only experience with peyote occurred in New York, at the apartment of Indian enthusiast Mabel Dodge Lujan. So vivid was this experience that years later he was able to recollect the incident for The Westerners when he and Iron Eyes Cody put on a program in 1963.

M. R.'s long association with Dr. George G. Heye began shortly after college when M. R. found himself working at Covert's Indian Store on New York's Fifth Avenue. An expected position with the American Museum of



Lonnie Hull photo

Iron Eyes Cody and "Uncle Mark" put on a peyote program for the Westerners.

Natural History, after his college graduation, had failed to materialize, and even young archeologists have to eat. Heye was so intensely interested in things Indian that his New York apartment was rapidly overflowing with ethnological material. The work that M. R. had done among the Iroquois and the collections he had brought back so intrigued Heye that M. R. soon found himself working for Heye instead of the Indian store.

During the early years of the association with Heye, M. R. lived with 43 different Indian tribes, gathering a vast amount of ethnological material, mostly from eastern and mid-western areas. However, the trips took him as far as Coahuila in Old Mexico, where a band of Kickapoos had migrated, as well as to Canada and a long stretch in Cuba. (He still occasionally drops his esses in Spanish conversation!)

In World War I, M. R. took time out to become a 1st Lieutenant of Field Artillery. In the meantime, in 1919, George G. Heye had founded the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, where M. R., upon his return from the Army, took up where he had left off.

Friendships which later carried over to California were born in these New York days at the museum. A newspaper reporter, Art Woodward, used to stop by often on his "beat." He became so enthralled with anthropology that he later became a staff member of the museum. His later career with

the Los Angeles County Museum, and now in Arizona, is well known to all Westerners who are friends of "Don Arturo."

Also on the museum staff in those days was Frederick Webb Hodge, who had come to the museum from the Smithsonian. When the Southwest Museum was searching for a director in 1932, it was M. R. who recommended Hodge for the position which he occupied for many years.

Of the many characters—and there have been many of them, from the tales my husband tells—one of the most unforgettable was Jefferson Davis O'Rear, Editor of the Arkansas *Thomas Cat* at Hot Springs. Adjoining the main office of his newspaper was his inner sanctum. M. R. was invited in one day to view the contraption this rank individualist had rigged to see visitors without himself being "seen." On a shelf in this small room was an array of revolvers, false beards and wigs for disguises. He even had a false panel, a sliding wall and other escape exits!

M. R. has pictures taken the day Jefferson Davis O'Rear brought out Bat Masterson to the expedition camp. "Bat," at the period, was a newspaperman in New York, merely making a trip west. It was hard for M. R. to visualize this pleasant-mannered, rotund gentleman as having once been a leading lawman in the West's earlier days.

One of the most leisurely expeditions of the 1920's was a trip down the Tennessee River by houseboat, stopping here and there at likely sites to dig. It was on this trip that M. R. was shot at by moonshiners, in the mistaken belief that he was a "revenooer." He was then invited to a real mountain celebration and to "take a gurgle" from a jug in a hollow tree behind the barn. It is a well kept secret whether this helped or hindered his uncovering of some ancient Cherokee sites and a still-unknown culture on this trip.

A big "first" was his discovery of an up-to-then unknown Ozark Bluff-dweller culture, which he tracked down in northwest Arkansas and southwest Missouri in 1922. It would be years later that his book would be published by the Museum of the American Indian on the discoveries made in those dry, dusty rock shelters of a long-gone race.

In 1924 he made his first trip west of Arkansas on an archeological expedition. Hitherto, his main interest had been the cultures found in rock shelters and the gathering and preservation of ethnological material from the many tribes he had visited. But he was on the threshhold of work which was to push back the age of man in America and carry him into the Pleistocene period.

He was also on the threshhold of re-marriage. Sometime before he had been widowed in New York and had brought his very young son, Johns, west with him on his newest expedition to Lovelock Cave in northern Nevada. In Nevada he renewed his friendship with Edna (Endeka) Parker, sister of his old friend, Arthur Parker. During the Lovelock expedition they went to Sacramento and were married.

The work at Lovelock Cave proved puzzling as the Indians who had lived in the cave in previous aeons had dug storage pits deep down through older deposits, which made a Chinese puzzle of separating the cultures.

During this "dig," M. R. received an invitation from the late Governor James Scrugham of Nevada to come to the southern part of the state to investigate some interesting prospects of an early civilization. So, to Overton went M. R. and the result was the now famous "Lost City of Nevada." A series of early Pueblo ruins were discovered—the farthest west of any of this culture to date. For two years, with the cooperation of the State of Nevada, M. R. labored in this area, uncovering vast ruins which are now under the waters of Lake Mead. He also drew the plans for the lovely little museum at Overton and delighted in the friendship and cooperation of the Mormons in that valley, who did so much to help the expedition. His chief helper was Fay Perkins, now deceased, whose son, John, now heads the Overton museum.

After a survey trip to the Big Bend country of Texas, in 1927, M. R. severed his long connection with the Museum of the American Indian and trekked across the continent to join the Southwest Museum in the fall of 1928. His first two expeditions for this museum were a return to Overton, where he excavated a "late-early" (as he describes it) Pueblo ruin and an ethnological jaunt to Old Oraibi in the heart of the Hopi country.

Now Early Man really entered his life, for as he began excavating at Gypsum Cave in southern Nevada, the thought kept growing that early man in America just might date back from 8,000 to 10,000 years. This was bordering on heresy, since scientists clung tenaciously to the popularly held 3,000 to 4,000 year theory. The Gypsum Cave dig finally convinced this iconoclast that early man had been in America longer than any then would admit.

As far back as the days when he was working under Dr. Putnam, at the American Museum of Natural History, he had been warned by the professor about the subject.

"If you ever find anything that appears to be especially old," he told the teenager, "record it, but don't interpret it or you will get into serious trouble." He spoke from experience for he had written an article in *Science* magazine about a find associating early man with the mastodon. The article had been severely criticized in scientific circles.

In the 1920's, M. R. had also made a startling discovery in a northeastern Oklahoma cave. He had found a piece of mammoth tusk associated with human indications. He had filed away that information, believing then that the tusk must have been brought in from elsewhere. But, at Gypsum Cave he found ground sloth dung and bones, bones of other extinct animals, atlatl dart shaft pieces and diamond-shaped stone dart points. One of his most expert helpers at Gypsum Cave was Bertha Parker, adroit at crawling into holes where no one else could possibly penetrate.

It was sometime after this that M. R. took a trip to Washington, D. C., and went to the Smithsonian to see his old friend, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, for whom he had worked as a boy. The noted anthropologist had always been foremost in criticizing any evidence of Early Man in America. But this day, in the late 1930's, as they were privately talking in Dr. Hrdlicka's office, M. R. produced some of the material he had found at Gypsum Cave.

