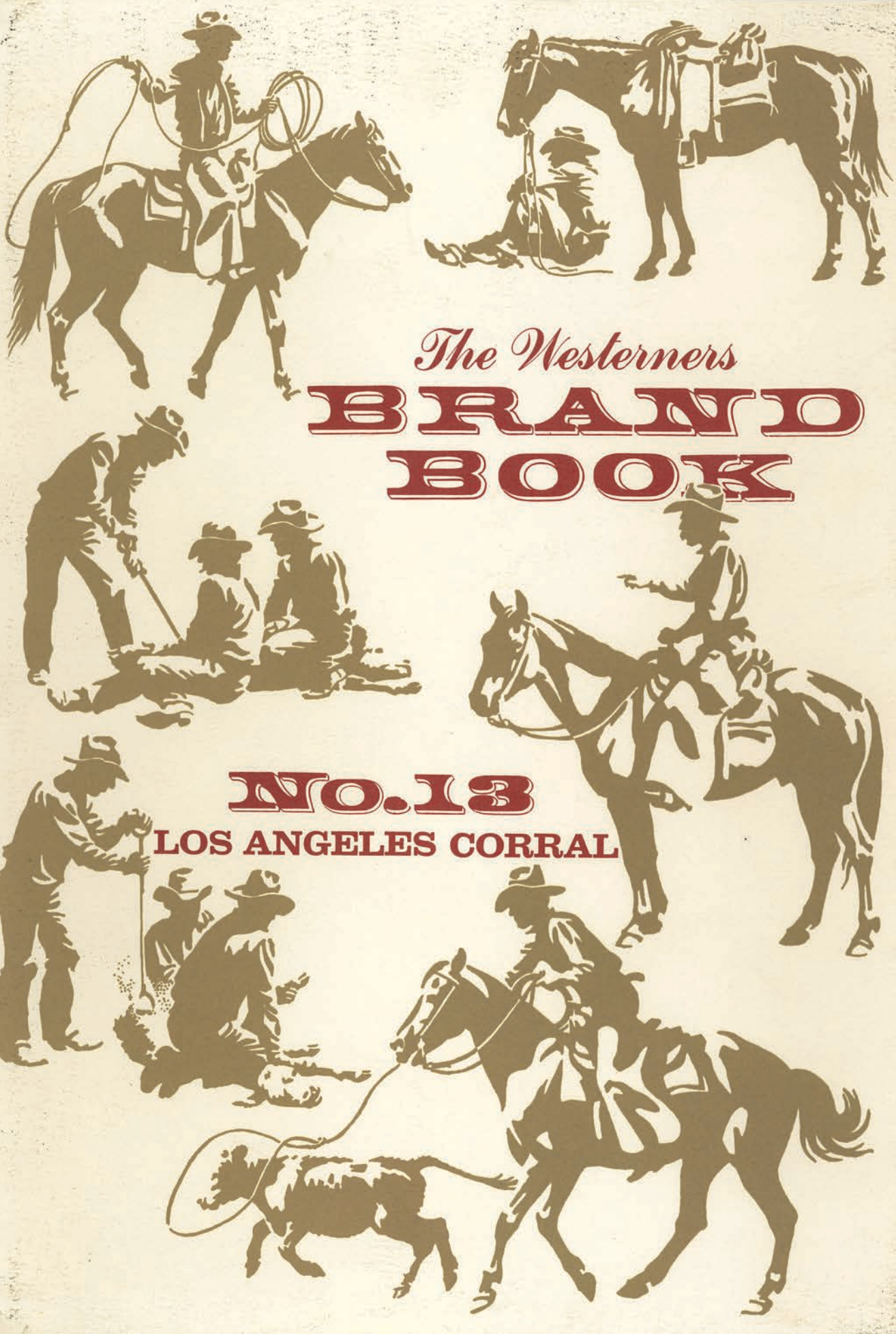

The Westerners

BRAND BOOK

NO. 13

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

DON PERCEVAL.

The Westerners

BRAND BOOK

NUMBER 13

DON PERCEVAL.

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

DON PERCEVAL.

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LOS ANGELES CORRAL

Dedicate

BRAND BOOK XIII

to

Alonzo "*Lonnie*" Hull

1893-1967

1893 Alonzo "Lonnie" Hull 1967

GOD HAS BESTOWED many wonderful and varied gifts to man who he created. To some he has given the talent to teach and enthrall others with words and phrases, both spoken and written. Talented men in music and the arts rise above the ordinary to enhance our lives and leave their marks in the sands of time. Others are blessed with healing hands and a sympathetic understanding of the ills and sorrows that befall us. He has given something to be valued to all but one of his greatest gifts is the gift of making friends. Those invisible threads of friendship woven into the fabric of living and contacts with our fellowmen are the strongest ties between men. Of such talent, our friend and fellow Westerner "Lonnie" Hull, was blessed.

As we Westerners dedicate this Brand Book XIII to "Lonnie" Hull we humbly honor his memory, both as friend, sympathetic counselor, and dedicated Westerner.

From the moment of his induction into the Westerners, "Lonnie" was a devoted and, beyond question, an *active* Active member of the Corral. He sincerely believed in the principles and goals of the Westerners and lived up to the concept of membership participation ten fold plus ten. Those invisible threads of love and appreciation of other's talents, radiated brightly through his delight in giving of his talent in photography to enhance and enrich, with visual emphasis, the historical monographs in many of the Brand Books, as well as candid photos of happenings and personalities at the meetings for the *Branding Irons* and keepsakes.

His monumental, "labor of love," pictorial history of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners from 1948 through 1965, bound in four beautiful albums, embracing the activities and members of the Corral, during that period, he bequeathed to the Westerners — an everlasting testimonial of his love.

HHB

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Illustrations

THE OLD WEST

IT IS ONLY IN RETROSPECT THAT A PERiod in history is fully understood and appreciated. The men and women who were living during the "exciting days" of the "Old West" were so engrossed in securing food for the table and clothes for their backs, that they had little time to enjoy their hour in history. This is not unusual. Who of us has not lived through important periods of history, but was too involved with the mundane details of every day living to recognize the significance of the hour? So it was with the fur traders, '49ers, California immigrants, as well as the natives.

While it is true that the physical properties of many of the boom towns have fallen into complete decay, and all of the residents passed beyond, the events and experiences of the deserted settlements continue to live. Within the great research libraries such as the Henry E. Huntington and the Bancroft there are vast files of diaries, letters, newspaper clippings, and field interviews that together give us as complete a report as is possible — far more accurate than the observations of any one person who was alive on the spot. Many individuals have within their own libraries important files of the story of the West. Taken as a whole much of the "Old West" lives more completely in retrospect than if it were happening today.

Not the least of the important sources of the history of the west are to be found within the *Brand Books* of the international corrals of the Westerners. The Los Angeles Corral has produced twelve books of high merit. This is evident by the rapidity in which the books have become out of print, as well as the advances in price received for back issues. Not only is the corral within the shadows of the Henry E. Huntington library, but the corral has a group of competent and knowledgable writers who are interested in the West. The combination is unbeatable.

STILL LIVES

The contributors to this the thirteenth *Brand Book* of the Los Angeles Corral are all experienced craftsmen in the art of story telling. Several have had chapters in prior *Brand Books.* The newcomers in this book are men with wide experience who have authored books and contributed to the leading magazines of the country. At least three of the chapters were first presented as programs at a dinner meeting of the corral. They were received with such enthusiasm and appreciation that the speakers were requested to prepare a manuscript for the *Brand Book.*

This *Brand Book* includes, not only the talents of fine writers, but the mature judgment of a publication committee made up of men with wide literary experience. It is no exaggeration to say that few writers in the West are better qualified than Homer Boelter, Dr. Edwin Carpenter, Paul Bailey, Don Meadows and Paul Galleher to guide the progress of the publication of a book. Homer Boelter and "Ed" Carpenter not only served as committee members, but worked long and arduous as associate editors. *Brand Book* Thirteen is the result of the combined efforts of writers, photographers, artists, printer and binder as well as a committee that gave guidance from the first evening of the appointment of your editor.

Finally a book only becomes a complete entity when it has been read. It is the hope of the editor that the reader will enjoy the pleasure of gaining some new knowledge to make the "Old West" live for him. Thus will the efforts of all be consummated in success.

GERONIMO, 1886
Photo by C. S. Fly, Tombstone

Geronimo's Mysterious Surrender

BY DAN L. THRAPP

THE SURRENDER OF THE Apache war leader, Geronimo, to Brigadier General Nelson A. Miles in early September, 1886, in Skeleton Canyon, near the Arizona-New Mexico border with Old Mexico, is an oft-told event. By it was "liquidated," to use a modern expression, a band of renegades which had had the Southwest in an uproar for 16 months on this occasion, and at various times previously. By this surrender ended forever the Indian wars of the Southwest.

Facts of the surrender of this noted Indian are generally accepted. And yet there stubbornly persists along the border, existing to this day, the theory that all was not as is so frequently told. That Geronimo's surrender did *not* come about as most accounts have it; that it was the result of a quite different chain of events.

It is here where lies the mystery — the mystery I wish to explore. I believe that in most, if not all, historical events, where different witnesses leave varying accounts, and different traditions tell the story in diverse ways, that even here, all seeming disparate verions can be fitted into a framework, if all the facts are known. I believe this is true of the surrender of Geronimo.

Let us examine once again those facts, and see where we come out.

For the benefit of any who may be a bit rusty on how this surrender occurred, or rather, how the generally accepted version has it, let me review the story briefly:

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES
National Archives.

LT. CHARLES B. GATEWOOD
In Cavalry dress of the 1880's.
U. S. Signal Corps. Photo.

As is well known, Geronimo first agreed to surrender to Brigadier General George Crook at the Canyon de los Embudos, in late March of 1886. Then, after Crook returned to Fort Bowie, Geronimo was made drunk by a "designing man" named Bob Tribolett, an individual most likely on a mission to do just that, as I have previously charged.[1] His vapor-filled head was stuffed with frightening predictions of his probable fate if he went through with the surrender, and Geronimo and about a score of his warriors were flushed out of the hands of the soldiers and back onto the warpath for another five and one-half months.

With General Miles in command of the Department, under instructions from Lieut-General Philip Sheridan, then commander in chief of the Army, to make "active and prominent use of the regular troops of your command,"[2] while downplaying the use of Indian scouts, as had been advocated and heavily practiced by Crook, the war continued. Not *War*, really, but operations. Miles ran his white command literally ragged in the mountains of Mexico, and had very little to show for it except several inconclusive skirmishes in which his troops, according to the best evidence, suffered more than the enemy.

But he learned — what Crook already well knew — that in this

[1]Dan L. Thrapp. *Conquest of Apacheria.* Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1967, pp. 345-47.

[2]Adjutant General R. C. Drum to Miles, April 3, 1886. Senate Executive Document 117, 49th Congress, 2d Session, serial 2449, p. 2.

sugged theater, it would most likely take an Apache to catch an Apache, or, at least to catch up with him.

Thus Miles did not entirely neglect the use of Indian scouts, but he did not emphasise their employment, as had his predecessor. His main striking force — if it could find some body of enemy to strike — under Captain Henry W. Lawton and Acting Assistant Surgeon Leonard Wood, consisted of one company of infantry and 35 cavalrymen, and had 20 Indian scouts along in addition to 30 packers and a 100-mule train-system.[3] Dr. Wood had asked for, and received a fighting command.

Their uniforms were, to say the least, unorthodox. Deep in Mexico, Wood reported, he was garbed in nothing "but a pair of canton flannel drawers, and an old blue blouse, a pair of moccasins and a hat without a crown." Lawton, a giant of a man, wore "a pair of over-alls, an undershirt, and the rim of a felt hat."[4]

In his hand-written narrative, Wood describes the nature of their campaigning in these words:

"One who does not know this country cannot realize what this kind of service means — marching every day in the intense heat, the rocks and earth being so torrid that the feet are blistered and rifle-barrels and everything metallic being so hot that the hand cannot touch them without getting burnt. It is a

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON
In Philippines — painted by Frederic Remington.

[3] Robert M. Utley, "The Surrender of Geronimo," *Arizoniana*, vol. iv, no. 1 (Spring, 1963), p. 3.

[4] Herman Hagedorn. *Leonard Wood: A Biography*. 2 vols. New York, Harper and Company, 1931. Vol. I, p. 78.

country rough beyond description, covered everywhere with cactus and full of rattlesnakes and other undesirable companions of that sort. The rain, when it does come, comes as a tropical tempest, transforming the dry canyons into raging torrents in an instant. . . ."[5]

Lawton lost 40 pounds, and Wood 30. Although the enlisted men were hand-picked, only one-third who had left Fort Huachuca on May 5 were still present at the end, the rest being replacements. Three sets of officers had been used, only Wood and Lawton remaining with the command. And, to top it all off, they didn't catch Geronimo and his band, but merely "received" his surrender, which had been arranged by a quiet different sort of unit.

In July or early August, 1886, the renegades had drifted northward from the depths of the Sierra Madre to the northern bend of the Bavispe River, not too far easterly from Fronteras, which is about 30 miles or so south of Douglas, Arizona.

General Miles heard vague rumors of this. Already he apparently had become convinced that his largely-white command was unlikely to resolve the Geronimo problem, so he had organized another, more flexible, force.

He turned to perhaps the most able, and assuredly one of the most experienced Indian officers in the southwestern army of that day, First Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood, to command it.

Gatewood had had unrivaled experience against the Apache, dating from before the Victorio campaigns of 1879-1880, and continuing through Crook's great expedition into Mexico in 1883, and down to the last months of the Geronimo operation.[6]

Miles sent Gatewood, with two Chiricahuas, Kiyeta and Maritime, into Mexico. Kiyeta was a former member of Geronimo's band who had deserted the hostiles during a raid near Fort Apache, and Maritime also was well acquainted with Indians of the Geronimo party. Gatewood's mission was to find the hostile band, contact it, talk it into surrender, and bring it into touch with white military units.

Crook always believed that the original surrender of Geronimo, in March, had been made in good faith. He believed that even after their bolt, once they had sobered up and gotten over their fright, they might have been persuaded once more to surrender. But Miles's initial methods gave no room for this theory to be tested. Several months of ardous campaigning

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[5] Leonard Wood, "Narrative of the Geronimo Campaign." Manuscript, Library of Congress.

[6] Charles B. Gatewood, "The Surrender of Geronimo." *Proceedings of the Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Order of Indian Wars of the United States.* Washington, 1929, p. 6. Unless otherwise cited, the account of Gatewood's mission to the hostiles, and their surrender, is based upon this publication.

had resulted. Now however, by a return to Crook's methods, Miles sought to persuade Geronimo anew to come in, if he could be contacted.

Gatewood was warned not to approach any hostile camp "with less than twenty-five soldiers as an escort."

This, he knew, was impossible. With a white escort that size, and well armed, he would be lucky if he could even glimpse the dust of the departing Apache band, let alone talk with Geronimo, or Nachez, or any of the others.

Nevertheless, he started south, armed with authority to call upon any commander north of the line for a suitable escort, and free to petition for a like number of men from any commander south of the line, as well. In rickety physical condition, wearied by more than a decade of arduous field work with the Apache scouts, Gatewood had every reason to reject his present opportunity but he never gave refusal a thought.

Besides the scouts, his tiny command included George Wratten, longtime interpreter for the Chiricahuas; Frank Huston, a packer; old Tex Whaley, a courier, and from time to time small escorts of white soldiers.

Failing to get escorts of the size he was directed to take at either Fort Bowie or Cloverdale, Gatewood slipped across the border and contacted a 4th Cavalry unit led by Lieutenant James Parker,[7] going south with it about 250 miles to Lawton's camp on the Haros River in the Sierra Madre of Sonora.

Miles messaged Major General Oliver Otis Howard, then commanding the Division of the Pacific, of which the Department of Arizona was a part, on August 18 that Governor Luis Torres of Sonora, at Hermosillo, had reported Geronimo and his band were near Fronteras. There they had "contacted" Mexican authorities about a possible surrender, said the report.[8]

This information was got to Lawton by means of Miles' smoothly-operating heliograph network, and Gatewood immediately hurried north.

The journey was not without incident, however.

At the community of Bacadehuachi, on the Bavispe, the scouts, Gatewood's and Lawton's alike, got drunk and began to shoot up the town. Their first sergeant and the few sober Indians, according to Leonard Wood, waited until a drunken Indian had fired off his gun, then knocked him down and "captured" him, and doing this in succession until they had seized the worst troublemakers and quieted the near-riot.[9]

On August 20, Gatewood and the scouts went ahead, traveling 80 miles before stopping just outside Fronteras. There they learned that two Chiri-

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[7]James Parker. *The Old Army: Memories 1872-1918*. Philadelphia, Dorrance & Company, 1929, pp. 174-79.

[8]O. O. Howard, Commanding Division of the Pacific, San Francisco, to AG, Washington, Aug. 19, 1886, Sen. Exec. Doc. 117, op. cit., p. 4.

[9]Leonard Wood, "Narrative."

cahua women had come in, talking surrender, and had been released with three pack ponies carrying provisions and mescal. Their release, Gatewood later reported, was due to the efforts of an Army officer, Lieutenant Wilber Wilder, who persuaded Mexican authorities to let them go so they could carry back an invitation to surrender.

"In the meantime," Gatewood wrote, "the Perfect . . . had secretly brought about two hundred Mexican soldiers into Fronteras and was planning to entice the Apache there, get them drunk, and then kill all the men and enslave all the woman and children."

This would have been in the finest and most time-honored Mexican-Apache tradition. The literature of the southwest is full of descriptions of real or imaginary incidents of this kind. Either the Apaches were most gullible, if all these accounts are true, or the Mexicans were very lucky with this sort of trap, if, in fact, it ever succeeded at all. It must, however, have been accomplished once in a while, for the stories would scarcely be so persistent otherwise. Stories from both sides.

The prefect warned the Americans not to follow the women, let they become alarmed and his plan be upset. Gatewood assented. However, he took an escort of six or eight men from Wilder's command, and with an interpreter and his two scouts, circled Fronteras and picked up the trail of the women, following it for three days.

Gatewood wrote: "Slowly, and cautiously, with a piece of flour sacking on a stick to the fore as a white flag, we followed the squaws over rough country full of likely places for ambush. By the third day the trail was very fresh."

It joined the trail of main body, and entered a narrow canyon leading down to the Bavispe River, about four miles farther on. The "Canyon was so forbidding that our two Indians, who were ahead, stopped to consider the situation," Gatewood continued. "Hung up on a bush just before us was a pair of faded canvas trousers, which might be a signel for us to go forward without fear, and again might not."

Gatewood crossed the Bavispe and made camp in a canebrake and sent his two Indians to scout the trail several miles in advance, leaving his white flag raised high, all the while knowing, as he said, that "it took more than any flag to make us bullet proof.

All this while, he later learned, Geronimo had the little party under observation through his stolen field glasses and wondered, Gatewood wrote, "what fool small party it was dogging his footsteps."

Maritime returned at sundown with the news that the enemy camp had been located in the Torres Mountains, four miles from Gatewood's camp. The scouts, at the plain risk of their lives, had entered the stronghold and

delivered the message. Geronimo had kept Kiyeta as hostage and sent Maritime back to bring up Gatewood.

Nachez, the son of Cochise and the hereditary chief of the Chiricahuas (whom, however, Geronimo clearly dominated), also sent word that if Gatewood came on, his party would be safe — which was a strong reassurance to the Apache-wise lieutenant.

Before he left camp, Lawton's many scouts came up and the Captain, with the rest of the command, sent word that he, too, was approaching. Before he arrived, in the morning of August 24, Gatewood moved ahead on the hostile trail, having received an urgent note from Lawton which said, in part: "I hope and trust your efforts will meet with success."[10]

Gatewood started out with Lawton's scouts, but about a mile from the Chiricahua camp, hostiles appeared and told the scouts to go back "and that any troops that might join (up) should remain there too," while Gatewood went on to meet the enemy leaders.

Taking his life in his hands, the Lieutenant accompanied the enemy to a selected council ground. Squads of hostiles came in, unsaddled, and turned their ponies out to graze. Geronimo was among the last to arrive.

Gatewood wrote: "He laid his rifle down twenty feet away and came and shook hands, said he was glad to see me again, and . . . took a seat alongside as close as he could get, the revolver bulge under his coat touching my right thigh."

The Indian said he was ready to hear what Miles had to say. The message was brief: "Surrender, and you will be sent with you families to Florida. . . . Accept these terms or fight it out to the bitter end."

"They sat there with never a movement, regarding me intently," Gatewood continued. "I felt the strain. Finally, Geronimo passed a hand across his eyes, then held both hands before him making them tremble, and asked me for a drink."

Gatewood could have shouted with relief. The Indian explained that he had been on a three-day drunk with the mescal from Fronteras, and he needed a drink to get straightened out. Gatewood had brought no whiskey, so Geronimo returned to the talk. He tried to argue, but the officer said he had no power to enter into a discussion. During the long day Geronimo conferred first with his own people, then again with Gatewood, insisting that they be taken back to the reservation — or they would fight.

"I couldn't take him to the reservation; I couldn't fight, neither could I run, nor yet feel comfortable," Gatewood confessed.

Geronimo was as mentally flighty as a woman. He at various times said his band had decided to fight; then wanted to talk; then asked a multitude of

[10] Britton Davis. *The Truth About Geronimo.* New Haven, Yale University Press, 1929, p. 228.

questions; then conferred again with his men; then again said he wanted to fight. He asked the most questions about Miles, whom he had never met, attempting to learn whether he could be trusted, whether his word was good. He asked Gatewood for advice. The officers advised: "Trust General Miles and surrender to him." He could, of course, say nothing else.

At length the officer returned the four miles to his own camp, where Lawton had now arrived. He reported to Lawton and went to bed.

Early in the morning pickets called him up again. Several hundred yards outside the camp he met Gernomio and several of his band. Again a conference ensued. Again the lieutenant was subjected to a minute scrutiny about Miles and the prospects for the hostiles should they surrender. At length Geronimo agreed — finally — to come in with his band.

The proposition was taken to Lawton, who approved. Geronimo asked that Lawton's force escort his band northward to the meeting place with Miles, so that the Mexicans would not jump them. This was agreed to. They started north that day, August 25.

But one big fright still awaited them.

On August 28 about one hundred and eighty Mexican soldiers, thirsting for a scrap, descended upon Lawton's camp. With them was the prefect of Arispe.

Wood wrote that, "We caught sight of them at a distance of several miles and prepared for a fight. (The Apaches) have very little love for the Mexicans, and I suspect would not have objected to a fight. The packers, also, some of them having been present in the killing of Capt. (Emmet) Crawford, had made preparations for a row. Geronimo kindly sent me word that he was on our side in case of a row."[11]

Wood and another officer hastened to meet them and encountered the Mexicans in a dense cane thicket.

"All was confusion and they were discussing an advance," Wood wrote. Ten or twelve of the Mexicans went on to the American camp. About the time they arrived, Geronimo strolled in with some of his men to see the Mexicans. Gatewood introduced him to the prefect. The official hitched his revolver around to a handier spot, and Geronimo quickly half-drew his.

"A most fiendish expression came over Geronimo's face," Gatewood wrote, "the whites of his eyes at the same time turning red. But the Mexican put his hands behind him; Geronimo let his revolver slide back into its holster, and the danger of serious trouble was past."

A short conversation ensued between various interpreters.

"The deadly hatred and enmity of ages shone in the faces of both parties," Gatewood continued.

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[11] Leonard Wood, "Narrative."

The prefect asked the Indian why he had not surrendered at Fronteras. Geronimo retorted: "Because I did not want to get murdered."

Obviously he had a long memory. It may be recalled that in his autobiography, he tells of such a massacre in which his mother, his wife, and his three children were slain by Mexicans, an incident to which he credited his lifelong enmity for that people.[12]

The mixed party — Apaches, Gatewood's group and Lawton's command — drifted northward toward Skeleton Canyon, where General Miles was to meet them. There were other incidents enroute, but the cosmopolitan assembly reached the canyon late in August, and had then a nerve-wracking wait of several days for Miles, who dallied on the way, not arriving until September 3.

Not all was tranquil. Nachez had left the camp, purportedly to mourn a lost relative, and Gatewood was forced to go hunt him up, which he did. The council with the General followed. There were several long talks.

Miles in substance repeated the surrender terms Gatewood had mentioned in the Torres Mountains conference.

Geronimo accepted. He accompanied Miles to Fort Bowie, and his band came in later. All of the hostiles — and the cooperative Chiricahuas as well — were sent to Florida. They never returned to Arizona.

So there it is, in summary. This, I think, is the generally accepted version of the surrender of Geronimo. There has been some difference of opinion as to whether Gatewood or Lawton, or, for that matter, Miles should be given credit for his "surrender," but this is not to step again into the old controversy, which had better be by-passed for now. No matter how one stands, to whom one believes should go the credit, I think most would accept the general facts as here summarized.

But a few think differently. For many years, in fact, ever since the event itself, there has been held by a minority a sharp difference of opinion over how Geronimo surrendered, and to whom.

Let us look at one example, by way of introduction:

Most persons acquainted with southwestern history recall, if somewhat mistily, the character of Emilio Kosterlitzky, and certain of the many incidents that from time to time have been reported concerning him. He was a most colorful border adventurer, whose career included a vast number of enigmas, and covered three continents, a considerable span of years, and activities at events of moment.

Back in 1886 he was in charge of rurales who served in northern Mexico including, among other places, the territory around Fronteras.

Harry Carr, a onetime columnist on the *Los Angeles Times*, became ac-

[12]*Geronimo's Story of His Life,* S. M. Barrett, ed. New York, Duffield & Co., 1906, p. 44.

quainted with Kosterlitzky during his latter years, when the half-Russian, half-German lived at Los Angeles. He died at that city in 1928.

On November 23, 1929, Carr wrote a letter to Britton Davis, then living at San Diego. Davis had just published his very important book, *The Truth About Geronimo*, and Carr was high in praise of it, as many have been ever since. In part, he wrote Davis:

'Kosterlitzky told me an amazing story. He said his men captured Geronimo. That he had Geronimo imprisoned in a cellar. That he came home one day, to find that some American soldiers — one of whom was Lawton — had taken him away. He overtook them on the trail.

"Lawton said to him: 'What are you going to do to him: shoot him?'

" 'I suppose so,' said Kosterlitzky.

" 'Give him to me,' said Lawton. 'I can make good use of him.' "

Now Kosterlitzky was no phoney. After he was run out of Mexico in the revolutions which succeeded the Porfirio Diaz upset, he served for a number of years with the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the southwest. This was not only during the period of unrest south of the border, but also during World War I.

J. Edgar Hoover, in a letter to me dated March 17, 1964, affirmed that Kosterlitzky "was of great value in investigations along the Mexican border and on the West Coast."

Obviously he was a man trusted, to at least some extent, and in certain matters at any rate, by the FBI, which has its own techniques for assessing and evaluating information and informants.

Upon receipt of the report from Car, Britton Davis replied in a letter on November 23rd, 1929:

"Kosterlitzky's statement is nonsense. No one captured the old devil at any time. Lawton never saw him until after Gatewood had his talk with him and induced him to surrender." Davis added that he had known Kosterlitzky "quite well."[13]

So what can be made of that? Was Kosterlitzky a liar? Or was he a joker? Or was he drunk, when he made the remark to Carr? At this time it is hard to say. As I conclude in *Al Sieber, Chief of Scouts*, he was a man of mystery — and still is. Much of the mystery will be resolved, no doubt, in the not-distant future, with appearance of a biography of him by Cornelius C. Smith, author of a fine biography recently of William Sanders Oury, another prime historical figure of the southwest. Smith has gained access to thousands of Kosterlitzky documents, letters and so on, and his book will be a most valuable contribution to the history of this fabulously intriguing area.

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[13]Copies of this correspondence in collection of author.

Let us turn, meanwhile, to a far more serious account.

Those who have looked into the matter know that along the border there is a belief amounting to a conviction that Geronimo was not *captured* by the North American command at all, but had surrendered to the Mexicans and by them was turned over to the Anglo units. I have encountered this belief several times. Its most comprehensive exposition came to me in a series of letters from an amateur historian who lives at Nogales.[14] His version, as edited for purposes of clarification, goes like this:

"Geronimo was born at Palomas and was baptized there by the ranch's owner, Don Manuel Elias, with the Christian name of Geronimo Elias, because he was born on St. Geronimo's day. He was named Nakayes by his people, the name meaning, 'the sleepy one.'

"When grown, Geronimo settled with his wife at Piedras de Lumbre, close to Arispe. Troops from Pesqueira's army (Ignacio Pesqueira was governor of Sonora at the time) one day killed his wife and children. This triggered his passion for revenge to the extent that we now have a saying in this state (Sonora): 'Pegaron los Apaches,' or 'The Apaches raided here,' when the little towns are quiet or empty-looking.

"Geronimo later stole horses from his god-father, Elias, and helped other Apaches raid the Elias ranch. He became known as 'Glokiya,' or 'the devil.'

"Geronimo knew of Miles' black intentions," continued my informant, "but surrendered to a civilian deputy, a good friend of his, and when he was asked why he had not surrendered to the Fronteras garrison, he said he preferred to survive and so surrendered to a civilian.

"Geronimo surrendered to his 'Cordada,' or civilian police-friend, Don Mariano Avila, at Cuchuta, 4 kilometers south of Fronteras, on August 4, 1886. He was taken then to Fronteras and turned over to Don Ismael Luna, municipal president. A paper was signed asserting the original surrender, and another paper was signed by Ismael Luna. These papers still exist.

"The military post, at Fronteras, with fresh Pesqueira troops from Arispe, demanded the prisoner, but under international agreement, the United States was to take over the Apache prisoners as soon as diplomatic formalities were concluded. This took almost a month. Then the Apaches were sent north into American captivity.

"Geronimo was turned over to Miles on *receipt*. The files of the State of Sonora still have the documents in this case."

As will be seen, this opens up a fresh view, from a different angle. I wrote to my informant, and asked if he, personally, had seen the documents in question and, if he had, who had signed them and what did they say? He replied:

[14] Based on correspondence dated Dec. 31, 1967; Jan. 15, Jan. 31, and Feb. 5, 1968, from Manuel Ortiz, Nogales, Arizona, in author's collection.

"According to our law, every Government move must be written down and filed. The files of the capitol at Hermosillo contain the acts of surrender of Geronimo, and of his transfer to U. S. troops.

"When I first learned about these documents in a Sonora history book, I went to see the author personally at Hermosillo, and found him at his house. This was in 1955. He died not very long ago.

"He told me about these files. After four or five visits to his house, he decided to satisfy my curiosity and took me to Mr. Pesqueira, a relative of the Governor of Sonora at the time of the Geronimo incident.

"Together we obtained permission to view the documents in question. I looked them over, checked the dates, signatures, and so on. Geronimo, of course, could not sign his name, but he made his 'X' and his thumb-print. (He must be in error here, since the fingerprint-technique for identification was not developed until 1891.)

"I took no camera with me, and I think that was a bad error on my part, but I would have been embarrassed to carry it in without permission, and I had not talked it over with Prof. Eduardo W. Villa, the famous historian whose book relates the Fronteras matter as well as several other Apache incidents.

"I do not remember who signed the documents for the Americans — the transfer documents."

So here is a fresh version (for North Americans) of the surrender of Geronimo, purportedly backed by documentation which I have not seen, nor has any other North American to my knowledge. I do not even know who signed the American "receipt" for Geronimo.

How can this theory be explained? How can one make the two accounts jibe? The heavily-documented, circumstantial American account, with the reportedly also documented, circumstantial, Mexican account?

It should be made lear that I am confident of the integrity of my informant. He may lack something of historical training, but in my judgment he told me no more than he saw, and fully believes.

Here we have a dilemma. In order to find a solution, let us return to examine once again the American documents pertaining to the capture of Geronimo. Let us look once more at what Gatewood wrote:

"About the middle of August (we) learned that Geronimo's party was near Fronteras, making some overtures to the Mexicans on the subject of surrender. . . . At Fronteras we learned that two squaws from the hostile camp had been there with offers of peace to the Mexicans, and had departed, going east, with three extra ponies well laden with food and mescal. . . ."

At the surrender, which took place four miles from Geronimo's Torres Mountain camp, the hostiles insisted on keeping their arms, and that "Law-

ton's command act as a protection to them from 'other troops' during the journey" north.

Further, Gatewood wrote that on August 26th, "as we halted to camp, the disappointed Mexican commander from Fronteras suddenly appeared very close, with about two hundred infantry, and created a stampede among our new friends. While Lawton's command remained to parley with the Mexicans, I fled with the Indians northward eight or ten miles."

Here, wrote Gatewood, a courier from Lawton caught up, saying that Lawton "had arranged a meeting between Geronimo and the Mexican commander, so that the latter could assure himself that the Indians really intended to surrender to the Americans.

"It was only with great difficulty that we persuaded the Indians to a meeting; they wanted nothing to do with the Mexicans; but finally arrangements were agreed upon. . . . soon the Prefect, with an escort of seven armed men, arrived. Then, Geronimo, with his party, came through the bushes, all heavily armed, very alert and suspicious. . . .

"The Prefect asked Geronimo why he had not surrendered at Fronteras. 'Because I did not want to be murdered,' retorted the latter.

" 'Are you going to surrender to the Americans?' asked the Prefect.

" 'I am; for I can trust them not to murder me and my people.'

" 'Then I shall go along and see that you do surrender,' said the Prefect.

" 'No!' shouted Geronimo: '*you* are going *south* and *I* am going *north.*'

"And so it was; except that a Mexican soldier came with us, and returned eventually to his superior with official notice from General Miles that the much dreaded Chiricahuas had been sent to Florida," concluded Gatewood.

Now let us turn to other sources.

General Howard wrote on August 19 from the Presidio of San Francisco to the Adjutant General at Washington, D.C.[15] In part he said:

"Dispatches to-day from Governor Torres, dated Hermosillo, Sonora, from Colonels (George A.) Forsyth and (Eugene B.) Beaumont, commanding Huachuca and Bowie districts, confirms the following: Geronimo with forty Indians is endeavoring to make terms of peace with Mexican authorities of Fronteras district. One of our scouts, in returning to Fort Huachuca from Lawton's command, met him, Naiche and thirteen other Indians on their way to Fronteras; had a long conversation with them; they said they wanted to make peace, and looked worn and hungry. . . .

"Should hostiles not surrender to the Mexican authorities, Lawton's command is south of them, and Wilder . . . moved south to Fronteras and will be there by 20th. . . . The Mexican officials are acting in concert with ours."

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[15] Howard to Drum, *op. cit.*

In his annual report, dated September 17, Howard wrote a summary of the concluding Geronimo operations,[16] in which he said:

"About the middle of August Geronimo and his band were so reduced and harassed by the tireless pursuit of the soldiers that they made offer of surrender to the Mexicans, but without coming to terms."

In Geronimo's autobiography, edited by S. M. Barrett and printed in 1906, there is a statement by a W. T. Melton, then of Anadarko, Oklahoma, but who, in 1886, had been employed by the San Simon Cattle Company of Arizona, stationed in or near Skeleton Canyon, where Miles met Geronimo. The job of Melton and his partner, J. D. Prewitt, was to ride the line and keep cattle from straying across the border into Old Mexico.

In September he was near his camp when he encountered Captain Lawton and, later, Geronimo. The parties camped nearby. The cowboys killed three beeves for the Indians one day, paid for by Lawton. Melton continued with his account:

"On the second day two mounted Mexican scouts came to Lawton's camp. As soon as these Mexicans came in sight the Indians seized their arms and vanished among the rocks.

"Captain Lawton wrote an account of conditions and delivered it to the Mexicans, who withdrew. After they had gone and their mission had been explained to Geronimo the Indians again returned to their camp and laid down their arms."[17]

We come here to a curious element in Mexican-Apache relations which has a bearing on our problem. That is, the singular extent to which *commercial* relations, of a sort, persisted even in the midst of wars between them and their unremitting, deep-seated, hostility.

There are many evidences of this, and the custom goes back a long way, probably, although proof is lacking, to the very beginnings of conflict between these two peoples in the 17th century.

Much of our impression of Mexican-Apache relations, and, for that matter, Anglo-Apache relations, during the long period of hostilities, comes from oversimplified, white-black versions presented for their own purposes by various writers, fiction and non-fiction. In truth, it would appear that there were many shades of gray, rather than pure white on one side and pure black on the other. Thus there were periods, beyond doubt, of unremitting hostilities. There also were bands of Apaches who always were hostile, or nearly always hostile toward the whites.

But also there were vast areas where hostilities, precipitated by some stupid action on the part of either white man or Indian, quickly subsided and

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[16] Headquarters, Division of the Pacific, Presidio, San Francisco, to AG, Washington, Sept. 17, 1886, Sen. Exec. Doc. 117, *op. cit.*, pp. 35-37.

[17] *Geronimo's Story of His Life*, p. 171.

commercial relations, if wary at times, resumed and there was some intercommunication between the peoples.

From this point forward we shall use the assembled facts only as bases, and theorize upon them.

We have evidences from several sources that Geronimo, for reasons best known to himself (but probably his number one reason being an almighty thirst), drifted north from the heart of the Sierra Madre to the Torres Mountains, sometime during July or August, 1886.

At this point someone is bound to ask: where are the Torres Mountains? and I must reply that I am not positive. I have found them on no map. But I think they must have been within the northerly hook of the Bavispe River, or, possibly to the east of it, although that is unlikely. The Torres Mountains may be those now called the Sierra de Madera, or the Sierra de Espejuela, or perhaps some cartographically unidentified range near them.

Geronimo, having made his concealed camp in some place where defense was possible and surprise unlikely, in either July or August, in the Torres Mountains — and desiring to alleviate his unholy thirst — cautiously sought to open commercial relations in the nearest community, in this case, Fronteras.

Today Fronteras is but a shotgun sprinkling of adobe residences and two or three shops along the railroad to Nacozari, with a weed-grown and deserted Plaza off to the west of the railroad a block or so. In 1886 it could well have been a more thriving place, but not much more. It was 55 miles straightline — perhaps 75 by road — from Arispe, which lay to the southwest, and nearly 200 miles by road from Hermosillo. It was a long way from any important concentration of Mexican forces, although Anglo military units occasionally passed through the area, or not far from it.

Geronimo had a problem, however, in addition to that posed by his parched throat. This problem was that he was a renegade and a wanted man and, being the last major figure of this sort among his people, the determination to wipe him out was strong among his enemies, who no doubt wished to have the Apache menace clearly eliminated, once and for all.

So he must move cautiously. It was not sufficient, as in the old days, to merely ride arrogantly into the town plaza and demand what he wanted, with payment or without. He now must negotiate for his mescal and the other things he wanted and that only the shop-keepers possessed.

Thus it was, I think, that he opened his spurious "peace negotiations."

He no doubt had acquaintances in and about Fronteras, and he may well have contacted some of them, rather than riding directly into Fronteras himself, which would have been a foolhardy thing to do, and whatever else Geronimo may have been, he was no fool.

Thus, as my Nogales correspondent suggests, he approached Don Mariano Avila, or some similar individual, with an offer to "negotiate" a surrender. He did it so plausibly that Don Mariano believed him and perhaps acted as intermediary with Fronteras officials, such as Ismael Luna, the municipal "president," his correct title, incidentally, since that of "perfecto," or "prefect," was supplanted by that of "municipal president" with independence from Spain early in the century.

There can be no doubt, I think, that Geronimo was contacted in the Torres Mountains by Gatewood, as that officer recorded, and that this meeting took place along the lines set down by that officer. I believe the events Gatewood thereafter described took place pretty much as he, Wood, Lawton, Miles and Howard later recorded.

But I believe, also, that the Mexicans *thought* Geronimo had previously surrendered to them. I believe they thought that he was in the Torres Mountains "on leave," as it were; that they firmly believed he was *their* prisoner, and that on the next trip he made to Fronteras, they planned to assassinate him and as many of his band as they could capture. It took time to organize such a "party" and to bring the necessary troops from Arispe or, perhaps, from Hermosillo, and that might account for the delay between his reported "surrender" on August 4 and the pre-arranged "party," which had been scheduled for about the time Gatewood appeared.

That is why, I think, the troops from Arispe were concealed in the buildings around the Fronteras plaza, as recorded by American officers as well as by Mexican sources. Gatewood arrived just as the trap was set, however futile it might appear now to have been.

That is why, I think, the municipal president of Fronteras was so insistent that Gatewood not take up the trail of the two squaws with their three pack ponies of supplies, "bribes," which is what the supplies were intended to be. I think the president believed that Geronimo had been to town before (his purported "surrender" took place four kilometers, or about three miles, south of Fronteras), and would come again with the bribery of the supplies which had been sent to him by way of the two squaws, and when he *did* come in again, he would be slaughtered.

Thus, I believe that the Mexican-Geronimo "negotiations," if that was what they were — being undertaken in bad faith by both sides, but "bad faith" that was not clearly evident (if, however, suspected) by either side — I believe that these negotiations had proceeded much farther than is evident from the American military reports. From the above it is clear how irate the municipal president of Arispe was that Geronimo had been picked up by the Americans, instead of submitting to assassination by the Mexicans. When he demanded of Geronimo why he had not surrendered at Fronteras, the Indian

replied: "Because I did not want to get murdered," which is exactly what the Mexicans planned to do with him.

American soldiers would have had no faith in the Mexican negotiations. If they heard of them, and we know that Miles heard rumors of them by mid-August, because he so reported to Howard and to Gatewood, they tended to discount them, or see them for what in fact they were: plots and counter-plots unlikely to result in anything concrete and more apt to terminate in futile treachery by whatever side got the apparent advantage.

Therefore, the American reports make no more of them than passing mention.

The thing to do, the American soldiers no doubt felt, was to bull through such tenuous negotiations, contact Geronimo personally, persuade him actually to surrender, and bring him back to the U. S., and that is precisely what they did.

If that analysis is correct, we come then to the problem of documentation supposed to be existing in Mexican files. I have not seen this documentation, but people in whom I have confidence claim to have seen it, and I am willing to admit that something of the sort exists. What about it?

I would suspect that the *receipt* for Geronimo, so claimed, would be signed either by Lawton or Miles or, as an outside possibility, by Gatewood.

From American military sources we get two hints that documentation of a sort was delivered to the Mexicans. The first is in Gatewood's account, where he wrote that "a Mexican soldier came with us (toward the north), and returned eventually to his superior with official notice from General Miles that the much dreaded Chiricahuas had been sent to Florida." The second is the account, or recollections, by W. T. Melton in Geronimo's autobiography. He reported that in September, in Skeleton Canyon, before Miles had arrived, two Mexican scouts entered Lawton's camp. He continued: "Captain Lawton wrote an account of conditions and delivered it to the Mexicans, who withdrew."

I believe that one or the other of these documents, perhaps both, are in the government archives at Hermosillo. I believe that one or the other is accepted by Mexican officialdom as a "receipt" for Geronimo, to document his "capture" by Mexican authorities, and transfer to the U. S. forces.

Further, I believe that either Don Mariano Avila, the original contactman of Geronimo, or Don Ismael Luna, the municipal president of Fronteras, wrote a report dated on or about August 4, 1886, telling of Geronimo's *determination* (as they considered it) to surrender, and perhaps asking for troops from Arispe or Hemosillo to deal with him. This report, too, I would suspect is on file at Hermosillo, giving substance to the Mexican belief that Geronimo actually surrendered at that early date, while we know that he did, in fact, surrender to Gatewood toward the end of the month.

I think that the Mexican belief in the mysterious surrender of Geronimo to Mexican authorities is based on this documentation, more or less in the way it is presented here. I believe, also, that the *actual* surrender of Geronimo took place as reported by Gatewood and other American officers.

If this is true, of what significance is it?

The importance of the two horns of this penetration into Geronimo's aura of outlawry depends, I think, one upon the other. That is to say, if the Indian had not contacted the Mexicans, and if he had not convinced them that he desired to surrender, or at least was willing to talk about it, their movements to bring about his capitulation would not have taken place. If that had been the case, the Americans could not have heard rumors of such negotiations by mid-August, rumors which no doubt came from spies Crook and Miles had working in various Mexican communities in addition to the reported high-level contacts. Most American commanders admitted at various times that they had such agents reporting to them of developments below the border.

Therefore, the Mexican negotiations led directly to Gatewood's hurrying north from the Sierra Madre. They led to his picking up the trail of the squaws. They resulted in his discovery of the hostile camp.

While working at cross-purposes, therefore, the efforts of the Mexicans and those of the Anglo commands actually complemented each other. Without either, without the Mexican efforts, or without the American efforts, the surrender of Geronimo at that time would have been unlikely, if not impossible. The end of the southwestern Indian wars would thus have been prolonged indefinitely.

To both elements, I believe, on the basis of these facts, belongs the credit, for neither would have been decisive without the other.

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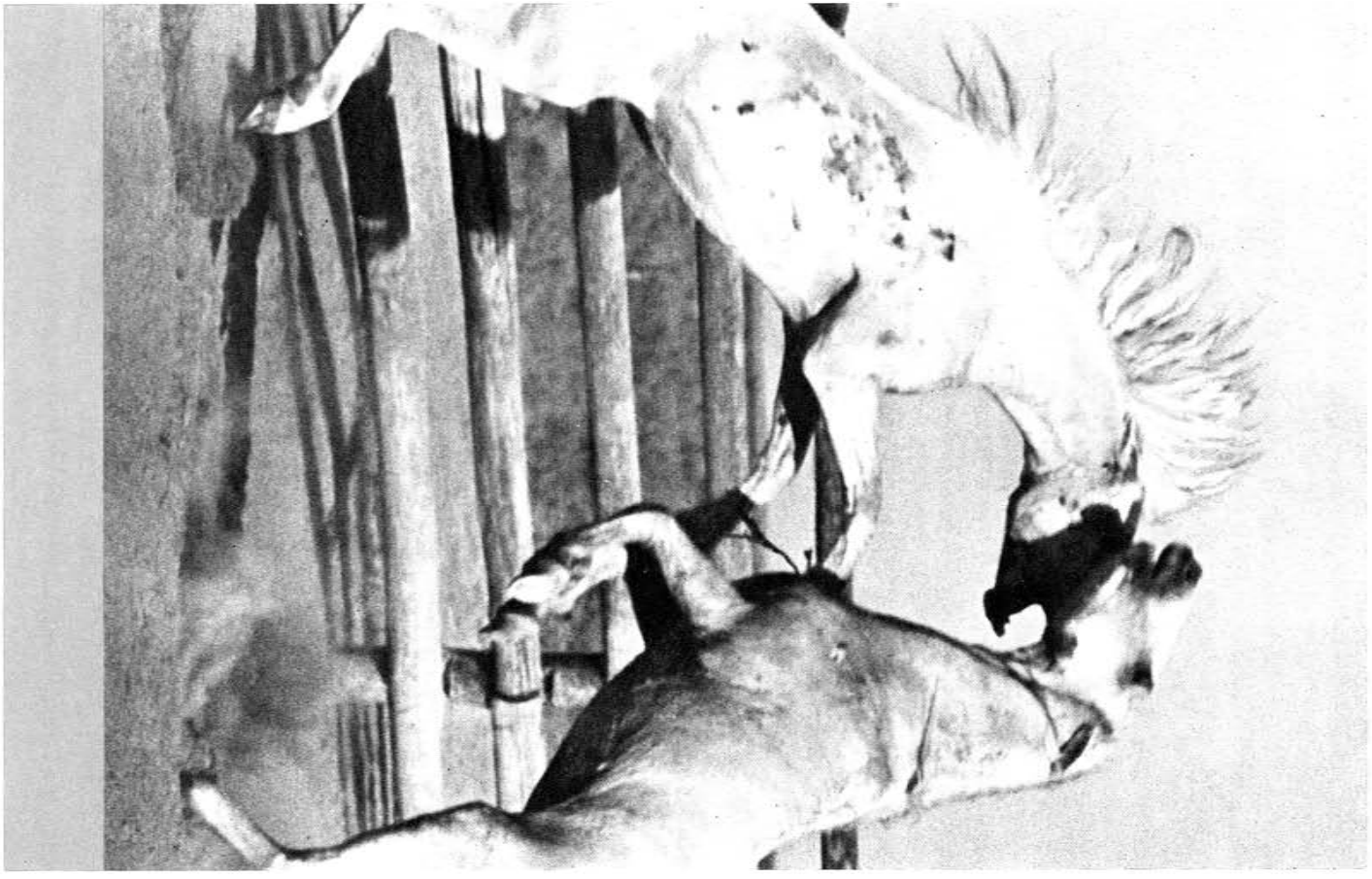

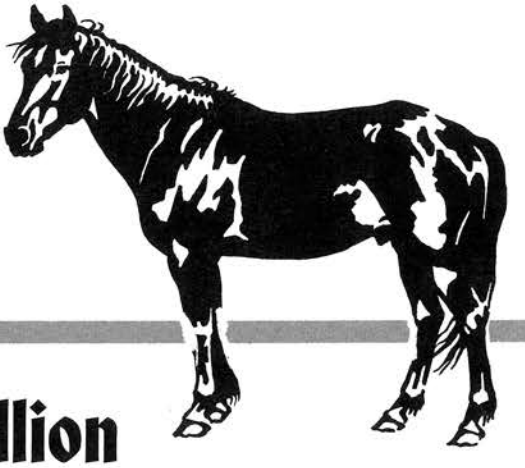

The Wild Stallion
Comments on His Natural History

BY ANTHONY AMARAL

NO OTHER ANIMAL OF THE Western grazing lands has lent itself so romantically to the human imagination as the wild stallion. Even today, *wild stallion* liberates images of a proud and beautiful horse in a statue-like pose on a bluff or hill. He is a leader, while close-by graze his obedient mares. He can race with the wind, will fight to the death for his mares and only names as Wildfire, Stampede or Thunderhead are deserving of his grandeur.

Like the cowboy image, the wild stallion is seven-tenths myth; another of America's rich, if misrepresented, legends of the West. The buffalo was no less magnificent and the antelope certainly more speedy. Each had more native wildness. But the wild horse, and particularly the stallion, had a power to evoke fantasy from his early observers on the plains. Spirit and elegant animation heightened the contrast between the wild horse and those leather-bound to man. Legends have grown from lesser images.

If the qualities of beauty and speed and the fabulous stories of legendary stallions were exaggerated, the hardiness and tenacity of the wild horse were not.

Like the Spanish who brought the horse to America, he was an intruder. Unlike the Spanish, the horse stayed. He took easily to the prairie that had turned back the most determined conquistadores. By the time exploits of

the Spaniard in America had yellowed in the archives of Madrid and Mexico City, his horses had virtually conquered the plains. Even after the horse had been decimated and pushed from his grassland *querencia,* he was able to adopt to the mountain and semi-arid desert environment that are today his last haven. Neither the buffalo or the antelope made the transition, and only protective intervention by man has saved them.

So the wild horse is a phenomenal creature. His natural history is far more fascinating than story book exploits. Regretably, no methodical study of his life and habits has attracted an ethologist as have the wolf, the bobcat, the Bighorn, coyote, eagle, owl, and so on. These animals and their particular society have been studied, not in zoo or laboratory, but in their natural habitats. Confinement with its partial domestication changes their character and behavior no less than it changes men who live their lives more dependently.

Maybe there is a stigma against wild horses because they are not purely wild, but feral; *cimarrones* — 'gone wild.' But this depends on what sort of leather seat one is sitting. The scientist says feral; the old time rider, who remembers when range horses bucked and sun fished instead of kicked, says wild. "He's all bronco. And you'd know for sure if you rode that piece of lightnin.' "

In any case most knowledge of wild horses has been gleamed from comments of those who lived, chased and rode wild horses. More men of action than students of animal behavior and polite definitions, their observations are prolific but at times contradictory.

Thus the stallion is recognized as the leader of his herd, but he rarely leads. The stallion has been called a most vicious fighter, which he is, but few reports have him actually killing a challenger. Other commentary has poetically called the stallion the freest spirit in the West, but he rarely leaves a home range of fifteen or twenty miles.

In Texas, John Young told Frank Dobie how rope snares were placed across trails as a capture device: "The mustang that was snared was usually a stallion leading his *manada* . . ."

Will James, and others, worked the same technique but generally caught old mares, "the leaders of the bunch."

James chased horses in the desert hills of Nevada; Young on the Texas brush range. Both are correct in their reports, but neither comment really defines the behavior of the horses in comprehensive terms. Nor is this an easy thing to do. Animals capable of domestication are known to be wilder — or more crafty — when they have gone wild, as witness the pet dog or household cat. The horse is the same. Will Barnes, a man who knew range and stock, said, "It is a well-known fact that the hardest one to 'cut-out,' the leader of them all in a mad race across the prairie, is the old, gentle, well-broken saddle or work horse, once he gets a taste of freedom."

Anthony Amaral

Many emigrants learned that their plodding wagon horses, although weary, turned 'plum silly' when they happened to get loose for a few days.

Even though he is a habit loving animal, the horse is inconsistent enough, or flexible enough, at least in wild circumstances, to make one cautious in putting a brand on his behavior. Still, observations have established some patterns of wild horse mannerisms; the stallion, like all leaders, sets the cast.

He dominates a herd, band, bunch, drove or, in the southwest, a *manada.* As with most animals that live on the open grasslands, the horse is gregarious, and herd life a protection against predators. The individual is far safer to eat and rest while one member serves as a guard. Usually the stallion is the sentinel, although he might delegate this chore to a favored mare while he grazes.

Unlike other hoofed animals, the wild stallion is in continous ownership of a mare herd. Bison, some deer, elk, and antelope herds are composed of female herds and their young and bachelor herds. The adult males take control of females only during rutting.

Courtesy Robert Griffen

Apparently the wild stallion is unique in his continuous domimance of a mare herd. Not even members of the horse family display this absolute rule. Some species of Zebra live in bands in which the sexes mingle freely, except at rut time. The wild asses of Mongolia, Nubia and Somililand form herds of females, led by a female and the jacks join only during breeding time.

In his patriarchal role the wild stallion is a despot. Young stallions in his herd that reach puberty as awkward, bull-headed two year olds with only mares on their mind are driven out. He is the most jealous, polygamous, militant rulers in the mammal world. And he can fight —

"A wild stallion is the most vicious and cruel fighter that I know." A mustanger on the Staked Plains of Texas reported this in 1887, and others have backed him. Harry Webb, who ranched and chased wild horses in the Elko cattle country when there were more wild horses than people in the whole state of Nevada, told me this story:

"I once turned a big work stud out with a bunch of my mares. A couple of days later I saw the mares, but no stud. I supposed he'd taken up with another bunch — which didn't matter too much, as most of my horses, and those of other ranchers, were easily corraled.

"A few days later a Basque sheepherder told me that he had witnessed a stallion fight. 'They fight all day,' he said, 'right near my camp. All same tiger fight.'

"Some days later a sorry looking critter I didn't recognize limped down the road and turned into the lane. It was my once beautiful stud. His neck, throat and head were a puffed mass of dry, curled skin. His head hung to the ground, swinging like a pendelum — like a horse with his neck pulled down — and his left knee was disjointed. Most of his left ribs were broken and he had lost half his former weight. Some mustang stud had reduced him to chicken feed."

A wild stallion in animated poses of challenge to a fight is an electrifying sight. His entire body is inspired. He can prance with fantastic lightness while holding his head high and his tail arched to a forty five degree angle like a banner that signals an impending struggle. If he is challenged as a herd leader his mares sense they are the prize. They bunch together or are forced to by the stallion before he meets the intruder.

All the high excitement of the challenge changes to a brutal and powerful onslaught in the actual fight. For his size the horse has considerable agility. His hoofs can strike and kick with whipping speed, and his teeth will rip hide and muscle. The stallions rear and paw at each other, or drop to their knees as each attempts to grasp with his teeth a vice-grip on a hock or tendon. They squeel and whirl, and lash out with rear hoofs for a shattering blow to the rib cage; then rush alongside each other in a run grabbing for a hold with their teeth on the crest or jugular.

Two stallions can tear up a lot of country as well as themselves if they are evenly matched. They can fight for hours. The stallion that has successfully defended his domain is rarely the pretty sight fiction and movies promote.

"Let me tell you," told a weathered mustanger to me, "any stud that has been worth his hide is tattooed with scars. You can read his history from scars, patches of white hairs, a knocked down hip or an ear bitten off just as sure as a cow hide can tell its history from the brands."

Recent studies and opinions of ethologists offer the belief that rivalry fights between male mammals are not a fight to the death, but only to make the rival depart, and that death rarely occurs to one of the combatants. Once the fighting opponents know how the fight will end, the weaker one leaves. Studies of Wapiti bull elk, fighting male seals, and other sexually aggressive animals seems to confirm this theory. One animal behaviorist, while firmly eschewing anthropomorphism, believes that although animals have much pride they will not die for it. Says this same authority, "killing in this situation [among the same species in sexual rivalry] would not be according to nature's program. Nature is always concerned for the future of the species, and those vanquished bulls, bucks, rams, cocks, and other males still will be needed to father young."

Horses were not specifically mentioned, and while careless to assume otherwise, the implication is apparent. Even though mustang observers have rarely reported seeing one stallion kill another, their descriptions of fights indicate that nothing less than death would result unless the weaker fighter departed. John Young states that a fight to the death was not unusual although crippling of one or both of the horses was common. More descriptively, Buffalo Jones wrote: "If he is not equal in strength, or lacks in endurance to withstand the awful shock of his adversary, he is at last hurled to the ground — kicked, stamped on, and torn by the teeth of his mad antagonist; and if by chance he can rise again, he rushes off, glad to escape with his life. Unlike the contests between buffalo bulls . . . wherein no blood is drawn, those between two wild stallions of the Plains are fraught with sanguinary results."

Jones' remark about the buffalo (and other antlered animals) follows the theories of ethologists. The apparent and bloody fight to death between wild stallions, unless escape is possible for one of them, seems to be another unique facet of the wild stallion compared to the behavior of other herd animals.

Besides the sexual cause of rivalry and fighting, the idea of *territory* could be another. Wild and free though the wild horse has been described, he is really a homebody more than a gypsy spirit. A home range extends probably about ten to fifteen miles. Even during a chase the wild ones tend

to circle back to their home range. Horses have been known to travel extensive miles to return to this home area.

What is not certain relative to wild horses is a territory ownership. There is a complete difference between home range and territory. Home range can be shared by a number of herds, and is not the exclusive property of one ruling stallion. Territory is an exclusive area and not within the bounds of another stallion, or even another mare, to enter without being challenged. Home range is like a man's town or city, shared by many. Territory, like a man's home, is his castle and not to be entered without permission.

Territory concept has only recently come into focus and is a definite factor with many animals. Birds, as an example, are intolerant of other members entering a zone around the nest. Seals, during breeding season, set up definite territory which the bulls defend. The extent of the territory seems to depend on the size of the animal. Horses are believed to be a territory animal, and while ethologists are not certain, definition of territory and the knowledge of those who know wild horses indicates a correlative probability.

Territory is, naturally, an invisible boundary, but readily recognized by the species. Apparently it can be a flexible measure of space (with moving animals as opposed to a fixed area with a nest site) or a critical distance that keeps groups of the same species apart.

A couple of wild horse mannerisms give evidence that the wild horse could be territorial. A stud leader becomes quite savage to young stallions in the herd when he begins to drive them out. He will kick and bite viciously until they have departed a certain distance from the herd. Young studs often hang about for days whinnying and calling. These bachelor studs tend to close the distance between themselves and the herd. When they close to the point where the stud ceased to chase them, he will attack them again until they have retreated beyond that territory limit.

A stallion challenging another herd leader apparently surveys a herd and its leader from a distance. The herd stallion will accept the challenge, but the challenger must intrude the territory boundary before the herd stallion will actually fight.

Ed Hanks who worked many horse ranches in northern Nevada in the hey day of the wild horses in that state, tends to believe in the idea of a territory exclusiveness by stallions. On one of the ranches he worked it was a practise to run in many bunches of wild ones, turn the studs loose, and then select mares and young stuff.

"The studs," he says, "cavorted excitedly on a rise of ground about a quarter of a mile away. When we finally turned out the mixed bunches of mares, the stallions raced down the hill and rammed into the mare herd. Each stud meticiously cut out his own mares. There was a lot of nipping and squeeling. In amazing short time, each stud had his own mares packed into

a small cluster while he paraded around his bunch. All the studs set up a considerable distance from each other, parading about until the idea got around that no other stud was attempting to challenge another. I'm sure that if any stud even approached twenty feet to another bunch, he would have had to fight. Eventually, they drifted their own ways."

A stallion's dominance over his mares is so authoritarian that he has earned the nickname, harem master. Apparently no mare may either leave or enter his herd without permission, and the former is probably impossible.

When he rounds-up his mares, or a new individual or herd, the stallion is brutal until his authority has been accepted. He assumes definite mannerisms, what Will James calls, "looking wicked." He drops his head low until his lip virtually skims the ground. With outstretched neck and ears flat against his head, he races against the mares, taking forceful bites, or will suddenly wheel and kick at them. No mare challenges his authority for long.

This characteristic posture of head and neck snaking along the ground is probably a primitive instinct developed when horses were often driving off enemies, mainly the wolf. It is an imperative pose that protects the stallion's most vulnerable area, the throat. Why he should assume this pose with mares is uncertain. Maybe it represents a deadly and earnest intent since mares herd immediately when the stallion assumes it.

Even one as dictatorial as the stallion must have a subordinate, and an older mare in the herd takes this second rank. Because she has been often observed leading a band of horses, there is a difference of opinion as to whether a stallion leads or drives his mares. It probably depends on the situation.

Frank Lockhard in his story of Black Kettle, a stallion that ran wild in Kansas in the 1880's, made one of the few keen observations of the mare:

"Wild horses are always led by the same mare . . . By some signal which mystifies me Black Kettle would turn his mares in any direction he chose without seemingly making a move. I always thought he made the signal with his ears but was never sure. He could increase or lower their speed by a slight movement of the head, which was inpreceptible unless you watched him very close. The lead mare kept her eye on him at all times but the balance of the herd had no responsibility except to follow the lead mare, and if one of them dropped out of place even for a few steps, the male was right there to put her back . . ."

The particular situation mentioned above, and others that describe the mare leading, have been instances when the herd was being chased. Presumably, the stallion remains between the herd and the danger. He's even been known to kill colts when mares hung back from the herd to stay with their young.

Anthony Amaral

Will James wrote: "Going to water or following a trail some old mare is always ahead with the colts following. The only time a stallion may take the lead is when the herd is in a pinch and crowded . . ."

There may be some degree of flexibility between the mare and the stallion as to who is leading. The situation itself would undoubtedly depend on the circumstances.

Some reports from the Plains have said the stallion led, and to a point this is probably correct. But stallions have also been known to be in the lead during a chase and continue to hightail it out of the country and leave his mares. One informant told Dobie that he had learned not to bother with a herd which the stallion led instead of driving because the stallion could not be trusted to keep the herd together.

Shooting the stud was known to scatter the mares also. And since stallions captured along with their herds have jumped corrals for their personal freedom, it's possible that a stud will abandon his mares in a chase if he feels escape is no longer possible for his herd. Making even more muddled the stallion leading or driving theory are the reports of the true wild horses of the Gobi esert stating the herds being led by a stallion, but only if there were no colts in the herds.

The wild stallion, obviously, is a cagey animal. His mode of behavior tends to change with the type of country he is forced to occupy. Other aspects of his behavior, unmentioned here, support his tenacious will and ability to survive.

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San Xavier del Bac.
Homer M. Boelter

God's Cowboy
Some Notes on Father Eusebio Kino, S.J.

BY JOHN UPTON TERRELL

As I begin to write about Father Kino, I kept in mind a question. It was: What made him a great man? Before much work had been done, I realized that I would not easily find a satisfactory answer.

Clearly this was not the case of a man being remembered and revered for some single courageous venture, feat or accomplishment. It was not as if I might say, as may be said of many men: He was a superb *this*, or a brilliant *that*. It was not to be that simple.

Father Kino was not to be described or identified by some concise label. Whatever such a device might proclaim, it would be insufficient, it would not do him justice. For it was not a single attribute that set Father Kino apart from his colleagues and others with whom he was associated in his lifetime. And it was not a single achievement which gave him his place in history.

It was the complex and unique blend of characteristics with which he was endowed. It was the rare combination of intellectual gifts, religious and moral beliefs, and physical qualities which, even though each was strong and well defined in itself, united in motivating him, complementing each other and functioning in smooth accord.

Father Kino looked far beyond other men. He looked out across the great deserts of the Southwest and he envisioned the towers and walls of beautiful missions silhouetted against the azure sky. And he built them and he heard their bells calling the faithful through the wilderness silence.

But it is not enough to speak or think of him as a soldier of his church. He was that, and no Black Robe ever carried more valiantly or more determinedly the banners of Christianity into foreign fields. But religion meant more to him than piety and unrelenting devotion to God. Religion was more than winning converts, more than saying mass, more than prayer.

To Father Kino religion meant also building, creating, opening unknown paths to civilization. It meant also teaching and training, peace and progress, coordinating the material with the spiritual in a harmonious force beneficial and inspiring to all mankind.

And he knew that without the achievement of this goal the walls and towers of missions could not stand against the forces of evil, without it the bells could not long be heard, without it the banners of God would be trampled by the feet of infidels in the desert dust.

Father Kino was as coldly practical as he was unqualified devout. He understood the needs of men as he understood their hearts and their minds and their dreams. He was not only a shepherd of souls, but a hard-riding herdsman of cattle and sheep and horses and goats. His earthly flocks were comprised not only of converts but of chickens and ducks and turkeys. He sowed not only the seeds of the gospel but the seeds of wheat and oats and cotton. He fashioned adobe bricks not only for naves and altars but for houses and barns and forts in which he stood prepared to shed his blood with other defenders against savage hordes, defenders fighting not only for their Faith but for their earthly property, for moral decency, for security, for civilization.

WHEN IN THE year 1687, at the age of forty-two, Father Kino first rode into the region in which he would spend the remainder of his life, it was a land about which much had been forgotten and very little had been remembered.

But then it was that a new *relato* of this land began to unfold. Then it was that Father Kino opened for the first time the gate of this land, so long guarded by pagan sentries, to the indomitable soldiers of Christianity. And never afterward would it be forgotten, but always would everything about it be remembered, for its story would be indestructibly engraved on the stones of history.

In Mexico in the year 1687 they spoke somewhat vaguely of this land as Pimería Alta, a geographical designation that was both logical and erroneous, logical in the sense that it was the home of a people whom the Spaniards called Upper Pimas, and erroneous because their true name was Ootam.

The nickname Pima had been derived from a misunderstanding, and adopted as a matter of convenience. *Pim* in the language of the Ootam meant *no*. And when the first missionaries, pushing northward in Mexico, met the lower Ootam people they mistakenly called them Pimas, perhaps because they heard the word *pim* so often. That is conjecture, but, at least,

it was a word easily repeated, and acceptable to Spanish ears.

Then it was learned — or remembered — that much farther to the north, beyond the last outpost of civilization, there were more people of the same linguistic family, other Pimas to whom no missionary had ever carried the story of Christ. And a means was sought of designating the known from the unknown, or rather the baptised from the heathens. And they called the land of the southern Pimas *Pimería Bapa,* and the land of the northern Pimas *Pimería Alta.* And in this way the two regions and the people in each of them found places in the nomenclature of New Spain, and in this way would they always be identified.

But in Pimería Alta there were other peoples, many of them, speaking different dialects and different tongues, living in different ways and having different customs, other peoples about which no more was known — or remembered — than the far places they were believed to inhabit. These were peoples that would come to be called Sobaipuris, Cocomaricopas, Papagos, Yumas, Quiquimas, Sobas, Seris, Cacopas, and there were others. They had been seen and described. Old reports had been written about some of them, but these old documents had been sent to Mexico City, or even to Sevilla, many years before, and they had been buried in the disorderly cemeteries of Spanish archives, and if anyone remembered about them there was little hope of disinterring them.

The extent of Pimería Alta in the year 1687, when Eusebio Francisco Kino entered it on the Indian trail along the Rio San Miguel, was not to be precisely defined by arbitrary lines. Every old map on which it was purportedly portrayed was more a product of imagination than factual knowledge. Its boundaries were speculations, and in places they wandered off into the wild blue yonder of a cartographer's dream.

But something could be said in general of its limits.

Its southern boundary could be delineated more easily and with more accuracy than any of the others. And there was a good reason for this. Settlement had been pushed northward in trickles, in widely separated missions, presidios and little towns, along the western slope of the Sierra Madre to various points between the 30th and 31st degrees of north latitude, along the Rios San Miguel, Sonora and Montezuma. Above the westward flowing Rio San Ignacio and its seeping tributaries no advance guards of the Church had been established. The Rio San Ignacio in Sonora, therefore, could be said to be the southern boundary of Pimería Alta.

Now, going north with a straightness that no trail pursued for some two hundred miles the Gila River was reached, and this was the homeland of the Sobaipuris, who were also of Piman stock. Above the Gila were Apaches des Navajos, and some smaller tribes, and the Gila marked the northern boundary of Pimería Alta.

East of the San Pedro River (in Arizona), where the rugged walls of the Galiuri and Dragoon Mountains support the blue sky, was Apachería, the realm of the deadliest of all enemies of the Pimas, Papagos and Sobaipuris . . . enemies of almost everyone else, white or red, for that matter . . . and the San Pedro was the twisted eastern border of Pimería Alta.

There was a western limit. It was the Gulf of California. But more must be said of it. For in 1687, learned as they were, neither Father Kino nor his padre colleagues and lay associates knew how far the Gulf of California reached. Here again the historian must glance toward the cemeteries of the archives. That information was there, smothered in official dust. Nor did Father Kino know, in 1687, that Baja California was not an island. This knowledge, too, was in the government repositories, but no stone marked the location of its casket.

Pimería Alta, when Father Kino first saw it, was a land of mystery, a mystery recreated by the passage of decades in which noxious growths of ignorance and indifference submerged the fruits gathered by brave and daring men long gone to their rewards, such men as Cabeza de Vaca and Alarcón and Melchior Diaz and Estevanico and Oñate and perhaps others who may have found their way into it from the Alta California coast, and who, regretably, must remain unidentified.

This was the land, then, sixty thousand square miles of it, this Pimería Alta. But what was in it? Father Kino would have to find out himself. And he would. Before he died, twenty-four years later, he would know well every part of it. And he would know its many hues and its contrasts and its changeableness and the variability of its climate. He would know the strangeness and the variety of its vegetation, its pines and oaks and cottonwoods and sage and weird forms of cacti and lovely flowers splotching mesas and plains and deserts. He would know its peaks where snows lay deep and its hot sands burning with the fires of hell. He would know its rivers that vanished and reappeared with new life, its waterholes and its *barrancas* and its rimrocks. He would know its terrors and its beauty, the roar of its winds and the silence of its clear starry nights.

This was the land, the Pimería Alta. But in that spring of 1687, when he wondered what was in it, he could be certain of only one thing. He could be certain only that it contained people, living people who had never seen the Cross, people who had never heard the saying of mass or the sound of a mission bell, people who had never heard the story of the Christ child, who knew naught of God.

That was all he needed to take him into it.

It was not all that he wanted to see in it, not all that he wanted to leave in it.

John Upton Terrell

NOT ALL THE dust clouds in the Pimería were caused by winds. Many of them were raised by the herds of cattle, horses, mules, goats and sheep being driven along the trails by Father Kino and his Indian vaqueros.

He was the first great stockman and grain grower of Northern Sonora and Arizona.

The reasons for his devotion to the building of vast and prosperous ranchos had their basis in sound economic and sociological formulas.

Cattle, sheep and goats were food. Many Indians, however, were not averse to partaking of a thick horse or mule steak. Indeed, they had a fondness for this nutritious and tasty meat. But he was able to convince them in time that horses and mules were more valuable to them as transportation and beasts of burden. And comparatively few were devoured.

Almost all natives of the Pimería had grown maize, beans, squashes and gourds for centuries. But Father Kino cultivated greater fields than they had ever known. And to this basic food supply he added wheat, oats, fruit orchards and vineyards. And he demonstrated his skill as a hydrologist and an engineer by creating large irrigation projects to bring water to new agricultural developments.

Plentiful and assured food supplies held Indians in their villages . . . at home. You could not instruct people, you could not catechize them, you could not baptise them, you could not convert them to Christianity, if you could not hold them together, if you could not find them.

And in every village, large and small, he delegated responsibility. Joseph, these cows are in your care. Manuel, you are assigned to care for these wheat fields, you are to see that they are properly watered, and you are to guard them. Fernando, you are to see that these bands of sheep and goats are grazed and protected against wild animals. And all of you may have as many assistants as you need to perform your duties well.

Every rancho was organized in the manner of a military division, or, it might be said, like a private enterprise created for profit. There were staff officers and company commanders, and sergeants and corporals and privates. There were department heads and field representatives and clerks. Every man had his job. Every man could take pride in being a specialist. Every man was trained to perform the work for which he appeared to be best fitted, or which he preferred.

But there were no prisoners at Father Kino's ranchos. He did not make the mistake of forcing men to work, as did some missionaries in New Mexico and, notably, as did many Fathers at the missions of California. Father Kino sent no soldiers to track down runaways. No man was thrown into a cell, unless he had committed a crime against others. Father Kino showed them that they were laboring not only for God but for themselves. The harder

they worked, the more they had, the more they could enjoy life. If men ran away, he let them go. They would come back, for they would soon realize that they were injuring only themselves, no one else. And almost invariably they would come back. And he would forgive them. A man reaped from the seed he sowed. Kneel in prayer to God, and go into the fields and labor, mold adobes if you want a house and a church, care for your orchards and your pastures if you would have fruits and fat animals to eat, and kneel in prayer as the shadows fell, and thank the Creator for the bounties of the earth, and be comforted in the thought of eternal salvation.

Father Kino, God's Cowboy, riding with the trail herds, leather chaparejos strapped over his Black Robe, spurs jangling on his boot heels. And he labored as he would have others do. He scouted for grasslands, he supervised breeding, always he made sure there were studs for the mares and bulls for the cows and rams for the sheep and goats, and he directed the harvesting, wielding scythe and fork with the others, and he butchered, and he branded. He was a vaquero, and he ate the dust of the drives, and he sweated in the corrals, and he slept on the open ground or on an earthen floor with his saddle for his pillow.

He was the boss. But he asked nothing for himself. His reward came when his eyes were regaled by beautiful fields, and lambs and kids and colts and calves scampering with full bellies in the pastures. And his compensation was the sight of the faithful before the altar, taking Christianity unto their hearts.

In the beginning he begged and borrowed and bought livestock from older missions to the south. Like a good businessman, he established his credit. I need thirty mares, and I cannot afford to buy them, but I will give my note to pay for them as soon as I can, and at a profit to you. He got the animals, small numbers at first, but the propagation of good beef and mutton and horses and pack mules was as important in his scheme of things as the propagation of the Faith. The natural and the spiritual worlds were inseparably welded. He saw them as one, each dependent upon the other. And let the Devil have those who would divide them and thereby bring destruction to both.

He was as hard as he was kind. He gave his orders and he made certain they were obeyed. He asked no man to do something he would not do himself. And he could shout a scolding at the negligent, and he could become almost choleric at the disobedient. And he could be gentle and forgiving in the next moment. Always he strove to set an example. And the courage he displayed was inspiring, and the workers marveled at his endurance, respected his knowledge, and emulated him in every way they could. He was the Magic Man. And they revered him.

John Upton Terrell

ON THE MORNING of the thirteenth of May, in the year 1711, the old cowboy of Dolores strapped on his chaparejos and went out to the corral. He was almost sixty-six, but he still moved with something of the litheness of the veteran horseman. And the quick, penetrating, black eyes swept the surrounding mountains and the valley below with clear vision, gazing with pride on the orchards and fields below the height on which the mission stood.

And with ease he swung into the saddle on the fine horse a vaquero had ready for him.

And Father Kino set out for Magdalena, taking the trail through the gap in the mountains that stood to the west of the Rio San Miguel. It was the same trail he had taken in the spring of 1687 on his first trip to the Pimería. And as it had been on that day twenty-four years before, the country was brilliant in the garb of spring, new leaves rolling in emerald billows against the turquoise sky, and bright flowers covering the slopes in ragged blankets, and the perfumes of the awakened earth filling the soft airs.

He was on his way to Magdalena to dedicate a new chapel in honor of Saint Francis Xavier. And when in the afternoon he came down from the hills into the town, he found a great crowd of Indians waiting to receive him. And the church and the houses were decorated with streamers. And the throng cheered and sang and marched with crosses and banners through the dusty streets.

And on the next day, accompanied by Father Campos, he went, surrounded by the reverent crowd, to the "finely wrought" new chapel. And he sang the Mass of dedication.

And a terrible pain came upon him. But he completed the ceremony. And then he staggered to the house of Father Campos.

And Father Campos made him a comfortable bed, but he would not lie in it. And he would not undress. His bed, "as had been his bed always, consisted of two calfskins for a mattress, two blankets such as the Indians use for covers, and a pack saddle for a pillow."

And on this bed he closed his eyes.

And the next day, a weeping Father Campos wrote:

"On the fifteen of March, a little after midnight, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino died with great peace and edification in this house and pueblo of Santa Magdalena. He is buried in a coffin in this chapel of San Francisco Xavier on the Gospel side."

SOUIX CHIEF IN BUFFALO ROBE

The Dodge City Buffalo Hunters

BY EARLE R. FORREST

OVER FORTY YEARS AGO, in the summer of 1926 to be exact, I was fortunate in finding O. A. (Brick) Bond and George W. Reighard, the last survivors of the army of buffalo hunters who had operated out of Dodge City, over half a century before. Back in the 1870s this frontier town on the plains of western Kensas, was headquarters for hundreds of buffalo hunters who, in just a few short years completely wiped out the great southern herd which at that time numbered in the millions.

Estimates made by army officers and travelers placed the peak number in the southern herd at from ten to thirty millions; and within ten years of hide hunting they were completely wiped out. The northern herd, which ranged in Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska and the Dakotas was not as large; but there were enough to cover the prairies of all of those states which were then territories.

It is no wonder that all of the plains tribes resented the intrusion of the hide hunters; but when the Indian dealt with the white man he always got the worst of the deal. The Indian of the Great Plains depended upon the buffalo for his very existence. The big shaggy animals furnished him with food, robes for his bed, hides for his clothing, material for shields, and covering for his tepees.

General William T. Sherman estimated the southern herd at ten millions. General Nelson A. Miles stated in his *Personal Recollections* that he

frequently saw from twenty to thirty thousand within a radius of from ten to fifteen miles, and placed the number killed by hide hunters in the Southwest between 1872 and 1875 at 5,373,730. Just how he arrived at these figures is not stated; but later estimates made more accurately during the buffalo bone period show that both Sherman and Miles were far too low. In 1872, William Blackmore reported that while on a scouting expedition from Fort Dodge to Indian Territory, a distance of one hundred miles, he was never out of sight of large herds. So completely was the extermination that fifteen years later it was hard to find a bone in all that region.

In December, 1872, when the fall migration was at its height, all traffic on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad west of Dodge City was blocked for three days and nights by buffalos crossing the track. The country was covered with them, and it was impossible for a train to even attempt to pass through the mass. It was this same railroad that sealed the fate of the southern herd by placing eastern markets within shipping distance. During the construction days, trains were often delayed for hours by great herds crossing the track. Hunting excursions were run from Kansas City and eastern points to the buffalo country, and large numbers were wantonly slaughtered from car windows.

The hides were tanned in the East, and used for many purposes, chief of which was robes for sleighs and overshoes for winter, arctics we call them today. Back in those years before the turn of the century no man considered his sleighing outfit complete without a good warm buffalo robe. Henry Hull, a merchant in an eastern farming town in the sixties and seventies, once told me that he had sold thousands of buffalo hide overshoes for one dollar and a dollar and a quarter a pair.

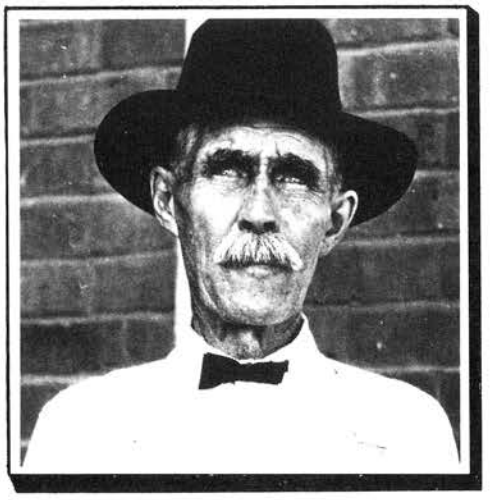
I was fortunate in finding "Brick" Bond and George Reighard, the last of that mighty army of buffalo hunters that once roamed over the Southwest in defiance of the government edict against hunting south of the Arkansas in the days when that region was set apart as Indian land by the Treaty of Medicine Lodge. They painted glowing word pictures of those days little more than half a century before when both were young and adventurous.

Bond was seventy-seven when he died in May, 1927, less than a year after I talked to him; and Reighard was eighty-five when he passed away in the early 1930s, the very last of the old time buffalo hunters. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and after fighting through four years of the Civil War in the Twenty-second Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, he found, like many another young veteran, both Union and Confederate, that the life they had known before the war was just too tame, and they headed West. Before he reached the end of his life's trail he had the distinction of being the oldest settler in western Kansas.

George Reighard's first stop was at Fort Hays where he drove a mule team in General Custer's reserve train. During the years he was at that frontier army post he became well acquainted with General Custer and "Wild Bill" Hickok, one of the best known of all gunfighters of the old West. He described this noted frontiersman as a quiet, courteous man, who never sought trouble. He was one of the best scouts on the plains, and for several years he was attached to Custer's command. In spite of many stories that "Wild Bill" was frequently in Dodge City, Reighard said that he was only there once or twice.

Mr. Reighard told me that in 1871 he was a teamster in the expedition of the Tenth United States Colored Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Grierson, a noted Civil War general, which left Fort Sill in pursuit of Big Tree's band of hostile Kiowas. Jack Stillwell, who had guided the relief column to Colonel Forsyth's besieged scouts, fighting for their lives on the Arickaree River in Colorado, in 1868, was Grierson's chief scout.

"Make no mistake," Mr. Reighard told me. "There were never any better fighters in the army than those Negro cavalrymen. They never questioned an order, not even among themselves. They would hang onto a train clear to the end. They followed that trail of hostile Kiowas across the Staked Plains, far from water, and we nearly perished from thirst. We finally tried to reach the head of the Brazos, but we were forced to make a dry camp. The troopers were discouraged, and felt that they would never reach civilization; but there was never a word of complaint. If we didn't get out it was all right with those Negro soldiers. Just when we had about given up an incident occurred that revived all our hopes. A mule broke away and an hour later returned to camp covered with mud. Well, it didn't take scouts long to locate the water."



GEORGE W. REIGHARD
Last of the Dodge City buffalo hunters.
Photo by Earle Forrest

I was sorry afterwards that I did not question him more closely on the Indian wars, and thereby I missed a good opportunity; but just then I was more interested in his experiences as a buffalo hunter. In the fall of 1871 he became a professional hunter, and followed that occupation until the spring of 1873. He told me that during this period he killed five thousand, making a record of sixty-eight at one stand. "Only a few other hunters beat that," he said rather proudly.

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

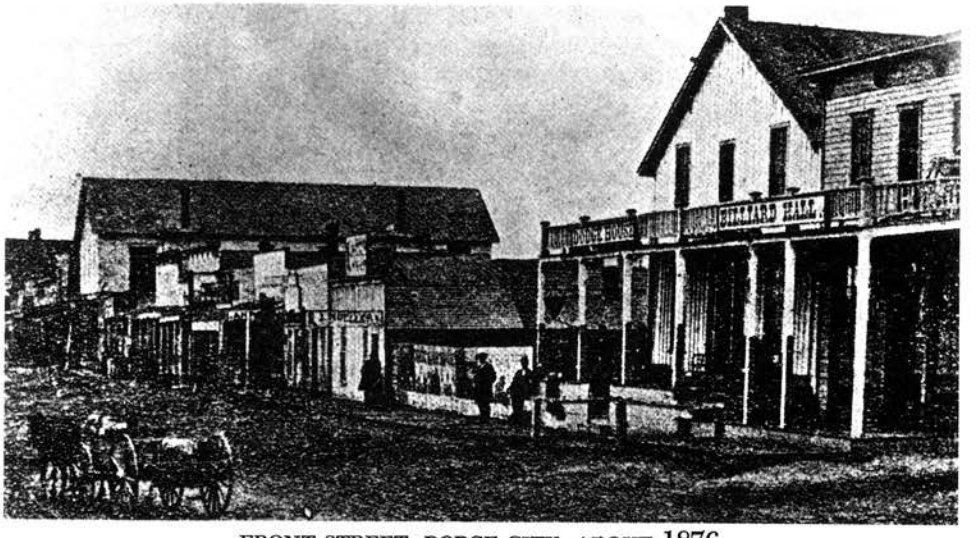
"The big year for the hunters was 1872. You could hear guns booming all over these plains, so many that it sounded like a battle. By the spring of 1874 the herds in this vicinity had either been killed off or driven south. Then the hunters moved their headquarters to Adobe Walls, where the big battle was fought."

When I asked how much he received for hides he replied; "I got from a dollar to three dollars and forty cents each for hides, depending upon the condition of the hair. One of the best known of the old-time hide firms in the Southwest was Lee and Reynolds, composed of W. M. D. Lee and E. A. Reynolds. They ran an Indian trading post at Camp Supply, and made a specialty of tanned and painted robes. They bought many thousands from the Indians. In those days I purchased good painted robes for six dollars each; but if you had one today you could get anywhere from a hundred to two hundred dollars.

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

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

Business came to Dodge City with the buffalo hunters who flocked there after the Santa Fe left a box car on the siding for a depot in 1872, and during the next four years when the southern herd was practically exterminated, it was the largest shipping point for buffalo hides and meat the world has ever known. A colorful word picture of the Dodge City of those early times was painted for me by Mr. Reighard. He told how he had seen the streets lined with wagons bringing in hides and meat, which were shipped out daily over the Santa Fe Railroad; and each day long trains arrived loaded with flour, grain, provisions, and all kinds of supplies for the entire Southwest. Charles Rath & company, one of the first mercantile establishments in the new town, and Rath & Wright engaged extensively in buying and shipping buffalo hides. During the four big years of the trade a good hunter could make a hundred dollars a day killing for the hides and meat.



FRONT STREET, DODGE CITY, ABOUT 1876

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

One of the greatest of the old-time buffalo hunters was O. A. Bond, better known as "Brick" Bond, who died in Dodge City in May, 1927, at the age of seventy-seven, less than a year after I talked to him. He was rather reticent, and did not seem inclined to talk much about himself; but he did tell me in answer to a question of how buffaloes he had killed; "I've killed more buffaloes than any other man living. Once I was out for three years without seeing a town and during that time I averaged a hundred and fifty a day. You can figure that out for yourself. I did the killing, and had from five to fifteen men skinning. We dried the skins by staking them out on the ground, and then shipped them by bull teams to Dodge City. I had as many as seven eight-yoke ox teams going at one time. The hides brought from a dollar to three dollars each, depending on the condition of the hair. Buffalo robes were at their best in October, November and December; but we hunted the year round."

According to these figures "Brick" Bond killed over two hundred thousand buffaloes during the four years he spent as a hunter. This may be a little high, as he no doubt did not hunt every day; but if he spent half of his time killing his total would be one hundred thousand or more, which is probably conservative. And "Brick" Bond was only one of many. With fifteen hundred killed in seven days, he told me that he "held the record for the greatest number in a week, and this record was never broken by any other hunter," he added proudly.

Bond had a contract to furnish the Santa Fe grading crews with beef at six and one-fourth cents a pound during the construction of the road through western Kansas. A thousand men were working on the grade and track laying at one time, and large quantities of meat were required; but he frequently substituted buffalo.

Bond, Reighard, and several other old residents of Dodge City told me that Tom Nixon held a record that was never equaled — one hundred twenty buffaloes killed in forty minutes, and 2,173 in thirty-six days. They assured me that no other hunter in all the West ever came near this record, which stands as the best for all time. This makes the records of "Buffalo Bill," Dr. W. F. Carver and William Comstock appear commonplace; but Dodge City hunters made a business of killing buffalo.

The story of Tom Nixon's kill was told until it became one of Dodge City's legends. Several men in other sections had made record kills; and Nixon, who already had a reputation, felt that as Dodge City was the center of the buffalo market it was only right that a hunter from that town should

hold the record. Accordingly he announced that he intended to establish one that no man would be able to beat.

September 15, probably 1873, was set as the date. Accompanied by several friends selected to act as judges, Nixon soon located a herd on the headwaters of Bluff Creek in Meade County. After placing the judges in a good position on a distant hill, he approached the game on foot, keeping out of sight in a ravine until he was about four hundred fifty or five hundred yards from the herd. Then he signaled the judges to start keeping time.

Selecting a large bull, Nixon fired, and then remained quiet. The boom of the big fifty caliber Sharp's rifle startled the animals, and they surged uneasily for a few seconds but as the hunter remained quiet they resumed grazing. The bull, shot to death through the lungs, stood quietly chewing his cut for several minutes, and then fell with a mighty bellow. The others rushed to the fallen monarch, and when they smelled the blood gushing from the wound, they began to mill, making a terrific noise bellowing and pawing the earth.

This was what Nixon had been waiting for, and raising his gun fired again and again as fast as he could load and take aim, each shot bringing down a buffalo. The bewildered animals could not see the source of danger and they milled in a circle. The big gun boomed again and again. When one fell the others rushed up, bellowing and pawing the earth, and sometimes butting the fallen one with their great shaggy heads. This confusion and noise drowned the crack of that deadly rifle. The slaughter continued for exactly forty minutes as reported by the judges, and at the end of that time one hundred twenty dead buffaloes lay stretched on the plain, killed at the rate of three a minute, a record that was never equaled in all the West.

In describing this, "Brick" Bond explained that killing in this manner was what was known as a "stand." It seemed easy, but he said that it required all the skill of an experienced hunter. His calculations must be exactly right. He must get to windward of his game and keep out of sight. It was important that he did not get excited, for if he fired his second shot too soon there was danger of a stampede. But most important of all, the hunter had to be a crack shot at long range, for every bullet must score a hit in a vital spot.

On another occasion Nixon killed two hundred four at one stand; but it required more than forty minutes.

Beginning with the big kill on September 15, Tom Nixon continued hunting with a party of skinners following him, and when he rode into Dodge City on October 26, his wagons were loaded down with 2,173 hides, the results of thirty-six days.

I was told of another Kansas hunter who was christened "Buffalo Bill" long before Dodge City was ever dreamed of. The name of William Mathew-

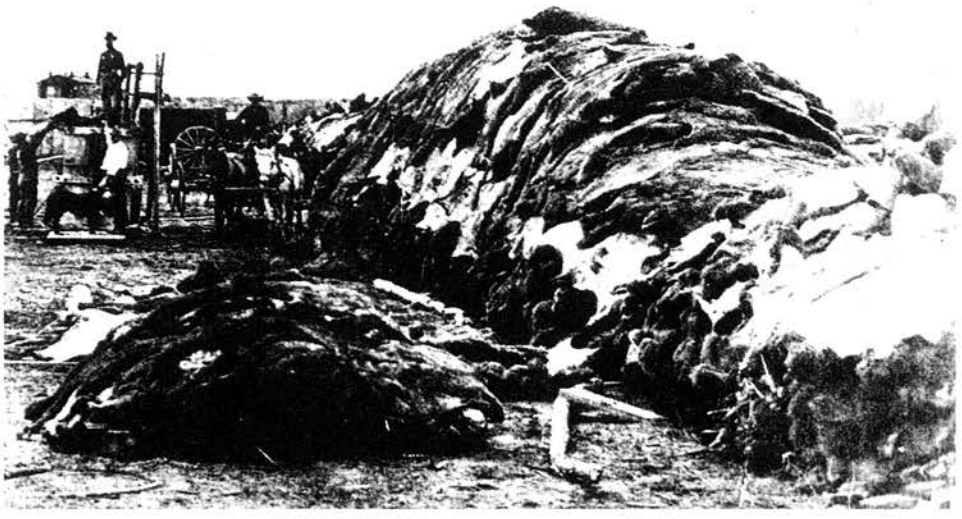
son has come down in grateful remembrance from one generation of Kansas settlers to another, who remember him as a great buffalo hunter. He did not hunt for the market nor did he sell hides. He was a dead shot; and during the famine year of 1860 brought on by a great drought and grasshoppers that meant starvation in a new country, he saved many a family with buffalo meat supplied by his rifle. Few persons outside of Kansas ever heard of him; but he earned the title of "Buffalo Bill" because of the great number he killed during the famine period of that year.

William Dixon, known as Billy Dixon, began buffalo hunting at an early date, and was an experienced hunter before killing for hides became a profitable business. In those early days the new railroads promoted personally conducted excursions from eastern cities to the buffalo country, and Dixon was employed as a guide for those eastern "dudes" as he called them. Under his guidance and also a few other frontiersmen who engaged in the business, many buffaloes were killed; but it wasn't even a drop in the bucket compared to the slaughter of the hide hunters of the seventies.

Dixon became a professional hunter in 1870 when Hays City was the center of the Kansas buffalo range. A demand for the hides had developed in the East, and buyers arrived in the spring of that year. From that time until he lost his outfit at the battle of Adobe Walls in 1874, Billy was a professional hunter.