"Now what do you think of Early Man in America, Doctor?", he asked.

The elderly scientist looked at his younger confrere. "This is not for publication," he warned, shaking a finger in M. R.'s general direction, "but in my opinion, evidence is accumulating that man has been in America for at least 10,000 years! But this is not for publication!" It was not long after that visit that Dr. Hrdlicka passed away, without publicly changing his opinion.

In 1933, a site near Las Vegas, Nevada, which came to be known as Tule Springs, was discovered by Fenley Hunter of the American Museum of Natural History, who was with a group collecting bones of extinct mammals. His findings led him to notify the Southwest Museum and a small group made a limited survey. Lack of help made it almost impossible to do more than gather some deeply buried charcoal, which was finally stored away at the Southwest Museum. It lay forgotten on a shelf for many years. When the Carbon 14 tests came into existence, M. R. recalled the forgotten charcoal and had the cache sent to Dr. Willard Libby of the University of Chicago. Tests showed that "it was more than 23,000 years old!" I accompanied M. R. and Dee Simpson on a later jaunt in 1954 to obtain additional charcoal and it was at that time that we unearthed a portion of an ancient camel. Later museum expeditions were made with larger groups, in 1955-56, and final Carbon 14 tests have showed evidence of the site being over 28,000 years—"man's oldest date in America," as M. R. often calls it.

During the middle 1930's, M. R. was borrowed by the National Park Service for a year, returning to Overton and the "Lost City" to save as many relics as possible before the waters of Hoover Dam could forever cover the ancient site.

Upon his return to the Southwest Museum, he went north to Borax Lake to find there a culture with some Folsom complications.

From the time of his taking up California residence in 1928, he became a devotee of California history and an authority on adobe construction. One of his many, many books is a detailed guide on how to build an adobe house. In 1930 he purchased the half-ruined Ranchito Romulo (Andrés Pico) Adobe near the San Fernando Mission. Dating back possibly to 1834, this beautifully restored adobe is the oldest building in San Fernando Valley, excepting the Mission. He sold the building and grounds in 1947, a year before his wife, Endeka, passed away. The San Fernando Valley Historical Society is now

attempting to save this registered landmark and convert it into a much needed museum and meeting place.

During 1948-51, one of the last expeditions which the Southwest Museum sponsored, took place near Little Lake, in the Owens Valley area of eastern California. It all started one day when the late Willy Stahl, a musician and amateur archeologist, came into the museum and asked M. R. about likely sites in which to look for early cultures. He was told of the work the Campbells had done at Twentynine Palms and which had extended up to the Little Lake area, although they had failed to record the Owens Valley reconnaisance. So Willy Stahl headed up to the Owens Valley and before long he stumbled onto a Pinto culture site now known as the Stahl Site. The museum sent several expeditions up to the site and spent entire summers on the dig. It was during this period that I entered M. R.'s life and became his wife in April of 1949. I quickly found out why he had insisted on a spring instead of a fall wedding. He needed coolie labor to dig in the pits, an expedition secretary and a part-time camp cook! Guess who found herself in the three-in-one job!

His work as consultant for the restoration of San Fernando and Purisima Missions and the Hugo Reid Adobe at the Arboretum in Arcadia were also long-term projects and he is still a member of the advisory board of La Purisima Mission.

Sometimes I think my husband has as many Indian names as a rattlesnake has rattles. One name, *Hosaistuggeteh* (He Carries A Snake), was given to him by the Senecas in New York, because he wore a snakeskin hatband while doing summer work for the Peabody Museum at Harvard between 1903-06.

His official name of *Jiskogo* (The Robin) was conferred upon him in southeastern Canada, around 1909, by the Oneidas. This was an old name belonging to an elderly man of the Turtle Clan who gave it up to M. R. because of his work among the tribe. This was conferred on the young archeologist at a big ceremony, complete with songs, dancing and a great feast.

His second nickname, *Wahope* (War Bundle) was given to him by the Osage in Oklahoma during 1911-12. This name resulted from his obtaining many of the scarce "war bundles" for the Museum of the American Indian.

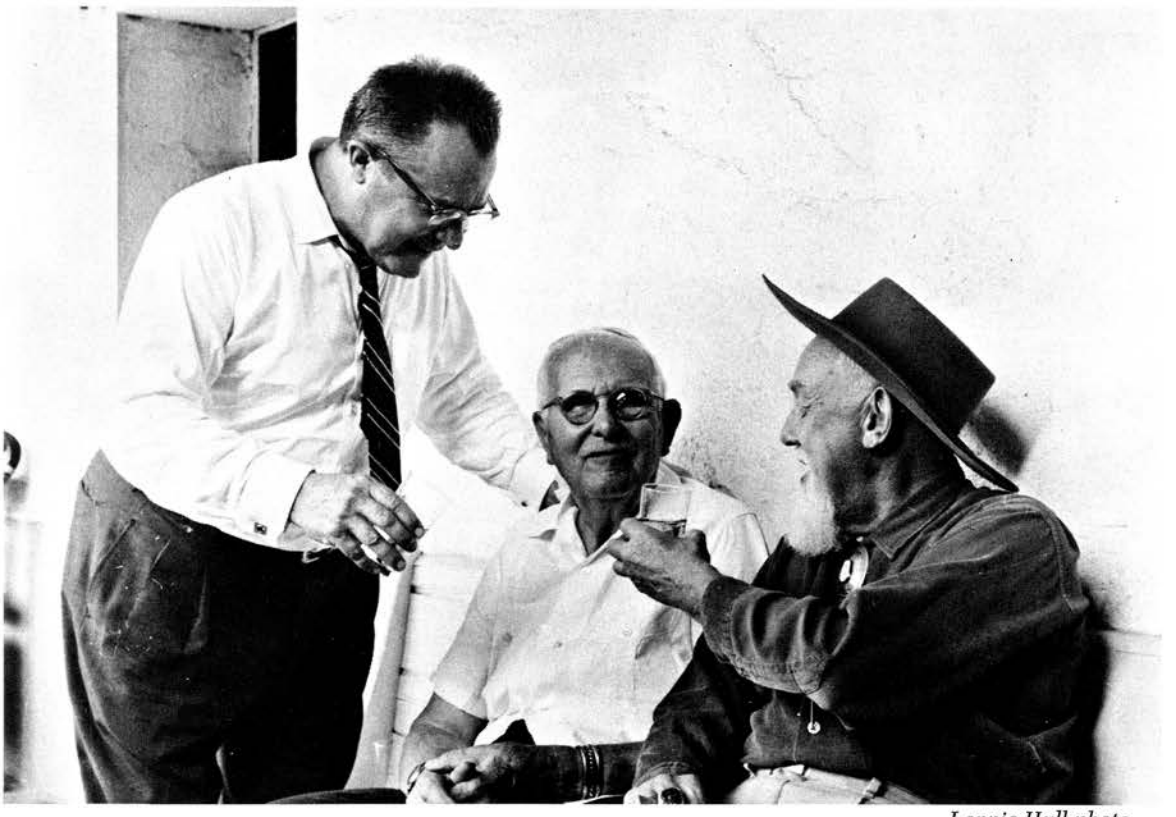
His most popular name, *Tonashi* (The Badger) came from the Zunis in the late 1920's. One day while digging at a site near the Zuni Pueblo in New Mexico, he saw a badger throw up dirt containing turquois beads, from his hole. Thinking that perhaps there might be a burial nearby, M. R. followed the badger hole to its end—but no treasure trove! But he was rewarded by his Zuni helpers with this third nickname, which has stuck with him to this day.

Nowadays, M. R. has the title of Curator Emeritus of the Southwest Museum and does his consulting and other work for the ebullient Dr. Carl

Dentzel at home, rather than go into town each day. This helped him to complete his latest book, *The Iroquois Trail*, beautifully illustrated by Westerner Don Perceval. Its forerunner, *The Indians of New Jersey*, originally published as *Dickon Among the Indians*, was also illustrated by another well known Westerner, the late Clarence Ellsworth.

So, M. R., after more decades as an archeologist and ethnologist than he cares to remember, keeps busy and active at his adobe casa in Mission Hills, where the years kaleidoscopically brighten and dim with treasured memories of times gone but not forgotten.

Men are not always measured by headlined deeds of glory. Often it is in the quiet dedication of a lifetime by which they are best known and honored. As archeologist, anthropologist, writer, museum curator and Westerner, Mark Raymond Harrington has devoted nearly three quarters of a century to shedding light on the shadowed past. Embodying the curiosity of an America seeking its heritage, he has walked with familiarity and friendship in the villages of countless tribes as in the halls of the great.



Lonnie Hull photo

Westerners Carl Dentzel and Art Woodward toast "M. R."

A Mountain Scene on Fremon't Fifth Expedition. Engraved from a daguerreotype identified as Kern's, but correctly credited to Carvalho. From the "Publisher's Prospectus" of the unpublished second volume of Fremont's "Memoirs."
Courtesy of the Huntington Library.

FOLLOWING FREMONT'S FIFTH EXPEDITION

by WALT WHEELOCK

JEERED AND CHEERED, criticized and eulogized, reviled and revered, John C. Fremont is one of the most controversial figures of the Western explorations.

His first three expeditions and his part in the California revolt led to his being the new state's first Civil Governor. Shortly thereafter he was court-martialled. An attempt to regain his fame in a fourth crossing of the Far West ended in disaster in the snows of the San Juans. But with his customary ability to bounce back, he immediately found himself the owner of "The Mariposa," one of the richest lodes in California and soon after became Senator from that state.

At the end of his short term in Congress, John and Jessie Fremont were on a tour of Europe when word came of a series of railroad surveys to the Pacific.

Jessie told of hearing about the surveys while they were in Paris:[1]

> "Congress had voted for three surveys to determine which of three routes to the Pacific would be the preferred one for a national highway and railroad. Congress had intended to name Mr. Fremont for one of these surveys, leaving the choice up to him; but long-headed measures would be interfered with by this and there were men in position to prevent his being connected with any of the surveys and their commands were given to others docile to the pre-ordained intention. The Southern line, in the interest of the cotton growing regions was to be favored at the expense of the more Northern routes and the Secretary of War, Mr. Jefferson Davis, allowed no interference with this idea. Of this, and all its inner meanings and future policy, my father wrote Mr. Fremont fully and it was at once decided he would make, at his own expense, a survey of the line he thought best of all—now the 'Santa Fe' route."

Fremont's private survey party of 22, including 10 Delaware Indians, was assembled at Westport and moved on into Kansas. Suffering a relapse of previous ailments, Fremont returned to St. Louis. Instructing the others to move on without him, he rejoined the party at a designated rendezvous the last day of October or first of November in 1853.

After some delay the party headed west, generally following the route of the ill-fated Fourth Expedition to near Cochetopa Pass, then westerly to the Utah Valley. From here, Fremont swung down to Cedar City and again turned west toward the San Joaquin Valley. For long, little was known of this

part of his trek other than the description, ". . . commencing on the 38th, we struck the Sierra Nevada on about the 37th parallel about the 15th of March."

Obviously they could not have crossed the central Nevada expanses with its maze of saline playas, rugged Basin ranges and waterless expanses without deviations. And, intriguingly, they would be the first known party to have approximated the route of the famous Death Valley '49ers. In so doing, one cannot help wondering whether he had any idea of that historic group who had been there a little over four years before, and whether or not he might have seen and followed their wagon signs at least to where they canted southwest into Death Valley.

It was a route pregnant with other possibilities as well.

The Death Valley emigrants had cursed "O. K. Smith" and, in turn, Barney Ward from whom Smith had obtained his "short-cut" waybill that they claimed led them astray. Yet at this same time Kit Carson and others were writing of a known route directly west, leading over the Sierra Nevada trail network that terminated at "Four Creeks" near Visalia.

Perhaps Smith and Ward were more to be hailed as heroes than heels. Certainly in years of gathering material for a series of climbing guides to the desert ranges, the writer has found a central Nevada route surprisingly practicable. Enough so to warrant delving deeper into the faintly trailed Fifth Expedition.

This reaped a number of unexpected rewards, including a newly found appreciation for the much scorned Rev. Brier, of the Jayhawker Party, who later touted their trail as ". . . entirely practicable . . . the only obstacle in the way of a road was Owen's Mountain.[2]

Unfortunately the confusion over "Owen's Mountain" seems to have been caused by speculation of later writers as another name for the Panamints or Owens Peak, north of Walker Pass. But, according to the authoritative Heap Journal and Farley's 1861 map of the *Silver Mines of Southern California*, Owen's Mountain(s) are the present Inyo Range. With this clarification, a retracing of Fremont's Nevada route—by personal inspection, a Fremont map and a number of old newspaper articles—begins to fall into place with dovetailed neatness.