After Dodge City was founded by the Santa Fe in 1872 practically all the hunters in the Southwest flocked there, for the railroad provided quick transportation to eastern markets. "Brick" Bond estimated that no less than 75,000 buffaloes were killed within seventy-five miles of the new town during the first winter of 1872-73. The Arkansas River was the "dead line," south of which no white hunters were permitted by the government under the terms of the Medicine Lodge Treaty with the southern tribes; and at intervals the line was patroled by troops to enforce this provision. However, after the buffaloes were exterminated north of that stream the Dodge City hunters found it an easy matter to slip past the patrol; but it was dangerous work, for the Indians as well as the buffaloes were making their last stand south of the Arkansas "dead line;" and the red warriors made a specialty of collecting white scalps in the forbidden territory. But those buffalo hunters were as daring a race of men as the old West ever produced, and the danger of losing their hair only added zest to the adventure; and incidentally they collected a few scalps themselves south of the "dead line."

In fact, the Indians soon learned that those buffalo hunters were a dangerous lot to meddle with. "Brick" Bond's reply to a question I asked on this point described the condition better than anything I have ever heard; "No, the Indians seldom bothered us. They were not looking for a tough proposition like a buffalo hunter's outfit. The hunters were the best shots on the



FORTY THOUSAND BUFFALO HIDES

frontier. We had to be, and any man who followed in any capacity had to have plenty of guts. The Indians had a wholesome respect for good shooting when combined with courage."

While I was in Dodge City I gathered some figures from old files of the *Dodge City Globe*, and from Bond and Reighard, and some merchants of the days when buffaloes built the town. Bond told me that Charles Rath, one of the leading buffalo hunters and hide buyers, purchased and shipped more hides than any other man probably in the entire West. He was afterwards in partnership with Robert M. Wright, and one time they had forty thousand hides in one pile beside the railroad in Dodge City awaiting shipment. During the winter of 1872-73, Rath & Wright shipped 200,000 hides, and two hundred cars of hind quarters and tongues.

Old records of the Santa Fe Railroad show a total of 165,721 hides shipped from Dodge City in 1872; 251,443 in 1873, and 442,289 in 1874. In 1875 a total of 1,617,600 pounds of meat was shipped. It has been estimated that a total of 3,158,780 buffaloes were killed by white hunters, and the hides shipped from Dodge City over the Santa Fe during the years of the buffalo trade, from 1872 to 1881, by which time the herds were exterminated. Today it would be hard to find one or two buffalo robes in all Dodge City.

After the great herds had vanished from the plains new settlers followed the trails of the hunters, gathered the bleached skeletons by the wagon-load, and hauled them to the railroads. This is what is known in western history as the buffalo bone period. Some of the former hunters, "Brick" Bond and George Reighard among them, joined in the bone harvest, and Dodge City, which had been the great hide center, now became one of the principal bone

shipping points; and thousands of tons took the place of former piles of hides along the railroad.

Records show that during the buffalo bone period from 1868 to 1881, there was paid to Kansas shippers $2,500,000 for bones sent to fertilizer works in the East. Many a pioneer Kansas home was kept from want through the long winters of those early years by money received from buffalo bones gathered and sold during the previous summer. Figures show that one hundred skeletons were required for one ton of bones, which brought an average of eight dollars a ton. This means that the enormous total of 31,250,000 buffaloes supplied the bones that were shipped from Kansas during the years just mentioned.

One fertilizer company in Michigan paid as high as eighteen dollars a ton for bones crushed and shipped in bags, and twelve dollars for uncrushed bones loaded loose in railroad cars. In 1879 when the bone business was at its height, they sold for six dollars a ton. Frequently buffalo bones and hides lay side by side along the railroad in Dodge City.

George Reighard told me that he spent several years gathering skeletons; and during one trip in 1879 his wagons brought twenty-five tons of bones to Dodge City. The cleanup was thorough, and today a buffalo skull would be a great curiosity to the present generation in any Kansas town.

An attempt was made to stop the slaughter of buffalo during the early seventies. The legislatures of both Kansas and Colorado passed laws prohibiting hide hunting; but everybody was engaged in the business in some way, and there was no one to enforce those laws until long after the great herds had disappeared. When the Texas legislature was considering such a law, General Phil Sheridan went before the assembly at Austin in the interests of the buffalo hunters. He pointed out that as soon as these animals were destroyed the Indian question would be settled, and the proposed legislation was defeated. It was the extermination of the buffalo that conquered the plains tribes from Canada to the Rio Grande. This animal was their source of livelihood, and when they were gone the Indians were forced onto reservations to live on a government dole in payment for lands that had been seized by the white man.

Dr. William T. Hornaday estimated that in 1870 the number of buffaloes in the United States was so great that 500,000 could have been killed annually for the next twenty years without diminishing the herds, if the proper laws had been passed and enforced. At the low value of five dollars each this would have added $2,500,000 annually to the country's wealth or $50,000,000 in twenty years. He commented further that before the United States Government began the payment of annuities in food and clothing to the western tribes in exchange for land, fifty thousand plains Indians lived entirely off the buffalo.

One very important matter that Dr. Hornaday did not mention in this connection was that as long as the buffalo remained, cattle ranches that came later could not have existed, and they added far more than $2,500,000 annually to the country's wealth. Then as long as the buffalo roamed the great wheat country of Kansas, Oklahoma and the Texas panhandle could not have been developed.

One last item of interest is that sugar-cured buffalo meat was a delicacy that commanded a good price in eastern markets. A. C. Myers, a Dodge City merchant and former buffalo hunter, prepared and shipped large quantities to New York City.

THE WHITE BUFFALO *Earle Forrest Photo.*
"Big Medicine" mounted white buffalo in Museum of Montana Historical Society.

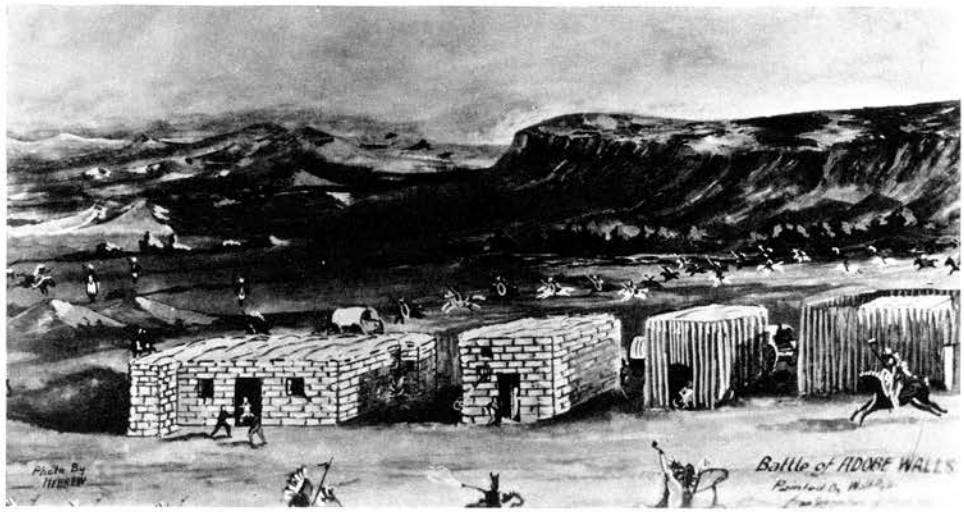
"Prairie Dog" Dave Morrow, a Dodge City hunter, killed the only white buffalo ever found by hunters among all the millions in the southern herd. He sold it to Robert M. Wright for one thousand dollars, who had it mounted and exhibited for years at fairs. I do not know what finally became of it.

Zoologists claim that only one in five million births is an albino; but they have really nothing upon which to base this conclusion. Many years ago I saw a white robe in the Chicago Academy of Science Museum. This buffalo was killed in early times by Indians on the prairies of Illinois.

In 1963 I saw a mounted white buffalo in the museum of the Historical Society of Montana at Helena. This old patriarch, known as "Big Medicine," was born in May 1933, on the national bison range at Moiese, Montana, and lived until 1960, when he died "at an age equivalent to the century mark in a human being." Again I do not know how they base this reasoning. He had one white offspring by his own mother, born blind in 1937, and sent to the zoo at Washington, D. C., where it died in 1949.

"Big Medicine" was not a true albino. He had blue eyes and a dark brown patch or belt over the head just back of the horns. A true albino is perfectly white and has pink eyes. I have been told that there is a white buffalo calf in Montana, but I have never seen it. An albino or even a white buffalo was considered the most sacred of all objects, and was worshipped by all Indian tribes.

"Big Medicine" was very tempermental, and it was not safe to approach him except on horseback; but no other buffalo in all history was ever photographed as much. When he died the body was turned over to Robert Sorives, a taxidermist at Browning, Montana, who did an excellent job of mounting.



THE BUFFALO HUNTERS BATTLE AT ADOBE WALLS

Few battles between Indians and whites in the history of the West surpassed the heroism of twenty-eight buffalo hunters at Adobe Walls on June 27, 1874. It ranks with the battle of Beecher Island in eastern Colorado, the Wagon Box Fight in Wyoming, and the Hayfield Fight near Fort C. F. Smith in Montana. It is interesting to go back across the years to the beginning. On the north side of the Canadian River in what is now Hutchinson County, in the Texas Panhandle, is historic Adobe Walls, the shrine of all old-time buffalo hunters and the scene of one of the greatest Indian battles in all the Southwest.

The first fort goes back to about 1843 when a company of trappers and traders sent out by Colonel William Bent, from Bent's Fort on the Arkansas in Colorado, established a trading post at this location, which was christened Adobe Walls. Jim Murray, one of the most noted trappers of his time, was in command; but three others destined to become famous in western history were Kit Carson, Lucien B. Maxwell, and "Uncle" John Smith. In the be-

ginning the post prospered, but it was not for long. The Kiowas and Comanches opposed it, and the final blow came some time in 1844 when a raiding band of Apaches stole every horse. This forced the trappers to abandon the place, and they set out on foot to return to Bent's Fort.

Adobe Walls was the scene of a hard fought battle between Indians and white troops on November 25, 1864, when the First New Mexico Volunteer Cavalry, a force of fourteen commissioned officers and three hundred twenty-one men, commanded by Colonel Kit Carson, was defeated by an overwhelming force of Kiowas led by Chief Satanta with some Comanches that later joined in the fight. Carson had boldly attacked the village of one hundred fifty lodges; but the Indians turned on him, and he was forced to retreat to the walls of the old adobe fort he had helped build twenty years before.

It is interesting to note that during this battle a young Kiowa warrior wearing an ancient coat of Spanish mail was killed. This relic of the conquistadores had evidently been handed down from one generation of Kiowas to another, probably since the days of Coronado's march through that land in search of the mythical Gran Quivira.

The origin of the original Adobe Walls trading post was a mystery to all plainsmen, soldiers, and buffalo hunters of later days; and even as early as 1848, when Lieutenant John P. Hatch passed up the Canadian with an expedition going to New Mexico, the origin of the fort then in ruins was unknown to them. As lieutenant colonel of the Fourth cavalry, Hatch gained fame in later years as an Indian fighter in the southwest. During the latter sixties and early seventies every buffalo hunter on the plains knew of the mysterious Adobe Walls on the Canadian, sections of which from four to five feet high were still standing. In 1883, when William Dixon homesteaded the sections of land where the old fort was located, stock had rubbed it to the ground; but in his front yard the foundations of the original stockade remained.

By the spring of 1874 buffaloes were very scarce north of the Arkansas; but some hunters who had ventured south of the "dead line" on a scouting trip reported large herds in the Texas Panhandle country. This was dangerous territory; for the Indians regarded this as their hunting ground guaranteed to them by the Treaty of Medicine Lodge, and they would show no mercy to any white man caught in this forbidden land; but that did not deter the hunters who gathered at Dodge City in March 1874. The only obstacle was the distance from market; but A. C. Myers, a Dodge City merchant and hide buyer, agreed to establish a store at some point on the Canadian River, if the hunters would agree to haul his merchandise down in their wagons. He agreed to pay them for this work, and to sell at Dodge City prices if they would purchase their supplies from him.

James Hanrahan, owner of one of the largest buffalo hunting outfits on the plains at that time, joined the expedition and established the most necessary business in all new western settlements — a saloon. In addition to Myers and Hanrahan some of the men in that party of daring adventurers were: William Dixon, William B. (Bat) Masterson, James Campbell, Fred J. Leonard, "Dutch" Henry Borne, and a number of others whose names have been forgotten.

In the bottom land along a small stream, afterwards known as East Adobe Walls Creek, one hundred fifty miles south of Dodge City and a mile and a half from the old Adobe fort of the early trappers, the party stopped. This location in the heart of the last buffalo range was ideal for a trading post, and there the hunters built the little settlement that was soon destined to become one of the most historic spots in all the Southwest.

A town grew over night. A. C. Myers and Fred J. Leonard, in partnership constructed a store building of pickets. James Hanrahan erected a large adobe house for his saloon, and Thomas O'Keefe built a picket blacksmith shop. In the rear of Myers and Leonard's store William Olds and his wife conducted a restaurant, a sure sign of a frontier town. A short time later Charles Rath and Robert A. Wright arrived with an outfit from Dodge City and erected an adobe building in which they opened a general merchandise store. These buildings with a half picket stockade completed the settlement at the time of the battle. If it ever had any other name than Adobe Walls it was forgotten long ago, and as Adobe Walls it has come down from the heroic past. The three main buildings stood in a row, with Rath and Wright's store on the south; then Hanrahan's saloon and the blacksmith shop, and at the corner of the stockade on the north was Myers and Leonard's store. In the stockade was a mess house and well.

On the night of June 26, 1874, twenty buffalo hunters were camped at the Walls, and the men employed at the stores brought the number up to twenty-eight. Some rolled their beds out on the ground outside, but the majority slept in the buildings. Important events are often decided by some trival incident. This was the case at Adobe Walls, for about two o'clock in the morning Mike Welch and a man named Shepherd were awakened by a loud report like the crack of a rifle.

Although they could discover no cause for the noise they finally decided that it had been made by the cracking of the ridge pole that supported the dirt roof, and they awakened their comrades to help repair it; for a falling roof would injure anyone in the room. In a few minutes fifteen men were engaged in the repair work. The dirt was thrown off the roof and the ridge pole braced in the center with a strong post. An examination of the ridge pole after the battle failed to disclose any split, and the cause for the noise remained a mystery. If that report had occurred at any other time those

twenty-eight men and one woman would have been killed in their beds without being able to fire a shot; and there would have been no heroic defense of Adobe Walls. Who can say that the days of miracles have passed?

The dawn of a day that was destined to go down in history as the most heroic in the old Southwest was just breaking in the east when the work of repairing the ridge pole was completed; and the hunters decided to get an early start. Billy Ogg was sent to bring in the horses grazing a quarter of a mile away, and some of the men crawled back into bed until his return; but those who remained up had just rolled their beds when they suddenly saw in the hazy light of early dawn a large body of moving objects advancing on the horse herd Ogg was bringing in.

Then a wild terrifying war whoop split the air, and the golden light of sunrise revealed hundreds of Indian warriors in all the barbaric splendor of the plains tribes charging through the blazing dawn. Arrayed in gorgeous war bonnets of eagle feathers, many with long streaming tail pieces; their naked, bronze-red bodies and their horses splashed with red, yellow and vermilion paint; with scalp locks dangling from buffalo hide shields, lances and bridles, that mighty horde of destruction sweeping down to exterminate the handful of hated buffalo hunters was a wonderful picture of the old West that few white men have ever seen. But it was long afterwards before any of those hunters appreciated the wild, savage beauty of that charge.

Driven to desperation by the inroads of the hunters on the buffalo herds which meant their very existence, the allied tribes of the Southwest had decreed that the white men must be driven from the plains. Gathering in great numbers under Chiefs Quanah Parker, Big Bow, Lone Wolf, Minimic, Red Moon, Gray Beard, Stone Calf, and White Shield, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Kiowas, seven hundred strong were sweeping down upon the surprised hunters at Adobe Walls at daybreak on that fateful June 27, 1874. Rifles were cracking and arrows flying through the air when the men in the buildings leaped from their beds, and their buffalo guns met the red wave of destruction sweeping down upon them.

Ike and "Shorty" Shadler, asleep in their wagon, were killed in the first charge. Billy Ogg, who had gone after the horses, won a desperate race for life, and reached safety in Hanrahan's saloon. William Dixon managed to reach the same place, and the few other men on the outside ran into the nearest buildings.

Not since the days of the Alamo had there been such an heroic defense. Opposed to this horde of the best fighting warriors on the plains were twenty-eight buffalo hunters; but never in all history were such men gathered in one little band; the best shots and gun fighters in all the West, products of Dodge City in the days of its wildest glory. The names of that heroic band have been preserved in Dodge City's lore. In Rath and Wright's store were James

Langton, George Eddy, Thomas O'Keefe, Sam Smith, Andy Johnson, William Olds, and Mrs. Olds. Defending Myers and Leonard's store were Fred J. Leonard, James Campbell, Edward Trevor, Frank Brown, Harry Armitage, Henry Borne, known as "Dutch Henry;" Billy Tyler, "Old Man" Keeler, Mike McCabe. Harry Lease, and "Frenchy;" while James Hanrahan, William B. "Bat" Masterson, Mike Welch, —— Shepherd, Hiram Watson, Billy Ogg, James McKinley, "Bermuda" Carlisle, and William Dixon were in Hanrahan's.

Time and again the Indians charged right up to the buildings, but were driven back by the big buffalo guns that belched death from the doors and windows. Their saddles were emptied at each change, and they were driven back several times from the very doors of the shacks. During a lull in the fighting Billy Tyler and Fred Leonard went out of Myers and Leonard's store into the half finished picket stockade to reconnoiter, but were compelled to retreat by Indians firing at long range. Tyler was mortally wounded just as he reached the door, and died half an hour later. He and the Shadler Brothers were the only white men killed during the battle.

During the first charge the hunters were surprised to hear the clear notes of a cavalry bugle, and until late that afternoon it directed the enemy in every attack. This unknown bugler blew the signals like a cavalryman, and the Indians responded to each call like well drilled soldiers. Several ex-troopers among the hunters understood the calls, and warned their comrades of what to expect.

The mystery of this bugler has never been solved. Leander Herron, with whom I had considerable correspondence before his death, was a soldier at Fort Dodge when it was first built. He had accompanied Lieutenant Heselberger to Satanta's camp in the Wichita Mountains in October 1866, to ransom the Box Sisters, informed me that he saw Indians drilling to the signals of a bugler, who remained concealed from the white men. Again at the battle of the Arickaree River in Colorado, September 17, 1868, when General Forsyth was besieged on Beecher Island with his fifty scouts, the Indian charges were directed by a bugle. In a serial published a number of years ago Herbert Myrick stated that two renegade white men were with the warriors at the Arickaree. He gave their names as "Black Jack," a notorious desperado afterwards hanged for murder, and Jack Clyber, a former trooper of the Seventh Cavalry, who had been wounded and captured by Indians, and Myrick claimed that Clyber blew the signals at the Arickaree. Stories of this mysterious bugler were told on the frontier for many years. One theory was that he was a Negro deserter from the Tenth Cavalry; but others claimed that he was a half-breed Mexican captured by the Comanches when a boy. This theory is hardly probable as such a prisoner would have had no opportunity to learn the various calls and their meaning, much less to have the

knowledge of military tactics necessary to drill the Kiowas in the manner described by Mr. Herron. Whoever that bugler was he must have been a man who had served in the army, possibly Jack Clyber or the Negro deserter; but his identity remains one of the mysteries that will never be solved.

In his description of the battle of Adobe Walls long afterwards, "Bat" Masterson stated that the bugler was killed by Harry Armitage late in the afternoon of the first day while running away from the Shadler Brothers' wagon. He was identified by the bugle he had at the time he was killed. However, no further mention is found of him.

About noon the men in Hanrahan's saloon ran short of ammunition, and Hanrahan and Dixon volunteered to go to Rath and Wright's store for a fresh supply, where there were several thousand rounds that had been brought from Dodge City a few days before. During a lull in the fighting they crawled out of a window and made a dash in the face of long range fire from Indian sharpshooters. Bullets rattled around them like hail, but they escaped into the shelter of the building, where Dixon remained; but Hanrahan returned in safety to his saloon with a sack full of ammunition.

During the battle a pet crow seemed to think the whole affair was staged for its benefit, and flew in and out of the open windows, from one building to another, cawing until chased out by some of the men. The bird was not injured during the fight.

Late in the afternoon the Indians retired with heavy loss. The ground was covered with dead horses, the enemy having killed all of the white men's animals; and twenty-seven slain warriors were counted; but many others had been carried off, and when these tribes surrendered to General Miles after the battle of Red River on August 30, 1874, they admitted the loss of seventy killed in the fight at Adobe Walls.

Towards evening when the hunters ventured from the buildings they counted forty-six dead horses and twenty-eight oxen belonging to the Shadler Brothers. The white men were marooned one-hundred fifty miles from help; for not one mount was left. Late in the afternoon of the second day two teams belonging to George Bellfield arrived, and a short time later James and Robert Cator came in. That night Henry Lease set out for Dodge City on a horse belonging to Bellfield.

Not a sign of an Indian was seen until the third day when a small party appeared on a bluff to the east. Dixon, the best shot in the outfit, took careful aim with a fifty caliber buffalo gun, and shot a warrior from his horse. The distance as afterwards measured was 1,538 yards.

News of the battle spread over the buffalo range as though carried on the wind, and each succeeding day brought in more hunters until by evening of the sixth fully a hundred men had gathered at Adobe Walls, enough to have completely routed the Indians had they returned.

Lookouts posted on the roofs of the buildings raised a cry of "Indians" on the fifth day; and as William Olds climbed down the ladder his gun was accidentally discharged. The bullet tore off the top of his head, and he fell dead at his wife's feet. The Indians who had caused the alarm passed without attacking, and disappeared to the east. Olds was buried that evening about sixty feet from the store, the fourth man killed at Adobe Walls in the most desperate battle ever fought between white hunters and Indians for supremacy of the buffalo range. The Shadler Brothers and Billy Tyler had previously been buried in one grave.

"Brick" Bond was one of the first hunters to arrive at Adobe Walls with his outfit after the battle, and in relating the story to me he said; "The Indians hated us for killing the buffalo, and matters reached a climax when they tried to wipe out those twenty-eight hunters at Adobe Walls. Ike Shadler, "Shorty" Shadler, and Billy Tyler were the only men killed in the fight which lasted all day. Many of us scattered over the range heard the firing for a long distance, and during the next day at least a hundred hunters had rallied to the defense of the Walls. I got in with my outfit the next day after the big fight was over. The Indians attacked us again that day, and about two thousand shots were fired; but they were afraid to come within range of our buffalo guns, and no one was hit on either side."

While the Indians were defeated at Adobe Walls, the object of the raid was temporarily accomplished, for buffalo hunting was broken up for that season. Every hunter and freighter at the Walls lost his entire outfit, and the others were practically driven from the range by the hostilities, which did not end at Adobe Walls. Five hunters were killed between Camp Supply and Dodge City. Sixty white people were murdered in Colorado and at least forty in eastern New Mexico. Estimates of reports sent from Darlington Agency show that not less than one hundred ninety persons were killed before the allied tribes finally surrendered to General Miles on August 30, 1874.

Harry Lease was not heard from after he started for aid the night after the big battle, and a week later James Hanrahan set out with twenty five men for Dodge City to send help. They believed that Lease had been killed. On San Francisco Creek they found the body of Charles Sharp, who had remained in camp while his partner, Lease, had gone to Adobe Walls for supplies and was caught in the battle. They buried the unfortunate hunter just where he was found; and to this day the stream where he died is known as Sharp Creek, located in Beaver County, Oklahoma. When Hanrahan's party arrived at Dodge City they learned that a relief expedition of forty men, led by Tom Nixon, had started for Adobe Walls.

The Indian situation had become so critical that troops were ordered out, and preparations made for an extended campaign. The work was slow,

however, and it was August before General Nelson A. Miles reached Fort Dodge to take command of field operations. William Dixon was employed as guide and scout, a position he held with the army until 1883.

Early in August, 1874, Lieutenant Frank D. Baldwin with a troop of Cavalry and William Dixon and "Bat" Masterson as scouts, and six Delaware Indian trailers, were sent to Adobe Walls to relieve the hunters who had remained there after the relief expedition under Tom Nixon returned to Dodge City. About a dozen men were still at the Walls when the soldiers arrived.

While Lieutenant Baldwin and his party were inspecting the battle ground the next day, two hunters, Tobias Robinson and George Huffman, were caught in a wild plum thicket along the Canadian River only a short distance away, by a war party. Both started for the fort, but before they could reach safety they were overtaken. Huffman was killed within sight of his friends, but Robinson escaped. Although the hostiles were hotly pursued by the troops they managed to escape. Huffman's body was carried back, and one more grave added to the little cemetery, making five men who are sleeping the years away at Adobe Walls until the end of time.

That was the last of Adobe Walls. When the troops left the next day to join General Miles on Cantonment Creek, the last of the hunters went with them. When the soldiers passed that way a few months later they found a pile of smoking ruins. The Indians had burned everything inflammable a short time before.

With eight troops of cavalry and four companies of infantry, General Miles pursued the hostiles on a trail that led them into the rough, little known country along the Red River. On the morning of August 30 a large force of Indians suddenly charged the advance guard commanded by Lieutenant Baldwin. The main column was rushed up and a counter charge by cavalry under cover of artillery fire, drove the enemy back and placed them on the defensive; and a running fight of twenty miles over the sane hills of Red River and across Tule Canyon to the Staked Plains took place. The suffering of the troops in this desert country was intense; but General Miles was determined to give the hostiles no rest, and he sent back for more supplies, while his half-starved men, suffering from the terrible desert thirst, doggedly followed the enemy's trail. There were times when water was so scarce that some of the soldiers opened veins in their arms to moisten their lips; but of such stuff were the troopers of the old West. The campaign was pushed with such vigor that the tribes were finally worn out at their own game and surrendered.

The last big battle between buffalo hunters and Indians was fought in March, 1877, on the Staked Plains of Texas. The buffaloes were nearly all gone, and while the hunters were cleaning up the remants of the southern

herd the Indians retaliated by raiding the Texas frontier. Finally, some fifty hunters from Dodge City gathered at Charles Rath's camp, decided to stop the depredations. With James Harvey as captain they followed the trail of the hostiles for many miles until they found a big camp of Kiowas and Comanches far out in the heart of the Staked Plains. Boldly they attacked at daybreak, but were almost overwhelmed, and finally they were forced to retreat. But it was such a well covered retreat that only two men were wounded, and they held three hundred warriors at bay. The Indians believed that this was only an advance of a large force of whites, and at the end of the day they fled, leaving a number of horses behind. Although driven back, the hunters succeeded in their object, for they struck such a terrific blow that the backbone of the raids was broken. The Indians afterwards admitted a loss of thirty killed and more than seventy wounded.

These many battles and skirmishes between buffalo hunters and Indians created bitter feeling at Dodge City against the red warriors; and on one occasion when Spotted Tail, the famous Sioux Chief, visited the town he was attacked by a mob of cowboys, hunters, and gamblers, all determined to have a "necktie party" with the chief as the guest of honor. The mob was using Spotted Tail pretty rough when Charles Rath rescued him and concealed him in his residence, much to his wife's dismay and fright. That night Spotted Tail made his escape from town, and some time later sent Mrs. Rath a pair of handsomely beaded moccasins. After Rath's death she married a man named Bainbridge. For more than fifty years she was a resident of Dodge City, and among her most cherished mementos of those early days were these moccasins from Spotted Tail, and a single buffalo robe, only one of the many thousands handled by Charles Rath.

Time has made many changes in the country at Adobe Walls since the day of the big battle now close to a century ago. Only a few years after the fight the famous Turkey Track cow outfit established its home ranch at the site; and in 1883 William Dixon homesteaded three sections on Bent Creek, taking in the origional Adobe Fort of 1843. In 1902 he sold this land to Patton, Price and Hyde, Kansas cattlemen, who had just purchased the Turkey Track, the oldest ranch in the Texas Panhandle. It was still a cattle ranch in the 1930s at which time it was owned by W. T. Coble of Amarillo, Texas. At that time a barn and stock corral stood on the site of the original Adobe fort; but all trace of the buffalo hunters' settlement of 1874, which was in a sixty thousand acre pasture, disappeared long ago.

In 1924 ten acres surrounding the site of the big battle was deeded by Mr. Coble to the Panhandle Historical Society; and a brown granite monument upon which are the names of the twenty-eight hunters who fought at Adobe Walls, was unveiled June 27, of that year, the fiftieth anniversary.

When the graves of the men who died there were opened in 1924 to make certain of their location, three skeltons were found in one, evidently the Shadler Brothers and Billy Tyler, and one in another. Whether the bones in the lone grave was William Olds or George Huffman, killed several weeks after the big fight, is not known but one grave was not found, for five men were buried there half a century before.

The final item on Adobe Walls is the death of Frank J. Leonard, the last survivor of the gallant twenty-eight, who died in Salt Lake City, Utah, August 4, 1928, at the age of seventy-eight. He conducted a store in Dodge City for several years after the battle, and for eighteen years prior to his death he had managed the Collen Hotel in Salt Lake City. This marked the passing of the last man of Adobe Walls.

DREAMING OF A DAY THAT IS GONE
Photo by Earle Forrest

1830 — BERNARD JOHN DOWLING IRWIN — 1917

Colonel, Medical Corps and Brigadier General, United States Army. The Congressional Medal of Honor is worn at the neck. Also worn is the insignia of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, the Order of Indian Wars of the United States, the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, and three badges showing service in the Civil War.

Portrait in the Army Medical Library by his daughter Amy, the late Mrs. Robert Rutherford McCormick, of Chicago.

Bernard J. D. Irwin, M.D.
And the Congressional Medal of Honor

BY HARVEY STARR, M.D.

On May 10, 1860, the *Weekly Arizonian* (Tuscon), reported that on May 5th, Lieutenant John R. Cooke, commanding a company of infantry; and on the 6th, Captain Richard S. Ewell with a detachment of dragoons, and accompanied by Dr. B. J. D. Irwin, had passed through Tuscon from Fort Buchanan to establish a new post, Camp Aravaypa, on the stream of that name, near its confluence with the San Pedro River.

By this time, Assistant Surgeon Irwin was a seasoned veteran, accustomed to the rigors of life at western army posts, capably caring for the sick and injured. He was toughened to the long hard pursuits and the battles with raiding Indians.

He was now thirty years old; had proved his capabilities as a doctor and soldier, and was becoming recognized as a scientist. As a amateur ornithologist, he was collecting specimens and sending them to Washington, D.C., where they are on display to this day in the Smithsonian. He discovered a meteorite, which was also sent, and in 1865 he published a pamphlet concerning it, carrying the title, "History of the great 'Tucson Meteorite' sent to the Smithsonian Institution."

Born in Ireland, June 24, 1830, Irwin and his parents had emigrated to the United States while he was still quite young. Prior to admission to New York University in 1848, his education had been mostly by tutoring.

His medical education began at Castleton Medical College in Vermont, but later he transferred to the New York Medical College, where he received his doctorate in medicine in 1852.

On November 4, 1853, and still an enlisted member of the New York State Militia, he successfully passed the examination for appointment to the Medical Department of the U.S. Army. While waiting for a vacancy to occur and his appointment to fill it, he served under contract as an assistant surgeon on various assignments to the Army Medical Department. Still on contract assignment, he accompanied a contingent of recruits over the Santa Fe Trail, arriving at Fort Union, New Mexico, on September 2, 1855. For a while he was post surgeon here and then was transferred to Fort Defiance, Arizona. His commission as a regular officer was dated August 28, 1856, but it did not become effective until his contract status terminated on November 7, 1856.

In December, 1857, Irwin arrived at Fort Buchanan from Fort Defiance via Apache Pass. Later he would write, "The highway leading to and from Apache Pass was dotted with the graves or stone tumuli that covered the remains of the victims of his [Cochise's] treachery; slaughtered by his bloodthirsty followers, who were ever on the lookout from their mountain fastnesses for the approach of the careless wayfarers constrained to enter the dreaded pass in quest of water and transit through its range of heights. The writer has not forgotten the impression produced upon him, as with a small military escort, he entered for the first time the gloomy canon, en route to the then recently established Fort Buchanan, on beholding the numerous stone heaps that marked where the members of an emigrant party had but a short time before been cruelly murdered by the cowardly Chiricahuas."

The emigrant party mentioned by Dr. Irwin probably was organized in the vicinity of Lubbock, Texas, and moving westward had reached Siphon Canyon just east of Apache Pass. Here the wagon train was attacked, some thirty people killed, and the wagons burned. Some women were spared and were taken into Mexico to be sold into slavery, but the Indian asking price was too high for all but two. The unsold were returned across the border and were killed.

The leader of this savage deed was Nachi, father of Cochise, and since at this time, Cochise was in his thirties, he certainly shared some responsibility for the perpetration of this horrible deed.

Because of unending Apache outrages, Camp Moore was established on November 17, 1856, by Major George A. H. Blake, Major Enoch Steen, and Captain Richard Stoddart Ewell. On May 20, 1857, Camp Moore was renamed Fort Buchanan. From the day of its founding, the fort was plagued by thievery by the Apaches, and time after time, the troops were called out

to regain their own livestock, or to pursue Indians who had attacked emigrant trains, parties of miners, or lone ranches.

The location of the fort was not particularly a healthy one. It was bounded by marshes on three sides, and Assistant Surgeon Irwin reported that only a few of those stationed here escaped malaria in 1858. He foresightedly called attention to the nearby swamps swarming with mosquitoes as a factor to be considered.

It is fitting at this point to recall that the area of Sonora and Chihuahua bordering on Apacheland, had been scourged into a veritable waste land by the Apache for many years. In 1848, the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which terminated the Mexican War, gave to the United States the responsibility of protecting Mexico from Indian incursions from the United States.

The history of the Boundary Survey should be read for further understanding of this sticky problem. For instance, John Russell Bartlett, the second commissioner, came to the southwest to push the boundary survey, but his efforts were in large part a failure because of his stubbornly held conception of the "noble red man." His livestock and equipment were stolen and members of his surveying parties were killed.

Finally, Major William H. Emory, accepted the commissionership, and speedily completed the survey. He had no illusions. He wrote, speaking of the Apaches, "I never trusted them, and during the last year of my experience with them I gave orders to permit none to come into any camp under my orders, and to kill them at sight. I was the only person passing through this country who did not incur difficulty and loss. The Mexican Commission was robbed repeatedly, and on more than one occasion, was, in consequence, obliged to suspend its operations."

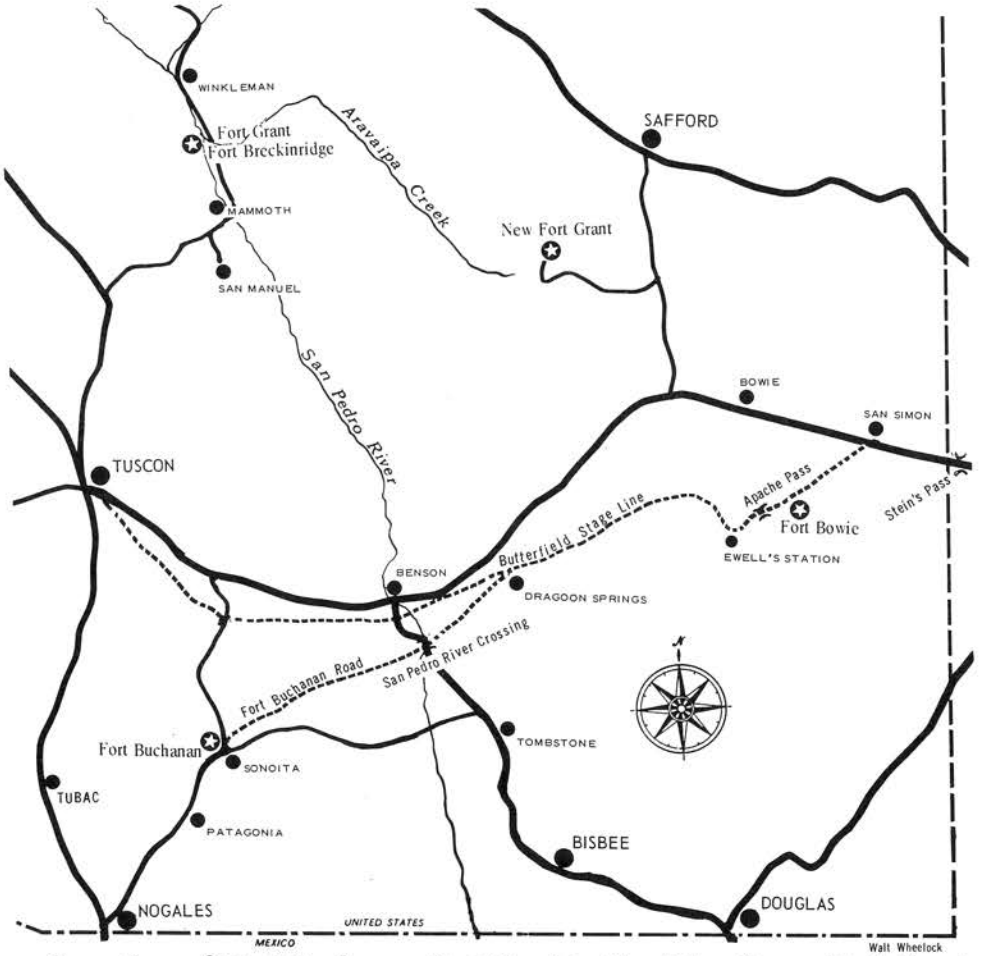
Dr. Irwin did not permit his professional accomplishments to wither in the dreary and rugged environment of Fort Buchanan. *The American Journal of Medical Sciences,* October, 1859, Vol. XXXVIII, N.S. 350-353, carried an article, "Amputation at the Shoulder Joint," Bernard J. D. Irwin, M.D., Fort Buchanan, Arizona, April 10, 1839. In this paper Dr. Irwin wrote that on September 16, 1858, at the request of the Southern Overland Mail Company, he was urged to visit one of their stations 115 miles distant, where a number of men were reported to have been dangerously wounded by Mexican assailants. When Irwin arrived at the station, he found three of the wounded dead. Silas St. John, the sole survivor, had received the blow of an axe which shattered the left humerus, and had nearly severed the arm at the shoulder; he also suffered an eight inch laceration, three inches deep, on the anterior aspect of the right thigh. His wounds had been untended and were crawling with maggots.

After examining the patient, Dr. Irwin concluded that the arm could not be saved. He informed St. John of his conclusion, and the patient being

of a hopeful disposition accepted the decision cheerfully. Making a sort of bed with some bags of corn, and with the aid of three men of his escort, the operation was speedily performed. Chloroform was not on hand, and only tincture opii and brandy were available to assuage the pain.

With care, food and water, the patient made rapid improvement so that he could be moved to Fort Buchanan by wagon. St. John was restored to health, "the wound healed by first intention, save at a point where the ligatures protruded."

On September 15, 1858, following road construction, erection of stations, purchase of equipment, and recruitment of personnel, the Butterfield Overland Mail superseded the San Antonio and San Diego Mail (so-called Jackass Mail) of a year earlier. That portion of the route from El Paso to Fort Yuma passed through Tuscon, which became headquarters for the Butterfield Division that included Apache Station at the eastern end of Apache



Locations of Fort Buchanan, Fort Breckinridge (Grant) new Fort Grant, Fort Bowie. (Modern-day relationship)

Pass. Fort Buchanan was a little over seventy miles southeast of Tuscon on the Sonoita River, a short distance from the present town of Sonoita, and 150 miles from Apache Station.

After Camp Aravaypa was established in July (renamed Fort Breckinridge a month later), it became headquarters for Companies D and G of the 1st U. S. Dragoons, and Fort Buchanan became headquarters for Company C, 7th U. S. Infantry. With Camp Aravaypa launched, Dr. Irwin returned to Fort Buchanan, and Dr. Ryland was assigned to Fort Breckinridge.

In October of 1860, an incident occurred that would eventuate in what has become known as the "Bascom Affair," a celebrated and controversial incident in southwest frontier history. John Ward, a rancher and contractor for government beef, lived on the Sonoita River about twelve miles distant from Fort Buchanan. One day, in his absence, a band of Apaches plundered the ranch house, drove off the cattle, and kidnapped the son of his common-law wife. Ward trailed the Indians and his cattle to the banks of the San Pedro River and concluded that his livestock and son were well on their way to the vicinity of Apache Pass. He then turned back to Fort Buchanan to enlist army help from the commander, Lieutenant Colonel Pitcairn Morrison.

It was not until January 29, 1861, that Lieutenant George N. Bascom with fifty-four infantrymen mounted on mules, an interpreter, Antonio, and a discharged soldier, James Graydon, as guide, were ordered to Apache Pass, to recover Ward's livestock, and the kidnapped boy. Rancher Ward accompanied the party.

On February 9, 1861, Assistant Surgeon Irwin was ordered to proceed to Apache Pass with James Graydon as guide, and an escort of fifteen mule-mounted infantrymen, to aid Lieut. Bascom, and to attend the wounded.

Col. Morrison has not escaped the critics of the "Bascom Affair." The long delay, three months, from the raid on Ward's ranch to the inception of military action, has brought cries of army ineptness and inefficiency in dealing with the Apache problem.

The correct answer is found, I think, in the report of February 11, 1861, sent by Col. Morrison to 1st Lieut. Dabney H. Maury, Assistant Adjutant General for the Department of New Mexico, Santa Fe. Concluding the report, the Colonel stated that he now had only twenty-five infantrymen left at the fort. Thus, simple addition reveals that in January, well under 100 soldiers were stationed at Buchanan.

Now, we may ask, "What actually did occur at Apache Pass?" Due to the persistent research in army archives by Dr. Benjamin H. Sacks, the official reports of Lieut. Bascom to his commanding officer and to the adjutant general at Santa Fe; the official reports of Dr. Irwin; and the official reports of Lieut. Isaiah N. Moore, who arrived from Fort Breckinridge with the

Dragoons after the fight and the Apaches had left the area, we now have a factual account. An illuminating day by day summary can now be given.

February 3. — Lieut. Bascom reached Apache Station, stopped for a drink of water, and in conversation with Charles Culver, the station master, and two helpers, Wallace and Welsh, dropped the information that he was on the way to Fort Bliss, Texas. He then led his soldiers about 400 yards east, and went into camp at the mouth of Siphon Canyon, the site of the Texas Emigrant massacre.

February 4. — Cochise appeared at the stage station and asked what the soldiers were doing here. Culver said that the lieutenant had told him that they were on the way to the Rio Grande. Later in the day, Cochise accompanied by a half-brother, two nephews, two squaws and a boy, called on Lieutenant Bascom in his tent.

Lieut. Bascom chose not to palaver, but came to the point at once. Under orders from Col. Morrison to take a firm stand with Cochise, he demanded the return of the Ward boy and Ward's property.

Cochise denied that he had ever had a part in the depredations on the fort, or that he had been a party to the Ward affair. He said that the Coyoteros were the guilty ones — that they had the boy at Black Mountain and that if he was given ten days he would bring the boy in. To this Bascom agreed, but to impress Cochise with firmness, he told the chief that the other six members of his party would be held as hostage to be sure that Cochise kept his word. Bascom does not mention Cochise slitting the tent to escape in a fusillade of bullets, nor of the try for freedom of the half-brother as has been told by so many writers. But in the light of the events of the following day, Cochise showed that any agreement with Bascom was out. The holding of his party as hostages was just too much, and he was not an Indian who would bow readily to authority.

February 5. — Lieut. Bascom moved his camp from Siphon Canyon proximate to the stage station. Later in the day, Cochise and the Coyotero Chief, Francisco, with about 500 warriors, came to the station carrying a white flag. Bascom produced a white flag also, and advanced toward the chiefs about 150 yards, when his sensibilities warned him that all was not well. He stopped.

At this moment the three men at the station came out to talk to Cochise. They knew him well since he was under contract with the Overland Mail to keep the station supplied with firewood. Bascom shouted an order to the men to go back. "I told them that I had no prisoners to exchange for them if they were captured; they paid no attention to my orders but went into the ravine where the Indians were, and were immediately seized by them." At this point, Francisco jerked down his white flag, pointed to Bascom and

shouted. "Aqui, Aqui." Bascom then dropped his white flag and gave the command, "Fire."

The hostages held by Bascom now tried a break for freedom, and Cochise's half-brother was wounded by a bayonet. Culver broke loose from his captors in the melee and dashed for the station door, where he fell, severely wounded. Welsh ran for the corral and as he pulled himself up and over the poles he was mistaken for an Indian by a soldier and was killed. Wallace was unable to break away.

Later, this same day, a train carrying supplies to Apache Station was attacked and captured at the western end of the pass. The train consisted of eight wagons, each with a Mexican driver, and was accompanied by two Butterfield employees, L. C. Jordan and Walter Lyons. The Mexicans were chained heads down to the wagon wheels and the train set afire. Jordan and Lyons were held as captives.

February 6. — Both the east and the west bound stages were due at Apache Station in the evening. The west bound stage from Mesilla found the narrow road near the pass blocked in several places by mounds of dry grass, evidently to be used as fire traps. The stage being ahead of schedule, fortunately, the road was cleared and the station reached without further incident.

The east bound stage from Tuscon carried nine passengers, one of whom was William Buckley, division superintendent; A. B. Culver, conductor, and brother of Charles Culver; and the driver, King Lyons. The summit of the pass was reached in darkness, and as the stage began its speedy descent, Indians lying in ambush among the rocks opened fire. One of the passengers was shot in the chest and King Lyons' leg was broken by a bullet. Two of the lead mules were downed and while those in the coach kept up an answering fire Buckley cut the downed mules from the traces.

While detained by the Indian attack the passengers sighted the burned remains of the wagon train with the partially burned bodies of the eight victims chained to the wheels. After leaving this site of carnage, the stage again nearly met disaster. Crossing a narrow bridge at running speed, the stage slid across on its axles because the Indians had removed the outside strips of planking which carried the wheels, but luckily the stage remained upright, and the wheels caught the road after the bridge was crossed.

Of this day Bascom also reported, "Ca-ches came on the hill and said he would give me [James F.] Wallace and sixteen Government mules for the prisoners; I asked him where he got the mules; his reply was [that he] "took them from a government train of course." I told him if he brought the boy also I would trade with him; that evening there was a note written by Wallace stating that they had three other prisoners, Sam Whitfield, William

Sanders, and Frank Brunner and that they would come in the next day and exchange." Apparently, Cochise did not keep his word.

Late that night, William Buckley sent A. B. Culver back to Tuscon with a message detailing the situation at Apache Pass. Since there were now several wounded in need of medical attention, Lieut. Bascom sent a message to Col. Morrison by James Graydon. Culver and Graydon rode together as far as Dragoon Springs, where they parted. Culver made the 125 miles in twenty-four hours and Graydon must have made equally good time on the 150 mile ride to Fort Buchanan.

February 7. — A heavy snow fell at the Pass and it was melted for drinking water for the men and animals.

February 8. — The little snow that remained was insufficient for watering needs, so Lieut. Bascom divided his livestock, sending the first half to the springs. As the herd was being driven back to the station, the Apaches opened fire from the hillsides, killing Moses Lyons, a company employee, wounding another, and a soldier. The herd was stampeded by the Indians and was driven away to the West.