Some elaboration of Fremont's Fifth is found in the manuscript of the unpublished second volume of his "Memoirs," located at the Bancroft Library. Entitled, "Great Events," the manuscript file contains some handwritten notes by Fremont, altho primarily corrections dealing with Civil War events. Actually "Great Events" was written by his wife, Jessie, with some assistance from their son, Francis.[3]

Briefing Fremont's account in her synopsis, Jessie paints a quick brush-stroke picture of the Fifth which leaves much to the asking including some unfortunate if well intended errors in editing:

Fremont's Fifth

"1853-54 Return to Washington. Arrange fifth and last expedition. Another attempt to determine practicability for railroads through mountain regions in winter. This like that of '48 at private expense. Not connected with those made by Government at this time. Organize party as usual on Missouri frontier. Instruments selected in Paris. Daguerrotype and photographic apparatus in New York. Carvalho artist. Party of thirty. Godey again and Delawares. Egloffestein as topographer. Preuss's fate. Make start in late Fall. Taken seriously ill. Direct party to proceed to Solomon's Fork of the Kansas, within buffalo range, and wait for me. Return to St. Louis for medical care. Mrs. Fremont joins me in St. Louis and accompanies me as far as the frontier. Leave frontier to rejoin party. I find a wet saddle no longer makes a good pillow. Up the Kansas. Hospitable reception at the Catholic Mission of St. Mary's. Supply of provisions. Find party at rendezvous. Among the buffalo. Cheyenne Indian village on the Arkansas. Return of Cheyenne war party. Scalp dance. Bent's Fort. Route up the Huerfano River. Cross the Sierra Mojada. San Luis Valley. Many deer. Cross the Sierra Blanca range at Cochepete Pass. Defiles of West Rocky Mountains. Grand River Valley. Starvation again. Plenty of snow and no game. THE OBELISKS. Cache our baggage. Men and animals weak. I give out on mountainside, first time in all my journeying. Weakness temporary. Death of Fuller. Reach Mormon settlement of Parawan (sic). Friendly treatment and kindness of Mormon families. Leave Parawan to cross southern part of Great Basin. The Bishop offers company of men as escort. Take only two volunteer guides for first three days. One of them the Bishop's son. Enter California by pass at *Point of the Mountains.** Give to river leading into valley (San Joaquin) the name of Kern. Belt and Stone. Offer me hospitalities and money. Invited to his ranch by Judge Belt to recruit party. Fine litter of black pigs. 'Where are the pigs?' 'Look inside of your Delawares for them!' Reach San Francisco. Disband party and return to Washington by way of Panama."

There were two items published on the story of the Fifth. One, and the sole book, was Solomon Carvalho's, "Incidents of Travel and Adventure in the Far West." Unfortunately, Carvalho tells more of himself than of the expedition. Furthermore, at Parowan he and several others called it quits and headed into Los Angeles via Las Vegas, leaving Fremont to continue Westward into Central Nevada. It might also be noted that Carvalho took a number of daguerreotypes on the trek, the first of the Far West, from which Matthew Brady made photographs and from which, in turn, plates were later engraved.

The other published account, and which does shed some light on the Nevada portion of Fremont's route, is Fremont's own account in the *National Intelligencer* of June 13, 1854, and later ordered printed by the House of Representatives.[4] Regrettably it contains a number of conflicts with the geographical facts of the Nevada deserts and mountains—a problem not helped by signs of Jessie's handiwork:

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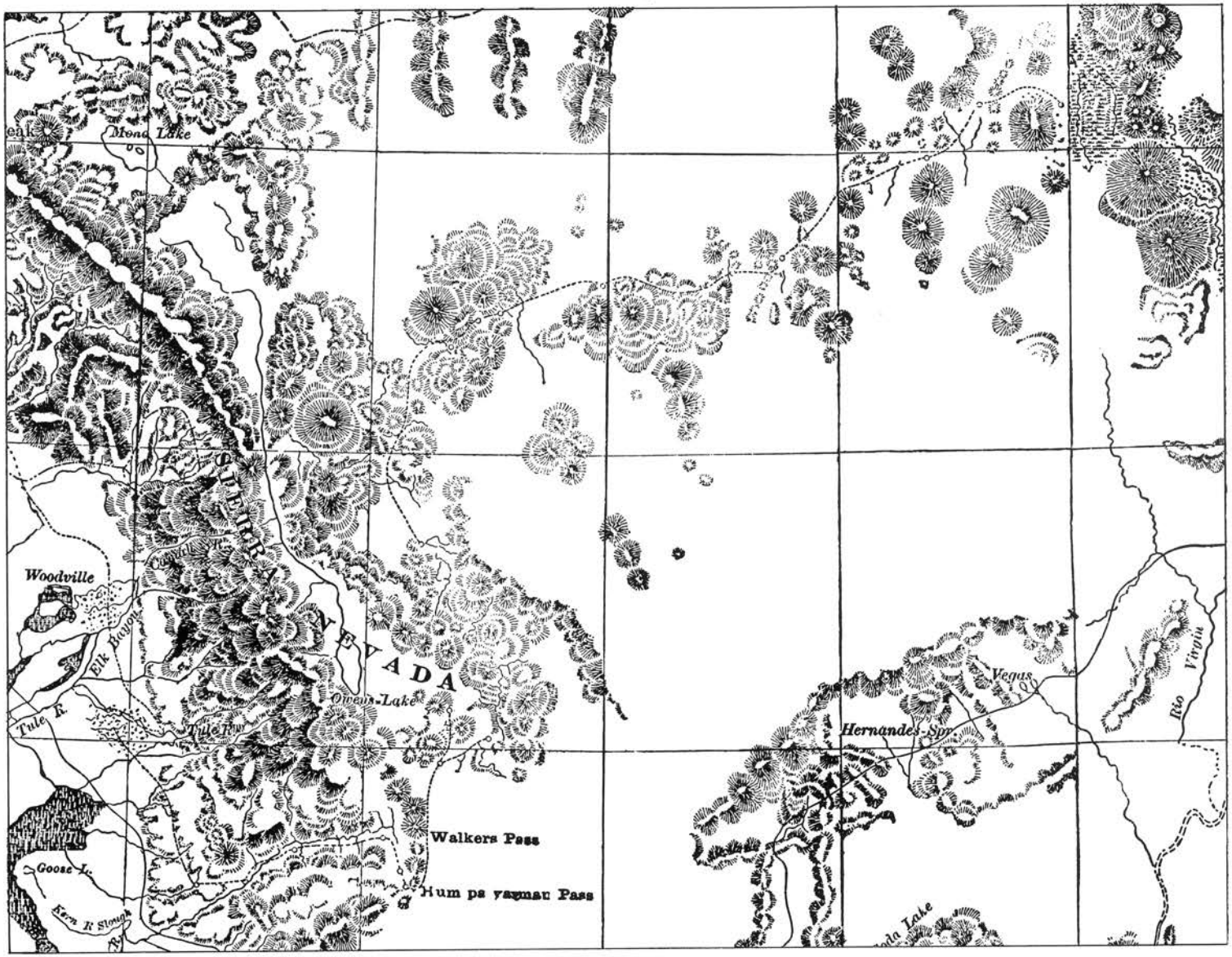
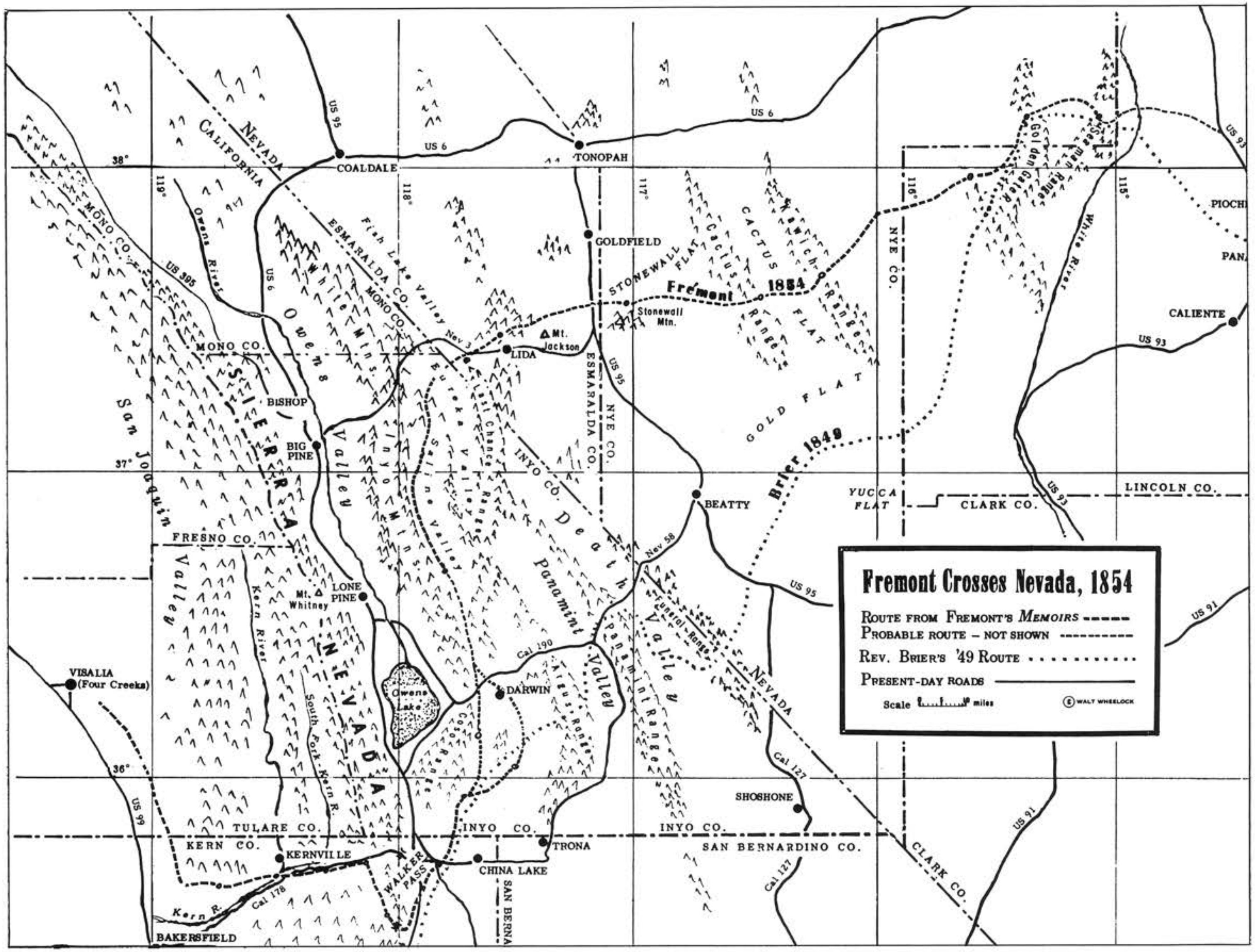
*As borne out later, this was a bit of Jessie's editing in which a simple slip was to unwittingly cause considerable confusion.



A section of the map from Fremont's *Memoirs*



Fremont Crosses Nevada, 1854
ROUTE FROM FREMONT'S MEMOIRS
PROBABLE ROUTE – NOT SHOWN
REV. BRIER'S '49 ROUTE
PRESENT-DAY ROADS
Scale miles
© WALT WHEELOCK
Fremont 1854
Brier 1849
NEVADA
CALIFORNIA
SIERRA NEVADA
Owens Valley
Death Valley
Panamint Valley
San Joaquin Valley
Owens Lake
Owens River
Kern River
South Fork Kern R.
Kern R.
White River
COALDALE
TONOPAH
GOLDFIELD
LIDA
Mt. Jackson
Stonewall Mtn.
BEATTY
BISHOP
BIG PINE
LONE PINE
Mt. Whitney
DARWIN
TRONA
CHINA LAKE
SHOSHONE
KERNVILLE
BAKERSFIELD
VISALIA (Four Creeks)
CALIENTE
PIOCHE
PAN
WALKER PASS
YUCCA FLAT
GOLD FLAT
CACTUS FLAT
STONEWALL FLAT
Cactus Range
Kawich Range
Golden Gate R.
Seaman Range
White Mtns.
Inyo Mtns.
Last Chance Range
Eureka Valley
Saline Valley
Fish Lake Valley
Panamint Range
Funeral Range
Argus Range
Coso Range
MONO CO.
ESMARALDA CO.
NYE CO.
INYO CO.
LINCOLN CO.
CLARK CO.
FRESNO CO.
TULARE CO.
KERN CO.
SAN BERNARDINO CO.
SAN BERNA
US 6
US 95
US 93
US 91
US 395
US 99
Nev 3
Nev 58
Cal 190
Cal 127
Cal 178
38°
37°
36°
115°
116°
117°
118°
119°

"... and accordingly set out for this purpose from the settlement about the 20th of February (1854) travelling directly westward from Cedar City (eighteen miles west of Parawan). We found the country a high table-land, bristling with mountains, often short isolated blocks and sometimes accumulated into considerable ranges with numerous open and low passes.

We were thus in a valley and always surrounded by mountains more or less closely, which apparently altered in shape and position as we advanced. The valleys were dry and naked, without water or wood; but the mountains were generally covered with grass and well wooded with pines. Springs are rare and occasional small streams are at remote distances. Not a human being was encountered between the Santa Clara road near the Mormon settlements and the Sierra Nevada, over a distance of three hundred miles. The solitary character of this uninhabited region and naked valleys without watercourses give it the appearance of an unfinished country.

Commencing at the 38th, we struck the *Sierra Nevada* on about the 37th parallel* about the 15th of March.