William S. Oury, station agent at Tuscon, sent a messenger to Fort Breckinridge with an account of the situation at Apache Pass, and notifying Lieut. Moore that a Civilian Relief Party was being organized. Lieut. Moore replied that he with the Dragoons, would meet Oury and the Relief Party at Ewell's Springs.

Lieut. Moore left Dr. Ryland in command at Fort Breckinridge. The doctor was cited by the Lieutenant in his official report of the Apache Pass affair, for having successfully repelled an Apache attack on the fort, while the bulk of the Dragoons were at Apache Pass.

February 9. — Assistant Surgeon Irwin, with an excort of fifteen mounted infantrymen, and the much traveled James Graydon as guide, left Fort Buchanan in a driving snowstorm. Dragoon Springs was reached that night.

February 10. — With Dragoon Springs left behind, Irwin spotted some Indians driving a herd of horses and cattle in the distance. Pursuit was ordered and after a chase of six or seven miles, the herd was secured, and three Indians captured, one a Coyotero chief. Reaching Apache Pass, Irwin drove the herd ahead of the soldiers through to the station. Luck had been with him. Indians had been on guard to this time at the western end of the Pass, but they had, to a man, hurriedly left when soldiers were sighted approaching the eastern end. These were infantry under command of Lieut. John R. Cooke, changing stations from Fort Breckinridge to Fort Bliss, who in turn knew nothing about the presence here of troops from Fort Buchanan. Cooke decided to give support to Bascom and the two groups were joined.

February 14. — Oury and the Civilian Relief Party, and the Dragoons under Lieuts. Isaiah N. Moore and D. C. Lord, arrived at Apache Station.

Sergeant Bernard was along. He would later be commissioned and command Fort Bowie for awhile. His colored account of the "Bascom Affair" can be discounted. He certainly was not at Apache Pass on February 6, to protest Lieut. Bascom's handling of the proposed trade of Wallace by Cochise, for the hostages. The Bernard story should be well researched.

February 16. — With such a large force of armed strength, the Indians left the area. A reconnaissance was made in the area south of the Pass, but no Indians were sighted.

February 17. — The Cochise rancheria was found and the buildings with their supplies were burned. Dr. Irwin led a scouting party and made a gruesome discovery. In his account, "While on the march . . . our presence disturbed a flock of buzzards some distance to the right of the trail leading to the chief's favorite camping ground, and, on riding over to the place where the brids had flown, the ghastly remains of six human bodies, upon which the vultures had been banqueting, were discovered. The evidence was unmistakable that the skeletons were those of the unfortunate Wallace and his companions . . . who had fallen into the power of the savages." The six Americans were accorded burial.

February 19. — Feelings were pitched high as retributive measures had been discussed. Dr. Irwin recounts, "It was determined to execute an equal number of the Indian Warriors confined at the mail station. It was I who suggested their summary execution, man for man. On Bascom expressing reluctance to resort to the extreme proposed, I urged my right to dispose of the lives of the three prisoners captured by me." And so, as the troops were returning to Forts Buchanan and Breckinridge, and the civilians to Tuscon, as they passed the burial site of the Americans, the three adult Indian males held by Bascom, and the three held by Irwin, were executed. Dr. Irwin concluded, "The punishment was an extreme mode of reprisal but was demanded and justified by the persistent acts of treachery and the atrocious cruelties perpetrated."

February 23. — The soldiers arrived back at Fort Buchanan with their remaining prisoners, a squaw and two children, who were shortly released.

Lieut. Bascom and Dr. Irwin prepared their official reports of the action just completed. From Santa Fe, after the reports were received, came the following order to Col. Morrison, "The Department Commander directs that you will publicly express to Dr. Irwin, U.S. Army, and to Lieutenant Bascom, 7th U.S. Infantry, his approbation of the excellent conduct of these officers, and the troops under their command in the operation against the Apache Indians during the last month. He emphatically approves of Lieutenant Bascom's decided action in executing the Indian warriors, after the atrocious murders which had been committed by the tribe."

Bernard J. D. Irwin, M.D.

In 1887, a New York newspaper featured a story based on an account given by a member of the New York City Police Department, who claimed that he was with Lieutenant Bascom at Apache Pass as a member of the 7th U.S. Infantry. The story was so inaccurate, and was so widely circulated, that Dr. Irwin who at the time was in charge of the Medical Purveying Department in San Francisco, was moved to defend the memory of Lieutenant Bascom, and to give his own account of the Apache Pass Affair.

But despite Dr. Irwin's account, and his efforts to set the record straight, the controversy continued to mushroom, and to this day the "Bascom Affair" is a "cause celebre" of the Frontier Southwest. It is pointed to as a classic example of military bungling and incapability in solving the relationship of the Indian and the White.

I pose the question: How could the Army halt warfare upon its own posts and personnel, the established settlements, the lone ranches, the emigrant wagon trains, the small parties of travelers, the prospectors and miners, the raids into Mexico? Could it be by gentle persuasion, the repeated turning of the cheek from side to side, and taking every action based on the concept that every Indian was a noble redman amenable to reason?

Those days along the frontier were harsh and rough. The contact of two such divergent civilizations could only mean that one or the other had to give. Only stern measures could cope with the Indian bent on killing and destroying.

Let us consider excerpts from *The Conquest of Apacheria,* by Dan Thrapp, (University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1967.) Concerning Cochise, the author writes, "He appears to have been generally regarded as an affable, intelligent Indian, in whom one could have confidence." Again, speaking of the Apache Pass Affair, "Here arises a serious question: With both Cochise and Bascom agreed upon a peaceful trade of prisoners, why did it fail to come off and why did bloodshed result? The answer can only lie, I think, in the arrival of army Surgeon Bernard J. D. Irwin and an escort, from Fort Buchanan on February 10th, and the later arrival of First Lieutenant Isaiah N. Moore from Fort Breckinridge with seventy men, all before Cochise could obtain the boy from the Apache band which had stolen him. With the massing of this considerable force in Apache Pass, the chief must have believed, was signalled a relentless military operation against him, and on February 17 or 18 the mutilated bodies of his prisoners, which numbered either three or six, were found."

". . . Within sixty days one hundred and fifty whites were killed, and it has been charged that the series of blunders which loosed Cochise upon the whites eventually cost five thousand American lives and the destruction of thousands of dollars worth of property."

Harvey Starr

The writings of Dan Thrapp merit respect and reading. But, by reliance on the suppositions of many preceding writers, instead of upon the Official Reports of the participants in the Apache Pass Affair, he illustrates the errors in thinking that has colored our ideas wrongly for too long.

On March 2, Congress canceled the Butterfield contract for the Southern Route and offered a new contract for the Central Route. The last Butterfield stage left Apache Station March 6, 1861.

On June 2, 1861, the herd guard at Fort Buchanan was attacked by Apaches and three soldiers were killed and two seriously wounded. The Indians divided the herd driving the mules towards Mexico, and the cattle in the direction of the Whetstone Mountains. Captain Robinson and Dr. Irwin were assigned to take the Whetstone Trail. They were attacked repeatedly, Cochise personally leading several assaults. On one occasion, Dr. Irwin led his soldiers into a narrow defile when caution caused him to order a halt. As he ordered withdrawal the Indians attacked and several soldiers were wounded. An Indian attacking Dr. Irwin was shot and killed by James Graydon.

The start of the Civil War in April of '61, of course, changed the status of affairs throughout the nation, but the impact along the Western Frontier with the unsettled Indian problem, was probably as stressful as anywhere. It is regrettable that the showdown started at Apache Pass with the Chiricauhuas under Cochise, and the Coyoteros, had to be halted. Had the Civil War not produced a hiatus, the history of later Indian wars, I feel, would certainly have been a different story.

The military, under urgency, considered the frontier more or less expendable, and a vacuum in protection existed until volunteer forces could be raised to replace the withdrawn Regular Troops. Fort Breckinridge was ordered destroyed, and the dragoons left it on July 10, 1861, moving to Fort Buchanan; the destruction of this post with its supplies was completed on July 21st, when the combined Infantry and Dragoon forces moved out of Arizona through Apache Pass to join the Union Forces in New Mexico. The settlers on ranches and people in the towns had to now fend for themselves. The Indians raged over the territory; Sonoita was practically destroyed, and Tubac attacked. People fled to the safety of Tuscon.

Lieutenant George N. Bascom, West Point Class of 1858, was promoted to a Captain, and was killed in battle with Confederate forces at Val Verde, New Mexico, February 21, 1862. Fort Bascom on the Canadian River, abandoned in 1870, was named in his honor.

Dr. Irwin made his way on east, and on August 28, 1861, he was promoted to Captain. He was assigned as Medical Inspector, Division of the Ohio, and in April 1862, he was with the Union Army in Southwestern Tennessee. On April 6th, the Confederates made an unexpected and powerful assault

upon the Union Forces, and the battle of Shiloh was underway. Caught unawares, all branches of the Union Army were soon confused, and the medical services came apart. To worsen matters, the Union Army was driven back and a large part of the medical equipment and supplies were captured. Women volunteering as nurses tore their skirts into bandages, and even leaves and grass were applied as dressings. With portents of disaster the Army of the Ohio arrived on the scene, and not only stopped the forward push of the enemy, but began to hurl him back, and much needed equipment was regained.

Dr. Irwin found an area of open ground with a good flowing spring. He commandeered tents from nearby infantry units and hurriedly set up a field hospital large enough to care for 2500 patients. He established administrative sections of 125 beds, serviced by a senior and two junior medical officers. This establishment bespoke its own superiority over any previous arrangements so clearly that the plan was adopted by the Army and was put to use five months later at Antietam.

Today a bronze plaque at the National Military Historic Park at Shiloh reads:

The First Tent Field Hospital
ever used
For the Treatment of the Wounded on the Battlefield
The Greatest Boon In War
Was Established here, April 7th, 1862
by
Captain B.J.D. Irwin, Assistant-Surgeon, U.S.A.
Medical Inspector, 4th Division,
Army of the Ohio

In September, 1862, Dr. Irwin was promoted to Major. From March 1863 to July 1865, he was Superintendent of the U.S. Army General Hospital at Memphis. In 1864, he married Antoinette Elizabeth Stahl of Quincy, Illinois. After various assignments he was ordered on March 3, 1871, to Fort Riley, Kansas. Again he took up seriously his hobby of bird watching, and his collection of specimens was forwarded to the Smithsonian.

On October 31, 1873, Dr. Irwin was appointed Chief Medical Officer at the United States Military Academy, and during his five years here, he published, *A Catalogue of the Library Pertaining to the Cadet's Hospital, United States Military Academy, Westpoint, N.Y.*

For the following two years he was in Europe as an official observer, and he sent reports to the War Department from Heidelberg, Dresden, Vienna, and Rome. In 1882 he was appointed Medical Director of the Department of Arizona with headquarters at Fort Whipple.

1890 brought promotion to Colonel and Surgeon, and assignment as Medical Director of the Department of Missouri. In 1892 he was made Assistant Surgeon-General, U.S.A.

1894 came, and with it, after thirty-five years of service as a regular medical officer, retirement.

So distinguished had been Dr. Irwin's army career, and so highly was he esteemed, that he was awarded the first Medal of Honor, granted in 1861 by the following order. "Awarded the Medal of Honor for distinguished gallantry in action against Chiricahua Apache Indians near Apache Pass, Arizona, February 13 and 14, 1861, while serving as assistant-surgeon, voluntarily taking command of troops in attacking and defeating a marauding party of hostile Apaches encountered enroute to the assistance of a body of troops engaged with the Indians at Apache Pass, Arizona."

Retirement did not bring inactivity. From 1903-05, Dr. Irwin was commander of the Order of Indian Wars, and was Vice-President of the American White Cross First Aid Society. He had been Vice-President of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, 1893-94; Vice-President of the Pan-American Medical Congress in 1893; and United States delegate to the Eleventh International Medical Congress at Rome in 1894. During the years of service he had also written and had published several articles on various medical problems.

In 1904, "under accordance with the Act of Congress" he was advanced on the retired list to the permanent rank of Brigadier General, U.S.A.

Death came for the "Fighting Doctor" at his country home, Coburg, Ontario, on December 15, 1917, at the age of 87. He was buried at the United States Military Academy at West Point.

More than a century has passed since the "Bascom Affair" came to the pages of history, and for too long the belittlers and critics have had their sway and say. With the spotlight of truth, the tarnish that had accrued is removed. Lieutenant George N. Bascom, 7th Infantry, U.S.A., and Bernard John Dowling Irwin, Medical Department, U.S.A., stand forth brightly as men of courage and action in the heroic mold.

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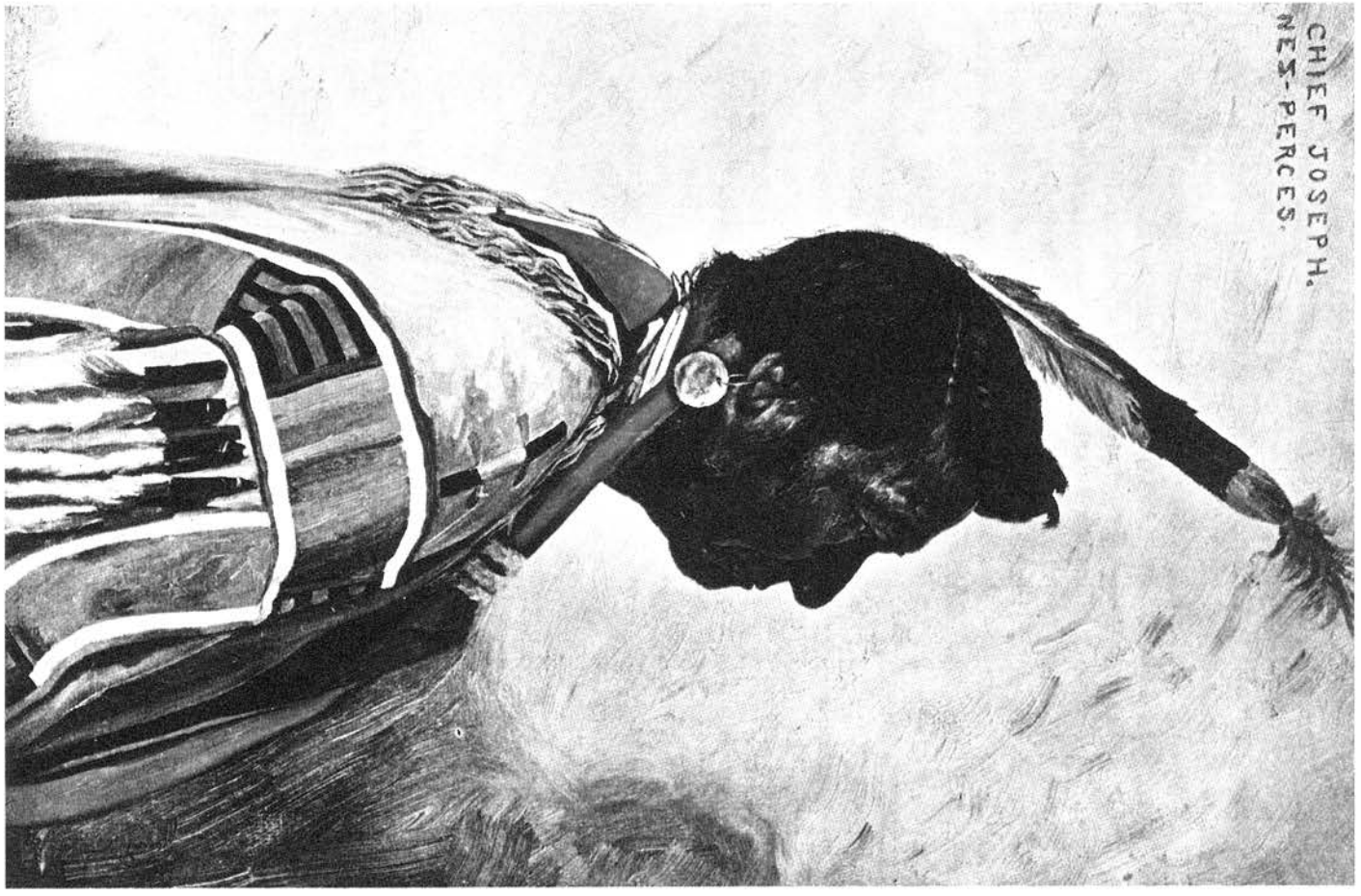

LOS ANGELES CORRAL • THE WESTERNERS • BRAND BOOK XIII

E. A. Burbank:
Painter of Indians, 1858-1949

BY THOMAS S. McNEILL

"MANY BRUSHES," AS HE WAS AFFECTIONATELY known by his many Indian friends, specialized in painting and drawing portraits of living Western American Indians. Elbridge Ayer Burbank was one of the last artists to capture on canvas and paper the true likeness of most of the older chiefs living at the turn of the century. His training in the United States and in Europe prepared him for the demands of portrait painting. Burbank won the confidence and loyalty of the Indians he painted.

Burbank was the product of both the 19th and 20th centuries. Born in a small town in northern Illinois at the edge of Indian country, he ended his career in the cosmopolitan city of San Francisco. The Burbank and Ayer families came overland from Massachusetts in 1836. Grandfather Ayer built the Ayer Hotel at the newly established village of Harvard Junction, birthplace of Elbridge. Some of Burbank's earliest recollections were of the returning Civil War soldiers to their homes in Wisconsin and Minnesota. Sick, ill and destitute, they were cared for at the hotel without charge.

Burbank began to draw at an early age. At school he carried around a pencil, paper and a slate. His skill in drawing never left him. In his final years, pencil sketches of scenes of Northern California show the same concern for detail, the "likeness" of the subject, techniques he learned early. He entered the Academy of Design, Chicago (later the Chicago Art Institute), in

1874 to receive his first formal art instruction. He graduated from the Academy as one of its outstanding pupils.

Anxious to become self-supporting, the young artist opened a small studio in St. Paul, Minnesota. Eugene Smalley, editor of the *Northwest Illustrated Monthly*, admiring some of Burbank's drawings in the window, offered youthful Burbank a job.

The illustrated magazine was a promotional publication of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Scenes along the route were the subjects of Burbank's drawings as he and Smalley traveled to the West Coast as "guests" of the company. The salary was good, $100.00 for drawing a town. All expenses were paid. Saving his money, Burbank soon had laid aside enough to further his art education. Returning from Seattle in 1886, he turned over the remaining drawings to the railroad management at St. Paul. He took his pay, left for home, and prepared for a trip to Europe.

American artists of the time believed their training incomplete without the experience of advanced work in European art centers. Bidding farewell to his parents and two sisters, Burbank left for Munich. There he met William R. Leigh and J. H. Sharp as fellow students. All three became famous as painters of the American west. Toby Rosenthal and Paul Nauer were Burbank's teachers. Rosenthal taught his pupil how to use purple and grey paint as shadows in faces of portraits. Burbank's style and draftmanship improved following his European training.

Returning to Chicago in 1892, Burbank opened a studio in the Athenium Building. His first oil portraits were of local young Negroes. These small paintings, some only two inches square on mahogany wood panels, became the young artist's trademark. His "American Beauty," a small boy holding an American Beauty rose, was reproduced as a chromo in the Sunday supplements.

The Yerkes first prize (Chicago) was awarded to Burbank in 1893. An Honorable Mention medal at the Atlanta Georgia Exposition was won in 1895. Exhibitions in Paris, St. Louis World's Fair, Chicago Art Institute, included works by Burbank. His handsome face with the familiar bushy moustache appeared in the pages of the *Chicago Graphic* announcing the activities of the now well known local artist. He became a member of the Chicago Society of Artists.

E. E. Ayer, Chicago civic leader, philanthropist, and uncle of Burbank was about to launch his nephew on a new career. Ayer, an insatiable collector of Indian artifacts, had presented much of his collection to the Newberry Library in Chicago. Original Indian paintings and drawings of George Catlin and Karl Bodmer were of an earlier period. Ayer wanted the portraits of the Indians of his era represented in the Newberry collection. Chief Geronimo was of special interest to Ayer. Burbank accepted the commission

to visit the famous warrior at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, and to paint his portrait. The project was successful. Burbank painted the tough old chief five times, the only artist to paint the crafty Apache from life. An incident reported later, shows how a simple gesture of friendship made it possible for Burbank to establish rapport with his Indian subjects.

In a letter to the editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, May 29, 1948, Burbank wrote:

> Editor, I have just been reading in the Chronicle about Jesse James, etc. When I was on my way to Ft. Sill to paint a picture of Geronimo from life, I went to a cigar store in Kansas City, Mo., kept by Jesse James' son. I bought a package of cigarettes from him, and Chief Geronimo and I smoked them. San Francisco. E. A. Burbank.

Burbank's portraits of Geronimo have been reproduced in books and magazines. The simple bright red blanket and headband worn by Geronimo are an effective contrast to the deeply lined brown face and penetrating eyes of the once proud leader of the Apaches. This was the beginning of Burbank's most productive and successful period as a painter of Indians. As a tribute to his uncle's interest and support, some 28 oil paintings and over 1,000 red chalk drawings are now a part of the Newberry Library collection and are safely housed in portfolios kept in the library vault.

Chief Joseph, leader of the Nez Perces Indians, was another friend Burbank painted from life. Mutual respect was the key to this friendship. The famous Indian was living in seclusion and difficult to reach. Burbank visited him at Nes Pelem Agency, Washington, wearing his best corduroy suit in deference to Joseph's position. Seven portraits followed. Burbank was the only artist allowed to paint Joseph from life. Burbank considered the Nez Perces leader the greatest Indian he had ever known.

By 1902 Burbank was firmly established as an Indian portrait authority. Ads in magazines offered colored reproductions for sale. A popular magazine advertised embossed proofs of red crayon drawings for a year's subscription to the magazine. Colored reproductions of oil paintings were offered in two sizes, 5 and 10¢. These first prints are now prized collectors items. His Chicago studio was filled with Indian blankets and baskets. Private collectors began acquiring Burbank paintings and drawings. J. C. Butler, industrialist of Youngstown, Ohio, was buying paintings by American artists. Burbank was contacted. He answered as follows in his jerky, cramped handwriting:

"Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 10, 1902

Dear Mr. Butler

I received your letter this morning and went over to the Museum and had the pictures shipped to you by Adams Express, then this noon I received another letter from you but received it too late as the box had gone.

I will bring with me the other pictures.

I shall be glad to paint your portrait and will paint for the same price as the Indians.

Since I have been here, Mr. Eakins, a well known portrait painter has painted a portrait of me, he gave the portrait to me but said that whatever Museum bought my Indian pictures he would like to have that Museum own my portrait so I guess I have to give the portrait to you. I will bring it along with me.

No, I will not make the sale of the pictures public at present. I will go to the Tod House as you suggest.

Sincerely yours,

E. A. Burbank"

The Butler-Burbank collection grew to 80 oil portraits, 147 drawings, both groups escaping the disastrous Butler home fire of 1919. One may view the collection at the Butler Institute of American Art at Youngstown.

Burbank continued to roam the west and southwest, seeking out the native tribes. One of several artists befriended by Juan Lorenzo Hubbell, Indian trader at Ganado, Arizona, Burbank spent 10 months in 1905 at this post sketching and painting the Navajos. Hubbell wanted the Indians to improve the designs for their hand loomed rugs. Burbank painted some 50 small selected patterns in oil which were hung in the store for the weavers to copy. These are now in the harness room at the post. Many believe the red chalk drawings of Navajos were among his best work. The Hubbell Trading Post was recently designated as an Historic Site. The paintings of Burbank and other artists are preserved in the main house for all to see. Burbank must have also been in Southern California at about the same time. A portfolio of Cahuilla Indian drawings now in the Newberry Collection was also rendered in 1905.

A series of articles appeared in *The Graphic Magazine*, Los Angeles, 1910, on Burbank's experiences in painting Indians. "My Indian Princess Sitter at Fort Sill Oklahoma" and "Famous War Chiefs I Have Known" were written in the first person. An exhibition of red chalk drawings was held at Steckel's Gallery in Los Angeles about 1920. Already Burbank was beginning to reflect upon his past. The bulk of his best work was behind him. But what a rich legacy! A colorful and pictorial representation of American history he left as a memorial to our "first citizens."

The Depression years were difficult times for artists. Some painted murals in post offices and in other government buildings. Their work was funded by federal agencies. Other artists turned to teaching and commercial work. Burbank would not accept WPA work. Always fiercely independent, he preferred to go it alone. To support himself he turned to drawing scenes for post

cards, greeting cards, pictures of famous Americans. Charles Russell, Buffalo Bill, General MacArthur, Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, Charles Lindbergh, were subjects for his pencil. These were reproduced as prints and were widely distributed. Many "thank you" notes were sent from Hollywood movie stars who received Burbank prints. Tiny oil sketches, some selling for as little as $1.00, Burbank made available for purchase.

As with the many Indians he painted, Burbank made friends easily with artists, art dealers, collectors. "Tactful," "gentle," they described him. William R. Leigh, Jo Mora, Grace Hudson, Marion Wachtel were fellow artists who corresponded with some regularity. While others played cards, Burbank joined them with brush and canvas, painting "conversation pieces," small sketches as gifts for his admirers.

Burbank realized he was "painting history." He was meticulous about identifying his paintings with place and date, and always his own signature. Additional notes written on the back of the work or left in portfolios to accompany the paintings and drawings, give interesting details of the Indians and scenes.

Of Chief Spotted Elk-Sioux, "Son of old Spotted Elk. Medal he wears he took from father's dead body at Pine Ridge." For Bon I Ta Comanche, "Dude of the Comanches and a bright Indian. Best rider at Fort Still, won many prizes for riding horseback." "Has-Tin-Naz Navajo, good cook, Ganado, Arizona."

Burbank's early work was his best. The many Indian portraits, full of authentic detail, alive with strong bright colors, have a unique quality, a freshness not so apparent in his later work. He was the only Western artist to use red chalk and crayon as mediums for portrait drawings.

Public and private institutions control the bulk of his work. Among these are: Field Museum, Butler Art Institute, Newberry Library, Gilcrease Art Museum, Southwest Museum, Pony Express Museum, Smithsonian Institute.

The last years were spent at the Manx Hotel in San Francisco. Struck down by a cable car with both hips broken, he lingered on for two months. A good manager of his affairs, Burbank was solvent when the end came.

As a tribute to E. A. Burbank, painter of Indians, on the 100th anniversary of his birth, Chief Geronimo's words seem appropriate: "I like Burbank better than any white man I have known. He has never lied to me and has always been kind and just to me and my family."

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PER·HER-NEM-TE-WAH.
HOPI.
(ORAIBI)
1904.

E.A.BURBANK
POLACCA.
ARIZ

POLE-LEE.
HOPI.
1904.
SICHOMOVI.

E.A.BURBANK
POLACCO.
ARIZ.

HÓ-TAH.
ISLETA PUEBLO.
1909.

E.A.BURBANK.
ISEETA.
N.M.


CINNAMON-BEAR
BRULE SIOUX
1902.
E.A.BURBANK.
ROSEBUD.
S.DAK.

COW-SAN-TI-A-GO
TULE RIVER.
1906.

E.A.BURBANK
PORTERVILLE
CALIF.

DE-DE-LUM-PAH
MOHAVE.
1906.

E A.BURBANK.
NEEDLES
CALIF.

EAGLE-WOMAN
BRULE SIOUX.
1903.

E.A.BURBANK.
ROSEBUD.
S.DAK.

PAY-TAH.
TEWA.

E.A.BURBANK.
POLACCA.
ARIZ.

CHIEF DO-LAH'-HO-PAY.
JEMEZ PUEBLO.
1909.

E.A.BURBANK.
POLACCO.
ARIZ.

TEGESA.
WHITE MOUNTAIN APACHE
1907.

E.A.BURBANK
WHITE RIVER.
ARIZ.

ZE-PAH.
WHITE MOUNTAIN APACHE.
1907.

E.A.BURBANK
WHITE RIVER
ARIZ.

JOSE.
SOUTH FORK PIUTE
1906.

E.A.BURBANK.
ONYX.
CALIF.

PASH-QUE H.
DIGGER.
1906.

E.A. BURBANK.
COLFAX.
CALIF.

CHIEF HO-SAN'
PIMA.
1905.

E.A. BURBANK.
SACATON.
ARIZ.

DO-MIN-GAH.
TEJON.
1906.

E. A. BURBANK
TEJON RANCH
KERN CO
CALIF.

DOMINGO.
TEMECULA.
1905.

E. A. BURBANK.
PICHANGA.
CALIF.


CHIEF TWO·MOON.
NORTHERN·CHEYENNE.
1899.
E.A.BURBANK
LAME·DEER
MONTANA.

HACIENDA OF RANCHO SANTA MARGARITA

Gentleman on the left is Marco Forster. From water color sketch by Alex Harmer, circa 1890. Original in Bowers Museum, Santa Ana, California.

From Missionaries to Marines
Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores

BY DON MEADOWS

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1769 a party of explorers rested in a wide southern California valley while Don José Francisco Ortega and seven leather-jacketed soldiers advanced to scout out a suitable spot to end the next day's journey. The whole expedition of sixty-three men and a hundred mules was under the command of Don Gaspar de Portolá, the first Governor of Alta California. The King of Spain had ordered him to open a land passage between the harbors of San Diego and Monterey. Both sea ports had been known to mariners for more than one hundred and fifty years, but what was in the wilderness between was a mystery. For five days and thirteen leagues (thirty four miles) Portolá and his company had pushed northward from San Diego over dry hills that were covered with scrubby trees and patches of cactus. The many docile Indians encountered had made the Franciscan missionaries extremely happy, for they had souls to save and bring under the influence of the Catholic Church. The wide valley where the expedition rested was given the name of San Juan Capistrano, but years later, when a mission was established there it was called San Luis Rey. Near nightfall on the 19th Sergeant Ortega returned to the main party with the news that a good campsite had been found on the banks of a dry river-bed less than two leagues away in the direction of Monterey.

Thursday morning dawned cloudy and at seven o'clock the expedition left its resting place and moved through a crack in the hills (Windmill Can-

yon) that opened to the north. After a league of travel the caravan turned to the northwest, and from the heights they saw a beautiful green valley well covered with sycamores and smaller trees. Far in the north a range of high mountains blocked advance in that direction so the course of travel was turned toward the northwest, where the country was ridged with low hills. Dropping into the valley some lagoons of fresh water were found in the dry river-bed that drained from the mountains. Here a camp was made. Because they arrived at the place on the day of Santa Margarita it was named for that holy virgin and martyr. The advance scouts reported several Indian villages in the valley, one of them being near where the camp was pitched. The presence of Indians soon became evident for when the expedition came to a halt it was surrounded by more than seventy natives. Presents of beads and bright ribbons kept them friendly. The campsite became important, for here, years in the future, was established the headquarters of a great cattle ranch.

The next day the march continued toward the northwest and in the afternoon another camp was established in a wide canyon where there was an abundance of grape vines, roses, and other wild flowers. In ecstacy the missionaries named the place Cañada de los Rosales, the Canyon of the Rosebushes, while the soldiers called it the Valley of the Flowers, El Valle de las Flores. Time corrupted the beautiful name into Las Pulgas (the Fleas) and the canyon was marred by a paved road that led to the sea, but the roses and flowers were not forgotten when the surrounding hills became part of a Mexican land grant under the name of Santa Margarita y Las Flores, the ranch of Saint Marguerite and the Flowers.

From the Canyon of the Rosebushes the trail toward Monterey kept toward the northwest across valleys and canyons (San Onofre and San Mateo) until a long valley opened from the north. Here near a spring in a sycamore grove the expedition halted for the night. Friendly Indians were in the valley, and much to the joy of the missionary Fathers they were allowed to baptize two little girls and make them Christians. It was the first time in Alta California that the Fathers had been able to rescue a soul from darkness. So great was the event the occasion was perpetuated by naming the canyon for the little Christians, Cañada de las Christianitas. A little shrine in a Marine establishment marks the spot where the baptism took place.

For six months the Portolá expedition struggled northward to find the port of Monterey. They reached the land-locked harbor but failed to recognize it and, discouraged, they retraced their march from San Diego. The route opened by Portolá across the future Santa Margarita ranch became part of the main-traveled highway followed by missionaries and soldiers on their journeys through California. (It is now paved and called Basilone Road.) The Spanish called it the Royal Road, El Camino Real, though it was nothing

more than a mule trail through boulders, brush, and cactus. After Mission San Juan Capistrano was founded in 1776 the camino was moved from the hilly country and followed a more level route close to the sea. Today the San Diego Freeway and the Santa Fe railroad between San Mateo and Las Pulgas canyons follow the route adopted when the change was made. At Las Pulgas, the new camino left the coast, turned up Las Pulgas canyon for four miles then swung in an arc toward the south until it joined the Portolá trail at Santa Margarita.

Between Missions San Juan Capistrano and San Diego mule trains, dispatch riders, soldiers, and missionaries traveled thirty-eight leagues or almost a hundred miles through a country populated only by Indians. In 1792 the Spanish naturalist Longinos Martínez journeyed over the trail and found only two signs of civilization along the way, one an abandoned hut at Santa Margarita. The vast number of un-converted Indians in that long expanse greatly troubled the conscience of the missionaries. They requested that a new mission be established midway between the two existing missions. The request was given serious consideration and in 1795 Governor Borica ordered a survey to be made to locate a desirable spot. Many sites were examined, including that at Santa Margarita. It was rejected due to a lack of agricultural land and building materials. At old San Juan Capistrano where Portolá had rested in 1769 the fewest disadvantages were found, and on June 13, 1798 Fr. Fermín Lasuén, President of the California Franciscan Missionaries, established the Mission of San Luis Rey. Fathers Antonio Peyri and José Faura were placed in charge. All the land between San Mateo canyon in the north and San Marcos creek in the south from the Pacific Ocean eastward into the mountains was assigned to the new mission. It was a domain of over 2,000 square miles.

Father Peyri was an energetic man. Six weeks after the mission was founded his company of Indians and soldiers from San Diego had manufactured 8000 adobe bricks, brought timbers from the mountains, and had dug the foundations for several buildings. Six months later a chapel, a house for the Fathers and dwellings for the soldiers had been completed. All were roofed with thatch. Herds of cattle, horses, and sheep, seeded from stock contributed by other missions, were turned loose on the mission lands. By 1800 the livestock had increased to more than 2,000, several new buildings were occupied, and half of the mission structures were roofed with tile manufactured on the spot. In seven years Father Peyri gathered more than a thousand Indians into the mission fold and the cattle that grazed on the grassy hills numbered almost sixteen thousand. North of the mission, at Santa Margarita, was the major cattle range. Here a corral a hundred yards square was enclosed with adobe walls, and near it an adobe house with a tile roof was erected for the Indians who looked after the mission herds. This

PUEBLO LIBRE DE SAN PEDRO, OR LAS FLORES
Painted by LaVern Parker from pencil sketch by H. M. T. Powell in 1850.

house was not the first building on the site, for some kind of a structure had been there long before the mission was founded. The tile-covered building erected in 1806 was the beginning of the structure that grew into the hacienda of Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores.

Shadows of future difficulties began to appear in 1810. In the spring of that year Father Peyri complained to the Governor that soldiers assigned to the mission were keeping their horses in Las Flores valley to the detriment of mission sheep and cattle. There had been but little rainfall and the pasture was needed by the mission. The struggle between church control and private ownership had started. Down in San Diego a nine year old boy named Pio Pico was attending school. Local affairs were more important than national ones. Mission San Luis Rey prospered while a rebellion against Spanish rule was being waged in Mexico. California, far removed from the battle field, depended on her own resources. When supply ships from the mother country failed to appear the people in California developed self-sufficiency and a spirit of independence. Yankee Skippers on the coast, barred by Spanish law from dealing with the Californians, found willing co-operation in contraband trade. Father Peyri, though in sympathy with the Mexican revolution, did not know that its success would bring about the destruction of everything he had created. When Mexico won her independence in 1821, Mission San Luis Rey was near the peak of its development. Neophyte Indian population was close to 2700; cattle, sheep, and horses numbered almost 30,000; the church edifice as it stands today was complete; and the mission lands for miles around were operated as six great cattle ranches. The largest and best was centered at Santa Margarita.

Las Flores creek flows through Las Pulgas canyon, a narrow gulch eight miles long that is etched diagonally across the Santa Margarita rancho. Near the coast the canyon flares into a triangular valley a half-mile wide and two miles long. On the north side of the valley a half-mile from the sea and seventy feet above it Father Peyri established a mission outpost. Two large Indian villages, Chumella and Questnille, were in the lower valley and their distance from the mission caused the Padre great concern. Rather than move the Las Flores Indians to the already crowded mission of San Luis Rey Father Peyri extended mission culture to the Indians. With his usual vigor he marshaled his skilled neophytes in 1823 and set them to work building a little mission. He named the place San Pedro, but it was generally known as Rancho Las Flores.

Rancho Las Flores was a series of rooms built of adobe bricks around three sides of a patio some thirty by forty yards in extent. The open side was toward the east. At the southwest corner of the enclosure, facing the ocean, was a chapel topped by a tower that probably was forty feet in height. During the hide and tallow days in California, mariners used the tower as a navi-

gation point when they sailed along the coast. The rooms on the north, south, and west were roofed with tile and were used for sleeping quarters, storage, and granaries. Part of the western wing had a second story. Outside dimensions of the establishment measured fifty-one by fifty-five varas, or 142 by 153 feet. The long axis was toward the north. In 1827 Father Peryi reported to his superior: "To the north [of Mission San Luis Rey] at a distance of three leagues [ten miles] the mission has the Rancho of San Pedro, known as Las Flores. The place has a house, granaries, and a chapel, which buildings form a square or large patio. Holy Mass is offered up in the chapel. In the patio, by means of water taken out of a pool near the sea, corn is raised, and in the plain wheat and barley are raised in season. About one league from the rancho are the pastures for the cattle. The locality is called Las Pulgas." (The San Diego Freeway passes only a hundred yards west of the ruins, but the embankment of the Santa Fe railroad keeps them hidden from the highway.)

After the war for Mexican independence was over, American and British trading ships visited the California coast in increasing numbers. They came for the hides and tallow from the thousands of cattle that grazed on the grassy hills of California. The civilian government profited by the trade through import duties, but the source of supply was monopolized by the Franciscan missionaries. Most of the grazing land between San Diego and Monterey was in their possession. Mexican independence created a feeling of local patriotism among the California inhabitants of Spanish and Mexican origin, and as native-born citizens they demanded a share in the resources of their country. But the mission system stood in the way of progress. Political pressure was used to alleviate the situation.

The disintegration of the mission system began with a series of decrees removing the Indians from missionary control. The natives turned their liberation into idleness and disrespect. Mission productions took a sharp decline, and mission cattle, unsupervised, wandered far and wide. Textiles and leather goods were manufactured when the Indians felt inclined to work, and fields of grain and vegetables became half-productive. The missionaries were blamed for the breakdown of Indian labor. At San Luis Rey Father Peryi was disillusioned by Mexican independence and the ideas it fostered. Sixty-three years old and saddened by the collapse of the great institution he had created during thirty-four years of labor, he applied for permission to return to his native Spain. The request was granted by his Franciscan superiors but the California Governor would not issue a passport. Under the pretext of a business trip to Mexico City the Reverend Father sailed from San Diego in 1832 and never returned to California. The final blow to the mission system came the following year when the Supreme Government passed a law that turned the missions into secular parishes, placed their con-

trol in the hands of political appointees, and opened their lands to settlement by Mexican citizens.

The stability of California was shaken by political turmoil in addition to restrictions in church affairs. The Governor of the province was selected in Mexico and sent to California to promulgate and enforce local laws. The appointment of Mexican administrators irked the native paisanos who felt quite capable of governing their own country without dictation from an outsider. Young Californians, eager for political power, were especially ambitious and non-co-operative. Among them were Pio and Andrés Pico, two of the ten children of José María Pico, a soldier who came to California in 1782. Seven of the ten children were girls and they by marriage became associated with the influential families in the territory. Pio was born in San Gabriel in 1801; his brother Andrés, born in 1810, was a native of San Diego. Pio was short, homely, greedy, ambitious, and an opportunist. His younger brother Andrés was taller, more stable, and less flamboyant, but was equally aggressive. Family connections gave them great influence in local affairs. Neither had much respect for the Governors who came from Mexico, but being good politicians they never indulged in open rebellion but exercised their influence in a subtle way.

In 1834 Governor Don José Figueroa legally expropriated the California mission properties and turned them over to the territorial government. With consideration for the Indians of San Luis Rey he set aside twenty square miles of mission land around San Pedro, or Las Flores, and designated it as a Pueblo Libre, or Free City, for the sole use and ownership of the local Indians. The rest of the mission property was placed in the hands of two administrators, Capt. Pablo Portillo and Pio Pico. They were ordered to submit an inventory of all property connected with Mission San Luis Rey. In their report the buildings, corrals, and gardens on the banks of Santa Margarita creek and the broad grazing lands to the north were reported to be worth $10,800 or 25% of the value of all the mission property. The other five ranchos owned by the mission were of much less value. Portillo and Pico as administrators moved into the mission buildings and forced the resident priest to relinquish his living quarters.

On the death of Governor Figueroa in 1835 the Californians determined to select their own Governor without waiting for Mexican approval. The idea was adopted by all paisanos, but disagreement arose over who would govern. In San Diego Don Carlos Carrillo, married to an Alvarado and related to the Picos, refused to recognize his nephew Juan Bautista Alvarado, who had been selected by the people in the capital in Monterey. Each contended that the other lacked authority under the constitution. Both resorted to arms to enforce their contentions. Pio Pico, though secretly a Carrillo sympathizer, stayed out of the conflict. In April, 1838 Alvarado marched south with two

hundred soldiers to put down the southern rebellion. From San Diego Carrillo moved north with one hundred men and two cannon. On April 21 the rivals met at Las Flores.

The battle of Las Flores involved one cannon shot and many words. There were no casualties, for neither side wanted bloodshed. On the 20th of April, when Carrillo arrived at the Indian pueblo, he was informed that Alvarado with "hundreds" of troops was at San Juan Capistrano mission only fifteen miles away. Carrillo and his chief officer, Captain Juan Tobar, set up a defense behind the protective walls of the Las Flores pueblo. The patio of the mission establishment opened toward the east, the direction from which Alvarado might attack. A barricade of pack saddles, steer hides, and other available materials was thrown across the opening, and the cannon were placed at strategic points to repel an invasion. On the 21st Alvarado's army appeared on the camino real, moving toward the fortification on the hill top. While still out of range Captain Tobar fired a cannon shot in that direction. The Northerners stopped and prepared for action. After a lengthy pause a white flag was carried onto the field between the two belligerents; from which side is not recorded. The flag of truce requested a conference between nephew and uncle.

Negotiations dragged on for a day. The contenders and their officers retired to the shade of the pueblo, where conditions were more comfortable. Captain Tobar, disgusted with the turn of events, collected his men and returned to San Diego. At last, after long wrangling, the Treaty of Las Flores was signed. It agreed that both sides would lay down their arms and recognize Alvarado as Governor. Nephew and uncle with an honor guard of seventy-five men selected in concert would march to Monterey where the cannon would be turned over to the commanding officer of the presidio. The future peace and tranquility of California was pledged. Alvarado stayed in office until 1842.

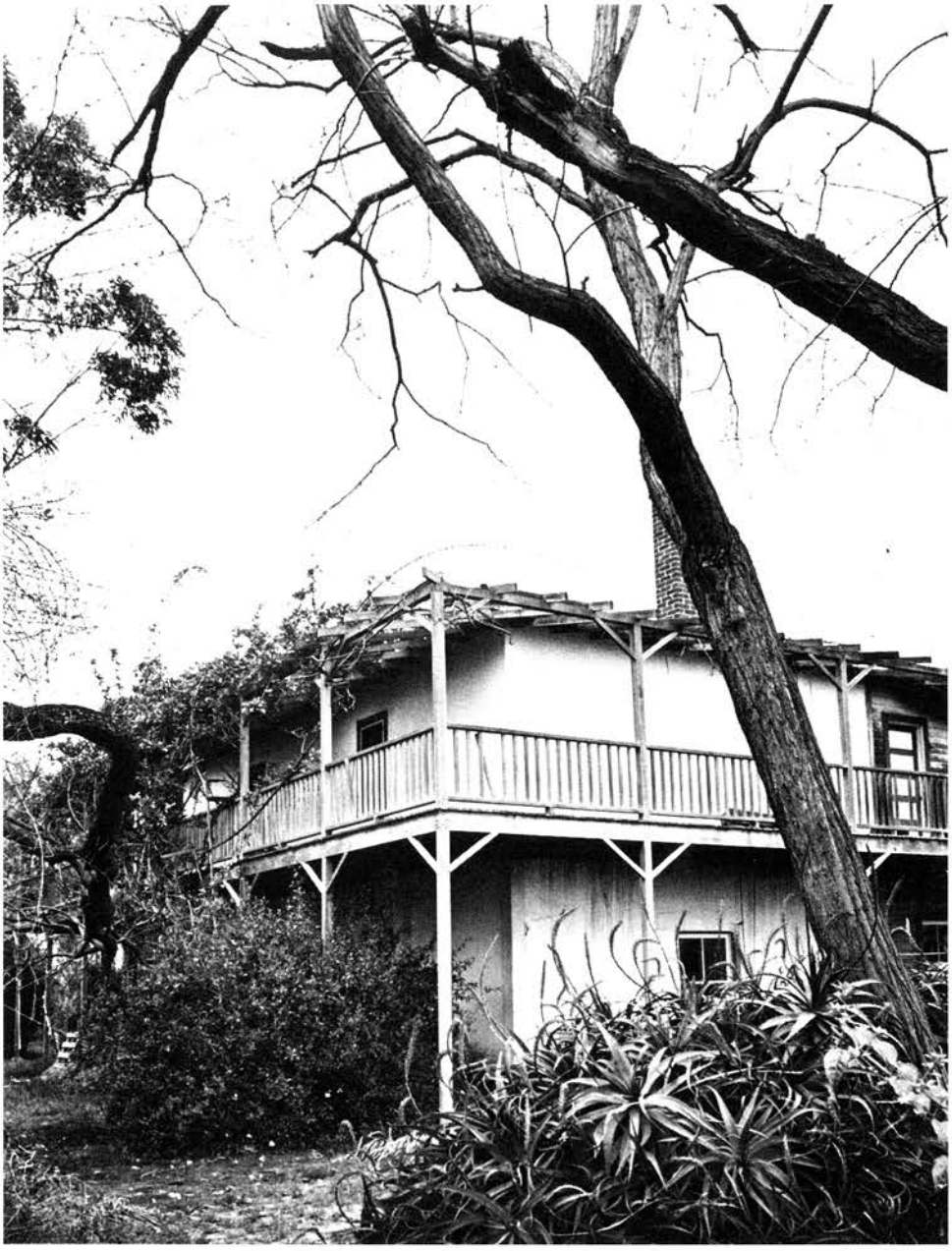
After local disagreements were settled Governor Alvarado, with political understanding, complied with land laws created by the Supreme Government in Mexico and granted tracts of land to California citizens. In order for a citizen to acquire public land he had to show a need for a rancho on which cattle could be raised, he had to own so many head of stock, and he had to agree to maintain permanent buildings on his possession. Technically only four-square leagues of land, about 19,000 acres, could be acquired, but leagues in a hilly country were hard to measure, so boundary lines were generously interpreted. During the time of dissention in California the Picos adroitly stayed friendly with all factions. When free land became available they made application for a rancho. Pio in particular was in a favorable position to receive consideration: he had married an Alvarado, his sister had married a Carrillo, and his appointment as administrator had allowed him

to build up a substantial spread of cattle from the mission herds. Permanent buildings already existed on the banks of the Santa Margarita river within area they desired. The Picos asked for all the land between the mountains and the sea from the top of the hills north of San Luis Rey to a canyon called San Onofre twelve miles farther north. The Free City or Pueblo Libre was not included. After a rough survey and finding all requirements met, Governor Alvarado, on May 10, 1841, granted the Pico request. André Pico had been running some cattle between San Onofre and San Mateo creeks, so to protect his interests that area was also included in the grant. The total Pico concession covered 89,742 acres.

The twenty square miles of good land owned by thirty-two Indians of Las Flores was an irritation to the Picos. They claimed that Indian cattle were straying from the reservation and doing great damage to the Pico range. On the eastern side of the coastal mountains within the jurisdiction of the old mission territory was a grazing area called Temecula. As administrator of mission property Pio Pico had been using it to his own advantage. Although he had no legal claim to the land he proposed to the Indians of Las Flores that they exchange their Pueblo Libre for the Temecula property and a few cattle. The Las Flores Indians, harassed by the Mexicans, reluctantly accepted the proposition. Alvarado was no longer in office, but proper arrangements were made in 1844 with Governor Micheltorena and the Indians relinquished their little city, their fields, and their rights to the Pico brothers. The transaction spread the area of Pico ownership into the largest land grant in California. They called their domain the Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores. It contained 133,400 acres, or two hundred and eight square miles. The Picos thought they owned 10,000 head of cattle, 15,0000 sheep, and 2,000 horses, but they could not be sure, for no accurate count had ever been made. All the live stock originated from mission herds.

Alvarado's six years of administration was not altogether agreeable to the central powers in Mexico. They resented the increasing independence of the Californians and to re-capture control sent an appointed Governor to California in 1842 with an army of ex-convicts and riff-raff to back up his rule. Rebellion slowly developed among the native residents and in a bloodless coup in 1845 they sent the Governor back to Mexico. Pio Pico maneuvered himself into the Governor's office. Setting up his capital in Los Angeles rather than in Monterey, he created new animosity between north and south, but before open conflict could develop the country was united by a greater predicament. On July 7, 1846 the American flag was hoisted above the Custom House in Monterey. The war between the United States and Mexico had reached California.

Thirteen years had elapsed since 1833, when a nineteen year old Englishman named John Forster arrived in California on the trading ship *Facio.*



LAS FLORES HACIENDA

Built by Marco Forster in 1868 and the home of the Magee family for eighty years.
Clay Miller Photo.

California was to his liking and after a few more trips to the coast he decided to become a Mexican citizen and settle there permanently. Perhaps the decision was influenced by the acquaintance of Ysidora Pico, six years his senior and the younger sister of Pio Pico. They were married in 1837. As Juan Forster he became a successful and respected business man. Through family connections he was granted two large land grants, and at auction in 1845 he purchased the buildings of ex-mission San Juan Capistrano. There he made his home for the next twenty years. His brothers-in-law, Pio and Andrés, though possessing the largest ranch in California were at heart not rancheros, but preferred the candle light and music of the adobes clustered around the plaza in Los Angeles. Andres never married; Pio, though married, never had a family.

When the United States took possession of California Pio Pico was Governor. Juan Forster remained calm and discreet in his mission home. Andrés Pico rallied loyal Californians and planned to repel the Americans. Pio Pico, after a bombastic speech in which he pledged his life in defense of his country, decided to leave Los Angeles and go to Mexico for help and safety. At San Juan Capistrano Juan Forster secreted him in the mission buildings while the Americans were looking for him. At his rancho Santa Margarita he procured horses and escaped to Mexico. The conquest of California was without bloodshed until American dragoons under General Kearny arrived at San Pasqual, some twenty-five miles southeast of Santa Margarita. There they were met by Andrés Pico and his mounted lancers and thoroughly defeated. The remnants were rescued by Marines from San Diego, where preparations were being made to move north and capture Los Angeles.

Late in December, 1846 General Kearny and Commodore Stockton set out from San Diego with five hundred and sixty-one officers and men to invest Los Angeles. On January 2 they camped at Mission San Luis Rey. On the third they passed the deserted buildings of Rancho Santa Margarita and that night the soldiers bivouacked at Las Flores, where a few Indians were living. The next morning, after moving a few miles north from the pueblo, the army was met by a delegation of three Californians under a flag of truce and presented with a letter proposing that hostilities cease in California, leaving the fighting between the United States and Mexico to some other part of the country. The proposition was flatly rejected, and the troops moved ahead. North of San Juan Capistrano the army horses showed signs of collapse and Juan Forster, never happy with the instability of Mexican rule and hoping for peace under American occupation, replenished the stock from his own remuda. Near Los Angeles a minor battle took place, the city was occupied, and at Cahuenga, northwest of Los Angeles, the Californians capitulated and a treaty of peace was signed by Andrés Pico on January

13, 1847. The war in California was over, and a year later Mexico ceded all of western America to the United States.

As American citizens the old Californians adapted themselves to the new administration. Their land grants were investigated and were either rejected or confirmed. Clear title to the great Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores was confirmed to Pio and Andrés Pico. Another brother, José Antonio, lived on the rancho but had no legal interest in it. He was the most ineffectual and colorless of the triumvirate. Andrés, greatly respected by the Americans for his loyalty to his homeland during the Mexican War, made his home in the San Fernando valley and was once elected to the California state legislature. Pio, the flighty and flamboyant ex-Governor, acquired a small ranch of 9,000 acres southeast of Los Angeles and on the "ranchito" he lived in lavish style. His generosity and gambling became notorious. All the brothers drained their income from Rancho Santa Margarita.

Andrés Pico was the first to get into financial difficulties. His creditors, pressing him from all sides, threatened to foreclose on his possesions. To protect some of his assets he deeded his half of the Rancho Santa Margarita to his brother Pio. This was on April 21, 1862. The ranch had carried a mortgage of $102,000 held by San Francisco money-lenders. More than half of it had been paid, but there was a balance of $43,000 due bearing interest of 3% a month. Learning that Andrés had deeded his half to Pio the lenders, knowing Pio's reputation, demanded immediate payment of the loan in cash. Pio had no money but he offered to deed them the ranch and 5,000 head of cattle to stave off a foreclosure and deficiency judgment that would take all of his assets. The offer was refused. As usual, Pio turned to his brother-in-law Juan Forster for help and Forster reluctantly assumed the indebtedness in February, 1864 in return for a deed to the Santa Margarita ranch and a bill of sale for 1,500 head of cattle and 140 head of horses. About this same time the United States courts decided that the disposition of church buildings by the Mexican government was illegal and the sale of mission San Juan Capistrano to Forster in 1845 was invalid. The mission was returned to the Catholic church. After twenty years of residence in the old Franciscan establishment Forster was forced to find a new home. He moved to his newly-acquired property, and so began the golden years of Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores.

When Forster assumed ownership of the Santa Margarita some of his friends said he was foolish to make such a deal. The rancho was run down through neglect, the ranch buildings were dilapidated, and the amount of live stock on the range was unknown. Years later, when he was asked if he had built the beautiful adobe home now occupied by the Commanding General of Camp Pendleton, he replied, "Almost. I repaired it."

On acquiring ownership of the ranch, Forster moved his family from

San Juan Capistrano to the adobe buildings overlooking Santa Margarita river. Rodeos were ordered at several places on the wide domain, for the years 1863 and '64 had been dry ones and cattle had wandered far and wide in search of water and forage. Neighboring rancheros were invited to cut out any cattle that carried their brand. Even Pio Pico was present. He found about 2,000 head he claimed bore his mark, overlooking the fact that most of them were a present from Juan Forster. Cattle that year were worth only the value of their hides, about $2.25 each.

The Santa Margarita was only one of Juan Forster's many enterprises. He owned three other ranchos in southern California and their attention kept him traveling from place to place. The management of his newest acquisition was given to his three sons, Francisco (Chico), Marcos, and Juan, Jr. They conducted the annual rodeos which lasted from the end of March until sometime in May. Five rodeo grounds were used: one near the home place, the others at Las Pulgas canyon, Las Flores, and in the valleys of San Onofre and San Mateo. The end of a rodeo was always a time for a grand fiesta with the Forsters as host. All rancheros and their families were invited. The event became famous for its food, wine, music, dancing, and sociability. Sometimes the celebration lasted for more than a week.

The big event of 1867 was the marriage of Don Marcos H. Forster, second son of Juan, and Guadalupe Abila, daughter of Don Juan Abila, El Rico, owner of Rancho Niguel. The wedding took place at San Juan Capistrano, where the bride's father had a palatial home. The celebration was long and happy, both at San Juan and at the Santa Margarita rancho. For a wedding present Don Juan gave his son Marcos permission to build his own home on the ranch, at any place he chose. The choice was at Las Flores near the abandoned buildings of the Pueblo Libre. Adobes, tiles, and beams from the old Indian pueblo supplied some building materials and some came from San Diego. The house was furnished with the best things money could buy. In 1868 Marcos and Guadalupe Forster moved into their hacienda and another fiesta was called for. A hundred years went by before the adobe house was abandoned.

Ranch activities moved at a rapid pace. Every year rodeos were held and cattle were driven to San Francisco to supply the city market. Special events kept ranch life from being monotonous. The Forsters laid out a seventeen-mile wooden fence to hold in some of their stock; in 1872 a fourteen hundred pound grizzly bear was killed on the ranch; and there were always Saints days, births, church festivals, or visitors to break the routine of business affairs. Only once did a family squabble cause a riffle in gracious living.

In 1872 the widow of Forster's brother-in-law José Antonio Pico claimed that one fifth of Rancho Santa Margarita belonged to her and her children as members of the Pico family. Since the day Forster acquired the ranch he

had allowed José Antonio and his family to live on the property. Pio Pico, again in financial difficulties, saw an opportunity to gain some needed money. He backed his brother's heirs by claiming the deed he gave his brother-in-law Juan Forster in 1864 was for only part of the rancho Santa Margarita. Forster retaliated by filing a counter suit in the District Court in San Diego for a clear title to all of the rancho. The trial that followed was long, involved, and rich with data on early California history. Terry Stevenson in an interesting book "Forster vs. Pico" covers the case in detail and records more than dry legal proceedings. When the trial was over, in May, 1873, the jury retired for twenty minutes and returned with a verdict that Juan Forster held clear title to all of the ranch. The Sheriff was instructed to remove every vestige of Pico ownership from the property. Although a harsh decision, the Forster family looked after Pio Pico for the rest of his life. He died in Los Angeles in 1894 at the age of ninety-three years.

In 1872 Forster dreamed of turning part of the Santa Margarita ranch into a colony of European immigrants like the one that was proving so successful at Anaheim, fifty miles to the north. While still involved in the Pico case he sent a representative to Europe to recruit settlers for such a community. The representative died in Europe, and as soon as able, Forster crossed the Atlantic to carry on his own promotion. For once he was unsuccessful. The people he encountered wanted their expenses paid to America, and this he refused to do. Returning to California he changed his original plan and laid out the town of Forster City on the coast in the far north-west corner of his ranch, where the Los Angeles-San Diego stage line crossed San Onofre creek. He adopted the method used by promoters who were successfully bringing towns into existence in other parts of southern California. By 1876 three families and several single men had been enticed to his city. A cargo of lumber was shipped down from northern California and landed on the beach at San Onofre by the schooner *Hannah.* In April, 1879 the postoffice of Forster City was opened. In 1880 the *California Business Directory* reported that the city had three commercial establishments: "M. P. Bryant, Hotel and Livery Stable; B. F. Gauldin, Blacksmith, and P. W. Soto, Postmaster, General Merchandise and Lumber." The project languished from want of new arrivals. There was nothing to support the community except the enthusiasm of its founder. That was not enough to keep the town alive. In October, 1883, when most of the residents had moved to a more attractive place, the postoffice closed closed and Forster City became a ghost town. When a railroad came through the site five years later the postoffice was revived as San Onofre, but by that time Juan Forster was no longer living.

The promotion of Forster City and other enterprises of the ranchero required ready cash. So sure was he that his colonization plan and city would

succeed he borrowed $207,000 from Charles Crocker of San Francisco. By a "gentleman's agreement" the Rancho Santa Margarita was put up for security. The loan was never paid by Don Juan, for on February 20, 1882 he died in the ranch house that had been his home for eighteen years. His death caused regret throughout southern California. Three thousand Californians met the funeral train when his body arrived in Los Angeles. The days of the fandango and week-long fiestas on the Santa Margarita ranch came to a close. American business methods soon pushed aside the open hospitality and colorful living of the Mexican era.

Doña Ysidora Forster, lacking command of the English language, put her husband's estate in the hands of her sons Marcos and Juan, Jr. They soon found a buyer for the Santa Margarita. Richard O'Neill, associated with the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, agreed to buy the 133,400 acre ranch for $450,000. The sale cleared the Crocker loan and all the indebtedness against the Forster estate. As soon as O'Neill secured possession of the ranch, on November 14, 1882, he transferred title to James L. Flood, who had provided the funds for the purchase. Flood was a financier and not a ranchero, but Richard O'Neill was experienced in land management and was put in charge of the enterprise. The Forster family left the ranch and settled in San Juan Capistrano and the O'Neill family moved into the old ranch house. Though not the owner, O'Neill made his dynamic management so conspicuous that soon Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores became known as the O'Neill ranch. After the death of James Flood in 1906 his heirs came into possession of the property. As a gesture of good will in recognizing twenty-four years of faithful management, Richard O'Neill was deeded an undivided half-interest in the rancho. Three years later, at the age of eighty-three, O'Neill died and his interest and management of the ranch were taken over by his son Jerome. Other ranches were acquired and a corporation was formed to consolidate them into a single unit. They remained so until World War II broke up the empire. In January, 1942 one hundred and twenty thousand acres of Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores, all of that lying in San Diego County, was taken over by the United States Government and named the Marine Corps base of Camp Joseph H. Pendleton. The Government paid $4,239,062 for the land.

Henry Magee came to California in 1847 as a soldier in the New York Volunteers and was stationed in San Diego. There he met Victoria Pedrorena, the daughter of a prominent ranchero. They were married, and over the years had a family of eleven children. Henry was a happy-go-lucky Yankee with a fondness for alcohol. After living for a while at Fallbrook, Henry leased 1,500 acres of land form O'Neill and raised cattle and barley. Richard O'Neill took a special liking to Victoria for the way she reared her large family under trying circumstances. Two years after she died, leaving

her oldest daughter Jane as head of the family, O'Neill suggested in 1888 that the Magee family move into the vacant adobe at Las Flores. This they did, and it was their home for eighty years. Jane never married but devoted her life to looking after Magee family affairs. Under her direction leased land around Las Flores was planted to lima beans and a profitable business developed. In 1922 her youngest brother Louis, who married late in life and had no children, assumed management of the bean ranch. Jane died in 1946 at the age of eighty-three.

On September 25, 1942 President Franklin D. Roosevelt came west to dedicate Camp Pendleton. He was given a tour of the Base and was charmed by its early California atmosphere. At the old adobe ranch house on the Santa Margarita river where the Commanding General was in residence the President moved from room to room. One of them struck his fancy. There he remarked, "Reserve this room for the next ex-President of the United States." It is now called the President's Room. At the Las Flores ranch house the Magee family was introduced to President Roosevelt. When asked what they were going to do now that the land was government property the Magees answered that they would like to remain in the house that had been their home for fifty-four years. Turning to the General the President ordered that as long as a member of the Magee family was alive Las Flores could be their home. The President's order was respected until 1968, when the last of the Magees passed away. The old adobe hacienda built by Marcos Forster in 1868 is no longer occupied. It is hoped it can be acquired by the State and preserved as a part of the California heritage.

Although the Marines are taught destruction their presence at Camp Pendleton is a force for preservation. House tops and asphalt streets have crawled to the line where the Marines take over, and beyond it the hills and open country of Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores have changed but little since the days when the missionaries crossed them two hundred years ago. Old buildings have become modern living quarters, the walls of the Pueblo Libre have melted into ridges of earth, the home of Marcos Forster is silent, and here and there are centers of great activity, but as long as the Marines hold the line not all of Southern California will be wiped out of existence.

Don Meadows

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PLATE NO. ONE

Looking northeast toward Bullion Mountains, and showing two embedded stakes with a third barely discernable in distance. Note telephone pole at right.

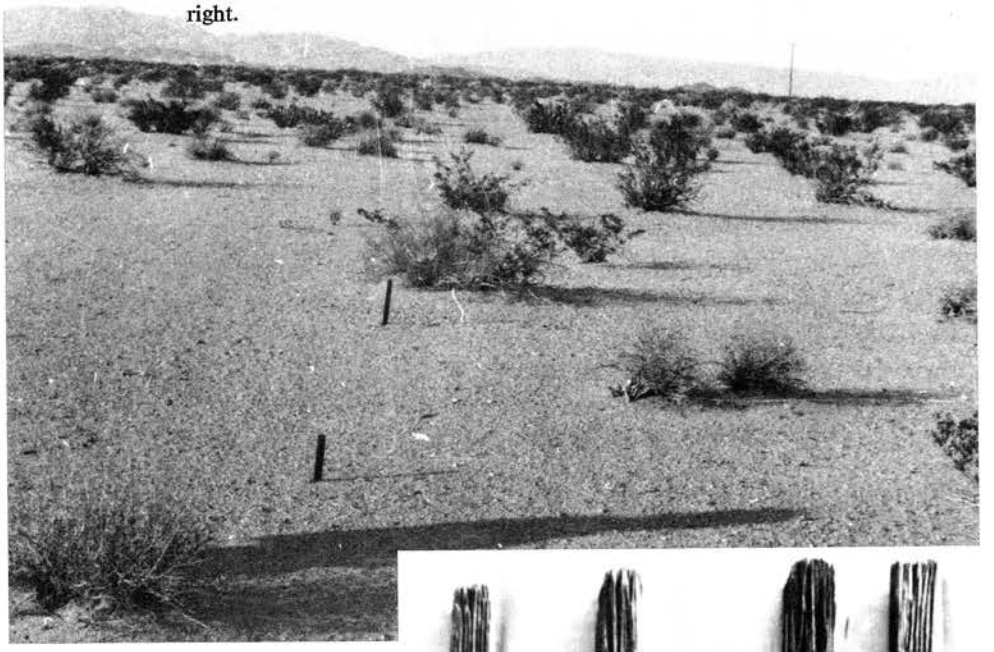
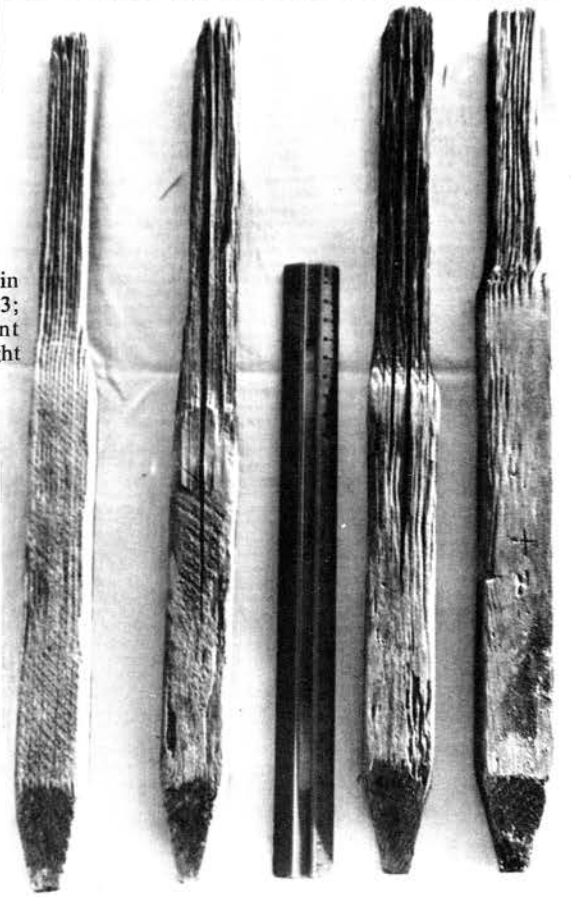
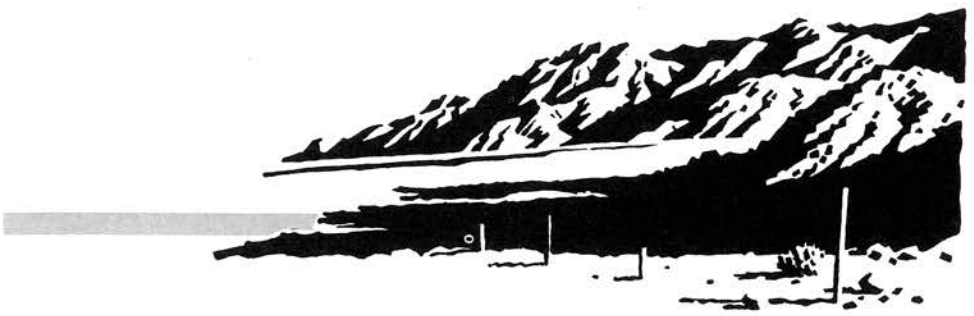


PLATE NO. TWO

Stakes at left of 12" rule were pulled in 1928; stake at right of rule in 1943; stake at outside right during recent months. Note that two stakes show slight termite action.





The Abandoned Stake Line

BY E. I. EDWARDS

IT IS NOW TWENTY-FIVE years since I first stumbled upon the abandoned stake line. I use the word "stumbled" in its most literal — and physical — sense. For this is precisely what occurred. On this particular occasion I was walking across the High Desert country northeast of the then small village of Twentynine Palms, heading in a northerly direction toward the Bullion Mountains. Quite unexpectedly, and with a degree of understandable embarrassment, I *stumbled* over a wood stake that protruded an inch or two above the surface of the ground.

Surprisingly, during the process of recovering my balance, I saw something that was completely at variance with the harmonious pattern of the land. Something noticeably foreign to it. Something that just didn't belong. I saw that the stake over which I had stumbled was but one of a long line of stakes, stretching monotonously across the desert in either direction from where I stood. The individual stakes were quite uniformly spaced, although not precisely so, at approximate distances of a hundred feet; and they followed a diagonal course bearing north and northeast by south and southwest. The northerly segment pointed to a pass — Bagdad Pass, long since abandoned to travel — in the distant Bullions, while the opposite segment bore in the general direction of the business district of Twentynine Palms. Although irregularly placed, both with respect to uniform spacing and to

straight-line positioning, the directional scheme was well defined (Plate No. 1).

Upon closer examination I found the line of stakes to be of ancient origin; ancient, that is, when gauged by the length of time white men have been in this desert. The portion visible above ground was eroded to half, or less than half, the width and thickness of the part below the surface. In certain instances, as with the stake over which I had stumbled, the upper portion was almost completely worn away by the nearly constant action of wind and sand. This was particularly true of those placed in open spaces and denied the protection of creosote bushes. Originally the stakes had measured some eighteen inches in length by one and a quarter inches in width, with a thickness of about an inch. Adding to the frustration occasioned by the line itself there would occasionally appear an off-set stake measuring three inches by three inches, about two-thirds the length of the others and placed opposite a stake in the main-line of stakes at unevenly-placed intervals, sometimes a few inches and sometimes a few feet distant. These auxiliary stakes, if they may be designated as such, were always *opposite* — and always *to the east of* — the main line; and they occurred at varying distances of several hundred feet. Like the others, the portion of these auxiliary stakes below the ground surface usually retained its original shape and density (Plate No. 3).

Perhaps the most peculiar characteristic of the stakes was that relating to their termite-resistant qualities. Oddly enough, almost every stake examined—as illustrated in the accompanying photographs—would show slight termite penetration; but in every observable instance, with the two exceptions shown in the accompanying illustration (Plate No. 4), there had been quick abandonment (Plate No. 2). This is all the more significant when we consider the ferocity with which desert termites will attack wood. Even redwood does not always escape destruction. I have seen the underground portion of redwood posts almost completely devoured by termites within a year's time. Either the wood itself in these aging stakes deterred the termites, else it had been chemically treated before being set in the ground.

It will be noted, by reference to the accompanying photographs, that the stakes were mill pointed (Plates No. 2 and No. 3). None had been hatchet sharpened nor draw-shaved, thus indicating they had been transported to this far off and little known desert from some distant locality. Significantly, however, there was no sign of wheel tracks in the vicinity of the stake line It is often possible to observe wheel track impressions for a considerable number of years out in desert country. Track indentations are made, sand will blow in and fill them, later a desert wind will lift the sand and restore the original outline of the tracks almost as vividly intact as when they were first laid down. This is not always true of horse or mule tracks; much less

of burro tracks. The reasonable assumption to be deduced from these findings is that the stakes were transported onto the desert by mule or burro trains. It is improbable that they were brought in by wagons.

One other observation is sufficiently important to merit passing mention. All the stakes I examined had been set into the ground at nearly uniform depths of nine or ten inches. The desert soil in this area exhibits a thin layer of hardpan after a surface penetration of three or four inches. As a result, the stakes were securely anhored. Those I removed were so firmly embedded I could not pry them out, but was forced to dig the soil from around them to a depth of six or seven inches before they could be loosened sufficiently to permit removal (Plate No. 5). The very obvious deduction is that the stakes were not driven, but pick set. A glance at the accompanying photographs will disclose that the points are not fractured but remain symmetrically intact, indicating they were not *driven* into the hard ground. The pick-set method, I may explain, is usually accomplished by two men. One man thrusts a pick with an overhead pitch into the ground, the blade of the pick being used to press back the soil while the other man drops a stake into the opening. The pick is then removed and the dirt falls into place around the stake. In this fashion only a small amount of soil area is disturbed.

Understandably, the characteristics that contributed most importantly to the mystery of the stake line were (1) its age, and (2) its original purpose.

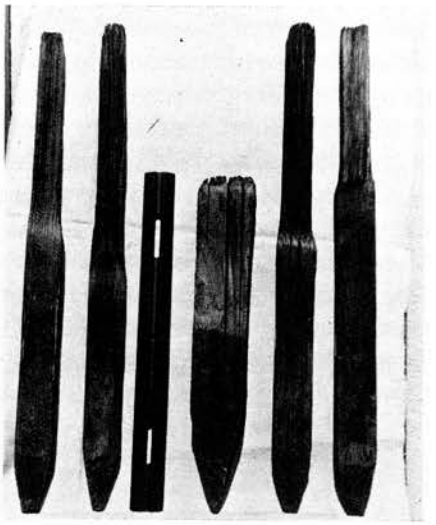


PLATE NO. THREE

The two stakes on the left were pulled in 1928; the 3"x3" center stake and the stake to its right in 1943; the stake at outside right during recent months. The rule is 12". Note that the sharpened stake points are not fractured.

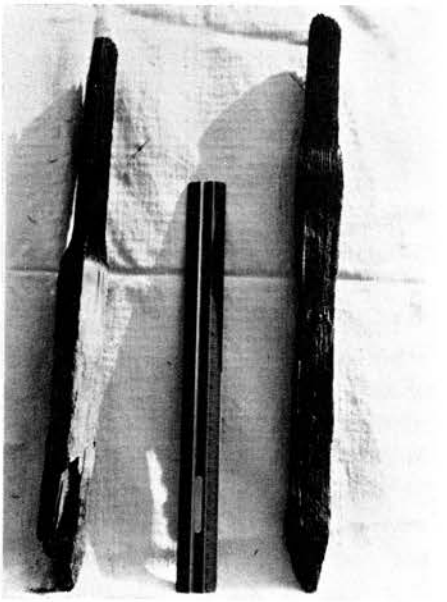


PLATE NO. FOUR

The only stakes among those examined that show any considerable damage before termites finally abandoned.

In my research I began first with the problem of age. If the age could be determined with reasonable accuracy, this might serve to point up the purpose. Accordingly, I sought out the eldest inhabitant of the region, one who had moved into this desert twenty-five years prior to the time I first saw the stakes. He informed me the stake line was there when he arrived; and, strangely enough, the underground portion of the stakes he had then examined appeared to be in essentially the same condition as they were at the time of our conversation. In other words, and this is significant, their physical appearance had not altered perceptibly over the space of his twenty-five years on the desert. And this man, besides being a reliable observer, had reason to know something about this particular stake line. One segment of it extended over his property and was visible from his cabin window.

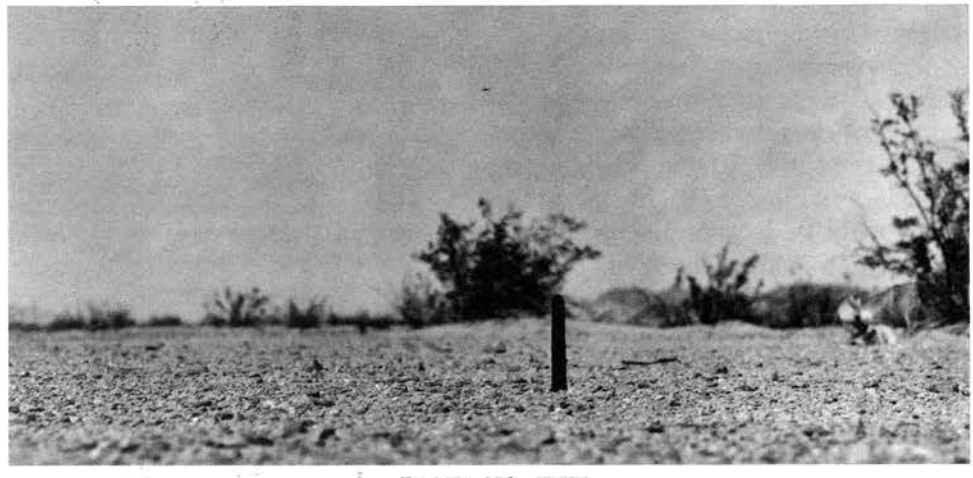


PLATE NO. FIVE

Photograph illustrates how firmly the stakes were embedded in ground. They could be removed intact only by digging soil from around them to a depth of several inches. Stake in picture is about 6" above ground.

I extended this phase of my research even further, checking with another old-timer who also owned a spread across which the mysterious row of stakes had streaked its line of march. He had lived for fifteen years or more on his homestead, prior to my first contact with the stakes; and he gave, in substance, the same information I had gleaned from the other. The appearance of the stakes, so far as he could discern, had not altered in any marked degree during the fifteen years he had observed them, except that the above-ground portion had suffered from constant erosion. Fortunately, it was possible for me to verify the accuracy of his report. Early in 1928 he had removed several of the stakes and still retained them in his cabin. He was kind enough to present them to me for use in my study. Thus I have personally been enabled to inspect and photograph them, side by side with

those I extracted at that time (1943) and also with those collected in recent weeks. Reference to the accompanying photographs will reveal little or no change in the condition of the stakes over the forty year interim.

Curiously, neither of these two gentlemen expressed the least concern or interest over the existence of the old stake line. They saw nothing mysterious about it. "Just a couple of gents staking out a prospect route to their mining claim," one of them remarked. And in this sage conclusion the other concurred. The problem, ostensibly, was not to be resolved so readily as my two pioneer friends suggested. For what possible reason would a line of stakes, placed approximately a hundred feet apart, be strung over miles of open desert country to locate a claim in the Bullion Mountains when some landmark in the mountains themselves would have sufficed to lead the owners to their mine? Stringing a line of stakes over miles of flat land surface would not only be unnecessary; it would be the *one* thing any desert-wise prospector would avoid. Such a visible demonstration of a mine's location would be an open invitation for all observers to locate and jump the claim.

Nor could the stake line conceivably be a survey marker for a wagon road. In the first place, no such road was required in that early day. I can personally recall a much simpler method utilized by some of the early homesteaders in this area. They would just start driving a wagon or car across the desert to their chosen destination, usually by the shortest and most direct route. If a creosote bush got in the way they would chop it out. And this simple expedient usually sufficed to lay out their road. Other wagons and cars would follow the trail. Then, presto! a completed desert road would emerge.

I did, however, check with the local surveyor's office and reviewed copies of surveys dating from the first recorded visit of a white man to this desert — the survey of Henry Washington to establish the Base Line. This was in May of 1855. The surveyor, Mr. William B. Hatch, Jr., of Twentynine Palms, wrote me in part as follows:

> In this area Henry Washington did the base line in 1855 with Higley and Green following along doing the establishment of section and township lines. Their old maps show some topography such as the Oasis here and and the boundary of the mountains. They didn't attempt to carry their survey wherever mountains existed. They wrote fairly complete field notes describing conditions found in addition to their dimensions and we have copies of some of these field notes. *There is no indication in these records, that I have ever seen, making any notes of such a survey as we are talking about.* (The italics are mine.)

Historically, as Mr. Hatch's letter indicates, the High Desert country is not old, if we measure age by a white man's knowledge of a thing. Between this first reported visit in 1855 and until the homesteaders began to come in

throughout the early 1920s, this desert knew relatively little activity and absolutely no permanent development. During the 1860s, through the 1890s, mining activity flourished spasmodically near Twentynine Palms in the Dale area; also in the Pinto Basin country, and to the south in what is now the Joshua Tree National Monument. Then all grew quiet again. In his 1905 "Pasear," George Wharton James tells us: "It is a long, wearisome journey from Chuck Warren's Well [in present Yucca Valley] to Twentynine Palms, over twenty-two miles of sandy road . . ." In 1918 when J. Smeaton Chase, the English author, visited the region, only two white men occupied this entire desert. In 1927 when the late W. E. Ketcham, well-known pioneer of the area, pitched a tent out on his beautiful desert spread, he could see — in whatever direction he looked — not one tent nor cabin. At that time there were, according to Mr. Ketcham, not more than twenty families located on the desert. The roads were still little more than wheel tracks in the sand, remnants of the old freight wagon ruts worn deep into the desert floor during the mining era. It was sixty miles over "a rough, winding desert trail" to the nearest telephone.

When, we wonder, were all these stakes brought into the desert? The few existing stakes that remain today have not materially changed in their physical appearance, nor worsened perceptibly in texture, but appear about as well preserved — except for the constant above-ground erosion — as they were fifty years ago. This fact has been conclusively established. How long, then, have they remained in the ground to have eroded, in places, to half or less than half their original size? Surely a hundred years would be a conservative estimate.

And just how did they get here? What method or means of transportation was employed? It must be borne in mind that the running of this stake line was no ordinary event nor trivial incident. It must have constituted a part of some elaborately conceived project that entailed a sizeable outlay of time and effort and expense, as well as a considerable number of men and large quantities of material.

I traced the course of the line for several miles, and had planned to follow it to its northeastern extermity; but, unfortunately, I was prevented from doing this by the establishment of the huge Marine Base over an area including this particular segment. Toward the southwest the line soon terminated, due to its having crossed a dry lake bed that often filled after heavy rains, and also to the rapid development and extension of the city of Twentynine Palms. To the extent of my permitted investigation, however, I could account for several hundred stakes.

More important than knowing *how* all these men and their equipment were delivered over difficult trails into this forbidding sector of desert was to ascertain, if possible, *why* they were brought here. Who *engineered* the

plan? What was its *motivation;* its *objective?* The solution to these questions would integrally tie the age-old stake line into early California history. It would no longer remain just a broken line of rapidly disappearing stakes, far out on a desolate stretch of desert. These stakes would suddenly become imbued with life. They would become vibrant with meaning and make viable an epoch that had lain dormant for a hundred years. *They would become history under our feet.*

Many theories were advanced and many authorities were consulted. It was suggested, for example, that early Mormon groups had passed through this area, enroute to San Bernardino, and were responsible for placing the stakes. As untenable as I knew this supposition to be, we nevertheless checked with Church authorities who informed us that no known, or organized, groups of Mormons had ever traversed this route.

One inescapable conclusion finally began to emerge after I had thus questioned many people and had carefully evaluated many theories. Admittedly, this enterprise, or venture, entailed an extensive and costly operation. It was bigger than any one individual, or any small group of individuals, could accomplish. There remained only one sensible conclusion. It *had* to be a large-scale operation involving a survey of considerable magnitude. And what would prompt such a survey? No international boundaries were in dispute. No water supply project was under consideration. No vast mining development was contemplated in such a remote sector at that early date. Even by a simple process of elimination, the conclusion was obvious. It *had* to be a railroad survey. What else?

It was about this time, while working on another desert research project, that I came upon an item which brought into sharp focus the image of my mysterious old stake line. In the years 1867-68 General William J. Palmer acted as "Manager of Surveys" for the Union Pacific Railway Company, Eastern Division, across the western half of the continent. In 1869 he published, in book form, a report of these surveys.

Here, then, was a possible lead to the solution of the stake line problem. I addressed a letter to Mr. A. C. Ritter, Chief Executive Officer of the Land Division of the Union Pacific Railroad. This opened an exchange of correspondence that has proved most rewarding in my current research effort. The end result of it is best expressed by Mr. Ritter in this very important summation:

> We have no maps depicting the survey [the Palmer survey], but we have every reason to believe the stake line is a portion of the projected route of the Kansas-Pacific [branch of the Union Pacific] to the Pacific Ocean, as you have surmized.

General Palmer and his group of Union Pacific surveyors, according to Mr. Ritter, had completed their surveys of possible routes as far as the Rio Grande River by October 1, 1867. Says Mr. Ritter:

> The organization was then increased, and separated into five parties; supervision of the entire survey was placed in the hands of General William J. Palmer as 'Engineer or Director of Surveys,' with Colonel W. H. Greenwood as Chief Engineer. West of Rio Grande, the examinations of the country followed generally two main routes: the 32nd parallel or Gila Route and the 35th Parallel route.

In the introduction to his Report, Palmer writes of "increasing the corps to five parties, of about 100 men, besides the military escort, teamsters, etc., and the general charge of the survey was placed in my hands." Elsewhere the General speaks of driving "our beef cattle along," and also of "the mules of our train." These comments by the General reveal something of the extensive proportions of the operation; also they definitely establish that mules were used to transport equipment and supplies.

The San Francisco division of that portion of the expedition following the 35th parallel crossed the Colorado River three miles north of the Needles and followed roughly the present line of the Santa Fe into what Palmer calls the "Perry Valley," named in honor of John D. Perry, President of the Union Pacific Railroad. In this valley is a sink "10 miles in diameter, and lying to the left of the [survey] line." He continues by telling us that "in the sink is a recent extinct volcano, 200 feet high, very symmetrical in shape, with a crater 75 feet deep, whose streams of lava surround its base, and extend in various directions for several miles." Appropriately, he refers to these two landmarks as "Perry Sink" and "Perry Crater." It is readily apparent to anyone who has traveled along Highway 66, past Amboy, that General Palmer's references are to the Bristol Dry Lake and the Amboy Crater.

And now we come to that portion of the Palmer Report that would seem definitely to tie it in with our High Desert stake line. Writes Palmer:

> A reconnoissance was made by myself from the Crater, in Perry Basin, about 80 miles west of the Colorado crossing, southwestward to San Bernardino, which disclosed the existence of a favorable route for connecting our surveyed line of the 35th parallel with San Diego.
>
> The outlet from Perry Basin is by the 'San Diego Pass,' a smooth pass of long and uniform grade whose entrance is 10 miles, nearly due southwest, from the crater.
>
> Starting from an elevation of about 600 feet above tide in Perry Basin, at the mouth of San Diego Pass, [it ascends] to the summit of the Bullion Range, where it attains an estimated elevation of 2000 feet above tide. . . . Thence it descends in 10 miles by a uniform slope to the *Morongo Basin,* estimated at 1500 feet above tide, and follows this long depression westwardly by a very gradual ascent for over 20 miles, with an almost imperceptible inclination to the summit of *Morongo Pass,* where it attains an estimated elevation of 2300 feet. The line then descends in 3 miles to the head of *Morongo Canyon,* which it follows southward for 7 miles, emerg-

ing in the Coahuilla Valley, south of the *Morongo Range,* at a point about 11 north east from the mouth of San Gorgina [*sic*] Pass.

And there we have it. Making slight allowance for some discrepancies in estimates of altitude, and calling his 'San Diego Pass" by its present day name, Bagdad Pass, we definitely place Palmer and his surveyors in the Twentynine Palms area of the High Desert country (often referred to even today as the Morongo Basin) in late 1867 or early 1868. After coming into the Morongo Basin from Bagdad Pass they followed a southwesterly course for a few miles, then turned west down Morongo Valley. And this southwesterly course from the foot of the Bullions is the identical route taken by the ancient ghost line of stakes. What more evidence do we require?

Elsewhere Palmer mentions finding water in Morongo Canyon; also that they "found two other temporary watering places" where the supply could be made permanent. I think we may safely conjecture that his reference is to the water in the Oasis of Mara at Twentynine Palms, and to the historic watering place in Yucca Valley known as "Warren's Well."

Although the origin of the stake line thus appears to be definitely established, many of the corollary details have been denied us. Why did Palmer place these stakes? What purpose did they serve?

Again I drew upon my friend, Mr. William B. Hatch of Twentynine Palms, for helpful comment.

> "As to surveying methods used in the early days," he writes, "I'm not sure sure what was used as a 'Pocket level.' Undoubtedly it was a small sighting device with a level vial, such as is used in a carpenter's level. We use pocket instruments of this kind today and I'm quite sure similar instruments were available a hundred years ago. This would permit a man on foot or horse back of sighting a level line ahead of him to estimate whether he was going up or down and of course he could also estimate the verticular angle to the top of a pass he was going over, which with his estimated distance would give him an approximate altitude or other change in elevation from his position. After a reconnaissance survey is made on foot to determine what looks like a feasible route, then a 'profile' of the route is usually taken. This involves taking elevation shots, usually every 100 feet, these are plotted to an exaggerated scale which shows a cross sectional picture of the particular route showing the ups and downs and giving the percent of grades between any two stations. This is what I would take these old 1"x2" stakes to represent, since they were in line and set approximatetaly 100 feet apart."

In coming down out of Bagdad Pass in the Bullions, the path of the stake line sloped gradually to the southwest, attaining its lowest elevation in the dry lake bed previously mentioned. If, as we have reason to believe, it continued its forward movement to the general area of what is now the business district of Twentynine Palms, it would then have turned in a westerly direc-

tion on a gradual ascent to the summit of the pass leading from Yucca Valley to Morongo Valley, eventually swinging northwest to cross San Gorgonio Pass. As explained elsewhere, I could locate no placement of stakes beyond the area of the dry lake bed northeast of the present Twentynine Palms.

It would appear that we have now established the age, origin, and purpose of stake line. One other mystery remains to be examined what type of wood was used in these stakes; and how is it they could resist termite penetration so successfully over the long, long years?

There were others who were also interested in this same pertinent question. Maxiumum cooperation was given my research effort by the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe. In a letter from Mr. R. H. Beeder, Chief Engineer System, he writes:

> Frankly, the existence of these stakes in the quantity and the excellent condition that you describe is extremely interesting to all of us. One of our problems has always been in the selection of species of timber and in its preservative treatment that will give maximum life and service ability. We would be very happy to have our Tie and Timber Treating Plant Chemist make a study of these stakes in an effort to determine the character of the wood, its preservative treatment (if any) and its age, if possible, in the interest of furthering our mutual knowledge.

Accordingly, several stakes were mailed to Mr. N. C. Hawley, Superintendent of the Santa Fe Treating Plant, in Albuquerque, New Mexico. In due time a set of photographically beautiful colored plates, illustrative of the several stages and areas of their sectional study, were received with explanatory captions. And then, from Mr. Beeder, came this revealing comment:

> From our chemical analysis *we could tell with certainty that the wood material in the stakes had never been treated with creosote, penta, or any other toxic material.* (The italics are mine).

In commenting on the species of wood in the stakes, Santa Fe's Mr. Collister had this to say:

> To identify the wood, we referred to Brown and Pashin, 'Identification of Commercial Timbers of the United States,' using Key for the Identification of the More Important Commercial Woods of the United States, based on minute features, and we found: (1) wood without vessels (non-porous); (2) Longitudinal and transverse resin canals present, (indicates not Redwood); (3) epithelial cells thick walled; (12) longitudinal tracheids (spring and summer wood) with spiral thickening. This ties it to Douglas and Red fir – *Pseudotsuga taxifolia Britt.*

To which Mr. Beeder adds that there are a number of borderline cases; and "in addition to the particular indentification suggested by Mr. Collister I feel that there might be some possibility that the timber could be California Red Fir or Abies magnifica A. Murr as the two are very similar."

E. I. Edwards

But the legend of the old stake line is not quite ended. One facet of it still remains to be told. And perhaps this may well be reckoned the most important part of the tale. As his great survey approached its completion, General Palmer became obsessed with a deep, abiding conviction. He determined that the railroad should branch off from the vicinity of Amboy Crater and climb over Bagdad Pass, extend southwesterly and then west over Morongo Basin (our present High Desert area with its rapidly growing cities and its huge Marine Base), cross over San Gorgonio Pass into San Bernardino Valley, and finally push on into San Diego.

> "It has been shown," he writes, "that [this] affords a good route to San Diego, 106 miles shorter than by the 32d parallel, and requiring the construction of a branch but 211 miles in length, from a point west of the Colorado River, by the Morongo Basin and Pass and the San Gorgonia Pass, skirting the rich valley of San Bernardino and thence extending to San Diego. . . . Twenty-five miles southwest of Perry Basin [Bristol Dry Lake area], Mr. Spears and myself saw a quartz lode containing gold, in the Bullion Range, which looked well. . . . It [this railroad] will open up the mines of the Bullion Range and other mountains in the Great Basin, also of San Bernardino Mountain and the Cordilleras, the tin mines of Temescal, the charming semi-tropical Valleys of San Bernardino and Los Angelos, with their fine vineyards and orange groves; and reach, by crossing the best pass in the whole range of the Sierra Nevada [San Gorgonio Pass], the second best port on the coast of California [San Diego harbor] . . . in 300 miles less distance than to San Francisco.

This was his dream. Assume, for a moment, it had come true. Suppose he had achieved his cherished ambition. What an impact the existence of such a road would have exerted upon the entire southern portion of our States; indeed, of our entire southwest! The High Desert area, San Bernardino, San Diego — and the vast regions in between — would have known immediate and intensive development. Mining, manufacturing, agriculture, commerce, all would have received impetus to flourish within the area a hundred years ago when the West was still young, if only the rails had been *laid.*

But the urgent recommendation of General Palmer was denied fruition. It, too, was abandoned; abandoned as was the lonely old stake line that once stretched forlornly across an isolated portion of the desolate Mojave. The few scattered stakes that still bravely remain are but a pitiful remnant of those which long ago were hopefully placed there. In recent years the expansion of Twentynine Palms, the extension of roads and power lines, the pressure of sales and property development, the installation of the big Marine Base and other factors have contributed to their removal and ultimate destruction. Soon the last stake will have disappeared; and all physical evidence of this curious and intriguing mystery will have vanished forever from the face of the earth.