On our route across we had for the greater part of the time pleasant and rather warm weather; the valley grounds and low ridges uncovered but snow over the upper parts of the higher mountains. Between the 20th of February and the 17th of March we had several snow storms, sometimes accompanied by hail and heavy thunder but the snow remained on the valley grounds only a few hours after the storm was over. It forms not the least impediment at any time of the winter. I was prepared to find the *Sierra** here broad, rugged and blocked with snow and was not disappointed in my expectation. The first range we attempted to cross carried us to an elevation of 8000 or 9000 feet and into impassable snow which was further increased on the 16th by a considerable fall.

There was no object in forcing a passage and I accordingly turned at once some sixty or eighty miles to the southward, making a wide sweep to strike the *Point of the California Mountain** where the Sierra Nevada suddenly breaks off and declines into lower country. Information obtained years before from the Indians led me to believe that the low mountains are broken by many passes, and at all events I had the certainty of an easy passage through either of Walker's Passes.

When the *Point* was reached, I found the Indian information fully verified; the mountain suddenly terminated and broke down into lower grounds barely above the level of the country and making numerous openings into the valley of the San Joaquin. I entered into the first offered (taking no time to search as we were entirely out of provisions and living upon horses) which led us by an open and almost level hollow thirteen miles long to an upland not steep enough to be called a hill, over into the valley of a small affluent to the Kern river, the hollow and the valley making together a way where a wagon would find no obstruction for forty miles."

Ironically, Fremont was fated to miss the actual Walker Pass on all of his Sierra crossings. His crossings on the Second Expedition were at Carson Pass and Oak Creek Pass near Tehachapi Pass. On the Fourth he arrived via

*Again, these proved to be Jessie's edited designations. However, in her defense one must admit she is consistent even in error.

Warner's Ranch and returned east by ship. Although on the Third, in 1845, he had crossed at Donner Pass, his familiarity with the Walker-Kern contingent's route through Walker Pass is attested to by his map published in 1848.

Yet in completing the trek of the Fifth, Fremont reports having found "a fine new pass" as one of the "two Walker passes" near the *Point of the Mountains*. The logical, if controversial, explanation is that Alex Godey was with Fremont on the Fifth.*

Godey and Williamson, of the Pacific Railroad Survey, had completely explored Walker Pass the previous August and had roughly checked out Bird Spring (Hum-Pah-Ya-Mup) Pass, some 10 miles farther south and which angles northwesterly into the present Lake Isabella area. This was the first known reference to Bird Spring Pass and while Williamson did not follow it through, Godey undoubtedly imparted information of its existence to Fremont.

Assuredly Jessie definitely places Godey on the Fifth. In other writings she includes "quotes" of statements concerning Godey's activities on the Fifth—a practice she reserves for direct quotes from John's journal and diaries.

Almost universally historians have rejected Godey's presence, having it established that he was with Williamson at Tejon Pass on September 5, 1853, only a month or so before the Fifth's departure. However, two ships sailed from San Francisco on September 16th, which could have put Godey in New York on October 10th, in ample time to join Fremont at the end of that month.

Fatefully and fortunately, a two-part story of the Fifth was eventually found in the files of the *Alta California* at the Huntington Library. Now, for the first time, an account was located that dovetailed with the facts. And in cold, cruel words, this account is Fremont's own before Jessie had a chance to doctor up the details.

In addition to the above documents, there was a map drawn to accompany his "Memoirs," on which all five expeditions are shown in some detail. In piecing the various parts and scraps together, it was the map that proved most frustrating. There was no question of its general accuracy. The route west of Parowan even included what appeared to be camp locations, designated by small circles along his dotted line trail. At least one would assume such since the meticulously plotted points would normally involve hours of

*Under the circumstances and considering the direction, it is not likely that any Walker crossings further north were in mind. Fremont authority Dellenbaugh writes: "Traveling about sixty or eighty miles south he looked for a pass, knowing that if he did not find one he could go over by 'either of Walker's passes,' evidently meaning Walker Pass or the Tehachapi." This is then footnoted with, "He seems not yet to have discovered that Walker's northern pass led into the Yosemite Valley and that Tehachapi was not one of Walker's passes, that is, not one that he had discovered."

observations during the night and most advantageously taken while in camp.

Yet, on the scene checking revealed that the circles repeatedly failed to fit logical campsite locales. Then, suddenly, while at one of the obvious campsites near a spring and scanning the horizon as to just where a railroad could and should go, it dawned! The points were located at gaps in the ridges and were not campsites at all—but the passes! Of course! The railroad route passes warranted recording, not the camps which were incidental and unimportant. With this key, visual verification of the passes fell into place. From pass to pass, Fremont's route unfolded to the eye.

Although correlating the actual passes with Fremont's mapping turned up certain discrepancies of degrees, the answer was relatively easy.

Chronometers, for determining longitude, were not infallible. If they stopped in the field, a resetting was with less than to the second precision. Their rate of gain or loss also had to be checked periodically, and Fremont's last opportunity to do so was at Parowan where the longitude could be confirmed and any timing corrections made. But once out on the trail he would have to trust to his own rate of change corrections, using a sextant to obtain a time reading of sorts. Ascertaining latitude, a simpler process, posed no such problem.

Thus, while Fremont's mapped passes are not pin-pointed with USGS accuracy, the discrepancies are relatively minor. And since, at 37° a single minute of time equals 13 miles on the ground, the allowable margin of error is easily attributable to his chronometer readings and in the field adjustments.

Fremont states that, from Parowan, he went a hundred miles west, where "the party crossed the river of the Great Basin and reached the watershed of the Rio Virgin[5]." While this is a rather loose usage of the term "watershed," this would place him in the White River Valley, west of Pioche, which extends into the Pahranagat Valley down to the Muddy, thence to the Virgin just before its confluence with the Colorado.

Although the first leg out on the trail from Parowan is not specifically shown, it is self-evident by its topographic detailing. However, his trail lines do start just north of Pioche, at the pass over the Bristol Range. From here his route loops around the Seaman Range into the old "Sierra Valley sink," now mapped as the upper White River Valley.

Fremont then headed, first southwest then west, with his map showing passes across the Kawich Range, the Cactus Range and over the shoulder of Stonewall Mountain as he progressed into western Central Nevada approaching present day Goldfield. Thence he passed slightly north and over a shorter and more natural passage than the present road north of Mt. Jackson, near the turn-of-the-century mining town of Lida, Nevada.

Still keeping to the north, Fremont skirted the Palmetto Range over the first pass north of the present highway between Palmetto Mountain and Blue

Stonewall Mountain near Lida, Nevada

Old Stateline Crossing Sign near Willow Springs

Dick peak. Even though the jeep road that now goes this way is washed out, it is an easy grade and suitable for a railroad. After this pass was crossed, a long and sandy wash was followed down to Pigeon Springs. Again the observation point is not at the spring, but of the pass somewhat to the east.