WESTERN

BROADSIDES

BY EDWIN H. CARPENTER

PRINTING OFFICES IN FRONTIER TOWNS in the American West were usually begun to publish a newspaper, but it was practically necessary to have some other line of work to help support the establishment. The principal sideline was job printing — letterheads, tickets, menus, handbills, certificates, and so on; in a few instances government printing contracts were a big item of business. Sometimes the job work bears identification of the printer, but often it does not.

Presented here is a selection of handbills and broadsides from the West, though one or two of them were not printed there. There is no coherence of subject matter beyond avoiding the most obvious Western broadside, the WANTED poster. The typography ranges from the crudest to the polished and sophisticated. A handbill to be posted called for simple typefaces, though often in mixed sizes, to draw attention quickly and clearly to what was offered or announced. Others, to be mailed or literally handed around, or perhaps posted within a building rather than on the street corners, could be more "elegant," with fancy types and small print and ornament. In some periods and areas, the text was in two languages.

Because of their nature, the individual pieces hardly need explanation; there is not much point to a broadside if it is not immediately intelligible, though of course their immediacy often means that the place or year was not spelled out, sometimes to the confusion of later collectors and scholars. Of those reproduced here, the 1872 meeting on Indian demonstrations is said to be from Coloma, California, and the Black Hills expedition probably dates from 1868. The one which has no English text is Thomas O. Larkin's announcement to the people of Mexican Alta California that he has been appointed United States consul there.

The Los Angeles broadside on the duties of deputy zanjeros is from the private collection of ex-Sheriff Glen Dawson; the rest are all from Huntington Library. Thanks are due these owners for permission to reproduce their treasures.

AVISO.

HALLANDOME debidamente antorizado por el Presidente de los Estados Unidos de America, por la presente hago los Siguientes nombramientos para la gobernacion de Nuevo Mejico, Territorio de los Estados Unidos.

Los Empleados asi nombrados seran obedecidos y respetados segun corresponde.

CARLOS BENT Será GOBERNADOR,
Donaciano Vigil " Secretario del Territorio,
Ricardo Dallum " Esherif mayor (alguacil
Francisco P. Blair" Promotor fiscal, [mayor)
Carlos Blumner" " Tesorero
Eugenio Leitensdorfer " Yntendente de cuentas públicas,

Joab Houghton, Antonio José Otero y Carlos Beaubien seran Jués de la Suprema Cortede Justicia y cada uno en su Districto sera jues de circuito.

Dado en Santa Fé capital del territorio de Nuevo Mejico este dia á 22 de Setiembre 1846, y el 71 º de la Indepencia de los Estados Unidos

S. W KEARNY,
General de Brigada
del Egercito de los E. Unidos.

NOTICE.

BEING duly authorized by the President of the United States of America, I hereby make the following appointments for the Government of New Mexico, a territory of the United States.

The officers thus appointed will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

CHARLES BENT to be Governor.
Donaciano Vigil " Sec of Territory.
Richard Dallam " Marshall.
Francis P. Blair " U. S. Dist. Att'y
Charles Blummer " Treasurer.
Eugene Leitensdorfer " Aud. of Pub. Acc.

Joal Houghton, Antonio José Otero, Charles Beaubien to be Judges of "the Superior Court."

Given at Santa Fe, the Capitol of the Territory of New Mexico, this 22d day of September 1846 and in the 71st year of the Independence of the United States.

S. W KEARNY,
Brig. General
U. S. Army.

NOTICE.

I will Sell at PUBLIC AUCTION, on SATURDAY, the 24th of April, at TEN O'clock, A. M., in front of the Custom House in this City, the SCHOONER "WILLIAM" and her Cargo, recently condemned in the Court of Admirality; the vessel is about FIFTY TONS measurment, is said to be well found, and can proceed to sea at once; the cargo consists of 180 bales (about 26,000 lbs.) of Mexican SUGAR; 30 Packages PANOCHE and one Bale of Zarapies (assorted). The vessel can be examined any day before the Sale.

Terms of Sale—Cash on Delivery.

JONAS DIBBLE, Auctioneer.

Monterey, April 7th 1847.

AVISO PUBLICO.

REMATE O VENTA EN SUBASTA PUBLICA, el 24 de Abril á las 10 de la Mañana, en frente de la Casa de la Aduana en Monterey; por orden del Señor Agente de las Prezas.

LA GOLETA "WILLIAM," y su Carga, recientamente condenado en el Corte de Almirantazgo de Califorfornia. La GOLETA esta del porte de cerca 50 toneladas, con todo lo que necesita para proceder al mar. La Carga consiste de 180 Bultas (26,000 libras) de Azucar Mexicana; 30 Bultos de Panoche y un Bulto de Zarapies de differentes clases. Todos que quieren, pueden examinar la Goleta y la Carga antes el dia de la Venta.

Condiciones de la Venta—Plata Contado.

JONAS DIBBLE, Pregonero de la Venta.

LAWS

— OF —

GOLD HILL MINING DISTRICT.

SUNDAY, February 26th, 1860.

At a meeting of the Miners of Gold Hill District, on motion, Mr. J. H. Mills was called to the Chair, and S. A. West appointed Secretary.

The Chairman briefly stated the object of the meeting.

On motion, that a committee of five be appointed to draft a revised code of laws.

The following persons were appointed said committee: J. H. Mills, Dr. Witter, Edw. C. Morce, H. Clark and S. A. West.

On motion, that the committee be allowed one week to report.

On motion, the meeting adjourned until Sunday, March 4th.

SUNDAY, March 4th, 1860.

Meeting met pursuant to adjournment.

The committee appointed to revise the Mining Laws of Gold Hill District would respectfully submit the following:

This District shall be bounded as follows, to wit: On the east by the Devil's Gate District; on the north by Virginia District; on the west by Washoe District, and on the south by Carson District. The lines to be established by the several Districts by mutual agreement.

Section 1. No person shall be entitled to hold more than one claim on any one quartz lead by location.

Sec. 2. All quartz claims hereafter located, shall not exceed two hundred feet in length, including all dips, spurs and angles.

Sec. 3. Any person or persons discovering a quartz lead, shall be entitled to one claim in addition for such discovery.

Sec. 4. All quartz claims shall be duly recorded within five days from the time of location.

Sec. 5. All persons locating quartz claims shall define by a stake at each end of the claims where the ledge is visible, giving the names forming said company and the number of feet claimed.

Sec. 6. Any person or persons locating quartz claims where the ledge is not visible, shall be required to set his or their notice as near as possible to said claim or claims until the ledge shall be defined, giving the names forming said company, as in section 5th.

Sec. 7. All persons holding quartz claims shall work to the amount of three days for each claim, in each and every month on said claim or claims, or work to the amount of fifty dollars, which shall hold said claim for the term of six months.

Sec. 8. No person shall be allowed more than one claim in any one gulch, ravine or hill, unless by purchase.

Sec. 9. All ravine or gulch claims shall not exceed one hundred feet square each, hill claims excepted, which may be reduced to fifty feet front.

Sec. 10. All hill, ravine or gulch claims shall be recorded within five days from the time of location. Each claim or claims shall be defined by a stake at each corner, with the names of the person or persons forming said company.

Sec. 11. All surface claims shall be worked within ten days after there is sufficient water to successfully work said claims.

Sec. 12. There shall be a Recorder elected, to hold his office during the pleasure of the miners.

Sec. 13. The duty of the Recorder shall be to keep in a well bound book a record of all mining claims that may be presented for record, with the names of the parties locating or purchasing, with the number of feet claimed, where situated, and the date of location or purchase; also, returns a certificate of record of said claim or claims, giving the book and page of said record.

Sec. 14. The Recorder shall be required to go upon the ground and place the stakes and notices on the claims, as in section 5th and 6th, and for such services shall be paid 75 cents per claim.

Sec. 15. The Recorder shall not record any claim or claims that is already recorded and unforfeited, according to the laws of this District.

Sec. 16. No Chinaman shall be allowed to hold a claim in this District.

Sec. 17. All claims located under the old law shall become subject to the revised law after the expiration of three months from this date, as to the working of said claim or claims.

Sec. 18. It shall be the duty of the Recorder to keep the books of record in a safe place, and allow the public to examine them in his presence.

Sec. 19. That the laws as adopted shall go into effect from this 4th day of March, A. D. 1860.

On motion, that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the TERRITORIAL ENTERPRISE.

J. H. MILLS, President.

S. A. WEST, Secretary.

MINERS' MEETING, 1873.

Pursuant to a call, published in the Gold Hill NEWS, a meeting of the Miners of this District was held at Theater Hall, Gold Hill, Wednesday evening, October 8th, 1873. The meeting was called to order by H. G. Maynard, Esq., and, upon motion, Judge S. H. Robinson was duly elected Chairman, and John R. White appointed Secretary.

(OVER.)

GREAT OVERLAND EXPEDITION

TO THE

BLACK HILLS !

CAPT. P. B. DAVY

Having successfully conducted his Northern Overland Expedition from

MINNESOTA TO MONTANA,

During the past season, is now engaged in organizing ANOTHER EXPEDITION to that country of vast mineral wealth, lying in the western portion of Dakota Territory, known as the BLACK HILLS.

The City of Winona

Has been selected as the starting point from Minnesota, for the Great Expedition.

The object of the BLACK HILL EXPEDITION is to open that country to settlement and cultivation, to develope her vast mineral and agricultural resources, and to establish a permanent route through

Southern Minnesota to the Black Hills,

And from thence to the Mining Regions of **MONTANA,** connecting

CHICAGO AND WINONA

WITH THE

GOLD FIELDS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS,

By a route THREE HUNDRED MILES SHORTER than the Northern or Southern Routes now established.

The Expedition will leave Minnesota as early in the Spring as the grass and the condition of the roads will permit. It will take up its line of march from **WINONA,** and proceed westward through the cities of ROCHESTER, OWATONNA, and MANKATO; from thence to JACKSON, Minn., SIOUX FALLS, and YANKTON, the Capital of Dakota Territory, where it will be joined by large numbers from Dakota, Iowa and Missouri. From Yankton, it will proceed westerly, to its place of destination.

For further particulars, apply by letter to

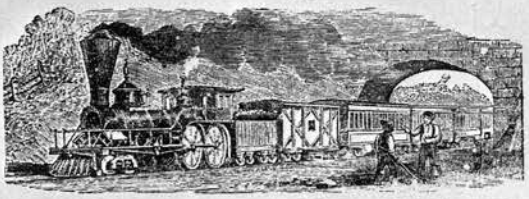
CAPT. P. B. DAVY,
Winona, Minn.

Or

Hon. M. K. ARMSTRONG, Secretary,
YANKTON, DAKOTA.

WINONA DEMOCRAT POWER PRESS PRINT.

Completion of the Pacific Railroad



CELEBRATION TO-DAY.

At Noon to-day, in the vicinity of the Northern shores of the Great Salt Lake, the Last Rail will be laid on the Great Iron Way that spans from ocean to ocean, the American Continent.

This grand triumph of American skill and enterprise is an event of which the Nation may well be proud. It is unequalled in the annals of railroad building, and as a work of enterprise and energy it stands unrivalled in the World.

When the last spike shall have been driven, the electric wire will flash the joyous news to the four quarters of the Globe. From Alaska to Texas, from Maine to California, the citizens of the Republic will celebrate with due splendor and eclat the completion of the great work. The benefits that will accrue to our country and the world at large by the completion of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads can scarcely be grasped by the most astute intellects of the age, so vast, so stupendous will they be. Upon the bosom of this National High Way will be conveyed the commerce of many nations. The distant Orient and Occident will be brought to our very doors and a new era in commercial enterprise will be realized.

The citizens of Utah, early perceiving the importance of such a connecting link between the Eastern and Western States, were the first to point out the necessity, the immense advantages and the feasibility of this magnificent work; and from the day upon which the Pioneers of this Territory crossed the continent, until the present time, they have ever been ready with strong and willing hands and have been earnest in their efforts to bring about its accomplishment. To-day their long cherished wish will be realized; from East to West the Union will be united by the iron rail, and they, in common with the citizens of other portions of the Great Republic, purpose to celebrate the event by a public demonstration worthy of themselves and of the splendid triumph accomplished.

At a late meeting of the Municipal Council of this city the matter was under codsideration, and the following resolutions, presented by Alderman S. W. Richards, were unanimously adopted:

Be it resolved by the City Council of Salt Lake City, that a committee be appointed to make suitable arrangements for celebrating, in this city, the approaching event of laying the last rail on the Great Pacific Railroad, thereby connecting the eastern and western portions of the continent, and constituting one of the most remarkable epochs of the age—one of unparalleled interest in the universal development of our Territorial, State and National greatness.

Resolved—That a committee be appointed to be present at Promontory Summit to witness the occasion as representatives of this city, expressive of our earnest and joyful appreciation of the accomplishment of this great national enterprise so world-wide in its influence.

Resolved—That telegraphic communications be made to all the principal cities of this Territory announcing the completion of the road immediately upon receipt of such intelligence in this city.

Alderman S. W. Richards, Alderman A. H. Raleigh and General R. T. Burton, were appointed said committee of arrangements.

The following named gentlemen were appointed a committee to represent Salt Lake City at Promontory Summit: Hon. William Jennings, Vice President of Utah Central R. R., Col. F. H. Head, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Feramorz Little, Esq., Director of the Utah Central R. R., Col. John Sharp, Assistant Superintendent of the Utah Central R. R., and C. R. Savage, Esq.

On the 7th inst. the following message was dispatched to both T. C. Durant, Esq., Vice President U. P. R. R. and Gov. L. Stanford, President C. P. R. R.

Salt Lake City joins in celebrating the completion of the Great Pacific Railway. Please inform us the precise time.

S. W. Richards, A. H. Raleigh, R. T. Burton, } Committee of Arrangements.

The following reply was received on the 8th inst.:

S. W. Richards, A. H. Raleigh, R. T. Burton:

The last and connecting rail of the Pacific Railroad will be laid on Monday next at noon.

Leland Stanford.

PROGRAMME:

The committee at Promontory Summit will telegraph the laying of the last rail.

Upon announcement by telegram that the connecting rail is laid a salute will be fired from the hill, near the Arsenal, the Court House and City Hall, by Major S. G. Ladd's Artillery, in three detachments.

Flags will be unfurled, simultaneously therewith, from the principal offices, banks, stores and private residences in the city.

Capt. Croxall's Band, from the Top of the New Tabernacle, and other Bands from different localities, will discourse their soul-cheering strains to divert the public and add a life-giving impulse to the occasion.

At half-past One o'clock p.m. the people generally, are requested to meet at the New Tabernacle to join in expressions of becoming satisfaction.

Resolutions, speeches and appropriate sentiments, interspersed with music from the Bands present, will be prominent in the proceedings.

Gov. C. Durkee, Hon. G. A. Smith, Judge C. Wilson, Mayor D. H. Wells, Hon. John Taylor and Hon. W. H. Hooper are among the list of speakers for that occasion.

The Memorial of the Utah Legislature of 1851-2, calling upon Congress to build the "Great Highway," and urging its earliest practicable construction will be read.

In the evening the Illumination will be attractive and interesting. The City Hall, the Court House, Theatre, Emporium, Exchange Buildings and many other of the principal Buildings and Residences will vie with each other in this brilliant demonstration of calcium and variegated lights and colors.

The Illuminated Mottoes, suspended across East-Temple street will be grand.

The glowing fires from Arsenal Hill, converting darkness into light, and almost night into day, will enliven the night scene; and the music of the Bands, from House Top and Hill, will impart life and zest to this glorious occasion.

The public are respectfully invited, upon firing of the salute at noon, to suspend business and participate in such demonstrations as will carry into effect the general programme for the occasion, in the display of Flags and Banners, and in evening Illuminations.

S. W. RICHARDS,
A. H. RALEIGH,
R. T. BURTON,
Committee.

JOHN D. T. McALLISTER, Marshal of the Day.

Salt Lake City, May 10, 1869.

TELEGRAPH PRINT.

Organize!

In view of recent Indian demonstrations which may possibly assume hostile features, we respectfully suggest that a meeting be held this

SATURDAY EVENING,

April 27th, 1872, for the purpose of taking precautionary measures for mutual defense and protection. Signed, A. W. Thornton, D. F. Lansing, Wm. Heeser, and others.

Meeting will be called to order at 8 p. m. at CARLSON'S HALL.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

Died, in Deadwood, Black Hills, August 2, 1876, from the effects of a pistol shot, J. B. Hicock, (Wild Bill,) formerly of Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Funeral services will be held at Charlie Utter's camp, on Thursday afternoon, August 3, 1876, at 3 o'clock.

All are respectfully invited to attend.

[Printer's No., 907.

45TH CONGRESS, 1ST SESSION.

H. R. 882.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

NOVEMBER 1, 1877.

Read twice, referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. LUTTRELL, by unanimous consent, introduced the following bill:

A BILL

For the pardon of certain deserters from the United States Army in eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That all persons who deserted from the Army of the United States, on duty in the Territory of California ~~and Oregon~~, between the date of the discovery of gold and the thirty-first day of December, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, are hereby discharged from the service of the United States, said discharge to date from the day of desertion in each case. And each and every person discharged by the provisions of this act shall forfeit to the United States all pay or claim for allowance that might be due to them after the date of such desertion; and all such persons are hereby relieved of any liability or penalty of any laws of the United States relative to desertion.

DUTIES OF

DEPUTY ZANJEROS.

ALL DEPUTY ZANJEROS shall be under the control and subject to the order of the Zanjero, and it shall be their duty to patrol and keep close watch over any and all Zanjas, Reservoirs, Ditches, etc, placed under their supervision; to see that the water is properly divided to those who have claims, and the only proof of such claims shall be the production of Water Permits, and they shall acknowledge no exchanges of water between irrigators unless previously reported to them, neither shall they acknowledge any exchange of water by irrigators inside the city with those outside the city limits; they shall wear a police badge, and arrest all persons using the water without a Water Permit, and report their names to the Zanjero, and also to the Committee on Zanjas of the Council, in writing, and the Zanjero shall also report the same to the Council in his weekly reports. They shall visit those who are using the water at least twice a day— morning and afternoon—unless prevented by a break in their ditch that absolutely requires their attention; they shall immediately report to the Zanjero all breaks, and the names of irrigators who suffer from loss of water; and they shall carry a shovel, and shall immediately repair all breaks in their power, and, if not in their power, shall call upon the Zanjero for assistance.

For dereliction of duty a Deputy Zanjero may be suspended by the Zanjero, subject to the action of Council.

By Order of the Council of the City of Los Angeles.

W. W. ROBINSON,
Clerk of the Council.

Los Angeles, June 13th, 1879.

Tomas Oliverio Larkin, tiene el honor de noticiar á V. que el Ecsmo. Sor. Presidente de los Estados-Unidos del Norte; se ha dignado conferirle el nombramiento de Consul de dicha República para este puerto: y habiendo tomado hoy posesion de su nuevo empleo, se ofrece respetuosamente á la disposicion de V.

Monterrey Abril 2 de 1844.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE

Notice Governing the Holding of "Fiestas"

By order of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated December 14, 1918, the holding of so-called "fiestas" by the Indians under the jurisdiction of the Pala, Soboba and Malki agencies will be discontinued, except during the first week in September of each year; such fiestas, if permitted at all, to be held simultaneously.

This order has been issued, as the Commissioner states, for the reason that "the influences surrounding the fiestas held by the Indians of Southern California are detrimental to the Indians' moral and industrial advancement and should be restricted both as to number and length of periods held."

It is the desire of the Washington office that the holding of these fiestas be discontinued as far as practicable and ultimately that such gatherings be entirely eliminated.

The practice has heretofore been that fiestas were held first on one reservation and then on another, each lasting several days, Indians traveling from place to place until the "rounds" had been made—often occupying one or two months' time—causing neglect of homes, crops and stock and loss of wages that might have been earned, as well as depriving the communities and themselves of the products of their employment.

The war has taught our country lessons of thrift and economy, lessons that are being enacted into laws, so that now every able-bodied person is required to make himself useful.

To that end ALL must WORK and SAVE. There must be no waste, either of time or food. Those who have lands must cultivate and care for them—make them produce all they should. Neither man nor land can afford to be idle.

This means that ALL INDIANS will be expected to do their part and that the laws apply to them as to others.

The passing of the Fiesta will be the beginning of an era of prosperity—and the Indian will be looking forward instead of backward.

This regulation of the Washington office (which in effect is now a law) is for the Indians' betterment, present as well as future, and to be of benefit to all it must have proper observance by all.

Indian police and other employees are instructed to see that the regulation is carefully explained to all Indians and that its requirements are strictly enforced.

Officials of towns and counties, as well as all other good citizens, are requested to assist in the carrying out of this order.

Very respectfully,

JAMES E. JENKINS,

Superintendent Malki Agency.

Banning, Cal., January 10, 1919.

GRAND

STEAMER EXCURSION!

—TO—

STEVENSON'S ISLAND.

Steamer "MOHAVE"

Capt. Polhamus,

Will leave foot of Main Street at 7 a.m.

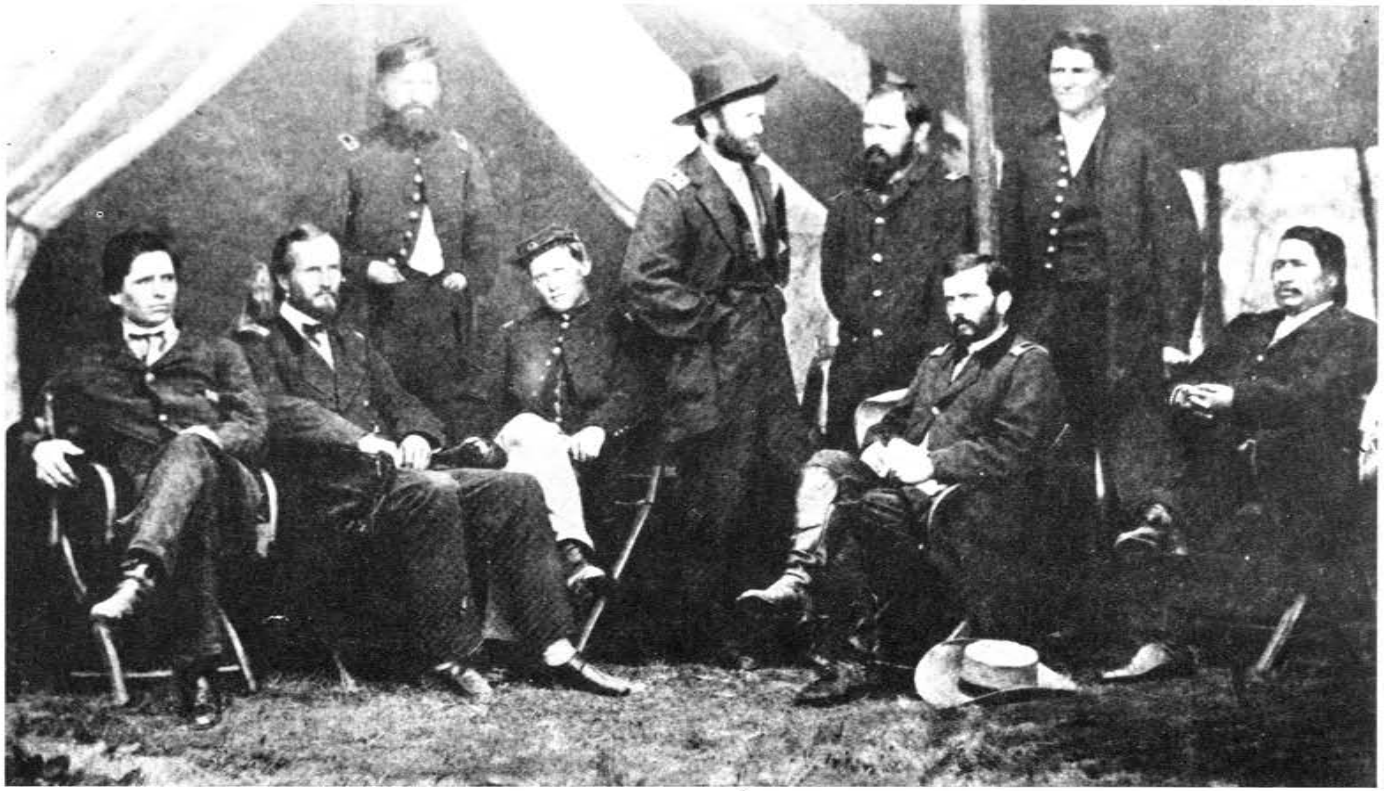
SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1893.

Music by Pablo Pino's Band.

Tickets, adults, One Dollar.

Children Fifty Cents.

Leave the Island at 4:30 p. m. reaching Yuma at 6 o'clock.



GENERAL GRANT, ELY S. PARKER AND OTHER STAFF OFFICERS AT COLD HARBOR, VA., MAY 1864

Lieut. Porter — Lt. Gen. Grant — Lt. Col. Morgan — Capt. Peter Hudson

Lt. Col. Comstock — Lieut. Dunn — Lt. Col. Babcock — Asst. Adjt. Gen. Ely S. Parker

General Ely S. Parker
First Indian Commissioner of Indian Affairs

BY IRON EYES CODY[1]

GENERAL ELY S. PARKER, A SENECA INdian of the Iroquois nation, rose from humble beginnings to become the first American Indian to hold the office of Commissioner of Indian Affairs. He was appointed to this office by President Ulysses S. Grant in 1869.

Ely's father, William, was a Seneca Chief at Tonawanda. His Indian name was Jo-no-es-stowa or Dragon Fly. The surname of Parker was said to have been given to William's parents by an English officer they had befriended.

William's parents and brothers, Samuel and Henry, followed the Seneca prophet Handsome Lake (Ga-nio-dai-u), a Sachem of the League of the Iroquois, to Tonawanda, where they settled. William later married Elizabeth, the great grand-daughter of the prophet.

Elizabeth was a direct descendant of the Wolf clan of the Neuter Nation, which held the title to Ye-go-wa-neh, the Great Woman, Mother of Nations. She was named Ji-gon-sa-seh the Lynx. The Mother of Nations of the Ongoweh (Iroquois) was regarded as a descendant of the first woman who came

[1]Iron Eyes Cody, a Cherokee Indian. General Parker was the great uncle of his late father-in-law, Dr. Arthur C. Parker, who wrote the book, "The Life of General Ely S. Parker," from which he has taken most of the information for his article, plus conversations with Dr. Parker and Dr. M. R. Harrington.

to earth. She lived in the Peace House by the Great Fall, Oniagara, in the territory of the Cultivators, who grew corn and tobacco and waged war on no one.

Bands of warriors passing through this territory gave peace belts to Yegowaneh. She would feed the War Captains and tried to persuade them to follow paths of peace. War soon came to the Cultivators, they were all taken captive along with the Mother of Nations, and placed in various Seneca bands. Thus they made her one of them.

Elizabeth, a descendant of this honored line of hoyaneh (noble) women, who held the sachem titles, was welcomed by William's clan the Turtles.

Five children were born to William and Elizabeth, Levi, Nicholson, Ely, Spencer, Isaac Newton and Caroline.

Before Ely's birth his mother had a strange dream which she confided to a dream interpreter, who told her that she would have a son who would become noted as a peace maker. He would hold his sachem's title and his name would become famous. It was predicted: "his sun will rise on Indian land and set on white man's land," yet that the land of his ancestors would "fold him in death."

In 1828 he was born near Indian Fall at Pembroke in Genesee county. Of his birth he wrote to a friend: "I sometimes envy people who are gifted with birthdays, for I am nearly akin to Topsy who never had a birthday, never was born, and only growed up. My birthday which occurred sometime in the course of human events, was never recorded in any book of man."

William was a prosperous land holder, who raised wheat and horses and operated a saw-mill. His home was the meeting place of many famous chiefs and warriors, most notable of all was Red Jacket.

Ely and his brothers were reared the old Indian way. All children were reared in cradle-boards. They were taught to bathe frequently in the icy stream in the winter and in summer took sweat baths in the dome-shaped tepee before plunging into the river.

The Senecas were having a great deal of trouble due to the fact that by fraud and trickery all rights to their land had been signed away to the Ogden Land Company and they were ordered west.

Ely, was about ten years old and having received formal training in the missionary school, asked his father if he could not go to Canada. Captain Joseph Brant had selected a tract of land on either side of the Grand River, from its mouth to its source, to re-establish the League of Five Nations, and Ely wanted to join his band in Canada.

He was allowed to go with a trusted friend, who taught him the ways of the forest and stopping at various long houses where Ely witnessed rituals and ceremonies and learned the various Iroquois dialects.

From Grand River he went to an Oneida settlement to visit relatives and got a job as a hostler's boy. About a year later when he was helping some English officers deliver horses to the military post at Hamilton, they poked much fun at him.

He felt so humiliated that he had forgotton how to reply in English, he determined to return home and complete his education. Walking more than a hundred miles to his home at Tonawanda, he returned to the missionary school, then entered Yates Academy, then at the age of 17 he entered the Cayuga Academy, where he formed a lime-time friendship with Lewis H. Morgan.

During the confusion of tribal affairs and the Quaker's investigation for the Senecas, Ely at the age of 15 was sent as a messenger to Washington and Albany. He made many friends among the elite and once dined at the White House as the personal guest of President Polk.

When he was 18, Ely entered the law offices of Angel and Rice in Ellicottville, Cattaraugus county, and studied law for the next three years, only to discover he could not be admitted to the bar. Being an Indian, he was not a citizen. A Supreme Court decision said that only white male citizens could become lawyers.

Ely now enrolled at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy for a short course in civil engineering, at the completion of which he was sent with a group who were to improve the Erie Canal. He soon had enough money to purchase land near his father. He held the office of Resident Engineer at Rochester; was appointed a United States interpreter. For the next few years he took care of his farm, raised colts, looked after his parents, in addition to superintending the improvements on the Canal.

While at Cayuga Academy, Ely had been initiated into Lewis H. Morgan's school fraternity known as the "Gordian Knot." Ely soon reorganized the society to conform with the principles of the League of the Iroquois, and it was named the "Councils of the New Confederacy of the Iroquois."

The members studied Indian customs and branches were established elsewhere. The society became strong enough and with the help of Ely and Morgan in Washington, brought about the defeat of the Ogden Land Company's fraudulent treaty.

This led Ely and Morgan to collaborate on a book titled "The League of the Iroquois," which was published in 1851. The dedication page read: "To Hasonoanda (Ely S. Parker) a Seneca Indian. This work, the materials of which are the fruit of our joint researches is inscribed: In acknowledgement of the obligations and in testimony of the friendship of the author."

In 1852 at a great Condoling Council by the Grand Council of the Confederacy of the Six Nations at the funeral rites for John Blacksmith, their last

Grand Sachem, Ely was proclaimed the Grand Sachem of the Six Nations, and given the name of Do-ne-ho-ga-wa.

In 1855 Ely was appointed chief engineer on the Chesapeake & Albemarle canal, where he made the preliminary survey and chose the location for the new canal.

Several months later he became the construction engineer for the Lighthouse District of Lakes, Huron, Michigan and Superior. Since this was a military project he received the title of Major.

Ely was appointed Superintendent of Construction, in 1857, for a customhouse and marine hospital in Galena, Illinois. It is here he became acquainted with Ulysses S. Grant, a clerk in a harness store, by his interest in Masonry.

Ely was a Mason, having been "raised" in 1847 in Batavia Lodge, No. 88. In 1850 he affiliated with Valley Lodge, No. 109 of Rochester. He became one of the founders of Miners Lodge, No. 273 in Galena. Demitting from his home lodge, he became the first Worshipful Master of Miners Lodge on September 6, 1858. He was a member of the Knights Templar and was M. E. High Priest of Jo Daviess Chapter of the Royal Arch in 1859 to 1861.

When war broke out between the North and South, his friend Grant gathered up a regiment and was ordered to the front. Ely wanted to go, but was asked to finish his work on the levees of the Mississippi, as they expected the war to only last a few months.

In 1862 Ely resigned his position, went to Albany to ask the Governor for a commission. He was told to go home. He then went to Washington and offered his services. Secretary William H. Seward told him to go home as the war was to be settled by "White men."

Heavy hearted he returned home to Tonawanda, only to hear of the three hundred Seneca volunteers who had gone to the front. Rivals jeered he couldn't be much of a man to be rejected. Quietly he went about the business of taking care of his horses and farm, after first putting a flag pole in his front yard and flying the American flag there every day.

On June 3, 1863, he finally received orders from the War Department and giving him the rank of Captain. Before leaving a great council was held and ceremonies were held to thank the Ruler of the Great World Above, that the Keeper of the Western Door had done his duties well. Prayers were said to request the spirits to guard Donehogawa, Grand Sachem of the Six Nations, while he was away in battle.

Ely reported to General J. E. Smith as assistant adjutant general and acted as division engineer of the 7th division of the 17th army corps until September 18, 1863.

Ely now joined Grant at Vicksburg. He followed the General closely on his big black horse and rode where the bullets were the thickest. He became known to all as "The Indian."

He wrote to his brother Nicholson: "I fear no rebel bullet shot or shell in a fair fight, and to tell you my honest conviction, I do not believe I am to be killed in the war.'

He became ill with the fever and ague at Vicksburg and tried to cure it with whiskey and quinine. He was very ill but soon recovered and accompanied Grant in the campaign of Chattanooga.

Then at Nashville during January 1864 the chills and fever came on again and the usual remedy was prescribed. Brady, the photographer, a good friend of Ely's, said after the medicine had taken effect, "The Indian" let out a series of war-whoops and began chasing one of the adjutants who felt in fear of his life. However, after the war Ely became an absolute teetotaler.

Ely laid out lines of entrenchments and made surveys directly under fire; his coat and hat showed many a bullet hole, He had an instinct for the presence of the enemy and one time he warned General Grant, Meade and Rawlins that they were riding directly into the rebel lines.

On August 30, 1863, Ely was appointed Military Secretary to Grant, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He had an excellent handwriting and transcribed a great deal of Grant's correspondence. He trusted him in the preparation of important letters and reports that many times he merely signed his name to the documents.

During the winters of 1864 and 1865 President Lincoln came down to visit with Grant. They dined with the staff officers. Ely had an opportunity to discuss Indian affairs and condemning the treaty system pleaded for education of the young Indians. Lincoln was sympathetic and agreed the Indians had suffered injustices and said he hoped the nation some day would try to remedy the wrongs.

When Lee finally agreed to surrender, Ely had the honor of copying the terms of surrender in ink, from a penciled copy Grant had drawn up. While Lee and Grant were still conferring, Ely also wrote the orders for the parole of the officers and men in Lee's army. Upon being introduced to Lee who had extended his hand and said: I am glad to see one real American here," Ely replied: "We are all Americans."

After the war, Ely accompanied Grant to Washington, where he continued as Military Secretary. It was here that he was given a document dated April 9, 1865 (the day Lee surrendered), which gave him the title of Brigadier-General of the United States Volunteers "for gallant and meritorious services during the campaign, terminating with the surrender of the insurgent army under General Robert E. Lee."

Ely was constantly at Grant's side working in the War Department, yet he kept up his interest in his own people. He helped the Tonawanda Senecas to sell a tract set aside for them in Kansas and arranged for the money to be

used for the purchase of the Tonawanda Rerservation, so that the nation, as a corporation, could hold their land by deed of purchase.

He also drafted an "Act for the protection and improvement of the Tonawanda band of Senecas Indians residing on the Tonawanda Reservation."

Ely married Minnie Sackett in December 1867 and later had a daughter named Maude.

He was constantly busy during Grant's campaign for the Republican presidency in 1868 and he and General Rawlins answered the numerous letters and routine questions that were asked.

President Grant, in 1869, appointed Ely Commissioner of Indian Affairs, after he had resigned from the army. Ely was well fitted for this task for he had often made visits in the West on behalf of the Government.

General Parker addressed several grand councils held in Indian Territory, discussed Indian affairs with tribal representatives and tried to obtain justice for them.

Dr. Arthur C. Parker in 1913, with his friend Professor M. R. Harrington[2] of the University of Pennsylvania Museum, was at the home of Comanche Jack in Oklahoma, to interest his council in the Society of American Indians.

After a lengthy speech by Dr. Parker, Old Cabeyo, a medicine-man arose and commented that he had heard nearly the same words fifty years ago at a council by an Indian who said: "In the East are Indians who live like white men. They have houses and barns, they send their children to school. Some day one of them will come and tell you what you must do to save your people from destruction. What you have told us is true. This day my eyes seen him. You are that man." He pointed directly at Dr. Parker.

Ely's great love for his people inspired him to try to impress the Indians with their duty to become economically independent and to accept the white man's idea of civilization.

He also impressed the various departments in the Bureau that they owed the Indians a proper administration of their affairs.

The Indians had been systematically cheated in the past. Material stored in Government warehouses was either replaced with inferior goods or stolen; the Government was sold inferior cloth and food for the Indians; cattle dealers paid for delivering cattle, would get the agent's receipt for delivery, then would either steal it back or buy it with cheap trinkets.

To defeat these grafters, Ely created the Board of Indian Commissioners. President Grant then appointed a group of men to check up on the warehouses and other deals.

Ely's first letter to the Board written May 26, 1869, reads in parts as follows: . . ."I very respectfully, after consultation with the honorable Sec-

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[2]Honorary Member of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners.

retary of the Interior, submit the following questions, which with a view of proper and intelligent action in the future relation of the government with the Indians, I deem it important that I should receive your early consideration or settlement of what should be the legal status of the Indians; a definition of their rights and obligations under the laws of the United States, of the States and Territories and treaty stipulations; whether any more treaties shall be stipulated with the Indians, and if not, what legislation is necessary for those with whom there are existing stipulations, and what for those with whom no such stipulations exist; should the Indians be placed upon reservations, and if so what is the best method to accomplish this object; should not legislation discriminate between the civilized and localized Indians and the roving tribes of the plains and mountains; what changes are necessary in existing laws relating to purchasing goods and provision for the Indians in order to prevent fraud, etc; should any change be made in the method of paying the money annuties and if so what? . . ."

Indian affairs were slowly being cleaned up, grafting contractors were losing their profits, so they tried to devise other methods to cheat the Indians and the Government. Their next step was to creat a plan to ruin Commissioner Parker and scornfully remark about him by saying that the President had put into office "one who is but a remove from barbarism."

Ely opened his books to the investigation committee and allowed them to search for the supposed "grafted millions."

The House Committee in 1871, after reviewing all phases of the case found Ely innocent of all charges and reported: "But your committee have not found evidence of fraud or corruption on the part of the Indian Commissioner. With much to criticise and condemn, arising partly from a vicious system inherited from the past and partly from error in judgment in the construction of statutes passed to insure economy . . . we have found no evidence of any pecuniary or personal advantage sought or derived by the Commissioner or any one connected with the bureau."

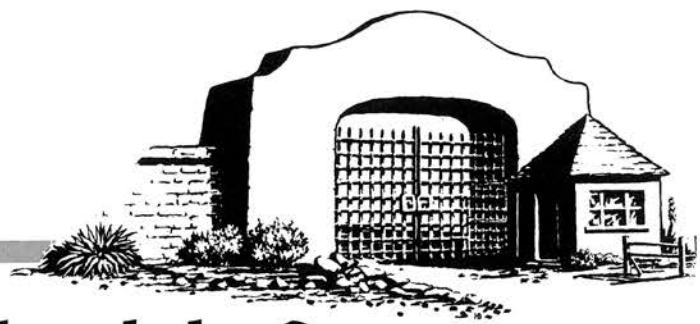
Ely was a humble and gentle man and never said a bad word against his enemies. He had been cleared and waiting for six months after the trial he resigned in August, 1871. Writing to a friend later he said: "I gave up a thankless position to enjoy my declining days in peace and quiet."

He passed away in Fairfield in 1895 and was buried in a local cemetery. Two years later he was reburied in the Forest Lawn Cemetery in Buffalo in the shadow of Red Jacket's Monument.

The prophecy: "His sun will rise on Indian land and set on White man's land, yet the ancient land of his ancestors will fold him in death," was fulfilled. The last Grand Sachem of the Iroquois is buried on the old Granger estate, where in the 1800 the Indians traded and held their councils.

PEARL HART

Arizona Historical Society Photo.



The Pearl and the Rose
Hardy Flower of the Territorial Prison

BY JOHN M. JEFFREY

PEARL HART AND ROSA DURAN, CELL-mates at the Arizona Territorial Prison at Yuma, were paroled about the same time, their sentences unexpired. And therein the Governor of Arizona Territory and the Superintendent of the Prison shared a secret.

When Guard Asa Bishop conducted Rosa across the hot, dusty exercise yard of the Penitentiary to reach the tiny Women's Yard at the southeast corner on that November 17th, 1901, his introduction was perfunctory. He unlocked the gate separating the two yards. "G'wan in!" he said. "Pearl, here's a roomate fer y'."

He slammed shut the gate, and turned to the dozens of nondescripts drawn to the spot by a compulsion which defied the prison rules that put the space leading to the Women's Yard off limits. "Beat it! You know better than that. Skidoo. You've seen women before!"

The Guard returned to the Main Tower, standing like a sacrificial platform sheltering the water reservoir. The Main Tower was outside the compound enclosed by the eighteen foot adobe walls, and connected to the top of the walls by a narrow bridge. Both in and outside the walls the 8.38 acres of prison grounds were cluttered with frame or adobe buildings. Those outside were constructed for the Superintendent, his staff and supplies. Inside the walls, in addition to the spartan accommodations for the

inmates, were a number of shops where certain lucky prisoners were kept more or less employed.

All the buildings were low, the highest being only two stories, and were plastered or painted a white that had cured under the Arizona sun into earth-colored greys and pale ochres.

The prison acreage itself was located at the conflux of the Colorado and the Gila Rivers just outside Yuma, that desert-surrounded heatsink in the southwest corner of Arizona.

As Guard Bishop returned to his post, over half of the almost 300 prisoners then in confinement were without work or employment, and having been scattered from the Women's Gate, sat staring at the forbidden paradise, or idled in groups of two or three, talking desultorily.

The woman's area was diagonally across from the Main Tower, and consisted of a short row of 8'x10' cells hollowed out of the caliche hillside, caliche being a sort of conglomerate of granite rock and stones in a softer stratum of decomposed granite. These four cells faced westward on a tiny exercise yard 30' x 30' separated from the main yard by a high fence. Here the occasional woman prisoner served her term.

It was in this yard that Pearl and Rose looked the other over carefully. Pearl was leaning indifferently against the open cell door.

"You don't look so tough!" The Mexican girl spoke first.

Pearl thrust out her underlip truculently. "You want to find out?"

Rosa stared at her for several seconds. Finally her features relaxed. She smiled faintly, "No, gracias. Only thing I want is out!"

Pearl preceded the newcomer into the end cell and reclined on the lower bunk. She indicated the upper bunk with a thumb, "Make yourself to home."

Hostilities suspended, the women prisoners discussed their sentences and the crimes which brought them to this maximum security prison.

Pearl Hart, on this November 17, 1901, had been in the Yuma Prison exactly two years to the day. For this length of time she had been the only woman prisoner, except that the day before Rosa arrived, Alfreda Mercer had started a sentence for six months for adultery. Alfreda was at the moment catching up on her sleep in an adjoining cell.

Pearl was then a woman of thirty. She was a Canadian by birth, had black hair and gray eyes, and was without regular occupation. She had experience as a prostitute, an activity which she practiced intermittently, sometimes professionally and sometimes under amateur rules.

She had been married to a man named Hart, who had abandoned her, and for a number of years this unfortunate girl had lived by her wits, such as they were. Ballyhoo and the sensation-seeking newspapers of the day would have had her a veritable female Robin Hood of the West. Pearl en-

couraged this myth, recognizing the publicity as a stepping-stone to the legitimate stage. She might have been more than a little deceived by the ballyhoo, herself. The somewhat disappointing fact was that Pearl was not at all an arch-criminal, her sole contribution to solid crime being the stage robbery for which she was immediately apprehended, and for which she rather indirectly drew a prison term of five years. Pearl was clever, but not clever enough to remain a stranger to Arizona jails. No doubt she saw the inside of several, probably for such minor misonduct as vagrancy.

Pearl's companion-in-crime was a nondescript current amorata who owed his tenuous claim to fame to his association with Pearl, named Joe Boot. Although there is reason to suppose that Pearl was the moving spirit in the robbery for which they were imprisoned, Joe was solidly belted with a term of 20 years.

It was no satisfaction to this lady of the mining camps that Joe, through his own celebrations and nimbleness, had manage to make good his escape the preceding February, and had shown the Old Pen a clean pair of heels. She was still "in," while that ungrateful Joe Boot was "out," no doubt laughing up his dirty, tattered sleeve, and the enormity of the situation was a onstant source of bitterness to the Queen of Stage Coach Robbers.

All of this she did not, of course, tell Rosa. The latter, however, with her feminine intuition, undoubtedly was able to read Pearl sufficiently, and to recognize her for the undersized schemer that she was.

PEARL HART

Arizona Historical Society Photo.

Rosa wasn't so proud of her criminal accomplishments, and had little to say of them. Her claim was recorded on the Prison ledger as "Grand Larceny", a general term that actually revealed very little. At that period in the Territory "Grand Larceny" was synonomous with cattle rustling, and if Rosa had been a man, one might be reasonably confident in deciding that this was the specific offense. However, we have no reason to believe that Rosa's crime was rustling, and can with safety only conclude that she stole something of some value. Even if she had told Pearl we need not necessarily believe her. The prison records let it go at Grand Larceny, and so shall we.

The Mexican lady larcenist was sentenced to three years, which was a long sentence for a woman, especially in those frontier days. Her meteor-brief flash on the Arizona scene, like Joe's, was chiefly the reflected light from Pearl's marquee. She probably never appreciated this, and very likely never realized the connection between her premature release and that of her stormy little cellmate.

It may have been in late October or early November, 1902, when Supt. William M. Griffith burst into the gubernatorial offices of Alexander O. Brodie, who had appointed him to the office he had just assumed in June. Rosa was entering into her second year of incarceration and Pearl her third. Both were old timers at the Pen compared to the superintendent.

"Governor," said the superintendent, after only briefly observing the amenities and paying his respects to an old friend. "We've got to get rid of Pearl Hart!"

"The Robber Queen?" asked the governor mildly. "Why? I'd be glad to get rid of her, for she's a damned nuisance, and sooner or later she's going to give the Penitentiary a bad name, but can't this wait until June?"

The superintendent's voice sunk to a whisper. "Alex," he said huskily, "She's pregnant!"

Gov. Brodie pursed his lips in a silent whistle, "You don't say!"