Crossing the Sylvania Mountains, across a wide open saddle, he descended into Willow Springs Wash. It was here that he apparently first entered California. And again his observation point is at the pass rather than at the obvious campsite at Willow Spring itself.

From this point it was an easy route down a wash into Eureka Valley and into Marble Canyon. The canyon soon narrowed but an easy passage was afforded over a mesa to the left and the route was undoubtedly well marked by Indian trails leading to Waucoba Spring in Saline Valley.

The earlier noted reference to being stopped by snow at 8000-9000 feet and turning south now provides an even clearer clue as to their position when combined with a counterpart description in "Great Events":

> "... a straight line was made for the Sierra Nevada, which were found covered with snow, and on reaching the top of the first range *the valleys beyond* were also seen to have a heavy covering of snow. The first intention

had been to seek through these mountains a practical pass, but as the road to be surveyed was one which would comparatively be free from the usual impediments offered by that severe climate, the attempt to force the range was abandoned . . ."

As those familiar with the Sierra Nevada know, there are no summit passes less than 10,000 feet between the 36th and 38th parallels, which eliminates his 8000-9000 foot crest views of valleys beyond as the Sierra. However, in cresting the Inyos (Owen's Mountains) just south of Waucoba Peak, the range breaks down to 8000 feet, the only such opening for miles, with a view of 6500 foot Santa Rita Flat just beyond.

Again, one can only regret Jessie's fondness for lumping adjoining ranges in with the more familiar generalization of "Sierra Nevada."

Be it as it may, blocked at 8000 feet, with snow filled valleys in view, the expedition turned toward the lowering elevations to the south.

In the swing southward we find a contradiction between the *National Intelligencer* article and the lay of the land. But in the *Alta California* of April 21, 1854, we find the information, unedited by his helpful (?) wife:

". . . thence the distance to *Owen's Range, which was struck on latitude 37°*, was about 200 miles of the same kind of country . . . the party turned south, following the foot of the mountain about 60 miles to *the end of the range.*"

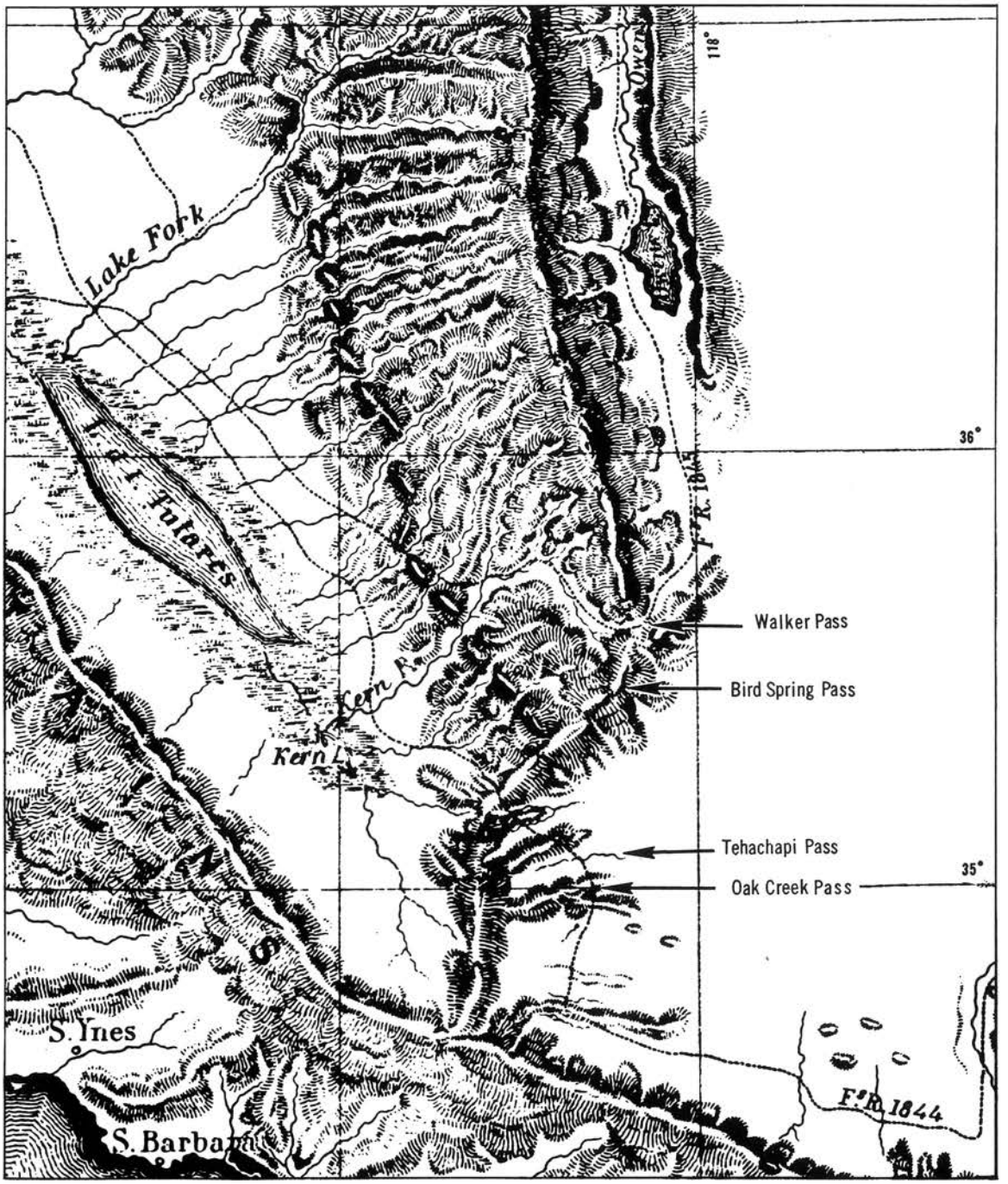
Apparently Jessie, in attempting to use more familiar place names in her *National Intelligencer* editing, had changed Fremont's "Owen's Range" to the "Sierra Nevada," and the "end of the range" (termination of the Inyos) to the 50 mile or so farther away "Point of the California mountain," a popular designation for Walker Pass. The rewriting was well intended, but geographically incompatable.

Thus we find Fremont working his way down Saline Valley and up San Lucas Canyon to cross the Nelson Range. Although a modern roadway goes over Grapevine Canyon, an older mining road followed an even older Indian trail via San Lucas Canyon. Understandably, with a choice of a beaten path or blind cross country travel, Fremont undoubtedly took the former, especially since it coincided most closely with his route southward.