"Doc Ketcherside says so," shrugged the Prison Superintendent. He was speaking of a Prison Physician J. A. Ketcherside.

"You've got a problem," admitted the Governor, leaning back in his leather chair.

"We've all got a problem," corrected Supt. Griffith. "I suppose that I have to take responsibility for it."

"You, amigo?"

"What I mean is," explained the Superintendent quickly, "I've got to take responsibility for its happening at all, but don't get me wrong, Governor."

The Governor's faint smile was momentary. He became serious. "You are right, of course. We can't have a child born at the Territorial Prison. We

would never hear the last of it from the damn Democrats, and I'd be a laughing stock at the Governors' Conference."

"Another thing, Governor," began the Superintendent.

"Another thing?"

"Pearl has a cell-mate. It's practically impossible for Pearl to have gotten herself . . . in this delicate condition . . . without Rosa Duran knowing all about it. We don't dare leave her there, if we turn Pearl loose."

The Governor nodded without enthusiasm. "I see what you mean. Undoubtedly you are right. Don't you have another woman there? How about her?"

"No, we had an Alfreda Mercer, but she's been gone several months."

"Mmm-m," said the Governor. Let's figure this thing out. It'll be better if their release looks routine."

"Well, Alex you haven't acted on Pearl's petition for parole yet that she sent in, — wasn't it last month?"

The Governor's face relaxed in a smile. "So she can play the leading role on the Orpheum Circuit advertising her hold-up technique? No, I haven't turned it down *yet*, if that's what you mean."

"Why turn it down? You might consider this Arizona's contribution to The Theater. Didn't her sister write the script?" The Superintendent fell silent, and leaned back in his chair. The Governor nodded, his mind made up.

"Very well," agreed the Governor. I'll order the parole for Pearl made up today. So's to make it look better, I'll give Rosa a parole first, and make Pearl's a couple of weeks later. By the way, who is the . . .?"

"Blamed if I can tell!" admitted Supt. Griffith. "But I can't say that I figure it to be one of the convicts. It just doesn't make sense. For one thing, it would be practically impossible for a convict to get at Pearl without at least one guard being there, and frankly, Pearl's got a mercenary streak. She's been a professional, you know, and the cons don't have much to offer. I'm afraid that it has to be one of the Guards."

"Or maybe the Assistant Superintendent?" suggested the Governor, his face expressionless.

Supt. Griffith eyed the Governor closely, "Or the Secretary?" he said.

The Governor got heavily to his feet. The Superintendent rose quickly. The two men shook hands, and the Governor clapped the Superintendent on the back.

"Bill, you worry too much! Go on back to the Penitentiary, and get things set. I'll take care of the paroles. Maybe it'd look better if you'd appear to be surprised when you get the documents."

Griffith surveyed the Governor doubtfully. "Maybe so, Governor. But it's a small Pen and a small town . . ."

"Don't worry!" His Excellency commanded. "I'll handle it. It'll be months

before anybody could tell from her condition, and Pearl's too smart to upset the cart. She won't tell. Damn it all, Bill, who's going to suspect? I always get a lot of requests for pardons and paroles. I'll make it look good. She's made a good prisoner, hasn't she?"

"No!" said the Superintendent shortly.

"Well, anyway, that's the way we'll do it. You play dumb, and I'll let it leak out that Pearl's got some interested friends. *No te molestes, amigo.* Anybody who pays any attention 'll think that I'm a damn fool, or something. But governors are always paroling convicts. *Tonto.* The citizens might wonder why, but unless Pearl tells them, how're they to know?"

"You make it sound easy, Alex," the Superintendent patently still had some doubts.

The Governor was in good form. "It'll be fine. Don't worry. Just you get it across to Pearl Hart that she'd better keep a still tongue in her head!"

"Leave it to me!" exclaimed Supt. Griffith vehemently. "And I'll handle Rosa, too!" Griffith caught the Governor's smile. "That's a figure of speech, Governor!"

The Governor, who had not reached his position in government ignorant of the game of politics, obviously felt that Pearl's condition was a minor crisis, indeed, in Arizona's burgeoning development, and that neither the Ship of State nor the Penitentiary Piroque need be rocked by such a ripple. He felt a great respect for Supt. Griffith, and was glad to be able to rally so competently to the need of a member of his administration team.

"Bill, go on back to Yuma. And no matter what anyone says, especially a Democrat, deny it!"

"It'll be easy if a Democrat says it," rejoined the Prison Superintendent. "Thanks a heap for coming through."

"Don't mention it. It could happen to anyone," said the Governor enigmatically, as Supt. Griffith reached the big door. Griffith lifted his derby to the executive, who gave him a parting wave before turning to the papers on his carved desk.

As the matched greys trotted toward Prison Hill the Superintendent's buggy raised a cloud of dust that hung on the air. The Superintendent was sunk in thought. Guard Juan Zavala, driving the team, fell silent after two or three unsuccessful attempts to engage his superior in conversation. By the time they reached the steep incline climbing to the prison mesa Supt. Griffith had figured out his approach, and the greys slowed and leaned into their collars at the climb.

"Thanks, Juan," said the Superintendent as the buggy stopped. "Have one of the cons give 'em a good rub down." He called to a prisoner with horizontally striped pants, idling with a rake in the shade of the Superinten-

dent's House. "Blackie, take in these bags, will you? And tell the Assistant I want to see him at the office in thirty minutes."

The buggy drove off to the stables, and Blackie departed briskly with the baggage. Supt. Griffith stood a moment to survey his domain. Just a stone's throw away the Big Gate, the Sally Port, stood framed in the high adobe wall. A portly Guard — that would be Hartlee — lounged in a Captain's Chair that had come up river from the Gulf of California and from around the Horn. Hartlee had not missed the return of the Superintendent, and when he saw the Superintendent look his way he raised his hand. Absently Supt. Griffith returned the gesture, and acknowledged the salute from the Guard on the Main Tower.

Guard Charlie Meadows, the only man in motion, was idly walking his post along the concrete top of the wall between the Main Gate and the northwest station. His eyes had missed nothing, and with his 30-40 lever-action Winchester cradled in his left arm, made a casual but respectful salute with his right.

Looking beyond the walls and the towers, the superintendent saw the swollen Colorado, heavy with silt and tortured with powerful currents slamming between the Narrows, disappear into a thin twisted line toward the east. He looked in the other direction, west toward the sleepy town of Yuma. If there was any activity there Griffith could not see it. But it was hot for November, and he knew that soon things would pick up. A river boat tied up at the landing bobbed slightly in the roily red river, the surface only slightly suggestive of the savage currents below.

It was hot. The superintendent shrugged and went in. He'd soak a few minutes in a tub of water and get rid of some of the dust accumulated on the road from Phoenix.

Guard Hartlee tilted his chair back against the Gatehouse, checked to see that his rifle was in no danger of slipping and falling to the ground. Guard Meadows ambled slowly along the top of the wall, his youthful figure awkward, his right hand hanging loosely. Harry McFall, for he was the Guard on the Main Tower, leaned against one of the timbers, fanning himself idly with his Stetson in the shade of the high, overhanging roof. None of the three appeared to be paying much attention to anything, except perhaps the heat, but if any of the convicts hugging the shade of the buildings within the enclosure had noticed, none of them would have been deceived.

There was not a prisoner in the compound but had a solid conviction that if occasion should require, the barrels of at least three rifles would be too hot to touch before Guard McFall's hat could hit the floor.

The Arizona Territorial Prison was a maximum security institution, and it could handle men. Women, it seemed, were a different matter.

Several days later the Superintendent sat in his office between his roll top desk against the wall and a library table on which rested some papers and a bottle of ink, a pen, and a small can of fine sand. He was looking at an oval piece of cardboard, stamped and printed to look like a palm leaf and carrying the advertising of a funeral parlor in Tucson.

"Must have taken this home from church," thought the superintendent. He may have said something, for the only other man in the room looked up. He was Sidney Johnson from Cochise County, serving a term of five years for robbery. Sidney wrote a good hand and was tolerably neat and sanitary in his habits, and was rewarded by the post of prison clerk.

"Yessir," the convict said.

"Close up for the day, Sid. Check back in at the Gate House."

Johnson arose with alacrity, removed the paper cuffs that served him for arm blotters to protect the ledgers, closed the Discharge Book upon which he had been working, and straightened his chair at the table on the other side of the room. "G' afternoon, sir." He touched his cap, and at the Superintendent's almost imperceptible nod, departed.

A few minutes later there was a quiet knock at the door.

"Come in!" commanded the superintendent. It was Assistant Superintendent U. G. Wilder, and he was in charge of a boldly handsome young Mexican woman clothed drably in an almost colorless cotton blouse and skirt that reached nearly to the tops of her buttoned shoes. Her eyes were suspicious and frightened.

"Sit down over there, Rosa," said the superintendent, not unkindly. "The other side of the table, there. Mr. Wilder, will you come back in twenty minutes or so?"

"I'll be just a short distance outside, Superintendent," acknowledged the other. He nodded respectfully and left.

Supt. Griffith eyed the Mexican woman. "Has it been so bad here, Rosa?" he asked.

"Bad enough," she said without emphasis.

"Do you think that you've learned your lesson?"

"What's to learn?" The girl shrugged. "One loves. Sometimes one steals. It is not good. To be caught is worse." Her face relaxed in a suggestion of a brief smile, then was serious, watching.

"Well, I hope you've learned something. There's not much more we can do. I've got some good news for you."

"Good news?" Rosa Duran's face remained impassive. "My brother's married or something?"

"Rosa, I'm trying to tell you," said the superintendent gently. "You've been paroled, if you can promise to be good and not drink anymore. You know what parole is? Sabes?"

Rosa's countenance was a study in suppressed excitement and disbelief. Her mind did not work fast. Was this a trap? A cruel gringo joke? She maintained her calm as she tried to answer.

"Senor, is parole a kind of . . . pardon? A pardon than can be taken back?"

"*Exactamente.* It's a release on condition that you get in no more trouble, and stay away from hard liquor and bad companions. If you get in trouble again, for anything, back you come! You'll have to serve out the rest of your term as well as the new one. You have two years more, don't you?"

"*Si, señor. Dos años mas, el marzo que viene.*" The girl faltered. "This is no . . . joking?"

"No joke," said the man. "Just be good. No swearing, no lies, no bad talk, or there'll be no parole. *Entiendes*?"

"*Si, señor. Entiendo muy bien.* No more bad talk. I say only good, and I not drink, and not get into any troubles!" agreed Rosa earnestly. "I not want to make the good Senor Superintendent *anojado.*"

The superintendent relaxed. "That's all right, Rosa. But you must promise, when you leave here, don't get in any more trouble. No more bad companions. What about Pearl Hart?" said the officer craftily.

Rosa shrugged contemptuously. "She not my friend, call me Greaser. She not like Mexican people. I not like her. I not see her no more. Anyway, when I go, I go to Mexico. I make nobody troubles."

Supt. Griffith looked her in the eye. The woman returned his gaze steadily, entreatingly. The superintendent doubted if Rosa would give Pearl Hart a second thought. Finally he said, "Very well, Rosa, I have just received your papers from the governor. Ordinarily a larcenist has to make restitution, but no requirement is being made on that. You conduct here has been good, and we all think that you've learned your lesson. This is no place for women, and we hope you won't come back. It is up to me, you understand, to tell the governor that I think you will live up to your parole. *Su palabra, entiendes*? You do promise?"

"Señor Superintendent, I do promise. Si, si, I do. I not come back, I make no troubles!"

"Very well, Rosa, I hope so. Mr. Wilder will give you twenty dollars. We can't give you a suit, but you will have your old clothes back. You will get a railroad ticket. You can leave tonight or tomorrow morning, whichever . . ."

It was at this point that Rosa Duran broke into tears. Highly embarrassed, Supt. Griffith rose swiftly to his feet and went to the door.

"Mr. Wilder! Mr. Wilder!" There was that about his tone that brought the assistant superintendent on the jump and caused an offduty Guard to come running, his pistol drawn. The Guard he waved away. "Mr. Wilder, Rosa's a little excited about the news. Can't blame her. But will you take

care of the discharge procedures? Just like we discussed. I think she wants to leave tonight."

Rosa was weeping. The years fell from her. She looked as though she might still be in her teens. Hard and tough on the defensive, she had not the defenses for kindness and the unexpected news of her release. With tears streaming down her cheeks she wrung the superintendent's hands, and ran out of the office. Supt. Griffith sat down.

"So far, so good! he said to himself. "I hope she proves up."

The superintendent need not have been concerned. Rosa Duran, paroled on her word of honor, departed Yuma Prison December 2, 1902. Whether or not she carried out her promise to return to Mexico, she dropped out of sight for all time.

The next day Gov. Brodie was handed a telegram as he returned from lunch with a mining representative from Globe. Addressed to His Excellency it said simply, "PAROLE EXECUTED STOP THANKS, and it was signed GRIFFITH." The governor smiled, wadded up the paper into a ball, and threw it into the brass cuspidor.

Not quite two weeks later, on December 15, the scene was repeated. Sidney Johnson was sent on an errand, and Assistant Superintendent Wilder reported as ordered with the prisoner who had been the cause of Supt. Griffith's headaches.

Pearl sat down on the edge of the chair across the table from the superintendent, cautiously, as though she might, depending on developments, flee or temporize, her lower lip in its usual affected pout. She first watched Mr. Wilder out of the corner of her eyes as he received his orders, and then out of the other corners, the superintendent. Her hands were folded neatly in her lap. Her hair was short-cropped, and her slender figure practically camouflaged and disguised by a drab dress that covered her like a tent.

The superintendent found it hard to deliver his prepared speech. Damn it all! Pearl had been a problem, and she wasn't getting the parole because she had earned or deserved it! He cleared his throat.

"Pearl," he began. "I've called you in . . ."

"I haven't passed two words with that damn . . . ," she began.

"Hold it, Pearl!" said the superintendent, raising his hand. The girl lapsed into sullen silence. It was plain that she thought someone had informed on her about something, and she didn't know who or which. She waited for a clue.

With an effort the man continued. "You haven't been very cooperative, and ordinarily . . . Pearl, how are you feeling?"

"Great! Why not?" She made only a slight effort to conceal her sarcasm. "All expenses paid in this her resort. Christmas comin' on with just a bunch of greasy cons . . ." She shrugged. "Oh, I'm feelin' great!"

The superintendent decided to abandon that tack, and took another. "Actually, it was about Christmas that I wanted to talk to you."

"Christmas! Easter!" Pearl displayed a vast contempt for such concepts. "What have I done that's got to do with Christmas? Say!" She eyed him shrewdly. Her tone became faintly insolent. "Ain't I in trouble?"

"Well, that's what . . . No, no." The superintendent mopped his brow. Damn this woman! "Pearl, if you don't shut up . . ."

"Are you tryin to tell me that my parole's come through?"

The superintendent sat up straighter. "How did you know . . ."

"Oh, just a wild guess," said Pearl. "That's it, isn't it?"

Supt. Griffith was not the chief administrator of Arizona's only prison without being able to handle a situation that called for firmness, — pregnancy or no pregnancy.

"That's it, Pearl," he said, leaning forward. "But whether I deliver it and accept your parole is strictly up to me. You can take my word that I'm going to send it back to Governor Brodie if I'm not satisfied that your release is in the best interests of the people of the Territory, this Prison, and yourself. I'm not at all sure this is the case. I do know that you haven't earned it!"

Pearl was a practising opportunist. She lowered her eyes, instantly contrite. She was still playing, but she was playing it straight. "I will be worthy of your . . . the governor's confidence," she said. "I promise. These is a reason why it is important now, — before it is too late." Pearl was demure, a trifle mysterious. Supt. Griffith suspected that he knew what she was getting at, but he saw no point in pursuing it.

Pearl opened her brown eyes wide at him. "You know that I'm . . ."

Supt. Griffith interrupted, firmly. "You can be released only if we're convinced that you're not likely to be a source of trouble to the Territory. Maybe I'll think about it for a few . . ."

Pearl knew this was no time for games: she accepted the terms.

"I'll never come back, and you'll never hear from me again," she said clearly. "You'll see."

Supt. Griffith contemplated her gloomily for a moment. "All right. You're paroled. But, Pearl Hart, I warn you, if you ever get involved in anything illegal or criminal again," he breathed heavily, "you'll be back here to finish your term. You've still got six months to go, you know!"

The woman raised her hand as if to protest her innocence. "I don't blame you, Superintendent, for how you fell about me, but honest, you'll be glad when I'm gone. I mean, you'll never regret letting me go!"

Supt. Griffith studied her face. He had the feeling that he was being used in some way: he couldn't quite put his finger on it. Pearl had known about the parole . . . Not too unusual in a prison, but . . .

"All right, Pearl. We understand each other, I think . . . Mr. Wilder!"

After the convict had been turned over to the assistant the superintendent continued to sit and stare at the parole papers, The parole system was but new. His predecessor in office had in two years only released a dozen prisoners by this route, and while he, himself, had processed a few pardons, chiefly to restore citizenship, these two were his first paroles. If this worked, he admitted to himself, the parole system had its merits. He made a note for inclusion in his biennial report to the Board of Control and the Governor. Well, this was a funny one, and one couldn't run a prison without being sensitive to undercurrents, but there was nothing he could do about it. He looked at his pocket watch, then snapped shut the cover.

It was a fine June day the following year, and the superintendent sat in the governor's office. Gov. Brodie was enjoying a cigar, and leaned back in the huge leather chair expansively. His Excellency obviously was in a pleasant frame of mind.

"Bill."

"Yes, Governor."

"You remember Pearl Hart?"

"Governor, I do, indeed!"

The governor drew on his cigar, checked the ash. Then he said, "Pearl's still around, isn't she?"

I understand she's still in the Territory. Tucson last, my information is."

"Has Pearl had her child yet?"

"Not yet, Governor," Griffith admitted.

"She's not going to have a child is she?"

"Not for another four or five months, anyway, they tell me." Griffith squirmed uncomfortably.

"Superintendent," said the Governor, "we've been had! You know that by now, don't you?"

"I've about come to that conclusion."

"We've been the victims of a plot, and the funny part about it is that we can't do anything about it."

"A plot?" asked the superintendent.

"Of course," said the governor impatiently, waving his cigar. "Don't you see, there had to be?"

"Well, who . . .?"

"Let me ask you a couple of questions," said the governor. "You agree that somebody had to be making some time with Pearl? She had to have some hold on somebody. How else than to get them compromised?"

"Mumm." said the superintendent, noncommittally.

Gov. Brodie continued. "Who told you she was pregnant?"

"Ketcherside, of course . . ."

"What's so special about him making the statement?"

John M. Jeffrey

"Why, only a physician could really . . ." The superintendent's brow cleared. He paused. "Of course. He was the key. The diagnosis of her pregnancy was official. We know now she wasn't. This means that he knew she wasn't, and that he was covering up for . . . someone . . ." Supt. Griffith was thinking fast.

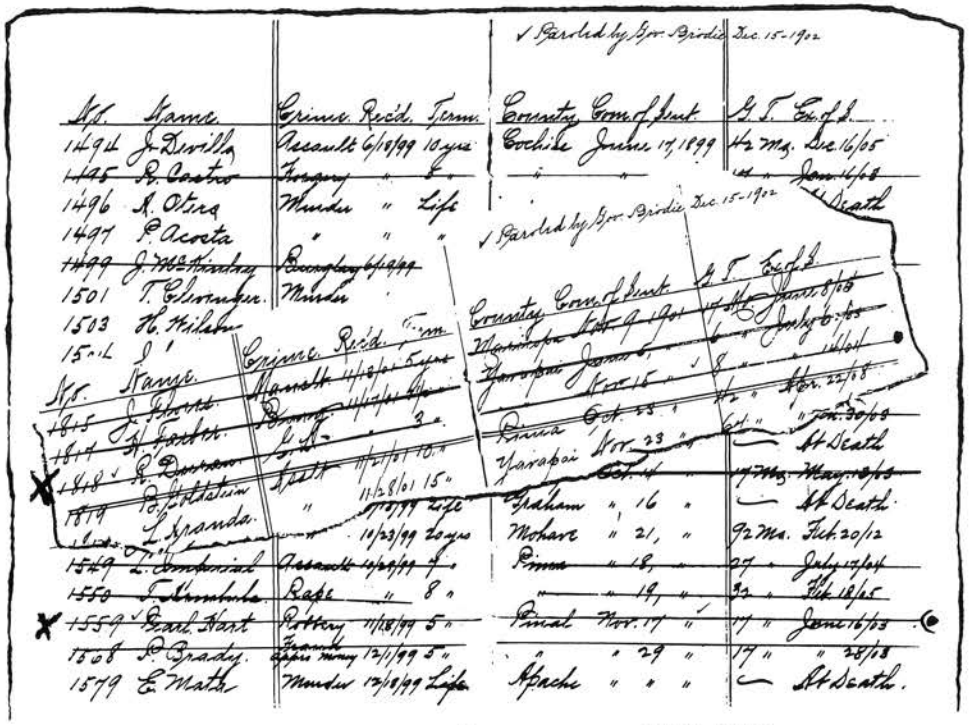
The governor broke in. "I take it you don't think that he was just mistaken?"

"It's possible, I suppose, but I'm afraid it won't wash. I wish I could believe it. No, he was covering for someone. It would have to be a pretty good friend for Doc to go so far out on a limb, especially since he knew he was only buying time and his hoax would almost certainly be exposed sometime . . . I'm assuming, of course, that Pearl got an official compromised, and then applied some leverage. What else could Pearl get on anyone, except . . ."

"Don't say it!" commanded the governor, lifting his cigar. "We're guessing! Ketcherside might have been honestly mistaken, *quien sabe*? After all, Bill, do you really want to know?"

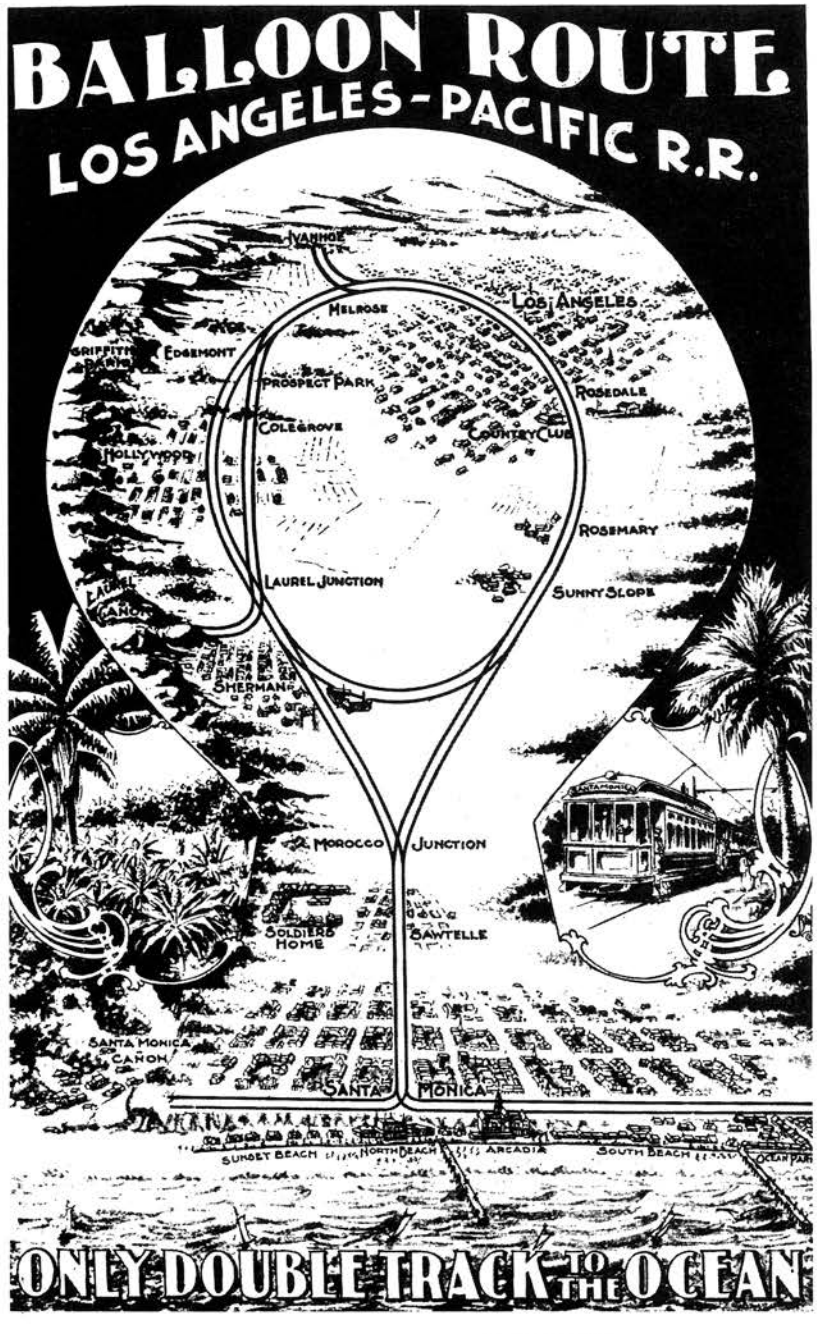
"No, I guess not," acknowledged the other.

"Let's let it go at that," said the governor. "Republican, isn't he?"



PAGES FROM WARDEN'S REGISTER — 1887-1915

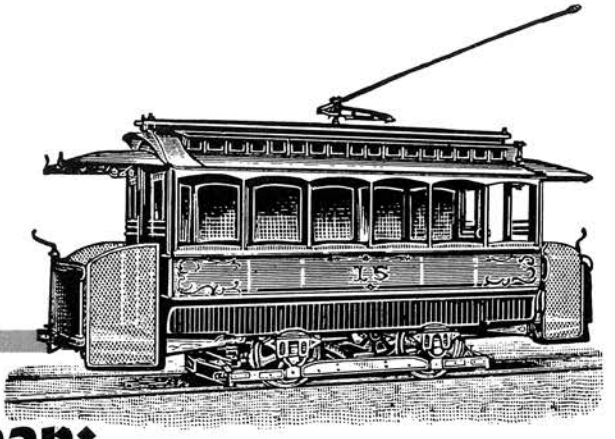
Courtesy, Homer H. Boelter.



THE BALLOON ROUTE PICTURE-MAP

Map portion of an old wall bill showing the once-famous Balloon Route — "The Only One on Earth."

Courtesy of Donald Duke.



M. H. Sherman:
A Pioneer Developer of the Southwest

BY W. O. HENDRICKS

THE OVERALL DEVELOPMENT that has taken place in the Pacific Southwest during the last one hundred years has been nothing short of phenomenal. Among the principal ingredients that went into this development were the efforts of a number of outstanding individuals, men whose talents, vision, and hard work helped to bring it about. Not all of these individuals are widely known today. One such man is the subject of this sketch.

Moses Hazeltine Sherman was born on December 3, 1853, in the tiny farming hamlet of West Rupert, Vermont. He was descended from an old-line New England family, being distantly related to John Sherman the noted Puritan clergyman, to Roger Sherman of early national fame, and to the brothers John and William Tecumseh Sherman, prominent in national affairs during the latter half of the nineteenth century. The origin of his rather distinctive given names is unclear, although his father's youngest sister had married a man named Moses B. Hazeltine. In any case, he seems to have preferred going by the initials, M. H., or, as will be explained later, by the title, General.

A good part of Sherman's boyhood was spent on another family farm near Salem, New York, which, although in a different state, was only several miles from his birthplace. Here, too, he received much of his early schooling,

and, judging from his notebooks, was an unusually serious-minded and hard-working young man. Probably this was partly the influence of his father, who, while then a farmer, had formerly been a schoolmaster for a number of years. When he was not working or studying, young Sherman attended church regularly and spoke frequently at the local lyceum, debating such subjects as "Whether man had periled more life for honor or for money."

In 1869, Sherman entered Oswego (New York) State Normal School, a relatively new and then rather revolutionary teacher-training institution advocating the Pestalozzian methods of Object Teaching (something of a forerunner of Progressive Education). Shortly thereafter, however, his education was interrupted and he took a job teaching at the Salem district school. Then, in the fall of 1871, following the death of his mother the previous year, he left for Wisconsin to teach. While in route and laying over in Chicago on the evening of Sunday, October 8, he was forced to flee from his room by the outbreak of the great Chicago fire.

Sherman later managed to resume his studies and, as the Normal School course at that time was only one year, to graduate from Oswego in July, 1873. He then received an appointment as principal of Hamilton (New York) Union Grade School for the term 1873-74. However, in ill health with what his family and friends took to be consumption, he was soon to depart for the West and Arizona Territory.

Arizona at that time was not a particularly inviting place. Still wild, little developed, as yet untouched by railways, and with a non-Indian population of only slightly over ten thousand persons, it was regarded by some of the army officers who had tried to pacify it as nearly worthless and as fit solely for Indians. General William T. Sherman was reported to have said, "We have fought one war with Mexico to acquire Arizona, and we ought to have another to compel her to take it back." Nevertheless, Arizona was on the verge of a boom: during the next two decades the number of its cattle would triple, its mineral production increase 1500 per cent, and there was to be a great spurt in irrigation canal and railroad building. By 1890, the population was to grow to over 88,000—nearly a nine-fold increase in less than two decades.

In 1869, President Grant had appointed young A.P.K. Safford as governor of Arizona Territory. Safford is especially remembered for two things: obtaining and signing a legislative bill granting his own divorce, and being "the father of Arizona's schools." Safford was from Vermont. Although nothing has thus far been found to indicate how he heard of Sherman, Safford, in 1873, offered him a post teaching at the public school in Prescott. It was rumored the governor paid Sherman's way out; if true, most likely this was an advance and paid back. Sherman sailed from New York, crossed Panama,

and continued on to San Francisco; doubling back to Los Angeles, he then went overland to Prescott by buckboard.

Although one of Arizona's leading towns, Prescott was hardly more than a boisterous, overgrown village of a few hundred inhabitants. It was attractively located, however, and was named in honor of the eminent American historian of Spanish America, its streets carrying such labels as Montezuma, Cortez, and Coronado—"after persons identified with the . . . history of the Territory." It was notable among Arizona towns by having been settled almost entirely by Anglo-Americans, and especially New Englanders, and by the absence of adobe-style architecture, being constructed mainly of wood (which was to give rise to a series of destructive fires) with some later additions of brick and stone. Prescott did hold the distinction of having been the first civilian capital of the territory, 1864-1867, before its transfer to Tucson. Moreover, in 1877, the capital was to be restored to Prescott, where it would remain until 1889, when permanently relocated in Phoenix.

At first, Sherman was the only teacher at the Prescott school, but the student body grew rapidly and the town built a new two-story school building—probably the best in the territory—which opened in 1876 with Sherman as principal. That same year he was delegated to represent Arizona at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Making his way East via Los Angeles, San Francisco, and overland on the trans-continental railroad, he also attended the National Teachers Convention in Baltimore. He combined his official functions with a visit to his family, departing for Arizona by steamship with his older sister, Lucy. Their first ship suffered an explosion a few days out of New York and they had to be towed back and transferred to another steamer. Sharing this eventful voyage with the Shermans was Madame Helena Modjeska, on her way to the Anaheim settlement. In Arizona, Lucy Sherman met and married Eli P. Clark, who for many years thereafter was to be a close business associate of Sherman.

Notwithstanding the famed medicinal effects of Arizona's climate, it must be reported that Governor Safford's health failed in 1877 and that he consequently asked to be relieved of his duties. The following year, as an act of political patronage for an important but impoverished Republican party figure, President Hayes appointed John C. Fremont to succeed him. Fremont's wife, Jessie, though she did not stay long in Arizona (for reasons of health), was a volunteer teacher at Sherman's school, regaling the students with talks on her travels and lectures on world history.

Sherman apparently got on well with Fremont, for he was appointed by the governor as Arizona's first regular Superintendent of Public Instruction, an ex-officio position formerly held by the governors. The legislature soon made the post elective and, in 1880, Sherman was voted into the office, taking

considerable satisfaction in being the only Republican on the ticket to emerge victorious.[1]

As Superintendent of Public Instruction (and head of the territorial board of education), Sherman drew up the territorial school laws, and it has been said that "to him was due in large part the legislative measures of the eighties which did so much to promote education in Arizona."[2] In 1881, Congress appropriated 72,000 acres of public lands to each of the several territories for support of education. The following year, Sherman, acting in his official capacity, selected the lands which were to help provide for the future University of Arizona. Brother-in-law E. P. Clark, meanwhile, was serving as Territorial Auditor during this period.

Fremont, because he was so often absent from Arizona in pursuit of his own endeavors, was forced to resign as governor in 1881. His successor, Fredrick A. Tritle, named Sherman to the post of Arizona's Adjutant General in 1883, a position which he held for three years and from which he became known thereafter as General Sherman. The election of Grover Cleveland to the presidency, however, soon placed Arizona for the first time under a Democratic governor and, thus, brought an end to Sherman's career in government service in Arizona.

Even in his early days as a teacher in Prescott, Sherman's natural talent for finance had begun to emerge. He gradually obtained various pieces of townsite property in Prescott and also built a hostelry, the Sherman House. As time went on, he acquired shares in various mines, grazing lands, and considerable head of cattle, on which he made a good deal of money during this period of Arizona's rapid growth. By the early 1880's, however, he had largely transferred his field of operations to Arizona's Salt River Valley, in which Phoenix was the principal town.

Founded on what had been a lonely, desolate waste, Phoenix, unlike Prescott, was not a particularly attractive settlement. It received what was hoped would be its prophetic name from the abundant evidence of occupation by an earlier people. When Sherman arrived, it had a population of perhaps eighteen hundred. Significantly, however, the economy of Phoenix was to be primarily agricultural and, unlike most leading Arizona towns, not dependent on the mining industry for its future development. The key factor here, of course, was irrigation, and Sherman, with typical foresight, became involved in the building of the Arizona Canal; begun in 1883, it has long remained the main carrier of irrigation water in the Valley. Late that same year, he co-founded and became president (later vice-president) of the

[1]Arizona was predominently Democratic locally, but the long reign of Republicans in the White House during this era meant that territorial governors and their appointees were generally Republican.

[2]Rufus Kay Wyllys, *Arizona, The History of a Frontier State* (Phoenix, 1950), p. 179.

Valley Bank of Phoenix. About 1889, acquiring and merging several franchises, he formed and headed the Valley Street Railway Company, which was electrified (1894), expanded, and later became the Phoenix Railway Company, in which he retained control until 1925. About 1910, he extended a rail line from Phoenix to Glendale, Arizona (about eight miles), to connect with the Santa Fe. This line was a source of pride and amusement to the General, who delighted in describing it as "Not as long as some railroads, but just as wide!" He was also a major stockholder and vice president of the privately owned Phoenix Water Company and a stockholder in two other Arizona banks. He acquired large quantities of real estate in and around Phoenix and appears to have played a role in the transfer of the capital from Prescott to Phoenix. He and a business associate, M. E. Collins, donated a ten-acre plot, then about one mile west of the center of town, on which the capitol building now stands.

While living in Phoenix, Sherman also acquired a wife, Harriet, the daughter of R. H. Pratt, a railroad man of San Francisco. Two daughters, Hazeltine and Lucy, were born to them and the General adopted his wife's previous son, Robert, and built a fine new house for his family in Phoenix.[3] By 1890, he was entitled to look back on the seventeen years he had been in Arizona with a great deal of satisfaction. Arriving as a near-penniless youth of twenty, he was now a highly successful man, the largest taxpayer in the county and one of the largest in the whole territory. Nevertheless, he was ready for larger fields to conquer.

During his years in Arizona, Sherman frequently made trips to California and followed with considerable attention the development occurring in Southern California. He had taken particular notice of the boom of 1887 and, undaunted by its collapse, was convinced of the great future that lay before Los Angeles and its environs. Events, of course, were to prove him right. To use merely one index, the population of Los Angeles — 50,000 in 1890 — was to reach nearly twenty-five times that figure by 1930. And as one of his later associates, H. J. Whitley, was fond of saying, "Peoples makes values."

Sherman had found several interests in Southern California. For one thing, he had become a founding stockholder and director in the recently-organized, Los Angeles-based National Bank of California. But, profit though he might in other endeavors, his heart always belonged to transportation, and he had formed an especially keen interest in the Los Angeles street railway situation. Moving to Los Angeles, he managed to gain control of several street railway franchises and, with Clark as his associate, organized

[3]Robert P. Sherman died about 1930, but he had a son who is still living. Lucy Sherman Robertson died in 1959, and Hazeltine Sherman Keever, in 1968; neither of the sisters left children.

a company and built an electric street railway system in the city. In 1895, through another company, they constructed Southern California's first electric interurban railway, between Los Angeles and Pasadena. Later, Henry E. Huntington and a small group of San Francisco capitalists, headed by I. W. Hellman, acquired both the Los Angeles system and the Pasadena line, using the latter as the nucleus for the formation of the Pacific Electric.

The vision of Sherman and Clark next became focused on the area between Los Angeles and the coast. Through their Los Angeles Pacific lines and further electric railway building over the ensuing fifteen years, they were instrumental in the development of the whole area west of Los Angeles as far as the beaches and from Santa Monica to Redondo. This was the railway

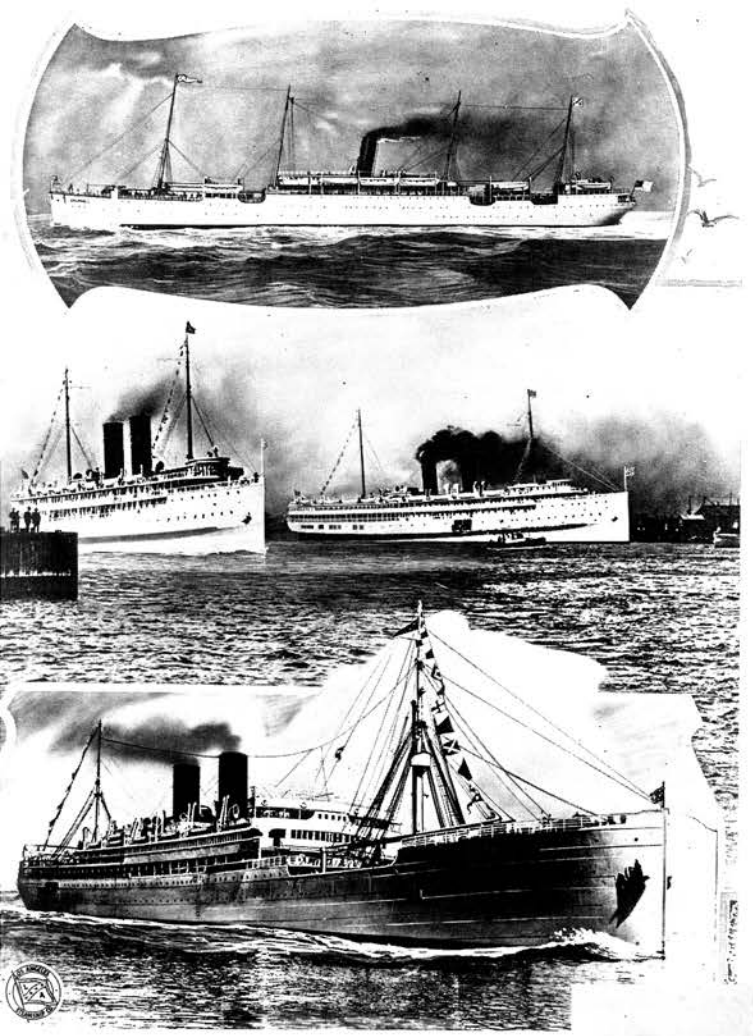
THE TOWN OF SHERMAN

View, looking southward, of a portion of the town of Sherman, California, about 1912. Called "Queen of the Foothills,"

of the once-famous Balloon Route between Los Angeles and the sea. And on Santa Monica Boulevard just west of La Cienega in what is now West Hollywood, where railway equipment facilities and a power house were located, once stood the little town of Sherman. In 1910 and 1911, the Southern Pacific bought out both the Los Angeles Pacific and Huntington's Pacific Electric and merged them into the vast Pacific Electric Railway system of later times. Actually, although keeping the name Pacific Electric, the officers surviving the merger were chiefly Los Angeles Pacific men, and Sherman for many years was on the board of directors of the new company.

In Los Angeles, the General returned to a public post, holding appointments to the Board of Water Commissioners, between 1903 and 1910. It was during his early years on this board that the city began its fateful search for outside sources of water and the Owens River project was undertaken.

After living in Los Angeles for several years, Sherman became closely associated with General Harrison Gray Otis and his son-in-law, Harry



FOUR VESSELS OF THE LOS ANGELES STEAMSHIP CO.

The *Calawaii* (top) and *City of Los Angeles* (bottom), in service to Hawaii; the sister ships *Harvard* and *Yale* (center), in coastal service between San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego.

The Sherman Foundation Library.

SHERMAN AS ADJUTANT GENERAL

M. H. Sherman, at age 29, was appointed Adjutant General of Arizona Territory by Governor F. A. Tritle. From this post he was afterward known by the honorary title of General.

Chandler, of the *Los Angeles Times,* Otto F. Brant of the Title Insurance and Trust Company, and a number of other prominent Los Angeles businessmen and developers. In 1901, Sherman helped to organize a syndicate which bought and subdivided over the next few years a large part of Hollywood. Later, in the 1920's, he was active in the foothill development of "Hollywoodland," whose great hillside sign — with LAND lopped off — now reads simply HOLLYWOOD. Sherman was one of the key members of another syndicate which in 1910 bought and later subdivided 47,500 acres in the southerly half of the San Fernando Valley — "the greatest venture in subdividing in the Valley's, and perhaps in Los Angeles County's, history."[4] Sherman Way and Sherman Oaks commemorate his activities in this locale.

Sherman was also a key member of the syndicate which in 1911 bought the gigantic Tejon Ranch, 270,000 acres straddling the Tehachapi Mountains. And although not one of the original group of purchasers, he later became a major owner in the Colorado River Land Company, a Mexican corporation with an 842,000 acre holding on the Mexican counter-part to the Imperial Valley. It was largely this company's application of capital and technology to the early development of the Mexicali Valley which laid the foundation for much of the subsequent economic boom in northern Baja California.

In addition to some of the things already noted, Sherman also owned various other real estate and buildings and, through his railway construction activities, had acquired rather extensive property interests in such areas as Culver City and Del Rey. And aside from holding directorships in many of the previously mentioned organizations, he was also a director of the Farmers & Merchants National Bank, the Yosemite Park & Curry Company, and a number of other corporations in the Pacific Southwest.

During his later years, after the end of World War I, as the Southland found itself neglected when it came to steamship service, Sherman became involved in a new aspect of transportation. He helped to form and later became president of the Los Angeles Steamship Company, whose *Harvard* and *Yale* plied between Los Angeles and San Francisco and whose *City of Los Angeles* and *City of Honolulu* offered the finest in accommodations to Hawaii. The line was beset with difficulties, however, introduction of the Matson Line's fast and luxurious *Malolo,* destruction by fire of the *City of Honolulu* and, unable to make many inroads on the island freight business, the Los Angeles Steamship Company was finally sold about 1930 to the Matson company.

What of Sherman the man? In the first place, like so many successful men of his day, he was a marked individualist. As perhaps befitted his title

[4] W. W. Robinson, *The Story of San Fernando Valley* (Los Angeles, 1961), p. 37.

of General, he had a rather loud, authoritative voice, could speak very bluntly, and liked to plan and supervise in a somewhat commanding manner. He also had a temper. On the other hand, he could be quite gentle and sentimental at times, and extremely generous.

> Although he saw to it that his beneficences did not become widely advertised, he went much further than merely donating money to formal charities and personally helped, directly or indirectly, probably more people in Los Angeles than any other of our early-day citizens. He maintained a long pension list of worthy unfortunates and had given away immense sums in personal aid. At Christmas time he was in his element — last year [1931], for instance, he made Christmas presents to between 1000 and 2000 persons, having his clerks, stenographers and helpers buying, wrapping and distributing remembrances to all the old-time citizens and their families with whom he had ever been in contact.[5]

Despite the fact that Sherman was extremely hard-working — or perhaps because of it — he was in ill health during much of his life. One aspect of this was poor circulation, owing to which a common feature of his apparel was an enormous, below-knee-length overcoat. Living as he did on Main Street in the days when downtown Los Angeles had a bustling social life, he was on at least one occasion mistaken in his coat for a theatrical character and his autograph solicited. One facet of his personality was that he could sometimes become mentally preoccupied and nearly oblivious to what was going on around him. Once, when wearing his great coat and riding a horse so swaybacked that his feet nearly touched the ground, he slowly rode across a baseball diamond in a park while a game was in progress — completely lost in his own thoughts. And surprisingly, for a man so closely associated with railways and steamships and who had a passion for fine motor cars, the General was almost completely devoid of mechanical aptitude or comprehension. On one instance, when he had an engagement but was telephoned from a garage with the news that the magneto on his car had gone out, he replied: "Well, leave the magneto to be repaired and bring the car around."

The General and his wife, after coming to Los Angeles, separated and then in 1908 were divorced. Although women found him attractive and several tried to set their caps for him, he never remarried. For nearly thirty-five years, he lived and worked in a suite of rooms at the Westminster Hotel. While one of the city's finest establishments when he first took up residence, it had long since markedly declined. Finally, in the late 1920's, he moved from the hotel and took a suite of apartments on Rampart Boulevard near Sixth. He also obtained a house on Bay Island, Newport Beach. Here, aged seventy-eight, he died on September 9, 1932, spared by a few months the

[5] *Los Angeles Times*, September 10, 1932, II, 2.

ordeal of seeing a Democrat — only the third since his boyhood — gain the presidency. For like most of his colleagues, and a proper Vermonter, he was a staunch Republican of the Democrats-can-do-no-right school.

Sherman left an estate which, even at the depressed values of 1932, was worth several million dollars. He left sizeable sums to the University of Southern California, Pomona College, California Institute of Technology, and Grinnell College, Iowa. The depression, however, had taken its toll. Cash was scarce and sizeable loans were due.[6] Much of his estate was, of course, in land and of long term rather than immediately negotiable value. Actually, this was true of his activities through most of his lifetime. He had frequently been strapped for funds to carry out his ventures and many of his accomplishments were made possible only because of the confidence he inspired and his ability to borrow money. He could be extremely persuasive, and potential but reluctant investors, familiar with his powers, were sometimes known to flee when they saw him coming, aware that they might not be able to resist his coaxing. It was said of him that "He could talk money out of the birds in the trees!" A perturbed creditor for $30,000 worth of railway ties once called on Sherman to demand payment. On leaving, wrapped in a smile, he was asked by another man waiting in the anteroom whether he had been successful in collecting. "Better than that," he happily replied, "I sold him $30,000 more ties."

It goes without saying that business practices in Sherman's time were considerably different than they are now. For instance, a common practice then in raising funds for a venture was simply to organize a company, have securities printed, and find somebody to loan money on them. When the loan became due, new securities could be printed and the process repeated. Companies were formed right and left, and assets shifted around even faster. Of course, many of the things done in those days could not be legally done today. Still, if it is a genuine understanding of an earlier era that is being sought, an effort should be made to avoid the pitfall of presentism — judging another era by the standards of one's own time.