Following the easy slopes into Lower Centennial Flat, his map shows two separated observation points. His forking was probably due to viewing the two inviting flat and narrow valleys to the south—one extending via Cole's Flat into the Black Canyon-Big Petroglyph Canyon region; the other via the historic Darwin-Ballarat-Brown stage route past Junction Ranch into Mountain Springs Canyon. He would find both surprisingly practicable for a railroad, be it with a bit of grading, and meriting his mapped points.

Once into Indian Wells Valley it was easy going, with an old Indian trail leading directly to the Sierra and across Walker Pass to the Kern. Unfortunately, Fremont was in a hurry to get to San Francisco and when he spotted

View South into Saline Valley



Section from the "Map of Oregon and Upper California from the Surveys of John Charles Fremont, drawn by Charles Preuss, Washington, 1848." Pass identifications, for clarification, have been added by the author.

the rocks of Robbers' Roost he evidently failed to notice that Walker Pass lay behind him. Overshooting it, he crossed at Bird Spring Pass, some ten miles farther south.

Fremont always presented things in the best of light. When he said that here he could have driven a wagon for 40 miles with "no obstruction" he was deceptively exact. The 41st mile would have been completely impassable!

At the confluence of the Kern and the South Fork, Fremont reached the present site of Lake Isabella. The route down the Kern gorge was impassable until after the turn of the century, but a good route lay over the Greenhorns, as Godey had shown Lt. Williamson the previous August and as Walker had shown Godey in 1845.

On April 16, 1854, the party reached Stockton and the Fifth and final of Fremont's famed expeditions passed into history.

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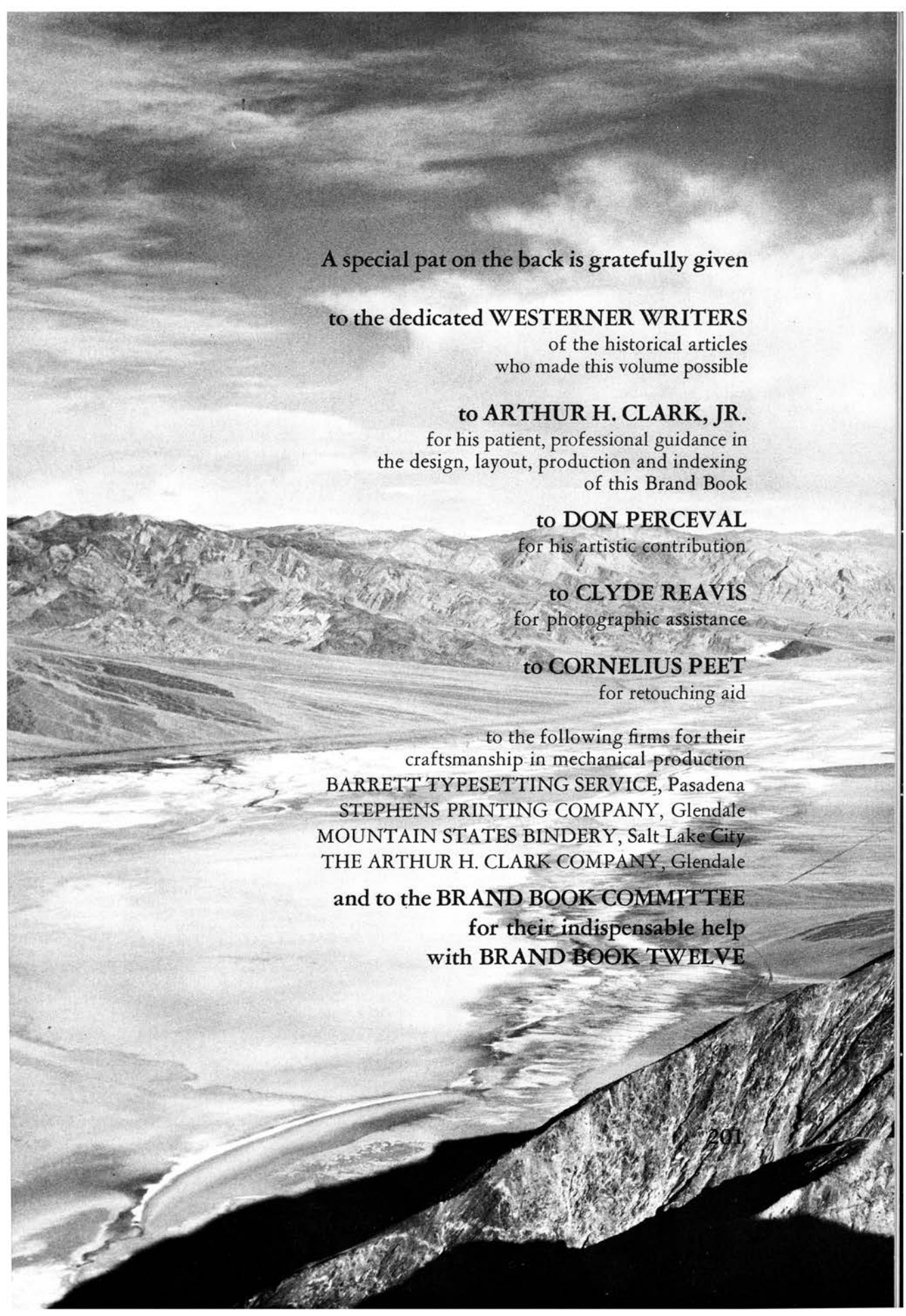
[1]*Great Events,* manuscript of the unpublished Volume II of the Fremont memoirs, page 179, by permission of the Bancroft Library.
[2]Letter in the *Christian Advocate,* 1853, reprinted in Gwin Heap, *A Central Route to the Pacific,* pages 275-281, Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, 1957.
[3]Publishers prospectus for *Great Events,* Fremont family copy, Huntington Library.
[4]Letter from John C. Fremont to the *National Intelligencer,* Washington, June 13, 1854. Reprinted in Misc. Doc. 8, 33rd Congress, 2d Session, House of Representatives, page 6.
[5]*Alta California,* San Francisco, Friday, April 21, 1854, page 2, column 3.

WALT WHEELOCK

Few are more intimately familiar with the Sierra and desert ranges and trails than Walt Wheelock. Indefatigable researcher, mountain climber, writer and publisher of the La Siesta Press, he is noted for his "Desert Peaks Guide," "Ferries of the South" and "Widow's Guide," to name but a few. It is from perhaps one of his finest books that the foregoing is shared on Fremont's little known Fifth Expedition in search of a Central Railroad Route to the Pacific.



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INDEX

Index

Index

Index

Index

Index

BB 12 BB 12 BB 12 BB 12