Perhaps the best way to sum up Sherman's life is with a few excerpts from the lengthy obituary which appeared in the *Los Angeles Times*[7] and was probably contributed in part by his long-time friend and close associate, Harry Chandler.

> In the early days in California when there was little money in the State, it was the General's genius – and his alone – that raised vast sums

[6] Probably the most critical problem facing his estate was that Sherman, along with four other principal owners of the Colorado River Land Company, had signed notes to various banks totalling nearly two and a half million dollars to cover depression-caused losses in the Mexican operation.

[7] September 10, 1932, II, 1.

of money for the financing of his first great constructive enterprises. His dream was to create a system of electric railways as the first essential in the development of the area in the future of which he had such an abiding faith. Years were required to accomplish his task, nor did he hesitate to make any and every sacrifice necessary for the fulfillment of his plans, which were dominated by a genuine desire to serve the counties of South-California.

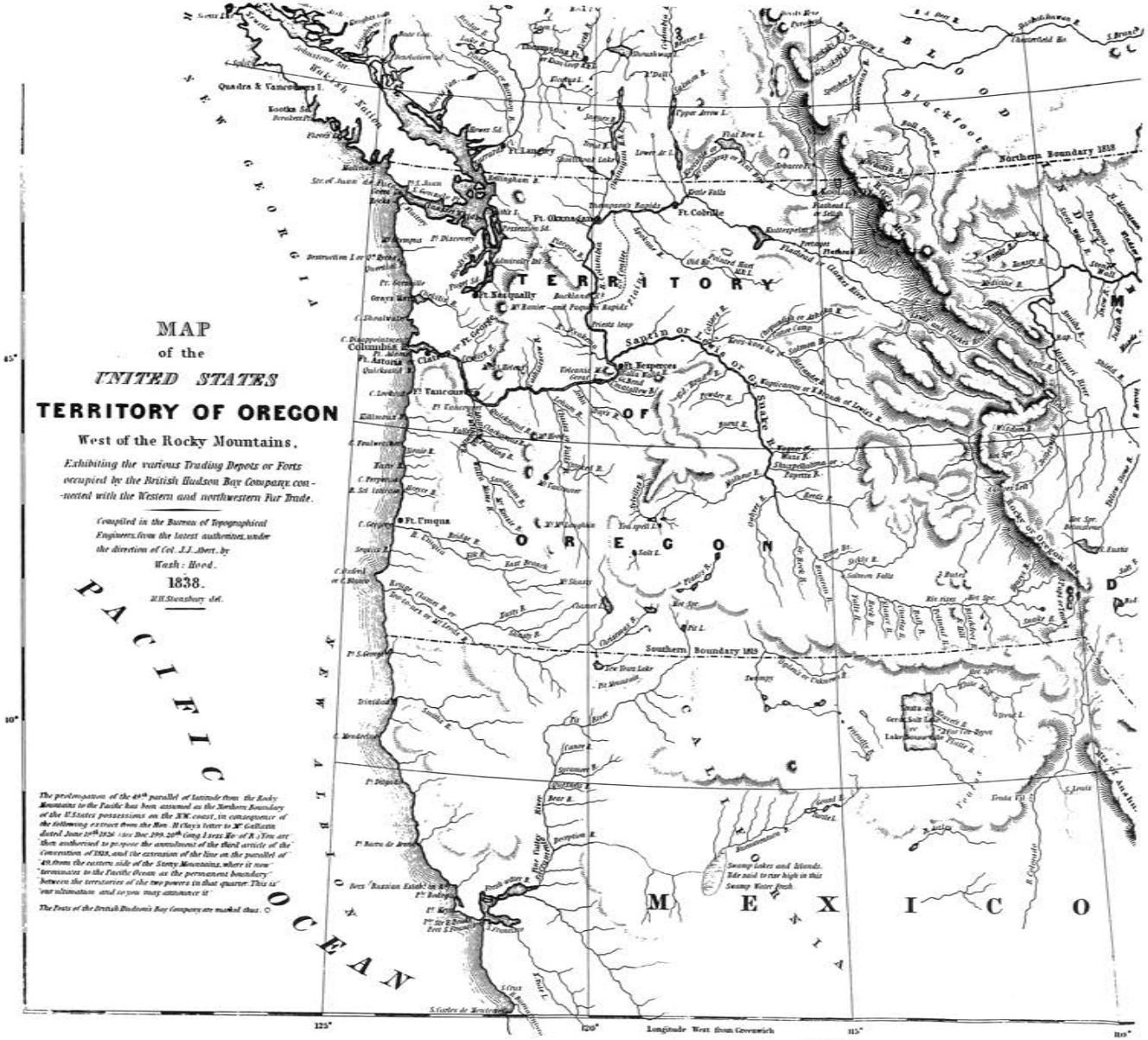
His vision of the potential greatness of Los Angeles and his ability to convince capitalists in San Francisco and the East of the soundness of his expectations enabled him to bring into existence his railroads and other enterprises and also served to attract many other aggressive young business men with capital to Los Angeles in that period.

The outstanding characteristic of all the General's activities throughout his long career as a business leader and community builder, as attested by the many who have been associated with him, was the fact that above all else he prized his name and always kept his word. A promise made or an obligation undertaken were sacred things to him.

His passing turns a significant page in the history of Los Angeles, for he was one of the last of the notable group of pioneers whose vision was mainly responsible for the city's phenomenal progress.

In 1951, Arnold D. Haskell, the General's close personal assistant for nearly twenty years prior to his death and the executor of his estate, established the M. H. Sherman Foundation. Its donors are Sherman's three principal heirs: his two daughters and Haskell. In subsequent years, the Foundation has engaged in various humanitarian, philanthropic, and educational endeavors — aiding hospitals, youth groups, scientific research, the Los Angeles Music Center, and so on. It maintains the Children's Art Workshop and the Coffee Garden, in Corona del Mar, operated by the Newport Harbor Service League, returns from which help to support the League's charity work.

In the summer of 1965, the Foundation initiated a program of historical research, focusing on the extraordinary development that has occurred in the Pacific Southwest during the last one hundred years and some of the factors that have brought it about. Located in Corona del Mar, the Foundation's research facilities presently include about three thousand published items and several hundred thousand manuscript-type materials. On microfilm there are about two hundred pertinent master's theses and doctoral dissertations, as well as the back files of the *Los Angeles Times.* As one of its projects, the Foundation has microfilmed the *Calexico Chronicle,* rescuing from oblivion the rapidly disintegrating files of this interesting border newspaper whose pages contain much on the early history of the Imperial and Mexicali Valleys. Needless to say, the Foundation's facilities have provided the resources for this sketch on some of M. H. Sherman's contributions to the development of the Pacific Southwest.



THE CAPTAIN WASHINGTON HOOD MAP OF OREGON, 1838

This map, one of the first ever drawn of the Old Oregon territory, was based on the Arrowsmith map of 1834 which in turn incorporated data secured by Peter Skene Ogden during the course of his six expeditions into the Snake River country, 1824-1830. From Carl I. Wheat, Vol. 2, *Mapping of the Transmississippi West,* San Francisco, 1958.

Negative Report On Oregon
W. H. Ashley, W. P. Hunt, and J. S. Green

BY CLIFFORD M. DRURY

IN THE EARLY PART OF APRIL 1828, Jeremiah Evarts, one of the secretaries of the American Board in Boston and editor of its official publication, the *Missionary Herald,* had a journalistic assignment which took him to Washington, D. C. The Board had under consideration the question of establishing a mission in far-away Oregon. Evarts felt the necessity of getting the latest and most authentic information possible from any person in Washington who might have any knowledge of conditions in Oregon. In those days Oregon included all of that vast and little known territory lying west of the Continental Divide, north of the Mexican border at the 42° latitude, and reaching northward to Russian Alaska at about the 54° parallel.

Jeremiah Evarts (1781-1831), a layman, had been connected with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions since 1812, only two years after its inception. For ten years, 1812-22, he had served as treasurer. He then became a Corresponding Secretary, a position of some importance in the Board. In addition to these duties, he was also editor of the Board's publications — first the *Panoplist* and then, after 1820, the *Missionary Herald.* His editorial ability was well known. After his death on May 10, 1831, an obituary notice in the October issue contained the following tribute: "Mr. Evarts never wrote without an object, or without knowing precisely

what he wished to accomplish, and keeping his mind fixed upon it intently, without wavering . . . He never aimed to exaggerate or give any false coloring."

Interest in the possibility of establishing a mission among the Oregon Indians antedates the Lewis and Clark expedition. A fine summary of the early concern taken by several missionary societies, both in England and in the United States, in this possibility is to be found in an article by Prof. J. Orin Oliphant, "A Project for a Christian Mission on the Northwest Coast of America, 1798." This appeared in the April 1945 issue of the *Pacific Northwest Quarterly.* Oliphant goes back to a proposal made to the London Missionary Society in 1798 that " a body of missionaries" be sent to "Nootka Sound, or any other spot more suitable on the continent." Nothing came of that suggestion at that time.

The published reports of the Lewis and Clark expedition stimulated further interest in this proposal to send missionaries into the Pacific Northwest. Evarts had read these reports. As early as 1810 or 1811, students at the Congregational-sponsored Andover Theological Seminary were discussing this possibility and had organized a Society of Inquiry. On July 23, 1822, a paper entitled, "Account of the Northwest Coast" was read before the Society and subsequently published. In 1819-20 the American Board established its Sandwich Island Mission. Soon the missionaries stationed there were writing back to their Board in Boston telling of how sea captains returning from the Pacific Northwest were bringing requests from natives for missionaries.

In the July 1827 *Missionary Herald,* Evarts announced: "It will be proper to say here, though in a few words, that a mission to the *North-West Coast* will soon be expedient; and that whenever it is expedient, it had better be attempted, probably by some of the missionaries from the Sandwich Islands. From these islands access to the coast will be easy, and may be frequent . . . The mission on the N.W. Coast might be regarded as a Branch of the Sandwich Island mission."

On November 3, 1827, a few months after the above notice appeared, the Rev. Jonathan Smith Green sailed from Boston for Honolulu as an appointee of the American Board with a special commission to make an exploring tour of the Pacific Northwest Coast. After arriving in Honolulu, Green found it difficult to get passage on a ship going to Oregon. Few sea captains were willing to have a missionary on board. Finally after waiting about a year, passage was secured at a cost of $500 for a ten-month voyage aboard the *Volunteer,* which sailed from Honolulu on February 13, 1829, for Sitka in Russian Alaska.

All this is background. Eager to be fully informed as to the potentials of the vast territory known as Oregon, Evarts journeyed to Washington,

D.C., during the first part of April 1828 to interview Government officials. The writer of the Evarts obituary notice in the *Herald,* mentioned above, stated that Evarts had often made such trips. No one connected with the American Board was so well informed on Indian missions as he. It was natural, therefore, that when the Board was contemplating the establishment of a mission in far-away Oregon, which was certain to be an expensive undertaking, Evarts would make as thorough an investigation of the situation as possible.

On April 10th, Evarts called on the Hon. Edward Bates (1793-1869), a member of Congress from Missouri. (Bates later became Attorney General in President Lincoln's cabinet.) As a promising young politician from a frontier state, Bates was deeply interested in finding out what he could about Oregon. He approached the subject from an economic point of view. What effect would the blossoming fur trade have on Missouri? Would it be to his state's best interest if an American colony were planted in Oregon? What were the natural resources of Oregon? These and similar questions had prompted Bates to write to two of the best informed men on this subject — Gen. William H. Ashley and Wilson P. Hunt.

William H. Ashley (1778-1838), had sent or taken fur-trading expeditions up the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers in 1822 and 1823. Subsequently in 1824, a detachment of the party under command of Jedediah Smith crossed South Pass, which later became the great gateway to Oregon. In 1825 Gen. Ashley accompanied his expedition up the Platte River south of South Pass to Green River, and the eastern edge of the Great Basin. Thus when Edward Bates wrote to him for information about the country west of the Rockies, Ashley could speak from personal observation. In his report, however, he made the serious error of ascribing to the lower Columbia River region the same barren conditions he found beyond South Pass.

Wilson P. Hunt (1782 - 1842) led the overland expeditions to the Pacific Coast organized by John Jacob Astor in 1810-12. Hunt was one of the partners of the Pacific Fur Company which was founded by Astor. This expedition was the first after Lewis and Clark to go overland to the Pacific Coast. Hunt and his party were the first white men to pass through the Snake River Valley, pioneering the Oregon Trail through what is now southern Idaho. The tragic experiences and gruelling hardships of this party are vividly told in Washington Irving's epic work, *Astoria,* which appeared in 1836. Hunt returned to the States by sea. Even though he was writing to Bates fifteen or more years after being in Oregon, the hardships suffered had etched indelible memories on his mind. Hunt too could speak with authority. As late as 1830 there was not a single American settler in all of Old Oregon, so there were few better qualified to speak about the resources and possibilities of the land than Wilson Price Hunt.

Negative Reports on Oregon

When Jeremiah Evarts called on the Hon. Edward Bates on that Thursday, April 10, 1828, he was shown two letters from Ashley dated February 20 and 28, and two from Hunt dated February 15 and 21, all of 1828. Here was the very latest information about Oregon. Although Bates had evidently made inquiries about economic, agricultural, and commercial potentialities of the country, Evarts found the letters contained information of great value to his Board. Evidently before leaving Bates' office in Washington, Evarts made a summary of the contents of the four letters. These notes in his handwriting are now in the archives of the American Board on deposit in Harvard University's Houghton Library.

In the latter part of April 1965, I had opportunity to check some items in the Oregon correspondence of the American Board in Houghton Library. While going through these files, I came across these notes made by Evarts of the Ashley and Hunt letters. Seeing the importance of the notes, I secured a copy, with permission from the Library to publish them. So far as I have been able to learn, the notes of the second Ashley letter[1] and of the two by Hunt have not heretofore been published although they did form the bases of an article that Evarts wrote for the August 1838 *Missionary Herald.* In response to the request of William Kimes, editor of *Brand Book XIII* of the Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, for an article containing unpublished material dealing with the history of the West, I decided to submit these notes by Evarts, together with some editorial comments.

Memoranda of a letter from Gen. Wm. H. Ashley to the Hon. Edward Bates, M[ember] C[ongress], dated St. Louis, Feb. 20, 1828.

The writer says, the country for a considerable distance around the mouth of the Columbia is very barren — affords but little vegetation — no game — climate unfavorable — natives poor — no resources around them to better their condition.

Thinks it probable a more eligible situation may be found south of that river — reasons, for this opinion will be given hereafter.

If the country south of the river on the coast & 400 miles east should be found rich in furs, have a good harbor, & grass, game & water, & a good passage over the Rocky Mountains in a direction eastwardly, the fur trade will take that direction; but the writer does not think this combination exists.

The great salt lake, west of the mountains, lies in lat. 42 — long. 38 from Washington. Mr. J[edediah] S. Smith, in the business with Gen. Ashley, explored the country from the head of this lake to the gulf of California, last year, & found it very barren, & destitute of the means of subsistence.

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[1] Dale Morgan, *The West of William H. Ashley,* Denver, 1944, pp. 179-180, included Evarts' notes on Ashley's first letter, together with a draft of the letter preserved in Ashley's papers in the Missouri Historical Society.

Clifford M. Drury

If a good harbor can be found about lat. 43, it will have great advantage over the mouth of the [Columbia] river. This route, by which the writer usually passes to the waters, which run into the Pacific, is in a direct line from Fort Atkinson [i.e., Council Bluffs] to the point on the Pacific just mentioned. This route is now good for pack-horses, & there are but trifling obstructions to carriages.

Does not think there are inducements to form a colony, unless valuable minerals should be discovered. Though the soil of some vallies & many mountains, in the vicinity of the large salt lake, is very rich, & would produce good grain — yet the country is greatly deficient in timber, & would be exposed to hostile natives.

Think it would be well to have this country well explored by government, which could easily be done, & at small expense.

Last spring Gen. A[shley] mounted a heavy 4 pounder on a carriage & sent it with his expedition westward. It was drawn by two stout horses to the vicinity of the great salt lake, & back to Lexington, Missouri, by September. The horses found no difficulty in keeping up with the party, travelling 20 miles a day: — they looked better when they returned than when they set out. After staying 5 days, he sent the same horses back with the same load, & has not the least doubt the party reached their destination, 150 miles beyond the dividing line between the waters of the Pacific & the gulf of Mexico.

[Note by Evarts:] (I presume the meaning is, that they probably reached their destination before winter became severe.)

Memoranda from a letter of Gen. Wm. H. Ashley, dated Feb. 29, 1828.

A military establishment at the mouth of the Columbia would not overawe the Indians, the principal tribes of whom are too remote. Infantry would not answer — there should be 400 mounted men to pursue Indians — enforce obedience to laws — protect our citizens in trade — drive away foreigners.

Men to be subsisted as hunters are — Gen. A[shley] has frequently had 150 men & 200 or 300 horses with him — found little difficulty in getting grass for horses & meat for men — could have easily subsisted 500 as 150.

Gen. A[shley] has never been at the mouth of the Columbia himself — judges from what he has heard.

The following is furnished by Gen. A[shley] from a written memorandum given him by a very intelligent & conspicuous agent of the N[orth] W[est] & Hudson's Bay Companies, who spent much time in those regions:

The navigation of the river from the great fall, to the mouth, with the exception of two obstructions, which occasion but short & not difficult portages. This country by land, from the mouth 150 or 200 miles, is almost inaccessible for a man on foot, & entirely so for pack-horses. Country, barren,

affording no game. A few small fertile vallies, innundated in the spring. No game, but little vegetation, except pine timber, of which there is an abundance.

Climate very disagreeable, from the rain several months, with but little intermission. On the whole, there is nothing desirable except the navigation of the river & the harbor at its mouth.

This informant has every reason to believe, partly from his own observations & information derived from the Indians, that a more convenient place for trade, will be found about a hundred miles south of the Columbia river. The Indians describe a river, or a bay, about that place, to which access by land is easy, & the country in all respects more desirable.

Gen. A[shley] closes by saying, that he has found Lewis & Clark's account in the main correct, so far as he could compare the country with it; but they might have been, in some cases, deceived by appearances.

Minutes of a letter from Mr. Wilson P. Hunt to the Hon. Edward Bates, dated Feb. 21, 1828.

Refers to Lewis & Clark & to Vancouver for valuable information.

Left the country unwillingly, (being abandoned by the government,) — the English now have possession — Does not wish to return.

Thinks the government ought to send scientific men to explore, with a guard to defend them, but without any intention of forming a colony. Thinks a competition with the English for the trade on the Columbia river would destroy it for both .

Memoranda of letter from the same, dated Feb. 15, 1828.

The nature of the country on the N.W. coast is such as *forever* to prevent agriculture: about lat. 40, a mountainous ridge commences, covered with spruce & hemlock, which widens as you go north — at the mouth of the Columbia 100 or 150 miles, in a strait line are taken up with these mountains — by the course of the river this is 250 miles to the great falls.

Bottoms are narrow — the largest one just below the last rapids & at the head of tide water — 150 miles from the sea, by the course of the river. No bottoms near the sea. The river reaches the base of the mountains on each side. The tributary streams below these rapids have more or less bottom land. All these bottoms would not sustain people enough to defend themselves against the numerous tribes of warlike & rapacious natives. The constant rains would prevent agriculture — the bottoms overflown till June — which would prevent all crops.

No soil near the mouth of the river, when the pine leaves & twigs were taken off — The only land they cultivated would produce nothing but potatoes, turnips, & radishes — climate too unfriendly for any thing else.

The timber of the bottoms is oak of the size & shape of an apple tree — would make plank from 6 to 10 feet long — is full of knots, hard, heavy, & would make knees for ships — sinks like a stone, even when dry. Maples of a large growth — the ash on the sides of the hills.

The accounts of its being a good country or fine climate arose from summer visits of ships. From April to September weather fine — clear sky — beautiful river, fine scenery, land & sea breeze. Winter bad from October to March — hail, some snow, much rain with heavy winds — which prevail from S.W.

Harbor bad — entrance narrow & crooked — 4 fathoms on the bar — very difficult of entrance in the stormy months. Once in March, the writer lay off & on 15 days, & then nearly lost his ship in going in — has known several cases of extreme difficulty & danger.

Rivers rise rapidly —

Cannot raise grain — & if the thousands of Indians, who seem to know their rights, would let you, there would be no market — for your southern neighbors can raise every thing much better. Fish in the greatest abundance along the whole coast — no market for them — of ship timber an abundance for exportation — the Spaniards have a plenty, but perhaps not so good — No trade with Japan — no market in Asia — no use in carrying provisions to China.

Once the writer had these projects in his head; but has informed himself better.

Some clear days in winter, when the weather is cold, & wind N.

The natives cannot travel by land. They have no shoes, trousers, or leggins.

A trading establishment at the mouth of the Columbia would be very unfavorable to Missouri, as it would divert from that state the fur trade.

From these notes and from the published reports of the Lewis and Clark expedition, Evarts wrote an article which appeared in the *Missionary Herald* for August 1828 under the title, "The North-West Coast." He began by saying: "The friends of missions have been strongly desirous, for a number of years, to see a mission established on that part of the North-West Coast of this continent, which belongs to the United States . . . As will be seen in the following article, there are strong objections to the mouth of the Columbia river; and the coast, both north and south, has not been explored sufficiently to determine the most eligible site for a colony, with which, should one be formed by friends of religion, it is desirable to connect the mission."

Nowhere in the article did Evarts give documentation for his statements. He said: "The principal sources are original and valuable correspondence addressed to a member of the present Congress, to which the Corresponding

Secretary had access during his visit to Washington last spring, and communications from an intelligent gentleman who has spent several years on the coast . . ." This article by Evarts was included in part in Vol. V. of the "Overland to the Pacific" series edited by Archer B. and Dorothy P. Hulbert, *The Oregon Crusade.* In his introduction to the article, Archer B. Hulbert declared: "From my standpoint, the *Herald* article in the August, 1828, issue is noteworthy, for all its weird attempt to reconcile the current stories of Jedediah Smith, General Ashley, and no one can guess who else." Hulbert did not know about the original notes Evarts had made, now on deposit in Houghton Library, and wrongly identified the "member of the present Congress" as being the Hon. John Floyd of Virginia.

The whole tone of the Evarts article is negative with the single exception of the reference to General Ashley's statement that it was possible to take wheeled vehicles over the Rockies. A careful comparison of the notes Evarts made in Bates' office with the *Herald* article shows that he used some notes verbatim; rephrased some others; rearranged some paragraphs; and did not use considerable material. In his letter of February 29, Ashley, who had never been in the Columbia River basin, wrote "that the country, for a considerable distance around the mouth of the Columbia is very barren." Hunt gave a more accurate description and yet it was Hunt who prophesied that "the country on the North-West Coast is such as *forever* to prevent agriculture." This Evarts quoted and drew the conclusion that since no colony could be established in Oregon, it was not then feasible to send a mission thither.

In his concluding statement, Evarts wrote: "On the whole, more definite and certain information appears to be needed before an expensive mission is sent from this country to the North-West Coast." He then referred to the fact that the Rev. Jonathan S. Green had been sent to explore and "to ascertain, if possible, where a mission could be planted with advantage." Final decision by the Board would have to wait until Green's report was available, which, Evarts said, 'will probably be known next spring." In August 1828, when the Evarts article appeared in the *Herald,* Green was still in Honolulu waiting for a passage which would take him to the Northwest Coast.

Green's first report to the Board was dated: "North-West Coast, August 10th [1829]." By that time he had been able to contact several tribes "between the 53d and 57th degree of north latitude." He had visited Sitka, Alaska. He quoted a sea captain who had been in the Columbia River as saying that the country about the river provided a promising place for a mission establishment. The captain claimed that "the climate is delightful, and the land excellent, and that the Indians are numerous and less savage than those on this part of the coast." Unfortunately, due to inclement weather, the *Volunteer* was unable to enter the Columbia and thus Green had no opportunity to visit what was the most promising area for a mission.

This brief report from Green appeared in the April 1830 *Missionary Herald.*

On September 30, 1829, the *Volunteer* sailed into San Francisco Bay. Assuming that Captain George Vancouver had no chaplain with him on his voyages along the Pacific Coast, the Rev. Jonathan Green became the first Protestant minister to set foot on California soil following the visit of Francis Drake and his chaplain, Francis Fletcher, in 1579. Although Green was politely received by the Roman Catholic authorities, he was firmly told that a Protestant mission would not be permitted in California. After his return to Honolulu about the middle of the following October, Green wrote out a detailed account of his explorations which appeared in the November 1830 — April 1831 issues of the *Missionary Herald.* The report was reprinted by C. F. Heartman in New York City in 1915, 104 pages, under the title *Journal of a tour on the North West Coast of America in the year 1829.*

On the whole Green's report was as discouraging as the article Evarts had written. He wrote in his summary statement: "My investigations and inquiries have embraced the western coast of America, from California to Norfolk Sound. I did hope to place my feet on the spot, in reference to which I might say to my beloved patrons, 'Send hither the messengers of the churches, and let them plant the standard of the cross.' But though I am unable to say thus with my eyes upon a definite spot, still I rejoice that something has been attempted in behalf of these perishing pagans."

Green read his report to his colleagues in the Sandwich Island Mission and they agreed with his judgment by writing to the Board: "the indications of providence in regard to the immediate establishment of a mission on the North West Coast, are not sufficiently plain to warrant this Mission in taking any direct steps in reference to this subject."[2] For the time being the project of an Oregon mission of the American Board lay dormant.

However, during the months all this was taking place, other events were transpiring in the Spokane country which within about five years completely reversed the attitude of the American Board regarding a mission in Oregon.

In 1825 the Hudson's Bay Company sent two Indian boys, each about twelve years old, from the Spokane country to an Anglican mission school at the Red River settlement at what is now Winnipeg, Canada. One was named Spokane Garry and the other Koutenay Pelly. In 1829 these two boys, then sixteen years old, returned to their people. Spokane Garry had with him a Bible from which he read to natives from several tribes including some Nez Perces. During this winter of 1829-30, Spokane Garry awakened an interest in Christianity among many, including a Nez Perce later known as Lawyer. Lawyer told others of his tribe what Spokane Garry had said about the white man's religion and as a consequence a delegation consisting of

[2] American Board archives, Sandwich Island Mission, quoted by Hulbert and Hulbert, *The Oregon Crusade*, p. 82.

three Nez Perces and one who was half Nez Perce and half Flathead visited Gen. William Clark in St. Louis in the fall of 1831.

The story of this "Macedonian appeal" for the Bible and Christian missionaries appeared in the New York *Christian Advocate and Journal and Zion's Herald* for March 1, 1833. The article made an immediate and deep impression on the Protestant churches of the East. The Methodists were the first to respond and in 1834 sent Jason Lee and his four companions to Oregon, the first Protestant missionaries to settle in the Pacific Northwest. They were followed in 1836 by the Presbyterians, Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, the Rev. and Mrs. Henry H. Spalding, and William H. Gray, all appointees of the American Board. By this time settlers, some coming up from California and others deserting the trapping parties in the Rockies, were also moving into Oregon, especially into the lush and fertile Willamette Valley.

Jeremiah Evarts died in 1831 and thus never saw this reversal of opinion by his Board regarding the desirability of establishing a mission in Old Oregon. Although undoubtedly neither Ashley nor Hunt knew that their letters to Edward Bates, together with the adverse report submitted to the Board by Green, were the basis of the Board's decision to delay in sending a mission to Oregon, yet all three men lived to see their judgments regarding the country completely reversed. Gen. Ashley, who died in 1838, lived to see that some of his conclusions regarding the barrenness of the region around the mouth of the Columbia River were completely erroneous. Wilson P. Hunt, who lived until 1842, saw the biggest change in public knowledge about the Oregon country. The country which he declared was such as "for*ever* to prevent agriculture" by 1842 was known to be an agricultural paradise. Although Jonathan Green submitted a negative report on the possibilities of establishing mission work along what are now the coasts of British Columbia and Alaska, his hearsay report of the favorable aspects of the lower Columbia River region received from some unnamed sea captain suggested the need for further exploration.

Within a brief five-year span, from August 1828 to March 1833, the American Board made a complete about-face. Further light on conditions in Oregon combined with the much publicized desire of the natives for missionaries corrected the negatives reports of such men as William H. Ashley and Wilson P. Hunt.

Contributors

ANTHONY AMARAL was born in Yonkers, New York, 1930. After his graduation from high school he became so interested in the lore and history of the West that he made the long jump to California to finish his education — enrolling at California State Polytechnic College, at Pomona, where he graduated with a B.A. in social science. Before he had finished college he was already absorbed in writing about the historical west, with particular emphasis in the horse and its vital niche in the history of man. His work was soon appearing in many magazines of western and historical flavor. Out of this perceptive and continuing interest came his first full-length book, *Comanche,* a study of the lone horse which survived the Custer battle.

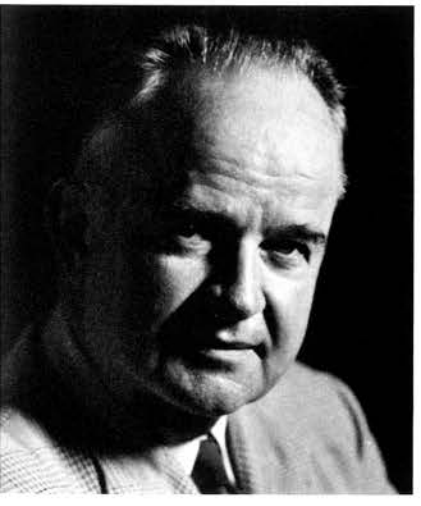
It is understandable that this interest should lead him into the world of Will James, the gifted and enigmatic cowboy artist and writer. What started out as an article grew into Amaral's second book, *Will James, The Gilt Edged Cowboy*. He and his wife now live in Dayton, Nevada, and he is a librarian at Carson City.

EDWIN H. CARPENTER came to southern California in 1917, age two. His family came from Iowa by auto, which makes him some sort of a pioneer. Educated in Los Angeles: B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. in history at U.C.L.A., and library school degree from U.S.C. Has worked at the U.C.L.A. Library, the New York Public Library, and the California Historical Society; since 1960, Western Americana Bibiliographer at the Huntington Library. His offbeat western interests include military field burial and printing history.

IRON EYES CODY, a Cherokee, is an actor, technical advisor on Indian customs, author, and master of ceremonies at Indian programs. He attends ceremonials held throughout the country, including the Sun Dance in South Dakota, the Hopi Snake Dance, the Grand Council of American Indians in Gary, Indiana, and the Conferated Tribes of American Indians in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He is on the Board of the Los Angeles Indian Center and of the Los Angeles Library Association, Vice-president of the Little Big Horn American Indian Club, and a life member of the Verdugo Council of the Boy Scouts of America. The Scouts use his book, *How Indians Talk in Sign Language,* and he has another work on the subject in preparation.

Married to a Seneca, a daughter of the late Dr. Arthur C. Parker, he has two sons. He has a large collection of American Indian books, paintings, and artifacts.

CLIFFORD DRURY was the first recipient of the Captain Gray medal (May 1968) from the Washington State Historical Society "for distinguished achievement in the field of Pacific Northwest History." Eight of his eighteen published books deal with the history of the Oregon Mission of the American Board. He is a retired Presbyterian minister, ex-Navy Chaplain (Captain), for twenty-five years Professor of Church History at the San Francisco Theological Seminary, is now living in retirement within two miles of Huntington Library. His earned doctorate came from the University of Edinburgh with three honorary doctor degrees (D.D., Litt.D. and D.H.L.) bestowed by Buena Vista College, Whitworth College, and Whitman College. He is now at work rewriting his biography of Dr. Marcus Whitman, which first appeared in 1937. The Arthur H. Clark Co. of Glendale has published his last six books.



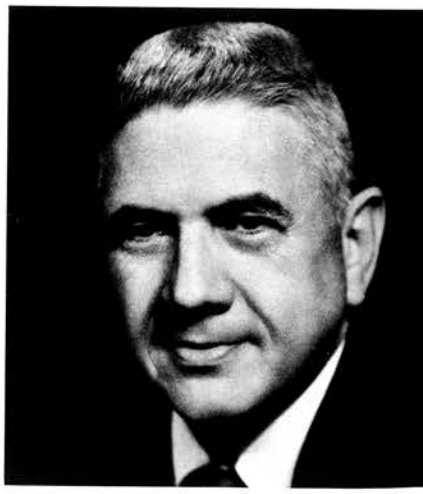
E. I. "EDDIE" EDWARDS is past Sheriff and a former Brand Book editor of the Corral. For the past thirty-five years the beautiful southwest desert country has beckoned him, and no opportunity has been neglected to venture out upon it, both as visitor and as resident, to explore it, and to photograph it. As a result, several books and articles have been authored, most of them relating to some desert interest. Included among these are *The Valley Whose Name Is Death, Desert Treasure, Desert Yarns, Desert Voices, Lost Oases Along the Carrizo, Desert Harvest, A Stage-Stop On the Mojave, The Mystery of Death Valley's Lost Wagon Train, Death Valley's Forgotten Hero,* and others.

One of these research excursions led, by sheer accident, to a line of ancient, eroded stakes, stretching monotonously across a remote section of the Mojave Desert. What Eddie found in his search for the explanation of these stakes is told herein.

EARLE R. FORREST was born in Pennsylvania 86 years ago. Much interested in the West, he went to New Mexico in 1902. Despite Indian fears, he took may photographs, now rarities. After riding the range in Arizona for a time he returned to college; he studied civil engineering and forestry, but wound up in newspaper work in Pennsylvania. He continued to make trips West, however, especially to Dodge City, and met many old-timers and gathered stories from them.

In addition to a history of Washington County, Pennsylvania, has written *Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest; California Joe; Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground,* a long time steady seller; *Lone War Trail of the Apache Kid; Snake Dance of the Hopi Indians,* and other works. He now lives in retirement in southern California.

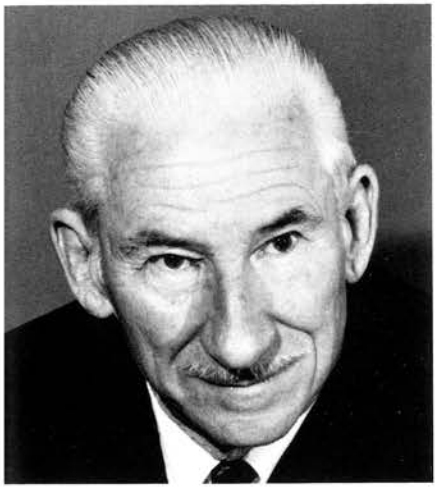
W. O. HENDRICKS was born in Ohio, and arrived in California at age four. Except for a stint in the Army Air Force at the end of World War II, he has resided in or around the Los Angeles area since 1942. He received a B.A. from California State College at Los Angeles and a Ph.D. in History from the University of Southern California. After having taught at Chouinard Art Institute. California State College at Los Angeles, and the University Southern California, he has been Director of Research for the M.H. Sherman Foundation since 1965, which date also marks the beginning of his major interest in the history of the Pacific Southwest. He is a member of the Western History Association, California Historical Society, Historical Society of Southern California, Zamorano Club, and both Los Angeles and San Diego Corrals of the Westerners. He now lives and works in Corona del Mar.



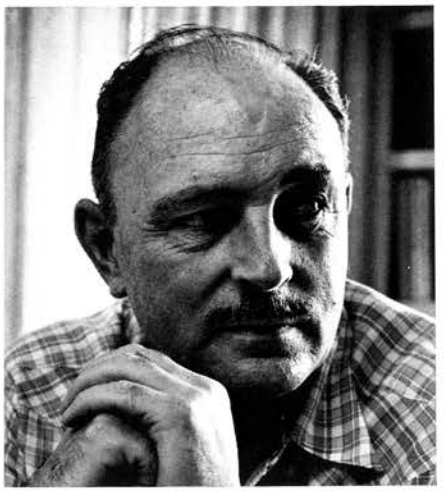
JOHN MASON JEFFREY, Nebraskan by birth and attorney by profession, migrated to California in 1942 after practicing law in Nebraska for seven years. Although admitted to the California Bar in 1943 he didn't have an opportunity to "hang out his shingle" until 1946, having served in the Navy during World War II. In addition to being active in his professional societies as well as the USNR, he has taken a vital part in civic affairs in La Jolla, his home. More recently he has become interested in the Westerners, being a member of the Los Angeles Corral and also Sheriff of the San Diego Corral. John's interest in Western Americana began three years ago when he was sketching the Old Pen, Arizona Territorial Prison. Finding there was little published history concerning the place he became an avid collector of pertinent materials, so that currently he has probably the most complete library of anyone on the topic.

THOMAS S. MCNEILL, a native Californian, took a B.A. in history from U.C.L.A. and an M.A. from U.S.C. Except for a stint in the Army in World War II, he has been an educator and school administrator, being currently employed by the Los Angeles City Schools.

He has an extensive collection of Western art, books, and ephemera, especially the work of Western artists and illustrators.



LONG AGO, before the Gringos came, a resident of the land along the Pacific shores would say with great pride, "Yo Soy Californio," I am a Californian. The author of "From Missionaries to Marines" repeats that proud declaration. For more than sixty years he has absorbed the customs, culture and history of the West through study and association. Educated in the California schools through Kindergarden to graduate work at U. C. Berkeley, with a major in biology, Don Meadows has wandered over the southwest and Baja California collecting insects, books, lore, ideas, and friends. After thirty years of educational work he retired in 1960 to devote his time to research and writing. A few hardback books are to his credit as well as innumerable shorter articles; four of them in the Brand Book. A member of several historical societies, E Clampus Vitus (Humbug 1962), Zamorano Club, and since 1950 a Westerner in the Los Angeles Corral (Sheriff 1956) he is proud to say, "Yo Soy Californio y Oestador."



DON PERCEVAL was born 1908 in Woodford, Essex, England. His first visit to the United States was in 1920, at which time he resided with his family in Hollywood. From his first arrival in America, his abiding interest has been the historical West, and American Indians. To his great gift as an artist has been added his years of study at Chouinard School of Art, in Los Angeles, and Heatherly Art School, and Royal College of Art, in London.

His first book project was the illustration of a book by Westerner Harry James, in 1927. Since then his bold and imaginative illustrations have appeared in nearly fifty volumes, including many of our own beautiful *Brand Books*. Scores of the books illustrated by Don Perceval have won outstanding awards for excellence. He is cited in Ed Ainsworth's *Painters of the Desert* and *The Cowboy In Art,* and in Jeff Dykes' *Western Illustrators.*

He has taught art at Chouinard, Pomona College, and Trailfinder School for Boys. His paintings are in tremendous demand. Navajos, Hopis, Saddles and Gear, Pioneer West, and the West through an artist's eyes, are only a part of his endless interests. At present he is illustrating a report of the Amerind Foundation and National Science Foundation on the excavation of Casas Grandes in Chihuahua. He has been a member of Los Angeles Corral since 1947; and was a member of Tucson Corral during the time he resided there.

HARVEY STARR was born in Iowa and grew up there and in Washington, D. C., and Wyoming. When he was of college age his family moved to a farm in Washington State; from his window Harvey could see the shaft of the Waiilaptu Monument. He went to Walla Walla and Whitman colleges.

In 1932 he graduated from medical school of Loma Linda University; he interned at Good Samaritan Hospital in Portland, and was licenced to practice in Oregon. Soon he became a Contract Surgeon for the U. S. Indian Field Service on the Warm Springs Reservation, and later served more than five years as a medical officer in the Army.

By the time this book is out he will have been in practice thirty years in Los Angeles. He is on the Council of the Los Angeles County Medical Association, has been Chief of Staff of the California Pediatric Center for three years, and has been on the senior staff of the California Hospital for twenty-nine years.

JOHN UPTON TERRELL, distinguished biographer and historian, is the author of twenty-eight books. He recently published biographies of *Zebulon Pike* and *La Salle,* and *The Six Turnings,* a study of major changes in the early history of the American West. His biography of *John Wesley Powell* will be issued in the spring of 1969. He is now engaged in writing a history of the Navajo Indians. For many years a newspaper correspondent, he has worked in Europe, Washington, Los Angeles and San Francisco, and has traveled around the world. He first came to California as a boy in 1912, and since that time has been a dedicated student of western history. He and his wife, Donna, now make their home in a little redwood *hogan* in Monrovia with a Siamese cat named Spooky who drops lamb chop bones, rubber bands, and paper clips in their typewriters.

DAN THRAPP was born in Illinois and graduated from the University of Missouri School of Journalism. Joining the United Press, he went to South America but returned to serve in the army in World War II. Going back to UP, he served in London, Greece, and Italy, and freelanced in Africa. Since 1951 he has been with the *Los Angeles Times.*

As a youth Dan traveled the West extensively, working on ranches and also dinosaur collecting for the American Museum of Natural History. A widower, he has two children.

He has written *Al Sieber, Chief of Scouts,* and *The Conquest of Apacheria* and "novels under a pen name which I will not reveal since I don't want them tracked back to me." They are Westerns, he admits.

THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE Westerners has achieved wide recognition for the superiority of its Brand Books. Whenever and wherever the Los Angeles Corral is mentioned some one is sure to comment on the outstanding books published over the years. This could never have come about had it not been for the substantial and stable financial backing of publication by each member in purchasing his Grub Stake. A special thanks to Bert Olson for so diligently looking after the poke of gold dust.

No book can be published without contributors. Brand Book Thirteen is strong in the number of authors who have appeared in prior publications, as well as some new writers of merit. Each has made a significant contribution on some important historic event or development of the West. All are authorities on the subject of their choice. These authors deserve principal credit for the strength of the publication.

In a special way Brand Book Thirteen is the product of the Brand Book Committee. These men, all experienced in writing and publishing took time from busy schedules to meet with the editor on several occasions. The direction the book has taken is due to their mature counsel. Of this committee two members went far beyond the call of duty: Homer H. Boelter and Dr. Edwin H. Carpenter. Not only was Homer ever ready with advice based on long experience, but it was he who did the lay-out and saw the book through the press and bindery. My personal thanks to Homer. It was Dr. Edwin Carpenter who located the Burbank collection of drawings in the Huntington Library and made them available to the publication. Our gratitude also to Ed for his diligent work in the preparation of the index.

A special kind of recognition is due Don Louis Perceval for his, as always, superb art work. His contribution of dust jacket, end sheets, as well as numerous chapter headings and illustrations gives the book a uniqueness that could not otherwise be achieved.

Lynn R. Bailey, of Western Lore Typographers, deserves a word of praise in his sympathetic understanding in the composition and setting of the type for this *Brand Book.*

No one except Paul W. Galleher and Arthur H. Clark, Jr. ever give a second thought to the problems of distributing the Brand Book to members and the subsequent sale of the remaining volumes. Former editor E. I. Edwards said it well, "Not only have these men given freely of their time and effort they have generously absorbed a substantial portion of the expense involved." The Editor and the Corral appreciate this service, and enthusiastically say, "Thank you."

The Editor recognizes a debt of service to the Brand Book from many persons — it is a big joint effort. To one and to all, muchas gracias for jobs well done.

William F. Kimes

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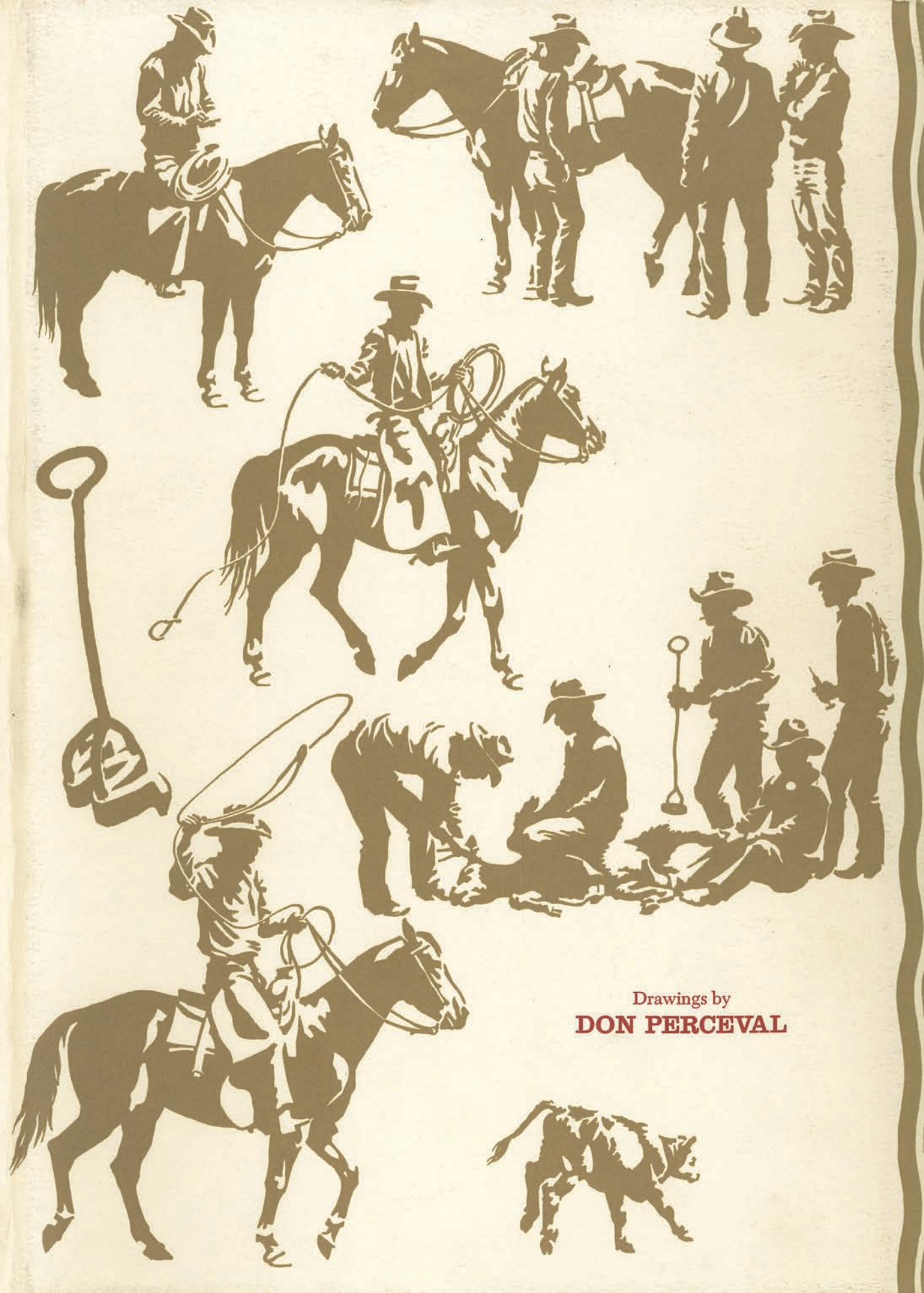
DON PERCEVAL.



Drawings by
DON PERCEVAL